A Mafia Romance
by YaDiva

Summary

Blaine is the son of a powerful crime boss. He has no intentions of joining the family business, especially since he finally has a gorgeous boyfriend named Kurt, but everyone else has other ideas. When Kurt gets caught in the middle, Blaine's true nature is unleashed. Like father, like son. Dark!Blaine. Features sex, violence, drug references, and heavy BDSM themes.

Notes

This story is all Klaine and features an eventually dark, over-protective Blaine, and a vulnerable, recovering, but strong Kurt. It's rated M for gay sex, gun violence, drug sales/use, language, heavy BDSM themes and sex toys. I will be sure to warn accordingly.
"Okay guys. That was pretty good, but I think we can get it even tighter. Let's run it through one more time."

An audible groan rippled through the music room as the Warblers glared at Wes. Jeff spoke up.

"Dude, its 4:00 pm on a Friday. A Friday, Wes. Some of us actually want to go home for the weekend. Some of us have a social life and plans to...relax...unwind...get laid."

Several Warblers laughed and nodded. Wes huffed in annoyance. He had hoped to run practice until at least 4:30 pm. Okay, truth be told, 4:45 pm at the very latest.

"Guys, we can't afford to be lazy. Regionals will be here before we know it." Everyone continued to glare at him. He turned to Blaine.

"Okay, we'll let Blaine decide since he's the one you guys are gonna make look bad. Blaine, do you wanna run it through one more time?"

Blaine looked around the room at the pleading faces. Normally he would agree with Wes, but tonight was the monthly family dinner. He and Telio really needed to hit the road. Being late was not an option.

"I think you're right that we can get it tighter, but not today. We'll work on it Monday. We'll run half an hour extra."

He smiled as exclamations of, "Yes!" could be heard from several of the guys. Wes sighed in annoyed resignation. "Fine, but be here on time Monday, and plan to stay late. We have an audition."

Several of the Warblers looked up in surprise. Trent was very curious. "Really? Who?" It was strange to have an audition in the middle of the school year. Auditions always took place in late August so the group could be set by September.

Wes's mood improved as he grinned with knowing excitement. "His name is Kurt Hummel. He's a transfer student. I met him at the last open house. He was in the glee club at his old school, and get this, he's a countertenor. He'll be a great addition."

Trent frowned a little. "Sounds like you've already made up your mind."

Wes nodded. "Trust me. You're going to want him."

Blaine had only been half listening to this exchange, his mind already preoccupied with thoughts of that evening's dinner. He threw his book bag over his shoulder, said a general goodbye to everyone and headed out. Telio was waiting for him in the hall, their bags sitting at his feet.

"Do you wanna change before we hit the road?"

Blaine nodded and handed him his book bag. Telio took it and gave him a small bag containing a pair of sweatpants and a t-shirt. Blaine slipped into the boy's restroom and quickly changed. He draped his Dalton uniform over his arm and headed down the hall and out the large main doors of the school. Telio was waiting out front in a black Mercedes sedan with dark tinted windows. Blaine laid his uniform across the back seat before sliding into the passenger seat. He buckled himself in and
Telio pulled off.

They rode in silence for several minutes before Telio glanced over at Blaine. Usually Blaine immediately plugged his iPod into the stereo system, filling the car with music for the drive home, but today he simply stared out the window at the passing landscape.

"You're quiet. What are you worrying about?"

Blaine sighed. "Grandfather is supposed to attend tonight." Telio nodded and said nothing else.

By the time they reached the large security gates of the Anderson Family compound, it was 5:45 pm. Usually the electronic passcode system was on, but tonight heavily armed guards stood at alert. Telio slowed up as the guards manually swung the gates open. He guided the car down the half mile driveway and parked in the circle behind another black Mercedes, leaving the keys in the ignition. Blaine got out of the car and stretched his arms and legs. He glanced up at the two armed men sitting on the roof of the mansion. There were also several men hanging out by the garage, AK-47s slung over their backs. A few of the usual guards waved and nodded at him. He nodded and waved back. Telio looked around.

"Lots of extra men tonight."

Blaine rolled his eyes. "My Grandfather's paranoia."

"He's smart to be careful, Blaine."

"Careful of what? He's not in charge anymore. If anyone's coming after someone, they'll be gunning for my father. Not him."

The boys grabbed their bags and entered the house. Telio headed towards his basement bedroom while Blaine dropped his bags in the hall and headed towards the kitchen. The aroma of spices, baked bread and chocolate chip cookies mixed and swirled through the air creating a delicious warm feeling of home.

"Mom?"

"Blaine!"

Anastasia Anderson smiled and wrapped her son in a warm embrace. Blaine hugged her tight and inhaled deeply. He loved the way his mother smelled. A mixture of baby powder and sweet perfume. Anastasia cupped his cheek. "How are you my darling boy?"

"I'm fine, mom. How are you?"

"Wonderful now that you're home. It really is a shame you aren't here. I miss you."

Blaine smiled. His mother always made him feel so loved. "You'd get sick of me if I was here all the time."

Anastasia shook her head. "Never. I could never get sick of you."

Blaine accepted hugs and kisses from his aunts and spoke to the other women in the kitchen preparing dinner. With the exception of baking cookies, his mother never cooked for the monthly family dinner. Instead she concentrated on making sure the house was spotless, the dining room perfectly set, and the guest rooms prepared. It didn't matter that the house staff always kept
everything in perfect condition. Anastasia insisted on extra oversight of their efforts when it was time for the monthly family dinner.

Blaine leaned against the kitchen counter and watched his mother take a tray of cookies out of the oven.

"So, I saw the small army outside. I assume Grandfather's still coming tonight?"

Anastasia sighed. "I'm afraid so, darling." Blaine frowned and looked at the floor. Anastasia placed two fingers under his chin and gently lifted his head.

"Don't worry. If necessary, I'll try to play interference, okay?" Blaine nodded and gave her a grateful smile. "You should go get changed. Everyone will be here soon."

"Is dad home?"

"Yes. He's speaking with Luther and a few others in the library. You'll see him at dinner."

Blaine snagged a warm cookie and headed towards the stairs. He glanced down the hall towards the library and spotted his brother, Cooper, loitering outside the closed library doors looking nervous and fidgety. He didn't bother to speak to him.

Blaine took a quick shower and changed into a pair of gray pants, a white shirt, a gray and white striped sweater and a matching bowtie. He meticulously gelled and styled his hair and mentally prepared himself for dinner. Who would be there? Mom, Dad, Cooper, Telio, Grandfather Julio, his father's best friend and consigliere, Luther, the head crew members, his aunts, and a few cousins. Blaine stared at his reflection in the mirror. How was it possible to be surrounded by so many people, and yet feel so totally and completely alone?

At 6:50 pm, Blaine took one last look in the mirror and left his room. As he closed the door behind him, Cooper came down the hall. Blaine ran his eyes up and down his brother's too thin frame. He was wearing black jeans, a t-shirt, and a black leather jacket. His hair was messy and his eyes looked a little glazed.

"Hey, squirt. Have you seen Grandfather yet?"

"Don't call me that, and no I haven't. You better change before he or dad sees you."

"I'm undercover."

"As what? A drug addict?"

Cooper tensed a bit. Blaine looked at him a little harder. "Shit! Are you high?"

"No! Don't be stupid." Cooper shoved Blaine against the wall and hurried towards the stairs. Blaine quickly followed him.

"Cooper! Dad is gonna kill you if you show up to dinner high! What's wrong with you? And Grandfather..."

Cooper stopped abruptly at the bottom of the stairs and turned causing Blaine to almost run smack into him.

"I'm not high, Blaine. Jeez. What kind of idiot do you think I am?"

Blaine decided not to answer.
"Well, you should at least change your clothes. You look homeless."

Cooper took a small step back and laughed, but there was no humor in the sound. He looked directly into Blaine's eyes.

"But I am homeless...aren't I?"

Blaine shook his head. "That's not true. That will never be true. This will always be your home."

Cooper laughed again. "Sure. Right little brother. Whatever you say."

Blaine watched Cooper walk down the hall. Telio stepped from behind the wall where he'd been eavesdropping.

Blaine glanced at him. He had changed into dark navy pants and a white button down shirt with the first two buttons undone. "You look nice."

Telio shrugged. "What's up with Cooper?"

Blaine shook his head. "The usual stupidity. Come on. Let's get this over with."

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An hour and a half later Blaine sat at the grand dining room table feeling full and sleepy. He was sure he'd eaten way too much, but he couldn't help it. Dalton food wasn't bad, but it didn't compare to a delicious home-cooked meal.

So far dinner had been uneventful. His father had seemed pleased to see him, greeting him with a firm handshake and approving smile. "Your grades last quarter were outstanding. Glad to see my money isn't going to waste. I assume everything's going well?"

"Yes sir. Everything's fine."

"Good, good." Mario Anderson nodded and placed a hand on Blaine's shoulder. He looked at Blaine thoughtfully for a moment before cupping his cheek like his mother had earlier. You're a good young man, Blaine. I'm proud of you."

Blaine's heart swelled with pride. This was all he wanted. For his grades to be enough to make his father proud.

"Thank you, sir."

If only that would always be enough.

Grandfather Julio ignored him completely, barely glancing in his direction. Blaine didn't bother to speak to him. He hoped his Grandfather ignored him forever. Cooper on the other hand spent most of dinner trying to engage their Grandfather in conversation. Blaine found it strangely painful to watch his brother pestering the man like a toddler demanding attention. Finally fed up, Grandfather turned to him. "My God, Cooper! Enough! Let me eat my got damn meal in peace!" Cooper turned red as others around the table snickered. He stared sulkily at his plate for the rest of dinner. Blaine glanced at Telio and shook his head. Telio suppressed a smile and said nothing.

Once it was clear that everyone was finished eating, Grandfather looked around the table and spoke, his voice booming with command and authority.

"So, Carmello, how are things in Florida?"
On cue the women around the table stood up and began to quickly clear plates and collect the leftover food. It was time for family discussion, or rather, family business. Blaine stood up, grateful to have made it through dinner without incident. He was tired and ready to go relax in his room. Telio glanced at him and reluctantly stood up as well.

"Blaine."

Blaine looked at his father.

Cooper sat up with rapt attention.

Telio held his breath.

"I'd like you to stay."

No.

Please no.

He didn't want to stay.

He knew what this meant, and he didn't want it.

He glanced at his Grandfather, waiting for his objection, but it didn't come.

Anastasia entered the room. She looked around, her eyes coming to rest on Blaine. His expression told her everything she needed to know. She moved next to him and placed her hand on his shoulder.

"Mario, Blaine is tired. He's been working hard in school all week and then he had to drive home this evening."

Mario Anderson kept his eyes on his son. "Tomorrow's Saturday. He can sleep all day."

"Mario..."

"Anastasia, please."

Blaine recognized his father's tone. It was over before it even began. His mother gave his shoulder a light squeeze and left the room.

"Blaine, please take your seat."

Blaine sat down.

Telio waited with bated breath.

Mario nodded.

Telio practically slammed himself down in his chair.

Finally.

They were in.

Telio tried to curb his enthusiasm when he saw the miserable expression on Blaine's face. He knew Blaine didn't want this. As Blaine put his elbows on the table and rested his chin on his folded hands,
setting his face in a bored expression, Telio wished for the thousandth time that he had been born an Anderson. He would take Blaine's place in a heartbeat, but that wasn't how it worked. Blaine was Mario Anderson's son. Grandson of Julio Anderson. Blaine was blood. Telio was not. Only through Blaine would he earn a place in the family, and Telio desperately wanted that place.

Cooper scowled at both of them from across the table as his paranoia rose to a new level. What was his father up to? Blaine had made it clear on more than one occasion that all he wanted to do was run around singing stupid songs and dancing on stage, so why was their father trying to drag him in? Cooper was the oldest. He was automatically next in line. It was his birthright. Just like those royal kids in Britain. Besides, Blaine was still in high school and he was gay. He had no business being there. Cooper glanced at Grandfather, but his expression was unreadable. Why wasn't he stopping this? He had made it quite clear after Blaine came out that he would never be allowed to handle family business. "Fags are the worst. At least women can have inner strength. Make tough decisions and handle business when necessary. But fags...fags have nothing but the weakness of women combined with the weakness of men. They are weak creatures through and through. Being weak makes you worthless in the world, and worthless to this family."

Their father's reaction had been more muted. He was deeply disappointed in Blaine's "decision" to be gay, but Blaine was still his son. Nothing would ever change that. At least it wouldn't affect the family business. Cooper was the eldest. He would take over when the time came.

Cooper had been secretly thrilled by Blaine's announcement. It confirmed and guaranteed his birthright to be head of the family one day.

But that had been five years ago.

A lot can change in five years.

The Anderson Family have been involved in organized crime for three generations, beginning with Blaine's great-grandfather, Ethan Anderson. Ethan started out as a small time hood. He mostly focused on bookmaking, shaking down small businesses, and theft. But Ethan was ambitious, fearless and greedy. He wanted more. Much more. And he had no hesitations about murdering others to get what he wanted. He expanded into prostitution and casino gambling, slowly working his way up by systematically killing off the competition. By the time he was killed in a revenge hit, Ethan had built an impressive crime operation spanning four states with a trail of bodies behind him. Almost no one grieved his death except for his only son, Julio. Julio was devastated by the loss of his father, but his mourning was cut short. His father's brother, Evan, was quickly making moves to take over and declare himself the new head of the empire his brother had built. Julio refused to accept this. If anyone was going to take his father place, it was him. Like his father, murder came easily to Julio. He wasted no time murdering his uncle and those loyal to him. At age 27, Julio Anderson became head of the Anderson crime family.

Like his father, Julio Anderson was ambitious, but he was smarter than his father. He dumped the prostitution business and took steps to steer the family towards "cleaner" operations. He kept the casinos, but added importing and exporting goods, weapons, and construction. He avoided a mob war by renewing a treaty established by his father with the powerful east coast family, the Chartussi's. The Andersons would run the Midwest and South. The Chartussi's would own New York and the east coast. Neither family would ever intrude on the other's territory.

He also established two additional rules for the family.

No business in Ohio. Ohio was their home. Their safe place. The criminal side of the business was to never take place in the state of Ohio. The only Ohio business was Anderson Construction.
No drugs. Ever. The Andersons would never participate in the drug trade. The risks weren't worth the costs or the money. Not when there were other ways to make a fortune.

By the time Julio retired and declared his son, Mario, the new head of the family, the Anderson criminal empire had tripled in size and ruled the Midwest and South. The family had a strong reputation built on both fear and respect, but mostly fear.

The other crime families accepted their dominance and respected their territory and authority. In return the Anderson's made sure everyone made enough money to feel content and to maintain the peace. Every once in a while a young upstart thug and his crew would challenge Mario Anderson's authority. Mario always reacted with swift efficiency, often choosing to handle executions personally to send a message. Like his father and grandfather before, murder came easily to him. It was an inherited trait.

Mario Anderson was starting to think about the future. He wasn't getting any younger, and while he didn't plan to step down anytime soon, it was important that he begin preparing his successor. Everyone assumed this would be Cooper because he was the eldest.

But he wasn't the brightest.

It wasn't that Cooper was a complete idiot, although one could make that argument. It was more that he failed to slow down and think things through, and he had a bad habit of partnering with the wrong people on side deals behind his father's back. He was constantly getting in over his head, threatening the family's reputation along with his life. Mario's patience had reached the point of non-existent, and he found himself being forced to reevaluate the assumption that Cooper would take over one day. If Cooper wasn't a suitable successor...

That left Blaine.
Chapter 2

As Burt drove through the tall, black gates of the Dalton Academy campus, a strong wave of nerves rushed through Kurt's body. He looked out his window at the brilliant blue sky and bright shining sun, and tried to accept them as omens that everything was going to be fine.

YW've made the right decision. Trust yourself.

For the hundredth time Kurt reviewed the reasons why this was a good move. He'd never been challenged at McKinley, either academically or in glee club. His only challenge had been getting through the day without being slushed, assaulted, or worse. At Dalton he would receive a prestigious, high quality education in a safe environment. Assuming he auditioned for the Warblers, it would be nice to be at a school where glee club was considered cool. The student tour guide had been awfully pushy about Kurt auditioning, but it was flattering.

Above all Dalton offered protection. Prestige, peace and protection. Protection from bullies, hockey players...kisses from closeted, gay, football players.

Protection from death threats.

Kurt pushed thoughts of Karofsky from his mind as Burt pulled to a stop in front of the admissions hall.

"I'm sorry you had to do this on a Sunday, kiddo. It would have been nice for you to have two days to get settled before jumping right into classes."

Kurt switched from nervousness to guilt. This was an expensive decision. His dad had been staying open late on Saturdays to make extra money to cover tuition.

"Its fine, dad. I appreciate your working extra hours to make this possible, but promise me you won't overdo it. I don't want you having another heart attack. I'll try to come home every weekend to help."

"Oh, no you won't. No way, Kurt. Sure, I want you to come home to visit, but not every weekend. I want you to spend your weekends studying and making new friends. I'll be fine. Quit worrying. Now, go get your room key and let's get you moved in."

Burt watched Kurt climb the steps of the admissions building with a heavy heart. He knew this was the right decision, but it pained him that it had come to this. He reminded himself that his pain didn't matter. What mattered was Kurt. Kurt had already endured too much pain and too much fear, and it had started taking its toll. He was miserable all the time. Nervous and jumpy. Every morning he put on a brave face to start the day, but would arrive home with sad, dull eyes, his spirit bruised along with his body. Burt could see the light in his son's eyes starting to dim and it killed him inside. When Kurt first told him about Dalton, his immediate reaction was, out of the question. He'd always thought parents who sent their children to boarding schools were lazy and unloving. It didn't matter that Dalton was just a few hours from Lima. It still meant he wouldn't see his son every day. This and the fact that Kurt felt such a drastic move was necessary both angered and hurt Burt. He felt like both he and the school had failed his son, but at the same time, he didn't want to keep failing Kurt by forcing him to stay in a frightening and dangerous environment. Things had to change, so here they were.

Kurt profusely thanked the admissions secretary who had come in on a Sunday just to meet him and give him his keys since he couldn't come sooner.
"You're in Taft Hall, dear. Second floor, room 21. Your roommate is Doug Grayson. I should warn you. It's a rather small room, but it's all we have left this time of year."

Kurt nodded and assured her it would be fine. He was grateful to be allowed in at all. Dalton frowned on mid-year transfers, but the headmaster had been understanding of Kurt's situation and impressed with his grades. He was willing to make an exception.

Despite the secretary's warning, Kurt was still shocked when he unlocked the door of his room. It was even smaller than he expected. As he looked around it dawned on him that his roommate had been using the room as a single all to himself. Of course. Who wouldn't? He was probably less than thrilled to go from living alone to having a roommate. Kurt sighed. More reasons to feel guilty.

As Burt came through the door with the last bag, he looked around the room and frowned.

"With all the money this place costs you'd think they'd have bigger rooms. This feels a little small."

"It'll be fine. Just...cozy."

"Yeah, well I hope all your stuff can fit. I don't know why you packed so many clothes. You're going to be wearing a uniform during the week."

"All the more reason why I want to look fabulous on the weekends."

"Okay. Well, I guess I should let you get settled in."

Kurt placed his hand on his dad's shoulder. "I'm gonna miss you. I really will. I promise I'll come home often and I'll help at the shop as much as I can. I know this is expensive."

"What did I tell you, Kurt? Stop worrying and stop trying to work every weekend. I want you to study and try to have some fun. Things have been rough for you for too long. You've been through a lot. From now on I want you to just concentrate on being a kid. I mean it."

Kurt nodded and wrapped his arms around his dad's neck. "Thanks dad. I love you."

"I love you too, kiddo."

Kurt walked his dad out. As the truck disappeared out of sight, he felt the nerves return. He closed his eyes and took a deep breath.

Relax. Everything will be fine.

He headed back to his room and studied his roommate's side, trying to get clues about the boy whose space he was invading. Was he just out, or had he gone home for the weekend? Was he upset about getting a roommate, or would he be understanding? Kurt decided to stop worrying. It wasn't his fault he was assigned this room.

He began unpacking his things and had just finished organizing his closet when the door of the room opened and a tall, muscular, brown haired boy walked in. He was wearing Dalton sweatpants and a sweat soaked t-shirt. He stopped when he saw Kurt.

"Oh, hey. Sorry. I forgot you were coming. I'm your roommate. Doug Grayson."

Kurt felt unnerved. Doug reminded him of David Karofsky. Big, tall, brown hair, name beginning with a D.

"Hi. Kurt Hummel. Nice to meet you."
Kurt watched as Doug's eyes roamed his side of the room, landing on the closet.

"You have a lot of clothes. You know we wear uniforms to class, right? It's required."

"Yes, I know. I look forward to expressing my personal style on the weekends."

Doug looked at him with raised eyebrows. He glanced at Kurt's side of the room again and then back at Kurt, obviously making a decision.

"Well, uh, welcome to Dalton." Doug pulled his shirt over his head and tossed it into a laundry basket. He grabbed a white shower caddy and a towel. "I'm gonna go take a shower. Do you wanna go to dinner with me tonight?"

Kurt smiled and gave a small laugh. "Well, you're not really my type, but okay."

"Oh..." Doug laughed nervously. "Um...I meant I can show you where the dining hall is."

Kurt nodded. "I know, and thank you. I would appreciate that."

Doug turned to leave but then stopped. He looked at Kurt for a moment.

"Um, this is probably rude, but just so there's no misunderstandings...you're gay, right?"

Wow. Okay. Kurt wasn't sure if he admired Doug's straightforwardness, or thought it was indeed a little rude. He decided to respect Doug's candidness. After all, they were going to be living together. He didn't want things awkward between them.

"Yes, I'm gay."

"Uh...okay. Well, I'm not, so...."

Kurt narrowed his eyes. Was he kidding? It felt a little like the sharing a room with Finn shit all over again.

"I wouldn't expect you to be."

"Okay. Well...yeah."

"Don't worry. Like I said, you're not my type."

Kurt could have sworn he saw a flash of offense in Doug's eyes followed by embarrassment.

"Oh...I...I wasn't suggesting...I...uh...its fine that you're gay. No problem. I mean, I don't have a problem with gays...or you...or...you know. It's cool."

Doug quickly turned and left.

Kurt sighed. Well, Doug might look like David, but at least he didn't seem to have David's violent homophobic streak.

Kurt finished arranging his side of the room. Doug returned, dressed, and grabbed his book bag. "I'm going to the library. I'll be back around 6:00 pm for dinner."

Once Doug left Kurt decided to take a shower of his own to check out the bathrooms. He was impressed. They were more like the locker room of an expensive country club than a dorm bathroom. After his shower he settled on the bed with his laptop and played around on Facebook,
reading Rachel's rants about the latest choir room injustices. He would definitely miss the craziness of New Directions, but he was looking forward to auditioning for the Warblers. Maybe. The guy he’d met on tour, (was it Wes or Les?) had been so excited to learn that Kurt was a countertenor, that Kurt almost felt obligated to audition. Finally someone who appreciated the unique perfection of his voice.

As if on cue there was a knock at the door. Kurt opened it to find Wes standing there with two other guys.

Wes grinned. "My intel was correct! Welcome Kurt!"

Kurt was happily surprised. "Hi!"

"Not sure if you remember me, but I'm Wes. We met on your visitation tour. This is Trent and this is David. Guys, meet Kurt Hummel, the countertenor." The two boys smiled and nodded.

"Wow. How did you know I was here?"

"You will soon learn that I have spies everywhere. It's how I keep the Warblers in line." Trent and David scoffed and rolled their eyes.

"If you're all settled in we'd love to give you a more in-depth tour than the one you got during your visit, and then you can join us for dinner."

"Oh...sure, thank you. That's really nice of you guys." Kurt quickly slid on his shoes and left a note for Doug. Even if they were here solely to talk him into auditioning for the Warblers, he'd rather have dinner with them than Doug.

Over dinner Wes talked nonstop about the wonders of being a Warbler until Trent and David insisted he give it a break. Wes reluctantly shut up and allowed the conversation to turn to more important things. Who were the hardest teachers, what to expect in certain classes, the date of the next mixer with Crawford Country Day, their sister school, and how to get away with skipping class.

Once they finished eating they went to Wes and David's room. Kurt was immediately jealous. Their room was twice the size of his.

"You guys are so lucky. I wish my room was this big."

"The super small rooms are always leftover so they go to those who bid late, those who get kicked out of their original room, or the rare mid-year transfer like yourself."

"So, did Doug bid late or get kicked out of his original room?"

Wes looked thoughtful. "I'm not really sure."

Kurt decided he would definitely find out why Doug was relegated to their shared closet room. If he was a bad roommate, he wanted to know sooner rather than later.

"Are there any single rooms?"

Wes shook his head. "No. Only the floor advisors have their own room...and Blaine."

"Who's Blaine?"

Trent answered, a slight hero worship in his voice. "Blaine Anderson is our lead singer. Our front man. He's incredibly talented. He performs songs better than the original."
Kurt was amused by Trent's reverent tone. "Is that why he gets his own room?"

David laughed. "No. He has his own super spacious room because of his family."

Both Wes and Trent were quiet. Kurt noticed the disapproving look Wes shot David.

"Who's his family?"

There was a moment of silence before Wes answered. "The Anderson's. They're very wealthy, so Blaine's parents pay for him to have his own room."

"But aren't most Dalton families very wealthy? It seems like plenty of people here could pay to have their own room."

"Yeah. Maybe. Did I talk to you about the competition schedule?"

All three boys suddenly became very excited and interested in discussing the competition schedule. Kurt took the hint and went with the subject change.

Kurt woke the next morning feeling both excited and anxious. He was excited about his first day of classes, but very anxious about the academic expectations and workload. Transferring in the middle of the quarter meant he was behind. He would have to work hard to catch up.

By lunchtime the reality of just how hard he would have to work left him feeling overwhelmed and a little depressed. When he spotted Wes and David motioning for him to join them, he realized that he would probably have to hold off taking on any extra-curriculars. He really needed to concentrate on his studies.

Wes wouldn't hear of it.

"Nonsense, Kurt. You're a really smart guy and we'll help you. Remember, the Warblers have been around for a long time. Several generations have passed through these doors and those Warblers had the same teachers we have now." Wes lowered his voice. "We have files that can help you."

"Files?"

"Dossiers on every teacher and class. Copies of tests, syllabi, tip sheets. Naturally you'll still have to do all the work, but the files can help you plan and study strategically. Don't worry."

Kurt was surprised and a little concerned. He thought about the honor code he'd had to read and sign in the presence of the headmaster. Wasn't Wes talking about cheating?

Kurt was distracted from his worry by the arrival of two more Warblers who were introduced as Nick and Jeff. Wes looked around.

"Where's Blaine?"

Nick shrugged. "He said he had something to do and would see us at practice."

Kurt wondered if Blaine was lost in his huge, single room.

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At 2:45 pm Kurt successfully found his way to the music room. The room took his breath away. It seemed far too beautiful to be a room for teenagers to hang out and sing. The wood paneled walls, chandeliers, and beautifully carpeted floors made Kurt think of a drawing room in an English mansion.

He was grateful Wes hadn't arrived yet because he needed a few minutes to get his resolve together. The afternoon had confirmed his need to focus completely on school. Files or not, he had a ton of work to do if he was going to earn grades that wouldn't make his father question why he was working overtime to pay Dalton's expensive tuition. There was no way he could join the Warblers. The realization made him sad. They all seemed so nice, welcoming, and above all, accepting. He really wanted them as friends.

Wes came in, moving so quickly that Kurt didn't have a chance to stop him. "Alright everyone. Settle down. We have lots to do today."

The room immediately quieted as the boys took their seats on couches around the room. Wes, David and Thad were all seated at a head table. Crap. Now he'd have to turn down Wes's invitation in front of everyone.

"Okay, first order of business..." David interrupted Wes.

"Where's Blaine?"

"He said he'd be a little late but to start without him. Okay, first I'd like to introduce a new...I mean possible new member of the Warblers. Joining us to audition today is Kurt Hummel. Kurt is a transfer student from McKinley High School and a former member of their glee club, the New Directions. Welcome Kurt."

Kurt froze as everyone turned to look at him.

What the hell was Wes talking about? He wasn't auditioning today.

"Um...hello. I'm Kurt Hummel and it's a pleasure to meet all of you, but I think there's been a mistake. I'm not auditioning today. As a matter of fact...I'm not sure I'll be auditioning at all. At least not this quarter. I'm new and Dalton is leap years ahead of the academic curriculum I just came from. I have a lot of work to do to catch up, so I don't think I can join...audition yet. Plus I haven't prepared anything, so...yeah, I can't audition. Not today, but thank you."

Wes was not deterred. "Of course you can. Didn't New Directions have their set list stolen minutes before they were supposed to take the stage, and yet the group pulled it together and performed anyway? I'm sure you have several songs memorized that you could sing at the drop of a note."

"Well...yes, but I'd really like to prepare. And like I said, I just don't think I can join and the rigorous Warbler schedule right now. I really need to concentrate on classes before taking on anything else."

David shook his head. "Trust me. You can handle both. We'll help you with your studies." Several Warblers nodded in agreement. Kurt looked around the room and felt a pang of deep emotion from the smiles and nods of support. After a year of being bullied and ignored by so-called friends, it felt amazing to be surrounded by encouraging smiles. Even if it was only because they thought he could help them win competitions.

"Guys...this is really nice of you, but..."

"How about a Beatles song?" Kurt turned to see Trent scrolling through an iPod.
"What?"

"A Beatles song. Oh! I bet you know this one." Trent stood up and waved his iPod in front of Kurt. Kurt looked at the screen. Well of course he knew the song, but he hadn't sang it in ages. "Well, sure I know it, but…"

"Perfect." Trent walked over to the speaker system and plugged in.

Kurt relented. Fine. He would sing one song. It didn't mean he had to actually join. Maybe singing now would reserve his spot and if everything went well with his grades, he'd join next quarter.

Kurt moved to the center of the room, closed his eyes and allowed the music to fill him.

Blackbird singing in the dead of night  
Take these broken wings and learn to fly  
All your life  

You were only waiting for this moment to arise

x-x-x-x-x

Blaine hated being late for Warbler practice, but he needed to speak with his chemistry teacher about a concept he was struggling to understand. After his father's praise that weekend, he was determined to make honor roll every quarter.

As he approached the music room he tried to remember what they had on today's schedule. Oh, yeah. Wes had found the next musical coming of Jesus, or something. Blaine smiled. He loved Wes's commitment to the Warblers. He was sure Wes only signed up as a student tour guide in order to interrogate potential students about their musical abilities.

Blaine quietly slipped inside the music room, stood against the back wall…and froze.

Blackbird singing in the dead of night  
Take these sunken eyes and learn to see  
All your life  
You were only waiting for this moment to be free.

He was tall, his body lean and lithe. His brown hair thick, and slightly waved. His skin flawless and pale. His voice clear, enchanting and expressive.

Kurt opened his eyes.

Blaine inhaled deeply as his hazel eyes met Kurt's intense, captivating blue ones.

You were only waiting for this moment to arise.

Kurt stared at the handsome boy that had suddenly appeared before him. He had thick black hair that was gently gelled into place, and ever-changing kaleidoscope eyes. One moment they looked like a mixture of greens, then browns, then greys.

Neither was able to take their eyes off the other. As the music ended and the room fell silent, the Warblers looked between the two with amused smirks. Trent finally broke the silence by applauding. The others followed suit. Kurt looked around the room as if suddenly realizing he wasn't alone. He nodded and whispered thank you before quickly taking a seat.
Wes banged his gavel to quiet everyone. "So, shall we vote?"

Trent yelled, "Yes!"

"Very well then. All in favor of having Kurt Hummel join the Warblers, please raise your hand."

Every hand in the room rose in the air.

"Any objections?" All hands lowered.

"Kurt Hummel, welcome to the Warblers."

Everyone applauded and congratulated Kurt with gentle slaps on the back and high fives. Kurt couldn't remember ever feeling so welcome.

Or so very aware of his every move being watched.

Every time he looked up, his eyes met those of the far too handsome boy with black hair.

Wes banged the gavel again. "Alright. Let's do a quick go around for Kurt. Name and grade."

"Blaine Anderson. Junior."

This is Blaine Anderson?

Well damn.

Once again their eyes locked. The intensity of Blaine's gaze made Kurt's insides curl in a foreign way.

Wes presented Kurt with the official, top-secret Warbler Repertoire binder, instructing him to scan through the songs and learn any he didn't already know. Today he would just observe practice but should be ready to join in at the next one.

Kurt listened as the Warblers practiced songs, ran through choreography, and enthusiastically discussed and planned their performances.

And he watched Blaine.

He tried not to stare, but it was hard not to. He was just so damn handsome and obviously talented. His stage presence was impressive along with his work ethic. It was clear why the Warblers elected him their front man.

When practice was over Blaine lingered, listening as Wes invited Kurt to come over later that evening to review the class files. Kurt politely declined. He wanted to try things on his own first.

"So, Blaine what do you think? Was I right about Kurt, or was I right?" Wes beamed with pride.

Blaine smiled and Kurt's heart skipped a beat.

"Yeah. You were definitely right."

Kurt lifted his head a bit higher and thrilled to see he was about two inches taller than Blaine. "Thank you." Kurt's effort to play it cool quickly failed as he fell once again under the spell of Blaine's eyes. Blaine seemed equally as lost.
"Your voice is…gorgeous."

"Thank you."

*You are gorgeous.* Blaine thought it, but didn't say it.

They continued to stare at each other.

Wes looked between the two of them and smiled. "Okay, so I'll see you guys later."

"So, Kurt what brings you to Dalton?"

"I needed a change." He wasn't about to get into all of his McKinley High drama.

"A change from what?"

"Just…a change."

Blaine nodded. "I can understand that." *I need a change of family.*

"Have you always been at Dalton?"

"I came in the middle of freshman year."

Kurt nodded. The two stood in silence for a moment.

"I see Wes gave you your Warbler binder."

Kurt nodded. "I'm sure I know most of the songs already. My musical repertoire is quite vast."

"Well," Blaine started slowly, "maybe we could get together and go over the few songs you don't know."

Kurt's stomach flip flopped. "Um, sure. That would be great."

Blaine smiled, but it faltered as he looked past Kurt. Telio was lounging against the entrance way watching them.

Blaine looked back at Kurt and his smile returned.

"I need to go, but I'll see you later, okay?"

"Okay."

Blaine grabbed his bag and quickly walked out followed by Telio who paused for a moment to give Kurt a curious glance.

x-x-x-x-x

Blaine skipped dinner that night. He didn't want to see Kurt again until he'd had time to think.

He lay on his bed, closed his eyes, and pictured Kurt's face.

Gorgeous. So damn gorgeous. And that voice…

What was he going to do?
It wasn't as if he'd never thought about having a boyfriend. He'd actually thought about it a lot, especially when he noticed Telio starring at a girl named Alicia at one of the monthly Crawford County Day/Dalton Academy Mixers. Blaine encouraged him to go talk to her, but Telio just shook his head and gave Blaine a reproachful look. "Not a good idea, Blaine. That will never be a good idea." At the time Blaine thought Telio was being a bit melodramatic, but it did get him thinking. What would it mean to have a boyfriend? Being who he was and the world his family belonged to. Despite his zero involvement in Anderson family affairs, would someone be willing to date him or would they be frightened? How would their parents respond? Could he ever bring someone home? How would he explain all the armed guards?

At the time he thought Telio might have a point. There was no one for him anyway, so why worry about it? A few guys at Dalton had made subtle advances in the past, and a few had gone so far as to ask him out, but he always said no. He wasn't sure why. He just knew he was waiting for someone. Someone special. Someone unique.

Someone gorgeous.

Someone like Kurt.

_Slow down. He might have a boyfriend._

Okay, first he had to find out if gorgeous had a boyfriend. Assuming he didn't, he would take things slow and start by getting to know him. Become his friend. And if he did have a boyfriend, well…

There were several ways to get rid of people.
Chapter 3

Four weeks later Kurt was no longer worried about whether or not changing schools was a good idea, or if it was worth the extra time and money being spent by his father to pay tuition.

Changing schools was an outstanding idea.

An excellent idea.

The best decision he'd made in his entire life.

Yes, the classes were harder, but the students were kinder. Even Doug seemed to adjust to his presence, helping Kurt out with some particularly tough math assignments. Kurt still hadn't found out why Doug ended up in their super small room, but he no longer cared. He was too busy studying, hanging out with the Warblers, and for the first time ever, really enjoying school.

And then there was Blaine.

His new best friend.

The boy he was slowly falling in love with.

Kurt couldn't help it. Blaine was handsome, smart, and incredibly talented. He could sing, dance, and play piano. Despite knowing every song in the Warbler binder, Kurt pretended not to know a few just to hear Blaine play and sing for him. His smile made Kurt's insides do somersaults, and feel things in his pants he hadn't felt since his ridiculous crush on Finn.

It turned out that Kurt and Blaine were in the same history class. This led to studying together which turned into hours spent talking. Actually, Kurt talked while Blaine listened, and one day Kurt finally told Blaine about the bullying he'd endured which led him to Dalton.

It was the first time Kurt had ever spoken so openly and honestly about how terrified he'd been. The fear that gripped him the moment he arrived at school each day. The bruises to his body and his psyche as the abuse escalated to the horrible kiss in the locker room followed by the death threats. He talked about the loneliness of being the only out gay kid at his school and how often he wished someone, anyone, would come to his rescue and protect him.

Kurt was surprised at just how much pent up conversation he had inside. Whenever he apologized for monopolizing the conversation, Blaine would shake his head and smile.

"As far as I'm concerned, you are the most interesting boy in all of Ohio." And the most gorgeous. I could stare at you all day.

Kurt loved being the center of Blaine's attention, but it bothered him that Blaine never talked about himself.

Never.

Despite spending so much time together, Kurt felt he knew very little about Blaine. He knew top surface things like favorite songs, movies, and foods, but every time he tried to learn more about Blaine's family or home life, he was met with a wall of silence or one word answers that were clouded in mystery and didn't make sense.
Starting with Blaine's room.

x-x-x-x-x

The first time Kurt stepped into Blaine's room he was speechless. First of all, it was more than larger
than the other dorm rooms. It was almost two and a half dorm rooms put together. It was even larger
than the floor advisor rooms. On top of its size, Blaine had his own bathroom. Kurt couldn't help but
glare at him accusingly.

"Okay, I don't get it. Why do you have your own big ass room? A room with a bathroom at that."

"It wasn't my idea. My father requested it."

"Why?"

Blaine shrugged.

"Why did the school agree?"

"He was willing to pay for it."

"But…"

Blaine cut him off. "Does it really matter? It's just a room."

Kurt felt like a jealous child. "No…I guess not."

Blaine smiled. "Do I detect a little jealousy?"

"Oh, you detect a lot of jealousy. I'm living in a closet while you lay in the lap of luxury. With a
bathroom." Kurt walked over and peeked inside. "And it has a bathtub!" Kurt stared at the bathtub
with longing. He always wished for a bath on the days he had gym. Dalton's physical education
program was as rigorous as its academics.

He wasn't aware of Blaine standing behind him until Blaine placed his hands on Kurt's shoulders and
gently squeezed. His voice was quiet and tinged with something raw that made Kurt's insides stretch
and quiver.

"I never allow anyone to use it, but…if you'd ever like to take a bath you're more than welcome. I'd
love to share my bath…tub with you."

Kurt closed his eyes and swallowed. He turned around slowly as Blaine stepped back. He was
staring at Kurt with an intensity that both thrilled and scared him.

"Thank you. I'll keep that in mind."

Blaine held his gaze for another moment before breaking the spell by suggesting they discuss their
history assignment. Kurt nodded and continued nodding the rest of the evening. Blaine talked but
Kurt didn't hear a word he said. He just stared at him.

And thought about bubble baths.

And wondered how curly Blaine's hair would get when wet.

x-x-x-x-x
The greater mystery was Telio.

Telio reminded Kurt of a planet orbiting a sun named Blaine.

He was always around. He wasn't a Warbler, but he was always lurking outside the music room. He didn't have any classes with Blaine, but he always seemed to magically appear in the hallway to walk Blaine to his next class. He never ate with the Warblers, but he was always at a table nearby. He was never intrusive and never said a word. Kurt would just look up and there was Telio. Waiting. Watching.

Stalking?

Kurt couldn't understand why Telio's constant hovering didn't bother Blaine. Instead, Blaine always checked for him and would wait if he didn't see him right away, but the two rarely spoke.

It all struck Kurt as very strange. He tried to get answers.

"Blaine, what's the deal with Telio?"
"What do you mean?"
"Is he like, your best friend or something?"
"Sort of."
"Sort of?"

Blaine shrugged.

Kurt tried to get answers from Wes and Trent, but they were just as noncommittal as Blaine.

"Is Telio Blaine's best friend, or cousin, or something?"

Wes looked slightly uncomfortable. "They're not related."

"So, they're just friends?"
"I guess you could say that."

"Well he always seems to be around. Wherever Blaine is, he's never far away. It's a little strange."

Neither Wes nor Trent said a word.

Kurt sighed in frustration. These two were just as mysterious about Blaine, as Blaine. Then Kurt had a thought that made his stomach plummet.

"They're not…Telio isn't…like, Blaine's…secret lover, or something, is he?"

Wes and Trent both laughed. Trent shook his head. "No. Telio is definitely not Blaine's lover. He's very straight."

"Oh." Kurt blushed with embarrassment, but since they were on the subject…

"Has Blaine ever had a boyfriend?"

Both boys stopped laughing and grew serious again.
"No. Never. Why do you ask?"

"Just wondering."

x-x-x-x-x-x

Blaine was a mystery.

A sexy, kind, caring mystery who left Kurt feeling attractive, interesting and desired.

But…

There were days when the heat of Blaine's stare made Kurt's insides boil and shiver all at the same time. Kurt would stare back and lose connection with the present. He would remain lost in Blaine's eyes until Blaine broke the gaze.

And then there was the touching.

Blaine's hand would leisurely rest on Kurt's thigh, squeezing and releasing in some unknown rhythm, or his arm would snake its way around Kurt's waist, fingertips pressing firmly into Kurt's side. Kurt never acknowledged these sudden, intimate touches. He never said a word and never pulled away, but they left him slightly dizzy, wanting, and confused.

Were they just friends, or did Blaine want more?

Most of the time they interacted like close friends, but then Blaine would touch him and tiny, electric, shocks would explode throughout Kurt's body. Add in Blaine's deep, intense stare, and Kurt was lost.

And a little scared.

He wasn't sure why he was scared. Was it because of his developing feelings for Blaine, or the fact that he wasn't sure how Blaine felt about him?

Or was it something else?

As the next monthly family dinner approached, Blaine felt increasingly irritated and pissed. He didn't want to go. It would be the first weekend he was away from Dalton since meeting Kurt, and he hated the thought of two days without him. He would miss his new best friend.

His gorgeous, soon to be, boyfriend.

Blaine had made up his mind.

He definitely wanted Kurt.

It didn't matter that they'd only known each other a little over a month. Blaine was in love. Kurt was smart, witty, and funny. His knowledge of fashion, Broadway and classic movies was impressive and entertaining.

And he was gorgeous.

Blaine loved Kurt's androgynous beauty. To Blaine, Kurt was an intoxicating mixture of gorgeous, soft pretty, wrapped in a sensuous masculinity that left no doubt that Kurt was all man. Blaine found Kurt's innocence, vulnerability, and lingering fear, attractive in all the right and wrong ways.
Listening to Kurt talk about his experiences at McKinley stirred something deep, but slightly sinister inside Blaine. He wanted to give Kurt the safety and protection he craved, but there was something else going on.


Something deeper than just his desire to kiss Kurt's beautiful, sweet mouth. And, yes, he wanted to touch Kurt's smooth, flawless, pale skin, and he really wanted to hear that beautiful, angelic voice scream his name over and over again while he fucked into Kurt's luscious, heavenly shaped ass.

But Blaine was hungry for something more than just a sexual connection. He needed more. He just didn't know what.

So, for now he focused on slowly morphing their friendship into a courtship.

And annihilating the competition.

x-x-x-x-x-x

Andrew McDaniel was very tall and very cute. He had curly blonde hair and dark green eyes, but his best feature was his smile. His smile was beautiful and made him look absolutely adorable.

This didn't stop Blaine from having an overpowering desire to punch him in the face.

Andrew was interested in Kurt from the moment he saw him. Once he confirmed that Kurt played for his team, he sought out every possible opportunity to make his interest clear.

Between classes in the hall: "Looking good, Kurt. You make that uniform look like high fashion."

In the dining hall: "Is that all you're eating? You have no reason to watch your figure. Your body's perfect."

After impromptu Warbler performances: "Wow, Kurt. Your voice is amazing. The Warblers might actually reach Nationals this year."

That one especially infuriated Blaine.

Kurt was flattered by the attention. He'd never had someone so openly interested and flirtatious with him before, especially someone as handsome as Andrew. Of course there was Blaine, but Blaine was just his friend, right?

Thursday evening Blaine's angst about leaving for the weekend crashed into Andrew's interest in Kurt.

The Warblers always ate dinner together. It wasn't that they didn't have friends outside the group, or didn't allow others to join them, they just always happened to sit together. On this particular evening, Blaine arrived at their table to find Andrew seated next to Kurt. Kurt was laughing at something Andrew said, his melodic laughter making Blaine smile despite the ball of jealousy growing inside him. He walked over and sat down directly across from Kurt.

"Hey."

"Hi."

Andrew smiled. "Hey, Blaine. How ya doing?"
Blaine sounded friendly, but his eyes could have cut glass.

"I'm good. How are you?"

"Great." Andrew turned towards Kurt. "Are you going home this weekend?"

Kurt sighed guiltily. "No. I really should and I want to, but I need to get a head start on my science paper. At McKinley we never had papers in science. Just experiments in class. I've never written a science paper before."

"I took honors biology last year. I'd be happy to help you."

"Oh, you don't have to do that. I can handle it. I just wanna get started early enough to turn in a rough draft so I can make sure I'm on the right track."

"Well in that case, how about we plan to do something fun Saturday night? A way for you to relax after working hard all day." Andrew's voice had turned a little deeper and slightly seductive. Kurt blushed deeply while Blaine quietly seethed.

"Oh, um, sure...I guess. What did you have in mind?"

"Yes, Andrew. What did you have in mind?" Blaine rested his chin in his hand and shot fire at Andrew with his eyes. If Andrew noticed, he ignored him.

"Maybe we could catch whatever movie they're showing in the auditorium."

"Oh, that's right. You don't have a car." Blaine smiled knowingly, a mean glint in his eyes. Andrew turned slightly red.

"No, I don't have a car."

"A DUI last year, wasn't it?"

Andrew opened his mouth and then closed it. Kurt looked between the two boys in a mixture of disappointment and confusion. He was disappointed to learn this little fact about Andrew, and confused by Blaine's behavior. Why was Blaine being mean? Blaine was never mean.

Andrew was embarrassed into silence. Kurt felt bad for him.

"Andrew, I'd love to go to the movies with you on Saturday. I'll text you when I'm done studying."

Andrew looked at him in surprise, and smiled. "Great. And just for the record, Blaine's right. I did get a DUI last year. It was stupid, and dangerous, and I got in a ton of trouble, including losing the right to have a car on campus, but I learned my lesson. I even helped start a chapter of Students Against Drunk Driving here at Dalton."

Kurt nodded. "Everyone makes mistakes." He glared at Blaine and stood up. "I'll see you later." Both boys watched Kurt walk away, their eyes on his ass. Andrew sat back in his chair and smirked at Blaine. "Thanks for the help, Anderson. You practically sealed the deal for me."

Blaine leaned forward. His voice was deep and dripping with threat.

"If you know what's best for you, you'll stay away from Kurt."

"Oh, yeah? Why? I think he likes me."
"Because it would be a shame for the headmaster to receive a tip about the booze stashed in the dorm room of the president of Students Against Drunk Driving."

Andrew turned pale. "Wh-what?"

Blaine sat back with a smug smile. "Beer, Vodka, Jack Daniels, Hennessey, Bourbon. You've got a fully stocked liquor store under your bed."

"How….how did you…"

"Not important. Just stay away from Kurt. I suggest you come down with the flu on Saturday."

Blaine stood up and walked out.

x-x-x-x-x

At 8:00 pm there was knock on the door. Doug didn't look like he was about to move so Kurt got up to answer it. He opened the door to find a beautiful rose being presented to him by an adorable, puppy-eyed Blaine.

"I apologized to Andrew, but I felt I owed you an apology as well."

Kurt held firm. "That was a very mean thing to do. Andrew's a nice guy. There was no need to put his prior bad acts out there like that. You embarrassed him."

"I'm sorry. I guess I let my jealousy get the best of me."

Jealousy? Kurt's face softened a little.

"You have no reason to be jealous."

"Don't I?"

"Why would you be jealous?"

Blaine took a step forward and stared directly into Kurt's eyes.

"A good-looking guy like Andrew asking out the gorgeous guy I've been crushing on for a month? Of course I'm jealous."

"Crushing on?"

Blaine said nothing. He smiled and held out the rose. Kurt took it.

"Apology accepted. Thank you."

"You're welcome. Good night…gorgeous."

Blaine turned and walked down the hall.

Kurt slowly closed the door.

Well.

Wow.

"Blaine Anderson, huh?"
Kurt had completely forgotten that Doug was in the room. He smiled, shrugged and sat down on his bed, staring at the rose. Where on earth had Blaine found a rose?

"Just be careful."

Kurt looked at Doug in surprise. "Why?"

"I guess Blaine's okay, but his family…” Doug trailed off.

"What about his family?"

Doug looked like he was about to say something else, but thought better of it.

"Just be careful.” He turned back around and put on his headphones.

Kurt thought about yanking the headphones off and demanding Doug explain himself, but decided to let it go. After all, what could Doug possibly know about Blaine or his family? Kurt didn't even know about Blaine's family.

Blaine never talked about them.

x-x-x-x-x

The next morning Kurt approached the topic with Wes and Trent.

"Have either of you ever met Blaine's family?"

Wes choked on his orange juice and started coughing while Trent dropped his fork and had to go get another. Once his throat was clear, Wes shook his head.

"No."

"Really? They don't come up for Parent's Weekend?"

"No."

"They've never attended a Warbler's performance?"

"No."

Kurt was incredulous. "Are you telling me they've never seen Blaine perform?"

"Maybe they've seen him elsewhere, but they've never been to a Warbler performance. Why?"

"Well, Doug said something strange last night about being friends with Blaine."

Wes and Trent stopped eating and stared at Kurt.

"What did he say?"

"Nothing specific. He just made it sound like…I don't know. Like something was wrong with Blaine's family. Something I had to be careful about."

Wes's concerned expression turned worried.

"Have you told Blaine about this?"
Kurt shook his head.

"Do me a favor? Don't. Doug's an idiot and a sometimes asshole. He doesn't know anything. Ignore him."

"But why would he say that, and why shouldn't I tell Blaine?"

"Just don't. It'll just start trouble."

"But…" The 10 minute warning bell rang. Wes stood up.

"Just forget about it, Kurt." Wes hurried off. Kurt stared after him.

What the hell?

x-x-x-x-x

Kurt didn't think about it again until Warbler practice. Everyone was in a good mood because it was Friday. As usual, several people were going home, so it was hard to get anyone to concentrate. Thad suggested for the hundredth time that Wes cancel Friday practices which led to a robust discussion as everyone argued the merits of this idea. Usually arguments ended when Blaine shared his thoughts on an issue, but today he was quiet, his mind and eyes focused on Kurt who was sitting next to him, quietly listening to everyone carry on. Wes finally threw his hands in the air and declared practice over. As everyone packed up and wished each other a good weekend, neither Kurt nor Blaine moved. Once the room was empty, Blaine turned towards Kurt. Kurt looked at him and felt the familiar twist, curve and pull inside him as Blaine stared into his eyes. He reached over and took Kurt's hand.

"So, I was thinking. All the studying you're going to be doing tomorrow is going to leave your shoulders and back tense. I don't want you tense for your date with Andrew, so…" Blaine reached into his pocket and took out a key which he pressed into Kurt's hand. "Why don't you take a bubble bath before your date?"

Kurt looked at the key and back at Blaine. "A bath?"

"Yes. That's the key to my room."

Kurt looked down at the key. Wow. This was quite the gesture. He looked back at Blaine, searching his face, but for what he wasn't sure.

"This is very nice of you, but…I'm a little surprised you'd help me prepare for my…well, I don't think it's really a date. He's just a friend."

"Date or not a bath would be nice, right?"

"Yes. It would definitely be nice to relax in a warm bath. It's been a long week."

Blaine smiled. "Good. Go whenever you want, and don't worry about cleaning up. Just relax and enjoy."

Kurt nodded. "Thank you."

"My pleasure." They sat there staring into each other's eyes. As usual, Kurt lost himself in Blaine's gaze. His heart skipped a beat as he watched Blaine's tongue dart out to wet his lips before quickly sliding out of sight. Kurt waited with baited breath. Was Blaine going to kiss him?
"Blaine, are you ready to go?"

Telio.

Dammit.

Blaine glanced over his shoulder. "Yeah. I'll be right there."

Kurt glanced at Telio who was looking at him with a deep frown.

Blaine gave Kurt's hand a light squeeze.

"Enjoy your weekend, and your bath. I'll see you Sunday."

"Okay. Have fun with your family."

Blaine made a face, and nodded. In that moment Kurt remembered Doug's comment.

"Oh, hey. Before you go can I ask you a question?"

"Sure."

"How well do you know my roommate, Doug Grayson?"

"I know who he is, but I don't really know him well or anything."

"Oh. Okay."

"Why?"

"It's nothing really, just…last night after you left my room…he said I should be careful. Not exactly about you, but…about your family."

Blaine narrowed his eyes and frowned. "What about my family?"

"He didn't say. Just that I should be careful."

Fuck.

Blaine thought quickly. He didn't want to lie, but he needed to give a satisfactory explanation so Kurt wouldn't get suspicious and go looking for answers. He wasn't ready for Kurt to know the truth.

"It's just sour grapes."

"Sour grapes over what?"

"Doug's family is in construction like mine. Both companies have competed for projects before and Anderson Construction has always won. I guess his dad was ticked and bitched to him about it. Doug in turn said a few nasty things to me."

Kurt shook his head. "Wow. I can't believe that."

Blaine nodded. "I was shocked when he came at me all accusatory and shit. I guess he and his dad are still mad."

"What did he accuse your father of?"
Blaine paused for a moment. Truth or lie? Truth or lie?

Truth.

"Bribery."

"Wow."

"Yeah, so...anyway..."

Kurt glanced at Telio again. Telio was still staring at him, but the frown had deepened and was tinged with something Kurt couldn't recognize.

"You'd better get going."

"Yeah. See you Sunday." They shared one final lingering look before Blaine turned and left.

Kurt was almost to his room when a thought hit him.

Why was Telio waiting for Blaine when Blaine was going home?

Did Telio go home with Blaine?

Telio waited until they were a few miles from Dalton to attack.

"What the hell are you doing?"

Blaine didn't look up from his iPod. "What I always do when we're driving home. Putting on some music."

"That's not what I'm talking about, and you know it. What's going on between you and Kurt?"

Blaine looked out the window.

"Blaine?"

Silence.

"Blaine!"

Blaine turned towards him angrily. "What?"

"What's going on with you and Kurt?"

"None of your business."

"Are you fucking kidding me?"

Blaine sighed. He didn't feel like having this conversation. He just wanted to daydream about Kurt naked and wet, soaking in his bathtub.

"I like him." Actually, I think I'm in love with him.

"Blaine..."
"What?"

Telio sighed and concentrated on the road for a minute before speaking.

"Look, I get it okay, but this is a bad idea. With everything going on…"

Blaine exploded.

"What? What's going on? We're forced to stay for one family discussion and you have me taking over! I'm not taking over, Telio! I'm never taking over! Stop waiting and preparing for it and go live your life! I'm the youngest, remember? I'm gay, remember? And, oh yeah, news flash, I don't want it! Cooper will take over, not me, so stop waiting for it!"

Telio shook his head. "Cooper is a disaster. Your father will never…"

"I don't care what my father wants, and frankly, I don't care what you want either. I've told you before. Stop waiting for something that's not going to happen. You placed your bet on the wrong horse."

Telio's expression hardened. "The bet was placed for me. I didn't have a choice."

Blaine rolled his eyes. "I know what you mean."

Telio thought for a moment and slowly nodded. "Yeah. I guess you do."

They rode in silence for several minutes before Telio spoke.

"Look, just…just be careful, okay? I get that you're tired of being alone. Believe me, I do, but…just be careful. I don't wanna see anyone get hurt."

"Why would anyone get hurt? I have nothing to do with my family's business and I never will. My family does not own or define me."

Telio's voice was quiet, almost sad. "Yes, they do, Blaine. The idea that you're going to just walk away from all of this is a fantasy. Your grandfather may want that, but your father will never allow it. Look, I don't care if you wanna fuck Kurt's brains out, but don't get into anything serious. I know you think we're safe, and that Dalton is some kind of fortress, but it's not and your future is not your own. Things are happening, Blaine. I know you don't pay any attention, but I do and you should start. We graduate in a year and when we do things are going to change."

Blaine shook his head. "I'm graduating, leaving for college, and never looking back."

Telio rolled his eyes. "You're delusional."

They rode in silence for a while before Telio spoke again.

"Have you told Kurt about our…your family? Does he know?"

"There's nothing for him to know. I'm a high school student, not a crime boss."

Telio sighed.

_Not yet._
Saturday morning Kurt rose early, went to breakfast, and then headed to the library. He felt motivated by his plans for the evening. This was the first time he'd ever had plans (was it a date?) with a boy. Well, besides Blaine.

Blaine.

As usual Kurt was confused by Blaine. Blaine shows up at his door with a rose, admits to being jealous, admits to having a crush, calls him gorgeous…and then offers him the use of his bathtub to prepare to go out with another guy. Was he just being nice, or had Kurt misread everything? It didn't make any sense.

He forced himself to stop thinking about boys, dates, and baths, and spent the next two hours working on his science paper until his phone vibrated with a text.

A – Really sorry. Don't feel well. Need to cancel tonight.

K – I'm sorry. Anything I can do?

A – No thanks. Just need to rest.

K – Ok. Feel better soon.

Kurt felt deflated by the cancellation. It had been nice to have something to look forward to, especially with Blaine gone for the weekend.

Kurt called it quits around 5:30 pm. He was tired, but it was a good tired. He'd gotten a lot done and for the first time since arriving, felt like he was ahead instead of behind. After dropping off his books in his room, he headed over to the dining hall. He ended up eating with a couple of guys he knew from biology class. As they all laughed and talked, it dawned on him that he really should try to make a few friends outside of the Warblers and Blaine. He sent a text to Andrew.

K – Hi. Feeling any better?

A – No.

K- Can I bring you dinner?

A – No appetite. Don't want u 2 get sick. Going 2 sleep now.

K – Ok. Let me know if I can do anything 4U.

A little after 7:00 pm, Kurt changed into a pair of sweatpants and a shirt, grabbed his shower caddy, and headed to Blaine's room.

Blaine's room was in the corner of the third floor. Room 318. Kurt nervously made his way down the hall. What if a resident advisor caught him? Would he get in trouble for having a key? How did Blaine have an extra key anyway?

He stopped in front of Blaine's door, quickly entered and looked around. Naturally he'd been in Blaine's room plenty of times, but it felt strange being there alone. He sat down on the bed, closed his eyes and inhaled deeply. He loved Blaine's smell. It was very male with a hint of raspberries. He sat for a minute before heading towards the bathroom. When he opened the door he smiled and laughed out loud.

Blaine had placed candles around the tub and floating candles in the sink. There was a bouquet of
beautiful yellow roses in a vase on the back of the toilet and a bottle of bubble bath. On a small stool in the corner was a wash cloth, towel, and note.

*Hi Gorgeous:*

*There's a lighter on the sink to light the candles. Make sure you blow them all out before leaving. The bubble bath is my favorite kind. It's very expensive, so use as much as you want. Don't worry about cleaning up. Just enjoy yourself.*

*I'd be lying if I didn't admit that I wish I was there watching you take your bath.*

*Or in the tub with you.*

*Enjoy your date.*

*Blaine*

Kurt reread the last three lines several times. Blaine wants to take a bath with him, but he hopes he enjoys his date. Kurt shook his head. Why was Blaine always so confusing?

Kurt turned on the water, poured in the bubbles, and lit all the candles. He'd brought along his iPod and Blaine had a small iPod speaker in the bathroom. Kurt plugged in, chose a playlist, and sank down into the warm, wonderfully scented water.

Heaven.

Kurt lounged in the tub for over an hour, refilling the tub when it grew cool. He allowed his mind to relax and think of nothing. It was perfect.

As he grew sleepy he decided he'd better get out. He didn't want to drown. He dried off, blew out the candles, and slipped back into his clothes. He looked at the tub. Blaine said not to worry about cleaning up, but that seemed rude. Blaine had not only allowed him to use his tub and expensive bubble bath, he had given him a key and trusted him in his room. The least he could do was clean the tub.

Kurt opened the cupboard under the sink. Amongst the extra bars of soap, toothpaste, toilet paper, and paper towels, he spotted a can of Ajax and a small scrub brush.

And something else.

He almost missed seeing it.

But suddenly it looked huge.

A gun.

It was lying in the back corner of the cupboard.

Kurt stared at it, not sure he was seeing what he thought he was seeing. He stared at it for a moment more before closing the cupboard doors. He made sure he had everything, turned out the light, and shut the bathroom door. He left quickly, making sure the door locked behind him. He practically ran to his room, grateful Doug had gone home for the weekend.

He collapsed on his bed.

A gun.
Blaine Anderson had a gun under his bathroom sink.

Why did Blaine have a gun?
By Sunday afternoon Blaine was anxious to leave for Dalton. He was sick of his family and paranoid about Kurt. He'd called Kurt Saturday night around 10:00 pm and again Sunday morning, but Kurt never answered. Blaine's imagination went into overdrive. Did that asshole Andrew keep their date? Afterwards did Kurt return to Andrew's room for a makeout session? Was Kurt curled up in bed with Andrew right now, releasing those soft sighs Blaine found sexy as hell? If Andrew kept the date, Blaine would make him pay. The headmaster would find more than just alcohol in his room. Drugs meant immediate expulsion and Blaine knew where he could get plenty.

At 7:00 pm Friday evening, everyone gathered in the dining room for dinner. Anastasia looked around worriedly before motioning to Blaine.

"Have you seen Cooper?"

"No."

"Please run upstairs and check his room. With everything going on you'd think he'd have sense enough to be here on time."

Blaine didn't bother to ask what was going on. He didn't want to know. Telio shot him a look which he ignored.

As Blaine approached Cooper's room, he could hear his brother yelling, his voice desperate, angry, and scared.

"Look, I'm taking all the risk here and now you guys are fucking up! I need to get that shit outta there by Tuesday! It has to happen Tuesday….no, no, no! Fuck! Are you even listening?"

Blaine opened the door a crack. Cooper was pacing back and forth, his eyes wide and wet, his hands shaking as he held the cell phone to his ear. He looked thinner than the last time Blaine had seen him.

"Fine! Fine! If you can't move it then I'll find someone who can! Yeah….yeah….well fuck you!"

Cooper threw the phone across the room. He stood there wide-eyed and staring. Blaine opened the door a little further.

"Coo?"

Cooper looked up, startled. "What are you doing? Are you spying on me?"

"No. Dinner's about to start. Mom told me to come get you. You know how dad is about everyone being on time. You should change your shirt."

Cooper looked down at his stained t-shirt. "Yeah. Yeah, I should." He pulled it over his head, dropped it on the floor, and took a blue dress shirt out of the closet. He buttoned it up and tucked it into his jeans. He picked up a comb and started fixing his hair.

Blaine didn't want to care about the phone call he'd just overheard. He really, really didn't, but as he
stood there watching his brother, he couldn't help but think of a different time. A time when they were younger and Cooper was the big brother he idolized. Before Cooper graduated and started working for his father. Before Cooper's insecurity about his future role in the family became an issue between them. As his brother combed his hair with shaky hands and glassy eyes, Blaine cared. Did he care because he was concerned about Cooper, or did he care because if something happened to Cooper, it would push him to the forefront of the family?

"Cooper…is everything okay?"

Cooper didn't look at him. "What are you talking about?"

"That phone call. It didn't sound good. What are you into? Are you in trouble?"

Cooper threw down the comb. "Why does everyone in this family always expect the worst? I'm not a total fuck up!"

"Actually…you kind of are."

The two stared at each other, Blaine waiting for Cooper to explode, and Cooper slowly realizing what Blaine had just said. Then Cooper started to laugh. He fell into loud, hysterical laughter to the point that he was doubled over, gripping his stomach. Blaine just stared at him. Finally Cooper caught his breath and turned towards the mirror to finish combing his hair.

"Good one, squirt."

"Cooper…are you in some kind of trouble?"

Cooper shook his head. "Nah. Quit worrying little bro. I've got everything covered."

"What do you need moved by Tuesday?"

Cooper glared at him. "You were spying on me, you little shit!"

"I just happened to hear you. What needs to be moved by Tuesday?"

"None of your damn business!"

"Drugs?"

Cooper said nothing. Blaine closed the bedroom door.

"Fuck Cooper! You know the rules! What are you doing?"

"Shut up and calm down. I can handle it."

"You're gonna get yourself killed, if not by the people you're dealing with, then by dad if he finds out!"

"No one's gonna kill me, and dad is not going to find out unless you open your big mouth."

"I'd never do that to you."

"Wouldn't you?"

"No, I wouldn't. Not unless I had to."
Cooper stepped forward and stood over Blaine. "And why would you have to? Worried I might bring down your empire?"

"No. I'd never sit by and let you get killed."

Cooper laughed. "Yeah, right."

"I wouldn't."

"Sure you wouldn't. Whatever, squirt. Don't worry. The product I'm moving is just a one-time thing. A deal I couldn't pass up. It's 100%, top quality pure, and demands a high price. I'll drop it like it's hot, and score a nice payday. Don't worry." Cooper patted him on the head, flashed him a brilliant smile, and headed out the door.

Blaine turned to follow but stopped and turned back around. He scanned the floor until he found Cooper's cell phone. He looked at the last incoming calls and last few numbers dialed.

212 and 917 area codes.

New York City area codes.

Blaine dropped the phone back on to the floor and headed downstairs.

This is not my problem.

x-x-x-x-x

Like last month, Blaine's father asked him to remain at the table for the business discussion. Blaine half listened as each of the head crew members reported on their areas of responsibility. Mario watched his son's obvious disinterest with great annoyance. He glanced at his consigliere, Luther. Luther was watching Blaine as well with a deep frown. The two men looked at each other from across the room. Mario nodded. It was time for them to have a chat with Blaine.

By contrast, Telio was listening like a hawk, filing away every name, place, and dollar amount mentioned. Telio was dedicated to preparing for the day Blaine became head of the family and he became Blaine's consigliere. He really wanted to drop out of school and join one of the crews in order to learn the business first hand, but Mario wouldn't allow it. For now it was Telio's job to keep Blaine safe and alive. One day it would be his responsibility to provide him with wise counsel and guidance, and Telio planned to be ready. Despite his frustration with Blaine's lack of interest and denial about the future, Telio's loyalty and allegiance lay with Blaine. Whether Blaine wanted it or not.

Once the discussions were over and marching orders given, the bar was open. The men would spend the rest of the night drinking, laughing and lying. Telio offered to pour drinks and clean glasses as an excuse to hang around, listening and learning. Blaine escaped to his bedroom to think about Kurt.

He sat down on his bed and closed his eyes. He started by picturing Kurt's blue-gray eyes, so expressive and bright. He loved how they danced when Kurt was excited about something, or how they turned slightly dark and moist when Kurt was discussing something sad or emotional. Blaine lay back, unzipped his pants, and slid his hand into his boxers, wrapping it around his dick. He imagined Kurt standing in front of him, removing his clothes. His chest smooth and pale, the skin soft and flawless. Were his nipples sensitive? Blaine would love to find out by biting them softly, teasingly. He imagined Kurt sliding down his pants exposing his thighs. Blaine already knew they were firm. He'd touched and squeezed them plenty of times. He didn't mean to allow his hands to roam so freely over Kurt's body, but he just couldn't help himself. By the time he realized what he was doing, it was
too late. Not that Kurt ever complained.

Kurt never complained. That meant something, didn't it?

Blaine started stroking himself. Kurt stepping out of his pants... sliding his boxers down...

There was a knock at the door.

Blaine pulled his hand out of his pants and quickly sat up.

"Yes?"

"Darling, it's me. May I come in?"

Blaine zipped his pants, straightened his clothes, and hoped his mother wouldn't notice the bulge in his pants.

"Yeah, mom."

Anastasia opened the door. "Were you busy?"

"No. What's up?"

"Your father would like to speak to you downstairs in the library."

"Okay." Blaine stood up, but Anastasia came in the room and shut the door.

"Before you go, I wanted to ask you something. Is everything okay with Cooper?"

Blaine kept his expression completely blank. "What do you mean?"

"Well...your brother has a tendency to get himself into sticky situations. I just want to make sure he's alright."

Why the hell would she think he would know what was up with Cooper? Blaine swallowed his annoyance. He looked directly into her eyes, smiled...and lied.

"Cooper's fine, mom. Don't worry. He's just...being Cooper."

Anastasia exhaled and smiled. "I guess that's good, or maybe not." Her laugh warmed Blaine's heart and erased his annoyance. He didn't feel guilty for lying. Why should his mother have to worry about Cooper's shit? She had enough to deal with being Mrs. Mario Anderson.

Blaine headed downstairs and down the hall to the library. He knocked on the cracked door. "Dad?"

"Come in, Blaine."

Mario was seated in a large leather chair behind a huge oak desk. Luther was seated on the small loveseat in the corner of the room. The walls of the room were covered in bookshelves filled top to bottom with books. Blaine often wondered if his father had actually read any of the books on the walls.

"Have a seat." Blaine sat down. He glanced at Luther and back at his father.

Uh oh.

Mario remained silent, taking a moment to study his son. Blaine had his good looks. The thick black
hair, the hazel eyes, and easy smile. His olive skin came from his mother, and in Mario's mind, also his desire for men. The gay thing was definitely disappointing, but it wasn't the end of the world. Dangerous, but not the end of the world.

"I feel like it's been a while since we've talked. I wanted to catch up with you. Is school going well?"

"Yes sir."

"Good."

Mario paused before continuing. "Do you have a boyfriend?"

Whoa. Wasn't expecting that. "Um…no." But I'm working on it.

"Hmm. Not to get too personal, but…have you…been with a boy yet? Intimately, I mean?"

Damn. That was personal as hell. "No."

"But you still consider yourself gay?"

"Yes, I'm definitely gay."

"Okay."

There was a moment of silence before Mario continued. "You graduate in a year. Have you given any thought to your future?"

Blaine studied his father's face. Was this a trick question?

"Um…yeah, actually I have. I'd like to go to college."

Mario nodded. "Mm hmm. And what would you like to study?"

Should he be honest? No. Not until he knew where his father was headed.

"I'm not sure yet."

"Perhaps business or law?"

Blaine was thinking more along the lines of music education or the performing arts. He decided to keep that to himself.

"Maybe."

Mario nodded. "Either would be useful to the family."

Blaine felt the familiar uncomfortable tightening in his stomach that occurred whenever joining the family business was brought up. He remained silent.

"Blaine, I know you've always expressed a desire to stay out of family affairs, but by now you must know that's impossible."

"I think Grandfather would disagree with you."

Mario frowned. "My father is no longer the head of this family. I am."

"And when the time comes, Cooper will take your place."
Mario nodded. "That's right, and when he does he's going to need your help."

Blaine scoffed. "You think Cooper will want my help?"

"It doesn't matter what he wants. He will do what's best for the family, as will you."

Blaine shook his head. "I'm sorry dad, but I'm not like you, or Grandfather, or even Cooper. I don't want this life. I'm not a criminal and I'm not a murderer."

"Who said anything about murder? All I'm saying is that you need to start preparing for the future. Your future. Yes, Cooper will take over one day, but he's going to need a consigliere. That will be you."

"What?"

"When the time comes, you will serve as your brother's consigliere."

Blaine was surprised. It had never occurred to him that his father would ask him to serve as his brother's consigliere. His fear had always been that his father would skip over Cooper completely and try to make him head of the family. But consigliere? To Cooper? No way. That would be worse than being in charge.

Blaine shook his head. "I'm sorry dad, but I can't. That would never work and you know it. Dealing with Cooper's crap would get me killed within a month. If I didn't shoot myself first."

Mario leaned forward and spoke slowly and quietly.

"Then…perhaps you should become head of the family."

Blaine felt a strange sensation slither through him. He ignored it.

"No. I don't want it. Give it to Cooper. He's the oldest. It's his birthright."

Mario sat back and studied his son for a moment. He glanced at Luther and then back at Blaine.

"There are those in this organization who think you would make a better boss than your brother."

"Doesn't matter. I don't wanna be boss. I don't wanna be anything. I'm not capable of doing what you do. I could never do what you do."

Mario stared hard into Blaine's eyes. "Are you sure about that? After all, you are an Anderson."

"I'm not that kind of Anderson."

Mario laughed. "Of course you are. It's in your blood, and the sooner you accept that, the better and easier things will be for you. For all of us."

"I'm sorry dad, but I'll never be like you. I'll never be a part of all this, much less in charge of it. Is that all?"

Mario stood up and stepped around to the front of his desk. He held open his arms. Blaine stood up and accepted his father's embrace. As he held his son, Mario whispered in his ear.

"You cannot deny your blood, Blaine. It's too strong and powerful, and one day it will burst from your veins like fire and you will feel the truth of its strength. Your strength."
Blaine felt the strange sensation again as his father spoke. Mario released him, smiled and nodded. Blaine looked at him for a moment before leaving.

As Mario sat back down, Luther stood up and took the seat vacated by Blaine. He smiled thoughtfully at Mario.

"He reminds me of a boy I once knew."

Mario nodded. "Yes. Yes, he does."

Kurt sat on his bed, legs stretched out straight, laptop on his lap, cellphone by his side. He'd been sitting in his room in a tank top and shorts, agonizing over his discovery since Saturday night.

Today was Sunday. Blaine would return to campus.

Kurt had ignored Blaine's phone calls, but he knew he couldn't ignore him forever.

What was he going to say?

What should he do?

The idea of telling someone about the gun had briefly crossed his mind before being squashed by a sense of both loyalty and fear. He couldn't report Blaine. He would get in trouble and probably expelled. Blaine knew weapons of any kind were not allowed on campus. There had to be a really good reason for him to have a gun.

Like what?

Should he tell Blaine he found the gun? Would Blaine be mad? It's not like he was snooping. He'd just wanted to clean the bath tub.

Kurt glanced over at Doug's side of the room. Doug had warned him to be careful. Maybe he knew more than Kurt had originally thought.

Kurt eventually worried himself to sleep. When he woke up it was after 6:00 pm. Great. Now he'd be up half the night. He went to the bathroom and returned to find his cell phone ringing on the bed.

Blaine.

Okay, technically he hadn't ignored the call. He just didn't reach his phone in time. Kurt sat down on his bed and stared at the phone. Should he call Blaine back? By now he was probably back on campus.

There was a knock on the door. "Kurt?"

Kurt stared at the door, his mind suddenly racing with fear.

"Kurt?"

Kurt forced himself to stand, walk, and open the door. Blaine stood there wearing black pants and a white button down shirt. The first two buttons were undone and his hair was ungelled. He looked sexy…hot…and dangerous. Or was it just Kurt's imagination?
Blaine slowly ran his eyes up and down Kurt's body. He'd never seen so much of Kurt's skin. It was just as smooth and flawless as he'd imagined. He wanted to touch. Something shifted inside him. His tone was tense and slightly accusatory.

"What have you been doing? I've been calling you all weekend."

"Uh…my phone…my phone's been acting up."

Blaine's eyes darkened. "Really?"

"Y-yeah."

Blaine was staring at Kurt with the usual intensity, but something was different. Darker. Deeper. Kurt backed up as Blaine slowly walked in to the room. He closed the door behind him and locked it. He glanced at Doug's side.

"Where is he?"

"He went home for the weekend."

It all happened very quickly.

Blaine grabbed Kurt, spun him around, and pushed him up against the door, pinning his hands above his head. Kurt gasped but didn't try to pull away.

Blaine's voice was quiet and deep, his breath hot against Kurt's ear.

"I missed you this weekend."

Kurt closed his eyes. His heart was racing. "I missed you too."

"How was your date with Andrew?"

"He cancelled."

Blaine pulled back slightly and looked into Kurt's eyes.

"Good."

The two stared at each other for a moment before Blaine leaned in again. His lips lightly grazed the smooth skin of Kurt's neck, right below his ear. His voice was a whisper.

"I don't want you going out with Andrew."

Kurt tried to sound more in control than he felt.

"Why not?"

"Because I want you going out with me."

And then Blaine kissed him.

It was firm, yet soft. Kurt released a half moan, half sigh and opened his mouth for Blaine to slip his tongue inside. Blaine released Kurt's hands and slid his own down Kurt's arms, eager to touch the smooth, pale skin he so often dreamed of. Kurt slid his arms around Blaine's waist and settled into the kisses. In that moment he realized just how much he'd been waiting for this. Blaine's kisses were sweet, sensual and so very welcome. Kurt felt dazed and completely distracted. Wasn't he supposed to ask Blaine about something?
They kissed for several minutes before Kurt felt the door pressing against his back.

"What the…"

Blaine stepped back, pulling Kurt with him. Doug stumbled into the room.

"What's wrong with the…oh." He took in Kurt's flushed face and embarrassed expression along with Blaine's look of triumph and quickly figured it out. A smirk spread across Doug's face.

"What's up, Anderson? Actually, I guess I know what's up."

Kurt turned crimson. Blaine smiled and turned to Kurt. "I'll meet you in the dining room in 15 minutes?"

Kurt wasn't hungry, but he nodded.

"Later Doug." I'll get you later for talking shit about my family.

Kurt collapsed on to his bed and tried to figure out what had just happened. Blaine said he wanted Kurt to go out with him. What exactly did that mean? Were they boyfriends now? Shit. What about the gun? He never asked Blaine about the gun. But those kisses…damn those kisses. Blaine tasted delicious.

"So, are you two official now?"

Kurt slowly shook his head. "I'm really not sure."

"Well, remember what I said. Be careful."

Kurt wanted to confront Doug with what Blaine had told him about his father and the construction projects, but an image of Blaine's gun flashed through his mind.

He decided to get dressed for dinner.

x-x-x-x-x

All during dinner, the gun weighed heavily on Kurt's mind. As Blaine laughed and joked with the Warblers, Kurt remained quiet, struggling to reconcile the image in his head of Blaine wielding a gun, with the beautiful, happy boy sitting beside him. Blaine kept shooting Kurt sexy little smiles as he discreetly touched him. A hand on the thigh, a gentle rub to his back. At one point he grasped Kurt's hand under the table and held it for several minutes leaving Kurt warm, aroused, and confused as hell. They really needed to talk.

When dinner was over Blaine turned to Kurt, his eyes dark and intense, his voice low and suggestive.

"Come back to my room with me."

It wasn't a request.

Kurt nodded, but as they stood up to leave, he noticed Andrew sitting at another table with a few friends.

"Hold on a minute."

"What is it?"
"I wanna see how Andrew's doing."

Blaine looked over at Andrew and frowned. "He's here so he must be doing fine."

"I just wanna say hi."

"Why? So you can reschedule your date?"

"No, of course not. And it wasn't a date. Just wait here, or I'll just meet you in your room."

"I'll wait." Blaine sat down and watched Kurt cross the dining room over to Andrew's table. His jealousy was so strong he could taste it. His stomach churned as he watched Kurt smile at Andrew and start chatting. Andrew smiled back but looked around nervously, his eyes landing on Blaine.

The expression on Blaine's face and the look in his eyes scared the shit out of him.

Andrew stood up and quickly excused himself. Kurt walked back over to Blaine, a concerned look on his face.

"I guess he's not 100% better. He had to race to the bathroom."

Blaine stood up and took Kurt's hand. "I hope you didn't catch anything. I plan to kiss you some more."

The warm, aroused feeling returned as Kurt's stomach twisted and quivered.

The gun. You have to ask about the gun.

"Blaine, we need to talk."

Blaine nodded. "I know. We'll talk between kisses."

As they walked to Blaine's room, Kurt told himself not to let Blaine kiss him. They needed to talk. He needed to understand their relationship and he had to ask about the gun. But the moment they were inside Blaine's room, Blaine grabbed him and like before, pushed him against the wall. This time he attacked Kurt's mouth with hot urgency. Arousal swept through Kurt and he found himself kissing back just as feverishly. When Blaine finally let him up for air, he tried to take control.

"Blaine…we need to talk."

"Mmm hmm." Blaine nuzzled Kurt's neck and inhaled.

"God, I love your smell."

"Stop….we need…to talk."

Blaine licked Kurt's neck followed by kisses and tiny sucks. "You taste like wine. Sweet…gorgeous…yummy wine."

Kurt moaned involuntarily as Blaine pressed into him. He could feel Blaine's erection pressing rock hard and wanting against his leg.

Whoa.

Kurt's eyes flew open and his mind immediately cleared.
They had to talk before this went any further.

"Blaine, stop."

"Why?"

"Because I said so, and because we need to talk."

"I don't wanna talk. I wanna taste." The lascivious sound of Blaine's voice and his lust-filled eyes almost made Kurt give in, but he forced himself to focus. He pushed Blaine away from him.

"No. We need to talk about...all of this."

Blaine took a step back and stared at Kurt. Kurt was glowing, breathing hard, and his erection was very obvious. Something dark and sexually sinister rolled through Blaine.

He was stronger than Kurt.

It would be so easy to overpower him and...

Blaine closed his eyes, took a deep breath, and another step back.

What the fuck was wrong with him?

Where did that thought even come from?

Blaine sat down on the bed and ran his hands over his face and through his hair. He really needed to get a hold of himself.

Kurt walked over to Blaine's desk chair and sat down. He needed space to think clearly. Being close to Blaine turned his mind into a muddled mess, and made his body pulse and throb for things he wasn't sure he was really ready for. The two sat in silence for a moment before Kurt began.

"Blaine...I need to understand what we are. Most of the time we seem like just friends, but then sometimes you stare at me and touch me and...I feel like you want more, but I'm not sure. Then today you said you want me to go out with you, and suddenly we're kissing, and...I need to know what we're doing. It feels like everything is moving too fast and I'm confused."

Blaine scooted to the middle of the bed and crossed his legs, Indian style. "Come here." Kurt hesitated before standing up and joining him in the middle of the bed. Blaine took Kurt's hands in his and stared into his eyes.

"I love you."

All the tension and worry left Kurt's body, replaced with a high energy, buzzing feeling of happiness.

Love.

Blaine Anderson has just said he loved him.

Tiny fireworks exploded inside Kurt's chest. Blaine brought Kurt's hands to his lips, softly kissing his knuckles.

"Do you love me, Kurt?"
"Yes. Yes, I love you."

Blaine smiled. "Good. Then I'll tell you what we're doing. From now on we are no longer just friends. You are my boyfriend. Mine. That means Andrew and every other guy in this school can fuck off. You are mine and Andersons protect what's theirs. We protect what we love, and I love you."

Love.

Protection.

How many times had Kurt wished for protection? Protection from bullies, protection from Karofsky, protection from all the hurt inflicted on him. Despite the safety provided by Dalton, Kurt still dreamed of someone who would protect him. It was a deep seated want, born from years of walking school hallways in fear, climbing out of dumpsters, and picking himself up off the floor. Always fighting alone.

Blaine watched Kurt closely. All those hours listening to Kurt had taught Blaine everything he needed to know about the boy he wanted to make his. He knew Kurt's hopes, dreams, fears and joys. And he knew the magic words to make Kurt's heart soar.

Blaine leaned over and kissed him softly. He pressed their foreheads together. "Will you be my boyfriend, Kurt? I promise to love and protect you. Always. I won't let anyone hurt you. I'll protect you, Kurt. Just let me love and protect you."

Kurt closed his eyes and nodded as Blaine sealed his promise with a soft kiss followed by several more. Kurt started to fall back on the bed, pulling Blaine with him, but Blaine stopped him. He couldn't take any chances. Not when he had just promised to love and protect Kurt from harm. The last thing Blaine wanted to do was lose control.

"It's getting late. I'll walk you to your room."

Kurt reluctantly nodded and allowed Blaine to help him off the bed. As they walked, thoughts of the gun passed through his mind.

Oh well.

It didn't have to be tonight.

He could ask him later.

Chapter End Notes

Denial is more than a river in Egypt.
Kurt Elizabeth Hummel had a boyfriend.

A handsome, sexy, loving boyfriend who made Kurt feel gorgeous, and whose kisses were delicious and mind blowing.

A boyfriend who met him at the entrance of the dining hall every morning with a beautiful smile and loved-filled eyes that made Kurt's stomach dip and swirl with excitement.

A boyfriend who walked him to class and thought nothing of kissing him passionately right in the middle of the hallway. None of the boys hurrying past seemed to notice, but Kurt had spent so many years trying not to draw attention to himself that the idea of kissing another boy in the middle of the hallway was exciting, but also nerve-racking. Blaine thought his nervousness was adorable, but unnecessary.

"It's okay, Kurt. No one will say anything and no one will hurt you. Ever. They know better. Dalton doesn't stand that for that crap. Besides, I'll kill anyone who tries to hurt you." The statement was delivered with a comforting smile and light tone, but thoughts of the gun flashed through Kurt's mind.

Blaine wouldn't really kill someone?

Would he?

Had he?

"Kurt?"

"Kurt?"

Kurt blinked. "Huh?"

"Are you okay?"

"Yes…yes, I'm fine. Just kiss me again."

Denial.

Denial had never been a part of Kurt's life. Too many experiences had forced him to accept the harsh realities of life. The loss of his mother. Realizing he was gay and what that meant in the broader world. The heartbreak of learning that no one really cared if he was bullied and harassed. Kurt had always faced the realities of situations head on because he'd never had a choice.

But now things felt different. Possible. Safe. Happy.

Kurt was happy. Happier than he could remember being in a long time.

So, it was easy to ignore the small signs.

And even the big, huge, signs.

Like a gun kept in a bathroom.
"Will you go to the dance with me?"

Kurt tried to clear his head. "What?"

They were in Blaine's room lying on the bed. It had started as a study session for their next history test, but quickly dissolved into a slow, loving, makeout session. Kurt loved Blaine's mouth on his, and Blaine loved his mouth on Kurt's skin. He was addicted to the smooth, creamy taste against his tongue and the tantalizing smell. Kurt whimpered as Blaine dove in under his ear and sucked deep, leaving a lovely red mark. Kurt hoped the teachers would continue to ignore the stylish red and blue scarf he wore to hide the evidence of Blaine's passion and possessiveness.

"Mmmm, I love marking you. I wish I could suck my initials into your neck."

Kurt giggled. "That sounds like a tattoo. A tattoo made with your tongue."

"You didn't answer my question."

"What question?"

"Will you go to the dance with me?"

"The Dalton/Crawford Country Day dance?"

"That's the one."

"Of course I'll go with you, but aren't those dances for guys to meet girls?"

"Well yeah, but that doesn't mean we can't go. They always have a pretty good DJ or band, and I would love to swing you around a dance floor."

"You don't think anyone would mind?"

"Why would they mind?"

"I mean...having and enforcing a no bullying policy is great, but two guys dancing together...some people might say that goes too far."

Blaine shook his head. "No. It'll be fine. Trust me. Remember, this isn't McKinley."

"Do we have to wear our uniforms?"

"No."

Kurt smiled happily. A fashion opportunity.

x-x-x-x-x

The entire school was buzzing with energy about the upcoming dance. Kurt's nerves gave way to excitement as the Warblers eagerly discussed the upcoming event. A few of the Warblers had girlfriends at Crawford, while others had girls they liked. Everyone was excited.

Except Wes.

Wes had been quiet and slightly subdued the past few weeks. He still banged his gavel and
demanded 100% from everyone during rehearsals, and he cheerfully gave tours of the school on the weekends, but Kurt often caught him looking at him and Blaine with a worried frown.

Blaine didn't seem to notice, so Kurt didn't mention it, but he planned to ask Wes what was on his mind.

And then he overheard a conversation.

x-x-x-x-x-x

It was late one Thursday evening and Kurt had left his English book in the music room. He had to get it because he needed it to finish an assignment that was due the next day. As he approached the music room doors he heard Wes talking.

"...can't believe you haven't told him! What on earth are you waiting for?"

"Why should I tell him anything? That's my family. Not me."

"Come on, Blaine. You're seriously not that naïve. Kurt has a right to know. Let's be real. Being with you carries certain…precautions."

"Precautions! What am I, a prescription drug?"

"No, but you are the son of Mario Anderson. There's a reason Telio is here."

"Telio is here because my father felt bad for a 10 year old kid with no family. Not to mention guilty."

"He's here to protect you for a reason."

"You sound like my paranoid Grandfather. I don't need protecting."

"Fine. Whatever. Just promise me you'll tell Kurt soon. He has a right to know. Besides, don't you want him to hear it from you versus accidentally finding out from someone else? Like his roommate?"

"That asshole. I'm gonna get him for that."

"Get him for what? For doing what you won't?"

"That's not fair."

"Just tell him, okay? Tell him soon."

Kurt ducked behind a pillar as Blaine and Wes left.

Tell him what?

Kurt retrieved his English book and headed back to his room. He settled at his desk with his laptop.

He clicked on google search.

He stared at the white box.

...can't believe you haven't told him...

...being with you carries certain precautions...
...you are the son of Mario Anderson...

Kurt's cell phone rang with a text.

B – Hey gorgeous. How about a trip to the mall on Saturday?

K – Sure

B – Great. Finish your English assignment. I love you.


Kurt looked back at the screen.

His finger hovered over the M for a moment before he closed the screen and picked up his English book.

"It's out of the question."

"Are you serious?"

"Yes, I'm serious. Dead serious."

Blaine shook his head in frustrated disbelief. "Telio, you are not my father, or my keeper. I don't need a chaperone and frankly, I don't need a bodyguard. Now give me the damn keys!"

Telio shook his head. "No. Like it or not, I'm responsible for you. If you're going off campus, I'm going too. Look, I'm not gonna hang with you guys. You know I'll keep my distance."

"No! This is supposed to be a date. Guys don't take other guys with them on dates! Besides, how will I explain it to Kurt? He already thinks you always being around is weird."

"If you would tell him the truth about who you are, then he would understand my presence and this wouldn't be an issue."

"Even if he knew about my family, I still wouldn't want you tagging along. Give me the keys!"

"No."

"Telio…"

"No, Blaine. I'm sorry. Like it or not, if you leave campus I'm leaving with you. The end."

Blaine sighed. "Fine. Saturday at 2:00 pm."

Telio nodded. "Okay, and I promise I'll be invisible."

"Whatever."

Blaine headed to Kurt's room.

"Hello gorgeous."

"Hi." Blaine pulled Kurt to him and kissed him. He nuzzled Kurt's neck. Mmmm. Damn he loved
Kurt's smell. So intoxicating. He forced himself to pull back before he lost focus entirely. "Listen, on Saturday, how about we head to the mall at Noon?"

Kurt grinned and nodded. "Okay."

Blaine kissed him hungrily and ran his hands down Kurt's back, hesitating at his waist before sliding his hands over his ass and squeezing. Kurt moaned and deepened the kiss. Blaine was encouraged by this. He was trying to respect Kurt's request that he not travel south of the border, but it was hard. Kurt's ass just begged to be touched, squeezed…fucked. Blaine wanted Kurt bad, but he was determined to move at the pace Kurt set.

For now.

x-x-x-x-x

The next day Blaine asked his third period teacher, Ms. Chapman, if he could be excused. He wasn't feeling well. Ms. Chapman immediately granted his request. Blaine was such an excellent student, so nice and handsome. Poor thing.

Blaine headed to the dorms and straight to Telio's room. He let himself in with his key and looked around. Telio's side of the room was in perfect order. His roommate's side was a mess. Blaine went to Telio's closet. On the floor, in the back corner was a small black box. Blaine took out a small key and opened it.

A gun.

Rolls of cash.

Keys to the Mercedes.

On Saturday at Noon Kurt waited on the steps of the front entrance of the dorms. He watched Blaine pull up in a black, S-class Mercedes sedan. Blaine got out and opened Kurt's car door. Kurt gave him a quick kiss on the cheek before getting in. As they pulled off Kurt looked around the interior.

"This is quite a car."

Blaine glanced at him in surprise. "You know cars?"

"My dad's a mechanic, remember? I'm not really into it, but…yeah, I know cars."

Blaine nodded and focused on the road. Thanks to Telio it had been a while since he'd actually driven. He made a mental note to do it more often.

Kurt took a deep breath. "So…what does your father do?"

Blaine gritted the steering wheel tighter.

"You know what my dad does. He runs a construction firm."

"Well yeah, but…does he do anything else?"

"Like what?" Run a crime organization? Occasionally murder people? Yeah, he does all that shit.
Kurt shrugged. "I don't know. A second job? Hobbies?"

Blaine laughed. "No. I think running the construction company is enough."

"Will you work for him one day? You'd look kind of cute in a hard hat."

Blaine tensed. Why all the fucking questions? He looked over at Kurt who was smiling. He relaxed and looked back at the road.

"No. I will never work for my father."

"But isn't it a family business? Aren't you expected to?"

"Does your dad expect you to take over his shop?"

"No, but it's just one small shop. He can easily sell it, or he might give it to Finn if he's interested, but Anderson Construction is huge. I've always seen the signs everywhere."

Blaine shook his head. "I have no interest in construction. Cooper will run the company one day. Not me."

x-x-x-x-x

Kurt was pleasantly surprised by the Mall of Westerville. It was anchored by a Nordstrom and a Macy's, and over 100 specialty stores including a brand new Marc by Marc Jacobs store.

"I can't believe this is here!" Kurt wandered around the store, gazing longingly at the clothes. Blaine walked over to a jeans display. He pulled out a pair and eyed them carefully before walking over to Kurt.

"Try these on."

"Why?"

"Humor me."

Kurt took the jeans and unfolded them. They were a beautiful indigo denim. He sighed. "Bringing me in here was bad enough. Now you're just being cruel."

Blaine smiled. "Just try them on."

While Kurt was in the dressing room Blaine looked through the shirts, pulling out a dark green one. He tapped on Kurt's dressing room door.

"Put this on with the jeans."

"Blaine…"

"Just do it."

Kurt obediently took the shirt.

A minute later he emerged from the dressing room. "Well?"

Blaine slowly circled him, running his eyes up and down Kurt's body, lingering on his ass for a few seconds.
"I love it. You look hot."

Kurt stared at himself in the mirror. Yes, he did look hot. He turned and peered over his shoulder. And his ass looked great.

The salesman came over. "Are you boys doing okay? That outfit looks great on you."

Kurt nodded. "Yeah, but there's no way..." Blaine cut him off.

"He'll take the shirt and the jeans."

Kurt looked at Blaine in confusion. "Blaine, I can't afford this!"

Blaine took out his wallet and handed a card to the salesman.

"He'll take the shirt and the jeans, and I'll take that bowtie over there. The green and indigo one."

Kurt stared open-mouthed at Blaine. Once the salesman disappeared to get the bowtie, Kurt quietly hissed at him.

"Blaine! This shirt costs $198.00! The jeans are...$228.00! With tax this is almost a $500.00 outfit!"

"And you will look fabulous wearing it to the dance."

"Blaine...I can't let you..." Blaine cut him off with a kiss.

"I didn't ask for your permission. Anderson's never ask for permission." He turned and walked over to the counter.

Kurt slowly removed the shirt and jeans and got dressed, his mind swirling. Wow. Wow. Wow. A $500.00 Marc Jacobs outfit from the Marc Jacobs store. Kurt had a few Marc Jacobs pieces in his wardrobe, but most were bought online after deep discount from Ooh La La dot com. He'd never dreamed of buying something from the store, or better yet, having a boyfriend buy clothes for him.

Kurt sheepishly emerged from the dressing room and handed the garments to the waiting salesman. Blaine pulled him into his arms and kissed him again. Kurt looked around nervously.

"Relax, Kurt."

"I know, I know."

"Thank you."

Kurt shook his head. "For what? If anything I should be thanking you."

"Thank you for letting me choose what I wanted to see you in and for letting me buy it for you."

Kurt smiled. "Thank you for being so generous, but it really is too much."

"It's only money."

"In that case, I hope you want to see me in something from the spring Alexander McQueen line."

"Actually," Blaine's voice deepened as he leaned forward to speak directly in Kurt's ear. "I'd prefer to see you in nothing at all."

Kurt blushed, his eyes wide. Blaine gave him a sexy smile and pulled away to sign the credit card
machine. The salesman smirked and winked at Kurt.

Blaine took the shopping bag and grabbed Kurt's hand, pulling him along. "Come on. I'm hungry."

As they stood in line at Panera, Blaine's phone rang. He looked at the screen and smiled. This should be fun.

"Hi!"

"You asshole!"

"I'm fine. How are you?"

"I'm gonna kick your ass when you get back!"

"Really? Well that sounds like fun, but I'm at the mall right now. Maybe next week?"

"I mean it, Blaine. I'm gonna kick your ass and I'm gonna tell your father."


Once they finished eating, they strolled through the rest of the mall. Blaine kept trying to hold Kurt's hand, but Kurt kept smoothly slipping out of his grasp. Blaine stopped walking and turned towards him.

"Why won't you hold my hand?"

Kurt looked around nervously. "Dalton is one thing, but here...out in public...I just don't want to attract attention."

"This is a free country. I'm allowed to hold my boyfriend's hand."

"This is central Ohio, not San Francisco."

"I don't care if it's Mississippi. If I want to hold my boyfriend's hand, I'm holding it. If I want to kiss him passionately with plenty of tongue, in the middle of a crowded mall, I'm doing it."

Kurt shook his head. "Blaine...you don't understand."

Blaine softened his tone as he saw the hint of fear in Kurt's eyes.

"I do understand, gorgeous. I get why you're nervous, but trust me. I promise you. I will never, ever let anyone hurt you. Ever. You're safe with me. I'll always protect you."

The magic words.

Kurt nodded and slid his hand into Blaine's.

They'd only walked a few feet when they heard someone calling Blaine's name.

"Blaine! Hey, Blaine!"

Blaine turned around and grinned. "Timothy!"

A cute guy with messy blond hair walked towards them. He was very, very thin. So thin his clothes hung on his body, wrinkled and loose. He had a sweet smile, but his blue eyes had a certain
melancholy that struck Kurt as permanent.

"Hi ya, Blaine."

"Timothy, it's great to see you. How are you?"

Timothy shoved his hands in his pockets making Kurt worry his pants would fall down completely.

"I'm okay. Better." He looked down at the floor. "Rehab was hard, but I think I'm better."

Blaine nodded encouragingly, his eyes full of concern.

"That's great, Timothy. I'm really proud of you."

Timothy blushed and kept looking at the floor, but he was smiling. "Thanks."

"This is my boyfriend, Kurt Hummel. Kurt, this is Timothy Schlossman. Timothy used to go to Dalton."

"Nice to meet you."

"You too. Boyfriend, huh?"

Blaine's smile could have lit up every store in the mall. "Yeah, my boyfriend."

"Oh, hey! I'm coming back to Dalton. I get to come back next week."

"Really? That's awesome."

Timothy smiled happily. "I'm really glad. I was scared they wouldn't let me, but my dad fixed it. Probably wrote a check or something."

Blaine nodded. Of course Richard Schlossman wrote a check. The Schlossmans were filthy rich.

Blaine started updating Timothy on Dalton news when Kurt noticed a tall man headed towards them. His face contorted with anger, his eyes fixed on Blaine. Kurt moved closer to Blaine and tugged on his shirt. "Blaine…"

"Timmy!" Timothy jumped and turned around as the man practically ran into him. He had curly blonde hair and the same blue eyes as Timothy.

"Jeez, Arnie. Stop yelling."

Arnie Schlossman grabbed his little brother's arm and yanked him away from Blaine.

"Stay the fuck away from my brother!"

Blaine was shocked. "Dude, what's your problem?"

Arnie took a step forward. "You heard me, Anderson. Stay away from my brother."

Timothy pulled at Arnie's arm. "Please, Arnie, stop it. Blaine didn't do anything."

Arnie snatched his arm from his brother's grasp. "Like hell he didn't. Stay away from my brother!"

Blaine put his hands up in a surrender stance. "Look, Arnie. I don't know what you think I did, or even what you're talking about, but I promise you that I didn't do anything to Timothy. I consider
Timothy a friend."

"Don't you mean client?" sneered Arnie.

"What?"

Timothy grabbed Arnie's arm again and yanked hard. "Stop it! You don't know what you're talking about!"

Arnie stepped back, his eyes angry and hateful.

"Consider this a warning. You get my brother hooked again and I will personally fuck you up!" His eyes shifted to Kurt. "And your fairy ass boyfriend!"

Blaine pushed Kurt behind him. He advanced on Arnie, his eyes blazing with anger, but his voice calm and dripping with a deadly tone.

"I don't know what your issue is, but I suggest you back the fuck off before your little brother's love of snow becomes the least of your problems."

"Threaten me all you want, asshole! I find out you're selling shit to him and I'm coming after you!"

"I don't know what the hell you're talking about, but if you come near me, or my boyfriend with this bullshit ever again, you will regret it. That's not a threat. That's a fucking promise."

Timothy was on the verge of tears. "Please, please! Stop it! Both of you stop it!" Timothy desperately pulled at Arnie. "Let's go, Arnie! Let's go!"

Kurt looked around anxiously at the few people who had stopped to see what was going on. He spotted a mall security guard coming towards them. He grabbed Blaine's hand. "Please, let's get out of here."

Blaine nodded and allowed Kurt to pull him along. They didn't stop until they were safely in Blaine's car.

They sat in silence for several minutes before Blaine reached over and took Kurt's hand.

"I'm sorry. Please let me explain."

Blaine closed his eyes and rubbed his forehead for a moment. "Okay, so Timothy's a recovering cocaine addict. You probably gathered that. He's a really nice, sweet guy, but his home life is kind of crazy. His parents hate each other, so they fight all the time, and cheat on one another, but neither is willing to leave because of the money. The Schlossmans are loaded. I guess Timothy got really stressed out by it all, especially after his brother Arnie left for college, so he turned to drugs. Things spiraled fast ending with an overdose last year. His roommate found him unconscious in the bathroom."

Kurt waited for the rest.

Blaine said nothing.

Kurt forced himself to ask the question.

"Why does his brother think you have something to do with Timothy's overdose?"

Blaine's mind was racing. This was it. This was the moment for him totell Kurt about his family.
But…

The Andersons don't deal drugs. The Andersons have never dealt drugs. It was one of the three rules. Timothy was not their fault.

Blaine looked into Kurt's eyes. They were wide, expectant, and trusting.

He couldn't do it.

Not right now. Not after what Kurt had just witnessed. No matter what he said, Kurt would probably think he was lying. People believed all crime families were into drugs.

He'd tell him the truth. Just not today.

"I don't know why he thinks I have something to do with Timothy's drug habit. I don't use drugs, I've never tried drugs, and I certainly don't sell them."

*So why do you have a gun in your bathroom?*

"Blaine…if there's something you need to tell me…now would be a good time. A really, really good time."

*Please don't lie to me.*

*Please don't lie to me.*

*Please don't lie…*

"I don't know what else to say, Kurt. I swear to you I never sold drugs to Timothy, or anyone else."

Kurt's heart broke just a little.

They rode back to Dalton in silence, Blaine glancing at Kurt every few minutes, Kurt staring straight ahead.

Blaine walked Kurt to his room. Kurt put his key in the lock, but then suddenly turned towards Blaine, his eyes welling up with tears.

"I've told you everything about me. Everything! I've told you things I've never shared with anyone. I've told you all my secrets and fears. I've always trusted you. From day one I trusted you. Why don't you trust me enough to be honest with me?"

"Kurt…"

"No! You say you love me, but you're obviously hiding something from me. Why don't you trust me? Whatever it is, I can handle it!"

Blaine shook his head. "You say that, but you have no idea…"

"I know my boyfriend keeps a gun in his bathroom. If I can handle that, I think I can handle anything." Kurt unlocked the door and slipped inside before Blaine could say a word.

Blaine stood there, dumbfounded.

Shit.
He stood there for several minutes, leaning against the wall, trying to decide if he should try to talk to Kurt or give him time to cool off. He finally knocked on the door.

"Kurt?"

"Go away, Blaine."

"Kurt…please…"

"Go away!"

"I'm sorry."

"Kurt?"

"Kurt?"

"Kurt…I love you."

Blaine slowly walked to his room. His heart felt too heavy and too big for his chest, and it ached with a dull, throbbing pain.

How did everything get so fucked up so fast?

He unlocked his door and stepped inside.

The first blow landed square on his right jaw. He stumbled sideways before being pulled further inside the room. He heard the door slam and another punch landed in the middle of his stomach.

"And you say you don't need protection, you little shit!"

Oh.

Of course.

Blaine swung and missed, but managed to dodge and block several swings before Telio tripped him, slammed him to the floor, pinned his arms behind his back, and held him there.

"If I was an assassin you'd be dead by now."

Telio released Blaine and jumped up. "You're pathetic."

Blaine climbed on to his bed and lay on his back. Ow. Ow. Ow.

Telio sat down next to him.

"This is why you can't go wandering around by yourself! You don't pay attention! You allow yourself to be vulnerable, especially now that you're making heart eyes at Kurt all the damn time. You pay no attention to your surroundings."

Blaine didn't say anything.

"So, how was the mall?"

"Fine." He wasn't about to tell him about Arnie.

"Gimme the keys."
Blaine reached in his pants pocket and gave the car keys to Telio. The two sat in silence for several minutes before Blaine spoke.

"I'm gonna tell him...about my family."

"If he means more to you than a casual fuck, then yeah, I guess you should."

Blaine sat up and sighed heavily. "I probably should have told him before I fell in love with him."

Telio nodded. "Yeah, but if he gets scared and wants out, better to find out sooner rather than later."

Blaine was silent. No way in hell would he just let Kurt go. Telio must have hit his head when they were fighting.

"That's not going to happen. Kurt loves me." And I won't let that happen.

Telio slowly shook his head. "Well yeah, but...he fell for you without knowing the whole truth. He might decide..." Telio stopped, but Blaine finished the sentence.

"That I'm not worth it."

"I wasn't going to say that."

Blaine gave him a look. Telio looked away.

The two sat in silence while Telio mulled over his next words. He hated to bring it up, but he felt a responsibility to help Blaine see the entire picture and consequences of his actions.

"You should tell Kurt the truth, but you need to be prepared for his reaction. I don't think you want to do to Kurt what your father did to your mother."

Blaine's head snapped up, his eyes filled with hurt.

"That's...I'd...I'd never do that! Besides, my mother is happy!"

"Is she?"

"Yes! She loves my father!"

"Fear and love are not the same thing, Blaine."

Blaine shook his head. "This is stupid. I can't believe you'd even bring that up. I'm not doing the same thing. Not even close. I told you I'm telling Kurt the truth. And just for the record, my parents love each other. My father adores my mother, and she worships him. They have a great marriage. Oh, and one more thing. I'm not my father."

Telio decided to let it go. He stood up to leave. "Sorry for kicking your ass, but you deserved it."

Blaine gave him the finger. Telio laughed.

"Not me. Kurt."

An image of Kurt in the Marc Jacobs jeans popped into Blaine's head.

Yes, he definitely wanted to fuck Kurt, but first he had to get him to forgive him.

X-X-X-X-X
Kurt stared at the google search box.

The curser blinked at him.

Whispering.

Beckoning.

Taunting.

_You can't live in the land of denial anymore._

After Blaine left, Kurt sat on his bed crying until Doug came in.

"You okay?"

Kurt kept his back turned and nodded. He quickly changed into shorts and a shirt, grabbed his shower caddy and towel, and hurried to the bathroom. He stood under the hot stream of water and cried. He wasn't sure if he was crying because Blaine didn't trust him enough to tell him the truth, or because he was terrified that he was in love with a drug dealer.

Time to face reality.

Kurt typed, Mario Anderson, inside the search box and hit enter.

*Mario Anderson, Mafia Icon – Crime Library*

*Why the Feds Can't Touch Mario Anderson – CBS News*

*The Real Foundation of Anderson Construction – Central Ohio News*

*Murderer in Our Midst: Mario Anderson – The Ohio Chronicle*

On the right side of the page was a photo of Mario Anderson.

* Mario Anderson is the alleged Boss of the Anderson crime family, a criminal empire spanning from Ohio to Florida and parts out West.*

*Spouse: Anastasia Krystalia Anderson*

*Children: Cooper Anderson, Blaine Anderson*

Kurt clicked on the link, "Murderer in Our Midst" and started reading.

*It's no secret Mario Anderson is head of one of the world's most dangerous and powerful crime families. What is a mystery is why Anderson has never been arrested. It has been confirmed by several eye witness accounts that Anderson has ordered the execution of several competing mobsters over the years, and has personally murdered at least five individuals, probably more. However, he has never been charged, never indicted, never prosecuted, and continues to live quietly in Ohio, claiming to be nothing more than the CEO of Ohio's largest construction firm.*

Kurt continued to click and read for the next hour before turning off the laptop and lying down.

Blaine is the son of a crime boss.

Blaine belongs to a mafia family.
Blaine's father is a murderer, and apparently a pretty good one.

Okay…

So this was definitely shocking and a little scary, but what did it mean about Blaine? Did Blaine work for his father? No, of course not. Blaine was in high school.

But he did have a gun.

Mario Anderson had personally murdered people and ordered people killed.

Had Blaine killed someone at his father's request? Is that why he had a gun?

The thought made Kurt shiver. No. That was impossible. Blaine was too kind and caring to kill someone. Kurt thought about the confrontation at the mall. Arnie seemed convinced that Blaine sold drugs to Timothy. Had he? Blaine's denial seemed heartfelt and sincere.

But he's part of a family of criminals.

Still, none of the articles mentioned drugs. Weapons, casinos, racketeering, bribery, yes, but no drugs. One article even said the Andersons had never been connected to the drug trade.

Kurt closed his eyes and tried to think, but he didn't know what to think. His mind started spiraling down all sorts of back alleys of scenes from mob movies he'd watched in the past. Finally he sat up.

This was ridiculous.

The person with the answers to all of his questions was a floor away.

x-x-x-x-x

Blaine checked his face in the mirror. His cheek was red and slightly bruised, but it would clear up in a day or two. Telio hadn't hit him with his full strength. If he had, his jaw would be broken.

Blaine took off his shirt and pants leaving on his boxers. He decided he would take a shower and then go beg at Kurt's feet. He would tell Kurt everything and make him forgive him. Kurt had to forgive him. He couldn't lose Kurt. He loved him too much. Kurt just needed to hear the truth. To understand that Blaine wasn't like his family. He wasn't a criminal. It wasn't his fault he'd been born an Anderson, and he was not defined by his family. He was his own person. A good person, and he would be good to Kurt. Good for him. He would love and protect him better than anyone. Kurt would never be scared and lonely again.

Blaine headed towards the bathroom when there was a knock at the door. He clinched his fists. If Telio was returning to kick his ass some more, Blaine would pound him into the ground this time.

"Yes?"

"Blaine?"

Blaine's heart leapt at the sound of Kurt's voice. He quickly opened the door.

"Kurt…hi."

Kurt stepped back, surprised by the sight of Blaine in just boxers. He couldn't help his eyes wandering down Blaine's chest, noticing the curly dark hair that traveled south and disappeared beneath the waist band of his boxers. The boxers were pulled down just enough to provide a hint of
the V of Blaine's hips leading to…Kurt quickly looked up and refocused.

"I need to talk to you."

"Of course." Blaine stepped aside for Kurt to enter.

"I was gonna take a shower and then come down…"

Kurt put his hand up, silencing Blaine.

"No. You had your chance to talk and you didn't, so now you talk when I tell you to."

Bitchy Kurt.

Sexy. As. Fuck.

Blaine sat down on the bed.

Kurt gave him a hard look. "It's truth time."

Blaine nodded.

Kurt leaned against the wall and folded his arms across his chest.

"Tell me about your family."

Blaine began with his great-grandfather Ethan all the way up to the present, including the murderous path of his family's rise to power. Kurt listened with fascination, forgetting along the way that Blaine was describing his family and not a Hollywood movie.

"So, when your father retires, your brother will take over?"

Blaine sighed. He had promised Kurt the truth.

"Yes, but…my father wants me to be Cooper's consigliere."

"What's that?"

"It's the person that provides advice and counsel to the boss. The person the boss can discuss decisions with. I've told him no. I don't want any part of my family's business. I'm not a criminal and I never will be."

Kurt frowned. It couldn't be that simple.

"So, you don't have anything to do with…anything?"

"No, I don't. That's my father's world, not mine."

"Then why do you have a gun in your bathroom?"

"It's for protection."

"From what? You just said you don't have anything to do with your family's business."

"I don't, but I'm still an Anderson. I'm still Mario Anderson's son. My father has enemies and I'm almost past the age of protection. There's a rule that you don't kill wives or children, even of your enemies. Most crime families follow these rules, but not all, and when I turn 18…"
Blaine stopped talking when he saw the fear clouding Kurt's eyes. He quickly stood up and slid his arms around Kurt's waist, pulling him close.

"Hey, don't worry, gorgeous. It's just a precaution. Nothing's gonna happen to me."

"But you just said that your protection is running out, and your father has…"

"Kurt, relax. Everything's fine."

"Obviously it's not if you feel the need to have a gun!"

Blaine sighed. This was what he was afraid of. This was why he wasn't honest from the beginning. It was impossible to explain his family's world without making it sound terrifying, especially for someone as innocent and sheltered as Kurt.

"Look, I promise you that I'll be fine. No one's after me. If anything, they're looking for my father or my grandfather, not me. The gun is just…it's just a thing. Something everyone in my family does. Even my mother has a gun. It doesn't mean we expect to use it. It's just a precaution because of my father. It makes him feel better to know we're protected."

Kurt was far from convinced, but he slowly nodded. It sort of made sense. As he mulled it all over, Blaine started kissing and nibbling at his neck. Kurt closed his eyes and started slipping away. Blaine pressed into him and covered his mouth with firm, demanding kisses. Yes…yes…yes…

Wait.

Kurt pulled back. "Wait…wait…wait. One more thing. What's the real story with Telio?"

Blaine sighed in annoyance. Fuck. Telio was a cock-blocker even when he wasn't in the damn room.

Kurt pressed him. "You promised to tell me the truth. All of it."

Blaine nodded. "True, I did, but Telio's story isn't entirely mine to share. All I can tell you is that my father adopted him when he was 10. He's lived with my family ever since."

"What happened to his parents?"

Blaine shook his head. "I have to respect Telio's privacy. That's something you can ask him one day. He might tell you, he might not, but I don't feel comfortable sharing a story that's not mine to share."

"Okay. Can you at least tell me why he follows you around all the time?"

Blaine hesitated. He'd just finished telling Kurt that he didn't have to worry about his safety. How would it sound if he said Telio was his bodyguard? He looked into Kurt's eyes. He didn't want him scared. Was omitting the full truth the same as a lie?

"That's just Telio. I think he thinks he's supposed to watch over me in exchange for my father adopting him. Kind of a way of showing his appreciation." Not a total lie.

Kurt recalled the conversation he'd overheard between Blaine and Wes. "So, Telio acts like your bodyguard because he wants to? It's not like…a necessity?"

"Of course it's not necessary. No one's after me, Kurt. I may be an Anderson, but I'm not a member of the mob. I'm a high school student, just like you, but maybe the Warblers and the drama club could do a musical. High School Mafia. I'll play the lead."
Kurt laughed making Blaine smile. Good. Kurt finally looked relaxed. This was going better than Blaine had hoped. Time to bring it home. He took Kurt's hands in his.

"Listen, I'm sorry I didn't tell you everything in the first place. It's just...it's a lot and I didn't want to scare you, but I promise you have nothing to worry about. I'm not a criminal, or a murderer, or involved in anything with my family. I'm just Blaine who likes to sing, and dance, and kiss my gorgeous boyfriend."

Kurt nodded. "I guess I understand, but...I really wish you would have just told me. I've told you everything about me. Everything and then some. Why didn't you trust me the way I trusted you?"

"Like I said, it's a lot to digest. I didn't want to scare you away before you gave me a chance."

"But you should have given me a chance instead of assuming I'd be scared away."

"So...you aren't scared? You're okay with all this?"

Kurt hesitated. Well...he was a little scared, but it was also a little...exciting? Wow. What the hell was wrong with him?

"I'm a little scared. Mainly because I don't want anything to happen to you."

Blaine squeezed his hands. "It won't. I promise. Nothing will happen to me. I don't get involved in my father's world. His world is not mine. My world is Dalton...and you."

Kurt melted as Blaine pressed a soft kiss to his lips followed by a deeper one and then another and another. Blaine pressed hard against Kurt's body, causing Kurt to moan with a lustful hunger he didn't know existed within him until that very moment. Blaine responded by pressing his erection into Kurt, sharing that he was just as hungry as Kurt sounded. Their kisses grew hotter and more desperate by the minute. Blaine felt like a switch had been flipped on inside him. Something about Kurt knowing and accepting the truth released a new passion. Kurt knew the truth and didn't care. It was a relief.

Now that everything was out in the open, they could move forward.

Blaine gently took Kurt's hand in his. He slowly guided Kurt's hand between his legs, planting it on his cock. Kurt gasped and pulled out of their kiss. Blaine stared into Kurt's eyes with an intense, hungry lust.

"I know you don't want me to travel south of the border on you, but I don't mind if you do it to me."

Kurt's heart beat faster. He felt nervous and a little scared, but he didn't move his hand. It was the first time he'd ever felt a cock other than his own.

"I...I'm not...I don't know...I...I've never..."

Blaine shushed him. "Just slide your hand up and down."

Kurt slowly slid his hand up and down, palming Blaine's cock through the thin material of his boxers. He was surprised by the intense waves of arousal that jolted through his body when Blaine responded with a deep, desperate moan. Kurt sped up. Blaine kept moaning. "Feels so good, Kurt. Mmmm, so good." Kurt closed his eyes, relishing the fact that he could cause Blaine to make these delicious sounds. After another minute, Blaine suddenly stepped back. He never took his eyes off of Kurt as he hooked his fingers into the waistband of his boxers and slowly pulled them down and off.
Blaine was completely naked, beautiful, and very hard.

Kurt stared at Blaine's cock. It was slightly darker than Blaine's skin, long and thick. Kurt's mouth watered just a little, shocking him. How had things escalated so quickly?

Blaine walked over to his nightstand, giving Kurt a full view of his ass. Kurt was overwhelmed by how hard he felt, and he was terrified. Where was this going?

Blaine opened his nightstand and took out a bottle of lube. He walked back to Kurt and pressed the bottle into his hand. Kurt looked down at it and back up at Blaine.

"Finish what you were doing."

It took Kurt a moment to understand. He hesitantly opened the bottle and poured some lube in his hand. He glanced at Blaine's cock and poured more lube into his hand. He closed the bottle, dropped it on the floor, took a deep breath, and slowly wrapped his coated hand around Blaine's cock. Blaine closed his eyes, moaned, and bent forward a little as Kurt's grip rolled through him.

In that moment, Kurt felt empowered.

Blaine was completely naked while Kurt was completely clothed with his hand wrapped around Blaine's cock. He suddenly felt very in control. He started to slide his hand up and down, gripping firmly, but not too tight.

"Oh…shit, Kurt…fuck."

Wow. This was amazing. Kurt increased his speed and felt his own cock jump from the sounds falling out of Blaine's mouth. He moved closer to Blaine and brought their mouths together. Blaine shuddered and spoke in jumbles of words, sounds and groans. Kurt felt incredible as he listened to Blaine fall apart. All at once Blaine's cock seemed to jump and tighten in Kurt's hand. Kurt uncurled his fingers to let go, but Blaine stopped him. "No, gorgeous…don't….just…uh…uh…oh…shit!" Kurt stared, his eyes huge as he watched cum squirt all over his hand and drip to the floor.

He had just made a boy come with his hand.

His first hand job.

Well damn.

Blaine blinked at him, his eyes soft and sleepy. He smiled as Kurt stood there looking adorably shocked and a little lost.

"Kurt, go wash your hand. Unless," Blaine's voice turned low and sultry, "you'd like to lick it clean."

Kurt's jaw dropped and a look of terror crossed his face. Blaine laughed. "Maybe another time." Definitely another time.

Kurt hurried to the bathroom and closed the door. He vigorously soaped and scrubbed his hands and dried them on a towel.

He exited the bathroom to find Blaine sitting on the bed. He had pulled up his boxers and thrown on a t-shirt. Kurt sat down next to him, suddenly feeling shy and a little embarrassed. Blaine leaned over and kissed him.

"That was amazing, Kurt."
"I've never done that before. Well... I mean, you know... to someone. Of course I've done it to myself."

Blaine's eyes darkened as his lust returned. "Really? I'd love to watch sometime."

Kurt turned bright red. Blaine smiled. "I'm gonna take a shower. Why don't you stay?"

Kurt shook his head. Despite all the time they'd spent together, Kurt had never spent the night in Blaine's room. Partly because he didn't want to get in trouble, and partly because of nerves.

"No. Today's been... it's been a lot. I just want to rest and... think. Process."

Blaine wasn't sure he liked the sound of that. He gestured towards the bed.

"You can rest and think here. I promise I'll be quiet."

Kurt stood up. "No. Tomorrow. I'll see you tomorrow."

Blaine looked at him for a moment before deciding to let him go. He couldn't hold Kurt hostage. Not yet.

"Okay." He stood up and took Kurt's hands in his and pressed their foreheads together. "Thank you for not running away from me, and thank you for... you know. I'll return the favor when you're ready."

Kurt blushed, and nodded. "When I'm ready." He ignored his body screaming it was ready right now. His body might be ready, but his mind was a mess. He needed time to sort out the past few hours. Especially the last hour.

"I love you, Kurt. I love you so much, and I promise you everything is fine. Everything will stay fine. I promise. Do you believe me? Do you trust me?"

Kurt fell under the spell of Blaine's intense, dark, eyes.

"Yes, I believe you and I trust you. I've always trusted you."

"Good. Don't ever stop."
Cooper fidgeted nervously with his phone as the black Mercedes SUV made its way towards Lima. Every few minutes he glanced out the rearview window to check that they weren't being followed.

"Slow down, Skyler. The last thing we need is to get pulled over."

Skyler glanced at Cooper with an amused expression. "Will you calm the fuck down? You're always so fucking nervous."

"I just don't wanna get caught with this shit."

"Relax. We're almost there."

Skylar slowed down as they entered the town center of Lima. He drove a few streets over from Main Street before turning onto a quiet street of small shops, a few industrial buildings, and a tire and lube shop. He turned down a back alley next to the tire and lube shop which led to an open but hidden area where several alleys met. He made sure they were facing out in case of the need for a quick escape before turning off the car.

Cooper looked around. "This is actually a pretty good spot."

Skylar rolled down his window and took out a pack of cigarettes. He lit one and nodded.

"Yeah. I scoped it out at different times all last month. No one ever comes back here. That building over there is abandoned along with that one. Old manufacturing businesses or something. That building is a tire and lube shop, but all their dumpsters and stuff are on the other side. They never come back here."

Cooper nodded. "Okay, good, good. What time is it?"

"1:49 pm. We got about 10 minutes."

Cooper took a ball point pen out of his jacket and a small pocket mirror. He balanced the mirror on his leg while he gave the pen a few shakes before unscrewing it. Inside were a few ounces of coke. He carefully spilled the drug onto the mirror in a line, took a small cylinder from inside the pen, and proceeded to snort the coke up his nose. First one nostril, then the other. He took a few strong sniffs before letting his head fall back against the headrest. He closed his eyes and relaxed as the drug made its way into his system.

Skylar watched all of this with no comment, but he was a little concerned. Cooper's drug use normally didn't bother him, but it seemed to be growing more frequent. That could become a problem.

Skylar Hanson and Cooper had been friends since high school. Back then Skylar had been enamored with the great Cooper Anderson. A real life member of the mob. Unlike Blaine, Cooper was never discrete or secretive about his family. Quite the opposite. He wanted everyone in school to know exactly who he was. He enjoyed the intrigue and mystery that came from being an Anderson. Girls were attracted to the idea of dating danger, and guys were impressed by Cooper's stories of crime, murder, and exotic trips to locations he couldn't mention (or pronounce) to meet shady characters in back rooms.

Never mind that it was all lies.
Skylar knew Cooper's stories were bullshit. For some reason, Skylar was the only one who noticed that Cooper never missed a day of school. When exactly was he committing all these crimes and flying to exotic locales? When Skylar pointed out this little detail, Cooper begged him not to say anything. Skylar agreed in exchange for being allowed in on the action. Skylar became Cooper's fake consigliere and was soon telling tall tales of his own.

It wasn't until Skylar's father overheard him telling a girl about a murder he and Cooper had supposedly committed, that Mario Anderson learned about Cooper's penchant for storytelling. Skylar's terrified father called Mario demanding to know what Cooper had dragged his son into. Once he assured Mr. Hanson that no murder had been committed, and that Cooper had a very creative imagination, Mario tore into his son and had to be physically restrained by Luther.

After that Cooper kept his mouth shut. He and Skylar remained best friends, and upon graduating from high school, Mario reluctantly allowed Skylar to remain by Cooper's side as he entered the family business. Mario didn't particularly care for Skylar, but he worried about just how much Skylar really knew about the family's dealings. Better to keep him close than away, plus his presence made Cooper happy.

At exactly 2:00 pm, a black Porsche Cayenne turned into the alley and slowly drove towards them. Cooper immediately reached inside his jacket and gave his gun a pat. Skylar eyed him nervously.

"Stay cool. You won't need that."

"Just checking."

This was the one thing that always unnerved Skylar about Cooper. The Anderson's lack of hesitation about murder was legendary, but they always murdered strategically, with purpose, and for a reason.

Cooper was just damn trigger happy.

More than once Skylar had stopped Cooper from unnecessarily blowing someone away. Cooper's quickness to draw his gun, coupled with his growing drug use was starting to worry Skylar. Cooper was already paranoid and suspicious, terrified his father was going to skip him and make his little brother head of the family. The last thing he needed was cocaine to fuel his paranoia.

Skylar and Cooper waited until they saw the doors of the Porsche open. A stocky built guy with a black mustache and shaved head got out. He was followed by a tall, trim man with short black hair. Another man who could have been the first man's twin, exited the driver's side.

Cooper felt a little panicked. "Shit. Three of them, two of us. I knew we should have asked Justin to come with us."

"Calm down. We don't need three on three because nothing is going to happen. This is a simple deal."

The men approached each other, meeting in front of their cars.

The trim man looked between the two. "Cooper?" Cooper nodded and turned on the charm and confidence. "Good to meet you, Alan. This is my partner, Skylar."

"Nice to finally meet in person." Alan glanced over his shoulder at his two companions. "Those two aren't important. Just...travelling companions. I rarely leave the city, but when I do I hate travelling alone."

Cooper nodded, but said nothing. The two men were obviously Alan's muscle. Okay.
Understandable. No problem.

Cooper clapped his hands together. "Okay, well. We don't wanna keep you from the bright lights of the big city for too long. Why don't you come take a look at what we've got."

Skylar unlocked the back of the SUV and moved several pieces of luggage aside before reaching a long, black, duffle bag. He pulled the bag out and unzipped it revealing 40 neatly wrapped brown bundles. He took one out and carefully unwrapped the brown butcher paper to reveal a saran wrapped bar of pure white cocaine.

Alan reached into the bag and took out a different bundle.

"May I?"

"Of course," said Cooper.

Alan unwrapped the bundle and took out a small knife. He made a small cut in the saran wrap and poked his pinky finger inside, coating it with the white substance. He sucked his finger and closed his eyes. He smiled and nodded.

"Wow. That's some good shit."

He motioned to his men. Each brought a suitcase over and opened it revealing stacks of cash. Cooper grinned.

"Outstanding."

Once the cash was safely tucked away in Skylar's car, and the drugs were in the back of the Porsche, Alan cocked his head to the side and gave Cooper a questioning look.

"So…you're moving into the drug business?"

Skylar was about to answer no, that this was a one-time thing, when Cooper spoke.

"That depends. You interested in doing more business?"

Skylar looked at Cooper in confusion. What the hell was he doing?

"Possibly. Can you get more quality shit like that?"

Cooper slowly nodded. "Yeah. Yeah, we can."

Skylar looked a little sick.

Alan slowly nodded. "Okay, then. Give me a call when you get more."

Cooper grinned. "Absolutely." He reached out his hand to shake Alan's. Alan shook his hand with a smug smile. "Great."

Skylar started yelling the moment they were alone in the car.

"What the fuck, Cooper! This was supposed to be a one-time deal! What are you doing?"

"I'm doing what my father should have done years ago. Moving the family into the 21st century."

Skylar shook his head. "Ten minutes ago you were scared of getting caught! Now you're ready to
"Look," said Cooper angrily, "I need to protect myself. I don't know what the fuck my father is up to, but all of sudden my little brother is invited to family business discussions and having private library meetings with dear old dad. I need to have my own sideline just in case the old man tries to shaft me."

"Blaine gets to stay for the business discussion?" Skylar had been waiting years for an invitation to the monthly family dinner and business discussion.

"Yeah."

"Does Telio get to stay?"

"Yeah."

Hmph.

Skylar was pissed and jealous as hell.

"They're not even out of fucking high school! How does that make any sense?"

Cooper started nodding vigorously. "Uh huh. You see? You see? That's what I'm talking about! I think my father is about to pull some shady shit. Either way this is a good move. When I become boss I plan to move the family into the drug game. It's ridiculous that we're missing out on all that cash. And...if for some reason I don't become boss...I'll need to have my own thing going until I can claim my rightful throne."

Skylar looked thoughtful. "I guess I get it, but if your father finds out, you won't be around to claim anything. You'll be six feet under."

"So we make sure he doesn't find out, or anyone else. We keep it all on the down low. Discrete."

Skylar still wasn't convinced. "Okay, so we keep if from your dad, but weren't those guys out of New York? Isn't there some treaty, or agreement, or some shit that says you have to stay out of New York?"

Cooper waved his hand. "That's my dad's shit. Besides, those guys aren't looking to get mixed up with the Chartussi's either. It's cool."

Cooper's mention of the Chartussi's sent a new wave of worry through Skylar's mind.

"I don't know, Coop. I thought this was gonna be a one-time thing. This could get complicated."

Cooper smiled and shook his head as he took out another ball point pen and his mirror.

"Now who needs to relax?"

Kurt studied himself in the mirror. He looked fabulous. The jeans Blaine bought him fit even better after a run through the wash. They were just tight enough to accentuate his ass and legs, but still comfortable. The shirt brought out his eyes in the most amazing ways. They seemed bluer and brighter. The sides of his hair were trimmed extra short, while the front was swept up and back, but slightly loose across his forehead. A few spritzes of the cologne Blaine had given him, plus his Doc
Martens, and he was ready to go.

He glanced over at Doug and smiled. Doug was wearing a pair of khaki pants and a dark orange, button down shirt. He'd had a haircut, and Kurt was sure he detected a touch of gel holding his hair in place. It was the first time Kurt had ever seen him in anything other than sweatpants or the Dalton uniform.

"Doug, you look very nice."

Doug looked unsure. "You think so?"

"Yes, I do. You look good."

"Thanks."

"Hoping to see anyone special tonight?"

Doug turned pink and shrugged. "I don't know. Maybe."

"Well, I hope I don't make you uncomfortable by saying that you are very handsome. I'm sure all the girls will be checking you out."

Doug shifted nervously. "Um, thanks. There…there is this one girl. Courtney."

Kurt nodded. "Well, I'm sure Courtney will notice you. She'd be blind not to."

Doug gave Kurt a genuine smile. "Thanks."

Kurt nodded and turned back towards the mirror.

"Uh, Kurt?"

"Mmm hmm?"

"About Blaine…"

Kurt turned back around. He tried to keep his expression blank.

"Yes?"

"I take it you guys are getting pretty serious?"

Kurt nodded. Yes, things were serious.

Very serious.

K&B&K&B

It had been two weeks since Kurt had learned the truth about Blaine's family and things had been overwhelmingly wonderful. With no secrets between them they both relaxed, their minds free to comfortably slip into the warm, gooey, blissful feeling of being in love. Blaine couldn't understand how he had survived without the intoxicating high he was on. He finally had an understanding of drug addiction. He couldn't imagine life without Kurt. He didn't just want him, he needed him.

Kurt was equally enthralled. Blaine's love and affection wrapped around him, healing his heart of the hurt and pain of the past year. It was finally his turn to enjoy being in love. To have someone's hand
to hold while walking down the hall. To grin in the middle of the day from cute, sexy, texts. To feel strong arms wrapped around him, kissing him softly and promising to love and protect him. With each passing day they grew closer and more in love with each other.

Their physical intensity was growing as well.

Kurt was still withholding a passport for Blaine to travel south of the border, but he was getting closer to granting access. He just needed a little more time. Everything between them had happened so fast. This was the one thing Kurt didn't want rushed. There had been no more hand jobs, only intense kissing and hard cocks pressed desperately against hips, legs, and thighs.

But Kurt knew his time was running out.

He could feel Blaine's intense longing and see the dark passion in his eyes. His whispered words left no doubt.

"I want you so bad. I need you, gorgeous. I need you. All of you. Please...please let me have you. I'll take care of you, I promise. Just let me have you." And he would kiss Kurt deep, hot and hungry.

Kurt's body would respond, ready to give Blaine everything.

But his head stopped him.

Not yet.

"I'm not ready, Blaine. I'm sorry."

Blaine would kiss him softly and pull away. "Don't be sorry. I can wait."

But for how much longer?

Increasingly these episodes left Blaine a shaking, starving mess of sexual frustration and need. The depth of the need scared him. It was too strong. Chronic and burning. He was sure there was more going on than just a horny teenager wanting to get laid, but he didn't know what.

So he fought his desire to hold Kurt down and devour him piece by piece until there was nothing left but a spent, empty body beneath him that he would refill with love, kisses and cuddles. Then he would lock him up until...

Shit.

Yes. Blaine's thoughts terrified him.

K&B&K&B

"Yes, you could definitely say things are serious."

Doug looked uncomfortable, but he kept going. "Um...do you...I mean...has he told you his background?"

"His background?"

"Yeah. Um...look, I don't have anything against Blaine, but his family...his family is pretty dangerous. Frankly, they're a bunch of criminals. The construction firm is their only legitimate business, and even with that they bribe county and state officials to win all the best and most lucrative construction contracts. They don't operate their casinos on the level, they import and sell
weapons illegally, they launder money for other criminals…they're into a lot of dirty shit, and
Blaine's father…he's really scary. He doesn't look it, but dude's a murderer."

Kurt looked at him with a very bitchy smirk. "Okay. Well, thank you for telling me all this, but I
already know."

"You do?"

"Yes. You're a couple of weeks too late."

Doug looked embarrassed. "Oh. Well…um…okay then. I guess I just thought you might not."

"Well I do, and it doesn't matter. Blaine's not involved in any of that, and I would never hold him
accountable for his father's actions. It's not his fault what his father chooses to do. Blaine is his own
person with his own path, and he has decided to take a different path from that of his family,
so….none of that matters, but thanks for telling me."

Kurt turned back around, but he could feel Doug's eyes on him.

"Do you really believe that?"

Kurt didn't turn around. "Believe what?"

"What you just said? That Blaine's not going to be involved in his family's business."

Kurt turned back around, his eyes defiant. "Yes, I believe that because Blaine has said so. He wants
no part of his family's affairs. He's going to live his own life."

Doug slowly shook his head. "Kurt…I'm pretty sure it's not that simple."

"Of course it is. Blaine has an older brother. He's the one that wants to follow in their father's
footsteps. Not Blaine."

The two looked at each for a moment before Kurt turned back around.

"Just be careful, Kurt."

Kurt rolled his eyes. "I will."

They finished getting ready in silence until there was a knock on the door. Doug opened it.

"What's up, Anderson."

"Hi. You clean up well."

"Thanks. " Doug stepped aside.

Blaine laid eyes on Kurt and everything else disappeared. He slowly ran his eyes down Kurt's body,
starting with his hair, to his face, all the way down to his shoes. He worked his way back up,
stopping at Kurt's eyes. Kurt wasn't sure why, but he suddenly felt the urge to slowly turn around to
allow Blaine to review and approve. Blaine smiled and nodded, but underneath the smile was
something raw and carnal. Kurt's knees suddenly felt weak.

He managed a quiet, almost shy, "Hi."

"Hello. You look sinfully gorgeous."
Kurt blushed. "Thank you. You look sinfully handsome."

Blaine looked wonderful in a pair of black slacks, an indigo shirt, and the green and indigo bowtie from the Marc Jacobs store. Doug looked between the two. "You guys kind of match."

Blaine nodded. "Of course we do. Helps people know who Kurt belongs to."

Doug raised his eyebrows and looked at Kurt. Kurt said nothing.

"Are you ready, gorgeous?"

"Yes. Do you wanna walk over with us?"

Doug shook his head. "Nah. I'm supposed to meet some guys in five minutes to walk over. I'll see you there."

Blaine took Kurt's hand and they left. As they passed the door to the stairs, Blaine pulled Kurt into the stairwell. He pushed him up against the wall and attacked his mouth, kissing him breathless.

"Blaine…stop….don't mess up…my clothes."

"I wish you weren't wearing any clothes."

"Blaine…"

"Touch me."

"What?"

"Touch me." Blaine took Kurt's hand and placed it between his legs. A little thrill ran through Kurt at how hard Blaine felt. Hard because of him. He rubbed Blaine's cock for a moment before stopping.

"We can't do this right now. We have a dance to go to."

"Let's go to my room instead."

"Blaine…I wanna go to the dance."

Blaine sighed. "Alright."

Kurt couldn't help but smile at Blaine's pout. "This was your idea, remember? You're the one who got me excited about it."

"If we go to my room, I can get you excited. I'll get you excited and keep you excited."

Kurt grabbed Blaine's hand. "Come on. Let's go." Blaine groaned and allowed Kurt to pull him down the stairs.

The Dalton/Crawford Country Day dances were held in a large banquet hall, half a mile from Dalton Academy. It was tradition for the boys of Dalton to walk to the banquet hall, arriving first to welcome the girls of Crawford Country Day who were brought to the hall by bus.

As they walked, Kurt listened to Blaine excitedly discuss his idea for a Maroon 5 medley at regionals. This was one of the few things that drove Kurt crazy. Blaine was the solo king of the
Warblers. It was an unwritten rule that Blaine was the lead vocalist for every performance. Kurt thought it was ridiculous, and not just because he wanted a solo. There were several great singers within the Warblers who never had a chance to shine. It wasn't even Blaine's fault. The council always voted unanimously for Blaine to take the lead and the rest of the Warblers agreed.

Kurt's mind started to wander to thoughts of his conversation with Doug. Weapons, money laundering...murder. Did it bother Blaine that his father was a murderer? How does someone deal with that? Had he ever seen his father kill someone? Did his father tell him before he did it? How would that conversation go? How did his father decide who to kill? Had he ever killed someone Blaine knew? And how…"

"Kurt!"

Kurt looked up and turned around. He was a few feet ahead of Blaine who had stopped walking. Kurt walked back.

"I'm sorry. I guess I got caught up in my thoughts."

"What are you thinking about so hard?"

"Just...school. Stuff I need to do." He wasn't about to tell him the truth. Blaine gave him a hard look.

"You were thinking so hard about school that you kept walking even after I stopped and started yelling your name?"

Kurt looked around and realized they were at the hall.

"Oh. Sorry."

Blaine stepped a little closer to him. "What were you really thinking about, Kurt?"

Kurt tried to step back, but Blaine slid his arm around Kurt's waist and kept him close.

"I told you. School stuff."

Blaine leaned it. "You are lying to me. Now tell me the truth."

Kurt shook his head. "School stuff."

Blaine pulled back. Kurt couldn't read his expression.

"Okay, Kurt. School stuff. Come on."

Blaine took his hand, and they started towards the entrance.

Kurt was sure that was not the end of the conversation.

x-x-x-x-x

Like everything at Dalton, the ballroom was breathtakingly beautiful, and in Kurt's opinion, another space that was far too majestic and grand for a bunch of teenagers. Huge crystal chandeliers hung from ceiling. Gold crown molding lined the beige and white toile covered walls. Blaine smiled as Kurt stood in awe.

"Oh, this is so beautiful. I'd love to see it during the day."
Blaine made a mental note of that.

Suddenly a bell rang out. The girls had arrived. The energy level in the room shot up tenfold as the boys nervously lined up on one side of the room to wait. Kurt rolled his eyes.

"I mean, seriously? This isn't the 1800's."

Blaine grinned. "Just watch what happens. This formality is simply due to tradition and it lasts for about 10 seconds."

The boys waited in nervous anticipation for the main entrance doors to open. Kurt spotted Telio over in a corner, his hands stuffed in the pockets of his pants, eyes focused on the main doors. It was one of the few times Kurt had ever seen him not focused on, or standing near Blaine. He also couldn't help but notice how good Telio looked. Like really good. Hell, Telio was hot and extremely sexy.

"Does Telio have a girlfriend?"

Blaine scoffed. "Are you kidding? I wish. There's a girl he likes, but he won't do anything about it."

"Why not?"

Too busy watching me, and worrying about a future that doesn't exist.

"I guess he's shy."

Kurt rocked on his feet and clapped his hands. Oh, this was perfect. Just what he needed.

"Okay, we're going to help him."

"Huh?"

"We are going to help Telio hook up with the girl he likes! Just think about it? If he gets a girlfriend, he'll be too busy to follow you around all the time."

Blaine couldn't help but smile at Kurt's enthusiasm. He looked adorable.

"Well, maybe, but it's not like she would be at school."

Kurt frowned. "That's true, but still...he'd be mentally preoccupied. I don't know. Maybe it would loosen him up and help him relax."

Telio, relax? Impossible. "Alright, gorgeous. Just tell me what you want me to do."

At that moment the room quieted as the main doors opened and the girls entered. There was a moment of silence and then...

Bedlam.

Girlfriends ran across the hall to find their boyfriends while other girls ran to hug their guy friends. The room was filled with squeals and laughter, and then a cheer went up as Rihanna's, "We Found Love in a Hopeless Place," flowed from the speakers. The middle of the hall filled with girls and guys dancing, gyrating and jumping up and down.

Kurt watched with wide eyes, one hand in Blaine's, his other clutching Blaine's arm. "Oh, my God!" Blaine laughed. "Told you, gorgeous. Come on." Blaine pulled Kurt on to the dance floor to join the fray. Worries about what others might think or say didn't cross Kurt's mind as he got caught up in the
elation surrounding him.

For the next 45 minutes, Kurt and Blaine sang and danced to every song. Kurt couldn't believe he was actually at a school dance, dancing with his hot, handsome boyfriend, with no worries of getting attacked or beaten up. He felt young, free, loved, and happy. When the music slowed down, and Christina Perri's "A Thousand Years," came on, Blaine didn't hesitate to pull Kurt close to him, his arms tight around Kurt's waist. Kurt wrapped his arms around Blaine, rested his head on his shoulder, and relaxed into the sway of their bodies. They danced for several more songs until the music switched back to an up tempo beat. They decided to take a break.

While Blaine went to use the bathroom, Kurt grabbed a cup of punch and surveyed the room. He spotted Doug dancing painfully awkward with a petite blond. Kurt hoped it was Courtney and that she didn't mind Doug's awful dancing. He noticed Telio, still in the same corner, hands in his pockets. Kurt headed over.

"Hi."

Telio looked past Kurt, obviously looking for Blaine.

"Hi. Where's Blaine?"

"Bathroom."

Telio nodded and went back to watching the crowd.

Kurt felt a little self-conscious. He and Telio had never really talked.

"You look really good tonight."

Telio raised an eyebrow. "Thanks."

"Isn't there someone here you'd like to dance with?"

Telio involuntarily focused on a pretty Black girl dancing with a group of other girls. Kurt followed his gaze and smiled.

"What's her name?"

Telio scowled at him. "Doesn't matter."

"You should ask her to dance."

Silence.

"You know, Telio, you're really good looking. Any girl in here would love to dance with you."

Silence.

"You have no reason to be nervous or shy. Trust me."

Silence.

"Maybe…"

"Would you shut up?"
Kurt was shocked into silence.

Then he got mad.

"There's no need to be rude. I was just trying to help. You're standing over here looking miserable, watching a girl you obviously like. I just wanted…"

Telio interrupted.

"What? You wanted what? To set me up with someone so we could all double date? Well that's not gonna happen, alright? Blaine can afford luxuries. I can't."

"What's that supposed to mean?"

"One of us has to pay attention to what's important. That's my job. I pay attention so Blaine can fuck around with you."

"What…what are you talking about?"

"Oh. He told me he was going to tell you. Guess he hasn't gotten around to it."

"Tell me what? Wait…are you talking about his family? I know all about Blaine's family."

"Oh. Well good. In that case I guess you understand."

"Understand what?"

Telio looked directly into Kurt's eyes. "That this thing with you and Blaine can't last. It's fine for now, but Blaine has big things ahead of him, and it would be best if he was unattached when it's time for him to take on those responsibilities."

Kurt wasn't sure why, but he felt like he'd just been stabbed.

"I don't…what?"

"Look, Kurt, I don't mean to be a jerk. I'm just trying to make sure no one gets hurt. Blaine lives in the land of delusion when it comes to his future. I don't know what he told you, but Blaine's future is set. He just refuses to believe it. And frankly, you should get out now. I see how he looks at you. You should end things before you get trapped in something you can't get out of."

"What makes you think I'd want out? I love Blaine."

Telio shook his head. "I've already said too much. Just…take my advice. I'm not saying this to hurt you or Blaine. I'm doing it to protect him, and to save you. Before it's too late."

Telio walked away.

Kurt's head was swimming.

"Hey, you wanna dance some more?"

Blaine was smiling at Kurt, his hand outstretched, but his smile faltered when he saw Kurt's confused, angry expression.

"What's wrong?"
Kurt shook his head. "You tell me?"

"What?"

"Were you honest with me?"

"About what?"

"About your future? Do you really plan to walk away from your family, or were you just lying to get me to stay with you?"

"I wasn't lying. I told you, I want nothing to do with my family's shit. I'm leaving all that to Cooper. He's the one that wants it, so he can have it."

"And you can really do that? Just walk away? Your family's going to let you do that?"

Blaine hesitated for a moment. "They won't like it, but they can't stop me."

"Can't they?"

"No."

"Your father doesn't seem like a man who takes no for an answer."

Blaine was taken aback. What the fuck happened while he was taking a leak?

*Wait a second*...

Blaine looked around. "Have you seen Telio?"

Kurt made a face. "What do you think?"

That meddling son-of-a-bitch.

Fuck.

"Look, I don't know what he told you, but you need to understand. Everyone around me wants something. My father wants me to be Cooper's consigliere. My mother wants me to take care of my brother. Telio wants me to be boss one day. But here's the thing. I don't care what they want, I only care about what I want, and I want you."

Kurt shook his head. "That may be true, Blaine, but how are you going to fight all these people?"

Blaine grabbed Kurt's shoulders. "By focusing on what's important to me, and that's you. I love you, Kurt. You are what I want. You're the only thing I want. I just wanna be with you. I want a future with you. I promised you I'd protect you. Do you really think I'd make that promise if I was going to get involved in something that would put us both in danger?"

Blaine's eyes were full of love and pleading. Kurt slowly shook his head. Blaine grabbed his hands and placed them over his heart.

"I promise, Kurt. Trust me. Just trust me."

Kurt suddenly felt overcome with emotion. He threw his arms around Blaine's neck and whispered, "I want to trust you, I'm just scared. I'm so scared, Blaine."
Blaine held him tight. "Don't be. You have nothing to be scared of. I promise. You and me. That's what matters. That's what's important. You and me. Me and you. Everyone else can take a flying fuck."

Kurt giggled.

Music to Blaine's ears.

"Come on. Dance with me."

They spent the rest of the night on the dance floor. At the end of the night the boys watched the girls board the buses and waved goodbye before trekking back to the dorms. Everyone was tired, but still hyped up from the excitement of the evening. People were calling out to each other, making plans to meet in each other's rooms to watch movies and hang out. This was one of the few nights when the floor advisors turned a blind eye to room parties and guests past curfew.

Halfway to Kurt's room, Blaine stopped walking. He pulled Kurt close and whispered in his ear.

"Spend the night with me."

It wasn't a request.

"Okay."
Chapter 7

Kurt walked nervously down the hall towards Blaine's room. He'd gone back to his own room to change clothes and to tell Doug not to expect him until morning. He changed into a pair of comfy pajama pants and a long sleeve Dalton shirt, washed and moisturized his face, brushed his teeth and tried to calm down.

Relax. You've hung out in Blaine's room for hours. The only difference tonight is that when you get tired, you can just go to sleep on those amazing 1200 thread Egyptian cotton sheets.

Blaine opened the door before Kurt could even knock.

"Welcome gorgeous."

Kurt hesitated to enter. Blaine looked downright sinful. He'd taken a shower and washed the gel out of his hair leaving it messy curly. His eyes were dark and lust heavy, his lips full and lush. He was shirtless, wearing only black briefs. Kurt couldn't help but stare as his body eagerly responded to the visual before him. Blaine grabbed his hand and pulled him inside. Kurt looked around the room and smiled. There were candles everywhere, and music was softly playing from Blaine's iPod. Blaine slid his arms around Kurt's waist and began to sway to the music. Kurt rested his hands on Blaine's shoulders and followed his rhythm.

"So, tonight I discovered how much I enjoy dancing with you."

Kurt nodded. "Tonight was fun. Thank you for taking me."

"It was my pleasure."

"And thank you again for the clothes. It was really nice of you, but totally unnecessary. I have a closet full of clothes."

"It was necessary because it was what I wanted to see you wear."

Kurt wasn't sure what to say to that, so he said nothing. Blaine continued.

"As a matter of fact…there's something else I'd like to have you wear."

"What?"

Blaine was quiet for a moment before slowly shaking his head. "Not now. I'll give it to you later."

"Aw, now you're teasing me. Will I like it?"

"I like it, so I'm sure you'll want to wear it."

"As long as it's not something hideous."

"Of course not. I have excellent taste."

They continued to sway back and forth. Kurt closed his eyes and relaxed against Blaine. Blaine ran his hands slowly up and down Kurt's back a few times before slipping them underneath his shirt.
Kurt shivered, not from a chill, but from heat as Blaine's palms pressed warm and urgent against his skin, exploring the creamy smoothness. Blaine traveled up and down for a minute more before grasping the hem of Kurt's shirt. He didn't say a word. He just pulled it up. Kurt automatically raised his arms and allowed Blaine to pull the shirt off, dropping it to the floor. Blaine ran his eyes over Kurt's chest before placing his palm over Kurt's heart. He could feel Kurt's heart beat quicken under his touch. He placed his other palm on Kurt's chest and ran both hands over Kurt's chest, down to his waist, up his back, coming to rest on his shoulders. He looked into Kurt's eyes.

"I love you."

"I love you, too."

"Do you trust me?"

"Yes."

Blaine stepped closer. He slid his hands up Kurt's shoulders to rest on either side of his neck. His thumbs gently rubbed his cheeks. Kurt's pulse was racing as a strange, unrecognizable sensation flashed through him. He was mesmerized by the way Blaine was looking at him. He could see the raw, carnal, need in his eyes.

His time was up.

Blaine's hands slid up into Kurt's hair to press his mouth to his. His hands were all over Kurt's body, stroking down his arms, up his back, down his back, and over his ass. His hands stayed on Kurt's ass, rubbing and squeezing, and then his fingers were at Kurt's waist, pulling at the sweatpants.

"Blaine…"

"Just relax and trust me, Kurt. I love you. I promise I'll take care of you."

"I know you will. It's just…"

"Yes?"

"I don't…I've never been with a boy…like…at all. I've never been with anyone."

"Neither have I."

"Really?"

"Really. I was waiting for you."

"I'd love to believe that."

"It's the truth. This is an all boys school. You don't think there are other gays here?" Blaine gently caressed Kurt's face. "I've been waiting for you. Just like the song. All my life, I was only waiting for Kurt Hummel to arrive."

Kurt smiled as he remembered the first time they saw each other during his Warbler audition. "You sound so sure."

Blaine settled his fingers against the smooth skin of Kurt's waist and rubbed softly.

"Because I am sure. We were meant to be together."
"How do you know?"

"I feel it. I've felt it ever since I laid eyes on you. You're the one for me, Kurt. The only one. And once an Anderson makes something... or someone theirs, we protect them with our life. We take care of them, we protect them, and we love them. Forever. That's how I feel about you. When I tell you I'll take care of you... that I'll protect you, I mean it, Kurt. I mean it with my entire being. I. Love. You."

Blaine delivered this speech with wide, honest, love-filled eyes. With every word Kurt fell deeper in love, as if that were possible. Blaine's kiss was passionate and filled with love and assurance.

The assurance Kurt needed to completely let go.

He stepped back from Blaine, his eyes never leaving his. He hooked his thumbs into the waistband of his sweat pants and pulled them down and off.

Passport granted.

Blaine slowly ran his eyes up and down Kurt's naked body before coming to rest on his cock. He stared at it for a moment before stepping forward and dropping to his knees. He leaned in and slowly licked, bottom to top. Kurt gasped as an entirely new level of arousal swelled within him. He moaned brokenly, as Blaine licked again, and again, and one time more before swallowing the head. He sucked hard and slow, sending sparks up and down Kurt's spine before swiftly deep throating the entire cock while his hands snaked around to grab Kurt's ass. He spread Kurt's cheeks, settling his fingers in the crack of his ass. Kurt half squealed, half grunted as he grabbed Blaine's hair to steady himself. He closed his eyes and lost himself in the heat and sensations of Blaine's mouth around him, leading to the familiar roll, slide and push as his cock twitched on the brink. Blaine must have sensed it because he dug his fingers deeper within Kurt's ass and pulled him closer, driving the cock down his throat. This sent Kurt over. He moaned Blaine's name over and over as his orgasm raced through him. Blaine swallowed and pulled off slowly before standing up. Kurt looked like he might pass out from a mixture of release exhaustion and shock. Blaine placed his hands on Kurt's shoulders and kissed him softly. Kurt's mind raced when he realized he was tasting his cum on Blaine's lips. He deepened the kiss and licked in Blaine's mouth to taste more. Now it was Blaine who shivered slightly from the sensual feel of Kurt's tongue, and the realization that Kurt was seeking the taste in his mouth.

Kurt likes the taste of cum. Perfect.

Blaine gently steered Kurt towards the bed. He pulled back the sheets and lay them down, pulling Kurt close to him, wrapping him tightly in his arms and legs. Kurt felt warm, sleepy and dazed. He snuggled in against Blaine and fell asleep in seconds.

Blaine kissed his forehead and held him tight. He would let Kurt sleep for a few hours. He needed the rest.

Because their night was far from over.

x-x-x-x-x

Kurt hummed and shifted on to his back to give more access.

Access to who didn't matter. This was a great dream.

Someone was stroking him. Gently, teasingly, and it felt amazing. A hand softly fondled his balls before stroking his cock. It was a wonderful back and forth that left him guessing. He never knew
when they would switch.

And then there was a gentle press at his asshole. Nothing intrusive. More of a testing nudge. Kurt spread his legs a little further apart.

Soft kisses to his chest. Light fingers running up and down, and suddenly thumbs teasing his nipples. He gasped. His nipples were very sensitive. A tongue was licking his right nipple. Kurt dug his nails into the bed. Oh….small kisses to his chest again…stroking….another press to his entrance, this one a little firmer…

Kurt opened his eyes. He felt a moment of panic at the realization that this was real, not a dream, but then Blaine kissed away his fear. Kurt relaxed and allowed Blaine's kisses to sweep him away.

Until he realized Blaine was completely naked.

When did that happen?

Kurt didn't have time to dwell as Blaine straddled him and once again placed his hands on other side of Kurt's neck. His hold wasn't tight, but it triggered the strange, unrecognizable sensation Kurt felt earlier.

Blaine stared into Kurt's eyes which were swirling with lust and a tiny hint of fear. Blaine didn't know why, but the fear appealed to him just as much as the lust. He pushed the feeling aside as he leaned down and kissed Kurt softly before lowering his body down to slide their cocks together. He whispered desperately in Kurt's ear.

"Please…let me have you. Let me make love to you. Please…"

Kurt reached up and tangled his hands in Blaine's curls.

"Blaine…you already have me. I'm already yours."

Blaine sucked a deep, red mark into Kurt's neck. "I want all of you. Every inch of you. I need you, Kurt. I need to feel you. All of you. Please…"

Their kisses turned feverish and desperate. Blaine ran his lips and tongue down Kurt's chest, stopping to swallow his cock and suck for a moment before pulling off and coming back up to kiss Kurt some more. Kurt was drowning under the weight of Blaine's body. The heaviness felt so good, and his kisses were so sweet and passionate, and his hands felt so right, and…

Blaine stopped to reach over and open the drawer of his nightstand. He took out a bottle of lube. Kurt shut his eyes. Calm down. It's okay. This is Blaine. You love Blaine and he loves you and you want this.

Don't you?

Blaine kissed Kurt for several more minutes before moving down to settle between his legs. When Kurt heard Blaine pop the top open on the lube, a wave of panic flowed through him.

No. Not yet. I'm not ready.

"Blaine…"

Blaine quickly moved back up to look into Kurt's eyes.
"I'm right here, gorgeous. Just close your eyes and let me make you feel good. I'll take care of you. I promise."

Kurt shook his head. "I…I can't. I'm sorry. I…I'm not ready. I'm just not."

Blaine was on the brink. Something inside him was starting to push its way through. Something wicked and sinister that fed off Kurt's fear. His mind started spinning.

*Just take him.*

*Andersons always take what they want.*

*He's powerless to stop…*

"Blaine?"

Blaine shook his head. What was wrong with him? Was he really about to rape the man he loved? What the fuck?

Blaine rolled off of Kurt and climbed off the bed. He put his briefs on, walked over to his desk and sat down in the chair. He put his face in his hands.

Kurt sat up and looked at him. "I'm sorry. I didn't…I didn't mean to…"

Blaine shook his head. "No, no. It…it's not you, it's me. I'm sorry."

"But I…I shouldn't have let you think…"

Blaine walked over to the bed and sat down, pulling Kurt into his arms.

"No, no, Kurt. No. You didn't do anything wrong. You're not ready, and I shouldn't have pushed. I just…I want you so much, but I want you to want it as much as I do."

"But I do want it! I don't know what's wrong with me!"

"Nothing's wrong with you, Kurt. You're just not ready, and that's fine. I can wait."

"Yeah, but for how long?"

"For however long it takes, gorgeous." Even if it kills me.

They sat in silence for several moments before Kurt looked up with sad eyes full of tears. His voice was a whisper.

"Do you want me to go?"


Kurt put his sweatpants back on. They crawled back under the covers and Kurt rested his head on Blaine's chest.

"Blaine?"

"Yes, gorgeous?"

"Thank you."
K&B&K&B

Kurt woke up around 7:30 am. He stretched his legs under the covers and sighed. He felt great. So warm, relaxed and...trapped.

Blaine was wrapped heavy and warm around him. His arms held Kurt close, and one leg was draped over Kurt's. When Kurt tried to wiggle away, Blaine's hold tightened. Kurt hated to wake him, but he needed to use the bathroom.

"Blaine?"

"Blaine, wake up. I gotta pee."

Kurt started moving a little harder, but Blaine's grip remained strong.

"Blaine?"

"Blaine!"

Blaine's eyes opened. He was completely unaware of releasing Kurt as he turned quickly, reaching towards his nightstand drawer...

"No alarm to turn off, silly. It's Saturday."

Oh.

Kurt.

Right.

Kurt spent the night.

Blaine quickly turned back towards Kurt who was looking at him in amusement.

He was grateful Kurt thought he was reaching for an alarm clock.

"Morning."

They took turns using the bathroom before snuggling back under the covers. They lay in a comfortable silence until Blaine spoke.

"What were you really thinking about last night?"

Kurt tensed a little. He really wanted to forget about last night. Well, not about the blow job. That was incredible.

"What do you mean?"

"When we were walking to the dance. What were you thinking about, and don't tell me school stuff."

Oh.

"I was thinking about your father."

"My father?"
"Yes."

"What about him?"

Kurt sat up and shifted so he could see Blaine's expression. He didn't look mad, just very curious and a little confused.

"Well," Kurt began slowly. "He's killed people, right?"

Blaine nodded. It was the truth. His father was a murderer.

"How do you feel about that?"

"What do you mean?"

"I mean…how does it feel to know your father has killed someone? Several someones."

Blaine settled back against the headboard looking thoughtful.

"Don't tell me you've never thought about it before."

"Actually…I don't think I ever have. I mean…it's just one of those things. I don't always know when it's happened or will happen. I just know it's something he does when necessary."

Kurt shook his head. "But…doesn't it bother you?"

Blaine thought for a moment. "Not really. Does that make me a bad person?"

Kurt quickly shook his head. "No, no, of course not, but it is….I don't know. I guess if you're used to it."

"I just never think about it."

Kurt nodded.

Blaine waited. He had a feeling there was more. He resolved to answer Kurt's questions honestly. He would always be honest until he couldn't.

"Have you ever seen him kill someone?"

Blaine nodded. "Yeah."

"When?"

"I think I was 6 or 7. It was in the summer and I was home with my mom. I'd been playing outside all day. Riding my bike, chasing the dog. I remember this blue car going past our house. I don't know why I remember it so clearly, but I do. Anyway, I finally went in for a snack. My mom and I were in the kitchen when this guy just burst in. My mom screamed and grabbed me. The guy was yelling, but he wasn't pointing the gun at us. He was pointing it towards the kitchen door. He was waiting for my father to hear all the screaming and to come running in, but he wasn't home. Eventually the guy figured this out. I remember he looked so confused. He was there to kill my dad. He didn't wanna shoot a defenseless woman and her child. I honestly think he was trying to figure out what to do when my dad came in the back door and shot him."

Kurt was stunned. "What happened to him? His body?"
"Uncle Luther and some men came and took it away. I remember my parents screaming at each other that night. My father wanted to move. It was something he'd been saying for a while, but my mother didn't want to. Back then we lived in a suburb of Westerville. I went to East Westerville Elementary and Cooper was at the junior high. My mom wanted us to live like regular people. She wanted me and Coop to have as normal a life as possible, but my father wanted us to move somewhere secluded. Safer." Blaine smiled. "My mom won that battle. We stayed until there was another attempt on my father's life. Then we moved."

"Where do you live now?"

Blaine grinned. "Dalton." Kurt punched his shoulder. "It's a huge house on acres and acres of land right outside Westerville. It's secluded, hard to find, and heavily guarded."

Kurt frowned. "Your childhood sounds kind of hard."

Blaine shook his head. "Actually, it was awesome thanks to my mom. I remember that after we moved, I still wanted to ride the bus to school like all my friends, but of course the bus didn't come out that far, so my mom arranged for one of my dad's men to drive us to the closest bus stop every day. He would park a little ways down and my mom and I would wait at the bus stop as if we walked there. She made sure I got to go to all the birthday parties, and she always threw me a big birthday party at some place in town so no one had to come to our house. She always tried to make everything normal."

Kurt felt a slight pain of melancholy. He missed his mom.

"She sounds wonderful. I'd love to meet her one day."

"You would?"

"Of course."

Blaine was quiet. Now that was something to think about. Could he ever take Kurt home to meet his parents? Or at least his mom?

"So how did you end up at Dalton?"

Blaine sighed and looked down at the bed sheets. "I started at Westerville High. Cooper had gone through with no problem, despite telling anyone who would listen that he was a member of the mob. He's such a fucking idiot. Anyway, my dad had already decided that I should go to Dalton, but I didn't want to. All my friends were going to Westerville, so I wanted to go too. Another battle my mom fought and won, but then Telio beat the shit out of this kid and got expelled so…"

"Wait a minute? What?"

"He did it for me, and at the end of the day, it really was for the best."

"What happened?"

"I knew I was gay by the time I hit 7th grade, but I didn't tell anyone except my family. My mom was fine with it, my dad was disappointed, Telio didn't care, and Cooper thought it was hilarious. Anyway, I kept it to myself until ninth grade when I met this kid named Jeremiah. He was gay and out, so I asked him to this school dance. We went and had a pretty good time until the very end."

Blaine stopped. His eyes turned sad and his shoulders drooped. Kurt reached for his hand and held it.
"It was hot in the gym so we went outside to get some air and...these guys jumped us. Two of them held me while the other two were beating Jeremiah, and then...they threw me to the ground and started kicking the shit out of me. Telio came out looking for us and saw them kicking me, and...he lost it. He grabbed one of the guys and just...I mean he nearly killed this kid. It took two teachers to pull him off. The guys who started it got suspended for five days, but Telio got permanently expelled due to his "brutal nature and extreme aggression." It was such a load of bullshit. He was a straight A student who had never been in trouble before. The guys who jumped us were known troublemakers, but the school didn't care. I think the principal was secretly pleased. I'd seen him eyeing Jeremiah and I when we were dancing."

Kurt sighed. Damn. Did every school in America, except Dalton, give free range for students to beat up gay kids?

"I'm so sorry that happened to you."

Blaine shook his head. "Really I was lucky. It was just one time. You endured shit every day. If I ever get my hands on that Karofsky guy..."

Kurt shook his head. "No. David has a lot to come to terms with about himself. I think in time...once we're out of high school...maybe he'll get there."

"Not an excuse for his behavior."

Kurt shrugged. He didn't care about Karofsky anymore, or McKinley. It all seemed like a lifetime ago.

They spent most of Saturday in bed, talking, watching movies and eating the snacks Blaine had stashed in his room. For the first time Kurt could remember, Blaine talked about his family. How he and Cooper were close until Cooper hit high school and fell in love with his father's world, and with being Cooper Anderson; how his grandfather considered him worthless and a traitor for being gay; and how beautiful his mother was. He even showed Kurt a picture of his parents on their wedding day. Kurt was impressed with just how beautiful Anastasia was, but he couldn't help but notice a slight sadness to her smile. He didn't mention it to Blaine. He was shocked by how much Blaine looked like his father. He'd seen pictures of Mario Anderson online, but he was younger in this photo, making the resemblance seem even stronger.

"You look like your father."

Blaine frowned. "Yeah, but that's where the similarities end."

By the time Kurt finally prepared to leave around 5:00 pm, he felt he had learned more about Blaine's life in one day than he had in the past 2 ½ months. Something about Blaine finally opening up and sharing with him, made Kurt feel better about everything. Including the idea of sex.

Blaine walked him to his room. Kurt turned to him before going in.

"Thanks again for being understanding about last night. I promise I'm almost there. I just need a little more time. I'm sorry."

"Stop apologizing. You didn't do anything wrong, and you shouldn't apologize for not being ready. You're ready when you're ready, and when you are, I'll be here."

Kurt nodded. "I really do love you."
"And I love you. You mean everything to me, Kurt. Everything." Blaine pulled something out of his pocket.

"Give me your right wrist."

Kurt held out his wrist and watched as Blaine buckled a black, leather cuff around his wrist. Then to his surprise, Blaine took out a small key and locked a tiny lock embedded inside the leather. Kurt held up his arm and felt the same strange sensation he'd felt when Blaine had his hands on his neck.

"It's beautiful, Blaine."

"I'm glad you like it. I'd like you to wear it."

Kurt nodded. "But...can I take it off?"

Blaine's stare was intense, his voice firm. "I have the only key." Kurt watched as Blaine placed the chain holding the key around his neck.

"Remember what I told you, Kurt. When an Anderson makes someone theirs...we take care of them, we protect them, and we love them...

Forever"

Sunday evening Telio was walking back to his room from the gym. His body felt good, but his mind was preoccupied. His thoughts ran the gamut from things overheard during their last trip home, to his growing concerns about Blaine and Kurt, to how pretty Alicia looked at the dance and how he was a grade A schmuck for not following Kurt's advice to talk to her. If Blaine could get some ass, why shouldn't he?

He stopped at the door to his room, pulled out his key…and stopped.

He looked around.

He sniffed the air.

He put his ear to the door and listened.

He sniffed the air again.

And smiled.

Cute. Very cute.

He put his key in the lock and turned it. He waited a moment before bursting into the room. He expertly blocked Blaine's punch, grabbed him by the arm, flipped him over and slammed him to the floor.

"Fuck!"

Telio laughed. "You suck. I hope Kurt sucks your dick as hard as you suck."

Blaine slowly sat up and turned his body to lean against the wall. "How the hell did you know?"

Telio grinned. "Because I'm awesome. Plus, raspberries."
Blaine closed his eyes and let his head fall back against the wall. Of course.

"You always smell like raspberries. Kurt smells like vanilla-mint. I can smell you two before I see you."

Telio stripped off his shirt and sweatpants. Blaine ran his eyes over his chiseled body. He wasn't attracted to Telio, but he could definitely appreciate his beauty.

"So, why are you here trying to kick my ass?"

"What the hell did you say to Kurt at the dance?"

Telio shrugged. "Nothing special. Just being honest with him about your future and his place in it."

Blaine looked at him angrily. "Kurt is my future, but more importantly, I don't want you talking to him about me, my family, or anything else."

"Why not? Because you want to keep filling his head with lies?"

"I'm not lying to him!"

"Yeah, you are, Blaine! You're lying to yourself, you're lying to him, and you're both going to get hurt!"

Blaine shook his head. "Stop projecting what you want on to me, and don't say anything else to Kurt. Understand?"

"Of course. Boss."

"Don't call me that."

Blaine was quiet for a moment before continuing.

"I've been thinking about something, and I want your opinion."

"Okay."

"I'd like to take Kurt home to meet my mom."

"Seriously?"

"Yeah."

Telio's initial thought was that it was a terrible idea, but the more he thought about it, the more he decided it was a great idea. If Kurt could see how Blaine's family lived, all the guards and guns, maybe he would get scared and decide he wanted out.

"Well, you shouldn't bring him home for family dinner night."

"No, no. I was thinking some other weekend. Maybe when my father's out of town."

"If you're serious about him, your dad has to meet him sometime."

"I know, but not yet. Kurt's already read too much about him online. I wanna hold off on their meeting for as long as possible. I just really want him to meet mom. I think she'll really like him."

Telio sighed. "Alright, Blaine. Whatever, but you and I need to start training again. Seriously dude,
you really do suck. You need to be able to protect yourself. I shouldn't have been able to flip you that fucking easy."

Blaine nodded. Telio was right. He needed to be able to protect himself and Kurt.

"Okay."

_____


"I mean, don't get me wrong, kiddo. I'm glad you've adjusted so well, and you're having fun, but I was hoping you'd come home at least once a month."

Kurt's heart sank with the weight of the guilt he felt.

He hadn't been home once since arriving at Dalton.

It wasn't like he hadn't thought about it, but he'd been so caught up with Blaine, that the weeks had flown by. Okay. Honestly? He hadn't wanted to go home. Going home meant a weekend without Blaine and frankly, Kurt hated the thought.

"I know. I'm sorry. I've just been so busy with school, and the Warblers and…"

"So, what's his name?"

"What?"

"So, what's his name? Come on, Kurt. I can hear it in your voice, and don't tell me it's only because Dalton is so freaking great. Something besides school work has kept you from coming home. What's his name?"

Kurt sighed and smiled. "His name is Blaine, dad. Blaine Anderson."

"Uh huh," said Burt. "Okay, tell me more."

He's the son of a mafia boss who murders people, and builds buildings.

"Um…well, he's a junior like me, and he's in the Warblers. Some days I feel like he is the Warblers, but anyway, he's really handsome, and smart, and just…he's great."

"Okay. Well…I know you guys have dorm rooms…and dorm rooms have beds…I don't wanna pry, but…just be careful. Remember, Kurt. You matter."

Funny you should mention that, dad. I almost lost my virginity to him Friday night.

"I know, dad. I remember."

"Okay, well, don't forget."

"I won't."

The rest of the conversation was catch up on all things Finn, and Carol, and Lima, ending with Kurt promising to come home that weekend. Burt would pick him up Friday after class, and he would love to meet Blaine.
Mario Anderson nuzzled his wife's neck. "You are so beautiful, Stasia. So, so beautiful. I love you more every day."

Anastasia said nothing. Mario pulled back and cupped her cheek.

"Do you still love me?"

"You know I do."

Mario slid his hand down to rest against Anastasia neck. "Sometimes I wonder."

Anastasia said nothing. Mario tightened his grip.

"Did I completely corrupt your love for me all those years ago?"

Anastasia shook her head. "No. I still love you."

Mario slid his hand down to rest on her breast as he leaned in. "And I still love you more than anything."

Anastasia allowed herself to fall into his kiss. It was easy to do. Mario's power over her had not diminished over the years. If anything, it grew stronger.

There was an urgent knock on the door.

Mario practically growled. "What?"

Luther opened the door. "My apologies, but we have company."

"Who?"

Luther hesitated before speaking. "Sammy Avalon."

Mario shook his head. "Should that name mean something to me?"

"He's a messenger for Frank Chartussi."

Mario frowned. "I'll be down in five minutes."

x-x-x-x-x

Sammy Avalon sat in the lobby of the headquarters of Anderson Construction. He looked around with a smirk on his face. Fancy ass building for a criminal snake like Mario Anderson. He stood up as Beth Rogers, Mario's administrative assistant approached.

"I'm sorry to keep you waiting Mr. Avalon, but Mr. Anderson wasn't expecting you. He's travelling from his home and will be here as soon as possible."

"I'm happy to have my driver take me to his home if it's more convenient for Mr. Anderson."

Beth smiled sweetly. Yeah, right. Do I look crazy?

"Not necessary at all. Mr. Anderson is already on his way. Can I get you anything while you wait?"

"No, thank you."

"Well, please make yourself comfortable. I'll come get you the moment he arrives."
Forty-five minutes later Sammy was led to a large conference room. Mario was already seated at the table in a large, black leather chair. He wore an impeccably pressed black suit, crisp white shirt and gray tie. Luther sat next to him. Two other men were stationed in each corner of the room. Mario and Luther stood up when Sammy entered the room.

"Mr. Avalon."

"Mr. Anderson, a pleasure to meet you."

"My business partner, Luther."

"Luther?"

"Yes. Just Luther."

All three men shook hands.

Mario sat down, crossed his legs and folded his hands on his knee.

"I wish Mr. Chartussi had told me you were coming to pay us a visit. I would have made arrangements for you."

"Not necessary. My stay will be short."

Mario narrowed his eyes. "What can I do for you?"

Sammy sat back and looked Mario up and down.

"There's a rumor that the Andersons are moving into the drug business. Is this true?"

Mario shook his head. "Not at all. I have no interest, or tolerance for the drug trade. It's a nasty, destructive business."

Sammy smirked. "Perhaps, but it's also very lucrative. Perhaps your family is running short on cash and looking for a way to make a little extra."

"I can assure you our cash flow is just fine. Furthermore, if we ever decide to enter the drug trade, we will continue to honor the agreement. We will never do business in New York."

Sammy stood up. "That's what I was hoping to hear. I thank you for your time."

"One question before you leave, Mr. Avalon. May I ask why Mr. Chartussi felt this visit was necessary?"

Sammy was quiet for a moment. "Mr. Chartussi received some information that was obviously incorrect. He wanted to clear things up so there were no misunderstandings."

Mario nodded. "Please tell him I thank him for coming to me directly."

"Of course. Thank you for your time."

Mario and Luther waited until Sammy left the room. Mario nodded to the two men in the corner. "Follow him and make sure he leaves the state."

Once the men left, Mario leaned his elbow on the table, and rested his chin on his hand. Luther frowned and slowly shook his head.
"This isn't good. Something triggered that visit, and I don't believe for a second it was someone whispering in Chartussi's ear."

Mario sighed. "I agree." He thought for a moment. "Let's put Justin on Cooper."

Luther nodded. He tried to think of a delicate way to express his next thought, but there simply wasn't one. He would have to just put it out there.

"Perhaps it's time to pull Blaine out of Dalton. He could go to Westerville. He'd be home every night. I could start working with him."

Mario shook his head. "No. I don't wanna do that until absolutely necessary. He just needs one more year and he'll graduate, and he's happy there. This might not be Cooper. It might just be idle gossip. Chartussi's always been paranoid about the east coast. This could be nothing."

Luther sighed.

It was Mario's one flaw.

He loved his sons and the love sometimes made him blind.

Chapter End Notes

Okay, so in case you didn't already guess, this is the first story I've ever posted on A3O. I've been a fanfiction dot net girl all these years. So, please bear with me on the formatting. I'm slowly figuring it out and trying to go back and correct as I do.

Thank you!
Chapter 8

Anastasia smiled as she sat in her dressing room listening to Blaine. Her son sounded so happy and so very in love. So in love that he wanted to bring his boyfriend home to meet her.

"…and he's really funny, mom. He has this amazing, super sharp wit, but he can be silly too. One time during Warbler practice…"

Anastasia laughed more at the sound of Blaine's laughter than his story. She loved the beautiful, pure sound of her son's laughter and the happiness it communicated. That was all she wanted for her sons. For them to be happy.

"So, can I mom? Can I bring him home one weekend? I'd really like you to meet him. I think you'll really like him."

Anastasia closed her eyes and reviewed her husband's schedule in her mind. It would probably be best if he weren't home.

"Next Friday is the family dinner, so that's out, but your father goes to Florida the following Wednesday. He plans to stay the weekend to play golf which means he won't be back until Sunday evening, so how about that weekend?"

"Perfect! Do you think we could do something to make things look normal? I mean, I know we can't get rid of the guards, but could we tone it down a little? I'd really like the house to look a little less military base and more family home, and will you bake cookies?"

Anastasia's heart ached a little. She'd always wanted as much normalcy for her sons as possible, but with recent developments, getting rid of the guards could be tricky. And dangerous.

"I'll see what I can do. With your father gone, I'm sure I can work something out, and yes, I'll bake cookies."

"Thanks mom. You're the best! I love you."

"I love you too, darling. I love you too."

Kurt was fascinated by his bracelet.

It was black leather with inlays of stainless steel, comfortably tight, and felt perfect against his skin. He loved that it made him feel connected to Blaine, but the fact that he couldn't remove it filled him with a strange, unidentifiable feeling. He felt happy, cared for, protected, loved and something else…

"…owned by the crown at that time, so the colonists decided to…"

Kurt shook his head and blinked.

Owned?

What?

He looked up at his history teacher and then down quickly, pretending to take notes. When he looked up again, Blaine was staring at him from across the room with an intensity so strong, Kurt could physically feel it. He spent the final 15 minutes of class trying to concentrate with no success.
Blaine staring at him turned his mind to mush.

When the bell rang, Blaine waited for him to gather his things.

"So, I was thinking that maybe we could go to the movies this weekend. Maybe see what's playing at the revival house."

Kurt shook his head. "I can't. I talked to my dad Sunday night and he reminded me that I haven't been home once. He's picking me up Friday afternoon."

Blaine frowned. "You're going home this weekend?"

Kurt sighed guiltily. "Yes. Can you believe I haven't been home once since getting here? My dad was very understanding, but I feel bad. I know he's missed me."

"But I go home next weekend. That means we'll be apart two weekends in a row."

"Oh. I guess I didn't realize that."

"Can't you wait and go next weekend?"

Kurt slowly shook his head. "I don't think so. I already told my dad I'd come home. I don't wanna disappoint him."

Blaine reached out and gently took hold of Kurt's wrist, curling his fingers into the small space between the bracelet and Kurt's skin.

"I don't like the idea of two weekends in a row without you."

"I know. I don't like it either, but I really need to go home. I feel bad for not going sooner."

Blaine stopped walking and pulled Kurt to the side of the busy hallway.

"From now on you need to ask me before making plans to go home. We should try to be gone the same weekend. Do you understand?"

Kurt slowly nodded. "Okay."

"Well, since you are deserting me two weekends in a row, you can make it up to me by coming home with me in three weeks."

Kurt grew excited. "Really? Seriously?"

Blaine smiled and nodded. "Yes. My mother would love to meet you."

"Oh, Blaine! I'd love to!"

"Good."

Blaine walked Kurt to his next class. As he turned to head towards his own class, he ran smack into Timothy.

"Oh, sorry. Hey! Timothy! Hi!"

Timothy looked down in embarrassment. "Hey, Blaine."

"Glad you're officially back."
Timothy looked up nervously. "Thanks. Um…about what happened at the mall…"

Blaine shook his head. "Don't worry about it. Your brother was just trying to look out for you."

"Yeah, but I'm sorry he basically accused you of being a drug dealer in front of your boyfriend. He just assumed…you know…with your family and all, but don't worry. I told him it wasn't you."

"Thanks, I really appreciate that. My family's into a lot of things, but drugs isn't one of them."

"Are you sure about that?"

"What do you mean?"

Timothy shifted nervously. "I…I'm not supposed to, but…I keep in touch with a couple of my old friends. I don't meet up with them or anything….just an occasional phone call to see how they're doing."

Blaine shook his head in disapproval. "Timothy…"

"I don't meet up with them, I swear, but I can't just desert them. They were my friends during a really tough time."

"They weren't your friends, Timothy. They were people to get high with."

"They were there when no one else was."

Blaine felt a wave of guilt. He should have paid more attention to Timothy last year.

"What did you mean by, am I sure about my family and drugs?"

Timothy suddenly looked scared. "Um, the bells about to ring. We're gonna be late to class."

"I don't care."

"Blaine…I just got back. I can't afford to get in trouble."

"Okay. Fine. We'll talk later."

Timothy nodded and hurried off.

Blaine leaned against the wall and closed his eyes.

Shit.

By Friday afternoon, Kurt was surprised by how excited he was to be going home. He was looking forward to seeing his dad, and Carol, and even Finn. He was going to help his dad at the shop Saturday morning, and had plans to hang out with Rachel and Mercedes Saturday evening. He would miss Blaine, but he was glad to be going home.

Blaine was silently furious that he was going home.

As he sat on the bed and watched Kurt pack, he vowed to make sure this never happened again. Two weekends in a row without Kurt was unacceptable.

Kurt zipped up his bag and sat it down by the door. He joined Blaine on the bed. Blaine reached for Kurt's wrists and curled his fingers into the bracelet. The gesture was becoming a habit. Kurt looked
down at his wrist.

"Maybe you should take off my bracelet for the weekend."

"Why would I do that?"

"Well, I'm gonna be helping my dad at the shop Saturday morning. I'll probably just go over the office stuff, but I may need to work on a few cars. I don't want the bracelet to get caught on anything."

Kurt's explanation was very reasonable and made perfect sense, but there was no way Blaine was removing the bracelet.

"What do you wear when you work on cars?"

"Usually overalls. Very fashionable overalls of course, but overalls nonetheless."

"Do you wear long sleeves?"

Kurt nodded.

"Okay. Then just make sure the bracelet is covered by the sleeves."

"Well of course I'll do that, but why don't you just take it off and keep it for the weekend? It's so beautiful. I don't want anything to happen to it."

"Nothing will happen to it. It's very durable."

"But…" Kurt stopped talking when he saw the fierce look in Blaine's eyes.

"I'm not removing the bracelet, Kurt, and I don't want you trying to remove it. It's important that you always wear it. Do you understand?"

"Yes, but…why is it important that I always wear it?"

"Don't you want to wear it?"

Kurt quickly nodded. "Of course….I just don't understand…"

"It's important because it's from me, and I love you. That should be enough."

Kurt didn't understand Blaine's insistence, but he didn't want to spend their last few minutes together arguing.

"Okay."

Blaine reached over and cupped Kurt's cheek before sliding his hand down to Kurt's neck.

"You are truly the most beautiful man I've ever seen."

Kurt smiled. "Ever look in a mirror?"

"Yes, and I wonder how someone as gorgeous as you, could love someone like me."

Kurt rolled his eyes. "Please. You're the alpha gay in this relationship, remember?"

"Alpha gay, huh?" Blaine thought for a moment before lunging at Kurt, pushing him down on to the
bed and pinning his hands above his head.

"In that case, your alpha demands a hand job before you leave."

Kurt glanced at the clock. "My dad will be here in fifteen minutes."

"Then you'd better work fast."

x-x-x-x-x

20 minutes later, a very relaxed Blaine, and a very proud Kurt walked out the front doors of the dorm just as Burt pulled up. Kurt always felt proud and powerful whenever he jerked Blaine off. He loved that he was able to reduce his normally cool, calm, and controlled boyfriend into an incoherent mess. He also loved the soft, sleepy look in Blaine's eyes after an orgasm. It was so cute.

Burt turned off the engine and hopped out the truck.

"Come here, kiddo. Give your old man a hug."

Kurt hugged his dad tight. Blaine stood back and quietly observed. He wondered what Kurt had told his dad about him. Had he told him about his family?

Kurt turned and reached for Blaine's hand to pull him forward. "Dad, this is Blaine Anderson. Blaine, my father, Burt Hummel."

Blaine and Burt shook hands.

"Nice to meet you, Blaine."

"It's good to meet you, sir."

Burt shook his head. "You can kill the sir stuff. Just Burt is fine."

Blaine nodded and smiled. Burt looked him up and down.

"So, you like Dalton?"

"Yes sir…Burt. It's a fine school."

"Uh huh. And you like my son?"

Kurt blushed. "Dad…"


"Well, I hope you're a gentleman when it comes to Kurt."

Blaine nodded vigorously. "Absolutely. Always." Except when I'm trying desperately to get in his pants.

Burt nodded. "Okay, well just make sure you continue to be a gentleman."

Blaine nodded while Kurt rolled his eyes. "Okay, let's get going."

"Nice meeting you, Blaine."

"Likewise."
Burt picked up Kurt's bag and headed towards the truck. Kurt turned to Blaine and smiled. "I guess you passed."

"Good. I'm gonna miss you. Text me when you get there."

"It's only for two days. Really one and a half. I'll be back Sunday afternoon."

"Still too long." Blaine was very aware of Burt watching them from the truck, so he only gave Kurt a quick kiss on the cheek, but he whispered in his ear.

"I'm going to jerk off every night to my dreams of making love to you. I can't wait for you to make my dreams a reality."

Kurt's pulse quickened slightly as the powerful feeling from earlier returned. He gave Blaine a sultry look.

"Sweet dreams then." Kurt turned and walked towards the truck with an extra switch in his hips.

Blaine's jaw dropped. Kurt sexy flirting? Maybe they were closer to sex than he'd thought.

Blaine waved as Burt pulled off. He waited until the truck was out of sight before heading back to his room. He took out his laptop and pulled up an encrypted site. He typed in his password and smiled when a map appeared with a red dot moving slowly down US-33 towards Lima.

Blaine took out his book for English class and started working on his homework, glancing from time to time at the computer screen to check Burt and Kurt's progress. After almost two hours, the red dot stopped. Blaine clicked on the dot and Kurt's home address of 415 Whitman Avenue appeared in a small box. About five minutes later, Blaine's cell phone rang with a text.

K – Made it home. CU Sunday. Love You.


Blaine logged out of the website and headed to the dining room to meet Telio for dinner.

x-x-x-x-x

"So, you wanna start training tonight?"

Blaine nodded. Maybe getting his ass kicked by Telio would curb his sexual appetite.

The two looked around the dining room and spotted Timothy sitting by himself at a table, eating and reading a book. They headed over and sat down before Timothy realized what was happening.

Timothy looked at them nervously. "Uh…hi."

"Mind if we join you?"

"Um, no."

"Good."

Blaine and Telio ate in silence while Timothy waited anxiously. Finally Blaine spoke.

"So, explain what you meant yesterday."
"What I meant about what?"

Blaine sat back, crossed his legs and rested his hands on his knee. Telio suppressed a smile.

Like father, like son.

"What you meant by asking if I was sure my family is not involved in drugs."

"Oh." Timothy looked down at the table.

Blaine's eyes narrowed and his voice turned demanding. "Timothy, tell me what you know."

"I…it's just…I mean…I don't really know anything. Someone just told me…I mean, it's not like he's reliable. He was probably high when he said it."

"Said what?"

Timothy looked up at the tone of Blaine's voice. He suddenly felt more scared than nervous.

"Okay…um…well, like I told you, I still stay in touch with some of my friends from that time, and my one friend… he and I were talking, and he said there was this new, really pure product on the street. The type of stuff a small town like Westerville rarely gets. I asked him where it came from and…he said this guy told him…um….told him that he got it from this other guy who said…"

Timothy trailed off.

Blaine leaned forward. "Said what?"

Timothy whispered. "He said the Andersons were bringing it in. I automatically assumed it was your family, but maybe not."

Blaine sat back.

Cooper.

Shit.

He glanced at Telio. His expression said he was thinking the same thing.

Blaine looked at Timothy. "Listen to me, Timothy. You need to stop hanging out with your old friends, especially if they're still using. You can't be around people who are using. You've gotta cut them out of your life."

Timothy glared at him. "Easy for you to say. You've got tons of friends. My Dalton friends are all scared to be around me, or aren't allowed to be around me because their parents know about last year. Everyone's been told to stay away from me."

"Then we'll find you some new friends. Just stay away from people who use, Timothy. Promise me you'll stay away from them."

Timothy gave Blaine a hard look. "So…is it true? Is your family into drugs now? Maybe I should stay away from you."

Blaine shook his head. "I don't know what's going on, but I'm going to find out. In the meantime, please, Timothy. Stay away from people who are still using. Promise me?"

Timothy nodded. "Kay."
After dinner Blaine and Telio went to the gym. As they pulled out the floor mats, Blaine told Telio about the conversation he'd overheard a few months ago and about the New York numbers on Cooper's cell phone.

"But it sounded like he wanted to get rid of the shipment. He said it was a one time thing."

"Well, maybe whoever he sold the drugs to someone who turned around and distributed them in town. On the one hand, it's good that he didn't sell them to anyone in New York, but at the same time, selling in Ohio is going to get him killed by your dad."

"Selling drugs period is going to get him killed by my dad, plus the doing business in Ohio." Blaine sighed heavily. "Come on. Beat the shit out of me."

They spared for an hour. Mario had insisted that both Blaine and Cooper learn the basics of self-defense, but Telio's training had been far more intensive and specialized. He knew various forms of karate and hand-to-hand combat. He was an expert marksman, could handle a knife, and had even spent several months training with a mob assassin. At one point, Anastasia tried to put an end to Telio's training. She didn't like the idea of turning a young boy into a trained killing machine, but Telio loved the training. He was naturally gifted, and he loved the strength and confidence that came from knowing how to protect himself. He just wished he'd had the training sooner. Maybe he could have protected his mother and saved his father.

They stopped when Blaine finally managed to successfully slip out of Telio's hold and flip himself out of his reach.

Telio grinned approvingly. "Good, good. It's all coming back to you. You have the skills, you just need to start practicing again. We should definitely start working out twice a week."

They grabbed their water bottles and sat down on the bleachers. Blaine took out his phone and pulled up the tracking site. Kurt was still at home.

"Are you tracking him?"

Blaine didn't even look up. "Yeah."

Telio simply nodded. He had figured as much when he noticed the bracelet on Kurt's wrist.

"Does he know?"

Blaine shook his head.

"Do you think that's right?"

Blaine glared at him. "I don't care if it's right. I can't protect him if I don't know where he is."

"Like father, like son."

Blaine turned angry. "Don't say that. That's not true."

"Of course it's true. I've seen how you look at him. I've seen that look before. I guess it's good that you plan to introduce Kurt to your mom. Maybe she can prepare him for the life he's in for."

"Shut up."

Telio put his hands up. "Hey look, I don't give a fuck. The way you Anderson men treat your women...men is your business."
"So, you're telling me that if you ever manned up and talked to Alicia, and she became your girlfriend, you wouldn't track her?"

Telio grabbed his bag and slung it over his shoulder. "No, I wouldn't. But then again, I'm not an Anderson."

That night Blaine laid on his bed with his laptop open to the tracking site. The red dot hadn't moved from Kurt's home. Blaine hoped Kurt was having fun with his family. What would it be like to have a normal family? A home where there were more toys and friends, than gun and guards? He was excited about bringing Kurt home to meet his mom, but he was also worried. What if Kurt freaked out when he saw all the security? What if he decided it was too much to deal with, despite Blaine's promise to leave that world behind after graduation? What if seeing his home clued Kurt into what Blaine knew, but refused to think about?

That getting out was going to be easier said than done.

Blaine's cell phone rang. He smiled at Kurt's face on screen.

"Hey."

"Hi. I just wanted to call you before I went to bed. I meant to call earlier, but it's been nonstop since I arrived."

"So, I assume things are going well?"

"It's been great. I didn't realize how much I missed home until now. Carol cooked this great meal of all my favorites, which meant arguing with my dad about how much he was eating because most of my favorites are his favorites. And then of course, Finn…"

Blaine smiled as he listened to Kurt's happy chatter. Then Kurt dropped the news.

"…so he's decided to run for Congress! I can't believe it, but he's totally serious about it. Mr. Schueester talked him into it after Coach Sue, the crazy cheerleading coach who hates the glee club, and most everything else in life, decided she was going to run on a kill the arts platform."

"Congress as in US Congress?"

"Yes! I don't know how good his chances are, but Mr. Schue and the members of the local Democratic club seem to think he has a decent shot. I am a little worried about the stress it will cause. I don't want him to have another heart attack, but his doctor has given him a clean bill of health, and I know Carol wouldn't let him do it if she didn't feel his health was strong enough."

Blaine rubbed his forehead in worry. A mobster's son dating a US Congressman's son? This couldn't be good.

"Well I better go in. I'm sitting in the backyard and the bugs are starting to notice me."

Blaine climbed off his bed and went to stand by the window. He looked up at the sky. "Are you looking at the night sky?"

"Yes."

"Me too."
There was a minute of silence before Kurt spoke again.

"I really love you, Blaine. I'm glad to be home, but I do miss you."

"I love and miss you too. I can't wait to see you on Sunday."

"I should be back by 4:00 pm."

"I'll be waiting."

"Goodnight."

"Goodnight."

Blaine sat down on the bed and stared at the red dot for moment before logging out of the site and lying down.

He fell into a restless sleep as his mind refused to calm, and his body ached with warning.

Saturday morning, Blaine watched the red dot travel to 1236 East Main Street, the address for Hummel Tire & Lube. Once it stopped moving he picked up his cell phone.

"What do you want, squirt? I'm busy."

"Nice way to greet your brother."

"What do you want?"

"How are you? What are you up to?"

"Seriously? You called to chat? Don't you have homework to do, or some song to sing?"

"Did you ever get your boxes moved?"

"What?"

"Did you get your boxes moved? You know. The ones that needed to be moved by Tuesday."

Silence.

"Cooper?"

"Cooper?"

"What do you want, Blaine?"

"I just wanted to make sure things got moved. I mean, I know it's been a couple of weeks, but…"

"Why are you asking?"

"I don't want you to get in trouble. Dad would be very upset if those boxes were still…stacked up. They don't belong here."

Silence.

"Cooper?"
"Yeah, I got them moved."

"Okay. Well, that's good." Blaine waited a moment before continuing.

"Are there anymore boxes?"

Silence.

"Cooper?"

"Cooper? Look, I don't think you should pack anymore boxes. You managed to move those before dad found out. Don't push your luck."

Silence.

"Cooper?"

"Cooper?"

"Cooper!"

"Fuck off, Blaine."
Chapter 9

Chapter Notes

Kurt and Blaine finally have sex. Nothing non-consensual, but maybe triggers for rape? Maybe? A little? I don't know, but let's go with that just to be safe.

There's also two murders, but not of main characters.

By Sunday afternoon Blaine was a wreck. He couldn't wait for Kurt to return. Despite jerking off twice Sunday morning, his cock remained semi-hard. His mouth craved the taste of Kurt's lips and tongue, while his fingers itched to touch Kurt's skin. His body ached to be close to him, on top of him, inside him. His head was full of fantasies that ranged from running his tongue all over Kurt's naked body before slowly making love to him, to tearing his clothes off and fucking him senseless. Mostly the latter.

He wasn't sure what had brought on this new fierce, sexual hunger, but he was desperate for relief. The only cause he could pinpoint was stress. Stress about what Timothy had said, his brother's activities and what they might lead to, plus what it could mean for his own future had Blaine worked up and frustrated. He didn't want to care about Cooper's bullshit, but he couldn't shake his concern. Cooper's actions could put their family in danger and it pissed him off that Cooper either didn't realize that, or didn't care. And who was he getting high grade cocaine from? The purer the drug, the more dangerous the source. Plus the greater the demand, the higher the price, the higher the chance of getting noticed by other dealers who wouldn't appreciate the new competition, not to mention the cops. Cooper was playing with a fire that could burn him alive.

And leave Blaine to clean up the mess.

Which brought up a bigger issue.

Should he tell his father?

He really wanted to stay out of it, but if Cooper was selling drugs, his father needed to know. If he was doing business in New York, his father definitely needed to know. But despite their strained relationship, Blaine hated the idea of snitching on his brother. He would be doing exactly what Cooper feared most. Proving that he was the better son. The smarter one. The one who should be in charge one day. If he said something, Cooper would view it as both a betrayal and a play to push him aside so Blaine could take over. But if he said nothing and something happened…

Blaine closed his eyes and clenched his fists as both anger and sexual arousal flooded his mind and his cock.

Fuck.

He looked around the library to see if anyone was paying attention before pulling up the tracking site on his laptop. He stared at the red dot, frozen at Kurt's home address. Shit. Kurt hadn't left Lima yet, but maybe that was a good thing. He could try to kill his sexual tension before Kurt returned. He picked up his phone and sent a text to Telio.
B – You wanna work out?

T – Sure

B- Gym in 20 minutes

x-x-x-x-x

Telio studied Blaine closely as he entered the gym. Something was definitely wrong…and new.

"Hey."

"Hey."

Telio looked him up and down. Why did Blaine look…taller, stronger?

"You okay?"

"Yeah. Let's just get to work."

Five minutes in and Telio knew something was definitely wrong. Blaine's grasp was stronger, his punches harder, his movements quicker. It was like he had improved 150% since their last session. Telio decided to stop operating in practice mode and to take it up a notch. He increased his speed and the force of his punches. Blaine matched him, his eyes focused, his face twisted in determination and anger.

And suddenly they were fighting for real.

Blaine caught Telio's jaw with a ferocious right hook that rattled Telio's face. Telio returned fire with five successive punches to Blaine's stomach. Blaine fell back, but quickly flipped himself up and launched a kick that landed on Telio's shoulder. Telio grabbed his foot and flipped him to the floor. Blaine jumped up again and ran straight at him, fists flying. They fell to the floor and rolled over and over, each struggling to pin the other. Telio threw Blaine off and jumped up, but Blaine didn't miss a beat. He grabbed Telio's arm and flipped him, but Telio was quick. He jumped up and returned the move, flipping Blaine's arm and flipped him, but Telio was quick. He jumped up and returned the move, flipping Blaine to his stomach and managing to pin him before he could get away. He pulled Blaine's hands behind his back and held them there with one hand, while his arm wrapped around Blaine's neck, forcing his head back in a tight choke hold.

"I see you came to play."

"Let go!"

"Not until you calm down and relax."

"Get off me!"

"No. Calm down and relax. Relax your body into my grip."

"No!"

"Blaine…"

"Fuck you!"

Telio tightened his hold, partially cutting off Blaine's ability to breathe.
"You know I could kill you like this, right? It would be easy. I also know how to hide your body and disappear. Even your father would never find me. I know the Andersons too well."

Blaine was beginning to wheeze.

"Relax your body, Blaine."

Struggling to breathe made it harder to relax, but Blaine managed to let go and give into Telio's hold. Telio released his neck and jumped off of him. Blaine rolled to his back and coughed as his body struggled to take in air. Telio grabbed their water bottles and collapsed on his back next to Blaine. The two lay in silence for several minutes before sitting up to take long gulps of water. Telio's eyes never left Blaine's face.

"You have to tell your dad about Cooper's drug dealing."

"No, I don't."

"Yes, you do."

"I don't have to tell him anything. It's not my problem."

"Of course it's your problem. Drugs attract attention. Cooper could single-handedly destroy your entire family."

"Would that be such a bad thing?"

"How could you say something like that?"

"Because it's true. Do you ever stop and think about the fact that the business you are so fucking eager to join is made up of criminals and murderers? I mean seriously, Telio? Is that really what you want because I don't."

"So you just want it to all come crashing down? You want your father to go to jail? What would happen to your mother? Hell, what would happen to us?"

"We'd have a normal life, like normal people, instead of being surrounded by guns, and security, and having to always check over our shoulder. I'm sick of this shit."

Telio was quiet for a moment, eyes narrowed as his mind churned towards clarity.

"This is about Kurt, isn't it?"

Blaine said nothing, but his cock twitched in his pants.

Telio shook his head angrily. "I can't believe this shit. I knew this was a mistake. I never should have let you go down this road. Having your dick up his ass is fucking up your head!"

"Shut up."

"Let me make sure I understand your fucked up thinking. You don't wanna tell your father about Cooper because you're scared that will be the final straw leading your father to officially announce that you're next in line, despite the fact that everybody already knows you will take over some day. Oh, but wait. You'd be willing to let your brother destroy your family to ensure that you don't have to take over, and for what? Because of a promise you made to Kurt that you never should have made in the first place."
"You know what, Telio? Since you're so concerned about the future of the family, why don't you tell my dad? Better yet, why don't you become the fucking boss! How about that?"

"I'd trade with you in a heartbeat, but I know my place, and I keep it."

Blaine's anger receded a bit. "Your place? You're a member of this family, Telio. You're my brother."

Telio shook his head. "No, I'm not. You have a brother. I'm…I'm just…I don't know what I am, but it's not my place to tell your dad anything. I don't report on you, and I'm not gonna report on Cooper, but you have to, Blaine. You have to before something bad happens. If you don't, Cooper could destroy everything, or worse…pull us into a war. Tell your dad before it's too late."

Kurt hummed as he watched the landscape passing by. How different things were from 3 months ago when he was on his way to Dalton. Then he'd been nervous and worried about his decision to enroll. Now he had friends, membership in a glee club that actually appreciated his presence, a handsome boyfriend he couldn't wait to return to, and he even had a matchmaker project to work on. He was determined to help Telio talk to Alicia. It turned out Alicia was friends with Courtney, the girl Doug liked. Kurt was hoping to arrange a casual meet up at the Westerville Coffee House.

"So," said Burt, "we never really had a chance to talk about this Blaine kid. How long you two been hanging out?"

No, they hadn't had a chance to talk about Blaine, and that had been by Kurt's design. He didn't want his dad asking too many questions. Kurt had managed to keep most of the weekend's conversation focused on his dad's pending congressional campaign.

"Well, we've been friends since I arrived. I'm not exactly sure when things turned serious. It just happened gradually."

"Where's he from?"

"Westerville."

"What's his parents do?"

"His mom stays home, and his dad is in construction." That wasn't a lie. It really wasn't.

"Okay, well at the risk of sounding like a broken record, I'd like to remind you to be careful. Remember what I told you. Sex is fun and it feels great, but it does something to you. To your heart, so don't throw yourself around like you don't matter because you matter, Kurt."

"But," Kurt started hesitantly, "it's also a way to connect to another person, right? An expression of love?"

Burt gripped the steering wheel a little tighter. He glanced at Kurt and waited a moment before answering.

"Yes. When you're ready it is a beautiful way to connect to another person, but…just make sure you're ready and that the person deserves you and truly loves you as much as you love them. Don't rush into anything."

Kurt nodded and stared out the window for the rest of the drive.
Skylar was scared.

Cooper didn't look good. He was sweaty, agitated, and talking too fast. How much shit had he snorted today?

"Look, Dougie. My buyer is expecting the pure grade shit. Not this fucking baby powder you're trying to pass off on me. Do I look like a fucking idiot? Why are you holding out on me, huh? Why?"

Dougie was a small guy with a shaved head and tattoos covering almost every part of his body. He shook his head.

"Look man, I told you. This is what he gave me. This is all I got. You want it or not?"

"This is not what my buyer is expecting! What the fuck is wrong with you? Where's the good shit? The shit from before!"

"It ain't my fault! My boss got a higher price than what you were offering, so he took it. Sold it to somebody else."

Cooper was losing it.

Alan out of New York had proved to be an excellent customer. They'd done several buys over the last few weeks, and his recent order was a big one.

"Are you sure you can fill this, Cooper? The people I'm passing it along to do not take unfulfilled orders or missed shipments lightly."

"I can handle it," Cooper had answered with drug induced confidence.

And now this jackass was fucking with him.

"A higher price? A higher price? Are you fucking kidding me? Do you know who I am? Huh? Do ya? Do you know how fucking rich I am? What the fuck?"

"Look man, I didn't think…"

Cooper was screaming. "You didn't think! You didn't think! You dumb motherfucker! You didn't ask! I would have paid your fucking price! Why didn't you ask?"

Dougie stepped back as did the two guys with him. Cooper was shaking and breathing too hard, his eyes wild and unfocused. Dougie decided it was time to get the hell out of there.

"Look asshole, we're through. If you want this shit, pay me and I'll be on my way. If not, fine, but I don't wanna hear from your stupid ass ever again!"

Skylar laid his hand on Cooper's arm. "Cooper, let's just go. We'll find someone else. Let's go."

Cooper shrugged off Skylar's hand. "Stupid? You think I'm stupid? I'm not fucking stupid!"

It happened in an instant.

Cooper pulled his gun and shot Dougie.

One guy dove behind a car and started shooting, while the other hit the ground and scrambled towards the alleyway. Cooper shot Dougie four more times before Skylar managed to pull him away.
and push him to the ground behind the SUV, but Cooper was out of control. He jumped up and kept firing.

"Stupid! You think I'm stupid! I may be stupid, but you're dead motherfucker!"

"Cooper! Stop it! Get down!"

Cooper kept firing at the guy behind the car, finally killing him.

And just like that it was silent.

Cooper stood there looking crazed with a small smile on his face. Skylar opened the car door and pushed him inside. He grabbed the box of cocaine from Dougie's car, placed it in the back of the SUV and sped away.

Leaving two men dead on the ground.

And two witnesses.

Blaine watched the red dot travelling closer and closer to Dalton with growing anticipation and worried fear. He'd hoped fighting with Telio would take the edge off and relieve his sexual tension, but instead their conversation had left him feeling more stressed and confused. Telio was right. He needed to tell his dad about Cooper, but in doing so, would he be sealing his own fate? He'd promised Kurt that everything would be okay. That he would never be a part of his family's world. He didn't want to break that promise, and more importantly, he didn't want to put Kurt in danger.

Blaine sat down on his bed and put his face in his hands. He had to pull himself together. He was losing it. The strange, dark, sexually sinister thoughts were back, and Kurt was on his way, and his cock was hard again, and…

His cell phone rang with a text.

K – Almost there. I'll take a shower and come down. Can't wait 2CU.

Blaine stared at the screen. He should tell him no, that he had to study, or meet someone, or… something.

B – Okay.

A little after 5:00 pm, Kurt arrived at Blaine's door, freshly showered and wearing a t-shirt and sweatpants. He raised his hand to knock, but the door swung open and Blaine pulled him in, smashing their mouths together. Blaine's grip was firm, his kiss demanding and hungry. Kurt tried to pull back, but Blaine tightened his hold and tried to speak and kiss Kurt at the same time.

"You…have no……idea…how much…I…missed you…gorgeous." Blaine's voice was deep and tinged with a dark current Kurt had never heard before. He tried to pull back again, but Blaine's grip grew tighter as his eyes darkened with a heavy, thick lust.

Kurt was surprised by the tremble in his own voice. Was he scared or excited?

"I-I missed you too. Are you okay?"

"From now on you ask me before you plan to leave."
Kurt nodded. "Right. We need to try to go home the same weekend."

Blaine lowered his voice and whispered in Kurt's ear. "You don't ever leave campus without my permission."

Kurt felt a strange sensation float through him. He said nothing. Blaine placed his hand on the side of Kurt's neck.

"You can't leave without my permission. I can't protect you if I don't know where you are. Do you understand?"

Kurt slowly nodded.

"Tell me you understand, Kurt."

"I understand."

Blaine pressed a kiss to Kurt's lips, and a hand to his cock, dragging Kurt under a fog of arousal as he palmed him through his clothes before grabbing Kurt's pants and boxers and pulling them down. The rest of their clothes were quickly discarded as Blaine maneuvered them to the bed and pushed Kurt down, pinning his hands above his head, covering him with the full weight of his body. Kurt trembled and moaned as Blaine continued to kiss his mouth, suck his neck and lick his way down his chest to swallow his cock.

Blaine sucked as if for survival, sliding his mouth up and down, warm, wet and firm. Kurt dug his nails into the bed, bent his legs, feet flat on the bed, and arched up, hoping to get more of his cock into Blaine's mouth, but Blaine suddenly pulled off and sat up. He placed his hands on Kurt's inner thighs and gently pushed. Kurt allowed his legs to fall wide, giving Blaine full view and access to his ass. Blaine bent down and darted out his tongue, licking around Kurt's asshole teasingly before flicking inside. Kurt inhaled sharply in passionate surprise.

"Blaine!"

Blaine went to work, sliding his tongue further and further in until his face was buried in Kurt's ass. Kurt trembled as Blaine worked his tongue inside, tasting, sucking and probing. When he pulled out, he gently sucked Kurt's balls into his mouth before swallowing Kurt's cock again, bobbing his head up and down for several good sucks, before moving back down to bury his tongue in his ass again. He kept this up for several minutes until Kurt was nothing but need and want beneath him. It barely registered with him when Blaine sat up and reached into the drawer of the nightstand.

Blaine poured lube all over his fingers before gently, but with no warning, sliding one finger into Kurt's ass. Kurt's eyes flew open in surprised panic. Blaine didn't say a word. He just stared at Kurt as he slid in a second finger. Kurt took a deep breath and tried to relax through the slight stretch and burn as his body adjusted to the intrusion. Blaine slid his fingers in a bit deeper and sent Kurt's mind spiraling out of control.

"Oh…Blaine…Blaine…Blaine…"

Blaine waited a minute before slowly adding a third. Kurt was moaning and shaking, his body overwhelmed by the incredible stimulation inside him. Blaine continued to twist and push his fingers inside as he messily poured lube over Kurt's cock and started stroking firm and smooth. Kurt's stuttered moans and pleas reached a crescendo until he was screaming as he fell into a powerful orgasm. Kurt was a beautiful sight. His hair was a mess, his cheeks were flushed, and his eyes kept drifting open and closed as orgasmic after waves washed through him.
"You're always gorgeous, but when you cum….damn, Kurt. You're just so fucking beautiful."

And with that, Blaine leaned down and licked the cum from Kurt's stomach. Kurt watched with wide eyes that turned dark and warm with renewed arousal. A dark thrill ran through him when Blaine moved up and kissed him, purposely placing cum in his mouth with his tongue. Kurt's mind spiraled from both the act and the taste.

Blaine tucked his head by Kurt's neck and whispered in his ear, his voice rough and demanding.

"I need you. All of you. Now."

Blaine moved down and roughly pushed two fingers into Kurt's ass. Kurt squealed and sat up a little. Blaine pushed him back down and twisted his fingers before sliding in two more.

"Blaine…"

"I need you, Kurt. I need you so bad. I have to have you. Please…just let me…please…"

Blaine kissed him again, needy, desperate, and begging. Begging Kurt to say yes.

So he wouldn't be forced to just take him.

Kurt stared into Blaine's eyes.

_When you're ready it is a beautiful way to connect to another person, but…just make sure you're ready and that the person deserves you and truly loves you as much as you love them._

"Do you love me?"

"I love you more than anyone. More than anything. I love you…I promise I love you…and I need you…please…"

Kurt stared into his eyes for a few more seconds before he nodded and slowly spread his legs.

Blaine couldn't suppress a low growl as the lust he'd been struggling to keep in check came pouring forth. He quickly applied lube, and lined his cock up against Kurt's ready hole.

He knew he should go slow and be gentle.

But he couldn't help himself.

He pressed forward slowly and then all at once. Kurt screamed from the shock and sudden force pushing and stretching into him. Blaine pulled back and then thrust forward again, Kurt's scream ripping through him in a sick and twisted way.

"Ohhh, shit…more, gorgeous. Scream more."

Kurt cried out and clawed at Blaine's arms. "Ugh! Please! Please! Slow down! Please!"

"Can't…so good…scream for me, gorgeous. Scream for me!"

Blaine increased his quick pace, fucking in and out, hard and desperate. The deeper he sank in Kurt's ass, the more his body whined and sang. "Kurt…Kurt…Kurt…"

Kurt screamed from the intensity. He felt incredibly full, blissed out, and scared. It was too much and too fast, yet not enough all at the same time. He rose, crested, and rose some more with every thrust
as his fear melted away and his body went from being overwhelmed to needing more, more, more. He moaned, grunted and dug his nails into Blaine's shoulders. Blaine was chanting Kurt's name between moans, curses, and pledges of love as he fucked into him harder, faster. Then Blaine felt the strong heat of his orgasm bolting through his body. As he screamed Kurt's name, Kurt's body tightened and exploded.

They came down slowly with long stuttered moans and mumbles until they lay panting, sticky and warm. After several minutes, Blaine rolled off of Kurt and on to his back. Kurt turned to his side, wrapped his arms around himself, and squeezed his eyes shut. His body felt loose and calm, but his mind was confused, broken, and a little lost. He felt like he was floating in space with no tether, no connection. His heart was pounding too fast. He wasn't safe. He was alone. It was dark and scary. He let out a small cry.

And then Blaine was there, pulling Kurt to his chest, wrapping his arms around him, burying his face in Kurt's hair. The neediness dissolved as Kurt snuggled deep into Blaine's embrace. The lost feeling was replaced by the safe feeling of being loved and protected.

As his orgasmic fog lifted, replaced by clarity, Blaine's heart ached. He whispered brokenly in Kurt's ear.

"Kurt…I'm…I'm sorry. I…I didn't mean to…I just…I love you so much and I needed you. Please…I'm sorry."

Kurt shushed him. "It's okay, Blaine. I'm okay."

"I didn't mean to be so rough. I promise next time…next time I'll…"

"Shhh, Blaine, stop. It's okay. I'm fine. I'm perfectly fine."

"Are you sure?"

"Yes. I love you."

"I love you too, gorgeous. I love you so much."

They slowly shifted and settled into each other, Blaine's head resting on Kurt's chest. They lay in silence, and didn't move until Kurt felt a trickle running out of his ass. He was never more grateful for Blaine's bathroom.

"I need to take a shower."

"May I join you?"

"Of course. It's your bathroom."

"Our bathroom."

Kurt sat up and looked at him. "No…your bathroom."

Blaine sat up and gently caressed Kurt's hair across his forehead. It was the first time he'd ever seen it so messy. It was cute.

"Our bathroom. I want you to stay with me."

"You mean move in with you?"
"Yes."

"Blaine… I can't move in here. We'll get in trouble. Don't you think someone will notice that you only have one bed?"

"I want you to sleep with me every night. I need you to sleep with me every night."

Kurt felt a sudden pounding in his ears, and his heart felt tight in his chest as the familiar strange sensation filled him. When Blaine curled his fingers into his bracelet, Kurt thought he might pass out. Blaine was staring into his eyes which didn't help.

"Are you okay?"

Kurt nodded and started to climb out of the bed. He stopped mid-movement and slowly laid back down.

"What's wrong?"

Kurt blushed. "I'm sore."

Blaine bent down to lean his forehead on Kurt's shoulder. He didn't want Kurt to see his satisfied expression. He loved that Kurt was sore. Sore from being fucked by him. Part of Blaine was genuinely sorry for being so rough Kurt's first time, but another part of him, a darker part, was thrilled that Kurt was sore from being thoroughly fucked. The soreness would remind Kurt who he belonged to. Blaine tried to appeal to the better side of his nature.

"I'm sorry I was so rough. I just… you felt so good, and I've been wanting you for so long. I know that's not an excuse, but it's the truth. I had to have you, Kurt. I had to. I just had to."

Kurt nodded. "I understand."

Blaine pulled back a little to look into Kurt's eyes. "You do?"

"Yes."

The dark, sinister feeling returned.

"Good."

After 20 minutes, Kurt decided he couldn't wait any longer for a shower. He slowly climbed out of bed. As he stood and stretched his arms up high, Blaine stared at his finger prints on Kurt's arms and hips. As he slowly walked to the bathroom, Blaine caught a glimpse of the bruising on Kurt's thighs. He wanted to feel bad, but he didn't. The marks thrilled him.

They showered in silence, each washing the other and sharing soft kisses whenever the mood struck. When they were done, Blaine changed the sheets and made Kurt lay down on the bed while he gently massaged lotion into his skin. Within five minutes, Kurt was sound asleep.

Blaine sat down in his desk chair and watched Kurt sleep. He'd always felt responsible for Kurt, but now the feeling was stronger, deeper, almost urgent. Kurt had given himself to him completely. That was huge. A renewed sense of responsibility flowed through Blaine and he made up his mind.

He would definitely speak to his father that weekend, but not about Cooper. It was time for him to reassert his determination to stay out of the family business. If Cooper was about to implode, his father should know that he could not depend on Blaine to be the future of the family. It was time for
Blaine to focus on building his own future. A future with Kurt by his side as his beautiful boyfriend, lover, and one day husband.

Blaine laid down next to Kurt and caressed his hair as he whispered in the dark.

"I love you, Kurt. Thank you for giving yourself to me. I'll make sure you never regret it."

x-x-x-x-x

Around 1:00 am, Kurt woke up and quietly climbed out of bed. He used the bathroom and searched the floor for his clothes. He didn't even get to put his shirt on before Blaine was sitting up in bed staring at him.

"What are you doing?"

"I need to get back to my room."

"I told you I wanted you to stay."

Kurt sighed. "I know, and I would love to stay, but I can't. You know that. I'm probably already in trouble. They usually check the rooms Sunday evening to make sure everyone's back from the weekend. Hopefully Doug covered for me." Kurt pulled on his shirt. Blaine jumped up from the bed and walked over to him. He gently curled his fingers into Kurt's bracelet, his eyes dark and determined.

"I want you to stay, Kurt."

"Blaine…"

"I'm not asking you. I'm telling you."

The tone of Blaine's voice cut through Kurt, while Blaine's eyes burned into his. Blaine placed his hand on Kurt's neck. "I need you to stay."

Kurt wasn't sure why, but he felt a sudden urge to do what Blaine wanted. He slowly nodded his head.

"Okay."

Blaine pulled Kurt's shirt off and led him to bed. Kurt laid down on his back with Blaine covering him.

"Perhaps I need to tie you to the bed to make sure you don't runaway in the middle of the night."

Kurt shivered a little as his cock hardened. Blaine didn't miss either reaction.

"Would you like that, Kurt? Being tied to my bed."

Kurt didn't answer. Blaine smiled.

"I'll remember that."

He leaned down and kissed Kurt gently, his tongue lazily exploring his mouth before kissing his neck and chest. He gently teased, licked and nipped Kurt's right nipple, while rubbing his thumb across the left. Soon Kurt was wriggling around and whimpering. Blaine continued for a minute more before whispering in Kurt's ear.
"I promise to control myself this time."

All too quickly Kurt was groaning in pleasure as Blaine's fingers worked him open. His ass was still sore from earlier, but he was ready for more. He wanted to feel Blaine inside him again.

Blaine kept his promise, pushing into Kurt slowly, controlling his urge to fuck into him. He moved in and out gently while whispering pledges and promises of love and protection.

"I love you so much, gorgeous, and I promise…me and you, you and me. Always. Always, Kurt. I'll love you always, and I'll protect you. I promise. You'll never be alone again. You're mine and I love you."

Kurt didn't speak, but he couldn't stop his tears.

"Say you'll always be mine, Kurt. Say you'll always love me."

"I'll always love you, Blaine. Always."

Blaine came hard, but quietly. He pulled out and immediately swallowed Kurt's cock, quickly bringing him to a hard orgasm of his own.

Kurt thought about showering again, but sleep won. Blaine drifted off as well.

And dreamed of Kurt tied to his bed.

Kurt returned to his room around 5:00 am Monday morning. He planned to just stay up, but he made the mistake of laying down on his bed and ended up falling asleep. Doug woke him up at 7:20 am.

"Hey, you'd better move if you want breakfast."

Kurt glared at him, hating his presence at that moment.

Doug smirked at him. "Maybe if you didn't stay out until all hours of the night."

Kurt rolled over. "Oh, shut up."

By third period history class, Kurt was somewhat pulled together, but he would definitely have to review someone else's class notes for his first two classes. He'd felt dazed and a little lost all morning. Blaine had texted him that he wouldn't be at breakfast, and for some reason that threw Kurt off. He felt a longing inside him despite having spent the entire night wrapped in Blaine's arms. When Blaine walked into history class, Kurt felt a strong jolt in his chest. Blaine smiled at him and sat down. Kurt instantly felt better. Grounded.

For the first time in weeks, Kurt was able to fully concentrate in history class since Blaine seemed fascinated by the teacher's lecture. No mind-altering staring. Once class was over, Blaine waited for Kurt as usual and they headed towards their next class, but halfway there Blaine grabbed Kurt's hand and pulled him into an empty classroom. He locked the door and pushed Kurt up against the wall. He started rubbing Kurt's cock through his pants as he whispered in his ear.

"You look cute today. And by cute I mean dirty cute."

Kurt moaned as his cock went from cotton soft to stone in seconds. "Blaine…stop…class…"

But Blaine didn't stop. Instead he unzipped Kurt's pants and slipped his hand inside. He ran his fingers lightly down Kurt's cock and gently fondled his balls before withdrawing his hand and
pressing two fingers against Kurt's lips.

"Suck them well, or else it's gonna hurt."

Kurt obediently opened his mouth and sucked his fingers as wet as possible as he realized what was about to happen. He knew he should protest or try to stop him, but he wanted this, needed this. Blaine had lit a new hunger in him that craved satisfaction.

Blaine pulled Kurt's pants and boxers down just a bit and roughly slipped the two fingers into his ass. Kurt gasped and groaned as he leaned against Blaine, digging his nails into his shoulders. Blaine started sucking his neck as he darted his fingers in and out of his ass before adding a third and then the fourth. Kurt was sinking fast, despite his attempts to stay afloat.

"Blaine…ugh….stop…ohhhh…we have…we have…ohhh…"

Blaine pushed and twisted in Kurt's ass for another minute before pulling out. He pulled Kurt's boxers and pants up, tucked in his shirt, and buttoned and zipped his pants. Kurt was breathing hard, his face was red, and his eyes glazed. Blaine smiled wickedly.

"Hurry along, Kurt. You have class." He walked out leaving Kurt hot, hard, and hungry.

Kurt made it to class just as the bell rang. He sat down gingerly, pulled out his notebook and zoned out, his mind consumed with the renewed soft throb in his ass.

Telio quickly figured out that Kurt and Blaine had finally done the deed. Both boys were more relaxed and confident. The looks between them were so smoldering, Telio expected the air between them to burst into flames. But the most telling sign was his training sessions with Blaine. Overnight Blaine had turned into a beast. His punches were quick and hard, his kicks fast and direct, and his overall physicality was stronger, tougher, faster. A switch inside Blaine's mind and body had flipped on. He had someone precious to protect and he wanted to be ready.

Despite his protests, Kurt found himself sleeping in Blaine's room every night. He always returned to his own room after class to change before dinner. They would go to the library to study and do homework, and then Kurt would go back to his room to shower and change for bed. Doug didn't say anything about Kurt's new schedule. He was too engrossed in his own growing relationship with Courtney. The two were on the phone constantly.

They made love every night that week. Blaine found it easier to take his time and move slowly, while Kurt grew more confident in his body's ability to handle Blaine's size. Kurt had no real point of comparison, but he was sure Blaine was very, very well endowed. More so than other boys. Discrete glances in the shower after gym confirmed his suspicions. Even soft, Blaine was a hell of a lot bigger than anyone Kurt checked out.

By Thursday night, Kurt's ass was sore. Blaine sensed this and announced they would just cuddle together, despite Blaine leaving tomorrow for home. Kurt felt like crying.

"I'm gonna miss you so much."

"I'll miss you too, but I think this will be my last weekend going home for a while."

"Really? I thought you had to go home every four weeks for that meeting."

"Yeah, well, I plan to talk to my father about that. It doesn't make sense for me to be there. I'm not a part of the family business, so why do I need to be there?"
"But you should still go home to see your mom."

"I know. I'll do that a different weekend. A weekend when you can come with me."

"I can't wait to go home with you next week. I look forward to meeting your mom."

Blaine smiled. "I can't wait for you to meet her. I want her to meet the boy that has made me the happiest guy alive."

Kurt smiled and snuggled closer to Blaine. "You make me happy too. I never thought things could ever be so perfect, but they are. Everything's perfect."

Blaine stared at the ceiling in silence.

Burt and Carol sat on the couch in their living room listening carefully to Federal Agent Fred Barkley. It was all so shocking and frightening. Carol turned to Burt, her face lined with worry, fear in her eyes.

"I don't want you working late anymore. What if they had decided to…I don't know? Come in the shop or something. You could have been killed!"

Burt sighed heavily and patted her hand. "Now, let's not get too worked up over this. I've had the shop in that location for over 20 years with no problems. Let's not have a kneejerk reaction to this."

Carol shook her head angrily. "But things have changed in 20 years, Burt. Lima's not the town it used to be."

Agent Barkely nodded in agreement. "I don't want to add alarm to an already scary situation, but your wife is right, Mr. Hummel. Drugs are increasingly becoming quite a problem in this part of Central Ohio. Interstate 75 makes it easy to get them in and out, and despite the fairly quiet reputation of the Midwest, we have several notorious criminals in our area. The usual places like New York, Chicago, and L.A. are too hot. Criminals are looking for places where they can blend in and lie low. The Midwest has become very attractive."

Burt took off his baseball cap and rubbed his head. "I never go back there. Got no reason to. Our dumpsters are on the other side of the building. I forgot you could even drive back there. Who did you say discovered the bodies?"

Agent Barkely looked a bit uncomfortable. "We received an anonymous call."

Carol frowned. "So that means someone either stumbled on them, or knew about it."

Agent Barkely said nothing. He glanced at the pictures of Finn and Kurt on the mantle. "You have sons?"


"They attend McKinley?"

"Finn does, but our other son, Kurt, attends Dalton Academy up by Westerville."

Agent Barkley leaned forward. "Really? Any reason for the different schools?"

Burt's eyes clouded with slight sadness. It still bothered him that Kurt was basically forced to leave
"My son experienced some pretty extreme bullying at McKinley. We thought it best for him to go to Dalton. Better kids, better environment."

Agent Barkely suppressed a smirk. *Better kids my ass. Nothing but spoiled rich brats with money, a sense of entitlement, and parents who pay their way out of their fuck ups.*

He stood up. "Well, I just wanted to stop by and brief you on the situation. I suggest you continue staying out of that area. Just because a shooting went down there doesn't mean they won't continue to use that spot. Know that we'll be watching."

Carol gave him a quizzical look. "You said you're with the FBI. Isn't local drug dealing a local police matter?"

Agent Barkely looked uncomfortable again. "The local department called us for help. They're not as experienced dealing with these matters as we are."

Burt looked suspicious. "The FBI helps local police with local drug problems?"

Agent Barkely said nothing. Burt and Carol looked at each other.

"Agent," began Carol, "exactly who was murdered in that alley? These weren't random drug dealers, were they?"

Agent Barkely looked between the two of them.

"Good luck with your congressional campaign, Mr. Hummel."
Chapter 10

Skylar sat on the couch staring at the wall, his gun resting beside him. Over the past few days a thousand different escape scenarios had crossed his mind, but he was still sitting there. He'd come to the conclusion that despite everything, he didn't want to leave. He loved Cooper. He couldn't just bail on him now, plus Cooper needed him. He would stay and they would figure it out.

They'd been holed up at Skylar's place since the shooting. Cooper needed time to come down off the extreme high he was on from both the cocaine and the murders. Once he crashed, he crashed hard, sleeping for days while Skylar fretted over him like a mother over a child. Once Cooper was awake and wanted to leave, Skylar talked him out of it, terrified he would be shot the moment he stepped on to the street.

Especially since they now knew exactly who Cooper had killed.

It turned out Dougie wasn't some random dough boy. He was actually Douglass Mason, nephew of Dirk Mason, a fairly big drug king out of Toledo. The news had sent Skylar towards a nervous breakdown, while Cooper wanted to snort every ounce of the coke they had taken from Dougie.

Which was another problem.

They had officially stolen coke from a drug king.

Skylar figured they had about a month before they would be shot dead or kidnapped and taken to Dirk to be tortured before being shot dead, but Cooper didn't seem worried. As a matter of fact, he was very nonchalant about the entire thing.

"Cooper, do you have any idea how much shit we're in? We killed the nephew of a drug king! And we fucking stole his coke! How long do you think it will be before Dirk comes looking for us? We need to get out of Ohio!"

Cooper laughed. "Relax. He wouldn't dare come after me. He's not gonna fuck with an Anderson. As far as he knows my father authorized the deal. He's not gonna just shoot the son of Mario Anderson."

"If Dirk doesn't kill us, your father will."

"No he won't. I have a plan."

Skylar closed his eyes. A plan. Great. Another fucking plan. "What is it?"

"You and I are going to attend the next Anderson family dinner where I will make the case for the Andersons to move into the drug game. Think of it as my coming out party, but different from my brother." Cooper laughed.

"What?"

"We're going to the next dinner. I'm not hiding this anymore. Look, we've made an excellent connection on the east coast that likes our product and a couple other dealers are interested. We've made close to a million dollars in a little over a month, not to mention the money we've been making off the few kilos we've been spreading around Westerville. Yes, the Dougie thing was an unfortunate hiccup, but we're doing really well. We're making money. This is a viable business, and it proves I know what I'm doing. It proves I can handle business."
"But we've done all this behind your father's back! I don't think he's going to be impressed. I think he's going to be pissed, especially when he finds out that Alan is from New Jersey. I don't care what you say. New Jersey is too close to New York."

"I never made a deal with anyone to stay out of New York. That was my father and grandfather's ancient treaty shit. I represent a new generation."

Skylar walked into the kitchen and took a bottle of brandy off the shelf. He poured himself a large glass and took a long sip. The smooth, warm taste burned going down, but felt comforting all the same.

"Okay, fine. You go to the dinner and talk to your dad. Maybe this crazy plan will work and he'll protect us from Dirk. We really don't have a choice. Without him we're sitting ducks."

Cooper grinned. "Exactly."

"But," continued Skylar, "I don't think I should go. I know your family's rules. Only your father can invite someone to attend. I'd better not go."

"Nonsense. You're my business partner and confidant. You deserve to be there."

"I don't wanna overstep my bounds. Your father doesn't exactly like me much."

"I don't care. You're coming. If Blaine can have Telio at the table, I can have you."

Skylar burned at the thought of Telio getting to attend. He took another sip of brandy and thought about it. He doubted Mario was going to be impressed. If anything he would be furious, but the idea of wandering around with no protection, waiting for Dirk to strike, was very unappealing. At least with Mario they had a chance of staying alive.

"Okay. Let's do this."

For the first time in a long time, Blaine was anxious to get home. He was ready to have a serious conversation with his father. He knew it wouldn't go over well, but he didn't care. Nothing he planned to say should come as a surprise. He did feel a little guilty about Telio. All of Telio's hopes for a significant role within the organization depended upon Blaine. Blaine decided he would tell his father that Telio deserved a crew of his own once they graduated. He shouldn't have to work to get that position. He'd already earned it.

As they turned into the drive and slowed up for the gate to open, Blaine frowned at the sight of the armed men. He hoped they would be gone for Kurt's visit next weekend.

Telio pulled in behind a black Porsche SUV. "Isn't that Skylar's car?"

Blaine shrugged. "How the hell should I know?"

Telio shook his head. Observe everything was his motto. As they passed the car, Telio stopped to look a little closer. It was the same car Skylar always drove except this one was brand new. Why the brand new car? More importantly, why was Skylar there on family dinner night?

The moment they entered the house, both could tell something was wrong. The air was thick with tension. Blaine's mother hugged him too tight, her face twisted with worry.

"Mom, what's wrong?"
Anastasia shook her head. "I don’t really know, but things aren't right. Something either has happened, or is about to happen."

Blaine and Telio looked at each other, but said nothing.

45 minutes later Blaine came downstairs to find his brother and a very nervous Skylar sitting in the living room. He stared at his brother in surprise. Cooper was clean shaven, had gotten a haircut, and was wearing a crisp, casual, tailored black suit. His eyes were clear and focused. He looked great.

"What's up, squirt?"

"Hi. You look nice."

"Thanks."

"Hi ya, Blaine." Skylar was dressed similar to Cooper.

"Hi. Are you staying for dinner?"

At that moment Telio walked into the room. "Hey."

Skylar looked at Telio, but didn't say anything. Cooper looked Telio up and down. Shit. Was the kid on steroids? "Hi Telio. Still following around after my brother I see."

Blaine bristled at the comment, but Telio remained unfazed. "Yep."

Skylar smiled meanly. "Kind of like a dog."

Blaine glared at Skylar. "Shut up!"

Telio smiled. "Yep. A dog with a hell of a bite, so you'd better watch yourself."

Skylar was about to say something else when Anastasia entered the room.

"Boys it's time to be seated for dinner." She looked at Skylar. "Skylar, it was nice seeing you again, but you'll have to excuse us. My apologies." She shot a look at Cooper. Why on earth would he have Skylar visit on family dinner night?

Cooper spoke up. "Skylar is staying for dinner."

Anastasia looked surprised. "Oh. Did your father invite him? He didn't mention…"

Cooper spoke confidently. "I'm inviting him."

Anastasia slowly shook her head. "Cooper…Skylar, I don't mean to be rude, but no one is allowed at the monthly family dinner except family, and only…" Skylar rudely interrupted, pointing at Telio.

"He's not family."

Anastasia was shocked. "Yes he is. Not that it's any of your concern."

Cooper slapped Skylar on the back. "Skylar is my dearest friend and future consigliere. He needs to start attending these dinners with me."

Anastasia sighed tiredly. "Cooper, please. Now is not the time for this. You can speak with your father about it later. Please see Skylar out and come take your seat."
"He's staying."

Blaine was getting more and more pissed by the minute, especially as he noticed the weary look on his mother's face.

"Coo, you know the rules. Get him outta here."

"Oh, and are you in charge now? Did I miss a meeting?"

Skylar was looking at Telio, his jealousy eating at him.

"Do you actually sit at the table, or does Blaine fix a bowl for you?"

"You asshole!" Blaine shoved Skylar sending him stumbling back a few feet. Skylar steadied himself and went to shove Blaine back, but Telio grabbed Blaine and pulled him back and behind him. Cooper grabbed Skylar and pulled him away from Telio. He knew what Telio was capable of and he needed Skylar alive. All four started yelling at each other which caused Anastasia to start yelling.

"All of you stop it! Stop it right now!"

"What is going on?"

Mario's voice boomed large and loud bringing everyone to silence. Anastasia turned to her husband.

"I'm sorry. There was a misunderstanding regarding dinner. Everything is ready. We can eat."

Mario stared into her eyes and frowned at her visible stress. He'd been neglecting his wife. Now was not a good time, but maybe he could take her away for a few days after his business trip. Mario gently cupped her cheek and kissed her softly on the lips.

"Go see to our other guests, my love. I'll speak to the boys."

Mario turned on the four young men, his eyes flashing with anger.

"What is the problem?" He looked at Skylar. "What are you doing here?"

Cooper spoke up quickly. "I invited him to dinner."

"Oh, really? With what authority?"

Cooper felt a little less confident under his father's piercing gaze, but he held his ground.

"I think it's time for Skylar to start attending these meetings. When I'm in charge he's going to be my consigliere, so I think…"

"I wasn't aware I was dead."

"No, sir. Of course not. I just…"

Mario turned to Skylar. "Get out."

"Dad…"

"We'll discuss this later, Cooper. Skylar leave."

Skylar headed towards the door, but Cooper stopped him.
"No! Wait a minute! This isn't fair. Why does Telio get to attend family dinners, but Skylar can't?"

"Because Telio is family."

Telio's eyes grew wide. Blaine couldn't help but smile. It was the first time he'd ever seen Telio look truly surprised.

"No, he's not! He's a homeless kid whose dad you got killed."

Mario's expression turned blank, completely unreadable. His body relaxed and his eyes narrowed. Quiet rage.

"We have guests waiting. We will finish this conversation after dinner. Skylar, get out before I have you thrown out."

Skylar headed towards the door.

Mario, Blaine, and Telio started heading towards the dining room.

Cooper couldn't let it go.

He wasn't even high.

Just stupid.

"No, dad. We'll finish this conversation now!"

Blaine, Telio, and Mario stopped and turned around. Luther, who had been watching everything from the doorway, finally felt the need to step in. He took Cooper by the arm.

"Cooper, now is not the time. You're only making things worse for yourself. Just come to dinner."

"No! Now is the time! That's been the fucking problem all along! I've been waiting for the right time to bring it up, or for you to bring it up, but no one ever does! I wanna talk about it now!"

Fear surged through Blaine.

Conjecture and speculation was one thing. He didn't want the words actually said out loud. That would make it real. And he had promised Kurt.

Mario walked towards Cooper and stared into his eyes. His voice was quiet, but his tone reflected the rage simmering underneath.

"What exactly would you like to talk about, Cooper? Would you like to talk about how many times Luther has had to rescue you from some stupid, idiotic, scheme you've gotten yourself into? Or would you like to discuss the time you got a good man killed because of your poor decision making skills and your lack of foresight? Or...would you like to discuss your drug use?"

Cooper paled, and shook his head. "I don't..."

"Don't lie to me. Don't you dare lie to me."

A coolness settled in the room from the sharp, icy chill of Mario's voice. Mario stepped back, took a deep breath, and distractedly fixed his cufflinks. When he was finished he looked at Cooper.
"And you think I would leave my empire to you."

Mario turned and headed towards the dining room, patting Blaine on the shoulder as he passed.

Cooper stared after him before shifting his gaze to Blaine.

The two brothers stared at each other.

Cooper turned and left.

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Saturday morning Kurt opened his eyes and stretched his arms and legs wide, taking advantage of Blaine's large bed before rolling over and hugging a pillow to his chest.

He hadn't planned to spend the night in Blaine's room, but when he laid down in his own bed Friday night, it just didn't feel right. The sheets weren't soft enough, the pillow not fluffy enough, and the smell was all wrong. After tossing and turning well into midnight, Kurt got up and quietly made his way to Blaine's room, hoping he didn't get caught. The moment he laid down, his entire body relaxed. He inhaled deeply, filling his nostrils with Blaine's scent. He wrapped himself up in the sheets, hugged a pillow to his chest, and fell asleep in minutes.

Kurt got up to use the bathroom. After washing his face and brushing his teeth, he opened the cupboard under the sink and took a peek.

Yep. The gun was still there.

Kurt climbed back into bed and leaned back against the headboard. He closed his eyes and thought about the past week.

*Kurt Hummel, you are no longer a virgin.*

The thought made him smile. He'd never expected to lose his virginity in high school. Not that he'd been in a hurry, but it was nice to experience something so many of his friends had experienced, or had the option to experience. For once his high school existence felt normal instead of foreign and distant from that of his friends. His first time certainly hadn't gone as he'd imagined it, but he had no regrets. Physically he'd wanted it. Blaine was so sexy, and attractive, and something about the way he touched Kurt set his body on fire. All those little squeezes and touches had teased and tuned his body into wanting Blaine bad. Given his behavior that night, Blaine had wanted him just as much, if not more. Kurt couldn't help the tiny thrill that ran through him as he remembered how rough and urgent Blaine had been. How he'd ignored Kurt's pleas for him to slow down, instead plunging deeper and harder into his ass. No, it hadn't been what he'd imagined.

It was better.

Despite being alone with his thoughts, Kurt blushed as he felt himself harden at the memory. He felt embarrassed for enjoying Blaine's rough treatment. Wasn't he supposed to want his first time to be gentle? Well, they'd been making slow love all week and that was...nice.

But something about their first time...

There was something about being forced to just...take it.

Kurt wished he had someone to process with, but there was no one he trusted enough to talk to about something so sexual. He especially wished he understood why he'd felt so confused and disconnected immediately afterwards. The lonely feeling had choked him until Blaine wrapped his
arms around him and held him, grounding him so he could breathe again.

Of course, Blaine did that all the time.

While Kurt definitely felt better and safer at Dalton than he'd ever felt at McKinley, he still couldn't shake the deep, core-penetrating fear that plagued him while at McKinley. The safety of Dalton wasn't enough, at least not yet. He was getting better, but it was like a scar, itching as it healed. One time he ran into Doug while entering the bathroom, and for just a moment he felt a head rush of fear. Doug's physical similarity to Dave still unnerved him at times. Every once in a while, too many doors slamming all at once, coupled with too many boys being louder in the halls than was allowed, and Kurt would jump and feel the familiar fear and flight response rise in his blood. Someone would accidentally jostle him, and his eyes would widen, looking for the coming blow while his mind screamed for safety.

And then Blaine would curl his fingers into Kurt's bracelet, and look into his eyes.

And the fear would drain away.

*You are mine and Andersons protect what's theirs...I promise to love and protect you. Always. I won't let anyone hurt you. I'll protect you, Kurt. Just let me love and protect you.*

While everyone else had failed, Kurt had complete confidence in Blaine's promise to protect him.

Blaine would protect him because he could protect him.

Blaine had a gun.

x-x-x-x-x

Kurt decided to spend the day at the library. His plan was to finish all of his homework between Saturday and Sunday morning, freeing up Sunday afternoon to spend with Blaine.

"Hi Kurt."

Kurt looked up and smiled. "Andrew! Hi! How are you?"

Andrew looked around. "I'm fine. Is Blaine with you?"

"No, he went home for the weekend."

Andrew relaxed and sat down. Kurt was glad to see him. He'd felt like Andrew had been avoiding him.

"Where have you been hiding?"

"I've been around. You've just been so busy with Blaine that you didn't notice."

Kurt smiled guiltily. "I guess that's true."

"So...are you guys official now?"

"If you mean officially boyfriends, yes."

Andrew nodded. "Okay. That's cool, I guess. Um...what are you doing tonight?"

Kurt shook his head. "No plans."
"Well, after dinner a bunch of us are going into town to the ice cream shop. My roommate Mike is driving and so is Chris Tanner. Wanna come along?"

Kurt smiled and nodded. This was great. Andrew mostly hung with guys from the art club. A totally different social circle than the Warblers. Kurt still wanted to expand his friendship circle.

"I'd love to."

Kurt and Andrew chatted for a few minutes more before Andrew left, promising to stop by Kurt's room at 7:00 pm. Kurt dove back into his school work with renewed zeal. He was always more productive when he had something to look forward to.

It wasn't until he was walking to the dining room for dinner that he remembered.

*You can't leave without my permission. I can't protect you if I don't know where you are.*

Kurt immediately pulled out his cell phone and dialed Blaine. No answer. He hung up without leaving a message. He sent a text.

*K – Hi, I'm going into town for ice cream 2night with a bunch of people. Can't wait 2CU tomorrow. I miss you.*

Kurt finished dinner quickly. He wanted to have time to shower and pick the right outfit. His wardrobe was not getting much of a workout. Instead of making a fashion statement every weekend, he found himself wearing t-shirts and sweatpants. Clothes that were easy to get out of.

He breathed a sigh of relief when his cell phone rang as he was walking back to his room. A nagging voice was telling him to make sure he spoke with Blaine before going out. He was simultaneously disappointed and happy when he saw it was Rachel calling.

"Hi Rachel! How's…"

"Oh, Kurt! Thank God you answered. I am in desperate need of your help."

Rachel launched into a long story of how Mr. Schue was being totally unreasonable about solo opportunities, insisting Rachel, Mercedes, and Santana have a sing off to determine who gets a solo at regionals. Rachel needed Kurt's help to pick the perfect song.

By the time Kurt got done calming her down, and talking through 17 different song choices, he barely had enough time to shower and get dressed, and he hadn't even picked out his outfit. Doug watched him rushing around in amusement.

"Is this what girls do before dates?"

Kurt glared at him. "Well, I'm not a girl, so I don't really know, and I'm not going out on a date."

"Aren't you going out with Blaine?"

"No."

"Really?" Doug sounded very surprised.

"Yes, really." Kurt rolled his eyes and concentrated on his hair.

"Well, that's surprising and new."
Kurt stopped fussing with his hair. "What do you mean?"

"Nothing. It's just usually all Blaine, all the time. You, Blaine, and that weird kid he hangs with."

"Telio is not weird. He's just quiet."

Doug shrugged. "Whatever. I know one thing. That kid is built like a fucking tank. You should see what he can bench press in the gym."

Kurt rolled his eyes and was glad there was a knock on the door.

"Hi."

Andrew inhaled a little. Damn. Kurt was fine.

"Hi. You look great. Ready?"


Doug looked at Andrew and shook his head. He mouthed the words, "death wish," and pointed at Andrew. Andrew shook his head.

Once there were settled in the car and on their way, Kurt decided to try calling Blaine again, but then Chris cranked the music and everyone started singing and doing dance moves. It was too loud for a phone call. Kurt sent another text.

K – On our way into town. Hope you are having fun with your family. I'll call you when I get back.

Kurt didn't hear his phone the rest of the evening.

Saturday morning Blaine woke feeling heavy and weighed down. Friday night's blow up had left little doubt about his father's plans for the future. Blaine couldn't imagine what Cooper had been thinking. Bringing Skylar to dinner? Challenging his father within earshot of a room full of important people? Cooper had to know his behavior would make his father furious. Why would he act so stupid? There had to be a reason. A desperate reason.

Blaine felt annoyed. Yet again he was lying around worrying about Cooper's shit, but now the shit had hit the fan. He needed to talk to his father.

After getting up and dressed, Blaine headed downstairs. Telio was devouring a plate of eggs, bacon, and toast. His father was drinking coffee and scrolling a news site on his iPad. His mother was nowhere to be seen.

"Morning."

Telio nodded while Mario looked up and beamed at Blaine.

"Good morning, Blaine. Sleep well?"

"I guess. Where's mom?"

"She'll be resting most of the day. I think she's been doing too much. I want her to take it easy."

Blaine started to point out that his mother didn't work, either outside the home, or in it. They had a full staff. She didn't do too much, she worried too much. He decided to keep his mouth shut. It
wouldn't do to piss his dad off before they talked.

"Dad, I need to talk to you."

Mario stood up as Luther appeared in the doorway. "Of course you do, and I want to speak to you as well, but it will have to wait until later this afternoon. Okay?"

Blaine nodded.

Mario left with Luther. Blaine sat down across from Telio who had finished eating and was staring out the windows to the expansive backyard. Telio's head was still spinning from everything that had happened the night before. It was the first time he'd ever heard Mario refer to him as family. He'd never thought of himself as family. Sure, the Andersons took him in and were good to him, but the distinction between him, Cooper, and Blaine was always clear, especially when it became his responsibility to take care of Blaine. While it didn't really change anything, it was nice to know he was thought of as family, especially by Mario.

Telio pulled himself out of his thoughts and glanced at Blaine.

"Aren't you going to eat?"

Blaine shook his head. "Not hungry."

"Okay. Well, considering everything that happened last night, do you still wanna keep Cooper's drug dealing a secret?"

Blaine sighed. "Considering everything that happened last night, I definitely don't wanna mention Cooper's drug dealing. I don't wanna add fuel to the fire."

"The fire has already destroyed the forest, Blaine."

Blaine shook his head. "No. I'm making things clear today, especially after last night. I've been telling him I don't want this for years, but tonight…tonight I'm making it official. I'm not coming home for family dinners anymore. I can't. All it does is give the illusion of interest on my part, and gives him false hope. I want a clean break. I need a clean break. I don't plan to come back for the summer either. I'll either stay at Dalton, or see if I can get an internship or job in Lima so I can be close to Kurt."

Blaine looked out the window to avoid meeting Telio's eyes, but when he finally looked up, Telio was looking at him with a slightly amused expression on his face.

"Telio…I'm serious."

Telio nodded, his expression unchanged.

"I'm really sorry. I promise to tell him to give you your own crew. You shouldn't have to work your way up. You've already earned it and you're more than capable. I'll make sure he takes care of you."

Telio smiled and nodded. "Okay, Blaine. Thanks for thinking of me. Now, let's go work out."

Telio stood up and headed towards the basement.

Blaine stared after him.

Wow. He took that well.
After a long work out and shower, Blaine laid down to rest and ended up falling asleep.

And dreaming…

He was trying to focus on tying his bowtie, but he kept getting distracted by Kurt's beautiful, naked, lean frame, draped seductively on the chaise lounge. The collar around Kurt's neck matched the bracelet on his wrist, and the silver within the collar matched the chain securing Kurt to the lounge.

He forced himself to focus on fixing his tie. He liked to arrive early to meetings. It unsettled people to walk in and find him waiting.

He walked over to Kurt who looked up at him adoringly. "Will you be gone long?"

"No. I'll be back soon, and when I return I'll release you. Then I will fuck you. Okay?"

Kurt smiled. "Yes Blaine."

"You understand why I keep you here, right?"

Kurt nodded. "To protect me and keep me safe because you love me."


Kurt leaned forward and mouthed at Blaine's crotch. He looked up at Blaine. "Do you have time?"

Blaine groaned as Kurt slowly unzipped his pants and pulled out his cock. Maybe instead of making an intimidating statement by arriving early, he could make a late grand entrance.

"If you insist, gorgeous."

Blaine moaned as he stroked himself in his sleep. So close…so close…so close…

Tired of knocking, Telio opened the door.

"Dude, wake up!"

Blaine sat up, eyes wild and full of surprise. He quickly pulled his hand out of his pants, but not before Telio figured out what he was up to. He cracked up laughing.

"Nice. Stop jerking off and go downstairs to the library. Your dad wants to talk to you."

Telio closed the door, but Blaine could hear him laughing as he walked away.

Blaine went to the bathroom to splash cold water on his face, wash his hands, and brush his teeth. He stared at his reflection in the mirror. I should just give up jerking off in this house. He ran a comb through his hair and headed downstairs.

Leaving his phone on his nightstand.

x-x-x-x

Blaine knocked on the cracked door of the library before walking in. His father looked up and gave him a broad smile.

"Hello Blaine."
Blaine was surprised to see his father looking so casual. He always wore dress slacks and button down shirts, but today he was wearing jeans and an Ohio State t-shirt. The gel was washed from his hair, allowing it to curl, and he was barefoot. He was sitting on the couch in the corner. Blaine joined him.

Mario quietly studied his son. Blaine sat comfortably under his father's gaze. Mario was known for this. In business and with enemies he often sat silently for several minutes just staring at them, studying their face without a word. It was an intimidation move, but neither Blaine, nor his mother ever flinched under Mario's gaze, nor did it unnerve them. They just waited patiently for him to speak. Cooper couldn't stand it, often shouting at his father to stop, and it was one of the few experiences that made Telio uncomfortable, but Blaine and his mother were immune.

Mario slowly ran his eyes down Blaine's body and back up to his eyes. His son's eyes were different. A small smiled played upon Mario's lips. His son was finally fucking someone.

"So, how is school going?"

"Good. I'm on track to make honor roll again this quarter."

"Smart boy. You were always my smart boy."

Blaine felt the usual rush of pride from his father's praise.

"Still leading the Warblers?"

Blaine laughed lightly. "Well, I don't lead them. I'm not on the council."

"But you still sing all the solos, right?"

"Yeah."

"So, tell me. In between studying and singing, have you managed to find a boyfriend?"

Blaine hesitated a moment before nodding. He wondered if his mother had mentioned Kurt's planned visit.

Mario sat back and studied Blaine for a moment before asking his next question.

"Are you two intimate?"

Blaine wasn't sure if he wanted to answer that, but he figured there was no reason to lie. "Yes."

"Are you in love with him?"

Blaine figured he couldn't deny it if he tried. "Yes."

Mario was silent, thoughtful about his next words, but Blaine interrupted his thoughts.

"Dad…I'm not coming home for family dinner anymore."

Mario arched an eyebrow. "Really?"

"There's no reason for me to be there. I heard what you said last night, to Cooper, and that's fine if you don't wanna leave him in charge, but I'm not stepping up to take his place. I'm sorry if that leaves you in a lurch, but…I can't take over. Especially not now."
Mario said nothing. It was Blaine's turn to study his father as he wondered what he was thinking. Several minutes passed before Mario spoke.

"Blaine, you and I are very much alike in many ways. I know you don't want to hear that, but it's true. You and I…we're dominant personalities. We like to be in command. In charge. We enjoy controlling others. In business we force our opponents to bend to our will and do what we want, either through compromise or by other means. No matter what, Andersons always win. With our lovers it's no different, it just manifests itself differently, and sometimes…harshly. What's that saying? We always hurt the ones we love."

Mario stopped. His expression was unreadable, but his eyes drifted over to a large photo of Anastasia on his desk. His voice turned quiet.

"I don't know anything about the boy you've chosen, so my only piece of advice for you is to make sure he understands and is open to your true nature. Otherwise…you will end up breaking him, and that…that can leave scars you will spend the rest of your life trying to erase."

"Break him? What do you mean?"

"Sometimes we want things, but we can't allow ourselves to express our desires because we're scared of what it might mean, or say about us. For example…you want to be boss one day."

Blaine shook his head. "No. That's not true. I just told you I don't want this, and I meant it."

"Just like you don't want to be lead soloist of the Warblers, but you are."

"What?"

"I remember you talking to your mother one weekend last year about how you always get all the solos. Every single one. You told her it wasn't your fault because the other guys want you to sing the solos. They thrust it upon you, but you don't refuse it do you, Blaine? You don't ever argue with them or suggest someone else. You accept it. I'm guessing you choose all the songs as well and the…what do you call it? Council? Goes along with you. You accept the power they give you because deep down you want it. Just like deep down you want to take over from me one day."

Blaine shook his head, his face a mixture of confusion and denial. "No…no…that's not true. You can't compare me leading a bunch of guys in a song to leading a criminal organization. That's ridiculous!"

"No it's not. It's just an example of your true nature on a smaller level."

"No…I…no! I don't wanna be in control of anything!"

"Stop fighting the blood that runs through your veins. You are an Anderson through and through, and Andersons are strong, resilient, powerful..."

"Oh, really? So what about, Cooper, huh? He's a mess."

Mario sat back with a frown. "I never said all Andersons were smart. Your brother is a dominant, but he's reckless and undisciplined. He's very much like your great-grandfather. Ethan couldn't figure out a better way to build this empire than by using a gun. His ambition and greed got us started, but he wasn't smart and that got him killed."

The mention of his great-grandfather made Blaine think of his Grandfather Julio.
"Grandfather Julio won't let you make your gay son boss."

Mario shook his head. "I'm in charge, not him, but since you mention it, even he has come around. Cooper reminds him of his father. He's knows you're best for the family. Your being gay doesn't really matter. It's more dangerous, but in the long run it doesn't matter."

"Why is it more dangerous?"

Mario remained silent.

"Dad, why is it more dangerous?"

If he was going to make his son enter this world, he owed it to him to be honest.

"The unspoken rule is that you don't kill wives and children. You won't have a wife, you'll have a husband. A man. No one will hesitate to kill him, or worse, to hurt you."

Blaine's heart tightened in his chest and it suddenly felt harder to breathe.

Kurt.

Oh, God…

No, no, no.

He'd promised Kurt. He'd promised him he would always protect him and keep him safe.

"Look, I know the rule is that blood comes first, but I think you should groom Telio to take over. He loves this world, and he's smart, and very, very capable. He's like your son anyway so…"

Mario's voice was cold and clipped. "Telio is not my son."

"He's a member of this family! He's lived here since he was like 10!"

"Yes, but he is not my son. He's not blood."

"He might as well be!"

"No. You are my son and you are my heir."

"Cooper…"

"Never. Let me be very, very clear, Blaine. I've made up my mind and I've informed those who need to know. When the time comes, you will become boss of the Anderson family with Telio as your consigliere. I've already shared this with the heads of the other families. Cooper will never be in charge. I expect you to take care of him because he is your brother, but he will never, and is never to be in charge. That is my decision, and my word is final."

Blaine stood up and looked straight into his father's eyes. "No."

"Blaine…"

"No! I don't care what you've decided, and how dare you try to control and decide my entire life for me! I'm not taking over shit!"

"Blaine…"
"Leave me alone!"

Blaine stormed out of the library and headed to Telio's room in the basement. He burst into the room.

"Get ready! We're leaving!"

"What?"

"We're going back to school. Now!"

"Blaine…Blaine!"

Blaine was gone, headed to his room to pack. He wanted out. He had to get out. Back to Dalton, back to Kurt. He was never coming back. Never. He would stay at Dalton until graduation, and then he and Kurt would head to New York, and he'd get a job while Kurt went to that dramatic arts school he'd been talking about, and they would live in a cardboard box apartment, and eat ramen noodles, and be poor, but in love, and he would fuck the shit out of Kurt every night, and steal roses for him...

Telio stood in the doorway and watched Blaine throwing everything into his bag.

"Blaine…"

"Shut up and pack."

"We can't leave. Your mom looks forward to having dinner with just us on Saturday nights. I know you're mad and upset, but do you really wanna disappoint her?"

Blaine stopped and sat down heavily on his bed. No, he didn't want to disappoint her. Next to Kurt, she was the only other person he didn't want to disappoint.

"Fine. We leave first thing in the morning."

Telio left. Blaine fell back on to his bed.

Fuck.

He lay there for a few minutes before sitting up and reaching for his cell phone.

He'd missed two text messages.

K – Hi. I’m going into town for ice cream 2night with a bunch of people. Can't wait 2CU tomorrow. I miss you.

K – On our way into town. Hope you are having fun with your family. I'll call you when I get back.

What the hell?

Blaine dialed Kurt's number. No answer.

B – Just got your message. What people? Who are you with? I'm calling you.

B – You need to answer your phone!

B – Who are you with?

B – Answer your phone!
By the fifth unanswered text message, and the fourth unanswered call, Blaine was furious. He grabbed his laptop and opened the tracking site. The red dot was still at 332 Ludlow Avenue. Graeter's Ice cream.

Who the fuck was Kurt eating ice cream with?

He started texting the Warblers to find out if Wes had arranged something.

Kurt wasn't with the Warblers.

Who the fuck was he with?

Blaine kept calling until dinner time. He forced himself to squash his anger and worry about Kurt, to smile, listen and engage his mother over dinner. As the evening progressed, he was grateful to Telio for convincing him to stay. His mother's laughter and warm smile was wonderful to see, especially after last night's drama.

And after what his father had said earlier.

His mother didn't look broken. Yes, she often looked stressed, and worried, but that was to be expected. Blaine knew his father hadn't been completely honest with her when they first met, but that was years ago. Blaine saw the way his father looked at his mother, and the way she responded to his voice and touch. There was something between them that spoke of a deep, enduring love. The kind of love he wanted with Kurt.

Kurt.

Blaine clinched his fists under the table.

Who the hell was Kurt with?

Andrew tried not to stare as Kurt licked his ice cream cone, but it was impossible not to. Kurt's tongue action with his ice cream cone was downright obscene. The fact that he was doing it very innocently, and had no idea of the raging boner he was giving Andrew and another customer sitting a few feet from them, made it all the hotter.

Kurt kept taking long, full swipes around the ice cream, shaping it within the cone, followed by tiny kitten licks to make sure it didn't drip. Andrew swallowed and tore his eyes away as he silently lectured himself.

Andrew knew he was taking a risk by inviting Kurt out, but he liked talking to him and listening to his voice. As long as he kept his dirty thoughts to himself, friendship was okay, right?

Once they returned to campus, Andrew walked Kurt to his room.

"Thanks so much for inviting me. I had a great time."

"I would have asked you to hang out before, but you always seem preoccupied with Blaine."

"Well, he is my boyfriend."
"Yeah. Well…if you ever decide you want another one…let me know. Goodnight Kurt."

Kurt smiled and watched Andrew head down the hall.

That was sweet, but he definitely didn't want another boyfriend. He wanted Blaine.

Blaine.

Kurt took out his phone and cursed at all the missed calls, texts and messages. He quickly dialed Blaine's number.

"Where have you been?" Blaine's voice was cold and accusing.

"I went into town with a bunch of people for ice cream. Didn't you get my text?"

"Didn't you get mine?"

"I just looked at my phone."

"I called you a bunch of times. Why didn't you answer your phone?"

Kurt huffed in annoyance. "It was noisy, Blaine. I didn't hear my phone."

"Who were you with?"

"It was a bunch of people. Chris, Micah, Luke, Andrew, Nate…"

"Andrew?"

"Yes, Andrew."

"You went out with Andrew?"

"I just told you it was a bunch of people."

"Who invited you?"

Silence.


"Stop yelling!"

"Who invited you?"

"Why does that matter?"

"Tell me who invited you!"

"Why are you yelling at me? And what's with all the questions?"

"I told you not to leave campus without my permission."

"You told me not to leave without letting you know, and I did that. It's not my fault you didn't check your phone. More importantly, you're not my father. I don't need your permission."

"Yes, you do."
'No, I don't.'

'I can't protect you if I don't know where you are.'

'Telling you where I am, and asking for your permission to go are two totally different things.'

'I'm just trying to protect you, Kurt.'

'I didn't need protecting. I was perfectly safe.'

'You don't know that. Don't leave campus again without asking me.'

'You mean don't leave campus without telling you.'

'Don't argue with me!'

'Don't act like my father!'

A minute passed as Blaine seethed with anger, while Kurt fumed in annoyance.

'You never said who invited you. Was it Andrew?'

'So, what if it was?'

_I'll either beat his ass, get him expelled, or both._

'I told you that I don't want you going out with Andrew.'

'We didn't go out! This is ridiculous! Why are you acting so jealous? You know I love you. You and only you.'

Blaine closed his eyes and gripped the phone tighter. Damn he was having a shitty day. They were quiet for several minutes before Kurt decided to try and get them back on track.

'Look, Blaine. I'm sorry I didn't get to talk to you before I went out, but I don't need your permission to hang out with people. I will let you know if I leave campus, but I don't need your permission.'

'I just wanna keep you safe. I just wanna protect you. _Especially now._'

'I know, and I appreciate it. I really do.'

'Then don't run off again.'

Kurt sighed. He was too tired to argue. He decided to switch topics.

'I slept in your room last night.'

Blaine immediately felt better. 'You did?'

'Mmm hmm.'

'Move in with me.'

'Blaine….please don't start that again. It's not gonna happen.'

Now it was Blaine who decided not to argue. He had already started casually taking things from Kurt's room and putting them in his. He figured Kurt would be moved in without realizing it by the
end of the month.

"Listen, I'm tired. I studied all day, and went out tonight, and it's late. I'm going to bed."

"Are you gonna sleep in my room again?"

Kurt hesitated, feeling a little sheepish. "Well…yeah."

Blaine was pleased. This was good.

"Okay. Well, dream of me."

"I always do."

"Really?"

"Of course."

"What do you dream?"

Kurt's face felt hot. He wasn't ready to tell Blaine about his dreams. The dreams he'd been having since Blaine mentioned tying him to the bed.

"I dream of kissing you."

"Anything else?"

"And…you know…you making love to me."

"Making love or fucking?"

Kurt was hot again and bright red. "Um…both."

Dark sexual feelings raced through Blaine straight to his dick. "Do you have a preference?"

"Um…I…I like everything."

"But do you have a preference?"

"Um…no." *Fuck me, fuck me, fuck me.*

Blaine smiled. "Liar. I love you, you liar."

"I love you, too."

"Good night, Kurt."

"Good night, Blaine."

Sunday morning Blaine repacked his bag, replacing all the items he'd thrown into the bag the night before. Over dinner his mother had mentioned Kurt's planned visit for the following weekend, and how she was looking forward to meeting him. Blaine groaned internally. He wasn't about to disappoint her, or Kurt. He'd have to come back next weekend.

And probably three weeks later.
It was all closing in on him.

As he packed, there was a knock on his door. "Yes?"

Blaine was surprised to see Luther poke his head in.

"Hi, Blaine. Can I come in?"

"Sure."

Luther was a tall man, with very short black hair, and green eyes. His skin was dark, permanently tanned, and he always wore a black shirt, black pants and a black blazer. He'd been by Mario's side since their 20's, and Blaine had known him his entire life. He was Blaine's Godfather.

Blaine sat down on his bed. Luther stood by the door.

"You can sit down in my desk chair."

Luther sat down and looked at Blaine.

"Wow. You're really a man now."

Blaine shook his head. "No. I'm just a high school kid."

Luther smiled and chuckled lightly. "Okay. Well, high school kid, here's the deal. It's time for you to understand more about the business. There are several things you need to know. Obviously we can't do this over the phone, or online, so you need to plan on coming home more."

"No."

"I figured you would say that, so here."

Luther held out a folder. Blaine looked at it but didn't reach for it.

"Take it, Blaine."

"What is it?"

"Information you need to know. Read over it and the next time you come home, let me know if you have any questions."

Blaine took the folder. It couldn't contain anything important. Important details were never written down for security reasons.

Luther stood up. "I know you're not happy, but this is how it is, Blaine. Your father has made his decision, and frankly, I agree with him. I know you don't believe it or see it, but you will make a great boss. Trust me."

"I don't understand why he wants to try and force all this important responsibility on someone who isn't interested and doesn't want it."

"Because you're not just anyone. You're an Anderson." Luther left.

Blaine placed the folder in his bag and took out his phone.

_B – Getting ready 2 leave. B waiting for me in my room._
After hugs and kisses from his mother, Blaine and Telio headed out to leave. Mario and Luther watched them from the window.

"Did you tell him about Cooper's murders?"

Mario shook his head. "No. Considering his reluctance, I thought it best not to tell him, but we need to fix things with Dirk Mason and quickly. Mason is screaming for blood. The last thing we need now is a war."

Luther shifted nervously. "If Mason's out for blood, and he hears about Blaine being officially named your successor…"

"That's why we need to take care of him quickly. He wouldn't dare make that kind of strike, but we need to appease him in a way that appears painful to us and feels fulfilling to him."

Mario watched the back of Blaine's car get further and further away from the house. He turned to Luther.

"What did you find out about this Kurt person?"

"Kurt Hummel, 17, a junior, came to Dalton this year from McKinley over in Lima. Mom died when he was young, raised by his dad. He seems pretty clean, but there are two things that are interesting. His dad is running for US Congress and….Cooper killed Mason's nephew and the other guy right behind his dad's tire and lube place."

"Really?"

Luther nodded.

Mario turned thoughtful.

"How very, very interesting."

x-x-x-x-x

Once they were a few miles from home, Blaine thought about the folder Luther had given him.

"When we get to Dalton, remind me to give you a folder. It's from Luther."

"Luther gave you a folder?"

"Yeah."

They road in silence for several minutes.

"I'm never going to get out, am I?"

Telio actually felt bad for him. He sounded so sad and defeated, and Blaine never sounded defeated. But he wasn't going to lie to him.

"No, you're not."
Chapter 11

Chapter Notes

Please read these warnings carefully, especially if you've never read my other stories.

This chapter features oral sex, breath play, bondage, rough sex, and strong BDSM themes. I don't think there are any triggers because everything is consensual, but still read with caution.

Blaine's dark, dominant, and twisted side shows up in this chapter. Yes, he loves Kurt dearly, but he's screwed up by his genes. Like father, like son. Kurt begins his slide into submission, but not without a fight because he's Kurt.

Blaine's journey into the dark abyss of the criminal world is about to begin, but first he has to make sure Kurt is strapped in next to him.

Kurt lay across Blaine's bed dressed in the outfit Blaine had bought him for the dance. He was supposed to be reading a chapter of his history book while he waited for Blaine to arrive, but his mind kept wandering back to their last conversation and argument.

Ask versus tell.

In all honesty, Kurt was flattered by Blaine's jealousy. His possessiveness made Kurt feel wanted and desired, and frankly it felt good to feel that way. He loved that Blaine wanted to protect him, but the idea of asking for permission to leave campus, or to do anything for that matter, was ridiculous. Right?

A teeny, tiny voice in the back of Kurt's mind whispered to him, but Kurt refused to listen. He also ignored the deep twist and swirl inside him. Instead he stood up and stretched, looking around Blaine's room. He spotted a large, decorative, silver ampersand sitting on Blaine's bookshelf. He walked over to take a closer look. Was this his? That was strange. When did he bring it to Blaine's room, and why? Next to it were a few of his art history books. Did Blaine ask to borrow those?

Kurt laid back down across the bed and pushed himself to focus on his history chapter. He managed to make it through most of the chapter until he heard a key in the lock.

Blaine walked in and dropped his bag. Kurt sat up and smiled at him.

"Hi."

Blaine said nothing as he ran his eyes up and down Kurt's body. Damn. Kurt really was gorgeous. His blue gray eyes were warm and bright, and his smile was open and comforting. His hair was perfectly styled as usual, and his complexion flawless. He was so otherworldly beautiful. The longer Blaine stared at Kurt, the stronger the flood of emotions racing through his mind. He'd been thinking about Kurt nonstop since his conversation with his father. The idea of Kurt being in danger because of him filled Blaine with guilt, and fear. As he stood there staring at him, Blaine vowed to do whatever it took to keep Kurt protected and safe.
Which meant Kurt couldn't pull stunts like the one this weekend.

Kurt had defied him and gone out with someone else. Someone Blaine had specifically told him to stay away from.

Kurt had to learn that he could not do that. It was completely unacceptable and dangerous. He couldn't just runaway and disappear. Never mind that Blaine was tracking him. Kurt didn't know that. It was important for Kurt to understand that he had to do what Blaine told him. He had to follow Blaine's rules.

He had to obey.

For his own protection and safety, of course.

"Well, well, well. If it isn't my gorgeous, disobedient, boyfriend."

Kurt arched an eyebrow. "Disobedient?"

"Yes, disobedient. I'm surprised you're here and not off with assdrew somewhere."

Kurt gave him a bitchy look and shook his head. "I can't believe you're…" He was cut off when Blaine grabbed him and kissed him, deep and breathtaking, making Kurt forget what he was about to say as he fell under Blaine's spell. By the time Blaine let him up for air, Kurt felt slightly drunk. He didn't even realize Blaine had unbuttoned his shirt until he was sliding it off and placing it on the bed. Blaine stared into Kurt's eyes as he teasingly rubbed his thumbs over his nipples. Kurt was almost embarrassed at how turned on he became from such a simple caress. Blaine placed his hand on Kurt's crotch and massaged firmly. Kurt moaned and pressed himself into Blaine's hand, but Blaine quickly pulled it away causing Kurt to groan in need.

"Please…I've missed you."

Blaine shook his head. "No. You were a bad boy, but I'm willing to forgive you for your disobedience if you do something for me. Something to prove you can follow direction."

"I didn't disobey you. I called…" Blaine cut him off by placing his hand firmly on Kurt's neck.

"Do not argue with me, Kurt." He snaked his fingers up to tangle in Kurt's hair and gently tugged his head back to fully expose his neck. He sucked a large red mark on to the smooth skin before whispering in his ear, his voice hot and thick.

"I want you on your knees, hands behind your back."

Kurt almost dropped to the floor immediately, but he felt like he should protest, or argue, or something.

Even if he didn't really want to.

"I…um…what?"

Blaine grabbed a pillow from the bed and threw it to the floor. "Did I stutter? On your knees, Kurt."

Kurt slowly sank down on to the pillow and placed his hands behind his back. Blaine walked over to his closet and took out two Dalton uniform ties. He draped one around his neck, and held the other, twisting it around his hand.

Kurt couldn't take his eyes off the tie. His heart was racing and his cock was throbbing. Where was
this going?

Blaine draped the tie around Kurt's neck before stepping back to undress. He stood in front of Kurt completely naked, his hard cock bobbing near Kurt's mouth. Kurt stared at it. He'd never sucked Blaine's cock before, but suddenly he wanted to bad. Real bad.

Blaine placed a finger under Kurt's chin and tilted his head back. Their eyes locked.

"Do you trust me, Kurt?"

"Yes."

"Are you sure?"

"Yes."

Blaine stepped behind Kurt and bent down. He pulled the tie from around his neck and tied Kurt's hands behind his back at the wrists. Kurt pulled a little and felt a hot rush of both fear and excitement when he realized how tight his hands were tied.

Blaine stepped back in front of him and picked up the ends of the tie draped around Kurt's neck. He looped one end over the other tying it loosely.

Then he pulled.

Kurt's eyes widened as he felt the tie tighten around his neck.

"Do you trust me, Kurt?"

"Yes," Kurt whispered.

Blaine stared into Kurt's eyes and pulled a little tighter. Kurt gasped, but didn't look away.

Blaine pulled tighter.

Kurt's gasp was more strangled. He closed his eyes and twisted his hands behind his back as his cock grew harder.

Blaine let go of the tie, and Kurt breathed out heavily. Blaine pressed his cock to Kurt's lips.

"Suck."

Kurt opened his mouth and slid his lips down the thick, heavy cock, swallowing the precum that had bubbled up and gathered at the head. He pulled up and almost off before sliding down again. He fell into a steady up and down rhythm until Blaine stopped him.

"Don't let go, just be still."

Blaine pushed himself a little further down Kurt's throat.

And then he gently pulled the ends of the tie.

Kurt whimpered and tried to pull off, but Blaine pressed a hand to the back of his head.

"Suck Kurt."

Kurt slowly moved up and down, working the cock in his mouth while Blaine slowly pulled the tie
tightly and tighter, constricting his breathing. When Kurt tried to pull off, Blaine wouldn't let him.

"Suck Kurt."

Kurt squeezed his eyes shut and kept moving up and down, struggling to suck as Blaine tightened and released the tie over and over before finally pulling it from around Kurt's neck. He immediately shoved his cock all the way down Kurt's throat. Kurt sputtered and choked. Blaine pulled out for just a moment, allowing Kurt to inhale a big breath of air before pushing his cock back into Kurt's mouth and down his throat.

"No more breaks. Suck until I come."

Kurt groaned around the cock, sucking to match the rhythm of Blaine's hips thrusting into his mouth. Blaine suddenly grabbed Kurt's hair and stilled him.

"Oh…oh…uh…I'm..."

Kurt tried to swallow the cum rushing down his throat, but his throat was tired from the abuse. He started choking and coughing. Blaine pulled out, drops of cum dripping to the floor. Kurt sat back on his heels in a coughing fit. Blaine grabbed a bottle of water from his desk and dropped to his knees, holding the bottle to Kurt's lips. After several drinks of water, Kurt stopped coughing. He closed his eyes and rested his forehead on Blaine's shoulder. Blaine rubbed his hands up and down Kurt's back.

"That was so good, Kurt. So fucking hot. You were wonderful, gorgeous. Such a good boy. My very good boy."

Kurt savored Blaine's praise. He felt steadied and content despite his still hard, throbbing cock. Blaine made no move to relieve him, and Kurt didn't ask. Blaine untied his hands, and they shifted on the floor until Blaine was leaning with his back against the bed and Kurt was lying beside him, on his side, his head resting in Blaine's lap. Blaine gently ran his fingers through Kurt's hair, his eyes closed. For the first time in days his head was clear of all thoughts, his body completely relaxed. Kurt was so good for him. So beautiful, gorgeous, sexy...

"So, how was your trip home? How's your family?"

Kurt could feel Blaine's body tense. He quickly sat up.

"What's wrong? Did something happen?"

How was he supposed to answer that?

*Well, my brother officially hates me and is probably plotting my murder.*

*Apparently my father broke my mother and spends everyday trying to fix her.*

*Did I mention that I am officially the heir apparent of the Anderson crime family?*

*Since I plan to marry you one day, this means your life will be in constant danger.*

*How do you feel about being chained up in my room?*

"No, things are fine. Everybody's good."

"Are you sure?"

"Yeah. I'm sure."
Telio looked at Blaine and laughed.

"I'm serious."

This made Telio laugh harder.

They were lying on the mats in the gym after a training session. Telio was impressed at how fast and strong Blaine had become, which was why he found Blaine's request even funnier. If Blaine wanted to kick Andrew's ass, he could do it himself.

Telio finally stopped laughing and just shook his head. "I can't believe you'd even ask me."

"I need to make him understand that Kurt is off limits, and I need to punish him for asking Kurt out."

"Punish him for asking Kurt out? Blaine, they didn't go on a date. From what I heard, like, 10 guys went."

"I don't care. I told him to leave Kurt alone."

Telio stood up. "Whatever. I'm not your muscle, Blaine. I don't beat people up unless they threaten you. I'm your protector, not your mercenary."

Blaine thought for a moment. His voice suddenly turned darker, quiet and serious.

"One day I might order you to kill someone."

Telio sat back down and turned just as serious.

"When you're boss...if you order me to kill someone, or to have someone killed who is a legitimate threat to the family or to our business interests, I'll do it without question or hesitation, but until that time I'm not your hired gun."

A minute of silence passed as Blaine absorbed Telio's words.

One day he would have the power to order men to kill.

A fresh, dark, rush roared through his body and pounded in his chest.

What an intoxicating realization.

"You would kill for me?"

"Of course. I would die for you."

The two boys stared at each other.

It really wasn't that surprising. It was the way their world worked. Telio reached over and took Blaine's hand. He brought it to his lips and kissed it.

"My loyalty, allegiance, and love lie with my Don."

Blaine smiled. It was an old custom from another time. Blaine had vague memories from his childhood of watching men greet his grandfather in this fashion.

"Oh, before I forget." Telio stood up and went over to his bag. He pulled out the folder from Luther. Blaine took it but didn't open it.
"What's in it?"

"A breakdown of all of the other crime families, but naturally it's in code. It lists their legitimate businesses and operations, but the last page is a narrative explaining their illegal businesses. You have to read between the lines to figure it out."

Blaine nodded. He didn't really want to know, but he knew he should. He hoped his father lived forever.

"Two of the other families have requested permission to go into drugs, citing all the money we're losing by not entering the market. You father is reviewing their request."


"Where do you think Cooper is?"

Blaine shrugged. "I don't know, and I don't really care."

Telio frowned. "You should care."

"Why? Cause he's my brother?"

Telio decided not to say what he was thinking.

Yes. An Anderson has murdered his brother before to gain control of the family.

Kurt was horny.

Horny.

Horny.

Horny.

It was a new state of being for Kurt, and he decided this was one experience he did not enjoy having in common with his friends.

It wasn't as if he'd never been horny before, but frankly, prior to meeting Blaine, horniness wasn't something he experienced very often. It was as if his body had reached the understanding that physical intimacy just wasn't in the cards for him, at least not until college. But now his body knew what was possible, knew what sex felt like, and it wanted more.

Kurt had slept with Blaine every night that week, but all they'd done was kiss and cuddle. Blaine hadn't initiated anything, and Kurt was too shy to ask.

Especially since he was craving something that scared him.

Something different, deeper, darker.

Perhaps I need to tie you to the bed to make sure you don't runaway in the middle of the night.

I want you on your knees, hands behind your back.

Such a good boy. My very good boy.

Kurt tried to push his horny thoughts aside and focus on his weekend trip to Blaine's home. He was
excited and nervous. He couldn't wait to meet Blaine's mom, and to learn more about Blaine's family, but he was nervous about being in the home of a crime boss. What if they were attacked or something?

By Thursday, Kurt decided he couldn't take it anymore. As he watched Blaine walk towards the bed in a pair of black briefs, he decided it was time for him to stop being a baby penguin. After all, this was his boyfriend. They'd had sex, and handjobs, and blowjobs, and choking games with ties. There was no reason why he couldn't ask for what he wanted.

Even if what he wanted scared the shit out of him.

As Blaine started to climb into bed, Kurt grabbed his arm. Blaine stopped and stood up.

"Yes?"

Blaine was surprised when Kurt moved to his knees on the bed, grabbed Blaine's head, and crashed their mouths together. He could practically taste Kurt's lust. When Kurt pulled back, his eyes confirmed his kiss, and then some.

"I…I want you."

Blaine cupped Kurt's face with both of his hands and kissed him softly. He slid his hands down to Kurt's neck.

"What exactly do you want from me, gorgeous?"

Kurt licked his lips. "I want you to…I want you inside me."

Blaine eyes darkened with intensity. "Do you deserve to have me inside you? Have you been a good boy this week?"

A warm heat slid through Kurt, igniting a soft fire within him.

"Yes…sir."

Blaine's cock was suddenly ten times harder.

He slowly pushed Kurt down on to the bed, pinning his hands, kissing him hungrily. Kurt returned his passion, kissing back feverishly. Blaine pulled Kurt's boxers down and off, and Kurt immediately spread and bent his legs, offering himself up to Blaine, but Blaine sat still, studying him. Drinking in his beauty. Kurt was eager and wanting, his gray blue eyes bright, wet, and pleading. His smooth, pale skin glowing with desire as his cock twitched, seeking. Blaine leaned down and planted a single kiss on the head of Kurt's cock. Kurt moaned and arched up, but Blaine left him wanting. He reached over and grabbed the lube from his nightstand, coated his fingers, and roughly slid two inside Kurt's ass, twisting them hard. Kurt moaned and pushed against the fingers. Blaine harshly shoved in two more making Kurt cry out. He wiggled and twisted his fingers until Kurt was babbling and begging.

Blaine pulled out his fingers and moved up to kiss Kurt softly before whispering in his ear.

"Roll over on to your stomach."

Kurt quickly rolled over as Blaine climbed off the bed and walked to his closet. He returned and climbed on top of Kurt, straddling his back. He leaned down and sucked the back of Kurt's neck. Kurt could feel Blaine's cock pressed hard against him, making him want it even more.
"Do you trust me, Kurt?"

Shit.

Kurt closed his eyes. "Yes."

"Are you sure?"

"Yes."

"Up on your knees."

Kurt's body trembled as he shakily rose to his knees, but he almost toppled over when he saw what Blaine had. Handcuffs.

"Put your hands together."

Kurt obediently held out his hands and watched as Blaine put the handcuffs on, locking them tight.

"Stay on your knees, but bend down. Arms straight out, head on the pillow, and stick out your beautiful ass for me."

Kurt followed Blaine's directions, stretching his arms out in front of him as he rested his cheek on the pillow. He could feel Blaine's strong hands spreading his legs wide, and then he felt the head of Blaine's cock teasing his hole.

"You can't run off and disappear, Kurt. I must know where you are at all times. You must ask for my permission before leaving campus...or going anywhere for that matter. You need to understand and obey me, so tonight we're going to make sure this lesson is embedded in your brain. And your ass."

Kurt didn't have time to fully process Blaine's words before he was crying out in shocked, stuttered wails as Blaine drove his cock into his ass in one quick, hard, stroke. His fingers dug into Kurt's hips, pulling him back on to his cock, adjusting to make sure he was exactly where he wanted to be because he was going to fuck the shit out of Kurt until he understood and agreed.

Kurt grunted as his ass stretched and ached around Blaine's cock. In this position, Kurt felt like Blaine's cock went deeper and harder, filling him to the brink and threatening to split him. The fact that he was handcuffed shot every sensation to a new level.

Blaine pounded into him brutally. This was punishment for Andrew and training. Kurt had to understand. He belonged to Blaine and that carried certain requirements. Rules Kurt had to follow. Blaine would fuck understanding into him.

He spoke between fucks. "You...don't...tell me...where you're going. You fucking ask, Kurt. You ask permission."

Kurt was grunting with every thrust inside him, but he managed to yell.

"Tell!"

Blaine's eyes narrowed and he fucked into Kurt harder.

"Ask!"
"Tell!"

"Ask!"

"Tell!"

They were trapped in battle. Kurt cried and screamed as Blaine plunged unbelievably harder into him. "Ask, ask, ask!"

Kurt didn't give in. Not yet. It was all too fucking brutal, and erotic, and he couldn't get enough.

"Tell, tell, tell!"

"Ask, ask, ask!"

"Tell, tell, tellllllllll!"

Their bodies grew slick and shiny with sweat, as both refused to give in. Blaine was lost in a haze of control, power, fucking, and the erotic, twisted joy of making Kurt suffer beneath him. Kurt was trapped in a sick, suffering, agony of both pain and a pleasure he couldn't believe existed. He was ready to give in, but he didn't want the fucking to stop. It felt too good.

A sudden, intensely loud scream from Kurt sent Blaine crashing over, filling Kurt's ass with warm, thick, cum. Kurt wailed and pushed his sore, raw ass back on to Blaine's cock to make sure he was completely filled. Blaine stilled, his arms wrapped around Kurt's cock to make sure he was ready to give in, but he didn't want the fucking to stop. It felt too good.

Blaine reached around and massaged Kurt's balls.

"I shouldn't let you come. You don't deserve it, you stubborn, beautiful, bitch."

Kurt sobbed. "Please…I'll be a good boy."

Well fuck.

"Yes. You are a good boy. My very good boy." Blaine wrapped his hand around Kurt's cock, gave it just a few strokes, and Kurt was wailing as his cock spilled, white and milky on to the sheets.

Blaine carefully climbed off of Kurt and lay down on his side, pulling Kurt's back flush to his chest, spooning him. Kurt brought his handcuffed hands up to his chest and relaxed in Blaine's embrace. As they drifted off to sleep, Blaine whispered.

"Ask."

Kurt mouthed, "Tell," as he drifted off to sleep.

Friday afternoon, Blaine happily slid into the driver's seat of the Mercedes while Telio begrudgingly climbed in the back.

"Do you even know your way home?"

Blaine glared at Telio while Kurt giggled. "Of course I know my way home. Just sit back and ride."

Kurt shifted in his seat trying to get comfortable. Blaine smirked in wicked satisfaction.
That morning Kurt woke up to find he couldn't walk to the bathroom because his ass hurt too much, and he couldn't even crawl because he was still handcuffed. The fact that he had slept in the handcuffs both shocked and thrilled him. He hated to wake Blaine, but he really needed to pee. Blaine had sleepily unlocked him and then rolled over, presumably to go back to sleep. Kurt checked to make sure his eyes were closed before dropping to all fours and slowly crawling to the bathroom. He couldn't believe this was what it had come to, but at least Blaine wasn't witnessing his embarrassment.

Or, so he thought.

After using the bathroom and washing his face (when had he brought all his products to Blaine's room?), he dropped to the floor again to crawl back to bed. When he pushed the bathroom door open, Blaine was sitting up in bed, arms stretched comfortably across the headboard, staring at him with a wicked twinkle in his eye, and a sexy grin across his face. Kurt turned crimson.

"I thought you were asleep."

"You look rather beautiful down there on your knees. I like you on your knees."

Kurt gently sat back on his heels and managed an annoyed huff and bitchy glare despite his current situation.

"I didn't have a choice."

Blaine smiled, dark and sexy making Kurt's insides twist. He climbed out of bed, still naked, and walked over to Kurt. He reached down and cupped his cheek.

"Are you really that sore?"

Kurt nodded.

"Good. Maybe that will keep you from running away."

Kurt felt the warm heat pool inside him again. He stared intently into Blaine's eyes.

Blaine took a step closer and pressed his cock to Kurt's lips.

"Suck Kurt."

x-x-x-x

"Do you remember how to start the car?"

Blaine woke from his memory of that morning and started the car. As they pulled through the Dalton gates, Kurt clapped his hands excitedly.

"Oh! How could I forget to tell you?"

"Tell me what?"

"My probation period will be up next month. I'll be allowed to bring my car to campus!"

Blaine frowned. "Why do you need to have a car on campus?"

Kurt looked at him in confusion. "What do you mean? Why wouldn't I have a car on campus? Lots of people have a car. You have a car. I'll be able to go home without my dad having to drive all the
way up here, not to mention going into town sometimes."

Blaine focused on the road. He didn't like this. The last thing he needed was for Kurt to have the ability to take off in his car.

Kurt was staring at Blaine, trying to figure out what he was thinking.

"Do you not want me to have a car?"

"I just don't see why you need one. If you wanna go somewhere, I'll take you, and it's not like you go home to see your dad that often. If you wanna go home one weekend, but not have him come get you, I'll drive you."

Kurt shook his head. "It makes more sense for me to just have my car. I promise to tell you when I'm going somewhere." Kurt grinned. Blaine shook his head.

"Don't disobey me, Kurt."

"Disobey? I'm not a puppy, Blaine."

Blaine sighed. He did not want to start their weekend off with a fight. He reached over and took Kurt's hand, but kept his eyes on the road.

"I just wanna keep you safe."

Kurt said nothing. He didn't want to argue, especially about Blaine keeping him safe. He loved Blaine's protectiveness. So he settled in and tried to pay attention to the way Blaine was going. He gave up by the fourth turn down yet another long road with cornfields on either side. If he didn't know better, he would have sworn they were just driving in circles.

By the time they reached the security gate of the Anderson compound, Kurt and Blaine were laughing and singing while Telio seemed lost in his own thoughts in the back. As Blaine punched in the security code, he noticed there wasn't a security guard in sight. He was glad his mother had apparently come through for him, but also a little nervous. Things had changed since he first asked his mother to tone down the security.

As they approached the house, Telio noticed the lack of guards at the end of the driveway, and there were no guards by the garage. He relaxed a little when he saw two men on the roof, but he was disappointed that Kurt wasn't seeing the reality of the Anderson home. It wasn't fair to Kurt, and it was dangerous, even with Mario away on business.

Anastasia pulled a tray of cookies from the oven and hurried out to the foyer to greet the boys. She laughed in delight when Blaine threw himself into her arms and whispered, "It looks and smells great. Thanks mom."

Watching Blaine and his mom looking so happy together both surprised and comforted Kurt. Blaine never talked about his visits home, but he always seemed somber afterwards making Kurt wonder what really happened during those trips.

Blaine grabbed his hand and pulled him forward. "Mom, this is my boyfriend, Kurt Hummel."

Anastasia smiled and hesitantly opened her arms, unsure how Kurt would feel about being hugged. Kurt immediately stepped forward and embraced her. She smelled wonderful. She stepped back and took Kurt's hands in hers.
"Welcome, Kurt. I'm so happy to meet you."

"The feeling is mutual. Thank you for having me this weekend."

The two stood there smiling at each other while Blaine grinned happily. These were the two most important people in his world. The two people he loved more than anyone, and here they were together. He couldn't have been happier if he tried.

"You must be hungry and tired. Why don't you get settled? Dinner will be ready in 15 minutes."

They grabbed their bags and headed up to Blaine's room. Kurt noticed Anastasia hadn't mentioned a guest room. Was he really going to get to stay in Blaine's room? Kurt was about to ask when Blaine opened the door to his bedroom. Kurt entered and looked around in awe. Blaine's bedroom was larger than his room at Dalton, and had a large full bathroom complete with Jacuzzi tub and a shower for four. Kurt shook his head.

"What is it with you and big bedrooms?"

Blaine grabbed Kurt, pushed him down on the bed, and kissed him.

"I need a room large enough for a huge bed to fuck you in."

"You had the large room at Dalton before you met me."

"I've told you before, I was waiting for you."

Kurt rolled his eyes. "Mmm hmmm. Right."

Blaine rolled off of Kurt and pulled him into his arms. He closed his eyes and smiled. Having Kurt in his bedroom, in his bed, made home feel so much better.

"Your mother is so pretty and...warm."

Blaine nodded. "Yeah. She's awesome."

"Is your father here?"

"No. He's away on business."

"Am I really allowed to sleep in here with you?"

"Sure, why not? We sleep together at school."

"But your mom doesn't know that."

"Of course she does."

"She does?"

"Sure."

Kurt mulled this over. He would never tell his father he slept with Blaine every night. His father would have a fit.

x-x-x-x

Blaine couldn't stop smiling throughout dinner. Listening to his mom and Kurt hit it off made him
indescribably happy. Anastasia asked Kurt about his family, and Kurt told her about losing his mom, and how Burt met Carol. It wasn't until halfway through dinner that Anastasia noticed the bracelet on Kurt's wrist. She quickly took a drink of water to swallow the gasp in her throat.

A tracking bracelet.

She knew what it was because she'd worn one for years. When she figured out what it was, she demanded Mario remove it. He refused and they fought bitterly.

She lost.

And was punished.

Her gaze moved from the bracelet to her son. Her son who looked and moved so much like his father. How deep did the similarities run? Would Blaine treat this beautiful boy the way Mario treated her?

Should she warn him to run as far away as he could before it was too late?

She looked back at Blaine who was staring at Kurt with heart eyes full of love and adoration as Kurt told a story about something that happened with his old glee club.

No, of course not. What kind of mother was she? Her loyalties should lie with her son. This boy obviously made Blaine happy. She would never ruin her son's happiness.

Kurt would just have to learn.

Like she did.

After dinner Blaine took Kurt on a tour of the house. Kurt was quickly turned around and lost as they seemed to walk down one hallway and then another, through room after room, and past many locked doors. Occasionally they came across a guard who would quickly move out of sight when they saw Kurt. Blaine never acknowledged their presence, but Kurt was curious.

"So…the men we've seen…they're guards?"

"Yes."

"And they live here?"

"No. Well, a few do, but most have a shift. Just like any other job."

"Isn't that strange?"

"What do you mean?"

"I mean…you have men carrying guns in your house. Doesn't that freak you out?"

Blaine stopped walking and pulled Kurt into a beautiful sitting room with a chaise lounge in the corner. Blaine stared at it as he remembered a dream he had once.

"Sit there."

Kurt sat down on the lounge. He leaned back on his hands and crossed his legs. Blaine wanted him to lay across it like in his dream, but this was good enough. He sat down in a chair across the room.
"Why are you sitting way over there?"

"Because I like looking at you. You're so beautiful."

Kurt smiled. He could never get enough of Blaine's compliments. After years of being called pasty, ugly, gay face, and everything in between, the fact that someone as handsome and sexy as Blaine found him beautiful still amazed him. Sure, he always knew he was fashion fabulous, but it was nice to have it acknowledged by someone else.

"To answer your question, no. I don't find the guards or the weapons strange. I grew up with it. It's what I've always known. I guess I'm used to it."

Kurt shook his head. "I could never get used to that."

Blaine stared at him. You'll have to.

"Have you ever held a gun, Kurt?"

Kurt shook his head.

"Would you like to?"

Kurt's eyes widened. "What do you mean?"

"I mean, would you like to learn how to shoot a gun?"

Kurt slowly shook his head. "I don't think so. I don't like violence. I've experienced enough of it without actual weapons. I don't wanna become another gun toting American."

"It can't hurt to learn how to handle a gun...just in case you have to one day."

"Why would I ever need to handle a gun?"

"I don't know. Maybe to protect yourself."

Kurt looked at him for a moment before standing up and walking across the room, switching his hips seductively. Blaine stared in shocked surprise when Kurt stopped in front of him and dropped to his knees. His voice was low and seductive.

"But that's what I have you for, right? To protect me?"

Blaine placed his hand on Kurt's neck and pulled him in for a kiss. He trailed his lips along Kurt's neck, whispering against his skin. "Yes...yes...I'll always protect you. Always. I promise."

Blaine pulled Kurt to his feet and dragged him down the many hallways to his bedroom. Clothes were quickly discarded and they fell on to the bed in a tangle of arms, and legs, lips desperately seeking skin to kiss, and mumbled words of love, want, need, and promise. Blaine sucked at Kurt's neck as he twisted two fingers inside him.

"I love how you're always so tight. Gonna plug your tight hole when we get back to school. I want your hole full so you always think about me fucking you."

Kurt groaned. "I always think of you fucking me. You leave me so sore."

That pushed Blaine into overdrive. He'd planned to go slow since they'd fucked so hard Thursday night, but thoughts of leaving Kurt sore took over. He slid in slowly, but then fucked Kurt until he
was begging.

"Blaine…please…come…please…can't…take…fuck…fill…me…ohhh….

The begging drove Blaine crazy. He fucked into him harder until he exploded, his mind dizzy as his body collapsed on to Kurt. Kurt held him tight, running his hands up and down Blaine's back as he came down. Blaine was mumbling incoherently as he drifted from orgasmic bliss into sleep.

"Love…you…keep…safe…always…protect…"

Kurt held him tight. "I know you will. I know."

Saturday morning the boys slept late before finally making their way downstairs for breakfast. Having dismissed the staff for the weekend, Anastasia enjoyed cooking for the first time in months, watching all three boys devour eggs, toast, bacon and sausage. After breakfast, Telio disappeared while Kurt and Blaine put on coats and hats to walk the grounds. While the March air was chilly, it was comfortable with enough padding. Blaine asked one of the guards to build a fire in the fire pit for them to enjoy upon their return. As they walked, a guard followed behind them, careful to keep his distance.

Kurt took a deep breath. The clear, crisp air filled his lungs and made him feel very alive. He turned to Blaine and smiled.

"I feel wonderful."

Blaine smiled back. "So do I. I'm glad you're here."

Kurt looked around. "It's so beautiful here. Beautiful and peaceful."

They stopped at the edge of a small, half frozen pond. Kurt sat down on a large rock and studied Blaine as he stood staring across the pond.

"So, I got my packet in the mail about auditioning for NYADA."

Blaine nodded. "Good. That gives you plenty of time to prepare."

"Rachel and I have been making a list of possible audition pieces for months. Naturally she'll do, "Don't Rain on My Parade." It's her trademark. She's been practicing since she was like two."

"Well, whatever you choose to do, I'm sure you'll kill it. I'm not worried. They'd be crazy not to accept you."

Kurt nodded. "I hope so." Blaine turned back towards the pond. Kurt watched him for a moment before deciding to put his idea out there.

"You know…I've been thinking. Why don't you audition too? I know you were thinking about Columbia or NYU, but why not consider NYADA?"

Blaine continued staring at the pond.

"Blaine?"

Blaine walked over to him and took his gloved hands in his.

"What if I couldn't go to New York with you? What would you do?"
Kurt felt a sharp cut to his heart. "What do you mean?"

"Let's say I had to stay here. What would you do?"

"But why would you have to stay here?" Kurt's eyes met Blaine's and a chill that had nothing do with being outdoors, snaked up his spine.

"What would you do here? Work for your father?"

"Possibly."

"In the construction firm?"

"Maybe."

Kurt ignored the voice in the back of his head. "Well, I guess I could see that. Anderson Construction is a big company and…"

Blaine cut him off. "What if it wasn't for the construction firm?"

There was only one other side to the Anderson family business, and that side was the reason why an armed guard stood watch over them a few feet away.

"Blaine… what are you saying?"

Blaine stared into Kurt's eyes. Now was the time to tell him about his father's decision. To come clean about his future.

Instead he pulled Kurt up and kissed him softly. "I'm not saying anything. I was just thinking out loud. Let's go see if the fire is ready."

Kurt held back. "But why would you think that? Are you… did your father say something to you?"

*Don't lie to him.*

"We were just discussing my options last weekend. Working for my family is always an option."

"But you don't want that, so it's not really an option, is it?"


As they walked, Blaine rationalized his decision.

*Nothing's definite. My father is very healthy. I can work out a compromise where I go to college in New York, and do my own thing until my father is ready to start thinking about retirement. That's years away. Kurt and I will be married by then. There's no need to worry him now.*

x-x-x-x

After dinner Saturday evening, Kurt offered to help Anastasia clear the table and clean the kitchen. Blaine decided to disappear to play video games with Telio. He liked the idea of Kurt spending time with his mom. Kurt would be her son-in-law one day. It was important for them to get along.

As they cleaned, Kurt told Anastasia about his culinary talents.
"Now, I don't mean to brag, but over the summer I mastered the art of pate. I also make an excellent soufflé."

"Ah, you are better than me. Mine never rises correctly."

"The key is to leave enough room in the bowl. You can't crowd it. It has to have room to grow to its full potential."

Anastasia smiled. "Noted." She paused and studied Kurt for a moment. He really was a pretty boy. Still masculine, but pretty, and he seemed smart and kind. Anastasia decided to tread carefully. She didn't want to ruin anything for her son, but she felt a strange obligation to warn Kurt. This boy had no mother, just like Telio, and it saddened her. Anastasia's mothering instinct was too strong for her to ignore. She gestured for them to sit down at the kitchen table.

"So, tell me, Kurt. Do you love my son?"

Kurt nodded enthusiastically. "Yes, I do. Very much."

"Are you in love with him?"

Kurt nodded.

Anastasia sighed. Kurt was surprised to see her expression somber and her mood turn pensive. His mind immediately took a turn towards rejection. Didn't she like him? Didn't she think he was good enough for her son? Anastasia reached over and took his hand.

"Blaine is a very sweet boy. He always has been. He's kind, and loving, and when he cares, he cares deeply with his whole heart. I see the way he looks at you. He loves you, Kurt. He is very much in love with you. You obviously make him very happy, and that makes me happy."

Kurt relaxed. Okay. This was all good, so why did Anastasia look so worried? Kurt sought to reassure her.

"I promise you Mrs. Anderson, I truly love your son. I really, really do. He makes me happy too, and I can't imagine not being with him."

Anastasia gave him a small smile. "I'm glad to hear that. I really am because...there are some things you should know about Anderson men. Anderson men are very passionate creatures. Their blood is rich and thick, pulsing with power and passion. They have an inborn need to lead. Control. To dominate and command everything...and everyone around them. It is why they do what they do. They could never take direction from others, and...they don't deal well with others not taking direction from them."

Kurt felt a slight chill go through him. Anastasia was staring into his eyes with almost the same intensity as Blaine. Her grip on his hand tightened.

"Anderson men are very confident and determined in their decision making. They do not vacillate and they do not waver once they have decided they want something...or someone."

Kurt's expression made Anastasia decide it was time to stop talking. She'd said enough. Hopefully Kurt could draw his own conclusions and make his own decision before it was too late.

Anastasia glanced at Kurt's bracelet.

If it wasn't already too late.
Kurt returned to Blaine's room and prepared for bed. He was emotionally exhausted from the day's conversations. Why did Blaine mention the possibility of a future with his family's business? Why didn't he want to audition for NYADA? Why had his conversation with Anastasia sounded like a warning, but a warning about what exactly? And why on earth would Blaine ever think Kurt would want to learn how to shoot a gun?

Kurt sighed. His mind was tired. No more thinking. He climbed into bed and fell asleep in minutes.

Around 11:00 pm, Blaine slipped quietly inside his room and locked the door. He smiled at Kurt all wrapped up in his sheets, sleeping peacefully.

Good thing Kurt had gotten some rest.

Blaine took off his clothes, and quietly gathered the things he would need. Once everything was ready, he gently sat down on the bed and rolled Kurt to his back. Kurt remained asleep, but snorted and tried to roll all the way over. Blaine stopped him and gently pulled his arms up above his head. As he locked the handcuffs, Kurt stirred. He tried to move his hands. His eyes flew open.

"Hello gorgeous."

Kurt blinked. "What are you doing?"

"Finishing our lesson. Hopefully you'll understand the concept this time."

Now Kurt was awake.

The room was dark except for the light from two candles, one on each side of the bed. Blaine was so sexy, Kurt found it almost hard to look at him. His curls were free and he hadn't shaved, so a light stubble covered his face. His eyes were focused on Kurt with love and desire, but something sinister lurked just underneath.

"Are you comfortable? Do you need anything?"

Kurt nodded and shook his head.

"Do you trust me?"

As Kurt pulled slightly within the handcuffs, he realized there was a growing pattern to that question.

"Yes."

Blaine smiled. "Good boy."

Blaine moved in between Kurt's bent legs, spreading them wide. Kurt happily closed his eyes and moaned as Blaine poured a little lube into his hand and stroked Kurt's cock several times. He poured some on his fingers and slid them inside Kurt's ass, making him whine in anticipation. Then Kurt felt something cool and metal. He opened his eyes and looked down. There was a round piece of thick metal around his cock. Kurt's eyes grew huge.

"What…what are you doing?"

"Teaching you a lesson."

"What?"
Blaine leaned down and gave Kurt's cock one, firm, long, hard, suck. Kurt couldn't help but arch his hips up, but Blaine pulled off and gave him a sexy, wicked smile.

"Here is your lesson. You must ask my permission to leave campus. Not tell. Ask. As soon as you agree to this, you may come."

"What?"

"You heard me."

Blaine leaned down and started to suck.

And suck.

And lick.

And massage.

And Kurt was in sweet, sweet hell.

Blaine carefully applied every suck, lick, and touch to elicit the highest possible arousal from Kurt. Kurt's body was soon wound so tight with pulsing, tense need, he was sure his cock was going to simply burst. Blaine brought him to the edge and kept him there, begging, pleading, and thrashing in sexual torment. Kurt's speech disintegrated into sobs and whines.

"Come on, gorgeous. All you have to do is repeat after me. I will ask for permission. I will ask for permission."

Kurt's mind managed to process the words, but he refused to give in. Instead he cried out as Blaine sucked him fast and hard while filling his ass with four slick fingers.

"If you keep this up, gorgeous, I'm going to be able to fist you."

Kurt screamed as his cock grew impossibly harder.

Blaine continued for a few more minutes before stopping to kiss Kurt's mouth. Kurt kissed back as though starving. He panted and begged into Blaine's mouth.

"Come...come...need to come...please..."

Blaine kissed along his neck and whispered in his ear. "You know what you have to do to come. Be a good boy, Kurt. Say it. I will ask for permission."

Kurt shook his head. "Tell!"

Blaine kissed him hard. "Such a gorgeous, beautiful, bitch. I love you so much. You're so fucking strong and determined, but you should pick a different battle and a different opponent. Andersons always win."

Blaine reached over and took something from the nightstand. He sat up and started gently rubbing Kurt's nipples with his thumbs. Kurt cried out and pulled his bound wrists. Fuck, fuck, fuck. Blaine held up something for Kurt to see, but Kurt couldn't tell what it was. It was small. An earring?

Kurt felt a sharp, tight pinch. First one, then another.

Then he screamed.
The tiny nipple clamps bit into his skin with just the right amount of pressure to send him crashing. Coupled with Blaine's mouth sucking his cock, while his fingers pushed into him perfectly, Kurt was defeated. His body shook as he yelled.

"Ask! Ask! Ask! Ask! I'll ask permission!"

Blaine removed the nipple clamps and the cock ring. Kurt's body convulsed as a violent orgasm tore through him. Kurt screamed and cried as his body writhed and jumped, unable to handle the intense release soaring through it. Blaine climbed off the bed and sat down in a chair in the corner of his room. He watched Kurt's body shiver with tiny after-shocks of pleasure and waited.

Kurt brought his arms down in front of him and held his cuffed hands to his chest as he rolled first to one side, then the other. He stretched out his arms, his fingers desperately seeking Blaine's body. Blaine continued to stare at him, making no move to release or comfort him. He just waited.

Like before, Kurt felt the frightening, desperate feeling of having no connection. Of being alone, and lost. He curled into himself and sobbed. Blaine ached to go to him, but something made him wait until Kurt screamed for him.

"Blaine!"

Blaine was beside him in less than a second. He removed the handcuffs and laid down, pulling Kurt as close as possible. Kurt heaved and broke down into loud sobs. Blaine shushed him and kissed him, holding him tight. Kurt mumbled desperately against his chest.

"I'll...permission...ask...permission...I'll...ask..."

Blaine held him tight. "That's my good boy. My wonderful, gorgeous, good boy. I love you so much. I love you, I love you, I love you..."

Sunday morning arrived chilly and bright, sun flooding the entire house, creating a golden glow in every room. Kurt lay trapped in Blaine's warm, heavy embrace, watching the sun dance across the ceiling. He shifted a little, and felt Blaine's arms tighten around him while his legs intertwined and locked with his. Kurt relaxed and snuggled in. All his worries and fears from the day before were gone, replaced with memories of the night before.

A slight buzz still hummed deep inside him. He'd never experienced something so physically intense, and literally mind-blowing. Not to mention the sexual intensity. His body still felt tired from the strain of being on edge for so long, but his mind felt incredibly peaceful and clear.

"Good morning, gorgeous."

"Good morning."

Blaine looked into Kurt's eyes before whispering, "You will ask for permission."

Kurt quickly nodded. "I'll ask for permission."

Blaine's smile was a bright as the sun filling the room.

They took a long shower together, washing away the sweat, cum and tears of last night. Blaine gently kissed the bruised skin around Kurt's wrists and held him close.

"I love you so much, Kurt. I'll always take care of you, okay?"
Kurt nodded.

They made their way downstairs for breakfast. Telio was already at the table chatting with Anastasia. The sunlight lightened everyone's mood. They laughed and talked over breakfast, lingering long after they were all done. Kurt promised to visit again, and hinted at Blaine coming home with him in a few weeks. When Telio frowned, Kurt assured him he was welcome too.

No one heard the front door open.

Mario and Luther stood quietly surveying the scene before them. Mario's gaze zeroed in on the boy whose hand was intertwined with his son's, resting on the table.

"Well, this is a lovely sight to come home to. Good morning."

Everyone froze. Kurt tightened his hold on Blaine's hand as he stared in shock at the man standing in the doorway.

It was Blaine in 20 years.

The resemblance was remarkable. And unsettling.

Anastasia looked panic-stricken for a moment before pulling herself together. She stood up and went to welcome her husband.

"Darling… I wasn't expecting you home until later tonight or tomorrow morning." She kissed him on the cheek.

"I got bored beating Morton in every round of golf we played. I'm sure he lets me win. If I'd have known we were going to have guests this weekend, I would have returned Friday evening."

Blaine stood up, tugging Kurt to do the same. Kurt rose quickly and followed Blaine.

"Dad, this is my boyfriend, Kurt Hummel. Kurt, this is my dad, Mario Anderson."

Mario smiled and held out his hand. "A pleasure to meet you, Kurt. Welcome."

"Thank you."

"If I'd known you were coming," he shot a look at Anastasia, "I'd have made myself available."

Blaine glanced at his mother and back to his father. "It was kind of a spur of the moment thing, Dad."

Mario nodded knowingly. Did they really think he was stupid? No matter. He gets to meet the boyfriend, and he has an excuse to punish the hell out of his wife.

"I see. Well, Kurt please sit back down. Tell me about yourself."

Kurt managed to keep his voice steady as he answered the usual parent questions. Age, grade, how did you come to Dalton, what do your parents do…

"Hummel… hmm? Seems like I've heard and seen that name before."

"Oh, my dad is running for US Congress."

"Really? Well, that's wonderful. Perhaps I'll make a donation."
Kurt nodded. Could his dad accept a donation from a crime boss? Wouldn't that be blood money, or something?

As they continued to chat, Mario noticed the bracelet on Kurt's wrist. He looked at Blaine. Blaine stared back at him, unflinching.

Well.

Telio finally suggested they get ready to get on the road. Mario smiled a brilliant smile that matched Blaine's in every way. Kurt was unnerved by the similarity.

"Kurt, please don't be a stranger. You're welcome here anytime."

"Thank you."

After hugs and kisses, the boys climbed into the Mercedes and drove off. Mario and Anastasia stood in the doorway and waved. Once the car was out of sight, they went inside. Anastasia waited in nervous anticipation as Mario circled her. He stopped behind her and slid his arm around her waist, pulling her back until she was pressed against him. She could feel his hardness. He gently gathered her hair and swept it to her shoulder so he could press his lips to her neck. He spoke between soft kisses pressed to her skin.

"Blaine's boyfriend seems lovely."

"Yes, he is lovely. Very smart and kind."

"Anderson men have great taste." Mario spun her around and held her tightly to him.

"Sneaking around behind my back, my love."

Anastasia held her breath. She wasn't about to argue.

"Remember what happened the last time you sneaked around behind my back?"

Mario wrapped her hair around his hand and yanked her head back. She whimpered quietly as Mario slowly kissed down her neck before releasing her.

"Go wait for me. On your knees."

Mario headed to Luther's room. He sat down and watched Luther unpack his suitcase. Luther smiled when he heard Mario's heavy sigh.

"I assume you've changed your mind?"

"You saw the way Blaine was looking at him. He loves him. I haven't seen him look that fucking happy in years. I won't take away someone who makes him that happy."

"He's tracking him."

Mario smiled. "Yeah. And he thinks he's not like me."

Luther sat down at his desk. "So, I assume that leaves Skylar."

Mario frowned. He hated to do it, but Dirk Mason had to be appeased. He was destroying one son's happiness to save the others. At least it was the son who deserved to pay for his actions.
"Yes. Have some of the Springfield boys pick him up. It can't be someone either would recognize. As a matter of fact, tell them to make sure Cooper isn't around when it happens. He can never know I was behind this."

"Are you sure Dirk will feel this is an expensive enough sacrifice?"

"I'm gonna tell him Skylar was the shooter, not Cooper. That should make it work."

"I'll have it done this week."

Mario stood up and headed towards the door. He stopped and turned back around.

"Oh, find out the contribution limit per person for political donations in Ohio. Whatever it is, send a couple of checks to Kurt's father's campaign. One from me, Anastasia, Grandfather Julio and you."

They were halfway home when Telio first noticed the gray Buick following them. Blaine noticed it too. He glanced over at Kurt who was asleep, and then at Telio through his rearview mirror.

"What do you think?"

"Not sure." Telio leaned into the front of the car to open the glove box and take out a gun. He cocked it and placed it under his jacket.

The car continued to follow them through several turns through Westerville and towards the suburbs. When they were three miles from school, they saw the driver reach out his window and place a flashing siren light on top of the car. Telio slid his hand under the jacket as Blaine pulled over and took out his wallet. He glanced at Kurt and prayed he remained asleep.

Telio and Blaine watched the man get out of his car. He was wearing a long beige wool coat. He paused to take credentials out of his pocket.

Blaine breathed out. "He's a fed."

"Maybe. First wrong move and I'm gonna smoke his ass."

Blaine glanced at Kurt. Fuck.

The man walked over to the car. He held up his badge and fed card. Blaine cracked his window.

"Yes?"

"Blaine Anderson?"

Telio gripped the gun under his jacket.

"Yes?"

"I'm Federal Agent Fred Barkley. I'd like to speak to you a moment."

"Now?"

"Well, I could follow you back to school."

Blaine thought fast. He could refuse to talk. He wouldn't be 18 until next month, so technically this guy needed his parent's permission. What was a federal agent doing stopping him in the first place?
Usually the feds tried to execute search warrants at Anderson Construction. They were always squashed within 15 minutes. He decided to fulfill his curiosity.

"Okay. Move."

Agent Barkley stepped back. Blaine glanced at Kurt who was still sleeping. "Stay with Kurt."

"Blaine…"

"I'll stay right here by the car, just roll down your window. He moves wrong you can shoot him, but remember, he's a fed. We'll have to smuggle you out of the country."

Blaine glanced at Kurt once more before opening his door and stepping out.

"Alright, make it fast. What do you want?"

"The nephew of a powerful drug dealer was killed a few weeks ago. Word on the street is that he was gunned down by an Anderson."

"Anderson is a fairly common name."

Agent Barkley gave a humorless laughed. "Really?"

"I don't know anything about a murder."

"I didn't think you did. When was the last time you spoke to your brother?"

Cooper.

Shit.

"It's been a few months. I'm busy with school, and he's busy with his own life."

Agent Barkley gave him a hard look. "Let's get real, Blaine. I know all about your family, and I don't find your father's ability to elude arrest impressive. I find it disgusting. I've decided it's time to put an end to it, starting with arresting your brother for murder. Look, you're young and I'm guessing you're pretty innocent in all this, but I've also heard other things. Things that make me worry about your future. Let me help you. You help me, I'll help you."

"I can't help you because I don't know what you're talking about. Last I heard my brother was out in California trying to become an actor."

Agent Barkley stepped back and stared at Blaine. Blaine stared back with wide, innocent eyes. Agent Barkley slowly nodded.

"Okay, Blaine. If that's how you want it. Just remember. I warned you."

Blaine turned around and climbed back in the car. Kurt was awake, looking at him nervously.

"Is everything okay?"

Blaine nodded.

Agent Barkley held out his card. "If you change your mind, just give me a call."

Blaine took the card and moved to roll up his window, but Agent Barkley suddenly put his hand out
as he caught sight of Kurt. His eyes narrowed in thought.

He'd seen this kid before, but where?

"You mind?" Blaine motioned at his hand. Agent Barkley removed his hand, but continued to stare at Kurt who stared back until the tinted window was all the way up.

Agent Barkley headed back to his car and watched Blaine pull off.

Who was that kid?

He looked familiar in a way that felt related to the case, but how?
Chapter 12

Chapter Notes

Warnings - This chapter includes violence right at the start, angst, smut, breath play, spanking, Blaine being controlling, and Kurt reaching a decision. Oh, and plot.

Pain.

Blinding, searing, hot pain flashing and popping in every cell, every muscle, every inch of his body.

Why couldn't they just kill him?

Death would be so welcome.

A kick to the head and Skylar was choking on the blood running down his throat. A stomp to his chest stole his breathing. His body curled inward in an effort to protect itself, but it was hopeless.

Five more kicks and stomps came before the blows stopped. Somewhere in the haze of blood, bruises, and pain, he could hear a fuzzy voice.

"Pull the tape from his eyes."

The pull of the tape being roughly pulled away didn't even register in his mind. It was nothing compared to what he'd been through the past several hours.

He'd been so careful. He hadn't left his apartment in almost two weeks, living on anything he could find in his kitchen, or takeout delivered to the apartment one floor down. His neighbor, Frank was happy to accept his food in exchange for Skylar ordering for him too, paying for their order, and giving him ten bucks.

It was a lack of milk that finally did him in.

Skylar simply couldn't eat cereal without milk. He didn't understand people who could. It was like chewing on sugary drywall. He was going to ask Frank to go to the store for him, but Frank disappeared around Thursday and still wasn't back a week later.

Skylar waited until Noon on Saturday figuring the grocery store would be busy and he could blend in with all the Saturday shoppers. He would stock up and hunker back down.

And hope to hear from Cooper.

He hadn't seen or heard from Cooper since their disastrous visit to the Anderson compound. Cooper had dropped him off and disappeared. Skylar's many texts and voice messages had gone unanswered. He figured Cooper was either coked out in an alley somewhere, or dead.

They grabbed Skylar the moment he got out of his car. He never knew what hit him.

And now he was on the floor, his hands and ankles duct taped, his body bruised, bloodied and throbbing in pain.
Someone was pulling his head back, screaming at him, but he was losing consciousness.

"Wake this motherfucker up!"

Skylar was dragged to his knees, a bucket of ice water poured over his head. The cold shocked him awake. He tried to make out the figure looming over him, but his left eye was completely swollen shut, and his right was quickly closing down as well.

"...appreciate this shit! Mario has some fucking nerve. Does he think I'm stupid?"

Skylar started tipping over. Two hands belonging to a body he couldn't see, pulled him up straight and held him in place. Dirk bent down, his face close to Skylar's.

"So, you're really gonna take the rap for Anderson?"

Skylar tried to focus. Rap?

"Come on man. Just tell me the truth. You were there, but you didn't kill him, did you?"

No. Skylar carried a gun, but he'd never killed anyone. Cooper was the killer.

Dirk slapped him. "Wake up!" He took out his gun and held it to Skylar's temple.

"Answer me. Did you shoot Dougie?"

Skylar swallowed and tried to speak, but started coughing. Dirk stood up.

"Get him a drink."

Half a bottle of water was poured down his throat allowing Skylar to manage a whisper.

"Didn't kill...didn't."

Dirk nodded. "I know you didn't. Mario thinks I'm stupid, and I don't appreciate it."

He stepped back and studied Skylar for a moment before reaching a decision.

"But I ain't interested in fucking with the Andersons." He turned to the two men in the room.

"Beat his ass until his heart stops. Then shoot him in the head."

Panic pushed Skylar to find his voice. "Wait...didn't kill...I didn't kill..."

"I honestly don't give it a shit. You were there, so you're guilty. Oh, and by the way, where the fuck is my coke?"

Skylar shook his head. "Don't...didn't...Cooper..."

"Yeah. That's what I thought. Get this fucker outta here."

Two men grabbed Skylar and started dragging him toward the door.

"Wait...help...can...I...help...you...I can...help...you..."

Dirk laughed. "Now what could you possibly do for me?"

"Trust...they trust me...Andersons...trust..."
"Trust you? Motherfucker, they don't even like yo' ass. If they did you wouldn't be here right now."

"Cooper…Mario's…just…save…his son…"

Dirk looked at him and started thinking. It made sense that Mario would protect his son by sending someone in his place. Skylar was Cooper's best friend. They'd grown up together so he probably knew a hell of a lot about the Andersons. They probably did trust him. Word on the street was that the Andersons were ready to make a major move into the drug trade. It wouldn't hurt to have more details on what they were up to and how far they planned to expand. Dirk had a nice operation going in Toledo. He was making money hand over fist. If he knew what the Andersons were up to, he could plan and adjust accordingly. Maybe prevent them from eating into his profit.

"Alright bitch. This is yo' lucky ass day."

"No."

"It'll be fun."

"No, it won't."

"Yes, it will."

"No, really, it won't."

Kurt sighed. He knew it wouldn't be easy, but he was determined.

"Look, it will all be very casual and relaxed. Me, you, Blaine, Doug, Courtney, and Alicia. It's just coffee. Coffee is easy. Please?"

"No."

"I promise you'll have a good time."

"No, I won't."

"Yes, you will. You really, really, will. Please?"

Telio glared at Blaine. "Would you please make your boyfriend leave me alone?"

Blaine grinned. He was enjoying this. Kurt was beyond cute, and watching him get on Telio's nerves was hilarious.

"Sorry. Can't help you. I find it very hard to make Kurt do anything."

Telio scoffed and then scowled at Kurt. "Don't you have something better to do than harass the hell out of me?"

Kurt shook his head. "I can't think of a better way to spend my time than investing in your happiness."

Blaine laughed at the annoyed expression on Telio's face. Kurt pressed on.

"Come on, Telio. You like her, right? And she thinks you're gorgeous."

"You don't know that."
Kurt grew excited and started bopping up and down in his chair.

"Yes I do! I do! She told Courtney she thinks you're hot!"

"Liar."

"No, I swear I'm not lying! She told Courtney, and Courtney told Doug!"

Telio looked at Kurt and then at Blaine. Blaine nodded reassuringly.

"No."

Kurt's shoulders slumped and his face scrunched up in annoyance. Why was Telio being so difficult? Maybe he should just forget the whole thing. Then he had a thought. A smile spread across his face for a moment before being replaced with complete innocence.


"Okay, okay! I get it! I'll go! Shit!"

Kurt clapped his hands happily making Blaine fall in love with him all over again. How could someone be so sexy, handsome, and adorable all at the same time?

"I promise you'll have a good time."

Telio stood up and swung his bag over his shoulder.

"No, I won't and neither will she, but if it gets you to leave me alone, then fine."

Kurt watched him stalk off leaving him and Blaine sitting in the music room.

Kurt turned to Blaine with a worried frown. "He won't be an ass on purpose, will he? I don't want Alicia to have a horrible time."

Blaine smiled at Kurt's concern. "No, Telio would never do that. He's just nervous. I don't think he's ever even talked to a girl."

"I know you said you can't tell me Telio's story because it's not yours to tell, but… can't you tell me something? I mean…where's his family? Where's his mom?"

Blaine looked around for a moment before looking back at Kurt. He didn't want to betray Telio's privacy, but this was Kurt. It's not like he would tell anyone.

"His family is dead, Kurt. His mom, from what I've heard, was very beautiful which made her a constant target of men. She made a lot of mistakes…got mixed up with the wrong guys. Guys who didn't treat her well. She wasn't married to Telio's dad, but he always stopped by to check on them and to give her money to take care of him. One day he stopped by and found Telio sitting on the floor next to her body. She'd been dead for like a week. I guess he didn't know what to do, or didn't want to leave her. I don't know. He was only 9 or 10 when it happened."

Kurt's sadness ran deep. He knew what it felt like to lose a mother. "I had no idea. Where's his father now?"

"He's dead."
"What happened to him?"

Blaine shook his head. He didn't want to tell Kurt the details of Telio's father's death. "I've already said too much."

Kurt nodded. He was still curious, but he didn't want to push. He was intrigued by what he'd just learned. He felt a new kindred spirit of affection for Telio.

They finally had something in common besides Blaine.

Agent Barkley sat at his desk reviewing his notes from the Dougie Mason murder case. He knew Cooper Anderson was the shooter, but he'd been warned by his superiors not to make an arrest. They had a bigger goal: Mario Anderson. Their hope was to get Cooper to roll on his father, or get Mario to take the fall for his son.

Barkley thought they were crazy. A man like Mario Anderson didn't get to where he was by entertaining thoughts of surrender. Barkley was sure Mario would gladly see his eldest son rot in jail versus turning himself in. Especially since it was common knowledge that Mario favored Blaine.

Blaine.


An out, gay, crime boss? Being a crime boss was hard enough without everyone constantly questioning and challenging your toughness and manhood. Why on earth would Mario put his son in that position? On top of that, he skipped over his eldest son to do it.

How long before Cooper killed his little brother?

Barkley stretched, took a sip of coffee, and scrolled to the next page of his notes. He read over the details of his meeting with Blaine. Blaine's best friend, Telio Montgomery had been in the car along with another kid. The kid who looked familiar.

Barkley stopped and looked up, thinking hard.

He scrolled to his notes from his visit to Burt Hummel's house.

*Step-son, Finn Hudson, junior, William McKinley High School.*

*Biological son, Kurt Hummel, junior, Dalton Academy.*

Dalton Academy.

Blaine Anderson went to Dalton Academy.

Barkley closed his eyes and pictured the living room of the Hummel-Hudson home.

The pictures on the mantle.

Barkley opened his eyes.

The kid in the car with Blaine Anderson was Kurt Hummel.
Burt Hummel's son hanging out with Mario Anderson's son.

Barkley sat back and smiled.

The case of the criminal and the wannabe congressman.

Cooper was sitting in a small coffee shop in downtown Dayton. He was supposed to be watching the door, but he couldn't stop watching the barista as she walked around collecting random coffee cups. She was pretty. Long chestnut brown hair and pretty blue eyes. Or were they grey? Maybe bluish grey. Nice set of tits. Firm ass. Very attractive. The fact that she was in Dayton made her even more attractive. Cooper couldn't afford female entanglements right now, but it would be nice to get laid.

He flashed a beautiful smile when she stopped at his table.

"Can I get you a refill?"

"Absolutely. The coffee is excellent, the service is great, and you are one of the prettiest girls I've ever seen."

The barista laughed. "Thank you."

"What time do you get off? I'd love to buy you dinner. And then fuck you."

"Thanks for the offer. That's really nice of you, but I have to decline."

Cooper was a little taken aback. He was used to women swooning over him.

"Oh, come on. I promise you'll have a great time."

"Sorry, but you're just not my type."

"Really? And what is your type?"

"Female."

"Huh?"

"Women. I prefer women. Would you like cream or sugar in your refill?"

"Uh…black. Black is fine."

Cooper sat in a funk, eyes on the door. He sat up when Alan walked in. Only one of the stocky built mustache guys was with him. Cooper stood up as they headed over.

"Hi. Thanks for agreeing to meet me here."

Alan nodded curtly and sat down. He turned to his companion. "Go get a latte or something."

Alan sat back and studied Cooper. How was it possible that someone as smart as Mario Anderson had such a stupid kid?

"So, where's my delivery?"

Cooper smiled and turned on his charm. "Allow me to apologize. We ran into a small quality and distribution problem, but I can assure you…"
"Killing your supplier would fuck up distribution, now wouldn't it?"

Cooper didn't miss a beat. "What are you talking about?"

"Come on, Cooper. Word is you had a little misunderstanding and decided to solve it… permanently."

Cooper shook his head. "I have no idea what you're talking about. My supplier ran into a few production problems. When we finally met and I checked out the final product it was subpar. I told him I wasn't interested and Skylar and I contracted with a new company. I'll have your product by the end of the week, plus a little extra as an apology for the delay."

"So, everything will be square by the end of the week?"

"Absolutely. I'll let you know when and where to pick it up."

Alan sat back and nodded. "Okay. I'll let my clients know."

Cooper grinned. Excellent. He was still in business. This was his third meeting of the day and everyone was on board.

Alan's eyes were hard and serious. He leaned forward, his voice quiet yet full of warning.

"Let me be very clear, Cooper. You fuck up again and I can't guarantee that my client won't take it personally, and therefore come after you personally. I covered for you once. I won't do it again."

"Don't worry. I have everything under control."

Alan stood up. "Just so I understand, is this new business yours, or is it an Anderson family affair?"

Cooper's expression darkened. "All business is Anderson family business because I am the future head of the Anderson family."

"So, the Andersons are officially in? Including your father?"

"Completely."

Alan nodded. "Okay. Knowing the old man is in will make everyone more comfortable. No offense."

Cooper bristled at the implication, but simply nodded.

x-x-x-x

Alan waited until they were on the highway heading back to New Jersey to make the phone call.

"Frank? It's Alan. Yeah. I just got confirmation."

"The Andersons are officially in."

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Burt Hummel pulled off his tie and started unbuttoning his shirt. He was glad to be home. Overall he was enjoying his run for Congress, but it was draining. All the driving, grinning and greeting was exhausting, and he was just getting started. He had months of campaigning ahead of him, especially if he was going to raise enough money to keep going.
"Crap." He started re-buttoning his shirt. Carol glanced over at him as she slid off her dress.

"Why are you getting dressed?"

"Will is coming over along with Lydia, remember? Something about campaign contributions."

"Do we have to do it tonight? You look exhausted."

"I am exhausted, but Will said it was important. I'd rather go ahead and get it out the way so we can relax tomorrow."

Carol sighed and pulled her dress back on.

Thirty minutes later, Will, Lydia Walker, the Campaign Finance Director from the state Democratic Party, Burt and Carol all sat around the dining room table.

"Okay, so what's going on that couldn't wait?"

Will looked worried while Lydia stared suspiciously at Burt.

"Well," said Will, "I'm sure it's nothing, but Lydia was concerned, so I suggested we meet right away."

Burt looked at Lydia. "From the way you're glaring at me, I'm going to assume we did something wrong on our last financial report. I swear I turned everything in."

"I'm actually here about three donations listed on that report." Lydia took out copies of three checks, all made out for the maximum contribution limit of $2,600.

Carol looked at the copies. "Mario Anderson, Anastasia Anderson, and Julio Anderson." She looked at Burt questioningly.

Lydia's voice was full of accusation. "Do you mind telling me how you know Mario Anderson?"

Burt looked at the check copies and shook his head. "I don't know a Mario Anderson. As a matter of fact, I don't know any Andersons. Who are they?"

"Mario Anderson is the CEO of Anderson Construction. I'm sure you've seen their signs all over the place. They've built practically every building in Ohio, but that's just a front. He's actually a criminal. He's the head of a notorious crime family. The government has been waiting for him to slip up for years, but he's smart. They've never been able to gather enough evidence to charge him with anything. One check is from him. The other two are from his wife and his father. Why is a crime boss donating over $7,000 to your campaign?"

Burt shook his head. "Look, I swear I don't know this guy, or his family. Sure, I've heard of Anderson Construction, but that's it. Maybe he likes where I stand on the issues."

Carol was quietly thinking. Anderson...Anderson...

Burt sighed. "Look, just send the checks back. We can do that, right? Just send them back."

Lydia hardened her stare. "You're sure you don't know Mario Anderson?"

"I swear to ya, I never met the guy."
"Alright. I'll take care of it, and I suggest you don't mention this to anyone. One whiff of this to the press or the republicans, and we'll be in a world of trouble trying to explain your supposedly nonexistent ties to the mob."

Burt felt offended. "Hey, when I say I don't know this guy, I mean it! I got nothing to do with the mob! Never have! I run a clean, legitimate business!"

Lydia's tone remained suspicious and accusatory. "So, Mario Anderson just decided to have his entire family donate to your campaign because he cares about the arts?"

"I don't know! Maybe he likes music!"

Lydia shook her head. "Fine. Don't worry. I'll take of it. Like you said, we'll send the money back. That way, if someone does find out, we can honestly claim that we returned his donation and do not welcome the support of criminals or their family members."

Once Lydia and Will left, Burt started unbuttoning his shirt again.

"Well ain't that something? Why on earth would that guy donate to my campaign? I hope he doesn't think I can be bought off because I don't work that way."

Carol was quiet, still thinking. Anderson…Anderson…

Burt headed towards the kitchen to grab a beer. "I'm gonna go into the shop tomorrow morning to give Kurt's car a tune up. I think he's gonna come get it next week."

Carol looked up.

Kurt.

"Burt, what's the name of Kurt's boyfriend?"

"Um…Blaine. Yeah, Blaine."

"Blaine, what?"

"Uh, Blaine…" Burt looked at Carol.

"Anderson."

Friday afternoon at 3:30 pm, Blaine knocked on Telio's door.

No answer.

He knocked harder.

No answer.

Blaine sighed. He figured this would happen which was why he told Kurt he'd meet him and Doug out front at 4:00 pm. They were supposed to meet the girls at the coffee shop at 4:30 pm.

"Telio? Telio, open the door. I know you're in there."

No answer.

"Telio! Open the damn door!"
The door opened.

Blaine blinked. "Wow."

Telio scowled at him. "Oh, shut up." Telio turned and walked back into his room and looked at himself in the mirror. Blaine followed him in and shut the door.

"I'm serious. You look great."

Telio was wearing a dark red shirt and a pair of dark blue jeans. The shirt was slightly snug, accentuating his amazing physique. The jeans fit perfectly, molding him just enough to leave nothing to the imagination, front and back. Blaine grinned at him.

"I gotta say that if you were gay, and not my brother, and I wasn't already madly in love with Kurt, I would totally wanna do you."

"Would you shut up?"

Blaine laughed. "Come on, let's go."

Telio shook his head. "I'm not going."

"Oh, yes you are. Kurt's been looking forward to this all week. It's all he's talked about. I'm not going to let you disappoint him. Besides, are you really gonna let me leave campus without you?"

"Just take your gun and go without me."

"Uh, no. Come on. You've been staring at this girl since last year. I may be gay, but I can totally appreciate the fact that she's beautiful. You better make a move before someone else does."

Telio sat down in his desk chair and stared at the floor. "What am I supposed to talk about?"

"Well, you could discuss your future role as second in command of one of the largest crime families in the US. That's pretty impressive."

"I'm serious, Blaine. I don't know how to talk to girls. I don't really know how to talk to anybody but you."

Blaine sat down on the bed and looked at Telio. He looked so nervous and…was it even possible? Scared? Blaine was sure he'd never seen fear on Telio's face. Ever.

"Look, I don't know a lot about talking to girls for obvious reasons, but I gotta believe it's just like talking to a guy you like. Encourage her to talk about herself. When I first met Kurt I spent an entire month just listening to him. That told me everything I needed to know to make sure I knew how to make him happy."

Telio shook his head. "If I wanna make her happy I should stay here and leave her alone. No offense, but I don't think men like us should have relationships. We're too dangerous."

Blaine stood up and smiled wickedly. "That's what makes us hot. Women like dangerous men, and so do gorgeous gay boys. Come on. You don't have to ask her to marry you at the end of the night. It's just coffee."

x-x-x-x

Kurt talked non-stop on the way to the Westerville Coffee House. Blaine kept glancing away from
the road to smile at him. His excitement was adorable. Telio sat in the back with a slightly panicked expression on his face, while Doug was just as excited as Kurt. His phone conversations and sexts with Courtney had grown increasingly hot. He was hoping to commandeering the backseat for a makeout session.

Blaine found a parking spot on the street and they all spilled out of the car. Blaine immediately took Kurt's hand in his and was pleased when Kurt didn't flinch or pull away. His usual nervousness about hand holding in public was completely gone. He knew Blaine would protect him. Plus, someone would be crazy to mess with them with Telio around.

The girls were waiting for them inside. Courtney ran to Doug, throwing herself at him. Doug's arms swallowed her petite frame and they stood there hugging each other before dissolving into hungry kisses, oblivious to everyone else.

Telio stood frozen in place staring at Alicia. She was wearing a short, red and black plaid mini skirt with a red sweater, black tights and black high heeled boots. Her long black hair lay straight down her back. She was the perfect image of hot, sexy and innocent. She smiled shyly at Telio. Kurt looked at him and shook his head in her direction.

"Telio, go say hello."

Telio didn't move. Blaine pushed him towards her.

"Hi Alicia. I'm Blaine. This is my boyfriend, Kurt, and this is Telio."

Alicia nodded. "Hi."

Telio just stared at her. Shit. She's so fucking pretty. What the hell am I supposed to say to someone this pretty?

Kurt looked nervously at Telio. Why wasn't he saying anything? Blaine elbowed Telio in the side, but he still didn't speak. He just stared. Alicia cocked her head to the side and studied him for a moment before smiling and reaching for his hand.

"Would you like to get some coffee?"

"You're really beautiful." Shit! Shit! Shit! That was not the right thing to say!

Alicia's mouth fell open in surprise as her face lit up. "Thank you."

Kurt and Blaine watched Alicia lead Telio to the coffee counter.

Blaine shook his head. "Wow. He's dumbstruck."

Kurt nodded happily. "But can you blame him? She really is pretty, and she seems to like him."

Blaine sighed. "I hope so. He deserves someone. He's a good guy."

Doug came over looking hyper and anxious.

"Dude, can I get the keys to the car?"

Blaine smirked at him. "Leaving already? We just got here. Have you had some coffee, yet? I hear the hazelnut flavor is really good."

Doug looked like he might choke the keys out of Blaine. "You owe me, Anderson. Do you know
how many times I've covered for him with the floor advisor? It's not fair that you guys get to fool around all the time. Stop cock-blocking and gimme the damn keys."

Blaine chuckled and pulled out the keys. "Just remember, we all gotta ride back to school in that car."

Doug snatched the keys from Blaine and hurried back over to Courtney. The two left quickly. Blaine laughed while Kurt made a face and shook his head.

"Eww, eww, eww. God, I hope they roll down the windows afterwards."

Blaine grinned. "Come on. I'll buy you a latte."

An hour later Kurt declared the afternoon a success. He and Blaine were sitting close together on one of the comfy couches in the corner watching Telio and Alicia. They were sitting at a table together, and apparently Telio took Blaine's advice because Alicia hadn't stopped talking since they sat down. Telio was staring at her, completely mesmerized.

Having taken care of their needs, Doug and Courtney were back looking happy and totally in love. Kurt had sent Doug back outside to crack all the windows, causing Courtney to turn five shades of red. Around 6:30 pm, Doug suggested they go have dinner. They walked down the street to a pizza shop and afterwards headed to Graeter's Ice Cream. Blaine watched Kurt lick his ice cream cone.

"I hope you didn't eat your ice cream cone like that when you were here with assdrew."

"I was never here with someone named assdrew."

"You know what I'm talking about."

"Actually, I don't. What's wrong with how I eat my ice cream?"

Blaine looked around to make sure the others weren't listening.

"You make me wanna shove my dick down your throat."

Kurt stopped licking and looked at Blaine with wide, surprised eyes. Then his expression turned sexy wicked. He leaned forward, stared straight into Blaine's eyes and proceeded to slowly slide the entire ice cream cone into his mouth. He pulled it out slowly and ran his tongue around and over his lips, licking away the ice cream. He then took several long swipes at the cone with his tongue, never taking his eyes off Blaine.

Blaine swallowed several times, trying to get a handle on the sexual tension spreading from his cock to the rest of his body.

"Stop it, Kurt."

Kurt's voice was sugary sweet. "I'm just eating my ice cream cone. It is soooo good. Do you wanna lick?"

Blaine dug his nails into his thigh. "When we get back...by the time I get done with you...you're gonna feel and taste my dick for days."

Kurt leaned forward and whispered. "I can hardly wait."

Finally it was time to say goodbye.
Courtney and Doug were kissing so passionately, Kurt was afraid Doug was going to demand the car keys again. Telio and Alicia were standing in front of each other, holding hands. Finally Telio was doing the talking, but Kurt wondered what he was saying because Alicia was looking increasingly distressed. He moved a little closer to eavesdrop.

"So, you don't like me?"

"No, no. I mean...yeah, I do. I really like you. You're beautiful and really interesting, but...I'm not...I really can't get involved with someone."

Alicia looked down at the ground. "You have a girlfriend back home?"

"No, no. Nothing like that. It's just...I have a lot of responsibilities, and...I can't...I'm sorry...I don't know how to explain it. It would just be better if we didn't start anything. I'm sorry."

"You don't even want to be friends?"

Yes, I want to be your friend. I want to be your best friend. I want to be your boyfriend. I want to kiss you so badly, but I can't pull you into my world. You're too sweet and beautiful. I can't do that to you. I just can't.

"I think it would be easier if we weren't friends."

Alicia released his hands and took a step back, her eyes clouded with hurt.

"Just say you don't like me. You don't have to make up excuses."

"But I do like you. That's why I can't..."

Alicia shook her head. "Forget it." She turned and headed towards the car to wait for Courtney.

Telio watched her walk away, his eyes filled with pain, a strange, breaking feeling in his chest. "Alicia..."

Kurt was frantic. "What are you doing?"

"Leave me alone, Kurt."

"But, why would you do that?"

"I'm doing what Blaine should have done for you."

"What? What does that mean?"

Blaine had been listening and watching in silence. His eyes met Telio's for a moment. Telio looked back at Kurt.

"I just don't like her."

He went and got in the car. Kurt turned to Blaine.

"What is going on? Why would he do that? What is he talking about?"

Blaine didn't say anything.

x-x-x-x-x
The ride home was silent, but tense.

Kurt was angry and confused. Why did Telio ruin a perfectly wonderful evening? Why was he lying about liking Alicia? And what the hell was that crack about doing for Alicia what Blaine should have done for him?

Telio was angry and frustrated with everything and everyone. He was angry at Kurt for planning this stupid evening. He was furious at himself for believing for one second that he could actually have a relationship with a sweet and beautiful girl, but most of all he was angry with Blaine. Blaine had weaved a web of lies around Kurt, trapping him, and now that he was refusing to do the same thing to Alicia, he was the bad guy. It wasn't fair.

Doug was angry at Telio for upsetting Alicia, which in turn upset Courtney.

Four angry young men arrived at the Dalton school garage.

Once they exited the car, they exploded.

Doug started it.

"You know what, Telio? You're a douchebag."

"Back off, Grayson. I'm not in the mood."

"Of course you're not in the mood. You're not in the mood because you're a fucking douchebag. Do you know how many guys would kill for a girl like Alicia to be into them? And for some reason, she chooses your sorry sack ass, and then you go and treat her like shit! You're such an asshole!"

Telio clenched his fists, and breathed deeply. He had to keep his anger in check. If not, he would commit murder tonight.

"Fuck off, Grayson. Leave me alone."

Kurt jumped in.

"But he's right! How could you do that? How could you be so mean? What's wrong with you?"

"Nothing's wrong with me! I told you not to set this up, but you didn't listen! I knew this would happen!"

"I was just trying to help you!"

"I don't need your help! I'm fine!"

"No, you aren't! Your entire life revolves around Blaine. You need to build your own life, Telio. What are you going to do when Blaine and I are in New York? Are you gonna follow him around there too?"

Telio looked at Blaine. "Don't you think it's time to tell him the truth?"

Kurt turned to Blaine. "Truth? What truth?"

Telio watched Blaine morph into his father. His face turned expressionless. Completely unreadable. He said nothing.

Telio turned and left followed by Doug who kept looking back nervously at Kurt.
Kurt looked at Blaine.

"What if I couldn't go to New York with you? What would you do?"

"What if it wasn't for the construction firm?"

"We were just discussing my options last weekend. Working for my family is always an option."

No matter how long you live in denial, reality is always there. Lurking around the edges of your carefully crafted lie, just waiting to break through.

"What is he talking about?"

"Telio's just being Telio. There's nothing for you…"

"Stop! Why are you incapable of telling me the truth?"

"Kurt, you don't…"

Kurt lost it. He started screaming.

"Tell me the truth, Blaine! No more secrets, and weird conversations, and strange questions! Just tell me the fucking truth!"

"Look, just…"

"TELL ME THE TRUUUUTH!"

"I'm taking over from my father! It's all settled! I'm the future leader of the Anderson criminal empire! Your boyfriend's a criminal in training!"

Kurt took a step back.

Blaine ran his hands through his hair in exasperation. "I didn't tell you because it doesn't matter. Not right now. My dad is healthy. He's going to be around for a long time. I still plan to go to New York with you, so don't worry. It's gonna be okay."

Kurt shook his head. "How could you keep something like this from me? Why am I always the last to know? You only tell me when you get backed into a corner! How am I supposed to trust you when you refuse to be open and honest with me?"

"I just didn't want you to worry!"

They stood in silence.

Kurt didn't know what to think or do. It wasn't as if the news what a complete shock. Somewhere deep down he always knew they would end up here, despite Blaine's insistence that it would never happen. Mario Anderson was a dangerous and dominant force of a man. A man who always got what he wanted. Hadn't Anastasia said as much? The idea that Blaine was going to defy his father had been a nice plan, but nothing more.

What really hurt was the fact that Blaine hadn't said anything. How long had he known and when was he going to tell him?

And of course, there was the whole criminal thing.
Blaine Anderson. Money launderer, weapons smuggler…

Murderer?

"Kurt…" Blaine stepped forward.

Kurt stepped back. Tears rolling down his face.

"No. Just…just don't say anything else. Please. I can't do this."

A dark heat simmered inside Blaine. "What do you mean you can't do this? What are you talking about?"

Kurt shook his head. "I just need time. I need time to think."

Blaine nodded. "Okay. Let's go inside. We'll take a shower, and go to bed, and in the morning…"

Kurt shook his head. "No…no. I…I need some space. I'm gonna sleep in my room tonight."

Blaine's eyes darkened as he shook his head.

"No. You shouldn't be alone. You should be with me. We should be together."

"I'm going to my room."

"Kurt…"

Kurt started slowly backing away. "I'm sorry, Blaine. I just…I'm tired and I need to think. I just…goodnight."

"No."

"Blaine, please."

"No!"

Kurt turned and ran. Blaine ran after him.

"Kurt! Kurt, stop! Kurt!"

Kurt kept running, but instead of heading to his floor, he headed to Blaine's out of habit. When he realized his mistake, he turned around, but Blaine came running out of the stairwell. Kurt turned to run down the hall to the other set of stairs, but Blaine caught him and grabbed his arm just a few feet from his bedroom door. He pushed Kurt against the wall and pressed his body against his to hold him there. When Kurt tried to push him away, Blaine grabbed his hands and pressed them into the wall. He pressed himself harder into Kurt. His voice was desperate and slightly threatening.

"Stop running from me. You know I love you. Don't run from me."

"If you love me, why do you lie to me? You never tell me the truth!"

"I didn't lie to you! I just didn't want you to worry! Nothing's changed! I'm not going anywhere! This decision is about the future, not today!"

"And what about my future, Blaine? Doesn't this affect my future too?"

"Your future remains the same. You'll go to NYADA. You'll become a big star, and I'll be right
there beside you. I promise."

Blaine had relaxed just enough that when Kurt pushed him away, he actually stumbled back. Kurt stepped away from him, but didn't run.

"How can you promise that? You promised that you would never work for your father, and now you're telling me you're going to be in charge one day! Stop lying to me!"

"I didn't lie to you!"

"Withholding the truth is lying!"

"I didn't withhold anything! This all just happened! I just didn't…” Blaine trailed off. Kurt nodded in satisfaction.

"You just didn't what, Blaine? Didn't bother to tell me?"

"I didn't want you to worry."

"Stop saying that! You don't get to choose what I worry about. You should have told me. The moment you found out, you should have told me."

Blaine leaned back against the wall and closed his eyes.

Fuck.

They stood in silence.

A few boys had opened their doors and wandered down the hall to see what all the yelling was about. They looked curiously at Kurt and Blaine before hurrying off to start the rumor mill. Apparently Dalton's premier gay couple was breaking up.

Blaine opened his eyes and looked at Kurt who was standing with his arms wrapped around himself, staring at the ground. The tears had stopped, but he looked like he was thinking hard.

What was he thinking about?

Was he thinking about breaking up?

_I can't lose you. I can never lose you._

Blaine took a step towards him.

Kurt eyed him warily and inched back.

Blaine took another step.

Kurt inched back again and hit the wall.

Blaine stepped forward again, standing as close as possible without touching. He stared into Kurt's eyes with the usual intensity. He placed his hand firmly on the side of Kurt's neck.

"I'm never letting you go, so don't run from me. Don't ever, ever, run from me. You're mine, gorgeous. My gorgeous, beautiful, good boy. Aren't you, Kurt? Aren't you a good boy?"

The usual warm heat slid through Kurt, melting his anger as all of his deep, dark, hidden desires
came rushing to the surface, unleashed by the tone of Blaine's voice.

"Tell me, Kurt. Say it." Blaine reached down and curled his fingers into the space between the bracelet and Kurt's wrist. Kurt suddenly felt dizzy and weak, as if he wanted to drop to his knees.

"Yes, I'm a good boy."


Blaine pulled Kurt inside his room and quickly locked the door. He wasted no time stripping Kurt of his clothes while he whispered soft and reassuringly; kissing and caressing Kurt's body.

"I promise, Kurt…I swear I will always take care of you. Always. Andersons protect what we love, and we never, ever, stop. I could never let you go, Kurt. I love you too much. Don't you know I'm fucking addicted to you? You're my pusher, Kurt, and I'm your number one junkie."

Blaine licked Kurt's lips teasingly before pressing fervent, bruising kisses to his mouth. He slowly made his way down Kurt's neck leaving huge red marks that would force him to wear scarves for days. He moved to his shoulders, kissing and licking his way down Kurt's arms, sucking his fingers, making him giggle. He worked his way down his chest and stomach before reaching up to gently rub his nipples. Kurt almost fell from the hot surge of arousal caused by the dual stimulation. Blaine brought him to the edge before standing up to restart his tongue worship. He kissed and licked Kurt's back, dropping to his knees to kiss his ass cheeks and take deep, strong licks at his ass crack. Kurt suddenly turned around, reached down and grabbed Blaine's hair. He pulled his head back and pushed himself all the way down his throat.

"Make me come…now…please…now…"

Blaine stilled himself as Kurt thrust his hips back and forth, fucking Blaine's mouth until he poured down his throat. Blaine swallowed and licked Kurt clean before standing up to kiss him full and wet, making sure Kurt could taste the cum in his mouth. Kurt was breathing heavy, his nails digging into Blaine's skin. Blaine smiled and tangled his fingers tight in Kurt's hair, pulling him back slightly.

"Do you still wanna leave?"

Kurt shook his head. No. Definitely not.

Blaine grabbed a pillow from the bed.

"On your knees."

Kurt obediently lowered himself to the floor.

Blaine grabbed the handcuffs from his nightstand and pulled Kurt's hands behind his back, locking them. He took out the nipple clamps and dropped down in front of Kurt.

"You were a bad boy tonight, weren't you Kurt?"

Kurt stared at the clamps in Blaine's hand and slowly nodded.

"Bad boys get punished, don't they, Kurt?"

Kurt closed his eyes and nodded. "Yes."
Blaine slowly nodded. "Good. I'm glad you understand."

Blaine spent the next few minutes gently sucking and biting Kurt's nipples making him hiss and tremble before gently replacing his mouth with the clamps. Kurt whined and shuddered from the intense pleasure laced with pain. Blaine stood up and pressed his cock to Kurt's lips. He felt a strong sense of satisfaction as Kurt opened his mouth and accepted the cock before he could say a word.

Kurt's head bobbed up and down as he moaned from both the cock in his mouth and the sexual energy racing through him. Every inch of him was turned on, ready to be fucked senseless. He was hungry for the feel of Blaine's cock stretching, pressing and filling his ass. Blaine fucking him into submission was something Kurt was starting to ache for on a frighteningly regular basis.

Blaine pulled out of Kurt's mouth and then pushed himself back in, pulling Kurt close, choking him. He did this over and over again, listening to Kurt gag and whine. He finally pulled out completely and pulled Kurt to his feet. He kissed him softly for several minutes before stepping back.

"We've already agreed that bad boys get punished, right Kurt?"

Kurt slowly nodded.

"It is very, very, very important that you never run from me, Kurt. I can't have that. It's dangerous. I can't protect you if you're running from me. Good boys don't run, Kurt."

Kurt slowly nodded.

"I need to make sure you understand."

Kurt closed his eyes. Yes, please make me understand. Make me understand so hard.

Blaine stepped behind Kurt to remove the handcuffs, but then brought Kurt's hands to the front and put them back on. He gently cupped Kurt's cheek and looked into his eyes.

"Do you trust me?"

That was such a loaded question. Sexually? Yes. Outside the bedroom…

"Yes."

Blaine reached down and ran his hands over Kurt's ass, squeezing and caressing softly.

"I think you need a spanking, Kurt? Don't you agree?"


Blaine kissed him softly. "Do you want a spanking for being a bad boy?"

Kurt very slowly nodded. Blaine smiled. "Good."

Kurt watched as Blaine removed everything from his desk and covered it with a blanket. He brought Kurt over and bent him down, careful to leave space between his body and the desk so his cock wouldn't get hurt. Kurt stretched his arms straight out in front of him and closed his eyes.

"You may not move until I tell you to. Do you understand?"

Kurt whispered, "Yes."
Several minutes passed and Kurt heard and felt nothing. He didn't dare move to see what was going on, not that he could move anyway. He was too paralyzed by arousal. The nipple clamps were driving him crazy, he was sure he'd never been so hard before in his life, and the anticipation was maddening. Suddenly there was a hard smack to his right ass cheek. He yelped in shock and squeezed his eyes shut.

"I will not run from Blaine. Say it, Kurt."

"I will not run from Blaine."

Another smack, this time to the left.

"I will…not run…from Blaine."

Another.

"I…will…not…run…from…" Kurt wailed as another smack came.

And another.

And another.

And another.

They were fast, hard and painful. Kurt couldn't speak anymore. He was drunk with erotic pain, pleasure, and submission. Then suddenly he was screaming as he came, cum shooting and dripping to the floor. His orgasm left him boneless and weak. He started to slide to the floor, but Blaine grabbed him and held him still.

Then he was fucking him.

Strong, firm strokes. Not too hard, just smooth and filling. Kurt's cock tried to rise to the occasion, but the previous orgasm had been too strong and draining. All he could do was take it. He'd never felt so physically overwhelmed in his life, and he wanted it to last forever, but then Blaine was coming, filling him, wet and warm. They stood still for several minutes until Blaine maneuvered him to the bed. Kurt was vaguely aware of something warm and pleasant smelling being rubbed on to his ass. He heard Blaine moving around, presumably cleaning up, and replacing things on his desk. Finally he felt Blaine's warm hands turn him to his side and remove the nipple clamps. Then Blaine was in bed, facing him.

Kurt's eyes were dazed, soft and submissive, staring at Blaine in a loving haze of desire and contentment. Blaine reached over and gently caressed Kurt's face. His eyes were dark and intense.

"Your place is with me, Kurt. You belong with me. I love you so much. Don't you love me, Kurt?"

"Yes, Blaine. I love you."

Blaine smiled. "Good." He pulled Kurt to him. Kurt settled himself in Blaine's embrace, his hands still handcuffed, and closed his eyes.

But I'm not sure I trust you.

In the very early hours of the morning, for the very first time, Kurt successfully gathered up his clothes and quietly slipped out of Blaine's room. When he arrived in his own room, he was grateful to find Doug still asleep. He changed into a pair of sweatpants and a t-shirt, grabbed his shower
caddy, and headed for the bathroom to take a shower. It was the first time he'd showered in the communal bathroom in months. As the strong, hot spray relaxed his muscles and soothed his sore ass, he tried to sort out his thoughts.

_His the crime boss._

Kurt smiled. It almost seemed like a joke. The dapper boy running around in a Dalton uniform, or outfit coordinated bow tie, a crime boss? The boy who leapt on the furniture at least once every Warbler practice?

But there was also the Blaine who stared at him with an intensity so strong he couldn't look away. The Blaine with piercing, dominate, lustful eyes that made him want to sexually submit to anything he suggested.

The Blaine with a gun in his bathroom.

Yes, Blaine was probably very capable of being a crime boss.

_Why isn't he capable of telling me the truth? _

That was what was really plaguing Kurt. The fact that once again he had to learn the truth through hints dropped by Telio. It hurt that Blaine still didn't trust him to be able to handle the heavy stuff. Yes, he had arrived at Dalton bruised, and maybe even fragile, but that was no longer the case. He was strong and perfectly capable of handling the unique pressures of Blaine's world.

Wasn't he?

x-x-x-x

Blaine woke up and immediately panicked when he realized Kurt wasn't in bed with him.

"Kurt?" He climbed out of bed and looked in the bathroom. He looked around the floor. Kurt's clothes were gone. Blaine grabbed his cell phone.

"Hi Blaine."

"Where are you? Why did you leave?"

"I'm in my room."

"Come back up here."

"No. I told you last night that I needed some time to think."

Blaine closed his eyes. He didn't want Kurt thinking. At least not without him there to influence his thoughts.

"What are you thinking about?"

"I'm trying to figure out why you never tell me the truth."

Blaine groaned. "I told you. I didn't want you to worry. You don't need to think deep thoughts about this. Nothing's changed."

"And that's the problem. Things have to change. Whether you think I will worry, or not, you need to tell me the truth."
"Okay. I'm sorry. I promise. No more secrets."

"I mean it, Blaine. I can't be with someone who won't be honest with me."

"I understand. I promise, Kurt. If anything happens, I'll tell you." *Eventually.*

"Seriously, Blaine."

"I know. I get it. I mean it."

Kurt sighed. "Okay." There was a moment of silence before Kurt spoke again.

"What did Telio mean when he said he was doing for Alicia what you should have done for me?"

Blaine hesitated. *Okay. Test number one of this whole truth and nothing but the truth thing.*

"Telio feels that neither of us should have relationships."

"Why not?"

_Tell him the truth._

"Being with us... anyone we're involved with is immediately at risk just by being associated with us."

"So... Telio plans to spend his life alone?"

"I guess."

"But that's awful!"

Blaine was glad to hear Kurt say that. "Some people would say it's for the best."

Kurt shook his head. "No. That's lonely and sad."

"I'm glad you feel that way."

Kurt's voice turned quiet as things became clear. "He doesn't want to put Alicia in danger."

"Exactly."

Kurt kept thinking. Blaine waited.

"But... you still pursued me."

"I couldn't have stayed away from you if I tried."

Kurt smiled.

Blaine's tone darkened as his mood turned serious. "I'll always protect you, Kurt. Always. I'll never let anything happen to you. I'd die before I let anything happen to you."

"Promise?"

"Promise."

Feeling reassured that things were good between them, Blaine decided to leave Kurt alone for the
rest of the day. He went in search of Telio.

He found him in his habitat. The gym. He was hitting a punching bag so hard, Blaine was sure it was going to burst. He watched him for several minutes before walking into view.

"Hi."

"I was wondering how long you were going to stand there."

"I was wondering when the punching bag was going to scream."

Telio stopped hitting the bag and walked over to the bench. He took a long swig from his water bottle and looked Blaine up and down.

"You here to kick my ass about Kurt?"

"No. I'm here to kick your ass about Alicia."

Telio shook his head. "I don't wanna talk about it."

"Telio, come on…"

"Let it go, Blaine."

"No, I will not let it go. I understand your reasons, but…your decision is unsustainable."

Telio laughed and imitated his voice. "Your decision is unsustainable." You sound like, Wes."

"Fine. Your decision is stupid. You deserve someone special in your life. I have Kurt. There's no reason why you can't have someone too."

"Maybe I'm just not as selfish as you."

"I am selfish, but I've been honest with Kurt."

Telio snorted. "Honest? Did you seriously just claim that you've been honest with Kurt? Have you been getting high with Cooper?"

Blaine rolled his eyes. "Okay, fine. I haven't always been immediately forthcoming, but Kurt knows the truth and he still loves me. He still wants to be with me."

"Of course he does. You let him fall in love with you before telling him anything. Now it's too late. He can't walk away."

Blaine couldn't argue with that. It was too late. Kurt belonged to him and he would never let him go.

"Okay then. Tell Alicia the truth from jump. Maybe she'll surprise you."

Telio shook his head. "You just don't get it, do you? It's not fair to pull people into our lives, Blaine. It's dangerous and selfish. Of course, that's the definition of an Anderson, so I shouldn't be surprised that you don't get it."

Blaine sighed. "Do you really wanna be alone forever like Luther?"

"What's wrong with Luther?"

"Nothing, but he's spent his entire life alone. Sure, he has women he sleeps with, but nothing lasting.
Telio grinned mischievously. "You really don't pay attention to shit, do you?"

"What are you talking about?"

"Luther has a girlfriend."

"He does?" Blaine was bewildered.

"You really should stick around after the family dinner meetings. You'd be amazed by what you'd learn."

"Okay, so even more reason for you to talk to Alicia."

Telio stared at the floor. "She's too beautiful."

"You deserve the most beautiful girl in the world, Telio."

"She deserves better than me."

"She couldn't do better than a man like you." Blaine turned to leave. "Just think about it."

Cooper parked his car down the street and looked around before opening his door. He patted his pocket to make sure his gun was inside. It was something he did over 100 times a day. He quickly headed across the street to the upscale condo he'd bought a few years ago. The condo had a garage, but he'd stopped parking inside since the shooting. It was easy to plant a bomb on a car parked in a dark, empty garage. Much harder on a busy street in front of a 24-hour café.

Cooper didn't believe Dirk Mason would come after him. He wouldn't dare fuck with an Anderson, but it was smart to be careful and cautious.

Despite parking on the street, Cooper still cut through the garage versus using the front door. It just felt safer. He could walk through the garage with his gun out, ready to fire. Doing that through the condo lobby would probably be frowned upon.

He took out his key and put it in the lock before punching in his security code. Another reason why he liked this place. Great security. As he walked quickly through the garage, he glanced at his assigned parking space.

And froze.

He pointed his gun at the body lying in his space.

"Hey! Hey asshole!"

No response.

He moved closer, gun ready to fire. A low, strangled moan rose from the body.

Cooper stuck out his foot and rolled the body over.

And dropped to his knees.

"Skylar! Skylar! Shit! Shit! Shit!"
Luther hung up the phone with a frown.

This didn't make any sense. He headed downstairs.

Mario and Anastasia were in the kitchen making dinner. Jazz music was playing, and they were dancing around, kissing and touching each other in between chopping up vegetables and stirring pots. Luther always found these scenes of domestic bliss amusing. Watching them, one would think Mario was an average guy with a normal life. Not a cold-blooded killer who ruled a criminal empire and chained his wife to his bed every night.

Anastasia spotted him standing in the entranceway.

"Ah, Luther. Come taste the sauce. I think it needs more peppers, but Mario says no."

Mario shook his head. "She's trying to kill me."

Luther accepted the spoon Anastasia held out. "More peppers. Definitely needs more peppers."

"Ha!" Anastasia laughed and Mario melted. She was so beautiful and perfect in every way.

Luther gestured towards the hallway. "A moment." Mario nodded.

The two men headed to the library.

"What's up?"

"Guess who just turned up at Mount Carmel St. Ann's Hospital?"

"Who?"

"Skylar."

"What?"

"And guess who brought him in? Cooper."

Mario sat down at his desk, leaned back, and closed his eyes.

Fuck.

"I just got off the phone with Dr. Weinstein. He was on duty tonight and noticed Cooper sitting with Skylar in the emergency room. He called me immediately. Figured we'd wanna know."

Mario slowly shook his head. "This isn't good. Something's wrong. Very wrong."

"Is it possible Dirk decided to have mercy on his sorry ass?"

Mario scoffed. "Hell no. Dirk is all about balance in the universe. He believes in an eye for an eye. He gets off on revenge. Dirk makes very calculated moves. He's up to something. Get over to the hospital and see what kind of shape Skylar is in. Put some men on him, but tell them to tread lightly. Dirk could be setting us up. And tell Cooper to come home, and by home I mean here."

"What about Blaine?"

Mario sighed. He hated to burden his son with this, but he couldn't have him wandering around
unaware. Not until he knew what game Dirk was playing.

"I'll call him and Telio and let them know what's going on."

Luther shifted. As usual he felt Mario was being blind when it came to his children.

"Do you really think it's a good idea for Cooper to be here?"

"He's still my son."

"I realize that, but…"

Mario's voice was cold. "Tell Cooper to come home."

Luther nodded. Okay. Fine. He'd keep an eye on Cooper.

"Don't you think Blaine should come home?"

Mario shook his head. "We've been through this, Luther. Blaine stays at school until he absolutely can't. I won't disrupt his life."

Luther took a deep breath. It was time to push his Don.

"I know you want him to finish school, but things are growing more and more dangerous every day. The Carpellis and the Hirschfields are not happy with your decision to reject their request to move into drugs. There's rumblings that they might break off. That's two large families potentially joining forces against us, plus this Dirk situation, and I'm sorry, but Cooper is a loose cannon right now. He shouldn't be here. You need to bring Blaine home, and…"

Mario held up his hand silencing Luther.

"The Carpellis and Hirschfields might break off, but they won't go against us. If they choose to go into drugs, fine. It will be a loss, but not a major one. I'd rather cultivate the growing families in Florida and the weapon side of business anyway. As for Cooper, keep your enemies close, and your family closer. Especially when family is your enemy. Here we can keep an eye on him, and keep him safe. As for Blaine, he has Telio. Telio will protect him. I trust Telio to take a bullet for my son if necessary."

"He's just a kid, Mario."

Mario laughed. "Telio is a hell of a lot more than a kid. He's a highly trained, expert assassin who can't wait to kill someone. He'll protect Blaine."

Luther sighed. "Fine. You're the boss."

Mario nodded. "Yes, I am."

For now.

Sunday afternoon, after eliciting a hundred promises from Blaine not to leave campus, Telio drove into town to the Den Book Store. He didn't really need anything. He just wanted to get away from school.

And his thoughts about Alicia.
He'd physically exhausted himself in the gym in an effort to forget about her. The way she smiled. Her hair. Her laugh. The way she took his hand and led him to the coffee counter. Her amazing knowledge of international affairs. Her hope to work for the United Nations one day. Her legs. Damn her legs. What would it feel like to have her legs wrapped around…

Shit.

Telio roamed up and down the aisles, finally landing in the horror section. Nothing sexy about horror. Perfect distraction. He was flipping through titles when a conversation caught his attention.

"So, do you go to that fancy girl's school on the hill? You look like one of those girls."

"Is that a bad thing?"

"Nah, nah. It's cool. It's just, those girls are usually pretty stuck up. Don't wanna go out with town guys like me."

Silence.

"Okay…well, I better get going."

"Hold up, hold up. What's your name?"

"Um, Kathy."

"Nice to meet you, Kathy. I'm Mike."

"Okay. Well, nice to meet you, but I gotta go."

"Wait a second. What's your rush?"

Telio peered around the corner. Kathy looked vaguely familiar from the Dalton/Crawford dances. She was clutching a few books to her chest and looked very uncomfortable. The Mike guy was standing way too close.

"I really need to go." Kathy moved to the side, but Mike blocked her.

"Just hold up a minute. Can I get your number?"

"No, I don't think so."

"Aww, come on."

"No. I'm not interested."

"Now why you gotta be like that? All you Crawford girls are always like that. Never wanna give a guy a chance."

"Move out of her way."

Mike looked up and Kathy turned around as Telio stepped into the aisle. Kathy stared at him with wide, surprised eyes. She recognized him from the Dalton/Crawford dances. He was the mysterious, gorgeous guy who always sulked in the corner the entire time, and, oh my God he's more gorgeous up close than far away.

Telio looked at her. "Are you ready to leave?"
Kathy nodded. Telio came down the aisle, and Mike moved back against a shelf. Telio stopped in front of him. "Stop harassing girls, asshole. Your game sucks." Mike thought about responding, but Telio's size was intimidating. Not worth it.

Telio waited until Kathy paid for her books and walked her outside.

"Are you okay?"

"Yes. Thank you."

"No problem."

Telio turned to leave.

"Wait! Can I buy you coffee or something as a thank you?"

Telio shook his head. "No, thanks. Not necessary. " He looked around. "Do you have a car?"

"No, I took the bus."

"Do you want a ride back to Crawford?"

Kathy hesitated. Taking rides from strange boys was not a good idea. No matter how gorgeous, and sexy, and chivalrous they were. But after Mike the bookstore rat, standing at the bus stop alone didn't feel very good either.

"Um….I don't know."

Telio nodded in understanding.

"Sorry. That probably sounded just as creepy as that guy."

"Oh, no. No, not at all, but…would you maybe stand with me at the bus stop?"

"Sure."

As they stood at the bus stop, Telio started thinking.

"Do you know Alicia?"

"Alicia Wilder? Sure. She lives on my floor. Like, two doors down from me."

The bus rolled up to the stop.

It was a split second decision.

"Well, thanks I really appreciate…hey!"

Telio jumped on the bus.

"I know how you can thank me."

x-x-x-x-x

Telio stood nervously under a tree across from the main entrance of Crawford Country Day. He started to leave twice, actually walking down the road once.
What the fuck is wrong with you? Why are you here? Don't do this. Screw Blaine. He doesn't know what he's talking about. Someone has to act like an adult. This is stupid, and dangerous, and selfish and…

Beautiful.

Alicia was walking towards him. She was wearing Crawford sweat pants and a Crawford hoodie. Her hair was up in a ponytail. She stopped and looked at him in confusion.

"I was sure Kathy was playing a joke on me. What are you doing here?"

Telio just stared at her.

"Seriously? Go home, Telio." She turned to leave, but he reached out and grabbed her hand.

"Wait! I…I'm sorry. I'm not good at this."

"What do you want?"

"Um…friendship…maybe…I guess…"

Alicia narrowed her eyes. "I thought you said you didn't want to be friends, or couldn't be friends, or whatever."

"I know, but…I can't stop thinking about you."

A small smile played on her lips. "Really?"

"Yeah, really."

Alicia studied him for a moment before slowly reaching out to take his hand. Her touch created a feeling inside him he'd never felt before. She led him over to a bench to sit down.

"At the coffee shop, I did all the talking, so now it's your turn. Tell me about yourself."

And he did.

Blaine lay relaxed and content on his bed, half watching "Twilight" with Kurt. They were snuggled close, Blaine's head resting on Kurt's chest, a leg thrown over his. He absently ran his fingers along Kurt's stomach, marveling at how soft and smooth his skin felt. As the movie ended, Kurt reached for the remote and turned off the TV.

"I don't care what anyone says, I enjoyed those books, and I like the movies. The movies weren't great, but I still like them."

Blaine hummed. "I like them too. I relate to Edward."

Kurt rolled his eyes. "I bet you do."

"All he wanted to do was protect his girlfriend. I wish I was a vampire. It'd be cool to move that fast."

Kurt shook his head. "No, I'd rather you be a wolf. Warm and soft."

Blaine growled and rolled over on top of Kurt. He latched his mouth on to Kurt's neck and bit softly.
Kurt closed his eyes and moaned. Blaine whispered to him.

"If we were wolves, I would be your alpha and you would be my beta."

Kurt shook his head. "No. I'd be an alpha too."

"Okay. You can be an alpha, but I still get to be boss."

"As in crime boss?"

Blaine stopped and sat up. He looked into Kurt's eyes and was surprised to find them a very intense, deep, dark, blue. He placed his hand on Kurt's neck, right below his chin and squeezed. Kurt's gasp was slightly strangled. His cock hardened and his legs spread slightly. Blaine tightened his hold and stared into Kurt's eyes, his voice quiet, but dominant.

"Yes. As in crime boss."

He loosed his grip but did not remove his hand. Kurt reached up and placed his hand on top of Blaine's, his eyes never leaving his.

"Okay."
Chapter Notes

Another long chapter full of plot, and of course some smut. Warnings for more spanking (Kurt insisted), bondage, knife violence, and minor character deaths.

Have a mentioned that I don't own these characters? But I do own Telio. Yum.

"No."

"This isn't a request, Cooper."

"Fuck you, fuck my father, and fuck those two goons you have lurking around outside. Tell them to get the fuck out with you."

"Your father just wants to protect you. This could be a warning from Dirk that he's coming after you."

"I can take care of myself."

"A lot of things are happening right now, Cooper. You need to be home with your family."

"Family? What family? Oh, do you mean the family that just screwed me out of what's rightfully mine?"

"You will always be taken care of, and you will always have a place in this family. Blaine is your brother, not some stranger."

"Don't you dare talk to me about strangers! Not only did my father screw me, he screwed me and completely shut me out in favor of some whore's kid he adopted to turn into a fucking killing machine to protect his precious, baby, Blaine!"

Luther was losing patience. He'd grown tired of Cooper's shit a long time ago.

"Lower your got-dammed voice. Now you listen to me you little prick. You will bring your sorry ass home to the compound, or else I will have those two goons outside knock you out and drag you out of here by your face."

Cooper stepped back and took out his gun.

"Send them in. When I shoot all three of you, you might have a chance of surviving since we're in a hospital."

Luther didn't flinch. "Put that away before someone walks in and sees it. You're such an idiot."

Cooper raised the gun a little higher, aiming directly at Luther's head. He cocked it.

"Get out."

"And you wonder why your father doesn't want you in charge."
It took everything in Cooper not to pull the trigger.

Luther slowly backed out of the room. He walked over to Mark and Danny who were standing by the wall, trying to blend in.

"Stay here and keep an eye on him, but be careful. He's fucking trigger happy and acting stupid, as usual."

Luther headed to his car. He would let Mario decide how he wanted to handle his son. He personally hoped Dirk took Cooper out. He knew that was a terrible thing to wish for, especially since it would break Mario's heart, and probably destroy Anastasia, but he was sick of Cooper's antics. He'd been cleaning up his fuck ups for years.

Once inside his car, Luther pulled out his phone and made a quick call before calling Mario.

"Hey baby."

"What's up beautiful? How you doing?"

"Just missing you. You coming over later?"

"That's why I'm calling. I can't. A situation has come up and there's a lot going on, so listen. I want you to check your windows and doors, and make sure you turn on the alarm. I know you don't always do it, but you need to start."

"You worry too much."

"Lisa, do what I say. You hear me? You know why."

"I know, I know. Okay."

"Promise me."

"I promise."

"Alright. I'll see you soon. Love you."

"Love you too."

Late Monday evening, Kurt arrived at Blaine's room to find Telio pacing like a caged animal, while Blaine sat on the bed looking serious and deeply concerned. Kurt could feel the tension in the room and in Blaine's body as he wrapped his arms around him.

"Hi gorgeous. I'm glad you're here."

"What's wrong?"

Telio suddenly walked over to Blaine's nightstand. He opened the drawer, quickly looked inside, closed it, and headed out the door without saying a word.

"What's going on?"

Blaine sighed. He'd promised honesty, but how honest did he really want to be? He took Kurt's hand in his and kissed it.
"My father called. The conversation was pretty guarded and mostly in code because we can't really trust phones, but from what we figured out, Cooper's best friend got beat up by a drug dealer in retaliation for Cooper…" Blaine trailed off.

Kurt prompted him. "For Cooper what? Go on."

"Um…Cooper…Cooper killed this drug dealer's friend, or son, or some relation. Anyway, the guy is mad, so he beat the hell out of Skylar, Cooper's best friend. The thing is…that's not how it usually works."

Kurt was both fascinated and shocked. "What do you mean? How does it usually work?"

Blaine sighed and rubbed his hand across his forehead and eyes. Should he really be telling Kurt this?

*You promised truth.*

"Usually they…they kill you. To beat someone up and let them go for killing your family…that just doesn't happen."

"So, what does it mean? The fact that he let this guy go."

"It means he's up to something. The beating was a warning."

"Up to something like what?"

Blaine shook his head. He'd told enough truth tonight. He didn't want Kurt scared, plus he really didn't have an answer. "We're not sure, but it can't be good."

Kurt didn't say anything. He thought about everything Blaine said and then looked at the nightstand. Before Blaine could stop him, he stood up, walked over, and opened the drawer.

A gun lay inside next to three bottles of lube. Blaine came up behind him and took the gun out of the drawer.

"It's a Glock 17. Light and easy to shoot." Blaine sat down on the bed and took out the ammunition magazine. He held the gun out to Kurt. Kurt slowly, and very hesitantly took the gun. It didn't feel as heavy as he expected. He studied it closely.

"It's plastic?"

"Ceramic."

Blaine stood up and went into the bathroom. He came back with the other gun. "This is a Browning Hi-Power semi-automatic." Blaine removed the magazine and handed it to Kurt. This time Kurt didn't hesitate. He gripped the gun and noted the difference.

"This one's heavier."

"It's steel."

"I like the way this one feels."

Blaine was surprised. "Really? I always figured a Glock might be better for you because it weighs less."
Kurt shook his head. "No. I think a gun should feel heavy. Powerful."

Kurt looked up, slightly shocked by his own words. He quickly handed the gun back to Blaine. Blaine placed the magazines back in each one and returned them to their hiding places. He sat back down on the bed and scooted all the way back to lean against the headboard. Kurt crawled on top of him, straddling his lap. He tangled his fingers into Blaine's curls, happy they were free of gel. He tilted Blaine's head back and pressed a soft kiss to his lips.

"So, are we in danger?"

Blaine smiled. "We?"

Kurt nodded. "You've never told me about your father's phone calls before, and you've never shown me your guns. I assume there's a reason why you're telling me now."

Blaine reached up and caressed Kurt's bangs and ran a finger down his cheek. "I'm just trying to keep my promise. Truth, remember?"

Kurt nodded. "Oh, I remember. I'm just glad you remember."

Blaine moaned deeply, but Kurt pulled out of the kiss and sat back.

"You didn't answer my question. Are we in danger?"

Blaine shook his head. "No. If anyone's in danger, it's Cooper."

"Are you worried about him?"

"No."

"But, he's your brother."

"Telio's my brother."

"Well... yeah, but... Cooper's your brother too."

Blaine shrugged. "We're not close."

Kurt frowned. He understood that siblings didn't always get along, but how could Blaine be so callous?

"So, you don't care that someone might be after your brother?"

"It's not so much that I don't care. It's just... Cooper's not stupid. Well, actually he is, but he knows how things work. We all do. He murdered someone, Kurt. That carries consequences. You create enemies when you kill people."

Kurt suddenly felt a shiver of fear snake through him.

Should he ask?

Did he really want to know?

He looked into Blaine's eyes. They were so pretty. A perfect melt of greens, grays, and browns. And
the way those eyes stared at him. So much love, desire, and affection. Someone with that much love in their eyes couldn't be a killer.

Could he?

"Can I ask you something?"

"Of course."

"Do you promise to tell me the truth?"

"That's the roll we're on tonight, isn't it?"

"So, you promise?"

"Yes, Kurt. I promise to tell you the truth." Depending on the question.

"Have you ever killed anyone?"

Blaine laughed. "No. No, I haven't."

"Has Telio?"

"As far as I know, no."

"But...you would...if you had to?"

Blaine thought for a moment. He looked into Kurt's eyes. Such a beautiful, deep blue full of trust, and hope with a dash of naiveté, a hint of vulnerability, and misleading innocence.

"If there was someone who needed to be...taken care of for some really, really, really good reason, there are men who work for my family that would handle it."

Kurt nodded. "Right, but...would you ever...if you had to?"

"If someone was threatening me, or came after me, then yes. I would defend myself, and if that meant killing them...I would do it. And..." Blaine placed his hands on either side of Kurt's neck. "I would kill to protect you."

Kurt's stomach flipped and swirled as the warm heat returned, hotter than usual. "You would?"

Blaine's hands tightened on Kurt's neck. "Yes. I told you. I will always take care of you. Andersons protect what we love, and I love you so much I can barely stand it. You mean everything to me, Kurt. Everything. Nothing has changed that, and nothing ever will. You belong to me, and I will do everything in my power to keep you safe and protected."

Promises of protection remained Kurt's number one aphrodisiac. He leaned forward and drowned Blaine in a hot, passionate kiss to express his gratitude and his arousal. Blaine groaned as Kurt scooted and shifted, bringing their cocks together again.

"Ohhh, Kurt...too many clothes...need you naked."

They scrambled off the bed and quickly removed their clothes. Blaine fell back on to the bed and Kurt climbed on top of him. Their kisses were burning with a desperate, fierce need to be closer than close. Blaine reached over to the nightstand and grabbed a bottle of lube.
"I wanna try something different tonight."

Kurt swallowed and nodded. *Oh, boy.*

Blaine took the bottle of lube and held it out for Kurt. Kurt looked at him questioningly. They weren't about to do what he thought they were going to do...were they? Blaine licked his lips.

"I wanna watch you prepare your ass for me."

*Oh, okay. Wait. What?*

"What?"

"I wanna watch you stick your fingers in your ass and stretch yourself. Prepare your body for me, gorgeous."

Kurt slowly sat back and Blaine sat up and scooted back. He folded his legs and fixed his gaze on Kurt.

Kurt took a deep breath and tried to relax. Blaine could sense his nervousness.

"You've done this before, right?"

"Yes, but not with an audience."

Blaine gave him a sexy smile. "I'm not an audience, I'm your lover. You should be able to do anything in front of me. As a matter of fact...I expect you to fulfill any sexual request I make."

Kurt's pulse raced at those words. He laid back, his head near the edge of the bed, knees bent, feet flat on the mattress. He opened the bottle of lube, and placed some on his fingers. He spread his legs a little wider and then slowly slid his hand down between his legs.

"Are you watching?"

Blaine nodded in a daze. Hearing nothing, Kurt sat up. He smiled at Blaine's lost, dazed look. He laid back down, closed his eyes, and slowly slid one finger inside his ass. He took a few breaths as his body eagerly adjusted and asked for more. He added a second finger and began to gently twist and push to work himself open. A small satisfied moan escaped his throat, and Blaine was sure it was the sexiest moan he'd ever heard in his life. He was consumed by the scene in front of him. Kurt's long fingers slid in and out of his hole, turning the surrounding skin a darker pink. The longer Kurt prepared himself, the wider and looser he became, making Blaine's cock ache to replace Kurt's fingers.

After several minutes, Kurt called out, his voice breathless and needy. "I'm pretty sure I'm ready."

Blaine didn't move.

"Blaine?"

"Blaine?"

"Do you trust me, Kurt?"

_Uh oh._

"Yes."
"Good."

Silence.

Kurt pulled his fingers out of his ass.

"I didn't tell you to stop."

Blaine's voice was deep, full of lust, and heavy with demand. Kurt quickly applied more lube and pushed two fingers back in.

"Add a third."

Kurt breathed in and slowly added a third finger.

Silence.

"Blaine? Blaine…ohhh…please…"

"Yes?"

"When…are you gonna…are you gonna fuck me?"

"Do you want me to fuck you, Kurt?"

"Yes."

"I'll fuck you on one condition."

Anything, Anything.

"Yes?"

"I get to plug your ass afterward."

By now, Kurt was too worked up and desperate for Blaine's cock to question anything. He just nodded.

"Okay…yeah…just…please…"

Blaine gripped Kurt's ankles and slid him down the bed. Kurt pulled out his fingers and grunted when Blaine quickly entered him. Steady, even thrusts filled and released Kurt, causing him to moan and dig his nails into Blaine's hips.

"Harder…please…harder…"

Blaine growled and pushed forward, receiving a delicious, loud yell from Kurt as thanks. He established a steady rhythm of fucking into him hard, but not fast, maximizing every thrust.

"Gonna…fuck you…thoroughly, gorgeous. Gonna fill your ass…make you scream…and then plug you."

Kurt rolled his head back and forth. "Yes….yes….yes…."

They carried on for a long time as Blaine carefully controlled himself, preventing his fall into an orgasm. Kurt cried out and pleaded for both mercy and more. At one point Blaine pinned his hands into the mattress and stared into his eyes.
"You feel so incredible, Kurt. Your ass feels so…fucking…amazing. I could fuck you forever, gorgeous. I will fuck you forever…and forever…and forever…"

The thought of being fucked forever was enough to send Kurt to the edge. He reached down and stroked himself a few times, rubbing him over. As Kurt's body shook, Blaine thrust in one last time, hard and deep, filling him. He pulled out and reached over to the nightstand. He pulled out a small box and opened it revealing a beautiful, stainless steel butt plug. He searched around for the lube and covered it completely. He inched down and lined it up with Kurt's hole, sliding it in quickly. Kurt wailed and grew dizzy as his sore ass swallowed the plug, pushing him into a strange mix of sexual bliss, submission, and longing. Blaine sat back and admired how perfectly the plug filled and sealed Kurt's ass. The longer he stared, the stronger his body buzzed and his mind plummeted into the dark abyss of sexual dominance. He cruelly pulled the plug out and pushed it back in. Kurt's scream flowed through Blaine like a mini orgasm.

"Fuck. I love when you scream, gorgeous." Blaine pulled it out and pushed it back in again. And then once more.

Kurt grabbed his arm. "Please….just…just leave it in…please…"

Blaine stared into his eyes. He wanted to torture him more, but decided to stop. They had forever. Instead he leaned down and licked the cum from Kurt's stomach. He licked all the way up his chest and whispered in his ear.

"How's your ass?"

Kurt whined softly. "Sore…so sore…tight…full."

"Good. That's exactly how I want you."

Blaine grabbed the handcuffs from his desk and locked Kurt's wrists in front of him. He laid down and pulled Kurt close, wrapping him in his arms.

"How do you feel? Are you okay?"

Kurt nodded and buried his face in Blaine's side. His body trembled slightly as his ass continued to adjust to the plug. It felt so strange and erotic. Blaine absentmindedly trail his fingers along Kurt's side. "You're so perfect, Kurt. So perfectly gorgeous, and just…perfect."

Kurt hummed and settled closer to Blaine. He felt warm, melted and sleepy. He focused on the teasing throb in his ass and soon fell asleep.

Blaine held him tight and closed his eyes, but did not fall asleep. His head was full of his conversation with his father. Dirk beat the hell out of Skylar and then let him go. Why? Was he really crazy enough to consider going after Cooper? Killing Cooper would bring the full wrath of Mario Anderson down on Dirk. Surely Dirk wasn't that stupid. There had to be another reason.

And then there was his father's conversation with Telio. Despite the coded language, the meaning was very clear.

"How's Cooper?"

"He and Skylar are resting and entertaining friends."

Telio glanced at Blaine. "Does he feel better about your decision regarding our college plans?"
Mario paused before answering. "I'm not sure, but it doesn't matter. The decision stands, especially now. Let me remind you to continue studying. I want you to study very, very hard. You have my permission to do whatever is necessary to make the honor roll. Don't worry about doing too much. Do whatever you need to do. Sometimes you have to remove friends from your life in order to stay on track. Sometimes it's our own family that holds us back. I encourage you to keep this in mind."

"Okay."

"Let me be clear, Telio. There are no exceptions."

"No exceptions?"

"None."

"Okay."

Blaine felt a slight chill.

Would Cooper really try to kill him?

Did his father just give Telio permission to kill his brother if he came after Blaine?

Blaine closed his eyes and pulled Kurt closer.

He didn't want to think about it anymore.

Burt Hummel stood up and threw his wrench down on the work table. He walked to his small office in the back and sat down heavily behind his desk. He leaned back, took off his ball cap, and rubbed his head.

What was he going to do?

After making the connection between Blaine and the checks from the Anderson family, Burt and Carol made the mistake of Googling Mario Anderson.

By the third article, Burt was pulling on his jeans, planning to drive to Dalton to bring Kurt home. Carol talked him down and convinced him to wait until the morning to decide what to do.

That was three days ago.

Burt didn't know what to do. On the one hand he didn't think it was fair to automatically judge Blaine by his father, but the idea of Kurt being connected to a family of murderers was out of the question. The thought of telling Kurt that he had to break up with his very first boyfriend, his first love, made Burt's head hurt and his heart ache, but what else was he supposed to do?

Burt took out his cell phone and dialed Kurt’s number.

"Dad! Hi!"

"Hey kiddo. How you doing?"

"I'm good. So is your timing. I'm walking to my next class."

"Okay. Well, I don't want you to be late or anything. I just wanted to know if you planned to come home this weekend to get your car. It's ready to go. Purring like a kitten."
"Um…okay. I guess I could do that. Hey, maybe Blaine can come with me. He could drive me up and save you the trip."

"Um…." Burt wasn't expecting this. Would it be safe to have this kid in his home?

"One whiff of this to the press or the republicans, and we'll be in a world of trouble trying to explain your supposedly nonexistent ties to the mob."

But, it would give him a chance to check the kid out. See if he's anything like his father...

No. He needed to talk to Kurt alone. What if Kurt didn't know about Blaine's family?

"Um, listen. Normally I would say yes, but it's been a really rough week. I don't think we're up to having company this weekend, but we'd really like to see you."

Kurt tried to hide his disappointment. "Okay. I understand, but since you're tired, I'll still have Blaine drive me. He won't mind."

"I'd hate for him to drive all the way here just to turn around and drive back."

"Really, he won't mind. His friend…our friend, Telio will probably ride along. It'll be fine."

"Okay, well just let me know for sure."

"Okay. I'd better go. Love you, dad."

"Love you too, kid."

x-x-x-x-x-x
Over lunch, Kurt told Blaine about his plan to go home that weekend.

"I really wish you could spend the weekend with me, but I guess he and Carol are really tired from campaigning."

Blaine reached over and curled his fingers under Kurt's bracelet. Kurt felt the usual warm sensation float through him. He realized what Blaine was waiting for.

"May I go home this weekend?"

Blaine wanted to say no, but the fact that Kurt had already said yes, made it difficult. It was too soon to explain to Burt that his son no longer belonged to him.

Kurt watched him carefully, trying to read his thoughts. He reached over and took Blaine's hand.

"Don't worry about me having a car. I promise not to leave campus without tell…asking you. I won't sneak off."

"Okay, but Telio and I will drive you home, and we'll come back on Sunday so I can drive back with you."

Kurt shook his head. "That's silly. You don't have to do all that. Just drive me home on Friday. I can drive back by myself."

"No. I don't want you driving alone. We'll come back on Sunday."
Blaine's tone made it clear that this was not up for negotiation.

"Okay."

…so I'm gonna talk to Carlos Hirschfield and see if he wants to join us. We already know he's interested because he asked my dad for permission. My dad said no, so we'll come in and offer him a port of entry. It's perfect, especially since Hirschfield has several manufacturing plants. I bet we can use one of them to package everything. Maybe a basement or something. It's all coming together, Sky. It's gonna be awesome."

Skylar listened to Cooper, his heart full of fear, his mind weighed down by guilt.

The guilt was killing him. Eating at him as his body struggled to recover.

Cooper had moved Skylar from the hospital to a private rehabilitation center to finish his recovery. He hired a guy named Jeremy to watch over him. Together, he and Jeremy had run off his father's men, threatening to kill them. Mario had called Cooper.

"Cooper, you need to come home. It's not safe for..."

"Fuck you."

"How dare you disrespect me!"

"Disrespect? You wanna talk about disrespect? You fucking disrespected me when you made me a joke! Naming Blaine your heir instead of me? That was disrespect!"

"I did not make that decision lightly, nor did I do it to disrespect you. Be honest with yourself, Cooper. You're not mature enough to..."

"Mature? Mature? Blaine is in high school!"

"He won't be in high school forever. Look, Cooper, please just come home and..."

"No."

"Cooper, I have been patient with you because you are my son and I love you, but I'm warning you..."

"Warning me? You're warning me? No, dad! I'm warning you! Fuck off!"

Cooper visited Skylar every day to bring him up to speed on his plans and his progress. Skylar listened attentively, memorizing every detail.

And cried when Cooper left.

What was he going to do?

Dirk had spared his life on the condition that Skylar turn spy. Dirk wanted to know what the Andersons were up to. Like most of the underworld, he was under the impression that Mario was moving into the drug game, but doing it through Cooper. Mario could sit back and deny anything was happening while Cooper did his dirty work.

But Skylar knew that wasn't the case. Mario was firmly against drugs. He'd just denied two families permission to strike out on their own.
Should he tell Dirk? If Dirk knew about the rift between Cooper and Mario, would he decide he
could kill Cooper as revenge for Dougie's death, with no worries of repercussions from Mario?
Cooper was under the impression that Dirk went after Skylar on his own, choosing to go after a soft
target that wouldn't incur Mario's wrath. Cooper didn't know his father had given Dirk permission to
kill Skylar. He thought Dirk just chickened out and decided beating Skylar up was safer than killing
him.

Skylar hadn't bothered to tell Cooper the truth.

He hoped he could use his knowledge as leverage against Mario one day. Mario was a cold son of a
bitch, but he loved his children. He wouldn't want Cooper to know he gave away his best friend.
Right?

And then there was Cooper's insistence on working with Alan from New Jersey. New Jersey was
too close to New York. What was gonna happen when Frank Chartussi learned of Cooper's activities
on the east coast?

What a fucking mess.

Skylar lay back on the pillows and pushed the button for another shot of morphine.

"Ohhh…shit, Kurt. Ohh…don't….don't….oh, please don't stop."

"Maybe I should just leave you like this, especially since I'm leaving for the weekend."

"You do that and…fuck….when you get back…I'm gonna tie you…shit…to the….fuck….bed and
keep you there….uh….for days."

Blaine dug his nails into the bed as Kurt sped up his stroking. Kurt giving Blaine a hand job
immediately before they parted for a weekend had become a thing. Sex Thursday night, hand job
Friday afternoon.

Kurt smiled as Blaine came with a shout. He leaned down to slowly, and thoroughly clean Blaine
with his tongue. Blaine watched him with lazy, glazed eyes. Kurt kissed him and Blaine could taste
his cum in Kurt's mouth.

"Mmmm, I love that you taste like me. I want you to always taste me in your mouth."

"We'd better go. Telio will be waiting for us."

Blaine opted to have Kurt direct him versus using GPS. He paid close attention to Kurt's directions,
especially when they pulled into Lima. Kurt took them past his dad's shop, and Blaine made a mental
note of the surrounding landmarks.

As they pulled into the driveway of the Hummel-Hudson home, Kurt wondered how his house must
look in comparison to the Anderson compound.

"This is it. It's not a mansion, but its home."

"It's great," said Blaine. "A real home."

As they climbed out the car, Burt and Carol came out to greet them. Burt couldn't help but stare at
Blaine. It bothered him that Blaine looked an awful lot like the photos he'd seen online of Mario
Anderson.
"Hi!" Kurt gave his dad a hug and then Carol.

"Hi sweetie. How are you?"

"Good. Carol, this is my boyfriend, Blaine. Blaine, this is Carol."

"Nice to meet you."

"And this is Telio."

Burt looked Telio up and down. "You play football?"

"No sir."

"Well you should."

Blaine laughed at Telio's confused expression. "Well, we should get going. We'll see you on Sunday, Kurt."

Carol shook her head. "Wait a minute. There's no need for you to rush right back on the road. Come in and rest. Are you hungry?"

"Oh, no. Thank you, but we don't wanna steal any of your time with Kurt. I'm sure you guys wanna spend as much time with him as possible."

Burt was about to agree, but Carol spoke first.

"Nonsense. We have all weekend. Come on in."

Kurt grinned happily and grabbed Blaine's hand. They all followed Carol into the house. Burt took a closer look at Blaine's car. What kind of parents give their kid a Mercedes with tinted windows? *Mob parents.*

Telio sat down at the dining room table while Kurt took his bag upstairs to his room, followed by a curious Blaine. Telio was about to stand up to follow them when Burt sat down across from him.

"Seriously, kid. You should think about football. You've got the build for it."

"Dalton doesn't have a football team."

"Oh, that's right. Forgot about that." There was a moment of silence before Burt continued. "So, you and Blaine been friends long?"

"Yes sir."

"What part of Ohio are you from?"

"Westerville."

"What do your parents do?"

Telio hesitated for a moment. It had been a long time since he'd had to explain his situation to someone. "Um, actually…my parents are dead. Blaine's parents adopted me."

Burt and Carol looked at him in surprise. Telio looked at the table.
"I'm sorry to hear that, son." Telio nodded.

Burt was intrigued. "You say the Andersons adopted you?"

"Yes sir."

"Burt. Burt is fine. So, how long have you lived with the Andersons?"

"Since I was about 10."

Carol shot a look at Burt and put down a plate of cookies and a glass of milk in front of Telio. "Here, you help yourself. Burt, why don't you tell Kurt and Blaine to come on down for a snack?"

At that moment Kurt and Blaine walked in to the kitchen. Blaine looked at the cookies and gave Carol a beautiful smile. She made cookies like his mom.

Carol asked the boys about school, and Kurt and Blaine took turns talking about the latest antics with the Warblers, pranks that had been pulled in the dorms, and unfair teachers. Telio remained quiet, while Burt kept his eyes fixed on Blaine.

Now he was really confused about what to do.

Blaine was charming and amusing. The way he and Kurt went back and forth with ease and comfort indicated a true connection. Burt could sense the love between them. Kurt looked alive and happy. And in love.

*With a mobster's son.*

They ended up staying for two hours. Carol tried to talk them into staying for dinner, but Blaine insisted they needed to head back to school. After a chaste, quick kiss to Kurt, a hug for Carol, and a firm handshake for Burt. Blaine and Telio left.

"I'm gonna give Mercedes a call." Kurt headed upstairs.

Burt leaned against the kitchen doorway and watched Carol wash the glasses.

"Well, that was nice. Blaine seems wonderful."

"Yeah," said Burt dryly.

"And his parents adopting that young man."

"Uh huh. I wonder what that's all about."

Carol turned around. "What do you mean?"

"Why would a mob family adopt a kid? What government agency would allow that?"

"What are you saying? That they stole him?"

"No, but doesn't it strike you as odd?"

"No, it doesn't. It strikes me as kind."

Burt scoffed. "Really, Carol? Don't confuse Blaine with his parents. You read those articles with me. The kid's father is a murderer and a criminal."
"I'm not dismissing that. I'm just saying…I don't know what I'm saying, but I like Blaine, and so does Kurt."

"I'm not saying I don't like the kid. He seems fine, and yes, I like seeing Kurt happy, but…I just don't want Kurt to get hurt. Let's face facts here, Carol. Mobsters are dangerous. They kill each other, and innocent people get caught in the crossfire. What happens if Kurt is out somewhere with Blaine and some mob guy comes after Blaine because of something his father did? I don't want Kurt caught up in that."

Carol sighed. "So, what do we do?"

Burt shook his head. "I don't think we have a choice. Kurt can't see this kid anymore. It's too dangerous. For him, and for my campaign. You heard what Lydia said. Guilt by association. I can't afford that type of suspicion."

Kurt quietly headed upstairs before he could be discovered eavesdropping. He sat down on his bed and worriedly ran his fingers over his bracelet.

Now what?

x-x-x-x-x

Telio looked over at Blaine in confusion when Blaine drove past the entrance ramp to the highway.

"Where are we going?"

"The lovely Lima Hampton Inn."

"What?"

"We're spending the weekend here."

"What? Why?"

"Do you really wanna turn around and drive back here on Sunday? Besides, I wanna stay close to Kurt. Just in case."

"But…I don't have my books! I have a paper due Monday!"

"It's all in the trunk."

"My book bag?"

"Yep, and your laptop."

Telio looked a bit stunned. Blaine smiled proudly.

"Impressed?"

Telio nodded. "Actually, yeah, I am."

Not wanting to ruin the weekend, Burt had planned to wait until Sunday morning to bring up Blaine, but by Saturday afternoon it was clear there was an unspoken tension between him and Kurt. After closing the garage doors andlocking the front door, he headed back to his office where Kurt was finishing online orders for parts.
"I got everything in. It should all be here Tuesday by Noon."

"Great. Thanks kiddo."

Kurt stood up, but Burt waved at him to sit down. He went over to a small refrigerator he kept in the office and took out two bottles of root beer.

"Do you remember how we used to drink these when you were little, and you would pretend it was real beer? You liked the idea of drinking a beer like your dad."

Kurt smiled at the memory. "Yeah. I remember that."

They sat in silence for several minutes before Burt spoke.

"Kurt…about Blaine…"  

"Yes, I know who he is, or rather, who his family is. I know all about the Andersons. Who they are, what they do, and what they've done."

Burt was surprised and a little angry. "You know his background, and yet you still decided to date him?"

"I didn't know when I met him. I learned about it later, and by then…dad, I love him."

Burt stood up and paced a little, shaking his head. "Kurt…no. No. You can't do this. You say you know who these people are, but are you sure? I mean…these people…this Mario Anderson, Blaine's father…he's a murderer, Kurt. He's killed people and he's had people killed. He illegally brings weapons into this country and puts them on the streets. He launders money for other criminals. He runs rackets, he extorts businesses. He's a master criminal. He's dangerous and being with his son is dangerous."

"Blaine isn't his father." Not yet anyway.

"Blaine seems like a nice young man, but…it's always the innocent people who get caught up and get hurt. Getting mixed up with this family is dangerous, and I'm sorry, but I won't allow it."

Kurt shook his head. "Don't you see, dad? It's already too late. I'm already mixed up in it because I'm in love with Blaine. I love him, dad. I'm madly, crazy, don't care anymore, in love with him. And yes, I know it's stupid, and possibly dangerous, but…it's too late. I love him. I love him so much, and I don't want out. I'm willing to take my chances because I love him. I love him and I don't want to be without him. I can't be without him."

Burt shook his head. "Kurt, you don't know what you're saying. You're too caught up in this to think clearly. This is your first love, and first love is amazing, and strong, and powerful, but you gotta snap out of it. I know you love this kid, and I know you think you'll never feel like this about someone else ever again, but you will. Trust me."

"Maybe you're right. Maybe I could feel like this about someone else one day, but you know what? This is how I feel right now, and I don't think I should throw it away in hopes of finding it again. I think I should live this feeling right now, in the moment, while I have it. With Blaine."

"It's not worth the risk!"

"Are you telling me love isn't worth the risk?"
"No. All I'm saying is that you don't have to risk your safety for love. There are other boys out there."

"I want this boy."

Burt stared at his son. Kurt's eyes were a deep blue of fierce determination and decision.

"I just don't wanna see you get hurt."

Kurt stood up and walked over to his father. "I know. I don't wanna get hurt either. I promise I'll be careful. Don't worry."

On the ride home they passed one of Burt's campaign signs.

"Will my dating Blaine cause problems for your campaign?"

Burt sighed. "Possibly. There was already a little problem with campaign donations made by his family."

"Oh. His father mentioned donating to your campaign. I'm sorry. I guess I should have…"

Burt interrupted. "Wait a minute? You've met Mario Anderson?"

Shit. Shit. Shit.

Kurt took a deep breath. Should he lie or tell the truth?

"Um…he stopped by school to see Blaine."

Burt blew out a breath as he pulled into the driveway.

"Okay, look. It might be best if you don't go home with Blaine, alright? Seeing Blaine at school is one thing. Being in his home…around his family, that's another. Just…you gotta be careful, Kurt."

Burt sighed heavily and rubbed his head. Maybe he should pull Kurt out of Dalton, but where would he go? Back to McKinley? That was out of the question. He pulls him out of one school to keep him safe, and the kid ends up in worse danger. How did this happen?

"Dad, someone's coming towards the house."

Burt glanced in his rearview mirror. Agent Barkley was headed up the driveway.

"Great. Get out and go in the house."

"Who is he?"

"Don't worry about it. Just go in the house."

Kurt opened his door and stepped out. By now Agent Barkley was standing by the truck. He looked at Kurt with a satisfied smile. Kurt stared at him, surprised that he looked familiar. Where had he seen this man before? Burt stepped in front of Kurt.

"Hello. What can I do for you?"

"Afternoon Mr. Hummel and…Kurt isn't it?" Kurt said nothing.

"Perhaps you don't remember since we weren't officially introduced."
"I remember."

Burt looked between the two in confusion. "Wait a minute. You two have met before?"

"Kurt and I have a mutual acquaintance."

"Really?"


Burt laid a hand protectively on Kurt's shoulder. "Why don't you go in and help Carol get dinner started?"

Kurt turned towards the house. Agent Barkley called after him.

"See ya later, Kurt." Burt glared at him.

"Once again, what can I do for you?"

"I'm sorry to bother you on a Saturday afternoon. I just had a few follow up questions. In the course of our investigation, a few…interesting connections were uncovered, but I'm sure you can clear them up."

"And they are?"

"Well, let's see. For starters, a routine check of your campaign donor data revealed that Mario Anderson and his family are rather generous donors to your congressional campaign."

Burt's blood started to simmer. "Their campaign contributions were sent back the moment I found out who they were."

"Of course they were. Scandal isn't good for political campaigns, but then I learn that your son is dating Blaine Anderson. Now that's interesting."

"Agent Barkley, I don't understand what you're getting at here. Yes, my son is dating Blaine, and yes, because the boys are dating his parents decided to contribute to my campaign, but I don't know the Andersons. We've never met and I have nothing to do with them. I'm actually hoping things between my son and theirs runs its course and ends quickly."

"Well, here's the thing, Mr. Hummel. I'm pretty sure the murder committed behind your shop was committed by someone connected to the Andersons, so surely you can see why I find it incredibly intriguing that there are all these connections between you and the people behind a murder that occurred behind your place of business."

"The murder was committed by someone involved with the Andersons?"

"Yes."

Burt shook his head. "Look, I don't know what to tell you. I honestly have nothing to do with these people. I never even heard of them until the campaign donation thing came up. I promise you that I got nothing to do with the Andersons."

"But your son does."

Burt's blood shot from simmer to boil.
"Now you wait just a minute! Kurt's got nothing to do with this! Yes, he's dating Blaine Anderson, but that's it. My son is not a criminal, and he sure as hell ain't got nothing to do with a murder."

Agent Barkley studied Burt for a moment. "Let me give you a piece of advice, Mr. Hummel. I don't know what you and your son have gotten yourselves mixed up in, but I suggest you extricate yourselves as quickly as possible."

He turned and headed down the driveway.

"Have a nice day, Mr. Hummel."

Blaine sat on his bed in the hotel room shooting curious glances at Telio. Since they'd arrived in their room, Telio had been texting nonstop. Since when did Telio have someone to send texts to? Blaine was shocked when Telio broke out into a full face smile.

"Okay, who the hell are you texting?"

Telio didn't look up. "Boy you gays are nosy."

"Is it Luther? Did something happen?"

Telio looked up and shook his head in disbelief. The Andersons had to be the most self-centered, selfish people on the planet.

"No, it's not Luther, and it's not about your family."

"Then who is it?"

Telio sent one final message and laid back on the bed.

"Alicia."

Blaine grinned. "Really?"

"Yeah."

"Wow. That's great."

"Is it?"

"Yes. Definitely. So, are you two dating, or…"

Telio quickly sat up and shook his head. "No. Absolutely not. I can't…we're just friends. That's it."

"Okay. Well, hey, that's cool. I'm glad. You deserve a girl…a friend."

"By the way, I took your advice."

"Which was?"

"I told her the truth. You know. About me…about us."

"What?"

"I told her the truth. Not details of course, but…yeah. I told her the truth."
Blaine felt a little worried. "Exactly what do you mean when you say, you told her the truth?"

"I told her I was adopted by your parents and that she should Google your dad, and then decide if she still wanted to be friends."

"Okay…so, I assume she did?"

"Yeah. Then she called me and said she definitely wanted to be friends."

"So, you didn't really tell her anything."

"I told her it was dangerous to be my friend. That what she read about online…that while I wasn't a part of it yet, I will be one day, and I make no apologies for it. She said okay."

Blaine frowned. "Telio…are you sure she believed you?"

Telio looked perplexed. "Why wouldn't she?"

"It's just…it sounds like she took it really well. I'm just wondering if she thinks you're just trying to impress her."

"Why would someone admit to a criminal future to impress a girl?"

Blaine scoffed. "Ask Cooper."

Telio shrugged. "I'm gonna assume she believed me."

Blaine decided to let it go. He didn't want Telio to change his mind about pursuing her. He deserved someone to love, and to love him in return. Hopefully Alicia was the one.

"Okay. Well, just let me know when you want me to order you a tracking bracelet."

Telio shook his head. "Never."

Blaine smiled. "You say that now."

Blaine watched TV for a while, glancing at his laptop every once in a while to make sure Kurt was still at home. His mind started to wander to the phone conversation with his father. Blaine looked at Telio.

"Telio?"

"Hmmm?"

"You know what my dad said? About studying hard to make the honor roll, and not letting friends or family get in the way. Um…how did you interpret that?"

Telio looked up. He'd wondered when Blaine would ask him about this.

"Your father expects me to protect you at all costs, and to take whatever action is necessary to keep you safe and alive."

"Even if it means…" Blaine trailed off.

Telio's tone was firm. "Yes, Blaine. Even if it means killing Cooper."

"Would you…I mean…do you really think…do you really think it could come to that?"
Telio sighed. "I don't know. Once upon a time my answer would have been no. But now…now I just don't know. Cooper's coked out of his head half the time. There's no telling what he might try, but please believe me…I won't hesitate to kill him if he tries to kill you."

Blaine nodded and went back to staring at the television.

The thought of Telio killing Cooper should make him sad, right?

But it didn't.

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Sunday morning, Kurt absently stirred the pancake batter as he watched his father moving around the backyard looking for something to do.

Carol glanced at Kurt with deep concern. "Are you okay, sweetie?"

Kurt sighed sadly. "I feel like my dad and I have stepped back in time. The time before I was officially out, and we tip-toed around each other. Me trying to figure out who I was and how to tell him, and him trying to figure out how to connect with me. I never thought we'd be back here."

"Oh, honey, try to understand. He's your father, and he loves you. He wants to protect you. The idea that his son is dating someone whose family is involved in crime…he's scared. He doesn't want you to get hurt, or worse."

"I know."

"Kurt…Blaine seems like a nice young man, and he's incredibly handsome and charming, but…is he worth it?"

There was no hesitation.

No wavering.

No doubt.

"Yes."

"I love him, Carol. I love him so much. He makes me happy. He makes me feel so connected, and safe, and loved. I don't think I'm ever going to find someone else who makes me feel like that. I love being with him, and I want to be with him."

Carol just looked at him.

"You don't approve."

Carol slowly shook her head. "It's not that I don't approve. It's more that I'm scared for you."

Kurt closed his eyes as guilt filled him. "I'm sorry."

Carol gave him a small smile. "Don't be. Just promise me you'll be careful."

"I will, and Carol, please don't let my dad worry about me. I don't want him having another heart attack because he's stressed about me."

Carol nodded and patted his hand, but didn't say what she was thinking. He's going to worry about you. Always. There's no way to stop that.
They looked up as Burt entered the kitchen. He walked over to the sink and washed his hands. As he dried them, he turned and leaned against the counter. He stared at the floor for a minute before looking at Kurt.

"Okay, listen. I'm not gonna lie. I don't like this. I don't like this at all, but while I may not like it, or approve, I realize there's not much I can do about it. Just…promise me you'll think about what you're doing. I know you love him, and you wanna be with him, but, I don't think you realize what you're getting into. That guy yesterday? He's a federal agent. He's investigating a murder that took place a few months ago behind the shop. He thinks the Andersons are involved."

Kurt's jaw dropped. "What? What murder behind the shop?"

Burt shook his head. "Don't worry about that. Just promise me you'll be careful, and that you'll call me if things get to be too much, or if anything, and I mean anything, happens."

Kurt nodded. "I promise. Please don't worry about me. I don't want you worrying about me."

"I'll always worry about you, kid. It's what fathers do." Burt reached out and pulled Kurt to him in a tight hug. Kurt held him just as strong.

"I love you, dad."

"I love you too, Kurt. I love you too."

x-x-x-x-x-x

At 3:00 pm, Blaine and Telio pulled up in front of the Hummel-Hudson home. Telio waited in the car as Blaine walked up the path. The front door opened before he reached it and Burt stepped outside, closing the door behind him.

"I wanna talk to you."

Picking up on Burt's tone, Blaine's body tensed and then relaxed as a powerful sensation slid through him. His eyes narrowed as his expression turned completely unreadable.

"Yes sir?"

"I don't believe a man should be judged solely by his family, but let's face it. You don't come from just any family, so I'm gonna be straight with you. I don't like you dating my son. It's nothing against you personally, but I'm worried about what could happen to Kurt from being associated with you and your family."

Blaine nodded. "I completely understand. I get why you're worried, but let me be very, very clear. I love Kurt. I love him more than anything or anyone in this world, and I promise you that I will always, always protect him. I'd never let anything happen to him."

"And while I appreciate that, you'll understand if it doesn't make me feel any better."

"Yeah. I understand." And I don't give a shit. Kurt belongs to me.

Burt studied Blaine for a moment before making up his mind. He knew Kurt would be angry, but he didn't care. He had to try and do what was best for his son.

"You say you love Kurt and that you care for him. If that's true, why don't you just leave him alone?"
"Is that what Kurt wants?"

"No, of course not, but I have a feeling that you're a bit more worldly than Kurt. You have a better understanding of the danger and the shady characters involved with your family. You love, Kurt? You wanna protect him and keep him safe? Then leave him alone. Let him go. Let him fall in love with someone else. Sure, he'll be heartbroken for a while, but he'll get over it."

"I find it amazing that you would want heartbreak for Kurt after all he's already been through."

"I just wanna keep him safe."

"I will keep him safe."

"You can't promise that."

"I already have."

"Then I hope it's a promise you're able to keep."

Kurt walked out of the house and looked nervously between his father and his boyfriend. Blaine was shocked by Kurt's appearance, and felt a rush of protective anger. Kurt looked sad, stressed, worried, and worn out. He looked at Blaine with a relieved, yet scared, lost look in his eyes.

What the fuck had they done to his beautiful Kurt?

Had they tried to convince him to break up with him?

A strong surge of powerful dominance and want attacked Blaine. He had to get Kurt out of there and back to Dalton. Back under his control. Whatever happened this weekend had to be fixed. Immediately.

"Hi. Are you ready?"

Kurt nodded. He turned and gave Carol one final hug before handing his bag to Blaine. Kurt wrapped his arms around his father and whispered in his ear.

"Just trust me, okay? I promise to be careful."

Burt nodded and held him a little tighter. He stared coldly at Blaine over Kurt's shoulder.

Blaine waited for them to release each other. He held out his hand to Burt.

"It was nice seeing you again, and thank you for your honesty." Burt glanced at Blaine's hand and almost didn't shake it, but he knew Kurt was watching. He gripped Blaine's hand tight and looked directly into his eyes.

"Take care of my son."

"I will." In ways you could never imagine in your wildest dreams.

Blaine climbed into the passenger side and buckled in while Kurt settled into the driver's side. He backed out the drive and took off with Telio following behind them.

Burt watched them leave with a heavy heart, and a worried mind. He turned and headed into the house.
And didn't see the black van that slowly pulled away from where it had been watching the Hummel-Hudson home.

x-x-x-x-x

Blaine waited until they were almost to the entrance ramp for the highway.

"Stop and pull over."

"Why?"

"I'm driving."

Kurt shook his head. "Oh, that's okay. I'm fine."

"Pull over, Kurt."

Kurt glanced at him and pulled over to the side of the road. Okay, so he did feel a bit tired and drained from the strain of the weekend. They climbed out to switch places. As they passed one another, Blaine stopped suddenly and grabbed Kurt's wrist, curling his fingers tightly under Kurt's bracelet. He stared into Kurt's eyes, and Kurt felt his legs lose strength. Blaine wrapped an arm around his waist and pulled him closer.

"I don't like the way you look, so I'm taking care of you for the rest of the day. No arguing. Do you understand?"

Kurt nodded. He felt a deep longing for something. Something only Blaine could give him. Something he still struggled to admit he was hungry for. He dug his nails into Blaine's shoulder in a desperate attempt to communicate what he was feeling. What he needed. Blaine's eyes darkened and intensified, staring straight into Kurt's mind.

*I understand gorgeous.*

"Ah, Cooper! Come in! Come in!"

Cooper smiled and followed Mr. Carlos Hirschfield into his den. Mr. Carlos was a very short, very fat man who looked like a sweet, kind, gentlemanly fellow. No one would suspect him of being a sadistic monster who had perfected a unique way of slowly inserting knives into his enemies to cause maximum pain, while keeping them alive for hours. Legend held he had managed to keep a man alive and suffering excruciatingly for 14 hours with 23 knives stuck in his body.

Cooper stood respectfully as Mr. Carlos waddled his way to a huge brown leather chair. Once he was seated, he motioned for Cooper to have a seat.

"Come sit, Cooper. I'm so pleased you called. It has been long time since I last saw you. How are you?"

"I'm fine, Mr. Carlos. How are you?"

"Old. I'm old and fat. The old I mind. The fat, not so much. I enjoy my food."

"And business? I trust your business is good?"

Mr. Carlos nodded. "Yes, yes. Things remain strong and profitable. I appreciate your asking."
Cooper leaned forward. "Mr. Carlos, I understand you are interested in moving into a new line of business."

Mr. Carlos was surprised. "Well…yes, I was considering it, but your father felt it was…how you say…not prudent."

"My father is the one who is old, not you. I think you are smart to want to expand, and I would like to help you."

Mr. Carlos sat back and stared at Cooper in confusion.

"I not understand. Your father has changed his mind?"

Cooper took a deep breath. This was it. His first direct move against his father.

"No. This is my own venture."

Mr. Carlos frowned. "You have your father's permission?"

"He understands that I'm my own man and must start to make decisions that will move the family forward in the future."

"So, you have his permission?"

"I don't need his permission."

Mr. Carlos shook his head slowly and chuckled. "Ah, but you do, as do I. I don't know what you are trying to accomplish, but I have no interest in upsetting your father. He has been good to me. Your grandfather was good to me. I honor and respect the Andersons. Your family gave me a chance when no one else would."

"I understand your loyalty to my father, and I admire it, but my father lacks vision. You are a man with vision and ambition. Let me help you make your vision a reality. I already have everything set up, but with your financing and the use of one of your plants, I could move things to an entirely new level of production. Let me help you make more money than you ever dreamed of. Isn't that why you approached my father in the first place? To make your final millions before retiring? I can help you get there in two to three months. Let me do this for you."

Mr. Carlos stared at him for a minute before slowly standing up.

"I am not interested, but I appreciate you stopping by."

Cooper quickly stood up. He knew the rules. He was being denied and dismissed.

"Mr. Carlos, I appreciate your time. I would also appreciate it if our conversation remained private. There is no need to involve my father."

Mr. Carlos's smile was kind and sincere. "Of course. I understand the desires of ambitious young men, and I have no interest in upsetting your father, but tread carefully, Cooper. I'm not sure what you are up to, and I don't want to know, but I warn you to be careful."

Cooper smiled and bowed slightly. "Thank you Mr. Carlos. For both your time and your words of advice. I'll see my way out."

Mr. Carlos watched Cooper leave before sitting back down in his chair. What on earth was that kid up to?
An hour later, Carlos Hirschfield was found dead in his chair, his throat slit, a knife from his collection plunged in his heart.

"I'm in space 713."

"Not anymore."

"What?"

Blaine didn't answer. He entered the Dalton Garage and parked Kurt's car in space 102 while Telio pulled into space 101.

"This isn't my space."

"It is now."

"I thought Jerome parked next to you."

"Not anymore. He's in space 713."

Okay. What on earth did Blaine do to get Jerome to give up an awesome parking space for one way in the back?

"Why would Jerome give his parking space to me?"

Blaine handed his bag to Telio so he could grab Kurt's.

"Because I told him to."

"You told him to?"

"Asked him to."

"And he just said yes?"

"Yep." Amazing what some people will do to stay in the closet.

"Why would he do that?"

Blaine closed the car door and took Kurt's hand. "He's just nice like that. He understood that I wanted my boyfriend parked next to me."

And he doesn't want his parents to know he's gay, and has a beautiful lover named Carl, who I just happened to capture on my camera phone, sucking his dick like it held a cure.

They went straight to Blaine's room. Kurt sat down on the bed and watched Blaine unpack their bags. He didn't protest or comment as he watched Blaine hang his clothes in the closet and put other items in the drawers. He had finally completely moved in with Blaine.

Kurt licked his lips as he watched Blaine slowly undress, stripping down to his black briefs. He walked over to the bed and stood in front of Kurt. Kurt wrapped his arms around Blaine's waist and leaned his head against his smooth stomach. He sighed contentedly as Blaine tangled his fingers in his hair.

"Did you miss me, gorgeous?"
"Yes. I missed you a lot."

"Did you enjoy your time with your father?"

Kurt wasn't sure how to answer. Of course he was happy to see his father, but their time hadn't been enjoyable.

"I was glad to see him."

"Mmm hmm." Blaine waited a moment before continuing.

"I'm not sure going home is good for you."

Kurt said nothing. Blaine tightened his hold on Kurt's hair and tipped his head back. Kurt stared up at him with pleading blue eyes tinged with embarrassed want. Was what he wanted wrong? What did it say about him that craved Blaine's dominance? That all he wanted to do was fall into a pool of sexual submission under Blaine's control.

Blaine could see and feel his need, but also sensed his hesitation. Kurt's desire matched his own, but he wanted to make sure it was what Kurt really wanted.

"...my only piece of advice for you is to make sure he understands and is open to your true nature. Otherwise...you will end up breaking him, and that...that can leave scars you will spend the rest of your life trying to erase."

"Tell me what you want, Kurt."

Kurt slid off the bed to his knees and stretched out his arms in front of him, wrists together. He looked up at Blaine.

Blaine drew in a breath, overcome by Kurt's willing submission. He reached down and gently stroked Kurt's face. Kurt turned and pressed his lips against Blaine's palm. Blaine's hand slid down to Kurt's neck. His mind wandered to thoughts of a collar, but quickly disappeared as Kurt leaned forward and mouthed at Blaine's cock, before looking up and quietly whispering, "Please."

"Stand up."

Kurt obediently rose from the floor and stood still as Blaine began to undress him, pressing soft kisses to his skin as he removed each article of clothing. He grabbed the hand cuffs off his desk and locked Kurt's wrists in front of him. He pulled a Dalton tie from his closet and draped it backwards around Kurt's neck, the ends hanging down his back. He placed a pillow on the floor, and Kurt immediately kneeled, hungrily eyeing Blaine's crotch, but Blaine stepped back.

"Now that you have your car, and in light of everything going on, I want to make sure you remember the rules. I need you to be a good boy, Kurt."

Kurt nodded.

"First of all, when your father called and asked you to come home, you told him yes before speaking to me."

Kurt's mouth fell open. "I asked you if I could go!"

"After you told me you were going. That's not how it works."

Kurt thought for a moment and then whispered, "I'm sorry."
"I understand, gorgeous. He's your father. Nevertheless, I don't want it to happen again. I also don't want you to accidentally decide you need to leave campus now that you have a car."

Kurt shook his head. "I won't. I promise."

"Good boy. Now stand up, press your hands straight out in front of you against the wall, ass out, feet spread apart."

Kurt did as he was told, his mind twisting and turning. There was so much he wanted but couldn't articulate from either embarrassment, lack of words, or both. So instead he closed his eyes and let go as Blaine stepped up behind him.

Blaine's lips traveled softly over Kurt's ass, kissing and gently biting the smooth skin while his hand wrapped around Kurt's cock, pumping gently. Kurt shifted slightly.

"Don't move."

Kurt pressed his hands harder against the wall and concentrated on not moving as Blaine started pumping him again. He brought Kurt to an unbearable point of arousal before letting go. Kurt groaned in desperation

"Oh, please…can I…"

"No. Not yet, and if you do, you'll regret it."

Kurt suddenly felt a slight pull on his neck as Blaine picked up the ends of the tie. He spoke softly.

"It's time for a spanking, Kurt. A spanking to remind you to be a good boy. I think this should become a weekly thing, don't you?"

Blaine gently pulled the ends of the tie a little tighter. Kurt's cock jumped, and he released a strangled gasp as he desperately tried to fight his waiting orgasm. Blaine released the tie and whispered in his ear.

"Don't come without permission, gorgeous. Don't move either."

He smacked Kurt's ass hard as he wrapped the ends of the tie tightly around his hand, choking him at the same time.

Kurt's mind broke and drifted away into a faraway place of intense, hot, pleasure and warm pain. With each smack his body wailed and was pushed towards choking pain as he struggled to breathe. Then all at once he was dropped into a pool of overwhelming pleasure, the sensation so strong he could barely stand it.

Watching Kurt struggle and scream turned Blaine on in the sickest way possible. His desire to control and dominate his boyfriend switched from a want to a need. He needed this. He had to have Kurt broken and drowning beneath him, completely lost in sexual euphoria. It was the most sexually exquisite thing Blaine had ever seen, and it turned him on more than anything ever had before in his life.

Once Blaine was content with the bright, angry red color of Kurt's ass, he stopped spanking him, but tied the tie tight around his neck.

"You may drop to your knees now."
Kurt collapsed to the floor and shakily moved to kneel. He knelt there with his cheek pressed to the floor, his arms straight out in front of him, moaning quietly. His ass was on fire, but he was still lost in a sea of sexual bliss when Blaine removed the handcuffs. This pulled him in a little and he whined at their removal. But then Blaine gently pulled his arms behind him and started to bind them with thick pieces of leather that started at the top of his arms, just under his shoulders, and ended at his wrists, right above his bracelet.

"I'm putting you in an arm binder, gorgeous. Let me know if it's too tight."

When Blaine was done, Kurt's arms were bound firmly behind him. Blaine took off his boxers and sat down on the bed, taking his cock in hand.

"Come here, Kurt."

Kurt scooted over on his knees and hungrily swallowed Blaine's cock, sucking hard to show his gratefulness. He eagerly swallowed when Blaine came hard and loud. Blaine fell back on to the bed, and Kurt rested his cheek on his thigh, eyes closed, breathing even and relaxed, content in the tight arm restraints.

They stayed like this for about forty-five minutes before Blaine sat up and began to unbuckle the leather straps. Kurt wanted to protest, but he wasn't sure how long it was safe for him to stay bound. He would trust Blaine.

"Kneel on the bed, Kurt."

Kurt slowly moved to the bed. Blaine rubbed cream all over his ass. Kurt thought they were about to go to sleep when he suddenly felt two well lubed fingers slide inside him at the same time. He gasped in surprise.

"Gonna fuck you now, gorgeous."

Kurt cried out as Blaine pushed inside him. Large, hard, and capturing. Rocking into him tight and full, making his body whine, beg, and hum with fierce pleasure.

"Come for me, Kurt!"

Kurt wailed and cried as his cock throbbed and exploded all over the sheets. At the same time, Blaine came hard in a hot rush, screaming Kurt's name as his body shook and trembled. He collapsed on top of Kurt and lay there quietly for about a minute before reaching over to grab the butt plug from his nightstand. He covered it with lube and pushed it in quickly, taking perverse pleasure in Kurt's cry.

Blaine gathered him in his arms and spoke softly.

"Good boy, Kurt. My gorgeous, beautiful, obedient good boy. From now on I will spank you once a week, okay? I think it will be good for your mind and will help you stay obedient. I also think you should wear the butt plug a few days a week. I like the idea of your ass being plugged all day. You'll be ready for me to fuck you in the evening. Okay, Kurt?"

Kurt sleepily nodded and whispered, "Okay."

Yes, Blaine. Yes. I want it. All of it.

Luther pulled into the garage of Lisa's home. He climbed out of the car and grabbed a six pack of
beer and bouquet of flowers from the back seat. He smiled when he saw that the alarm was on. For once she listened to him.

He punched in the code and stepped inside the kitchen.

"Babe?"

He put the beer in the fridge and took off his shoes leaving them by the door.

"Hon, where are you?"

He was about to head towards the stairs when he noticed light coming from the dining room.

"Lisa?"

Luther walked into the dining room…and screamed.

Lisa was naked, bound by her wrists to the chandelier. Her neck was obviously broken, and her body was covered in long, deep, knife cuts. She’d been slashed over and over again and words had been carved into her back.

ANDERSONS LIE

Anastasia stretched her arms up into the air, bringing them down to reach for her toes, pulling as far as her chains would allow. Despite being chained to the bed by her wrists, ankles and even by a chain running from the collar around her neck to the headboard, she was able to move around the bed quite comfortably. She couldn't leave the bed, of course, but her range of movement was adequate. She scooted to the middle of the bed, folded her legs, and waited. Mario came out of the bathroom and smiled at her. Nothing made him happier than the sight of his beautiful wife chained to his bed. He also liked having her bound and chained in cruel sexual positions in his library, but they hadn't been able to do that for a while. Perhaps once things calmed down.

As he studied her, trying to decide what sexual punishments to put her through that evening, the phone rang. Anastasia frowned as he reached for it. Mario gave her an apologetic look.

"I'll make it quick. I've been looking forward to fucking your brains out all day."

Anastasia smiled seductively and unfolded her legs, spreading them wide. Mario caught her scent and seriously thought about ignoring the phone, but that wasn't a luxury he could afford right now.

"Hello? Luther? What? Oh, Luther, no. No…no, no, no."

Anastasia watched with growing fear as Mario's face crumpled in pain, a very rare sight.

"No. Stay there. I'm sending Danny and Mark. I don't want you driving. Just stay there. Luther…I'm sorry. I'm so sorry. I know how you felt about her. I promise. We will find out who's responsible and revenge will be yours. All yours. I promise."

Mario hung up the phone and just stood there, his face twisted in sadness and anger.

"Mario?"

"Lisa's been murdered."

Anastasia's hands flew to her mouth in shock. She'd never met Lisa, but she knew Luther loved her
very much. So much in fact that he had asked Anastasia to consider meeting her for lunch one day. He wanted them to meet because he was thinking about asking her to marry him, but he wanted Lisa to have a complete understanding of what she'd be getting into.

Mario sat down on the bed. "I've never heard Luther sound like that. Not in all the years we've known each other."

"What does this mean?"

Mario looked at her and reached for her hand.

"I hope I'm wrong but...I think it means someone is declaring war on our family."
Chapter 14

"Let's go to the mall Saturday."

Blaine looked up from the paper he was supposed to be working on. He hadn't written a sentence in over half an hour, his mind consumed by the early morning phone call from his father.

"Luther's girlfriend, Lisa, was murdered last night."

Blaine swore under his breath. "How's Luther?"

"As you would expect. Devastated. Destroyed. Filled with guilt and rage. Seeing him like this...in so much pain...I can't stand it."

"Any idea who did it?"

"No, but it was clearly done to send a message."

"What makes you say that?"

"The words, Andersons lie, were carved into her body."

Blaine closed his eyes. "Shit."

"Exactly. Stay close to Telio and keep your eyes open. It would also be best if you stayed at school. It's the safest place for you right now."

Blaine looked over at Kurt who was lying on his side, lazily thumbing through the latest copy of GQ magazine.

"Why do you wanna go to the mall?"

Kurt looked up and gave Blaine a sweet, sexy smile. "Well, there's a Dalton/Crawford County Day dance coming up, and I was hoping a certain sexy Warbler might invite me to go. If he does, I might need a new outfit."

"I thought you had a closet full of clothes."

"Well...yeah, but I thought you might want to pick out something for me to wear. Like last time."

Blaine walked over to the bed and laid down. Kurt rolled over so they were facing each other. Blaine took Kurt's hand in his and brought it to his chest. Kurt's eyes were a beautiful, smiling, bright blue. For a moment Blaine lost himself in Kurt's eyes.

I can't breathe without you.

"Well?" asked Kurt.

"Kurt Elizabeth Hummel, would you accompany me to the dance?"

"Why Blaine Devon Anderson, it would be a pleasure."

"As for clothes, how about you surprise me this time? Pull out your sexiest outfit and drive me crazy."
Kurt hummed. "Okay, but I still wanna go to the mall. I wanna check out the new summer lines."

Summer.

Fuck.

Something else to worry about.

Blaine didn't want to think about the summer. Summer meant Kurt returning to Lima and Blaine had already decided that wasn't happening. He just wasn't sure how he was going to stop it. At least he had a few months to figure something out.

They lay in silence, enjoying the simple pleasure of being close to one another. Kurt felt relaxed and content, his mind quiet and peaceful, but Blaine's head spun wild with worry. First the attack on Skylar, now the murder of Lisa. Were they connected? Skylar was a direct result of Cooper's fuck up. Lisa's murder was scarier. It was a direct shot at his father by someone who didn't care about the rules regarding women and children. Lisa was completely innocent. Her only connection was being Luther's girlfriend.

Blaine looked at Kurt. His eyes were closed, his face serene and content.

And now Kurt was connected because he was Blaine's boyfriend. What if someone attacked Kurt?

"I'm going to teach you how to handle a gun."

Kurt opened his eyes. "Hmm? What?"

"I'm going to teach you how to handle a gun. How to load and shoot."

Kurt sat up and looked curiously at Blaine who had rolled over and was lying on his back, hands behind his head. His eyes were fixed on Kurt, but his expression was completely unreadable.

"Haven't we had this conversation before?"

"No. Before, I asked you if you wanted to learn how to shoot a gun. Now I'm telling you I'm going to teach you how to handle a gun."

Kurt slowly shook his head. "I don't want a gun, Blaine. Does this have something to do with your brother and that guy that got beat up?"

"No, I just think you need to learn how to handle a gun in case you ever have to."

"Why would I ever have to? You're not going to protect me anymore?"

Blaine sat up and placed his hand on the side of Kurt's neck.

"Of course I'm going to protect you. I will always protect you. Always and forever, but...there may come a time when I'm not with you and I'd feel better if you at least knew how to load a gun and fire it. Just in case."

Kurt narrowed his eyes and studied Blaine's face. Where was this coming from?

"Why wouldn't you be with me? Are you going somewhere?"

"No, of course not. I'm not going anywhere, gorgeous. I promise. I just want you to be able to protect yourself if you ever need to. I consider teaching you how to use a gun a part of my protecting
you. My father taught my mother, and I want to teach you."

Kurt couldn't imagine Anastasia shooting a gun.

"I really don't like guns."

"I know, but this would make me feel better, and you safer."

"Blaine…is there something you aren't telling me? Are we in danger?"

"No. This is just a precaution. It's best to be prepared."

"What exactly are you preparing me for?"

"Look, this is not up for discussion, Kurt. You are going to learn how to handle a gun. You don't have to carry one, but you need to know how to use one. Now stop arguing with me about it!"

"I'm not arguing with you, I'm just trying to understand!"

Blaine's hand tightened against Kurt's neck and his eyes darkened.

"You don't need to understand. Just do what I say."

The tone of Blaine's voice, and the fierce look in his eyes sent a shiver down Kurt's spine. He wanted to be annoyed and to protest, but instead he was aroused as hell. Where did that come from?

Blaine pulled him back down and wrapped him in his arms. He kissed the back of Kurt's neck.

"We'll go home this weekend and I'll teach you. We have a shooting range out back."

"It might be best if you don't go home with Blaine, alright? Seeing Blaine at school is one thing. Being in his home...around his family, that's another."

"Is it safe for me to go home with you? I mean...you know....with all the stuff with your brother going on."

"Of course. The compound is the safest place on earth."

Cooper sat nervously, his fingers drumming the steering wheel. He glanced over at Jeremy every few minutes wishing he was Skylar. He really wanted a hit of coke, but he didn't feel comfortable using in front of Jeremy.

While Skylar was finally well enough to leave the rehabilitation center, he wasn't ready to go out and about, so Jeremy offered to accompany Cooper to his meeting with Alan. Cooper hated to leave Skylar unprotected, but he couldn't meet Alan alone, and he trusted Jeremy more than anyone else right now. So they left Skylar in the guest room of Cooper's condo, armed with several guns, and a promise to be back soon with a bag full of cash.

Their new meeting spot was a few streets over from Hummel Tire & Lube behind an abandoned building. As they waited, Cooper grew jumpier and more fidgety by the minute. Jeremy watched him in amusement.

"First rule of the drug game is don't use your own product."

Cooper looked like a deer caught in headlights. "What?"

A black Mercedes pulled into the parking lot followed by a black Audi.

Cooper was seized with panic. "Why are there two cars? There shouldn't be two cars. Who else did he bring? What the fuck is he up to?"

"Good grief. Relax Cooper."

They watched Alan step out of his car along with his two muscle men. The doors of the Audi opened and a young man with short blond hair stepped out along with a tall Black man. They stayed by their car.

Cooper shook his head. "I don't like this. Who the fuck are they?"

"I don't know the Black guy, but the blond is Sam Hirschfield. He's Carlos Hirschfield's nephew."

"Hirschfield's nephew?"

"Yeah. I used to work at one of Hirschfield's plants. Sam used to work for his uncle."

"Why would he be here unless...I met with Mr. Carlos a few days ago. Maybe he's changed his mind."

"About what?"

"Joining us. Look, keep your eyes open and your hand on your gun. Anybody moves wrong, shoot them."

They stepped out of the car and walked over to Alan.

Alan stared at Jeremy. "No Skylar today?"

"He's busy working on other things." Cooper nodded towards the other two men. "Who are they?"

"That's Sam Hirschfield. He wants to talk to you."

Alan beckoned to the two men to join them. "Sam asked if I could arrange a meeting with you in order to clear up a little confusion."

Cooper frowned. "Confusion? What confusion?"

"For some reason, Sam thinks you killed his uncle."

Cooper's mouth fell open. "Mr. Carlos is dead?"

Sam Hirschfield growled at him. "Don't play stupid. I know you killed him!"

Cooper's eyes widened in surprise. "What? No way! I had no reason to kill Mr. Carlos! I liked him! I just met with him a few days ago!"

"Exactly! And right after that he was found dead!"

Cooper shook his head. "I swear it wasn't me."

Alan nodded. "Of course it wasn't you. See Sam? I told you it wasn't Cooper."
Sam looked at Alan as if he were crazy. "Oh, so you just believe him?"

"Yes, I do."

Cooper nodded gratefully at Alan. "It wasn't me. I'm sorry to hear he's dead. I always liked him."

Sam glared at him with cold eyes, but said nothing.

Alan clapped his hands. "Great. Now that we have that cleared up, let's move on. Do you have my stuff?"

Sam turned and walked back to his car. He got inside but didn't leave.

Cooper shook his head. "We don't do the deal until he leaves."

"Paranoid much?"

"You want your shit, tell him to leave."

Alan nodded to one of his men who walked over to Sam's car. A minute later Sam left. Alan turned to Cooper.

"Okay?"

"Okay."

Skylar slowly walked across the street to the 24-hour café across from Cooper's building. He'd waited 5 minutes after Cooper and Jeremy left to make the call. It was his first chance to do so.

He was about to enter the diner when he heard his name.

"Skylar!"

He turned to see Dirk beckoning to him from a red Lexus. He slowly walked towards the car. Dirk opened the door and stepped out.

"Get in."

"I thought we were meeting in the diner."

"Change of plans. Get in."

Skylar hesitated before slowly climbing inside the back of the car. Dirk climbed in beside him and closed the door. As the car pulled off, Skylar started to shake with fear.

"I thought we were meeting in the diner. I can't be gone long. Cooper will be back soon."

Dirk grinned. "Don't worry. We'll have your bitch ass back in plenty of time. Assuming you talk fast and tell me what I wanna know."

Skylar stared at the floor. "What do you wanna know?"

"What's Mario up to?"

"I have no fucking idea."
"I…I haven't seen him in a while. I've been in the hospital."

Dirk laughed. "Oh, yeah. Guess that shits my fault. Okay. How about we start with history. Little known facts about Mario Anderson and his overall business dealings."

"Like what?"

"Who his friends are, who works for him, what politicians are in his pocket, where his guns are stored, his drug expansion plans, and how many times a week he fucks his wife. Anything you can tell me."

Skylar took a deep breath and started talking.

Telio stood under the tree across from the main entrance of Crawford Country Day with a sad, heavy heart, and an angry mind. As he watched Alicia walk towards him, his anger waned, but the sorrow in his heart tripled.

It's for the best. You don't want her to end up like Lisa.

"Hi! You know, you are going to get in so much trouble if you get caught sneaking over here. You really need to…" Alicia's smile disappeared as she noticed the deep pain in Telio's eyes. His body was tense and when she stepped towards him, he backed away.

"What's wrong?"

"I can't see you anymore."

Alicia sighed. "Are we back here again?"

Telio shook his head. "You don't understand…"

Alicia stepped forward again and tried to reach for his hand, but he stepped back and drew away from her.

"But I do understand. You were honest with me, remember? And I made my decision. I know you're nervous, but please don't push me away. Don't be scared to…"

"You don't understand! They killed her! They killed her because of him! You need to run, Alicia! Run as fast as you can and forget you ever met me!"

Telio turned and started walking away.

"Wait! Telio! Wait!" Alicia ran after him and grabbed his arm.

"What are you talking about? They killed who?"

Telio sighed heavily. "Lisa. They killed Lisa. They murdered her because of him."

"Who's Lisa?"

"Luther's girlfriend."

Alicia took a moment to think. Luther. Luther was…Blaine's Godfather and something to Blaine's dad.
"Who killed her?"

Telio shook his head. "Don't know, but it was because of Luther. Because of the Andersons. Luther loved her. He wanted to marry her, and now she's dead. Don't you see? You don't wanna be with me. Go find someone...normal. Someone safe."

They stood in silence for several minutes before Alicia slowly reached for Telio's hand. This time he didn't pull away. She led him over to the bench under the tree and they sat down. After several more minutes of silence, Alicia turned to him.

"So, is Kurt breaking up with Blaine?"

"No, but...that's different."

"How considering that we're just friends and they're boyfriends? Oh, and Blaine is the blood son of Mario Anderson. Seems like that would put Kurt in more danger than me."

"Alicia...I don't wanna take any chances."

"Kurt's taking a chance. Blaine's taking a chance."

"Look, I love Blaine, but he's selfish as hell. He can't help it. All Andersons are. He'd rather keep Kurt than let him go to make sure he doesn't get hurt."

"Does Kurt want to leave him?"

"Well...no, but..."

"So Kurt's made his decision and Blaine respects it. Why can't you do the same for me?"

Telio shook his head. "You don't understand. Even if he wants to, Kurt can't leave Blaine. The Andersons don't work like that."

Alicia looked skeptical. "What do you mean "can't leave?"

Telio looked off into the distance. How was he supposed to explain the thought process and behavior of the Andersons? The lengths they would go to, to capture and keep those they wanted. No, Blaine wasn't as bad as his father, but that was only because he didn't have to be. Kurt came willingly, but Anastasia...she had tried to fight and run, and in the end she lost. Telio had no doubt that if Kurt ever decided he wanted out, Blaine would unleash the same terror on him that Mario unleashed on Anastasia. Andersons always got what they wanted.

"Telio, why would you say Kurt can't leave?"

He shook his head. "Never mind. It doesn't matter. I just came to tell you that I won't be texting you anymore, or anything else. I think it would be..."

Alicia leaned over and pressed her lips to his. Because he was in mid-sentence, his mouth was slightly open, so she seized the opportunity and slid her tongue inside. Telio's surprise gave way to a rush of sensations he'd never experienced before. His mind turned dizzy, his body temperature shot up, his heartbeat quickened, and his cock hardened. Alicia moved closer and Telio's hand slipped into her hair as he deepened the kiss. They broke apart for a moment and looked into each other's eyes before smashing their mouths together again. Alicia climbed on to his lap, swinging her leg over to straddle him. Telio placed his hands on her waist and without quite realizing what he was doing, settled her on to his straining cock. They both groaned deeply. Alicia started to rock slightly sending
tiny lightning bolts through him. His hands tightened on her waist and…

"Miss Wilder!"

The shock of the vice principal's voice sent Alicia falling backwards. Telio grabbed her before she hit the ground. She quickly climbed off of him and stood up.

"Miss Wilder, go inside and wait in my office."

"Yes ma'am."

Alicia started towards school, but once she was past the vice principal, she turned and blew Telio a kiss and gave him a beautiful smile. Telio didn't hear a word the vice principal said until he felt her hand pulling on his arm. His defense training immediately kicked in as he shrugged off her hand and jumped back, much to her shock.

"Don't touch me."

"I demand to know your name!"

"Telio Montgomery."

"Do you attend Dalton?"

"Yes ma'am."

"Well, Mr. Montgomery, you best believe I will be reporting you to the headmaster. You will come with me and wait…"

Telio turned and walked away, ignoring her calls for him to stop. He could care less about getting in trouble. He'd just experienced his first taste of the most incredible sensation and aroma in the world. The scent of a woman.

Anastasia nodded and opened the desk drawer to take out her checkbook.

"Yes…yes, of course. I completely understand, but since this was his first offense of any kind, I would hope you would let him off with just a warning. After all, he is a teenage boy, and from what you've described, the young lady was a very willing participant."

Mario looked up from the contracts he was reviewing.

Anastasia studied her nails as the headmaster droned on about rules, and certain expectations of appropriate, gentlemen of Dalton behavior. It was definitely time for her to get a manicure. Maybe Mario would let her go to the salon this week if she promised to take extra security.

"Headmaster, Mr. Anderson and I saw the article in the last school newsletter about the campaign to raise funds for a new track."

Suddenly all threats of discipline were off the table. Anastasia made the appropriate closing comments and ended the conversation with the promise of a sizable donation to assist the school's efforts to build a new track.

She hung up and smiled at Mario who looked at her with a raised eyebrow.
"I'm gonna assume that wasn't about Blaine."

"Apparently Telio left campus to visit a young lady at Crawford Country Day."

"And she was a willing participant in…" Mario gestured for more details. Anastasia grinned. "They were making out in front of the school." Mario laughed.

"As long as it doesn't interfere with his protecting Blaine, I'm all for it."

Anastasia sighed. "Our boys are growing up."

Mario frowned. "Two of them anyway."

"Nothing from Cooper."

"No."

"Maybe you should let me go see him. It's hard to say no to your mother."

Mario tugged on the chain attached to the collar around Anastasia's neck. She obediently dropped to the floor and crawled over to him. Mario tangled his hands in her hair and softly kissed her forehead.

"No. It's far too dangerous for you to leave the compound. If he's not home by this weekend, I'll go see him."

"Oh, that reminds me. Blaine is coming home this weekend and bringing Kurt with him."

"Really?" Mario looked thoughtful. "Good. That will give us a chance to chat. There's several things I need to go over with him. Especially now."

"Why especially now?"

Mario sighed heavily. "Luther's going to need time to recover. He's not capable of thinking about business."

Anastasia felt alarmed. "Are you…you want Blaine to act as your consigliere?"

"No, of course not, but this is a good opportunity for him to learn more about the business. Spring break is coming up. I plan to spend those two weeks having him shadow me. Sometimes I think Luther is right. I should have started his training sooner."

"No," Anastasia shook her head. "I want him to have as normal a life as possible…until he can't."

Mario nodded. "He gets one more year."

Blaine loved the domestic bliss that came from sharing his room with Kurt. He loved waking up with him, legs tangled, hands resting softly on shoulders, back or chest. He always allowed Kurt to shower first, listening to him belt out show tunes as if he were on a Broadway stage. He enjoyed their bathroom dance of teeth brushing and face moisturizing with quick kisses mixed in. Sometimes the kisses would turn deep and long and they would have to force themselves apart before they were late for class.

On this particular Wednesday morning, Blaine was feeling especially grateful they shared a room.

It was butt plug day.
After discussing Kurt's schedule, they agreed on Wednesdays so Kurt wouldn't have to worry about gym. Also, their history class was an extra 10 minutes long on Wednesdays. Blaine looked forward to staring at Kurt and thinking about him wearing the plug. He planned to secretly switch to a remote control vibrating plug after a few weeks. That would be fun.

Kurt stood by Blaine's desk, fully dressed with his boxers and pants down by his ankles. His body was buzzing in erotic anticipation.

"I want you to wear it until lunchtime, okay?" Kurt nodded.

"Good boy. Bend over, hands on the desk."

Kurt gasped when Blaine slid two lubed fingers inside him. He twisted his fingers for a minute before quickly adding two more. He pushed and twisted until Kurt was moaning and begging.

"Blaine...please...let's...ohhh...let's have...sex."

Blaine smiled and pushed into him unusually hard making him yell.

"I wish we had time gorgeous, but I promise to fuck you hard tonight. Gonna fuck you really, really hard."

Blaine removed his fingers and picked up the plug. He covered it with plenty of lube before slowly sliding it into Kurt's ass. Kurt trembled as his ass swallowed the plug, filling him completely. Blaine helped him get dressed.

"Walk around."

Kurt took a few steps and froze. Something felt different. Not bad or painful, just different. He looked at Blaine whose eyes were full of dark lust, a smirk on his face. Kurt took a few more steps before he figured it out.

"This is a different plug. It's bigger."

Blaine nodded and walked over to him. He kissed him softly on the lips before sliding his mouth down to his neck. He removed Kurt's scarf and spoke between sucking.

"I knew you could handle it. I always want you to push yourself to do your best, Kurt. Besides, the bigger the plug, the more you'll be ready to handle my cock."

Kurt hardened at the thought of Blaine's cock in place of the plug. Blaine sucked a large red mark into his neck and threw the scarf on to the bed. "No more scarves, Kurt. I want people to see this and know you're mine."

After walking around Blaine's room a bit to get adjusted to the plug, they headed to the dining room for breakfast. Kurt moved slowly as he adjusted to literally having something stuck up his ass. He was surprised to find that he actually liked the feeling of the plug. It was sexually arousing, but not in an overwhelming way. Plus, something about the plug created the same warm, connected to Blaine feeling the bracelet gave him. Slightly stronger and definitely sexual, but similar just the same.

By lunchtime, Kurt was grateful to see Blaine walking towards him. Being sexually aroused did not lend itself to paying attention in class. Kurt was sure he'd missed half of all of his morning's lessons.

They slipped into the bathroom and into a stall.
"Someone's going to notice two sets of feet in here," whispered Kurt.

"So what?"

Kurt turned around and undid his pants, but Blaine turned him back around and trapped him in a kiss as he snaked his hand down between Kurt's legs. He alternated between rubbing Kurt's cock and pressing at the plug. Kurt whispered desperately.

"Blaine…stop…you're driving me…crazy."

Blaine whispered back, "Stand on the toilet."

"What?"

"You heard me."

Kurt closed the toilet lid and climbed on top, grateful for Dalton's luxurious bathrooms. This would have never worked at McKinley.

Blaine dragged Kurt's pants and boxers all the way down and slowly slid his mouth down Kurt's cock. Kurt clamped his mouth shut and closed his eyes. Every time someone entered the bathroom, Blaine sped up his sucking. He would grab the end of the plug and pull it out slowly before quickly pushing it in hoping to make Kurt lose it. Kurt muffled a scream, and twice almost toppled off the toilet.

At one point, Telio walked in. As he did his business, he was sure he heard a muffled moan. Seriously? Someone was jerking off in the middle of the day in the bathroom?

Then a familiar scent tickled his nose.

He finished, washed and dried his hands, opened and closed the door, but didn't leave. He stood still and listened.

"Oh…shit…fuck…"

He quietly walked along the wall of stalls. He stopped at the fourth one. He didn't even need to glance underneath.

"Damn Blaine. Can't you give his ass a break?"

Kurt turned scarlet as a muffled squeal escaped him. He slammed his hands over his mouth as he came down Blaine's throat.

Telio shook his head and left.

Mario sat in his expansive office at the headquarters of Anderson Construction, studying the updates on several projects taking place across the state. The better business on the construction side, the easier to hide profits from the weapons side. Out of all of his businesses, Mario loved the weapons and construction sides the most. Weapons and buildings were easy. No people involvement. The casinos were lucrative, but dependent upon people gambling their money away. He hated the drug trade for the same reason. It depended on people constantly buying and using. But guns were easy. You sold them in mass quantity to a buyer, and done. Same thing with buildings. You get the contract, build the building, and done. Simple and clean.

The phone rang.
"Yes, Beth?"

"I have Sammy Avalon on the line. He insists on speaking with you directly."

Mario tensed. Sammy Avalon. Frank Chartussi's representative. Now what?

"I'll take the call."

"Mr. Avalon."

"Mr. Anderson."

"What can I do for you?"

"You can meet me at the Capital Club this afternoon at 4:00 pm."

For a moment Mario was thrown off. He was not a man used to being given orders, especially with such disrespect from someone who was second in command.

"My apologies, but I have a prior engagement. Perhaps we can…"

Sammy cut him off.

"4:00 pm. The Capital Club. Be on time." The line went dead.

Mario sat back in his chair.

What the fuck?

A hit?

No. A hit at the Capital Club was too public. Something else was going on. He took out his cell phone and dialed the first three digits of Luther's number before hanging up. He stared at the screen.

_The man is grieving. Don't be so selfish._

He put the cell phone down on his desk and pushed the call button for Beth.

"Tell Trevor and Carlisle to come to my office."

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At 3:50 pm a long black limousine pulled up in front of the Capital Club. A small, short, meticulously dressed man stepped out and entered the building surrounded by four men. The hostess greeted him.

"Good afternoon. Welcome to the Capital Club. May I…"

One of the men interrupted. "Frank Chartussi."

"Yes, Mr. Chartussi. I see that you reserved a room, but there's been a change of plans. Mr. Anderson has requested that you join him in his private dining room. May I escort you?"

Frank Chartussi turned to Sammy Avalon with a frown. "Change of plans? What is this?" Sammy shook his head.

Frank looked around before turning back to the hostess. "Sure, honey. Lead the way."
The hostess led them to a private elevator. When they exited on the 4th floor, several men were waiting. Carlisle stepped forward.

"Welcome to Ohio, Mr. Chartussi. Mr. Anderson is expecting you. Your men may wait here."

"You think I'm crazy? My men will accompany me."

Carlisle nodded his head slightly with a small smile. "Very well. This way."

Frank Chartussi was pissed. This was supposed to be his meeting. He didn't appreciate being one-upped. How did Mario find out he was in town? The plan had been to surprise Mario when he arrived to meet with Sammy.

Mario stood up as Frank and Sammy entered the room.

"Frank, welcome to Ohio."

"Thank you. I believe you've already met Sammy."

"Yes. Good to see you again. Shall we sit?"

Mario and Carlisle sat on one side of the table, Frank and Sammy on the other. Frank's men stood by the door, closely watching Mario's men who were stationed in each corner of the room. The air was unfriendly and thick with icy tension. Frank eyed the men around the room.

"I'd like our conversation to be private. Can we agree that no hit is planned and dismiss the goons?"

Mario glanced at Carlisle who gave him a short nod. Mario couldn't help but wonder what Luther would say if he were there.

"Fine."

Mario and Frank stared at each other as Sammy and Carlisle instructed the men to leave. Theirs was a fragile relationship built on the agreement signed by their fathers years ago. Neither man trusted the other, but they had managed to stay out of each other's way. Until now.

Mario's voice matched the cold black of his eyes.

"Why are you here?"

Frank's blood boiled. How had he lost control of a meeting he planned? He would break Sammy's fingers later.

"I'm here because I don't appreciate being lied to."

"And when have I ever lied to you?"

"I was under the impression you had no interest in drugs."

"Your impression is correct. I don't."

"And yet you have recently launched a very lucrative cocaine business."

Mario shook his head. "I've done no such thing, and even if I did, as long as I don't sell in New York, it's really none of your business."
"Oh, but you have, and you are." Sammy reached into his breast pocket and took out his phone. He
pulled up his camera roll and passed it over to Mario. Mario scrolled through several photos of
Cooper, Skylar and Alan. He handed the phone back to Sammy.

"That's my son, not me, and judging from the scenery in those photos, all of those deals took place in
Ohio, not New York."

Frank spoke angrily. "Alan Rothchild works for a rival dealer in Queens. I'd effectively shut down
his entire operation by cutting off all his suppliers, when suddenly he's back up and running thanks to
high grade coke from Ohio. Naturally I make several inquiries, and lo and behold, I learn that the
eldest son of Mario Anderson is running a very successful drug business and selling into my territory.
I don't appreciate that, Mario."

A quiet rage burned inside Mario, but as always, his voice remained quiet and calm.

"I can assure you that I have not moved into the drug game and have no plans to do so.
Unfortunately my son has ideas of his own. I apologize if his activities have caused you problems,
but I promise you that I've played no role."

Frank leaned back with a mean smirk. "It is a weak man who cannot control his family."

"Or his territory," Mario responded.

Frank's anger soared. He stood up, walked over to the bar, and began to fix himself a drink.

"My Queens problem will be solved shortly, but in your case...a son you can't control, another who
is confused and sleeps with men. Sounds like you have your hands full."

Mario decided to let that slide. There was no way Frank Chartussi, head of New York and East
Coast crime, came all this way because of a second tier drug dealer from Queens. There had to be
more. Something big.

"Frank, why are you really here?"

Frank sat back down and studied Mario for a moment before speaking.

"I've been thinking about expanding."

Ah, there it is.

Mario said nothing. Frank continued.

"I believe a man should always be learning. Seeking ways to improve and grow his business. I've
spent the past few months educating myself. Reading business books, reading business articles...
studying others who are successful. I've learned a great deal, including something very interesting."

Frank paused for effect. Mario remained silent, a bored expression on his face.

"Did you know that the travel routes of the Andersons are unknown? No one knows how the
Andersons move their weapons all over the country. Also, did you know that shipments connected to
the Andersons have never, ever been raided? Law enforcement has no idea how Mario Anderson
manages to avoid detection. They know he's importing and exporting to the tune of millions of
dollars each year, but they can't figure out how. That's amazing. Absolutely incredible. Even I've had
the occasional shipment stopped, but not Mario Anderson. Fascinating."
Mario remained silent. Frank leaned forward and stared into Mario's eyes.

"Your son has caused egregious harm to my operations. Because of him I will have to revisit a problem I'd already solved. You owe me."

Mario dug his nails into his thigh to tamper down his rage. "I owe you nothing."

"Oh, but you do. Sammy came here and asked you point blank if you were moving into drugs. You said no, but here is your son, selling like a cheap whore on New Year's Eve. You lied to me."

"I never lied to you. The Anderson family is not involved in the drug trade and never will be. I will deal with Cooper."

Frank sat back and took on a conciliatory tone.

"Let's not argue, Mario. The answer is simple. Share your routes with me. I will accept it as compensation for the damage caused by your son, and once your debt is repaid, I will make it worth your while."

"Nothing involving drugs could ever be worth my while."

"Your son doesn't seem to think so."

"I love my son, but he has a tendency to rush into things and focus on the immediate picture versus the long term. You would be wise to think of the long-term consequences of drugs, Frank."

Frank sat back and ran his hand through his hair. "Drugs have been around for a long time. I think their long term consequences, as well as success, is not up for question."

"Depends on how you define success."

Frank stood up and walked over to the window. Mario glanced at Carlisle who stared back blankly.

*I miss you, Luther. I need you.*

Frank spoke without turning around. "Perhaps your son would be interested in an investor."

Mario snapped to attention at the thinly veiled threat.

If Mario wouldn't share routes, Frank would ask Cooper.

Assuming Cooper was using his father's routes.

Mario didn't think he was, but Cooper knew what they were, and in his current state of anger and jealousy….

The quiet rage was now a burning inferno coursing through Mario's veins, but neither his body posture, nor voice gave any indication. Only his eyes provided a hint of his fury. That and the twitch of his fingers as he longed for a gun to shoot Frank dead.

"I will deal with Cooper and make sure he stays out of your area and out of your way, but as for route access, I can't help you."

Frank's smile was slick and knowing. "Like I said, perhaps your son would be interested in assisting me. I'd be willing to forgive his infraction in exchange for his help."
"Cooper is in no position to assist you with anything."

"Oh, I don't know about that. He seems to be doing just fine without his old man. Sounds like the boy has vision. Ambition. Perhaps you should step aside and allow him to take over. Oh, wait? That's right. Your other son, the faggot, is your successor."

Mario stood up. He'd had enough.

"I'm sorry you came all this way, but no one from the Anderson family will be able to help you with your expansion. I wish you well."

Get the fuck out of Ohio before I string you up in my garage and beat you till you're dead.

"So, that's your final decision? No help at all? Not even to repay me for the clear trespass into New York and the problems it has caused?"

"I will deal with Cooper. Have a safe trip back to New York."

Frank stood up. "Very well. I take this as a great insult, but I have no choice but to accept your decision."

Frank and Sammy headed towards the door. Frank placed his hand on the doorknob and then turned to look at Mario. He stared straight into his eyes.

"I've always admired you, Mario. It saddens me to see how you've changed. Perhaps I shouldn't be surprised. After all everyone knows… Andersons lie."

Friday afternoon, Kurt stared out the window as they sped along towards the Anderson compound. Kurt let out long, meaningful sigh. His third in the past 5 minutes. Blaine glanced over, perplexed.

"Okay, Kurt. What's wrong?"

"Nothing. It's just…nothing."

"Obviously it's something. You're sighing like Trent when he doesn't like a song selection, but doesn't want to say anything."

Kurt couldn't help but smile. "That drives Wes nuts."

"Yeah, and now you're doing it to me. What's wrong?"

"I'm just…it's…it's just that my dad kind of told me not to go home with you, and here I am doing just that, and I guess I'm just feeling a little guilty."

Blaine kept his eyes on the road. What the fuck was he going to do about Kurt's dad? They'd never talked in-depth about Kurt's last visit home, but Blaine was sure the main theme was that he was not appropriate boyfriend material, and should be dumped immediately. Blaine wasn't worried about Kurt leaving him, but he didn't like Burt planting ideas in his head. No one should be screwing around with Kurt's mind but him.

"Why doesn't he want you to come home with me?"

"He thinks it's dangerous. He thinks you're dangerous."

"I'm just Warbler Blaine."
Kurt scoffed and rolled his eyes. "Says the boy who's taking me home with him to teach me how to shoot a gun."

They rode along in silence while Blaine thought it through and made up his mind.

"When we get home, I want you to call your dad and tell him where you are."

"Why on earth would I do that?"

"Because your dad needs to understand sooner rather than later that you belong to me, and that means you're going to be with me, and that means coming to my house." And living with me.

Kurt slowly shook his head. "I don't know, Blaine. That might not be a good idea. I think I'd rather ease him into accepting our relationship. Let's just give him time to see that everything will be okay, and that he doesn't have to worry about anything happening to me."

Blaine nodded. Fine. For now he wouldn't push. Kurt loved his father and worried about his health. Whether Burt accepted their relationship sooner or never didn't matter. Kurt belonged to him whether Burt approved or not, and that would never change.

The difference between the entrance to the Anderson compound today versus Kurt's last visit was immediately noticeable. The gate was closed, locked, and patrolled by several guards with large guns slung over their backs. Blaine stopped the car as the men moved aside, unchained the gate and swung it open. As they drove in and parked behind a black Hummer, Kurt noticed several guards on the roof as well as several guards patrolling the grounds. Had he missed this last time?

"Mom? We're home."

It was Mario who came around the corner and greeted them with a broad smile. To Blaine's surprise, his father pulled him towards him and planted a kiss on his forehead before wrapping him in a hug.

"It's good to see you, son."

Blaine just stood there, surprised by his father's emotional and public gesture. It took him a moment to raise his arms and hug back. He couldn't remember the last time his father had hugged him.

Anastasia came from upstairs and smiled warmly at Kurt as she held open her arms.

"Welcome back, Kurt. I'm so happy to see you again."

"Thanks for having me back again."

Anastasia kissed him on the cheek as she gave him a hug. She pulled back and looked into his eyes. "You are always welcome here. Always."

Anastasia turned quickly, spotting Telio as he tried to quietly head to the basement.

"Telio!"

Telio begrudgingly turned around and walked over. Anastasia hugged him and smiled playfully.

"I was hoping you might bring someone home too."

Telio looked horrified. Anastasia laughed. "After dinner, I look forward to hearing all about a certain young lady you've been kissing."
Telio looked at the floor and muttered, "I'm sorry."

Anastasia cupped his cheek and gently tilted his face up. "Don't be. It was the best phone call I've received in a long time. I'm glad you've found someone you like."

Telio suppressed the urge to roll his eyes. *Really? You really want to see another beautiful girl get trapped by this family?*

Mario placed his hand on Blaine's shoulder. "Why don't you go get settled? We'll talk after dinner."

Upstairs in Blaine's room, Kurt looked out the window while Blaine used the bathroom. He could see several men patrolling the perimeter of the backyard where the woods began. This had to be new. Surely he would have noticed this many people walking around with guns.

Blaine walked up behind Kurt, wrapped his arms around him, and rested his head on his shoulder.  
"Let's lay down."

Kurt didn't move. He continued to watch the guards. Blaine gently nibbled at his neck. Maybe he should get Kurt a collar to match his bracelet. Something slim, but pretty and strong. Just like Kurt. He had to be able to still wear his uniform ties every day. Maybe he would let Kurt pick it out…

"Why are there so many more guards?"

Blaine sighed. He'd been hoping Kurt wouldn't notice. Of course, it was impossible not to notice. His father had taken security to his grandfather's level of paranoia.

"Just a precaution."

Kurt turned around. "Okay, there's that word again."

"What word?"

"Precaution. Blaine, what's going on?"

"Nothing's going…"

Kurt put his hand up. "I'm going to stop you before you accidentally lie to me. I'll ask you again. What's going on? Has something else happened besides your brother shooting someone?

*Dammit. Just tell him before Telio opens his big mouth, or someone else mentions it this weekend.*

"Okay. Yes, something else has happened."

Kurt felt a cold chill. He'd been hoping he was wrong. "What?"

Blaine took his hand and pulled him to the bed. They sat down and Blaine curled his fingers into Kurt's bracelet.

"Okay. You know Luther, right? He's my dad's consigliere and my Godfather. He has…had a girlfriend, and the other night…someone murdered her a few nights ago."

Kurt's eyes grew wide, and the cold chill that had disappeared with Blaine's touch returned.

"Someone murdered her here?"
Blaine shook his head. "No, no. Gosh no. They killed her at her house."

Okay. That sounded worse, but it was all starting to come together in Kurt's head.

"So that's why you want to teach me how to use a gun."

"Yeah."

Kurt closed his eyes and thought for a moment.

"What else?"

Blaine frowned. "What do you mean?"

"What else has happened?"

"Nothing, I swear. That's it. Shit, isn't that enough?"

Kurt nodded. "Yeah, that's enough."

The two sat in silence while Kurt thought, and Blaine stared at him, wondering and worrying about what he was thinking.

Kurt sat quietly at dinner listening and watching the interaction between Blaine and his parents. He was especially intrigued by Mario. Was this man really a murderer? He seemed so normal, asking Blaine about school and the Warblers, teasing Telio about the girl whose name he refused to give. Kurt also couldn't help but notice the almost creepy similarities between Mario and Blaine. The mannerisms, the smile, the laugh. Even the loving looks Mario shared with Anastasia, reminded Kurt of the way Blaine looked at him.

After dinner Blaine and Telio disappeared with Mario leaving Kurt with Anastasia who suggested they settle in the family room with mugs of warm milk. Kurt felt like hugging her.

Anastasia pulled out an old photo album and entertained Kurt with photos of Blaine and Cooper as children. There were even photos of a very small, thin, somber looking Telio. Kurt couldn't believe the transformation.

"Oh my gosh! Talk about the positive effects of puberty."

Anastasia nodded. "Yes. He's come a long way from the small, hungry, depressed little boy Mario brought home. My heart broke for him. I took one look at him and knew we had to keep him."

Kurt started to ask about Telio's parents in hopes of learning the entire story, but decided there was something more important he should ask about.

"Mrs. Anderson, how did you meet Blaine's father?"

Kurt was surprised by the sadness that filled Anastasia's eyes.

"Oh…I'm…I'm sorry. I didn't…"

Anastasia gave him a weak smile. "No, no. You're fine. It's just…it was a long time ago, and it's not a very nice story. Don't misunderstand. I love Mario very much. Things just didn't start out very well."
"What happened?"

Anastasia looked over at the large picture hanging on the wall above the fireplace. It was of her and Mario on their wedding day.

"I'm originally from a very small town in Michigan, not far from Detroit. My father owned a small manufacturing company that made the carpets that go inside of cars. This was back when the big three auto companies, Ford, General Motors, and Chrysler, ruled the auto industry.

Business was good, and we lived a charmed, almost idyllic life. My mother stayed home with me and my sister, and while we weren't rich, we had more than most, and my father never said no. He was proud to work hard for his family, and he liked seeing his girls happy."

Anastasia was silent for a moment, a smile on her face as she became lost in another time.

"One Saturday my sister and I went to the town fair. We were standing in line to go on the carousel when we heard a murmuring rumble around us. All the girls were pointing and smiling, while the boys were frowning. I turned around and there he was. A light blue button down shirt made of a material I knew hadn't come from any of the stores in our town. Brown pants and jacket, and a head full of thick, curly, black hair. There were a few other guys with him, but he was clearly the leader. He was the most handsome man I'd ever seen. We just stared at each other. He didn't say a word, but the way he looked at me…it sent sensations I'd never felt before, soaring through my body. I could feel his eyes on me the rest of the night. He never approached me and never spoke. He just watched me.

The next day was Sunday and when our family came home from church, he was parked across the street from our house, standing by a beautiful car, a bouquet of flowers in his hand. I had no idea how he found out who I was, or where I lived. I just thought it was the most amazing, romantic gesture ever.

He told me his name was Mario Anderson, and he was helping out Duke Gentry, a friend of his father who owned a shipping company in town. Well, my father had known Duke for over 20 years, so naturally he called him and asked about Mario. Duke said he was a fine young man from a good, wealthy, Ohio family. He encouraged my father to allow me to go out with him, so daddy said yes. I fell in love with Mario in five minutes. He was handsome, charming, witty, smart, and rich. The gifts he gave me, my sister and my mother were beautiful. He never came to my house empty handed. He made me laugh, flattered my sister, praised my mother, and respected my father. He was perfect in every way, and I fell for him completely and irrevocably. I was drawn to him in a way I'd never felt about anyone. It was more than love. Something about Mario…the way he spoke to me, touched me…it was like a spell. A year passed and Mario asked me to marry him. Of course I said yes. He could have asked me to jump off a cliff and I would have asked which one."

Anastasia paused and looked at Kurt, trying to decide if she should edit the rest of the story.

He deserves to know everything.

"Late one night, a month before the wedding, Duke shows up at our house in the middle of the night. He's crying and pleading with my father for forgiveness and help. He breaks down and tells my father the truth. A year earlier, Julio Anderson had approached Duke about working for him, shipping illegal weapons and imports across the country. Of course Duke refused. Well, no one says no to the Andersons. Mario's father sent him to set up and oversee the operation. He arrived in the middle of the night and terrorized Duke into cooperating."
The stress had finally gotten to Duke. He was scared and wanted out, but didn't know what to do. He wanted my father's help, but daddy was furious. He couldn't believe Duke sat back and watched his friend's daughter get engaged to a criminal. Duke tried to explain that he'd had no choice. That Mario had made it clear what would happen if he warned my father, but my father didn't care. He considered it a betrayal of their friendship.

I didn't know what to think. I didn't want it to be true because if it was, it would mean he'd been lying to me for over a year. It would also mean that I didn't really know the man I was in love with. When he arrived at my house the next day, I told him about Duke's visit. I begged him to tell me the truth. Of course he denied everything. He told me Duke was crazy and assured me that he wasn't involved in anything illegal.

My father started investigating on his own. The more questions he asked, the scarier the answers became. And then he learned that Mario would take over from his father after our wedding. His daughter was about to become the wife a crime boss."

Anastasia stopped. She blinked several times. Her voice was very quiet.

"And then things turned scary."

"I confronted Mario. I told him I knew the truth and that I would never, ever marry him. I took off the engagement ring and threw it at him. He just stood there and laughed. "Do you really think you can just leave me, Stasia? Do you really think I'm going to let you go? I love you. You belong to me. I'm not giving you up. Ever." I screamed at him to leave and never contact me again. He stepped forward and grabbed my arm, but I remember…it was so strange…he grabbed my arm and held it, but his grasp wasn't tight. It was his eyes and the tone of his voice that kept me in place. He explained that I would marry him as planned because if I didn't…my father would lose everything. He would destroy his business. He would also kill Duke for opening his mouth. I didn't believe him. Surely the man I loved would never harm my family. I pulled away from him and told him to leave.

Early the next morning around 4:00 am, my father's plant was destroyed in an explosion that could be heard for miles. Everything was gone. Everything. All that was left was rubble.

That evening Mario came to our house. He slipped the engagement ring back on my finger. "You will marry me, my love, and after we are married, I will build your father a new, better, larger, more technically advanced plant that will allow him to triple his business and his money, and Duke Gentry will be allowed to retire in peace and wealth. Refuse me, and your family will be left penniless, and I will gut Duke Gentry and leave the body on your family's doorstep.

You belong to me, my love. That will never change. Even if you refuse me now, you will eventually marry me because I will kill any man who tries to take what's mine. It's up to you. You say yes now and I will help your family and spare Duke's life. You say no, your family will remain penniless, Duke's blood will be on your hands, and eventually you will end up marrying me anyway.

We were married two weeks later.

Mario kept his word. After we were married, my father chose a new site, and Mario built him a state-of-the-art facility. Duke Gentry went back to running a legitimate business for three more years before retiring to Florida."

Anastasia rearranged her legs and took a few sips of milk.

Kurt stared at her in speechless astonishment. He slowly reached for his mug and took a drink. They sat in silence for several minutes until Kurt found his voice.
"How can you still love him after what he did?"

"How am I supposed to stop loving him?"

"But…what he did to you…it was so wrong!"

Anastasia sighed. "Yes, it was wrong, and our first year together was challenging, but despite everything, I love him. I couldn't have left him if I'd wanted to. I'd already fallen in love with him. In the end, the truth didn't matter. Just like you."

Kurt slowly shook his head. "No…no…it's not…it's not the same thing. Blaine was honest with me from the beginning. Well, maybe not the beginning, but eventually. And he's never threatened my family."

"Because he doesn't need to, but don't think for a moment that he won't do whatever is necessary to keep you, Kurt. You need to understand that as he is pulled deeper and deeper into the criminal world, he will turn darker and more dangerous. It's a necessary change to deal with the pressures of being boss, and the life or death decisions that must be made. He will always love you. God, will he love you, but…it will become a very controlling love. He will make demands that you won't understand, but you can't refuse him. Don't ever, ever refuse him."

Kurt stared at her as both fear and arousal filled him. Where the hell was the arousal coming from?

He practically whispered. "What happens if I refuse him?"

Anastasia shook her head.

"Do you regret being with Mario?"

Anastasia spoke in an almost reverent whisper. "No. I love him. I'm as addicted to him as he is to me. He's a habit I'll never be able to break. And I don't want to."

In the library, Blaine and Telio sat on the couch listening as Mario recounted his meeting with Frank Chartussi. Blaine shook his head.

"This is all Cooper's fault."

Mario looked pensive. "Not necessarily. Cooper just gave him a convenient excuse. My guess is that Frank has been thinking about this for some time. I always wondered when he would get tired of being a big fish in a small pond."

"So he killed Lisa?" asked Telio.

Mario nodded, his blood simmering as it did every time he thought about it. "It was his save-the-date card. His visit here was the actual invitation. Now we wait for the event to begin."

Telio shook his head. "No. We strike first."

Mario smiled. "I love that you can't wait to kill someone. It gives me confidence in your ability to protect Blaine. I know you won't hesitate when the time comes."

Telio nodded, his eyes practically glowing. Blaine looked at Telio feeling both reassured and a little scared. He wondered if Alicia was ready to have sex with Telio. The boy really needed a release.

"So, what are we going to do?"
"For now, nothing. I need to concentrate on reeling Cooper back in before he ends up dead. I also need to figure out what Dirk Mason is up to. I'm sure he didn't let Skylar go because he begged so nicely." Mario sighed. "There are more than enough problems for me to handle without starting a war with Frank Chartussi."

Blaine frowned. He certainly didn't want a war, but to just sit and wait to be attacked?

"But the war has already started. We can't just let him get away with killing Lisa."

"Of course not, but revenge for Lisa belongs to Luther. As soon as he's better I will see to it that he gets to unleash a most brutal and painful revenge upon her killer. I'm pretty sure Sammy Avalon is responsible."

Telio's fingers twitched. "Can I help?"

Mario studied him for a moment. Telio may have a girlfriend, but he definitely wasn't fucking her. Hopefully that would change soon.

"Perhaps. Let me think about it."

Mario stood up and walked over to his desk. He took out a binder.

"There are several things I need to go over with you. Telio listens at the family dinners, so he probably knows all of this, but you need to know it too, Blaine."

For the next two hours, Blaine and Telio listened as Mario reviewed details regarding partners, shipments, contracts, and trade routes.

"The trade routes are one of the most important pieces of our business. Never, ever share them, and never ever tell anyone outside the family where they are located. Doing so would not only put our business in danger, it would also endanger everyone in our distribution line. It's taken Luther and I years to cultivate these routes, and build the relationships to keep things running smoothly. Consider it our trade secret."

For the first time ever, Blaine expressed genuine interest in the family business. Mario was pleased with Blaine's questions and suggestions. It was clear that he had finally embraced his future role. Mario was proud of him.

When the boys stood up to leave, Mario placed his hand on Telio's shoulder.

"Blaine, why don't you go keep Kurt company? I feel bad having you neglect your guest." Blaine glanced at Telio who was looking curiously at Mario. Blaine figured his father wanted to talk to Telio about getting caught at Crawford with Alicia.

"Okay. Good night."

Mario sat down behind his desk and motioned for Telio to sit. He stared silently at him for several minutes. Telio tried not to squirm under Mario's gaze. He let his mind wander to Alicia because he figured that's what this was about. Like him, she had been let off with a warning, but her parents had been very upset. What if they decided to pull her out of Crawford? Would that make it easier or harder to see her?

Mario's voice interrupted his thoughts.

"First, I want you to know that I'm not upset about the incident with the girl. Quite the contrary. As
long as it doesn't interfere with your protecting Blaine, I think it's a good thing. A great thing actually. Are you serious about her?

"I want to be, but…seeing what happened to Lisa…"

Mario nodded. "I understand, but you deserve someone just like every other man out there. Men like us, who do what we do, we need women more than other men. The release we need is stronger and more necessary than other men."

Telio wasn't sure he believed that, but it was a relief to hear it. He was starting to think there was something wrong with him because he was horny all the time. All. The. Time.

"I assume you aren't haven't sex yet?"

Telio shook his head.

"Well, when the time comes be sure to use protection and make sure she wants it. The last thing we need is some girl claiming you raped her, or a pregnancy."

Telio looked at Mario in disgust. Really? What the fuck is wrong with Andersons?

"I have a job for you, but I need to know that you're ready because once you do this, there is no turning back."

Telio's mind shifted at the seriousness of Mario's tone.

"I'm ready."

Mario stared at him for a moment before slowly nodding. "Yes. I think you are. Alright then. I need you to kill Skylar."

Telio was surprised. "Skylar, as in, Cooper's Skylar?"

"Yes. He's a fucking spy. That's why Dirk didn't kill him. He sent him back here to spy on Cooper and probably me as well. I've had men watching Cooper's place. They saw Skylar get in a car with Dirk Mason the moment Cooper left. He was gone for an hour, and returned right before Cooper got home. He's a fucking spy, and Cooper is too stupid and blind to figure that out. I want him gone."

"Why me?"

"Because Skylar's like a cockroach. Cockroaches are hard to kill because they have a strong survival instinct. Skylar knows to be wary of anyone he doesn't know, and he's hung around here long enough to recognize most of the regulars, but you…he won't see you coming. Not as an assassin. You'll have to be careful. I'd prefer to keep this from Blaine for now, and Cooper can never know it was you, or that I ordered the hit. I'll work out the how and when. I just need you to be ready when I call."

Telio nodded.

"Okay."

Kurt sat in the middle of Blaine's bed thinking about Anastasia's story.

Blaine's future plans include being a crime boss, breaking the law, and possibly murdering people. Why are you with him?
Because I love him.

If you ever decide you want out, there's apparently no escape.

I don't want an escape. I love him.

"...he will make demands of you that you won't understand, and you can't refuse him. Don't ever, ever refuse him."

What could he possibly ask me to do that I would refuse? I love him.

The door opened and Blaine walked in.

"Hey, gorgeous."

"Hi."

Blaine pulled off his shirt and took off his pants. He disappeared into the bathroom to brush his teeth, and returned wearing a pair of navy blue boxers. He laid down on his back and was surprised when Kurt quickly stripped off his clothes and climbed on top, straddling him. Kurt tangled his fingers in his curls as he kissed him. Soft at first and then a little firmer, seeking the sweetness of Blaine's mouth. Their kisses were needy, but quietly passionate. Blaine trailed his fingers up Kurt's arms, bringing his hands to wrap around Kurt's arms, bringing his hands to wrap around Kurt's neck with a slight squeeze. Kurt's cock throbbed at the touch. He pressed down, sliding their cocks together. Blaine released a stuttered moan and reached to pull Kurt's mouth back to his. Kurt allowed him another kiss before pulling away to kiss the smooth skin beneath Blaine's left ear. He softly kissed his way down to teasingly rub his face against Blaine's cock. Blaine arched up, a silent plea for more. Kurt hooked his fingers into the waistband and pulled Blaine's boxers down. Blaine's cock bounced free, hard, and pulsing. Kurt lapped at it softly until Blaine gently tugged his hair.

"Please...."

Kurt slowly slid his mouth down, creating a warm, vise-like hold around the cock. He slid his mouth up and down until Blaine was moaning loudly, his head rolling back and forth, his grip on Kurt's hair tightening. Kurt pulled off and Blaine immediately rolled them over. He kissed Kurt hungrily before moving down to gently place his hands on Kurt's inner thighs, pushing them open. Kurt spread his legs wide, and Blaine pressed a soft kiss to his asshole before darting out his tongue to lick. Kurt gasped as Blaine pressed in further, tasting deep. He licked and lapped until Kurt was trembling.

"Blaine...need you...now..."

Blaine kissed him deep and whispered in his ear. "Need you, too. Want you so bad...need inside you...can I, gorgeous? Can I be inside you?"

Kurt nodded almost drunkenly. Blaine quickly covered his fingers with lube before slowly sliding one finger inside Kurt's tight hole, amazed at how tight he felt. Blaine loved how Kurt's ass remained tight and hot no matter how hard and how much he fucked him. He gently added one more finger, twisting and stretching until Kurt reached for him, pawing at his chest.

"Make love to me....please....love me. Just love me."

Blaine's body shook slightly at Kurt's words. He suddenly felt overwhelmed by the love he felt for the beautiful man lying beneath him, begging for his cock. For his love. His kiss was intense, desperate to communicate how much he loved him. "Yes, gorgeous, yes...love you so much." Blaine shifted and lined himself up. He moved slowly, sliding in inch by inch. Kurt closed his eyes and
whimpered, overcome by the deep fullness and warmth.

"Ohhh…Bl-Blaine….Blaine…"

They kissed deep and wet as Blaine continued to thrust slow and deep. Soon the kisses turned to panting. Kurt wrapped his arms and legs tight around Blaine and arched up as Blaine cried out, filling Kurt's ass.

Blaine relaxed into Kurt with little sighs and murmurs of, "Love you so much…wanna always be with you….need you." Kurt tightened his hold and whispered back. "I Love you too. Always…each other's…forever."

x-x-x

They made love again in the early hours of the morning. Afterwards, they lay in each other's arms, each lost in their own thoughts.

Luther was heavy on Blaine's mind. He hadn't seen him since coming home, but he knew he was there. Locked in his room, lost in his pain, anger and loss. He'd gone to the funeral, only to be turned away by Lisa's angry, heartbroken father who cursed him and blamed him for her death. He'd left quickly to avoid a scene and to respect her family. He'd been locked in his room ever since.

Anastasia's story was still cycling through Kurt's mind. He always knew being with Blaine was dangerous because of his family, but he now understood the real danger. The danger he'd always sensed but never really acknowledged.

The danger of Blaine the man.

How much would he change once he became boss? He was already controlling and over-protective.

*That's because he loves you and wants to keep you safe.*

But would it get worse, and what would worse look like?

Kurt didn't get to answer because he was pulled from his thoughts by Blaine nuzzling his hair and kissing the back of his neck.

"Morning gorgeous."

Kurt hummed in response.

"We'd better get up if we want to eat. I told Martin we'd meet him at 10:00 am.

"Martin?"

"He's a weapons master who trains my father's men. He trained Telio. I asked him to work with us today."

Kurt grew nervous. "I thought you were just going to teach me how to shoot a gun."

"I am, but I figured it couldn't hurt to have an expert help us out."

Kurt sat up and turned to look down at Blaine.

"I'm not carrying a gun, Blaine."
"I know, but…I would like you to keep one in your car."

"The car you don't want me driving?"

"Yeah. That one."

Kurt shook his head. "Absolutely not. My father works on that car every time I go home. He's always checking to make sure it's running well. The last thing I need is for him to stumble upon a gun."

Blaine reluctantly agreed. "Alright. Good point."

Blaine watch Kurt climb out of bed and head towards the bathroom.

And wondered when it would be a good time to tell Kurt he wouldn't be going home anymore.
Chapter 15

Chapter Notes

This chapter picks up right where the last one left off with Kurt's shooting lesson.

Warnings for intense sexual punishment via a butt plug, Blaine being an evil little shit, Kurt giving in to his submissive side, murder, and heterosexual sex. That's a first.

"Feet a little further apart, and relax your shoulders."

Kurt followed Blaine's instructions as his gripped the Browning Hi-Power semi-automatic tightly in his hands.

"Relax your grip a bit, Kurt. As a matter of fact, relax your entire body. You're way too tense."

Kurt shot him a bitchy look. "Of course I'm tense. I told you I don't like guns. This entire thing is making me nervous."

Blaine rubbed his shoulders. "Don't be nervous. This is just a simple lesson so you have an idea of what to do if you ever need to grab a gun to protect yourself, okay? Nothing more. You don't have to carry one, and I won't put one in your car. I just want you to be familiar. Everyone should be familiar."

Kurt shook his head. "I disagree. Not everyone should know how to operate a gun. Some people are crazy."

"But you're not one of them. Now relax."

Kurt took a deep breath and tried to relax his shoulders. He lifted his arms and aimed at the target.

"Good. Now just pull the trigger."

Kurt focused straight ahead with deep concentration, took a breath, and pulled the trigger. He bounced back a bit, thrown by the powerful buzz in his hands, and surprised by the bang despite the protective earmuffs.

Blaine laughed excitedly. "Not bad, Kurt! Not bad!"

Martin rolled his eyes. Kurt's shot was nowhere near the center of the target. After two more attempts by Kurt, he'd seen enough.

"Move outta the way, Blaine."

Martin spent the next few minutes giving Kurt tips on how to aim, body position, and foot stance.

"Alright, give it another go."

Kurt lifted his arms, focused, and pulled the trigger. He hit right of center. Blaine looked at him in amazement. "Wow."
Kurt stared at the target in surprise and whispered under his breath, "Wow."

Martin nodded. "Much better. You have some hidden natural ability. Go again."

Natural ability? Kurt wasn't sure he believed that, but he stepped up again.

Thirty minutes later it was very clear.

Kurt Hummel was a damn good shot.

He never hit dead center, but he came awfully close. Another thirty minutes and he had quickly mastered how to load and reload the gun with swift precision.

Blaine was thrilled and a little turned on. Kurt was stunned and a little troubled that he actually enjoyed firing the gun. He liked the powerful rush that flowed through him when he pulled the trigger. It was like a tiny high.

Blaine curled his fingers into Kurt's bracelet as they walked back to the house. "I'm so proud of you, Kurt. I have the most talented boyfriend in the world."

"Singer, designer, gun slinger. I'll be sure to put all three on my NYADA application."

Blaine's happiness was immediately tempered.

NYADA.

NYADA meant New York. Frank Chartussi's territory. Depending on what happened over the next few months, there was no way his father would allow him to go to New York. An Anderson in Frank Chartussi's territory would cause all sorts of accusations.

Unless…

If they wiped out the Chatussis in a mob war, the Andersons could take over New York.

Blaine stopped walking.

*If we destroy the Chartussi family, I could run New York.*

*Wow.*

The Andersons had never, ever done business in New York. His great-grandfather had thought it best to start the business in the region of the country he knew well which was the Midwest. His grandfather had finished conquering the Midwest and began expanding south. His father was in the process of finishing their final moves into the south, with Florida as his last area of focus. No one had ever thought of trying to take New York.

"Blaine?"

Blaine's head was spinning.

*The Chartussis started this fight by killing Lisa. None of the other families would blame us for annihilating them. If we destroy the Chartussis now, my dad could get things settled by the time we graduate. Kurt and I could move to New York and I could run the east coast operation. I could make sure Kurt has everything he wants. Starring roles on Broadway, top fashion, we could live in a fabulous Manhattan penthouse, and…"*
"Blaine!"

Blaine looked up. Kurt took a step back, surprised by the dark concentration of Blaine's eyes.

"Are you okay?"

Blaine smiled and nodded. "Yeah. I'm fine. I'm great."

Monday morning, Anastasia waited until Mario left for the day to go to Luther's room.

She knocked but there was no answer. "Luther? Luther, it's Anastasia. I'm worried about you. I'm coming in whether you want me to or not."

It had been a month since Lisa's murder, and Luther had been holed up in his room the entire time. Anastasia had the house staff bring him meals three times a day, but most were left uneaten. She told Mario it was time to intervene, but he refused.

"Let him grieve in his own way, Stasia. I can't imagine what he's going through."

"Lisa wouldn't want him to waste away like this. I know I wouldn't want you to."

Mario's eyes darkened. "If someone dared to kill you this is not how I would grieve. I would kill everyone even remotely connected to the person responsible for your death, beginning with their parents. Then siblings, spouse, children, and associates. I would wreak hell on their life, leaving them for last. Then I would hunt them down, hang them in the garage, and torture them for weeks until their body gave up and died. Similar to Larry, but far worse."

Anastasia stared at him. In these moments, when Mario's eyes glazed over with evil, and his voice became cold and eerily quiet …this was when she was reminded of the deeper, vicious, terrifying nature of the man she married. A momentary flash of Larry's burnt, beaten, and blood streaked body hanging in the garage punched her mind. She closed her eyes and shook the image away. Larry had made the mistake of paying too much attention to Anastasia, and making comments that reached Mario's ears. He'd paid with his life after 30 days of Mario's sick wrath. Every man who worked for the family had been forced to visit the garage to see for themselves what would happen if they dared to covet the wife of the boss.

Anastasia slowly pushed open the door and peeked inside. The window curtains were drawn, leaving the room dark. She was surprised to see Luther fully dressed, sitting on the perfectly made bed. The room was neat and clean. She could smell his aftershave lotion and something sweet in the air.

"Luther?"

He didn't turn around so she walked in, closing the door behind her. She walked around the bed to stand in front of him.

"Luther?"

He looked up at her with wide eyes, shining with affection.

"You know…I saw you first," he said.

"What?"

"That day at the fair. I saw you first. You looked like an angel. A beautiful angel in pink chiffon."
Anastasia laughed lightly. "You remember the dress I was wearing? Luther…that was well over 20 years ago."

"You were wearing a pink chiffon dress with white tennis shoes and white bobby socks. Your hair was pulled back with a matching pink headband with a little bow on the side."

Anastasia was speechless and then shocked as Luther reached out and placed his hands on her waist. He pulled her towards him and buried his face against her stomach.

"It crushed me when I realized he'd seen you. The look in his eyes. He'd seen what he wanted and nothing would stop him. At the end of the night he told me you were the one. I told him he was crazy. We didn't even know your name or if you were single, but he insisted you were the one. We followed you and your sister home to see where you lived, and that night he interrogated Duke about you and your family. Duke begged him to leave you alone. He said you were a good girl. Sweet, virtuous, and innocent. Mario laughed. Said that was exactly what he wanted in a wife. Someone innocent he could sexually corrupt. After your first date he came back and told me you were perfect and that he would marry you."

Anastasia stood perfectly still, unsure of what to say. Luther looked back up at her, his eye filled with…love?

"That year while you dated Mario…I fell in love with you too."

Anastasia stepped back, shaking her head. "No. Luther, don't say that. Please don't say that. Just stop talking."

Luther smiled the sweetest smile. "Don't worry. I'm not crazy. I got over you. Mario's my best friend. My brother. I would never…I just…you never met Lisa. She looked a lot like you. I always worried that Mario would notice that, but he never did."

He reached up and caressed her cheek.

"Mario's beautiful, trapped, angel. Locked away in this house and sometimes…in a cage."

Anastasia's eyebrows rose. "Oh, yeah. I know what he does to you. How he sexually tortures you. I've seen inside that closet in your bedroom. The chains, whips, and clamps. The cage he locks you in. Who do you think is the emergency back-up to let you out in case something happens to him? I know the shit he does to you."

Anastasia ducked away from his touch. "Why are you telling me this?"

Luther suddenly looked lost and confused. "I-I don't know."

"Then stop talking. Pull yourself together. You know what would happen if Mario heard you. You're his best friend, but he would kill you. He wouldn't be able to help himself."

Anastasia moved towards the door. "You look like you were going somewhere, so I won't keep you. I just wanted to check on you."

Luther nodded. "Yeah. I'm going in today. I have to. If I don't, I'll keep drinking until I'm dead. Dead like Lisa."

Anastasia glanced at the nightstand and relief flooded her body. How had she not noticed? He was drunk. That's why he was saying things he shouldn't. He was drunk.

"Luther, why don't you wait and go in tomorrow? One more day won't hurt."
Luther suddenly looked tired. "Yeah. Maybe I'll do that."

Anastasia nodded. "That's a good idea."

She watched Luther pull off his shirt and take off his pants. He climbed in bed and she tucked the sheets around him.

"Goodnight, Luther."

"Goodnight, angel."

He passed out immediately.

Anastasia gathered up all the liquor bottles she could find, removed them from the room, and prayed that Luther forgot that he ever spoke to her.

Tuesday evening, Blaine pretended to work on his math homework. He was really listening to Kurt talking to Burt on the phone.

And growing increasingly pissed off.

"Oh, that's great, dad! Uh huh…uh huh…well sure. Of course I'll go, but are you sure you want me there? I know you've never hidden me or anything, but maybe it would….I…okay…I…yeah dad… yeah…I know, I know. Okay. Well, there's a dance here Friday night, so I'll leave Saturday around 1:00 pm. Okay…yeah…I'll see you Saturday. I love you too. Bye."

Blaine was furious.

What the actual fuck? Really, Kurt?

"Guess what? My dad's been asked to speak at The Central Ohio Independents Dinner. It's a dinner for people who claim their political status as independent, which means they could vote either democrat or republican. Every year they invite one politician to attend and say a few words, and they chose my dad! It will give him a chance to make his case and hopefully earn their endorsement and their vote."

"So, why do you have to go?"

Kurt walked over to the closet. "He wants all of us to be there."

"Us?"

"Me, Carol, and Finn. The wholesome all American family. The widowed mom and dad, the all-American football kid, and his gay step-brother."

And the gay kid's mafia boyfriend.

"When's the dinner?"

"This Saturday. I don't wanna miss the dance, so I'll leave Saturday afternoon. The dinner isn't until 7:00 pm, so I'll have plenty of time." Kurt continued to study his wardrobe when his eyes landed on his collection of Dalton ties. He could suddenly feel the fabric tightening around his throat, but when he brought his fingertips to his neck, of course nothing was there.

Shit.
He slowly turned around and looked at Blaine who was staring at him, expressionless, but with dark, intense eyes. Kurt folded his arms and fixed him with a determined look. "Please understand that I have to go."

"And what are you supposed to do before you agree to go anywhere?"

"I'm supposed to tell...ask you."

"And yet you seem to always forget that."

"I'm sorry."

Blaine noticed that Kurt really did look sorry. That was progress, right?

"Fine. I'll drive you to Lima Saturday, hang out until the dinner is over, and then drive you back."

Kurt shook his head. "That's not necessary. I'll drive home Saturday and come back Sunday afternoon. It doesn't make sense for me to rush there and rush back. Besides, I don't know how late the dinner will go."

"If you think I'm going to let you drive to Lima by yourself, with everything that's been going on, you're crazy."

"Do you really think I'm in danger?"

"I don't know, but I'm not taking any chances, especially since being at home isn't good for you."

"That was just one weekend, Blaine. If anything I need to go home more. I think my dad will feel better about everything if I visit more so he can see that I'm safe and doing fine."

"The last thing you need to do is go home more, Kurt. I'll drive you down on Saturday, I'll wait for you, and we'll come back Saturday night."

"That's silly, and unnecessary, and there is nothing wrong with my going home."

"Regardless, I'm not letting you drive by yourself. I'll drive you to Lima Saturday, wait for you, and bring you back home. End of discussion."

Kurt stewed for a moment.

It's really not that big a deal...

It'll be nice to have him drive me...

It is safer...

Something in Kurt couldn't let it go.

"No. I will drive myself to Lima, and back here on Sunday."

"No."

"Blaine..."

"No! And if you keep arguing with me, I won't let you go!"

"What!"
"You heard me!"

"Are you kidding? You can't keep me here!"

Blaine lunged, pushing Kurt up against the wall, pinning his hands above his head. "Can't I, Kurt?"

Kurt's frustration level hit a new high as his mind raged against Blaine, while his body filled with arousal.

"Get off of me!"

"You're not leaving!"

"Yes, I am!"

"No, you're not!"

"You can't stop me!"

A heated rush filled Blaine's mind as he stared into Kurt's bright blue eyes, shining with anger, a surprising lust, and the tiniest hint of fear. His blood ran hotter in his veins, as his hands tightened around Kurt's, pressing them firmer into the wall.

Gag him, put him in the arm binder, lock him in the closet, and then fuck him until he passes out. After a few days he'll see things your way.

Blaine blinked.

Whoa.

What?

Blaine stepped back and Kurt seized the moment to jump away from him. He grabbed his backpack and ran to the door, his eyes filled with tears.

"Why are you always so fucking unreasonable? I am perfectly capable of driving myself home, and I'll go home whenever I damn well please, starting with this weekend!"

Kurt slammed the door behind him.

x-x-x-x-x-x

Doug jumped when the door to the room opened.

"Hi."

"Jeez. You scared me."

"Sorry." Kurt threw down his book bag and sat down on the bed. Doug looked at him curiously.

"Are you moving back in?"

Kurt looked around. A few of Doug's things were on Kurt's dresser and his bookshelf was completely filled with Doug's DVDs, CDs and books.

"I guess not."
Doug was sheepish. "Sorry, but I thought you moved in with Blaine. You haven't slept here in months."

Kurt fell back on the bed. "I know. I'm sorry."

"So, what are you doing here?"

"We had a fight."

"Oh. Well, technically this is still your room, so if you wanna move back in that's fine with me. Just let me know and I'll get my stuff outta your way."

"I'm not moving in. I just needed to escape for a while."

"Oh. Okay." Doug turned back to his desk. A minute later he turned around.

"So, what happened?"

"I love him, but he can be a little controlling and over protective. No. A lot over protective."

Doug looked thoughtful. "His family is into a lot of dangerous shit. He should protect you."

*But who's going to protect me from Blaine?*

Kurt spent the rest of the evening in his room, fighting with himself.

*Who's really being unreasonable, you or him? He just wants to drive you home. Why is that a bad thing? He wants to protect you. Why are you fighting him?*

*But how much control do I want to give him over my life? He's already controlling as hell, and Anastasia said things will get worse. If I don't fight back now...*

*But why are you fighting back? Haven't you always wanted someone to protect you? You've always had to fight alone. Aren't you tired of always having to fight, and of being alone? Just let him love you and take care of you.*

Kurt skipped dinner and decided to stay the night. He found an old pair of sweatpants he'd left in a drawer, and Doug gave him a t-shirt. Just as he lay down and closed his eyes, his cell phone rang with a text.

*I love you.*

Kurt read it and felt a knot in his throat. He was about to respond when a second message arrived.

*I need you.*

Then another.

*I'm sorry.*

And another.

*I can't lose you. You mean everything to me. Everything.*

*I love you.*

Kurt couldn't understand why he was crying, but he brushed away his tears and responded.
I love you too.

He rolled over and tried to fall asleep. After an hour of tossing and turning he climbed out of bed and quietly made his way down the hall and up the stairs to Blaine's room. He was about to knock since he didn't have his key, but decided to try the doorknob. The door opened. He quietly stepped inside and locked the door behind him. He slipped into bed beside Blaine who immediately rolled over and wrapped his arms around him without a word.

x-x-x-x-x-x

The next morning as they stood under the warm spray of the shower, they kissed long and deep. Just kisses, nothing more. Both the warm water and the kisses poured relief into both of them. Blaine nuzzled his face into Kurt's neck. "Today is Wednesday. Butt plug day."

A happy thrill rippled through Kurt. He loved butt plug day. It made him feel even closer to Blaine than usual, and after last night's argument, he needed the close, connected feeling.

Kurt stood still while Blaine gently stretched him open before roughly shoving the plug deep in his ass. Kurt yelped and jumped.

"Stand still."

Blaine carefully locked the plug in place with a harness.

Kurt looked down at the leather wrapped around him. "What is this?"

"A harness to keep the plug in." Blaine held up a small key and padlock. "Just protecting what's mine."

Kurt couldn't believe how hard he felt.

Blaine pulled Kurt's boxers and pants up, smirking at Kurt's erection. Kurt studied himself in the mirror to make sure no trace of the harness showed.

"Why a harness?"

"I wouldn't want you to get bored."

Kurt looked uneasily at Blaine. Something was going on.

"Till lunchtime?"

Blaine shrugged. "Let's just see how you do."

Kurt's pulse quickened.

"Blaine, about last night…"

Blaine cut him off with a finger pressed to his lips.

"Later gorgeous. We'll talk about it later. Come on."

Warning bells went off in Kurt's head.

What was Blaine up to?
By history class Kurt had been lured into a false sense of security. Today was just like every other Wednesday that he'd worn the plug. The only difference was that this one was locked into place. The fact that there was a real lock, and only Blaine had the key, turned Kurt on.

He slipped into his assigned seat for history class, and looked at Blaine. Blaine smiled at him sweetly, but there was something in his eyes…

Kurt didn't have time to figure it out because the teacher called the class to order. Kurt took out his notebook and pen and settled in to hear all about global political change of the 1950s.

He was writing mid-sentence when a strong jolt shot up his ass and hit his prostate head on. He gasped loudly.

The teacher paused for a moment and looked at him. Kurt shook his head slightly and mouthed, "Sorry." The teacher continued. Another jolt hit him and he gripped the sides of the desk, his knuckles turning white as his fingers pressed into the wood so hard, he was sure they would leave imprints.

What the hell?

A rapid fire stream of jolts flooded his ass. He closed his eyes and managed not to scream, but the teacher stopped and looked at him.

"Mr. Hummel, are you okay?"

Kurt pressed his lips together, scared he would wail from the new stream of power sliding into his ass, stronger, and faster than before. He shook his head.

"Perhaps you should report to the nurse's office. I think she's in today."

Kurt nodded and slowly reached down for his bag. The pulses stopped and he managed to get his notebook in the bag and stand up. He was almost out the door when…

Holy. Fucking. Hell.

The plug attacked his ass.

He stumbled into the hallway as the sensations in his ass exploded. He fell against the lockers, moaning and whimpering. He tried to take a few steps, but was practically paralyzed by what was happening. He leaned against the lockers and fought the urge to reach down and stroke his cock right there in the middle of the hallway. Suddenly the sensations lessoned and slowed, allowing him to catch his breath.

"Walk down the hall and turn left."

Kurt turned to see Blaine standing there, his eyes shining with lust, an amused, almost evil smile on his face.

"Blaine…what did you…" Kurt choked on his words as Blaine sent a strong pulse shooting through his ass. He reached over and took Kurt's bag. "Down the hall and to the left, Kurt."

Kurt started walking. They headed down one hallway and through another before arriving in the music wing. They stopped at a room at the end of the hall in the corner. Blaine took out a key and
unlocked the door. The walls and floor were covered in carpet and there were no windows. A few music stands were in the corner next to two chairs. Blaine locked the door.

"I always thought this was a neat room. It's a sealed practice room. Sound proof walls. Only the honors music students have access. And me."

"Blaine, what kind…"

Kurt screamed as Blaine pushed a button on a small black box Kurt noticed for the first time.

"What kind of butt plug are you wearing? Why gorgeous, certainly you can figure that out."

Blaine increased the power and Kurt fell to his knees with a wail. Blaine put down their bags, took off his blazer, and pulled over a chair to sit down. Kurt was still on his knees, breathing hard and moaning. He looked up at Blaine.

"Please…"

"It's a vibrating plug, Kurt. One of the most powerful available."

Kurt wasn't listening. He was trying to unzip his pants with trembling hands. Just one stroke would be enough…

"Oh no, gorgeous. Can't let you do that."

Blaine jumped up and grabbed his bag. Kurt's hands were cuffed behind his back in seconds.

Blaine sat down and placed his hands around Kurt's neck, squeezing.

"How many times do we have to revisit this? You're always being a bad boy, Kurt. Never asking permission until you've already committed. This has to stop."

Blaine increased the intensity. Kurt screamed.

"Blaine…please…please…"

"Yes?"

"I need to come…please….fuck me…something…please…"

"No, Kurt. You need to learn to stop speaking until I've told you what to say. Your mouth needs to be full of me."

Blaine unzipped his pants and took out his cock. "Maybe a mouthful of my cock will help."

Kurt half groaned and half choked around Blaine's cock. After a minute, Blaine pushed himself even deeper down Kurt's throat while simultaneously sending stronger sensations up his ass. He pulled out a bit and started fucking Kurt's mouth, increasing the power with every thrust forward.

Kurt's body throbbed on the brink of explosion. His underwear was wet from all the precum dripping from his aching cock, and his throat burned from the fucking to his mouth, but his mind was in the warm, hazy, space created whenever he submitted to Blaine. He was swimming in delicious sexual agony.

Blaine suddenly stilled and grabbed Kurt's hair. He lodged his cock deep down Kurt's throat, and held him in place, Kurt's face pressed to his balls. Kurt gagged and whined, but Blaine held him
there.

"I love you, Kurt. I love you so much. I don't want you to end up like Lisa. I can't….I could never survive that. Don't you understand? I have to make arrangements to protect you at all times, especially when you plan to leave campus. You must ask me before you leave so I can make sure you're gonna be safe. I don't care if it's your dad. I'm tired of having this conversation with you. Just do what I tell you!"

Blaine allowed Kurt to come up for air before shoving his cock down his throat one final time.

"Swallow!"

Kurt was actually grateful for the cum running down his throat. It eased the soreness and sting. Now if he could just get Blaine to let him come.

Blaine removed the handcuffs and helped Kurt stand. He pushed him up against the wall and lowered the vibration level before dropping to his knees. He unzipped Kurt's pants, took out his cock and sucked it into his mouth.

Kurt came with a long, high-pitched scream.

And passed out.

x-x-x-x-x-x

That evening Kurt lay naked on his stomach, thinking and trying not to fall asleep.

He was exhausted. His body drained and spent.

Blaine had made him wear the plug the entire day. It buzzed gently in his ass, keeping him in a constant state of arousal and need. By the time school was over, he was a trembling mess. Blaine told everyone Kurt wasn't feeling well, and they skipped Warbler practice to return to their room. Once inside, Kurt collapsed to the floor and begged.

"Blaine…Blaine please…please…"

Blaine dropped to his knees and caressed Kurt's face, kissing him affectionately. "Of course, gorgeous." He turned off the plug and removed it along with the harness. Kurt sagged against him in relief, but at the same time, his ass felt incredibly empty, and he was longing to come. He was grateful when Blaine pulled him to his feet and began undressing him while whispering lovingly.

"You were so good today, Kurt. So beautiful. The way you screamed…the way you choked on my cock…so gorgeous. I love you so much, Kurt."

Kurt melted and pressed kisses to Blaine's lips and face, his fingers twisting into Blaine's shirt, trying to get closer. He'd never felt so needy before.

Blaine pulled away and sat down on the bed. He ran his eyes up and down Kurt's body, noticing that his smooth alabaster skin was clear and free of the usual bruises and signs of Blaine's rough passion. Blaine frowned. He preferred Kurt's skin marked with signs of him. Of his ownership of Kurt's body.

"I think we should end the day with a spanking, gorgeous? Don't you?"

Kurt stared at him like a deer caught in headlights. "Y-yes."
"Good. Come here."

Kurt obediently bent over Blaine's lap. His poor ass was about to be sore inside, and out.

Blaine gently rubbed and massaged his butt cheeks before trailing his fingers down the crack. He took a moment to inspect Kurt's hole. It was red, loose and open. So welcoming.

"I'll have to fuck you later, gorgeous, but for now…"

He smacked Kurt's ass hard and continued until it was bright red and Kurt was crying and shamelessly begging for cock. He wanted to be fucked so badly. His body was starving for it after being trapped in a constant state of arousal all day.

Once he finished spanking him, Blaine settled him on the bed and rubbed cream all over his ass. He handcuffed his hands in front of him, and placed a gentle kiss to his cheek.

"I know you're tired, so I'm going to do my homework and yours."

Blaine sat down at his desk and got to work. Kurt watched him. At one point Blaine looked over at him and smiled.

"I love you, Kurt, and I look forward to taking you to the dance on Friday, and driving you home on Saturday."

Kurt closed his eyes and whispered, "I love you, too."

Telio sat at his desk and studied the sketch of Cooper's condo. It was hand drawn with a pencil. The only color was red circles indicating security cameras. He'd been studying it for days, memorizing the layout, and mapping his entrance in, and exit out of the building.

He folded up the map and placed it in his desk drawer before going to his closet to take out a small black box tucked away in the back. He unlocked it and took out his Glock 19. He held it in his hand for a moment before putting it back inside the box.

He lay back on his bed and closed his eyes. An image of Alicia naked immediately popped into his head. He'd never actually seen her naked, so it was totally his imagination, but it worked. He snaked his hand down between his legs and wished he could smell her again. He now understood why guys asked for girl's underwear. He'd give anything to smell her arousal again.

"You can't ask her for a pair of worn underwear, you weirdo. You also can't ask her to sleep with you just because you're about to kill someone. Get your head out of your ass."

Telio sighed and unzipped his pants.

For now his imagination would have to do.

Blaine played around on his cell phone while hanging out in the common room of his dorm floor. He was dressed and ready to go to the dance, but waiting for Kurt who had kicked him out of their room. Kurt was taking Blaine's instructions to surprise him with something sexy, very seriously.

"Are you kidding me?"

"I can't surprise you if I'm getting dressed in front of you."

"Then get dressed in the bathroom."
"Just wait for me in the common room!"

Blaine could hear the laughter of guys heading over to the hall for the dance. He wondered when Telio would be down.

"Blaine?"

Blaine looked up to see Timothy Schlossman.

"Hey! Hi!"

"Hi."

Blaine studied his face and looked into his eyes.

Shit. Shit. Shit.

"Timothy…"

Timothy cut him off with the urgent need of an addict.

"Hey, Blaine. Um…do you…uh…I was wondering…umm…"

"Timothy, what have you been doing?"

Timothy shook his head, eyes wide. "Me? No. Nothing. I haven't…well…I mean, I did…um…but not tonight. I…uh…that's actually what I wanted to ask you. Um, do you think that maybe you could get in touch with your brother for me? Well not for me, um, but I have a friend…"

Blaine jumped up. "No! Timothy, no! You can't start using again! What the fuck is wrong with you?"

Timothy looked like he might cry. "I'm not! At least, I'm trying, but…your brother's been selling this amazing shit, Blaine. It's fucking amazing, and…"

Timothy ran his hands through his hair, and then whispered. "I'm sorry. Please don't tell anyone."

Blaine shook his head. "I have to. You need help."

"No! No! They'll send me away again, and I don't wanna go away! I wanna stay here!"

Blaine looked around and hoped Kurt took at least 10 minutes longer.

"Alright, look. I won't tell anyone here, but I am telling your brother. He loves you, and…"

Timothy turned angry. "No! Don't you dare! You tell my brother, and I'll tell everyone you're dealing drugs at Dalton!"

"What?"

"I will! I will! They'll believe me too!"

Blaine slowly sat down on the couch and rubbed his forehead. Day by day his life was growing more complicated due to other people. **Why can't I just go to school during the day, and fuck Kurt at night? Why do I have to deal with so much shit?**

Timothy leaned against the wall and hung his head. "I'm sorry, Blaine. I didn't mean it. I'd never do
that to you. You've always been nice to me. I'm sorry."

"My brother's been selling you drugs?"

"No. Um... he has a friend. Skylar. But he disappeared for a while, and... your brother hooked me up. Said Skylar went on vacation, so he would help me until he got back. It was just one time, Blaine. I swear."

Blaine stared into his eyes. *Liar.*

A moment passed and then Blaine jumped up and lunged at Timothy, slamming him into the wall and holding him there.

"Ow!"

"You fucking listen to me, Timothy. No. More. Drugs. Do you hear me? I catch you using... I find out you're using... I'm gonna beat your ass. Do you understand me? I'm gonna beat your ass and call your brother, and your mother, and your father. Do you hear me?"

Timothy nodded. "Yeah, yeah. I won't. I promise."

"I mean it, Timothy. You're better than this. You're worth more than this. Don't let this shit fuck up your future."

Timothy nodded vigorously. "I know. I know."

Blaine stepped back and Timothy moved towards the door.

"I-I'm sorry, Blaine."

"Just take care of yourself, please?"

Timothy nodded and left.

Blaine pulled out his phone and dialed Cooper's number.

Voicemail.

"Stay the fuck away from Timothy Schlossman! Do you hear me? Stay the fuck away from him, and tell that piece of shit Skylar to stay away from him too! I find out you're selling to him, I'm gonna kick your ass! Haven't you caused enough trouble? Stay away from Timothy!"

Blaine hung up and started pacing around the room. Two minutes later his phone rang. Cooper.

"Yeah?"

"Where the fuck do you get off threatening me? You may be the boss in dad's eyes, but you're not the boss of me! Fuck you!"

"Just stay away from Timothy!"

"Did you just hear what I said? I don't take orders from you!"

"Stay away from Timothy and tell Skylar if I find out that he's selling to..."

"I'll do whatever the fuck I want you fucking faggot! You fuck with me and you'll regret it! Do you
hear me? Don't fucking push me, Blaine! I will shoot your ass dead!"

Cooper hung up.

"Hey sexy."

Blaine looked up to see Kurt standing there looking fabulous in a black suit, white shirt, and red and black bowtie. His hair was swept up and he was wearing sunglasses. He spun around and struck a pose.

"Well?"

Blaine's body was already coursing with adrenaline and energy from his conversation with Timothy and his brother, but seeing Kurt looking like sex on a stick redirected that energy to his sex drive. He stood up and walked over to Kurt, forcing him to walk backwards until he was against the wall.

"I think you look good enough to eat, and I'm very, very hungry." Blaine dove in under Kurt's ear and sucked a large red mark into his skin. Kurt sighed happily. "Come on, let's go. You can feast on me later."

Blaine shook his head. No. He needed a release. "Uh, uh. Suck my cock."

Kurt looked around nervously. "Here?"

"Yes."

"Blaine…this is the common room. Someone could walk in at any moment, and people are wandering around because of the dance."

"Don't care. On your knees."

"Let's just go back to the room."

"This is what I'm talking about, Kurt. Way too much talking when your mouth should be full of my cock. On. Your. Knees."

Kurt looked around and slowly dropped to the floor. "If I mess up my pants…"

Blaine interrupted. "I'll buy you five new pairs. Now suck."

Blaine watched Kurt's fingers undo his belt and unbutton and unzip his pants. It reminded him of Kurt loading the gun and he felt even more turned on.

Kurt glanced around furtively before leaning in to suck the cock into his mouth. He never failed to be impressed with the amazing size, length, and thickness of Blaine's cock. Even when Blaine wasn't trying to choke him, he always felt a slight threat of choking because the cock was so damn big and long. As he sucked, the hot need to be fucked snaked up his spine. He'd been fighting it since Wednesday night when Blaine had decided to make him wait.

"I think being hungry for my cock is healthy for you, Kurt. Maybe the hunger will make you think before you open your mouth."

Kurt prepared to receive a mouth full of cum as he sensed Blaine's rising orgasm. Blaine pressed his hands into the wall to avoid messing up Kurt's hair and came with a long, quiet moan. Kurt swallowed and pulled off. He leaned his forehead against Blaine's thigh to rest for a moment and catch his breath. He ran his tongue around the inside of his mouth. He loved the taste of Blaine's
cum, a thought that made him smile. Blaine reached down and pulled him to his feet. He snaked his hand between Kurt's legs to rub his hard cock.

"Thank you, gorgeous. If you behave this weekend, I might return the favor."

Kurt whined. "Stop teasing. You're so cruel to me."

Blaine's eyes flashed. "Cruel, huh?"

"Yes. You're sexually cruel."

Blaine smiled. "I absolutely love the sound of that, especially since I know you love it. Right?"

Kurt closed his eyes and breathed out in a whisper.

"Yes."

It was an unusually warm night, so everyone was in a doubly good mood. Practically everyone was on the dance floor, gyrating and grinding to the music until the teachers stepped in to break them apart. Telio allowed Alicia to drag him on to the dance floor, and surprised everyone by being an excellent dancer. All those years of learning how to control and move his body had given him a natural grace and rhythm.

After several songs, they stopped to take a bathroom break. As he was about to walk out, his cell phone rang.

Mario.

"Hello?"

"Martin will pick you up Tuesday at 3:30 pm."

"Martin?"

"Yes. He wanted to be the one to pick you up before and after. I think he's excited that you will finally put all of his training to use."

"Okay."

"I've made arrangements. You will have plenty of time to talk to him one on one."

"Okay."

"Are you sure you're ready? I'll understand if you've changed your mind."

"No. I'm good. I'm ready."

"Good. You'll do fine. I'm proud of you, Telio. You've grown into a fine young man. Your father would be very proud of you."

"Thank you."

"Be careful."

"I will."
There was a moment of silence and then, "Telio…we love you. Stasia and I. You know that, right?"

Telio almost dropped the phone. "Um…yeah. Uh…um…thank you."

"Okay. Good luck, son."

Telio hung up and leaned against the wall, stunned more by Mario’s talk of love than by the fact that he was scheduled to kill a man on Tuesday. He’d never really thought they loved him. Maybe Anastasia because it was her nature to love, but not Mario. Mario had always made a point of distinguishing between him, Cooper and Blaine. Cooper and Blaine were blood, Telio was not; something Cooper never let him forget. The only Anderson he’d ever felt loved by was Blaine.

He walked back inside and spotted Alicia talking to two other girls.

*Does she love me? Of course not, you idiot. It's too soon.*

He walked over and waited for her to finish talking. She turned to him and smiled as a slow song came on.

"Dance with me."

Telio nodded and followed her out to the dance floor. He settled his hands on her hips, squeezing a little firmer than he meant to. She shot him a brief look of surprise before settling closer to his body. He closed his eyes and inched forward…just…a little…more…

Ohhh….

His cock pressed against her, hard and eager. She didn't move away. Instead she slowly moved her hips in smooth rhythm to the music, pressing against him.

Fuuuckkk…

Telio's grip tightened on her waist. His whisper was warm and rough.

"God, I need you."

Alicia pulled back a little to look into his eyes, but didn't say a word. She leaned back in and continued moving her hips in time to the music, lightly brushing his cock.

Telio closed his eyes and tried to stop the escalating arousal going on inside his pants and his head, but Alicia started running her hands up and down his back, sending soft currents rippling through his body. Telio released her and pulled away. If he didn't stop this he was going to get himself in trouble.

"Let's go outside."

Alicia nodded and allowed him to pull her through the crowd towards the French doors leading to the back deck. There were a few other students outside enjoying the warm night air under the watchful eyes of two teachers. Telio looked around and quickly headed to the stairs. At the bottom of the stairs, two students were making out hot and heavy. Telio and Alicia slid past them and walked around to the space under the stairs.

A brief questioning look passed between them before Telio slowly pushed Alicia against the wall and pressed his mouth to hers. She moaned and pulled him closer, the kiss shifting from soft and seeking, to firm and demanding. Telio pressed in, grinding his hard cock against her. Their breathing grew heavier, their kisses wetter and hungrier, and suddenly he was lifting her up against the wall
and driving into her, desperately seeking the right sensation through their clothes. Alicia draped her arms over his shoulders, wrapped her legs tight around his waist, closed her eyes and held on as he started literally banging her into the concrete wall. Realizing this was a bad idea, he stopped and shifted to a slow, hard, grind and slide action. Every nerve in his body was burning with a need for more, more, more.

Giggling and laughter in the distance caused them to freeze. Alicia opened her eyes and could see a few students several feet away, chasing each other around.

"We'd better stop before they notice us."

Telio carefully lowered her to the ground and took a step back.

Shit.

This had been a bad idea.

His body was on fire. A burning he'd never experienced before. His cock was rock hard and aching while his body buzzed with a strong, wanting desire.

He wanted to fuck her. Needed to fuck her.

And there was no way to do it.

Never mind that she might not even be ready for that.

Alicia looked just as hungry and lustful as Telio. Her voice was thick and husky. "Are you okay?"

He nodded stiffly and fixed his clothes. *Fuck no I'm not okay. Do you have any idea how badly I want you right now?*

He trembled when she placed her hand on his shoulder and ran her hand down his arm to take his hand. "I wish we could be alone."

Telio nodded silently. *You have no idea how badly I wanna be alone with you.*

"Do you wanna go back inside?" Alicia shook her head. They walked back up the steps and looked around. Alicia spotted a few girls she knew sitting with a couple of guys.

"Let's just hang out here for a while."

There wasn't enough room on the bench, so Telio sat down and Alicia sat on his lap. He stared at her as she easily joined the conversation, laughing and talking with the others. At one point she looked at him and smiled that amazing, beautiful smile that did things inside him he still didn't understand.

*Would she still like me if she knew I'm about to commit murder?*

x-x-x-x-x

Inside the dance, Andrew McDaniels was watching Kurt and Blaine sway gracefully to the song, "A Thousand Years." They were staring into each other's eyes, seemingly mesmerized by one another. Andrew had kept his distance from Kurt over the past month, especially since Kurt never seemed to be alone. Blaine was always by his side.

Doug walked over and stood next to him to wait for Courtney who was consoling a girl who was upset about some guy dancing with someone else. Doug couldn't stand all the over-the-top drama of
the girls circled around their wronged friend.

"What's up?"

Andrew didn't answer.

Doug followed his gaze and shook his head.

"Are you serious? You're still hung up on Kurt?"

Andrew shook his head. "No."

Doug scoffed. "Yeah, right."

The two stood there for a minute before Doug said, "They've been fighting."

"What?"

"Yeah, Kurt came back to the room the other night to escape."

Andrew continued staring at Kurt.

"Dad?"

Saturday afternoon, Burt came out of the kitchen to greet Kurt, his smile dropping slightly when he saw Blaine standing by the front door. He wrapped Kurt in a hug.

"Hey, kid. Good to see you. I'm glad you're here."

"Of course I'm here. I'm glad there's finally something I can do to be supportive. I feel like I've done nothing to help you get elected."

Blaine's stomach churned. He swallowed and stepped forward.

"Hi Mr. Hummel. Good to see you again, sir."

Burt shook his outstretched hand. "Blaine." *What the hell are you doing here?*

There was an uncomfortable moment of silence as Kurt looked nervously between his father and his boyfriend.

"Well, I guess I'll call you when the dinner's over. You can pick me up from there."

Burt frowned. "You're going back to school tonight? I thought you'd stay the night and we could all go to breakfast in the morning."

Kurt glanced at Blaine and back at his dad. "Um, no. Blaine drove me down and we're going to drive back tonight."

"Why are you hurrying back?"

"I…well, you know. I have a lot of work to do. School work." Kurt could feel Blaine's eyes boring into him, but he kept his eyes on his dad.

"Why don't you stay? It's early. You can take the next few hours to do your school work before we have to leave."
Kurt looked a little lost. Blaine spoke up, his voice innocent and light. "Yeah, Kurt. Did you happen to bring your books?"

"Uh, no. I didn't. I didn't think I'd need them."

Silence.

"Well," said Burt, "I guess you're going back tonight."

Blaine nodded and smiled at Kurt. "Just call me when you're ready."

"Where are you going? What are you gonna do over the next few hours?"

"Oh, don't worry about me. Have a good time and call me whenever you're ready."

Instead of the chaste kiss of his last visit, Blaine pressed his mouth to Kurt's for a long seven seconds.

"Good luck tonight, Mr. Hummel." I. Fucking. Win.

Burt managed to growl out, "Thanks."

Kurt walked Blaine out to the car where Telio was waiting.

"I knew I should have planned to spend the night."

Blaine took Kurt's hand, curling his fingers into the bracelet.

"No. You belong in my bed tonight."

"Maybe I'll come home next weekend to make it up to him."

Blaine frowned at him.

Kurt was exasperated. "Blaine, he's my dad! I love him. I'm not going to stop coming home. When my mom died it was just the two of us. We struggled to find our rhythm, but we eventually did and I love him."

"And I love you."

"I know you do, which is why I hope you'll try to understand that I need to come home sometimes. Not every weekend, but at least once a month."

Blaine sighed heavily. "I just wanna keep you safe Kurt."

"I am safe here. No one here knows anything about you or me, and besides that, my dad will protect me. He's always protected me."

_I like protected you from the bullying assholes at McKinley? And how he's trying to protect you by telling you to dump me?_

"Your father can't protect you the way I can, Kurt. I doubt he owns a gun."

Kurt wondered about that. He really didn't know.

"I'd better go in."

"Okay. Call me when you're ready to go. I love you."
"I love you too."

Blaine climbed into the car and Telio started the engine.

"Where to?"

"There's a restaurant called Breadstix on Main Street. We'll hang out there until it's time for the dinner. Then we'll go over there and keep an eye on things."

x-x-x

"So, what do you think about New York?"

Telio looked up from the sandwich he was eating. "New York?"

Blaine nodded. "Yeah. I've been thinking that it's time we took over New York."

"New York is Chartussi territory."

"Not for long. Think about it. Assuming there really is a war between the families, we could wipe out the Chartussis and take over New York."

"You wanna run New York?"

"Absolutely. It would be perfect."

"Perfect because that's where Kurt wants to be?"

"Well…in part."

Telio took another bite of his sandwich.

"Alicia plans to go to D.C."

"So what?"

Telio glared at him. "Maybe I wanna go to D.C., too."

"She's not even your girlfriend. Besides, there's no business in D.C. D.C. has always been too dangerous to run out of."

"Blaine, stop thinking with your dick and use your other head for a minute. New York is no walk in the park. Everyone wants New York. Do you really think the other families are going to just let us waltz in and take it? War or not? There will be constant challenges. We'll be in a fight with someone every other day. No one bothered Chartussi because its been his for so long, but you better believe they will come after us. Constantly."

"Not if we make enough early examples of those who attack us. Brutality quickly leads to obedience by those who both experience and witness it. We deal with the early challengers quickly, efficiently, and viciously, and we won't have any problems."

Well damn.

Feeling Telio's stare, Blaine looked at him, shrugged, and stabbed his salad.

Telio continued to stare.
On Tuesday at 3:00 pm, Telio quickly walked to his room. He changed into back jeans, a t-shirt, and a black hoodie. He emptied his book bag, and then repacked it with a notebook, his English book, $3,000 in cash, and his gun. He placed his wallet in his nightstand. He cleared all history on his cell phone, and deleted Alicia's contact information. He slipped the phone into his pocket, grabbed his keys and went to wait on the steps.

Martin pulled up at exactly 3:30 pm. Telio climbed in and buckled his seat belt.

"Hi."

"Hello, Telio. You good? You ready?"

"Yes."

Martin nodded and pulled off.

As they drove, Martin gave directions.

"I will drop you off at the corner of Madison and Clyde, about half a mile away from the condo. Cooper should be gone for at least an hour or more. Skylar is jumpy, but he shouldn't suspect anything. Two shots to the head and out. Look under the seat. You will use that gun."

Telio pulled out the gun from under his seat. It had a silencer.

"I loaded it and tested it myself. Didn't want anything jamming on you."

Telio nodded.

"Anything feels wrong or off, get the hell out of there. Understand?"

"Yeah."

"When it's done, walk down to the corner of Elm and Marysdale. I'll be waiting for you."

"Okay."

They rode the rest of the way in silence. Telio kept waiting for nervousness to kick in, but it didn't. He felt very calm. Strong. Capable.

As they approached the drop off point, Martin looked over at him.

"You still alright?"

"Yeah."

"If you wanna back out, you can. Mario will..."

"I don't wanna back out. I'm ready to do this. I want to do this."

Martin smiled at the strength and determination in his voice. "Good. You're calm and steady. Just like your father. He would be so proud of you."
"Thanks."

The car came to a stop. Telio pulled up his hood, and worked his back pack on. Martin reached over and placed a hand on his shoulder.

"You are the youngest, and best man I have ever trained, Telio. A natural. Just relax and have confidence in your skills. Trust your training."

Telio nodded and opened the door.

"Elm and Marysdale. I'll be waiting."

Telio closed the door and started walking. He slowed down as he neared the building, glancing around to see if he was being followed or observed. Seeing no one, he cut across a parking lot and walked down the next street over, coming up on back of the building. He pulled his hoodie up a little tighter, ducked his head down and walked towards the building. There was a basement window tucked behind a bush that he planned to open and slip through, but as luck would have it, someone was receiving a couch delivery so the back door and freight elevator was open. He slipped through the back door and headed up the stairs to the seventh floor.

He emerged from the stairs into the hallway. He walked slowly, taking several deep breaths before arriving in front of Cooper's door. He took one more deep breath, closed his eyes, relaxed, and knocked.

He could hear whispering inside. Shit. Who was Skylar whispering to? He was supposed to be alone. He knocked again and stared straight at the peephole. The door flew open.

Skylar scowled at him. "What are you doing here?"

"Looking for Cooper."

"Well he ain't here." Skylar went to close the door, but Telio stopped him by sticking out his foot.

*If possible, never touch the entrance to your kill scene.*

"I'll wait."

"No you won't. Get lost."

Telio pushed open the door by leaning on it with his arm and Skylar stumbled back a little. Telio noted the gun in his hand.

"Yeah, I will." He walked into the living room.

*Turning your back on an armed man gives the illusion that you trust him, so only do so when you're sure he won't shoot you.*

Skylar grumbled and closed the door. He walked over to the couch and plopped down, tossing the gun next to him. He frowned at Telio.

"What do you want with Cooper? Running an errand for your owners?"

Telio ignored him and sat down in an armchair. He looked around the room and towards the hallway. He was sure someone else was there.

"You got a hooker in here with you?"
Skylar glared at him angrily. "No! I don't need to pay for sex!"

Telio laughed and sat back. "Right."

*You relax, your victim relaxes. Let's down their guard.*

Skylar was now staring at him with a questioning expression.

"Seriously, what are you doing here?"

"Mario sent me. I have some important news and a message for Cooper."

"What?"

"You're not Cooper."

"And you're not an Anderson, and you never will be. You'll always be nothing more than their adopted mutt. Following Blaine around, licking his balls."

Telio licked his lips as his blood raced a little faster. A little hotter. He was ready to blow the asshole away, but he was sure someone else was there. He could sense another presence. Not Cooper, but definitely someone.

Skylar looked disappointed not to get rise out of Telio. He grabbed the TV remote. "Well, I don't know when he's going to be back, so you might wanna leave and come back later."

"I'll wait."

"Suit yourself."

Skylar turned on the TV. Telio could feel impatience creeping up on him. The cool steel of the gun felt good against the skin of his waist. He focused on the coolness.

*Stay calm. Only silly men are ruled by impatience, and silly men end up dead.*

Skylar suddenly turned off the TV and looked at Telio. Telio stared back, his fingers twitching. Maybe he should just take a chance. He could be wrong about someone else being there…

*Trust your instincts and your training.*

Skylar cocked his head to the side. "Don't you get tired of it?"

"Tired of what?"

"Being the family pet."

"Jealous?"

Skylar smiled meanly. "Hell no. I actually belong because I'm Cooper's best friend. You're just an illegitimate bastard they took in because your father was too stupid to stay alive, and your whore mother let some john choke the shit out of her. Probably during sex." Skylar laughed.

*Okay. Time to shoot this motherfucker.*

Suddenly a bedroom door opened and Jeremy came walking down the hall. He stopped when he saw Telio.
Skylar spoke up. "This is Telio, Blaine's pet. That's Jeremy."

Jeremy ran his eyes up and down Telio. "What are you doing here?"

"I'm here to see Cooper."

"Why?"

"None of your business."

Jeremy looked at him suspiciously. Telio stared back. Jeremy glanced at Skylar who had turned the TV back on. Well, if Skylar who was usually very jumpy wasn't nervous…

Telio carefully reviewed his options. He didn't want to have to come back. He wanted to do this today, but it needed to be a clean kill. How good was Skylar with a gun? If he shot Jeremy first, would he have time to shoot Skylar before he grabbed his gun and tried to shoot him?

Jeremy had been leaning against the door frame. He turned and headed into what Telio figured was the kitchen.

*It's now or never.*

"I'm thirsty. Can I get some water?"

Skylar didn't take his eyes off the TV. He just nodded.

Telio walked into the kitchen. Jeremy was making a sandwich.

"You guys got any bottled water?"

"Yeah, fridge." Telio moved quickly and silently across the floor. He came up behind Jeremy and fired two bullets into the back of his head. He caught his body as it fell to make sure it landed quietly on the floor versus a loud thump. While the silencer definitely muted the noise, he wasn't sure whether or not the TV was loud enough to prevent Skylar from hearing. He moved quietly to the door of the kitchen and peered around it.

Skylar was standing in the middle of the living room, sweating and shaking, his gun drawn.

"Put your gun down, Skylar. I guarantee I'll shoot you before you can shoot me."

"Shut up you fucking bastard!"

"You fire at me, Skylar and someone's gonna hear."

"I don't care!" Skylar fired, hitting the wall. Telio rolled his eyes. Great. Someone was bound to hear that. He had to get out of there.

He stepped around the corner and fired two shots straight at Skylar's chest. Skylar dropped to the floor.

Telio walked over to him and kicked the gun away. Skylar's eyes were wide open, and he was heaving and trying to talk.

"…don't…give…a…shit 'bout…you. They…use you…too…stu…pid…to see…that…you're…so… stu…"
Telio bent down and pressed the gun to Skylar's forehead.

"My mother was not a whore. She was a beautiful woman who met too many assholes like you. My father was a fucking warrior. Just like me. He was outgunned, but never outsmarted. You are a chicken sh*t, traitorous, son-of-a- bitch who deserves to be strung up, beaten, and buried alive. But I'll settle for shooting you in the head. Goodbye Skylar."

Telio stood up and fired one shot into Skylar's head.

He stood there for a moment and stared at Skylar's body, watching the blood trickle out of his chest and pour from his head. He walked into the kitchen to look at Jeremy. The pool of blood was slowly spreading.

*Always exit a bloody scene quickly. The longer you stay, the higher the chance of getting blood on you.*

He took a quick inventory of his movements to make sure he hadn't touched anything. He pulled down the sleeve of his hoodie to cover his hand as he unlocked and opened the door. As the door clicked behind him, he walked down the hall, took the elevator to the garage, and walked out the side door.

Martin was waiting right at the corner of Elm and Marysdale. Telio opened the door and slid in. Martin pulled off.

"Everything go okay?"

Telio nodded.

"You okay?"

Telio nodded.

Martin kept glancing between the road and Telio, but he couldn't sense anything.

"You sure you're alright?"

"Yeah, I'm fine."

"Okay. Well Mario wants me to bring you to the house. You'll go back to school later tonight."

"Okay."

Telio closed his eyes, let his head fall back, and thought about Alicia.

x-x-x-x-x

Anastasia paced aimlessly around the kitchen, twisting her hands and shooting evil glares at Mario. Mario smiled at her which just set her off more. He loved when she got all pissed off at him. He found it cute and sexy. It also made fucking her back into submission all the more delicious.

Luther sat at the table watching their little dance. He'd sobered up and dragged himself downstairs to wait. He wanted to make sure Telio was okay, but it was hard to watch Mario and Anastasia's foreplay dance. God he missed Lisa.

"Stasia, sit down. Dancing around the kitchen isn't going to get him here faster."
Anastasia shook her head at him. "How could you do this? He's just a boy!"

"Telio is not a boy, he's a man, and I told him he didn't have to do this if he wasn't ready."

"Like he would ever say no to you! He would never disappoint you!"

"Telio's been waiting for this opportunity since he was 14. Trust me. He's ready and he'll do just fine."

"You trained a child to be a killer." Anastasia turned from him and faced the kitchen sink, searching for something to wash. Mario stepped up behind her and slid his arm around her waist. He brushed her hair aside and placed a soft kiss on her neck, right below her ear. He then whispered to her, "Would you rather Telio kill, or Blaine? Of course, Blaine will have to kill eventually, but I have a feeling he'll enjoy it just as much as I do." Mario sucked down hard on her neck while pressing his cock firmly against her ass. Anastasia closed her eyes and wondered for the millionth time over the course of her marriage, why on earth she was so turned on by a man who loved to commit murder.

Mario carefully pulled at the fabric of her dress, inching it up in the front until he was able to slide two fingers into her very wet pussy. Anastasia gasped. Mario smiled. "Glad to see you're following the rules. I'd better never catch you wearing underwear in this house." Anastasia closed her eyes and quietly moaned as Mario expertly worked his fingers inside her and around her clitoris.

Luther was still sitting at the table watching them. He could only see Mario's back, but he had a pretty good idea of what was going on. He'd witnessed these scenes hundreds of times over the years, but today was the first time he felt a twinge of jealousy. He was grateful when one of the guards ran in.

"They're back."

Mario removed his fingers and stepped back. Anastasia turned around to compose herself. Mario slowly sucked his fingers into his mouth.

"We will continue this later, my love, but with you bound and hanging from the ceiling."

Anastasia took a deep breath and headed to the living room.

Telio walked in followed by Martin.

"Darling, are you alright?"

Telio nodded. "Yeah."

Mario looked him up and down. "So everything went smoothly?"

"Yeah, but I had to kill both of them."

The room went dead silent.

Anastasia's eyes grew wide as she opened her mouth and then closed it. Her voice shook. "B-both of them?"

Telio nodded. "Some guy named Jeremy was there. I didn't really have a choice."

Mario bent over and released a breath. "Oh, fuck. Jesus. Okay." He looked up and laughed. Anastasia's hand flew to her chest as she exhaled. Martin laughed and even Luther smiled just a tiny bit.
Telio looked at them in confusion. "What?"

Martin slapped him on the back. "They thought you killed Cooper."

"Oh. No…I-I would never. Unless…"

Mario quickly interjected not wanting Anastasia to know that Telio had his permission to kill Cooper if he came after Blaine.

"Well done, Telio, well done. Why don't you go take a shower and relax? Leave the clothes you're wearing here. Don't take them back to school. If you want, you can stay here tonight and I'll write you a note to be late tomorrow."

"No, that's okay. I'll go back today."

"Okay." Mario stepped forward and placed his hands on Telio's shoulders. "Thank you, Telio. I realize I asked a great deal from you today, and you handled like a man. A warrior. I'm very proud of you, and I thank you for showing your loyalty to your family."

Telio nodded and felt a rush of pride when Mario embraced him in a hug. Once he released him, Luther stepped forward and patted him on the back.

"Well done, kid."

"Thanks. I'm glad to see you."

"I wanted to be here for you. You'll tell me all the details later, right?"

"Yeah, sure."

"Okay."

Luther turned and headed towards the stairs. Telio watched how slowly he moved, the sadness clearly in his bones, weighing him down, draining him.

Don't worry, Luther. I'll help you murder the bastard that took her from you. I'm looking forward to it.

I can't wait to kill again.

x-x-x-x-x

After a hot shower and a nap, Telio had dinner with Anastasia and Mario. He couldn't remember ever having dinner with them without Blaine. It was strange, but also comforting. Anastasia pushed for details about the girl he still refused to name, while Mario smiled proudly. He was proud and impressed. Many men would have panicked upon discovering someone else in the apartment. The fact that Telio stayed calm and took them both out was impressive. Mario hoped the loss of both of his main partners would force Cooper to return home.

By the time Telio arrived back at Dalton, it was almost 9:00 pm. He headed to his room feeling tired, but accomplished. He felt like he had finally come into himself and completed the final test towards becoming a true member of the Anderson family.

He stopped in front of his room, put the key in the lock, and stopped.

He sniffed the air.
He looked around.

He sniffed the air again.

Well, that was strange. He'd been thinking about her most of the day, and now he smelled her. It had to be his imagination.

He unlocked the door and stepped inside.

Alicia was sitting on the bed.

"Surprise!"

Telio stood there with his mouth hanging open. Alicia walked over to him with a huge grin on her face and kissed him on the cheek.

"Hi."

"Wh-what are you doing here?"

"Blaine smuggled me in as a surprise for you."

"But…how? Why?"

"He called and said you'd been depressed and he thought a visit from me might cheer you up. He and Kurt picked me up. I had to sneak out and meet them down the road. I was so freaking nervous! I was sure I was gonna get caught by a teacher driving by or something. Why didn't you tell me you were feeling sad?"

_Probably because I haven't been_

Telio stared at her, his eyes fixed on her mouth. Her lips were so pretty. Full and soft with a light sheen of lip gloss. And she smelled good. Sweet, but not sugary. It was a soft, sensuous scent. So feminine and…sexy.

A warm pool simmered deep inside him. His heartbeat quickened, he felt a strange rush spread through his body, and his eyes clouded over with dark desire. He placed his hands on her waist, tight and pressing causing her to inhale short and quick, both excited and nervous by what she recognized in his eyes.

He pulled her closer and kissed her deep and wanting, taking her breath away. He trailed his lips across her cheek and down to her neck. He pulled her even closer, pressing his cock against her. His voice was raw and thick.

"I want you."

Alicia closed her eyes and hummed. His grip on her waist tightened.

"I need you."

Alicia pulled back and placed her hands on his chest.

"What do you need from me?"

Telio licked his lips. "I need to make love to you."
Alicia cocked her head to the side with a coy smile. "Do you love me?"

The answer fell from his lips with no hesitation. "Yes."

Alicia looked a little surprised, but smiled and wrapped her arms around him, bringing them close again.

"Good."

Their kisses were slow, but with a current of urgency as they removed each others clothes. Telio stared at her chest, wondering how to get the bra off. She turned around and he reached for the hooks with shaky hands, slowly undoing each one until the straps relaxed and fell from her shoulders. Alicia pulled it off and let it fall to the floor before turning back around. Telio swallowed as he stared at her breasts. Soft, round, cocoa mounds with dark peaks that made his mouth water.

Once they were both stripped down but not quite bare, they relaxed and began a slow, sweet trip full of kisses and curious exploration through soft touches. Alicia lay back on the bed and gasped as Telio wasted no time sucking her nipples into his mouth. The weight of his body coupled with his cock pressing against her thigh made her immediately spread her legs. With that simple move, her scent floated up between them, driving Telio's want towards a hot, needy hunger, but he forced himself to remain slow and cautious, taking cues from her on how to proceed.

There were more kisses, lots of touching, and then a slow slide of underwear being removed. Telio slowly snaked his hand down between her legs, and very gently slid a finger into her very wet pussy. Alicia's moaned cry frightened him, causing him to quickly withdraw his hand, but she grabbed it and guided him back down. With no words spoken, she taught him how and where to touch to drive her crazy. When he finally removed his fingers, he unashamedly brought them to his lips and sniffed.

*Mmm…*

Alicia watched in surprise as Telio sucked the fingers into his mouth.

*Wow.*

*Pussy tastes delicious.*

*More.*

Alicia watched with wide eyes as Telio slid down, settled between her legs, and licked.

And licked.

And sucked.

And completely devoured her pussy until she was crying out from a spectacular orgasm.

He listened and watched in fascination as she moaned and cried, her body shaking and trembling until she came down from the intense high and turned quiet beneath him, warm, glowing, and totally blissed out. Despite his very hard cock, Telio was content just staring at her. She looked so beautiful.

They lay quietly for almost 20 minutes before Alicia shifted and pushed against Telio's chest. He rolled off of her and she settled on top of him.

"Do you still wanna make love to me?"

"Yes."
"Um…I'm still a virgin."

Telio wasn't sure why, but he suddenly felt even more turned on. "So am I."

He reached up and pulled her down into a kiss which quickly turned heated and desperate. They rolled back over and Telio pressed his cock against her pussy, rubbing and grinding until Alicia whined breathlessly.

"I'm…I'm ready…"

"Are you sure?"

"Yeah."

There was the awkward moment of reaching into the nightstand for condoms he never really expected to use, but had bought just because. Condom on, he moved slowly, lining himself up, and exercising every ounce of control he had to keep from sliding in quick and hard. He moved at her direction until he was all the way in.

"Ohhh, Telio…oh my God…"

They moaned, kissed and drowned in their connectedness, and the intense feeling of being so incredibly close. As Telio sped up, the sounds Alicia made underneath him sent ripples of heat across his skin, and increased the simmer inside him to a boil. She shifted, changing their angle and he increased his pace, sliding in and out of her, not too fast, but fast enough that he could feel the boil building into an eruption. All at once his body tightened. He froze and then thrust forward hard and stillled. Alicia wrapped her arms and legs tighter around him and held on as he came with a deep moan.

Wow. Wow. Wow.

The release and the relaxation that flowed through him was incredible.

Condom disposed of, underwear back on, Telio held Alicia in his arms. Alicia snuggled in, her head laying on his amazingly chiseled chest.

"Do you really love me, Telio?"

The question surprised him. "Yes. You don't believe me?"

"I want to it's just…I guess I thought you were just saying it because you wanted to…you know."

Telio shook his head. "I would never lie about something like that." *Men did that to my mother her entire life.*

"Good, because…I love you, too."

"You do?"

"Yeah."

"So…are you…does this mean…well…are you my girlfriend?"

Alicia sat up and smiled teasingly at him. "Are you sure you want me? I mean, having a friend was hard enough for you. Are you sure you want a girlfriend?"
Actually, I'm terrified, but I want you. I need you.

"Yes. I want you."

Alicia smiled and settled back into his arms. Telio tightened his hold on her.

And thought about Kurt's tracking bracelet.

Cooper sat on the floor of his living room rocking back and forth, a bag of coke in front of him along with a bottle of vodka and his cell phone. He took a shaky swig from the bottle before quickly sniffing four lines. The burn in both his throat and nose was comforting. It reminded him that he was alive despite doing coke for hours.

He stared at Skylar's dead body with glassy, wet eyes.

"I'm sorry, Sky. I'm so sorry, but don't worry. I'll make the fucker pay. I will. There's no one left who loves me, so I ain't got shit to lose. It's war now, Sky. I'm going to war for you. I'll get revenge. I promise. I promise. I promise..."
"Ow! Shit!"

Blaine landed with a thump on the mat for the third time that evening. He lay there breathing hard, glaring up at Telio who grinned at him.

"You want some more?"

"Fuck you."

"Not gay. Sorry."

Telio grabbed their water bottles and collapsed next to Blaine. After taking a long drink, and a moment to catch his breath, Blaine spoke.

"So, this is how you repay me for helping you get laid? By beating my ass?"

"What makes you think I got laid? And I will always beat your ass. Always."

"You're telling me you didn't have sex with Alicia?"

"I'm telling you nothing."

"Oh, come on! I went through a lot of trouble to get her into your room. I had to bribe your nosy ass roommate, convince her to come, then go get her…surely I deserve some details."

"I appreciate your efforts, but I ain't telling you shit."

"You're such a gentleman. Fine. Then at least tell me if you made it official. Is she finally your girlfriend?"

Telio hesitated before answering. He didn't want anyone to know Alicia was his girlfriend, but this was Blaine.

"Yeah it's official, but keep your mouth shut. I don't want your parents to know, or anyone else for that matter. I think it's safer that way."

Blaine nodded. "I get it, but I have to tell Kurt. Is that okay?"

Telio sighed. "I guess."

They lay in silence as Blaine debated his next question. He decided he should at least offer.

"Look, I know you've disapproved in the past, but…do you want a tracking bracelet for…"

Telio vigorously shook his head. "No. Absolutely not."

"Are you sure?"

"Yes."

"Okay."

Luther appeared in the doorway. "You father's free now, Blaine, if you still wanted to talk to him."
"Okay. Thanks."

The boys headed upstairs to the library. They were home for the monthly family dinner. For the first time in his life Blaine was looking forward to the meeting. He wanted to get a full account of what the crews were up to, the status of their cash flow, and he wanted to talk to his father about taking over New York.

Blaine had made up his mind.

If Kurt wanted New York, Blaine was going to give it to him.

And expand his family's empire in the process.

Blaine had struggled with what to do about Kurt for the weekend. He'd thought seriously about bringing Kurt home with him, but he wasn't quite ready to introduce Kurt to the rest of his family, or expose him to details about the family's business. He decided that Kurt should stay at Dalton for the weekend.

Kurt decided he was going home.

He mentioned it casually as they prepared for bed Tuesday evening.

"Since you're going home this weekend, I'd like to go home too."

Blaine remained silent and rubbed moisturizing cream a little harder into his cheeks.

"Did you hear me? I'd like to go home this weekend."

Blaine placed the cap back on the cream jar and inspected his face in the mirror. He finally turned and looked at Kurt. Kurt stared back defiantly. Blaine sighed and walked out of the bathroom. Kurt stared after him. *Here we go again.*

When Kurt walked out of the bathroom, Blaine was sitting in bed, staring at the ceiling. Kurt climbed into bed and on to Blaine's lap, straddling him. Blaine placed his hands on either side of Kurt's neck. "Did you have something you wanted to ask me?"

Kurt rolled his eyes. "May I go home this weekend?"

"Sure, Kurt. I'm happy to let the man I love more than anyone or anything in the world travel home all by himself while my family is facing threats from enemies seen and unseen."

Kurt couldn't help but laugh a little. "Enemies seen and unseen? You sound like a movie."

Blaine placed a soft kiss to Kurt's lips and gently caressed his face. "If only my life was a movie. I would completely change the script."

"What would you change it to?"

"You and I would move to New York, live in a gorgeous penthouse apartment in Manhattan, and eat cheesecake and drink wine all day."

Kurt sighed happily and draped his arms over Blaine's shoulders.

"That actually sounds wonderful."
Blaine pulled him closer until their foreheads were touching.

"One day, gorgeous. One day I'll give that to you. I'll give you everything. I promise."

"I don't need everything. Just you…and permission to go home this weekend."

Blaine pulled back and slid his hands down to Kurt's chest. He began gently rubbing his nipples with his thumbs. Kurt inhaled and groaned softly as his pulse quickened. "Stop distracting me. I want an answer."

"If anyone's distracting anyone, it's you distracting me. You're so incredibly gorgeous. Your skin…your skin feels and tastes so good." Blaine leaned in, but Kurt pushed him back.

"Uh uh. Not until you grant my request."

Blaine arched an eyebrow. "You actually think I'm going to say yes?"

Kurt sighed heavily. "Blaine, we've talked about this. I have to go home."

"Not by yourself."

"Then come with me."

"You know I can't do that. The monthly family meeting is this weekend. I have to go home."

"And you said we should always try to go home the same weekend. That's what I'm doing. Plus, I feel like I kind of owe my dad. He was really disappointed that I literally came home for the dinner and left that same night. I wanna make it up to him."

Blaine closed his eyes and let his head fall back against the headboard.

*Fuck. Fuck. Fuck. Why can't he understand how much I love him? How much I need him? I have to keep him safe. I'd die if anything happened to him.*

Blaine was surprised when Kurt suddenly leaned forward and latched his mouth onto Blaine's neck. As he sucked, he slid his hand down to palm Blaine's cock through his boxers. Blaine moaned and shifted, eager for Kurt to pull his cock free. He loved Kurt's handjobs. Kurt could turn him into a melted puddle of pure, desperate need with just the right flick of his wrist.

But instead of taking Blaine's cock out, Kurt stopped and sat back.

"You haven't given me an answer."

Blaine groaned. "Kurt…"

Kurt smiled sexily and shifted to his knees. He pulled Blaine's boxers down and off before lying on his stomach between Blaine's legs. Blaine looked down at him with hazy, lust filled eyes that filled with surprise when Kurt gently pushed against his thighs. A moment passed between them while they stared at each other before Blaine spread his legs and bent his knees.

Kurt took a deep breath, leaned forward, and hesitantly licked. Blaine's deep moan gave Kurt a thrill of confidence. He pressed his tongue fully into the tight hole, exploring and tasting. He settled his hands on Blaine's hips and pressed in further. Blaine moaned, and spread his legs further apart. Now Kurt felt emboldened. He reached over to the nightstand to grab a bottle of lube. Blaine's eyes flew open as he felt the squirt of lube in his ass. He sat up a little.
"Kurt…"

He was cut off by the deep, dark blue of Kurt's eyes. Eyes filled with a determined lust. He laid back, relaxed, and focused his eyes on Kurt's. Neither looked away as Kurt slowly slid his finger inside Blaine. They closed their eyes at the same time as Blaine groaned from the press and stretch, while Kurt marveled at how tight Blaine felt. Surely he couldn't get another finger in, much less his dick, but if it felt this tight around his finger…

After a few minutes he whispered. "Can I…can you take…?"

Blaine's voice was broken and needy. "Yeah…yeah…just do it…"

Kurt moved slowly, amazed as he watched his finger disappear alongside the other. Blaine's eyes were closed and he was breathing heavy and squirming around.

Kurt licked his lips.

He suddenly wanted.

Needed.

So very badly.

He pulled his fingers out and shifted to take off his boxers. He grabbed the bottle of lube and poured some in his hand. He looked up at Blaine who had been watching his every stared back at him, his eyes dark and intense, almost daring him. Kurt wrapped his hand around Blaine's cock and started sliding it up and down. Within seconds Blaine's eyes were closed and he was drowning. Kurt waited for him to almost fall apart completely before taking his hand away. He quickly squirted more lube in his hand, slicked up his own cock, and shifted forward. Blaine's eyes flew open as Kurt was suddenly over him, his cock pressing into Blaine's hole. Blaine's gasp was stuttered as his body initially fought the pressure, but then slowly relaxed.

The deeper Kurt sunk into Blaine's ass, the more overwhelming the tight, hot hold around his cock. His hips took on a powerful life of their own as his body hummed and craved the feeling of Blaine's ass.

Beneath him, Blaine was moaning and gasping as Kurt pounded into him quicker and harder. He felt trapped by both Kurt's demanding need, and the need of his own body as it welcomed every thrust of Kurt's hips.

They stayed locked together for several minutes before Kurt's body clenched and then spilled, as he cried Blaine's name over and over again. Blaine arched his hips up one last time and held the position, welcoming Kurt's release.

Kurt pulled out and collapsed on top of Blaine, breathing heavily as his body recovered from the intensity. Blaine wrapped his arms around him and held him tight as they drifted off to sleep.

x-x-x

Early the next morning after a long hot shower, and a change of bed sheets, Kurt snuggled into Blaine with a happy sigh. Blaine ran his fingers lightly along Kurt's arm.

"I've decided to let you go home this weekend, but I have two conditions, and they are non-negotiable."
"I'm not sure I like the sound of that."

"Regardless, if you want to go, you have to agree."

"I'm actively listening."

"First, you have to take a gun."

"Blaine, that really isn't necessary."

"You don't know that. Better safe than sorry."

"What if my dad finds it?"

"Just keep it in your bag. It's not like he goes through your bag, right?"

"No, but it feels….sneaky."

"It's not sneaky, it's smart. We are not arguing about this, Kurt. Do it or stay here."

Kurt rolled his eyes. "Fine. What else?"

"I'm going to arrange for a car to follow you to Lima. I don't want you on the highway alone."

Kurt sat up and looked at Blaine in disbelief. "You can't be serious?"

"I'm completely serious. That's the deal. You take your gun, and you allow two of my father's men to trail you there and back. It's for your safety. I won't have you wandering around unprotected."

Kurt wanted to protest and refuse, but Blaine's expression told him it would be a waste of time.

He sighed in resignation. "Okay, fine. Guns and security guards. I'll pretend I'm the Queen of England."

Kurt was about to settle back down next to Blaine, when Blaine suddenly rolled them over. He straddled Kurt's body and grabbed the handcuffs off the nightstand. Kurt automatically raised his hands above his head and closed his eyes as Blaine locked the cuffs on to his wrists. He'd expected something like this after last night's reverse sexual positions.

Blaine's need to reassert his dominance.

Blaine kissed, licked, and sucked his way down Kurt's body, his hands moving rough and possessive, purposely bruising Kurt's pale skin. He attacked his mouth, kissing deep and hard until Kurt was struggling to catch his breath. He stopped and hovered over Kurt, staring into his eyes.

Kurt stared back into the dark, intense hazel and waited.

"One day I will rule over many men." Blaine stated this with matter-of-fact confidence. Kurt nodded in agreement.

"But there is only one man whose obedience I truly care about."

Kurt smiled sexy and playful. "Oh, I'm sure Telio will follow your every command."

Blaine narrowed his eyes and pressed his hips down rubbing their cocks together. He was pleased
with the deep groan he received in return. He kissed Kurt breathless again, growling between kisses.

"You will do what I say, Kurt Elizabeth Hummel. You belong to me, and I protect what's mine. Your obedience is your protection. Never forget that. Now roll over."

Kurt barely had time to roll over and get on his knees before Blaine was pushing two lubed fingers into his ass before fucking into him, cock hard and full of mission.

"Tell me who you belong to, Kurt."

"You...belong...to you."

"And who's the boss, Kurt? Tell me whose boss?"

"You...you are..."

"That's right. I'm the boss of everything...especially you."

Mario smiled at the sight of Blaine and Telio looking flushed and sweaty from their practice.

"Is my son any good, Telio?"

"He's okay. Not better than me, but okay."

Mario laughed. "Keep beating his ass until he's as good as you."

Telio shook his head. "Never happen."

Blaine looked defiant. "I've almost beaten you before."

"Almost doesn't count."

Mario smiled and motioned for them to sit down. "What did you want to talk about?"

Blaine launched into his idea about taking over New York. Mario listened attentively, his expression blank, giving nothing away, but he was pleased with the excitement in Blaine's voice and the fact that he was thinking about the future. Another sign that he was finally embracing his future role.

Once Blaine finished, Mario turned to Telio. "What do you think?"

"Honestly? I'm not sure it's a good idea. New York is totally different from the Midwest and the South. It's rougher. More competition. Plus, Chartussi's main line is drugs and we don't do drugs. Extortion is big up that way, but extortion is a nasty business. I don't like the idea of beating people up to take their honest, hard earned money."

Blaine interjected excitedly. "But we could do some new things on the import/export side. New York is a greedy city with a lot of needs and wants. Between our routes and the established ports that already serve New York, we could do really well, and we could always distance ourselves from the drug business by giving it to another family to run on our behalf, paying us a hefty percentage."

Mario and Luther shared a brief look of surprise. Blaine had obviously been giving this some serious thought. Mario decided to press him.

"What will you say to the current New York families who feel they should have first shot at running their own city? There are several families in New York who have been waiting for a chance to get a
piece of Chartussi's empire."

"To the victor go the spoils. If we completely destroy the Chartussis and make an example of those who attempt to challenge us, we should be fine."

Mario leaned forward, intrigued by his son's words.

"Make an example of those who challenge us? And how exactly would you do that?"

Blaine's voice was cool, while his eyes were warm with a hint of bloodlust. "We deal immediately and brutally with the first few to challenge our authority. We show no mercy. If we are vicious in our response, and make it clear that no one is sacred, I'm sure everyone will quickly fall in line."

"That could create new enemies," said Mario."

Blaine shrugged. "Enemies can become friends when the money is right. Chartussi's a bit of a tightwad, right? We've never operated that way. We're generous to those loyal to us. I think that reputation, coupled with a few specific murders, will go a long way."

Mario couldn't stop the wide grin that spread across his face. His son already sounded like a powerful crime boss. Ready to destroy and take no prisoners. Mario's heart swelled with pride.

"I promise to consider your idea, but New York is…well, it's New York. Besides, Chartussi hasn't made a move. We need justification to attack his territory."

Blaine was about to answer, but Telio interjected.

"He killed Lisa! That's our justification! He started it! We're just finishing it. Completely."

Mario shook his head. "The other families will not consider the murder of a girlfriend a good enough reason to go to war. Lisa was not a wife or a child. She was a girlfriend. Yes, it was wrong of Chartussi to kill a defenseless woman, especially one who had no connection to business, but that's not enough for the other families to back our starting a war."

Telio was pissed. Lisa didn't count because they killed her before Luther could put a ring on her finger? He looked over at Luther who was sitting silently in the corner. He was staring at Mario with the strangest expression, but Telio wasn't sure what it meant.

Blaine continued. "Okay. Fine. If Lisa's murder isn't justification enough, what about the fact that Chartussi marched into our territory and threatened us? He told us he was coming after us, so why not strike first?"

Mario shook his head. "These things must be handled a certain way. I promise you we will strike when the time is right."

Both Telio and Blaine started to protest, but Mario put his hand up to stop them.

"Boys, trust me. I share your eagerness, but we must be patient. It's important to do things at the right time."

Mario stood up and walked around to the front of his desk, signaling the end of the discussion. Blaine and Telio stood up. Mario placed a hand on each of their shoulders.

"I'm not ruling out the possibility of New York. I'm just saying let's wait and see. Now go shower and change for dinner."

"
After the boys left, Mario sat down in his chair to think. Luther stood up and walked over to the fireplace. He stared at the Anderson family portrait that hung on the wall. It was several years old. In it, Blaine was 10 and Cooper was 16.

"They're right you know. We are wasting time."

Mario said nothing. Luther continued.

"You can't wait for Cooper to come to his senses, Mario. It's not going to happen, especially now. We need to attack."

Mario shook his head. "Cooper's alone. He hates being alone. With Skylar and Jeremy dead…he'll come home. We just need to give him a little time."

"Mario, we don't have time! The longer we wait, the weaker we look! There are already rumblings among the other families about why we haven't struck. I'm sure you're going to get an earful tonight. Letting Chartussi march into Ohio, make demands, kill an innocent girl…we can't wait, Mario. We must act now! Stop letting fatherhood cloud your judgment!"

"Stop letting your hunger for revenge cloud yours."

"Yes, I want revenge, but that is a separate matter. I'm more concerned about Chartussi. Who knows how long he's been planning."

"We will strike once Cooper is back safe with us."

"Cooper is a lost cause, Mario! Why can't you see that?"

Because he's my son.

"He just needs time. He'll be back soon. We just need to give him a little time."

Despite the aching throb of his body, and the pounding in his brain, Cooper forced himself to focus on the green eyes of Sam Hirschfield. He couldn't fuck this up. He needed Sam's help. Especially now.

Sam was shooting daggers at Cooper with his eyes. "You have some fucking nerve asking to meet with me after murdering my uncle."

Cooper shook his head. "I swear to you I didn't kill your uncle, but I think I know who did and why."

Sam's eyebrows rose. "I'm listening."

"The night your uncle was killed I met with him to invite him to join my business. Sky…I've been doing well selling coke locally and into New York. I'm ready to expand, but I need another partner. Someone with cash and space. I knew your Uncle was interested in expanding into drugs. He asked my father for permission several months ago, but the asshole said no. I offered your uncle the opportunity to join me."

"And he said yes?"

"No. He said no. My father had told him no, and he didn't wanna go against him. Stupid loyalty bullshit."
Cooper stopped talking for a moment to breathe through the fierce pain wracking his body. He'd been sober and off coke for a week. The withdrawal was a bitch, but his hunger for revenge was stronger than his hunger for coke, or so he hoped.

"I think my father killed your uncle."

Sam's eyes widened with shock. "Mario? You think Mario killed him? But why? They've been business partners and friends for years."

"My father doesn't have friends. Someone must have seen me at his house. My father probably thought he was joining me, so he killed him. It was a message to the other families who've asked for permission to expand into drugs…and to me."

Sam sat back and stared sorrowfully into space. He'd loved his uncle more than anyone. The man had practically raised him. He'd taught Sam all about business, knives, and the many gruesome ways there were to kill a man slowly and painfully. Sam had planned to test his skills on Cooper.

"So, what do you want? Why are you telling me this? Why are you ratting out your own father?"

"I'm here to offer you the same deal I offered your uncle. Become my partner. Join me and I'll make you rich, and I'll help you get revenge for your uncle."

"Why would you do that? You're an Anderson. Mario's your father."

Cooper laughed nastily. "You must not be familiar with Anderson family history. We expect total loyalty from those who work for us, and those we bring in, but amongst ourselves…And we have a bad habit of selling each other out. And killing each other."

Sam looked thoughtful. "Your father is very powerful, Cooper. I don't wanna piss him off and end up getting fucked."

"So you're gonna just let him get away with killing your uncle? I think Mr. Carlos deserves better."

Sam's eyes flashed with anger. "Of course I'm not gonna let him get away with it. I thought you did it. My plan was to kill you. Slowly."

Cooper didn't flinch. "Yeah, well now you should plan to join me. I'm worth more to you alive than dead."

Sam sat back looking thoughtful. Cooper waited. Finally Sam spoke.

"I like your offer, but how do I know you're legit? For all I know you're working for your father."

Cooper shook his head. "My father and I have no relationship. He doesn't give a shit about me. He only cares about Blaine."

Sam slowly nodded. "I'd heard that. Is it true that your little brother is being groomed to be boss one day?"

The anger and hatred fueling all of Cooper's actions boiled.

"Yeah. That's why I've struck out on my own."

They sat in silence while Sam thought about Cooper's offer, and Cooper tried not think about how badly he wanted a line of coke. Sam stood up and walked around the desk and over to a large window overlooking the factory floor. He stared out the window for a few minutes before turning
around.

"Okay. I'm in."

Cooper stood up and held out his hand. Sam shook it firmly.

"You'd better be fucking legit, Cooper. I don't want the wrath of Mario Anderson raining down on me."

Cooper's voice and eyes were steel cold.

"Don't worry. I don't see my father being a problem for much longer."

Kurt was glad he'd pressed Blaine to let him come home. On his drive to Lima he'd been worried that the entire weekend would be a repeat of the last time he was home with him walking on egg shells, and his father frowning disapprovingly, but things were good. Friday evening Kurt, Burt, Carol and Finn enjoyed dinner at home. Rachel and Mercedes came over around 8:00 pm and stayed until midnight, filling Kurt in on all the Glee breakups and makeups, teasing him about the Warbler's loss at regionals, and interrogating him about Blaine whom they'd met briefly at the competition.

"I can't believe you haven't brought him home yet, Kurt. We promise to behave," said Mercedes.

"Yeah," said Rachel. "Bring him home one weekend and you guys can double-date with me and Finn."

Kurt just smiled. "I will. Soon."

The truth was that Kurt was scared to bring Blaine home. First, there was his father's obvious dislike, and the fact that there was no way they would be allowed to sleep together. Kurt was sure Blaine would have a fit about that. But more importantly he was concerned about exposing his friends to his mafia boyfriend. He figured the less interaction, the better. That way if they were ever questioned they could honestly claim ignorance.

Saturday morning Kurt went into the shop with his dad. They were back to their easy, relaxed comfort with one another, and Kurt was grateful. He'd missed his father.

They were surprisingly busy for a Saturday morning. Several oil changes, tire repairs, and part replacements. They worked steadily, joking and chatting with one another. Kurt was careful not to mention Blaine, and Burt didn't ask. At Noon Burt brought in the sidewalk sign, closed all the bay doors but one, and looked around the garage.

"Wow. I don't want all this waiting for the guys on Monday, especially since I have a full week of campaign stuff. How about I pick us up some pizza, and we knock a couple of these out?"

Kurt nodded. "Yeah, let's do it."

After Burt left, Kurt decided to make sure all the jobs were properly entered in the computer. As he stood behind the counter, the door opened and a young man walked in. He was a little taller than Kurt with black hair and dark green eyes. He was dressed in black skinny jeans, a black button down shirt, and a black suit jacket. His smile was wide and friendly.

"Hello. Are you still open?"

Kurt was momentarily struck by the man's handsomeness. His black hair was short and styled similar
to Kurt's. His green eyes were extremely clear and bright, and his skin was tan, smooth, and flawless.

"Um…well…sure. How can I help you?"

The man smiled brighter and Kurt's heart jumped a little.

"I just need an oil change."

"Oh, well I can definitely handle that for you."

The man's tone turned flirtatious.

"Incredibly good-looking, and mechanical know how. Impressive. What else can you do?"

Kurt's face flushed warm and pink. "Uh…um…where's your car?"

"Right out front."

"Okay. Fill this out and then you can pull into bay number two."

Kurt busied himself with the computer while the man quickly completed the paperwork. Kurt glanced at his name.

"Pascale?"

"Yes, and thank you for pronouncing it correctly. You'd be amazed at the number of people who say pass-cal-ly instead of pass-cal."

"It's an interesting name. Very unique."

"Thank you…" Pascale glanced at Kurt's overalls, "Kurt."

"Why don't you go ahead and pull your…Lexus into the garage."

Kurt shamelessly ran his eyes up and down Pascale's body when he turned to go outside. Kurt took a deep breath and chastised himself.

*What is wrong with you? You have a boyfriend! Stop drooling over some random guy.*

Pascale pulled his car in and Kurt got to work. While he was waiting, Burt came back with the pizza. He nodded at Pascale and glanced quizzically at Kurt who was busy working on the car. Burt looked back at Pascale for a moment before heading to his office.

It didn't take Kurt long to finish the oil change. As he walked into the waiting room, he ran his eyes up and down Pascale's body again. He had taken off his jacket. Kurt ran his eyes over his tight, firm, ass. He also noticed that his entire outfit appeared to be tailored made.

*Stop it! You have a boyfriend!*

He quickly stepped behind the counter. "You're all set."

Pascale turned around and smiled. "So, Kurt. Forgive my forwardness, but would you consider having dinner with me sometime?"

Kurt looked up, eyes wide. "What?"

"I'd love to take you to dinner sometime. Maybe tonight?"
"Oh," Kurt blushed. "Um, thank you. Thank you so much...that's very flattering, and awfully nice of you, but I can't."

Pascale nodded with a serious expression. "You're absolutely right. Dinner is too much of a commitment. How about coffee?" He grinned teasingly.

Kurt smiled apologetically. "I can't. Thank you, but I can't. I have a boyfriend."

"No surprise there. If I were your boyfriend, I would definitely not want you going out with other men. Of course, if you were my boyfriend, I wouldn't let you work here."

Kurt felt the need to defend Blaine. "This is my dad's shop, so I kind of grew up working here. I don't mind. I enjoy it. My boyfriend understands."

Pascale nodded. "I see. Okay then, what do I owe you?"

"$28.54, and I need you to sign this."

Pascale signed the paperwork with a fast scrawl and pulled out his wallet. He laid a $100.00 bill on the counter.

"It was a pleasure meeting you...Kurt Hummel." He turned and headed for the door.

"Wait! I need to give you change and a copy of your..."

Pascale shook his head. "No need, and you keep the change."

"Oh, no. No, I can't..."

Pascale winked and smiled. "Have a great day, Kurt."

He turned and walked out.

Kurt stood there dumbfounded. He looked down at the paperwork and realized Pascale hadn't filled out anything except his name and car model. Everything else was blank or filled with illegible scrawl. Kurt stood there thinking hard, his mind starting to churn with suspicion.

"Kurt, pizza's getting cold."

"Kurt?"

Kurt looked up. "Huh?"

"I said the pizza's getting cold."

"Oh, okay. Be right there."

Kurt ripped up the paperwork and threw it in the trash. He slipped the $100.00 bill into his pocket. He went to the small closet where he kept his bag while working. He stood there for a moment, contemplating before opening the door.

He checked the bag for his gun, and then went to join his father.

For the first time ever at a monthly family dinner, Blaine engaged the heads of the families in conversation. As they milled about enjoying cocktails before dinner, he respectfully introduced...
himself to each one, addressing them all as Mister versus their well-known nicknames. Naturally they all knew exactly who he was, but the respectful gesture earned him major points. They were also impressed with his specific, yet not too pushy inquiries into their business, and as Blaine turned on the charm, they willingly shared details with him.

Mario watched him work the room with great pride. The progress that had been made in a single evening was astounding, and a great relief. Blaine was truly stepping into his role as future boss. Embracing his true blood.

A few minutes before it was time for everyone to be seated, one of the staff members hurriedly approached Anastasia. Anastasia followed the young woman out to the living room, and suddenly a happy squeal rang out. Blaine and Telio followed Mario and Luther to the living room.

Anastasia was wrapped around Cooper in a crushing hug.

"Oh, Cooper! I'm so happy to see you!"

Blaine and Telio looked at each other, both concerned and suspicious. Telio looked over at Luther who was staring at Cooper with pure venom. Mario looked pleased, but guarded. The only one who looked completely happy to see Cooper was Anastasia.

"Where have you been? We've been so worried about you? Are you okay? What have you been eating? You're way too thin."

Cooper gave his mother a small smile that quickly disappeared as Mario stepped forward.

"I'm glad to see you, Cooper. I'm glad you're home."

"Really?" Cooper asked sarcastically.

Mario placed his hands on both of Cooper's shoulders. "Of course. You are my son. You will always be my son, and this will always be your home. Always."

Anastasia nodded. "How could you ever think we wouldn't be happy to see you? Now go upstairs, get cleaned up. It's almost time for dinner."

Blaine, Telio, and Luther all looked at each other thinking the same thing: no way could Cooper be allowed at dinner. He couldn't be trusted. They waited to see how Mario would handle it.

"Son, you look tired. Go upstairs and rest. We'll have dinner brought up to you."

Cooper shook his head. "No, that's okay. I'll join everyone else."

Anastasia shook her head. "No, you're father's right. You look exhausted."

"I'm fine mom."

"No. You need food and then rest. Now go."

"I'll just wash up and change my shirt. I'm perfectly capable of eating with everyone else."

Cooper headed towards the stairs. Mario waited until he was out of sight to motion to one of the guards lounging in the corner.

"Don't let him out of his room. No matter what, he is not to come downstairs until dinner is over."
The man nodded and headed up to Cooper's room.

As Luther had predicted, dinner was a raucous affair. Discussions of business quickly dissolved into questions about Frank Chartussi’s visit to Ohio. Rumors were flying. Everything from the Andersons were finally entering the drug game, to speculation that the Andersons were planning to sell their business interests to the Chartussis. That rumor especially incensed Mario. The idea that he would ever sell off his family's business was insulting.

Mario spent most of the dinner calming everyone down and promising them that Chartussi would be dealt with soon. No one wanted a war. Mob wars were disruptive, bad for business, and drew attention. The heads of the other families made it clear that they wanted Chartussi taken care of quickly and quietly. The sooner the better.

Blaine listed to the discussions with disgust. Why were they all such cowards? Blaine was itching to declare war on Chartussi. He wanted to destroy him completely and take over New York. Once things were settled he would hand the day-to-day operations over to Telio and focus on giving Kurt any and everything he wanted. He would hand New York to Kurt on a silver platter.

Once the meal was over and the drinking began, Blaine headed upstairs. He wanted to check in on Kurt. As he walked past Cooper's room the door opened and Cooper grabbed him. He covered his mouth and held him from behind in a choke hold. He kicked the back of Blaine's knees, forcing him to fall to the floor.

"Hi little brother. Glad to see some things never change."

Blaine struggled to release himself. Cooper let him go with a laugh.

"You're weaker now than you were when we were little. I guess having someone fight all your battles will do that to you."

Blaine stood up, his eyes blazing in anger. "What the fuck do you want?"

Cooper threw himself on his bed and looked at the ceiling. "I wanna talk to you."

"About what?"

Cooper sat up and looked straight into his eyes.

"Skylar is dead."

"What?"

"Skylar's dead. He was murdered."

For a brief moment Blaine felt sorry for his brother. Sadness clouded Cooper's face, and his eyes grew moist. In that moment he looked so lost and alone.

"When did this happen?"

"A few weeks ago. It was my fault."

"How was it your fault?"

"I killed Dirk Mason's nephew. Dirk killed Skylar in revenge."

Several minutes of silence passed until Cooper shocked Blaine with his next words.
"Be my partner."

"What?"

"Be my partner. You're my brother. If anyone should be my partner, it's you."

Blaine shook his head. "You know I can't do that."

The toll of withdrawal, coupled with anger over being locked in his room during dinner, escalated Cooper's mood quickly. He started shaking and staring at Blaine with wide, wild eyes.

"Yes you can! You can do whatever you want! You don't have to take over one day! You always said you didn't want any part of the family business! Now all of a sudden you can't wait to be boss! I always knew you were full of shit!"

Blaine stepped back and turned towards the door. Cooper lunged at him, grabbing his shirt, jerking him back. Blaine swung, his fist landing on Cooper's jaw. Cooper yelled and picked Blaine up by his shirt, slamming him to the ground. Blaine froze as Cooper fell down beside him, a gun suddenly in his hand, pressed against Blaine's temple.

"I should kill you. I should shoot your ass right now just to teach dear old dad a lesson."

Cooper didn't hear the door to his bedroom open.

He didn't know Telio was in the room until he felt the barrel pressed against the back of his head, and heard the cock of the gun.

"Nothing would give me more pleasure than to blow your coked up ass away, but Anastasia would never forgive me, so drop the fucking gun."

Cooper pulled the gun away from Blaine's head, dropped it, and slowly stood up. Telio stepped back but kept his gun pointed at Cooper. Blaine jumped up angrily.

"You asshole! And you wonder why nobody trusts you! You're such a fucking asshole!"

Cooper slowly moved backwards, his eyes fixed on Telio who was still aiming his gun straight at Cooper. "Get out!"

Blaine crossed his arms and smirked. "Excuse me, but you were the one that dragged me in here."

Telio took a step forward and aimed a bit higher at Cooper's head. Cooper started to panic.

"Stay the hell away from me!"

"I don't know, Cooper. Maybe I should do everyone a favor and just let Telio blow you away. I doubt anyone would miss you much."

Cooper started screaming. "Fuck you, Blaine! I hate you! I fucking hate you! I hate you!"

Telio kept his eyes fixed on Cooper. "Give me permission, Blaine and I'll kill him."

For a split second Blaine was tempted, but he knew his mother would be devastated.

"No. Let's just go. He'll kill himself eventually." Blaine looked at Cooper. "Stay the fuck away from me, and from Timothy Schlossman."
Blaine turned and left.

Telio lowered his gun and shook his head.

"You're so fucking pathetic."

"Don't you say shit to me, you illegitimate bastard! When the time comes, I'm gunning for you first!"

Telio laughed. "I'd love to see you try." He slowly backed out of the room. Once he was gone, Cooper slammed his door shut and locked it. He paced back and forth several times before throwing himself on his bed. His mind was swirling and swimming, and he wanted a line of coke more than anything.

Then he sat up suddenly as a thought hit him.

He laughed out loud.

*Thanks for the idea little brother.*

By Sunday afternoon Kurt and Blaine were eager to be back in one another's arms. It had been a long weekend. Blaine watched with growing anticipation as the red dot on his cell phone grew closer and closer to Dalton. When Kurt turned into the Dalton driveway, Blaine's cell phone rang with a call from the two men who'd followed Kurt to Lima and now back to Dalton.

"Yes?"

"Just wanted to let you know he's back safe and sound."

"Thank you."

"No problem."

Ten minutes later, Kurt arrived in their room flushed and breathless.

"Hey."

"Hi gorgeous."

They fell into each other's arms, their lips meeting in passionate kisses of hunger and need in between murmured words of love and reassurance.

"I missed you so much. You have no idea."

"I missed you too, gorgeous. I don't want you leaving anymore. I mean it, Kurt. No more trips home."

Kurt ignored him and pushed him towards the bed. Blaine sat down and watched appreciatively as Kurt began to remove his clothes. They'd fallen asleep the night before after hot and heavy phone sex. Blaine had weaved a tantalizing tale of being an evil king who kept Kurt chained up in his room, only releasing him for meals, grand balls, and sex. All night long Kurt had vivid dreams of being chained up and fucked hard by King Blaine on top of a medieval wooden table. He'd woken up horny as hell and eager to get back to school.

Once he was naked, Kurt dropped to his knees in front of Blaine and started undoing his pants.
"I missed you, my king."

"I missed you too, sex boy."

"Allow me to show you how much I missed you."

Blaine fell back on to the bed with a groan as Kurt pulled out his cock and quickly swallowed it.

"Yeah…serve your king, gorgeous."

Timothy sat nervously in a back booth of a greasy dive on the edge of town. He'd argued with himself all day about coming, and was now arguing with himself about staying, but he was curious. And he needed a hit.

Just one.

One final hit.

That was it.

He squeezed his eyes shut and tried to push away the self-loathing thoughts that filled his head whenever he thought about using.

*You're so fucking weak. What's wrong with you? You're so worthless.*

He shuddered and slouched down a bit more, his thoughts weighing him down.

"What's up Timothy?" Cooper slid into the booth.

Timothy suddenly felt scared. Why had he agreed to meet Cooper? He'd promised Blaine and his brother that he wouldn't use anymore. What was he doing here?

Cooper flashed him his signature smile. "So, how ya doing?"

"I'm fine. Um…why did you want to meet?"

Cooper arched an eyebrow and gave him a knowing look.

"I hadn't heard from you. Wanted to make sure you were okay."

Timothy looked confused. "Really?"

"Of course. And…I have a present for you."

"A present?"

"Yep."

Cooper reached into his backpack and took out a soft, black laptop protector. He pushed it across the table. Timothy looked at it and then back up at Cooper. Cooper smiled and nodded. Timothy unzipped the protector and sucked in a breath.

Inside was a gallon size freezer bag of coke filled to the top.

Timothy quickly zipped the bag, but did not push it away.
"You're giving me this?"

"You will receive a bag like that every week in exchange for doing something for me."

Timothy felt the thrill he always got right after purchasing a bag of coke. The anticipation of what he was about to do. The knowledge that the feeling…that unbelievable, indescribable, delicious feeling was just moments away. His fingers twitched. His nose itched. His body wanted to get up and run. Straight to his dorm room.

And snort the entire bag.

Cooper watched him closely. He recognized all the signs. He felt them himself almost every day. Staying clean was getting easier, but it was tough when he was constantly surrounded by cocaine. His hunger for revenge was the only thing keeping him clean.

"I don't understand. What do you want?"

"You still go to school with my brother, right?"

Timothy felt a pang of guilt. "Yeah?"

Cooper smiled.

"Oh come on, Wes. What will it hurt? It's not like we have any serious competitions left for the year. We're just singing at nursing homes and strip malls with food courts."

Kurt nodded vigorously in support of Blaine's point.

It was Thursday afternoon and the Warblers were discussing whether or not to allow an addition to the group so late in the school year. Wes was totally against it.

"I don't like the precedent it sets. It's almost April. Spring Break is in a few weeks. School is out at the end of May. Why can't he just wait and audition in the fall?"

"You let me audition off schedule," said Kurt.

"That was different," countered Wes. "You were a mid-year transfer student, and you had glee club experience. Timothy Schlossman…I don't even know if he can sing."

"Then allow him to audition." Blaine was determined to get Timothy in. He'd been thrilled when Timothy approached him and asked if he could join the Warblers. He thought it might help him stay clean. Blaine was eager to help.

"All right, enough discussion," said David. "Let's put it to a vote. All in favor of letting Timothy Schlossman audition?"

About half the boys raised their hands. Blaine glared around the room causing the rest of the hands to shoot into the air.

Wes sighed in resignation. "Okay. He gets to audition."

Blaine exclaimed, "Yes!" while Kurt grinned and nodded happily.

A week later, thanks to coaching and tips from Kurt and Blaine, Timothy sailed through his audition with a surprisingly great performance of, "She's Not There" by the Zombies. That evening at dinner,
Wes grudgingly admitted that Timothy had a great voice.

"I just don't get why he didn't join sooner? We could have used his voice at regionals."

"Because he was using, Wes. When you're using nothing else matters except your next hit. I think you're just pissed that you didn't discover him first."

Telio and Wes shared a look as Kurt and Blaine fell into an enthusiastic conversation about giving Timothy a makeover.

Wes got up to get more to drink. Telio followed him.

"I think it's strange too."

Wes shrugged. "Maybe I'm being overly suspicious."

Telio shook his head. "You can never be overly suspicious. Especially when it comes to a drug addict."

They watched Blaine and Kurt laughing and talking happily.

Wes smiled. "Kurt's been good for him."

Telio frowned. "I guess."

Wes looked at him in surprise. "You don't like Kurt?"

"I like him all right. He's nice. Annoying and nosy as hell, but he's fine. It's just…I'm not sure he fully understands what he's gotten himself into. I love them, but the Andersons are pretty fucked up."

"But don't you think Blaine is different?"

Telio shook his head. "No. Like father, like son."

x-x-x-x-x-x

In his dorm room, Timothy dialed Cooper's number.

"Yeah?"

"I got in! I'm a Warbler," said Timothy excitedly.

"Yeah, yeah. Alright. Calm your shit."

"When can we meet?"

"Fuck! You finished that entire bag already?"

Timothy paused for a moment as he stared at the lines of coke he was going to do the moment he got off the phone. "It doesn't matter if I did or not. You said a bag every week in exchange for information on Kurt and Blaine."

"Yeah, I did, but you haven't given me any information except that you're a song bird now."

"Oh. Okay. Well…what do you want to know?"

"Tell me everything you can about Blaine's boyfriend."
"Mario, you promised."

Mario didn't bother to look up from the papers he was studying.

"I know I did darling, but I need to make sure everything is in perfect order for the meeting. With all the rumblings going on, I need to present a strong, fiscally responsible image to the Board."

While Anderson Construction was a privately held company, there was a Board of Directors to whom Mario reported twice a year. The Board was made up of honest businessmen and corporation CEOs who enjoyed the hint of badassness that came from being connected to a mafia owned company. It provided a bit of excitement in their otherwise drab, boring, business by the book lives. Since the company was wholly owned by Mario, they didn't have to worry about shareholders, or accountability. For Mario it was a way to appear as a legitimate businessman, even if the world knew otherwise.

"Don't you want to present a beautiful, well-dressed wife to the Board as well?"

Mario looked up at Anastasia and smiled. "My wife is always beautiful, and impeccably dressed."

"I won't be if you don't take me shopping."

Mario put down his papers and stood up. He pulled Anastasia to him and wrapped his arms around her waist as he nuzzled her neck. Anastasia was not a spoiled wife. Yes, she had a master walk-in closet of designer clothes, shoes, and purses, but she never demanded or whined for anything. Everything she had was because Mario insisted on buying for her. Nagging him to take her shopping was very uncharacteristic.

"Stasia, what is this really about? What is it that you want?"

Anastasia pulled back a little. "I wanna go out. Do you know how long it's been since I left the compound? I'm sick of being locked up in here, Mario! I wanna go out. Shopping, lunch, dancing, something! I want out!"

Mario sighed. He hated to neglect his wife, but he had important things to take care of. He was about to apologize when Luther walked in.

"Hey, do you have…oh, sorry."

Mario's eyes lit up.

"I have a great idea. Luther will take you shopping."

Both Anastasia and Luther looked confused. "What?"

"Luther will take you shopping. He's been locked away here too. Getting out will do him some good."

Both began to protest.

"But Mario, I wanted to spend time with you."

Luther chimed in. "And you and I need to finish reviewing the numbers for the final report."

Mario shook his head. "Nonsense. I can do that myself, and darling, I promise. After the meeting we'll go to Orchids for lunch, and maybe go out for desert."
Anastasia glanced nervously at Luther who was staring at her with a strange intensity in his eyes. She looked back at Mario to see if he noticed.

He didn't.

"That's okay. I really just wanted to spend time with you. I have plenty of clothes. I'll just go through and pick something."

"Are you sure? I'd be happy to take you," said Luther.

"Yes, yes, I'm sure." She turned back to Mario and kissed him on the mouth, lingering a few seconds longer than usual.

"I look forward to our date."

Mario nodded and sat back down, returning to his papers.

Anastasia avoided looking at Luther as she left the room.

But she could feel his eyes boring into her.

The next few weeks were busy as everyone prepared for midterm exams, and made plans for spring break.

Spring break.

Fourteen days.

Kurt wasn't sure if he was upset that he and Blaine were arguing about spring break, or if he was secretly thrilled because all of their arguments ended with Blaine trying to fuck him into agreement. Hard, punishing, bondage fucking that left Kurt physically exhausted, bruised, sore, and eagerly looking forward to their next round.

Their evenings were a strange haze of studying, sex, studying and more sex. Eventually sex became a part of their studying. Kurt would kneel in front Blaine, his arms locked behind him in the arm binder, a tie tight around his throat with the ends held by Blaine.

"Alright Kurt. Name the top ten components of Roosevelt's New Deal."

Kurt quickly named eight, but could not remember the last two. Blaine shook his head with an evil grin.

"The Tennessee Valley Authority and the Works Progress Administration. Open up."

Kurt groaned as Blaine rammed his cock down his throat before grabbing the ends of the tie, slowly pulling it tight.

"That's right, Kurt. Choke on my cock like a good boy. If you don't study harder, you're never going to go to college, and you'll have to spend your life as my personal cock slut. Is that what you want Kurt? It's okay if is because I'll take good care of you. I promise. You can earn your keep by letting me fuck you five times a day, and sucking my cock in between. Shit...I'd never leave home."

Kurt knew perfectly well that the last two components were the Tennessee Valley Authority and the Works Progress Administration.
He just loved Blaine torturing him.

The only time they studied in the library was when Timothy asked for help. They would study for a while, but eventually end up talking about other things.

Like Kurt.

Timothy asked his questions casually. Where did Kurt live? What did his dad do? How was his campaign going? Did Kurt like working at his dad's shop? How often was he there?

Did he ever work there alone?

By the end of their study sessions, Timothy could barely make it back to his room from the weight of guilt and self-loathing pressing into him from all sides. Sometimes he would sit on his bed and cry.

_You're so awful. Kurt and Blaine are your friends and you're selling them out for coke. What's wrong with you?_

And then he would do a few lines to feel better.

"Dad? Please say something? I know you have concerns, but I swear I'll be fine."

"Dad?"

"Dad?"

Kurt sighed and leaned against the door frame of the entrance to the Warbler's practice room. Why was he always fighting with the two most important men in his life about his whereabouts?

"Why do you have to go there for an entire week? Why not just a few days?"

"It's a long drive from Lima to where Blaine lives in Westerville. His family's compound…house is on the other side of Westerville. Besides, what difference does 3 days versus 7 really make?"

"Exactly my point. Did you just say compound?"

"It…it's not a compound…it's just…a really big house on a lot of land, so Blaine calls it a compound. For fun."

_Great. Now I'm lying._

Kurt and Blaine had reached a compromise. Kurt would spend the first week of spring break with his father, and the second week with Blaine. Assuming he could get his father to agree. Blaine was not happy, but he didn't want to keep fighting. He couldn't wait for Burt to win the election and have to spend his days in Washington. Hopefully his trips to Ohio would be few and far between.

"Kurt, you already know how I feel about this. I don't like the idea of you spending time at his house. They're dangerous people, Kurt. There's no telling what might happen while you're there."

"Nothing will happen. They have plenty of…" Kurt caught himself. Telling his father the Andersons had plenty of security guards walking around with guns would not help his case.

"…guests. They always have guests. Blaine's mom loves to entertain." _Liar, liar, pants on fire._

"Yeah, I bet they have guests. I don't like this, Kurt."
Kurt remained silent. He didn't know what else to say.

"Let's just wait till you get home to make a decision, okay?"

"Okay." Great. My father's going to lock me in my room.

"I love you, kid."

"Love you too, dad."

Kurt hung up feeling tired. He loved Blaine, but being his boyfriend was exhausting.

As if on cue, Andrew came around the corner. He stopped, glanced around, and smiled when he saw Kurt was alone.

"Hey."

"Hi."

"How you been?"

"Oh, okay. You know. Studying."

"Yeah, same here. How are things looking for your science class?"

The two started chatting. Kurt had forgotten how funny Andrew was. Soon the two were laughing hysterically as Andrew entertained Kurt with stories about the art club, and projects gone terribly wrong. Andrew's beautiful smile made Kurt smile. He'd forgotten how nice Andrew was.

Andrew is great friendship material. I really need to work on spending time with other people besides Blaine.

Blaine stood at the end of the hall watching his boyfriend and listening to his laughter.

Kurt is so beautiful.

Andrew is so dead.

Blaine headed towards them slowly, almost like a lion stalking its prey.

Kurt spotted him, smiled, and held out his hand.

"There you are. Hi."

Blaine took his hand and smiled back. "Hi gorgeous." He looked at Andrew, but didn't say a word. His eyes spoke volumes. Andrew took a step back.

Shit.

"I'd better get back to studying. I'll see you guys later." Andrew hurried off.

"What the hell did he want?"

Kurt rolled his eyes. "Oh, stop it. We were just talking. He's very nice. Stop acting all Neanderthal on me."

"Neanderthal. Does that mean I get to drag you back to my cave by your hair?"
"Of course not. I spend a great deal of time styling my hair."

"Well, while you were out here laughing it up with assdrew, did you get a chance to call your father?"

"Yes."

"And?"

"And what do you think? He's not happy about it."

"But he'll let you come, right?"

"He wants to talk about it when I get home."

Blaine was quiet for a moment before taking Kurt's other hand in his. He looked directly in his eyes.

"Let me make something very clear. If you go home for spring break, and your father tries to stop you from coming to see me, I will come get you, Kurt. I will kidnap you if necessary, and your father will not be able to stop me. Do you understand?"

"Blaine, you can't just…" Blaine pressed a finger to Kurt's lips.

"Do you understand?"

The look in Blaine's eyes, and the tone of his voice sent a ripple of warning up Kurt's spine. For some reason he was reminded of Anastasia's story of how she and Mario met. And how Mario destroyed her father's business.

*Stop it. Blaine would never do that.*

"Yes, I understand."

The Anderson Construction Company Board meeting was held at the headquarter offices in downtown Westerville. The gathering was a who's who of CEOs of major corporations in Ohio. Security was tight and plentiful.

Anastasia enjoyed greeting the board members as they arrived. Mario shook hands, made pleasantries, and took mental notes on everyone. Across the room Luther stood in the corner and watched Anastasia.

And thought things he knew he shouldn't.

Once the meeting was over, Mario asked Carlisle to pull the car around to the front of the building. Luther frowned.

"Aren't we going out the back way?"

Mario shook his head. "No. We're going to Orchids for lunch."

In the lobby, Mario stopped to chat with a few board members.

Martin looked outside for Carlisle while Luther kept an eye on Mario and Anastasia. Martin came back in.
"He's not out there yet."
Luther looked around.
Something wasn't right.
He motioned to two of the security guards.
"Go check on Carlisle."
Mario, Anastasia, and the board members started towards the front door. Luther and Martin quickly joined them.
Two body guards walked out first followed by the small group.
Once outside, Mario shook hands with the men. They kissed Anastasia on the cheek.
Carlisle pulled up and the car doors open.
The gun shots rang out, loud and fast.
Luther threw himself at Anastasia, pushing her to the ground. Martin fired back before he was shot several times. The guards opened fire on the car, riddling it with bullets before it sped away.
And suddenly all was quiet.
Only Anastasia's screams filled the air as she stared at Mario's bloody body lying on the ground.

Exams were over.
Kurt and Blaine had decided to celebrate by having a junk food fest movie marathon. They'd gone to the store earlier in the week to stock up, so now they were hanging out, eating candy and watching, "Clue." They hadn't seen much of the movie due to Blaine's tickle attack on Kurt. This led to a robust pillow fight which ended with Blaine's desk lamp getting knocked over.
"Property damage! You owe me $175.00!"
"Why do you have a $175.00 lamp?"
Blaine shrugged. "I liked it."
Kurt shook his head. Blaine crawled back on to the bed and Kurt joined him, snuggling in under his arm.
"When you come stay with me we'll drive to the outlet mall and you can buy me a new lamp."
"I'd love to go to the outlet mall, but I don't have any money. My dad decided to hire a few extra guys to make up for his absence at the shop. No more spending money for me."
Blaine's smile was sexy and wicked. "That's okay, gorgeous. You can work off the price of the lamp by being my whore. Let's say...$10.00 a blowjob."
Kurt sat up and punched his arm. "$10.00! My blowjobs are worth more than $10.00!"
Blaine cracked up laughing at the outraged expression on Kurt's face. He pulled him back down and kissed his nose. "Your blowjobs are priceless. You are priceless."
"Hmph." Kurt allowed himself to be wrapped back up in Blaine's arms.

"You know you'll never need money, Kurt. I'll always take care of you, and I'll buy you anything you want. Anything."

There was a knock on the door.

"Yes?"

"Blaine, its Headmaster Donaldson. I need to speak with you."

Kurt sat up, eyes wide and full of panic. Shit! Shit! Shit! Someone had finally ratted them out!

Blaine mouthed, "calm down," and motioned towards the bathroom. He grabbed a shirt and waited until Kurt was in the bathroom with the door slightly cracked. He opened the door and was surprised to see Luther standing there along with the Headmaster. The Headmaster's face was somber, his eyes full of concern.

No.

No.

No.

No.

No.

"Blaine, I'm so sorry, but apparently your father was in a car accident. He's at the hospital. You're to leave with your uncle immediately." Blaine looked at Luther.

His face said it all.

"C-can I talk to my uncle?"

"Of course. I'll go get Mr. Montgomery. I assume he'll be leaving as well?"

Luther nodded. "Of course. He's Mario's son too."

The Headmaster nodded. "We'll meet you in the main hall."

The moment the door closed, Kurt ran out of the bathroom. He stopped short when he saw Luther, but Luther didn't look surprised to see him.

"It was a hit. As your parents were leaving the board meeting. Your father was shot several times. He's in surgery. Your mother's fine. Just a bruised wrist from being pushed to the ground. Carlisle is dead. So is Martin."

Blaine turned pale. "Is he...is my father..."

Luther shook his head. "I don't know, Blaine. It...it was pretty bad. Look, we gotta go. We have to get you underground. Grab a few things and let's get outta here."

Kurt looked at Blaine.

Underground?
Blaine grabbed a duffel bag from his closet and started throwing in clothes. Feeling the need to help, Kurt went into the bathroom and grabbed all of Blaine's toiletries. He dumped them in a plastic bag and handed them to him.

"Here."

Blaine tossed the bag inside the duffel and zipped it. He pulled on a pair of jeans, a shirt, and his shoes. He grabbed Kurt and kissed him long and hard.

"I promise to send for you. Do you understand?"

Kurt shook his head. "No, I don't understand. Where are you going? Aren't you just going to visit your father? Aren't you coming back?"

The pain in Blaine's eyes scared Kurt. Blaine placed his hands on either side of Kurt's face.

"I love you. I love you so much, Kurt, and…I'm sorry. I'm so sorry, but I promise, I'll send for you, and when I do I expect you to come. Do you understand? I'll send for you. I promise."

Kurt's fear turned to panic.

"But where are you going? Why are you sorry? I don't understand!"

Blaine interrupted him with another firm kiss. He then took off the necklace he always wore around his neck and put it on Kurt.

"This is the key to the box in the corner of my closet. If you leave to go home, when I send for you, or if something happens, take everything in it. Do you understand? The money is yours now. If something happens and you need to use it, use it."

"Blaine…"

Blaine kissed him again, softer this time. He wrapped his arms around him and held him tight, his voice breaking.

"I…I love you. Kurt. I love you so much. I'll….I'll send for you when I can….I'm sorry. Just know that I love you. You belong to me, Kurt. You're mine."

Blaine pulled back and stared into Kurt's eyes. His voice was firm and demanding as his eyes turned intense. Kurt could practically feel the heat of Blaine's stare burning into him as Blaine placed his hands around his neck.

"Say it, Kurt. Say it."

"I'm yours. I belong to you."

Blaine nodded. "You'll come when I send for you?"

Kurt didn't know what else to do.

He nodded.

Blaine kissed him one last time.

"I love you."
And then he was gone.
Chapter 17

This is the chapter where Blaine officially loses it. Or gains it depending on how you look at it.

His final descent into the criminal world is fast and literally begins with a bang.

This is also one of those chapters I kind of detest because while it's necessary for the story, it's not fun to write. In other words, no smut. Hopefully this week's Glee episode, and the mention of "hottest make up sex ever," makes up for the lack of smut in this chapter.

Everything takes place over the Dalton two week Spring Break.

Warnings for violence, murder, homophobic language, and Blaine being an evil, clueless, cupcake.

Friday morning Kurt sat in bed staring at the open closet, his cell phone lying next to him. It was the start of spring break and everyone was supposed to leave campus by 1:00 pm. He and Blaine had planned to have breakfast that morning and then fuck until it was time to leave.

"A week without you is gonna kill me, Kurt. I have to fuck you until my dick is numb."

Kurt sighed and picked up his phone. He'd been fighting the urge to call Blaine since waking up. He knew all about the fear and stress of having someone in the hospital. He wanted to comfort Blaine and send his love to Anastasia and Telio.

He wanted to make sure Mario was still alive.

Please stay alive. Please stay alive. Please, please, please...

Kurt could hear the shouts and laughter of the other boys leaving for spring break. Did anyone else at Dalton know about the shooting? Should he tell the Warblers? Normally it would seem like the right thing to do, but given Blaine's family and the circumstances…

Kurt put down his phone and decided to start packing. As he pulled clothes out of his closet and debated outfits, a thought popped into his head.

Will I still get to spend the second week of spring break with Blaine? Is that what he meant by I'll send for you?

He decided to pack optimistically, selecting outfits as if he'd be going out with Blaine. When he was finished with his clothes he made sure the bedroom door was locked before pulling the heavy steel box out of the corner of the closet. He took the key from around his neck and unlocked it.

Inside were two guns, a box of bullets, $15,000 in cash, a set of keys, and a small piece of paper with several rows of number and letter combinations:
Passwords? Vault combinations?

He put everything into a bag and put the bag inside his suitcase. He got dressed, made sure the room was neat and tidy, and left.

When he arrived in the student garage he was surprised to see Blaine's car still parked next to his. As he looked at the car, nerves and fear kicked in. Was it safe for him to drive home by himself? If someone was coming after the Andersons was he on the list by association?

He sat in his own car for several minutes, thinking hard and debating before pulling a gun out of his bag. He loaded it carefully and laid it on the passenger seat.

He sent Blaine a text.

I'm leaving Dalton. Will call you when I'm home. I hope your dad is okay. Call me when you can. I love you.

When Blaine arrived in the main hall of Dalton Friday night, there were four armed men waiting for him. Telio was already there, looking more serious and somber than Blaine could ever remember. The headmaster eyed the armed men nervously.

"Perhaps you and Mr. Montgomery should remain here until we hear from your mother."

Blaine shook his head. "No, it's okay. I know them. We'll be fine. Thank you."

Outside a fleet of black cars were waiting. Blaine and Telio were ushered inside a custom made black Hummer with rear seats that faced each other, similar to a limousine. Luther sat on one side, Telio and Blaine sat on the other.

"We'll stop by the hospital, but we can't stay long. We need to get you underground as soon as possible," said Luther.

Blaine said nothing, his mind consumed with racing thoughts.

A hit.

An actual hit on his father.

Who had the guts to pull this off? Was it Chartussi? Had to be. Were they officially at war now? What if his father died? Would Cooper try to kill him to prevent him from taking over? How long before he could send for Kurt? Would Kurt be safer staying at Dalton?

Shit.

It was spring break. Kurt would be going home.

Fuck. Fuck. Fuck.

At the hospital, Blaine and Telio were escorted by several guards to the fifth floor. There were several men standing in the hall, guns hidden, but clearly present. The nursing staff looked a little shell-shocked at having their floor cleared of all patients but one who required a small army of guards.
They were led to a room at the end of the hall where three men stood guard at the door. They nodded at Blaine and moved aside.

Anastasia was sitting in a chair pushed close to the bed. She was bent over, her head resting on her arm, her hand holding Mario's.

"Mom?"

Anastasia sat up, her eyes red and tired. She looked lost and frightened. She stood up and wrapped her arms around Blaine. "Oh, Blaine, Blaine, Blaine..." She pulled Telio into the hug, holding both boys tight for a moment before releasing them. Her voice ached with anguished disbelief.

"They shot him. They shot him so many times...so, so many times."

As he stared at his father Blaine was suddenly filled with a deep, strong fear. He wasn't sure what he expected, but he was shaken by the sight of his father connected to monitors, machines, and an IV. It was the first time he'd ever seen him so still, quiet, and pale.

Weak.

Luther quietly entered the room.

"Anastasia, why don't you come with me to get something to drink? Let the boys have a moment."

Anastasia didn't move until Luther walked over and gently placed a hand on her shoulder.
"Anastasia, come with me."

Anastasia looked at his hand on her shoulder and then up at him. She slowly stood up, allowing Luther to lead her out.

Blaine sat down and took his father's hand.

"Dad? I'm here, dad. We're here."

Blaine looked towards the door as he heard Telio trying to leave.

"No. Stay here."

Telio shook his head. "I...I don't wanna intrude. He's your father."

"Our father."

Telio still looked uncertain.

"Please stay. He'd want you here, Telio. He'd expect you to be here."

Telio sat down and stared at the floor. Blaine turned back to Mario.

"Dad...I love you. I love you so much. We love you so much. You have to get better, okay? We need you to get better. I need you to get better. I'm not..." Blaine trailed off as fear squeezed his chest.

I'm not ready. Not right now. I can't do this right now. I don't wanna do this right now. I need you. We need you.

Blaine squeezed his father's hand and whispered, "Please get better. You have to get better. Please
dad…please…"

He and Telio sat in silence until Luther came in.

"We should go. The sooner you're outta here, the better."

Blaine picked up his father's hand and kissed it.

"I love you."

Telio walked over to the bed and took Mario's hand. He gently squeezed. He didn't feel comfortable saying anything out loud. He hoped Mario could somehow hear his thoughts.

_Don't worry. I'll take care of Blaine. You know I'll protect him with my life. And I'll help him with everything. I'm ready. Don't worry. Just get better._

As they walked down the hall, Blaine could feel the curious eyes of the men on him. Some were sympathetic, others were skeptical and slightly hostile. He could practically hear their thoughts.

_So, is the fag in charge now?_

_He's just a fucking kid._

_What does he know?_

_Hope Mario recovers._

Blaine held his head a little higher and tried to walk with a confidence he didn't feel. He was grateful when they were back in the Hummer. As they pulled out of the parking lot he took out his phone to call Kurt. Luther reached over and snatched it from him.

"Are you crazy? Absolutely not."

"What?"

Luther looked at Telio. "Gimme your phone too."

Telio scowled as he reached in his pocket, took out his phone, and handed it to Luther. "I already know better. You don't have to take my phone."

Blaine was confused. "What's going on?"

"You can't call anyone, Blaine. We've just been hit, and until we know who was behind it we have to be careful. No cell phones and no contact with anyone until we know who's legit. Considering how this was pulled off, it's possible we have a traitor lurking around. We have to be careful."

"The only person I'm gonna call is Kurt!"

Luther shook his head. "No phone calls. We can't take a chance on your calls being traced. You make a phone call, it hits a cell phone tower and tells someone where you are. We can't take any chances."

"Okay. Is there a landline somewhere that I can use? What about at the construction offices?"

Luther shook his head. "No phone calls, Blaine."
"But I gotta call Kurt!"

"We can't trust anyone."

"I get that, but this is Kurt! Kurt is not a threat!"

Luther shook his head. "I know you love him Blaine, but his father's been seen talking to an FBI agent. I'm guessing Burt Hummel isn't too thrilled about his son dating a mobster right when he's trying to get elected to office."

"That has nothing to do with Kurt!"

"Nevertheless we can't take any chances. We don't know who's behind this, who they're working for, or what connections they have. Until we have a clearer understanding of what we're dealing with we can't be reckless."

Blaine was about to continue arguing when the Hummer made a sudden sharp turn and accelerated. They pulled into a parking garage and sped up two floors before coming to a stop behind a black SUV. Two guards opened the door. Telio pushed a confused Blaine out of the Hummer.

"Come on. We're changing cars."

Luther sat in the front, while Blaine and Telio sat in the back. Blaine leaned his head against the window as the car sped off.

Then it hit him.

*Kurt's tracking bracelet.*

"I need my phone to track Kurt."

Luther shook his head. "No phones, Blaine. No computers, no phones, no technology until we have a better idea of what's going on."

"I can't just cut all communication and leave him alone and defenseless! What if someone comes after him?"

"He's got a gun, right? Look, Blaine, I suggest you take a moment to get your priorities straight."

Blaine's eyes darkened as his anger twisted into a mean, ugly ball of resentment. His voice was very quiet.

"I know exactly what my priorities are, and one of them is Kurt."

"Then your priorities are fucked up because that's one priority too many."

"Maybe if Lisa had been more of a priority for you…"

Telio grabbed Blaine's arm and hissed. "Stop it! Shut up!"

Blaine yanked his arm away, but said nothing else.

Luther stared straight ahead in stony silence.

x-x-x
Blaine dozed off, waking as the car slowed and turned down a narrow drive leading to a large old house. It was a very plain looking home with a black roof and white aluminum siding. Behind it were acres of abandoned corn fields.

They climbed out of the car and stretched. Blaine looked around.

"Where are we?"

"A safe house owned by an old friend of the family," said Luther.

As they approached the porch, the door swung open and an old man appeared, a shot gun slung over his shoulder. His face broke out into a toothy grin.

"Glad you made it. We was getting worried."

The man stepped aside for them to enter. They walked into a large living room with a couch against one wall and several arm chairs spread around. Blaine spotted an upright piano in the corner.

The old man locked the wooden front door and then slid a steel door across it. Telio raised an eyebrow and looked at Luther. Luther nodded reassuringly. The old man turned and looked Blaine up and down.

"Damn if you ain't the spitting image of your father. You could be twins."

Blaine said nothing, too busy staring at the steel door. It made him nervous. The old man followed his gaze and smiled proudly.

"This house is solid. A total fortress. You'll be safe here."

"Thank you…" Blaine waited for a name.

"Sorry. Shoulda introduced myself. Elias Abbiati. I'm an old friend of your grandfather. He and I were partners for years. I used to slice up bodies for him."

What?

Luther spoke up. "Elias, this is Telio. Blaine's brother."

Elias looked at Telio with a confused frown that morphed into a sly smirk. "So, Mario had a little colorful fun on the side, eh?"

Telio's eyes flashed dark and menacing at the implication. Luther quickly shook his head. "No, no. Telio is adopted."

"Oh." Elias looked skeptical.

Elias introduced his three sons: Eli, Elijah and Elian. Blaine and Telio glanced at each other in amusement. Elias spoke proudly of his sons.

"I guarantee no one will touch you with us watching over you. My boys are good. Know how to kill a man with their bare hands. All three of em."

Telio was intrigued while Blaine felt his nerves tighten. Steel doors? Slicing up bodies? Killer triplets? Was this a safe house, or a house of horror?

Elias led them upstairs and showed them the bedrooms. Nothing fancy, but they were clean.
"I'm sure y'all are worn out. Why don't you get some sleep and we'll sort it all out in the morning."

Blaine tried to smile gratefully. "Okay. Thank you."

Elias waved his hand. "This is what we do. What we've always done." Elias paused and stared at Blaine. "Amazing how much you look like Mario. Really is somethin'."

Blaine nodded politely and immediately locked the door after Elias left. He took off his shirt and jeans and draped them over a chair and then decided he should find the bathroom. He slipped his jeans back on and unlocked the door, opening it to find one of the brothers sitting on the floor across from his room, an AK47 in his lap. He nodded at Blaine.

"I got first shift. My brother has second."

"Um…okay. Where's the bathroom?"

"Second door."

"Thanks."

Blaine used the bathroom and washed his face. There were several unopened toothbrushes and a tube of new toothpaste on the sink. He brushed his teeth and thought about a shower, but suddenly felt exhausted. He headed back to his room.

He put a gun on the nightstand and one under his pillow before lying down. After a few minutes he reached under the pillow and removed the gun, lying it right next to him in bed.

He fell asleep in seconds.

x-x-x

Blaine woke up the next morning in a bad mood. He was worried about his father, and worried about Kurt. Had Kurt made it home safely? If something happened how would they get in touch with each other?

This was bullshit. He had to get to a phone.

He took a quick shower, got dressed and headed downstairs. He was surprised, and further irritated, to find Telio sitting at the large dining room table having breakfast with the three brothers. He slid into a chair and looked at the breakfast spread. Mounds of bacon, sausage, biscuits, a pitcher of orange juice, jars of jelly, and the smell of coffee in the air. He suddenly felt ravenous.

Elias walked in with Luther. "There ya are. Sleep well?"

"Yes. Thank you. Is there a phone here?" Blaine ignored Luther's frown.

Elias shook his head. "Nah, no phones. Ain't safe."

Blaine scowled. "This is ridiculous. How are we supposed to get in touch with anyone? What if something happens to my dad?"

"Someone will bring us the message. Don't worry," said Luther.

Blaine took an angry bite of a biscuit and then slowed down to enjoy it. Damn. Best. Biscuit. Ever. He ate in silence, half listening to the eldest brother (Eli?) recounting tales of murder for Telio. For
once Telio actually looked impressed. When he finished eating, Blaine stood up and spoke to no one in particular.

"I wanna go to the hospital."

Luther shook his head. "You can't go to the hospital, Blaine. You have to stay out of sight. We have to assume you're the next target."

"There's a hundred armed men on my father's floor! I'll be fine!"

"What part of underground don't you understand?"

"So I'm supposed to just stay here for what? Forever? This is stupid! What about business? What about the other families? Andersons don't run and hide, we fight! Someone shot my father! You think I'm gonna just sit here like some fucking coward while Chartussi waltzes in and takes over?"

"Look, I promised your father I would keep you safe if anything happened to him, and I plan to keep that promise. Business and revenge can wait while we try to figure out what we're up against. Just be patient."

Blaine stood there, his fists clenching and unclenching. Telio watched him, waiting. Hoping.

Blaine closed his eyes for a moment and then opened them.

Telio stood up in anticipation.

"Go get our stuff. We're leaving." Telio grinned and nodded.

Luther shook his head. "I can't let you do that, Blaine. It's not…"

Blaine cut him off. "It's not what? It's not safe? It's never been safe to be an Anderson. If you think I'm gonna just sit here and let my family be destroyed, you're crazy. What will I say to my father when he wakes up? Sorry dad. It was too dangerous for me to do anything, so I just let Chartussi take whatever the hell he wanted. Fuck that. My father expects more of me. While he can't lead, I will."

Luther was about to argue when the doorbell rang. Elias, who had been watching and listening, smiled smug and knowingly. He shot Blaine a nasty look as he walked over to the door and opened it. He smiled and bowed slightly.

"Ah, my Don."

Grandfather Julio Anderson walked in. The two men hugged.

"Elias, my old friend. Thank you for being here for my family in our time of need."

"Of course, Julio. Anything for the Andersons. Anything."

Julio slowly walked over to one of the armchairs and sat down heavily. He was a short man with the same thick, curly hair as Blaine and his father, but his was now gray. He had dark green eyes, and his skin was an even darker olive than Blaine's.

Telio came down the stairs with his and Blaine's bags. Julio looked at him and then at Blaine.

"Oh good. Already leaving. Goodbye."
Blaine practically growled. "What are you doing here?"

"What do you think I'm doing here? Someone must lead the family and prevent a takeover by our enemies. I'm here to handle things until my son recovers."

Elias cackled with laughter, his eyes shining with excitement. Everyone else was silent, staring at Blaine. Telio could sense Blaine's anger twisting into rage. He discreetly placed his hand on the gun in his waistband, ready for Blaine's signal. No one noticed except Luther who quickly stepped forward, desperate to avoid an escalation.

"With all due respect, Julio, that is not what Mario wants. He made it quite clear that if something happened to him, Blaine is to lead the family."

Julio shook his head. "No. He only did that because Cooper made stupid mistakes. My son had no choice. The other families were insisting that he name a successor due to Cooper's questionable behavior, but he never really intended for Blaine to take over. He hoped Cooper would grow up and be ready by the time he was ready to retire. Unfortunately circumstances have moved up the clock, but no matter. I will take over until Mario recovers, and while I'm in charge I will work with Cooper. He just needs a firm hand. My son has always been too soft on his children." He paused and looked at Blaine as if he smelled bad, his voice full of disgust. "That softness led to weakness. Cravings for the abnormal. Sick addictions to unnatural..."

"Cocaine. Cooper is addicted to cocaine," interrupted Telio.

Julio glared at him, his face darkening further in disapproval.

"And you. Another sign of my son's weakness."

Elias giggled and muttered under his breath. "Knew it," but no one heard him.

Julio sat back comfortably and closed his eyes, a slight smile on his face. "It will be nice to be back in the thick of things. I look forward to shooting Chartussi is his ugly, fat face. I never liked that fucker."

Blaine stared at him, his anger now a smooth, tight, dark fury, the only outward sign the intensity of his eyes and his tightened jaw. For a moment Luther thought he was looking at Mario.

Blaine casually walked over to his grandfather and pulled up a chair. He sat down in front of him, and smoothly pulled a gun out of his waistband. He sat back, crossed his legs, and rested his hands on his knees, the gun dangling from his fingers.

Elias made a move towards the kitchen, but Telio pulled his gun and pointed it at Elias's sons.

"I'm a fast shot. I'll kill all three before you make it to the door."

Luther looked around in disbelief. How the hell had everything escalated so damn fast?

"Okay, look. Everyone just dial it down. Relax."

Blaine was staring directly into his grandfather's eyes. He didn't blink or look away as he spoke, his voice even and calm. "Yes, Luther's right. Everyone just relax."

Julio didn't look the slightest bit intimidated. He stared back at Blaine with eyes full of hatred.

"Grandfather, I appreciate your desire to make sure the Anderson Empire remains intact, but if you
think I'm going to step aside and let you take it from me, you are mistaken. My brother is a coke addict, and quite possibly the traitor behind the attempt on my father's life. He ain't taking over shit, and neither are you. Now, you have two choices. You can either, return to your lovely lake home in Michigan and live out the rest of your life, or...I can kill you right now. The choice is yours."

Julio didn't flinch. "You wouldn't dare."

Blaine stood up, knocking over the chair, and pressed the gun to his grandfather's head.

"Wouldn't I?"

Julio laughed. "Of course you won't. You don't have it in you. Never have, and you never will. Do you really think men will follow you? Will pledge their allegiance to a homosexual? You try and take over, and the other families will run to Chartussi! The men will abandon you so fast it'll make your head spin. Of course...maybe if you promise to suck them all off..."

Blaine hit him with the gun. One strike to the side of his head. Julio grunted and fell over. Blaine cocked the gun and pressed it to Julio's temple.

"You always wondered why Cooper talks so much. It's a trait he inherited from you. Now, what's it gonna be? Are you going back to Michigan alive or dead?"

"Fuck you, you sick faggot, bit..."

The gunshot rang out. Loud, complete, and final.

Blaine stepped back and watched his grandfather's body fall over and slowly slide out of the chair on to the floor, blood pouring from his head.

Blaine closed his eyes and breathed in deeply.

Wow.

A powerful rush soared through him. It was intense and freeing all at the same time.

He opened his eyes and fired 4 more shots into his grandfather's body.

He stood there for several moments waiting to feel something.

Remorse, regret, fear, anger?

He felt nothing.

He felt completely fine.

His mind felt clear and free.

Luther cleared his throat, reminding Blaine that he wasn't alone. He turned around and looked at the shocked faces staring at him.

"Andersons have a bad habit of killing each other."

He pointed his gun at Elias. "My father told me that when you destroy your enemies, you must also kill their family and friends. That way there's no one left to come after you."

Elias's eyes widened with fear, his body shaking. He slowly raised his hands into the air. "I-I-I won't
come after you. I swear. No Abbiati will come after you."

"How am I supposed to trust that?"

A soft, melodic voice spoke. "We won't let him come after you. You have our word."

Blaine whirled around, thrown by a voice that reminded him of Kurt.

Elian, the youngest brother, took a step forward. He was looking at Blaine, but shifted his gaze to the floor as he spoke.

"We've always been loyal to the Andersons. As long as we can continue our business, and the Andersons will continue to provide shipping access and protection, you will continue to have our loyalty."

Blaine really looked at Elian for the first time since arriving. He was big like his brothers, but the smallest of the three. He had hazel eyes and shaggy brown hair that looked like it had never been combed. His shirt was stained and his pants hung off his ass, but there was something familiar about him. Something soft and attractive.

Blaine turned back to Elias who appeared to have aged 10 years in 10 minutes. Blaine pointed his gun at Elias, but spoke to Elian.

"How do I know your father won't cause trouble?"

"Like I said, we won't let him. He's a part of the old. We wanna be with the new. The future. I…we wanna be with you."

Blaine looked at the other two brothers who were staring at Elian in shocked surprise. He had spoken more words in the past minute than in the past year.

"Is that true? Does that go for you too?" They both nodded vigorously.

Blaine looked back at Elias for a moment more before lowering his gun. "Alright then. I'm gonna take you at your word, but if you cross me…I won't hesitate to kill you."

Blaine sat down in an armchair and closed his eyes. He half listened as the brothers made plans to dump Julio's body at his home in Michigan. Telio pulled up a chair next to Blaine and spoke quietly.

"Are you serious? We're really not gonna kill them?"

Blaine kept his eyes closed. "Right now we need their help. Besides the old man is old school. He'll keep his word."

Telio wasn't convinced. "Maybe. He may try to avenge his old friend. That's old school too, you know." Telio studied Blaine for a moment. "How do you feel?"

"Tired." And horny as hell. I need Kurt.

"I meant about killing your grandfather."

Blaine opened his eyes. "Oh." He glanced over where two of the brothers were expertly wrapping the body for removal, supervised by Elian. Elian looked up, his eyes meeting Blaine's for a moment before he looked away, his face flush. Blaine wondered what that was all about. He turned his attention back to Telio.
"He would've been nothing but a problem. Now we won't have to deal with him."

"What are you gonna tell your dad?"

Blaine frowned. He hadn't thought of that. His father and grandfather weren't especially close. Their relationship was more like business partners than father and son, but Julio was Mario's father. Would Mario be upset?

"I don't know. I actually think he'll understand. He knows his father never wanted me in charge, and I know dad wouldn't have wanted me to just step aside, especially since he was talking about bringing back Cooper." Blaine suddenly brightened.

"Hey, I killed someone before you! I always thought you'd be first."

"I didn't realize it was a contest."

"No, of course not. I just figured you'd be first."

Telio didn't say anything.

Luther was sitting at the dining room table watching Telio and Blaine, in desperate need of a strong drink.

He couldn't believe what he'd just witnessed.

He'd been by Mario's side for years, so he was no stranger to how quickly an Anderson could decide to kill someone. What left him shaken was the change in Blaine. Blaine had always looked and moved like his father, but now there was something darker and more sinister to his demeanor. The quiet, almost undetectable rage. The smooth handling of the weapon. The quick execution with no sign of hesitation or remorse.

Luther stared at his godson through a new lens.

Fear.

Kurt took a break from the water pump he was installing to pull his cell phone out of his pocket. He made sure the ringer was on, turned up to the highest possible volume, and that the battery life was at 100%. He checked for missed calls or texts.

Nothing.

He slipped it back into his pocket and aggressively returned to the installation of the water pump.

Seven days.

A full week.

No phone call.

No text.

Nothing.

A week ago Kurt sent Blaine a text letting him know he'd made it home safely.
No response.

He called before going to bed.

No answer. He didn't leave a message.

Saturday morning he sent another text.

*Please let me know how your father is doing and give your mother a kiss from me and hug Telio, even if he gets mad. I love you. Please call me. I'm worried.*

Nothing.

He was sure he would hear something Saturday night.

Nothing.

Sunday.

Nothing.

Today was Friday.

Seven days and nothing.

Kurt tried to rationalize the lack of communication.

Blaine was obviously in danger, so he had to go into hiding. Whoever shot Mario might try to kill Blaine.

Luther had said Blaine had to go underground. Did that mean leaving the country for some remote island with no cell phone or internet service?

With Mario in the hospital, Blaine was probably in charge. He was busy.

*Too busy to call or check on me, especially after all the arguments about my being in danger?*

Kurt vacillated between fear, anger, and sadness, all coated in a thick layer of paranoia.

He kept a loaded gun on the passenger seat anytime he was alone in his car. He constantly checked the rearview mirror to make sure he wasn't being followed.

At night he checked behind his father to make sure all the doors were locked, and even checked the windows.

He kept a gun on him at all times except at the shop. Then it stayed inside his bag and he hung the bag on a hook in the garage instead of in the closet in the office.

At night he slept with the gun under the pillow next to his.

And tried not to cry.

"*I love you, Kurt. I'll always protect you. I'll never leave you alone. Never.*"

*So where the hell are you?*

On top of the feelings of fear and abandonment, Kurt's body ached with sexual longing. He missed
Blaine's soft kisses on his lips, his hands on his skin, touching, squeezing, marking. His ass felt too empty, his hands too free, his breathing too easy. He missed Blaine's physical weight pressing into him, and the weight of Blaine's presence. Dominant and demanding, covering him and making him want to fall to his knees. Kurt developed a habit of running his fingers over his bracelet. He found it soothing, but it also made him think of the handcuffs in the nightstand in their Dalton bedroom.

Kurt's worry, fear, and longing rolled itself into a tight ball of stress and sadness that settled in the pit of his stomach. During the day he managed to squash down his worries. He stayed busy at the shop and helped his dad with campaign stuff. Since McKinley was still in session, he visited the Glee club and even went to see Sue and the Cheerios. Wes and Trent called to check on him, and assured him that Blaine was fine and would call when it was safe.

And he received a phone call and visit from Timothy.

x-x-x-x-x-x

Kurt was touched when Timothy called to check on him. Timothy suggested they have lunch and spend the day hanging out. Kurt thought it was a great idea.

"Where do you want to meet? We could meet at this restaurant called Breadstix. It's not fancy, but the food is decent."

"I'll just meet you at your dad's shop. I…um…I'd kinda like to see it, if that's okay. I like car stuff."

"Really? Well…okay."

When Timothy arrived, Kurt was glad he'd called. Timothy was neat and clean, but thin. His clothes were hanging off him again, and he had this melancholy gaze in his eyes. Kurt was sure he'd been using again and it broke his heart.

Timothy was very interested in the shop. He asked Kurt all types of questions.

"How many guys work here?"

"Is it hard to fix cars? What are the hours like?"

"Does your dad still work here, or is he off campaigning all the time?"

Kurt introduced Timothy to his dad, who gave him a pleasant, but concerned smile. *Jeez the kid is skinny.*

Burt was happy to have someone interested in his business, so he chatted away and answered all of Timothy's questions while giving him a tour.

At Breadstix, Kurt couldn't help but notice that Timothy barely ate anything.

"Timothy, you're not eating."

"Huh? Oh. Yeah. I guess I'm not that hungry."

"You should eat. You look like you've lost weight since last week."

Timothy stared at his plate. Kurt reached across the table and took his hand.

"Timothy…have you been using again?"
Timothy looked into Kurt's kind, concerned eyes and felt like shit.

"I…um…I had a few slip-ups, b-but I've been trying really hard over break. It's hard."

Kurt squeezed his hand. "Listen. Anytime you think you're going to slip-up, or you feel lonely, or you just wanna talk, promise you'll call me, okay? I'm here for you if you need me."

Timothy pulled his hand away and blinked back tears.

"You're so nice, Kurt. Why are you so nice? Why are you and Blaine…don't be nice to me. I don't deserve it."

"Of course you deserve it. Just because you struggle with addiction doesn't mean you don't deserve kindness or friendship."

When their visit was over, Timothy sat in his car and sobbed for 30 minutes. Then he called Cooper.

Blaine hefted the backpack up onto his back with a grunt.

He wiggled a bit, getting it to settle on his shoulders. He stuck out his arms and tested his range of movement.

Telio looked him over. "Are you good?"

"Yeah, this'll work. Once I get it on its fine."

Luther eyed them nervously. "You don't have to do this, Blaine. We have people who can do this. It doesn't have to be you."

"Actually, Luther, yes it does. It's all a part of earning respect. And fear."

"They already respect you."

Blaine shook his head. "No, they don't. They respect my father, not me."

"They've all agreed to attend on Friday."

"They aren't coming out of respect for me. They're coming because they're curious and scared."

Luther wanted to protest further, but he knew it was useless. And possibly dangerous.

Blaine Devon Anderson was officially in charge.

Completely, totally, and frighteningly in charge.

Blaine had decided they would remain at the Abbiatis. Their home would serve as his secret hideout until he was ready to return to the compound. Plus, Elias was an excellent cook and a wealth of knowledge. He was eager to ingratiate himself to the new leader of the Andersons, so he made himself useful by providing Blaine with history and background on all the families.

Luther made a list of the top men he knew they could trust, and those men met Blaine, Telio, and Luther in the conference room of an empty office building. Blaine's instructions were clear: the
monthly family dinner would take place as scheduled at the Anderson compound. Notify the heads of all the families that their attendance was mandatory. Those who didn't appear would be considered traitors who were behind the hit on his father and would be dealt with accordingly. The men were also charged with finding out what properties Chartussi owned in Ohio. Blaine had a feeling Chartussi had been quietly moving in under the radar.

At the end of the meeting Blaine pulled aside a young man named Austin Taylor. Luther had assured him that not only was Austin trustworthy and eager to be useful to the family, he was discreet and almost as good with a gun as Telio.

"I've been told that you are loyal to my father. To my family."

Austin nodded enthusiastically. "Yes. Absolutely. Your father saved my family. A few years ago my father ran into some trouble. Serious trouble. Your father helped keep him out of jail, gave him a job, and took care of the people who caused the problems in the first place. Our entire family is forever grateful."

Austin squirmed as Blaine simply stared at him for a full minute. Finally he spoke.

"Do you like girls or boys?"

"What?"

"Who are you attracted to? Girls or boys?"

"Oh. Girls. Definitely girls."

Blaine nodded. "Okay. I have a very important job for you. For me it ranks right up there with finding the traitor who helped Chartussi shoot my father. My boyfriend lives in Lima. His name is Kurt Hummel. Here's the address to his house and his father's business. He's going to be in Lima for at least another week. Your job is to watch over him without being seen. Make sure nothing happens to him. You have my permission to kill anyone who tries to harm him. Do whatever you have to do to protect him, but he can't see you. I don't want him to know. Do you understand?"

"Yes. Of course."

Blaine walked around the desk to stand in front of Austin. He stared into his eyes, his voice quiet and calm, but deadly.

"If anything happens to Kurt while you're watching him, don't bother coming back here. It will only shorten your life. Run instead, but know that I will catch you, punish you, and personally kill you."

Austin slowly nodded. "I-I-I understand."

"Good."

Blaine spent several days studying every aspect of his family's vast empire. Many things he knew, but there was a lot he didn't. Telio on the other hand seemed to know everything. All those years of paying attention at the monthly family dinners, hanging out with the guards, and listening to conversations when Mario forgot he was around, was finally paying off. Telio was an encyclopedia of knowledge, and Blaine was grateful.

As requested the men delivered Blaine a list of all of Chartussi's Ohio properties. After reviewing the list, Blaine issued his orders.
Every single property was to be blown up the Wednesday before the monthly family dinner. It was a strategic decision designed to send a message to both Chartussi and the heads of the other families.

The Andersons were going to war.

And Blaine wasn't scared to play dirty.

Blaine decided that he and Telio would take care of the two properties in Westerville. A huge mansion in the wealthy gated community of Windsor Bay, and a warehouse in the industrial district.

Luther tried to talk Blaine out of participating, but Blaine was insistent.

"True loyalty, the loyalty that gets things done, comes from the rank and file. The soldiers. Their respect is just as important as respect from the crew leaders and the heads of the families. The soldiers need to see that I will never ask them to do something I haven't done, or can't do. My strength lies in their continued loyalty to our family. I have to maintain that loyalty, and earn their respect."

Blaine paused for a moment and looked off into space.

"And I'm gay. In their eyes...a weak ass faggot. Don't think I don't know that. They'd never say it to my face, but I know they expect me to be weak. Just like my grandfather always said."

Blaine's eyes narrowed slightly as his expression darkened. "Hopefully his death, along with this, will send a clear message."

Telio nodded. "It's Blaine bitch!"

x-x-x

Wednesday morning Blaine went to visit his father and to check on his mother. Since the shooting Anastasia spent her days by Mario's bedside waiting and willing him to wake up. She spent her nights under heavy security in a suite of rooms at a nearby hotel where she drank herself to sleep.

Blaine's heart broke at the sight of her.

In just six short days she had lost weight. Her hair was limp, her skin pale, and her eyes tired. Blaine sat down next to her.

"Mama?"

Anastasia smiled a little. Blaine hadn't called her Mama since he was a little boy.

"Mama...you can't continue to do this. This isn't healthy."

Anastasia looked at him quizzically. "What else am I supposed to do?"

"I want you to go to the spa. Get your hair and nails done. Get a facial. I want you to start eating better. I want you to exercise. I want you to look beautiful, so when Daddy wakes up he sees the beautiful girl he married."

Anastasia caressed a few curls from his forehead. "You've always been a sweet boy. Such a sweet, sweet boy." Her expression turned serious. "But now you're a man. You're in charge. Be careful, Blaine. You are about to have many, many enemies. Take care of yourself...and Kurt."

Kurt.
Blaine closed his eyes as a sharp slice of pain cut his heart.

He’d been trying so hard not to think about Kurt.

Trying not to say his name.

Trying not to dream about him.

Trying not to want him.

Despite desperately needing him.

Blaine had forced all thoughts of Kurt deep down, blocking them, as he focused on everything else. During the day he could manage, but at night…nighttime was impossible. His body craved Kurt. The moment Blaine laid down and closed his eyes, his mind produced the image from his dream. Kurt's gorgeous body draped naked across a chaise lounge, a collar around his neck with a chain keeping him trapped. Blaine's cock hardened in need, but he didn't bother trying to jerk off. Instead he suffered. A self-imposed type of punishment for the worry and stress he was sure his disappearance was causing Kurt.

Blaine hadn't touched a phone or computer since leaving Dalton. It was strange being completely unplugged, but he also found it somewhat freeing. He felt like he listened better and remembered more, but that didn't erase his desire to call Kurt. He wanted to hear his voice. To tell him not to worry and that he loved him, but both Telio and Luther insisted they stay phone and technology free, at least until after the monthly family dinner.

Blaine knew Kurt was probably worried and scared, and he felt terrible about that. His guilt eased some once he assigned Austin to watch Kurt. Kurt was being protected, even if he didn't know it.

By contrast, Telio had no desire to contact Alicia. Blaine couldn't understand.

"But you know she's gotta be worried about you. Don't you miss her?"

"Of course I miss her, but its better this way. This way she can honestly say she hasn't heard from me, and knows nothing. Besides, our disappearing from their lives takes them out of the equation. The longer we stay away, the less likely the chance of Chartussi, or whoever's helping him, identifying them as a target."

Blaine pouted.

*Maybe. But I miss my Kurt.*

Timothy paced nervously in front of Sam Hirschfield's building. He was shaking, his eyes darting back and forth, his fingers moving to a rhythm of their own. He ran his hands through his hair.

It had been days since he'd had a hit, and he was desperate. He hated what he was about to do, but he didn't know what else to do.

Inside his office, Sam Hirschfeld watched Timothy pacing on a security monitor.

"Who the fuck is that?"

"Who is who?" Cooper jumped up and peered over Sam's shoulder. "Oh. That's a source of mine." Cooper looked at the time. "He's an hour early. Fucking addict."
Sam arched an eyebrow as he took a side glance at Cooper. Seriously? Cooper calling someone else a fucking addict?

"Well, go see him before someone notices him."

Cooper put his gun in his waistband and headed out. He slipped out a side door and came around the corner.

"You're early."

Timothy jumped. "Hey. Um, yeah. Sorry."

"Alright, well you're here, so let's have it."

Timothy hesitated, his conscious plaguing him.

*Are you seriously about to do this? Kurt is your friend.*

Cooper was impatient. "Well?"

Timothy reached in his pocket and pulled out a folded piece of paper. He handed it to Cooper. Cooper read it over.

"You sure about the names and the schedule?"

Timothy hated himself. "Yeah."

Cooper folded the paper and put it in his pocket. "Okay. Wait here."

Cooper went inside and came back a moment later with a large black bag.

"Here. This is it. Last one."

Timothy grabbed the bag. "Last one?"

Cooper nodded. "Yeah. Our deal is over. At least for now. Shit's changed."

"But…"

"You've been a good boy, Timothy. Now run along and don't use all that in one sitting. Make it last." Cooper turned to head back inside, but then stopped and turned back around.

"Oh, and don't contact me anymore. We don't know each other."

Sam watched Timothy leave on the monitor. Cooper walked in.

"Okay, here's the list."

Sam took the list and read over the names. His eyes landed on a familiar name. He smiled.

"Bingo." He pointed at a name. "I know this guy. We can use him."

Cooper nodded. "Awesome."

Thursday morning, Blaine, Telio, and Luther watched news coverage of the warehouse explosion and fire in the industrial district. There was also extensive coverage of a fire that totally destroyed a
multi-million dollar mansion in Windsor Bay. The warehouse explosion burned for hours due to all
the shipping crates inside. The mansion burned to the ground quickly due to fast spreading,
accelerant fed, flames.

There was no mention of the fires being related.

Over the course of the day Blaine received messages reporting the success of the other explosions.
Another warehouse full of shipping crates in Cleveland. An office building in Akron. In total, nine
properties were destroyed by fire or explosion Wednesday night.

Blaine sat back and closed his eyes. He felt drunk with satisfaction and accomplishment.

This is just the beginning, asshole. Your friends and family are next.

x-x-x

That afternoon Blaine, Telio and Luther returned to the compound. The servants had been called
back Monday to prepare the house for Friday's dinner. Blaine was surprised to find them all lined up
waiting for him when he arrived. The head housekeeper, Abigail, stepped forward.

"We just wanted to let you and Ms. Anastasia know how sorry we all are about Mr. Mario."

Blaine nodded. "Thank you. I appreciate that. My mother won't be returning for now, but I'll pass
along your kind words."

Blaine headed to his father's study. He closed and locked the door behind him and sat down in his
father's chair.

He stared at the phone for almost half an hour, debating.

Everyone knows the family dinner will be held here tomorrow. People will speculate that you're
here.

So don't confirm it by making a call.

I miss him. I know he's been worried sick.

Remember what Telio said about creating distance?

Fuck it. I need to hear his voice.

"Hello?"

"It's me. Don't say my name."

Kurt gripped the phone tight and closed his eyes. "Hi."

"Hi."

"Are you safe?"

"Yeah, I'm fine. Are you okay?"

Kurt nodded. "Yes, I'm...I guess I'm okay. I just...I've missed you so much, and I've been worried
and scared."
"I know. I miss you, too. I miss you so much it hurts. It really does. It fucking hurts, but I couldn't call. I'm still not supposed to be calling, but I couldn't stand another day of not hearing your voice."

"Are you in danger?"

Blaine laughed humorlessly. "I'm always in danger, especially now, but don't worry. I'll be fine… and so will you. I promise."

Kurt felt a slight twinge of anger.

"Don't make promises you can't keep."

"No. I mean it. You'll be safe. You are safe. Trust me."

"How am I safe? Because I have a gun I'm terrified to shoot? I've been all alone! Alone, scared, and worried about you! Constantly looking over my shoulder… wondering if you're okay. Do you have any idea what I've been going through?"

Blaine felt a deep pain in his chest. "I'm sorry. I'm sorry…for everything. I didn't…I never wanted… I never thought we'd be here. I never thought anything would happen to him. I never thought I'd be here so soon."

Kurt felt a hot wave of shame.

You didn't even ask him about his father. What's wrong with you?

"How is he?"

"Critical, but stable, and still not awake."

"I'm sorry. I didn't mean to get all hysterical on you. It's just been hard. I miss you so much, and I've been scared. When will I see you? Are you coming back to…"

"I don't know. Just know that I love you, and I will send for you. I promise."

"What does that mean?"

There was a knock on the door. "Blaine? Vince is here," called Telio.

"I'll be out in a minute. Listen, I gotta go. I love you. I love you so much. Never doubt that. I promise I'll send for you when I can. Just know that I love you more than anything. I love you so much."

Kurt blinked back tears. "I love you, too. Please…please call me again, soon. I can't take…"

"I know. I know. I will when I can. I love you."

Blaine hung up the phone and put his head in his hands.

I'm sorry. Kurt. I'm so sorry.

Friday evening Blaine slipped into his parent's room and stood in front of their full length mirror. He had a mirror of his own in his room, but he wanted to use theirs.

He stared at his reflection in the mirror.

This is it. Tonight you officially come out as the head of the Anderson crime organization. Tonight
you officially become the boss.

Blaine closed his eyes and inhaled. He could smell the lingering scent of both his parents. He opened his eyes and walked over to his father's dresser. He smiled at the jar of hair gel. He opened it and took a sniff. His hair was still loose. He scooped out some gel and proceeded to style his hair. Not as tight as usual, but enough to tame his curls. He looked in the mirror.

And saw his father staring back at him.

He left the bedroom and walked down the hall to find Telio and Elian standing in front of his door. Telio looked at him curiously.

"We were just looking for you. What were you doing?"

Blaine shook his head. "Nothing." He looked at Elian. "Hi. I'm glad you could make it." Elian nodded and quickly shifted his gaze to the floor.

Blaine adjusted the gun in his waistband. "All right. It's now or never."

Telio nodded with a confident expression. "Oh, it's now. Trust me. It's now."

x-x-x

Four hours later, Blaine Devon Anderson was no longer heir to the Anderson Empire. He was the Anderson Empire. The Boss. The Don.

And never again would anyone speculate that his being gay equaled weakness.

Blaine handled the meeting with a deadly combination of dapper charm, and frightening, thinly veiled promises of murder. He reassured everyone that all criminal operations would continue under him, but he was waging war on the Chartussis for the hit on his father and the murder of Lisa, not to mention their attempt to move into Ohio.

"And considering everything that my father...my family has done for all of you, I expect your support. And your sacrifice."

Most heads in the room nodded, but a few men stared back at him defiantly. One young man spoke up.

"Why should we risk our business? Perhaps some of us are ready to move on. There are other offers out there, you know. The Andersons are not the only game in town."

Blaine smiled beautifully at the man. A smile that scared the shit out of Luther, and thrilled Telio. Telio was sure he'd have a murder assignment for later that night.

"Well, Carl – it is Carl, right? Well Carl, in your case I'd think you'd want to remain with the Andersons because you've been taking an extra 20% off the top for the past two years. Instead of slicing off your hands, my father graciously looked the other way.

I'm not as gracious.

But if you'd like to settle up and leave, I'll completely understand. You can drop off the money you owe us tonight...along with your right hand."

The room fell into pure silence.
Carl turned bright red. He quickly shook his head and looked at the floor.

Blaine smiled brightly and looked around the room with a pleasant expression.

"Are there any other questions or concerns?"

A voice in the back spoke up. "Where's Julio? Rumor is he's dead."

Blaine's eyes darkened slightly and his smile turned smugly evil.

"You are correct. What you all say about us is true. Andersons have a bad habit of killing one another. Oops."

A few men smirked and chuckled while others stared at Blaine with growing fear. And relief. If this kid was as lethal as his father, everything would be fine.

Blaine closed out the meeting with an overall review of all operations and how they could improve and make more money. He thanked the men for their loyalty, hard work, and well wishes. Those who wished to speak to him privately could meet him in the music room in about 15 minutes. Bar's open.

Blaine went upstairs to his room, closed the door, and leaned against it.

Shit.

He stood there for a moment with his eyes closed before looking at his bed. Damn how he wished Kurt was there. Naked, chained to his bed, waiting for him. He really needed to fuck away his stress. If Kurt was there, he could fuck him and then go meet with everyone. Afterwards he could come back and fuck him again. They would fall asleep in each other's arms, and Blaine would get up the next morning and serve Kurt breakfast in bed, and then maybe they could drive to the outlet mall and pick out a new lamp, and he would buy Kurt some new clothes, and they could have lunch at that bistro they'd read about, and…

"Blaine?"

Elian's voice made Blaine wish for Kurt even more. He opened the door. Elian stepped back, his eyes shifting to the floor.

"Um, I just came to see if you were okay. There's a bunch of men who wanna talk to you."

Blaine nodded. "Yeah, I know. I just needed a moment to relax."

Elian's eyes drifted from the floor to Blaine's crotch and then back to the floor.

"Can I get you anything…or do anything for you?" Elian licked his lips.

Blaine was completely and utterly oblivious.

"No thanks. Well, actually could you have one of the servers bring a bottle of red wine to the music room? You can let everyone know I'll be there in 5 minutes."

Elian nodded.

"Okay. Thanks." Blaine shut the door.

Elian turned to head downstairs, when Telio suddenly stepped out of a room, scaring him.
"Blaine may be clueless as fuck about you, but I'm not. You're gay and your family doesn't know."

Elian's eyes filled with fear. He shook his head.

"No...no, I'm not."

"Oh, yes you are. It's my job to protect Blaine. That means I see everything, including the way you stare at him. All. The. Time. You're dying to drop to your fucking knees in front of him."

Elian kept shaking his head. "No. No, that's not true. I-I'm not gay. I'm not."

Elian had been slowly moving backwards. He hit the wall. Telio moved in close.

"Blaine has a boyfriend, so I suggest you back the fuck off."

Telio turned and stalked off down the hall. Elian watched him leave.

_Who cares if he has a boyfriend?_

_His boyfriend's not here._

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By the time the last man left, Blaine was exhausted. The head of every single family came to the music room, eager to express their loyalty, and to offer support for the war. Telio listened attentively, making both mental and written notes on bits of information shared by the men. By the end of the evening Blaine had a good idea of who actually shot his father on Chartussi's orders, and confirmation of a suspicion he and Luther had shared all along.

It was Carlisle who betrayed his father the day of the Board meeting.

It was Carlisle who provided information on the time and place of the Board meeting, and called the hit men when the meeting ended. Once he drove the car around to the front of the building, the hit men killed him before opening fire on Mario.

It was what Blaine had figured, but the confirmation still saddened him. It was hard to know who to trust.

Elian refilled Blaine's wine glass. "Can I get you anything?"

Blaine stood up and stretched. He shook his head. "No. I'm tired. I'm going to bed. Telio, you'll take care of Carl tonight?"

Telio smiled evilly and nodded. "Yes. Who should I give his hands to?"

Blaine thought for a moment. "Send them to John Carapelli. He's been talking about breaking off and moving into the drug trade. Perhaps this will send a message that's he's better off staying put. Good luck."

Telio headed towards the door. "No luck needed. I've got skill."

Blaine smiled in amusement. He turned to Luther. "Luther, can I talk to you for a minute?"

Luther looked up from where he was stewing in the corner. One of the men had reconfirmed that it was Sammy Avalon who murdered Lisa. Sammy had bragged about it. Luther's hunger to hunt Sammy down and torture him to death had returned stronger than ever. Blaine could see it in his
"Luther, I'd like you to become CEO of Anderson Construction."

"What?"

"I want you to take over as CEO. I need someone in the role I can trust, and who knows the business. That's you."

Luther was completely thrown. Not what he was expecting at all. "But, Blaine…I mean, I'm flattered. Truly flattered, but…"

"I also need to keep you out of danger. I need you alive. You've known my father and the business the longest. I need you around."And not off trying to kill Sammy Avalon. At least not yet.

"Don't you want me here helping you?"

Blaine shook his head. "No. Telio is a walking encyclopedia on all things Anderson crime related. Together we'll be fine. It's not like I'm sending you away. If I need help, or have questions, I'll call you."

Luther slowly nodded looking a bit stunned.

"I also need you to do something else for me."

"Yes?"

"I want you to take care of my mother."

"Your mother?" A tiny ripple of excited nervousness fluttered in Luther's chest.

"Yeah. She's so lost without my dad. I want her to stop sitting by his bedside. I get that she loves him and wants to be there, but it's not healthy. I want you to keep an eye on her. Make sure she gets out of there and eats, exercises, takes care of herself. Plus, you can keep her safe. I'm sure you're the only one my father would ever trust with her."

Luther didn't trust his voice, so he just nodded.

Blaine downed the rest of his wine. "I'm going to bed."

Elian followed Blaine down the hallway. They both stopped at Blaine's bedroom door.

"Thanks for all of your help, Elian. You and your family. Even your father who probably hates me."

For the first time ever, Elian looked directly into Blaine's eyes. His voice was soft and lilting with just a hint of seduction.

"Thank you for allowing me to be here. I'm happy to do anything you need. Anything at all. All you have to do is ask."

"Thank you. I appreciate that. Goodnight."

Blaine disappeared inside his bedroom leaving Elian standing in the hallway.

A deep loneliness descended on Kurt the moment he stepped inside his Dalton dorm. He'd thought
about moving back in with Doug, but he wanted to feel close to Blaine.

Despite feeling lonely, he was glad to be back. This had been the most miserable spring break of his life. At least now he could throw himself into his school work and end his first year at Dalton with a strong academic record.

It's not like he'd have any distractions.

Like a gorgeous boyfriend to handcuff him and fuck the hell out of him.

Kurt sighed, unlocked the door to his room, opened it, and gasped.

The entire room was filled with beautiful yellow and red roses. They were everywhere. Vases on the desk, on the nightstand, on the bookshelf and in the bathroom. A single yellow and single red rose lay crisscrossed on the bed. And there was a note.

    My Love:

    The yellow is you.

    The red is me.

    I'll tell you why the next time I see you.

    Remember that I love you. Always.

    You are mine. You belong to me.

    I will send for you soon.
Chapter 18

Chapter Notes

So...

I feel like I should write a ton of disclaimers about this chapter, but I don't feel like doing that, so I will just write this: the stories I write are dark. The characters are flawed and complex, especially Blaine. I love screwing around with Blaine, and having Blaine screw around with Kurt. Just know that my Blaine always loves Kurt, even when he's being selfish.

I hate song lyrics in the middle of stories, but these lyrics were just too perfect, so please forgive me. I promise it won't become a habit. Obviously the song and lyrics are not mine. Neither is Glee by the way.

Warnings for violence, murder, and Blaine falling deeper into the evil places in his mind. Also brutal, rough sex i.e. Blaine losing his mind when he finally sees Kurt again.

Blaine stared at the middle-aged man sitting in front of him and tried to look interested and concerned instead of tired and inpatient. Whitfield had been going on, and on, and on for almost thirty minutes.

"And so I want you to give me permission to cut Lucian's throat. He's infringing on my territory and stealing my customers by undercutting prices. His product is of poor quality, and I do not like the way he looks at my daughter. Give me permission to get rid of him, and I promise to make up whatever he pays plus 15% more."

Blaine suppressed a sigh and tried not to look annoyed. How had his father managed spending hours listening to grown men whine and bitch about one another? This was Blaine's fourth meeting of the day and he was sick of it.

He glanced at Telio whose expression indicated that whether Lucian lived or died was totally up to Blaine. His decision would not negatively impact Anderson business either way.

Blaine stared silently at Whitfield, causing the man to wiggle nervously in his chair as beads of sweat sprouted on his forehead.

"Have I upset Mario? No. Not Mario. Blaine. Was my offer of 15% too low? Perhaps I should offer more, or has Lucian already been here telling lies?"

Blaine waited until Whitfield's mini meltdown was in full swing. While he quickly tired of listening to the squabbles of grown men, he enjoyed watching them squirm as they waited anxiously for his decision. It amused him that men twice his age were coming to him for permission to run their business.

Blaine leaned forward and looked into Whitfield's eyes.

"I appreciate you coming to me before handling the matter yourself. I also appreciate your respect for me and my family, but right now I'm going to have to say no, you may not kill him. For now we need everyone we have in order to take on the Chartussis, but once the war is over I promise to
reconsider my decision. In the meantime I will speak to Lucian and tell him to stay out of your territory and away from your daughter. Understood?"

Whitfield clasped Blaine's hand and nodded. "Of course, Mar…Blaine. Blaine. Of course, Blaine. You are right. Such wisdom and patience in one so young. So impressive. Thank you. Thank you."

Blaine smiled and nodded appreciatively. "Thank you for your confidence and trust."

Telio walked Whitfield out. Blaine sat back down and closed his eyes.

*How did dad do this? All these grown men quarreling like children. I'm not managing a criminal empire. I'm managing a fucking playground.*

He opened his eyes when he heard Telio return.

"Please tell me that's the last meeting?"

Telio nodded. "Yeah that's it, but Vince is coming over later. He's got everything on Sammy Avalon and wants to know what you wanna do."

Blaine shook his head as a small evil smile played across his lips. "We don't need to meet about that. I just want Vince to keep an eye on him for a while. Let Sammy get comfortable. In a few weeks we'll grab him and bring him to the barn. His punishment belongs to Luther, but not right now. For now I need Luther to focus on the construction side of things, and to take care of my mother."

Telio nodded. "Okay. In that case you're free for the rest of the day, so I think we should work out. It's been a minute."

Blaine reluctantly agreed. "Alright, but take it easy on me. I can't be seen limping around because you beat the hell out of me."

"If anything I'm going to push you harder. Now that you're boss you need to be stronger than ever because the threat level is higher than ever. Word on the street is that Chartussi is very pissed off about the buildings, especially the one in Cleveland. Apparently he had over $6 million worth of product and equipment stored there."

Blaine shrugged. "Asshole had no business having anything in Ohio." Blaine's mind turned to Kurt. "Do you think Kurt's in danger?"

"I doubt Chartussi knows about Kurt."

"But we don't know that for sure."

"True, but the rule is…" Telio trailed off as he realized that what he was about to say was no longer true. Lisa's murder had proven Chartussi didn't care about the rules.

Blaine could tell what he was thinking. "Yeah. The rules no longer apply."

Blaine was at a loss when it came to what to do about Kurt. He desperately wanted Kurt with him, but he didn't want to put him in danger. For now Kurt was safer at Dalton, but there was only one month of school left. Blaine hoped things would be settled by the summer. Then Kurt could come live with him.

Permanently.

Which presented its own unique set of problems.
Blaine was sure Burt Hummel would have plenty to say about his son living with his mafia lover, and Blaine wasn’t interested in hearing any of it. If Burt tried to prevent Kurt from being with him, well…everyone has their price.

Telio held out his hand. Blaine took it and Telio pulled him to his feet.

"Come on. Let's make sure you're strong enough to protect yourself and Kurt."

Elian turned into the parking lot and found a parking space right by the front entrance. He sat in his car for a few minutes watching beautiful women and stylish men come and go. He looked down at his too big, stained t-shirt, baggy pants and dirty gym shoes. Oh well. He got out of the car and headed inside.

The snobby receptionist watched him approach with visible disdain. "Welcome to the Esoterica Salon. Can I help you?"

Elian looked around nervously. "Um…yeah. I'd….I'd like a haircut."

The receptionist pulled her glasses down slightly to give him a condescending look. "Really? Well, our haircuts start at about $85 and that's for our lowest level stylist."

Elian pulled a wad of $100 bills out of his pocket.

"I want your most expensive stylist."

The receptionist stared at the cash. She suddenly saw Elian in a whole new light.

"Why, of course. Follow me."

Two hours later Elian didn't recognize the face staring back at him. His brown hair was now short with blonde highlights. The recommended facial had left his skin incredibly clean and fresh looking. His nails were clean, trimmed and had a slight sheen. For the first time in a long time he stared into his own eyes.

You're actually kind of attractive.

After paying his bill Elian drove over to the mall. He hadn't been to the mall in years. He walked through looking at all the stores until he arrived at a men's clothing store. He walked in and looked around feeling completely lost and overwhelmed. He'd never bought clothes. His entire wardrobe consisted of hand-me-downs from his brothers.

The sales clerk approached him, far friendlier than the salon receptionist.

"Welcome to Marc by Marc Jacobs. Can I help you find something?"

Elian pulled more $100 bills out of his pocket. "I need clothes."

The sales clerk eyed Elian's current outfit and nodded.

"Yes. Yes, you do. Let's get started."

Kurt looked up from the online article he was supposed to be reading. He'd been trying to read for the past thirty minutes, but the article was boring and uninteresting. He looked around the library and spotted Jerome and Carl sitting across from one another. Instead of studying they were holding
hands, deep in what looked like a serious conversation. Kurt had heard that Jerome came out to his parents over the break and they had not taken the news well, threatening to pull him out of Dalton in order to get him away from Carl. Kurt watched as Carl reached over and appeared to wipe a tear from Jerome's face. The gentle, loving gesture made Kurt's heart ache so strong he thought it would burst from his chest.

He missed Blaine so much, especially today.

Butt plug Wednesday.

As he got dressed that morning Kurt missed Blaine's fingers working him open before sliding a large plug into his ass. He missed the excited nervousness that stayed with him all day since he never knew if Blaine had used a normal plug or a vibrating one. There would be no hard fucking when he returned to his room that evening. No handcuffs and spanking to stress his body to its limit before being flooded by the intense rush of release that came from letting go and giving in completely to Blaine's control and demand.

Kurt's loneliness was further intensified by that morning's announcement of the last Crawford-Dalton Dance of the year. The idea of going alone or not at all left Kurt feeling left out in a way he hadn't felt since leaving McKinley.

Kurt looked back at the article. He resolved to finish reading and move on to history. He'd been procrastinating in history more than any other subject. Studying history was no fun without Blaine to torture the answers out of him.

"Hi Kurt."

Andrew.

"Hi."

"Mind if I sit down?"

"Not at all."

Andrew pulled out a chair and sat down. His eyes were full of concern.

"So, how's Blaine doing? How's his dad?"

Kurt was surprised by the question.

"Blaine's okay. His dad is still in critical condition, but stable. I think he's in some kind of coma."

Andrew nodded. "What about you? How are you doing?"

Lonely, depressed, scared, and horny, horny, horny.

"I'm okay. Thanks for asking. It's really nice of you to ask."

Andrew nodded. "No problem. So, how did you do on your biology exam?"

Like always the boys fell into a comfortable back and forth conversation. As dinner time grew closer, they left the library together and headed over to the dining hall. Kurt sat with Andrew and a few of his friends. They continued talking long after they'd finished eating. Andrew walked Kurt to his room.
"So, I was wondering. I have a few pieces in the end of year art show. Its next week. Would you, um… maybe like to come? I mean it's nothing special. I've only got three paintings in it, but we're supposed to invite people, so…"

Kurt smiled. "That sounds great, Andrew. I'd love to come."

Andrew smiled. "Okay. I'll send you an evite."

"I look forward to it."

"Well…I guess I'll see you later."

Andrew walked down the hall. At one point he turned around and looked back at Kurt. He smiled his amazing, beautiful smile before continuing on.

Kurt stepped inside his room and closed the door.

He sat down on his bed and thought about Blaine.

*I miss you.*

*Why aren't you here?*

*Why can't you be easy?*

*Like Andrew.*

Blaine was glad when dinner time rolled around. He and Telio had worked out hard for almost two hours so he was starving. While he was eager to return to the compound, his stomach was content to stay at the Abbiati's forever. Elias's meals were delicious. Telio appreciated Elias's cooking as well, but his suspicious, paranoid nature led to certain rules regarding mealtime. Telio insisted Elias serve everything in big bowls. No fixing individual plates. He also insisted that Blaine wait until everyone else had taken a few bites before he started eating. Telio still didn't trust Elias not to seek revenge for Julio's death.

Everyone was seated around the table when Elian came downstairs. Elijah glanced at him and then took a double take. Elian slid into the chair next to Eli. Eli turned and looked at him, his eyes growing wide.

"What did you do to your hair?"

"Nothing. I just got a haircut."


"You smell."

"I do not!"

"Not bad! Just…you smell. Like cologne or something."

Elian placed a piece of brisket on his plate and started cutting it, ignoring the stares of his brothers and his father. Elijah looked at his shirt.
"What kind of shirt is that?"

"It's just a shirt."

"Do you have a date or something? Hey, did you ask out that Susan girl? You know. The one over on York Street?"

"No!" Holy fuck! Leave me alone!

Elian shot evil looks at both of his brothers before concentrating on eating. Eli and Elijah looked at each other, shrugged and returned to eating their own dinner. Elias continued staring at his youngest son, a perplexed expression on his face.

Blaine and Telio had remained amused and silent during the entire exchange, but now Blaine spoke up.

"Elian?"

Elian's head snapped up. He held his breath.

"I think your hair looks really good. It's a good look for you. It brings out your eyes. And I like the shirt."

Elian swallowed to get control of his voice. "Thank you."

Blaine smiled and returned to eating, completely unaware of the affect of his words on Elian.

Telio didn't miss it.

Neither did Elias.

x-x-x

After dinner Blaine, Telio, Elian and Elijah headed to the hospital. It was approaching three weeks since the shooting, and Mario's condition hadn't improved. Blaine wanted answers.

Answers that would lead to more questions.

They arrived at 9:00 pm. Anastasia was sitting in her usual seat, but she looked a lot better. Her hair was back to its full, thick, luster and shine. Her color was back, and her eyes, while still sad, were clear. As he hugged her, Blaine made a mental note to thank Luther.

But Blaine's heart dropped like a rock when he looked at his father. Mario seemed paler than the last time, his body small. There were still too many machines and tubes. Blaine suddenly felt like 100 pounds had been dropped on top of him.

Dr. Arnold Greene arrived looking tired and nervous followed by the Anderson's personal mob doctor, Dr. Weinstein. Dr. Greene had quickly learned that Mario Anderson was no ordinary patient. When he realized who he was dealing with, he tried to be excused from the case, but Dr. Weinstein saw to it that he stayed on. It was Dr. Greene's misfortune to have a reputation as the top trauma surgeon in the state.

Anastasia stood up and shook Dr. Greene's hand.

"Thank you for agreeing to meet with us so late in the evening. I appreciate your willingness to accommodate a safer schedule for my son."
Dr. Greene nodded and looked around for Blaine. Blaine stepped forward and held out his hand.

"Dr. Greene, I'm Blaine. Thanks for meeting with us."

Dr. Greene looked at Blaine fearfully as he quickly shook his hand. He was shocked by Blaine's youth. This kid is a criminal?

"Of course. Well, I really don't have much new to share. We were able to remove all of the bullets but two. Their locations were too precarious for us to risk surgery. Paralysis is a strong possibility, as is brain damage, so we didn't want to do anything that might cause additional complications."

"Paralysis? Brain damage?" Blaine turned to his mother. Why was this the first time he was hearing this?

Anastasia's eyes filled with tears. "I didn't tell you because I didn't want you to worry. Mario isn't going to get better, Blaine, and even if he recovers...he'll never be able to lead again. Your taking over is not temporary. It's permanent."

Blaine suddenly felt like he couldn't breathe.

Permanen

As in...forever?

Telio was suddenly in front of him pushing him back towards a chair. Blaine sat down and Telio kneeled down in front of him.

"We knew this was coming, Blaine."

Blaine shook his head. "No. I...I thought for a few months. Maybe a year. I never really..."

"Yes, you did. It's why you killed Julio."

Blaine looked at Telio. Was that true? Maybe...

Dr. Greene cleared his throat. Had he just overheard that this young man killed someone? He wanted out of there. No amount of money was worth dealing with these people. Weinstein could have them.

"Um, I recommend that you move Mr. Anderson from the hospital to a long-range care facility. It will provide a higher level of specialized care and a higher level of security. Hospitals have people coming and going constantly. There's less traffic at a private institution."

Anastasia nodded. "There's a place like this in Westerville?"

Dr. Greene shook his head. "No. I recommend the Clair Center in Cleveland. It's associated with the Cleveland Clinic."

Anastasia frowned. "Cleveland?"

Blaine shook his head. "No. That's too far away. We'll take him home and hire a staff to care for him."

Anastasia nodded. Luther disagreed.

"Blaine, Anastasia, why don't you take some time to think about it? It's really not that far. About two hours. Moving him to the compound means extra people in the house. More importantly, what if
something happens? I think he'll be safer and better cared for at a medical facility."

Anastasia shook her head. "But Cleveland? I can't move to Cleveland."

"You don't need to move. You can go see him whenever you want."

Anastasia sighed and looked at Dr. Greene. "We don't have to decide tonight, right?"

"Of course not. Mr. Anderson can continue to stay here. The hospital administrator has already cleared that." Because he's terrified of your family.

"Thank you."

Blaine and Telio stayed for an hour more before heading out. Blaine held his mother tight. "I'll go along with whatever you want, mom, but I really want both of you to stay here. I don't want you in Cleveland."

Anastasia cupped his cheek. "I agree. I don't think we'd be safe in Cleveland. Blaine…have you heard from Cooper?"

Cooper.

Blaine had kind of forgotten about him.

"No. Nothing." He almost mentioned his suspicion that his brother was behind the attack on their father, but he didn't want to upset his mother.

Anastasia shook her head. "I can't believe he hasn't been to see his father. I know things were bad before all this, but still…he should know that his father loves him. We all love him despite his mistakes."

Blaine said nothing.

He did not love Cooper.

Not even a little.

Not anymore.

Blaine and Telio headed out using the back stairs to the parking garage where Elian and Elijah were waiting. They were almost to the car when shots rang out. Telio lunged at Blaine, pushing him to the ground and rolling them behind a red SUV. They could hear more shots being fired, but couldn't tell from where. Telio moved off of Blaine allowing him to pull his gun from his waistband. Suddenly all was quiet. Telio peeked out and scanned the area. Nothing.

He looked at Blaine and motioned for him to follow him. They slowly crept between the cars. Suddenly a man jumped in front of them, his gun aimed at Telio, and then he dropped to the ground, shot in the head by Elian who motioned for them to come on.

They scurried along as more shots rang out. They arrived at the black hummer to find Elijah firing at two men behind a black SUV. Elian joined him while Telio opened the car door and pushed Blaine inside. Elian and Elijah quickly climbed in and Elian sped off. He smashed through the parking gate and on to the street.

"Are we being followed?"
Telio shook his head. "I don't think so."

"Our house or the compound?"

Telio and Blaine looked at each other. It was a tough call. It was possible that Chartussi had the hospital staked out or had a rat inside the hospital to alert him to Blaine's appearance. It was also possible they were followed which made returning to the Abbiati's dangerous. Blaine made the call.

"Your house."

The four rode in silence as Elian took the back way versus the highway. Blaine stared out the window.

This is my life now.

x-x-x

Once they were back home everyone took showers while Elias made sandwiches that they all devoured in minutes. Telio and Elijah headed to bed while Blaine sat down at the piano in the corner of the living room. He began to play softly. Random classical pieces that popped into his head.

Elian stood in the doorway of the kitchen, watching him. Blaine was wearing a white t-shirt and boxers. His hair was loose and curly, still damp from his shower. Elian stared at his strong hands dancing over the keys. He imagined those hands on his body. Touching him, wrapped around his cock, stroking him. Was it true what they said about big hands? Was Blaine's cock as big as he imagined? He wanted to find out so bad…

Blaine stopped playing.

This wasn't working.

He was too keyed up from the shooting, the discussion about his father, and confirmation that he was really, truly, forever in charge of the family.

But you knew that. Why are you so shocked?

Blaine ran his hands through his hair.

I thought he'd recover. I thought I'd get to go back to Dalton. Back to Kurt.

Kurt.

Damn he needed Kurt.

Kurt would calm him down. Kurt's gorgeous voice would soothe his nerves. Kurt's soft kisses would send waves of calm through his body, and of course, Kurt's ass…damn Kurt's ass. He missed Kurt's ass. He needed Kurt's ass. That amazing, tight hole that took his cock so perfectly. Fucking Kurt would calm him down. He could release all his tension into Kurt's ass. It had been so long, and he missed him so much. It was about to be three weeks. Three long weeks since he'd seen him. Maybe he should send for him…

No, you can't do that, stupid. Someone just tried to kill you. You can't bring Kurt here. He's safer at Dalton.

But I miss him. I miss him so bad. I need him.
"You play beautifully."

Blaine spun around almost expecting to find Kurt standing there. Elian was wearing only boxers, his eyes on the floor. Blaine couldn't help but notice his muscular chest and chiseled abs. He was built like Telio, but with a smaller frame.

"Thank you. What are you still doing up?"

"I couldn't sleep and...I wanted to see if you needed anything." *Like my mouth around your cock.*

"I couldn't sleep either. Probably because someone tried to kill me tonight."

"I'll never let that happen."

Blaine was surprised by the conviction in Elian's voice. He looked into Elian's eyes, but Elian quickly dropped his gaze to the floor. Something about Elian dropping his gaze caused a slight heat inside Blaine. The haircut made Elian look so much better. Sexier. Attractive.

"I really like your haircut. It makes you look so much more attractive than the long, messy hair."

Elian felt like he might fall to his knees. "I'm glad you like it." Elian slowly walked forward, stopping by the piano bench. "I...is there something I can do to help you relax?" Elian slowly ran his tongue over his lips.

Blaine's eyes followed his tongue. "Um, no. I don't think so."

Elian licked his lips again and looked into Blaine's eyes. "I would be happy to do anything for you, Blaine. You...you can do anything you want...anything you want...to me."

Oh.

Ohhhh...

OH!

Blaine quickly stood up and took several steps backward.

"Uh...no. Thank you. Um...I'm gonna go to bed. Goodnight."

Elian watched Blaine practically run up the steps. He sat down on the piano bench and sighed sadly.

*What am I doing wrong?*

Inside his room Blaine closed the door, locked it and leaned against it.

*Shit.*

*I gotta get to Kurt.*

---

Benji Barnes pulled up in front of the Lima Loaded Bar just like he did every evening after leaving work at Hummel Tire & Lube. He liked a cold beer after working all day. One of the small pleasures in his life.

He walked in, sat down, and nodded to Tommy who immediately served him a Sam Adams. He was halfway through when a tall Black man sat down next to him. Benji gave him a small nod. The man
nodded back. They sat there for a moment before Benji felt something hard pressing into his side. The Black man spoke quietly.

"Sam Hirschfield would like a moment. Come with me."

For a second Benji thought about refusing, but he knew what Sam was like. Chances are this guy would have no trouble blowing him away in the middle of a crowded bar. He nodded and slowly stood up.

Once outside the man pushed him towards a black SUV. The back door opened and Benji was shoved inside. Sam was sitting in the back and Cooper was in the front.

Sam smiled. "How ya doing, Benji?"

"I'm doing fine and I'd like to keep it that way. What do you want?"

"You still working over at that tire and lube place?"

"Yeah. It's a good, honest job that pays a good, honest wage. I'm on the straight and narrow now, Sam. I don't fuck around like I used to."

Sam nodded. "Of course, and far be it from me to derail your progress. I just need a tiny favor. Something very simple and I promise it will never be traced back to you."

The next morning Blaine and Telio met Luther at the headquarters of Anderson Construction to discuss the hospital shooting. Luther listened carefully before speaking.

"It was a test and scare attempt."

"A what?"

"A test and scare attempt. They weren't really trying to kill you. They just wanted to frighten you and find out what type of security you have. How many men, type of car, etc. Think about it. Why try this in the middle of a hospital parking garage where there are plenty of security cameras and innocent people coming in and out? If they really wanted you dead, they would have shot Elian and Elijah while they were waiting in the car, and would have killed you the moment you came through the door. This was a test attempt."

Telio huffed in annoyance. "It didn't feel like a test when that guy was about to blow my brains out."

"I'm sure Chartussi's men know who you are. If they could take you out in the process, that's a win, but this wasn't a serious hit. It was just a warm up. Chartussi will probably contact us in the next few days to ask for a sit down. He'll offer you some bullshit deal to back off in hopes that you'll be scared enough to say yes."

Blaine stood up and walked towards the window. He looked out over the view of Westerville and beyond. After several minutes he spoke.

"I'm tired of this. I want Chartussi dead."

Everyone nodded. Blaine continued.

"I think it's time for our second strike."

He looked at Luther. "How would you feel about finally having a chance to avenge Lisa?"
Frank Chartussi sat back in his chair and listened to Maxwell describe the attack on Blaine.

"It was just four of 'em. Two of those weird Abbiati boys, and that big kid that's always with baby Anderson."

Chartussi frowned. "But they still managed to kill Frank?"

Maxwell nodded sadly. "I told him to stay put, but he saw a chance to take out the big kid so he went for it. One of the Abbiati's shot him."

Chartussi's face grew red. While Mario was known for his quiet rage, Chartussi was known for his very visible, bright red anger.

He banged his fist on the table. "This is bullshit! First the buildings, now this! I'm tired of fucking around with Anderson's faggot ass kid!"

Chartussi stood up and walked around the room. The men waited quietly. Sammy Avalon lounged against the doorframe. Chartussi stopped in front of him.

"No more playing nice. Baby Anderson wants to be in the big leagues, then we welcome him to the game, but first we offer him a chance to take his queer ass back to school. Arrange a meeting."

"I love when you're like this, my darling. So needy and desperate for me. And so totally, and completely trapped. No way to escape. No way to run. Just as it should be. As it always will be."

Anastasia whimpered as Mario ran a single finger down her leg. She was lying on her back with her legs up in the air, spread wide. Each foot tied to a pole on either side of the bed. Her arms were tied tight above her head, a gag in her mouth.

"Three days, darling. You are going to stay here for three days. One day for each lie you told."

Anastasia shook her head. She hadn't lied. She never lied to Mario. She was too scared to lie. She knew he would find out and punish her.

"Gonna do nothing but fuck you for three days." Mario stepped back and removed his boxers. Anastasia eyed his huge cock and prepared herself. She knew he meant every word he said. He was going to fuck her senseless.

Suddenly loud shots rang out. Bullet holes appeared in Mario's chest. Blood splattered everywhere, landing on Anastasia. She tried to scream but couldn't because of the gag. She kept trying to scream and free herself...

"No! Noooo! No! Mario! Mario!"

Someone was banging on the door. "Mrs. Anderson! Mrs. Anderson!"

Luther came out of his room across the hall and swiped the card unlocking her door. He ran to the bed where Anastasia was screaming and flailing in her sleep.

"Anastasia! Anastasia! Wake up! Wake up!"

Anastasia sat up with a start, her eyes wide and full of terror.

"Shhh. You're okay, Anastasia. It was just a dream. Just a bad dream."
Anastasia looked around wildly before falling into Luther's arms, sobbing uncontrollably.

Luther held her close, burying his face in her hair. Anastasia clung to him, slightly digging her nails into his back. The sensation sent waves of arousal through his body. He held her tighter and closed his eyes.

*Don't worry. I'm going to take care of you.*

*And pray that Blaine doesn't kill me.*

Saturday morning Luther arrived with brand new laptops for Blaine and Telio. They were loaded with encryption software and the latest high-tech security systems available. Blaine immediately went to the tracking site and was relieved to see Kurt safe at Dalton. He stared at the red dot for a long time as if it was an actual picture of Kurt.

Luther also gave them new phones, but urged caution about making phone calls. Emergencies and coded business conversations only when absolutely necessary. Blaine spent most of Saturday fighting the urge to call or text Kurt. He stared at the tracking site constantly which made him miss Kurt more than ever.

And notice Elian a little more.

Hair combed and well-dressed, Elian was constantly by Blaine's side. He became a sort of personal valet for Blaine. Bringing him drinks, fetching things he needed, always present and ready to help. He accompanied Blaine to all meetings serving as both driver, bodyguard and secretary. Even Telio reluctantly admitted that he was useful. After all, he had saved Telio's life that night at the hospital although Telio argued that he would have killed the guy before he could shoot him.

Elian's approach remained the same. At the end of each day he would basically offer himself to Blaine.

"Is there anything else you need?"

"No. Thank you, Elian."

"I'm right down the hall if you change your mind. I'm happy to do anything for you. Just tell me."

Always spoken in a quiet, musical voice, eyes on the floor.

But all Elian accomplished was to remind Blaine of Kurt.

Blaine would lock his door and fall onto the bed, his head filled with thoughts of Kurt.

He still refused to jerk off, and the desperate craving for sex was beginning to take its toll. His dreams of Kurt grew increasingly dark and sinister, full of collars, chains, and cages. Dreams of imprisoning Kurt in his room were fueled by his increasing worries about Chartussi. As they made plans to grab Sammy Avalon, he was reminded daily of what happened to Lisa.

That could not happen to Kurt.

Kurt.

Chartussi.

His father.
The bickering crew chiefs.

Elian.

It was all starting to close in on him.

And then they discovered a traitor.

It was actually Anastasia who stumbled across the guard who was secretly working for Chartussi.

Late Wednesday afternoon Dr. Greene stopped by to find out if Anastasia had made a decision about moving Mario. She hadn't but she mentioned that she and Blaine planned to discuss it that evening.

About 20 minutes later she went down one floor to the hospital chapel. It was the one place where the guards gave her a little breathing room. She entered quietly, but didn't go all the way in, stopping by a statue of the Mother Mary. She stood there with her eyes closed, thinking more than praying when she heard a man's voice.

"Yeah, yeah. That's right. Said they were gonna discuss it tonight. Well...no, she didn't say he was coming here, but how else are they gonna discuss it? I haven't seen any of 'em with a phone, and she only comes here and then back to the hotel, and he doesn't go to the hotel. Just tell him that if he wants another chance here it is, but maybe send a few more guys this time. He came with only three guys last time, but they were good. Managed to kill Frank."

Anastasia quietly backed out of the room. She pretended to get a drink at the water fountain and waited for the man to leave the chapel. It was a guard named Max. She slipped inside an empty patient room and called Luther. Luther reported the news to Blaine.

"I'll have the Springfield boys handle it. They're good with the pickup, beat up, and dump," said Luther.

Blaine's jaw tighten as his eyes narrowed. Telio smiled knowingly. Luther looked between the two and felt a chill.

Blaine stood up. "I think we'll handle this one ourselves."

"Blaine, let the soldiers do the heavy lifting. It's not necessary for you to put yourself at risk, or get your hands dirty."

Blaine smiled. "But Uncle Luther, remember how much I loved playing in the dirt as a kid? Nothing's changed. I love getting dirty."

x-x-x

Friday evening Blaine, Telio, Elian, and Elijah parked outside Max's apartment. When they saw Max come out, Blaine and Telio walked towards him. Max stopped, fear seizing his chest.

"Hi Max," said Blaine brightly.

"Uh, hello...sir."

"We need to talk, Max."

"We do?"
"Yeah," said Telio. "My fist needs to chat with your face."

Telio punched him several times, knocking Max out. They quickly dragged his body to the car, threw him in the trunk, and headed to the compound.

Max screamed as Telio and Elijah each took a foot and dragged him into the barn. It was a large barn, but its purpose had nothing to do with farming. The floor was concrete covered with packed down dirt. Ropes, whips, chains, knives, and rolls of twine and electrical tape hung on the walls. There was a ladder, a table, and a few chairs strewn about.

Elijah and Telio took turns punching and kicking Max before binding his hands with electrical tape, stripping him naked, and tying a rope around his wrists which they tied to a beam in the ceiling. He could just stand on his tip toes.

Blaine stood in front of him and quietly asked questions.

"How long have you worked for Chartussi?"

Sobs shook Max's body. "Please…I…I…"

Blaine interrupted him. "What have you told him, Max?"

"Nothing. I swear…I…"

"Why would you betray my family? Why would you betray me?"

Max cried and begged for forgiveness, claiming he had no choice. Blaine shook his head.

"There is always a choice, Max. Always. You just didn't choose wisely. Now tell me what you've told Chartussi."

Max stuttered and cried. It was his job to let Chartussi know when Blaine was at the hospital. Yes, he was the one who helped set up the hit attempt the week before. No, Chartussi had no plans to harm Anastasia. She was a wife and to him wives were sacred. Girlfriends were not.

Blaine stood still and silent as Max pleaded for mercy. He was sorry. He would make it up to Blaine. He would spy on the Chartussis and report back to Blaine. Please?

With no warning Blaine pulled out his gun and shot Max once in each knee. Max's screams were blood curdling. His legs buckled underneath him leaving him hanging from the beam by the rope around his wrists.

"Traitors don't deserve to stand like men. You belong on your belly in the dirt like the rat you are."

Blaine took off his shirt, walked over to the wall, and removed a leather whip designed to cause maximum pain. He circled Max slowly.

"You are the second person to betray my family. I am so sick of people betraying my family!"

Blaine started whipping him, every lash filled with anger and frustration. Blaine yelled as he brought the whip down over and over, cutting into Max as hard as possible. Max screamed in horrific pain as his body sprouted painful, bloody streaks from head to toe.

Several guards who were still stationed at the compound wandered in to find out what was going in. They watched Blaine with growing fear and silently vowed to themselves to never, ever turn traitor. Telio and Elijah were impressed with Blaine's skill handling the whip, while Elian stared at Blaine
with a mixture of loving worship and burning sexual desire. He was hard as a rock.

Blaine stopped when his arm grew tired, and every inch of Max's body was covered in bloody stripes. Max was barely breathing and unable to speak.

"Elian?"

"Yes, Blaine?"

"Can you really kill a man with your bare hands?"

"Yes."

"Show me."

Elijah cut the rope and Max fell to the ground. Elian rolled him over with his foot and straddled his naked, beaten, bloodied body. He wrapped his hands around Max's neck and squeezed. It took less than a minute for him to die. Elian stood up and looked into Blaine's eyes.

"Is there anything else I can do for you?"

This time it was Blaine who licked his lips.

The power to order men to kill.

So fucking intoxicating.

"No. Thank you."

x-x-x

They decided to remain at the compound for the night. Elijah and Telio disappeared to Telio's room to play video games while Blaine showed Elian to a guest room and then headed to his own room. He pulled out his phone and pulled up the tracking site. He stared at the dot indicating Kurt was safe in his room at Dalton.

Probably in bed.

Wearing boxers.

Maybe naked.

His long, lean body stretched out, pale and smooth…

Arms stretched above his head…

Handcuffs around his wrists…

Legs spread wide…

His blue eyes dark, willing, with just a touch of fear…

I can't take this anymore.

Blaine took off his clothes and took a hot shower. He put on a pair of black jeans, a black t-shirt, and a black hoodie. He packed his book bag with an extra gun and a few presents for Kurt. He walked down to Elian's room and knocked. When Elian opened the door Blaine quickly entered.
"I need your help."

Elian's knees went a little weak. *Finally.*

"Anything. *You can do anything to me. The rougher and harder the better. Use me. Destroy me like you did Max.*

"I need you to cover for me. I'm going out."

"Going out?"

"Yeah. I'm going to see my boyfriend."

Elian felt like he'd been punched in the stomach.

"Your boyfriend?"

"Yeah. At Dalton. I need to see him."

"But…but that's dangerous. You can't go out alone."

"I'll be fine. I just wanted someone to know where I was in case Telio comes looking for me. I can't tell him what I'm doing because he'll try to stop me and I don't feel like arguing, but I wanted someone to know just in case."

Elian's mind raced. *Do I tell Telio to stop him from going? That will make him mad. I don't want Blaine mad at me. Why is he putting himself in danger when I'm right here? Why doesn't he understand that he can have me?*

"You don't have to go. You don't have to put yourself in danger. I…you can have me."

"What?"

Elian dropped to his knees. "You can have me. You can do anything you want to me. I'll submit to you completely. I'll do anything you want."

Blaine felt a dark rush flood his mind. Elian killed a man on his orders tonight. Now he's on his knees offering full sexual submission.

Total obedience. Full submission. Damn.

Blaine's cock throbbed, but there was only one man's whose obedience and submission he wanted.

Blaine stepped back. "Elian…I can't. I'm sorry. I gotta go."

---

Blaine sped towards Dalton in his father's black Porsche. He slowed down as he approached the school, trying to decide if he should park on school grounds or on a nearby street. He decided it would be safer to park at school. As he pulled into the student garage he remembered that his car was still there. He made a mental note to have Telio and Elian pick it up.

He drove around until he found an unassigned space and parked. It was almost midnight. As he headed towards the dorm he wondered if his passkey would still work. He figured it should since he hadn't withdrawn from school. Not yet.

He was relieved when the green light flashed allowing him to enter the building. He quickly made
his way to his room. He paused for a moment before unlocking the door and slipping inside.

Kurt was asleep on his stomach. Head resting on folded arms, the bed sheet resting just above his ass. Blaine stared at him for several minutes before removing his shoes and stripping down to his boxers. He approached the bed and smiled when he saw the gun on the nightstand.

*Good boy, Kurt.*

He sat down on the bed and rested his hand on Kurt's shoulder.


Kurt opened his eyes slowly and then popped up.

"Blaine? Blaine!"

Kurt sat up on his knees and threw his arms around him.

"Oh, Blaine, Blaine, Blaine." He hugged him tight, actually squeezing him to make sure he wasn't just dreaming, Blaine held him just as tight, inhaling his scent. How had he managed to stay away for so long?

They held each other until Kurt pulled back.

"What are you doing here?"

"I couldn't stay away any longer. I missed you too bad." Blaine pulled Kurt towards him, bringing their mouths together. The kiss was hot, wet, and hungry. Blaine kept kissing as he pushed Kurt down on the bed and climbed on top of him.

"Missed you, gorgeous...so much...missed you so much."

Kurt tried to gain some control over the situation, but Blaine's mouth on his neck was driving him crazy. His eyes rolled back into his head as his hands ran up and down Blaine's back, still making sure he was really there.

"I...I missed you too, but...oh...Blaine...wait...what... ohhh...oh...wait, Blaine...Blaine...Blaine...stop."

Blaine froze and sat up. Kurt sat up and turned on the lamp on the night stand. He blinked until he was finally able to see Blaine properly.

Oh. Wow. Damn.

Blaine's hair was longer than usual and completely ungelled. His breathing was rapid, his chest rising and falling fast. His entire body looked firmer and stronger, but it was his eyes that made Kurt shiver. Blaine always looked at him with dark, intense eyes, but now something was different. Stronger and more powerful. Almost piercing.

And dangerous.

"Blaine...just talk to me for a minute. Are you okay? How are you even here? Is it safe for you to be here? Are you back for good?"

Blaine closed his eyes. There was a hot, erotic arousal swirling inside him. He didn't want to talk. He wanted to fuck. Kurt. Hard.
"I'm fine, Kurt. I'm not back for good. I just came to see you because I need you. I want you. It's been so long. Too long. I've missed you."

Kurt nodded and slowly slid off the bed. He wasn't sure where he was going, but something told him to get off the bed.

"I've missed you too, but…"

Blaine licked his lips and cocked his head to the side with a questioning expression. Where was Kurt going? Why were they talking? Too much talking. They could talk later.

"But what, Kurt?"

"I just… I wasn't expecting you, and you look… different."

Blaine stood up. "I am different."

Kurt took a step back. "H-how are you different?"

Blaine slowly walked forward as Kurt backed up against the wall. Blaine trapped him, arms stretched out, his palms pressed against the wall on either side of Kurt's head.

"Just different. *I'm a murderer now, Kurt. I shot a man and basically whipped another one to death.*"

"What have you done?"

"Do you really wanna know?"

Kurt didn't answer. His heart was beating too fast, and there was a tornado of emotion raging inside him. He was happy and relieved to see Blaine, but he was also scared. Something about Blaine had changed. Increased. Intensified.

It was frightening.

And very, very sexy.

For as scared as he felt, Kurt felt even more turned on. He was horny and hungry. Hell he was starving. He didn't know why, but he desperately wanted this new Blaine to dominate the fuck out of him. To force submission out of him. That need, that desire, scared Kurt. Why did he want that? Was it normal to want to relinquish control to someone? Especially in as brutal a way possible?

Blaine pressed a very soft, barely there kiss to Kurt's lips. His voice was a whisper full of promised threat.

"Don't you still love me, Kurt, or have you given yourself away to another?"

"No, no," Kurt shook his head, his eyes a mixture of deep blue fear and lust. "I still love you. Only you. I would never give myself to anyone else."

"Are you sure, gorgeous? You seem awfully nervous. Were you expecting assdrew tonight instead of me? Or perhaps you have a new lover."

"No. Only you. I promise. Only you."

Blaine's eyes sharpened and focused deeper into Kurt's.
"Are you sure, Kurt? Do you still belong to me?"

Kurt couldn't help it. He slowly slid down the wall to his knees. He stared up at Blaine.

"I still belong to you. Only you."

Blaine gently ran his fingers along Kurt's neck.

"One day I'm going to buy you a collar. A beautiful, tight collar to wear around your beautiful, flawless neck. If I buy one will you wear it?"

Kurt's cock hardened as he nodded and whispered. "Yes."

"Good. Now show me that you still belong to me, Kurt."

Kurt crawled over to the nightstand and took out the handcuffs. He handed them to Blaine.

Blaine locked Kurt's hands behind him. Kurt scooted forward and pulled at Blaine's boxers with his teeth. Blaine pushed them down and guided his cock to Kurt's mouth. Kurt sank down with a moan, relishing the taste and feel of finally having his mouth full of cock again.

Blaine showed no mercy as he placed his hands behind Kurt's head and locked his fingers. He moved closer, closing the space between them, creating a tight, short range of motion for him to brutally fuck Kurt's mouth. Kurt closed his eyes and fell into a wonderful pool of drunken submission. His body was tight and tense with sexual hunger, but his mind smooth and relaxed as he gave in to Blaine's demand.

Blaine kept Kurt's mouth full for several minutes, moving from fucking him to choking him over and over.

"I want every inch of you sore, gorgeous. The soreness will help you remember whose you are, who you belong to, even when I'm not here."

When Blaine finally pulled out of Kurt's mouth, Kurt was shaking. His throat was sore, and his cock was so hard. He needed to come bad. Blaine could see the desperate need in Kurt's eyes. He smiled wickedly and shook his head.

"Not until I tell you, gorgeous."

Kurt released a sob and nodded obediently. Blaine smiled and removed the handcuffs. He placed his hands on either side of Kurt's face and kissed him. Long and deep, over and over. Kurt clung to him, touching everywhere, his hands roaming, needing to feel all of Blaine.


Without warning Blaine pulled Kurt to his feet and pushed him hard against the wall. He grabbed a bottle of lube from the nightstand and squirted some on his fingers. Kurt moved his feet further apart and hissed when Blaine pressed his fingers against his asshole. It had been a month, but Blaine wasn't gentle. He pushed fast and hard, forcing two fingers in. Kurt cried out. Blaine pressed his other hand tight against Kurt's neck, pressing him into the wall. Kurt gasped and closed his eyes.

"Take it Kurt. Do you hear me, gorgeous? You will take every single thing I do to you tonight."

Kurt hissed as Blaine forced in a third finger. He probed and pushed, sliding his fingers further up Kurt's ass until he hit the right spot. Kurt yelled and his body shook as the amazing sensation sailed
through him. Blaine kept pushing, listening to Kurt yell louder, his legs growing weak, his eyes rolling back.

"Please….Blaine…ohhh, please…"

Blaine quickly removed his fingers. "On my cock, Kurt."

It took them a moment for Kurt to get his legs wrapped around Blaine, but once they were in position, Blaine lifted him, pushed up, and thrust forward, slamming Kurt into the wall.

Kurt screamed and held on tight as Blaine fucked him into the wall over and over again, slamming his entire body against it as hard as possible. With every slam, Blaine's cock hit Kurt's prostate head on making Kurt moan and grunt with pleasure. Kurt's grunts turned into moaning screams as Blaine whispered in his ear.

"Take it…Kurt. So…good when you…scream for me…gorgeous. Gonna… fuck you…all…night. Missed you, Kurt. Missed you…so much. Love you…so much…fuck…I love you so much. So, so much."

Kurt couldn't speak from the pounding his ass and body was enduring. He just held on tighter.

Just when Kurt was sure his body was going to break apart, Blaine slammed into him one final, brutal time and stilled. Kurt's ass clinched around Blaine's cock, almost sucking it in as Blaine came with a low shuddered scream. Instead of releasing Kurt, he held him tight and carried him to the bed. Kurt cried out as his sore back hit the mattress, but then Blaine was on top of him, scooting down, pressing his legs apart, and burying his face in Kurt's ass. Kurt gasped and arched his hips up when he felt Blaine's tongue licking at his hole, scooping up the cum he'd just deposited. Blaine moved up Kurt's body and slid his cum covered tongue into Kurt's mouth. He did this several times, and Kurt greedily accepted the cum Blaine pushed into his mouth over and over again.

"You're so filthy, gorgeous. Such a beautiful cumslut. I'm so glad you're mine."

Kurt tried to form coherent thoughts to speak, but he simply couldn't. His body was too beaten, bruised and exhausted from being slammed against the wall over and over again. His ass ached, and he was still hard, waiting for his release.

So he just lay there and allowed Blaine to worship his body with soft kisses, gentle licks, rough squeezes, and sucks hard enough to leave marks. Blaine took his time enjoying Kurt's body because he didn't know when he'd get to again. That thought drove him to kiss deeper, suck harder, and lick until the taste of Kurt's skin filled his mouth. Kurt whimpered beneath him and whispered, "Please… please…need…need to come."

Blaine finished sucking another hickey into Kurt's neck and ran his tongue around Kurt's ear. His voice was low and lustful. "You wanna come, gorgeous?"

"Yes…please…please…"

"Mmm, I like when you beg. I want you to beg some more, but first we need to get you in the right position to beg."


"On all fours, Kurt." Kurt struggled to raise himself up. Blaine walked over to his book bag and took
out a new butt plug. It was larger than the ones they'd used before. He carefully lubed it up and kneeled behind Kurt. He buried his tongue in Kurt's ass, licking his ass crack before licking and probing his hole. Kurt moaned and struggled to stay up. He was confused when Blaine squirted lube into his hole. Why more lube? Surely Blaine wasn't gonna…

Kurt screamed as Blaine pushed the plug into his very red, very sore ass, filling him full and deep.

"Oh...please...please...I can't...please...

"You wanna come, Kurt? Then you need to beg for your release while I spank your ass. The rest of your body looks so beautiful covered in marks made by me. I don't want to neglect your ass. I'll never neglect your ass, inside or out. Now beg."

Blaine's hand landed with a loud smack on Kurt's right ass cheek. Kurt lost his balance again and fell. "Stay up, Kurt or I'm never gonna let you come."

Kurt steadied himself and began to beg. "Please let me come. Please, Blaine...please..."

Blaine smacked his ass hard, switching between ass cheeks while Kurt cried and beg. Blaine cruelly pulled the plug in and out of Kurt's already abused hole making Kurt scream. He alternated between fucking Kurt with the plug and smacking his ass. Kurt was so hard that he knew he would come soon with or without Blaine's permission, but he really wanted permission because he didn't think his body could take much more.

At one point Blaine pushed the plug in as deep as possible and then wrapped his hand around Kurt's cock and gently stroked. Kurt dug his nails into the bed sheets and wailed. Blaine closed his eyes as Kurt's cries traveled through him, settling in a dark place in his mind that loved the agony he was putting Kurt through. It was different from the powerful rush of whipping Max, but something underneath was the same. Blaine didn't understand it, and he didn't care. He just wanted more.

Blaine tortured Kurt with the plug and spanked him for another 10 minutes before pushing it in deep and leaving it there. He climbed on to the bed, laid on his back and scooted between Kurt's legs so Kurt's cock was right above his mouth.

"Put your cock in my mouth and come, gorgeous."

Kurt lowered his hips and Blaine sucked his cock into his mouth. It took less than a minute for Kurt to come loud and hard with screaming wails as his body shook and convulsed. Blaine swallowed eagerly before quickly sliding out from underneath Kurt before he collapsed.

They lay in bed on their sides facing each other. Kurt's eyes were closed. He was exhausted and still trembling from the large plug in his ass. For the first time in a month Blaine felt relaxed, his body settled and calm.

But his mind was mess.

The longer he stared at Kurt, the more his heart hurt. He loved him so much, but everything was different now. His world was so dangerous. It had always been dangerous, but now the danger was fiercely real and even more deadly.

He knew why he looked different to Kurt.

*He* was more dangerous and deadly.

Murder and power changes a man.
Blaine closed his eyes and began talking.

"Kurt?"

Kurt opened his sleepy eyes and tried to focus on Blaine, but he was far away, floating in another headspace.

"You said I seem different. I am different. My life…from now on things will be different. My dad…he's not getting better. This…I'm not…I can't…"

Blaine trailed off. He couldn't bring himself to tell him. Not yet.

I'm not coming back to Dalton.

And neither are you.

Kurt reached over and stroked Blaine's cheek. Blaine turned his head and pressed his lips to Kurt's fingers.

"You're my sun, Kurt. The one thing in my world that's bright, shining, warm and beautiful. You make me happy, Kurt. That's why the yellow rose is you. You're my sun."

And then Blaine began to sing.

You are my sunshine,
My only sunshine.
You make me happy
When skies are grey.
You'll never know, dear,
How much I love you.
Please don't take my sunshine away.
I'll always love you
And make you happy
If you will only say the same
But if you leave me
To love another
You'll regret it all someday.

Kurt sighed contentedly and closed his eyes. Blaine continued.

"I'm different because…I've done things, Kurt. Things I can't…" Blaine trailed off. Things I can't tell you. Not yet anyway.

"You're yellow, but I'm red. The color of blood and death, but it's also the color of love, and I love you, Kurt. I love you so much. You have no idea how much I love you, and I promise…I will
"protect your, Kurt. I will. Even when you think I'm not, I am. Just trust me."

"Kurt?"

"Kurt?"

Kurt was asleep.

x-x-x

The next morning Kurt slowly opened his eyes and groaned. His throat hurt, his ass seemed to pulse slightly, and his entire body ached dull and deep. He tried to roll over and found he could barely move.

So, it hadn't been a dream. Blaine really had fucked him into oblivion.

"Blaine?"

"Blaine?"

Kurt very, very slowly sat up and looked around the room.

Blaine was gone.

There was a note on the nightstand under a pile of money.

Gorgeous,

I'm sorry I had to go. I needed to get back before everyone woke up. I'm leaving you money to go shopping for your summer wardrobe. The summer line from Marc Jacobs looks amazing. I'm also leaving you a few gifts. They were given to me in honor of my becoming boss, but they made me think of you. I hope you like them.

When school is over I will send for you. You will spend the summer with me. I know your father will not approve. I don't care. I expect you to come, Kurt. No discussion.

I love you. You are mine. You belong to me. You belong with me.

There was $5,000 cash on the nightstand along with a beautiful journal and matching pen. There was also a knife with a gorgeous ornate handle and a long box. Kurt opened it to find a beautiful pair of Sai swords inside.

He lay back down and closed his eyes.

He wanted to be angry with Blaine for leaving before they could really talk but he was too worn out.

Instead he rolled over and went back to sleep.

x-x-x

It was almost 7:00 am when Blaine turned into the driveway of the compound. The guards rolled back the security gates and stopped him.

"Yeah?"

"Telio's looking for you."
"Thanks."

Blaine continued down the drive and pulled up in front of the house. The door immediately opened and Telio stormed out followed by Elian.

"You asshole!"

"I'm sorry, but I had to…"

"You could have been killed!"

"That's always the case, so does it really matter!"

Telio stood there breathing hard and glaring at him. "You're so fucking selfish, Blaine! So incredibly selfish! You don't get it do you? Other people rely on you now! You can't go off and do dumb shit like this because you need your jimmy waxed!"

"I'm not like you, Telio! I can't just turn off my feelings and emotions! I had to see him!"

Telio was incredulous. "Turn them off? I don't turn off my feelings and emotions! I sacrifice them for those I love! Learn the difference!"

Telio stormed back into the house. Blaine leaned against the car and rubbed his forehead.

"Have a nice night?"

Blaine looked up to see Elian standing there, arms folded. Blaine couldn't read his expression.

"Yeah, I did."

"Telio was furious when he discovered you were gone."

"I bet. I thought you were going to cover for me?"

"He went to your room before I woke up." Elian turned to leave, but then turned back around.

"Next time just stay here and fuck me."

Blaine shook his head.

_Never._
Monday morning Kurt slowly walked into the Dalton dining hall hoping no one noticed him. He'd spent the entire weekend taking warm baths, resting in bed, alternating between being furious with Blaine, aroused by the memories of his visit, and thinking about the final lines of Blaine's note.

\[\text{When school is over I will send for you. You will spend the summer with me. I know your father will not approve. I don't care. I expect you to come, Kurt. No discussion.}\]

Kurt had no idea how Blaine thought he was going to convince his father to let him spend the entire summer with him. It had been hard enough talking him into one week of spring break. A week they didn't even get.

Kurt grabbed a waffle, a bowl of fruit and a glass of orange juice. As he headed towards the Warbler's table he saw Andrew watching him with a concerned expression. Kurt quickened his pace and gingerly sat down across from Wes and Trent. Trent eyed him suspiciously.

"Are you okay? You look like you're limping."

"I hurt my foot this weekend. Hit it on my desk. I'm fine."

Kurt took a bite of waffle and tried to ignore the hard stare Wes had fixed on him.

Despite spending most of the weekend in either the bed or the bathtub, Kurt's body still ached from Blaine. He was covered in bruises and his ass was still red and tender to the touch, but Kurt loved it. He loved the lingering feeling of Blaine all over him. Unlike the bruises left on his body after hallway attacks at McKinley, these bruises made him feel desired. Signs of rough, hot passion and possessiveness. A need to make sure everyone knew Kurt belonged to Blaine. Despite his neck being covered in hickeys, Kurt decided not to wear a scarf. He knew Blaine wanted the world to see those hickeys.

And Wes was staring at them with laser-like focus.

\[\text{Were those made by Blaine, or by Andrew?}\]

Kurt avoided Wes's gaze and instead focused on Nick and Jeff who were excited about the final dance of the year. The final dance was a huge, free for all party that everyone attended because the teachers were tired and tended to turn a blind eye to everything unless they saw blood. The Warblers usually performed at least two songs.

"We should have a few practices to get ready," said Wes. Everyone groaned.

"Oh, come on, Wes," said Nick. "We never practice for this performance. We just do whatever song Blaine feels like singing."

"Well Blaine isn't here." Wes looked at Kurt. \[\text{Or is he? Or are you fooling around with Andrew? God, please don't be fooling around with Andrew. Blaine will murder him.}\]

Suddenly all eyes were on Kurt. He shook his head.

"I don't think he's coming back for the dance. He hasn't mentioned it."

Wes leaned forward and lowered his voice. "So, you've talked to him?" \[\text{Or seen him?}\]
"Um...briefly."

All the other boys leaned in. "Is he coming back next year?" Trent's voice was full of hope.

"I...I really don't know. I guess it depends on...I don't know."

The boys nodded sadly. "But he has to come back. It's senior year. He's gotta graduate," said David.

Kurt suddenly felt angry.

Why was he just as clueless about his boyfriend's future as his friends? Shouldn't he know more?

*He came. He fucked. He left.*

As they headed to class. Wes hung back and called out to Kurt. They waited until everyone was gone.

"So, when did you see him?"

Kurt decided not to lie.

"Friday night."

"Is he okay?"

"I guess. He seems different. More serious and intense."

Wes nodded. "I can imagine. Did he say what he's been up to? I mean...anything you're allowed to share?"

Kurt felt angry again. He had absolutely no idea what Blaine had been up to. "No. No, he didn't. He didn't say much of anything."

Wes couldn't help but smile. "I can see that."

Kurt blushed a little, his hand instinctively touching his neck. "Is it that bad?"

"No, but you definitely didn't have those last week."

They started walking to class until Kurt blurted out, "He wants me to spend the summer with him."

Wes stopped walking. "Really? Are you going to?"

"I don't know. My dad will never go for it, but Blaine's being pretty insistent."

Wes studied Kurt's face for a moment.

"Listen, Kurt. I know you love him and he loves you, but you need to be careful."

Kurt nodded. "I know. With what happened to his dad I can't help but worry if he's next. I know I should be nervous about staying at his house, but I really wanna be with him. I miss him so much."

Wes shook his head. "That's not what I meant."

"Then what?"

"You need to be careful with Blaine. I haven't seen him, or talked to him since he left, but I've
known him for years, and what you're seeing now…the intensity, the seriousness, the insistence, it's always been there. Just smoother and covered by his charming smile and great voice. I love Blaine, but at the end of the day he's an Anderson, and Andersons are dangerous, selfish people. They want what they want, and look out if you get in their way."

Kurt was shocked into silence. He opened his mouth but had no idea what to say. He couldn't really deny what Wes was saying, but he was shocked that Wes was so accurate.

"But, how do you know that? Blaine's never been like that at school."

"Like I said. Smoother. Hidden. I love Blaine, but I've always known there was more to him than the dapper charm."

"So you think Blaine has always been…dangerous?"

"No, not dangerous. Just capable of being dangerous."

"But…why would you think that? How could you think that?"

"Like I said. It's always been there."

Blaine and Telio sat in the library counting and recording stacks of money that had been dropped off by several crew chiefs. It was a task usually completed by Luther and the now deceased Carlisle. Blaine decided he should do it for a while in order to get a clear understanding of just how much money his family made.

As the bills sped through the money counter, growing from thousands, to tens of thousands, to hundreds of thousands, Blaine grew increasingly shocked.

This was a lot of money.

And all in cash.

Damn.

Telio smiled at Blaine's amazed expression.

"You look like you just realized you're rich."

"I guess I never thought about it before."

"Figures. When you've always had it, you never think about it."

Once the money was counted and recorded, Blaine took $10,000 and handed it to Telio.

"What's this for?"

"I don't know. Give some to Alicia and keep the rest for yourself."

"Give some to Alicia?"

"I gave Kurt money to buy new clothes. Wouldn't Alicia love to go shopping?"

"I'm not gonna see her to give it to her."

"You could see her."
Telio shook his head.

"Stop trying to be some kind of saint and call your girlfriend! She's probably worried sick about you, or worse she's moved on to some other guy."

Telio ignored the jealous punch in his stomach. "She should move on to some other guy. Someone safer. Less complicated."

"You don't mean that."

"Yes I do. At least I want to."

Blaine rolled his eyes and opened his laptop. He looked at the clock and checked the tracking site. After confirming Kurt's location he went to Dalton's student site and logged in. He scrolled through the announcements.

"Hey! The last Dalton-Crawford Dance is this Friday." Blaine looked at Telio with a hopeful expression. Telio shook his head.

"No."

"Aw, come on. No one will come after us there. It would be great to surprise Kurt and I bet Alicia will be there."

"Blaine, we got shit to do. High school is over for us."

"It doesn't have to be. Not yet anyway. Come on. One last dance. A farewell to Dalton. Please?"

"I'll think about it."

Andrew kept staring at Kurt. They were sitting across from one another in the Dalton library. Kurt was focused on his history book, determined to finish the chapter. Andrew was supposed to be studying, but he kept looking at Kurt, trying to build up his nerve.

It's just as friends. Not a date or anything. Just friends. Why are you making this such a big deal? Just ask him.

"Uh, Kurt?" Kurt looked up. Andrew took a breath.

"Um...so...I was wondering...um...are you planning to go to the dance on Friday?"

Kurt shrugged. "I don't know. Maybe. I hadn't decided. I think I have to go because the Warblers are supposed to perform."

"Oh. Okay. Well...um...would you...maybe like to go with me? Just as friends of course."

"Oh." Kurt was surprised. "Um...I don't know."

"Is Blaine coming back for the dance?"

Kurt frowned. "I don't think so."

Andrew relaxed. "Okay, so we could go as friends."

Kurt's fingers moved to his bracelet, rubbing it as he thought about Andrew's offer.
It's just as friends.

But deep down Kurt knew better.

He knew Andrew liked him. Would he be leading him on by saying yes, despite his claim of just friends?

Blaine will have a fit.

So what? It's not fair. I deserve to have some fun. Spring Break was awful. I've been lonely and missing him for weeks, and then what does he do? He shows up, fucks me and leaves!

"Andrew, you know that being friends is all we'll ever be, right?"

"Can I ask you something?"

"Of course."

"If you weren't with Blaine…would I have a shot with you?"

Kurt was flattered by the question.

And he felt a little guilty.

But he decided to be honest.

"Yeah, I think you would, but I'm with Blaine so that's not going to happen."

Andrew nodded. "Okay. I'll settle for that. So, you'll go with me?"

Kurt smiled. "Yes."

Sammy Avalon boldly entered the headquarters of Anderson Construction. He moved with a confidence and swagger that came from knowing who he was, what he was, and that the world feared him.

"Good afternoon, sir. How may I help you?"

"I'm here to see Luther."

"Is he expecting you?"

"Nope."

"Okay. If you'll take a seat I'll see if he's in."

Sammy smiled and took a few steps back. He didn't miss the four guards who suddenly appeared in the lobby. He grinned at them and waited.

The receptionist hung up the phone and stood up. "Sir, if you'll follow me."

She took him to a small conference room at the end of the hall. Luther was waiting for him, his eyes hard and cold. The desire to kill itched his skin.

"What do you want?"
"Well hello, Luther. Nice to see you again. How are things?"

"What do you want?"

Sammy grinned. "I'm sorry. I'm sure you're very busy seeing how Mario is ill and all. It's a good thing you have nothing and…no one to occupy your time."

Luther clenched his fists. He couldn't kill him here, but soon. Very soon.

"This is the last time I'll ask. What do you want?"

"Mr. Chartussi would like to speak with Blaine. Monday evening. Dinner at…"

Luther interrupted. "We'll choose the time and place and let you know. Assuming Blaine's interested."

Sammy shrugged. "Fine, but it would be in his best interests to be interested. We're offering him a way out. He's shouldering far too much responsibility for someone so young. We'd hate to see him get hurt."

"Is that all?"

"Yeah, that's it."

"Then get out."

x-x-x

"I'm not interested."

"Blaine…"

"Not interested! He tries to kill my father, tries to kill me, and now he wants to break bread? Fuck him!"

After Sammy left Luther downed two glasses of bourbon and then headed to the compound to deliver the message to Blaine.

"You should at least meet with him to see what he wants. We might be able…"

"I don't give a fuck what he wants! It's about what I want, and I want him dead!"

"Blaine, the other families expect you to at least try to avoid a war."

Blaine shook his head. "No! The other families expect me to protect our interests and theirs, to mediate their bullshit disagreements, and to keep the money flowing. I've already made my intentions clear. I want Chartussi dead! End of discussion!"

"There are rules, Blaine. Customs. Protocols. You know that! Just have the damn meeting and then you can bomb the hell out of him!"

Blaine looked at Luther long and hard. Used to this from Mario, Luther simply stared back and waited. Blaine's thoughts took a suspicious, paranoid turn.

"Why are you so anxious for me to have this meeting?"
"Because it's custom. Meeting requests are not denied, especially between rival families on the verge of war. You have to at least look like you're trying to keep the peace."

Blaine nodded slowly. "Uh huh, I see. Because customs and rules are so important to Chartussi. He respects all the rules."

Blaine slowly circled Luther. "I find it interesting that a man whose girlfriend was killed by a man who couldn't give a fuck about rules suddenly wants me to respect the rules when it comes to that same man."

Blaine pulled his gun and pointed it at Luther.

Luther's eyes widened. "What are you doing?"

"What are you doing, Luther? Are you setting me up?"

"What? How could you think that? You're my godson for fucks sake! Your father has been my best friend since we were 15!"

"Then why are you so eager for me to meet with Chartussi?"

"I told you, it's custom! Plus, I promised your mother!"

"What?"

"I promised your mother I would try to get you to avoid a war. She's scared, Blaine. She just watched her husband get gunned down, her eldest son hasn't been seen for weeks. She's terrified of losing you."

Blaine lowered the gun. *What the hell am I doing?*

"I'm sorry."

Luther glowered at him. "Don't you ever fucking point a gun at me! Have you lost your fucking mind?"

Telio and Elian walked in. "What's going on?"

Luther just stood there, shocked and angry.

"Chartussi wants a meeting," said Blaine.

Telio nodded. "Expected. When and where?"

Blaine scowled at him angrily. "Why is everyone immediately down with this bullshit?"

"Because it's tradition. We go to the meeting, see what he has to say, and then attack a week later."

"Why not blow him away at the meeting?"

Telio shook his head. "We'll never make it out alive."

Blaine threw himself into a chair. He stared at the floor for several minutes, head down, fingers tangled in his hair. Finally he looked apologetically at Luther.

"Okay. Fine. I'll meet with him."
"You'd better get your shit together, Blaine. You pull a gun on Chartussi like you just did to me and we'll all end up dead."

"I'm sorry. I don't know what got into me. It won't happen again."

"It better not." Luther left.

Telio sat down next to Blaine. "What's going on with you? What's wrong?"

Blaine sighed and shook his head. "I don't know. I just got paranoid all of sudden. I know Luther would never hurt me. I just panicked for some reason. I just…I'm tired, and…I can't wait for school to get out so Kurt can move in. I'll feel better when he's here."

"What are you talking about?"

"Kurt's moving in when school's out."

Elian's head snapped up.

"What?"

"My boyfriend Kurt is moving in when school's out."

Telio's mouth fell open. "What? Are you kidding me? Does Kurt know this?"

"I told him."

"You told him? Did he agree?"

"He doesn't have a choice."

"Blaine…do you really think his father is going to allow him to live here for the summer?"

"I don't care about his father."

"But I bet Kurt does."

"Kurt will do as I say."

"Wow. Really, Blaine?"

"Yes, really, Telio. Kurt knows he belongs to me. His place is with me."

Telio shook his head. "His father is never going to let him come here."

Blaine expression turned dark and threatening. "A father has tried to stand in the way of an Anderson before. Didn't work then, won't work now."

By Friday Kurt understood why the Dalton teaching staff paid little to no attention at the final dance of the year. They were exhausted from practical jokes, fighting for attention in class, and dealing with a student body that, despite final exams in a week, was over and done with school. The usual decorum and formality that ruled the halls was gone. Everyone could feel the school year coming to an end and they couldn't contain their excitement.

Kurt still hadn't approached the subject of summer with his dad. Burt had called a few days ago and left a message asking what day Kurt would be finished. Kurt hadn't returned the call. He hadn't heard
from Blaine, but he was sure it was just a matter of time. The impending showdown between the two men he loved was keeping him up at night.

On Friday he decided to forget about his father and summer vacation and focus on the dance. He was determined to celebrate the end of his first year at Dalton by having a great time, and singing his heart out at his last performance until the fall.

Wes had insisted on at least one planning practice that week. Kurt thought it was downright embarrassing how long it took them to figure out songs they could perform without Blaine. They finally settled on "Uptown Girl" with Nick as the lead and "Raise Your Glass," as an ensemble.

Classes let out early on Friday so Kurt spent the entire afternoon getting ready. He pretended he was going with Blaine. He chose tight black jeans with a wild and colorful designer shirt that hung off one shoulder. He meticulously styled his hair, allowing a few locks to curl and hang across his forehead. He checked and rechecked his outfit until there was a knock on the door.

He opened it to find a brand new Andrew.

Andrew’s curly blonde hair had been cut short and styled. He was wearing a green shirt that brought out his dark green eyes. His black pants were pressed and pleated, and his shoes had been polished to perfection. Overnight he had morphed into an older, handsome, incredibly sexy man. Kurt was a bit speechless.

"Hi."

"Hi. Wow. Andrew…you look great."

"Thanks. I wanted to look worthy of escorting you to a dance."

Kurt laughed. Andrew ran his eyes up and down Kurt's body.

"You look great too. You always look great." Andrew paused for a moment. "You really are attractive, Kurt."

Kurt smiled, his cheeks turning slightly pink.

"Thank you."

x-x-x

This dance definitely felt different from all the others. The air was filled with a hyper, contagious energy. Everyone was ready to let loose and let go. Kurt couldn't spot one teacher. He had a feeling they were all back at the main building drinking with the headmaster.

Everyone was on the dance floor. Even the usual wallflowers found a spot to dance awkwardly and laugh at each other. The lack of supervision allowed for plenty of grinding and making out. Kurt smiled as he watched Carl and Jerome kissing while a few feet away David was kissing his new girlfriend, Jen. Something that could never take place at McKinley without sparking violence. At times like this, Kurt felt Dalton really was a secret heaven on earth.

At first he and Andrew danced as part of a larger group of boys jumping around and acting goofy, but soon it was just the two of them moving and gyrating in front of each other, careful to keep a certain distance between them. Suddenly the music slowed and Andrew wrapped his arm around Kurt's waist and pulled him closer. Kurt tensed. Andrew smiled and stepped back a bit.
"Relax. We can dance like awkward sixth graders. I'll put my hands here," Andrew placed his hands on Kurt's waist. "And you put your hands on my shoulders, and we'll keep a desk length between us while we sway, 1-2, 1-2 to the music."

Kurt laughed and placed his hands on Andrew's shoulders.

Blaine and Telio entered the hall silently and unnoticed. As he looked around the room at everyone dancing and laughing, Blaine was struck by how much his life had changed.

A month and a half ago he was one of them.

Now he was the leader of a criminal empire.

They stood in the doorway scanning the crowd. Telio spotted Alicia dancing with a redheaded kid named Mike. He ignored the jealous boil in the pit of his stomach.

It took Blaine longer to spot Kurt. It wasn't until the song changed and a few couples left the floor that he saw him.

Dancing with fucking Andrew.

And Andrew had his fucking hands on Kurt's waist.

And just what the actual fuck was going on?

Telio followed Blaine's venomous stare and laid a hand on his shoulder.

"Relax. He didn't know you were coming."

"That doesn't matter. He should know not to allow anyone to touch him. Especially that asshole."

"Well either calm your shit and go cut in quietly, or let's get out of here."

Blaine started making his way across the crowded dance floor, his eyes fixed on Kurt. He was almost there when…

"Blaine!"

Trent's eyes lit up. He ran over and threw his arms around Blaine's neck. Very quickly Blaine was surrounded by happy Warblers hugging him and bouncing excitedly.

"Man, we've missed you."

"I knew you would come back!"

"Are you gonna perform with us?"

"Why didn't Kurt tell us you were coming?"

Blaine immediately turned on the charm, smiling and happily greeting his friends. Wes's looked around nervously for Kurt.

Hearing the commotion Kurt looked over and spotted Blaine. Without a thought he dropped his hands from Andrew's shoulders and started towards him as if pulled by an invisible force. Blaine saw him and pulled away from the Warblers, his initial anger melting as he approached his sun. They came together, arms wrapping tightly around the other. In that moment they each exhaled as if they'd
been holding their breath for days. Everyone around them was forgotten as they relaxed into each other and began to sway to the song.

"What are you doing here?"

"I came to surprise you and apparently not a moment too soon. I'm gonna beat the shit out of Andrew." Blaine planted soft kisses along Kurt's jawline. Kurt sighed and closed his eyes, head tilting back to give Blaine more access.

"Calm down, psycho. Andrew is just a friend."

"Yeah, I bet he's just a friend. A friend who can't seem to keep his fucking hands to himself."

Blaine pulled back a little and placed his hand on Kurt's chest. He slid his hand up to Kurt's neck, settling right under his chin. He squeezed slightly.

"I don't like people touching what belongs to me."

"He didn't touch me. We were just dancing."

Blaine pulled Kurt close and started kissing along his neck again. He licked the shell of his ear and whispered, "Apparently I didn't fuck you hard enough last time. I should have left you unable to walk."

Kurt ignored the slight stirring deep below his belly.

"No, you should have talked to me and told me you were coming."

The song ended and the two stood staring into each other's eyes. Kurt could feel himself getting lost. He blinked and reminded himself that he was mad.

"I'm not your $5,000 a night whore, Blaine. After weeks of not hearing from you, you show up, fuck me and leave. That's not fair."

Blaine leaned down to kiss Kurt's bare shoulder. He kissed up his shoulder to his neck and nuzzled under his ear.

"No, you're not my $5,000 a night whore. You're priceless. My gorgeous, precious, priceless whore who I love more than anything and can't live without." Before Kurt could speak Blaine locked their mouths together. Kurt cursed his body for responding to Blaine's words and his tongue. He fought to keep from losing himself completely.

"Blaine, we need to talk."

Blaine was about to respond when Trent and David came over.

"Hey, sorry to interrupt, but are you gonna sing with us?"

Blaine was incapable of turning down a performance opportunity.

"Uptown Girl" was quickly replaced with "Teenage Dream" followed by "Raise Your Glass."

Telio stood in the back of the room as the Warblers took to the stage.

Waiting.
The moment Alicia realized Blaine was performing, she whirled around and began frantically searching the room. She pushed her way through the crowd towards the back until she saw him.

Damn. Was it really possible for him to get any hotter?

Telio was wearing dark blue jeans, a tight black t-shirt that accentuated every ripple of his muscles, and black boots.

Alicia wanted to stay furious with him. She'd been angry, sad, mad and everything in between for weeks. But now as she stared at him she only felt relief.

Telio watched her walking towards him.

Blaine was right.

He was stupid not to contact her.

She stopped in front of him, her eyes searching his face with uncertainty.

"You're here."

Telio nodded. "Yeah, I'm here." He reached for her, but she stepped back and shot daggers at him with her eyes.

_Shit. She's pissed._

"Why didn't you call me?"

"I couldn't. We had to go into hiding."

Alicia looked like she was thinking it over. Telio decided he'd better apologize. Girls liked that, right?

"I'm sorry. It's not like I didn't wanna call you. I did. I thought about you every day. All the time. But I couldn't. It wasn't safe for me to contact you, or anybody. For my protection and yours."

Alicia crossed her arms. "I was really mad at you for not contacting me to at least let me know you were alive. I figured it had something to do with Blaine and everything, but still…I was really mad, and scared, and sad, but mostly mad."

"Are you still mad?"

"No. I get it. I guess. Besides, I don't wanna leave mad."

"Leave?"

"I'm going to London."

"What?"

"I'm going to London for the summer. My father's doing a two year medical fellowship. We're all going to London. My mom and I will come back in the fall for school, but I'll be gone all summer."

Telio felt disappointed. It wasn't like he'd planned on seeing her during the summer, but still.

"When do you leave?"
"In two weeks. My dad's already there."

A beat passed and Telio pulled her to him. This time she let him. She also let him kiss her breathless.

"I wanna spend the night with you before I leave."

Telio was surprised. Guess the apology worked. "How?"

Alicia smiled mischievously. "If I come up with a plan, will you meet me?"

Was she kidding?

"Yeah, I'll meet you. Anytime. Anywhere."

x-x-x

Kurt and Blaine spent the rest of the night on the dance floor, both silently agreeing that they should focus on having fun. They alternated between dancing around with the Warblers and with each other. Kurt enjoyed teasing Blaine by seductively grinding against him and then pulling away to twirl, wiggle his ass, and shoot him sexy looks. Blaine grabbed Kurt's waist and pulled him close, pressing his very hard cock against Kurt's ass. Kurt put his arms up and gyrated his hips. Despite the loud music he could hear Blaine's groan. He thrilled when Blaine dug his fingers into his hips, pressing him tighter against his cock. Kurt let his head fall back and lost himself in the music and the feel and scent of Blaine. It was the most relaxed and free he'd felt in a long time.

The girls took a long time to board the buses back to Crawford. Students hung around outside hugging and kissing one another, promising to keep in touch over the summer. Blaine held Kurt's hand while they looked for Telio and Alicia, finally spying them over by the corner of the building kissing feverishly, their hands roaming all over one another. Kurt sighed happily.

"I'm so glad he has someone."

Blaine tightened his grip on Kurt's hand. "Yeah, and I'm so glad I have you. We're going to have a great summer."

Kurt said nothing as nerves rippled through his stomach.

Telio and Alicia finally separated when one of the Crawford teachers walked over and tapped Alicia on the shoulder with a stern frown. Telio walked her to the bus.

"So, I'll call you when I have it figured out," said Alicia.

"Text me instead. Just text me the words…Crawford, and I'll call you."

"Okay."

All the boys waited for the buses to pull off before beginning the walk back to the dorms. Telio looked at Blaine.

"I assume you're spending the night?"

Blaine looked lustfully at Kurt. "Yes."

"Okay. I'll come get you in the morning."

"Not necessary. My car is still here. I'll drive back."
"I don't want you driving alone, Blaine."

"Relax, I'll be fine. I need to take my car home anyway. I keep forgetting to have you and Elian pick it up."

"Elian and I will come in the morning and I'll ride back with you."

Blaine shook his head. "That's not necessary. Besides, I don't know what time I'm gonna leave."

Telio shook his head. "You're just not gonna be happy until someone shoots you."

Kurt's eyes filled with worry. "Please don't say that."

Blaine glared at Telio and squeezed Kurt's hand. "Ignore him. I'll be fine."

x-x-x

The moment they were inside their room, Blaine pushed Kurt up against the wall and kissed him, his hands pulling at the zipper of Kurt's pants. Kurt grabbed his hands and tried to pull out of the kiss.

"No, Blaine. Blaine...we need to talk."

Blaine ignored him and tried to kiss him again. Kurt pushed him gently.

"Stop."

Blaine dropped his hands and took a step back. Kurt folded his arms and gave him a firm look.

"No sex tonight. Tonight we talk."

Blaine sat down on the bed and ran his eyes up and down his tall, lean, firm boyfriend. Kurt's hair was still in perfect place. His jeans hugged his legs; his exposed shoulder was creamy and smooth.

"You are so gorgeous."

"Flattery will get you nowhere."

"Will it at least get me cuddling in bed while we talk?"

Kurt's expression softened. "Cuddling only. No sex."

They settled in bed with Kurt leaning against the headboard with Blaine between his legs laying back against his chest. They sat in silence for a while before Kurt began.

"About the summer..."

Blaine immediately interrupted.

"What day do you want me to send someone to get you? I'll try to come myself if I can, but I may have meetings."

Kurt sighed. "What makes you think my father is going to let me stay with you for the entire summer?"

"We're not going to discuss this, Kurt."

"Yes, we are."
"I want you with me. I miss you. I need you."

"I miss you and I need you too, but my father is never going to let me do this."

"You don't need your father's permission."

"Yes, I do."

"Why?"

"Because he's my father. I would never just go off and do something like this without his permission. Besides, I usually help out at the shop in the summer. He's really going to need me this year due to the campaign."

"Did he say that?"

"Well no, but I always help in the summer and with the campaign he's going to be extra busy. He'll need me to be at the shop."

Blaine sat up, turned around, and sat on his knees. Kurt was surprised by the hurt in Blaine's eyes.

"Why are you fighting me on this? Don't you wanna be with me?"

"Of course! Yes! Yes, I wanna be with you, but…"

"Then stop arguing with me and making excuses! Your father can't stop you from doing anything you want to do!"

"I can't just disobey my father!"

Blaine's body tensed as his expression turned fierce.

"No. You can't just disobey me. Your disobedience is dangerous, Kurt. Your disobedience could get you killed. I need to protect you."

"Oh, really? I don't recall you being worried about my safety during spring break. I was home for two weeks and I heard from you once! I was scared the entire time, and…"

"I protected you during spring break!"

"How? By not contacting me? Well that just…"

"You had a bodyguard."

"What?"

"You had a bodyguard. Austin. I told him to make sure you never saw him. He watched over you every day."

Kurt's face fell as his anger receded. "But…why didn't you tell me?"

"I didn't want you to know. I thought it would be easier if you didn't know." Blaine shifted to sit with his legs crossed. Kurt did the same. Blaine took Kurt's hands in his.

"A lot has happened since my father was shot. A lot I haven't told you."

"So tell me now. Tell me everything."
Blaine hesitated. Did he want to tell him that he'd murdered his own grandfather? Beaten a man within inches of his life? Blown up buildings? Had a man's hands sliced off?

No.

He wasn't ready for Kurt to know just how far he'd fallen.

"My dad isn't getting better. He's…he's probably never going to get better."

Kurt's heart broke at the sadness in Blaine's eyes. "Oh, Blaine."

"This is my life now, Kurt. I'm in charge until…" Blaine trailed off. Until Cooper or someone else kills me.

"But you don't have to do this! Tell your mother you don't want this! Why can't Cooper do it?"

Blaine shook his head. "My father never wanted him in charge. I can't let my father down or disrespect him by turning my back on my family. This is my birthright. I have to accept it."

Kurt was undaunted. "No, you don't. I get that you want to respect your father and everything, but what your family does is illegal. No one could blame you for saying you don't want to become a criminal."

*I'm already a criminal.*

"It's not that simple."

"Why not?"

"I can't just let my family's business be destroyed. I can't."

Kurt sighed. He sort of understood. While he certainly didn't want to work on cars, he wouldn't want anything to happen to Hummel Tire & Lube. His father had worked hard to build the business and he was proud of it. Kurt couldn't imagine letting it fall into ruin. If anything happened to his father he would offer it to Finn or sell it to someone he trusted to keep it going. But this still seemed different. The Anderson family business was weapons, laundering money, murdering others to maintain control and power.

And that's when the truth hit him.

He looked up, his eyes meeting Blaine's. Blaine had been watching him, wondering what he was thinking. Kurt's voice was very quiet.

"You want this, don't you?"

Blaine said nothing.

"You've changed your mind. You didn't want to be in charge, but now…now you want to, don't you?"

Blaine opened his mouth and then closed it as guilt seeped in around the edges of his mind. He was asking Kurt for too much to lie to him.

"I don't feel like I have a choice, but…"

"You don't mind not having a choice," said Kurt.
Blaine said nothing.

They sat in silence holding hands. Kurt stared at their hands while Blaine stared at Kurt.

*Is he gonna try to leave me? I won't let him leave me. If I have to kidnap him, I will.*

Kurt's heart felt heavy. It wasn't as if any of this was new, but for some reason, knowing that Blaine wanted this life unsettled him. It was one thing for Blaine to be forced into a life of crime, but now he was choosing it. Well…maybe not choosing exactly, but still. He didn't seem as upset as before. Did it even matter?

Blaine's heart ached as he watched Kurt thinking way too hard.

"Do you regret falling in love with me?"

Kurt was moved by the sound of Blaine's voice. For the first time ever Blaine sounded vulnerable. Kurt thought about the conversation he'd had with his father.

*It's already too late. I'm already mixed up in it because I'm in love with Blaine. I love him, dad. I'm madly, crazy, don't care anymore, in love with him. And yes, I know it's stupid, and possibly dangerous, but…it's too late. I love him."

Kurt placed his hands on Blaine's shoulders and shook his head. "No, no, never. Never, Blaine. I love you. I'll always love you. Always."

Kurt could taste Blaine's relief in their kiss. They kissed long and soft. Nothing hurried or rushed. Just languid, loving kisses. Eventually they laid down, still kissing softly, with quiet passion. They settled in each other's arms, legs tangled, breath warm against skin. Blaine's voice was a whisper.

"Please, Kurt. Stay with me this summer. I can't stand being without you. The past month has been hell. Say you'll stay with me. Please?"

Kurt closed his eyes and tightened his hold on Blaine.

"Yes. I'll stay with you."

Kurt didn't emerge from his room until lunchtime. Instead of sneaking out, Blaine had woken him around 6:00 am to say goodbye. For some reason their passionate kisses drove Kurt to tears. He wasn't sure why he felt so emotional, but he stood there crying as Blaine kissed and licked his tears away.

"Don't cry, gorgeous. Study hard for finals and I'll see you in a week and a half. Maybe sooner if I can sneak away."

"I know. I'm sorry. I don't know what's wrong with me."

"Nothing's wrong with you. You're perfect. My perfect, beautiful, gorgeous, Kurt."

Kurt spent the morning trying to work up the courage to call his dad finally deciding to wait until evening. Then he started thinking that maybe he should have the conversation in person. Should he go home for a week and then go to Blaine's? If he went home and then announced he was spending the summer with Blaine, would his father lock him in his room to prevent him from leaving? Kurt rolled his eyes at himself.

*That sounds more like something Blaine would do.*
Kurt ate lunch alone locked in his worry. He was on his way back to his room when he saw Andrew.

*Shit! Shit! Shit!*

He'd been so rude.

So incredibly rude.

He'd completely abandoned Andrew at the dance without even an "excuse me."

"Andrew?"

Andrew ignored him and kept walking.

"Andrew!"

Andrew whirled around. His voice was icy hard.

"What?"

"I'm sorry. I'm so, so, sorry. What I did was rude, and mean, and just wrong. I'm so sorry. I didn't know Blaine was coming and when I saw him…I just go so excited. It was the second time I'd seen him in over a month and I was just so happy. But still what I did was wrong, and I'm sorry. You didn't deserve that. Please forgive me."

Andrew shook his head. "Forget it, Kurt. It was my fault. I never should have asked you in the first place. From now on I'll leave you alone." He turned and walked away.

"Andrew, wait! Andrew, please? I'm so sorry…"

Andrew continued down the hall and never looked back.

Blaine pulled up in front of Hummel Tire & Lube, and hoped Burt was there and not off campaigning. He'd decided a surprise attack was best.

After all, no matter what Burt was going to be angry.

Blaine didn't give a shit.

He just wanted to make things easier for Kurt.

Benji Barnes greeted him.

"Can I help you?"

"I'm looking for Burt."

Benji motioned toward the back. "He's in the back office."

"Thanks."

Burt looked up and frowned when he saw Blaine.

"Hi Mr. Hummel."
"What are you doing here?"

"I need to speak with you."

"About what? Is Kurt okay?"

"Yes, of course. He's fine."

"Then what do you want?"

Blaine started to walk into the office and sit down but decided that he'd better be on his best behavior in hopes of making things go as smoothly as possible. He remained standing by the door.

"I need to talk to you about the summer."

"The summer?"

"Yes. I've invited Kurt to spend the summer with me, and…"

Burt jumped up shaking his head. "No way. Out of the question."

"Mr. Hummel…"

"Did you hear me, kid? That ain't happening. Frankly, I don't want Kurt anywhere near you or your family."

"I understand your concern, but…"

"Didn't your father just get shot a few weeks ago? You really think I'm going to let my son spend the summer with people who have targets on their backs? I don't get you, kid. You claim to love Kurt and yet you have no problem putting him in danger. What kind of love is that?"

"That's why I want Kurt to spend the summer with me. I know you don't believe me, but the closer he is to me, the safer he is. Yes, you're right. My family has enemies, and those enemies will try to get to me anyway they can, including through Kurt. But here in Lima, alone, he's in danger. With me he's safe. I promise you that."

Burt shook his head. "Do you know how crazy you sound? People are trying to kill you so you want Kurt next to you? Get out of my office! And furthermore, if you really love my son, get out of his life! Leave him alone!"

"Mr. Hummel please sit down. You look like you're about to have another heart attack."

Burt was about to tell Blaine where to go when he felt a slight pinch in his chest. He took a breath and sat down. He took a bottle of pills out of his desk and swallowed two with a sip of water. He glared at Blaine with hatred.

"You've got some nerve."

"No. I just love your son more than you could ever imagine."

"Then why put him in danger?"

"I can't help that. If I could I would, but I can't. It's the nature of being who I am. Who my family is. But I swear to you I'll keep your son safe. Not just for him, or for you, but for me. Do you think I want anything to happen to him? Kurt is the love of my life."
Burt shook his head. "Of all the boys in that school he had to find you."

"We found each other."

Burt sat back in his chair and stared at Blaine with stubborn determination.

"I'm never going to agree to this. I don't want Kurt near you, much less living in your house, so you can just forget it. And if Kurt suddenly disappears, I'll call that FBI agent that's been sniffing around and tell him you kidnapped my son."

So much for trying to reason with Burt out of respect for Kurt.

It was time to get nasty.

Blaine crossed his arms and relaxed against the door frame.

"A couple of weeks ago there was an explosion not too far from here. A warehouse, wasn't it?"

Burt frowned. "A couple streets over."

Blaine nodded. "Yeah, I heard about that. I heard it was a total loss." Blaine went over to the window that looked out on to the shop floor. He watched the men working on cars. "You've built a great business here, Mr. Hummel." Blaine turned around, his voice full of innocence, his expression evil.

"I hope nothing happens to it."

Burt slowly stood up, fists clenched, his face red with fury.

"Are you threatening me?"

"Of course not." I'm promising you.

"Good because you should know that I'd torch the place myself if it meant keeping you from Kurt."

"Cards on the table, Mr. Hummel. Kurt is going to spend the summer with me. If you try to stop him I will burn your business to the ground. I will also plant stories to ruin your candidacy for congress. Now please understand, I don't want to do either of those things because it would hurt Kurt, and I never want to do that, but I will not let you or anyone else keep him from me. He wants to be with me. He loves me and I love him. I will destroy anyone who tries to come between us. He wants you, know that I will deny everything and he will believe me. You will come off sounding like the paranoid, over-protective father, and I will sound like a patient, loving boyfriend."

Blaine paused to allow his words to sink in. Burt stared at him in shocked silence.

"I don't want us to be enemies. I have enough enemies. You're the father of the man I love. I don't wanna fight with you or threaten you. Your son chose me and I chose him. We love each other. Don't make that difficult. I understand all of your concerns. I really, really do. I constantly worry about Kurt's safety, but I'm not going anywhere. I'm not leaving him. I'm here to stay, so wouldn't it be better for everyone if we could at least try to get along? I know it would make Kurt happy and that's all I want. For Kurt to be happy."

Burt remained speechless, shocked by Blaine's boldness and threats.
Blaine headed to the door. He paused and turned around.

"I promise you. I'm a man of my word, Mr. Hummel. Just like I promise to keep Kurt safe, I promise to destroy you if you try to keep him from me. Please don't push me."

Blaine smiled a beautiful charming smile.

"Thanks for your time, Mr. Hummel."

x-x-x

Kurt almost dropped the phone.

"Really? Seriously?"

Burt gripped the phone a little harder while Carol rubbed his back.

"I don't like it, Kurt, and I wish you would reconsider, but...you're practically a man, and if this is what you want...I'm not going to stand in your way."

Kurt had been pacing around his room, but now he fell back on his bed and kicked his legs happily in the air. He couldn't believe his father had just said yes to him spending the summer with Blaine.

It was Sunday afternoon and Kurt had finally worked up the courage to pick up the phone and call his father. He'd prepared to beg, cry, and plead, but his father had said yes with minimal pushback.

"Oh, dad! Thank you! Thank you! Thank you! I promise I'll be okay, and I won't stay the entire summer. I'll come home for a few days, okay?"

Burt swallowed and closed his eyes. "Sure, Kurt. Sounds good."

"We should attend, Anastasia."

"They've already gotten our money. I don't have to be there."

Luther and Anastasia were having breakfast in the hotel lobby. One of the men had dropped off the mail. Anastasia was sorting it into piles of keep vs. trash when Luther spotted the invitation to the Annual Nationwide Children's Hospital Charity Ball in her trash pile. He pulled it out and opened it. Anderson Construction was listed as a top donor to the hospital. One of Mario's many charitable contributions designed to create an image of legitimacy.

"You need to get out more, Anastasia. You haven't been anywhere but to the hospital and the hotel."

"Not true. I went to the salon and I've been going to the hotel gym."

"That's not what I mean and you know it. Let's RSVP for this and I'll take you shopping for something beautiful to wear."

"I have plenty of clothes."

"But they're all at the compound. Let's buy something new."

After 30 minutes of arguing, Anastasia agreed to attend. They headed to Saks Fifth Avenue where Luther sat in a comfortable chair while Anastasia tried on various dresses.
"What do you think of this one? Too young?"

It was a coral Miu Miu bustier style dress embellished with Swarovski crystals. Luther stared at her and crossed his legs to hide his erection.

"You look stunning."

"Really?"

"Yes. Absolutely stunning."

Anastasia smiled.

Her first real smile in a long time.

That evening they went to dinner at Prime 47.

"What do you think I should do about Mario?"

Luther took his time, choosing his words carefully.

"What do you mean?"

"Should I move him to Cleveland, or keep him here? I just don't know what to do."

"What does Blaine want?"

Anastasia shook her head. "He says it's up to me. If I move him to Cleveland he'll arrange security, but… I don't know. I don't want to move to Cleveland. This is my home."

"I told you before that you don't have to move. You can go see him whenever you want."

"But I'm not sure I can stand being so far away from him. I need…" she trailed off.

Luther reached across the table and took her hand. "Tell me what you need."

"Luther…please…"

Luther released her hand and sat back. Anastasia ran her finger along her wedding ring.

Luther watched her stroke the platinum diamond ring and decided to proceed carefully.

"I want you to know that my advice regarding Mario comes from my love for him. He is my best friend. Regardless of how I feel about you, I truly want what's best for him."

"And what do you think that is?"

"I think you should move him to Cleveland. Things are getting hotter here with each passing day. Blaine is hell bent on taking Chartussi out, and Chartussi is smart enough to keep the war in Ohio on Anderson turf. That way his New York operations are not affected. The hospital is dangerous, and eventually they are going to want us out. In Cleveland we can arrange for a private suite. Mario will
have around the clock care, and Blaine will make sure he's protected. He'll be safer in Cleveland."

Anastasia looked directly into Luther's eyes.

"But you think I should stay here."

Luther nodded. "Yes. I have a job for you."

"A job?"

"I'd like you to run the Anderson Family Foundation."

"There's an Anderson Family Foundation?"

"There is now. Mario and I always talked about starting a foundation. Another place to hide money and do some good at the same time. I think now is a perfect time to get started. It will give you something to do, and buy us additional goodwill in the community."

Anastasia looked thoughtful. A foundation. She had no idea how to start a foundation, much less run one. She'd never even had a job before, but the more she thought about it, the more excited she felt.

"I would need an office, and possibly an assistant."

"You can have the office next to mine, and I'm sure Beth can handle the extra work. If not we'll hire someone."

Anastasia nodded. "Okay, but I still need time to think about moving Mario."

Two weeks later Luther stood in a corner watching Anastasia make small talk with two society women who were fascinated to be talking to a mobster's wife. Luther lost count of the number of men who took advantage of Mario's absence to speak to Anastasia. He couldn't blame them. She was easily the most beautiful woman in the room.

When the event ended Luther hurried Anastasia towards the waiting limousine. She stopped him.

"Wait. It's such a nice night. Can we walk?"

Luther looked around nervously. "I don't think so. That could be dangerous."

"We're surrounded by guards with guns. It's a beautiful night, and the hotel is just three blocks away. Please?"

Luther looked at the guards who shrugged. Either way they were on duty, so they didn't care.

"Okay."

Luther hooked his arm with Anastasia's. The guards gave them space but remained alert.

They strolled along in silence enjoying the warm night air, each locked in their very separate thoughts. Luther was thinking how he wished the evening would end with Anastasia inviting him to her room. Anastasia was thinking about Mario.

"I've been thinking. I talked to Dr. Weinstein and Dr. Greene, and perhaps I will go ahead and move Mario, but I want to visit the facility first. I want to meet with the doctors, and I want to personally interview the nurses who will be responsible for his care. I want full background checks, and their
"I want full around the clock security."
"I'm sure Blaine will arrange nothing less."
Anastasia sighed sadly. "Will it look like I'm sending him away?"
"No. You'll look like a loving wife doing what's best for her husband."
The finished their walk in silence.
Luther watched Anastasia open her door. She turned to him.
"You can't fall in love with me."
Too late.
"What makes you think I'm falling in love with you?"
"I see it in your eyes. Despite Mario's condition I'm still married. He's still my husband. I still belong to him."
Luther took a step forward. "He can't take care of you anymore."
"I can take care of myself."
"Yes, but only up to a certain point."
Luther gently caressed the hair from Anastasia's forehead and gently ran a finger down her cheek. He moved closer, leaving few inches between them.
"When the time comes...when you're ready...I'll be here to take care of you. I've waited over 20 years. I can wait a while longer."

Cooper woke with a start. What the hell was ringing? Was that his phone? He looked down and realized a naked girl was sleeping next to him. Who the fuck was she? He rubbed his face and tried to think.

Cocaine. A fresh new batch of cocaine. A beautiful batch. Pure as freshly fallen snow. The type of cocaine that gave a spectacular high.

How did the girl end up here?

He strained his brain to remember his night.

He and Sam picked up the new batch and delivered half to Alan and took the rest to the warehouse. Cooper took a block to try, and then? Oh yeah. He stopped at the liquor store and met...what's this chick's name? They came back to his place and partied, and fucked, and drank, and partied, and fucked some more.

Cooper made his way to the bathroom. As he washed his face the ringing started again. He searched around for his cell phone. He looked at the screen and cursed under his breath.
Timothy.
"I told you to lose my number."
Timothy sounded tense and stressed. "I wanna trade."
"Trade what?"
"Information in exchange for the new batch that just hit the street."
"I don't need information. You can pay for your shit like everyone else."
"Good luck finding Kurt this summer."
"What?"
"Meet me at the diner at 4:00 pm and bring the new stuff with you."
Timothy hung up.

x-x-x-x-x-x

At 4:15 pm Cooper slid into the booth across from a very agitated Timothy.
"You look like terrible."
"Did you bring it?"
"Where's Kurt going for the summer?"
"Lemme see it."

Cooper tossed a small brown bag across the table. Timothy practically tore it open and peered inside.
"This is the new stuff, right?"
"Yeah, yeah, yeah. What's going on with fairy boy?"
"He's spending the entire summer with your brother."
"Where?"
"I guess at your house. He's going home for one week and then he's going to Blaine's."
"When will he be home?"

Timothy hesitated as his conscience kicked in.
"You're not gonna hurt him, are you?"
"Don't start asking questions."
"I just don't want…"

Cooper reached across the table and snatched the bag away from Timothy.
"Hey!"
"I'm outta here."

"Wait! Wait! Okay! Okay! Thursday. He's leaving school Thursday. He'll be home for a week."

Cooper threw the bag at him. "Don't call me anymore. And if I find out you're playing me, or reporting back to Blaine, I will beat the shit out of your addicted ass and then shoot you in the head. Then I'll kill your stupid, fucked up parents and your stupid jock brother. Understand?"

Timothy clutched the bag to his chest. "Yeah. I understand."

Elian pulled up in front of a small, nondescript sandwich shop tucked away on a side street in Lima. Telio pulled his gun out of his waistband and placed it on the seat. He took his cell phone out of his pocket and placed it next to the gun.

Elian looked at the three guys hanging out in front of the shop. "Are you sure you don't want me to go with you?"

"We told them it would just be me. If they see two of us they'll get spooked. I'll be fine."

Telio climbed out of the car and approached the shop. The three men looked him up and down.

"I'm here to speak to Mr. Chartussi on behalf of Blaine Anderson."

The biggest of the three men with a bald head nodded.

"Gotta check ya."

Telio put his hands up and stood still while the man felt up and down his legs, waist, chest, back, and even cupped his crotch.

"Come on."

Telio followed him inside. It looked like a normal restaurant. Plenty of tables with red chairs, a counter for ordering, and a cold case full of deli meats. There were a few guys watching TV, but no one looked like an actual customer.

"Wait here."

Telio watched the bald guy disappear through a door. The guys watching TV glanced at him before returning to their show. After a moment Sammy Avalon walked in.

"I'm Sammy Avalon. Mr. Chartussi apologizes for missing this meeting. He had urgent business to attend to."

Telio longed to punch Sammy in the face and drag him back to the compound for Luther to kill, but he had a job to do.

"Mr. Anderson would like to extend an invitation to Mr. Chartussi for a sit down Tuesday evening at Claraden House in downtown Westerville. 2:00 pm."

Sammy smirked. "Mr. Anderson? Are you boys even old enough to drive yet?"

"We're old enough to kill."

Sammy's smirk disappeared instantly. "I'll let Mr. Chartussi know of your invitation."
Telio turned to leave. He was almost to the door when Sammy called out.

"Give my love to Luther."

Telio stopped and clenched his fists. Not now. You make a move now and you'll be killed.

Saturday evening Blaine and Kurt lay naked in bed. Blaine showed up unannounced Saturday morning to help Kurt study for his final two exams. As usual their study session turned into a twisted game of Blaine making Kurt pay sexually for every wrong answer. Kurt spent most of the morning on his knees, wrists tied to his ankles with a large plug buzzing inside his ass. Blaine sat on the bed asking questions, increasing the vibration every time Kurt answered incorrectly. At one point Blaine stopped asking questions and just studied Kurt's cock. It was fully erect, quivering slightly against Kurt's belly.

"I think I'm going to buy a chastity cock cage for you. I've seen them before. The metal ones are really pretty, and some even come with a ring to lock your balls down too." Blaine turned up the vibration. "If I buy one will you wear it?"

Kurt moaned, "Yes."

"Maybe I'll buy a matching set. We can both wear one. I'll give you the key to mine, and I'll keep the key to yours. Would you like that?"

Kurt could only nod and groan.

After keeping Kurt on edge for over an hour, Blaine surprised him by untying him, handing him a bottle of lube, and flipping over on to his stomach. He wiggled his ass in the air.

"Come on and fuck me, gorgeous."

Kurt buried his tongue in Blaine's asshole. He took his time licking and probing before replacing his tongue with lube and two fingers, making Blaine moan appreciatively. Once he could easily slip four fingers inside, Kurt lubed up his cock and pressed forward, sliding into Blaine's ass. Blaine's moan was deep and delicious. He closed his eyes and allowed his body to relax into the mattress as Kurt pounded into him with steady, even thrusts. Kurt slowed down, hoping not to come too fast, but he couldn't help himself. Blaine had built him up for a fantastic eruption. His orgasm was so strong he felt a little dizzy. He pulled out and Blaine flipped over on to his back. Kurt scooted down, resting his head on Blaine's stomach. He fell into his usual warm, sleepy, after sex coma while Blaine twirled his fingers in Kurt's hair and stared at the ceiling, thinking about all the things he needed to do.

Kurt napped for 45 minutes. When he woke up he gave Blaine a sheepish smile.

"Sorry."

"Nothing to be sorry for. I love watching you sleep. Like Edward."

Kurt laughed. "You're a wolf, remember? Warm and cuddly."

"When's your last day?"

"Wednesday."

"Okay. I'll be here that afternoon."
"I'm not gonna leave until Thursday. I need time to pack." Kurt paused for a moment to take a breath and prepare himself.

"My dad will be here Thursday morning."

Blaine tightened his grip on Kurt's hair. "Your dad?"

"I'm going home for a week before coming to see you. I need to spend some time with him."

"I don't want you going home, Kurt. Going home isn't good for you."

"It's only for one week. You can come get me that Friday."

"I don't want you going home."

"Stop being unreasonable. The fact that my dad said yes is something to celebrate. I still can't believe it. The least I can do is to go home for a few days. I promise. One week and then we'll have the entire summer."

Blaine decided not to argue. He would spend the week taking care of things. He had the Chartussi meeting, his mother had decided to move his father to Cleveland, and he was finally ready to give Sammy Avalon to Luther. They were going to grab him Friday and bring him to the barn. They had sadistic shit planned for Sammy, so it would probably be better if Kurt wasn't around to hear the screams.

Blaine tugged at Kurt's hair. Kurt crawled up his body and brought their foreheads together.

"Okay. One week at home and then you come stay with me. I need you."

"You'll have me for the entire summer. I promise."

At 1:15 pm on Tuesday, five black cars pulled up in front of the private dinner club Claraden House. Two black hummers and three black BMWs. Telio and Elian climbed out of the fourth car, a black BMW, and opened the door for Blaine. Blaine stepped out and looked around. He'd cut his hair, keeping it just long enough to showcase his curls. He was wearing all black. A button down shirt, pants, jacket, shoes. When Blaine came downstairs to leave, Elian had to grip the back of a chair. Blaine looked incredibly handsome, sexy, and like he was about to calmly murder someone.

"Are we ready to roll?"

Elian swallowed and licked his lips. "Almost. They're just getting the cars ready."

Blaine nodded and headed outside. Elian closed his eyes and exhaled.

He's never gonna fuck you, so stop wanting him.

Blaine waited for Luther to exit one of the Hummers. As they headed inside, Luther counseled Blaine on how to handle the meeting. He'd been doing it all week.

"Chartussi is after our trade routes. He asked your father for access, but of course he said no. He threatened to approach Cooper for help. We don't know if that happened or not. We also don't know if he's the one behind the hit on your father, but he's the most likely candidate."

"It could have been Cooper."
Luther stopped walking. "Cooper?"

Blaine laughed lightly at Luther's shocked expression.

"Yes, Cooper. Come on. Do you really expect me to believe that you never considered the possibility that Cooper was the one that arranged for the hit on our father?"

Luther shook his head. "I know he's angry with your father, but...a hit? I don't think he'd go that far. Not unless he knew about Skylar, but even then..."

"Skylar? What about Skylar?"

Fuck.

It was a rare mistake by Luther. He never slipped up.

Of course, maybe it didn't matter anymore.

"We'll talk about it later."

"No, tell me now."

Luther shook his head and quickly walked ahead.

Telio came up to Blaine. "What's up?"

"I don't know. Something about Skylar."

"Skylar? Dead Skylar"

"Yeah."

Telio didn't say anything else.

At 1:45 pm Frank Chartussi and his entourage arrived. Blaine was already seated at the table. He stood up but did not hold out his hand.

"Mr. Chartussi."

"Blaine."

It was a slight to call Blaine by his first name, but Blaine ignored it. There were more important matters to handle.

The men sat down. Drinks were served. Blaine waited for the wait staff to leave.

"So, what do you want?" Blaine didn't plan to waste time with pleasantries and formalities. Unless Chartussi was willing to shoot himself right then and there, they had nothing to discuss.

Chartussi frowned. "You're a rude one. Must be youth."

"I just don't want you to miss your plane."

"My plane?"

"Yes. Your one-way flight back to New York."
Chartussi leaned forward. "Then let's get right to it. You're a boy not a man, and from what I've heard you'll never be a man. What with sucking cock and all. Your father is dying and your brother is a coked out drug dealer who will be dead sooner than later. That's a lot for a boy to deal with, so let me help you. I'm offering to buy you out. All of it. Weapons, gambling, the money laundering business. I'll even set your brother up so he can sell dope in Ohio and all points south and southwest. You can keep the construction company if you want, or I'll buy that too. It's up to you. I'm offering you a chance to walk away from all the stress, pain, and hardship of mob life. I'm offering you your freedom."

Blaine's facial expression did not change.

But he was shocked speechless.

This wasn't what he was expecting.

He came ready to officially declare war.

Not to be offered a way out.

He could sell everything.

And walk away from it all.

And be with Kurt.

The money would be insane.

They'd never have to work.

They could finance their own Broadway shows with Kurt as the star. They could travel. Move to another country. Buy an island. Do nothing but fuck.

Lost in his thoughts, Blaine didn't realize that all eyes were on him. Luther was looking at him quizzically while Telio was about to explode.

He'd seen Blaine's expression before. It was the look he got when he used to talk about never taking over from his father, going to college, and just being with Kurt.

*Is he seriously considering this mother-fucker's offer. What the fuck!*

Chartussi kept his eyes on Blaine. The silence told him that he'd thrown Blaine for a loop. Good. Even he'd been surprised when he thought about buying the Andersons out, but it made sense. Wars were expensive in both lives and money. All of his earlier intelligence reported that Blaine wasn't interested in the family business, but the attack had spurred him into action. Maybe if he was offered a way out, he would take it. After all, the kid was what? 17? 18? And gay. He had no business running a crime organization.

Blaine was pulled out of his daydream when Telio stood and spoke.

"Mr. Chartussi, can you and your men excuse us while we speak privately for a moment?"

Blaine looked at Telio.

*I don't turn off my feelings and emotions. I sacrifice them for those I love.*

If he sold everything to Chartussi, what would happen to Telio? The other crews? Everyone who
depended on the Andersons for their livelihood? Chartussi was known for being a tightwad and a greedy son-of-a-bitch. He'd never take care of everyone the way his father had. The way he planned to.

If his father ever woke up, what would he say to him? How would he explain that he sold his family legacy?

Chartussi stood up. "Not necessary. Take a few days, think about a price, and get back to me."

Everyone representing the Andersons shared shocked looks of concern and anger. Was Blaine really interested in selling?

"Wait."

Chartussi turned around. "Yes?"

Blaine looked at him with dark intense eyes.

"How about I buy you out?"

"What?"

"I want New York."

Chartussi sat back down.

"Are you crazy?"

"I've been thinking about going to college in New York and I don't want problems. Sell your business interests to me and you can retire."

Chartussi and his entire entourage laughed. "You're funny. That will never happen."

"Then I guess we're done here."

Chartussi turned bright red as his anger welled up.

"Oh no we aren't you little cocksucker. We're just getting started. You'd better rethink my offer because if we go to war I will crush you. I'm done playing nice with your faggot ass. You owe me. Your brother is bringing drugs into my territory, you burned down a very expensive home that belonged to my daughter, and I know it was you who blew up the buildings. I'm offering you a very generous exit strategy. I suggest you take it."

Blaine leaned forward. "Perhaps you're the crazy one. You tried to kill my father. You murdered an innocent girl. Do you really think there are no consequences for your actions?"

"Trust me. You don't wanna take me on. I suggest you think about a price."

"And I suggest you get the hell out of Ohio."

Chartussi stood up. "We're done here."

"Have a nice flight."

Benji Barnes watched from across the street as Burt locked up the shop and left. He waited 30
minutes before crossing the street and walking around to the back of the building. He let himself in and went into the closet that held the security camera equipment. After about 45 minutes of examining and experimenting with the equipment he felt confident with his assignment.

He locked the shop back up and headed for home. As he drove he made a call.

"Yeah, Benji here. I had a chance to check out the equipment and it won't be a problem."

"Good because everything is going down next week."

"Next week?"

"Yeah. The kid will be home on Thursday. As soon as you know when he's working, give us a call and we'll move forward."

"All right."

"By the way. If you happen to notice, let me know if he's wearing a bracelet the next time you see him."

"A bracelet?"

"Yeah. A black and silver bracelet."

"Okay."
Chapter 20

I swear I'm a lovely soccer mom who attends church regularly but...

Warnings for violence, murder, kidnapping, torture and attempted rape.

Thursday morning Kurt sat on the front steps of his dorm surrounded by all of his things. He'd spent all day Wednesday packing and then had Nick and Jeff help him move everything outside to avoid his father having to come in. He didn't want to explain his super large bedroom filled with things belonging to Blaine.

Kurt stretched his legs out, let his head fall back, and closed his eyes. The day was beautiful and sunny. Just like the day he'd first arrived at Dalton.

Amazing how much had changed since that first day. He smiled as he remembered Wes, David and Trent appearing at his door under the ruse of showing him around. He was grateful to Wes for bringing him into the Warblers. It felt wonderful to finally have friends who fully accepted him and appreciated his talents.

And then there was Blaine.

Blaine.

His boyfriend.

His mafia crime boss boyfriend.

His dangerous mafia crime boss boyfriend who he was going to spend the summer with.

Kurt still couldn't believe his father had agreed, but he wasn't going to question it. He couldn't wait to spend the summer with Blaine. Being apart had been hard, but more than anything Kurt was worried about Blaine. He still had no idea what Blaine had been doing over the past month and a half. What did it really mean for him to be in charge? What exactly had Blaine been up to now that he was in charge of a criminal empire? Moving weapons around the country? Laundering drug money?

Murdering people?

A nervous chill shivered through Kurt.

This is the man you love. This is the man you want to be with. A criminal. What does that say about you?

It says I love him.

But it's so much more than that...

The way he felt when Blaine stared at him with deep, dark, intense eyes. The way his body melted, rose, and responded to Blaine's touch, the tone of his voice, his breath on his neck, his lips on his
Did all 18 year old males want and need in the desperate way he wanted and needed Blaine, or was something else going on? Something...deeper. What made his mind shutdown and shift to an entirely different place when Blaine spanked him, or cuffed his wrists? Why did his body ache so hard with throbbing when Blaine shifted away from him too soon after sex?

And why was he longing for the collar and chastity cock cage Blaine mentioned the last time they had sex?

Was this normal, or was it something specific to Blaine? Or was it just him?

Burt's arrival made Kurt leave his questioning thoughts behind. Burt climbed out of the truck and hurried to his son, eager to hug him.

"Hey dad."

"Hey kiddo." Burt hugged Kurt tight for several long seconds. When he pulled back and looked into Kurt's eyes his heart warmed, yet filled with worry at the same time.

*Of all the boys in this school, why a dangerous kid from a mafia family? Why can't he see the danger?*

"Ready to go?"

"Absolutely."

Burt grabbed two bags. "I'm looking forward to having you home."

"I'm looking forward to being home. I'm also looking forward to Blaine's. Thanks again for giving me permission."

Burt wondered for the hundredth time if he should tell Kurt about Blaine's threats. As he studied his son Burt was struck by the growth changes. Kurt was several inches taller, his body firmer with more muscle definition. He had a strong jawline and an overall handsome maturity.

*He's no longer a boy. He's a man.*

*A man capable of making his own decisions.*

*Right?*

"Sure, Kurt. I'm just glad you're coming home, even if it's just for a week."

Kurt's smile kept Burt silent.

Telio stopped in the doorway of Blaine's room and watched in confused amusement.

"Blaine, what are you doing?"

Blaine's room looked like a tornado had swept through and thrown his clothes everywhere. Granted, they were in fairly neat piles, but they were everywhere.

"I'm getting ready for Kurt. I'm sure he's going to bring almost his entire wardrobe with him, not to mention all the shopping trips I plan to take him on. He's gonna need room for his clothes."
Telio rolled his eyes and shook his head. He should have known.

Getting ready for Kurt.

It was all Blaine talked about.

Now that war was officially declared, Blaine and Telio had returned to the compound. Being home comforted Blaine and gave him confidence. He felt stronger making war plans while sitting at his father's desk in the library. It was also the most convenient and safest place for him. Security had been risen to an all-time high. New, higher gates had been installed at the driveway entrance and additional men hired. As he oversaw the update to the electric fence around the property and the addition of guard dogs, Blaine couldn't help but think that his Grandfather Julio would have been proud.

Now that he was back and Kurt was coming, Blaine had given instructions to the staff for a complete overhaul of the compound. The house was to be cleaned from top to bottom. The grounds were being trimmed, new flowers planted, and Blaine was completely rearranging his bedroom, beginning with his closet. He'd also ordered a new mattress, linen and drapes. He wanted everything beautiful and perfect for his Kurt.

"Why don't you just give him one of the spare bedrooms to use as a closet? There's certainly more than enough."

Blaine shook his head. "No. I want him with me. Living with me. Sharing with me. Just like school."

Telio shrugged and headed to the kitchen in search of food. He found Elian sulking in the kitchen.

Elian was stunned and secretly overjoyed when Blaine invited him to move to the compound. It was strictly a strategic move on Blaine's part. Elian had proven himself talented and useful when it came to taking care of business. He knew all the players and he brought his father's historical knowledge to the table. Plus, Blaine found his ability to murder with his bare hands intoxicating and comforting. Blaine figured that between Telio and Elian, he and Kurt would be safe, and with Kurt living with him, he would be safe from Elian's advances. Temptation tamed.

Telio asked the cook to make him a sandwich. He grabbed a bottled water from the fridge and sat down across from Elian.

"What's wrong with you?"

Elian didn't look up. "Nothing."

Telio looked at him for a moment and then dismissed him from his mind as he pulled out his cell phone to make sure it was on and fully charged. He was still waiting to hear from Alicia.

"Can I ask you something?"

Telio looked up. "Yeah?"

"What's Kurt like?"

"Why do you wanna know? You planning on trying to get him to fuck you since Blaine wasn't interested? Unless you're looking to give Blaine a reason to kill you, I suggest you stay far away from Kurt. Blaine will fuck you up, and not the way you want."

Elian scowled at him. "I don't wanna sleep with him. I was just wondering what makes him so
fucking special."

Telio nodded with a smirk. "Oh, I see. You wanna know why Blaine's lit a fire under everybody about Kurt's arrival, and why he won't fuck you."

Elian's scowl deepened. "You're such an ass."

"And you're a desperate idiot. Lemme help you out. Blaine's worked up about everything being perfect because he loves Kurt. He loves him a lot, and Kurt loves him. I told you before that you don't stand a chance. Nothing's changed. Go find somebody else to fuck you."

The cook placed a sandwich and chips in front of Telio, ending the conversation. Elian went to his room.

*Kurt's not from our world.*

*I am.*

*I can help Blaine. I can protect him.*

*That makes me a far better partner for him.*

*Maybe if Kurt disappeared Blaine would see that...*

Burt and Carol exchanged smiles of pride as they sat across from Kurt and Finn. They were at Breadstix to celebrate Kurt's arrival home and the end of the school year. Finn and Kurt took turns sharing stories of McKinley High madness, glee club drama, and Dalton boys behaving badly. Watching the boys laugh and banter back and forth filled Burt and Carol with happiness, but Burt's enjoyment was tempered by worry and the nagging question of whether or not to tell Kurt about Blaine's visit to the garage.

Part of Burt was sure Blaine was wrong about Kurt. He was sure Kurt would believe him if he told him about Blaine's threats. Kurt was his son. Their bond was strong. Forged by shared grief, struggle, trust, and above all, love. The love of a father and son. Surely Kurt's loyalty would lie with his father.

But what if it didn't?

Was it possible that Kurt was so in love that a shift had occurred? It wasn't a crazy notion. Those feelings of first love, first kiss, first everything…the realization that you can connect with someone in a new and powerful way, on a level that had nothing to do with your parents…those feelings were strong and could be all consuming. There was a reason why teenagers rebelled against their parents. The discovery of a whole new world of overwhelming new experiences and feelings that exploded warm and bright in your body and brain. Kurt was finally experiencing an entirely new and sensual type of love. It wasn't crazy to think that his allegiance had shifted.

But could it shift that far?

"Dad?"

"Dad?"

"Burt, honey?"

Burt looked up.
He didn't mean to say it.
It just came out.
"Blaine threatened me."
"What?"
"Blaine threatened me." Burt looked down for a moment and let out a breath before looking back up into Kurt's confused blue eyes.
"The other week...he stopped by the shop. Told me that if I didn't let you stay with him this summer he would..."
"What? He would what?"
"He would blow up the garage and spread stories about me. About my campaign."
Carol gasped. Finn clenched his fists and longed for something to kick.
Kurt was speechless.
"I'm sorry, Kurt. I wasn't going to say anything, but...I couldn't let you leave without knowing the truth. Maybe it was all talk because threats and intimidation is what he knows from his family, but I felt you needed to know. This is who you love, Kurt. A man who would disrespect and threaten all I've built, and everything I'm trying to do."
Kurt felt a little nauseous.
Was it true?
Of course it was true. His father would never lie to him.
But did it matter?
"Finn was shaking his head angrily. "I'm gonna beat the shit outta that little twerp."
"Finn, please," said Carol.
Kurt's shoulders sagged as his heart sank. Now it all made sense. His father's lack of push back and easy agreement about the summer.
Blaine had threatened his father.
The boy he loved had threatened the man he loved.
But did it matter, or was he just like Anastasia?
"How can you still love him after what he did?"
"How am I supposed to stop loving him?"
"But...what he did to you...it was so wrong!"
...despite everything, I love him. I couldn't have left him if I'd wanted to. I'd already fallen in love with him. In the end, the truth didn't matter. Just like you."
"When did this happen?"

"He came by last week."

"Why didn't you tell me right away?"

"I needed time to think."

"About what?"

"I wasn't sure how you would handle it."

Kurt spoke slowly. "By how I would handle it…you mean who I would choose."

Burt sighed heavily. "Yeah. I was…" Burt trailed off.

Kurt swallowed. "You thought I would choose him over you."

The entire table sat in silence. After several minutes Carol stood up.

"Come on, Finn. Let's go get ice cream."

"I thought we were gonna have dessert here?"

Carol shook her head and gave him a look. "No. You and I are going to get ice cream. Come on."

Finn obediently stood up and followed his mother leaving father and son alone.

Minutes of silence passed as Burt waited for Kurt to speak, and Kurt tried to figure out what to say.

"Do you think he was serious?"

Burt held in his offense at the question. "Yes, he was serious. Very serious. He made that quite clear."

Kurt chose his words carefully. "He may have sounded serious…and I'm sure he wanted you to believe him, but…I don't believe he would ever really hurt you. Hurting you means hurting me, and Blaine would never purposely hurt me. He knows what you mean to me."

"I can't believe you're defending him."

"You need to understand that as he is pulled deeper and deeper into the criminal world, he will turn darker and more dangerous. It's a necessary change to deal with the pressures of being boss, and the life or death decisions that must be made."

"I'm not defending him. His actions were inexcusable, but…dad…please try to understand when I say that…this isn't the real Blaine. It's mob boss Blaine. The Blaine that has been thrown into a criminal world he never wanted. You said it yourself. Threats and intimidation are what he knows, especially these days. He's been dealing with a lot, and he really wanted me to spend the summer with him. He knew I wouldn't do it if you said no, so…I'm not excusing his behavior. I'm just saying that I understand where it's coming from and why."

"So, you're still going? You're still gonna spend the summer with him? After what he did?"

Kurt looked into his father's eyes.
He couldn't disappoint him, and he couldn't let Blaine get away with this.

"No, I'm not going. I'm not going to reward him for bad behavior."

Burt nodded. "Good. I'm glad you're finally seeing the truth about this kid."

x-x-x

An hour later Kurt sat on his bed holding his cell phone. The conflict in his heart physically pained him. He dialed Blaine's number.

"Hey gorgeous! Hi!"

"Hi. Are you busy?"

"I have to go out in a little bit, but I can talk."

Silence

"Kurt? What's wrong?"

"Did you threaten my father?"

Shit.

Apparently Burt Hummel didn't scare easy.

"Answer me, Blaine. Did you threaten my father?"

"Kurt…"

"A simple yes or no will suffice."

"Yes. Yes, I did, but listen…” Kurt interrupted.

"How could you do that? And you say you aren't your father!"

"I'm not my father!"

"Of course you are! Your father blew up your grandfather's business to get your mother to marry him! You just threatened to do the same thing for something far less substantial! That might even be worse!"

"I was just trying to make it easier for you!"

"By threatening my father's livelihood? His reputation?"

"You know I would have never done it! I would never do that to you!"

"Well good because I'm not coming."

"What?"

"I'm not coming, Blaine. You don't get rewarded for pulling a horrible stunt like this. I can't believe you would do something so mean! To me! To me, Blaine! The man you claim to love!"

Blaine started pacing back and forth in his room.
"Now, Kurt listen to me. I get that you're mad, and I'm sorry, but you have to come. I need you, Kurt. I love you and I need you."

"I love you too, Blaine. Despite your fucked up behavior I still love you which…I don't even know what that says about me. How could you do this to me? To my father?"

"I'm sorry. I just…please…you have to come."

"No. I can't. I can't do that to him, and I can't do that to us. If we're going to be together, Blaine, you have to learn that you can't do things like this. No secrets, no lies, and no threats to my family!"

Blaine closed his eyes, his mind shifting from hurt and regret to anger and demand.

Anderson's were never refused.

Anderson's always got their way.

"Kurt…look, you're angry right now, so let's just take a step back for a minute. I'm sorry. I really am, but you have to come stay with me. I want you here, Kurt. I need you here, and I know you want and need me. You need me as much as I need you."

Kurt's familiar hunger for Blaine warmed and somersaulted through his stomach. Denying Blaine meant denying himself.

"Yes, I need you and I want to be with you, Blaine, but I can't. I can't do that to my father. I won't do that to him. Don't you see? This is your fault! You did this! You put me in this situation with your stupid threats! I can't hurt my father by choosing you over him. If I stay, and you don't do anything, it proves you were all talk and would never really hurt him or me, and hopefully in time he'll forgive you."

"You have to come stay with me for your own protection! It's not safe for you to be in Lima by yourself with everything that's going on!"

"Austin is still here, right?"

"Kurt…"

"And you taught me how to use a gun. I'll be fine."

"We're not talking about this anymore. I've told you before that your disobedience is dangerous. I was trying to be generous by allowing you to spend a week at home, but I see that was a mistake. My fault. Next Friday I will be there at 11:00 am to pick you up. That was the deal, Kurt and I expect you to stand by it."

"I'm not leaving, Blaine."

"Yes, you are."

"No, I'm not!"

"I'll see you Friday."

Blaine hung up.
"Blaine?"

"Blaine?"

Kurt hung up and threw the phone down on the bed.

What the hell?

Kurt fumed for ten minutes until his phone rang. He angrily hit the answer button. "You have some nerve! I cannot believe…"

"Who's gonna fuck you, Kurt?"

"What?"

"Who's gonna fuck you? If you're there, and I'm here, who's gonna spank your ass and fuck your tight, delicious hole, hmmm? Who's gonna plug you and make you beg for release? Who's gonna give you the domination you crave, and make you submit the way you want and need? Because you need it don't you, Kurt? You need it bad."

And in that moment Kurt realized just how deep he was in.

Because despite Blaine's threats to his father, and despite how furious and angry he felt…

He was turned on as fuck.

Rock hard, pressing against his pants. Heart racing. Skin hot. Mouth wet and craving Blaine's cock.

What the fuck was wrong with him?

"I…I'll manage. It's just sex."

Blaine's voice was low, smooth, and oh so sexy.

"Oh, gorgeous. Between us…it's never just sex. It's a hell of a lot deeper than that. See you next Friday."

Blaine hung up.

Kurt fell back on his bed and wondered when exactly did he lose all control.

Blaine stared out his window into the backyard. He could see the new security dog handlers strolling the perimeter.

Fuck.

Fuck.

Fuck.

How had he miscalculated so badly?

He knew there was a chance Burt might tell Kurt about his visit, and he knew Kurt would be mad, but it never dawned on him that Kurt would flat out refuse to come.

But it didn't matter.
He would be at Kurt's house next Friday at 11:00 am. Kurt was coming to stay with him even if he had to kidnap him. He promised to keep Kurt safe and he had no intentions of failing. This one week was nerve-wracking and dangerous enough. No way was he going to spend the entire summer worried about Kurt's safety. Not with everything else going on. Plus, he needed Kurt with him. Bad.

Blaine sat down at his desk and opened his laptop. He pulled up the tracking site and stared at the red dot indicating Kurt was at home. He picked up his cell phone and called Austin.

"Yes, Blaine?"

"I want you to keep an even closer eye on him than ever. Do you understand? Anything out of the ordinary happens you call me immediately."

"Of course. Absolutely."

Blaine hung up as Telio knocked on his door and opened it.

"You ready?"

Blaine looked Telio up and down. He was wearing pressed dark blue jeans and a green button down shirt. A faint hint of cologne travelled through the air. Blaine grinned.

"Why do I get the feeling you're not coming with me to move my dad?"

Telio looked guilty. "Um, yeah. Do you think your mom will be pissed if I don't go?"

"Not if it involves a secret final date with a certain young lady from Crawford Country Day."

Telio didn't say anything. Blaine rolled his eyes.

"Would you relax? I'm not gonna tell my mom you're having a final fuck with your girlfriend. Where are you meeting her?"

"Hyatt. Downtown."

"Nice hotel. Have fun, be a gentleman, be careful, and use protection."

"Yeah, yeah, yeah. If you're ready I'll drive you to the hospital. I feel like I should at least...I don't know...be there while he's loaded into the ambulance."

Blaine shook his head. "Not necessary. Go on. Have a great time. Tell Alicia I said hi and I hope she has a great summer. I'll ride in with Elian and Elijah."

"You sure?"

"Absolutely."

Telio looked hesitant. "You know I normally wouldn't leave you alone...it's just that this is the only night she can meet me, and..." Blaine started pushing Telio towards the stairs.

"Would you shut the fuck up and get out of here? Go. Get. Laid."

"Alright, alright. Just be careful. Make sure you stay close to Elian. Shit. I can't believe I'm saying that, but I think he's a better shot than his brother."

"Would you just go?"
Telio headed towards the door. He stopped and turned around.

"Thanks."

Anastasia watched with laser focus as the nurses carefully prepared Mario for the journey to Cleveland. She had made several surprise visits to the clinic to observe the staff. She had personally picked out his room with both comfort and security in mind. She had carefully hand-picked the nurses who would care for Mario, and spent hours interrogating the head medical officer. Luther made sure the necessary cash was spread around to the right people, and Blaine arranged around the clock security, selecting men who had worked for his father for years, but were older and ready for less strenuous assignments.

None of these meticulous preparations eased Anastasia's mind as she watched the paramedics lift Mario into the back of the ambulance.

Once the doors closed she climbed into the car driven by Elian. She sat between Blaine and Luther. Elijah was in the passenger seat. She gripped Blaine's hand.

"Thank you for taking care of security."

"Mom…of course. You don't have to thank me for that."

"I know you're busy."

"Never too busy to take care of you and dad. Don't worry, mom. This was the right decision. It's for the best."

Anastasia sighed. "I just wish Cooper…I don't understand why he never came to see him. I waited a while longer to give him time to visit. Where is he? How could he do this?"

Blaine said nothing.

"Blaine…I know you and your brother don't get along, but please…promise me you won't…"

Blaine stopped her. "Don't, mom. Don't. Please. I can't promise you anything, so don't make me."

"You must promise me, Blaine! Please! Promise me that you will not harm your brother!"

"Mom…"

Anastasia's eyes filled with tears. "Please, Blaine, please? I can't lose anyone else…"

Blaine turned from her. "I'm sorry, but I can't. The best I can do is promise you that I won't do anything without just cause."

Tears rolled down Anastasia's face. "And what would be a just cause?"

Blaine turned back to look into her eyes.

"If I find out that he was the one that arranged the hit, or if he attacks me first."

Anastasia held his gaze for a moment before nodding. It was the best she was going to get.

"When are you moving back to the compound?"
"Oh." Anastasia glanced at Luther who stared straight ahead.

"Um, I…I guess I hadn't thought about it."

"Well, there's no reason for you to stay at the hotel, and the compound is safer."

Anastasia nodded. "Yes. I'll…I'll plan on moving back soon."

Luther continued staring straight ahead.

Telio arrived at the Hyatt and headed to room 1018. He took a breath and knocked on the door. Alicia immediately answered and pulled him in, throwing her arms around his neck. He easily picked her up and swung her around before placing her back on the floor. They held each other before pulling back to look into the other's eyes. A beat passed and Telio was pulling her to him, their lips and tongues locked together. When he finally allowed her up for air she took a few steps back.

Telio shrugged off his backpack and slowly took in every inch of her with his eyes. She was wearing a short red lingerie robe. She slowly untied the belt and let the robe fall to the floor. She was completely naked.

Telio held his breath as she slowly walked towards him with a seductive, alluring smile. She stopped in front of him, took two fingers, and proceeded to rub them around and in her vagina, coating them. She then pressed them to his lips. Telio obediently opened his mouth and sucked them in.

Alicia tilted her head and smiled. "We have all night."

From there it was on.

Telio took his cues from her. He followed her mood and desires, checking to make sure he could take and have, and she never denied him. Instead she reassured him until he trusted enough to let go and just take what he wanted, what he needed.

They made love and fucked throughout the night and into the morning. In bed. On the dresser. On the window sill. Against the wall. She was so light compared to his massive strength that they had the ability to do any and every position. Telio finally learned why men had an obsession with doggie style, a position he'd always thought of with apprehension. But Alicia reassured him, begging him to take her.

So he did.

Over and over and over again.

They finally fell asleep around 4:00 am. Spent, sweaty, and sleepy. Her body tucked safely against his, held in his arms, her head on his chest.

They woke up around 10:00 am. Alicia called the front desk to request a 1:00 pm checkout. They ordered room service, ate, and talked.

Telio was honest with her. Probably too honest. She listened carefully, fear tightening her chest as he told her about the mob war.

"…so, there's a strong possibility I may not live through the summer."

"But…" She didn't know what to say. Telio took her hand.
"I'm not saying I'm going to get killed, but I don't want you to be shocked if it happens. These people are going to try and kill us. Kill Blaine. I can't let that happen."

"But what about you? Why do you have to be the one to take a bullet for him? It's not fair!"

Telio shrugged. "That's just the way it is. I'm his protector. His bodyguard."

"I thought you were his consigliere."

"That too, but above everything else his safety is my number one priority. Mario expects me to keep his son alive, and that's what I plan to do. I owe him."

Alicia felt frantic. "You don't owe him your life! Yes, it was wonderful of him to give you a home after your parents died, but that doesn't mean you owe him your life!"

Telio felt a little overcome by her concern. She was the first person to care about him for him and nothing else.

"Actually, yes it does. I'm not stupid. Mario didn't take me in strictly out of guilt or some sense of doing the right thing. He took me in for a purpose. He figured out early on that Cooper would never accept his little brother. He couldn't see Blaine as an ally. He only saw him as a threat. Mario needed someone who could be close to Blaine. Someone with an excuse to be with him at all times. A companion, but more than that. Someone who could protect him in school, at home, and everywhere else. An adult wouldn't really work, but someone Blaine's age? Perfect. So, he took me in. He had Martin train me, and explain my purpose, and…well, that's just how it is."

"I don't understand how Blaine could allow this. It's so wrong."

Telio laid back on the pillows and pulled Alicia to him, settling her body on top of his. He gently played with her hair.

"The first night I was with the Andersons they put me in this huge bedroom down from Blaine's. The room was bigger than the apartment I'd live in with my mom. I was lying in this huge bed, and in that moment I think I really understood how alone I was in the world. My mother was dead. I'd seen my father get shot. I was all alone. In that bed, in that room, in the world.

Suddenly the bedroom door slowly opens and I see this mass of curls peek around the door. I swear Blaine's curls were bigger than him back then. He comes in with this teddy bear. He climbs up on the bed and just starts talking. He says his name is Blaine, as if I didn't know, and asks me if I'm scared. Of course I shake my head, no. He looks at me as if he knows I'm lying and pushes the bear at me. It's his favorite bear, but I can have it if it will make me feel better. I shake my head and give it back. He takes it, but then he climbs in under the covers and says he'll keep me company for a while just to make sure I don't get scared. That was the first time I relaxed since getting there. We've been together ever since."

Alicia shook her head. "It's still not fair."

Telio stared at the ceiling. "Maybe. I just think that sometimes you have to sacrifice for the ones you love."

They decided to take advantage of the huge Jacuzzi bathtub. They soaked in a comfortable silence before it was time to get dressed.

Packed and ready to go, Telio pulled a box out of his backpack and held it out nervously.
"Um…I bought you something. You don't have to wear it if you don't like it. I can always take it back. I just…I don't know…"

Alicia smiled at his nervousness and opened the box. Inside were 22 carat Tiffany solitaire diamond earrings.

"Oh, Telio…they're beautiful."

"You don't have to wear them all the time, or anything. I just wanted to give you something before you left."

Alicia quickly took out her plain gold earrings and put them in.

"Of course I'll wear them all the time. They're beautiful. Thank you."

Telio nodded feeling pleased with himself. He handed her an envelope.

"There's also this. You can use it in London."

Alicia's eyes widened as she looked at the cash in the envelope.

"Um…how much money is this?"

"$7,000."

"Telio! I can't take this!"

"Why not?"

"It's $7,000! How am I supposed to explain where I got this from?"

"Why do you have to explain?"

"Telio…I don't have a job. My parents are going to want to know where this came from, and I'm certainly not saying, my boyfriend who's in the mob."

"So, don't tell them about it. Just keep it and use it if you need to, or if you see something you want. I'll feel better about you leaving the country if you have some cash. Just in case."

Alicia shook her head, but decided not to argue. She tucked the money into her bag.

"Please stay alive. I love you, and I need you alive."

"I love you too, and don't worry. I don't plan on dying anytime soon."

Friday morning Kurt rode to the shop with his dad.

"You just got home, Kurt. You sure you don't wanna connect with your friends?"

"Well, I'm glad you feel that way because I only planned to stay until Noon. Mercedes and I are going to the mall."

Burt chuckled. "Ah, the truth comes out. Do you need some money?"

Kurt's face warmed slightly as he thought about the $2,000 of the $5,000 he had in his bag from Blaine.
"No. I'm good. Thanks."

Kurt sighed when he surveyed his dad's office. "You haven't been keeping up on the filing."

Burt took off his hat and rubbed his head looking sheepish. "Well, I haven't really been here ya know."

"Kurt hung up his bag in the closet. "I'll take care of it. All of it."

Burt smiled appreciatively. The two looked at each other for a moment before Burt suddenly reached out and pulled Kurt into a hug. Kurt relaxed in his father's embrace.

As much as I want to see Blaine, not going is the right decision. For now it's the best thing. My dad needs me.

I'm so glad he's staying. I haven't lost him.

About an hour later as Kurt sorted and stacked, Benji Barnes stuck his head in.

"Hi Kurt. How ya doing?"

"I'm good. How are you?"

"Good, good. So, you home for the summer?"

"Yeah."

"I'm sure your dad is happy to have you home. He can use the help what with campaigning and all."

Kurt gestured around the office. "I can see that."

Benji laughed. "Yeah, but I hope you're not coming in every day. It is summer vacation."

"No, probably just Tuesdays and Wednesdays, or whenever he's got a heavy campaign schedule."

"Well good. Gotta make sure you have some fun. I'd better get back to it. I'll see ya later."

Kurt smiled. "Sure. See ya."

During his lunch break Benji made a call.

"It's me. He's home. Working Tuesdays and Wednesdays, and he is wearing a bracelet."

Friday night Blaine, Telio, and Elian sat in a black Cadillac watching the entrance of Carlton's, an expensive steak house in Downtown Westerville. They'd been waiting and watching for over an hour, tipped off by the bartender.

A little after midnight Sammy Avalon walked out arm and arm with a blonde.

Telio groaned. "Shit. We can't have a witness."

"Let's just shoot her. My brothers can slice up her body and get rid of the pieces, no problem."

Both Telio and Blaine turned to look at Elian with disgust. Elian shrugged. "What? Sometimes collateral damage can't be avoided."
Telio felt like punching him. "We're not killing an innocent girl who just happened to go out to
dinner with the wrong guy, you asshole. How about we collateral damage you?"

Elian shrank back. "Fine. What do you wanna do? Vince and his guys have been tracking him for
months and he's never alone."

Telio started the car. "Let's just follow him and see where he goes. He might drop her off."

Sammy opened the door for his date and then walked over to a car parked across from his. He spoke
to someone in the car and then headed back to his. The other car started.

"Shit. Fucker's got a crew with him," said Telio. They slouched down in the car to avoid being seen
before pulling off.

After a few miles Sammy and the other car turned into the driveway of a condo. Telio drove around
the corner, pulled over to the curb, and looked at Blaine for instructions.

Blaine had been in an angry bad mood all day.

First he was upset about Kurt. As far as he was concerned Kurt was still coming to stay with him. He
planned to be at Kurt's house at 11:00 am next Friday, and he hoped Kurt was ready because the last
thing Blaine wanted was a showdown on the steps of the Hummel-Hudson home. Kurt needed to
come willingly.

Obediently.

Or else he'd have to force him.

And that could turn ugly.

He meant what he said about not blowing up Hummel Tire & Lube.

But industrial accidents happen all the time.

Then there was his father. Leaving Mario in Cleveland had been harder than he'd anticipated.
Listening to his mother cry all the way back to Westerville lit Blaine's already simmering anger, and
pushed him into a quiet rage, desperate for release through revenge and murder.

Or sex.

But Kurt was in Lima, setting off his anger again, reigniting his temper and frustration.

Blaine stared at the building, a plan slowly forming in his mind.

"This must be the girl's building. He'll probably spend the night. That means his place is empty,
right?"

Telio pulled off. "Let's find out."

Sammy's apartment was a brand new upscale 8-unit building on the edge of downtown. They parked
across the street and stared at the building.

"It looks like no one's home," said Elian.

Blaine glanced at the clock. "It's 1:30 am. Everyone's asleep."
Telio pulled an illegally powerful stun gun out of the glove compartment. "We can wait inside for him to come home."

Elian frowned. "But he'll probably still have a crew with him."

"Of course he will. You and Blaine stay down here and take them out while I wait upstairs in his apartment. The moment he walks through the door I'll stun him. This way we get him alive. Luther can do the rest. Slowly. Over weeks. We're gonna make this mother-fucker wish we would kill him."

They spent the next 20 minutes arguing about the merits of this idea. In the end Blaine's thinning patience and mood for murder made the decision.

"I'm tired of wasting time trying to catch this asshole. Let's just stay and hope it works. Call Vince and tell him and Jimmy the address of the girl's place. We need someone to let us know when he leaves."

Once plans were finalized and cars strategically parked, the boys settled in to spend the night. Elian stretched out as much as he could across the back seat and fell asleep quickly.

"So, how was your date with Alicia?"

Telio glanced back at Elian. He still didn't want anyone to know her name. "Fine."

"Seriously? That's all I get?"

"Yep."

"Well can you at least confirm that you got laid?"

Telio glared at Blaine.

"Fine. I don't wanna hear about gross straight sex anyway."

"Good."

"But you did sleep with her, right?"

"None of your business."

"I thought straight guys always wanted to brag about their conquests."

"Yeah, douche bag straight guys."

Blaine stared out the window for a while, thinking about Kurt.

"Kurt's mad at me."

"What did you do?"

"I threatened his father."

"What?"

"I threatened his father."

"Oh, nice, Blaine. Real nice. Gee. I wonder why he's mad at you. Why the hell would you do that?"
"I wanted to make sure he'd let Kurt come stay with me for the summer."

"Oh, and you thought threatening the man was the way to go?"

"I fucked up, okay? I didn't think he'd tell Kurt."

Telio shook his head. "Wow. You know, Blaine, just because you look like your father doesn't mean you have to act like him. You don't have to make his mistakes."

"It worked with my mother," Blaine muttered.

"Yeah, it did. She married a man she was terrified of out of fear. Is that what you want for you and Kurt?"

"My mother is not scared of my father! She loves him! And trust me, Kurt is not scared of me. He had no problem telling me that he's not coming to stay with me for the summer."

"Good. I love it when he calls you on your bullshit."

"Whose side are you on?"

"Yours, Blaine. I'm always on your side except when you do stupid shit."

"I'm not letting Burt keep me from Kurt."

"He doesn't have to. You're doing a fine job of fucking up on your own. Keep it up and Kurt's gonna leave you."

Blaine shook his head. "Never happen. I'll never let that happen."

"And again I say, don't make your father's mistakes."

"My father didn't make mistakes. He and my mother have been married for over 20 years."

Telio shook his head. "Fine, but I'm telling you right now, I'm not gonna help you blow up Burt Hummel's business."

"I'm not blowing up Burt Hummel's business!"

"Glad to hear it."

Blaine wrapped his arms around himself and turned towards the door, snuggling into himself in an effort to get comfortable enough to go to sleep and ignore Telio.

So what if I'm like my father?

My father is a great man. The Andersons are respected because of all he's done, all he's accomplished. My parents love each other. I see how the shooting has affected my mother. She's devastated and lost without him. Things may have started less than idea, but she loves him and he loves her. Their marriage is strong.

Everything will be fine once Kurt is with me. I'll make it all up to him. I'll show him how much I love him.

Everything will be perfect.
A little after 9:00 am Telio's cell phone rang with a call from Vince. Sammy was just leaving the
girl's condo.

"Alright, it's show time."

Telio checked his two guns and slid the stun gun into his waistband. He grabbed the lock picking kit
from the glove compartment.

"Be careful, okay?" said Blaine. "There might be someone up there."

"If there is they're about to be taken out."

Elian looked nervously around the street. It was a quiet Saturday morning. "Try not to shoot anyone.
The neighbors will hear."

Telio held up the stun gun. "Relax. This ain't my first time at the rodeo. Just make sure you guys
move fast so I'm not facing 4 vs. 1."

Blaine watched Telio cross the street and ring the bell to get buzzed into the building. It took three
tries before someone buzzed him in under the lie that he had a delivery.

Telio quickly made his way upstairs, careful to stay out of sight of the guy who opened his door and
looked around thinking he had a delivery.

Getting into Sammy's apartment proved impossible.

Try as he might, Telio couldn't pick the lock. He would just have to wait in the hall. Seeing no good
spot to hide he decided to pretend to be drunk and passed out on the floor. He took off his shirt and
balled it up to rest his head on. He pulled his jeans down some and lay down in the corner, careful to
cover his face with his arm. Sammy knew what he looked like. He'd have to move fast and hope no
one else found him first.

Outside Blaine was swimming in a dark headspace. His blood was pumping strong and fast. His gun
dangled from his fingers. He was in the mood to kill.

By contrast, Elian was anxious.

"This is a stupid idea. We're gonna get killed."

Blaine kept his eyes focused on the street. "It's not a stupid idea. Just relax, pay attention and shoot
first."

"That's the problem with this plan. We're out in the open. People will hear us and see us."

"Not if we move fast."

Elian turned to look at Blaine and was overcome by how sexy he looked. Dark, intense, full of
bloodlust. Elian wished he could convince Blaine to fuck him right then and there over the hood of
the car.

Blaine gripped his gun as Sammy turned on to the street and pulled into the parking lot adjacent the
building. A second car pulled up and parked right in front of the building.

They watched the men exit the car and hang around waiting for Sammy.
"Fuck! If they all go in with him Telio is screwed!"

Blaine quickly pushed the speed dial on his phone.

Telio hissed. "What?"

"He's here, but it looks like his crew is going in with him."

"Fuck!"

"Wait, wait…maybe not..."

Blaine watched as Sammy appeared to give the men instructions. He then turned and climbed the steps alone.

"Never mind."

Blaine hung up and waited. Sammy disappeared inside the building while the three men hung around out front.

Blaine and Elian looked at each other. Were they really going to be this lucky? A simple drive by?

Blaine scooted over into the driver's seat and started the car.

"You should let me drive, Blaine."

"Shut up and get ready to shoot."

Upstairs Sammy stopped and immediately drew his gun when he saw the body lying on the floor. He approached cautiously.

"Hey! Get up!" He kicked Telio's leg. Telio groaned. Sammy shook his head. Seriously? All the money he pays for this place and there's a fucking homeless guy in front of his door?

"Hey asshole! You gotta get up and get outta here!"

Telio remained motionless. He waited until he heard Sammy step a little closer.

"Get your ass up!" Sammy cocked his gun.

Telio sprung up and pressed the stun gun to Sammy's chest. Sammy dropped his gun as the electric bolts caused his body to convulse violently before he dropped to the floor like a rock.

Outside Elian crouched down in the back of the car as Blaine slowly pulled up to the building and rolled down the window.

"Excuse me? Can you tell me how to get to Lexington Drive?"

None of the guys approached the car. Blaine saw their hands slowly and instinctively move towards their guns.

One guy yelled out, "Where you trying to go, kid?"

"The dance studio on Lexington Drive. Gotta pick up my sister."

One of the guys cautiously moved a little closer to get a better look at him. Hell, this was just a kid. He walked over and bent down to the window.
"Uh, yeah. You need to take…"

Blaine shot him in the face while Elian took out the other two with a speed and precision that rivaled Telio. At that moment the front door opened and Telio came down the steps, Sammy’s lifeless body slung over his shoulder. Blaine popped the trunk and Telio dumped him inside before jumping in the car. They sped off towards the compound.

Once they were several miles away Telio took over driving and Blaine called Luther.

"Jesus, Blaine! Why the fuck were you there? How many times do I have to tell you to leave this stuff to your men?"

"I'm not a coward. I'm not sitting around while everyone else takes care of shit."

Luther closed his eyes and shook his head. "Blaine…for the love of your mother will you please leave the rough stuff to the guys? If something happens to you your mother will lose her mind."

Blaine felt a slight pang of guilt. "Alright, alright, fine."

Telio looked at the rearview mirror. "Shit. We've got trouble." Two black cars were barreling towards them.

"Fuck. We're being chased, Luther. Send some guys to help us. We're on the highway headed home just past Canton Farms."

"Be careful, Blaine! Please!"

Blaine hung up and pulled a high-powered rifle from under the seat and handed it to Elian. Telio accelerated as the cars grew closer.

"Get down, Blaine!"

Telio started swerving as shots rang out, busting the back window. Elian returned fire. Blaine rolled down his window, half climbed out and started shooting.

"Blaine, stay in the fucking car!" screamed Telio.

"I'm not gonna just sit here!"

Suddenly there was a loud pop sound and the car started slowing down and moving erratically.

"We just lost a tire!" Telio struggled to maintain control and acceleration as another tire was blown out.

"Fuck!"

Blaine looked around. There were cornfields on one side of the road and trees on the other.

"Head for the trees!"

Telio wrenched the steering wheel towards the right and the car careened off the side of the road into the grass. The three boys jumped out of the car and started running.

"What are you doing?"
"Just keep running!"
"I'm not leaving you!"
"Will you fucking go!"

Blaine hesitated for a moment and then took off, trying to avoid logs and uneven earth. He could hear gunshots and people yelling at each other. He stopped behind a large tree and pulled out his gun.

Suddenly the forest seemed very quiet. He peeked around the tree, but didn't see anyone. He crept forward, eyes darting back and forth, forward and behind. He hoped he was heading towards the spot where he left Telio, but he wasn't sure. A bullet whizzed by him. He hit the ground and scrambled towards a tree. More bullets came flying and then he heard a gargled scream. He peeked out in time to see a guy he didn't recognize fall to the ground.

Distracted by the sight, he didn’t hear the footsteps sneak up behind him.

There was sudden blinding pain as he was struck on the side of his head by the butt of a gun. He fell over as loud buzzing filled his ears, but maintained his grip on his gun. He grunted as someone kicked him over on to his back. Fighting the pain he gripped his gun and fired almost blindly, hitting the man standing over him. The man fell next to him. He rolled away from the body and sat up on his knees. His head was killing him, and all he wanted to do was close his eyes and put his head down, but he forced himself to stand and stumble forward.

"Telio!"
"Elian!"
"Telio!"

He leaned against a tree and squeezed his eyes shut. The buzzing in his head was joined by a darkness determined to swallow his consciousness. He could feel himself losing.

"Blaine!"

Telio ran to him. "Blaine! Shit! Come on! We gotta go!"

A shot rang out.

Telio fell forward with a yell, gripping his arm, his face twisted in pain. Blaine fell back, pinned beneath him.

"Telio…Telio…"

Telio rolled off Blaine with a painful grunt and sat up. Vince and Elian came running towards them.


Elian helped Blaine to his feet while Telio accepted Vince's outstretched hand, but then insisted on walking on his own as he gripped his arm.

They emerged from the trees to a scene of cars, bodies, and men carrying large guns. In the middle of the scene, on his knees was Sammy, his hands and wrists wrapped in electrical tape and rope. Tape
covered his mouth and eyes.

One of the men stepped forward. "A bullet must have hit the lock. He managed to kick the trunk open, but we were right here when he tried to escape."

Telio nodded. "Put him in the trunk of one of the other cars and take him to the compound. Lock him in the barn closet. We'll deal with him later."

Luther came running up. "Blaine! Are you okay? What the fuck happened?"

Blaine was leaning heavily on Elian, and blinking furiously to deal with the throbbing in his head. "I'm fine…just need to go home."

Luther looked closer at his head. "I'm calling Dr. Weinstein."

Blaine nodded and immediately regretted it as the pain intensified. "Telio's hurt."

Luther whirled around. Telio was still gripping his arm, the sleeve of his shirt covered in blood. "I'll be fine. It's just a flesh wound. Weinstein can stitch it up."

Luther was furious. "What the hell were you thinking? Grabbing Sammy in broad fucking daylight? Why was Blaine there? And why the hell weren't you in the Hummer? At least it's bullet proof!"

Elian wrapped an arm protectively around Blaine who looked like he might pass out at any moment. "Can you yell at us later? We need to get him home, and we should probably get out of here before the state troopers show up."

Luther looked around in disgust and waved his hand. "Go."

x-x-x

That evening Blaine lay in bed, eyes closed, slightly high on painkillers. Elian sat beside him holding his hand. He quickly released it when Telio came in.

"Hey Blaine. How you doing?"

Blaine stared at Telio with glassy eyes. "Fine. How's…arm…"

"It's fine. The bullet barely grazed me."

Blaine nodded slightly and closed his eyes.

"Is he really okay?"

Elian hadn't taken his eyes off Blaine. "Dr. Weinstein said he'll be fine. A very slight concussion. He didn't even need stiches. Whoever hit him was trying to knock him out, but they didn't hit hard enough. It's kind of strange. You'd think they would have just shot him."

A chill ran through Telio. "No," he said. "They had instructions. Capture, but don't kill." His throat closed and he felt a tightness in his chest. Every once in a while Telio was reminded of just how much he truly loved Blaine.

And it never failed to shock him just a little.
"I'm going to bed. You should probably do the same."

"I will," said Elian. "In a little while."

Telio gave Elian a hard look. Elian was staring at Blaine with concerned, lovesick eyes, his fingers poised to grip Blaine's hand the moment Telio left.

This asshole.

"In case you've forgotten, Blaine has a boyfriend."

Elian frowned. "I know."

"Who will be here…soon."

Elian glared at him. "I know."

"Yeah, well make sure you don't forget."

Telio slowly walked back to his room. Despite his brave front his arm hurt like hell. He refused the pain medicine offered by Dr. Weinstein, preferring to remain completely alert and aware. He lay down on his bed.

*Kurt has a right to be angry, but he needs to bring his ass here before Elian fucks things up.*

Sunday morning Kurt lay in bed thinking about Blaine. They hadn't spoken since Thursday's fight, but they had traded text messages.

B – I can't wait to see you next week.

K – Unless you are coming for a visit, you won't see me next week.

B – I am coming for a visit. Friday. You will leave with me.

K – No I'm not.

B – Yes you are.

K – I love you, but no I'm not.

B – See you Friday. Be packed.

K - No

But despite his constant refusals, Kurt was having second thoughts about his decision.

He missed Blaine.

He'd really been looking forward to spending time with him. He knew Blaine had all these plans of places they were going to go, and things they were going to do, and frankly, the ideal of sitting in Lima and working at the shop like every other summer paled in comparison.

His body missed Blaine, too.

In the middle of their text fights Blaine would suddenly throw in something sexual and ignite Kurt's desire.
B – You've been such a bad boy, Kurt. When you get here Friday I am going to punish you.

K – I'm not coming Friday.

B – I bought you a cock cage. I can't wait to put it on you. I also have a new plug for you. Wanna see it?

Blaine sent him a picture of a plug that made Kurt's ass clench and his dick throb. He didn't text Blaine back. Instead he jerked off to thoughts of Blaine fucking him while he wore the cock cage, not letting him come, and then plugging his ass afterwards to hold in Blaine's release.

Blaine called him Sunday morning.

"Hey gorgeous."

"Hi."

"How are you?"

"I'm fine. How are you?"

"I almost got killed yesterday. "I'm okay, but I miss you. I can't wait to see you Friday. I'm looking forward to our date."

Kurt sighed. "Blaine…"

Blaine kept going. "I have everything planned. We're going to celebrate the official start of summer. Our summer."

Kurt decided to ignore him, but he was concerned by the tiredness of Blaine's voice.

"What have you been doing? You sound tired."

"Nothing much. Just the usual."

*Murder, kidnapping, beating, torture.*

"And what exactly is the usual? You sound really worn out. Is everything okay? Did something happen?"

"Everything's fine. It's just been a busy week. We moved my dad to a clinic in Cleveland. That was hard. My mom was so sad, and…it was just hard."

Kurt felt guilty. Maybe he should have been with Blaine for that. And he had forgotten all about Anastasia. It would be nice to spend time with her, especially in light of everything she'd been through. She'd probably appreciate the visit.

Kurt felt frustrated. He should be getting ready to spend the summer with his boyfriend. Not punishing them both.

"Why couldn't you have just let me handle my dad?"

Blaine's voice was quiet. "I'm sorry, Kurt. I just didn't think things through. I was trying to make things easier and instead I fucked up. I'm sorry."

Blaine's words and tone surprised Kurt. It was the first time he'd acknowledged his mistake.
Improved behavior should be rewarded, right?

"I can't come stay with you, but...if you want to come here on Friday and maybe...apologize to my dad...we could have dinner here. I'll cook."

*Easy, Blaine. Don't push.* "You know, I don't think we've ever had a proper dinner date, Kurt. I'd love to take you on a proper date."

"No. I'll cook and we'll eat here. You need to apologize and start making amends if my father is ever going to at least tolerate you. Forgiveness is probably years away."

Blaine smiled. His Kurt wasn't stupid. He wasn't getting in a car. That was okay. Once he was there he'd figure out a way to get Kurt into his car.

By force if necessary.

"Okay, gorgeous. Dinner at your place on Friday."

Luther quietly entered Anastasia's hotel room. She was standing by the window looking out. She was dressed simply. Jeans and a white t-shirt, her hair loose, hanging down her back. Gold hoops in her ears, no shoes. She looked like she was approaching 30 instead of 50.

Luther sat down in the desk chair and waited. She finally turned around.

"I'd like to start working on the foundation this week."

Luther nodded. "Okay. I'll tell Beth to make sure your office is ready."

"I'm returning to the compound Saturday."

Luther stared at the floor and said nothing.

"I need to be at home."

Still nothing.

"Blaine and Telio need me."

Luther looked at her and shook his head. "No they don't."

"They're just boys."

"They're men who can take care of themselves. They've been taking care of themselves and taking care of business. They don't need you." *I need you.*

Anastasia turned away from him and went back to staring out the window. Luther ran his eyes up and down her body, appreciating the snug fit of her jeans, the lift of her breasts, her smooth olive skin, her long black hair. She was so beautiful.

And finally available.

Sort of.

Luther stood up and walked over to the window. She didn't look at him, but she could feel him standing close. Too close. He gently moved her hair aside and whispered in her ear.
"Tell me what you need."

Anastasia closed her eyes. She couldn't communicate her longing, or what she craved. She'd never been taught to. Somehow Mario just knew. From the moment he touched her he knew, and he instinctively did everything. She'd never heard the words sub, or Dom, or bondage, and Mario never used those words. They just fell into their roles and grew addicted to each other.

And now her pusher was gone. She needed a hit, but she didn't know what drug to ask for.

"I need Mario."

Luther stepped back, physically pained and disappointed.

He turned and left.

That evening Blaine stood in the middle of his room surveying the changes. The walls had been painted a cerulean blue and new drapes hung. The new mattress would arrive tomorrow. Half of his large walk-in closet was empty, ready for Kurt's clothes. He'd thought about ordering another dresser, but figured he'd wait and see if Kurt wanted a dresser or perhaps a vanity table with lights.

Telio appeared in the doorway. "Blue?"

"Cerulean blue. To match Kurt's eyes."

Telio rolled his eyes. "Okay. Listen, if you wanna interrogate Sammy before Luther destroys him, now might be a good time to come out to the barn. Luther's out of control."

Luther out of control?

"What's he doing?"

"A lot of twisted shit."

"Good. I hope the bastard suffers and never dies. He can just stay in the barn and Luther can beat the shit out of him whenever he feels like it."

"Well, like I said, if you wanna see what you can get out of him about Chartussi, you may wanna do it tonight. Luther says he wants to keep him alive for as long as possible, but at the rate things are going..."

Blaine's sadistic side buzzed with interest. He followed Telio out to the barn.

Sammy was naked, hanging by rope tied around his wrists from a beam in the ceiling. Rope was tied around each of his ankles and then tied to stakes planted several feet apart in the ground so his legs were spread apart.

He was unrecognizable. His face and body were covered in bruises and contusions from being beaten and kicked. Lisa's full name had been carved slowly into his back with a sharp knife, but what made Blaine's jaw drop and his eyes widen were the bricks.

A hole had been drilled in two bricks and rope strung through. One hung from Sammy's cock and another from his balls.

Blaine looked at Telio in disbelief. Telio shrugged and gestured towards Elian.
Elian was standing quietly in the corner staring contently at his handiwork.

Luther was circling Sammy's body, a whip in one hand and a cattle prod in the other. Blaine had never seen him like this. His face twisted with anger and a diabolical expression. Blaine could almost feel his vengeful rage. Luther looked terrifying.

"Luther?"

Luther looked at Blaine with glassy, deranged eyes.

"Uh, do you mind if I ask him a few questions?"

Luther shook his head.

"Sammy? Sammy, can you hear me?"

Sammy was whimpering and crying in pain, hoping someone was about to shoot him. He couldn't take anymore. The beating, the cutting, the cattle prod up his ass…

Luther suddenly cut across Sammy's chest with the whip causing him to scream.

"Do you hear him talking to you, you worthless piece of shit? Answer him!"

Sammy's eyes were narrow slits trying to figure out who was talking to him. Luther hit him again.

"Answer him!"

Sammy managed, "I hear…"

Blaine's tone was very conversational.

"Sammy, I just need to know one thing. Did you and Chartussi plan the hit on my father?"

Sammy managed to open his eyes a little more. He could just make out a fuzzy image of Blaine, but in his painful, weakened state he thought it was Mario.

"Not…our…idea…had help."

"It wasn't your idea but someone offered to help? Who helped you?"

"Your…son."

Blaine was confused. "What? My son?"

"Coo…per."

Blaine turned cold.

Cooper.

Cooper arranged the hit on their father.

Blaine always knew there was a possibility Cooper was behind the attack, but deep down inside he hoped it wasn't true because if it was true…

It meant Cooper wouldn't hesitate to kill him.
Which meant he had to kill Cooper first.

And break his mother's heart.

Blaine turned and slowly left, Sammy's screams vibrating on his skin as Luther attacked him with the whip.

When Luther was done for the night they cut Sammy down and threw him in the barn closet, wrists and ankles bound, bricks still tied to his genitals. Luther poured two bottles of rubbing alcohol all over Sammy's back, essentially setting him on fire. A fire that would burn like hell, but never bring death. Sammy's horrific screams were inhuman. Luther yanked Sammy's head back, grabbed a handful of dirt from the ground, stuffed it in Sammy's mouth and then covered his mouth with tape. He walked out and didn't look back. Elian locked the door with a smile.

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Kurt spent most of Monday at Rachel's house discussing audition songs for NYADA, listening to the musical injustices visited upon her in glee club, and dodging questions about Blaine.

"I just don't get you, Kurt. He's a total cutie. Why are you hiding him? You should be totally flaunting your hot boyfriend."

"He lives all the way in Westerville, Rachel."

"There are cars, Kurt."

Kurt didn't say anything. Rachel leaned in conspiratorially. "If you've been hiding him because of his family, I want you to know that you don't have to. We know all about him."

"What do you mean you know all about him?"

"Finn told us."

Kurt's panic level rose. "Finn told you what?"

"About his family. You know. Ma-fi-a." Rachel over enunciated each syllable and gave Kurt a knowing look and what was supposed to be a reassuring nod.

Kurt wasn't sure what to say, so he waited for Rachel to inevitably continue talking.

"Just because his family is part of the mafia doesn't mean he's not a nice guy, right? He seemed very pleasant at regionals, and he's very talented."

Kurt exhaled. Okay. Apparently Finn had sense enough not to spill anything important.

"The summer's just getting started. We have plenty of time to plan a double-date or whatever."

Rachel smiled and nodded approvingly. "Perfect."

x-x-x

That evening Kurt plopped down next to his father on the couch and stared at the TV. It was a basketball game. Burt glanced at Kurt with an amused smile. He knew his son. This wouldn't last 20 seconds.

"Who's winning?" asked Kurt.
"The Knicks."

Eight seconds ticked by and Kurt turned to his father. "When's halftime?"

Burt knew what that meant. It meant Kurt wanted to talk. Burt reached for the remote and muted the TV.

"I'm sorry for interrupting your game."

"No problem. What's up?"

"I've invited Blaine to dinner on Friday."

"Dinner? Dinner where?"

"Here. I'm going to cook."

"You expect me to have dinner in my home with someone who threatened me? Who disrespected me in my place of business? Are you kidding?"

"He's coming to apologize and ask for your forgiveness. Please, dad? I can't do this. I can't always be caught in the middle. I need the two of you to get along, or at least tolerate each other's existence."

Burt sat back and shook his head. He just didn't understand Kurt's fascination with this kid.

But he was tired of fighting about it.

He could see the conflict and struggle in Kurt's eyes, and it pained him to see it there. Kurt had already been through too much to have to endure more.

"Fine. Dinner on Friday, but you have to do something for me."

"Of course. Anything."

"Tomorrow I'm speaking at the Cairo-Cridersville Monthly Business Luncheon. I'll be sharing all the reasons why I deserve their vote over rubber chicken and day old salad. I'd like you to accompany me."

Kurt arched an eyebrow. His father had never hidden the fact that he had a gay son, but Kurt had taken it upon himself to stay out of the spotlight. Especially at small town events where being gay would definitely raise eyebrows and possibly challenging questions.

"Are you sure that's a good idea? That doesn't sound like a very progressive, forward thinking group."

"All the more reason why they need to see a small business owner, someone they can relate to, who is proud of his son."

"Of course I'll go. Would you like me to wear one of my more avant-garde ensembles, or shall I go more young republican?"

"You wear anything you want, kiddo."

Kurt smiled. "Thanks dad. For everything."

Burt nodded and watched Kurt disappear upstairs. He turned the game back on.
Tuesday morning Benji arrived at Hummel Tire & Lube a few minutes early. He immediately got to work on a car transmission. He took a break around 10:00 am and wandered into the front waiting room.

No Kurt.

He went back to Burt's office. Door locked, lights out.

He went back out on the floor to find the floor manager, Carlos.

"Hey, Carlos. Burt coming in today?"

"Nah. He's got some campaign thing. He'll be here tomorrow."

"Oh. Okay."

This didn't necessarily mean Kurt wouldn't be in, so Benji waited until 3:30 pm to make the call.

"It's me. The kid's not here today. It will have to go down tomorrow."

Wednesday morning Kurt headed downstairs to the kitchen. Burt noted his simple, but tight, jeans and t-shirt.

"You coming in today?"

"Yeah. I'm almost done with the filing, and it looks like you haven't done inventory in a while. I'll see what you're low on and place a couple of orders."

"Thanks, Kurt. I really appreciate it."

"It's no problem, but you really need to think about hiring a part-time office manager, especially for the fall when campaign season moves into high gear."

Carol gave Burt a stern look. "Thank you, Kurt. I've been saying the same thing for months now."

Burt waved his hand. "Yeah, yeah, yeah. I tell ya what? How about you hire someone for me before you leave for school? You can spend the summer looking for the right candidate and train them."

"You would trust me to do that?"

"Absolutely."

Kurt thought a moment before slowly nodding his head. "Okay. I'll find you someone great. Not as great as me of course, but close."

"Excellent."

x-x-x

Kurt arrived at the shop at 10:00 am. He sometimes drove in versus riding with his dad in case Burt had to leave for campaign stuff which was the case today.
Around 2:00 pm Burt poked his head into the storage room where Kurt was counting and making notes.

"I've got a meeting with Shue about campaign donations, upcoming filings, and boring crap like that. I'll see you later at home."

"Okay."

Burt turned to leave, but then turned back and looked at Kurt.

"Kurt?"

Kurt looked up.

"I love you, and...I'm really glad you're home."

"Thanks dad. I love you too."

x-x-x

At 5:03 pm the mechanics closed the garage doors and prepared to leave. By 5:20 pm everyone was gone except Kurt. He glanced at the clock, stretched and promised himself he'd leave by 5:45 pm. He planned to help Carol with a new recipe.

x-x-x

Austin kept his eyes fixed on the front door of Hummel Tire & Lube waiting for Kurt to emerge. He'd been watching Kurt since he returned home. He didn't mind except for when Kurt went to the mall. Keeping up with him and staying out of sight was a challenge.

Austin stayed with Kurt until 10:00 pm every night when he was relieved by two overnight guards so he could get some sleep. He was always back in front of the Hummel-Hudson home at 7:00 am. He was so focused on the door of the shop that he didn't notice the man sneaking up on him.

Two shots to the head through the rolled down window.

The man glanced around and quickly opened the car door, pushing Austin's body over to the passenger seat. He started the car and sped off.

x-x-x

Kurt stood up and walked out front to the waiting room. He checked that the front door was locked and turned off the main lights in the waiting room and the garage area.

Kurt was heading back towards the office when he was grabbed from behind and held while a large man with a moustache, tattoos and hoop earrings punched him four times in the stomach. Kurt doubled over in pain. The man behind him quickly placed a plastic bag over his head. As the drawstring tightened around his neck, instinct led Kurt to try and take a breath, inhaling the chemicals. His throat and eyes burned and his face grew hot and itchy. As his panic escalated, he struggled harder to breathe, ingesting more chemicals. His eyes rolled back in his head and he collapsed to the floor.

The man who punched him worked quickly. He rolled Kurt flat on to his back and stretched out the arm with the bracelet. He took a piece of thick black leather out of his pocket and worked it between the bracelet and Kurt's skin.
The other man double-checked the garage and made sure the front door was locked. He nervously watched the tattooed man take a vial out of his pocket.

"How long is this gonna take?"

"Just a few seconds. The liquid works fast. Come hold his wrist steady."

"Okay, but don't get any of that shit on me. It'll eat my hand."

After putting on gloves the man carefully opened a vial of clear liquid. He applied two drops to the lock of the bracelet. Small bubbles appeared, and after a few seconds, the bracelet opened as the lock weakened and melted. The man quickly removed the bracelet and placed it in a plastic bag.

They carried Kurt's lifeless body out the back door to a waiting car. They laid him in the trunk and slammed it closed. The car pulled off.

The two men went back inside and grabbed Kurt's bag from the closet and his keys from the desk. They went out to Kurt's car, climbed in, and took off.

15 minutes later Benji came in through the back door. He headed over to the security system, removed the tape and replaced it.

He turned out all the lights, locked the back door, and left.

Blaine listened intently to the well-dressed, and very handsome Logan Bethenson. Blaine loved Logan's Brooklyn accent, and even better, he liked what he was saying.

"…tired of that asshole throwing his weight around. He's stingy as fuck. The percentages he demands are too fucking high, and he changes them whenever the hell he wants. I'm looking for more stability and a fairer share of the profit."

Blaine nodded in understanding and looked approvingly at Kevin Ewing. Kevin's family had worked for the Andersons for years and were completely trustworthy and loyal. Blaine had assigned Kevin the task of finding someone in New York who would be willing to help the Andersons attack Chartussi on his home turf.

While the Andersons were admired and well-respected, none of the New York families wanted to join ranks with them against another New York family. Despite their dislike of Chartussi, there was strong geographic loyalty along with the fear of going up against the most powerful family in New York.

Despite their deep New York roots, the Bethenson Brothers, twins Logan and Laurent, had no such loyalty. They were tired of being trapped under Chartussi. For the right deal they would happily side with the Andersons.

Blaine glanced at Telio to gauge his thoughts, and was disappointed to find him glaring distrustfully at Logan.

"Do you have some concerns, Telio?" asked Blaine.

"Yeah, I do. Several."

Logan sat back and spread his arms wide. "Ask anything you'd like, and feel free to verify my answers. We are totally legit, and we are here in good faith. Nothing would give us more pleasure
than seeing Chartussi destroyed."

For the next 45 minutes Telio grilled Logan on everything from details regarding their business, to the possibility of reprisals from other New York families.

Blaine sat silently and listened, grateful for the millionth time that Telio was his consigliere, his protector, his brother, and his best friend.

As Telio's suspicions were allayed, the conversation turned to other things. Blaine tuned out and picked up his phone. As he did several times a day he pulled up the tracking site.

*NO PROGRAM INITIATED. SUBJECT NOT FOUND.*

What?

Blaine closed out of the site and logged on again.

*NO PROGRAM INITIATED. SUBJECT NOT FOUND.*

He walked over to the desk and opened his laptop. He logged on.

*NO PROGRAM INITIATED. SUBJECT NOT FOUND.*

Elian, who had been sitting in the corner listening and staring at Blaine, saw the flash of panic wash across Blaine's face.

"Blaine, what's wrong?"

Blaine stood up. "Um, nothing. I'm sure it's nothing. I'll be right back. Excuse me."

Blaine headed to the living room, dialing Kurt's number as he walked.

It rang.

And rang.

And rang some more.

It never clicked to voicemail.

Blaine's stomach twisted into a tight coil of panic and fear.

*Something's wrong.*

*Something's wrong, something's wrong, something's wrong.*

Blaine ran his hands through his hair and took a deep breath. He called Austin.

No answer.

Blaine tried pulling up the site several more times while alternating between calling Austin and Kurt.

He called Hummel Tire & Lube. Voicemail. He didn't leave a message.

He debated for two seconds before calling the Hummel-Hudson home.

"Hello?"
"Hi Carol. It's Blaine."

There was a pause. "Oh. Hi. How are you?"

"I'm fine. Listen, I'm sorry to bother you, but I'm trying to reach Kurt."

Carol glanced at the clock and was surprised to see it was 7:00 pm.

"You know, I got caught up watching a movie and didn't even look at the time. He should have been home about an hour ago. We were going to do some cooking together."

"So, he's not there?"

"No. Did you call his cell?"

"Of course. There was no answer and it didn't go to voice mail."

"Hmph. That's strange. He could be with Burt. If they're at a campaign event he might have his phone turned off."

But I should be able to see him on the site!

"Could you please give Burt a call and check?"

"Sure honey. Do you want me to call you back?"

"Yes."

Blaine hung up and ran upstairs.

"Logan, Laurent, please excuse me, but an emergency has come up and we need to go. Kevin will take you out tonight and see that you have a fabulous time at our expense."

Logan and Laurent said their goodbyes quickly and followed Kevin out.

Telio could both feel and see Blaine's panic. "What's wrong?"

"Kurt. He's disappeared from the tracking site. He's not answering his phone and the voice mail isn't coming on. He's not at home. He's not at the shop. Something's wrong. Something's fucking wrong."

"Okay. Calm down. You don't know that. He could be with his father."

At that moment Blaine's cell phone rang.

"Carol?"

"Yes. Kurt's not with his dad, but Burt is on his way home, so he's going to swing by the shop. He's probably just not hearing his phone, honey."

"No. Kurt knows better. He would never not have his phone on him."

Carol could hear Blaine's panic. "Honey, I'm sure everything's fine."

Blaine hung up on her.

Everything was not fine.
Nothing was fucking fine.

"Get four cars ready. We're going to Lima."

Kurt shivered awake and immediately touched his face. It felt so tight, itchy, and dry. He ran his fingers along his cheeks. The skin was peeling.

He opened his eyes, but remained in darkness. He blinked thinking his eyes needed time to adjust.

It took a full minute for him to realize he was blind.

He struggled to his feet as hysteria and fear raced through him. He put his hands out in front of him.

"Hello?"

"Hello?"

"Hello?"

He took a tentative step forward. He waved his arms around trying to feel for a wall. He took another step forward and then another until his hand felt a cool, rough, metal surface. Was this the wall? He felt along it, moving slowly, calling out desperately.

"Hello? Is anyone here? Please? Hello? Help me, please!"

After a few minutes he realized he was possibly travelling in a circle around the perimeter of a room. He contemplated moving away from the wall, but fear kept him in place. Instead he decided to scream.

"Help! Help! Please! Somebody, help me! I can't see!"

Blowing away the speed limit put Blaine and the caravan of cars in Lima in record time. Blaine sent one car to Hummel Tire & Lube to see if there was any sign of Austin. He sent the other to Austin's hotel. The other car followed him to the Hummel-Hudson home.

As he climbed out of the Hummer, Burt came flying out the front door and across the lawn, his face red and enraged. He lunged at Blaine.

"Where's my son? What the fuck did you do? Where's Kurt?"

Telio was about to attack Burt, but Blaine stopped him.

"No! No! It's okay!"

Burt punched Blaine in the jaw and then grabbed the front of his shirt and pulled him to him, their faces inches from the other.

"Where is he? I know you did something! Where is he?"

"I don't know! I swear I don't know!"

Burt released him and Blaine stumbled back. Burt was breathing hard and giving Blaine a death look. Carol pulled on his arm.
"Burt, calm down! This isn't helping! We don't even know if something's wrong! He probably went for a drive, or he's with Rachel, or Mercedes and forgot to mention it. Both of you just calm down!"

Blaine's cell phone rang.

"Yeah?"

"We're at Austin's hotel. His stuff is still here, but there's no sign of him or his car."

Blaine hung up.

Carol started pulling Burt towards the house. "Can we please get off the front lawn?"

Burt started walking but then turned around.

"If I find out that you took him…"

"I didn't take him! I'm the one that called you!"

"If something happens to my son, I swear I will kill you. Do you hear me? Why couldn't you just leave him alone? I told you to leave him alone!"

"Burt! Stop it! Both of you! You're all being ridiculous! You're acting like Kurt's been missing for days! It's been…what? Maybe two hours! Stop overreacting!"

Burt shook his head. "You don't get it, Carol." Burt gestured towards Blaine. "He knows. He knows something's happened. That's why he's here with all his cars, and his entourage, and his guns. That's why he called us. Somehow he knows because this is his fault!"

Carol looked quizzically at Blaine. "Is that true? Do you know something? Has something happened to Kurt?"

"No, I mean…I don't know that, but if something has happened…I'll find him. I will. I swear."

"You can go to hell!"

Kurt stopped screaming. His throat was starting to hurt and the fact that no one had answered was escalating his fear and anxiety. He decided to try moving away from the wall. He took a tentative step forward, followed by a few more, arms outstretched. He managed to move across the room hitting the opposite wall. So the room was empty and definitely small.

Kurt leaned back against the wall. Now what?

Kurt wasn't alone.

The man hadn't made a sound. He'd enjoyed watching Kurt move blindly around the room.

But now those tight jeans were calling to him.

Kurt's gasp turned to a scream as he felt a hand between his legs, another pulling at his jeans.

"No! Stop!"

He started punching wildly, trying to pull away from the hands touching him. The stinging slap to his face was so hard his entire head vibrated. He staggered a few steps and fell, landing on his hands and
knees. His assailant dropped behind him and grabbed at his jeans, trying to tug them down. Kurt kicked his leg back, sending the person falling back. He scurried across the floor and stood up.

"Leave me alone! Leave me alone! Help! Help!"

Silence.

Suddenly Kurt heard a sliding sound.

"What are you doing? We're waiting for you."

"What? Hello? Who's there?"

A sliding sound. Silence.

"Hello?"

"Hello?"

"Is anyone there?"

"Please don't hurt me! Please!"

Silence.

Several minutes passed. Kurt slid down the wall and let the tears roll. As he cried his eyes started to burn. The more they burned, the more he cried. Slowly his vision returned. He blinked several times and cried harder until the room came into full view.

It was indeed small. More like a closet than a room. The walls were black, smooth and metal. Where was the door?

He stood up and walked around the walls. Finally he saw a small indentation in the wall. He dug his fingers in and tried sliding the wall, but of course it was locked.

He went over to the corner and sat down. He put his head down and closed his eyes. Tears rolled again as two questions cycled through his head.

*Is someone coming back to rape me?*

*Is Blaine looking for me?*

---

Blaine stood in the middle of Austin's hotel room looking for possible clues, and trying to keep it together.

But his worry and fear was intensifying with every passing minute. His entire body felt weighed down by dread and guilt.

Someone had Kurt.

Someone who knew to remove Kurt's bracelet…

Or someone who stripped him down to bind his wrists…

Whatever it was, it was his fault. All his fault. His fault, his fault, his fault….
"Blaine?" Telio grabbed Blaine as his knees buckled. Feeling embarrassed, Blaine pushed him away and started tearing though Austin's bag. Telio stepped back and gave him space. Telio was worried about Kurt, but he knew his worry couldn't come close to what Blaine was feeling.

"There's nothing here. Besides, I don't think Austin would betray me."

"Neither do I," said Telio. "Now what?"

Blaine's phone rang.

Luther.

"Yeah?"

"Where are you?"

"Lima. Austin's hotel room."

"You need to come to Anderson Construction."

"Headquarters? Why?"

"Just get here. Fast."

x-x-x

At 11:30 pm Telio slammed to a stop in front of Anderson Construction. Luther was waiting outside.

"What's going on?"

"Follow me."

Blaine, Telio and Elian walked through the doors and stopped.

Austin's dead body was stretched out in an X on the marble floor of the lobby. On top of his chest was a saran wrapped rectangular block of cocaine. A note was stabbed into the block with a knife. Blaine pulled out the knife and picked up the note.

*NOW THE REAL FUN BEGINS*

"Anything on the security tapes?" asked Telio.

Luther shook his head. "No. Whoever did this knew how to access the building. The guards claim they didn't see anything, and the security tapes have been erased."

Blaine studied the block of cocaine.

*Knew how to access the building.*

*Knew where and how to erase the security tapes.*

*Knew how to circumvent the guards.*

*A block of cocaine.*

*Kurt's tracking bracelet disabled.*
Blaine looked at Telio.
Telio read his mind and slowly nodded.
Elian looked between the two of them.
"What? What is it?"
Blaine's voice was a whisper.
"Cooper. Cooper has Kurt."
Chapter 21

Chapter Notes

Warnings for murder, violence, attempted rape, lots of drinking, drug use, Kurt suffering, Cooper being an evil bastard, and Blaine falling apart.

Burt stared angrily and suspiciously at Luther as they sat across from each other in the living room of the Hummel-Hudson home. It was 1:00 am in the morning, a strange time for Burt and Carol to have guests, but Luther insisted their meeting couldn't wait. It was important to stay in control of the situation and that meant getting Burt to cooperate.

By not calling the police.

"And exactly who are you?" asked Burt, his voice full of loathing.

"I'm Mario Anderson's best friend and Godfather to Blaine. I'm also the CEO of Anderson Construction."

Burt huffed angrily "Oh. So you're a criminal too."

Luther didn't flinch or deny. "I act as a consultant to Blaine's father on various matters, so yes, I suppose you could consider me a criminal."

Burt shook his head, disgusted by the way Luther so easily owned it.

"You people have no shame. None. Your cavalier attitude makes me sick."

Luther wasn't about to engage. "Mr. Hummel, have you called the police?"

"Not yet. I was trying to wait just in case…"

"Good. Don't."

"Excuse me?"

"Don't call the police. Kurt is 18, an adult. You can file a missing persons report, but the police won't take it seriously until several days have passed. It won't do any good."

"Oh, really? Do I look stupid? Do you think I don't know the real reason why you're here and why you don't want me calling the police? You don't want the police involved because you're all a bunch of got-dammed criminals!"

"That's right. So, who do you think has the best shot at finding Kurt? A bunch of small town cops who have to play by the rules, or an army of men who answer with their lives to the man who loves your son more than anything? Let us use our power and connections to find Kurt. I guarantee you we'll do a better job than the police. The police will only complicate matters."

Burt was about to argue when he felt Carol's hand on his arm. He looked at her, took a breath, and sat back on the couch. Carol leaned forward and stared hard at Luther.
"You know who took Kurt, don't you?"

"We have a good idea."

"Who?"

"I'm not at liberty to say yet, but trust me. Blaine has every man who works for his family out searching for information and clues. We will find him. Just don't make it more difficult by calling the police."

Carol looked at Burt, and then back at Luther.

"Bring our Kurt home."

Telio climbed into the driver's side of Blaine's BMW. He put the key in the ignition and turned to look at Blaine.

For the first time in all their years together Telio didn't know what to do for, or about Blaine.

Blaine was out of control.

Seven men dead in 30 minutes.

K&B&K&B

After discovering Austin's body in the lobby of Anderson Construction, Blaine, Telio and Elian immediately headed to Cooper's condo. They didn't expect to find Cooper there, but Blaine hoped they would find something indicating where Cooper may have gone.

They arrived to find a cleaned out, spotless condo except for the following written on the wall in black paint:

My Kurt, my Kurt. My kingdom for a Kurt.


Blaine stared at the words, stomach churning, blood racing as anger swelled and filled his chest.

As they walked to the car Telio tried to convince Blaine that they should head back to the compound.

"We need a plan, Blaine. Cooper had to have help. We need to talk to people, find out who he's been hanging with. We can't do that at 2:00 am. Let's go home, rest, and then we'll..."

Blaine stopped walking. "Rest? You think I can fucking rest? Cooper has Kurt! Do you have any idea what that means? He helped arrange a hit on our father! God knows what he'll do to Kurt! We have to find him! NOW!"

"Blaine, we don't know where to look. We don't know who Cooper's friends are. He could be anywhere. He could have Kurt anywhere. We have to talk to people, and we can't do it now. We're going home."

"No, we're not. We're going back to Lima. We start at the shop and go from there."

"Vince and the guys have already been there. There's nothing. Kurt's bag, keys, car, it's all gone. The
security tapes are blank. We need to go home, and you need to…”

"I need to find Kurt! Why can't you understand that?"

"I'll help you."

Blaine and Telio turned to look at Elian. They'd forgotten he was there. Elian was staring at Blaine.

"Telio can go home. I'll help you, Blaine."

Telio felt like clocking Elian. "You're not helping."

"No, I'm not helping you. I'm helping Blaine."

"Blaine, you know he doesn't give a shit about Kurt. He's just hoping you'll thank him later by fucking his brains out. We're going home. Now. Even if I have to knock you out and put you in the trunk."

Blaine closed his eyes and ran his hands through his hair. It was 2:00 am and they were standing in the middle of a condo parking lot. If they drove back to Lima where would they begin looking? Did it even make sense to go to Lima? Westerville was Cooper's home. It made more sense for him to operate there. And who were his friends? Who would be willing to help him pull off such a dangerous plan? Telio was right. He needed to think. He needed to figure out with whom and where to start.

"Okay. Let's go home."

Telio was surprised, but relieved at Blaine's sudden surrender. He quickly ushered him to the car.

Once they arrived at the compound Blaine immediately headed to his father's study. He sat down at his father's desk and began to make lists. A list of everyone he could ever remember his brother hanging out with or mentioning. A list of places his brother liked to go. A list of all the suspected places Chartussi was possibly operating from. A list of known Anderson family enemies and potential enemies.

By the time Blaine fell asleep on the desk he had a list of almost 30 names and places.

His hit list.

x-x-x

Telio came downstairs around 10 am to find Blaine dressed, armed, and ready to go. He handed the list to Telio.

"This is what we're working from. We'll start with Cooper's friends."

"Blaine…you can't go running all over Ohio looking for Kurt. We're at war, remember? You gotta let Vince and the guys handle this."

"Shut up, get your fucking gun, and let's go."

Blaine turned and walked out the door followed by Elian who couldn't resist sticking his tongue out at Telio. Telio swore under his breath and followed them out.

The first person they visited was a guy named John who had sometimes hung out with Cooper and Skylar back in high school. Now John was an accountant working for a small CPA firm. Blaine
marched into the office, right past the receptionist, and walked down the hall until he found John sitting at his desk. Telio and Elian grabbed him and dragged him out of the building to the parking lot. Shocked and terrified, John swore up and down that he hadn't seen or heard from Cooper in almost two years. "Last I heard he and Skylar were drug dealers."

The fact that the guy didn't seem to know that Skylar was dead convinced Blaine of his innocence. Blaine apologized and gave him a $100 bill. "Take your office out to lunch."

The next guy wasn't so lucky.

Jude was evasive. Not because he knew anything, but because he'd bought drugs from Cooper in the past and didn't want anyone to know. He was a store manager for Kroger, a job he really liked. He was hoping to make it to corporate one day.

Blaine quickly lost patience with his limited answers. He dragged Jude out of the store, pulled him around to the side of the building and started beating the hell out of him. Jude responded by confessing all the times he'd bought drugs from Cooper and the locations, but he swore he'd never heard of or met anyone named Kurt, and he hadn't seen Cooper in weeks.

Telio pulled Blaine off of him. "He's just a fucking drug user! He doesn't know anything!"

When they pulled up in front of the sandwich shop used as a front by Chartussi, Telio knew Blaine had lost his mind.

"What are we doing here?"

"Cooper helped Chartussi arrange the hit on my dad. Perhaps Chartussi returned the favor by helping Cooper grab Kurt."

"Are you out of your mind? I can't let you go in there! The three of us cannot take on Chartussi's crew! We need more people!"

"Already arranged."

Four cars pulled up, two in front and two behind them. The doors opened and several Anderson men poured out and stormed the shop. Two minutes later one of the men poked his head out and gave Blaine the thumbs up. Blaine relished Telio's shocked expression.

Blaine stepped inside the shop and walked to the middle of the room. Chartussi's men were lined up on their knees, hands behind their heads. Blaine took out his gun and studied it while he spoke.

"A beautiful man named Kurt Hummel was kidnapped yesterday. I need to find him. Those who give me useful information live. Those who don't die. Let's begin with you."

Blaine walked over to the third man in the line of seven and pressed the gun to his temple.

The man glared at him. "Fuck you."

Blaine shoved his gun into the man's mouth. "No. I really wanna fuck my boyfriend, but someone took him, so I'm really, really angry. Out of my mind angry. So speak now, or I'll make sure you forever hold your peace."

"I aint telling you shit about shit!"

Blaine shoved the gun back into the man's mouth and pulled the trigger.
Two more of the men refused to talk.

Blaine casually blew their brains out.

The remaining four offered up location details about other Chartussi hideouts, and one even spilled about a possible attack at an Anderson Construction worksite, but no one knew anything about Cooper or a kidnapping.

Satisfied that the men were telling the truth, Blaine turned to Elian.

"Kill them."

Elian, who was unbelievably hard from watching Blaine question and kill the first three men, thought he might come from the tone of Blaine's voice and the look of murder in his eyes.

"Yes, Blaine."

Blaine sat on a stool at the sandwich counter and watched as Elian quickly and expertly choked the life out of the four men. He would lunge forward, knocking them backwards, pin their arms with his knees, and lock his hands around their neck with surprising quickness and grace.

"Thank you, Elian."

"You're welcome."

In the car Blaine crossed the sandwich shop off the list. He felt Telio staring at him.

"Whatever you have to say…unless it's going to help find Kurt, I don't wanna hear it."

"So, is this what we're gonna do all day? Go around beating the shit out of people and killing them until someone tells you what you wanna hear?"

"Not what I wanna hear! What I need to hear! I have to find him!" Blaine's eyes shined with a fiery mixture of desperation, panic and bloodlust.

"I get that, Blaine, but this isn't gonna get us anywhere except on everyone's most wanted list. Look, I don't think Cooper's gonna hurt Kurt. That won't help him get what he wants."

Blaine shook his head. "You don't know that. Cooper didn't go through all this trouble for nothing. He wants revenge. Revenge for my being boss, revenge for you being my consigliere. In his twisted mind probably revenge for whatever the hell happened to Skylar. Cooper's obviously been planning this for a long time. Somehow he figured out that the best way to get revenge on me was to take Kurt. There's no telling what he might do. I have to find him. I have to."

Telio sighed and started the car.

"Where to next?"

Kurt slid down the wall, closed his eyes, and let his head fall back.

He felt weak, hungry and exhausted.

How long had he been locked away?

With no clocks and no windows his sense of day and night was nonexistent along with his sense of
time. Had it been days? A week?

No. It hasn't been that long. It hasn't. Just stay calm. Blaine and your dad are looking for you. They'll find you. You just gotta stay calm.

But Kurt's chest filled with panic as the door slid open. He quickly stood up, placing his hand on the wall as his head swam. A tray was shoved in and the door quickly shut and locked. On the tray was a club sandwich, chips, grapes and a bottle of water.

Kurt stared at it for a moment of debate before devouring everything on the tray, not noticing the slightly off taste of the water.

He passed out six minutes after finishing the meal.

Fifteen minutes later two men came and pulled him to his feet.

"Come on, princess. Showtime."

Kurt opened and closed his eyes. He felt groggy and confused. Where was he?

The men dragged him upstairs to the middle of a room. When they let go he fell to the floor. He slowly managed to sit up on his knees. He blinked and looked around trying to focus, but he couldn't see straight, and his mind felt like mush.

"Well, that's perfect. It's like he knows what he's here for." Cooper cracked up laughing. He knelt down and grabbed Kurt's hair to hold his head steady. He studied his face before letting go and standing back up.

"I gotta say I'm a little disappointed in squirt. I always thought he'd go for the tall, dark, handsome type. Not tall, pale, and girly." The others in the room laughed. "Oh, well. It actually works out perfectly. George is gonna love you."

Kurt stared wide eyed at Cooper, but couldn't make out his face. His head felt too heavy, and his mouth like it was full of cotton.

"Okay," said Cooper excitedly. "Let's stage this." Cooper pulled Kurt's shirt up and off.

"Come on, Rocko. Pull 'em down and take it out."

The large man with a moustache, tattoos, and hoop earrings who had grabbed Kurt from the shop looked hesitantly at Cooper.

"Dude…I'm not gay."

"I know that you idiot. Don't worry. Your face won't be in the picture, we just need your dick."

Rocko reluctantly stepped in front of Kurt who looked up at him with glassy, unfocused eyes. Rocko unzipped his pants and pulled them down. He eased down his boxers and was about to take hold of his dick, but stopped.

"Why does it have to be me?"

"Because you have all the tattoos. It adds to the visual aesthetic. Fairy boy sucking the dick of a huge, tattooed man, and then taking it in the ass." Cooper laughed gleefully.

Rocko looked alarmed. "He's not really gonna suck it, is he? I'm not gay!"
"Will you relax and shut up! We know that! I would think you'd be thrilled to have anyone suck your ass off. Now take your dick, grab his hair, and hold him still."

Rocko grabbed the top of Kurt's head with one huge hand and held his dick in the other. Cooper knelt down by Kurt and spoke softly.

"Kurt?" Kurt tried to turn his head, but Rocko held him steady. "You don't need to look at me, Kurt, just listen. Place your hands on Rocko's thighs." Kurt blinked. What? Cooper took Kurt's hands and placed his palms on Rocko's thighs. "Good. Now close your eyes and open your mouth. Come on, Kurt. Open your mouth."

Kurt closed his eyes and opened his mouth. Cooper grinned. "Okay. Put your dick in his mouth."

Rocko looked a little sick. "Dude, I told you…"

"Would you just fucking do it!" screamed Cooper.

Rocko held his dick right by Kurt's mouth.

"Is this enough? I don't wanna…you know."

"Just a little more."

Rocko scooted forward an inch. Much to his embarrassment his dick suddenly hardened.

"Is this good?"

Cooper was practically jumping up and down. "It's perfect! Hold it right there!"

Cooper grabbed a digital camera and started snapping away.

"Dude, make sure…"

"I know, I know. No homo. I'm nowhere near your face. Relax."

When finished Rocko quickly did up his pants and wandered off with the pressing need to jerk off. Cooper pulled Kurt to his feet and took him back to his cell.

He pushed Kurt inside with a hard shove. Kurt stumbled and fell into the wall, his head spinning.

"Make sure you get some rest. You have a real client coming soon."

Kurt slid down the wall and passed out.

Luther sighed heavily and reached for a bottle of ibuprofen as he listened to a detailed account of Blaine's activities for the day. He'd had a feeling Blaine might go off the rails, so he'd asked one of the men, Matthew, to keep an eye on him.

Unfortunately Luther's hunch was correct.

"...two of the guys killed at Chartussi's place were his nephews. As a result Chartussi has made it very clear that he wants Blaine dead as soon as possible. After leaving the sandwich shop, which by the way was a hell of a scene, he beat up some small time drug dealer in an alley who worked for Cooper, attacked a chauffeur who knew Cooper in high school, and shot another of Chartussi's men who happened to see Blaine and came after him since he'd heard about what went down at the
Luther opened his bottom drawer and took out a bottle of bourbon. *It hasn't even been 24 hours.*

"Thanks for the update, Matthew. I appreciate it."

"No problem. Just make sure Blaine's off the street. Chartussi is coming for him with everything he's got."

Luther called Telio.

"What the hell have you two been up to today?"

"Sounds like you already know."

"Yeah, I do, so I'll spare you the lecture and get right to the point. Thanks to your little stunt at the sandwich shop, Chartussi's orders are to shoot Blaine on sight, not capture. Get Blaine back to the compound and tell him to stay there! I know he's worried about Kurt, but we have everyone out looking for him. Take Blaine home and don't let him leave."

Telio hung up and immediately turned the car around.

"What are you doing?"

"We're going home."

"No we're not. We're going over to Lennox Place. Cooper used to…"

"We're going home, Blaine! Now!"

"Stop the fucking car!"

Telio pulled over and turned off the car. He took the keys and got out. Blaine got out as well and the two stood in front of the car a few feet from each other.

"Give me the keys."

"No."

"Give me the keys, Telio!"

"No! You're out of control, Blaine, and you're in danger! We're going home!"

Blaine rushed him. "Give me the fucking keys!"

Telio blocked Blaine's punch and landed two hard, quick jabs to Blaine's stomach. Blaine fell, but quickly jumped up.

"I gotta find Kurt!"

"No! Chartussi's flooded the streets with people gunning for you! We're going back to the compound!"

"You go back to the compound! I'm gonna find Kurt!" Blaine attacked again.

Elian was frozen in place watching the two wrestle and attack each other. He wanted to help Blaine, but he wasn't sure if that would be appreciated or not.
So he pulled out his gun and fired several shots into the air.

Blaine and Telio stopped and stared at him.

"Let's go back to the compound. We can come back out tonight when the druggies are looking to score."

Telio's blood boiled as he watched Blaine walk to the car and climb in. Since when does he take advice from Elian?

As Telio went to get in, Elian smirked at him.

"You're welcome."

"Fuck you."

x-x-x

Back at the compound all three boys disappeared to their rooms to take showers. Blaine's plan was to eat, rest, and then decide what drug dens to visit that night. Maybe some of Cooper's regulars could lead them to him. Blaine knew it was a longshot, but it was something for him to cling to.

And he needed something to cling to.

Because he was quickly losing his mind.

Blaine's mind was a fucked up mess incapable of thinking rationally. It probably wasn't a good idea to murder seven of Chartussi's men days after kidnapping his consigliere, Sammy. Rational, in control Blaine would have never done that.

But crazed out of his mind over Kurt Blaine didn't give a fuck.

Blaine came out of the shower to find a bottle of red wine and a glass on his nightstand placed there by the ever attentive Elian. Blaine poured a glass and drank it slowly, allowing the strength of the wine to slowly warm his throat. He refilled the glass and downed it quickly as if it were a shot. He put on a pair of sweatpants, poured another glass and slowly finished it before lying down on the bed. He was exhausted, but unable to sleep. Not with his imagination creating images of Kurt scared and crying in his head. Was he hurt? Was he bound and hanging from a ceiling somewhere like all the men he'd seen hanging in his father's barn? Blaine felt sick. His stomach was twisted in a tight knot, and there was an aching throb in the center of his chest.

I'm sorry, Kurt. I'm sorry I failed you. I broke my promise. I failed you and now you're in trouble and it's all my fault.

After 20 minutes he decided to go downstairs to the library. He stood up and almost fell as the effects of the wine spilled through his body. He steadied himself, grabbed the wine bottle, and walked shakily down the stairs. He collapsed in his father's chair and stared at the several lists he'd made the night before.

I'll find you, Kurt. I'll bring you home. I promise. I swear.

He drank the rest of the wine directly from the bottle and finally started to feel like he could possibly fall asleep. He put his head down on the desk and closed his eyes.

His cell phone rang with a text. He immediately sat up and grabbed it.
At first I was surprised by your choice of lover, but then I saw the way he takes cock and it all made sense. #hellofacockslut #eagerforit

Blaine stared at the picture on his phone.

And stared.
And stared.
And stared.

He wanted to stop staring, but he was frozen as thick, sick, dread and loathing consumed him.

Telio burst into the room.

"Blaine!"

Blaine didn't move. Didn't look up.

Telio walked over to him and snatched the phone away. He knelt down and took Blaine's face in his hands.

"Listen to me. That wasn't necessarily what you think it was. Photoshop, Blaine. You can do a lot with Photoshop. You can make all sorts of things look like…" Telio trailed off as he realized Blaine was shaking.

"Blaine?"

"Blaine?"

Telio's attention was pulled away as his phone rang.

Luther.

"Telio, I just got a picture…"

"I know. I got it too."

"Did Blaine…"

"Yeah."

"Shit. How is he?"

"I don't know. He seems…comatose."

"Let me talk to him."

Telio held out his phone to Blaine. "It's Luther."

Blaine took the phone without looking up.

"Blaine? Blaine, listen to me. Don't assume anything, okay? That picture is probably not real. Cooper's doing this to fuck with you, Blaine. Don't let him. Blaine? Blaine?"

Telio took the phone from Blaine. "Luther, I'll call you back."
He hung up and knelt down again in front of Blaine.

"Blaine? Please say something."

Blaine looked up slowly. His eyes were cold and lifeless, his face expressionless.

"We'll find him, Blaine. I promise. We'll find Kurt and rescue him and then we'll kill Cooper, okay?"

"Okay, Blaine?"

"Blaine?"

"Blaine?"

Blaine said nothing. He just stared at Telio with cold, lifeless, emotionless eyes.

Two days later Cooper snorted a line of fresh new coke, closed his eyes, and sat very still. After a minute he hummed, savoring the familiar burn and blast sensation.

"So?" asked George with a sly grin.

Cooper opened his eyes, snorted another line, and nodded. "Yeah, yeah…good shit…great shit. It's really great shit."

George clapped his hands happily, his eyes shining with anticipation. "So, do we have a deal at the price I quoted, and a percentage off if I like what you have to offer me?"

"Yeah, we got a deal and trust me, you're gonna like what I have to offer, but remember he's only a loan. You can't take him from the house, and you can't kill him. I need him. At least for a while longer."

George eagerly agreed. "Of course, of course. I understand, but…if I like him…could I maybe have him once you're done?"

Cooper turned thoughtful. "Maybe. I'll let you know."

George clapped his hands again. "Excellent! Russell, please bring in the rest from the car."

Russell went out to the car and returned with two large duffel bags. Cooper peered inside each and motioned to Rocko.

"Stash these in the back and then bring up our guest."

George Hassel came to the drug game late in life after a highly successful and legitimate 20 year career as a real estate attorney. One morning while getting dressed for work, George stopped to stare at himself in the mirror. He decided he had to change his life immediately or else he was going to shoot himself.

So, he quit his job and started selling coke.

He loved the illegality of it all, the money, freedom, and the danger. Selling drugs freed him and gave him a new lease on life. He stopped drinking, started working out, and never used his product. He was rich, healthy, physically fit, and hungry for young men.

Preferably tall, slender, pale young men, but not too twinky. He liked them strong, but not too
And he didn't want them willing.

Consensual sex was a reminder of his boring past life. George found physically fighting with a lover more fun.

And fucking a lover he'd just beaten the shit out of incredibly erotic.

George stood up and pressed his hands to his mouth in joyful awe when Rocko appeared with a very frightened, hungry, tired, shirtless Kurt.

George spoke with hushed reverence. "Oh, Cooper. He's lovely."

Cooper stared at Kurt trying to figure out the appeal. "Glad you like him."

George stepped forward and slowly reached for Kurt's face. Kurt drew back from his touch. George practically squealed.

"Oh, yes, yes. Perfect. So perfect."

Rocko started dragging Kurt towards the stairs. Kurt tried to pull away from him.

"Stop it! Let me go! Let me go!"

George clapped happily. "Ooo, he's feisty! Oh, we're going to have such fun!"

Kurt struggled in vain with what little strength he had. Rocko dragged him up the stairs and pushed him into a bathroom.

"Take a shower and just put your boxers back on, or whatever you fags wear. I'll get you new clothes."

Kurt quickly closed the door. There was no lock. The bathroom was empty except for a bar of soap, a wash cloth, a towel, a toothbrush and toothpaste. There wasn't even a mirror.

Kurt stood thinking for several minutes, debating what to do. The idea of a shower was very appealing. He felt sticky and stinky, but he was scared to remove his clothes. What if the guy downstairs was the one that attacked him? What if this was all a trap to get him naked?

After several minutes he finally decided to go for it. He turned on the water and slowly removed his clothes, his eyes locked on the doorknob in case it turned. He felt better the moment the hot water touched his skin. He took his time soaping up, scrubbing his body, and then rinsing. He stood under the water long after all the soap was gone, allowing the hot water to take away some of his tension. He knew it would return the moment he stepped out of the shower, but for a few minutes he relaxed.

He finally turned off the water and toweled off. He slipped on his boxers and folded his clothes. He wasn't sure why, but for some reason he felt the need to hide them. He wrapped the towel around them and placed the bundle in the empty cabinet under the sink. He slowly opened the door and was surprised to see a different man from the one who brought him up.

Russell ran his eyes up and down Kurt's body and smiled.

"Hello. You can follow me."

Kurt didn't move. "I…I was told I would get new clothes."
Russell smiled and nodded. "Yes, of course. Just follow me."

Kurt still didn't move. "C-can you bring them to me?"

Russell didn't flinch or stop smiling. "They're laid out for you in the bedroom."

"Um, okay, then I'm gonna put on my clothes."

Russell pulled out his gun and pointed it at Kurt's head.

"Walk."

"Please…can I just put my clothes…"

Russell pressed the gun into Kurt's forehead.

"Walk."

Kurt trembled as he slowly walked down the hall.

"Please…I don't know who you are, but please…please help me…"

Russell stopped him in front of a bedroom door.

"George?"

"Yes, come in."

Russell opened the door and pushed Kurt inside. "I'll be right outside, George."

"Yes, thank you." Russell smiled at Kurt, winked and closed the door behind him.

A completely naked George smiled, his eyes gleaming with a hot lust that terrified and sickened Kurt.

"I'm George. It's Kurt, right?"

Kurt stepped back.

"Oh, sweetie Russell is right outside that door. You can't leave, so why don't you just relax and come here."

Kurt scanned the room. There was a large bed with nightstands on either side with lamps on top. There was a desk and chair in the corner and a flat screen TV on the wall. He could see George's clothes laying on the window seat.

"Please…please leave me alone."

George started walking towards him. "But honey you are too delicious to resist. Your skin…such gorgeous, creamy, pale skin. I bet you look amazing covered in bruises. The contrast…” George stopped, closed his eyes and hummed.

Kurt moved closer to the wall. "Please don't do this. Please…I…I can't do what you want…please…"

George opened his eyes and smiled. "Oh, sweetie that's the whole point." The sick lust in George's eyes deepened. "If you wanted to give me what I want this would be no fun."
George lunged forward grabbing Kurt by the shoulders. Kurt yelled and pushed George away. The slap George delivered reminded Kurt of the slap he’d suffered days earlier. Was this the same person?

The slap was followed by a punch to Kurt's jaw and a hard shove towards the bed. Kurt fell back on the bed, but rolled off on to the floor.

George laughed. "Come on, sweetie. Up, up, up."

Kurt lay still, eyes closed, his body absorbing the pain. He was so tired, and hungry, and his hunger left him weak and lethargic, but there was no way he was going to let this lunatic rape him.

He slowly rose to his feet, much to George's delight.

"There we are. Come on sweetness. Let's have fun."

George charged forward. Kurt ducked and ran to the opposite end of the room. "Leave me alone! Stay away from me!"

George laughed. "I love the chase!"

George came after him again. Kurt tried to run, but George grabbed him around the waist. Kurt bucked and thrashed until George threw him against the wall. Kurt managed to turn quickly and kick George in the stomach as he rushed towards him. George stumbled back and laughed joyously.

"Yes! Yes! Yes!"

He advanced again, grabbing Kurt and throwing him down on the bed. He climbed on top of him and punched him square in the eye before pinning his hands down.

"Oh, how lovely! You're going to have a black eye. Several by the time I'm done."

George released Kurt and jumped off the bed. Kurt scrambled off the bed and ran to the corner of the room near the door.

George smiled his sick, depraved smile and eyed Kurt's crotch.

"It's time for those to come off."

George rushed forward.

Kurt grabbed the gold candlestick lamp off the nightstand and swung, bashing the side of George's head.

George stumbled back from the blow and fell. Kurt stood over him, raised the lamp, and brought it down with all the strength he had.

Again.

And again.

And again.

And again.

Terror, fear, and desperation turned into strength.
Kurt completely bashed in the head of George Hansel.

He dropped the lamp and sat down shakily on the bed. He wasn't sure when he'd started crying, but tears were rolling down his face. He stared at the body in the middle of the floor.

A body without much of a face or head left.

Kurt put his face in his hands and silently sobbed for several minutes as both exhaustion and momentary relief crashed down on him.

Now what?

He walked over to the window seat and picked up George's shirt and pants. He spied George's gun laying on the window seat. He glanced at the bedroom door and picked up the gun.

Out in the hallway Russell was thinking about plans for dinner. Where should they eat tonight? George always had quite an appetite after sex. Made sense with all the energy he spent beating the hell out of his victims before fucking them.

Russell suddenly noticed the silence.

He glanced at his watch.

That was strange.

Yelling, crying, bodies being thrown and broken. That was normal.

Silence? Never.

Russell knocked on the door. "George?"

"George?"

He slowly opened the door a crack. "George?"

He saw the body on the floor and ran in.

"Geo…"

Kurt shot him four times.

Kurt quickly stepped over the bodies and ran down the hall to the bathroom. He closed the door just as Cooper and several men arrived upstairs and ran to the room. Kurt could hear Cooper yelling as he quickly put his clothes on.

"Shit! Fuck! Fuck! Find him! Fucking find him! He couldn't have gone far! Shit!"

Kurt held the gun close to his chest and listened to the men running down the hallway.

*Please don't think to look in here.*

*Please don't think to look in here.*

*Please don't think to look in here.*

They didn't look in the bathroom.
Kurt waited for several minutes of silence to pass before slowly opening the door and peeking out. The hallway was deserted. He slipped out of the bathroom and quickly hurried down the hall back to the room. George and Russell's bodies were still on the floor. Kurt stepped over them and ran to the window. He raised it and carefully climbed out on to the roof. He slid the window closed and scooted over a few feet, settling behind a brick chimney stack. He laid back on the roof, bent his knees and placed his feet against the stack. He gripped the gun tightly against his chest. His heart was racing and he was breathing hard. He could hear the commotion below as cars were moved to block the driveway, and men ran around the grounds searching for him.

Eventually it grew quiet below as the sky began to darken. Kurt focused on calming himself, telling his body to relax. Gradually his heartbeat slowed and his breathing evened out.

Kurt closed his eyes.

Within minutes he was asleep.

Blaine was not doing well.

Not well at all.

He never spoke the night he received the photo. Telio had eventually given up and left him sitting in the library. Blaine sat there for another 15 minutes before getting up and going to his room. He opened the text message again, looked at the picture, and proceeded to destroy his entire bedroom before collapsing on his bed.

There were no tears.

Instead he was consumed with a thick black rage that choked all other emotion out of him. His sleep was restless and fitful as the image of Kurt sucking some faceless guy's cock burned itself on Blaine's brain. As Cooper had hoped, the image was soon joined by others conjured up in Blaine's imagination. Kurt being held down and fucked by faceless guy. Several faceless guys. Blaine woke up, the rage thicker and heavier than before. He grabbed his gun, ready to kill those hurting his Kurt, but of course no one was in his room.

The next morning he turned his rage on Telio. Blaine was determined to leave to search for Kurt, especially now. Telio was determined to make him stay home.

Things turned physical fast. Telio tried to stick to only half his strength because he didn't want to really hurt Blaine, but Blaine left him no choice. Blaine's rage and desperate need to find Kurt pushed him to beat the shit out of anyone who tried to get in his way. Even his best friend.

It was a fierce fight, but not a fair one. Telio was simply stronger, faster, and better trained. He finally knocked Blaine out and carried him to his bedroom, dumping him on the bed. Telio sat in a chair in the corner of the room, his heart aching for his best friend and brother.

*I'm sorry I had to beat the hell out of you, but I love you and I will protect you, even from yourself.*

Curiosity was killing Elian. He knew something had been sent to Blaine, Telio and Luther, but he didn't know what and no one was willing to tell him or show him. He figured it must be a picture or video having to do with Kurt, and it must have been really awful to turn Blaine into the cold, angry, silent creature he'd become, but what was it? He hoped it was Kurt's dead body laying in a hole somewhere.

The next day Blaine didn't leave his room. He sat in his boxers and drank bottles of wine until he
was completely drunk out of his mind. Late in the evening he finally wandered out, stumbling and falling into the walls. He made his way to the kitchen where Elian was sitting with a magazine. Elian looked up and hoped for the thousandth time that Kurt was dead. Even drunk Blaine was gorgeous. His hair hadn't been cut in a while, nor had he gelled, so it was a mess of curls all over his head. He hadn't shaved so he had just the right amount of stubble on his face. Caveman sexy.

"Hi Blaine. Can I get you something?" Or give you something? Like a blowjob?

"Cookies."

"Cookies?"

"My mom...cookies..."

"Um...there aren't any cookies, but I could make you some."

Blaine shook his head drunkenly. "No...I only want...mom cookies." Blaine closed his eyes and stood there.

Elian looked at him for a moment before standing up and walking over to him. He placed his hands on Blaine's shoulders and slowly backed him towards the wall. Blaine's eyes remained closed. Elian tangled his fingers in Blaine's curls and began gently massaging his scalp. Blaine hummed.

"You're so beautiful, Blaine. So incredibly beautiful."

*Kurt thinks I'm beautiful.*

"No...you're beautiful...so fucking beautiful."

Elian thrilled at the compliment, unaware that in his drunken stupor Blaine thought he was Kurt.

Elian stepped closer, pressing his body against Blaine's. He whispered in his ear.

"Take me. Please...fuck me. Right here, right now."

Yes, Kurt. Yes, yes, yes. I wanna fuck you, Kurt. I wanna fuck you so bad...but...you don't smell like you..."

Blaine opened his eyes.

And punched Elian in the face.

"What the fuck! You're not Kurt! Where is Kurt?"

Elian was too shocked by the first punch to duck the second. Blaine started wailing on him, screaming at the top of his lungs.

"Where the fuck is, Kurt? What the fuck are you trying to pull! Where is Kurt? Where is Kuuuuurrrrtt!!"

Telio came running in just as Blaine pulled his gun and pressed it to Elian's head. Blaine's eyes were wild and deranged. Elian was terrified.

"Blaine...Blaine...easy, Blaine. I...I didn't mean anything. I-I-I thought you knew it was me. Please Blaine...put the gun down."
Telio crossed his arms and leaned against the entrance way. Did he want to stop this or not?

Blaine was shaking as he cocked the gun. "Where the fuck is Kurt?"

Elian glanced desperately at Telio. "Do something!"

Telio shrugged. "That's what you get for fucking with him."

"Telio! Please!"

At that moment Luther walked in.

"What the... Blaine! Put that down!"

Blaine slowly lowered his gun. Luther grabbed it from him. Elian scrambled backwards like a crab. Blaine looked around at all of them and then calmly walked over to the bar as if nothing had happened. He took out his father's favorite bourbon, Woodford Reserve, and poured two glasses. He held one up.

"Luther, join me?"

Luther accepted the glass and sat down.

"Thanks, but I don't think you should have anymore."

Blaine ignored him, downing the glass and pouring another.

"Blaine, that's enough."

"I'll say when I've had enough." Blaine poured another glass, left it on the bar, and took the bottle with him to his room.

Luther turned to Telio. "We can't let him fall apart. I know he's devastated, but he still has to lead. The other families are getting nervous and more than a little annoyed. He has to understand that his actions have ripple effects. He starts acting like he's out of control, he loses credibility. We need to have a family meeting to demonstrate that he's still capable of leading."

"But he's not," said Telio. "Not right now. Right now he's obsessed with finding Kurt. The only reason why he's home is because I beat the hell out of him yesterday. I had no choice. He was determined to leave."

Luther nodded in agreement. "You did the right thing. He can't be on the street right now, but we definitely need to schedule a full family meeting. People are starting to talk. They're either impressed with what went down at the sandwich shop, or they've decided he's nuts."

Telio sighed. "We gotta hurry up and find Kurt, and in order to do that we gotta find Cooper. Any new leads?"

"Nothing. It's like he disappeared into thin air and took Kurt with him."

"No," said Telio shaking his head. "Somebody knows something. We just aren't asking the right people."

Timothy nervously followed the young kid down the hall past several rooms. Despite never having touched a gun before he suddenly wished he had one. Walking into a drug den was dangerous shit.
He hated buying like this. It was scary, dangerous, and they charged more, but he was desperate. He'd tried calling Cooper, but the number was disconnected. He even stopped by the manufacturing company he'd found Cooper at before, but no one was around except a security guard who chased him away and threatened to call the police on him for loitering suspiciously.

Timothy followed the kid through a door into a large room. Dirk Mason was sitting at the head of a table. The kid stopped and held up his hand for Timothy to wait. The kid approached Dirk and whispered in his ear. Dirk nodded and motioned for Timothy.

"My man here tells me you're hoping for snow?"

"Um…yeah."

"8-ball?"

"Double."

Dirk looked Timothy up and down. "Ooh, big spender. Where you from white boy?"

"Um, Westerville."

"Westerville? Really? What the fuck you doing all the way up here?"

"I-I heard you had good stuff."

Dirk laughed. "Well, you heard right. Dirk Mason's shit is the best shit."

Dirk nodded to one of his assistants who disappeared behind a screen. "Westerville, huh? I guess that means you usually buy from Anderson."

Timothy opened his mouth but then closed it. Maybe it wouldn't be a good idea to admit he knew a rival drug dealer.

"Um…I think I heard the name before, but I don't know him."

"Anderson ain't supplying the streets of Westerville no more?"

"Um…I-I don't really know."

"Well he must not be if you driving all the way up here for some blow. Shit ain't no surprise though. I heard the fags been off the chain since his lover went missing."

"What?"

Dirk waved his hand and laughed. "Nothing, nothing. Street gossip. You got cash, right?"

x-x-x

Timothy waited until he was safely locked in his room to make the call. Dirk's words haunted him all the way home.

"I heard the fags been off the chain since his lover went missing."

He couldn't be talking about Blaine. Blaine doesn't deal drugs, Cooper does.

But Cooper isn't gay, is he?
"...his lover went missing."

Timothy dialed Kurt's cell number.

He got a no longer in service recording.

He called Blaine.

"'ello?"

"Blaine? It's Timothy."

"Hey Timmosee..."

"Um, Blaine are you okay?"

"Yeah...fine, fine, fucking...fine."

"Uh...um...how's Kurt?"

"Kurt..."

"Yes, how's Kurt? Are...are you having a good summer together?"

"Kurt...Kurt...Kurt..."

"Blaine?"

"Blaine?"

"Blaine?"

Blaine had passed out drunk on his bed.

Timothy hung up and reached for the bag of coke.

Kurt opened his eyes. The stars were disappearing as dawn arrived. He sat up slowly and took a deep breath. It was quiet and still. He carefully inched out from behind the chimney stack and peered over the edge of the roof. He could see a few men with large guns leaning against a car blocking the driveway. He sat back slowly as his head swirled and raced with dizziness while his stomach swam.

He carefully returned to his spot behind the chimney stack and took stock of his body. His face felt swollen and his side throbbed, but above all he was hungry. If he ran how far would he get? He couldn't stay on the roof forever. Maybe he could sneak back in the house and steal some food. No, that was too risky. He'd just have to figure out a way off the roof and make a run for it.

He sat up when he heard car engines starting below. The cars blocking the driveway were pulled back to allow a red Porshe Cayenne to pull into the drive. A man got out and headed into the house. Kurt scooted back to his hiding place and thought about his next move.

x-x-x

Sam Hirschfield walked into the house and angrily headed to the great room. He couldn't believe Cooper had fucked up so royally.

Cooper was shirtless, jeans hanging off his butt, eyes wide, blown, and slightly crazed. Sam noticed
the half pack of coke sitting on the table.

"Alright, so what happened?"

Cooper bounced around the room talking too fast, arms flailing.

"He's gone! He's fucking gone! The little faggot killed George! He killed Russell! He's like a gay fucking version of Telio and shit!" Cooper picked up a vase and threw it into a wall.

"Hey! Remember whose house you're in!" yelled Sam.

"Sorry, sorry."

Sam shook his head in disgust and went to get a broom and dustpan from the closet. He started sweeping up the glass. "Okay, start at the beginning. He was upstairs with George…"

"Yeah. He was upstairs with George, and then we heard shots. We ran upstairs and George and Russell are dead, and fairy boy is gone!"

"Whoa, whoa, whoa. Wait a minute. Why was he upstairs with George in the first place?"

Cooper squinted as if trying to figure out why Sam would ask such a stupid question.

"We had a deal. He could fuck the fairy for a 40% discount on our first large buy."

Sam gave Cooper a disapproving look.

"Alright, fine, whatever. So you ran upstairs the moment you heard the shots and then you started searching."

"Yeah."

"Within seconds of hearing the shots you're upstairs, you see the bodies, and immediately start searching?"

"Yeah. That's why I don't get it. Where'd the little faggot go?"

Sam sat down to think while Cooper paced aimlessly around the room muttering. "Only seconds, one minute…fucking fairy…probably fucking flew away."

Sam looked up. "Maybe he didn't go anywhere. Maybe he hid in the house."

Cooper looked at Sam with wide, shocked eyes. "In the house?"

"Yeah. Think about it. He couldn't have left that fast with all of you running around. He must have hid in the house and then snuck out. Or…he's still in the house."

Cooper ran outside and started screaming. "All of you get in here! Now!"

x-x-x

Kurt watched curiously as all the men suddenly ran into the house. Perhaps this was his chance.

He slowly scooted out from behind the stack and started to inch his way across the roof. He stopped as a wave of dizziness floated through him. Maybe this wasn't such a good idea.

*You have to keep going. You can't stay up here forever.*
He started inching again, slowly making his way around to the back of the house. To his relief there was a drop off to a lower roof over a patio.

He carefully dropped down. Ohhh…His stomach swirled nauseatingly as another wave of dizziness rolled through him. He carefully sat down and closed his eyes. He needed a minute.

x-x-x

Sam ordered three guys to recheck the house. "The rest of you go outside, and you two check the roof. You go down the road to the Keegans. They're the closest neighbors, so he may have gone there for help. They're an older couple, so be nice and be calm. We don't wanna raise suspicions."

Sam walked through the kitchen to the breakfast nook. He stopped and looked out the sliding glass doors to the patio and deck.

x-x-x

Kurt's stomach settled. He still felt dizzy, but that seemed to be a new constant. He looked over the backyard. He couldn't tell how far the land went. He just hoped there wasn't a fence.

He scooted to the edge of the roof…

x-x-x

Sam unlocked the patio door and was about to slide the door open when he saw feet dangling down. Good. The guys must have checked the entire roof. He opened the door.

"Did you…"

Kurt jumped down.

"Hey!"

Kurt turned and fired. Sam barely ducked in time.

Kurt ran.

"He's here! He's here! In the backyard!"

Kurt ran as fast as possible. Sam followed him and was soon joined by the other men. Kurt kept moving, his eyes fixed on where the grass ended and tall stalks of corn began. If he could just make it there maybe he could disappear among the stalks.

A bullet whizzed by him.

Oh, God…

"Don't shoot," screamed Cooper. "We need him alive!"

Kurt pushed himself harder as he sensed Sam and another man gaining on him.

Sam reached out and just missed his shirt.

Kurt pressed forward despite feeling sicker than sick. Days of no food, the drugs he'd been given, fighting with George, it all took their toll. His body was weak and exhausted, He kept going, but his body couldn't keep up with his mind's determination.
Sam grabbed his shirt, jerking him back. He fell, but didn't give up. He kicked his feet and thrashed violently.

"No! No! Get off me!"

Sam punched him before flipping him over, and grabbing his wrists. He pulled him to his feet and started dragging him back to the house. When Kurt tried to wrench away, Sam punched him several more times until Kurt blacked out.

Sunday morning.

Kurt had been missing since Wednesday.

Luther sat in his car in front of the Hummel-Hudson home. Burt and Carol had agreed to give Blaine three days before calling the police. Luther needed to negotiate for more time.

Burt wasn't having it.

"You said you could find him! You haven't! I'm calling the police!"

"Mr. Hummel, please. We know who has him. It's just a matter of finding them."

"Who has him?"

Luther hesitated. He didn't want Burt to know about Cooper in case he decided to call the police. The name Cooper Anderson would trigger an investigation into all things Anderson. He couldn't let that happen.

But…

The idea of leaving Burt in the dark about his son didn't sit well with Luther. The man deserved to know the truth. Luther decided to take a chance and hope it didn't come back to haunt him.

"I can only tell you who has him if you promise not to go to the police."

Burt shook his head. "I can't make that promise. It's been four days! Four days since I've seen my son! For four days we've been going out of our minds with worry! You tell me you know who has him! Then why haven't you gone to get him?"

"I promise you we're doing everything to find him. You've got to trust us, Mr. Hummel. Blaine is just as worried and very determined. We will find him."

"Oh, yeah. He's so determined that he doesn't have the guts to come here and speak to me personally."

Luther sighed. "That's my fault. I thought you might respond better if I was your contact instead of Blaine. I know he's not high on your list."

Burt's eyebrows rose. "And you think you are?"

Luther shook his head. "No, of course not."

The two men sat in silence. Burt shook his head with a resigned sigh.

"Tell me who has my son."
"Are you going to the police?"

"Maybe, but I won't reveal what you tell me."

"I have your word?"

"You have my word."

Luther studied Burt for a moment before deciding he could trust him.

"Blaine's older brother. His name is Cooper. We think he took Kurt to blackmail Blaine. Blaine is prepared to give him whatever he wants. We're just waiting for his demands."

"His brother did this?"

"Yes. Blaine and Cooper's relationship…it's complicated."

Burt processed this new information. His son was a pawn between two brothers. Over what?

"You say Blaine is ready to give his brother whatever he wants to get Kurt back. What does he want?"

"We're not sure, but we feel very confident that he won't hurt Kurt. Cooper needs him."

"And if this Cooper demands something Blaine can't give?"

"There's nothing Blaine won't give to get Kurt back. Nothing."

Blaine sat in his father's chair in the library.

He'd spent two days being completely drunk out of his mind. He couldn't remember anything beyond seeing the photo.

His rage was now joined by shame and guilt.

_How dare you spend two days being drunk when Kurt is somewhere out there at Cooper's mercy? You fucking suck._

"Okay, so where are we?"

Telio handed Blaine the list. "While you've been wallowing in wine, we finished talking to everyone you thought was an associate of Cooper's. Frankly, Blaine they were all old names. Most either hadn't seen Cooper since high school, or didn't even remember him. The few current names you listed were clients who haven't seen him in weeks if not months. A few even asked about Skylar, so that tells you just how long it's been."

Blaine ran his hands through his hair and held his head in his hands. "What about the Chartussi contacts?"

"I instructed everyone to leave the Chartussi contacts alone."

Blaine's head snapped up. "What? Why?"

"Because we can't afford to have Chartussi anymore pissed off with us than he already is. In case you've forgotten we killed his consigliere and 8 of his men, including two nephews. We gotta be
Blaine gripped the desk. "Careful? Careful? Are you fucking kidding me? Kurt is out there somewhere and you wanna fucking…"

Blaine stopped and stood up so fast the chair rolled back and slammed into the bookshelf.

"Fuck you! Fuck all of you!"

Blaine stormed out of the library. Elian and Telio exchanged worried looks before following him. They were just in time to see Blaine jump inside his father's Porsche.

"Blaine! Wait!" yelled Telio.

Blaine sped off.

Telio and Elian jumped inside Blaine's BMW. Telio started the car and hit the gas, the car wobbled along.

"What the hell?"

They jumped out the car and looked at the tires.

Two were slashed.

Kurt woke up in pain. His entire body throbbed and ached, his face felt swollen, and his head was ringing. He could hear voices floating above him.

"…need to get on with it. I don't understand why you didn't make the call four days ago. What are you waiting for?"

"I want him to suffer. To know what it's like to have something taken away. To have something stolen."

"You sound like some 16 year old girl in a bad teen movie. Just fucking call him, tell him to either abdicate immediately or he'll never see his lover again."

"Ab duh what?"

"Abdicate. You know…give up the throne."

"Oh. Yeah. Abdicate, or else I'll make his boyfriend fornicate." Cooper cackled loudly. "Hey, let me show you what I sent him."

Sam looked at the fake blowjob photo of Kurt and shook his head.

"I don't understand. Why would you do that? And I still don't get why you gave him to George. Everyone knows what he does to guys."

Cooper turned serious and sober as his hatred of Blaine flowed with every word he spoke.

"I told you. I want him to hurt. He lied to me. He lied to everybody. All his denials and claims of not wanting anything to do with the business. He screwed me outta what belongs to me. So…I'm gonna screw him. Starting by screwing his boyfriend."
Sam smirked. "Didn't know you were gay."

"You know what I mean," growled Cooper.

Kurt tried to put it all together.

These people took him to hurt Blaine because Blaine took something that belonged them? Who were these people? He very slowly rose his head and tried to sit up. Sam watched him with amused interest and curiosity.

"You know, to look at him you'd never think he could be so lethal. I can't believe he killed George and Russell."

Kurt's voice was horse and rough. "Who...are you? What...what do you...want?"

Cooper's eyes narrowed with anger, his voice steadily escalating. "Who am I? Who am I? I'll tell you who I am! Cooper fucking Anderson! First born of Mario Anderson! The rightful heir to the Anderson Family Empire! That's who I am!"

Kurt made the connection. This is Blaine's brother.

Cooper snatched a cell phone off the table and dialed Blaine's number.

x-x-x

Blaine was pushing 100 miles an hour as he sped down the highway. He didn't care that it was dangerous, or that Telio would be furious with him for leaving and slashing the tires on the car. He had to get out. He had to figure out how to find Kurt. What was he missing? Cooper wasn't this smart. Who was helping him?

His phone rang.

He ignored it, sure it was Telio calling to yell at him for taking off alone when Chartussi was itching to kill him. So what? If something happened to Kurt...well, he'd walk into Chartussi's house unarmed.

The phone stopped ringing but started again a minute later. Blaine decided to get it over with.

"What?"

"Nice way to answer your phone, squirt. Mom would not approve."

Blaine slammed on the breaks and pulled over to the side of the road.

"Cooper..."

"What's up little brother?"

"Where's Kurt?"

"Again with the being rude. I asked you a question."

"Stop fucking with me! Where is Kurt? Let me talk to him!"

Cooper laughed. "Fucking with you? Oh, Blaine. I haven't even begun to fuck with you. Starting with your boyfriend. Not that I'm interested, of course. I prefer the ladies, however I know several
guys who'd love a piece of your boyfriend's ass. That's when the real fucking will start."

Blaine's stomach lurched, his blood boiled, and bile coated his throat.

"I swear…if you…I'm gonna kill you, Cooper. I swear I'm gonna kill you."

Cooper laughed. "Whatever asshole. Don't be mad at me because your boyfriend is a cockslut."

"Let me talk to Kurt! Now!"

"No! You're not in charge! I'm in charge! The way it should be!"

Blaine closed his eyes and tried to calm down. *Don't piss him off. Play it right and maybe you can talk to Kurt, or better yet get a clue about where Cooper's hiding.*

"Please let me talk to him. I…his father is worried sick. Let me talk to him so I can tell his father he's okay."

Cooper's evil streak burned. "But he's not okay, Blaine. He's a fucking mess. He's suffering, and he's gonna keep suffering until you give me what I want."

Blaine started shaking slightly as his rage swirled. He swallowed hard, the bile tasting thick and nasty in his throat.

"What do you want?"

"Your kingdom for a Kurt."

"What does that mean?"

"Just what I said. Your kingdom for a Kurt. Actually, it's my kingdom. You stole it. I want it back."

"What exactly are you saying, Cooper?"

"You know exactly what I'm saying you little faggot! You want your boyfriend back? You hand over the empire! The empire that's rightfully mine in the first place!"

Blaine was prepared to do anything to get Kurt back.

But this?

Hand over his family's future to his coked out, dumb as rocks, incompetent, incapable brother? Blatantly go against his father's wishes?

He chose his words carefully. "Cooper, there's no guarantee the other families will follow you. They know what dad wanted. He told them. What you're asking…it's not that simple."

"Yes, it is! You just don't wanna do it because you're a lying, greedy, sneaky son-of-a-bitch! All that talk about wanting nothing to do with the family business. Lies! All fucking lies! You and Telio planned to take over all along!"

Cooper pulled out his gun and walked over to Kurt who'd been slipping in and out of consciousness. Cooper pulled him to his knees and pressed the gun to Kurt's forehead. He made sure he held the phone so Blaine could hear Kurt's gasp and whimper of, "Please…please don't…oh, God…please…"
"Kurt! Kurt! Kurt are you okay? Kurt!"

"If you're not going to give me what I want, then I have no reason to keep fairy boy alive."

Panic and hysteria slammed down on Blaine, crushing his chest with desperate fear.

"No! I just…we have to figure out a way to make it work. To make the other families accept it."

"Bullshit! They'll accept it because I'm an Anderson!"

In that moment Blaine understood exactly why his father never wanted Cooper in charge. It wasn't just Cooper's litany of mistakes, stupidity, and drug use. Nor was it his greed and hunger for power. Cooper didn't understand the delicate balance of being a crime boss. It wasn't just respect earned through fear. It was the respect you gave those who pledged allegiance and loyalty to you. Respect was a two way street greased by both fear and mutual admiration. Being generous with money helped too. The fact that Cooper believed all it took was his family name proved that he would never be able to lead. The mutiny would happen within minutes followed by his execution. There would be an internal war for control, and the Anderson crime family would be destroyed, replaced by whatever family won the war. His father, grandfather, and great-grandfather's legacy would be erased.

There was no way he was going to hand over the family business to his brother.

He had to find Kurt and kill Cooper.

"Let me talk to Kurt."

"I thought I explained that you're not in charge! Now, do we have a deal or what?"

"I'm not agreeing to anything until I talk to Kurt. I need…proof of life."

"But, Blaaainnee, I sent you a picture. Didn't you like it? Couldn't you see how alive he was? All alive and happy to suck cock. He's gonna reward every man in my crew." Cooper laughed loud, and long. The bile returned to Blaine's throat.

"I do nothing until you let me talk to him."

Cooper pulled Kurt up again and gave him the phone. "You've got 20 seconds."

Kurt clenched the phone, his voice a hoarse, rough whisper. "Blaine?"

"Kurt! Oh, Kurt. I'm so sorry. I'm so, so, sorry. I promise to get you outta this. I promise. I swear. I love you, Kurt. I love you so much."

"I love you, too. Please, Blaine…please…please come get me…"

"I will! I am! I promise! Do you know where you are? Is there anything you can tell me? Any hint you can give me?"

"I…I don't know…just…please…hurry…"

"I'm coming, Kurt. I promise. I promise."

Cooper snatched the phone from Kurt.

"Alright, enough. When are we gonna do this?"
"I'm not doing anything until you let him go."

Cooper laughed. "Do you think I'm stupid? Fuck you! You don't lay eyes on him until everything is set. I'll be in touch." Cooper hung up.

Blaine flung his phone to the floor and covered his face with his hands.

Kurt was suffering.

Suffering because of him.

He'd promised to protect Kurt from his world, and instead Kurt was trapped right in the middle of it.

Luther stood in the lobby of Anderson Construction watching Anastasia say goodbye to a local businessman. She had his hands clasped in hers and was smiling while looking directly into his eyes. The man looked enraptured, nodding and agreeing with everything she said. When she turned she could feel the man watching her walk away. She didn't mind. For the size of the donation he'd just agreed to, he could watch her walk all day long.

She stopped at her assistant's desk.

"Beth, Mr. Carter has just agreed to host the foundation launch party!"

"Oh, Mrs. Anderson!" Beth squealed and clapped happily. "Congratulations!"

Anastasia beamed. "Thank you. Oh, my gosh we have so much to do to get ready. I wasn't expecting him to say yes so easily or quickly. I can't believe it."

"I can."

Anastasia turned to see Luther standing there. She ignored the heat in her belly and the ripple down her spine. "Thank you, Luther. Thank you for your confidence in me."

Luther said nothing. The two stared at each other for several long seconds. Beth turned and busied herself at her computer. The obvious heat and attraction between them was palpable. And so very dangerous. The entire situation scared Beth. There was no way for things to end well.

Anastasia headed inside her office. Luther followed her and closed the door.

He couldn't take it anymore.

He grabbed her arm and pulled her to him.

"No, Luther. Let me go."

He pushed her up against the wall, pinned her hands above her head, and pressed his body into hers. She stifled a moan.

"Luther…"

"Look me in the eyes, Anastasia and tell me you don't want me. Tell me you don't want this and I will leave you alone. I'll help you move back to the compound and I'll never approach you again."

"I…we can't….I'm still married."
"We both know Mario is never getting better. You just won't pull the plug. Why can't you break free from his grip?"

"He's my husband!"

"He's dead!"

Anastasia slapped him. "How dare you? You're supposed to be his best friend!"

"Tell me you don't want this and I'll leave you alone."

Anastasia opened her mouth but no words came. How do you explain that you crave being sexually dominated? That you needed it and had been suffering without it. Nice girls didn't say or want such things, right?

"Tell me you don't need me. Tell me to leave you alone and I will."

Her silence was enough for Luther. He leaned in close and could feel her release as she closed her eyes and allowed her body to melt into his. He wrapped her hair around his hand and roughly pulled her head back. Every nerve of desire in her body opened. Luther kissed her long and full, tasting her mouth, drinking her in, savoring the feeling of her finally giving in.

His cell phone rang.

"Yes, Blaine?"

"I just talked to Cooper. He'll let Kurt go if I step aside and turn over control of the family to him."

Luther swore under his breath. "I figured that was what he wanted, but I was hoping it would be something else. Anything but that. Shit."

"Naturally I can't do that, but we need to figure something out and fast. I talked to Kurt…he sounded terrible, and Cooper…I don't know if he was lying or…Cooper said he was gonna…"

Blaine couldn't bring himself to say it, and he didn't have to. After the text photo Luther could imagine what Cooper had threatened.

"I need to finish up a few things here and then I'll come out. Don't worry, Blaine. We'll come up with a plan. We'll get Kurt back and we'll…"

Luther caught himself. Anastasia was standing right there looking at him. He couldn't say they was going to kill her son.

"…we'll figure it all out."

Luther hung up and pulled Anastasia into a kiss before she could speak. When they separated she looked into his eyes.

"Blaine is going to kill you."

Luther nodded. "I know."

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_I'm tired of the boys being apart, so it's time for Blaine to go get his Kurt._
Chapter 22

Chapter Notes

Warnings: Lots of violence.

Blaine stared out the window into the backyard as the men around the table discussed and debated. As promised, Luther had pulled himself away from Anastasia and arrived at the compound with Matthew and Vince in tow to discuss what to do about Cooper. Telio and Elian were also present.

The conversation was all over the place.

Elian and Telio wanted to offer a reward to find out where Cooper was hiding and then stage a raid. Matthew and Vince wanted Blaine to pretend to step down and hand over control to his brother. Once the power exchange was supposedly complete and Kurt was safe they would simply murder Cooper and reinstall Blaine as leader. Luther wanted Blaine to schedule a family dinner meeting. It had been too long since the last one, and the other families were beginning to question Blaine's leadership ability, and his mental health. The story of the raid on Chartussi's sandwich shop was becoming a legend either admired or questioned by the family heads and crew chiefs. Luther felt a family dinner meeting was necessary in order to reestablish everyone's faith in Blaine's ability to lead. He could not be seen as losing his mind over the loss of his lover, especially since his lover was gay. Fair or not, Blaine would always be held to a higher level of scrutiny.

Blaine half listened to the voices behind him. He'd already made up his mind about his next move and sealed it by getting a haircut. He was wearing a light blue, custom made, button down shirt and a pair of gray slacks. He'd taken a pair of cufflinks from his father's dresser. The light blue pearl ones that made him think of Kurt's eyes. His hair was slicked down with gel also from his father's dresser. When he turned around, hands in his pockets, eyes serious, dark, and determined, Luther felt a slight shiver as he thought for just a brief second that Mario was standing before him. The likeness unnerved him, especially since he hoped to bed the man's wife that evening.

"Here is what we're going to do," said Blaine, his voice firm and final.

"Over the next two days I will personally visit the heads of all the families and crew chiefs. It will give me a chance to personally reassure them that I haven't lost my mind, and that their interests remain my top priority despite Kurt's disappearance. One-on-one time with me is something they all covet. I'll give that to them as a way of both apology, reassurance, and a chance to spy. While I meet with the head of the family, Telio and Elian will casually chat with their men and try to sniff out possible traitors who might be helping Cooper."

Luther and Matthew nodded in approval. Vince was less convinced.

"But we've already questioned everyone. I can't believe we missed something."

"Maybe not," said Blaine, "but it can't hurt to revisit people now that we know why Cooper took Kurt and what he wants. Knowing Cooper he's probably made promises to people based on his future leadership of the family. Good targets would be those who are unhappy in their current situation. Guys who want their own crews or wanna go into drugs. Someone has to be helping him. There's no way he's pulling this off by himself. We're missing something. We have to be."
Blaine returned to staring out the window as the men discussed who should receive the first visit, who would be most rattled by a surprise visit from the boss, and who was most likely to have men open to empty promises from Cooper. Once plans were confirmed, cars arranged, and security details worked out, the men rose to head to bed.

"Luther, can we talk for a minute?"

"Of course, Blaine."

Blaine headed into the library. Luther followed closing the door behind him. Blaine sat down behind his father's desk, and once more Luther was slightly thrown by Blaine's remarkable similarity to his father.

"I wanted to talk to you about my mother. How's she doing? When is she moving back home?"

Luther chose his words carefully.

"She's doing better. The foundation work has been good for her. It gives her something to do besides worry about you and your father."

Blaine frowned. He wasn't sure how he felt about that. "When is she coming home?"

Luther sat back and relaxed in the chair despite his nerves. This required a delicate approach. He couldn't raise Blaine's suspicions. "Actually, I planned to talk to you about that. She's asked me to help her find a suitable apartment or condo in town. She doesn't want to come back here."

Blaine's eyes widened in surprise. "What? Why not?"

"Think about it, Blaine. You know your mother was never crazy about living all the way out here. Far away from everyone, away from the city and the stores. Naturally she went along with it because it was what your father wanted, but she never liked being all the way out here. It was one thing when your father was here, but now...the idea of returning to this house by herself...can you imagine what it will be like for her to sleep upstairs in their bedroom without him here? I don't think she can do it."

Blaine closed his eyes and rubbed his forehead. He wouldn't want to return to his Dalton bedroom without Kurt and they had only been together for months. His parents had been together for years.

"Okay, well I guess we can do that, but what about security?"

"Don't worry. I'll make sure she's protected at all times."

Blaine stared at a spot on the desk. Luther waited patiently.

"Luther...my dad...he's..." Blaine sighed. He couldn't bring himself to say it.

Luther remained silent. No way was he going to be the one to bring this up.

"It's been over two months. He's...do you think...I...should I consider...is it wrong to keep him here...the way he is..."

Luther shook his head. \textit{Definitely not having this conversation with you.} "I think that's something you should discuss with your mother."

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Kurt remained as quiet and still as possible. Since no one had remembered to put him back in his cell he was still sitting on the floor leaning against the kitchen island. Thanks to the open floor plan he
could see Sam sitting at a desk working on a laptop, and Cooper passed out on the couch, a gun on the table in front of him. Kurt stared at the gun. He was too tired, hungry, and in pain to even consider running, but he still stared at the gun and wondered if he could possibly inch across the floor and grab it without being noticed.

Suddenly Sam entered Kurt's sight line. He shot Cooper a look of disgust, picked up the gun, and tucked it into the waistband of his pants. *Stupid drug addict.* He walked over and looked down at Kurt.

"You hungry?"

Kurt nodded.

Sam disappeared into the kitchen and returned several minutes later with a ham sandwich, a bag of chips and a Coke.

"You don't look like you're gonna kill anyone else anytime soon, so why don't you come sit at the table?"

Kurt slowly stood up and shuffled over to the table and sat down. Sam placed the plate on the table and sat down across from him. He watched Kurt hungrily finish the sandwich in just a few bites followed by the bag of chips and the Coke. Kurt laid his head on his arms on top of the table. He felt a little sick, very tired, and still hungry.

"You must be one hell of a fuck."

Kurt opened his eyes and looked at Sam. What? Sam continued.

"Word on the street is that Blaine's crazy about you. Like literally bat shit crazy, as in he's lost his mind and killed eight people trying to find you."

*Blaine killed eight people?*

"I guess you're both more lethal than you look. I still can't believe you killed George and Russell."

Kurt stared at him blankly. He'd completely shut down all memories of killing George and Russell. He couldn't deal with it. Not yet. Not right now. Sam gave him a mean smile.

"Oh, well. Blaine will soon be dead. Not sure where that leaves you."

Kurt figured he had nothing to lose and everything to gain.

"Then let me go. You don't need me to kill Blaine."

Sam chuckled. "Oh, yes we do. You're the bait. Like I said, Blaine's crazy about you. He's running around Lima murdering people to find you. And when the time is right...he will."

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As Blaine predicted the crew chiefs and family leaders welcomed his visit, albeit with suspicion, caution, and curiosity. He could feel their eyes studying him trying to find signs of an unstable mind, but instead they were greeted with Blaine's usual cool, polite, yet inquisitive charm. Most were eager to claim their undying loyalty and allegiance to the Andersons, and express their sincere regret and concern about his brother's behavior. No one mentioned Kurt, or referenced the fact that Cooper's behavior was to kidnap Blaine's boyfriend. They all preferred to forget that Blaine was gay, at least to his face. Instead they inquired about his father's health, his mother's perseverance, and reiterated
that they had no interest in seeing Cooper become boss. No one made an actual threat, after all
Cooper was still an Anderson, but the implied meaning was clear. If Blaine was killed and Cooper
took over, a bloodbath would follow.

As Blaine met with each family leader, Telio and Elian chatted with the crew members, casually
mentioning that they were unhappy with Blaine's leadership in hopes of finding possible traitors. It
quickly became apparent that Elian was more believable in this role than Telio. People knew Telio
had been raised by the Andersons. His claims of being interested in seeing what else was out there
were met with silence. No one was about to speak ill of the Andersons in front of the man known as
Blaine's brother and bodyguard. Elian however was new to Blaine's inner circle. His claims of being
tired of Blaine's whining over Kurt, and mentions of wanting to explore the drug game sounded
plausible. Those loyal to the Andersons glared at him in icy silence, but there were a few men who
listened with interest. Elian took note of who they were so he could visit them one-on-one later.

By the end of the day Blaine was exhausted and annoyed. He hadn't learned anything that might lead
him to Cooper or Kurt. Luther tried to help him see the bigger picture.

"It was a good day, Blaine. The families need to know you are still competent and in control. You
did well."

"Several people hinted that they are hoping I will reconsider my father's stance on drugs. They feel
we're losing out on an enormous amount of money."

"We are," said Luther. Blaine looked at him in surprise. Luther shrugged. "I'm not saying we should
go down that road, but it is something to think about."

Blaine shook his head. "No. I don't care how much money we're losing. Drugs destroys people.
Ruins lives. Creates addicts who can't control themselves. I don't wanna be a part of that." Timothy
crossed Blaine's mind. He pulled out his phone to send him a quick text, but was startled when it
rang in his hand. An unknown number.

"Yeah?"

"You've got two days."

"What?"

"I want you to announce that you're stepping down in two days."

Cooper.

Blaine carefully ran his hand over his gelled hair, closed his eyes and took a breath. *Stay calm. Don't
let him get you worked up.* "I'm confused. Do you want me to actually step down in two days, or just
announce that I'm gonna step down eventually in two days?"

"I want you gone in two days. I've wasted enough time fucking with you. It's time for me to get
down to business."

"Why the sudden rush? I thought you were going to give me time to get the families in line."

"Wow, Blaine. I thought you'd wanna hurry up. Don't you miss your boyfriend, or have you found
another butt buddy?"

*Kurt.*
"Can I talk to him?"

Cooper laughed. *Sucker.* "I'm afraid Kurt is resting right now. He had a big night. A very big night. So many big ones, but he took them all like a pro."

Blaine swallowed and dug his nails into his knee. *He's saying that to get to you. Don't let him. Kurt is fine. Probably scared and tired, but otherwise fine.*

"Two days is too soon. I've just started talking to the families. I need more time."

"Yeah, you've been talking to the families alright. I heard about your little tour today, and from what I heard you didn't mention me at all. As a matter of fact I heard that you reassured everyone that you weren't going anywhere anytime soon. Care to explain that?"

Fuck. There was definitely a traitor working for Cooper. Who the hell was it?

"I think you've gotten a hold of some bad information. Yes, I did visit the families to reassure them that everything was fine, but I didn't promise anything regarding my continued leadership."

"Bullshit! Bullshit you little liar! You keep fucking with me and fairy boy is going to end up dead!"

"No! Look, just let Kurt go, and I promise to work with you to get the other families to accept you. It'll make things go smoother and keep our enemies from trying to take advantage of the unrest."

"Don't you mean your enemies, Blaine? I don't have any enemies. You see, I know how to make people feel comfortable and welcome. Not drive them away by murdering their friends and family, and blowing up buildings. I'm not even boss yet, and I'm already doing a better job than you."

Blaine shook his head. *Is he really this stupid? He can't be. We have the same parents.*

"Cooper, I can't step down in two days."

"You can, and you will, or else I'll shoot Kurt, chop off his head, and deliver it to his father's doorstep."

Cooper hung up.

"What did he say?" asked Luther.

"He wants me to step down in two days."

Luther shook his head. Blaine waited a moment before looking up. *I'm going to do it."

"You don't mean that."

"Actually, I do. I have to get Kurt back. Once I have him back I'll figure out what's next, but I can't wait anymore. It's been six days. I can't let this go on any longer. I'll step down, get Kurt back, and then go from there."

Luther frowned. "Blaine…do you really believe Cooper is going to just hand Kurt over and let you live happily ever after? You have to know that he's planning to kill you."

"Frankly, Luther I don't care. We've questioned people. We've searched, and threatened, and nothing has worked. I can't let Kurt…he's suffering because of me. I promised him I'd protect him and…"

Blaine trailed off as the familiar sense of dread and guilt washed over him, stronger than ever. "I got him into this mess. My mess. Telio was right. I should have left him alone. Luther, I need you on
board with this. Telio is going to have a fit. I need you to help me convince him that this is the way to go. I also need you to promise not to tell my mother. I don't want her worried."

Now it was Luther who felt a wave of guilt as his mind traveled down a dark path.

*If something happens to Blaine there will be no one to object to me being with Anastasia. It's not as if Cooper would care…*

*Oh, God…what am I thinking?*

Luther reached out and grabbed Blaine's hand. Blaine was shocked when Luther kissed his hand and nodded. "Of course, my Don. Whatever help you need, I will provide."

x-x-x

That evening Blaine sat on his bed, freshly showered, wearing sweatpants and a Dalton t-shirt. Elian was hovering by the door staring at Blaine with his usual longing.

"Is there anything you need?"

"Yeah. Kurt."

Elian glowered, but said nothing. Telio suddenly burst into room practically knocking Elian over.

"No way! You're not doing this!"

"Telio…"

"No! It's too fucking dangerous!"

"It's not like I'm gonna meet him in an alley somewhere. Everything will be controlled. Once we have Kurt…"

"Since when are you so stupid? He tried to kill his own father! Your father! What the hell makes you think he's going to let you live?"

Blaine didn't have an answer for that. Telio sat down on the bed.

"Look, I get it, and if it was Alicia I'd probably want to do the same thing, but you can't do this. You can't trust him."

"Don't you think I know that?"

"Then why?"

Blaine stared directly into Telio's eyes. "I'm sacrificing for the one I love."

Telio shook his head. "There has to be another way."

"Then figure it out, and let me know. You've got two days."

As he exited the room, Telio grabbed Elian and pushed him into the hallway.

"Leave him alone, asshole."

"Fuck you."
"You wish. If I were gay, I'd break you in half."

Elian watched Telio head down the hallway, his head filling with new fantasies.

Blaine settled back on his bed and picked up his phone. He scrolled to Timothy's number. According to the call history, Timothy had called him last week and they'd been on the phone for two minutes. Blaine tried to think back. When did he talk to Timothy? He dialed the number.

"Blaine?"

"Hey, Timothy. How are you?"

"Uh…I…I'm okay."

"Did you call me last week?"

"Um, yeah, but I think you were sleeping."

"Oh. I don't remember. Sorry."

"No problem. Um…how's Kurt?"

Blaine hesitated. No one outside of his family knew Kurt was missing. He didn't want to alarm their friends, or worse have someone unwittingly say something that reached the police, but Timothy felt different. Something about his drug use made him seem closer to Blaine's world than everyone else.

"Well, actually…Kurt's missing."

"What?"

"He's missing. Since Wednesday. He was kidnapped by Cooper."

Timothy started shaking. "C-Cooper?"

"Yeah."

Timothy stood up and started pacing back and forth, his eyes filling with tears.

"Um…are you sure? How do you know?"

"Of course I'm sure. He admitted it. He has Kurt locked up somewhere. I've been trying to find him."

"Timothy?"

"Timothy?"

"Oh, God…please, Blaine…oh, God, oh, God, oh God…"

"Don't worry. I'm gonna find him."

"I…please don't hate me…"

"What? Why would I…wait? Do you know something?"

"I…I…oh, God, Blaine. You're gonna hate me…you're gonna hate me forever! I'm sorry!" Timothy broke down sobbing.
"Timothy, listen to me. I'm not gonna hate you. I promise. Just tell me."

"I…I think I may have…oh, God…I'm sorry, I'm sorry!"

"Timothy, tell me what you did!"

"I…I think I helped Cooper!"

"What? How?"

"I'm sorry, Blaine! I'm so sorry!"

"Are you at home?"

"Yeah."

"Stay there. Don't move."

x-x-x

30 minutes later Timothy nervously opened the front door to find a very menacing looking Blaine and Telio on his doorstep along with another guy he didn't recognize. He stepped aside to let them in, wishing he weren't home alone.

"Okay, Timothy. Tell me exactly what you did."

Timothy was shaking and rubbing his arms. He'd searched all his hiding places hoping to find enough coke for a hit, but he was all out. He stared at Blaine with wide, fearful, desperate eyes.

"I…um…I gave him information."

"What kind of information?"

"In-information about you and Kurt."

Blaine clinched his hands into fists at his side and took a step forward. His eyes were so penetrating, Timothy was sure Blaine could see right inside his head.

"Timothy, I need you to tell me exactly everything you told Cooper. Everything."

Timothy trembled and started crying as he told Blaine about his meetings with Cooper. How he told Cooper about Kurt's schedule, his plans for the summer, what kind of car he drove, the layout of his father's shop, going so far as to draw a picture. The more he talked the more he cried as his guilt flowed out of him, the weight of it making him slowly fall to his knees and rock back and forth, his arms wrapped around his waist.

"I-I-I'm s-s-so s-sorry, Blaine. I didn't…I didn't think he-he'd hurt him. Please…I'm so sorry."

Blaine stood over him. Telio moved a little closer, concerned about Blaine's next move. Yes, Timothy deserved to be shot for his betrayal, but cocaine is a powerful drug, and its grip on Timothy was strong.

Blaine suddenly drew back and backslapped Timothy with stinging force.

"How could you do this to me? To Kurt? Kurt who wanted to help you! He helped you join the Warblers! He tried to be your friend! How could you!"
Timothy cried and sobbed harder. "I-I-couldn't help it! Please! I'm so, so, s-sorry. Pl-please…I'll do anything to help you! Anything! Please!"

Blaine's fingers were itching for his gun, but Timothy was worth more alive than dead.

"Alright, let's go over everything. Every single fucking thing."

For the next 45 minutes Blaine interrogated Timothy about every meeting he'd ever had with Cooper. It wasn't until he mentioned meeting Cooper at a warehouse that Blaine's eyes lit up.

"Tell me about this warehouse. Where was it? Was there a name on the building?"

"It was over by Route 5 in the industrial district. I don't remember if there was a name or not."

Telio mentally ran through the list of family operations in that area. "The Hirschfield plant and warehouse is over there. You know, Carlos Hirschfield. He was killed a few months ago. I think his nephew took over."

Blaine slowly nodded. "His name is Sam. You ever meet him?"

Timothy shook his head. "No. I only saw Cooper there. The second time I went back no one was there but a security guard."

"Just one guard?"

"Yeah. At least that's all I saw."

Blaine was thoughtful. "One guard? One guard for an entire plant? A plant owned by a family connected to the mob? That doesn't make sense."

Telio nodded in agreement. "Could be he doesn't want to draw attention to whatever he's up to by having a full security crew."

Blaine grabbed Timothy by the arm and started pulling him towards the door. "Come on. We're going on a road trip."

x-x-x

45 minutes later Telio turned the Hummer into the empty parking lot of Hirschfield, Inc. Blaine pulled Timothy out of the car. "Show me where you ran into this security guard."

Timothy led them around to the side entrance of the building. Sure enough there was a small guard house with an elderly gentleman sitting inside. He immediately stepped out when he saw the four approaching.

"Hey! This is private property!"

"Does Sam Hirschfield own this building?"

"Yes he does, and who are you?"

"We need to get inside."

"Now wait just a minute…" The guard trailed off as Telio and Elian pulled their guns at the same time and pointed at him. Blaine quickly stepped forward and pulled the gun out of the shocked man's holster.
"There's no reason for you to get shot tonight. Just let us in."

The guard reluctantly unlocked the main warehouse door. They all walked in and looked around. Telio shook his head.

"This place hasn't manufactured anything in months."

Elian wiped a finger along a conveyor belt. "Everything's covered in dust."

Blaine turned to the guard. "When was the last time the plant was actually operating?"

"Aint been operating since Mr. Carlos died."

"And the employees?"

"Everyone was given a two month paid vacation. Except for me of course, but Mr. Sam is paying me well to stay on, so I don't mind. I'll be retiring soon. Got a lovely place in Florida I been paying on for years. Almost paid off. Best fishing you ever saw. Why the last time I was down there….

Clyde continued to ramble on while the four looked around until Elian spotted two large doors, locked and chained shut. "What's in here?"

Clyde shook his head. "Don't know."

"You got a key?"

"Don't think so. Mr. Sam gave me a set of keys, but he never mentioned one for that room."

"Gimme your keys," demanded Blaine.

It took several tries before Blaine found a key that unlocked the doors, but there was no key for the chain padlock. Telio aimed his gun. "Stand back."

Telio shot the lock. Elian and Blaine swung open the doors. The smell of coffee hit them full and strong. Telio frowned and shook his head.

"Coffee? They don't export coffee."

Elian opened one of the sealed boxes. Inside were what looked like packs of coffee. He kept digging until he found the real product.

Cocaine.

Timothy took a step forward, his entire being drawn towards the box. Blaine placed a hand on his shoulder.

"Hell no. Your love of that shit has caused enough trouble."

"Alright," said Telio. "So we know he's running drugs out of here. He must be Cooper's partner. That means he has to know where Cooper's hiding."

Blaine turned to the guard. "You're gonna make a phone call."

Kurt lay gratefully on the couch and half listened to the voices around him. After finishing his meal he’d sat at the table for a while, his head resting on his arms. He eventually found the strength to
stand and make his way over to one of the couches in the room. No one stopped him or said a word, so he laid down and immediately fell asleep. He couldn't understand why no one had locked him up. It didn't make sense after his escape attempt. It made him nervous and suspicious, but he was too exhausted to think about it. After sleeping on a hard floor for days, his aching body welcomed the soft cushions of the couch.

"…store several crates over at the Washington Street building. Right now it's mostly Anderson Construction stuff. Extra tools, bricks, stuff like that. There's plenty of room."

Sam looked skeptical. "Will Luther allow that?"

"Luther will no longer have a say. I'll be boss, and what I say goes. Besides, he won't have anything to do with the family business anymore. His job will be to focus on the construction company until I decide what I wanna do with it."

"What do you mean?"

"I might sell it. The drugs will provide us with plenty of profit. I won't need to build buildings."

"What are you talking about? The construction company gives you a legitimate business to run money through. You can't get rid of the construction company."

"Oh, yeah. I guess I hadn't thought of that."

"Seriously, Cooper. If we're gonna do this you gotta lay off the fucking coke. It's burning your brain cells. You can't run a criminal empire…"

"Shut up! I can run things just fucking fine!"

"All I'm saying is stop using your own fucking product! That's the first rule of the drug game. Never use your product. You can't function if you're whacked out on snow!"

Sam's cell phone rang.

"What? Oh, hey Clyde."

"What? When? Are you sure? No! No! Don't call the police. Just sit tight. I'm on my way."

Sam hung up. "Fuck."

"What's going on?"

"It looks like someone broke into the plant, or at least tried to. Clyde's all worked up. I'll be back."

x-x-x

Sam pulled into the empty parking lot and parked his car near the side entrance. He sat there for a moment looking around. There were no other cars and no one in sight. He checked to make sure his gun was in his waistband. Why the hell hadn't he brought a couple of guys with him? He headed into the building.

"Clyde? Clyde, it's Sam."

"Hello Mr. Sam." Sam turned to see Clyde approaching him.

"So, where's the…" He stopped when he felt cool metal pressed against the side of his head, a hand
tugging his gun from his waistband.

"I'm sorry, Mr. Sam. They made me."

Sam side glanced Elian who was pressing the gun against his head. Blaine and Telio stepped out from behind a stack of crates with Timothy hovering nervously behind them.

"Well, hello Blaine. I heard you were visiting all the families. No need to show up like this. I would have been happy to meet with you."

Elian tossed Sam's gun to Blaine who caught it and held it out to Timothy.

"Timothy, go put Clyde in the closet. Lock the door and come right back here."

Timothy hesitantly took the gun and pointed it at Clyde who raised his arms. "No need for guns. I'm a walking."

Sam and Blaine stared at each other, neither breaking eye contact. Elian pressed down on Sam's shoulder forcing him to kneel. Blaine stepped forward, his voice calm and conversational.

"I never had a chance to give you my condolences on the loss of your uncle. He was a good man. My father always spoke highly of him."

"Yeah, he was a good man. A great man. He was very loyal to your father. It's a shame your father didn't return the affection."

"It's a shame you didn't learn from your uncle's example."

Sam said nothing, so Blaine continued. "Let me guess. Cooper told you my father had your uncle murdered. That's not true. My brother set you up, Sam." Blaine spread his hands and looked around the plant. "This is what he wanted. This space is perfect for running a drug operation. It's the perfect, legitimate front. I'm guessing my brother approached your uncle about it and he said no, so he killed him."

"No! That's not what happened! Your father killed him! He made an example out of him!"

Blaine shrugged. "You could be right. Frankly, I don't think my brother's smart enough, or patient enough to think through a plan this intricate, but who knows. I don't really care. I just need to know where he is." He looked expectantly at Sam. Sam shook his head.

"I don't know where he is."

Blaine's eyes narrowed as his disguised rage boiled. He didn't have time for this.

"I'm going to ask you again. Where is my brother?"

"I don't know."

Blaine stepped back. "Telio, help Sam remember where my brother is."

The beating was brutal.

Telio had a lot of pent up tension and sexual frustration, so the power of each punch didn't lessen as the seconds ticked by. Blaine didn't stop him until Sam coughed up blood.

"I'll ask you again. Where is my brother?"
Sam was on his side, heaving and writhing in pain, his mind struggling to make a decision.

*Shit….can't take anymore…. but if I tell them they'll shoot me… gotta stay alive…come too far to lose now…plenty men at the house…Blaine won't stand a…*

Sam's struggle ended when Blaine kicked him in the stomach.

"Tell me where he is! NOW!"

"I-I'll…take you…to h-him."

"Just tell me where he is."

"No…no…I'll…take you. Not telling. Take."

Blaine looked at Telio who was shaking his head. "I don't trust him. Why can't he just tell us?"

"Because he's trying to stay alive," said Elian. "I say we let him take us. He could lie and tell us anything. If we make him lead us there chances are he'll tell us the truth. If he doesn't, we kill him. Slowly."

Blaine reached down and pulled Sam to his knees. "Is Kurt with Cooper?" Sam nodded. Blaine pulled him to his feet and pushed him towards Elian who pulled his hands tight behind his back.

"Okay. Let's go." Blaine looked around. "Where's Timothy?"

"Timothy?"

"Timothy!"

Telio walked over to the large closet and opened the door. Clyde was sitting patiently on a crate watching Timothy snort coke.

"What the fuck? Really?"

Timothy looked up, his eyes glazed, a dopey grin on his face. "Want some?"

Telio grabbed him. "Come on you fucking coke head. We're leaving."

"What about me?" asked Clyde.

Telio nodded towards the crates. "You've got coffee and coke. Have a party." Telio closed and locked the door and dragged Timothy along. Blaine looked at Timothy's coke dusted face and sighed. "Are you shitting me?" Timothy smiled the sweetest smile. "It was the good kind." Blaine shook his head. "Whatever. Let's go."

"Wait a minute," said Telio, "we need to call Luther. We should have the guys meet us here and follow us."

"No. We leave now. Kurt's been gone too long as it is."

"There's no guarantee that Kurt is wherever we're going."

"But Cooper is, and he knows where Kurt is, so can we please leave now? We're wasting time!"

"Just hold up." Blaine walked over to Sam who was still being held up by Elian. He grabbed his
chin and forced him to look at him.

"You tell us the address and I promise not to kill you."

Sam looked at him warily. "How…supposed…to trust you?"

Telio slapped him and then grabbed his face again. "I don't think you have much of a choice. I'm losing patience. What's the fucking address?"

Sam shook his head. The address was his only leverage. He wasn't giving that up.

Blaine was out of patience. "Elian put him in the fucking car and let's go! Now!"

Telio shook his head. "But we're gonna need backup! We can't just go charging in wherever he's taking us!"

Blaine was already halfway out the door. "We'll call from the road. Come on!"

Clyde waited 5 minutes before hopping off the crate he'd been sitting on. He walked over to a small cabinet sitting behind several boxes, opened it and took out a key. He unlocked the closet door, quickly headed to Sam's office, picked up the phone and dialed.

"Mr. Cooper? It's Clyde. Trouble is heading your way."

Luther listened to Blaine's excited instructions.

"...not sure where we're headed, but I figured you could find out what properties Mr. Hirschfield owned and narrow it down. We're on Highway 745 now. Wherever we're headed it's pretty rural."

"This is ridiculous. You should have waited. I can't believe Telio agreed to this."

"Do you think you can figure out the address?"

"Just call me when you get there and I'll send Vince and a hundred guys, but I need you to promise me that you'll wait for backup, Blaine. No going it alone."

"Of course I'll call you, but we can't wait around for everyone to arrive."

"You can, and you will! Shit Blaine! Are you trying to get killed? You can't save Kurt with a bullet in your chest."

"Go ahead and have Vince and the guys leave now. North on Highway 745. The minute we arrive, I'll call you and him with the exact address."

"Okay. Promise me you won't do anything stupid?"

Blaine hung up without answering.

Luther hung up and scrolled to Vince's number.

He didn't hit call.

He laid the cell phone on his desk.

He sat very, very still, his mind swirling and circling a dark drain.
Ten minutes later Beth buzzed him.

"Yes?"

"Bill Taphorn from Taphorn Construction is here. I put him in Conference Room One."

"Okay, I'll be right there."

Luther stood up, picked up his laptop and the Taphorn Construction file.

He looked at his cell phone for a moment.

And left it sitting on his desk.

Telio sped along the two lane road past acres and acres of fields. "Where the hell are we?"

Elian shook his head. "I can honestly say I have no idea, and I thought I knew all the back roads."

Blaine turned to look at Sam who was sitting in the back between Elian and Timothy. He looked like he was going to pass out at any moment.

"How much further?"

"Left at…next road. Drive…way…mile down."

"If you're fucking with us we will pull over and beat the shit out of you. Again."

Sam shook his head. "Not…fucking…with you."

Telio turned left and slowed down until they reached a long drive way. "Here?"

Sam nodded.

Telio pulled over to the side of the road. "Okay. Call Luther and tell him where we are."

Blaine dialed Luther's number, frowning when the voice mail clicked on.

"That's strange. Luther's phone never goes to voice mail."

"Maybe he's in a meeting. Just leave a message. I'll call Vince."

Blaine left a message with the address. He also sent a text. Telio didn't get Vince either, so he also left a voice message and sent a text.

"Okay. So, now we wait."

Blaine shook his head. "No. Go ahead and turn in."

"Blaine, come on. You know we can't do that. You wanna get this close and then get shot before we find him?"

Blaine was agitated and hyper. He wasn't waiting. He couldn't.

"You saw how long it took us to get here. We can't wait for them. We gotta go in."

"That's stupid! We have no idea who's in that house!"
"If you think I'm just gonna sit here…"

"That's exactly what you're gonna do!"

"The fuck I am!"

Blaine jumped out of the Hummer, crossed the road and started walking down the driveway.

"Blaine! Blaine stop! Fuck!" Telio started the Hummer and turned into the driveway. He rolled down the window and crept alongside Blaine.

"Get in!"

"Not unless you're ready to drive all the way down there."

"We have to wait! There's only three of us! Who knows how many people are down there!"

Blaine kept walking. He knew it was crazy, stupid, and dangerous, but the closer he got to the house, the more he could feel it. Sense it. That was probably crazy too, but he couldn't ignore the feeling.

Kurt was in there.

Blaine couldn't explain how he knew that, but he knew it. Kurt was in there, waiting for Blaine to rescue him from his nightmare. A nightmare he was trapped in because of Blaine.

No way in hell was he waiting a second longer.

Telio was beside himself. "Blaine, get in the fucking car!"

"No!"

"Fine! We'll drive down!"

Blaine stopped walking. "If you try to trick me…"

"Just get in the fucking car!"

Blaine climbed back in the Hummer and Telio continued slowly down the driveway. "This is fucking suicide."

x-x-x

"Can you see them yet?" asked Cooper. They were upstairs in the attic of the house looking out the window. Rocko was watching the driveway with binoculars.

"There's a black Hummer coming down the drive."

"Just one car?"

"Yeah."

"That's strange. It might not be them. Tell everyone to get ready just in case and remember I want Blaine alive. I don't care if they kill anyone else, especially Telio, but not Blaine."

Cooper walked downstairs and over to Kurt. "Looks like your lover is on his way to rescue you."

Kurt glared at him. He was on the floor, his hands and ankles bound with duct tape, plus tape across
his mouth. Cooper scooped him up, and carried him upstairs. He dumped him on the floor of one of the bedrooms.

"Now you be a good fairy and stay here."

x-x-x

Telio stopped the Hummer at the end of the drive and stared at the house with trepidation. "I don't like this. Where are all the guards? Why isn't the driveway blocked? None of this feels right."

Blaine nodded. "I agree, but maybe he doesn't feel the need for a lot of security. We are in the middle nowhere."

"So is the compound. Alright, this is your show. Now what?"

"You go around the side, Elian go around the back, and I'll go through the front."

"So, you're just gonna ring the bell like you're selling Girl Scout Cookies? What the fuck, Blaine!"

"Do you have a better idea?"

"Yeah! We back up outta here and wait for Vince and the guys to get here!"

Blaine opened the door. "Come on."

Telio climbed out and opened the door for Elian who dragged Sam out. Telio tossed a gun to Timothy whose high had worn off. His eyes were fearful and bewildered.

"You stay here."

"By myself?"

"Unless you wanna get killed like we're about to. Move up to the driver's seat and stay there." 

"But…"

Telio slammed the door and ran to catch up with Blaine.

"Wait a minute!"

"What?"

"I'm not letting you go alone."

"You go around the side."

"No. You're my responsibility. I'm with you."

Blaine stopped. "No. From this moment forward your orders are to save Kurt. No matter what happens to me, your job is to make sure Kurt gets out of here alive."

Telio shook his head. "No fucking way. I promised your father…"

Blaine cut him off. "You promised me that you would respect me as the boss of this family. I'm your boss, and as your boss I am ordering you to save Kurt regardless of what happens to me. I am no longer your responsibility. Kurt is."
Telio’s eyes flashed with anger and conflict.

Blaine grabbed his shoulders. "Please Telio. I can't do this without you. It's my fault he's in this mess. I have to get him out of here, please."

Telio felt like he'd been stabbed in the heart. "Blaine…"

"Please?"

"Don't get me wrong. I like Kurt, but he's not my brother. He's not my family. He's not you."

"I know, and I love you for always taking care of me, but I need you to do this. We both know what's about to happen…could happen. I have to know that Kurt will be okay."

"I won't let Cooper kill you."

"You may not have a choice."

"Blaine…"

"Sometimes we have to sacrifice for the ones we love."

The two stared at each other until Telio silently nodded.

"Thank you. Now let's find my Kurt."

Telio drew his gun and headed towards the side of the house, glancing over his shoulder several times at Blaine’s retreating figure. The further apart they got, the heavier his heart felt.

Blaine took out his gun and cautiously approached the front door. He suddenly felt stupid. Telio was right. Was he going to just ring the doorbell? He reached for the door handle instead. It was unlocked. He pushed the door open and slowly entered.

The front foyer was large and long. Blaine quietly closed the door behind him and quickly moved into a small sitting area off the foyer. He stood still listening. The house was silent.

Elian had made his way to the back porch entrance off the kitchen. He pulled Sam in front of him as a shield and opened the door. He moved quickly keeping Sam in front of him. He ducked into the breakfast nook, laid Sam on the floor, settled behind a wall, and prepared to wait. From his hiding spot he had a clear view of the great room and the stairs.

Telio discovered the garage and was staring in amazement at crate after crate of cocaine and guns. "Shit," he whispered. He took out his phone and took several photos before continuing towards the house.

Blaine headed down the hall to the great room. He was sure he was being watched, but saw no one. He walked into the great room and turned around slowly, gun pointed, his finger on the trigger.

"The gun is so not necessary, Blaine."

Cooper stood at the top of the stairs staring down at him. Blaine aimed his gun at Cooper's head. "Where is Kurt?"

"Come on, squirt. You know better. First we need to have a family meeting."

"Not until I see Kurt."
"Fine. You're such a spoiled brat. Rocko, please go get our guest."

Blaine kept his eyes and gun on Cooper while they waited. Cooper stared at him with a smirk. " Seriously, Blaine. Drop the gun."

Blaine opened his mouth, but then Rocko appeared carrying a bound Kurt over his shoulder.

"Happy?" asked Cooper.

"Put him down," said Blaine.

Cooper's smile was evil. "Rocko, please do as Blaine says and put…Kurt…down."

It was like slow motion.

Rocko grinned nastily and half dropped, half threw Kurt down the steps.

Blaine screamed, "Noooo!" and ran forward as Kurt rolled bound and gagged down the stairs, landing at the bottom.

"Kurt! Kurt!" Blaine fell to his knees over Kurt's body.

Cooper looked at Rocko and shook his head. "He's so fucking predictable."

Blaine was so busy peeling the tape from Kurt's mouth, and checking to see if he was conscious that he didn't notice Cooper coming down the stairs at full speed. Cooper's foot landed smack in the center of Blaine's face, sending him backwards. Cooper kept coming, kicking Blaine in the side, stomping his foot into his stomach and chest. It was in that moment that the benefit of Telio's sometimes brutal trainings proved their worth. Instead of allowing the pain to take over, Blaine managed to crawl across the floor and flip over right as Cooper lifted his foot to stomp him again. Blaine grabbed his foot, pulled him forward and kicked him right between the legs before pushing him back.

"Ayyyy, fuck!"

Blaine took that moment to get to his feet and back away, his eyes scanning the floor for his gun, but landing on Kurt who was still lying at the bottom of the stairs. Rocko was leaning down to pick Kurt up when he was suddenly hit with several bullets that sent him crashing to the floor. Blaine only saw Telio for a second before he was attacked from behind by Cooper. The two brothers punched and kicked each other like wild men while Telio found himself trapped under a hail of bullets in the hall by the library. As he returned fire he wondered where the hell Elian was.

Elian remained safely tucked away in the breakfast nook off the kitchen, half watching Blaine and Cooper fight, half watching Kurt. Was he dead? Elian had no intentions of doing anything until he had a chance to kill Kurt, but he had to be careful. He need to kill him while everyone was shooting so it couldn't be traced to him.

Cooper and Blaine were trying to destroy each other with their bare hands. Punching, pulling, scratching, kicking. In many ways they were evenly matched since Mario made sure both of his sons received training, but Blaine had the slight advantage of being smaller, quicker and in better shape. Despite this, Cooper managed to land a stinging punch that sent Blaine spinning to the floor near the stairs. One of the men threw Cooper a gun which he pointed at Blaine and screamed, "Enough!"

Telio was in the process of reloading when the shooting stopped. He peered out, but saw no one. He slowly snaked along the wall to the great room. He could see Cooper standing a few feet from Blaine
who was on the floor breathing hard and coughing. Kurt was still lying at the bottom of the stairs, but
he was rocking slowly as if he were trying to roll over. Telio stood up and slowly entered the room,
his gun pointed at Cooper. Cooper looked at him and smiled.

"Well there you are. I was wondering what happened to you. I'm glad you're here because I need
you."

"Drop your gun before I blow your brains out."

Cooper laughed. "Really, Telio? Could you sound more television cop show? Shut the fuck up and
listen before I blow your owner's brains out."

"You can't win this, Cooper. Any minute you're gonna be surrounded by Anderson men. It's over."

"Oh, it's not over. It's just starting." Cooper cocked his gun. "Now will you please SHUT UP!"

During this exchange Blaine had inched closer and closer to Kurt until he was next to him. Kurt had
managed to flip his body over to the side facing Blaine. He was pretty sure something was broken,
but couldn't register what. A trickle of blood ran down his head.

Blaine blinked back the first tears he'd felt well up since Kurt was taken.

"Kurt? Can you hear me? Kurt?"

"Hi…Blaine."

"Oh, Kurt. I'm so sorry. I'm so, so sorry."

"Take…the gun…"

"Huh?"

Kurt shifted a little to reveal a gun lying between them. It had fallen out of Rocko's pants when he
crashed to the ground. Blaine inched forward a bit more to keep it hidden between them.

"Alright, squirt. It's your moment of truth. Your kingdom for a Kurt?"

Blaine looked around the room. There were several men watching them, guns at the ready. Two men
had guns drawn on Telio who was still pointing his gun at Cooper. Blaine decided not to make a
move yet. He had to get Kurt out first.

"Yes, Cooper. My kingdom for a Kurt."

"Excellent answer. Now here's what were gonna do. Pack mule over there is gonna take your fairy
and leave. Then you and I will have a little chat."

Blaine looked at Telio who was shaking his head. "No way."

"Telio, remember what we talked about? Take Kurt and go."

Telio continued shaking his head. "No! I'm not leaving you here!"

"Telio…"

"He's going to kill you!"
"You promised! Now, get over here and get Kurt outta here!"

Telio looked around the room. They were outnumbered. Where the hell was Elian and why hadn't Vince and the other guys arrived yet?

"I'm not doing anything until you tell your men to back off."

Cooper nodded at the two men with guns on Telio. They lowered their weapons and stepped back. Telio slowly lowered his gun and placed it in his waistband before quickly heading over to Kurt and Blaine. He bent down and started unwrapping the tape around Kurt's wrists. He looked at the gun lying next to Kurt and looked at Blaine who stared at him unblinking. Telio gave him a short nod and finished unwrapping Kurt's wrists. When he started working on the tape around Kurt's ankles, Cooper grew impatient.

"That's not necessary."

"His circulation is being cut off."

"Just get the fuck out before I change my mind."

Telio quickly finished. The sight of Kurt's face made him ache. It was bruised all over and half swollen, both eyes were black, and blood was still trickling from the cut in his head.

"Is anything broken?"

Kurt's voice was a scratchy whisper. "Don't know…everything hurts."

Blaine reached over and wiped away the blood with his sleeve. He bent down and ever so softly kissed Kurt's lips.

"Telio is going to get you out of here, gorgeous. I'm so sorry…for everything. I love you."

Kurt stared into his eyes. "I…love…you. Please…don't die."

Blaine didn't know what to say. Of course he was about to die.

"Don't worry. I love you."

Telio lifted Kurt up as gently as he could, but it didn't stop Kurt from hissing in pain.

Telio whispered, "Sorry. I'll try not to drop you when I put you down."

"We're not…really…leaving him…are we?"

"Hell no. Just try to stay out of the way and roll with whatever goes down."

Kurt nodded and closed his eyes.

Telio started crossing the room towards the foyer. He was almost to the hallway when Cooper called to him.

"Oh, Telio? This is for Skylar."

Blaine fired at Cooper as Cooper fired at Telio. The first bullet hit Telio's side, the second his leg. He managed to fall forward and stumble into the small room off the foyer before falling, still clutching Kurt in his arms. Kurt rolled out of his arms with a painful moan.
Blaine fired shot after shot at Cooper who had fallen back and was lying on the ground. Assuming he was dead, Blaine ran to Telio and Kurt.

"Telio! Telio!" Blaine rolled him over. "Shit, Telio!"

"I'm…okay…you…and Kurt…get out of here."

"I'm not leaving you here! Elian! Elian!"

Elian was watching everything from his kitchen nook hiding place. He was shocked to see Cooper slowly sit up, rub his hands over his face and over his hair, and then pat his chest.

The fucker is wearing a bullet proof vest.

Cooper stood up and spoke to the men waiting for instruction. "Get the cars ready and prepare to leave. I'll finish this."

Elian ducked back behind the wall as the men scattered in his direction.

Cooper tucked his gun in his waistband and walked toward the foyer.

Kurt saw him coming and screamed as best he could, "Blaine!"

Blaine looked up. The shock of seeing Cooper still alive threw him giving Cooper time to attack. He kicked Blaine in the face, grabbed him and threw him against the wall. He kicked him several more times before pulling him to his feet to punch him and throw him against the wall in the great room. Blaine landed on the floor and stayed there.

"Get up, squirt! Fight for your kingdom you fucking faggot! Since daddy wanted you to have it so bad the least you could do is fight for it!"

Blaine slowly pushed himself up. Cooper stood over him, his gun pointed at Blaine's head.

"It didn't have to be like this, you know. You should have stuck to not wanting anything to do with the business. You should have let everything run its natural course. First born. First born inherits. The heir and the spare. You were the spare, Blaine. The spare! The fucking spare!"

Blaine shook his head drunkenly. "Didn't want…never wanted it. You kept…fucking up. Made dad…mad."

Cooper's anger and hatred soared. "I did not fuck up! He just wouldn't listen! It's ridiculous that we aren't into drugs! It's a multi-billion dollar industry, and we're missing out! He just wouldn't listen because he was so in love with you! Always you! Isn't Blaine adorable? Doesn't Blaine sing beautifully? Blaine is so fucking smart! Blaine is so got-dammed special that he needs a fucking human companion pet! What about me? I was born first! That's supposed to matter!"

"Not…my fault."

"Of course it wasn't your fault! Is anything ever your fault? Of course not!"

Cooper cocked his gun. "Well, I'm happy to take full credit and responsibility for this. Bye squirt."

Blaine closed his eyes.

He heard the gunshot.
But there was no pain.

He opened his eyes.

Cooper was dead on the floor, a hole in the back of his head.

Kurt was leaning heavily against the doorway, a gun in his hand. The gun slipped from his fingers as he slid down the doorway and passed out on the floor. Blaine crawled over and collapsed next to him.

Outside Timothy watched curiously as people ran around climbing into cars and taking off. He waited for Blaine or Telio to emerge from the house, and grew increasingly scared when they didn't appear. He nervously gripped the gun Telio had given him, climbed out of the Hummer, and headed towards the house.

Elian slowly emerged from the breakfast nook to check on Blaine. He was breathing, but unconscious. Elian stared at Kurt who was also unconscious.

Finally.

Elian took out his gun.

Timothy slowly opened the front door. "Hello?" He shakily held the gun out in front of him and slowly walked down the hall. He could see the guy that came to his house with Blaine standing over someone. As he moved closer he saw the guy raise his gun. Timothy looked to see who he was pointing at.

"No!"

Timothy fired twice shooting Elian in the shoulder and the arm.

"Timothy?"

Timothy turned and saw Telio sitting on the floor against the wall, his shirt and pants stained with blood.

"Telio! Oh, my God!"

Suddenly there was a loud commotion outside of cars pulling up and doors slamming. Vince burst through the front door followed by Luther and several Anderson men.

"Telio! Shit!"

Luther ran down the hall and almost stumbled over Kurt, Blaine, and Elian lying on the floor. He knelt down by Blaine.

"No, no, no. Shit. Please Blaine…please. I didn't mean to…"

He stopped talking as Blaine stirred with a groan.

"Oh, thank God!" Luther scooped him up while Vince gently picked up Kurt.
Burt sat on one side of the bed, Carol on the other, each holding Kurt's hands. Burt stared at his son's bruised face with many mixed emotions, the strongest being relief. But he was also angry. An anger he hadn't felt since the loss of Elizabeth. Dr. Weinstein had ticked off Kurt's injuries as if he were lucky.

"I know his face looks awful, but all things considered he's lucky to be alive. I've been around long enough to know how these things usually turn out. Yes, his wrists is fractured, his knee is sprained, a few ribs are cracked, a slight concussion, a cut to his head, two black eyes, and severe dehydration, but he'll be fine. He's young and healthy. You'll be surprised how quickly he heals."

Burt wanted to strangle the man.

His son shouldn't have any injuries. His son shouldn't have to heal quickly.

Burt said nothing. He wanted to stay with Kurt, and punching a doctor would probably get him thrown out.

Carol asked, "How's Blaine?"

"Who cares?" growled Burt.

Carol shot him a disapproving frown. Dr. Weinstein cleared his throat.

"His face is a mess, a few broken ribs, and his body looks like someone played basketball with him, but he'll heal too. He's also very lucky to be alive. I'm actually surprised he's alive. I was sure Cooper would succeed. Glad he didn't, of course."

Burt shook his head. "You people amaze me. You act and talk like all of this is normal."

Dr. Weinstein shrugged. "In Anderson land, Mr. Hummel, it is. If you'll excuse me."

Dr. Weinstein headed down the hall where a belligerent and angry Blaine was insisting on getting out of bed.

"I'm fine! Move!"

The nurse shook her head. "You're supposed to be resting. You need to stay in bed."

"I need to see, Kurt!"

Anastasia tried to calm him down. "Blaine, please. Kurt's not even awake. Just rest and when you…"

Blaine swung his legs over the side of the bed and hopped down. He grimaced in pain and held his arm across his ribs.

"Blaine…"

He ignored his mother and slowly headed out the room and down the hall. When he entered Kurt's room, Burt jumped up, but was silenced when he saw Blaine's face which didn't look much different from Kurt's. He watched Blaine shuffle over to the bed in obvious pain and collapse in a chair quickly vacated by Carol. He scooted the chair as close to the bed as possible and took Kurt's hand. He gazed at him with eyes of guilt, pain and love. Look at his gorgeous face. This is your fault. All your fault. You promised to protect him, and you failed. Failed, failed, failed. Blaine put his head down on the bed as the guilt crushed him completely.
Burt sat down and stared at Blaine. It was hard to believe this was the same young man who so boldly walked into his shop and threatened him.

Eventually Blaine fell asleep and Dr. Weinstein seized the opportunity to give him a sedative. He was lifted on to a bed and rolled back down the hall to a room he could share with Telio who was sleeping after surgery to remove the bullets.

Anastasia sat between the boy's beds in a fog of sadness and loss.

Cooper was dead. Her eldest son, first born was dead.

Despite knowing that Cooper's death was inevitable given what he'd set in motion, Anastasia still felt shocked. Her only comfort was that now it was done, and maybe peace would return to her home.

Luther sat guiltily in the corner of Blaine's room watching him sleep.

_How could you do this? He's your Godson. Mario was...is your best friend. How could you betray him by betraying his son? Of course, you've already betrayed him. The second betrayal is easy after the first._

Luther looked up as Anastasia stood up. "I'll be back. I want to check on Kurt."

Burt and Carol looked up when Anastasia entered the room.

"Um, hello. I'm Anastasia Anderson. Blaine and Telio's mother."

Burt and Carol stared at her. This supermodel was Blaine's mother? Carol self-consciously patted her hair.

"Burt Hummel. My wife, Carol."

"How is he?"

"According to the doctor we have nothing to worry about. He'll be fine."

Anastasia exhaled and nodded. "I'm so glad. Such a sweet boy. I miss talking to him."

Burt narrowed his eyes. "You've talked to my son?"

"Of course. When he came to visit Blaine we spent some time together. He's delightful."

Carol stood up. "Why don't you sit down and visit with Kurt for a moment. I'm going to look for some coffee."

"Oh, I don't want to intrude. I just wanted to check on him."

"No, please stay. I'd like to talk to you," said Burt.

Carol gave Burt a stern warning look before heading out. Anastasia sat down and took Kurt's hand. Burt watched as she gently caressed a strand of hair from his forehead and gazed upon him as if he were her son. Watching this made him soften his tone.

"Look, Mrs. Anderson..."

"Please, Anastasia."
"Anastasia...I hope you'll understand what I'm about to say, and why I'm saying it. I hate to be rude, but I don't know how else to put it. I don't want your son anywhere near my son ever again."

Anastasia looked at Burt and shook her head. "You seem to be under the impression that I control my son. Nothing could be further from the truth."

"You're his mother. His parent. He lives under your roof."

"Actually, it's really his roof that I live under. I don't expect you to understand. Our world is very different from yours. As for Blaine staying away from Kurt, I have no control over that, and frankly neither do you."

Burt was visibly taken back by her words. Anastasia felt sorry for him. Despite everything that happened, he clearly didn't understand the world his son was now a part of.

"Mr. Hummel, I understand your concerns, especially given all that has happened, but trust me when I say that my son loves Kurt dearly, and is not going to disappear just because you want him to."

"And if Kurt wants him to?"

Anastasia opened her mouth but then closed it. How should she answer that? The truth would be too much for him.

"That's a conversation for our sons to have."

"You know when I talk to you people it's like I've entered the Twilight Zone."

Anastasia remained silent. Burt continued.

"I think your family has done enough damage. Tell Blaine to stay away from my son, or else."

Anastasia stood up to leave but stopped at the door and turned around. "Mr. Hummel, don't make threats. Trust me. The Andersons are far better at it and their follow through is precise and lethal."

Two days later Telio sat in his hospital bed shaking his head. The drugs had worn off completely, so he was awake and clear, but he was sure Blaine was on something. He sounded ridiculous.

"What has Weinstein been giving you? Whatever it is tell him to stop."

"I'm serious, Telio."

"I know you are. That's what makes it worse."

Blaine sighed. "I don't have a choice. Once he leaves here his father will make sure I never see him."

"So, you wanna kidnap Kurt. Again."

"It's not again. I didn't kidnap him. That was Cooper."

"First one brother, now the other. Burt Hummel is gonna blow up anything with the name Anderson on it."

Blaine stood up. "I'm gonna go check on him."

Telio watched Blaine slowly limp out of the room, his arm around his chest.
Blaine slowly made his way to Kurt's room, opened the door, and froze.

The room was empty.

He stopped a nurse.

"Excuse me? Was Kurt Hummel moved to another room?"

"No. He's been discharged."

"Discharged? Already?"

"His father insisted and the doctor agreed."

"Who discharged him?"

"Dr. Greene."

Blaine stood there. Fuck. Weinstein had orders to keep Blaine posted on anything regarding Kurt's release, but Dr. Greene still worked on his own.

Blaine shuffled back down the hall and was glad to see Luther chatting with Telio.

"Hey."

"Hey, Blaine. How are you?" Luther felt a rush of relief and a touch of fear.

"I'm fine, I'm fine. Look, I need you to drive me somewhere."

x-x-x

Blaine sat silent during the ride to the Hummel's house. Luther took this opportunity to catch him up on Anderson business affairs, both criminal and construction.

"I want my mother to come home."

Luther gripped the steering wheel and kept his voice even.

"Really?"

"Yeah. I mean, I get what you said about her being lonely without my dad, and not wanting to sleep in their room, but there are plenty of rooms in the house. She can choose a new one. I just…with everything that's happened I'd really like to have some normalcy for a while."

Luther nodded. "Okay. I'll talk to her."

"No," said Blaine. "That's okay. I'll talk to her."

Luther turned into the driveway at the Hummel home and pulled up behind Burt's truck.

"I'm not sure this is a good idea, Blaine."

Blaine ignored him and slowly climbed out of the car.

Carol answered the door with a conflicted expression.

"Oh, Blaine, honey. You should be resting."
"I need to see Kurt."

Carol didn't move. "Why don't you go home and get some rest? You've both been…"

Blaine cut her off. "I need to talk to Kurt. Now. Please."

"Carol? Who's at the…" Burt shook his head. "Get off my property."

"Mr. Hummel…"

"Get off my property!"

"You can't keep me from him!"

"The hell I can't!"

"Please...after everything we've been through…I just…"

Blaine slumped against the doorway. Fuck. His body ached bad.

Carol had enough.

"Come on, come in."

"Carol," growled Burt.

"Enough of this! We are where we are, and now is not the time!"

Blaine slowly walked in and leaned against the wall.

"Do you want some water?"

Blaine shook his head.

Carol gestured towards the stairs. "He's in his room."

Blaine slowly climbed the stairs, made his way down the hall, and opened the door to Kurt's bedroom.

Kurt was sitting in bed, propped up by several pillows. He stared at Blaine, but said nothing. Blaine closed the door behind him and sat down on the bed.

"You don't look surprised to see me."

"I knew you'd come."

Blaine pulled a Dalton tie out of his pocket and wrapped one end around his wrist, the other end around Kurt's, tying them together.

"Always."
Chapter 23

Three days later Burt sat at the dining room table studying the latest poll numbers. He sighed and ran his hand across his mouth. He had a decision to make. Either get back on the campaign trail, or drop out of the race. He'd been leaning towards dropping out, but just wasn't sure. He hated to let down his supporters.

The doorbell rang.

Burt glanced at the clock.

11:00 am.

Every damn day.

Carol patted his shoulder on her way to answer the door.

"Remember, this isn't about you. This is about Kurt and what he needs, and right now he needs Blaine."

Carol opened the door and looked at Blaine with concerned, worried eyes.

"Hello Blaine."

"Hi."

Blaine slowly walked in and shuffled towards the stairs. He stopped when he saw Burt sitting at the table.

"Hello Mr. Hummel."

Burt just glared at him.

Blaine continued his slow shuffle to the stairs and climbed slowly under Carol's watchful eyes. She sighed and walked back to the kitchen.

"You'd think his mother would make him stay home. He's not getting any better. As a matter of fact I think he's getting worse. He moves slower every day."

For the past three days Blaine had arrived at the Hummel-Hudson home at exactly 11:00 am. Carol would let him in with a worried sigh and watch him slowly make his way towards the stairs and up to Kurt's room. He would take off his shoes and pants and carefully lie down under the covers next to Kurt. Kurt would slowly shift until they were facing each other, close his eyes and listen.

"When you feel better we'll go on vacation. Like a month long vacation. We could start with New York. You still haven't bought your summer wardrobe. We could go to New York and shop. Anything and everything you want, Kurt. I mean it. I'll buy you everything you want. Then maybe we can go to Turks and Caicos. I'll rent a private beach house and we can just relax. Swim, eat, sleep…make love…"

"I love you so much, Kurt. I love you and I'm sorry. I never should have let this happen to you. I made so many mistakes, but I promise. No more mistakes. No more failures. From now on you will be safe. I will keep you safe. No matter what."
Kurt never spoke during Blaine's visits.

He was too tired and he wasn't ready.

Somehow Blaine understood this. He never asked any questions, or mentioned what happened. He only talked about their future. Where they might vacation, what Broadway shows they should go see, and what designers had summer lines they should check out.

Then he would sing.

You are my sunshine, my only sunshine.

You make me happy when skies are gray.

Kurt's mind would drift into a restful sleep brought on by Blaine's presence and voice. Once Kurt was asleep Blaine would drag himself from the bed, get dressed and leave.

He never let Kurt see how much physical pain he was in.

After climbing the stairs to Kurt's room, he would lean against the wall to rest, the simple act of climbing stairs wiping him out. Every move hurt, but he swallowed his pain in front of Kurt and always greeted him with a smile and eyes full of love.

Burt hated Blaine's visits.

Burt hated Blaine.

But he didn't protest.

With Carol's gentle lecturing he accepted that this was what Kurt needed right now to heal, especially since he only fell asleep and stayed asleep during and after Blaine's visits. At night Kurt's sleep was constantly interrupted by the same dream over and over again. He was blind, locked in the cell, feeling along the walls and calling for help. Suddenly there were hands on him, pulling at his clothes, ripping them from his body, and he would hear George's voice. "Come on, sweetie. Let's play, play, play." He would jolt awake with a gasp, shaking in fear. He would remain awake the rest of the night staring out his window at the night sky.

So, Burt swallowed his hatred and said nothing about Blaine's daily visits.

Or about the two cars parked near the Hummel-Hudson home, each occupied by two armed men.

On the fifth day Blaine's body finally rebelled. He was on his way down the stairs after Kurt fell asleep when he passed out and would have fallen down the steps if Burt hadn't been paying attention and rushed to catch him. Blaine's driver took him to the hospital. He woke up surrounded by the worried and slightly angry expressions of his mother, Luther, and Dr. Weinstein. Anastasia lay into him.

"What the hell is wrong with you? You were supposed to go home and rest. Instead I find out that you're doing a roundtrip tour from Westerville to Lima every day!"

"I wasn't driving. I got…"

Anastasia cut him off. "I don't wanna hear it! You are going home and you will stay there!"

"Kurt needs me. He doesn't sleep at night because of bad dreams. He only sleeps when I'm there."
Anastasia softened. "I'm sorry to hear that. I really am, but Blaine you must take care of yourself before you can take care of him."

Blaine was about to protest when, "Ow!"

Dr. Weinstein smiled and held up a needle. "Sorry, Blaine, but this seems to be the only way to get you to rest."

Anastasia gently caressed his curls. "You're going to stay here for just one night, darling. You can go home tomorrow, and I'll be going with you."

"You're moving back home?"

"Yes, of course. I obviously need to take care of you. You and Telio finally need me again."

Anastasia waited until he was fully asleep before standing up to leave. She could feel Luther's eyes watching her every move. She didn't look at him.

They drove to the hotel in silence.

Luther followed her into her hotel room and watched as she began throwing her clothes into the suitcases scattered around the room. She'd spent the last five days alternating between pulling herself together long enough to make arrangements for Cooper's funeral, and being paralyzed with sadness, curled up on her bed crying. No matter what the world might think Cooper was still her son, and as his mother she remembered the little boy who made her laugh, not the jealous, paranoid man he'd become. Her grief was deep and threatened to consume her completely. She was barely hanging on, and now she was full of guilt about Blaine.

"Shame on me for not going home the moment Blaine and Telio were discharged. I should have gone home immediately. I just wanted to make sure Cooper's arrangements…." Anastasia covered her face with her hands and swallowed a sob.

Luther knew he was about to sound incredibly selfish, but he didn't care. Watching her pack was killing him.

"I don't want you to move back to the compound."

Anastasia ignored him and started talking and packing again.

"Mr. Phillips at the funeral home said we can have a graveside service for Cooper on Saturday, but now I think that might be too soon. We should wait until Blaine and Telio can attend."

"Anastasia, did you hear what I said?"

"Of course, they probably won't want to attend, but they should. For appearances. Everyone will be there out of respect for us despite their feelings about Cooper."

"Are you just going to ignore me?"

Anastasia continued packing and did not look up. "Yes, that's exactly what I'm going to do. I need to look after my sons, and grieve the one I lost. I need to visit my husband and tell him his eldest son is dead."

"What about us?"

Anastasia finally looked at him. "There is no us, Luther. There can't be, and thank God we never…"
Luther grabbed her shoulders and pulled her to him. "I want you."

She pulled away from him. "I'm moving back home where I belong."

"You belong with me."

"No! No, I don't! I belong with Mario! I've always belonged with Mario because I belong to Mario."

Luther turned away from her and walked over to the window. He stared out at the street below while she continued to pack her things. Finally he turned around.

"Where do you plan to sleep?"

"What?"

"At the compound. Are you going to sleep in your bedroom or in a different room?"

"I hadn't really thought about it. I…I suppose I'll sleep in my room. I don't know…"

Luther suddenly crossed the room, grabbed her long hair, wrapping it around his hand and pulled her head back. Trickles of fear, need, and arousal travelled down her spine. Luther's voice was low and quiet.

"Yes, Anastasia. Go back to the compound and sleep in the bed you shared with your husband. Bury your son and take care of the two you still have. Just remember…late at night when your body is longing to be touched, kissed, caressed…bound and fucked…I'll be right down the hall. Waiting."

He released her and walked out.

Without meaning to Anastasia dropped to her knees and pressed her forehead to the floor.

*Please Mario, please. I need you.*

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Elian sat on the back porch of his father's house relaxing in a chaise lounge, enjoying the warmth of the sun on his face.

In all the chaos of the Anderson crew's arrival, and rushing to get Blaine, Kurt and Telio to the hospital, Elian managed to slip out the side door, find a car with the keys in the ignition and take off for his father's house. He arrived at home in immense pain, minutes from passing out. Since he insisted on not going to the hospital, Elias called an old family friend who was a retired mob doctor to remove the bullets from his arm and shoulder. The doctor managed to stitch him up and set his arm in a sling while Elian's father and brothers hovered nervously, suspicious and curious about his strange and sudden return.

Elian spent the next few days sleeping and crafting his story. He would claim that he was shot after going out to the garage to look for Telio. He would deny any story told by Timothy. After all, the kid was a coke head. Who would believe him?

Elias walked out to the back porch and stared at his son. Elian had changed since leaving home. He was taller and his hair was shorter and styled all fancy like the people on TV. His clothes were new and looked nothing like the hand-me-down t-shirts and jeans he used to inherit from his brothers. Elias frowned.
He looks gay.

It was time to find out what his son had been up to.

"So, you gonna tell me why you showed up here shot?"

Elian opened his eyes and sat up. "It was during the showdown between Cooper and Blaine. I got shot during the fighting. I knew we weren't far from here, so I came home instead of going to the hospital."

"You abandoned Blaine?"

"No, of course not. He was on his way to the hospital when I left. He'll be fine."

"You going back?"

Elian shrugged his one good shoulder. "I don't know. I need a break."

Elias stared at his son with narrow doubtful eyes. "A break from what?"

"Just…all of it. The Andersons are intense. Taking care of Blaine…making sure he doesn't get assassinated. It's a lot. He's a bit reckless."

Elias turned from him and looked out over his land.

Taking care of Blaine.

Assuming the conversation was over, Elian closed his eyes and settled back in the lounge chair.

Elias suddenly turned and grabbed Elian by his shirt. He threw him down to the porch floor and stared at him with hateful disgust. Elian's brothers appeared behind their father, their eyes matching his.

"Ow! Papa…"

"You tell me the truth, boy! Are you a fucking faggot? Huh? Are you? Huh? Huh?"

Elian's shock turned to terror as he watched his eldest brother wrap a thick leather belt around his hand.

"No, Papa! No! I-I-I swear! I'm not a fag! I'm not! I'm not!"

"Cause you can't be no fag, Elian. I won't have it. I don't care what Anderson does, but you're my son! An Abbiati! And Abbiatis aint fags! We're men. Strong men who kill. Not nelly ass queers. You hear me?"

"I'm not gay, Papa! I swear! I swear!"

"Well, just in case you gettin' any ideas, I'm gonna let your brothers straighten you out."

Elian screamed as his brothers approached him, arms raised, thick leather belts in their hands.

They beat him until he couldn't cry anymore.

They left him lying on the porch for the rest of the day and all night.

Even after it started to rain.
Around 9:30 am Elian managed to crawl to the porch door and enter the house. He staggered to the stairs, falling several times. Once he made it to his room he collapsed on the bed.

He lay there for two days.

No one came to check on him.

On the morning of the third day he finally felt strong enough to take a shower. He ignored the painful smarting as the water hit his black and blue body. He slowly got dressed, packed everything he wanted to take with him and quietly snuck out of the house. He climbed into the car he'd taken from Sam's house and headed to the Anderson compound.

He breathed a momentary sigh of relief when the guards let him through without question, but readied himself as he climbed out the car and approached the front door. It was very possible he was about to be shot.

He entered the house and walked down the hall towards the sound of a TV. He stopped when he came upon Telio who had taken over the family room as his bedroom since he couldn't make it up and down the stairs due to his injuries.

"Hey! What the hell happened to you?"

Elian sighed. *Everything's going to be fine. If Timothy said anything I'd be dead by now.*

Elian sat down and carefully told the story he'd worked out in his head.

"When I got inside I dumped Sam in the kitchen. I checked out the second floor and then headed to the garage to find you. On the way there I got jumped and beat up pretty bad. I managed to get away and make it to the garage, but then I got shot. When I came to I wasn't sure what had happened. The last thing I remember is seeing them carry you and Blaine out. I'm not sure how I got there, but I woke up at my father's. A doctor had taken care of me, so I rested a few days and now I'm back."

Telio stared at him. Something about the story bothered him, but he didn't feel like thinking about it. "Well, don't take this the wrong way, but…I'm glad you're alright."

"Thanks, and I won't. Is Blaine okay?"

"Yeah. He's upstairs drugged out. It was the only way to stop him from running back and forth to Lima to see Kurt."

Elian kept his expression blank. Fucking Kurt. "So, Kurt's okay?"

"Yep. I'm sure he'll be moving in the minute Blaine can kidnap him from his dad's house."

Elian stood up. "I'm gonna go get settled."

He headed upstairs and straight to Blaine's room. Blaine was asleep, shirtless with the sheet resting at his waist. Elian stood over him, his heart and body aching and longing more than ever before.

*Why can't you understand? I can only be gay if I'm gay with you, otherwise they'll kill me. He doesn't need you like I need you. I want you bad, but I need you more.*

Saturday morning Cooper David Anderson was laid to rest in a simple graveside service attended by
over two hundred people. It didn't matter that most didn't like him, or even know him. He was an Anderson. No one wanted to be accused of not showing respect.

Blaine sat silently by his mother, her quiet crying and sobs breaking his heart. On her other side sat a very stoic Telio who felt absolutely nothing for the man being lowered into the ground, and was furious about having to use a wheelchair to attend. Luther sat next to Blaine. He was glad to see Cooper gone. The kid had been nothing but a pain in his ass all these years, but this now meant Blaine was officially the only heir to the Anderson family fortune.

A fortune he might inherit sooner than expected.

When Anastasia went to Cleveland to tell Mario about Cooper, Luther quietly spoke to the doctors who confirmed what Blaine had hinted at just a few weeks earlier.

It was time for the family to think about letting Mario go.

Luther didn't tell Anastasia. It wasn't the right time, plus despite his lust for her, Luther still loved Mario. They'd been best friends since they were 15. The thought of him dying was upsetting.

And something to look forward to.

While Cooper was being buried in Westerville, Kurt was in Lima trying to rise.

He was sitting on the edge of his bed trying to work up the courage to put slight pressure on his sprained knee while pushing himself up with only one hand due to his fractured wrist.

He'd been in bed an entire week surrounded by beautiful bouquets of red and yellow roses and other arrangements Blaine had delivered to the house every day. On the first day the roses were delivered by one of Blaine's men along with a note.

My Gorgeous Kurt:

Apparently I've developed an infection from my injuries and am on strict bed rest. I'm being held captive by my mother who can be fierce when she wants to be. I won't be able to visit for a few days, possibly a week. Please try to get some rest. Know that I love you more than life, and will make sure we are together again soon, never to be separated.

All my love, Blaine

Without Blaine to keep him company and help him sleep during the day, Kurt was irritable and cranky from restless, nightmare interrupted nights, and long boring days filled with too much time to think.

I killed three people.

Three people.

Three.

They were bad people, but still...

Did Blaine really kill 8 people trying to find me?
Maybe more?

My boyfriend is a murderer.

Blaine is a murderer.

So am I.

Neither Carol nor Burt asked about the kidnapping, something Kurt was grateful for, but Carol casually mentioned Kurt visiting a therapist. Kurt looked at her in horror and shook his head. Is she crazy? I can't talk to a therapist. Hi, I'm Kurt. I was kidnapped by my mafia boyfriend's brother. I managed to kill him and two other people. Oh, and my boyfriend killed 8 people while searching for me. You can't call the police because of doctor/client privilege, right?

But things were starting to weigh on Kurt's mind.

Monday morning Luther pulled up in front of Hummel Tire & Lube in Kurt's truck followed by a black Mercedes. Burt walked out of the garage as Luther climbed out holding Kurt's bag.

"Good morning Mr. Hummel."

"Where'd you find Kurt's truck?"

"It was parked in a barn behind the house where Kurt was being held."

Burt walked around the truck and peered inside. It was spotless. It had been thoroughly cleaned and detailed.

"You had it detailed?"

"Yes. It's also been completely tuned up and new tires put on. I thought it was the least we could do."

Burt shook his head. These people must really think I'm stupid.

"Yeah. I'm sure it had nothing to do with getting rid of fingerprints and evidence."

Luther said nothing. He held out Kurt's bag.

"Found this in the back. I wanted to make sure it was returned to Kurt. How's he doing?"

"He'll be fine."

Luther nodded. "Well, I won't keep you. I just wanted to make sure Kurt's truck was returned."

Luther turned to leave.

"I'm gonna tell you the same thing I told Mrs. Anderson. I don't want Blaine anywhere near my son. I put up with his visits those first few days because I know Kurt needed him, but now it's been a week since they've seen each other and I think it'd be best if Blaine continued to stay away. Kurt will get over it."

"Mr. Hummel...surely you know by now that you have zero control over anything, especially when it comes to Blaine."

"Blaine may wield control over all the adults in his life, but he doesn't control me."
"Last time I looked both Kurt and Blaine were adults. Young, yes, but adults none-the-less."

"Frankly, I don't care. My son was kidnapped, terrorized and beaten all because of Blaine. I'm just trying to protect him."

"And you failed. Just like Blaine failed. You see that's life, Mr. Hummel. You can't always protect the ones you love, no matter how hard you try." Believe me. I know.

"So, what are you saying? I should just let Kurt be with Blaine if that's what he wants?"

"It's what Blaine wants, so yes."

"What if this isn't what Kurt wants?"

Luther looked directly into Burt's eyes.

"Frankly...knowing the Andersons the way I do...at this point what Kurt wants is irrelevant."

Burt's eyes widened. Irrelevant? What his son wants is irrelevant?

Luther didn't feel like having the argument he could see brewing in Burt's mind.

"Tell Kurt Blaine is doing better and will see him soon."

He turned and climbed into the waiting car before Burt could respond.

Burt returned to the shop and started aggressively doing oil changes and tire rotations.

What Kurt wants is irrelevant? Who the hell do these people think they are?

Ten minutes later the shop head, Carlos laid a hand on Burt's shoulder.

"Why don't you take a break?"

Burt looked at him and then around the shop. Everyone had stopped working and was staring at him. Apparently he'd been beating the hell out of a tire with a ratchet. He decided to head home.

Burt walked into the house and was surprised, but pleased to see Kurt laying on the couch under his favorite blanket watching a movie.

"Hey, you made it downstairs. You feeling better?"

Kurt paused the movie and sat up a little. "I needed a change of scenery."

Burt nodded enthusiastically. Kurt coming downstairs was great, but Kurt talking was even better. He'd been practically silent since coming home adding to Burt and Carol's worry. What exactly had Kurt endured at the hands of his captors?

Burt held up Kurt's bag. "That Luther guy stopped by today. He returned your truck and this."

Kurt panicked as he looked at his bag. Was the gun still inside? How would he explain it to his dad?

Burt reached into a side pocket and took out Kurt's cell phone. "I'll grab your charger and plug this in. You want me to just leave the bag in your room?"

Kurt nodded. "Yes, please. Thank you."
Burt returned a moment later to plug in Kurt's phone. "I'm gonna go ahead and take a shower and review some campaign stuff. You need anything?"

Kurt shook his head and settled back down on the couch. He stared at the movie without really watching it. Instead he thought about the gun. He thought he would be safe by having a gun, but he hadn't stood a chance. They'd taken him with no problem. He'd made it easy for them to get to him because he hadn't listened to Blaine.

"You can't just disobey me. Your disobedience is dangerous, Kurt. Your disobedience could get you killed. I need to protect you."

If I had gone home with Blaine like he begged me none of this would have happened. I wouldn't be a murderer.

A chill washed over him. He pulled the blanket tighter around his body and closed his eyes. He drifted off to sleep and managed to get almost two hours of uninterrupted rest before the dream started.

He was running through a backyard towards Blaine. Blaine was yelling at him. "Come on, hurry up, run, Kurt run!" He was running as fast as he could and had almost reached Blaine when George grabbed the back of his shirt and yanked him back. "Come on sweetie. Let's play, play, play."

Kurt sat up with a gasp. He took several deep breaths and looked nervously around the room. I'm okay. I'm safe. George is dead. I killed him. Cooper can't get to me. I killed him too.

A few minutes later Burt came downstairs.

"Tell ya what? Finn's at Puck's house and Carol is at the hospital tonight working an extra shift, so how about you and me hang out and order a pizza?"

"As long as you agree to eat a salad with yours."

"Just call me Bugs Bunny."

After placing the order Burt settled in his chair and studied Kurt closely. Kurt's face was no longer swollen, but the bruises were still there. Seeing the bruises reignited Burt's anger, but he swallowed it down. It wouldn't do any good to start the conversation angry.

"Kurt, I think it's time for us to talk."

Kurt looked up with a slightly panicked expression.

"We don't have to talk about the details of what happened to you unless you want to, of course, but...we do need to talk about what's next."

Kurt relaxed. Oh. Okay. That's good because I don't think you should know that I killed three people. It's best you don't know your son is a murderer.

Burt stood up suddenly feeling nervous. "So, Carol's sister, Maggie has a friend who owns a house on a lake in Michigan. The friend isn't going to use it this summer, so she offered it to Maggie. Carol and I were thinking that we would all head up there for a few weeks. Rest, relax...just get away from everything." Away from Blaine.

Kurt guiltily looked down at his blanket. He knew what he was about to say was not the response his father wanted.
"That sounds nice, but…I was hoping to spend some time with Blaine."

Burt blew out a breath. "Kurt…listen…I don't…what's wrong with you? You're sitting there bruised and hurt because of that boy, and yet you still want…I just don't understand."

"Nothing's wrong with me. I always planned to spend my summer with Blaine."

"No. I'm sorry, Kurt, but this is crazy. Do you understand what happened to you? Why it happened? This all happened because of Blaine! This is all his fault!"

"This isn't Blaine's fault. It was his brother but now he's…" Kurt stopped.

"He's what?"

"He's dead." I killed him. "He's dead, so everything will be fine."

Burt stared at Kurt who stared at an imaginary spot on the wall. Burt slowly sat down. Did Kurt see someone get killed? Did Blaine kill his own brother? What the hell?

"I…Kurt…" Burt struggled to find his words. "I don't want to see you get hurt any more than you already have. I can't stand seeing you hurt."

"Blaine won't hurt me."

"He already has!"

"This wasn't his fault. Besides dad you know better. Just like you couldn't stop the bullies at McKinley, you can't stop bad things from happening to me."

"But, you're deliberately choosing to put yourself in danger by being with someone who's a criminal!"

"Blaine is not a criminal. Besides, that's my choice to make." Did I really just say Blaine is not a criminal? Of course he's a criminal. So am I.

Burt sighed heavily, closed his eyes and let his head fall back on to his chair.

Kurt felt tired and heavy with guilt. "Look, I don't know what's going to happen between me and Blaine, but it needs to be my decision, not yours. I think I deserve and have the right to figure it out for myself instead of being told what I will or will not do."

"Kurt…how am I supposed to ignore everything that's happened and endorse this relationship?"

"Your endorsement isn't necessary. It's nice to have, but not necessary."

The doorbell rang announcing the pizza delivery.

Burt stood up with a heavy sigh. "Let's eat."

x-x-x

That night Burt lay awake in bed thinking about Kurt. His strong, stubborn, determined son. He was grateful when Carol arrived home earlier than expected.

"Hey, what are you still doing up?"
"Thinking about Kurt."

"Of course."

After Carol showered and settled in bed next to him, Burt told her about their conversation.

"What am I missing here?"

Carol shook her head. "You aren't missing anything, and I agree with you, but Kurt's right. He's a young man, and like it or not he has the right to make his own decisions."

"Up to a point. He still lives under my roof."

"True, but if you try to force anything it will only backfire, and then he won't live here anymore. He'll live with Blaine."

They sat in silence for several minutes until Burt turned to Carol, his voice quiet and sad.

"I just want to protect him. Is that so wrong?"

Carol's heart broke for him. She cupped his cheek. "Of course not, but now you have to protect him differently. We have to let him know that we love him and will always be here for him no matter what happens. That's all we can do."

x-x-x

Across the hall Kurt lay in bed staring at the ceiling.

Waiting.

He couldn't explain how he knew, but he knew.

And he was right.

A little after 11:30 pm his cell phone rang.

"Hello?"

"I'm so glad you have your phone back. How are you? You weren't asleep were you?"

"No, I wasn't asleep. I'm okay. How are you?"

"I'm coming to get you tomorrow."

"What?"

"I'm coming to get you tomorrow. I'll be there at 11:00 am."

Kurt's stomach swirled with excitement, worry and want, while a tiny sliver of fear settled in the back of his mind.

"I-I thought you were sick."

"It was just an infection. An antibiotic would have been sufficient, but Weinstein kept me drugged for the past five days. Asshole. Anyway I'm fine, and I'm coming to get you, and I don't wanna hear any excuses. I don't give a shit about your father, your injuries, or anything else. I'm tired of being separated from you. 11 am tomorrow. I am coming for you and I expect you to be ready to go. Do
you understand, Kurt?"

He could practically feel Blaine's hands on his neck, squeezing gently, Blaine's eyes dark and intense, staring into his.

"Yes."

x-x-x

The next morning Burt sat stoic and silent as Kurt explained that he was leaving. Burt let Carol do all the arguing.

"Sweetheart, you just got home. You're just starting to feel better. Why not wait a few weeks? At least until you're off your crutches."

"You need a break from taking care of me. You both do. You should go to your sister's friend's place on the lake. I know you could use the rest."

Carol looked at Burt, perplexed by his silence. Yes, they'd agreed last night that Kurt should be allowed to make his own decisions, but this was too soon.

"Honey…I know you don't want to, but I really think you should talk to someone about what you've been through. I did some asking around at the hospital and…"

Kurt shook his head. "That's not necessary. I'm fine."

"But the dreams…"

"Have stopped." Liar.

"Still, you really should talk to someone. I think it would be helpful to talk about what happened and how you feel about it."

"There's nothing to talk about. I was kidnapped and held hostage. I tried to escape and got beaten up. The entire experience was scary and I'm glad it's over. There's nothing more to say."

A weird old man tried to rape me, so I bashed his head in with a lamp. I killed some other guy, and I killed my boyfriend's brother. I'm a murderer. My boyfriend is a murderer, and no one can ever know. Ever, ever, ever.

Carol sat back in resignation. Kurt looked at his father.

"So, can I go?"

A moment passed before Burt spoke.

"You're a grown man, Kurt. Probably more grown now than before for all the wrong reasons. You know the consequences of being with Blaine. If this is what you want I won't stand in your way, but I want you back here in two weeks. Understand? You have an appointment with the doctor, and I'd like to spend some time with you before school starts."

Kurt nodded. Two weeks. Blaine's not gonna like that…

"I also wanna make something else clear. Always remember, Kurt what you want is not irrelevant. Not to me, and I hope not to Blaine. If you ever decide that you want Blaine out of your life I will do everything in my power to keep you safe from him. I don't give a shit who his family is. If you want
out, then you're out. Just tell me. Promise?"

"I promise."

"Let me know when you're done packing and I'll bring your things down."

Kurt was about to turn towards the stairs but instead hopped towards his dad who opened his arms and held him tight as his crutches fell to the floor.

"I just want you safe, kiddo. Happy and safe. That's all."

They pulled apart and Kurt slowly made his way up the stairs. Carol shook her head. "I can't believe we're letting him do this."

"Aren't you the one that said if we try to force anything we'd lose him?"

"Yeah, but now I feel like we're losing him anyway."

x-x-x

At exactly 11:00 am Blaine rang the doorbell. Carol opened the door with an uncharacteristic scowl. She didn't even greet him.

Burt stood in the middle of the living room, arms folded across his chest, a stern expression on his face.

"Hello, Mr. Hummel."

Silence.

Undaunted by the icy reception, Blaine recited his prepared speech.

"Mr. Hummel, thank you for allowing Kurt to come stay with me. With everything that's happened I'm sure you have concerns, but I swear I'll take care of him. I'd also like to apologize for everything. I'm so sorry. I love Kurt, and I will never forgive myself for what he's been through, and what you've been through. I'm really sorry."

Burt's expression didn't change. "You should probably get going." Burt picked up Kurt's bags and headed out to the car. Carol stepped forward and hugged Kurt tight.

"Please take care of yourself and call if you need anything."

"I will."

Carol looked sternly at Blaine. "I expect you to take care of him."

"I will. I swear."

Outside Burt was standing by the car. Kurt hopped over and hugged him. "Don't worry. I'll be fine."

Burt nodded. "Two weeks. I expect you back here in two weeks."

Blaine frowned as he opened the car door, careful not to look at anyone.

*Two weeks? No way in hell is Kurt coming back here in two weeks.*

Kurt carefully eased his way inside the car. Blaine laid his crutches on the floor and closed the door.
He would ride up front so Kurt could stretch out his leg in back. He turned to Mr. Hummel and held out his hand.

"Thank you."

Burt but didn't take Blaine's hand. He stared directly into Blaine's eyes.

"You're not welcome. I'm letting him go because it's what he wants, but don't think this means you're forgiven, or have my blessing, or that I even like you. I don't. And let me be clear. Something happens to him...this time I won't hesitate to shoot you myself."

A slightly evil smile danced across Blaine's lips.

He couldn't help it.

It was in his blood.

"Mr. Hummel, didn't my mother warn you about threatening an Anderson?"

Kurt watched the guards back a black Hummer out of the way before the new higher gates of the Anderson compound could be opened. As they approached the house he noticed the additional guards along the driveway, large guns slung over their shoulders in addition to rifles in their hands.

*I'm safe here. Probably too safe.*

Blaine helped Kurt out of the car and into the house where Anastasia greeted him with a warm hug.

"Oh, Kurt. I'm so happy to see you, and I'm so glad you're here."

Anastasia pulled back, her hands resting on Kurt's shoulders. Her eyes were kind, but incredibly sad.

"I'm so sorry for everything that's happened to you. It's all been so awful, and...I'm just so sorry."

Realization hit Kurt like a truck.

It was the first time he'd thought about it.

*I killed her son.*

*Cooper was her son.*

*And I killed him.*

*I killed her child.*

*And she doesn't know.*

Kurt turned pale.

"Kurt...darling are you okay?"

Kurt looked frantically at Blaine who immediately understood what was happening. He quickly slid his arm around Kurt's waist.
"He's just tired from the drive. From everything."

Anastasia nodded. "Of course. We all are. You should sit down."

Blaine guided Kurt to a chair in the family room where Telio remained camped out on the couch. He looked at Kurt with surprising affection.

"Hey, Kurt. How you doing?"

Kurt took a deep breath. For some reason seeing Telio helped calm his internal panic.

"I'm fine. Are you okay?"

"Of course. I plan to start working out again in a couple of days."

Blaine frowned. "You're supposed to take it easy for a few more weeks."

Telio shook his head. "No way. The sooner I get back to training, the better."

Kurt was about to ask about Alicia when his attention was drawn to a slim, muscular young man who suddenly appeared in the doorway. He was attractive, but looked tired and worn out. His eyes were locked on Kurt, his expression unreadable.

"Kurt, this is Elian Abbiati. Elian this is my boyfriend, Kurt Hummel."

"Hello," said Kurt.

"Hi." You don't belong here and you don't belong with Blaine.

Blaine laid his hand possessively on Kurt's shoulder.

"Come on. Let's go to my room and get you settled."

Elian watched Blaine and Kurt leave, his burning jealousy obvious. Telio threw a magazine at him.

"Ow! What the fuck!"

"If you know what's good for you you'll stay away from him. Both of them."

Elian shot daggers at Telio. "You better watch it, cripple. You're not so scary when you're full of holes."

Telio pushed himself up off the couch with surprising ease. Elian took a few steps back.

"Yeah, you better fucking step back before I put your other arm in a sling, or break it off entirely."

At that moment Luther walked in. He looked between the two.

"Problem?"

Elian shook his head. "No," and walked out.

Telio sat down. "I don't trust him."

Luther smiled. "The Andersons and Abbiatis have been friends since the very beginning. They're a useful, talented family. Strange as hell, but still useful. And loyal. They've always been loyal to the Andersons."
"Maybe, but I don't trust him. He wants Blaine so bad you can smell it. Maybe now that Kurt's here he'll back off."

"Kurt's here?"

"Yeah. Just arrived 10 minutes ago."

"I'm shocked Burt Hummel agreed to that."

Telio shrugged. "Maybe he didn't."

Luther looked towards the stairs.

"Is Anastasia upstairs?"

"I think so."

Telio watched Luther head up the staircase.

*And another time bomb waiting to explode.*

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A deceptive quiet descended on the compound.

After weeks of being at high alert the grounds were still, quiet and hot as June meandered towards July.

Kurt slept the sleep of the dead.

Being at the heavily guarded compound, held tight in Blaine's arms, in Blaine's bed gave Kurt his first true feeling of safety and security since being rescued. His mind was finally able to turn off and shut down completely allowing him to sleep, sleep, sleep. Waking only to use the bathroom and for the amazing breakfast, lunch and dinners prepared by the cook and served to him by Anastasia.

While Kurt slept Blaine, Luther and Telio began the process of unraveling Cooper's dealings. The guns Telio found at Sam's house were added to the Anderson stockpile. Blaine arranged for the cocaine to be given to Dirk Mason as final settlement for Cooper's theft and the murder of Dougie, Dirk's cousin. He also solicited a promise from Dirk.

"Don't sell to Timothy. He's a friend and I'd like to see him get clean."

"No problem. I got plenty of other customers."

Blaine tried calling Timothy several times, but never got an answer. He finally learned through the Dalton grapevine that Timothy's parents had shipped him off to a drug treatment center in Connecticut hoping he would be clean by the start of school. Blaine was happy to hear Timothy was getting help while Elian was relieved Timothy was gone. The more time that passed, the easier it would be to deny anything Timothy might say.

For now Chartussi was being kept busy on his own turf. As promised, Logan and Laurent launched a series of attacks in New York forcing Chartussi to return to the city. Blaine knew it was just a temporary break, but one he was grateful for. He needed time to focus on Kurt.

Kurt mostly slept while Blaine worked. When they were together he was quiet and thoughtful, and
as usual this made Blaine nervous. He wondered what Kurt endured while locked away by Cooper. Dr. Weinstein reassured him that Kurt showed no signs of sexual abuse, but the cell phone photo from Cooper haunted Blaine's thoughts and created a deep, dark need for him to sexually reclaim Kurt as his own. But despite his sexual hunger he didn't initiate anything. They were both still recovering from their injuries, and he knew Kurt wasn't ready.

Blaine was willing to wait.

They had time.

Because Kurt wasn't going home.

Every night Blaine held Kurt in his arms and whispered lovingly to him.

"I love you so much, and I'm so glad you're finally here. This is your home now, Kurt. You'll be safe here, and we will never be separated again. Never. Ever. Again."

Peacefully sleeping Kurt never heard these whispered words.

After 5 days at the compound Kurt finally woke up feeling fully rested. He stretched and carefully tested putting pressure on his sprained knee. He was happy to discover it didn't hurt. There was still a twinge and dull ache, but he was able to take a few tentative steps. Feeling buoyed by this he took a long shower, did his full moisturizing routine, and took his time getting dressed. He'd been wearing mostly sweat pants and t-shirts, but now he put on a pair of knee-length shorts paired with a short sleeve shirt and a light gray vest. For the first time since arriving he styled his hair, making use of the extra length to create a curl that hung perfectly across his forehead. Satisfied he slowly limped out of the room and carefully down the stairs.

There was no one in the living room or dining room, but he could hear voices coming from the library. He slowly limped down the hall. The door to the library was cracked.

"Do we know who compromised the route?"

"We believe it was a new guy named Marcus. Men are on their way to question him."

"If he turns out to be the one take care of him immediately and make sure word gets out. We can't let that type of shit go unpunished, and the punishment needs to be known by the others. Make an example of him."

"Okay. Will do, boss."

Kurt held his breath. What had he just heard? He slowly pushed the door open. Blaine looked up and his smile could have lit up a city.

"Kurt! Hi!"

Kurt looked around the room. Luther and Telio were sitting in the corner while Elian leaned against the wall. Two large men were sitting across from Blaine who was sitting at the desk. The men stood up as Blaine bounded from his chair like a puppy.

"I-I'm sorry. I didn't mean to interrupt."

"You're not," said Blaine. "Come in, come in. Gentlemen, this is my boyfriend, Kurt Hummel."

The men nodded and looked curiously at Kurt. Everyone knew his name, but no one had actually
met him. Kurt's face grew warm and pink, embarrassed by all the attention.

Blaine took Kurt's hand in his. "Come sit down."

"Oh, no, no. I'll just wait out…"

"Nonsense. I'm glad you're up. And no crutches!" Blaine turned and announced firmly to the room, "We're done." The men quickly left. Telio looked at Luther who shrugged. Yes, they had more to cover, but apparently they were done.

Elian remained standing by the wall, his blood boiling.

*This is why he shouldn't be here. He's a distracting nuisance who doesn't understand the importance of business.*

Elian looked innocently at Blaine.

"I thought you wanted to discuss Chartussi's crew that's holed up inside that building downtown. You need to decide if you want to kill them or just capture them and beat them 'till they spill their guts. Literally."

Kurt's eyes grew wide. He tried to step back but lost his footing as his knee twinged. Blaine grabbed him before he fell.

"Kurt! Are you okay?"

"Um, yeah. I -I'm…I should go. You're busy."

"No. I'm done for the day. It's okay." Blaine growled at Elian. "We'll talk later."

They walked out to the pool and sat down in side by side chaise lounges. Kurt stared at the water while Blaine stared at Kurt, wondering if he should address what Elian said. It had obviously shaken him.

*We haven't really talked since he got here. We need to talk.*

Blaine reached for both of Kurt's hands.

"Kurt?"

Kurt pulled his eyes away from the water to look at Blaine. Blaine's heart ached as he stared into the soft sad blue.

"Would you like to go on a date with me tonight?"

Blaine's heart soared at the small smile that danced across Kurt's lips. "A date?"

"Yeah. We've never really gone on a proper date. A dinner and movie type of date."

Kurt's smile faltered a bit. "Is it safe? You know…for us to leave the compound."

Blaine squeezed his hands. "Of course, gorgeous. We'll be fine. I promise."

Kurt's eyes immediately cooled. "Please don't say that."

"Say what?"
"Promise."

"Promise?"

"Yes. Stop making promises to me. You can't keep them."

It was like a simultaneous punch to Blaine's stomach and a stab to his already guilt ridden heart.

"I…I'm sorry, Kurt. For everything. I never meant for any of this to happen."

It had been silently simmering.

Deep, deep, down.

Pushed underneath Kurt's physical pain and lingering fear.

But now it rose to the surface in a roaring rush of explosive emotion.

"Of course you never meant for any of this to happen, but it did happen! It happened to me, so don't make any more promises, Blaine. Just don't."

"I'm sorry."

"Sorry for what? You don't even know what happened!"

"Then tell me!"

Kurt opened his mouth, but everything sunk back down just as quickly as it had risen to the surface.

"Never mind. I'm sorry."

"No, Kurt, please tell me. I want to know. I need to know."

Kurt drew away from him and wrapped his arms around himself. "I'm sorry I yelled. I…I'm tired. I'm gonna go back to bed."

Blaine felt lost and desperate. "Please, Kurt. I…let's talk."

Kurt shook his head and struggled to his feet. "No."

Kurt limped towards the house as fast as he was able. Blaine followed after him. Kurt hurried inside and almost fell as his knee suddenly throbbed painfully. Anastasia stepped into dining room at that very moment and rushed to him.

"Oh, Kurt! Careful!"

Seeing her retriggered the emotion from moments before and threw Kurt back in time. His mind spun with memories of crawling across the floor…scrambling to reach the gun…struggling to stand…raising his arm…Cooper falling to the floor…

"I'm sorry!"

Anastasia shook her head in confusion. "Nothing to be sorry for. Just be careful. I don't want…"

"I had to kill him!"

"What?"
"I…he…he was gonna kill Blaine! He was about to shoot him, and…I had no choice…I didn't! I swear! I-I had to save Blaine!"

Anastasia took a step back. "What are you talking about?"

"I killed him! I-I shot him, but I had to! I had to! I had to!"

Anastasia looked at Blaine whose expression said everything. Tears rolled down Kurt's face. "Please…I'm so sorry. Please don't hate me…please forgive me."

"You…you killed…you killed my Cooper?"

"I did it to save Blaine!"

Anastasia shook her head as she backed away from him.

"No, no, no…"

"I'm sorry! I'm sorry!"

Blaine stood helpless, lost and torn. His heart broke for his mother, but he wasn't sorry Cooper was dead. He deserved to die and it was fitting that Kurt was the one to kill him. Blaine was torn about who to console first. He was grateful when Luther walked in.

"Anastasia?" Luther rushed to her as she started crying uncontrollably. He scooped her up and carried her upstairs.

Blaine moved towards Kurt. "Kurt? It's okay. You had to do it and he deserved it. You saved me, Kurt. You saved my life, and I will be forever grateful to you for that."

Kurt's anger came roaring back. "I thought you were supposed to save me! You promised to protect me and you didn't!"

"I-I tried. I told you to come stay with me! I told you that you wouldn't be safe in Lima! That you needed to be here with me! You wanted to go home!"

"Oh, so now this is my fault!"

"No, of course not!"

"That's right! This is your fault! You made me a murderer! I'm a murderer, Blaine and it's all your fault!"

"I…Kurt, you're not a murderer. You're not. You did what you had to do. You saved my life. You saved me, Kurt. You saved me."

Kurt's mind snapped again and his anger collapsed. He reached for Blaine who pulled him into a tight embrace. They held each other for several minutes until Kurt murmured, "I need to sit down."

Blaine led him to the living room couch where they settled next to each other, Kurt's head resting on Blaine's shoulder, their fingers tangled together. They sat in silence until Kurt quietly asked, "Did they deserve to die?"

"Who?"
"The people you killed."

Blaine swallowed to keep his voice steady. "What people?"

"He said you killed people."

"Who said I killed people?"

"I don't know his name. He was helping your brother. He said you were killing people to find me."

Blaine's chest tightened.

No more promises. No more lies.

"Yes, they deserved to die."

"Why?"

"Because they were bad people. They were helping Cooper, so yeah. They deserved to die."

There was no judgment in Kurt's voice. Just a quiet, statement of fact. "So, you killed them."

"Yes, I killed them, Kurt. I killed them."

Kurt closed his eyes. His voice was quiet and resigned.

"We're murderers, Blaine."

Blaine turned to face him. "No, Kurt. You are not a murderer. You killed in defense of another person. Imminent threat. That's not murder."

"No, you don't understand. I am a murderer. Just like you."

"No, Kurt you're not. Listen to me. You didn't..."

Kurt cut him off. "I killed them."

"You killed who?"

Kurt shook his head.

"Kurt, who did you kill? Tell me."

Kurt shook his head. "No. I don't wanna talk about it anymore." He closed his eyes and laid his head back on Blaine's shoulder.

Blaine sighed. He wanted to push but didn't. Kurt seemed incredibly sensitive and fragile. The last thing he wanted to do was break him. Instead he fell deeper into the depths of guilt. *He's right. This is all your fault. You failed him and he was forced to kill. He wasn't ready to handle that and now he's all messed up.*

Kurt tried to muddle through the mess of his mind. He was emotionally exhausted one minute, then angry, then sad. He felt disoriented and completely off balance. He needed a stabilizing release, but he wasn't sure from what. A release from the guilt of killing Cooper, George and Russell? He squeezed his eyes shut. No, no, no. Don't think about it. Think about happy things. Think about Blaine. Dancing with Blaine. Walking across campus with Blaine. Making love...being fucked...
coming hard…

Kurt opened his eyes.

He suddenly felt a need so strong and soaring that it felt a hard to breathe.

"Blaine…"

It came out like a plea. For a moment Blaine was caught off guard, surprised by the aching need in Kurt's voice, but just as quickly his eyes darkened as his own need rose. The strange physical connection that had grown and deepened between them came alive. Blaine gently cupped Kurt's cheek before sliding his hand down to his neck. He didn't squeeze. His hand just rested there, feeling Kurt's pulse race.

"What do you need, Kurt?"

"I…I just…please…"

Blaine kissed him with all the pent up want, need, and desire within him. Kurt moaned hungrily, twisting his fingers into Blaine's shirt, trying to pull him closer. Blaine momentarily forgot their injuries and climbed into Kurt's lap, straddling him. He held Kurt's face between his hands and kissed him deep over and over again. His lips traveled to Kurt's neck, softly sucking and kissing. He whispered between kisses. "Let me blow you…wanna see your cock…need to taste it." His hand traveled down and started palming Kurt's cock. Kurt's hips instinctively pushed up into Blaine's hand, ignoring the aches of his body. Kurt managed to pull his mouth away from Blaine's for just a moment.

"We should go upstairs? Someone will see us."

Blaine tangled his fingers into Kurt's hair, appreciating the extra length, and pulled his head back. "This is my fucking house." He crashed their mouths together in an all inhaling kiss before sliding down to the floor between Kurt's legs. Despite the protest of his knee, Kurt managed to lift himself up just enough for Blaine to pull his pants and underwear down, and then he was gasping and digging his nails into the couch as Blaine swallowed him. Kurt's fingers tangled in Blaine's hair and pulled as Blaine mouthed and sucked Kurt's balls into his mouth. A minute later he swallowed Kurt's cock again, his mouth warm, wet, tight, and perfect around him, bobbing up and down, working the cock until he felt the familiar tight twitch. He deep throated, stilled and swallowed as Kurt came, head rolling side to side, moaning Blaine's name over and over.

Blaine climbed back onto Kurt's lap and drowned him in deep, wet kisses. As always, Kurt thrilled at the taste of his cum in Blaine's mouth. They kissed for several long minutes before Blaine helped Kurt get dressed. They sprawled out on the couch, careful of Kurt's wrist and knee which was aching stronger than before. Blaine's ribs were throbbing, aggravated by the movement of delivering a fantastic blowjob, but that didn't stop him from stretching out and lying back on the pillows so Kurt could sit between his legs. Blaine gently wrapped an arm around Kurt, closed his eyes and relaxed into the couch, grateful for its extra-long length and wide cushions. He listened to Kurt's breathing turn slow and steady as he fell asleep. Blaine wondered about Kurt's constant sleeping. Was it the only way for his mind to rest and not think about being a murderer, or did his body just need the rest? Blaine sighed and kissed the top of Kurt's head.

I'm sorry gorgeous. I'm so sorry, but I promise…yes, promise that we'll figure it out. I'll make it all better. I swear.

Over by the front door, hiding behind the wall stood Elian, rock hard and full of dangerous desire.
That evening Blaine decided they should definitely go on their date. He showered and dressed in another bedroom so Kurt could take his time and surprise him. He went downstairs to wait and was met by a ticked off Telio.

"You shouldn't be going out by yourself."

"Kurt's going with me."

"You know what I mean, smartass."

"We'll be fine. Chartussi's men are on break until he returns, and he won't be returning for some time thanks to Logan and Laurent."

"I know you're not that stupid. You really think he's told his men not to kill you if they get a chance? You know better."

"We'll be fine. Vince and Pete are going to follow us in the Hummer. Look I need to do this, Telio. I need to give Kurt some type of normalcy. I just want things to be ordinary for once. A dinner date with my boyfriend. Maybe a movie or a stroll through the park. Actually we can't even do that. He's still limping, and my body still hurts. Everything has been such a mess. I just wanna give him a nice, quiet, calm, boring evening minus guns and kidnappings."

Telio sighed sadly. "I know, Blaine. I know." He decided to let it go. Instead he limped off to threaten Vince and Pete with death if anything happened to Blaine or Kurt.

"Telio's right you know. You really shouldn't go out."

Blaine turned around to see Elian standing in the corner. Where did he come from?

"We'll be fine."

Elian slowly walked towards him. Blaine couldn't help roaming his eyes up and down Elian's body. A tiny spot of desire sprouted and rolled through him. He knew he didn't really want Elian, he was just horny, but the feeling unnerved him.

"Kurt is dangerous."

"What are you talking about?"

"He's a distraction. He doesn't understand how things work, and he's not capable of taking care of himself. He's a distraction and he's going to get you killed."

"That distraction saved my life."

"He got lucky. That's all. Think about all the time you wasted searching for him. How it made you look to the other families. He's a great big distraction that almost cost you your life."

Elian moved closer and lowered his voice. "You need someone who can take care of you. Someone
who understands your world and knows who to operate in it. Someone who will obey you. Not argue with you and almost get killed."

Blaine was about to disagree when Kurt loudly cleared his throat. He was standing halfway down the stairs. Blaine drew in a breath at the sight of him. He looked incredibly sexy in loose jeans, a button down white t-shirt and a colorful printed jacket. Kurt's eyes were full force bitch focused on Elian. Blaine hurried up the stairs to take Kurt's arm.

"You look amazing."

"Of course I do."

Kurt continued to stare at Elian who hatefully stared back.

"Are you ready to go?"

Kurt nodded and allowed Blaine to escort him to the car. He waited until they were on the road with Vince and Pete following a safe distance behind.

"So, what was that all about?"

Blaine sighed. Not how he wanted to start their date.

"I'm sorry. Elian…I guess he has a thing for me. I keep him around because he's been really useful. He's an excellent shot and he's very knowledgeable about business. Current and past. He's been helpful to me and to Telio. He actually saved Telio once, not that he'd ever admit it."

"Did you sleep with him?"

Blaine almost swerved off the road. "W-what? No! No! Of course not!"

Kurt didn't say anything else for the rest of the ride. Blaine kept glancing at him, but Kurt had returned to his silent, thoughtful mood.

Blaine had booked a private dining room at the Capital Club figuring it would be safe, and that Kurt would appreciate the rich elegance. Once they were seated he ordered a bottle of wine and encouraged Kurt to have a glass. He really wanted them to relax and have a nice time.

He reached across the table and took Kurt's hands in his.

"I missed you so much."

Kurt took a sip of wine. "I missed you, too." Blaine's eyes roamed Kurt's face, taking in the bruises, and the tiredness in Kurt's eyes. How can he possibly still be tired? He's done nothing but sleep.

The waiter arrived to place a bowl of bread on the table and promised to return to take their order. Blaine read over the menu while Kurt watched him closely.

"So, who exactly did you kill?"

Blaine looked up. Kurt's eyes were an extraordinarily piercing blue. He closed the menu and laid it down on the table.

"They were men who worked for Chartussi."

"Chartussi?"
"Frank Chartussi. He's a mafia boss out of New York. He's the one who arranged the hit on my father."

"Oh."

Silence.

"Cooper helped him."

"What?"

"Cooper helped arrange the hit. He got one of my father's trusted men, a guy named Carlisle to help. Cooper betrayed our father. Our family."

Kurt was shocked. "But why?"

"For the same reason he took you. Control. He wanted to be boss so bad that he was willing to kill off our father and then me in order to take control of the family."

Kurt slowly shook his head.

Blaine suddenly grabbed Kurt's hands and held them tight.

"I know I failed you and that you're disappointed in me, but please know that I love you, Kurt and I will spend the rest of my life making it up to you. Just please…let me make it up to you. I'll do better this time. I prom…I swear."

Tears rolled down Kurt's face. The waiter came back, his smile dropping immediately when he looked at Kurt. He retreated quickly. Blaine's voice matched the desperate pleading of his eyes.

"Please, Kurt. I just…I need you to at least try. Say you'll at least try to forgive me."

Kurt sniffed and wiped his hand across his face. "It's not your fault. Cooper did this, not you."

Then just like that Kurt's mind snapped. He pulled his hands from Blaine.

"But you were supposed to protect me. Andersons protect what they love. That's what you said. Didn't you love me enough to protect me?"

Blaine's heart collapsed inside his chest as tears filled his eyes.

"Yes, Kurt! Yes! I love you. I love you more than anything. Please believe me."

Kurt stared at him, his eyes accusatory and cold while tears rolled down Blaine's face.

The waiter reappeared, looked at Blaine, and practically ran from the room.

They sat in silence. Kurt sipped the wine and stared off into space. Blaine stared at Kurt and felt like he was dying with each moment that passed with no words between them.

"Do you know someone named George?"

Blaine shook his head. "I don't think so."

Kurt refilled his wine glass and drank it down in one swift motion.

"He tried to rape me."
Blaine's mouth fell open.

"Your brother locked me in a room with him. I managed to fight him off and then...kill him, so nothing happened, but...I can't stop thinking about it. I killed someone. I killed him and then I killed his friend, or partner or whatever, and then I killed Cooper."

Blaine hesitantly reached for Kurt's hand again, relieved when Kurt let him take it.

"I'm glad you killed them. All of them."

Blaine couldn't tell what Kurt was thinking, but he was staring at Blaine so intently he decided to keep talking.

"I shot my grandfather."

Kurt quirked an eyebrow.

"I shot him several times. I killed at least four men personally and ordered the deaths of four others. No. Five others. Maybe more. I'm not sure."

Kurt remained silent, still staring at Blaine.

"Here's the thing, Kurt. I don't regret it. Not even a little. Those men were bad. They were working for people out to hurt me, out to hurt you. So, I don't care that I killed them. They deserved to die for being on the wrong side. In my world you're either with the Andersons, or you're not, and if you're not...fuck with us, and we'll kill you."

The waiter hesitantly poked his head in. Blaine beckoned for him to come take their order.

The rest of their evening was calm and ordinary much to Blaine's relief. They discussed where they should vacation which led to an inevitable discussion about Kurt going home.

"Your father expects you home next Friday."

"I know," said Kurt before taking another bite of steak.

Blaine eyes were dark, his voice low and slightly threatening.

"I have no intentions of letting you go home."

Kurt looked directly into Blaine's eyes.

"I know."

They fell into a relaxed routine of sleeping, eating, swimming, watching movies, and reading.

There was very little talking.

Blaine was sure he didn't have Kurt's forgiveness. Not yet. He could tell by the way he sometimes caught Kurt staring at him, his eyes cool, clouded over with accusation and distrust. The look always pushed Blaine deeper into the depths of the guilt pit he was trying to claw his way out of, but he was willing to endure it. He couldn't forgive himself, so why should Kurt?
Kurt continued to struggle with conflicted emotions, desires, and wants. He ranged from angry, to sad, to furious, to depressed in the course of minutes, but he didn't act out. He knew it wasn't healthy, but he didn't feel like acknowledging his feelings. He just wanted to be.

But there was one constant emotion that ran concurrent with all the others.

It was something Kurt wasn't sure he was ready to acknowledge, but it was also the feeling pushing and nagging him the most.

Especially at night when Blaine held him close, pressing against him, his warmth and scent filling Kurt's breathing, reminding him of nights locked in handcuffs in Blaine's room at Dalton.

There had been nothing sexual since the blowjob. Blaine was waiting for Kurt to make the first move again. He could sense Kurt's hunger which in turn fed his hunger, but his desire to be patient coupled with their bodies still healing kept him from doing anything.

x-x-x

Thursday evening Kurt sat in the dining room and called his father.

He was supposed to go home Sunday.

He could feel Blaine watching him from the living room.

"Hey kiddo! How you doing?"

"I'm fine. How are you?"

"I'm good, good. Campaigning's been…"

Suddenly Blaine's hands were on Kurt's shoulders, gently massaging.

"…Schuster is arranging a campaign fund raiser for next…"

Blaine's thumbs softly rubbed either side of Kurt's neck.

"…that Coach Sylvester is a lunatic. You should hear the…"

Blaine's hands moved to either side of Kurt's neck.

"…office called to confirm your appointment on Monday…"

Kurt breathed in sharply as the hands tightened.

"…time will you be home Sunday?"

Kurt tilted his head back to look up at Blaine. Blaine stared down into his eyes and mouthed one word.

"Mine."

"Um, well that's why I was calling…"

Blaine returned to his chair.

Kurt remained on the phone six more minutes before hanging up.
"I assume you're staying?"

Kurt nodded.

x-x-x

Saturday evening Blaine sat on the bed watching Kurt slowly extend his leg. He was sitting in Blaine's desk chair just wearing a t-shirt and boxers.

"How does it feel?"

"Better. Much better."

"What about your wrist?"

"It's okay I guess. They said 6-8 weeks and this is just week 3, so…"

Kurt joined Blaine on the bed. He lay down on his back while Blaine lay on his side, his head propped up on his hand. His smile was dark and sexy as his eyes penetrated Kurt's.

"So, no handcuffs for another 3 weeks."

Kurt's chest tightened as a rush of emotions engulfed him.

Want.

Anger.

Fear.

Need.

Need won.

He reached up and twisted his fingers into Blaine's shirt, pulling him down until their lips met. It was a slow, deep kiss that traveled all the way down to Kurt's toes and back up his spine. The kiss unleashed all the sexual want coursing through Kurt's veins. He pulled Blaine on top of him. Blaine swallowed a grunt of pain as his ribs shouted out in protest, focusing instead on Kurt's tongue in his mouth. Their kisses turned fevered and hot as Kurt moaned.

"Need you…want you…"

Blaine sat up and Kurt slowly lifted his arms. Blaine pulled off Kurt's t-shirt and boxers, his cock hardening as Kurt rested his arms above his head, his eyes a dark, lustful navy. Blaine swallowed hard and dug his nails into his thighs. He wanted to handcuff Kurt, spread him wide, and fuck him for hours, but he was sure that was physically impossible. Instead he pulled off his own t-shirt and boxers, and leaned down, hungrily kissing Kurt breathless. He slowly worked his way down his chest, kissing and licking, his lips ghosting over the bruises around Kurt's waist. When he reached Kurt's cock he didn't swallow it. Instead he licked from the base all the way up to the head over and over before finally sucking just the head into his mouth.

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Kurt was trembling, his hurt leg spread as wide as was comfortable, his healthy knee bent, foot flat on the bed. Blaine scooted down further and gently nudged Kurt's legs a little wider as he sought out his hole. Kurt gasped when he felt Blaine's tongue lapping and tasting. Darting in, out, and around over, and over, and over again until Kurt was breathing hard and squirming with a need so strong he thought his body would break apart.
Blaine finally sat up and took a bottle of lube out of his nightstand, squirting a generous amount on his fingers. He moved uncharacteristically slow, inserting only one finger before another. He took longer than usual because for the first time ever he was nervous. He didn't want to hurt Kurt, or himself for that matter. It had only been 3 weeks. Their bodies were far from 100% percent.

Kurt tangled his hands in Blaine's hair and pulled with the need racing through him. He wanted, and needed to feel Blaine inside him. Taking him. Capturing him. It had been so long. Too long.

When Blaine was sure Kurt was overly ready he moved up to look into his eyes. They were no longer navy. They were a clear, bright, blue full of the one thing Blaine loved most in the bedroom.

Submission.

Blaine kissed his lips softly and reached into his nightstand drawer to pull out a Dalton tie. He never looked away from Kurt as he wrapped it around Kurt's neck. He leaned down again for another soft kiss before pulling the ends tight. Kurt's cock throbbed and jumped.

Blaine kissed him again and whispered into his ear.

"Remember that I promised to buy you a cock cage? Well, I have it. Tonight when we're done it goes on."

Kurt's entire body whined in response. Yes, yes, yes.

Blaine pulled the ends of the tie one last time tying it tight. He started to shift into position but stopped. He looked into Kurt's eyes. Kurt had been so emotionally wrecked before along with their still healing bodies. He wanted to make sure.

"Are you sure gorgeous?"

Kurt nodded. "Just go slow."

It was the slowest, yet most intense love making they'd ever experienced. Blaine was shocked to find that moving slowly, deliberately, and with smooth pacing was just as intense and overwhelming as fucking hard and fast. He could feel Kurt fall and slide under, his fingers pressing into Blaine's shoulders and back as if trying to hold on before releasing completely. Moving slow meant moving longer, and so their love making lasted for a long time.

It was quiet, heightened and healing.

Kurt came with quiet gasps and cries while Blaine came almost silently, his entire being lost in the reclaiming of his lover. His Kurt. There was a refocusing and re-strengthening of his passion for the man lying underneath him.

Never again. Separated never again.

They lay quiet and still for a while before Blaine went to the bathroom and returned with a warm washcloth. He cleaned Kurt gently and lovingly. Kurt watched his motions with warm anticipating eyes. Blaine sat down on the edge of the bed.

"How do you feel?"

Kurt took a moment to really think about his answer. His emotions were so all over the place these days.
"Loved."

Blaine smiled and nodded. Perfect. Kurt's answer was perfect.

"I have something that will make you feel loved, gorgeous. Loved all the time." Blaine stood up and went over to his closet. He reached up on the shelf and took down a small red box and a larger wooden box. He sat back down on the bed and placed the boxes between himself and Kurt, but didn't open them. Instead he stared at Kurt, his eyes travelling down to the tie around his neck.

Perhaps a tracking collar instead of a bracelet.

He opened the small red box first and took out a metal cock cage. He then opened the wooden box and took out a silicone cock cage. He held up the metal one.

"This is a cock cage, gorgeous. We're going to start with this one so you can get used to wearing it. When you're ready we'll switch to this one." Blaine picked up the silicone cage. That one looked softer to Kurt. How was the metal one the trainer? Blaine's smile was wicked and knowing.

"The silicone one is called the Punisher."

Arousal shot up Kurt's spine.

"You'll just have to trust me when I tell you the metal one is the easier of the two, but don't worry, gorgeous. You will get to wear this one. Eventually."

It took several minutes for Blaine to put the cage on because Kurt was so incredibly aroused that his cock kept growing hard. Blaine started talking about naked women which did the trick. He held his breath as Blaine gently placed his cock inside the metal pod and locked it.

His eyes then grew wide with surprise as he watched Blaine carefully place his own cock inside the silicone cage. Blaine closed his eyes, grimacing and hissing as the tiny but deceptively deadly spikes nipped at his cock. It took him a few minutes to adjust and breathe normally again.

"Remember what I said, gorgeous? Cock cages for both of us. A matching set, but this one is really...well you'll see."

Kurt quickly realized the struggle of his own cage as his cock pressed against the cool metal in expression of how turned on he was from watching Blaine. The denial of his erection sent him falling into the warm, floaty, headspace he loved.

They climbed into bed and lay as close as possible, holding each other tight. Kurt exhaled and drifted away in his thoughts...

"Yes, I'll just stay here. It's warm, and safe, and I don't have to do anything, or deal with anything. Blaine will take care of me. Blaine will take care of everything. I can just be. This is good...this is wonderful...this is perfect..."

The figure moved quietly with focused steps, the white coat swishing silently.

The guard looked up, nodded, stood up, and left.

The small vial of clear liquid easily blended into the rest of the IV fluid.
Mario's hand felt so small, his face dry as a single kiss was placed upon his forehead.

"You are loved."

"But it is time."

"Farewell, Mario."
Chapter 24

Chapter Notes

The boys finally have the heart to heart they need to figure out their way forward.

As this chapter begins Mario Anderson is still alive.

Warnings for mind-blowing sex involving a sex toy. Possible triggers for rape, but everything is consensual.

Telio frowned at the latest set of photos sent by Alicia.

_Nigel and I toured St. Paul's Cathedral. Absolutely breathtaking._

_Went to Big Ben today at the UK Parliament. Nigel's father got us special access inside. So cool._

_Lunch at Hyde Park today. Most beautiful place I've ever seen. Nigel almost fell into the lake. Lol!_

Telio wished Nigel would drown in a lake.

Nigel was the son of one of the doctors Alicia's father was working with. He was two years older than Alicia, smart, handsome, home for the summer, had agreed to show her the sights of London, and wasn't that just fucking great.

Glad you're having a great time. I miss you. Love T

He closed the laptop with a heavier than normal slam and switched mental gears to think about the new trainer arriving today. Dr. Weinstein had reluctantly given him permission to start working out again as long as he kept it light and didn't overdo it. After asking around and doing some vetting, Luther found someone he was bringing by for Telio to meet. Telio hoped he liked the guy. He really wanted to be back in shape before school started again and he really needed an outlet for all the worries in his head.

He was too observant to miss the smoldering looks between Luther and Anastasia, or the fact that within five minutes of arriving at the compound, Luther always asked where she was and disappeared to find her.

I know she's lonely, but would Anastasia really do something like that while Mario's in the hospital? And how much hell will be unleashed if Blaine finds out?

Then there was Mario's impending death. The last time Telio visited Mario he cornered the head doctor and demanded to know the truth.

"He's not going to recover from this. It's time to consider letting him go in peace. I've mentioned it to your uncle who was going to talk to your mother, but I haven't heard anything and I was instructed not to mention it to her."

Telio wondered what Luther was waiting for. If he's banging the man's wife wouldn't he want the man dead? Not that Telio wanted to see Mario dead, but watching him lie there wasting away was
heartbreaking.

Of course, Mario's death would introduce a new set of problems. Blaine was already officially in charge, but once Mario died things would truly become official with no chance of going back. Leadership changes always brought new threats. Blaine had already proven himself more than capable and lethal, but there would still be those who would look upon Mario's death as a chance to challenge the Anderson's power and authority. Frank Chartussi would have new allies.

And Kurt could be in danger again.

Everyone had seen Blaine's response to Kurt's kidnapping. This meant either no one would dare touch him because they didn't want to incur Blaine's wrath, or Kurt was now considered a high-prize target and in even more danger than before.

Telio stood in front of his mirror and stripped down naked. His body was still strong and muscular, but he felt weak. He'd never gone this long without working out and training. He ran his fingers over the bullet wound scars. He loved the scars. They were signs of accomplishment. Battle scars earned while being a protective warrior just like his father. Yes, it was time for him to get back into prime condition.

He needed to be ready when shit hit the fan.

Blaine looked up from his laptop as Kurt emerged from the bathroom with a towel wrapped around his waist. He crossed the room and stood in front of the closet. What was the appropriate outfit for going to visit your boyfriend's mafia boss father?

It was the first time Blaine asked Kurt to accompany him, and Kurt was feeling nervous, especially since Anastasia was going too. He and Anastasia hadn't spoken since Kurt's admission about killing Cooper. Despite Blaine's insistence that she understood the circumstances and forgave him, Kurt was consumed by guilt every time he saw her. He didn't regret killing Cooper, but he did regret the pain it caused Anastasia. He wondered if they'd ever be able to have a friendly relationship again.

Blaine watched Kurt drop the towel to slide on a pair of boxers, his cock still locked tight in the metal cage.

_Damn, you're so fucking gorgeous. I can't wait for your body to be 100% better. I'm gonna fuck you for days, and nights, and days._

Kurt looked up, startled as Blaine was suddenly right in front of him, his eyes full of mischievous lust. Blaine reached down and cupped the cage holding Kurt's cock hostage, and softly whispered, "So, how are you doing with this?"

Kurt's breathing stuttered as his cock pushed against the metal in response. It had been three days since Blaine had locked them up and Kurt was surprised to find that the cage provided an unexpected, but welcome feeling of grounding and calm. Whenever his cock tried to harden, the pressing force of being denied steadied and relaxed him beyond just the physical, sexual reaction. Wearing the cage calmed his mind and freed him from the tornado of emotions he'd been experiencing.

Kurt swallowed. "I've been doing fine…just fine."

Blaine sucked the smooth skin beneath Kurt's ear as he reached behind the cage and caressed his balls. Kurt trembled as the cage punished attempts at expansion.
"You are such a good boy, Kurt. Such a good, good boy. Do you want to know how I've been doing?"

Kurt was sure this was a trick question, but he answered anyway. "Y-yes?"

Blaine squeezed Kurt's balls eliciting a loud cry. "I've been suffering, gorgeous. For three days you've been torturing me with your beauty, your scent, your voice. You turn me on just by breathing, so my cock has been in hell. Sheer hell, Kurt, but that's okay. I'll pay my penance. I deserve it after what happened to you."

Kurt licked his lips and his eyes turned a darker blue. "Please... put it on me. The one like yours. I-I want to suffer with you."

Blaine's kiss was hungry and appreciative. "Two more days. I'll switch it in two days. Okay?"

Kurt groaned with a pout. "Why not now?"

Blaine kissed him softly. "Be careful what you wish for, Kurt. Of course, I look forward to watching you suffer. I'll never let anyone hurt you again, and I never, ever want to see you in pain ever again, but watching you sexually suffer... that will forever turn me on. So, don't worry. Just two more days. Now, let's go visit my father."

As they entered the gates of the Clair Center of Cleveland, Kurt looked around in awe at the meticulously manicured grounds and gorgeous flowers. It looked more like a resort than a long-term care facility.

"It's so beautiful. I didn't expect it to be so beautiful."

Anastasia nodded. "Yes. A beautiful place to die."

"Mom!" Blaine looked horrified.

"I'm just being honest, Blaine. Surely by now you know that..."

Blaine cut her off. "I know nothing! I assume nothing, and I can't believe you've given up on him!"

"I haven't given up. I've just started to accept the inevitable. I suggest you do the same."

Blaine stood by the car watching his mother walk towards the building. Kurt placed a hand on his shoulder.

"It's okay, Blaine. She's just trying to prepare herself for the worst case scenario. I'm sure he'll be fine."

Blaine closed his eyes, took a deep breath and nodded. He took Kurt's hand and together they headed inside.

Kurt hung back as Anastasia settled in a chair on one side of the bed, and Blaine on the other. He was shocked at how small and pale Mario looked connected to tubes, wires and monitors. It reminded him of his father's heart attack, and he suddenly felt a longing to go home.

Blaine took his father's small, dry hand in his. "Hi dad. I see you're still sleeping. That's good. Rest is how you heal, or so I've been told. I brought someone with me today." Blaine motioned for Kurt to come closer. "This is Kurt, dad. You remember Kurt. He's my boyfriend. One day he'll be my husband." When Kurt remained silent, Blaine looked at him expectantly. Kurt felt foolish. "Um…
uh…hello, Mr. Anderson. I…um…I really hope you feel better soon.” Relieved by Blaine's satisfied expression Kurt retreated and sat down in a chair in the corner.

After about 20 minutes Anastasia stood up. "Kurt, why don't we give Blaine some time alone with his dad?"

Kurt looked at Blaine, but when Blaine didn't move or shift his gaze from his father he felt he had no choice but to follow her outside.

They walked down the hall and through a set of ornate French doors that led out onto the grounds. Anastasia walked purposely along a path stopping at a bench under a Magnolia tree.

"Let's sit."

Kurt sat and tried not to panic.

"It's been a while since we've talked. Are you feeling better?"

Kurt nodded.

"Good."

Several minutes of silence passed before Anastasia turned towards him again. Kurt was shocked by her dark, determined expression. Apparently Mario wasn't the only one Blaine inherited from. Even her tone had a demanding edge that sounded familiar.

"I want to know what happened."

"What?"

"I want to know what happened. What exactly led to you shooting Cooper?"

Kurt's head felt too hot, his chest too tight. He closed his eyes and took a deep breath. Anastasia was unmoved by his obvious distress. She needed to know exactly why and how her son's lover killed her child.

Kurt didn't want to talk about this, but she was staring at him with intense expectation.

"Well," he began nervously, "um…he was standing over Blaine, and he had a gun pointed…" She interrupted him.

"No. I want to know everything. Everything that led up to it."

The heat in his head surged and Kurt was sure he was sweating profusely.

"I…you want to know what happened from the moment he took me?"

"No. I only want to know what happened with Blaine and Cooper."

Kurt nodded and tried to calm down. She has a right to ask. A right to know why her son died at the hands of a man she now sees every day in her home. He started with Rocko and Cooper binding his wrists and ankles…being dropped on the floor by Cooper….thrown down the stairs by Rocko…Telio freeing him, picking him up and then getting shot by Cooper….Blaine shooting Cooper….Anastasia stopped him there.

"Cooper shot Telio?"
"Yes. Twice."

"And Blaine shot Cooper?"

"Yes, several times, but he must have had on a bullet proof vest or armor because it didn't hurt him."

Anastasia looked thoughtful, but didn't say anything else so Kurt continued. Blaine rushing to see about Telio…Cooper attacking Blaine…the fighting…Blaine falling and not getting up…

Kurt's eyes were closed and his voice shaky as he described sliding across the floor, trying to get to the gun. "I…I was so scared, and….everything hurt so bad…but I couldn't…I couldn't let him kill Blaine. I couldn't. I-I'm sorry."

Anastasia squeezed his hand and shook her head. "No, no. It's okay. You did the right thing. I just needed to know what happened. Thank you for telling me and thank you for saving Blaine. I'm grateful to you for being so brave."

And with that she abruptly stood up and headed back towards the building leaving Kurt shaking on the bench, tears rolling down his face.

It took him 15 minutes to calm down enough to feel capable of going back inside. When he entered Mario's room, Anastasia was once again sitting on one side of the bed, Blaine on the other. Blaine looked over at Kurt, a flicker of concern on his face. He softly kissed his father's hand before walking over to Kurt. He didn't embrace him, but stood very close and rested his forehead on Kurt's shoulder. He released a deep, shuddering exhale of breath. They stayed like this until Anastasia stood up and kissed Mario's forehead. "I'll see you tomorrow, my love."

The ride back was quiet, everyone lost in their own thoughts.

_He killed one son to save the other. I can't fault him for that. He made the only decision he could…_

_He has to get better. He has to. It doesn't matter what the doctors say. He's Mario Fucking Anderson. He's invincible. He has to recover. I don't wanna do this alone. I need my dad…_

_She had every right to ask. She was his mother, of course she'd want to know how her son died. But the way she came at me. Like I did something wrong. Her sons started this. I just finished it and saved Blaine in the process. Frankly, she should be grateful and apologizing to me!_

By the time they pulled into the compound, Kurt was barely holding himself together. He wanted to cry, scream, and throw things, but above all he was angry.

He followed Blaine into the house, grabbing his arm as he turned towards the library. Blaine looked at him, his eyes growing wide as he realized something was very, very wrong. He'd been so preoccupied with his own thoughts that he hadn't noticed Kurt's rapidly building meltdown.

"Kurt? What's…"

"Upstairs."

Inside Blaine's room with the door locked Kurt exploded.

"Kurt, what's wrong? Did something happen with my mom? What did she want?"

Kurt's laugh was humorless and pained. "She wanted to go down memory lane. She wanted to know why I shot and killed her son. Her son that kidnapped me and locked me in a room with a psycho
Kurt covered his face with his hands and leaned back against the wall. Blaine watched silently and waited. Whatever Kurt wanted or needed, he would give.

Kurt was trying to calm down, but like before the need came out of nowhere, strong and urgent.

"Take this off me."

"What?"

"The cage. Take it off."

Blaine was simultaneously aroused and reluctant. He liked having Kurt locked up. "Why?"

"Because I'm going to fuck you."

"Um…what?"

"Shut up and take it off. Now."

Well, damn.

Blaine unbuttoned and unzipped Kurt's pants, pulling them down along with his underwear. He took the key from around his neck and unlocked and removed the cage, licking his lips as he watched Kurt's cock bounce free, hard, and angry. He quickly removed his own clothes as his cock pounded inside the cage. He grabbed the key from his nightstand and reached for his cage.

Kurt's hand covered his.

"No."

Kurt snatched the key from him and draped it around his neck before pushing Blaine towards the bed causing him to stumble and fall. Kurt reached into the nightstand for a bottle of lube.

"Roll over."

Blaine sat up on his elbows. "Kurt, listen. I…"

"Shut up and roll over!"

Blaine rolled over.

"Get on your knees and move back towards the end of the bed."

Blaine turned to peer over his shoulder. "Um, Kurt…"

"Shut up and do it!"

Blaine moved back towards the end of the bed.

Kurt started stroking himself, full palmed, wet and slick with lubricant. His moans were deep and wanting, and drove Blaine crazy. Blaine's cock pushed and pressed against the walls of the cage as his desperation grew. "Kurt…please…Kurt…Kurt…oh shit!"
Kurt's finger inside his ass caused Blaine's cock to press with renewed determination against the walls of the cage. Blaine's body and mind seared with a hot, white overload of sensations. Surely Kurt was going to stop and remove the cage.

Right?

Kurt added another finger, twisting, stretching, widening.

"Kurt…Kurt please….Kurt….Kurt….I can't…"

"You can't what, Blaine? Tell me the truth without being backed into a corner? Keep me safe? Keep your promises to protect me?"

Blaine's eyebrows shot up as he realized exactly what was happening and why.

_Fuck. Fuck. Fuck._

Kurt carefully knelt his good knee on the bed, wrapped his good arm around Blaine's waist and surged forward.

Blaine screamed as the cage seemed to shrink and tighten around his cock at the precise moment Kurt drilled into him. Kurt drew back and surged forward again, the next thrust harder than the one before.

"You let him get me! You let him have me! Why didn't you protect me? You promised! You promised! You promised!"

Blaine's eyes were wide, mouth open, breath stuck in his chest. His choked attempts to respond fell on deaf ears as Kurt screamed and fucked his rage.

Blaine completely surrendered, sinking into the bed under the brutal pounding. His cock pulsed in a mixture of sharp pain and cruel, unrelenting, refused arousal. He grew dizzy as unconsciousness fluttered around the edges of his brain. He was jolted back by Kurt's screaming cry as he still his hips and came strong. He remained still for several minutes, enjoying the tight twitching of Blaine's ass before he pulled out and collapsed on to the bed.

Blaine remained on his knees, weak and dazed. It was several minutes before he was able to push himself up to stand and stumble to the bathroom. He shook as he turned the shower to full blast cold and carefully stepped inside. The cold water stung before gradually easing the painful throbbing of his cock.

_Anger sex._

Blaine didn't mind. Kurt had every right to be angry and should take that anger out on him. The fact that Kurt had expressed his anger sexually…well that turned Blaine on in the most dangerous way possible.

_x-x-x-x-x-x_

An hour later Kurt opened his eyes, sat up and stretched.

_Wow._

He felt wonderful.

Relaxed and calm.
He stood up, stretched again, and headed for the shower. He took his time relaxing under the hot water. Dried off and dressed he headed downstairs to find Blaine. He walked into the library and immediately stopped.

Stacks and stacks of money were arranged neatly on the desk and on a table set up in the middle of the room. Telio and Blaine were running piles through counting machines and taking notes.

Kurt looked around in awe. "Where did all this money come from?"

Blaine finished counting a final stack and retrieved a steel box from under the desk. He started laying the money inside.

"These are monthly payments from...people. Families."

"Payments for what?"

"Shipments, services, permission, protection."

Kurt looked around. "This is a lot of cash."

Telio piped up. "Isn't it, though? Which is why we need to set up another business." He gave Blaine a meaningful look.

Blaine sighed. "I don't want another business. At least not right now."

"Well, we gotta do something," said Telio. "We can't continue like this. All this cash in the house is ridiculous. You should give some more thought to Luther's idea about an equipment rental business. It wouldn't be hard to launch, and it makes sense with the construction company. No one would find it suspicious."

Blaine locked the steel box on his desk and sat down with a frown. "I find Luther suspicious."

Telio sat down on the couch. Here we go.

"Why do you say that?"

"I don't know. Something's going on with him. He's always here, yet I feel like I never really see him. And when he looks at me...I don't know. Something's different."

Telio remained silent, racked with conflict. His loyalty always lay with Blaine, but Anastasia was the closest thing he had to a mother. He felt protective of her like he had with his own. If Luther and Anastasia were having an affair would Blaine forgive his mother but kill Luther, or would he kill Anastasia too? It wasn't completely unfathomable. Andersons were capable of some fucked up shit when it came to dealing with one another and Blaine had proven he had it in him.

Telio stood up. "I better get ready."

"Ready for what?"

"Luther's bringing my new trainer by so I can meet him."

Blaine shook his head. "I don't like the idea of you starting to train again. It's way too soon. You need to give your body more time to recover."

"I didn't realize you were a doctor."
"I just don't want you to push yourself and end up hurt."

"I'll be fine."

"There's no hurry."

"Yes, there is. School will be here before you know it, plus Chartussi is still out there. Don't think he's forgotten about you."

Blaine glanced at Kurt and decided to drop it. He didn't want to discuss Chartussi in front of Kurt. He didn't want him scared or worried about being a target of another of Blaine's enemies.

After Telio left Blaine walked around from behind the desk and stood in front of Kurt. He took Kurt's hand and placed it between his legs. Kurt felt a tiny rush when he felt the metal holding Blaine's cock captive.

"You still have it on."

"Shouldn't I? You didn't tell me to take it off."

"I…I don't know. I just thought that after…"

"That after you fucked the shit out of me I'd take it off to give my cock some relief from the hell you put me through?" Blaine shook his head. "No. If you want me to suffer then I'll suffer. For you I'll suffer anything. I'll do anything to get you to forgive me."

Kurt shook his head. "I don't want you to suffer, and I do forgive you."

"Bullshit. You knew exactly what you were doing when you fucked me, and you haven't forgiven me, but that's okay. I can wait. For you I'll wait forever."

Kurt didn't protest. Why should he? Blaine was right. He wasn't ready to forgive him, and he was enjoying this new twisted game of sexual punishment. As if to prove his point, Kurt slid his hand into Blaine's pants and around behind the cage to gently squeeze Blaine's balls. Blaine grabbed Kurt's arm and groaned painfully.

"Kuuurrrt…"

"Yes?"

"Fuck."

Kurt released him with a smile that quickly turned to shocked surprise when Blaine suddenly grabbed his uninjured wrist and pinned it above his head against the door while placing his other hand firmly against Kurt's neck. Kurt tried to pull away, but Blaine tightened his hold.

"If we're going to play this game, I think we should even things up."

Kurt stared defiantly into Blaine's eyes. "And how do we do that?"

"Perhaps you're ready for a cage like mine."

Kurt's insides were twisting and tumbling, but he didn't blink or shift his gaze from Blaine.

"I told you I was."
Blaine's smile was wicked. "Then let's go."

15 minutes later Kurt was holding Blaine's hands in a death grip, trying not to fall to his knees or scream as the new cage squeezed him tight. Holy, holy hell. Why had he asked for this? What was wrong with him? And how had Blaine survived being fucked while wearing this thing?

Blaine was enraptured and horny as hell. Watching Kurt struggle turned him on bad which meant his own cock was being brutally punished again.

Kurt slid his hands up to Blaine's shoulders and breathed out slowly. "How long… are we…going to do this?"

"Well, that's up to you, gorgeous. How long do you want to punish me?"

"If I'm punishing you…then why am I wearing one?"

Blaine smiled and pressed a soft, barely there kiss to Kurt's lips before whispering seductively, "Because I'm punishing you too."

Kurt tried to muster up a bitch look, but it proved impossible with what was going on between his legs.

"For what?"

Blaine leaned in and kissed him again. "For not listening. Everything that happened was my fault. I accept that, but you didn't listen."

Kurt decided not to argue. It didn't matter. It happened, it was over, and now they needed to focus on moving forward.

By sexually punishing each other.

Our relationship is so fucked up.

x-x-x-x-x

Five days.

For five days they tortured each other by going out of their way to turn the other on. Kurt wore his tightest pants. The ones that fit his ass perfectly and made his thighs look like sculptured art. In the shower he ran his hands all over Blaine's body paying special attention to his balls, at one point kneeling to suck them into his mouth. Blaine's aroused, yet painful scream echoed off the shower walls.

Blaine returned to his habit of subtly assaulting Kurt with small touches and squeezes that reminded Kurt of when they first met. Blaine's hands around his neck immediately triggered his submissive side which aroused entirely new sensations connected to having his dick locked in a cage.

Nighttime was the worst.

They made out every night. Kissing, caressing, panting, the cages knocking against each other making them groan and breathe hard. Blaine ran his hands down Kurt's back, settling on his ass where he squeezed and kneaded the firm flesh before dancing his fingers along the crack. Kurt sobbed when Blaine dug deep into his ass, spreading his cheeks before sliding his fingers down
further to caress and tease, but never enter.

Kurt was sure they were crazy. Why were they doing this to each other? It didn't make sense, but he wasn't willing to be the first to demand freedom. Besides, he could see the impact their self-imposed abstinence torture was having on Blaine and deep down he found it exciting.

And dangerous.

Eventually they were going to remove the cages, and Kurt was sure he was in for the fucking of his life.

He couldn't wait.

Blaine was enjoying every single minute of their suffering. He absolutely loved it. He loved catching Kurt staring at him, practically drooling as Blaine purposely lay on a chaise lounge by the pool, shirtless, wearing just a tiny speedo. He loved the desperate, lustful look in Kurt's eyes when he placed his hands on his neck and kissed him deep and long, pressing their bodies together. He could feel Kurt's body trembling, shaking with need.

Their strange sexual denial dance created a strong, intense focus on each other that renewed and strengthen their love for each other. Despite, or perhaps because of the sexual stress, their bodies were growing stronger every day. Kurt was walking 98% perfect and his wrist felt stronger. Blaine's body no longer ached and his ribs didn't twinge when he stretched.

For five days Blaine left all business matters to Telio who was happy to escape the stench of burning sexual desire oozing from Blaine and Kurt. He had his own sexual struggles as he longed for Alicia and wondered if she was screwing Nigel at every historical site in London.

Elian's jealousy soared.

The sexual tension swirling around fueled his already burning jealousy and imagination. In his mind the two were escaping to Blaine's room every night for an all-mighty fuck fest while he laid wake awake jerking himself off to thoughts of Blaine fucking him.

His desire to kill Kurt was no longer a thought.

It was now a determination.

x-x-x-x-x-x

They finally cracked on the fifth day.

It was Kurt's Sai swords that did it.

After receiving the swords from Blaine, Kurt spent several of his lonely evenings at school reading up on the history of the swords and watching online videos to figure out how to use them. He practiced twirling a few times, but hadn't had a chance to play with them since leaving school. He'd packed them with the intention of asking Telio if he knew how to use them but had forgotten about them until now.

He stood in front of the mirror wearing nothing but boxers and started twirling. He was more cautious with his healing wrist, but moved fast and fluid with his other hand. He started to mimic the moves he'd seen in videos. Strong, controlled movements, stabbing, punching, slicing his invisible opponent.
Blaine stood in the doorway silently watching him.

Watching Kurt handle a gun had turned Blaine on.

But watching Kurt slice through the air with his strong arms…muscles rippling…thighs quivering…looking fierce and lethal…

Blaine thought his cock was going to break through the metal of the cage.

Kurt spun around and stopped right in front of Blaine, the sword pointed at his heart. Kurt's breathing was slightly rapid, his eyes dark and daring. Blaine put his hands up in mock surrender and slowly fell to his knees.

"I'm your prisoner."

Now it was Kurt's cock fighting to break free. He lowered the sword and watched Blaine remove the chain from around his neck. He scooted forward and unlocked Kurt's cage.

Kurt released a deep, gasping breath as his cock sprung free. He almost fell as Blaine quickly and without warning sucked the entire cock into his mouth right down to the base. Kurt dropped the swords as his hands instinctively tangled in Blaine's hair. He firmly grasped his head and fucked his mouth until his pent up orgasm shook him violently, cum flowing river thick down Blaine's throat.

Blaine remained still for a full minute, his mouth full of softening cock as he allowed Kurt to float around inside his orgasm. When he finally pulled off, Kurt pulled him to his feet eager to remove Blaine's cage.

The moment the cage fell to the floor Blaine attacked. His hands flew to the sides of Kurt's face, his kiss feverish and bruising. Kurt pulled at Blaine's clothes trying to get him naked faster as Blaine backed him towards the wall.

Blaine turned Kurt around so he was facing the wall. "Hands against the wall, Kurt, ass out, and don't move." Blaine grabbed the lube from his nightstand and something new.

Kurt's eyes widened as he stared at the toy Blaine held in front of his face. It was silver and looked like a stick of string with five silver balls two inches from each other.

Blaine's whisper sent shivers of hot arousal and slivers of fear down Kurt's spine. "You went five days wearing the cage, so now you get a reward. Do you want your reward, Kurt?"

Kurt eagerly nodded.

"I saw this while I was shopping for the cages and immediately thought of your lovely, beautiful asshole." As he spoke Blaine slipped a lubed finger inside Kurt's ass, quickly followed by another. Kurt was now full on trembling as he stared at the silver balls. It wasn't until Blaine began covering the ball string with a generous amount of lube that Kurt's mind clicked. Blaine loved the confused swirl of panic, arousal and fear that clouded Kurt's eyes.

"Are…is…is that going…in-inside me?"

Blaine slipped a finger back inside Kurt's ass and smiled.

"One by one until all five are in. Five days, five balls. Now stick out your ass."

Kurt hissed as Blaine fed the first ball into his ass, pressing it gently past the ring of muscle.
He grew dizzy as the second went in.

As he pushed in the third, Blaine reached around and started to stroke Kurt's cock.

By the fourth Kurt was on a different plane of existence.

The fifth pushed him into a sudden hard orgasm and he came again, his cum spilling to the floor, but the orgasm didn't shake him from his headspace. Blaine placed his hands on Kurt's shoulders, slowly turned him around and pushed him to his knees. Kurt obediently sank down and opened his mouth. Blaine came the moment his cock touched Kurt's tongue. Kurt swallowed and remained on his knees, whimpering from the amazing sensations in his very full ass.

Blaine helped him to stand and make his way to the bed. They laid down on their sides, facing each other. Kurt's eyes were closed, his breathing deep and concentrated as he swam around, lost in the strange mixture of being incredibly turned on, lost in the feeling of being very full, and the arousal that came from submitting to whatever Blaine wanted to do to him.

They lay there for about 20 minutes, Kurt trapped in another headspace while Blaine held him, rubbing his back, kissing him periodically and waiting for just the right moment.

Kurt released a deep, moaning sigh and opened his eyes.

Uh oh.

The way Blaine was looking at him…

Blaine smiled and reached over to place a hand on Kurt's neck.

Shit.

Blaine's voice was quiet yet laced with a sweet, sexual evil Kurt both feared and loved.

"Ya know, they say revenge is a dish best served cold. I disagree. I think it should be served fresh, hot, and unexpected. It should be disguised. Perhaps as a reward. And you know the opposite of reward, Kurt? Punishment."

Everything happened at once.

Blaine pushed Kurt on to his back, straddled him, and pulled the string of balls from his ass. Not too fast to cause damage, but fast enough to create an overwhelming, intense, pleasure-pain mix that pushed Kurt into a new dimension. He screamed and thrashed, his body unable to process or handle what was happening while his mind exploded with flashes of bright white euphoria.

And then Blaine held him down and fucked him.

Kurt continued to scream, tears rolling down his face as his body struggled to deal with the overload of sensations attacking his nervous system. And then he was coming an impossible third time as Blaine exploded inside him.

They floated down slowly from the intensity. Kurt's body shook with aftershocks. He wrapped his arms tight around Blaine as he struggled to find grounding. Flashes and pops of light floated inside his mind. As his breathing slowed, the pops lessened and eventually stopped allowing him to gain steadiness. As his mind cleared he wondered what had just happened to him.
And when it would happen again.

Blaine pressed his body firmly into Kurt's to help bring him back to earth. He was thrilled with his successful sexual revenge, and grateful he'd found a man who would let him express his deepest, darkest fantasies and needs. Sexually torturing Kurt felt so powerful and delicious.

They drifted off to sleep for about 45 minutes. When they woke up Blaine ran a bath and helped Kurt into the tub before joining him. They soaked in silence until Kurt's stomach grumbled loudly making them both laugh.

"I guess you worked up an appetite," said Blaine.

"I don't think I can walk downstairs much less sit at the table."

"No problem." Blaine reached for the house phone and called downstairs to the kitchen. "Please have dinner for Kurt and I delivered to my room in about 45 minutes. Thanks." Kurt snuggled back as Blaine wrapped his arms around him.

"Isn't it strange?" asked Kurt.

"Isn't what strange?"

"Living like this. It's almost like you live in a hotel, or something. I mean have you ever washed dishes? Done laundry? Vacuumed?"

Blaine shook his head. "Honestly? No. We've always had staff. Well, at least as long as we've lived here. Before moving out here my mother used to do everything, but this house is too big for that."

Kurt thought about it. It was nice that the clothes he placed in the hamper suddenly appeared in the closet within two days, clean and neatly pressed; and the meals prepared by the cook were delicious, but never having to do anything still struck Kurt as strange. What did Anastasia do all day?

"Blaine…what happens in the fall?"

"What do you mean?"

"Are you and Telio coming back to school? It's senior year. I mean…you have to graduate right? Are you going to apply to college? Do you have to stay in Ohio?"

Blaine sighed. Shit. Talk about things he didn't want to think about.

"Well, I guess it depends on a lot of things. I mean…hopefully my dad will wake up soon."

Kurt sat very silent and still. Was he kidding, or just hoping beyond hope?

"Um…Blaine…even if he wakes up…do you really think he'll be able to lead? I thought…"

Blaine cut him off. "My dad is really strong. I know what everyone keeps saying, but it might not be true. He could wake up tomorrow and be just fine. It's happened."

Kurt's heart broke. Oh, honey.

"Okay, but if he doesn't wake up by the start of school?"

"Then…I really don't know, Kurt. Initially I hadn't planned on going back, but if I do I guess I would leave Luther in charge. I'm not sure I really wanna do that, but I can't handle the day-to-day
and go to school. Maybe if I come home every weekend…"

"Why don't you wanna leave Luther in charge? I thought he'd be the natural choice."

Blaine shook his head. "I'm not sure I trust him anymore."

"Really?"

"Yeah. I can't explain it, but something's off with him. I don't know. Something's different."

They fell into silence as both boys tried to figure out their futures. Kurt waited until they were out of the tub, dried off, and waiting for dinner to arrive to ask his most pressing question.

"So, what happens to us?"

"What do you mean?"

"I mean…if you don't return to school…when will I see you? And I still plan to go to New York for college. My NYADA audition is in October. I was hoping you'd audition too, remember?"

Blaine ran his hands through his hair.

Kurt in New York.

Chartussi's territory.

Never happen.

Blaine started slowly trying to choose his words carefully.

"Well…let's be honest, Kurt. I don't really have to go to college. College is to prepare you for a job. A career. I already have one."

"But college is about more than that! You know that. It's about leaving home, meeting new people, discovering yourself and your talents. It's…it's about starting your life."

Blaine stared at him. Shit. In that moment Kurt looked incredibly innocent and sweetly earnest. How am I gonna get him to stay here?

"Kurt….my life has started. This is my life."

Kurt shook his head. "No. This isn't your life. You never wanted this, remember? I know it's important to you…your family legacy, or whatever, but Blaine…you can't get trapped by this. There has to be a way for you to live your life. The real life you want."

"It's not that simple, Kurt. Especially now with everything that's happened. I can't just walk away."

"That's exactly why you should walk away! We almost got killed this summer! We've seen what this life means! Don't you want out?"

Silence.

Kurt's shoulders sagged.

No.

Blaine didn't want out.
He wanted this life.

Even after everything that happened he still wanted this life.

It didn't matter if Mario ever woke up.

Blaine wanted this.

Kurt closed his eyes to stop the hot tears from falling. Deep down he always knew, but he thought things might have changed given all they'd been through.

Blaine stepped forward and placed his hands on Kurt's shoulders. His voice was slightly desperate and pleading.

"Look, Kurt, it's all gonna be fine. I prom...it will be fine. It's not like before. Everything that happened was because of Cooper and now he's gone. I'm not gonna let anything happen. I'm working now to destroy other threats. We will be fine. You will be fine. I prom...I will see to it. I will."

Kurt shook his head. "How can you say that? Do you think I'm stupid? You're a crime boss, Blaine! You're a criminal! Are you seriously trying to tell me that we're gonna just live quietly, happily ever after?"

"Yes! As a matter of fact, yes! I can create a safe world for us, Kurt! I can! I will!"

Kurt stared directly in Blaine's eyes. "Good. Then I assume you have no problem with my NYADA plans."

Blaine opened his mouth then closed it.

Fuck! Fuck! Fuck!

How honest should he be?

You promised no more lies. He doesn't deserve lies after everything he's been through.

"I can't let you go to New York."

Kurt was incredulous. "Let me? You can't let me go to New York?"

"I can't let you go to New York."

"Well, you can't stop me."

Blaine spoke slowly. "Actually...yes I can."

Kurt arched an eyebrow. "Oh, really?" Blaine nodded.

"What are you gonna do? Chain me up in your room?"

Blaine's eyes drifted over to the corner where he'd been thinking about placing the chaise lounge from the sun room. "Just like my dream...and the story."

"What?"

"Remember the story, Kurt? About the evil king who kept his gorgeous slave boy locked in his
room. Only letting him out for meals and to go to fancy dances."

Kurt hated how his body immediately responded with a swirling boil deep in his belly. "You're not locking me up in your room, Blaine."

"Of course not."

**But, I could.**

There was a knock at the door. Blaine opened it and stepped aside as the cook pushed in a cart.

"Grilled fish, mixed vegetable medley, brown rice and lemonade, sir. Key lime cheesecake for dessert." The cook looked around the room. "Where should I set this up?"

Blaine shook his head. "We're gonna have a picnic on the bed, but we'll take care of it. Thank you."

The cook made a face, nodded, and quickly left.

Kurt grabbed a fork and the key lime cheesecake and started eating, stabbing it as if it had attacked him. Eventually they both settled on the bed and ate in silence. When finished they cleared away the dishes and rolled the cart into the hall. Kurt laid down on the bed and Blaine joined him resting his head on Kurt's chest. Blaine's thumb absentely caressed the smooth skin of Kurt's hip while Kurt's fingers found a curl of Blaine's hair to slowly twirl.

"Kurt…I'm sorry, but I love you so there's no way in hell I can let you go to New York. At least not until I've destroyed Frank Chartussi. He owns New York. It's his turf. He finds out my lover is in New York…he'll come after you. He'll come after you to get to me, so no. I can't let you go to New York."

"How would he even know I'm in New York?"

"Come on, Kurt. You're not that naïve. Just like we watch them, they watch us and those connected to us."

Thick minutes of silence passed as Kurt thought hard and reached a decision. He sat up forcing Blaine to sit up.

"I love you, Blaine. I really, really do, but…I'm not going to allow your world to control and set my world. I'm not staying in Ohio, I am auditioning for NYADA, and even if I don't get in I'm still going to New York. I love you and I want to be with you, but I'm not going to let you control me or my life. I'm just not. I know you want to and you feel like you need to for my own protection, but…no."

Kurt took a breath and continued.

"I was kidnapped this summer. I was locked in a cell, starved, beaten, attacked, and almost raped. I killed three people. All the fear I've always lived with…it doesn't exist anymore. Not the way it used to. This summer changed all that. So…I guess what I'm trying to say is…you can be scared for me, but I'm not scared. Not anymore. I know I can take care of myself and survive because really I've been doing it all along. I guess I just needed an extreme experience to make me see it. If I can survive this summer, I can survive anything. Even being the lover of a crime boss."

Blaine slowly shook his head. "I'm glad you feel stronger, Kurt. I really am, but…I can't take a risk with you. Not you. You mean everything to me. Everything. If something were to happen to you…"

Kurt cut him off.
"Something did happen to me! And guess what? I survived and so did you."

"Barely! Do you have any idea what it was like for me while you were gone? The fear, the guilt. The fucking guilt…I'm still choking on the guilt!"

"Then walk away."

"What?"

"Walk away. Give it all to Luther, or better yet, Telio. You've always said Telio loves this business. Give it to him."

Silence.

Kurt nodded. "You see, Blaine. That's just it. You want this. You want this life….even if it means we're constantly in danger. Okay fine, but you can't ask me to give up my life. I love you, I really, really do, but I'm not giving up my life for yours."

Blaine sighed and stood up. He needed to think. He walked over to the window and stared out into the backyard.

He's willing to stay with me. Despite the hell he went through he's willing to stay. I'm a lucky bastard. I can find ways to control him later. For now be glad he's willing to stay.

Blaine turned around. "Okay."

Kurt was surprised. "Okay?"

Blaine nodded. "Okay. You audition for NYADA. You get in, you go to New York, but there's gonna be security. Kurt. That's not negotiable. I'll make it as seamless and un-intrusive as possible, but there will be security. There has to be. I can't have you in danger."

"Didn't you tell me Andersons are always in danger?"

"Yeah, but…"

Kurt cut him off with a kiss. "Well, if I'm going to marry an Anderson I guess I'll just have to get used to being in danger."

Blaine's face lit up. "We're getting married?"

"Isn't that what you told your father? That I'll be your husband one day?"

"Yes. Absolutely. Definitely. I'd marry you right now if I could."

"Well, you can't. We have to finish high school and figure out a way to get my dad to like you. At least a little."

Blaine sighed. "Kurt, about school…I really might not return to Dalton. I just don't think it's gonna be possible."

Kurt sadly nodded. "I know. We'll figure it out. We'll figure it all out."

They lay back down and settled into each other with soft kisses before lying relaxed and still each caught up in their own thoughts.
Kurt felt good about their plans. He knew Blaine would never walk away from his family obligations, but at least they were in agreement about how they would move forward. He knew it wouldn’t be easy, and despite his little speech, he was scared, but not for himself. He was scared for Blaine. The thought of losing Blaine, or seeing him end up like Mario terrified him. But this was the life Blaine chose. Yes, it was thrust upon him, but he wasn't backing down or away. If Kurt wanted to be with him, he had no choice but to accept it and move forward with courage.

Blaine's thoughts were much darker.

Chartussi had to be destroyed.

Annihilated.

 Murdered and his businesses dissolved into the Anderson empire.

 As soon as possible.

Blaine had vowed before to give Kurt New York, but now he was even more determined. It was time to refocus on taking out Chartussi.

They drifted off to sleep tucked into and around each other.

At 7:00 am they were awakened by urgent knocking on Blaine's door.

"Come in."

Blaine was surprised to see his mother walk in.

"Mom…"

"Your father is dead. His heart finally gave out. He's gone."
Kurt stared at the over-the-top, incredibly tacky flowers and shook his head. He tried to think of a suitable spot to place the definitely unsuitable arrangement.

"How about outside on the patio?"

The guard nodded and headed to the patio while another guard held up two more arrangements.

"Where d'ya want these?"

Kurt eyed the elegant arrangement of calla lilies. "Put those in the kitchen and place the gerbera daisies on the small table in the living room."

"You already put some there."

"Oh," said Kurt with a sigh. "Well, just try to make room. We're running out of places."

"I'm sure more will be coming. Mario was a great man. He has many admirers. He'll be missed."

"Well, let's just hope they don't all send flowers."

Kurt turned just in time to see Elian slip inside the library. He immediately headed that way.

"Excuse me?"

What now? Kurt turned to see the cook heading towards him. "Yes?"

"I'm good to go on everything you requested for the repast, but I need to know if there will be a formal dinner afterwards, and if so, will it just be the immediate family, or will the heads of the families be joining as well along with their wives, and does that include the out of state heads?"

Kurt shook his head. "I really don't know. I'll ask Blaine."

"Well, please let me know as soon as possible so I can plan accordingly. Thank you."

"Of course."

The cook turned on her heel and returned to the kitchen. Kurt wasn't sure if she disliked him in general, resented his being in charge, or was simply a cold personality.

_It doesn't matter. I'm in charge whether they like it or not. Whether I like it or not._

The news of Mario's death hit the compound like a meteor falling from the sky. The thunderous impact left everyone frozen and then whirling as the news traveled to the rest of the Anderson crime family and beyond to friends, enemies, and admirers. All at once it felt like the compound was under siege as people clamored to pay their respects to one of the greatest leaders the underworld had ever seen. Overnight cases of bourbon began to arrive for Blaine to toast his father and celebrate his officially becoming head of the family. For Anastasia there was delivery after delivery of flower arrangements ranging from elegant and tasteful to downright tacky. It got to the point that Kurt instructed the guards to park a car at the gate, wait till it was full of deliveries, and then bring them to the house once an hour instead of every 5 minutes.

Kurt suddenly found himself in charge as Anastasia went into isolation locking herself in her room,
and Blaine fell into a shell-shocked and completely overwhelmed state. Everyone wanted to talk, visit, express, reassure, congratulate, console, and sympathize. There were arrangements to be made, special dinners to be planned, protocols and formalities to follow. Everyone wanted a piece of Blaine, and Blaine just wanted to grieve.

*Can I just have five fucking minutes to grieve?*

Two nights after Mario's death, Blaine drank half a bottle of bourbon, walked into the kitchen, and announced to the cook, the house manager, and the head of security that Kurt was in charge.

"You're to do whatever the fuck he tells you. You got that? He decides everything. On my fucking authority. No! I take that back. On the authority invested in him as my husband. This is his house now, so whatever he says goes." Blaine then threw himself at a very embarrassed Kurt and drunkenly kissed him. "I love you and I trust you. Whatever you decide is fine by me. Gosh you're gorgeous…” Despite Blaine's inebriated state everyone took him at his word, and Kurt found himself in charge despite having zero knowledge on how to plan a traditional mafia boss funeral and subsequent dinners.

Kurt continued down the hall to the library. Blaine planned to spend the day returning important calls, so why was Elian disturbing him?

He walked in to find Blaine sitting behind the desk staring sadly into space while Elian poured him a glass of bourbon. Kurt glared at Elian and quickly removed the glass.

"He's not to have any more to drink. He had enough the past two nights. No more alcohol."

"What are you? His mother?"

"Why don't you go help clean the yard? They're spreading manure around the trees. Should be right up your alley."

Elian was about to respond when Blaine suddenly turned to him with urgency.

"Can your brothers help with the cars? We need to make sure they're all swept for bombs and guarded during the burial."

Elian nodded knowing full well that he had no intention of calling his brothers. He hadn't spoken to his family since leaving weeks ago and he was hoping to avoid them at the funeral.

"Yes," said Kurt. "Why don't you go take care of that?"

Elian shot him a death look and left. Kurt locked the door and sat down across from Blaine who had returned to staring off into space.

"Blaine? Honey? I need your help. The cook has all these questions about dinners, and who's coming, and heads of families, and…I don't know anything. Telio's busy with security and Luther's…I don't know what Luther is doing, but I need help. I don't know what to tell her."

Blaine continued to stare off into space.

"Blaine?"

"Blaine?"

"When I was around twelve I watched my father brutally beat a man with a whip and set him on fire.
He was a security guard that used to always talk to my mom. He would come into the house, hang out in the kitchen, eat cookies and talk to her. I don't know if she liked him or not, but she was always polite. I guess he took that as a sign that she wanted something more because he started telling people they were friends. Good friends. People warned him to knock it off before my dad found out, but he didn't listen. Then one night I couldn't sleep so I got up and went downstairs. I heard noises outside so I went out to see what was going on. I sneaked in the back door of the barn and my father was beating the guy while he pleaded for his life. My mother was there and I remember my father said to her, "This is what will happen to anyone who tries to take that which is most precious to me. Remember this if you ever think about sleeping with another man. This is what will happen." Then he doused the guy with gasoline and set him on fire. My mother didn't even flinch. She just watched him burn."

Blaine turned and looked at Kurt. His expression struck pure fear in Kurt's chest.

"I guess my mother forgot."

"What do you mean?"

"I think Luther and my mother are having an affair."

Kurt's mouth fell open. "Wh-what?"

"It would explain why he's always here, but I never see him. It's why he's been acting so strange towards me. I think they're sleeping together and…I think he killed my father."

Kurt was speechless.

"I'll wait until after the funeral to deal with them."

"But…Blaine…your father was hurt. Badly hurt. He was shot numerous times. I know you were hoping for the best, but, honey…I'm sorry, but…his death was kind of inevitable."

Blaine shook his head. "You don't know that. I'm having an autopsy done with a full toxicology workup. I think they did something, and even if they didn't it doesn't mean I'm wrong about the affair."

"They? You think…your mother…"

"I don't think Luther would do something like this without my mother's blessing."

Kurt was scared to ask the next question, but he had to know.

"If it's true…what will you do?"

Blaine's voice was smooth, controlled, and very matter-of-fact.

"I am my father's son."

Kurt swallowed. "And…your mother?"

Blaine was thoughtful. "I don't know. I think Luther took advantage of the situation, of her heartbreak and desperate need for my father. My parent's relationship was very co-dependent, not that my father would have ever admitted that. I'm sure he would've said it was just one way with my mother needing and depending on him to survive, but I know that's not true. He needed and depended on her just as much. They fed each other's addictions and couldn't survive without the
Kurt shook his head in confusion. "What do you mean?"

Blaine took his hand. "I can't survive without you, Kurt. I need you."

Kurt shook his head. "That's not true. You could survive without me. You want me, but you don't need me."

Blaine shook his head. "No. That's not true. Haven't you figured it out yet? The reason I want you here? I need you, Kurt. I'm as addicted to you as my father was to my mother. As Timothy is to cocaine. You're the love of my life. My sunshine. My only sunshine."

Blaine's words filled Kurt's heart with love. So much love.

And his mind with fear. So much fear.

Anastasia's words echoed in his brain.

Anderson men are very passionate creatures. Their blood is rich and thick, pulsing with power and passion. They have an inborn need to lead. Control. To dominate and command everything...and everyone around them... They do not vacillate and they do not waver once they have decided they want something...or someone."

Kurt decided now was not the time to argue, so he just nodded.

Blaine sighed and looked at his phone. "I guess I should get back to these phone calls. God forbid I insult someone over my own father's death. Mafia protocols and traditions are so f*cked up."

"Okay, I'll let you get back to that, but first I need your help. I don't mind taking care of the arrangements, but I don't know the rules. I need help."

Blaine nodded. "Of course you do. I'm sorry. I shouldn't have thrown you into all of this. I just...with my mother in mourning, and all the shit I'm expected to do..."

Kurt squeezed his hand. "No, it's okay. I'm happy to help. I just don't want to do anything wrong."

"Tell Telio to take you to see Joan Capiones. She can answer all your questions about mafia funeral protocols. Her husband was killed several years ago so she's been through it. She likes my mom so she'll be happy to help."

As they drove to Joan Capiones's house, Kurt told Telio about his conversation with Blaine.

"I'm scared, Telio. Would Blaine really kill Luther? And what about Anastasia? What would he do to her? He wouldn't murder his own mother, would he?"

"If it's true, Luther is a dead man walking. As for Anastasia...I don't think so. Not if he's already blaming Luther for the entire thing."

"But if he kills Luther who will take over while you guys finish school?"

Telio glanced at Kurt. Really? Blaine's still feeding you lies?
"Kurt, I don't know what Blaine's told you, but we're not returning to school."

"You might. Blaine's trying to figure it out."

Telio shook his head. "There's no way we can go to school and run the business, and as for Luther… sounds like he might not be alive by the time school starts."

Kurt stared at Telio. Telio was as observant as a cat. If something was going on he would know.

"You know, don't you?"

"What are you talking about?"

"Luther and Anastasia. You know. You know for certain."

Telio didn't say anything.

"Telio, I know you know! Nothing gets by you! You see everything!"

Silence.

"Is Blaine right?"

Telio kept his eyes on the road and his mouth shut.

Armed with pages of notes from his meeting with Joan Capiones, Kurt set about planning the required funeral dinners while Blaine handled the actual funeral and burial arrangements, and tried to manage the onslaught of demands on his time. He and Telio met with Luther every day to review the expected attendance list in order to plan appropriate security. Enemies were known to attend funerals under the guise of showing respect when really they were there to gloat or spy. No one would dare start trouble at the funeral as that was considered absolutely unacceptable no matter how bad the blood between families, but it was important to keep an eye on everybody's movements.

Blaine was serious and all business during these meetings. Whenever Luther tried to express concern or act in a consoling manner, Blaine brushed him off and walked away.

Making Luther very, very nervous.

The morning of the funeral the sun hung bright in a very clear and cloudless blue sky. Blaine stared at himself in the full length mirror. He looked incredibly handsome in his black Armani suit. He adjusted the platinum, pearl and onyx cufflinks that belonged to his father, straightened his bowtie, and gently patted his perfectly gelled hair. There was a knock at the door.

"Yes?"

Telio walked in. "Hey."

"Hey."

"You ready for this?"

Blaine blew out a breath. "Not really, but I haven't had much time to think about it."

Telio nodded. "Yeah."
Blaine debated for a moment before deciding to put it out there.

"I requested an autopsy. I should get the report in a few days. I believe his heart had help giving out."

"Who do you suspect?"

"Luther…possibly with my mother's permission."

Telio shook his head. "Your mother would never do that, Blaine."

"What makes you so sure?"

"Because she loved your father. She still does."

"He did some fucked up shit to her. You said so yourself. Even he told me one time that he broke her. Maybe this was her way of getting revenge."

"No way. She doesn't have it in her. She's not wired that way."

"She didn't have to have it in her. She had someone willing to do it for her."

"Look, I'll give you that something's been going on between her and Luther, but her agreeing to murder your father? I don't think so."

Blaine turned and looked at himself again in the mirror. He distractedly adjusted his cufflinks just like his father used to. His voice was cool and smooth, also like his father's. Despite his intense anger.

"So, Telio, when were you going to tell me?"

Telio recognized the tone and took a step back. The similarities between Blaine and his father were downright creepy.

"When I felt you really needed to know."

"You didn't think I should know that my father's best friend is fucking my mother while my father lies dying in a hospital?"

"First of all, I don't know if they're fucking or not, just that something's going on. Second, after all the shit you've been through this summer I didn't think you needed one more thing on your mind. You needed to focus on getting better and fixing things with Kurt."

"Bullshit! My, no, our father was being betrayed! In his house! By his supposed fucking best friend! How could you think I didn't need to know the moment you knew? The moment you suspected it!"

"Your mother needed him! I know that sounds crazy to you, but you've never seen…you've never watched a woman…my mother…"

Blaine's anger dissipated. Telio never, ever mentioned his mother.

"My mother…she needed so badly. She just needed someone…a man who would love her the way she wanted and deserved. She wasn't weak, but she needed protection from all the assholes out there. She was always searching, so she was always giving wrong guys a chance, and…she just needed to be loved by someone who would protect her and help her deal with life, and she never had that. Watching Anastasia fall apart after Mario was shot…it was like watching my mother. I'd watch her fall apart over and over again..."
Telio stopped and closed his eyes for a moment. He shook away the images and continued.

"Your mother was falling apart, Blaine. You told Luther to take care of her and he did. That's why I didn't tell you. I didn't wanna watch her fall apart. I've seen that movie too many times, and I knew you'd have a fit."

"I told him to make sure she slept! Ate! Exercised! Not to sleep with her!"

"We don't know if they're sleeping together."

"You look me in the eye and tell me you don't think Luther is fucking my mother."

"I don't know if he is or isn't, but now is not the time to debate it. We need to get going." Telio turned to leave. Blaine grabbed his arm.

"Telio…please don't keep things from me. Just don't. Ever. I have to know I can trust you. You and Kurt are the only people I trust right now. I need to know that's not a mistake."

Telio's eyes clouded over with hurt. "How could you ever question my loyalty to you? I spend my life protecting you."

"I know and I love you for it, and I don't want that to change, but I need to know that you will always tell me everything. Everything, Telio. Whether you think I should know or not. I need to know I can completely trust and rely on you."

"Haven't you always?"

"Yes, so please don't make me question it ever again."

Telio nodded. As they headed towards the stairs, he suddenly stopped Blaine.

"Hey, there is one thing I should probably tell you. Not that it matters. I didn't decide to keep it a secret. It was your father who didn't want you to know."

"What is it?"

"I killed Skylar."

"Why wouldn't my dad want me to know that?"

Telio shrugged. "I have no idea. I killed him and some other guy that just happened to be there. I don't know for sure, but I think Cooper figured it out. I remember he said something like, "this is for Skylar" before he shot me when we were rescuing Kurt."

"Okay. Anything else?"

"No. I promise."

"All right. Let's go."

Kurt was already downstairs going over the schedule for the day one final time. First there was the funeral service at United Hope Church in downtown Westerville. Mario had donated thousands of dollars to the church over the years in preparation for this very day. The church was large enough for all the people who would attend, and the minister greedy enough to willingly preside over funeral services for a known criminal and murderer despite the objections of his church members. After the funeral there would be a long procession to the cemetery where Mario would be buried. The repast
would take place at a private club followed by a more intimate gathering at the compound of the main families and certain invited friends. It was going to be a long exhausting day.

Blaine took a moment to appreciate his boyfriend. Kurt was wearing a black suit too, but his was Hugo Boss and was adorned with the small touches that made it truly Kurt. A large spider brooch and spider cufflinks. A purple and black handkerchief perfectly folded in the pocket that matched Blaine's bowtie. His hair was swept up high and was lighter from time spent in the sun which made his eyes seem darker.

"You look stunningly handsome, Kurt."

"Thank you, and you look incredibly handsome as well. Are you ready?"

"Yeah. Is my mother already outside?"

"No, I'm coming."

Blaine turned around to see his mother descending the stairs in a tasteful black dress with a black hat and veil covering her face and black gloves. She looked classically elegant and surprisingly strong and composed. She linked arms with Blaine and Telio.

"Let's go."

x-x-x-x-x-x

The church was packed.

Standing room only.

It was a who's who of the underworld along with prominent businessmen, and FBI agents who sought to blend in with the crowds while taking note of who was in attendance. Funerals brought out mobsters who hadn't been seen in months, sometimes years, but of course no one who was currently on the FBI's most wanted list.

As Kurt walked out behind the casket with Blaine he was shocked to see his father and Carol sitting in one of the pews. His father nodded at him and Kurt suddenly felt an onslaught of longing.

Outside Blaine stopped to speak with people who wanted to give their condolences. Five guards stood right by him watching everyone and scanning the crowds.

"My dad's here. I'm gonna go say hi."

"He's here? Really?"

"Yeah. I'll be right back."

Blaine motioned for one of the guards to follow him.

Kurt quickly made his way through the crowd.

"Dad! Dad!" Kurt launched himself into his dad's open arms.

"Hey Kurt."

Kurt didn't mean for his eyes to well up with tears, but he couldn't help it. "Hi dad," he whispered. Burt placed his hands on Kurt's shoulders and looked him up and down. "You alright?"
"Yeah, I just…I guess I didn't realize how much I've missed you. What are you doing here?"

"I may not approve of Blaine, or even like him, but he is a young man who just lost his father, and he is your…boyfriend. It just seemed like the right thing to do."

Kurt felt overcome with emotion. His father was truly the most amazing man on the planet.

Carol hugged him and nodded approvingly. "You're walking well. Is everything better?"

"Yes, absolutely. I'm great, but…I miss you guys."

Burt had sworn to himself that he wasn't going to ask, but it just came out.

"When are you coming home?"

Kurt hesitated and then, "Next week. I'll come home for a few days next week."

Kurt immediately decided that the look of happiness on his father's face was worth the fight he was going to have with Blaine.

"Okay. Well, it looks like they're waiting for you."

Kurt turned to see Blaine standing by the open limo door watching him.

"Are you coming to the cemetery?"

"No, no. I just wanted to pay my….I wanted to honor your relationship with Blaine."

Kurt nodded. "Okay. Thanks, dad. That means a lot to me, and I'm sure it means a lot to Blaine."

Kurt gave them final lingering hugs before heading towards the car. As he walked he turned around and walked backwards calling out, "Next week, dad."

"Promise?"

"Promise."

x-x-x-x-x-x

The cemetery was only slightly less packed than the church. Blaine sat between his mother and Kurt and half listened to the minister go on and on about ashes to ashes and dust to dust. As the casket was lowered into the ground he made a silent promise.

Don't worry, dad. I'll take care of everything. Everything you worked for will continue. I'll build it bigger and better in your honor, and I will destroy those who betrayed you. I promise.

The family remained seated as the service ended and the crowds dispersed. Telio watched the sea of black heading towards their cars and then he saw her.

Alicia.

"I'll be back."

He walked towards her quickly, his eyes darting around to see who was watching.

"Hi."
"What are you doing here?"

"I got your email about your father. I'm so sorry."

"But, what are you doing here?"

"Why wouldn't I be here? You just lost your father."

"Well…yeah, but…" Telio was at a loss for words.

Alicia stepped forward and wrapped her arms around him. "I love you, Telio. Did you really think I wouldn't attend your father's funeral?"

Telio held her, inhaling her scent. He was almost lost in how wonderful she smelled, and how good she felt when a man walked by watching them. Telio's instincts immediately shot up and he quickly pulled away from her.

"I'm glad to see you. I really am, but you shouldn't have come. I don't want people to know you exist. It's dangerous."

Alicia hid her hurt under a defiant tone. "Kurt's here for Blaine."

That shot Telio's paranoia to a whole new level. *If only you knew what happened to Kurt you would run, run, run.*

"I know, but I don't care about him. He's Blaine's concern. You're mine."

"When are you going to realize that I'm not scared to be with you?"

*You should be.*

"Do your parents know you're here?"

Alicia sighed. "Yes. That was….well…let's just say it was a good thing you gave me that money. I tried to explain to them why I wanted to come which led to them finding out exactly who your father was, and that led to a huge fight, and…yeah."

"You came without their permission?"

"I wanted to be here for you."

Telio stared at her. *Wow. Here for me. For me. Wow.*

"When do you go back?"

"Three days."

"Are you staying at your house?"

"Of course. Where else would I stay?"

*She's alone in that big house. That's not good. That's dangerous.*

"Blaine." Alicia hurried to give a hug to Blaine as he approached. "I'm so sorry, Blaine."

"Thank you. It was nice of you to come."
"Of course. Hi Kurt."

While Kurt and Alicia hugged, Blaine gave Telio a meaningful look. *Isn't this awesome? She came to support you. She loves you.*

Telio shook his head. *She shouldn't be here. I saw what went down this summer. I can't let that happen to her.*

"Alicia, you're welcome to join us for the repast," said Kurt.

Telio was about to protest when Alicia shook her head. "No, thank you. If it's okay with you, Telio, I'm actually pretty tired from the flight and time change and all. I was gonna head home, but…maybe you'll come see me later?"

Telio quickly nodded. "Yeah. Okay."

Telio walked her to her car. "Listen. I want you to lock the doors and turn on the alarm when you get home, okay?"

Alicia smiled. "You sound like my father."

"Just make sure you do it, okay?"

"Okay."

"I'll try to get away as soon as I can."

"It's okay if you can't. You should probably stay with your family."

Telio shook his head. "No. I'll be there. It just might be late."

Alicia's smile was full of a promise that made Telio very, very hard.

"I'll wait up."

x-x-x-x-x-x

By the time they arrived back at the compound that evening everyone was exhausted, but they still weren't done. The family heads and special guests joined them to reminisce, share stories, and wish Blaine well. Blaine sat quietly, nodding and smiling at the appropriate times. Kurt tried to get him to excuse himself and go upstairs, but Blaine shook his head.

"I can't do that, Kurt. It would be considered impolite and disrespectful to both my father's memory, and the heads of the families. I have to show them that I respect and honor their loyalty to me and appreciate their years of allegiance to my father."

"But this is ridiculous. You're exhausted. Your mother's exhausted. We're all exhausted."

"I know, but there are expectations, Kurt. I need to honor them."

Blaine turned to speak to a large man who was waiting patiently a few feet away. Kurt sighed and headed into the dining room to check on the food.

"Excuse me, Kurt?"

Kurt looked up to see Luther. "Oh, hello."
Luther cleared his throat. "Hello. I just wanted to thank you for everything you've done. You really stepped up and took care of things which allowed us…me, and Blaine and the others to focus on everything else. Thank you."

Kurt nodded. "Of course."

Luther nodded. "I think Blaine chose well when he chose you. That's why I need your help." Luther looked around and then gestured towards the patio. Kurt looked over at Blaine who was engrossed in conversation. He looked back at Luther and nodded. He was curious. In all the time he'd been at the compound, Luther hadn't said two words to him. What does he want? They sat down at one of the patio tables.

Luther cleared his throat. "As you know with Mario's death Blaine becomes the official head of the Anderson family. Of course, its been official for some time now, but now it's really…real."

Kurt nodded silently. Luther continued.

"Leadership changes tend to make everyone a bit jittery. People start jockeying for position, worried about what changes may be coming, and a new leader can often grow extremely paranoid. Seeing enemies, and plots against them at every turn."

Kurt slowly nodded. "I can see that. It makes perfect sense. I'd be paranoid too if I held a position of leadership in this family."

Luther leaned forward. "But you do, Kurt. You're very important. Blaine loves you. Depends on you. That's why I wanted to speak to you. I want you to help him keep it together. Paranoia can lead to poor decision making, and we can't afford that right now. There's been too many disruptions already. We need Blaine to move into his new role as smoothly as possible, and with as clear a mind as possible. I'm hoping you'll be able to keep him calm, cool, and collected. Feet firmly on the ground."

Kurt Hummel was nobody's fool.

"So, you did kill Mario! Oh, Luther. Blaine is going to murder you, and it's funny that you think I'll be able to stop him."

Kurt tried to look reassuring. "Frankly, Luther, Blaine's been in charge for a while now, and his worst fears have already been realized. After the hell we've been through this summer I think this transition will be pretty easy, but thanks for the advice. I'll be sure to help Blaine see things clearly moving forward."

Kurt stood up prompting Luther to stand. "Okay. Well, let me know if I can help. If you feel Blaine is starting to…fixate on something unreasonable just let me know. I'm happy to help you help him see reason."

Kurt held in a laugh. "Of course. Thank you."

Luther watched Kurt head inside the house.

He didn't feel any better.

x-x-x-x-x-x

Two hours later the house was finally empty and quiet. Kurt was grateful to leave the cleaning up to the house staff. He thanked them for all of their work, reviewed the dinners that would take place
over the next few days with the cook, and headed upstairs. He found a freshly showered Blaine sitting on his bed in boxers staring into space. He didn't even acknowledge Kurt's entrance. Kurt didn't disturb him. Instead he stripped down and went to take his own long, hot shower. He was surprised to find Blaine sitting in the exact same place when he emerged from the bathroom almost 20 minutes later. He pulled on a pair of boxes and gently sat down next to Blaine.

"My dad is really gone."

Kurt nodded sadly.

They settled in bed.

Kurt lay sad and still as his chest grew wet from Blaine's silent tears.

Alicia danced from the refrigerator to the sink humming along to the music filling the kitchen from her iPod. She washed a bag of cherries, strawberries and grapes, and dumped everything into a bowl which she placed in the refrigerator along with a bottle of white wine. A snack for later with Telio.

Her cell phone rang. *On my way.* She smiled and sent back a smiley emoticon.

She grabbed her iPod and headed upstairs to light a few candles and to change into a nightgown she'd bought in London on the one day she'd been able to go shopping alone. It was a soft, shimmery pink silk negligee that fell just to the top of her thighs. She was excited to wear it for Telio. He'd mentioned one time how much he liked her in pink, so she'd also bought three pink skirts and two pink dresses with the money he gave her. Maybe she'd do a fashion show for him later. After they did other things.

She covered herself in a shimmery lotion she'd bought just for a night like tonight. She slipped on the negligee and unpinned her hair from the top of her head. She started brushing so it would lay smooth and straight down her back.

She was about to turn her iPod back on when she heard a click. She walked to the top of the stairs and listened.

Silence.

Then another click.

"Telio?"

She slowly walked downstairs, through the kitchen and into the living room.

"Teli…" She gasped.

The man was large and tall wearing a black hat, shirt and pants. He arched an eyebrow and smiled as he looked her up and down. This was supposed to be a simple kill job, but maybe he'd make it something more.

Alicia didn't scream. She backed up, turned and ran towards the kitchen. She reached the kitchen counter just as he lunged for her. She turned at the exact same time and slashed the knife across his chest. As he stumbled back she ran forward and plunged the knife into his chest with a scream. She pulled it out and slashed it across his face, and then his neck before plunging it into his chest one final time. He crashed to the floor.
She stood there shaking, staring at the bloody body on her mother's pristine, weekly scrubbed, Italian tile kitchen floor. She took a step back as the pool of blood began to grow.

She looked at the phone on the wall.

Should she call the police?

Of course she should call the police.

But she didn't move.

*Telio's on his way.*

She edged closer to the counter away from the blood and waited.

---

Telio slowed up as he approached the entrance to Alicia's subdivision. He checked the rear view mirror for the hundredth time to make sure he wasn't being followed. As he drove by the huge homes he wondered if this would be the last time he'd get to see her. He appreciated her coming for the funeral, but now that her parents knew exactly who he was, he was sure they would take steps to keep their only daughter from dating a criminal. Would they ship her off to boarding school in another state? Maybe find a school in London?

Telio stopped in front of the house. There was a black Lincoln with tinted windows and a hard to read license plate parked in the driveway.

A mob car.

Telio's heart jumped in fear as his pulse raced. He pulled into the drive, jumped out the car, pulled his gun and ran to the front door.

*No, no, no. Please, God, no. Please...*

His panic grew when he turned the doorknob and found the door unlocked. He stepped inside.

"Alicia?"

"Alicia!"

"Telio!"

He ran down the hall towards her voice and was relieved when she suddenly appeared and ran towards him. They crashed into each other. She threw her arms around him.

"Oh, Telio, Telio, Telio..."

She grabbed his hand and led him to the kitchen.

"I-I don't know how he got in. I heard a noise and I came down and..." She trailed off.

Telio stared at the body lying in a pool of blood on the floor. He squatted down to get a closer look. Shit. She had really done the guy in. Good girl.

"Should...should I call the police?
"No. Absolutely not. I'll take care of it."

"How?"

Telio took a moment to really look at her. Her face was tear streaked, there were blood stains on her gown, and despite her calm voice she was shaking. He pulled her to him and held her tight. "Don't worry. I'll take care of everything." He kissed the top of her head. She looked up at him, and damn her eyes…fear turning to trust…and it had been so long since he'd held her…he couldn't help himself. He kissed her deep and wet, full of love and wanting. She clung to him letting the reassurance seep into her body.

"Don't worry about anything. I'll take care of all of it, but I need your help. First, I need you take off your gown. We have to get rid of it."

Alicia looked down at the gown as if realizing for the first time that it was covered in blood. "I bought it in London."

"It's really pretty, but it has to go because of the blood."

Alicia pulled the gown over her head and handed it to him. Telio took a deep breath. He needed to stay focused on the task at hand and not get distracted by his beautiful now naked girlfriend who he'd been dreaming about for months.

"Any blood on the bottom of your feet?" She checked and shook her head. "Okay, I want you to go upstairs and take a shower and then go to your room and wait for me. Don't come out of your room. Just wait for me, okay?"

"O-okay."

"Everything will be fine. I promise."

Once she was upstairs he pulled out his cell phone and dialed a number.

"C, I have a clean-up. Body and car. It needs to happen immediately and must be discreet as hell. 8975 Rolling Hills Drive. As soon as possible. Thanks."

Telio leaned on the kitchen island and put his face in his hands.

Fuck, fuck, fuck, fuck, fuck, fuck.

She could have been killed. Like Lisa.

Shit, shit, shit, shit, shit, shit.

He looked at the dead guy. There was too much blood for him to check the guy's pockets, but he was sure there wouldn't be any id anyway.

A hit the night of Mario's funeral. Has to be Chartussi. He's letting us know the break is over. Fucker.

Telio remembered the man he'd seen watching him and Alicia at the cemetery.

Fuck.

30 minutes later Telio's phone range with a text.
Pulling up front.

He went to open the door.

"Evening, T."

"Hey, C." The leader of the clean-up crew was known only as C. He was a big guy with a huge ridiculous afro, but was known for being the absolute best at what he did. No matter how many bodies or bloody the scene, in hours it would appear as if nothing ever happened. Quick, quiet, discreet and thorough.

Telio led the four men to the kitchen. C studied the body and chuckled.

"Well, ol' Mario would be proud that you didn't let something like his funeral stop ya from taking care of business. This is an easy one. Be done in no time."

"Good. Listen, this one doesn't go on the Anderson account. I'll take care of it personally."

C looked surprised. "Well, okay. I'll give ya the same discount."

"I'm happy to pay full."

C shook his head. "Nah. Not necessary."

"Okay. Thanks."

Telio headed upstairs to stay out of the way and to check on Alicia. As he walked up the stairs he noticed the photos on the wall. Alicia was an only child so all of the pictures were of her with a few of her with her parents. From her toddler years all the way up to her Dalton junior year photo. Telio stopped and studied one of Alicia and her parents. A smiling, happy family. His heart felt heavy in his chest. He'd brought death and murder to her idyllic world. Right into her home.

You knew better, you selfish piece of shit. You never should have gotten involved. Stop listening to the gay brigade.

He walked down the hall until he found her sitting on her bed wearing a cotton Snoopy nightgown, her hair in a long braid down her back. She smelled fresh and clean and looked incredibly young. And scared.

"Who-who were you talking to? Is everything okay?"

Telio sat down on the bed and took her hand. "Yeah. It'll be just like nothing happened. I promise."

"Who's downstairs?"

"People who deal with this kind of thing. Don't worry. Your mother's floors will be spotless and no one will ever know."

"But…I don't know…shouldn't we call the police?"

"No."

"Why not?"

"Why would we? He was here to hurt you. You stopped him. The end. There's no need for the police."
"But I…" her voice turned to a whisper. "I k-killed someone."

"Yeah, someone who broke into your house and was here to hurt you. To kill you. You didn't do anything wrong, okay?" 

Alicia contemplated for several minutes.

"Telio…who is…was he?"

"Why do you care?"

"Do you know him?"

"No."

"But…he knew me, didn't he? He wasn't a random intruder, was he?"

Telio sighed heavily and stood up.

_Dammit._

"Remember when I told you to run far, far away from me? This was why. I don't know who he is, but I'm sure he works for an enemy of the Andersons. He was sent here to kill you, Alicia. To kill you to get to me. To get to Blaine."

Alicia pulled her knees up to her chin and wrapped her arms around her body.

Wow.

Shit just got real.

Silence filled the space between them while Alicia sat on her bed thinking, and Telio leaned against her bedroom wall waiting to hear from C. Finally his phone rang with a text.

_We're done down here._

"I'll be right back. Stay here."

The kitchen was spotless, clean and fresh. A new knife matching the kitchen set was in the drawer.

"This looks great, guys. Thank you."

"Anytime."

"I'll come by in a few days with the cash."

"No hurry. I know you're good for it."

Telio locked the front door. When he returned to the kitchen Alicia was standing in the entrance way looking around in awe. "Can I walk in?"

"Sure."

She stepped tentatively, her eyes searching the floor and counters for some trace of what had just happened over two hours ago, but there was nothing.

"How did they do this so fast? Who were they?"
"Friends."

"What kind of friends?"

Telio's face said it all.

Okay. Fine. No questions.

She opened the refrigerator and took out the bowl of fruit and the bottle of wine. She set them on the counter and just stood there. When she looked up tears were rolling down her cheeks.

"Telio…I…"

He immediately wrapped his arms around her as she started to cry.

"It's okay. It's okay, baby. It's okay."

She shook with loud sobs as the fear finally hit her in full force. Telio held her close and whispered his love as his heart broke.

Eventually they headed upstairs with the fruit and wine, but neither ate or drank. Instead they lay curled up together on Alicia's bed and fell asleep.

x-x-x-x-x-x

Telio woke up the next morning when his cell phone signaled a text. He sat up slowly. He was alone and could smell bacon cooking. He picked up his phone.

B - Just making sure you're okay. Tell Alicia I said hi.

T - I'm fine. Do you need me? Alicia leaves Thursday. I was gonna stay.

Telio went to the bathroom and returned to another message.

B - See you Thursday.

Telio headed downstairs. Alicia was standing at the stove scrambling eggs, frying bacon, and stirring a pan of gravy. She had set the island with two plates, silverware, napkins and a small vase of flowers in the middle. Telio was suddenly hit with a strong and powerful longing for something he rarely allowed himself to imagine. He shook the feeling away. You can't have this, so don't even.

"Hi. Hungry?"

"Starving."

He sat down and watched her fix a plate of biscuits and gravy, bacon and eggs. She placed it in front of him.

"Thank you."

She sat down across from him and took a tiny sip of orange juice.

"Aren't you gonna eat?"

"No. I'm not hungry."

Telio dove in and was pleased to find it was delicious.
"You're a good cook."

"Thanks."

Silence.

Alicia's stomach tumbled and twisted and her head pounded. Every time she tried to speak she could feel tears well up. She didn't want to end things, but did she have a choice? She couldn't put her parents in danger. Maybe it was safer to stay with him now that she was already connected to the Andersons. How would the bad people know she wasn't his girlfriend anymore?

Three plates later Telio sat back and stretched. "That was great. Thank you."

Alicia couldn't hold back her tears any longer.

"I'm sorry, but…I don't think I can do this."

Telio's heart cracked, but he took her hand in his and nodded. "It's okay. I know and I understand. It's for the best."

"I'm sorry. I'm so sorry, Telio. I just never thought…"

"No," Telio walked around the island and pulled her to him. "It's not your fault. I never should have started this. I'm sorry about last night, and I promise…nothing else will happen. You and your parents will be fine."

"I feel like I'm failing you. After everything I said…"

"You're not failing me. I'm the one that failed you. I never should have let things get this far."

Alicia sniffed. "I guess Kurt is just braver than me."

Telio cupped her face in his hands. "Are you kidding me? Alicia, you killed a big ass man five times your size last night. I'm still not sure how you did it except that you're fucking amazing."

Alicia wrapped her arms around him as he stroked her hair. She smelled so good, and felt so perfect, and God he was going to miss this. He pulled back and pressed his mouth to hers. Their passion built slowly and then all at once. Clothes were discarded, condoms found in Telio's backpack, and they were on the floor of living room. Hands roaming, kissing, licking, and then he was inside her, pumping gently, savoring the feeling. He came with a deep groan followed a moment later by her passionate cry.

They dozed off until the floor became too uncomfortable. They moved to the family room couch, Alicia in just her bra and panties, and Telio in just his boxers. They turned on the TV and found a rerun of The Breakfast Club.

Alicia snuggled in close to him "Will you at least stay with me until I leave on Thursday?"

"Of course."

"And…" she paused and looked up into his eyes, "maybe forget what I said earlier?"

"What do you mean?"

"I don't wanna stop seeing you. I…I was just scared."
Telio felt torn. This was his chance to let her go. To protect her from getting even deeper and more involved. *Don't be selfish like Blaine. Let her go.*

But he didn't want to.

"I don't want anything else to happen to you."

"Do you think whoever sent that guy will try again?"

"No. I'll make sure that doesn't happen."

"How?"

"Trust me."

Alicia relaxed into him.

"I already do."

---

By Thursday Kurt was sure he could sleep for a week and still wake up tired.

For the past three days he and Blaine had attended or hosted a series of dinners as part of the mourning process for Mario. Kurt was completely fed up and outdone by all the required social engagements connected to Mario's death.

"I'm sorry, but this has been the most asinine thing ever. How is anyone supposed to grieve with all this running around? Who thought this was a good idea? It's exhausting! And then all these special dinners that the person who lost someone has to organize. How does that even make sense?"

They were sitting at the dining room table drinking wine. Kurt was sipping a very sweet late harvest Riesling while Blaine enjoyed a rich Merlot. They were both wearing black pants and dress shirts having just returned from the final dinner. Blaine's bowtie lay untied and draped around his neck, the first three buttons of his shirt undone while Kurt's was unbuttoned completely and hung loose and open. They had their shoes off, feet propped up on one of the chairs.

"I don't disagree with you, but it's tradition, Kurt."

"Well, I'm sorry, but it's a stupid tradition."

Blaine smiled at Kurt's pout that managed to be both toddler and superior at the same time.

"Thank you for going with me to everything, and for taking care of things here. I really appreciate it, and so does my mom."

"Of course."

"So, now that I've fulfilled all my official duties, it's time for you and I to enjoy a little rest and relaxation. We leave Saturday."

"What?"

"We leave for vacation on Saturday. 9:00 am by private jet. We're going to an island near Belize. Just you and me. Finally."

It was the first time Kurt had seen Blaine really smile since learning of his father's death. Kurt's
stomach twisted and tied itself into a knot.

"Um…could we maybe postpone for a week or two?"

Blaine's smile faded. "Why?"

"I promised my father at the funeral that I'd come home for a visit. I was planning on leaving Saturday or Sunday. Just for a week or two."

"I see. And when exactly did you plan to tell me?"

"I'm telling you now."

Silence.

Kurt shook his head. "Don't do this to me, Blaine. Don't you dare try to make me feel guilty."

"I'm not, and I won't."

"Good."

Silence.

"Say something."

"What do you want me to say, Kurt? You know I hate it when you're not with me. I feel like I haven't had 5 minutes alone with you all week. Plus, I love you and I want to keep you safe, especially now. I can't do that when you're at your dad's."

"Yes, you can. I know you had cars down the street from my house after I left the hospital. It drove my dad nuts, but he didn't say anything. More importantly I can take care of myself, Blaine. We talked about this, remember? I'm not scared. I can take care of myself."

Blaine stood up. "Yeah. Sure. I remember."

"Where are you going?"

"To change our plans. Two weeks, right?"

Kurt's stomach untwisted. "Yeah. Two weeks."

Blaine nodded and headed to the library. He closed and locked the door before throwing himself into his chair.

Fuck.

He thought for a moment before opening the bottom drawer of the desk. He pulled out a small rectangular box and opened it.

He took out the collar and studied it.

It was sooner than he'd planned, but that was okay.

*I'll give it to him Saturday.*

x-x-x
"So, Saturday afternoon, okay?"

"Sounds good, Kurt. We've really missed you. I've really missed you."

"I miss you guys too. Dad… I was thinking… since Blaine is going to drop me off… maybe we could all have dinner Saturday before he heads back home."

Burt tightened his grip on the phone. "And why would we do that?"

"Because… I love him and I love you, and I really want the two of you to get along. Or at least try to tolerate each other. Please?"

Burt sighed heavily. "Alright, kid. If it'll make you happy, but, Kurt, you should know that I'm never gonna like him. I can't. Not after what you went through this summer."

"It wasn't his fault, dad. It was his brother."

"Uh huh. Yeah. His brother."

Kurt closed his eyes. "Okay. Fine. Saturday."

"Saturday."

"I love you."

"I love you, too."

Kurt hung up.

At least it was a start.

Late Thursday night after Kurt was sound asleep Blaine went to see Telio. Telio had returned from Alicia's and barely grunted at them before retreating to his room.

Blaine found him sitting on his bed looking at one of his few photographs of his mother.

"Hey."

"Hey." Telio returned the photograph to his nightstand.

Blaine ran his eyes over Telio's body. He was only wearing boxers. He'd been increasing his workouts as his body allowed and it showed. As always Blaine felt no attraction towards him, but his body was delicious.

"Your scars are healing well."

"Yeah."

"So, how's Alicia?"

Telio told him everything.

"Wow. Damn. Wow."

Telio shook his head. "Yeah. She's fucking Wonder Woman."
"Telio, I know you don't see it this way, but this is actually good. You were worried about dragging her into our world, but it sounds like she can handle herself just fine."

"Are you shitting me? Have you forgotten what Kurt went through this summer? Have you forgotten Lisa? She got lucky, Blaine. That's all. She got lucky."

"Maybe, but she proved she can handle herself, and when you think about it...if I'm really honest with myself, so can Kurt. We chose our partners well, Telio. They're both strong, and smart, and capable. They know what being with us means, and yet they still love us and want to stay with us. We're lucky. Damn lucky. Don't push her away. Hold her tight and never let her go."

"Of course you'd see it that way. You're selfish as hell, Blaine."

"Maybe you're right. Maybe I am selfish as hell, but you know what? I don't care. I don't wanna be alone. I love Kurt, and I will do everything in my power to protect him and to keep him safe, even when he fights me, but I am proud of how he handled everything this summer. It doesn't lesson my desire to protect him, but...it does make me feel a little better about everything."

Telio shrugged. "I guess so. You know speaking of taking care of people...I can't shake something from when we are at Sam's place rescuing Kurt."

"What?"

"I just...I don't understand how things got so out of control. I mean...we called Luther and Vince the moment we got there. Now granted it was far out, but still...it just seems like it took them an awfully long time to get there, and where the fuck was Elian? He entered the house first, remember? If he snuck in first, dumped Sam in the kitchen, and went upstairs, why didn't he find Kurt? You said Cooper was at the top of the stairs when you came in. How did Elian not see him? If he searched upstairs why didn't he find Kurt?"

Blaine closed his eyes and tried to remember the events of that day. "Well...didn't he say he went upstairs and then to the garage? Maybe..."

Telio interrupted him. "That's the other thing I don't get. I was in the garage. He says he got shot. I didn't hear anything. And if he was in the garage and then went back into the house, where was he when those guys appeared out of nowhere and started shooting to keep me from going into the great room where you were with Cooper?"

"So, what are you saying?"

Telio frowned. "I'm not sure. Maybe he's a spy."

Blaine shook his head. "No. If he was a spy I'd be dead by now. Chartussi would have had him slit my throat after the sandwich shop. Besides his family has been loyal to mine for years."

"Loyal to your grandfather and father. Not necessarily you."

"But...and I know how this is gonna sound, but...he likes me. I mean...you know...he totally wants to sleep with me."

Telio rolled his eyes. "Seriously?"

"I'm just saying that I don't think he'd try to kill me...at least not before sleeping with me."

Telio stared at him. Fucking Anderson logic. But...wait a minute...
Telio spoke slowly as he thought it through. "Maybe you have a point. He's hungry for you. It's Kurt he doesn't like, and we were there to rescue Kurt."

Blaine's eyes darkened and narrowed as his fingers curled into fists. "So, are you saying he did something to Kurt?"

"No. That's just it. He didn't do anything. He didn't help us. Let's say he really did go upstairs. He saw Kurt but didn't do anything to help him. Or, for all we know he didn't even go in the house. I never saw him. Did you?"

"I don't…I don't really remember, but…I don't think I did."

The two sat there and stared at each other. "Do you wanna question him," asked Telio. Blaine shook his head.

"No. Not yet. Let's see what the autopsy on my father says first."

"You really think someone killed him?"

"Yes."

Late Saturday afternoon Kurt stared out the car window as he and Blaine sped along the highway towards Lima. He was a nervous wreck of mixed emotions. He was excited about going home, surprised yet pleased that Blaine's reaction to his going home had been mostly calm, and terrified that dinner was going to be a disaster. The fact that Blaine had been quiet and cooperative all day just added to his nerves. It was such un-Blaine like behavior.

Kurt absently ran his thumb along the black leather collar with an infinity pendant in the middle that Blaine had locked around his neck that morning. A tracking device was located in the flat, silver, locking mechanism.

Not that Kurt knew that.

"I was going to give this to you as a start of school present, but since you're leaving now…"

The leather felt rich and soft to the touch while the pendant sparkled beautifully. As Blaine placed it around his neck, Kurt's heart beat faster, his cock twitched, and his love for Blaine felt deeper, stronger, and tighter.

He didn't miss the resemblance to a collar.

"It's beautiful, but it looks kind of like a collar."

"Yes, it does."

"Is that on purpose?"

"Yes, it is."

Kurt's mouth fell open. "Are…are you collaring me?"

"Yes, I am."

"Um…what…what exactly does that mean?"
"What do you want it to mean?"

Kurt silently cursed his body's internal sexual response. *Stop it. He already thinks I should be locked up in his room.* "I don't know. You're the one doing it, so what does it mean to you?"

Blaine placed his hands on either side of Kurt's face and kissed him gently, but deeply, his tongue tasting him completely before pulling back.

"It means you live under my protection and that you are loved by me. Is that acceptable?"

"Yes. That actually sounds really wonderful."

"Good."

Kurt looked down at his wrist. "I'm sorry I lost the bracelet. I don't know what happened to it. It must have come off when I was trying to stay alive at Cooper's."

"That's okay. I like the collar better."

"I won't take it off, or lose it."

"You'd better not."

x-x-x-x-x-x

Kurt inhaled and exhaled deeply as Blaine took the exit for Lima. Blaine glanced at him and then reached over and took his hand.

"Relax, Kurt. I promise to be on my best behavior. Everything will be fine."

Kurt nodded. "I know. I just...promise me you won't start anything with my dad, no matter what he says."

"Don't worry. I won't take the bait. No matter what. Besides, I understand his anger. He blames me for what happened, so he hates me. I get it. I really do. I killed people who I thought were connected to hurting you, so believe me, I really do get it. I just hope he doesn't shoot me."

Kurt wondered briefly about his dad's shotgun. Had Carol made him get rid of it?

By the time they pulled into the driveway Kurt was still anxious, but excited. He tried to pull himself together as the front door opened and his dad came out.

"Hey Kurt!"

"Hi dad!"

The hug was tight and longer than usual. Blaine stood a few feet back holding Kurt's bags. He waited for them to pull apart.

"Hello Mr. Hummel."

Burt looked at him with slightly less disgust than usual. He heard Carol's voice in his head. *You have to try. This is who Kurt has chosen, so for now you have to try. Do it for his sake.*

Burt nodded and tried to keep his voice even. "Blaine. My condolences for your father."
"Thank you, sir."

"How's your mother holding up?"

"A little better every day. Thanks for asking."

"Please give her my condolences as well."

"Of course."

Burt turned to Kurt and grinned. "Come on. Carol's been cooking up a storm."

Blaine hung back and allowed the two to enter ahead of him. Inside he headed straight upstairs to Kurt's room to put down his bags. He sat down on the bed and thought about just staying there until it was time to eat. As he looked around the room he noticed Kurt's pictures. He walked over to the bookshelf to take a closer look. There were a few of Kurt when he was little, one of him and his dad, one of him with his mom and several of the New Directions, Kurt and Rachel, Kurt and Mercedes, etc.

Kurt poked his head in. "Hey, there you are. What are you doing?"

Blaine gestured at the photos. "I was just thinking. I haven't talked to any of the Warblers since leaving school. Wes and David have called and several of the guys have sent me texts, but I haven't really talked to anyone."

Kurt looked at the photos and sighed. "Neither have I. Warblers or New Directions. Are you coming back to school in the fall?"

"I still don't know. It all depends."

"On what?"

"On whether or not someone killed my father."

x-x-x-x-x-x

Blaine sat quietly next to Kurt as they all gathered around the picnic table on the patio and enjoyed fried chicken, corn, salad and lemonade. Kurt eyed his father reaching for a third piece of chicken.

"Have you been sticking to your diet?"

"Relax. This isn't real fried chicken. It's some strange baked thing Carol came up with."

"Not exactly an answer to my question."

Kurt and Burt bantered back and forth until Finn, who had been staring curiously at Blaine, asked a question.

"So, are you like, a mob boss now? A Godfather?"

Blaine looked at him in surprise while Kurt shot Finn a horrified look. Carol tried to kick him under the table, but ended up kicking Burt instead.

"Ow! Hey!"

"Sorry, sorry." She glared at her son. Finn continued to look expectantly at Blaine.
"So, are you? Like Michael Corleone?"

"Finn, shut up!" hissed Kurt.

"What? In the movies, after Sonny gets all shot up, and the Don dies, Michael becomes the new Don. The Godfather."

Carol stood up. "Okay. Who wants dessert? Finn, why don't you help me?"

"But…” Carol grabbed Finn's arm and yanked him up. "Thanks for being willing. Let's go get some plates."

Carol dragged a sputtering Finn into the house.

A small smile crossed Blaine's lips until he looked up.

Burt was staring at him with cool curious eyes.

Kurt looked between them and tried to change the conversation.

"So, dad, how are things at the shop?"

Burt didn't shift his gaze. "Things are fine. Maybe while you're here, if you feel comfortable, you can stop by and say hi to the guys. They've asked about you."

Kurt looked down at his plate. The shop. He hadn't been there since the kidnapping. Would it feel scary to be there? The shop had always been a safe home away from home. No longer feeling that way about a place he'd grown up saddened him for a moment before he quickly made up his mind. *No. I won't let Cooper take that from me.* He nodded at his father. "Yes, I'll do that. I need to check up on you. I'm sure there's a filing backlog."

Burt smiled, but remained focused on Blaine. Blaine waited.

"So, are you?" asked Burt.

Blaine leaned forward, relaxed and comfortable. His father's son.

"A mob boss? Yes, but for what it's worth I also have a successful construction firm, and I'm about to launch a construction equipment rental business."

Burt nodded, his voice dripping with sarcasm. "Oh, I see. Legitimate businesses to cover the illegal stuff. Makes sense. Maybe I could learn from you. Sell drugs out of the back of the shop."

"Dad…” Kurt pleaded.

"What? You're okay with him doing it, so why not me?"

"Mr. Hummel, I don't sell drugs. The Andersons have never and will never sell drugs."

"Oh, well I guess that makes everything else okay."

Kurt shook his head sadly. "Please don't do this."

Both men looked at Kurt and then back at each other. A nonverbal truce was drawn.

Carol returned with a sulky Finn, a cheesecake, and a key lime pie. She turned the conversation to
dessert, the weather, and summer movies. Kurt shot her a grateful smile as Blaine and Finn fell into an enthusiastic conversation about super hero movies.

Eventually the conversation tapered off. Carol began to clear the table aided by Kurt. Finn excused himself to call Rachel leaving Burt and Blaine alone. Burt stood up.

"Well, I think it's probably time for you to head home."

"Actually, do you mind having a seat for a moment? I'd like to talk to you."

Burt sat back down. "More threats?"

"No, but actually that's where I wanted to begin. I owe you an apology. I was way out of line, and despite the fact that I was doing it from a place of concern for Kurt, it was still wrong. Completely wrong, disrespectful, and totally inappropriate, and I sincerely apologize."

Burt wasn't moved. "Okay. What else you got?"

Blaine couldn't help cracking a small smile. He admired Burt Hummel's fierce and unforgiving love for his son. He got it. It made sense to him. His love for Kurt was just as fierce in a different way.

"As I've said before I'm not going anywhere. I love Kurt and I plan to be with him forever, so I'd really like for you and I to find a way to get along, or to at least tolerate each other. I understand why you don't like me, but I love your son and he loves me, and we will be together. For his sake can we please find a way to peacefully co-exist?"

Burt looked at Blaine for a moment before standing up with a heavy sigh. He adjusted his ball cap and turned around to look over the backyard. Blaine waited patiently as several minutes passed.

"When Kurt's mom got sick she made me promise over and over that I would take care of him. Protect him. She knew he was... different. I don't know if she knew he was gay, but she knew he was different. A kind, sweet, loving boy in a world that doesn't always appreciate those traits, especially in a boy who sounds like a girl. I promised her... swore to her I would keep him safe. She said to me, "He's gonna grow up one day, Burt, and then you'll have to let him be his own man. Just protect him until he's old enough to protect himself. I suppose that day is here."

Burt turned around to look at Blaine. "I don't approve of your family business. I'm trying to run for congress to make the world a better place. You and your family make it a worse place, so no, I'm probably never gonna like you, but for Kurt... for Kurt I'll try to tolerate your presence, but I'm telling you right now... something happens to him because of your family's bullshit..."

Blaine nodded. "I know. I understand."

Burt's voice was hard. "No, I don't think you do. It's my turn to make threats. Something happens to my son again, and I will take a blowtorch to every building with the name Anderson on it. And then I'll come find you."

Blaine stood up and held out his hand. "Deal."

Burt looked at his hand, looked at him, and shook his head. "A handshake means we're in agreement. I don't agree on anything with you."

"Can we at least agree that we both love Kurt and want him happy? And can we agree that us getting along makes him happy?"
"Yeah, we can agree on that, but we don't need to shake on it."

Burt turned and headed inside the house.

Blaine sighed and put his hands in his pockets. *Well, at least I tried. Maybe in time..."

"Thank you."

Blaine turned to see Kurt standing in the doorway.

"I don't think I accomplished anything."

Kurt walked over and took his hand. "You apologized. I appreciate that, and I'm sure he does too despite what he said. It's a start."

Blaine slid his arms around Kurt's waist and pulled him close. *I don't really give a shit. I just want you happy.* Kurt tried to pull back as Blaine dove in for a kiss, but Blaine tightened his hold and pressed his mouth insistently against Kurt's until he relented and fell into the deep wet kiss full of desire and want. When they pulled apart Kurt glanced nervously at the back door.

"We'd better stop before my dad sees us."

"Your dad's not naïve, Kurt. You've been living with me for weeks. I'm sure he knows what's up."

"Maybe, but this is his house. We need to be respectful."

Blaine's need for control burned. His eyes darkened with dominant lust as he placed his hand on the back of Kurt's neck. He gently rubbed the skin above the collar causing a stirring deep inside Kurt. Blaine worked a finger under the collar and pulled making Kurt choke as the collar pressed into his throat.

"No matter where you go, no matter where you are, you always belong to me, and I will touch you and take you wherever the hell I want."

Blaine removed his fingers and grabbed Kurt's hand dragging him inside. They walked quickly past the kitchen and headed upstairs to Kurt's room. Blaine closed the door behind them and pushed Kurt up against it, kissing him messily as his hands worked to unzip Kurt's pants. He dropped to his knees and slid his mouth down Kurt's cock. A breathy, "Shit," is all Kurt could manage as Blaine sucked him off fast and firm. Kurt clamped his hand over his mouth as he came strong down Blaine's throat. Blaine stood up with a satisfied smirk.

"I'm sorry for being disrespectful in your father's house. Shall I go apologize?"

Kurt rolled his eyes. "You're impossible, Blaine."

"Yes, I am. Impossibly in love with you. I don't supposed you'd let me lock that gorgeous cock up before I go?"

Despite coming just moments ago, Kurt's cock responded eagerly. Kurt was surprised at how tempted he felt.

"Will you put yours on when you get home?"

"If you want me to."

Kurt thought for a moment before shaking his head. No, he couldn't take a chance on Finn walking
in on him. Finn sometimes waited until he was about to burst leading to him barging into bathrooms.

"No, let's wait. Something to look forward to."

"Oh, gorgeous. You have so much to look forward to, and I'm not just talking about our vacation. The things I'm going to do to you when I see you again…"

Kurt swallowed a whimper.

They headed back downstairs. Blaine exchanged brief goodbyes with Carol and Finn. Burt remained in the kitchen.

Outside Kurt looked up and down the street. There was a car with two men sitting inside parked a few houses down.

"I can't believe I'm asking this, but do I have security?"

"Of course. The two guys parked down there. Alan and Jeff."

"But…who's driving back with you?"

"I'm flying solo today."

"Why? Does Telio know?"

"I don't answer to Telio, Kurt. He answers to me."

"But, isn't that dangerous?"

"I'll be fine, but don't you get any ideas. Make sure Alan and Jeff are always with you when you leave. I've instructed them to remain out of the way and as invisible as possible, but don't try to shake them. They're here to protect you."

"Please be careful, Blaine."

"I will. Promise."

Kurt threw his arms around Blaine and held him tight. "I'm gonna miss you."

"Not as much as I'm gonna miss you. I love you, gorgeous."

"I love you, too."
Chapter 26

Chapter Notes

This chapter picks right up where the other left off.

Blaine turned into the underground garage at the offices of Anderson Construction and was glad to see Kevin Ewing waiting for him. He placed his gun in his waistband, took a deep breath, and exited the car.

"Hi Blaine."

"Hey Kevin. Thanks for meeting me."

"No problem, but I gotta be honest with you, I'm a little confused. I mean I'm fine providing you with protection tonight – I'm actually kinda honored you'd ask me, but where's Telio or Luther?"

Blaine's tone was somber. "We're meeting with the medical director of the Clair Clinic and the pathologist I hired to do the autopsy on my father. I'm pretty sure someone killed him, and whoever killed him had to have access to his room. That was a very short list. Until I hear what the pathologist has to say... I can't trust my family."

Kevin's jaw dropped. "You really think someone killed him?"

Blaine nodded. "Yes. I know he was badly hurt, but I think someone grew impatient and decided to give death a hand."

Kevin shook his head in shocked silence. "Wow. I'm so sorry, Blaine. I'll do whatever I can to help."

"Thanks, I appreciate that. You're pretty good at reading people so all I need you to do tonight is to listen and tell me what you think. Oh, and watch for any sudden moves."

Kevin nodded. "Of course. No problem."

The two men climbed the stairs and entered the main lobby of Anderson Construction. The two overnight guards nodded at Blaine. The doctors were already waiting nervously and feeling bewildered by the time and location of the meeting. 9:30 pm at a construction firm. Both men were terrified they were about to be shot and buried in concrete.

"Gentlemen, thank you for meeting me."

Dr. Abdul, the medical director nodded nervously. "Of course, Mr. Anderson, and please allow me to once again express on behalf of the entire Clair Center family our deepest…" Blaine cut him off.

"We got the flowers. Thanks. Sit down."

Dr. Abdul hit the chair so fast Kevin was sure his ass had to hurt. Dr. Karnin, the pathologist also sat down.

Blaine seated himself across from them and looked at each expectantly. "Well?"
Dr. Abdul launched into a rundown of Mario's injuries and the likelihood of recovery. Once again Blaine cut him off.

"Look, I know all that and frankly I don't care. What I wanna know is how did he die?" Blaine focused his gaze on Dr. Karnin who quickly handed him a folder.

"It was liquid cyanide. Normally death is almost instantaneous or over the course of a few hours. Somehow your father managed to hold on for a few days. I have no idea how except that perhaps some of the other drugs he was being administered helped to slow down the effect of the cyanide, protecting him."

Blaine scanned the report. "It was given through his IV?"

"Yes, and for what it's worth he didn't suffer. It could be said that someone did him a favor given the nature of his injuries and the internal damage. I can assure you that Dr. Abdul is correct. Your father was never going to recover. Perhaps someone wanted him to go peacefully."

Blaine closed the folder and looked at Dr. Karnin who immediately realized he'd said too much.

"So, you're saying it was a mercy murder?"

"I…uh…I'm just p-pointing out that…” Blaine held up his hand.

"Enough." He turned to Dr. Abdul. "What do the security tapes show?"

Beads of sweat sprouted on Dr. Abdul's forehead the moment Blaine arrived. Now they started running a race down his face as his fear grew.

"Um…well…uh…th-there s-seems to be a…um…slight problem with the tapes."

Blaine leaned forward. "A problem?"

"Um…they…they appear to be missing."

"Missing?"

"Um, yes. Based on the estimated time of the poisoning…well…all the tapes from that timeframe are…are missing."

Dr. Abdul was shaking and looking everywhere but at Blaine. Dr. Karnin scooted his chair a few inches away from him. Blaine's voice was calm and smooth his rage undetectable.

"So, let me make sure I understand. The high-tech security system I personally paid for recorded the murder of my father, but you can't find the tape. Is that what you're telling me?"

"Well, um…”

Dr. Karnin decided now was a good time to make his exit.

"Excuse me. I don't have anything to do with the operation of the Clair Clinic. I'm just an independent consultant you hired to do the autopsy on your father. Whatever happened there has nothing to do with me."

Blaine stood up and held out his hand. "Thank you for your help." Dr. Karnin quickly stood up and grasped Blaine's hand. Blaine tightened his grip and pulled the doctor towards him. His voice was tight and menacing.
"I assume doctor/patient privilege extends to this meeting?"

Dr. Karnin nodded so fast and so hard he reminded Kevin of a bobble head doll. "Yes, yes. Of course. Everything shared here is confidential and will be held in the most strict and utmost confidence…no matter what." He glanced at Dr. Abdul whose expression was of both terror and pleading.

"Thank you, Dr. Karnin. You may go."

Dr. Karnin sprinted for the door.

Blaine walked around the lobby at a slow, thoughtful pace. Dr. Abdul looked at the door Dr. Karnin had just disappeared through. Kevin stepped in front of him with a smirk and shook his head. After a minute Blaine came over and sat down in front of Dr. Abdul. He scooted his chair up so they were sitting so close their knees were almost touching. Blaine pulled a knife out of his pocket and clicked the blade open. He studied it as he spoke quiet and calm his voice dripping with threat.

"I'm going to give you one opportunity to tell me who murdered my father and asked you to dispose of the tapes."

Dr. Abdul swallowed and stammered. "M-M-Mr. Anderson…I…" Blaine held up his hand.

"One opportunity before I carve you slowly and gut you like a fish."

Dr. Abdul was shaking, rivers of sweat streaming down his face. His voice was a cracked whisper.

"Y-your m-mother."

"What?"

"Y-your m-mother. Anna…M-M-Mrs. Anderson. She didn't want him to suffer anymore."

Blaine sat back. Despite his suspicions he was still stunned.

"My mother?"

Dr. Abdul nodded. "She-she asked me to remove the tape. I-I swear…I didn't know before she did it. Only after."

Blaine's head was spinning. "You're sure it was my mother?"

Dr. Abdul shook his head. "Sh-she came to my office and said…said she'd put her husband out of his misery. I asked her what she meant and she told me and asked me to remove the tape."

"Where is the tape now?"

"In the safe in my home office."

Blaine stared hard at Dr. Abdul who looked like he was about to faint. He glanced up at Kevin who gave him a slight nod. He believed the doctor was telling the truth.

"Dr. Abdul, I want that tape delivered to my home by Noon tomorrow. You are not to contact my mother, or Luther, or anyone else about this conversation. Do you understand?"

"Yes, yes, of course."
"I find out you said anything to anyone and I'll have you skinned alive. I know a guy. Are we clear?"

The doctor could barely nod from shaking.

"Get out."

Dr. Abdul ran across the lobby and out the doors.

Blaine put his face in his hands and took deep breaths. Kevin hesitantly placed a hand on his shoulder.

"I'm so sorry, Blaine."

Blaine sat in silence for a minute before standing up.

"Thanks for being here tonight. I appreciate it."

"No problem. Are you ready to go? I'll follow you home."

"No, I'm gonna sit here for a while. I need to think."

"Then I'll stay."

"No, no. You go on."

"Um, Blaine…I don't think you should be alone, and you definitely shouldn't drive home alone. Now that you know the truth why don't you call Telio?"

Blaine shook his head. He still didn't know the truth. His mother wouldn't know where to get liquid cyanide. Someone had to help her. His money was on Luther, but still…

"I'll be fine. The overnight guards are here, and I can definitely get home. You go ahead. Thanks for your concern and your loyalty."

Kevin nodded nervously. He didn't feel right about leaving him, but he wasn't going to argue with his Don.

"Okay, but I really wish you'd call Telio or someone else."

"I'll be fine. Thanks."

Kevin glanced at the overnight guards as he headed towards the steps to the garage. One guard nodded reassuringly while the other just stared at him. Kevin's stomach swirled with unease but he kept going.

Blaine sat down and leaned back to stare at the ceiling.

*She betrayed him.*

*She slept with his best friend and then decided to murder him.*

*Or did Luther plant the idea?*

*Luther*

*How could you?*
You were his best friend. My Godfather.

You and my father tortured many men to a cruel death in that barn, but you've never seen anything like the torture I'm going to unleash on your traitorous ass.

"Tough break, kid."

One of the security guards was standing right in front of him. Blaine tried to remember his name, but he didn't look familiar. He glanced over at the reception desk. The other guard was gone.

Gunshots rang out from the garage.

Blaine swiftly kicked the guard in the balls and shot him before the man could pull his gun. He ran behind the large marble reception desk and ducked down. The other guard was lying dead on the floor, his throat slit.

Gun shots continued to ring out and suddenly three men ran into the lobby. Blaine could see them on the monitor. Chartussi's men. One noticed the dead guard that had approached Blaine. "Man down! Stay alert!"

"Blaine! Blaine!"

Blaine jumped up at the sound of Telio's voice. He shot the man standing over the dead guard and took out the other man standing in the middle of the lobby. Telio shot the man standing by the door.

"Blaine!"

"I'm here! Over here!"

Kevin came running in. "Blaine?"

"I'm here. I'm okay."

The three met in the middle of the room.

"I thought you left. What happened?"

Kevin shook his head. "I was too scared to leave you, so I waited in my car and...I called Telio. I'm sorry, but I just...I was really worried about you driving home alone. Anyway, I'm sitting there when two cars suddenly pull in real slow and then stop. They sat there for a minute and then these guys started getting out. I recognized them as Chartussi's men so I started firing. Then Telio drove up, and...here we are."

For a second time that night Blaine was stunned. He looked over at the dead guard he'd shot.

An inside job.

Telio was fuming. "What the fuck were you doing here alone? I thought you were gonna take Kurt home and then come back with Alan and Jeff! Where the hell are they?"

"I left them with Kurt."

"Why didn't you tell me and why are you here?" Telio turned to Kevin. "And what are you doing here?"

Kevin didn't answer. He looked at Blaine and then looked around the lobby. "I'll call C to take care
of this." He pulled out his cell phone and quickly headed for the stairs.

Telio looked at Blaine. "What's going on? What are you doing here at this time of night, and why didn't you call me?"

Blaine ignored the guilt seeping into his chest. "I had to take care of something."

"What?"

"Just something."

Telio was exasperated. "I swear you are the biggest, most selfish ass prick on the planet! Do you realize that if Kevin hadn't been here you'd be dead right now? And what the fuck is so important that you're wandering around alone at 11:00 pm at night? What the fuck is your problem!" Telio shoved him.

"Don't push me, Telio."

"No! Don't you push me, you selfish, spoiled brat!" Telio shoved him again. "How the fuck am I supposed to protect you when you're sneaking around behind my back! Why would you do that? Are you trying to get killed?"

"Let's just go home."

"Not until you tell me what's going on!"

Blaine said nothing. Telio's anger turned to deep hurt as he realized the truth.

"You don't wanna tell me what's going on. Is that...that's why Kevin is here? You called him because you don't trust me?"

Silence.

Minutes ticked by as Blaine struggled. He could feel the distance growing between them and it made him sick.

But...

In his world danger and betrayal often came from those who were supposed to love you.

When Telio spoke his voice was quiet and full of heavy hurt.

"Forget it. You don't have to tell me anything."

Blaine felt like shit. "I met with the pathologist to get the autopsy report on my dad. He was poisoned. Liquid cyanide."

For a moment Telio was confused. "Why wouldn't you want me..."

Oh.

Telio's hurt deepened. "You thought...you thought I killed Mario?"

"No, but...I couldn't take any chances. I needed to find out alone just in case..."

"In case what, Blaine? In case I was the one who murdered the man who took me in when he could
have very well left me on the street? In case I killed the man who gave me a life? Took care of me? Raised me? In case I murdered my best friend's father? My father?"

"Telio…"

"How could you ever think I'd do that to him? To you?"

"Because you love women, Telio! You always have! You have this thing about them…you wanna save them and protect them and I know how you feel about my mother, and after all that talk about not wanting her to fall apart…I just…if she'd have asked you for help…"

"I would have said no! You should know that, Blaine! Yes, I love Anastasia, but I wouldn't kill Mario for her!"

"I'm sorry. Telio…Telio, please…"

Telio shook his head and started backing away. "For almost ten years we've been brothers. Best friends. I've been by your side, watching over you, protecting you, and this…this is how little you think of me? After all these years? I'm out."

"Telio! Wait!"

"Find another sucker to take a bullet for you."

"Telio! Telio!"

Telio kept walking.

Blaine stood in the middle of the lobby all alone except for the men removing the dead bodies. He collapsed in a chair and watched the men rolling the bodies into plastic and then wrapping the plastic in duct tape.

*Alone.*

*Surrounded by dead bodies and betrayal.*

*This is what I have to look forward to.*

*Without Kurt this is my life.*

Out in the garage Telio sat behind the wheel of his car and tried to force himself to start the engine. He looked over at the door of the building and then at Blaine's car.

*He just shit all over you and on everything between the two of you. Leave his ass here.*

But Telio's responsibility streak ran too strong and too deep.

Along with his love for Blaine.

He waited.

20 minutes later the clean-up crew exited the building and pulled off. Blaine came out five minutes later. He looked at Telio sitting in the car staring straight ahead. He walked over and tapped on the glass.

"Telio? I'm sorry. Please…I know you'd never do anything to hurt me. I just…"
Telio started the car.

Blaine backed away and went to his car. He started it up and pulled out of the garage.

Telio followed him all the way home.

Sunday afternoon Burt stretched out in his chair with the Sunday paper and grinned.

This was perfect.

This was what he'd missed.

It was great to have Kurt back home.

Kurt woke up that morning in the mood to cook. This led to his whipping up a feast of mini quiches, sausage, bacon, pancakes for Finn who didn't like quiche, and hand squeezed orange juice. As he cooked he realized that he, Finn, Burt and Carol wouldn't be able to eat it all, so he called Mercedes and Rachel and issued a last minute invite for breakfast. Finn called Puck, and everyone came over for breakfast at the Hudson-Hummels. After breakfast everyone hung around to catch Kurt up on all the Glee club and William McKinley High news.

Burt loved the sound of laughter and occasional singing coming from the patio. He'd forgotten how much energy and life Kurt brought to their home. It felt good. Right. Safe.

"You look pleased as punch," said Carol as she entered the living room and sat down in the chair across from Burt.

"It feels good having him home."

Carol nodded in agreement. "Yeah. I wish he could stay longer."

Burt paused before leaning conspiratorially towards Carol. "I haven't sent in his deposit for Dalton."

"Isn't that due soon?"

"Next Monday, but I've been thinking. What if Kurt went back to McKinley? That Karofsky kid switched schools. Kurt should be safe."

"Karofsky wasn't the only problem, Burt. Yes, he was the main one, but not the only one. More important does Kurt want to leave Dalton?"

" Haven't talked to him yet, but I plan to. Listen to him out there, Carol. He clearly misses his friends."

"He also clearly loves Blaine."

Burt sat back with a frown.

Blaine.

What a way to ruin a good day.

Carol smiled apologetically. "Sorry, but you know as well as I do that Kurt's probably not going to want to leave Blaine."
"Is it that Kurt doesn't want to leave, or that Blaine won't let him?"

"I don't think Kurt will want to leave. He loves Blaine and he also loves Dalton. Yes, he misses his friends, but he's told me how much he enjoys his classes even though they're far more challenging than McKinley. He likes performing with the Warblers, and the kids are kinder. It's not just all about Blaine."

Burt looked determined. "Maybe, maybe not, but I'm going to give him the option. The more space between them the better."

Monday evening Blaine sat in front of his computer.

He'd been sipping bourbon for over an hour while watching the video over, and over, and over.

It was clearly his mother in her long white Maison Martin Margiela trench coat. One of the many gifts his father had bought for her while away on a business trip.

At some point Elian had slipped in quietly and settled next to him. He kept refilling Blaine's glass and rubbing his back softly.

The image burned itself into Blaine's brain.

His mother killed his father.

But was it her idea?

Blaine suddenly and unexpectedly stood up, knocking the bourbon glass to the floor. He stalked out of the room with Elian following close on his heels. He followed the sound of voices to the dining room where his mother was finishing up dinner with Luther.

Well.

How fucking perfect.

He stood there as the cook cleared the dishes. Anastasia and Luther looked at him curiously.

"Darling, are you alright?"

Blaine just stared at her.

"Darling, is something wrong?"

Blaine licked his lips and relaxed his body. Anastasia sat back while Luther immediately grew tense.

"I met with Dr. Abdul last night, mother."

"Oh?"

"Yeah. He's a big fan of yours."

Silence.

"I had an autopsy done."

Silence.
Telio walked in. He looked around the room. "What's going on?"

"I was just telling our mother about the death of her husband."

Telio looked at Anastasia who was still staring at Blaine expressionless. "What?"

"Come on in, Telio. You should hear this, too. You should hear how much the woman you love loved her husband."

Anastasia finally spoke. "Blaine, please…"

Blaine snapped.

"Please what, mother? Please don't tell anyone you murdered your husband after fucking his best friend?"

Anastasia shook her head vigorously. "No! No! That's not true! I didn't…"

"I saw you on tape, mother! I saw you! You poisoned him! You fucking poisoned him! You killed him!"

"No! I did what he wanted! He never wanted to be left lying somewhere to die!"

"You lying bitch! You killed him! You killed him! You betrayed him and then you killed him!"

Anastasia turned pale. "No…I…"

"You were fucking your husband's best friend while your husband lay dying in a hospital! You lying, murderous, bitch!"

Tears rolled down Anastasia's face as she screamed. "No! I didn't kill him….I did what he would have wanted…I…"

Anastasia recoiled as Blaine screamed at her.

"You betrayed him! He loved you and you betrayed him!"

Anastasia sobbed and shook her head. "No, no, no…"

Blaine turned to Luther who had stood up and was slowly inching towards the door.

"You were his best friend. His very best friend. His consigliere. Godfather to his children. He trusted you, and this…this is how you repay him? By fucking his wife and then helping her kill him?"

Luther took a few steps back as he shook his head.

"No…Blaine, listen to me…that's not right. I didn't kill him. I had no idea…"

"Liar! You're a fucking liar! The two of you! Fucking each other and fucking liars!"

Blaine was breathing hard, eyes wild, body humming with rage, an alcohol buzz, and a desire for revenge and murder. He closed his eyes, took a deep breath, and allowed himself to fall and drown in his murderous desire. A soft calm floated over him and his breathing slowed. He opened his eyes and fixed his gaze on Luther.

"Take him to the barn."
All hell broke loose.

Luther tried to turn and run, but Vince and Elian grabbed him. Anastasia lunged at Blaine who jumped back and watched her fall to her knees.

"No! No! Please! Don't do this! He didn't know! He didn't know!"

"The hell he didn't! Liquid cyanide, mother! Since when do you know where to get liquid cyanide?"

"He didn't know! He didn't know! Blaine, please!"

"Listen to yourself you worthless whore! How could you betray him so easily? He loved you! He loved you so much! I know he did some fucked up shit, but he loved you! He was so in love with you!"

"Listen to yourself!" yelled Luther as he struggled in Vince and Elian's grasp. "You think your father was so fucking perfect! Well, let me tell you, he wasn't!"

"Don't you dare say anything about my father, you traitorous asshole!"

Anastasia wrapped her arms around Blaine's legs and begged.

"Please, please don't do this, Blaine! You don't wanna do this! He didn't know! I swear he didn't know!"

Blaine looked down at her, his heart breaking in his chest as he blinked back tears. "How could you, mama? How could you betray daddy? Twice. You betrayed him twice. I know he wasn't perfect, but he never betrayed you."

Luther's laughter rang out loud and mean. "Oh, really? And exactly why do you think Telio is here?"

Everyone turned to look at Telio who was standing frozen in the doorway watching everything go down. Telio looked at Luther. What was he talking about?

Luther snarled at him. "Do you really think Mario was so broken up about your father's death that he felt obligated to give you a home? Please. Your being here had nothing to do with your father. No, it had everything to do with your mother."

Telio's chest tightened in a way specific only to thoughts about his mother. "Don't talk about my mother."

Luther smiled nastily. "Come on, Telio. You know all about your mother. Everyone does. She was so beautiful. Amazing smile, perfect hair, gorgeous body...and a total slut. Anastasia, you'll be happy to know that she was the only woman Mario couldn't resist besides you. Once he laid eyes on her he had to have a taste. Just once. One good hard fuck. When he learned she was pregnant he went into full panic mode. Probably the only time I've ever seen him panic over anything. Then he decided to just wait and see what the kid looked like. Imagine his relief when you arrived looking just like your father. Mario figured he'd dodged a bullet. But then your dad was killed and Mario couldn't leave you behind. He just couldn't do it, not when you came so close to being his son. I'm guessing your mother got fucked by your dad at 1:00 pm and Mario at 2:00 pm."

Vince and Elian let go of Luther and actually pushed him forward as Telio attacked with a growling scream. He punched and kicked Luther over and over, stomping him in the face and chest when he fell to the floor.
Realizing Telio wasn't going to stop until Luther was dead, Vince pulled him off. Telio wrenched himself out of Vince's grip and stumbled to the corner of the room where he punched the wall with both fists.

Blaine's mind was reeling.

His father cheated on his mother with Telio's mother? He and Telio came close to being blood brothers? He looked down at his mother who was still kneeling in front of him. She looked shocked, confused and slightly lost. He looked at Luther lying bruised and battered on the floor and made his decision.

"Stand him up."

Vince and Elian grabbed Luther and pulled him to his feet. Luther looked at Blaine through swollen eyes.

"It doesn't matter," said Blaine. "It doesn't change the fact that you betrayed my father by sleeping with my mother and helping her kill him. Take him to the barn."

Anastasia screamed. "No!" She wrapped her arms around Blaine's legs again. "Blaine…I'm begging you. Please, don't kill him. Please. He didn't know anything!"

"Even if he didn't help you the fact remains that he betrayed my father! Your husband! But you don't care about that, do you, mother? You just wanna save your lover! Do you remember what daddy did the last time a man tried to take what was his? Huh? Do you, mama? Remember the fire? You're lucky I don't throw you in it with him!"

Blaine pushed her away and walked out without another word.

Anastasia turned to Telio. "Telio, please! Go stop him! Luther didn't know! I swear…he didn't know!"

Telio stared at her for a moment and walked out.

Outside in the barn Blaine stripped down to his boxers and circled Luther with a knout style whip in his hand. He looked crazed and terrifying. The air was hot, humid and tense as Vince, Elian and a few other men stared at Luther hanging naked, black and blue from the ceiling. The entire scene felt surreal and uncomfortable. Luther had always been second in command. The men respected and followed his orders as they did Mario. Seeing him strung up about to be murdered by their new Don was scary and unsettling. Everything felt off balance and misplaced, but as the men quietly whispered amongst themselves understanding emerged.

Never, ever covet the boss's wife.

A few men smirked and noted that this would no longer be a problem since the boss's wife was a man. .

Blaine attacked Luther with a frightening ferocity that made everyone jump. He was relentless and unforgiving as Luther screamed. At one point he passed out from the pain, but Elian gleefully sprayed cold water directly at his face to bring him around so he could be conscious for the hell being inflicted on his body.

Blaine continued the beating until Telio warned him. "Do you really want to kill him? If not, now is the time to stop."
Blaine struck Luther five more times before dropping the whip and ordering the men to cut him down. Once he dropped to the floor Blaine grabbed a can of gasoline and poured it all over his body. Luther's screams of agony were horrendous as the gasoline seeped into his wounds. Blaine stood over him for a moment before grabbing his hair to force him to look at him.

"I'm not going to kill you, you back-stabbing son of a bitch. You see killing you would destroy my relationship with my mother and I don't wanna do that, and I'm not going to have her grieving over you instead of her husband, so no I'm not going to kill you. I'm not even going to fire you from your position within this family, but you are banned from this house. Do you hear me? Get your shit and get the hell outta my house! You are never to set foot on this property ever again!"

Blaine released him and delivered two swift kicks directly to his groin. He started to leave but spotted a bag of manure in the corner. He grabbed the bag, tore it open and dumped it on top of Luther.

"You are officially a piece of shit."

x-x-x

Anastasia lay curled into a ball on her bed. Her sobs had turned to silent tears. Her heart beat fast as she trembled while waiting for the slam of Blaine's bedroom door. The moment she heard it she quickly left her room, quietly ran down the stairs, through the house, and out to the barn.

Anastasia was simultaneously shocked and relieved to find Luther lying unconscious on the ground. She cried and whispered, "I'm sorry, I'm sorry," over and over as she tried to gently brush the manure away from his face. She ran back to the house and down the hall to the bedroom of Nate, one of the guards who served as her main driver.

"Please…please help me. I-I have to get him to a hospital. Please help me."

"Mrs. Anderson…your son's gonna cut my balls off."

"Please…I'll give you money to leave town just please…please help me."

Nate sighed. "Shit. Come on."

Blaine opened his eyes.

He rolled over and stared at the empty space next to him. Why aren't you here, Kurt? I need you so much.

Memories of the previous night slid through his mind. No. It's better that you're not here. I don't want you in the middle of all this bullshit.

He took a shower, threw on a shirt and a pair of Dalton sweatpants, and headed downstairs.

Telio was sitting at the dining room table in front of an untouched plate of food. Blaine sat down across from him. The silence was tense, heavy, and thick as Blaine tried to figure out what to say.

"I'm sorry."

Telio didn't speak and didn't look up.

"I never, ever should have doubted you. After all you've done for me…watching over me…putting yourself in danger for me…I'm sorry. I promise…I'll never, ever question your loyalty again. Ever."
Silence.

Blaine decided to keep going. "I also want you to know that my dad…what happened with your mom, it doesn't change anything. If anything it confirms what I've always felt. You're my real brother, Telio. My true brother."

Telio's head snapped up. "Well, that's mighty big of you, Blaine," he sneered. "I'm so glad you're able to forgive your father's indiscretions. Funny how your forgiveness doesn't extend to your mother."

Blaine shook his head. "I'm not saying I forgive him, but regardless, it's not the same thing. My mother cheated on my father with his best friend while he lay dying."

"Cheating is cheating, Blaine. Whether the other person is healthy or dying, cheating is cheating."

Blaine shook his head. "No! She started having an affair with her dying husband's best friend! My dad only did it once. I'm not saying that makes it right, but it's not the same thing."

"Really, Blaine? Why are you so fucking blind when it comes to him?"

"And why are you ungrateful!"

Telio jumped up knocking the chair over. "Ungrateful? I'm sorry, but I didn't realize I should be grateful your dad used my mother like every other asshole out there!"

"You should be grateful for all he did for you! It wasn't his fault your mother was a…"

Blaine fell out of the chair and hit the ground like a brick from the power of Telio's punch.

"Fuck you, Blaine! Fuck you!" Telio stormed out.

Blaine tried to sit up, but his head throbbed with painful dizziness. The cook came in to remove Telio's plate. She looked down at him disdainfully. She was still pissed about Kurt being in charge of all the funeral dinners.

"Can I get you anything, sir?"

Blaine slowly pulled himself back into the chair.

"Water…and some ibuprofen." The cook left and returned a moment later with the pills and water which she set down in front of him.

"Anything else?"

"No. Thank you." She looked at him in disgust and left.

Blaine swallowed the pills and laid his head down on the table.

*How did I manage to fuck up so badly?*

*I have got to get my shit together.*

Once the pain in his head lessened, he headed downstairs to see Telio. He had to make things right.

Telio was packing.
"What are you doing?"

"Leaving."

"No, Telio, please. I'm sorry. I'm sorry for everything. I never meant...you're right about my dad. What he did was wrong, but if I got you because of it then I'm glad it happened. You're my best friend. My brother. Please don't leave. I can't do this without you."

"I'm done being used by you and your fucked up family. I always knew Mario took me in partly out of guilt and partly because he needed someone to take care of you, but I was okay with that because at least he cared enough to bother. Guilt was something that slid off of him easily. He would have forgotten me in time, so the fact that he took the extra step of actually adopting me...but now...knowing what he did..."

"It doesn't matter, Telio! It doesn't change anything! If anything in some strange way I think it makes it even better. You heard Luther. My dad was panicked about the pregnancy and relieved you weren't his. He wanted to walk away and he could've walked away even after your dad died, but he didn't. He didn't and that means something. It means that maybe he cared more for your mother than he claimed, and we know he thought highly of your father. Please, Telio...let's not make this about you and me because it isn't. I don't care how you got here, I'm just glad you're here because I love you. You're my brother, and I love you. Please don't go."

"You questioned my loyalty, Blaine! My loyalty! Me! The person willing to die for you! How is that supposed to make me feel? How am I supposed to be willing to take a bullet for you knowing that you don't even trust me?"

Blaine took a deep breath and slowly nodded. "You're right. That is fucked up, so we're not doing it anymore."

"What are you talking about?"

"You are no longer responsible for my safety. You are no longer my bodyguard. From now on you're just my brother, my best friend, and my consigliere."

"I can't just stop being responsible for you."

"Of course you can. You never should've had that responsibility in the first place. Don't get me wrong. Please feel free to kill someone coming after me, but it's not your responsibility to follow me around and escort me everywhere. We're...equals. Brothers."

"We're not equal, Blaine. You're still the boss."

"Well, yeah, but from now on your primary mission in life is not to keep me alive."

"You still need a bodyguard."

"Maybe I'll ask Kevin."

"And at school?"

"I'll just have to look out for myself."

Telio rolled his eyes. "Yeah right. The only thing you look out for at school is Kurt's ass. Literally."

Blaine smiled. "But it's such a beautiful ass. I can't help it."
Telio sat down on the bed. "What are we going to do about school? Kurt seems to think we're going back in the fall. That might have been a possibility before with Luther, but now…"

Blaine leaned against the dresser and folded his arms. His eyes grew dark and focused.

"I'm not getting rid of Luther."

"You're not?"

"No. Killing him would've destroy my relationship with my mother. Sending him away would turn him into a threat. He knows everything about our family and our businesses. He could go to one of our enemies and offer to spill in exchange for money and protection. It's like my dad used to always say. Keep your enemies close, and your family closer, especially when family is your enemy."

"So he's staying CEO of Anderson Construction?"

"Yes, but I'm creating the position of President and moving Denise Hankerson into the role. Luther will be strictly top level focusing on long-term strategy. Denise will be day-to-day operations."

Telio mulled this over. "Denise and Luther have an icy relationship."

Blaine nodded. "Because Denise isn't scared to question his decisions. She'll be a good safeguard. Eventually I'll move Luther to Chairman where he'll just manage the board, and Denise will become President and CEO."

They sat in silence, but it wasn't heavy and tense like earlier. Instead it was thoughtful, but settling as both men reached agreement about all the issues swirling between them.

"So, you'll stay?"

"If it's okay with your mother. She might not want me here anymore now that she knows about your dad and my mom."

Blaine's voice was cold. "That's not up to her. She's lucky I'm allowing her to stay."

"Blaine…"

"Don't. Don't make excuses for her or come to her rescue. My mother's appearance of submissive weakness was all for my father's benefit. It was how they got off. Believe me, I know. My mother is strong as hell and smarter than she lets on. How do you think she survived all these years? She killed him, Telio. She killed him so she could hurry up and be with her lover."

"Blaine, I know you don't wanna hear this, but he was going to die. The doctors wanted us to let him go, but they were scared to say anything to you."

"Maybe I could accept that if it weren't for the Luther of it all. She didn't kill him out of love for him. She killed him out of love for Luther."

"And for you."

"What?"

"She took the decision away from you. Gave you one less thing to worry about. She also solidified your role as boss."

Blaine shook his head. "Whatever. You can attach as many reasons to it as you want. At the end of
the day she cheated on him with his best friend and then hurried his death.”

Telio decided to let it go and keep his final thought to himself.

*Well, she is an Anderson. What do you expect? All of you are selfish, murderous, and twisted as hell.*

“So, you're staying?”

Telio nodded. "Yeah. I'm staying."

"Thank you."

Telio shrugged. Blaine headed towards the door but then turned around.

"Telio…I really do love you."

"Yeah, I know."

Blaine hesitated for a moment and then threw himself at Telio, wrapping his arms around him. Telio returned the embrace, but said nothing.

Blaine let him go with a goofy grin and headed upstairs.

Telio started unpacking.

*I love you too, Blaine. I love you, too.*

______________________________

It was a little after 7:00 pm when Anastasia quietly entered the house. She was exhausted and scared, but at least Luther was alive. Blaine didn't kill him. That had to mean something.

But what?

She headed towards the stairs.

"Good evening, mother."

Blaine was sitting in the living room obviously waiting for her to arrive. He was wearing pressed black pants, a baby blue button down shirt with the first button undone and matching light blue and pearl cufflinks. His hair was perfectly slicked down with carefully applied gel.

Mario…no, of course it's not Mario.

"We need to talk," said Blaine.

"Yes, I-I know. Can I just…"

"Sit down."

Her desire to protest was crushed by the rock hard tone of his voice and his unforgiving expression. She sat down.

Blaine crossed his legs and placed his hands on his knee. Anastasia watched his movements with growing fear. With Mario she knew what those movements meant, but with Blaine she had no idea.

"Is your lover still alive?"
Anastasia hesitated before answering. "Luther is still alive. The doctor said he'll recover. Eventually."

"Good. As much as I would have preferred to kill him, I know it's best for everyone if he's alive. Luther is a valuable member of this family. Always has been, always will be, but his behavior has cost him certain privileges."

Anastasia swallowed. "Privileges?"

"Yes. Like the privilege of fucking my mother. That's over. You are no longer available for his bed, and he is no longer welcome in this house."

Anastasia remained silent.

"Oh, but don't worry. I don't expect you to stay single forever. You're welcome to date once an appropriate amount of time has passed, but Luther is not an option."

"Blaine, I know you're upset, but…"

"I catch the two of you together, I cut his dick off and feed it to him. Are we clear?"

The deep pools of dark hazel, the smooth crispness of his voice, the calm tone, and relaxed body language.

Mario…

Anastasia nodded.

"Good. Now as for you, you're leaving."

"Leaving?"

"You're going to Florida to visit your sister. You will stay there until I say you can return."

Anastasia opened her mouth to protest but then closed it. She hadn't seen her sister in years. Things between them had grown strained after their parents died. Annalise hated Mario and couldn't understand why Anastasia insisted on staying with him. Every conversation turned into an argument. Anastasia found it easier to just stay away. Besides, Mario hated when she traveled.

"You leave Thursday. Aunt Annalise is looking forward to seeing you, especially since she didn't attend dad's funeral."

Anastasia struggled to find her voice.

"I'm still your mother, Blaine. You can't just tell me…"

"You are a murderer. A lying, cheating, murderer. Yes, you're still my mother, and somehow… somehow I still love you. I do, but I can't have you here…not right now. I need time. Space. Every time I look at you I see that video of you killing dad. I need time before I can even consider forgiving you."

"Blaine…please…I know you don't believe me, but I did it for him and for you."

"You did it for yourself."

"You know what? You're right. I did do it in part for myself. Watching him become not even a
shadow of the man I loved…wasting away…it was killing me, so yes, you're right. In part I did do it for myself, but not because of Luther. Never because of Luther. I did it for Mario, and I did it for us – you and me and Telio. I hope that one day you can believe that."

Blaine just shook his head.

Anastasia stood up. "I suppose I should start packing."

She turned to leave, but then stopped.

"Why didn't you kill him? Your father would have."

"I told you. He's a valuable member of our family."

"What are you going to do to him?"

"Nothing."

"Nothing?"

"I've done all I plan to do. Luther will continue working for Anderson Construction like always. Like I said. He's a valuable member of our family."

Anastasia nodded and turned to leave.

"I may look like my father, but I'm not him. Not completely."

Kurt took another bite of pizza and closed his eyes. "Mmmm. So freaking good."

Burt smiled. "I can't believe there's not a LaRosa's in Westerville. I thought they covered the entire state by now."

Kurt shook his head. "I wish. Their sauce is so rich and delicious."

"Agreed."

Kurt and Burt were having dinner together, just the two of them. It had been a good day. Kurt had gone to the shop for the first time since the kidnapping. He'd been nervous at first, but soon the sounds and smells reminded him that this was home. He forced himself to stand in the waiting room alone and take a few breaths. He shook a little as remnants of fear sprouted from his memories of the first punch, but he shook them off and stood a little taller. Cooper was dead by Kurt's own hand. Kurt could handle himself. He was a survivor. Everything was okay.

Burt looked on worriedly. "You okay, kiddo?"

Kurt turned to him and smiled. "Yeah, dad. I'm great. Now, how do those files look?"

After a full day at the shop, Burt called Carol and told her they were going to stop for pizza. He wanted some alone time with his son.

Burt listened as Kurt told him all about the funeral dinners he'd arranged and attended with Blaine.

"It's really crazy and frankly, rude. Here you are in mourning over someone you just lost, but you have to choose the right wine for the seven course meal you have to prepare and serve to like 30 of your closest friends and associates. The whole thing was ridiculous."
Burt nodded. "Good thing nothing like that exists for mechanics. Everybody would've been lucky to get beer nuts, Budweiser, and KFC."

Kurt laughed and Burt's heart swelled. He listened to Kurt go on for a few more minutes before clearing his throat.

"So, I, uh wanted to talk to you about something."

Kurt nodded and braced himself. Why Blaine Anderson is Bad for You Part 36.

"So, I haven't had a chance to tell you that your report card came from Dalton, and I'm really proud of how well you did this year. I know Dalton's a much tougher school than McKinley, but you still pulled out all As. That's great, Kurt. I'm really proud of you."


"I also wanted to let you know that I talked to that Principal Figgins and it turns out that David Karofsky has transferred to another school one town over. He's not coming back next year."

Kurt nodded. Okay. Whatever.

"So, if you'd like to finish your senior year at McKinley, you can."

"Oh." Kurt was surprised. Not what he was expecting.

"It'd be great to have you back home, Kurt. I miss you. Carol misses you. Even Finn misses having you around to yell at him."

Kurt reached over and took his dad's hand. "Thank you. Thank you for suggesting it, but I think I'd rather stay at Dalton. Yes, I miss McKinley, but Dalton is wonderful. I love the Warblers, I'm getting a much better education, and I'm not sure how changing schools again would look on my transcripts, and…"

Burt interrupted. "And you don't wanna leave Blaine."

Kurt wasn't going to lie. "Yes, Blaine is a part of it. I'd miss him. A lot. But he's not the only reason for my decision. I really do like Dalton." And Dalton is safe. I know real danger now, dad, and David Karofsky is not it.

Burt looked hard at his son. Kurt stared back and then a thought struck him. "Wait. Does this have to do with money? Did tuition go up? If it's too expensive then…" I'm sure Blaine would pay.

Burt shook his head. "No, no, of course not. This has nothing to do with money. I just wanted you to know that you had a choice. You could come back if you wanted to."

"Thanks, dad. I appreciate the offer, but I'd really like to stay at Dalton."

"Okay. If that's how you really feel, then okay. I'm not going to push. Dalton it is."

Kurt nodded and smiled.

In bed that night Kurt thought about his dad's offer. He was sure it was a ploy to get him away from Blaine. Nice try, dad.

But…if Blaine and Telio didn't return to Dalton…maybe he'd reconsider.
Thursday morning Blaine gave his mother a perfunctory kiss on the cheek before closing the door of the limousine that would take her to the airport. He and Telio watched the car disappear down the drive. Telio glared at Blaine.

"I can't believe you sent her away."

"She hasn't seen her sister in years. It'll be a nice reunion."

"You're punishing her."

"Yes. By sending her to Florida to stay in a five star resort hotel, in the penthouse suite to reconcile with her sister who used to be her best friend."

"You're doing this to keep her away from Luther."

Blaine didn't say anything.

Telio shook his head. "Fine. Whatever. Now what?"

Blaine grinned. "Now, I plan for my vacation."

"What vacation?"

"Kurt and I are headed to Belize."

"Belize?"

"Yep." Blaine shimmed his hips and danced around a bit.

Telio frowned. "Are you taking security?"

Blaine grinned. "You're not my bodyguard anymore, remember? Not your concern."

"Please don't be stupid."

"I won't be stupid, I'll be fine."

"Blaine…"

"I'll be fine, Telio. Don't worry about it. Not your job anymore. Why don't you go to London and see Alicia?"

"Oh, I'm sure her parents would love that."

"I bet Alicia would love it. You should totally go."

Telio shook his head and headed inside.

And downstairs to his bedroom where he pulled up flights to London on his computer.

Friday morning Blaine got dressed and headed to Anderson Construction. The senior leadership team had been told that Luther was in a bad accident and would be out for 6-8 weeks. Rumors had immediately begun swirling about what leadership changes were coming. Blaine met with Denise Hankerson to offer her the role of company president. She was shocked and thrilled to happily accept. Blaine worked with the PR team to draft the necessary emails to the board and staff. Once he was satisfied that the proper announcements had been made he spent the rest of the day reviewing
the books and meeting with the heads of the various departments who were surprised and unnerved by being called into the owner's office. Blaine tried to help people relax and feel comfortable, assuring them that he just wanted an update on how things were going. No one was in trouble, and no one was getting fired.

Once he was satisfied that everything was in order he headed to the hospital to see Luther. The guards nodded as Blaine approached and then smirked at each other once he was inside. Only an Anderson would visit their half dead victim.

Blaine stood at the foot of Luther's bed with a loathsome stare.

"Hello, Luther."

Luther couldn't see due to the bandages over his damaged eyes. The pain medication left his mind hazy and unfocused.

"Mario?"

Blaine arched an eyebrow. Well, this was interesting.

"Yes, Luther, it's me. How are you?"

"I'm sorry…Mario. I never…you know…how much I love you. I've always loved you."

"Yes. You loved me so much that you fucked my wife."

"I…we…we thought…I would have never….never, Mario. She was so…lost without you. I just…I just wanted her to be okay. You told me…told me to take care of her…"

"That didn't mean sleep with her."

"Didn't mean to…I swear…she just…she was so… forgive me."

Blaine stepped closer. "Why did you kill me, Luther?"

Luther rolled his head from side to side. "No…no…I didn't…she did that…I would never…I love you, Mario. I love you."

Blaine gripped the bars of the bed. His voice tight. "Luther, I need to know the truth. Did you help Stasia poison me?"

"No…no…I would never…you're my best friend…she told me after…I would have stopped her…"

Blaine closed his eyes. My mother killed my father all on her own. All by herself. I was so sure he forced her hand.

If only Luther had stopped talking.

"I'm sorry, Mario…I'm sorry for Blaine…"

"Blaine?"

"I left him in danger…he called for help and…I did send help but…I…I was slow…I…I'm sorry…"

Blaine's mind was racing. "What? Luther, what are you talking about? Luther? Luther?"
Luther passed out. A nurse entered the room. "Sir, you really shouldn't be here. Mr. Luther is on heavy medication and should not have visitors."

"He was talking a moment ago," said Blaine desperately. "Luther? Luther wake up!"

The nurse scowled angrily. "Sir! You need to leave immediately before I call security."

"I am his security."

"Hospital security."

Blaine stared at Luther for a moment more before leaving. He called Telio the moment he was in his car.

"What do you think?"

"That explains why it took so long for Vince and the others to get there. He didn't send them when we first called. He waited. Shit. But it doesn't make sense. What was he hoping for?"

"Uh, for me to get killed, duh."

"Maybe. I don't know, Blaine. I just don't think Luther's as evil as you believe. Your mother was lost, and Mario did tell him to take care of her. Both of them had just lost the people they loved. In Luther's case you could argue he'd just lost two people he loved – Lisa and Mario. It wasn't about hurting you, or even hurting your dad. I know you don't see it that way, but it really wasn't."

"So, that makes it all okay?"

"Did I say that?"

"Then stop making excuses for them!"

"Fine. Are you almost home?"

"Yeah."

"Good. I don't like this new arrangement. It's easier to be with you than to sit around worrying about you."

"Thanks for worrying about me."

"Always."

Saturday.

Time to go get Kurt.

It had definitely been the longest week of Blaine's life, second only to the weeks Kurt was missing. With everything going on they hadn't talked or texted much and Blaine was aching from how much he missed him.

He pulled up in front of the Hummel-Hudson home at exactly 1:00 pm. Kurt came running out. They ran to each other and slammed themselves into a tight hug, holding each other for a full minute before Blaine grasped Kurt's face in his hands and kissed him long and deep before they returned to holding each other.
"I missed you so much, gorgeous."

"I missed you, too."

"Please...please don't leave me anymore. I can't stand it, Kurt. I can't fucking stand it."

"I won't."

Blaine greeted Carol with a warm smile that she couldn't help but return. Finn nodded and chatted with him a moment before disappearing upstairs. Blaine nodded at Burt. "Hello Mr. Hummel."

"Blaine."

Kurt hugged Carol and his dad while Blaine carried his bags out to the car.

"Are you gonna make it back home before school begins?" asked Burt.

"I'll try. I know we're going on vacation, so maybe when I get back."

"Vacation? Where?"

"I think Belize."

"Belize?" said Burt with questioning surprise. Carol clapped her hands together and oohed. "Wow. I'd love to go there one day. Be sure to take plenty of pictures."

Kurt suddenly felt very uncomfortable. He was going on a vacation his father couldn't even think about affording.

"I'll try to come home before school starts."

Burt walked Kurt out and gave him one more hug. "You be careful, you call me, and...just be careful."

Kurt nodded. "I will. I love you, dad."

"Love you too, kiddo."

Burt watched Blaine back out and head down the street. He also watched the black Lincoln that had been parked in front of his house all week pull off and follow Blaine. He shook his head.

*Kurt's his own man. These are his choices, but why choose him? Why Blaine?*

x-x-x

The moment they hit the highway Kurt started his interrogation.

"So, what's been going on?"

"What makes you think anything's been going on?"

"Well, first of all we've barely talked or texted all week, and we only had phone sex once. That's not the Blaine Warbler I've come to know and love, so that tells me that Mafia Blaine was very busy while I was gone."

Blaine focused on the road and tried to think of the right response. Kurt called him on it.
"Stop trying to think of what to say and just tell me what happened. Did you confront your mother and Luther about your dad? Did the autopsy report come back? Oh, God…you didn't kill Luther, did you? Is your mother okay?"

Blaine couldn't help but smile at Kurt's excited panic. He was so adorable. "No, I haven't killed anyone, but yes some things did happen while you were gone."

Kurt waited for Blaine to continue but Blaine said nothing as he tried to figure out what to share and what to keep secret.

"Go on."

"Well…I guess the first thing you should know is that my mother is gone. She's in Florida visiting her sister. I'm not sure when she'll be back."

"Oh." Kurt felt a little disappointed. He'd planned to work on mending their relationship. "Okay, so what did you find out? Was your father murdered?"

Blaine sighed. He really didn't want to relive the past few days. He just wanted to be with Kurt.

"Kurt…can we talk about all this later? I missed you, and…I just wanna be with you, okay? I don't wanna think about all that right now."

"I'm sorry. It's just we haven't talked and I know you had a lot to deal with, and in hindsight I probably should have stayed with you, and…"

"Kurt. Stop. It's fine. I'm fine. How was your visit?"

Kurt pushed his curiosity aside and began filling Blaine in on all the happenings with his family and friends. Blaine relaxed and listened to Kurt's happy chatter the rest of the way home.

But the moment he stepped inside the house, Kurt could sense a change. The atmosphere felt different. He stopped in the middle of the hallway and inhaled deeply. Something had definitely happened. Something big.

He waited until they were in Blaine's room and tried to sound casual as he unpacked.

"So, what's been going on around here?"

Instead of answering the question Blaine pulled Kurt into his arms and nuzzled his neck. "Do you have any idea how much I missed you?"

Kurt closed his eyes. "I missed you, too."

Blaine worked a finger under the collar and pulled. "Have you been a good boy, Kurt?"

"Y-yes. Absolutely."

Blaine's whisper was dark and hot in his Kurt's ear, and sent sparks flying through his body.

"Are you still my personal whore, gorgeous?"

Kurt couldn't stop the moan that emanated from somewhere deep and wanting within him. Why did he love being called a whore?

"Yes."
"Good."

There was no more talking as their mouths locked and their hands hungrily explored each other's bodies. All too quickly they were naked and wrapped around each other, touching, kissing, stroking. Blaine didn't protest when Kurt flipped them over and pinned his wrists into the mattress. After everything he'd been through that week, Blaine welcomed Kurt's desire to top. He relaxed, spread his legs, and let go completely as Kurt sank deep inside him moving slow and lovingly. Reconnecting and reassuring. Blaine marveled at how gorgeous Kurt glowed as his orgasm raced through him and left him a whining, panting, boneless heap on top of Blaine. Blaine rolled them and shifted until he was spooning Kurt close and tight. Kurt tried to protest.

"But, you haven't…"

"Shhhh. I don't need to. I'm fine."

"But…"

"Relax, Kurt."

Kurt wanted to argue, but he felt so warm, relaxed and sleepy.

"I love you."

"I love you too, gorgeous."

x-x-x

An hour later Kurt opened his eyes and rolled over. Blaine was lying next to him, flat on his back, arms behind his head, staring at the ceiling.

"Hi."

Blaine looked at him and smiled. "Hi."

Kurt went to the bathroom and returned to sit on the bed. He placed his hand on Blaine's tummy. He loved the cute little belly that remained despite Blaine's workouts with Telio. He leaned down and planted a small kiss.

"You can go lower if you like."

Kurt sat up and looked into Blaine's sexy, smiling eyes. He shook his head. He needed to know what happened while he was gone.

"Maybe I'll go lower if you tell me what I missed this week."

The smile disappeared from Blaine eyes replaced by a flash of sadness and then anger.

"Lots of bullshit happened this week. Where would you like me to start?"

"Why is your mother in Florida?"

"Because she killed my father."

Kurt's hands flew to his mouth. "What?"

Blaine told him the story of the video tape, skipping the attack at Anderson Construction.
"She couldn't deny it. It was clearly her."

"But…did she want to do it? Did Luther make her?"

"No. It was all her, but someone had to help her. My mother doesn't know where to get liquid cyanide."

"How do you know?"

Blaine suddenly looked confused. "What do you mean?"

"What makes you think that after years of being married to the mob that your mother doesn't know where or how to get liquid cyanide?"

Blaine suddenly felt foolish. Kurt was right. He shouldn't underestimate his mother. She'd proven that she was stronger and more devious than he'd ever imagined.

"I guess you're right."

"So, what about Luther?" Kurt flinched as Blaine's expression turned dark.

"He didn't kill my father, but he was definitely sleeping with my mother."

Kurt swallowed and hesitantly asked the next question.

"So…where is he?"

"In the hospital."

"The hospital?"

"Yeah. At the last moment I decided mercy and usefulness was a better way to go than a painful death." Blaine's expression scared Kurt enough that he decided he didn't want to know anymore.

"So, now what?"

Blaine suddenly sat up and lunged himself at Kurt. Kurt squealed as Blaine pushed him back and down on to the bed, climbing on top of him and holding him down. He pressed a firm kiss to Kurt's lips.

"Now, we go to Belize, but first I have something to show you."

Blaine rolled off of Kurt and walked to his closet. Kurt sat up and admired Blaine's back muscles as he reached up to pull something off the shelf. When he turned around Kurt's insides dipped and clenched with warning. Blaine was holding a rectangular box and the look in his eyes made Kurt want to kneel on the floor. Blaine and boxes always meant something sexually sinister.

Blaine walked towards him with a dark, sexy stare. He sat down and placed the box on the bed between them. He reached up and gently placed his hand on the side of Kurt's neck, lightly stroking the skin above Kurt's collar.

"This week was really hard. I missed you so much it physically hurt. I hate being away from you. I know it's not right, but I really just want you tied up in my room waiting for me. It's like my number one fantasy."

Kurt shuddered. His body knew this game well and wanted to play anyway.
"But of course, I don't want you just sitting here waiting for me. That would be boring." Blaine opened the box and took out a silk bag. Kurt swallowed hard as he stared at the strange contraption Blaine pulled out of the bag.

"This is a wrist to ball restrainer. I saw it online and immediately thought of you."

Kurt's submissive desire burned hotter and hotter with each passing moment. Despite eyeing the restrainer warily, his cock grew hard as he slowly realized how it worked.

Blaine leaned over and kissed him softly before staring directly into his eyes.

"Do you trust me, Kurt?"

The most loaded question of their relationship.

Kurt nodded. "Yes."

Blaine smiled. "On your knees, on the bed, hands behind your back."

Kurt obeyed and could barely stand the thrill rushing through him as Blaine locked his wrists together with the leather restraints. He then felt a thick piece of leather being pulled from the center of the restraints over his ass crack. He inhaled and choked as Blaine wrapped the thick leather belt around his balls and pulled tight until Kurt managed to choke out "Enough…please…please…enough." Blaine buckled the leather in place and then locked it with a small padlock. He rested his hand on the back of Kurt's neck.

"Try to move your wrists."

Kurt tried to lift his arms and gasped as the motion created a sharp tug to his balls. Every time he moved his arms his balls were pulled. Blaine rubbed his neck softly.

"You look amazing, Kurt. So gorgeous and…trapped, and just look at how beautiful your cock is. So hard and at full attention."

Kurt stayed very still in an effort not to pull his balls. He was floating on the very edge of the dizzy warm space he loved. Blaine whispered in his ear.

"Like I said, my number one fantasy is you tied up in my room waiting for me. Are you willing to fulfill my fantasy, gorgeous?"

"Now?" asked Kurt in a desperate, needy voice. Blaine smiled at Kurt's tone. "No, not now, but soon. I'll have several meetings when we return from vacation. I think that will be the perfect time. For now, why don't we just practice?"

Blaine walked over to his desk, sat down and opened his laptop. Kurt took a deep breath and slowly leaned forward until his head rested on the bed. This created a slight and constant pull on his balls. He carefully sat back up and through trial and error discovered a comfortable way to rest his head on the bed and relax his arms by pulling his body into a tight ball. He couldn't completely eliminate the tug to his balls, but he could make it bearable. Once settled he closed his eyes and began to free fall into the submissive space in his mind.

"Can you come here, Kurt?"

Kurt's eyes flew wide open. What? Move?
Blaine turned around and stared appreciatively at the gorgeous sight of Kurt kneeling on the bed, bound so beautifully. He could practically hear Kurt's thoughts as he tried to figure out a way off the bed without pulling his balls.

"Come here, Kurt. Now."

\textit{Oh, boy.}

Kurt sat up on his knees and then braced himself as he fell back to his ass in order to swing his feet to the floor. He gasped and groaned as every movement pulled and tugged, but he managed to stand up and walk over to the desk. Blaine wrapped a lubed hand around Kurt's cock and began to stroke.

"Good boy, Kurt. I want to show you the itinerary for our trip. We leave in the morning."

The computer screen swam in front of Kurt's eyes as Blaine sped up his stroking. "Lean forward, Kurt."

Kurt leaned forward and whined as the movement pulled his balls.

"Right there. Don't move."

Kurt's whines turned into grunts as Blaine sped up his stroking. "You're not allowed to come."

Kurt started begging with stuttered pleas for his release which Blaine calmly refused. After several minutes he removed his hand and Kurt almost fell over onto the desk. Blaine turned him to the bed. "Back on your knees." Kurt moved slowly and managed to settle himself on the bed. Blaine unlocked the leather from around his balls, but kept the wrists restraints in place. Kurt exhaled as exhausted "thank yous" tumbled from his lips.

His body was so relaxed after being so tight that the lube Blaine was squirting in his ass didn't register until he felt two fingers hook into the back of his collar and felt the quick, smooth entry into his ass. His gasp was cut off and replaced with the struggle to breathe as Blaine pounded him hard and deep while pulling the collar. Right as darkness started to creep in and push Kurt into unconsciousness, Blaine released the collar allowing him to breathe for a minute before hooking his fingers in again. The choking sensation created a tight storm of incredibly erotic pleasure peppered with fear. Kurt was lost in the middle of the storm, sliding from fear to panic to intense need for release that landed deep in his aching balls and hard cock. Blaine pushed him to the very brink of self-destruction before quietly whispering, "Now you may come."

Kurt wailed and cried through his orgasm, coming at the same time Blaine filled his ass with his own release. It was several minutes later when Blaine unlocked the restraints and pulled Kurt's wrists around to the front before locking them back on. Kurt held his locked wrists to his chest and snuggled back into Blaine's body. Blaine held him tight and whispered words of love and gratefulness.

"I love you so much, Kurt. You're so gorgeous, hot, and sexy. Such a sexy, willing whore for me. I love how you let me have my way with your amazing body. So lovely and perfect in every way. Thank you, Kurt. Thank you for letting me have you the way I need you. I promise...I'll never break you. I don't have to because you're so good to me. Thank you, thank you, thank you..."

x-x-x

Later that evening Kurt and Blaine camped out in the family room with popcorn and cheesecake. Kurt had discovered the rarely used family room during the funeral week and insisted they start using it. It was a huge room with a large comfy sectional couch, several large comfy chairs and the biggest
flat screen TV Kurt had ever seen inside someone's home.

Kurt was worked up about their 9:00 am departure time for Belize.

"I haven't had time to plan my outfits. I was gonna go shopping."

"We can shop there, Kurt. I'll buy you anything you want."

Kurt mulled this over. New clothes. New clothes were good.

"Okay, deal. How long will we be gone?"

Blaine shrugged. "I don't know. A few weeks."

"Is Telio coming?"

"No."

"No?"

"No. I am no longer Telio's responsibility. Besides, we'll be fine in Belize."

"What do you mean you're no longer Telio's responsibility?"

"It's time for Telio to be treated like a true member of this family. He's my brother, and my consigliere, and that's it."

"But who will protect you?"

"I'll protect myself and when necessary I'll have additional security. It's time for Telio to stop carrying the weight of worrying about me."

"Never happen."

Kurt and Blaine looked up as Telio walked in and sat down heavily in one of the chairs.

"I don't need you looking after me anymore," said Blaine.

Telio rolled his eyes. "Bullshit."

Blaine was about to protest when Kurt cut him off.

"How's Alicia?"

Telio frowned. "On punishment. Her parents are ticked about her coming to the funeral. They want me to come over for dinner when they return."

Kurt clapped his hands. "That's a great idea! Once they meet you and see how nice you are they'll feel better about everything."

Telio and Blaine stared at him. Kurt stared back.

"What?"

Blaine laughed. "Like your dad felt better after meeting me?"

Kurt shook his head. "That was different."
"How?"

"He did like you…until you threatened him and got his son kidnapped."

A beat passed before Kurt started laughing followed by Blaine. Telio looked at both of them as if they were nuts. He threw a pillow at Blaine.

"Not funny, dude."

Blaine grabbed the pillow and smacked him with it.

"Really?" yelled Telio. Kurt grabbed a pillow and attacked Blaine and soon the three were engaged in a full on pillow fight that didn't end until Kurt went to smack Blaine and knocked over a floor lamp instead. Blaine jumped on to the couch.

"Property damage again! Why do you hate lamps so much, Kurt?"

Kurt put his hand on his hip and arched an eyebrow. "I'll pay for it."

"Oh, you bet you will, and that's a more expensive lamp than the one you broke in my room. We'll have to figure out something more valuable than your $10 blow…"

Kurt grabbed a pillow and swung. "My blowjobs are not $10!"

Blaine grinned gleefully. "So, the price dropped? We are definitely going to have to make other arrangements or else you'll never get this paid off. Actually…that's okay with me. Maybe if you do a blowjob an hour…" Blaine ducked Kurt's swing and jumped from the couch to the chair as Kurt chased him screaming, "My blowjobs are priceless!"

Telio dropped the pillow he was holding and shook his head.

"Okay. I'm out. Goodnight." He quickly left the room.

Kurt continued to chase Blaine as he hopped around on the furniture until he suddenly jumped down and grabbed Kurt around the waist. He wrestled him to the floor and pinned him beneath him.

"I tell ya what," he panted. "Instead of blowjobs, I'll bring the wrist to ball restraint to Belize. You can work off the cost of the lamp by the number of hours you spend wearing it. I'll even take off extra if you wear a cock cage at the same time."

Kurt ignored his body's internal screams of agreement. "I thought this was supposed to be a vacation. Now you wanna make me work?"

"Oh, you're gonna work, gorgeous. We're both gonna work. You're gonna work my cock with your mouth, and I'm gonna work your ass over, and over, and over. You're gonna work like a first of the month whore."

Kurt wrapped his arms around Blaine and flipped them over. He gave Blaine a wet, tongue filled kiss.

"Do you promise?"


Kurt smirked at him. "Finally. A promise I know you can keep."
Chapter 27

The morning sun shone bright and warm as the light danced across Kurt's face waking him. He yawned and stretched his legs before quietly climbing out of bed being careful not to wake Blaine. He used the bathroom and slid on a pair of shorts before slipping out of the bedroom and on to the beach.

Kurt closed his eyes and breathed in the sea air. The sun felt so good on his skin. Warm, comforting and healing. Normally he was hyper vigilant about protecting his skin from the sun, but something about this particular sun didn't scare him. This sun seemed gentle and friendly.

Safe.

Since arriving on the island he'd woken up early every morning to watch the sunrise. He played in the waves along the beach before finding a spot in the soft sand to sit and allow the sun's warmth to seep into his skin, melting away all the bad things that happened that summer, completing his body's healing process.

They arrived in Belize four days earlier. From the main island they'd taken a small boat to a private island called Cayo Essana where they were greeted by a young man named Michelangelo.

"Welcome. Anything you want or need is my honor to provide."

"Thank you. Did you receive our list?" asked Blaine.

Michelangelo nodded. "Yes. Everything is prepared. If anything is not to your liking I will correct the situation immediately."

Kurt was puzzled. "List?"

Blaine smiled and took his hand. "Come on." Michelangelo and the boat captain collected their luggage as Blaine excitedly dragged Kurt up a slight hill towards the house.

"Blaine, slow down. Why are you…oh…oh wow."

Kurt was speechless as Blaine pulled him through the front door and into the middle of the house. It was a large open floor plan with beautiful dark wood floors throughout, a large modern kitchen, dining room, great room, and bedroom all surrounded by windows providing views of the beach.

Kurt slowly turned in a circle. "Oh, wow. This…this is just…I don't think I've ever seen anything so beautiful."

"Have you looked in a mirror lately?"

Kurt smiled. "You're sweet, but this…this is really something."

Blaine spun him around and planted a kiss on his lips. "Welcome to our vacation, gorgeous."

After placing their luggage in the bedroom and checking the kitchen to make sure it was fully stocked with everything from Blaine's list, Michelangelo wrote down his phone number on a pad on the counter. He looked at them with a somber expression. His tone was somber.

"Belize is a beautiful country, and I believe you will find the people friendly and welcoming, but I must warn you to be careful. My country is not as…advanced as America regarding homosexuality."
It's illegal to be gay in Belize.

Kurt was alarmed, but Blaine just nodded. "Yeah, I know. I did some research. We'll be careful. Discreet."

"Good. Well, I will leave you to paradise. The motor boat is docked on the side of the house. Full tank of gas, ready to go. If you need anything, anything at all, please call."

Kurt suddenly felt uneasy. "We're here alone?" Blaine nodded.

Kurt didn't say anything else, not wanting to speak in front of Michelangelo. Instead he watched Blaine walk Michelangelo down to the waiting boat, shake his hand and wave goodbye. He hurried back towards Kurt, a huge smile on his face. "Finally, finally, finally just you and me."

"Is it safe for us to be here alone?"

Blaine laughed. "Unless you've suddenly become an undercover informant for Chartussi, I'm sure I'm safe. We're safe."

"But, what if someone followed us here, or knows we're here? We're all alone with no guns or protection, or Telio and…"

Blaine pressed a kiss to Kurt's lips. "Come on, gorgeous. You know me better than that." Blaine led Kurt into the kitchen and showed him a large rifle sitting on the shelf of the pantry. There were two handguns hidden in each nightstand in the bedroom, several large rifles tucked under the bed, and of course, two guns under the bathroom sink.

"The list I sent Michelangelo included more than just our favorite foods."

Kurt nodded approvingly. "Okay, this makes me feel better." Blaine laughed. Wow. What a difference a few months make. Hard to believe Kurt once tried to break up with him because of a gun hidden in his bathroom.

They were both tired from travelling, so after taking a long shower and eating a salad for dinner they went to bed. The next morning Kurt woke early. He sat in the still darkness listening to the tide ebb and flow before deciding to go out to watch the sunrise. He tried to wake Blaine to join him, but Blaine rolled over and continued to sleep. He looked so peaceful that Kurt decided to let him rest.

Blaine ended up resting for the next three days.

Despite his initial excitement, Blaine fell into a pattern of sleeping for hours, waking only to eat, use the bathroom, and mumble apologies to Kurt for sleeping so much.

"I'm sorry, Kurt. I'm not making this a very fun vacation. I don't understand why I'm so tired."

"You're tired because you need rest. Believe me, I understand. My body did the same thing, remember? When I came to stay with you after the kidnapping? Think about it. This is the first time you've been able to really rest without interruptions. All those stupid dinners, and then everything with your mom. You've been going, and going, and going for months. Your mind and body need a break. Don't worry about me. This is a wonderful vacation. Everything is relaxing and beautiful. I'm fine, I'm enjoying myself, and I'm happy. I'm happy being here with you, and it's nice to have time to just sit and think."

"What are you thinking about?"
Kurt shrugged. "I don't know. Everything and nothing."

Blaine wanted to press but he was too tired.

On the fifth morning Blaine woke up just in time to see Kurt slip out of their room and head down to the beach. He lay there for a few minutes before rising to follow him. He watched as Kurt ran into the water before diving in and swimming out. Blaine felt a slight pulse of fear as he watched Kurt going further and further out to sea, but relaxed when Kurt turned and seemed to effortlessly ride a wave back towards shore. He walked out to greet him pulling him into a kiss. They hadn't been intimate since arriving, but now a rush of passion raced up their spines. Blaine couldn't get enough of the taste of Kurt's mouth, and Kurt felt the longing ache that had lay dormant for days rising to the surface, eager for the touch, kiss, squeeze and press of Blaine. Blaine moaned in Kurt's ear.

"Lie down."

Kurt shook his head. "No, we should go inside."

"Why? There's no one here but us. Don't you wanna have hot sex on the beach?"

"As sexy as it sounds the reality is not that great. Sand goes everywhere. We'll end up with sand in places one really doesn't want sand."

Blaine pulled back slightly. "Why do you sound like you've had experience with this before?"

Kurt rolled his eyes. "Of course not. I just know how sand works."

Blaine stepped closer and gently placed a hand on either side of Kurt's neck. The squeeze was slight but enough to send Kurt's insides soaring and swirling.

"Good because this…"Blaine slipped his hand into Kurt's shorts and wrapped it firmly around his cock. "…this is mine." Kurt swallowed hard and focused on remaining upright. Blaine let go just long enough to step back and pull down Kurt's shorts. Kurt stepped out and then gasped as Blaine wrapped his hand tight around his cock and pulled. "Come." Blaine started walking towards the house pulling Kurt along by his cock. Kurt tried to protest, but Blaine tightened his grip and quickened his pace. Kurt whimpered and quickly followed.

They spent the rest of the morning in bed. Blaine's lips traced every curve and crevice of Kurt's body, followed by his fingertips. Their lovemaking was slow and leisurely. Kurt tumbled down a warm rabbit hole of sensual bliss created by Blaine's slow, smooth thrusts coupled with constant whispering in his ear.

"I love you, Kurt. So fucking much. You know why I call you gorgeous? Because you are the absolute definition of gorgeous. Your hair…your skin…your voice…your lips…and making love to you…perfect. Your ass is perfect. Your everything is perfect. You are my sunshine, my only sunshine. You make me happy…so fucking happy…"

K&B&K&B

In the early afternoon they moved from the bed to the kitchen to feed the other kind of hunger. Kurt fixed a tray of assorted cheese and crackers, while Blaine cut up fruit and chose a bottle of wine. They lay a blanket on the beach away from the tide and ate in comfortable silence until Kurt decided to share his thoughts of the past four days.

"Blaine, are you coming back to school in the fall?"
"I told you before, Kurt. I don't know."

"I think you do."

Blaine stared at the water. "I'd like to. My father always wanted me to finish, but…I just don't see how I can do it."

"I'll help you."

Blaine's smile was appreciative yet melancholy. "Thanks, Kurt, but you'll be too busy with your own schoolwork."

"I wasn't talking about schoolwork."

Blaine shifted his gaze from the water to Kurt. Kurt's jaw was set with his familiar stubborn determination. Blaine slowly shook his head.

"If you're suggesting what I think you're suggesting, the answer is no. That's not an option. You know nothing about business and…"

"I can learn."

Blaine shook his head. "No way, Kurt. You're not learning…I don't want you anywhere near anything. I'm not letting you get involved…"

"I'm already involved, Blaine! I'm involved with you, so I'm involved. Let me help you."

"No. Absolutely not."

"Why not?"

"You know nothing about weapons smuggling, or money laundering, or running crews, but besides that, if you think I'm going to put you in even more danger by letting you fall deeper into my world you're crazy."

"How much deeper could I possibly go? I've already been kidnapped, beaten, shot at, almost raped. I've murdered three people. What's left? I think I've passed the initiation test."

"That wasn't a test! That was hell! That was me fucking up and breaking my promise to protect you! Well, I'm not fucking up again. I'm never letting what happened this summer happen again. You're not getting involved! Ever! You're my boyfriend, my lover, one day my husband! Not my consigliere!"

"But I could be. I could be your partner."

Blaine physically recoiled at Kurt's words. "My…are you crazy? Do you really think…can you imagine what your father would say? Forget what he would say. What he would do to me if he found out I pulled you into this business? Further into the life that already almost got his son killed? He'd blow my brains out and he'd be right to do it!"

"It's not up to him! This is up to me and I'm telling you that I want in! I've been thinking about it the past few days, and…let's be honest, Blaine. You're not going to walk away from this. It's your birthright. Your inheritance. Your obligation, and…you love this world. You like wielding all this power and control. You like the money, and…and I think you like having others fear you. This is your life and if I'm going to be with you it has to become my life too."
Blaine stood up and towered over Kurt. "No, it doesn't! It doesn't, Kurt! When we get back, before school starts, I'm taking Chartussi out once and for all. I'm destroying him and taking over New York. I'm making it safe for you, and for me. I'm destroying my enemies."

"And what happens when another Chartussi comes after you? Didn't you tell me that Andersons are always in danger? It's never going to end, Blaine! Never!"

"I can handle it. I can control it."

Kurt stood up. "I know you can, but let me help you. Teach me like you taught me how to shoot a gun. Let me be your partner."

"No! You will be my husband just like my mother was my father's wife!"

Kurt's eyes narrowed in anger. "Your father's wife? Is that how you see me? As your wife?"

"Did I say wife? I said husband. You will be my husband."

"Your husband that does what, Blaine? Sits at home and waits for you like your mother sat and waited for your father?"

"No, of course not. You'll be...performing on Broadway, or whatever it is you want to do."

"I want to work by my husband's side, in my husband's business."

"No! No! That's not happening, Kurt! Ever! So, just stop it!"

"Blaine..."

"NO!" Blaine grabbed Kurt's shoulders. "No! Never! I never...I can't risk you, Kurt. I can't...this summer...I never, ever want to feel the way I felt this summer. The fear...the guilt...thinking that...that I might never see you again. Knowing that you were in trouble because of me. Not knowing what was being done to you. I know what people in my world are capable of doing because I've seen it and...and...I've done it myself. I know you were almost raped, and that would've been horrible, but...that's not the only horrible thing that could've happened to you, Kurt. The things people do in this business out of revenge, punishment, to create fear and control...it's sick, Kurt. It's a violence you can't imagine. I never again wanna sit with my head filled with images of you hanging somewhere being tortured. I can't go through that again. I can't risk you. I can't. I can't and I won't."

The anguish in Blaine's eyes silenced Kurt. Blaine took Kurt's hands in his and brought them to his lips for a gentle kiss.

"I need you, Kurt, but not as part of my criminal world. You rescue me from that world. From that part of my life. You're my refuge...you revive me and give me strength to handle everything. Don't you see? I need you, but not in the day to day criminal bullshit. You're my oasis from all of that. My happy place. My sunshine, my only sunshine. You make me happy when skies are grey. Don't you know dear, how much I love you? Please, Kurt...don't take my sunshine away."

The mix of love, anguish and desperation in Blaine's voice broke Kurt's heart.

"I-I'm sorry. I didn't mean...I just want to help you."

"You do help me, Kurt. I'd go crazy without you. Without you...I'd lose my mind." Blaine kissed him urgently. Kurt gave in and allowed himself to be swept into Blaine's passion. "I love you, Blaine. I love you so much."
Blaine spoke between kisses. "I know you do, gorgeous. I know. Just don't ever stop." Blaine's voice slipped into singing. "I'll always love you and make you happy. If you will only say the same." Blaine slid his hands around Kurt's neck and squeezed tight enough to cause Kurt's eyes to widen as he dug his nails into Blaine's shoulder. The anguish in Blaine's eyes and the desperation in his voice was replaced with dark desire and a dominant tone as he continued to quietly sing.

"But if you leave me to love another, you'll regret it all one day."K

K&B&K&B

The next morning the boys headed for the mainland of Ambergris Caye. Kurt watched as Blaine expertly steered the small motorboat into the harbor and secured it to the dock.

"How do you know how to handle a boat?"

"My dad took me with him on gun pickups a few times. It's actually pretty easy since this is just a small motorboat. Not sure I could handle anything bigger."

"Your father took you with him to pick up guns?"

"Yeah. They were just pickups from other families. No real danger."

They strolled through the main town of San Pedro exploring the small shops and bakeries. Kurt picked out a handcrafted necklace and bracelet for Carol, but couldn't figure out anything for his dad.

"How about chocolate?" suggested Blaine as they sat in the Belize Chocolate Company sipping milkshakes.

"I don't want to encourage bad eating, but this chocolate is amazing."

"And healthier. They don't ship, but we could take some back with us."

"Maybe. I'll put it on the list."

They continued wandering around until the early evening. They enjoyed a delicious meal at one of the restaurants and then headed back to their island.

After a shared shower, Kurt stood in front of the open bedroom doors and stared out into the darkness. Blaine came up behind him and slipped his arms around his waist.

"You know quiet Kurt is my least favorite Kurt."

"Why is that?"

"Because it usually means you're thinking too hard."

"You don't want me to think?"

"I don't want you to worry, or stress, especially here."

Moments of silence ticked by as Kurt considered the question that had been on his mind all day. Did he really want to ask? Did he really want to know?

Yes. Yes, I do.

"Yesterday you said that getting raped would have been horrible, but there are other horrible things
that could have happened to me. You said it's a violence I could never imagine. That what people do in this business is sick, and you know because...because you've done it yourself. What did you mean by that? What have you done, Blaine?"

Blaine thought about how he'd ordered Carl's hands cut for stealing and challenging him at his first family meeting as boss...how he'd whipped Max for being a traitor...Sammy swinging from the ceiling with a brick tied between his legs...

"Why is Luther in the hospital, Blaine? What did you do to him?"

Blaine stepped away from Kurt and sat down on the bed. He ran his hands over his face and through his hair. "Why are you asking me this, Kurt?"

"Because I want to know. I want to know what you did that was so horrible you consider it worse than being raped."

Blaine blew out a breath and shook his head. "We're not having this conversation. I don't even understand where you're coming from. Didn't you tell me a few weeks ago that you weren't going to let my world and my life dictate yours? You were going to New York, to NYADA, whether I wanted you to or not. What happened to that?"

"And I still plan to go, but that doesn't mean I can't help you get through this school year."

"It doesn't work like that, Kurt. You can't ever be seen as being a part of the business. You have to keep the position of being just my boyfriend. My lover. You're already a target because of that. I'm hoping you'll have the same protections given to wives, but even that's doubtful because you're a man. If you cross the line from being my lover to being seen as an active member of the Anderson family...you'll lose what little protection you have. I can't let that happen."

Kurt crossed his arms and fixed a piercing stare on Blaine. "You haven't answered my question. Why is Luther in the hospital?"

"Because I beat the shit out of him. Happy?"

"Tell me exactly what you did."

Blaine stood up and walked outside on to the small patio off of their room. He stopped at the edge and looked out into the dark night covering the ocean. He couldn't make out the water, but he could hear the ebb and flow of the tide. He wasn't going to lie, but he didn't want to tell the truth. Kurt had already accepted so much about him. When would it be too much?

"Please tell me what you did?"

Blaine turned around and stared into Kurt's eyes. They were full of determination, but Blaine could see the hint of fear. Kurt's fear always turned him on. His voice turned smooth, relaxed and very conversational.

"Well, first Telio kicked his ass in the house. In the dining room to be exact. Then Vince and Elian dragged him outside and hung him from the ceiling of the barn. Then I whipped him with a special whip called a knout. It's an especially cruel whip made of rawhide with metal wire woven in. I beat him within inches of his life and then I poured gasoline all over his body. I dumped a bag of manure all over him and left him lying on the floor of the barn. Honestly, I'm not sure how he got to the hospital. I'm assuming my mother rescued him."

Kurt stood speechless and stunned with his mouth hanging open. Blaine smiled wickedly.
"Don't stand there with your mouth open like that, Kurt. It makes me want to feed you my cock."

Kurt shut his mouth and swallowed. He was wracked with conflicting emotions. Shock. Fear. Arousal.

*Why am I aroused? What the hell is wrong with me?*

Blaine's smile turned predatory and lustful as he sensed Kurt's emotional struggle.

"What's the matter, gorgeous? Struggling to reconcile your desire for me with your disgust at my actions."

Blaine took a step forward.

Kurt took a step back.

"Stop it, Blaine."

"Stop what?"

"Stop…scaring me."

Blaine smiled. "Am I scaring you, or are you scaring yourself?"

Blaine took another step forward.

Kurt didn't move.

"You're turned on, aren't you?"

Kurt shook his head. "N-no. I-I'm…"

"You're horny, but you don't understand why. You know you should be upset with me, or mad, or… something, but instead you're turned on and horny as hell. How is that possible, Kurt?"

Kurt closed his eyes and shook his head. He didn't have any words. He didn't have an argument. Right or wrong he was turned on tight as a drum and every submissive nerve in his body was awake and tingling. Blaine took another step forward and slipped his hand down Kurt's pants. Kurt was rock hard and throbbing. Blaine smiled and whispered.

"See gorgeous. I told you, you were perfect. Perfect for me. Only perfect sunshine could still glow after what I just told you. You're definitely mine, gorgeous."

Blaine pulled him into a demanding kiss. Kurt kissed back just as strong, tangling his fingers in Blaine's curls and pulling him closer. They continued to kiss as they made their way back inside the bedroom. They fell onto the bed in a tangle of kisses and touches. Kurt's questions and concerns evaporated. He would dissect this later. For now he wanted and he wanted badly.

Blaine rolled him over on to his back and pinned his hands on either side of his head. He leaned in and licked Kurt's neck before nuzzling in and whispering.

"Hearing my stories of torture makes you horny, Kurt. Wow. That is so fucking delicious. I just…I'm not quite sure what to make of that, but it definitely calls for something special."

Blaine rolled off of Kurt and walked over to his bag. He pulled out the wrist-to-ball restrainer.
"I believe you owe me some time in this?" Kurt shuddered and slowly nodded. Blaine nodded along with him. "Yes, and we have nothing but time, gorgeous."

Kurt concentrated on breathing as Blaine carefully locked him in the restrainer and pushed him to his knees. Blaine sat down on the bed, slipped off his shorts and Kurt immediately took his cock in his mouth and began bobbing up and down, the motion creating an automatic pull on his balls making him whine as he sucked. Blaine allowed himself to get as close as possible to erupting before pulling Kurt off. Kurt lay his head on Blaine's thigh and practically purred as Blaine stroked his hair. After a few minutes of rest, Blaine guided Kurt back to his throbbing cock and started the cycle again finally exploding in Kurt's mouth. Blaine fell back on to the bed in satiated bliss. Kurt returned his head to Blaine's thigh, closed his eyes, and tried to remain as still as possible to avoid pulling his balls. Every jostle made his cock stand even more achingly erect. After a few minutes Blaine sat up and helped Kurt stand in front of him. He studied Kurt's cock.

"It really is beautiful, Kurt, but I think I want you locked up after tonight. I think you'd look absolutely exquisite with your cock locked in a cage while wearing the restrainer. Just imagine how that will feel."

Kurt swayed at the thought and Blaine placed his hands firmly on his waist to steady him. "Yes, we'll definitely have to do that, but for now I have something else in mind."

Blaine helped Kurt kneel on the bed. He grabbed a bottle of lube and squirted a generous amount into Kurt's ass. Kurt relaxed slightly as he figured Blaine was about to fuck him, and as torturous as it was, getting fucked while his cock and balls were restrained was also amazing. He took solace in how explosive his orgasm was the last time.

Kurt relaxed even further when Blaine released the strap locking his balls and wrists together. He groaned appreciatively when Blaine pushed two fingers inside him and began to stretch followed by two more. Then Blaine sat up and dangled something in front of him. Kurt let out a quiet mewl of desperation when he saw what Blaine was holding.

"Open your mouth, Kurt. The wetter the better."

Kurt obediently opened his mouth and began to lick and suck on the string of five balls. His pulse was racing as he remembered the last time Blaine managed to push all five balls inside him. The memory made him suck even more, trying to get them as wet as possible.

After a minute Blaine pulled them from his mouth and covered the string with lube just to be on the safe side before slowly pushing each ball inside Kurt's ass. Like before, Kurt's mind disconnected as his body was pushed to the extreme. Kurt exhaled as the last ball was pushed in.

Then Blaine reconnected the restraints.

"There. I think that's good for this evening although I really wish I could lock up that beautiful cock, but it's just too hard. Oh, well. Time for bed."

Blaine helped Kurt stand while he pulled back the covers. Kurt's eyes were wide and pleading. "You're going to make me sleep like this?"

Blaine caressed his cheek. "With your cock and balls locked in an excruciating pull, and your ass full to the hilt with a torture device I could pull at any second? Absolutely." Blaine kissed his lips softly and whispered. "Isn't this what you want, gorgeous? To be used, restrained, and tortured by your evil, mafia boyfriend? At least I use loving torture on you. Not like the way I torture my enemies. Lucky you."
Blaine helped him lay down on his side. He climbed in beside him, pulled up the sheets and turned out the light. He wrapped his hand firmly around Kurt's still achingly hard cock.

"Goodnight, gorgeous. I love you."

Sleep was impossible.

His pulse raced, his cock ached, and his ass throbbed.

"Blaine…" he begged.

"Hmmmm?"

"Please…"

"Yes, Kurt?"

"Please…I can't sleep like this."

"Oh, I'm sorry. Allow me."

Blaine slipped under the covers, scooted down and started sucking Kurt's cock.

Kurt pushed his hips forward to get more of his cock into Blaine's mouth. This caused him to pull the restraint. He was groaning and mumbling incoherently. As the pressure built tears rolled down his cheeks and the throbbing in his ass intensified.

"Please, Blaine, please…I can't…I…"

Blaine continued sucking for several minutes until he could feel Kurt shaking. He pulled off, scooted back up, and wrapped his hand firmly around Kurt's cock.

"You know, Kurt. When I torture people I tend to ignore their cries, but you're so pretty and the way you scream my name…fuck. I guess I'll give you a break but only if you admit it."

"Ad-admit w-what?"

"That you're turned on by it."

"B-by what?"

"The fact that your boyfriend is a badass criminal who tortures people. I could smell how turned on you were while I told you about Luther. You love knowing what I'm capable of. It scares you and thrills you all at the same time."

"No, no! That's not true!"

"It isn't?" Blaine scooted down and started sucking again. He reached around Kurt's back and pulled at the restraint as he sucked. Kurt wailed.

"Please, please, please…"

"Admit it. Say it. Your power turns me on."

Kurt shook his head. Blaine wrapped his hand around Kurt's cock and began to stroke.

"Admit it, Kurt."
"No."

Blaine moved down and started sucking again. Kurt fell back and cried out from both Blaine's mouth and the uncomfortable position of being on his back with his hands locked behind him. Blaine kept sucking and Kurt kept crying. His entire body felt like it was going to explode into tiny pieces.

"Please, Blaine! Please, please, please!"

"Just say it, Kurt. Admit it! Admit it!"

"No! I'm... I'm..." Kurt's words disintegrated into screams as Blaine took his cock into his mouth and latched on with unusual strength. He sucked firm and tight, refusing to let go no matter how much Kurt rocked and flailed. He finally pulled off just long enough to reach under Kurt to unlock the restraint. He took the cock back in his mouth and kept sucking.

Balls free, it only took 15 seconds for Kurt's body to snap and burst into Blaine's mouth. Blaine found the string dangling out of his ass and pulled.

Kurt's mind fractured and shattered as his body convulsed. He screamed at the top of his lungs, as his cock blew an incredible second time. Gradually his screams turned into moaning cries. He couldn't move or think. He was trapped floating in a thick cloud of blissful relief and then there was suddenly soft, tight, warmth. He snuggled deeper into the warm cocoon and drifted away.

Blaine held him tight, wrapping his arms and legs around Kurt's body to ground him as he whispered lovingly, "I love you. I love you so much my fierce, stubborn, strong man. You are so perfect. Perfect in every way."

K&B&K&B

It was the first morning Kurt didn't rise early to watch the sunrise. Instead he slept until Noon. When he finally opened his eyes he found himself alone, but could hear Maroon 5 drifting through the house. He opened his eyes but didn't try to move. Memories of last night floated through his mind brought on by the low throb in his ass and the ache in his balls. How had he ended up restrained and denied? Oh, yeah. Apparently he was a sadist who got turned on by torture. Or at least stories about his boyfriend torturing people. He squeezed his eyes shut.

That's sick. That's not true. I don't get turned on by that.

Do I?

"Surprise!"

Kurt opened his eyes. A bright and cheery Blaine was standing at the foot of the bed holding a tray with a plate of blueberry pancakes, a piece of sausage that resembled a hockey puck, a bowl of fresh fruit and a glass of orange juice.

"What's all this?"

"Breakfast in bed for my amazing lover."

Kurt cocked an eyebrow. "Since when do you know how to cook?"

Blaine grinned. "This is one of the three things I can cook. Hotdogs, sloppy joe and pancakes."

"What a perfectly bachelor lineup of foods. I notice you didn't say sausage."
Blaine looked sheepishly at the plate. "I wanted to make sure the pancakes were that perfect golden brown you like so I was watching them really carefully and kinda over cooked the sausage. At least it's done."

"Yes, better well-cooked than raw."

Once Kurt was settled with his tray, Blaine went to the kitchen to get his. They ate in comfortable silence. When they were finished Kurt took a long hot shower and continued his internal battle.

*I do not get turned on by violence. I don't even like action movies because of the violence. I just get turned on by Blaine. He just looked really sexy when he was telling me that story.*

*Right?*

*What the fuck is wrong with me?*

Kurt emerged from the bathroom to find Blaine waiting for him.

"I was thinking we could go snorkeling today."

Kurt shook his head. "If you don't mind I'd rather stay here and just swim and build sandcastles on the beach."

"Are you sure? I feel like you've been stuck here for days."

"I told you. It's perfect. Relaxing and beautiful. I hate those vacations where you run all over the place trying to see this tourist attraction, or this museum, and then by the time you get home you're exhausted from your so-called vacation. I'm perfectly fine staying here, enjoying the beach and the water, and just being with you."

"As you wish, gorgeous."

They spent the entire day on the beach. Kurt became incredibly engrossed in building a very intricate sandcastle complete with towers and a large moat. Blaine was impressed.

"When did you learn to build sandcastles?"

"We spent a week in Florida every year until my mother got sick. We used to build sandcastles. My dad's were pretty simple, but my mom was really good."

Blaine looked out over the water. "I only remember one trip to the beach as a kid. I kept trying to build stuff, but Cooper kept kicking it over. My mom sat on the beach looking beautiful, while my dad seemed to be constantly meeting people in the hotel. Then we went home early because something happened. I don't know what. I was really upset about having to leave before finishing a sandcastle so my mom had a sandbox built in our backyard. How ridiculous is that?"

"She just wanted you to be happy."

Blaine scoffed. "Yeah. Too bad that changed."

"That hasn't changed. I know you're mad at her, but she still loves you, Blaine."

"No, she loves Luther."

Luther.
Kurt's mind shifted to their conversation from the night before.

"You're wrong you know."

"No, I'm not. She loves him so much she killed my father to be with him."

"No, that's not…that's not what I'm talking about. You're wrong about me. About me getting turned on from you torturing people."

Blaine's expression turned smug. "Oh, that. Yes you do, Kurt."

"No, I don't."

"Yes, you do, and it's perfectly okay. It's a part of the package. Part of the allure."

"I fell in love with you before I knew about any of that. Before you were even involved in your family's business. I didn't fall in love with Blaine the mafia boss. I fell in love with Blaine Anderson, the charming, handsome, talented Warbler."

Blaine shifted closer to Kurt. "That's true, but why do you think you're able to stay after everything that's happened? Let's face it, Kurt. I'm not the boy I was when we first met. That boy was forced to grow up fast and he turned into a man. A powerful mafia boss who has the power to order the murder of others. Who has the power to commit murder himself. Why do you think you're able to stay with the man I've become? Why do want to stay? It's the same reason why my mother stayed with my father. You're attracted, not just to me, but to the power as well, especially in your case. After all the bullying you endured, it's natural that you'd be attracted to someone who can protect you. You know what I'm capable of and it gives you a sense of safety and protection."

"But you didn't protect me, did you?"

Blaine placed his hand on Kurt's neck right under his chin and squeezed. "Because you were stubborn and hard headed. I told you to come stay with me and you didn't. You didn't obey me, Kurt. That's the only reason why Cooper was able to take you. I've told you from day one. Just obey me and I'll take care of you and protect you forever. Anderson's protect what they love, and I love you more than anything."

Kurt's protest was cut off by Blaine's mouth on his. He kissed down Kurt's neck as he pushed him down on to his back. "Just admit that it turns you on."

Kurt shook his head. "It doesn't."

Blaine looked into Kurt's eyes and smiled beautifully. "Yes, it does gorgeous, but you know what? You don't have to say it out loud. I understand. It's a strange, scary thing to admit enjoying."

"I'm not scared to admit anything! I'm not…ohhhhh…"

Another deep wet kiss and a hard press rubbing their cocks together ended the argument. Blaine kissed his way down Kurt's body, smoothly slipping his shorts off and lovingly licking his balls before spreading his legs wide to lick his asshole. Kurt forgot all about Luther, and arguments about getting turned on by torture. He relaxed under the warm sun and enjoyed the talented tongue of his gorgeous boyfriend trailing all over his body. Blaine stopped only to run inside to grab the lube. They were careful to stay on the blanket to ease Kurt's sand fears. Blaine rocked slow and gentle, kissing Kurt between erotic moans and curses. He came with a groan and after a few minutes of recovery, stroked Kurt to his own orgasm. They rinsed off in the ocean after Blaine convinced Kurt to stay naked.
That evening Kurt cooked a delicious meal of salmon and pasta which Blaine paired with a sweet white wine. He was delighted when Kurt kept downing his glass the moment he refilled it. Later that night, Blaine enjoyed devouring a completely drunk Kurt who talked nonstop during their love making.

"Oh, you're so big, Blaine. Your cock…so big."

"Give it to me, baby. Fill me! Yes! Yes! Yes!"

"Mmm, kiss me more. More, more, more."

"I love you sooo much, Blaine. Love you more than anything…everything…so many things…"

Blaine especially loved this little treat. "Know what? I am turned on by your power. Allll thaaat power. Your mafia power, your strength, your fearlessness, your power cock. It all turns me on. On, on, on. My boyfriend is a mafia murderer and so fucking hot."

Blaine laughed out loud, planted a kiss on Kurt's lips, and ploughed into his ass.

Telio looked at himself in the mirror for the hundredth time and sighed.

*I fucking look like Blaine.*

He was wearing one of the few custom tailored, blue button down shirts he owned, a pair of Blaine's cufflinks, pressed gray slacks, and black loafers. Most of his wardrobe was made up of mesh material t-shirts that accentuated his physique, but he knew that look would be completely inappropriate tonight.

Dinner with Alicia and her parents.

Alicia and her mom were supposed to come back in a few weeks to settle in and prepare for school, but Alicia's dad ended up having some open time in his schedule, so they decided to return earlier than planned. Her father would be home for two weeks before returning to London.

And he was eager to meet Telio.

Telio was dreading it. He hated talking to adults. The routine questions about school, then the questions about his parents, then the awkward silence. Of course, the Wilders knew he'd been adopted by the Andersons, so that meant they were either full of questions, or would avoid the topic entirely. Telio was sure they would be full of questions.

He headed out of his room and down the stairs where he ran into Elian. Elian looked him up and down.

*He's so good-looking. Asshole.*

"Going out?"

"Yeah. I'll be back later. Try to stay out of trouble."

"You do the same."

T&A&T&A

Telio pulled up in front of the house and parked on the street. He sat in the car for a moment debating
before pulling his gun out of his waistband and placing it on the floor under his seat. It felt weird not having a weapon somewhere on his person, but he didn't want to take any chances. He could just imagine what the Wilders already thought of him. No need to prove them right.

He rang the bell and tried to relax. He could hear footsteps and then, "Daddy…will you please let me…"

The door was opened by a tall, stately, distinguished looking Black man wearing a white button down shirt and black slacks. Telio was glad he'd chosen the right outfit for the evening.

"Well, you must be Mr. Montgomery. I'm Dr. Charles Wilder, Alicia's father."

"Good evening, sir. It's a pleasure to meet you."

"Please come in."

Telio stepped inside and lost his ability to breathe when he saw Alicia. She was wearing a cute pink dress with pink heels. Her hair was up in a curly ponytail and the diamond earrings he'd given her shone brightly. Her smile was so joyful and beautiful as she rushed towards him.

"Hi!" She wrapped her arms around him. He cautiously returned the embrace but quickly stepped back when he saw her mother enter the living room.

"Mom, this is Telio. Telio, this is my mother, Annika Wilder."

Alicia's mom was shorter than both her husband and daughter, and very petite. Telio noted that Alicia inherited her hair, eyes and figure from her mom. Height and smile from her dad.

"Hello, Mrs. Wilder. Nice to meet you."

"Oh, not as nice as it is for us to meet you, Telio. We've been eager to make your acquaintance."

Great.

"Well," she continued, "dinner is on the table, so why don't we sit down and enjoy."

Telio was grateful that Alicia and her mother dominated the dinner conversation with stories about London. He made sure to listen attentively and nod at the appropriate times. He could feel Dr. Wilder's eyes on him throughout the meal. He kept his eyes on Alicia.

"Telio, I hope you like apple pie. Alicia and I baked one fresh this morning."

"Yes, ma'am. That sounds fine."

As Alicia and her mother cleared the table, Dr. Wilder sat back in his chair and gazed coolly at Telio.

"So, I'm going to have a beer. Would you like one?"

"Uh, no sir. I'm underage."

"Come now. Let's not pretend you're the same age as other 18 year olds. Given your life experience I'm sure you're quite a bit older, and far more mature. So, if you'd like, you are welcome to join me in having a beer."

Wow. Shit. If that wasn't a loaded statement. "No, thank you. I don't drink."
Mrs. Wilder brought out plates of apple pie for everyone and a beer for Dr. Wilder. Telio was grateful when Alicia sat down next to him as opposed to across from him as she had during dinner. She squeezed his leg and smiled at him. Telio stared at her mouth and longed to kiss her.


"This is really delicious."

Alicia beamed. "Thank you."

After a few more bites in silence, Mrs. Wilder put down her fork and looked at Telio.

"So, forgive me for being so forthright, but I don't think it's a secret that my husband and I have some…questions about you and your background, so I won't waste time with meaningless pleasantries. I understand that you are adopted. Exactly what happened to your parents?"

Telio was caught slightly off guard. He'd expected the interrogation to come from Dr. Wilder. Alicia shot her mother an angry look.

"Mom! Really?"

Dr. Wilder leaned forward. "Come on, Alicia. I'm sure Telio knew what to expect tonight. He's a very savvy and worldly young man."

Alicia was about to protest, but Telio shook his head.

"No, it's fine. I understand. My mother was murdered. Strangled, I think. I was around 8 or 9. My father was killed a few days later while working."

"And by working you mean…the mob," said Dr. Wilder.

"Yes, sir."

"And so you went to live with the Andersons."

"Yes, sir."

Mrs. Wilder shook her head with a confused expression. "But, was there no one in your family who could take you? A grandparent, or aunt perhaps?"

Telio was stuck.

He'd never thought about that before.

Did he have other family out there?

He shook his head. "Um, no. There wasn't anyone else." At least I don't think there was. I don't know. Shit.

Mrs. Wilder frowned, passing judgement on the possible family Telio had out there. What kind of people didn't step forward to offer a home to a boy who'd lost his mother? Furthermore, what kind of woman gets strangled to death?

"So, the Andersons took you in, huh? That must have been quite an adjustment."

Telio nodded and waited for Dr. Wilder to continue.
"How involved are you in the family business?"

And there was the question Telio had debated since receiving Alicia's dinner invitation. How honest should he be? He could lie and say he had nothing to do with the business. That would probably make her parents feel better about him dating their daughter, but lying wasn't something Telio did easily. He didn't like lies, but would the truth cost him his relationship? He looked at Alicia, but her face gave no hint regarding the right answer.

Right or wrong, I'm not ashamed of what we do and my role in it. I'm just not.

"I'm not involved in the construction company, but…the family has several...side businesses. I help there."

Mrs. Wilder looked interested. "Side businesses?"

"He means the mob, dear." Dr. Wilder's voice was cool as he stared pointedly at Telio. "The side businesses are criminal enterprises. Mario Anderson was a mob boss. He was gunned down several weeks ago. That's the funeral our daughter was so eager to attend. From what I've read his son has taken over. A boy the same age as you, correct?"

Telio felt trapped. "Um, yes, that's correct."

"So, basically you're a member of the mob," concluded Dr. Wilder.

Alicia exploded. "Will both of you stop it? You're being totally unfair! You said you wanted to meet Telio to get to know him! You're not trying to get to know him, you're just accusing him of things! Neither of you have asked about what an amazing student he is. How he's taking all AP classes and getting A's in all of them, or how he's a voracious reader and has read hundreds of books on American history, even ones you've read dad. He's a senior and you haven't even asked where he wants to go to college or what he wants to major in. You're just passing judgement and making accusations! That's not fair!"

Dr. Wilder was slightly amused. "Alicia, sit down."

Alicia sat down and took Telio's hand in hers. Telio's chest felt heavy with both love and sadness. He knew where things were heading.

Dr. Wilder didn't disappoint him.

"We haven't asked about any of that because frankly it doesn't matter. I'm sure Telio is a very bright, well educated, well-read young man. Dalton Academy is an outstanding school, so none of that surprises me. Our concern is you getting mixed up with someone who is completely inappropriate for you. Forgive me, Telio, but I'm guessing you understand our concerns far better than our daughter. Alicia is a very innocent young woman. That's by design. My wife and I have been fortunate enough to provide her with the best of everything and to shield her from the messiness of life. She doesn't know anything about your world, and she certainly doesn't understand the risk of dating someone like you. I'm sure you understand where we're coming from. This isn't about you personally. It's about your background. Your family, or lack of one. Your situation is unfortunate, but we can't…won't allow our daughter to get involved with someone…dangerous. Surely you understand. We're just trying to protect her."

Alicia was fuming. "I am not 10 years old! You have no idea what I know and what…"
Telio squeezed her hand. "Stop. Don't."

"This isn't fair! It's not your fault..."

"Alicia, it's okay. Your father's right. I do understand." Telio turned to Dr. Wilder. "Look, I get it, and you're right. I've basically been raised to be a criminal but, and I know this is going to sound crazy, I'm not who you think I am. I'm not a bad person. Yes, I'm involved with organized crime because of my family, but that doesn't mean I'm going to be involved in it forever. More importantly, I would never let anything happen to Alicia. I love her, so..." Telio stood up. "I'm gonna go and...I won't contact her anymore."

"Telio!"

Telio held out his hand. "It was a pleasure meeting you."

Dr. Wilder was slightly stunned. He stood up and reached for Telio's hand, but Alicia jumped up and grabbed Telio's arm jerking him back.

"No! What are you doing? No!"

"Alicia, your parents are right. You should be with someone from the same background as you. Someone...safe."

"In case you've forgotten I am perfectly capable of keeping myself safe."

Telio glanced at Dr. and Mrs. Wilder who both looked perplexed by her statement.

"Your father's right, Alicia. You're too good for me. I've always known that."

"Bullshit."

Mrs. Wilder gasped. "Alicia!"

"It is bullshit. Telio, you're amazing. You got a really shitty, really unkind start in the world, and you have a right to be angry. Angry, pissed off, and mad as hell at everyone and everything. Instead you're calm, disciplined, loyal and loving. You have so much love inside you and you give it so freely to Blaine, to Kurt, and to me. A girl would be crazy to not wanna be with you. To experience all the love you give. I feel lucky, and loved, and I'm not letting you go. I'd be a fool to."

He couldn't help himself. He leaned over and kissed her.

Dr. Wilder cleared his throat. "I believe you were leaving."

"Daddy! Stop it!"

Mrs. Wilder placed a hand on her shoulder. "Alicia, please. Even Telio knows this is for the best."

Alicia grabbed Telio's hand. "Don't do this. You don't have to do this. I entered this relationship with my eyes wide open, and...I know what it means to be with you. I've experienced what it means. Please...I love you."

For the first time in a long time, Telio was confused and torn. He didn't want to walk away, but after seeing everything Kurt had suffered because of his connection to Blaine, the fact that Alicia had been attacked and ended up killing a man...

He pulled out of her grasp and looked at Mrs. Wilder.
"Thanks for dinner."

"Telio, no!" Alicia tried to run after him, but her father grabbed her. "Let him go."

"Telio! Telio, please! It doesn't matter what they say! I love you!"

Telio gripped the door handle and turned around.

"Thanks for loving me for me and just me. You're the only person to ever do that."

Kurt and Blaine spent the next three days on the island swimming, playing in the sand, watching movies and having sex. In the mornings they made love on the beach as the sun rose. Slow, leisurely sex full of soft touches and kisses. In the afternoon they had sex in a different part of the house each day. Kurt loved the beautiful mahogany dining room table. After a rush of hot passionate kisses he backed Blaine into it, pushed him down, pulled down his shorts and fucked him. As much as he preferred to top, Blaine loved how hot as fuck Kurt looked slamming into him. His eyes closed, a look of pure ecstasy and raw desire on his face that morphed into a look of shock followed by being completely overwhelmed by the explosive rush to his system when he came. At night they stayed in the bedroom where Blaine could tie Kurt to the bed, wrap a tie around his throat to the point of choking, place his cock in a cage, a vibrator in his ass, and then suck his cock until he was sobbing and begging to be fucked. Only then would Blaine untie him, remove the vibrator and cage, and either fuck him in the bed or against the wall. They would both come spectacularly and collapse in bed.


"Morning, gorgeous."

"Mmmmm."

Blaine laughed. "I take it you're comfortable?"

"Very."

"Good, but that probably means you won't like my suggestion."

Kurt turned to face him. "I'm listening."

"How about we go out tonight?"

"Out where?"

"Dancing. Believe it or not there's a supposedly gay friendly dance club here called Jaguar's. I thought we'd check it out so you can wear one of the hundreds of outfits you bought."

"Really? Are you sure?"

"Yep. All the gay travel websites I checked out mentioned it. Along with warnings to be careful about PDA, of course. We're still in a conservative country, but the club is supposed to be a safe, friendly place."

"I don't know, Blaine. This might not be a good idea."

"Aw, come on. Let's at least check it out. If we get a bad vibe we can leave. I read that it has a light
Blaine's eyes were bright and eager. He looked like a hopeful puppy. How did he do that? How could someone with the power to have men murdered look so cute and innocent?

Kurt rolled his eyes. "Well, if it has a light up dance floor...."

K&B&K&B

The evening turned out to be amazing.

And full of surprises.

Kurt chose a fairly conservative outfit to be on the safe side, but his tight jeans still made Blaine rethink their plans. Since it was dark, Blaine arranged for a private water taxi to pick them up. As they pulled into the harbor their driver, Artan explained that he would remain on the boat until their return. "I'm in school. I use the time to study."

The club entrance was a huge Jaguar head. Kurt turned to Blaine. "You have got to be kidding."

"Don't judge. Come on."

The club was surprisingly large and packed with a mix of natives and tourists. Neon lights twirled and flashed as the music thumped. They found a spot on the edge of the dance floor and watched the crush of bodies gyrating to the music. After several minutes Kurt leaned over and tried to speak loud enough to be heard over the music, but not loud enough to be heard by other people.

"I think everyone here is straight."

Blaine shook his head. "No. That guy over there in the turquoise shirt has been staring at you for the past five minutes. Pretty sure he's gay."

Kurt looked around and spotted the guy Blaine was talking about. He was well-built with beautiful brown skin and blonde hair.

"I don't think he's gay, but he is blonde by bottle."

"Trust me, he's gay."

Kurt shook his head. "Come on let's dance."

They made their way out on to the dance floor, careful to maintain a certain amount of space between them. They danced to several songs before heading to the bar for water. Kurt suddenly felt Blaine tense next to him.

The blonde was headed their way.

"If he tries to hook up with you I'm gonna punch his lights out."

Kurt was about to respond but the blonde was now standing right in front of them. He glanced around apprehensively before speaking.

"Hello. My name is Adair."

Blaine looked him up and down assessing if he could take him in a fight. "Can we help you?"
Adair looked around again before leaning in to speak.

"Are you two…together?"

"What do you mean by together?"

Adair stepped closer and lowered his voice. "There's a place a few streets over. A hidden club just for…you know…"

"Actually, I don't. Enlighten us."

Adair stepped back, a frightened look on his face. "Sorry, my mistake," He turned to leave.


Adair nodded. "From the outside it looks like a bookstore that's closed for the evening. We meet in the basement. The entrance is on the side of the building. 218 Canyes Street."

Kurt looked at Blaine with a surprising hint of excitement in his eyes. "How are we supposed to know you're telling the truth, and why are you telling us?" asked Blaine.

"It's what I do. The club owner pays me to come here, figure out who's gay, and invite them to come. It's not like he can advertise. The authorities would shut him down and throw him in jail."

Kurt's tone turned accusatory. "Or, the police could be paying you to lure people to this supposed club, only to be arrested and held captive until they agree to pay an obscene amount of money."

Adair shook his head. "No. I would never do that. I would never betray someone like that. I've seen what the police do to gay men. They have a game. Beating the batiman. It means beating the buttman. They are evil, cruel, corrupt monsters."

Adair seemed genuinely upset. Blaine and Kurt looked at each other in silent debate. Kurt made the decision.

"Thanks for the information. Maybe we'll check it out later."

Adair nodded. "Okay, but please don't tell anyone unless you're sure they're gay."

"Of course."

They watched Adair disappear into the crowd.

"Well?" asked Blaine.

"I think it's too risky. I don't wanna end up on an episode of Locked Up Abroad, especially if the police figure out who you are. They'll ask for millions of dollars."

"True, but it was risky for him to come over to us in the first place."

"Not if he's working for the police."

For the next 20 minutes they sat at the bar watching the dance floor each locked in their own thoughts until Blaine grabbed Kurt's hand. "Come on."

"Wait…where…?"
Blaine pulled him through the crowd and out of the club. He looked up and down the street for a second before turning left.

"Blaine…are we seriously…"

"Let's live a little."

"Live a little! Blaine, this is crazy! I thought we agreed this was dangerous."

"If it doesn't look right we run."

"Blaine…"

"Here."

They stopped in front of a nondescript gray building. The lights were out and through the windows they could see rows and rows of books. Blaine tightened his grip on Kurt's hand and walked to the corner of the building where there was a wide, clean alleyway. They could see a blue light above a door.

"Let's go."

"This is crazy."

"My whole life is crazy." Blaine suddenly stopped and turned to Kurt. "Except for you. You are perfect. My perfect, gorgeous, sunshine." Kurt couldn't help smiling.

The door was red with an iron security door covering it. Each bar was painted a different color of the rainbow. Blaine rang the buzzer. Just like in the movies a small window slid open and the face of a man appeared.

"Yes?"

"Adair sent us."

The man looked suspiciously at Blaine, but his look softened when he looked Kurt up and down. The window slid closed and there was the sound of several locks unlocking. They stepped back as the iron door was opened.

"Quickly in case you were followed."

They stepped inside. Kurt watched nervously as a small man dressed in a red pinstriped suit locked the doors. He smiled at Kurt. "Don't worry. You leave by a door in the back. It's always unlocked, but carefully guarded by two of the most beautiful bears you've ever seen. Come."

They followed him down a flight of stairs through red curtains and into an incredible scene.

It was a large basement with a Lucite dance floor. In one corner of the room a DJ was playing music, and in another corner a small bar was set up. The dance floor was filled with men dancing seductively with one another. There were a few women, but mostly men. Caribbean club music vibrated through the room creating a hypnotizing beat. Kurt stared in awe with his mouth open.

"I have something I'd love to put in that mouth," smirked a tall man who walked by. He turned and winked at Kurt and laughed at his stunned expression. Blaine placed an arm possessively around Kurt's waist. "Let's get a drink."
After two drinks they hit the dance floor. This time they danced close together, grinding against each other sneaking touches and squeezes. After several songs they took a break and just observed the scene. It was mostly natives, but there were a few other tourists. Blaine struck up a conversation with the bartender and learned that the man in the red striped suit who let them in was the owner. An expatriate from the United States named Gino Calacassas. The rumor was that he killed his lover back in the states and fled to Belize. Disappointed and angry about the lack of places for gays to congregate, he bought the bookstore and set up the hidden club. The fact that he’d managed to get away with it for over 3 years led some to believe he had paid off the corrupt police department, but no one took chances. It was a well kept secret amongst the gay community.

While Blaine chatted with the bartender, Kurt kept noticing people slipping behind a black curtain. "What's back there?"

The bartender grinned. "That's the back room. Anything you want, anything you need, you'll find it back there."

Kurt was intrigued. "What do you mean?"

"What's your deepest, darkest, sexual fantasy?" Kurt turned red. Blaine had already fulfilled fantasies he never knew he had.

The bartender continued. "Whatever it is, you'll find someone back there willing to make your dreams come true. It's where everyone goes to fuck."

Kurt glanced furtively at the curtains and then at Blaine. Blaine's eyes were dark and intense as he stared at the curtains.

*What the hell?*

"Blaine?"

"Blaine?"

"Blaine, whatever you're thinking, stop. Stop now."

Blaine shifted to stand in front of Kurt, pushing him into the bar. He slid a leg between Kurt's, leaned in and whispered.

"Come on, gorgeous. Haven't you ever wondered what it would be like to fuck in public? Pressed into a wall...me pounding your beautiful ass while other people watch?"

Kurt felt tongue tied and suddenly very warm. "Um...I...no...of course not...I...."

"I'd watch," quipped the bartender before going to serve another customer.

Blaine ran his lips across Kurt's neck making barely there kisses. "I'd love to fuck you back there. Make you scream my name and have everyone hear you." Blaine snaked his hand down between Kurt's legs and started to rub his cock through his pants. He smiled into Kurt's neck. "You're already hard, Kurt. Whatever could that mean?"

Kurt tried to gain control of the situation, but his body had other desires. "Blaine...we are not having...sex in some...strange...sex...fantasy room in a...foreign...country...oh...that feels...ohhh..."

Blaine kissed and sucked Kurt's neck while continuing to rub his cock. He suddenly stopped, placed
his hands on Kurt's shoulders and turned him towards the room. "Let's go." He steered Kurt towards the curtains. They slipped behind the curtains, walked down a short hallway and froze.

Everywhere they looked there were men in some state of sexual activity. Giving blowjobs, receiving blowjobs. Rimming, getting rimmed. Fucking, being fucked. Some men were being fucked while giving blowjobs. Others had two men taking turns blowing them.

"It's like a…" breathed Kurt.

"…orgy" finished Blaine.

Blaine pulled Kurt over to an empty corner where the two of them watched everything going on around them until they were infected by the sexual energy in the air. Blaine pushed Kurt against the wall. Wet kisses, fumbling with zippers, Blaine grabbing one of the many bottles of lube littering the floor. As he turned Kurt around to face the wall, a short bald man wearing only pants stopped to watch. Blaine stepped back just enough to give him a perfect view of his lubed fingers sliding into Kurt's ass. As Kurt hissed and pushed back on the fingers, another man stopped to watch. Kurt was oblivious to their growing audience as he moaned at the addition of two more fingers. Blaine worked them in and out, pushing deeper and harder to elicit louder moans from Kurt. When their audience grew to five, Blaine decided it was time. He lubed up his cock and carefully slid up and in. Kurt's wanton groan was deliciously loud and sexy. Blaine moved slow and steady gradually increasing the strength of his thrusts. Kurt's increasingly loud cries kept time with Blaine's thrusts until he was being fucked hard and deep. Bent over, hands pressed against the wall, Blaine's fingers gripping his hips. A naked man tried to step in front of Kurt thinking he could get a blowjob, but Blaine shot him a death glare. "Touch him and I kill you with my bare hands." The man quickly stepped back. Kurt was too lost enduring the fierce fucking to notice.

Blaine forced himself to hold off as long as possible in order to draw out the show. When he finally came it was with a carnal growl. Another man stepped forward and gestured at Kurt who was still bent over, his cock hard and leaking. "I'll suck him for you."

Blaine shook his head. Instead he dropped to his knees and sucked Kurt off himself. Kurt came with a beautiful wail and fell into Blaine feeling slightly dazed.

"Oh, my God. Did we really just…"

"Yes, we did, gorgeous. And now it's time to go home."
Chapter Notes

Warnings for…I can barely type it…fisting. Nothing graphic. Literally a sentence. Also, spanking and murder.

Blaine dropped his bags inside his bedroom and took a flying leap on to his bed. "Home sweet home."

Kurt dropped his bags and sighed. "I think I prefer island life."

Blaine sat up with a smile. "So, you enjoyed our vacation?"

"Are you kidding? Best. Vacation. Ever." He sat down next to Blaine and kissed him. "Thank you for taking me. It really was wonderful. And interesting. I still can't believe we had sex in public."

Kurt's cheeks pinked as he covered his face with his hands. Blaine laughed. "And I can't believe you're still blushing over it." He pulled Kurt's hands away from his face before wrapping his hands around Kurt's neck.

"It was hot. You were hot. So loud and into it. All those men watching...wanting you…wanting to touch you, suck you. I loved showing them you were mine. That you belong to me. That your beautiful ass is mine all mine."

Kurt felt warm and slightly dizzy as Blaine squeezed his neck tighter before leaning in for a deep, long, wet kiss. Kurt started to fall back on the bed pulling Blaine with him…

"You're back."

Elian frowned at them from the doorway. Blaine sat up as Kurt fell back in annoyance.

"Yes, we're back. Hi." Blaine looked at him curiously, his mind darkening as he remembered Telio's suspicions. Had Elian really abandoned them during Kurt's rescue? That was so unlike an Abiatti. "Well good because someone needs to do something about Telio."

Kurt sat up. "What's wrong with Telio?"

"Fuck if I know, but you'd better do something about him. First, he almost got into a fistfight with the entrance security guards. Then he got into it with the roof guards. Yesterday he got into an argument with Nate about the cars and almost killed him. It took me, Vince, and two other guys to pull him off."

Blaine shook his head in disbelief. "What the hell? None of that sounds like Telio. He doesn't go around starting fights."

Elian shrugged. "Nate tried to quit. I convinced him to wait until you returned, but he's pretty ticked off."
"Thanks for doing that. Nate's a great mechanic and the best vehicle security technician around. He knows how all the Anderson cars are outfitted. I'd hate to lose him." Blaine stood up with a sigh. "I'll go smooth things over." Not even home five fucking minutes and there's shit to deal with. "Sorry gorgeous, but I guess our vacation is really over."

Kurt sighed. "I'll unpack. Oh! I need to call my dad and let him know we're back."

Blaine frowned. *Great.*

After Blaine left, Elian remained in the doorway scowling at Kurt. Kurt shot him a fierce bitch look.

"Can I help you?"

"So, how was Belize? No sharks in the water?"

"I wouldn't know. Blaine and I didn't spend a lot of time in the water. We were too busy doing other things." Kurt's smirk made it clear what "other things" referred to. He could feel the hate in Elian's eyes, but Elian said nothing.

*Too bad you didn't get eaten by a shark, but that's okay. Your days are numbered.*

B&T&B&T

It didn't take Blaine long to pacify Nate. Nate had been with the Andersons for years, so he didn't really want to leave. He was more hurt than angry. An apology and a cash bonus settled the situation.

Blaine headed downstairs to find Telio. He found him bench pressing like a machine. Blaine watched his muscles ripple. He truly was a dark bronze Greek God.

"Are you supposed to lift that fast? That's an awful lot of weight on there."

Telio returned the weights to the bar and sat up.

"How was Belize?"

"Beautiful. Warm. Relaxing."

Telio nodded and took a drink of water.

"Anything happen while I was gone?"

"Well, Chartussi's definitely starting to make moves. One of our guys was jumped and…"

Blaine interrupted. "We can debrief business later. I meant around here."

"No."

Blaine gave Telio a knowing look. Telio scowled.

"It wasn't a big deal. I just think we should add an extra layer of bullet proofing to the cars, and that we should custom order them from O'Gara Hess. I know Nate thinks he can do everything out in that garage, but he can't. I was just thinking about your safety."

Blaine sat down on the weight bench. "First of all, you're not in charge of my safety anymore, remember? Second, since when does a disagreement lead to you beating the shit out of someone?"
Telio said nothing.
"Tell me what's wrong."
"Nothing's wrong."
"Telio…"
"I'm fine."

"How's Alicia?"
Blaine could see Telio's body tense.
"She's fine."

"How was dinner with her parents?"
"When is your mother coming home?"
Blaine refused to be thrown by the question. "I don't know. Why?"

"Nothing."
"Telio, what's going on? Something's obviously bothering you. What is it? Did something happen with Alicia?"

"I broke up with her."

"Why?"

Telio stood up, headed over to the punching bag, and started putting on the boxing gloves. "Because it was the right thing to do."

"Says who?"

"Says me."

"Telio…what happened?"

Silence.

"Did her parents do something? Say something?"

Silence.

"Telio!"

Telio started punching the bag.

"Telio, talk to me!"

Silence except for the sound of Telio pretending the punching bag was Alicia's father's face.

Blaine left in frustration. He went upstairs, sat down on the living room couch, and pulled out his phone.
"Blaine?"

"Hi Alicia."

"Oh, Blaine! I'm so happy to hear... wait, is Telio okay?"

"No. I mean he's fine, but what the hell is going on?"

Alicia cried as she told Blaine about the dinner. "I've been calling and texting him, but he won't answer and he won't text me back. Please, Blaine, please tell him to call me. I love him. I don't care what my parents say. I love him and I wanna be with him. I don't wanna break up." Blaine felt incredibly sad listening to her sobbing. Then he heard a voice in the background.

"Alicia? Are you on the phone?"

Alicia quickly whispered. "I gotta go. Tell him I love him."

"I will."

Blaine hung up and let his head fall back on the couch.

Shit.

"There you are."

Blaine looked up at Kurt. He'd showered and changed into a simple tight white t-shirt that showed off his chest and arms, and a pair of skinny jeans.

"You look delicious."

Kurt arched an eyebrow. "Delicious?"

"Yes. Delicious. I wanna eat you. Slowly. Bite by bite. Over several hours."

Kurt decided to ignore the slow boil ignited by Blaine's dark, sexy tone. "Did you find Telio?"

Blaine stopped drooling and sobered up. "Yeah. He broke up with Alicia."

"What? Why?"

Blaine filled Kurt in on the dinner with her parents.

"He didn't stand a chance. They'd made up their minds before they laid eyes on him. The dinner was just an excuse to tell him to get lost, so of course he broke up with her. That's how he is."

"And how is that?"

"Selfless. And he has a twisted view of being honorable."

Kurt was intrigued. "Twisted how?"

"You know... despite our criminal activity, Telio has a strong sense of right and wrong. He has his own moral code. I know exactly what he's thinking. He didn't want to get involved with her in the first place because of the danger, and now her parents have reinforced his fears. He's always said that men like us shouldn't have relationships because we put others in danger."

Many thoughts ran through Kurt's mind along with warning bells to end the conversation.
But he was too curious.

"What about you?"

"What about me?"

"Do you have a moral code?"

Blaine's expression turned sinister. He licked his lips and stared into Kurt's eyes.

"That's an interesting question."

Kurt was undaunted. "So, do you?"

"Yes."

Kurt's pulse raced as what he considered the wrong type of arousal slithered up his spine.

"What is it?"

Blaine leaned in and stared deep into Kurt's eyes. His voice was a dark whisper.

"Andersons always win."

Kurt swallowed and clamored to control his body and the conversation.

"That's not really a moral code."

Blaine leaned in and latched his mouth on to Kurt's neck. He gently sucked a mark into Kurt's skin before whispering. "What on earth makes you think I have morals, Kurt?" He moved along Kurt's neck and created another mark.

"What I have are needs. Desires. Lusts."

Another mark.

"And a drive to do whatever is necessary to fulfill those needs."

Another mark.

"So, it's not a code."

And another.

"It's a personal mission statement."

And another.

"I. Always. Win."

Kurt couldn't breathe from the firm and final kiss. An exclamation point on their discussion. He fell back on to the couch as Blaine grabbed his hands, pinned him down, and continued to kiss him for several moments before suddenly standing up to unzip his pants. Kurt slid to his knees and wrapped his hand firmly around Blaine's cock before taking it into his mouth. He bobbed up and down, adjusting to the push of Blaine's hips until Blaine's hands tightened and held Kurt's head tight and still as his orgasm sent cum flooding Kurt's mouth. He continued to hold his head tight allowing his softening cock to rest in Kurt's mouth. This sent shivers of submissive desire straight to Kurt's core.
His body relaxed and vowed not to move until Blaine released him. Blaine stood very still, eyes closed, soaking in the power of the moment. Several minutes passed before he slid out of Kurt's mouth and pulled him to his feet. He kissed him softly and smiled as he stared at Kurt's neck. He steered Kurt to the mirror hanging in the hallway.

"No scarves. I want everyone to see those."

Kurt gasped as he studied himself in the mirror. The passion marks were so dark and deep he looked like someone had punched him in the neck several times. He hoped they would fade before he went home.

The next morning they were joined at breakfast by Telio, Elian, Vince, Matthew and Kevin. Kurt had finally grown used to the strange revolving door of people within the Anderson home so he didn't think much of it. Blaine was in a silent mood, so he struck up a conversation with Kevin and was surprised to learn that he had a thing for fashion too. "I think it comes from being in NYC so much. It sorta rubs off on ya. Girls there have a higher expectation of how a guy dresses. I had to step up my game if I wanted to get laid."

Blaine looked around the table. This was his main crew. The men he would rely on moving forward with the exception of Elian. He still trusted Elian to be loyal regarding business, but he couldn't trust him with Kurt. He would have to be dealt with, but for now Blaine decided to keep him close. He couldn't afford to lose him yet. He would keep him alive until Chartussi was dead.

"Gentlemen, we have a lot to discuss so let's get to it."

As everyone rose he turned to Kurt. "This might take a while, gorgeous."

"I don't mind. I look forward to listening and learning."

"Kurt…"

Kurt folded his arms. His expression firm and determined. "Yes?"

"What are you doing?"

"I'm helping you."

"No."

"Yes."

"We talked about this, Kurt. You're not getting involved with business."

"I just want to help you."

"I don't need your help."

"Stop shutting me out! Unless you're expecting your enemies to show up here and shoot us, I don't see why I can't listen and learn. I love you. I should be by your side. Listening, learning, and… maybe offering advice or something. I'm not stupid!"

"I know you're not stupid, but I don't want you involved!"

"How many times do I have to say it? I'm already involved!"
Blaine sighed. He didn’t feel like having this argument. He had too much to take care of.

"I don’t have time for this."

Kurt nodded. "I couldn’t agree more. Let’s go."

Telio frowned at Blaine when Kurt walked in and made himself comfortable in a chair in the corner. Matthew and Vince looked puzzled while Kevin smiled and nodded at him. Elian seethed silently.

For the next two and a half hours Kurt sat riveted and fascinated by the conversation. He knew the Andersons ran illegal operations in addition to the legitimate construction company, but he quickly realized that he’d never truly understood just how large and vast their operations were. At one point there was a conference call with men in Las Vegas for a report on the casinos the family owned. Another call from Florida provided updates on shipping routes, the conversation cleverly disguised as a discussion about fantasy football. The Bethenson twins were beamed into the room via Skype to discuss New York, and left Kurt confused and a little embarrassed by their enthusiasm over seeing him alive and well. Blaine promised to explain later.

The meeting ended with plans for a full family dinner the following Friday. Blaine would layout the tactical and strategic plans to destroy Chartussi and make sure everyone was on board.

Once they were alone, Blaine took out a bottle of bourbon and poured a glass. He looked at Kurt who nodded so he poured another. Kurt picked up the glass and sniffed. It smelled strong, but sweet. Blaine held up his glass.

"A toast to your first and final business meeting."

Kurt smiled and clinked his glass against Blaine’s. He took a sip and scrunched up his face as the strong liquor hit his throat. Blaine laughed.

"You’re adorable."

Kurt shook his head. He didn’t want to be adorable. He took a larger sip and managed to get it down with his eyes closed.

"I take it you don’t like bourbon."

"No, it’s just…it’s kind of strong. And I am not adorable. I’m…formidable."

"I would never disagree with that, but you’re adorable too."

Kurt took another sip. "I was planning to go home Sunday."

"Okay."

Kurt’s eyebrows rose in surprise. "Okay?"

"Of course. I’m sure your dad is eager to see you, and Carol probably wants to hear all about Belize."

Kurt was suspicious, but he nodded. "Okay. Good."

Blaine sat back and tried not to look too pleased. Kurt going home meant he wouldn’t be around for the Friday family dinner.

Or, so Blaine thought.
"I'll be back Thursday afternoon to make sure everything's on track for the family dinner."

Blaine was about to protest when he remembered that his mother was gone. He needed Kurt to manage the dinner arrangements like his mother had done for his father. The thought made Blaine incredibly happy. One more step towards Kurt inhabiting his appropriate role as husband.

"Okay. Sounds good."

Kurt smiled as he finished his bourbon. He knew exactly what Blaine was thinking, but he had no intentions of hanging out in the kitchen.

K&B&K&B

"Dad!"

Burt's heart rose at the sight of Kurt climbing out of Blaine's new and security improved BMW. He held open his arms and felt overwhelmed with emotion when Kurt ran to him. He held Kurt tight and breathed him in. Every time Kurt left, Burt worried that he might never see him again. Every time Kurt arrived back home, Burt sighed in relief and wanted to hold him forever.

Burt finally let Kurt go so he could embrace Carol. Blaine stood quietly by the car.

"Good trip, Blaine?"

Blaine tried to hide his surprise at the slightly friendlier than usual tone of Burt's voice.

"Uh, yes sir. We had a nice time. Thank you."

Burt gave him a short nod and headed inside.

Blaine met Kurt's happy smile with one of his own. It was a start. He slid his arms around Kurt's waist.

"So, Thursday?"

"Yes, please. Around 1:00 pm."

"Okay. I'll be here. If not me then two of the guys. I'll text you."

"Why not you?"

"I may have some things to take care of."

"What kind of things?"

"Nothing for you to worry about."

Kurt sighed. "Please be careful."

"I'm always careful."

Kurt pulled Blaine into a tight hug. Like his father, Kurt always worried that it would be the last time he'd see the man he loved.

Tuesday evening Telio drove into town to pick up books he'd ordered from the bookstore. Despite all the devices available to read and order books online, Telio preferred what he considered the real
thing. He also liked supporting the bookstore. He worried about it closing.

He wandered around for a while before paying and heading out. As he started towards his car he noticed a small group of people gathered outside the ice cream shop. As he got closer he saw two women sitting on a bench talking while two men stood chatting with each other. On the other bench was a young guy with a football player build talking to a girl whose body language clearly said she'd rather be anywhere else.

Alicia.

Telio froze.

Shit.

Okay. He could cross the street, walk down, and then cross back over to reach his car. Yes. That's exactly what he would do.

He stood there for another moment before turning.

"Telio!"

He kept walking.

"Telio!"

"TELIO!"

He couldn't ignore that one. He turned to see Alicia running towards him. He fought the urge to drop his books and open his arms.

Alicia stopped breathless in front of him.

"Telio..."

"Hi."

"Why haven't you returned my calls or texts?"

"I had nothing to say."

Telio felt a stab of pain as he saw the hurt in her eyes. *You're doing this for her own good.*

"Look, I don't care what my parents say. I love you. I'm old enough to decide who I love, and I love you, and I know you still love me."

*This is it. Tell her you don't love her anymore. Just say it. Set her free.*

Telio looked into her eyes…

And couldn't do it.

"Your parents are right. You shouldn't be with someone like me. They didn't raise their only daughter to end up with a..."

"With what? A thug? A criminal? Telio, you are not a thug, and who's to say you're always going to work with Blaine? Besides, there are criminals everywhere in every type of industry. It's just that
their illegalities are considered a part of doing business. Ask my father about medical insurance some time."

"Yeah, but insurance executives don't shoot each other or get their friends and family murdered."

Alicia stepped closer and looked into his eyes.

"Tell me you don't love me."

"Alicia…"

She moved closer. "Tell me you don't love me and I'll walk away. I'll leave you alone."

Telio's eyes moved from her eyes to her lips. Her moist, soft, slightly parted, so very kissable…

"Alicia, are you all right? Is everything okay?"

Alicia sighed in annoyance and frowned at the young man interrupting them.

"Of course everything is all right. Everything is fine."

"Well, your parents were getting concerned."

The young man turned to Telio and held out his hand. "James Scott."

Telio looked at his hand and decided to decline the handshake. "I'm nobody."

James frowned. "I see. Alicia, we'd better get back."

Alicia shot him a pissed look. "You go ahead. I'll be there in a minute."

"I think you should come with me. Now." He gently wrapped his hand around her forearm.

Telio took a deep breath and remained very still. Punching this asshole in the face would do nothing but prove Alicia's parents right. He looked at Alicia and felt a surge of love and pride. The look of anger on her face was priceless. \textit{She doesn't need me to punch this dick. She's about to do it herself.}

Alicia pulled away. "Look Jimmy, I don't know what my parents told you, or who you think you are, but I suggest you back off."

"I'm just trying to look out for you. We all know your decision making hasn't been the best lately."

"Excuse me? And just what do you know about my decision making?"

James glanced at Telio. "Let's just go back."

"And like I said before, I'll be there in a minute."

"Alicia…"

"Fuck off!"

James's eyes grew wide before filling with a knowing smugness.

"Okay, Alicia. Have it your way. For now."

James shot Telio a final look and walked back towards the parents.
Alicia huffed in annoyance. "Jimmy is the suitable and respectable boy my parents decided to set me up with tonight."

"Maybe you should give him a chance." Or maybe I should beat the shit out of him.

Alicia shook her head. "My parents do not get to dictate who I date. Besides, I'm already in love with someone."

Telio ignored the happy flip of his heart. "They just want what's best for you. Someone safe."

"I am perfectly capable of deciding what's best for me, and besides…" Alicia stepped closer bringing them mere inches apart. "Safety's just danger out of place. I love you, Telio and nothing my parents do will change that. Only you can change that."

Alicia leaned in closer. Telio was staring at her lips again. So soft, and sweet, and…he could see Alicia's father heading towards them.

"Goodnight, Alicia," he whispered.

"I love you," she whispered.

Telio walked backwards, memorizing the way she looked. She smiled and blew him a kiss.

_I love you, too. I shouldn't, but I do._

"I just don't understand. You've been with him for weeks. Hell, you even went out of the country with him. Why are your rushing back to his place? You've only been home four days!"

Kurt's shoulders sank a bit under the weight of guilt and the look of disappointment on his father and Carol's faces. It was Wednesday evening and Kurt had just announced he was leaving tomorrow.

"I'm sorry. It's just that Blaine is having a fam…a dinner party on Friday and I promised to be there."

"Blaine is having a dinner party?" asked Carol both confused and curious.

"Well…his…it's his family. A family gathering."

Burt frowned. "Didn't these people just see each other at the funeral?"

"Um…yes, but…these are…other members of his family. The ones who couldn't make it to the funeral. Liar, liar, liar."

"Okay, so Blaine can spend time with his family while you spend time with yours. Perfect." Burt announced this with a short nod signaling that the conversation was over. Kurt sighed and looked down at the table. His guilt weighed heavier than ever, but he was determined to be at Blaine's Friday evening to make his stand. Friday was going to be his coming out party. His official entry into Blaine's world, not as his kidnapped lover needing rescue, but as his partner. His full partner.

"Dad, how about this? I'll go to Blaine's Thursday because I'd like to help set up for the party, I'll be there Friday, and come home Saturday afternoon."

Burt sighed. "Come on, Kurt…"

"Please? After this…I'll stay home until school starts." Dammit, dammit, dammit.
Burt mulled it over. "Until school starts?"

"Yes. I promise." Blaine is going to be so pissed…

"Alright, but a deal's a deal, Kurt. I expect you home until I take you back to Dalton."

Kurt nodded enthusiastically. "Deal." That I am going to pay for with my ass.

K&BK&B

Kurt spent Thursday afternoon and Friday morning directing the house staff on preparations for the dinner. The cook was annoyed as usual, but the elderly aunts that came to help with the cooking were amused by the stylish, hyper young man who looked like a boy but sounded like a girl. Kurt quickly figured out that the women were not actually Blaine's aunts. They were women whose husbands had been killed in service to the Andersons. "It's a way for them to continue feeling important and close to the family and the action. My mother always tries to pay them, but they always refuse." Kurt nodded and watched the women bustling around.

All the more reason for me to carve out my role in Blaine's affairs along with my own life.

Kurt chose Blaine's outfit for the evening along with his own. He dressed Blaine in a casual black suit with a red shirt and red and black bowtie. Kurt wore a sharp purple suit with a red shirt. They matched but not in an obnoxious way.

"You look amazing, Kurt."

"We look amazing."

"Thanks for helping with everything. I appreciate it."

"No problem. Have you heard from your mother?"

"No."

Kurt wanted to press but decided to wait.

One battle at a time.

K&BK&B

As the family heads began to arrive, Kurt stood next to Blaine and listened carefully as he made introductions. Reactions to Kurt's presence were mixed. Most nodded and expressed relief that Kurt had been found safe and sound. Some scowled as they remembered all the drama Blaine put everyone through during his disappearance. Others simply regarded him with curious interest. Was he now the first lady…man of the Anderson family, and where was lovely Anastasia?

At some point Kurt and Blaine were separated and Kurt found himself cornered by two men who figured gaining favor with the boss's lover would be beneficial in the long run. Kurt smiled and nodded as the men expressed their loyalty and admiration for what a fine job Blaine was doing handling the leadership of such a large and important organization.

"I think Blaine has set a new record for the youngest leader in history, or at least tied it. Wasn't Al Capone 18 when he fully entered the business?"

"I don't know, but I'm sure Mario is very proud."
Both men made the sign of the cross and looked skyward. Kurt fought the urge to roll his eyes.

"So, Kurt, and please forgive my ignorance, but how does this work? Are you active in the business?"

Kurt crossed his arms and gave the man a defiant stare. "Why do you ask?"

The man bowed his head slightly. "I mean no disrespect, it's just this…this is new for us. We've never had a boss with a man as his…" The man trailed off looking lost and slightly embarrassed.

"Partner," supplied Kurt. "Blaine and I are partners as well as lovers."

The other man rose his eyebrows in surprise. "So, you are involved in the business?"

"No, he's not." Blaine suddenly stepped up and slid his arm around Kurt's waist, digging his fingers into Kurt's side.

"Kurt is indeed my partner, but not in business. Eventually he'll be my husband."

The men nodded and quickly excused themselves. Kurt was furious.

"Why would you say that?"

"Because it's the truth, Kurt."

"No, it's not. I told you…" Blaine cut him off with a firm press of his lips. "It's time for dinner." Blaine abruptly turned and addressed the room. "Everyone, please join us in the dining room."

Kurt swallowed his anger and headed into the dining room. He was seated to the right of Blaine who was seated at the head of the table. Throughout dinner Blaine would casually slide his hand under the table to squeeze Kurt's thigh. Kurt pushed away the submissive sexual feelings ignited by Blaine's touch. He needed to stay focused.

"So, Blaine, where is Luther? asked one of the men."

Blaine gave the man an innocent smile. "He's recuperating. He'll return soon."

Another man took the Luther inquiry as a shift to begin the formal meeting. "So, what are we going to do about Chartussi?"

On cue the women began clearing the food from the table. Blaine looked at Kurt. Kurt didn't move. Blaine leaned over and spoke quietly.

"You can go now. Everything was perfect. Thank you."

Kurt didn't move. "You're welcome."

A minute passed. Blaine leaned over again.

"I'm sure they need your guidance in the kitchen. You can go."

"They're fine. The cook is happily in charge."

"Well, we're about to discuss business, so…"

"I'm well aware of that, Blaine."
"You can't be here for this, Kurt. It sends the wrong message."

Kurt lifted his head a little higher. "And what message is that? The message that I'm not your bimbo boyfriend or little househusband?"

"You can't be seen as being a part of the business. I want you to have the same protections as wives and children."

"Well, considering that I'm neither that's not going to happen now is it?"

Blaine quickly looked around the table. There were several small conversations going on, but those seated closest to him and Kurt were watching.

And listening.

Blaine placed his hand on Kurt's thigh and dug in his fingers. He lowered his voice to barely above a cold whisper.

"I am not going to sit here and argue with you. Take your ass upstairs right now."

"No."

"Kurt…"

"No."

Blaine suddenly removed his hand and sat back. His face went completely blank. Kurt swallowed.

Oh shit, oh shit, oh shit.

Blaine cleared his throat. "Yes, Arthur. Let's discuss that dear son-of-a-bitch, Chartussi."

Kurt reached for his water glass with a slight tremble. Okay, so he'd won the battle of remaining at the table, but the look on Blaine's face…

Kurt forced himself to focus. He'd fought to be there so no way was he going to miss out. He listened in both awe and fear as Blaine laid out a frightening campaign of death and destruction complete with targeted assassinations, bombings and murder. Assignments were parceled out to the various family crews like dividing up work for a school project.

"What about Chartussi?" someone asked. "Will the Bethenson Twins take him out?"

"No," said Blaine. "I will take care of him personally." Blaine shifted his gaze to Kurt. His dark, calculating stare ran slowly from the top of Kurt's head, all the way down his body and back up again. Trickles of fear crawled up Kurt's spine.

He's contemplating how he's gonna take me out.

The meeting went on for another hour before the men moved from business to the bar. Blaine stood up, stretched, and headed to the library without even a glance at Kurt. Kurt watched two men follow him and close the door.

I am so totally f*cked.

"Yes, you are, so why don't you start drinking now."
Telio was standing in front of him with a glass of wine that Kurt eagerly accepted and drank half of before realizing what Telio had said.

"How did you…"

"You think I didn't notice that little exchange between you and Blaine? I know you think the world ceases to exist when you're together, but newsflash, it doesn't. Everyone was watching. What the fuck were you thinking putting him on the spot like that? Never, ever do anything to make him appear less than a force of strength in front of others. Never."

"I wasn't…"

Telio turned and walked away.

Fuck.

Kurt's constant companion, guilt arrived along with a feeling of defeat. Tonight was a mistake. His entire plan was a mistake. Instead of claiming his place next to Blaine in business, he'd embarrassed him, ticked off Telio, and apparently made people question Blaine's authority. He downed the rest of the wine and decided to head upstairs. Out of sight, out of mind was probably best for now.

He was almost to the bedroom when Elian stepped out of a room in front of him.

"You're such a fucking train wreck."


"Always here. Always in the way. Always causing problems for Blaine."

Kurt shook his head and placed his hand on the doorknob to the bedroom. He didn't feel like dealing with this shit tonight. He just wanted to lay down and wait for Blaine's wrath. He turned around.

"Why don't you…"

Elian's strike was catlike in its smooth, quick delivery. His hand shot out and wrapped tight around Kurt's neck slamming him into the door.

Kurt struggled for a shocked moment before his mind kicked in.

You're used to being choked. You can handle this.

Against instinct he fought to relax instead of struggle as he groped for the doorknob. The door opened, Kurt fell backwards and Elian stumbled forward. The surprise caused Elian to let go. Kurt was coughing and wheezing but he kept moving backwards across the floor. Elian slammed the door to the bedroom shut. He watched Kurt struggling to catch his breath.

This is perfect. He turns up dead on a night when we have a house full of people. I couldn't have planned this better if I tried.

Kurt pushed himself to his feet.

"You underestimate me. I've been here before."

Elian shrugged. "Whatever. That little stunt of yours at dinner proves that I've been right all along. You're bad for Blaine. Always fucking things up, getting in the way, causing problems. Well, tonight he finally realized his mistake and asked me to take care of things. You have no idea how long I've been waiting for that order."
Kurt felt off balance. "What?"

Elian cracked his knuckles as he slowly moved towards Kurt. "You think I'd touch you without Blaine's permission? I'm not crazy. His only condition was that I make it quick. He doesn't want you to suffer."

Kurt's head was spinning. Blaine sent Elian to kill him? No. That's not true. Elian is fucking with you to get in your head.

"You're full of shit. Blaine loves me."

"Blaine loved you until he realized what a liability you are. I'm glad he finally came to his senses before you got him killed."

Elian lunged forward. Kurt ducked and ran. He jumped on the bed with the intention of jumping down and running for the door, but Elian quickly moved to block him. Kurt remained standing on the bed.

"Leave me alone!"

"Then stop running and let me kill you quietly."

They stared at each other for several seconds before Elian suddenly ran forward, dove on to the bed, and grabbed Kurt's leg causing him to lose his balance and fall backwards. His head slammed into the nightstand and he fell to the floor. A loud buzzing filled his ears as pain spread through his head. He crawled almost blindly towards the desk, reached up, and managed to grab a Sai sword. He rolled over and stabbed Elian in the stomach. Elian yelled and jumped back. The sword didn't go deep but it was enough to make him bleed. Elian stared in shock at the blood on his shirt. Kurt struggled to his feet and held the sword out in front of him ready to fight, but Elian did a quick high kick into Kurt's hand making him drop the sword. Kurt cried out in pain and stumbled back. As Elian lunged forward, Kurt grabbed the other Sai sword off the desk and held it straight out in front of him. He saw the sudden terror in Elian's eyes as he realized he was about to fall on the blade. As the sword sunk into Elian's chest, Kurt pushed it in deeper and gave it a twist.

"No one pushes the Hummels around."

Elian made a gasping gurgling sound as Kurt withdrew the sword. He landed on the floor with a heavy thump, blood spilling from his chest.

Kurt leaned back against the wall, closed his eyes, and exhaled. He remained very still for several minutes before heading downstairs. He searched the room for Blaine, spotting him in the corner of the living room in a seemingly deep conversation with three other men. Telio was at the bar. Kurt headed towards him.

"I need you to come upstairs."

"What's wrong?"

"Just come."

Telio followed him upstairs and into the bedroom.

"Fuuuck…"

Telio checked Elian's pulse. He was dead.
Fuck.

This was bad.

Elian was a piece of shit, and he was on Blaine's death list, but he was an Abiatti, a family loyal to the Andersons for years. Killing him was supposed to happen execution style. Clean, quiet, and made to look like it was done to send a message to Blaine. And it was supposed to happen far away from the compound.

Kurt sat down on the bed. "He attacked me."

Telio finally took a good look at Kurt. His clothes were uncharacteristically ruffled and his hair was disheveled. He was holding his hand to his chest.

"Are you okay?"

"Yeah. I hit my head and he kicked my hand, but I'm okay."

"We gotta get him outta here. No one can know he died here."

"Why not?"

"There are certain codes…mafia rules and shit. His family has major history with the Andersons, but more importantly, the Abiatti's are well-respected. The Andersons get away with murdering a lot of people including each other, but this…it just looks bad."

"But, he attacked me!"

"I know, I know! Just let me think for a minute. There's a ton of people here tonight and we don't want any of them to know about this. We gotta be careful."

Telio pulled out his cell phone and called Dr. Weinstein. After a quick conversation he hung up and turned to Kurt who was still seated on the bed looking exhausted, pissed off, and sad all at the same time.

"Are you gonna be okay?"

Kurt sighed. "Yeah, I'm fine."

"Are you sure?"

"Yeah. I just…I was hoping I'd never have to kill anyone else ever again. I've always been against violence, and guns, and now…I've killed four people in like…three months. I've turned into a murderer."

"No, you haven't. You've always killed in self-defense, right? You're not turning into a killer, Kurt. You're just learning what it means to be with Blaine. To be in this family. To be an Anderson. You'll always be a target. Always. And the fact that you can defend yourself is a good thing. A necessary thing."

"I guess."

"It is. Trust me. Alright, here's what you're gonna do. Take your stuff, go to one of the other rooms, take a shower, and don't come out. Do you understand? Stay in the room. Don't come out for the rest of the night. I'm gonna go downstairs and get someone to help me. Don't be here when we get back. Okay?"
Kurt nodded and watched Telio hurry out the door.

He quickly gathered his shower items and pajamas, stepping over Elian's body several times as he moved around the room. Elian's eyes were open. Kurt stopped and stared into his eyes.

"I'm sorry I killed you, but I'm not sorry you're dead."

B&T&B&T

It wasn't until a little after 1:00 am that Blaine learned about Elian. He was sitting in the library, exhausted from the evening and slightly buzzed.

"So, where's his body?"

"The Westerville Medical Campus. Weinstein arranged it. Everyone knows Mt. Carmel is our go to hospital. Having him at a hospital we don't use supports the story that he got attacked, someone found him, and took him to the hospital."

Blaine shook his head in disbelief. "But...how did you..."

Telio already knew his questions. "Jake Horowitz was here tonight. You know? Mike's kid who's in med school? He helped me get him out of the house by the backstairs and into one of the old cars. He told me a few months ago that he'd like to take over for Weinstein whenever he retires. I figured I'd give him a shot to show me if he can keep cool under fire. He did well. Said all the right things at the hospital, helped me get rid of the blood in your room, and didn't ask any questions."

"You think he'll keep his mouth shut?"

"Yeah. He thinks doctor client privilege applies to everything along with mafia law. Besides, he doesn't know how Elian ended up stabbed in your room, and I gave him a nice pile of cash as a thank you."

"Is Kurt okay? When I checked on him he was sleeping so soundly that I didn't want to wake him."

"Yeah, he's fine. Bumped his head and hurt his hand, but he's okay. Thinks he's becoming a serial killer."

They sat in silence while Blaine thought about all Telio had just told him.

His sweet innocent Kurt was turning into quite the badass.

How depressing.

From day one Blaine wanted to protect Kurt and keep him safe from the dangers of his world. Instead he kept failing over, and over, and over again, forcing Kurt into life and death situations where he had to fight to survive. It was good that Kurt could protect himself, but it had created an over inflated sense of confidence within him about his ability to handle mafia life. A confidence that led to that evening's dinner debacle. Kurt's behavior was absolutely unacceptable and dangerous. Blaine's cock hardened as he thought of all the ways he planned to punish that behavior.

Telio yawned. "You ready for bed?"

"Yeah. I'll call Elias tomorrow and tell him about Elian. Do you think he'll question the story?"

"No, he'll be proud. Upholding Abiatti tradition and all that."
Blaine sighed deeply. "I hope you're right. The last thing we need right now is more enemies."

K&B&K&B

Kurt rolled over and snuggled deeper under the covers. He felt incredibly warm and well rested. What time was it? He opened his eyes and blinked. Why was it so freaking bright?

Oh.

Kurt sat up and looked around the room with a smile. He was in the Orangiana Room. Anastasia's decorative experiment. The walls were bright orange, the ceiling bright pink, the furniture yellow, and a dusty pink carpet covered the floor. The bed linens were lime green. Kurt remembered Anastasia explaining that she'd wanted to experiment with bright crazy colors in at least one room. Kurt had to admit that in some strange way it all worked. With the sunlight flooding in you couldn't help but feel happy and cheery.

Kurt's smile faded as he remembered why he'd chosen this room last night. He looked at his hand. It was sore but there was no bruising. He had the faint trace of a headache, but otherwise felt fine.

The bedroom door opened and Blaine walked in. He was wearing a blue dress shirt, pressed black pants and black loafers. His hair was slicked down and a hint of raspberries floated through the air. He looked so sinful and sexy that Kurt felt slightly overwhelmed by his presence. And a tiny bit frightened.

"Good morning, beautiful."

"Hi."

"I'm surprised you're up. You were quite a busy boy last night."

Blaine sat down on the edge of the bed. "Elian was attacked by some of Chartussi's men. They stabbed him and left him for dead. Someone found him and took him to the hospital but he was already gone."

Kurt nodded. Okay, so this was the cover story. "I'm sorry. I didn't...he attacked me, and..."

"Shhhh," Blaine gently cupped his cheek. "You didn't do anything wrong. You had every right to defend yourself."

"But, Telio said it was bad because of his family."

Blaine shrugged. "The Abiatti's know the deal. Our lives are risky. Death is always right around the corner." Blaine's eyes darkened as his hand slid from Kurt's cheek to his neck. He squeezed gently. "I'll never be angry at you for defending yourself. Everyone has a right to do that." He increased the pressure on Kurt's neck. "However, let's discuss dinner."

Kurt's eyes widened. "I'm..." Blaine squeezed tighter and shushed him again. "I misspoke. There's actually nothing to discuss. Your behavior at dinner was unspeakable, unwelcome, and completely unacceptable. That can never, ever happen again, Kurt. Do you understand me? Never."

Kurt knew the proper and safest response was to nod and agree, but the fighter in him just couldn't let it go without at least trying to plead his case.

"I know I shouldn't have argued with you, and I'm sorry if I embarrassed you. You know I would never, ever want to do that, but, Blaine I've told you before. Like it or not, I'm a part of your world."
Your entire world, mafia included. If we're going to be together I need to know what's going on. I wanna help you where and when I can."

The hint of fear Kurt felt before grew to a full on press as he watched the anger grow in Blaine’s eyes. Blaine leaned forward and pressed a soft, barely brushing kiss to his lips. His voice was a dark whisper.

"Disobedient boys who never listen get punished, Kurt."

Blaine stood up and headed towards the door. He stopped and turned around. "I'll see you tonight."

He was gone before Kurt could remind him he was supposed to go home.

K&B&K&B

By 6:00 pm that evening Kurt was a nervous wreck. He'd called home and was grateful when Carol answered instead of his dad. He made up a story about Blaine's family inviting him to the outlet mall and how he wanted to do a little back to school shopping. He promised he'd be home on Sunday.

He spent the rest of the day waiting and wondering where Blaine was and what would happen when he returned. Blaine's words were on repeat inside his head.

"Disobedient boys who never listen get punished, Kurt."

What the hell was Blaine going to do to him? Kurt grew hard thinking about all the sexual things he’d experienced already. The wrist-to-ball restrainer. The anal beads. The cock cage. What could be left?

Around 6:45 pm the cook began setting the table as delicious smells wafted from the kitchen.

"Have you heard from Blaine?"

The cook responded with her usual attitude and resentful glare. "They'll be home in 20 minutes."

"Okay. Thank you."

A little after 7:00 pm, Blaine, Telio and the others returned. They all looked tired and Kurt was sure he could smell gun powder. Blaine didn't say anything. He just collapsed in a chair and looked appreciatively at Kurt.

The cook placed platters and pots of food on the table and the men dove in. Kurt felt like he was dining with a pack of dogs from the way the men grabbed, shoveled and devoured their dinner. Only Blaine ate calm and slow.

"So, how was your day?" asked Kurt.

The men shared knowing looks of pride, but said nothing. Blaine smiled.

"Our day was…prosperous."

"And Chartussi's day was shit!" said Kevin with glee. The other men chuckled lightly.

Kurt was about to ask how so when Vince asked, "So, when are we going to New York?"

"September," answered Blaine.
Kurt opened his mouth but then shut it quickly. September? What about school?

Vince was about to ask another question, but a steely look from Blaine made him keep quiet.

As the meal began to wind down, Blaine leaned over and stared deep into Kurt's eyes.

"Go upstairs, remove your clothes, kneel next to my bed, and wait for me."

The room went silent.

Kurt's face flushed hot and red. He glanced around the table and then lowered his eyes. He was beyond embarrassed.

Blaine was still staring at him with determined eyes daring him to disobey.

Kurt rose slowly. His heart was beating so fast he was sure the other men could hear. He felt like he should say something, but what? Anything he said would be considered a direct challenge to Blaine's authority. He wasn't about to go down that road a second time.

He turned and headed upstairs.

Blaine sat back with a satisfied smile. The men began to discuss their next steps while Blaine took his time finishing his salad. Telio caught his eye and shook his head in disgust. They spoke with nonverbal ease.

Really, Blaine? Are you fucking kidding me?

Yes, Telio, really. And no, I'm not fucking kidding you, or him.

You didn't have to embarrass him like that.

Oh, like he embarrassed me last night?

Telio just shook his head again.

Finished with his salad, Blaine thanked the men for the day's success and wished them good night.

Upstairs, Kurt was kneeling naked on the floor as instructed. A silent war raged inside his brain.

Stand up and get dressed right now. Right this minute. Blaine doesn't get to order you around like that, especially in front of other people. That was humiliating.

But you liked it.

Did not.

Did too.

Did not!

Kurt's internal battle ended when the bedroom door swung open. Blaine entered and said nothing. He ignored him completely as he stripped off his clothes and headed to the bathroom. Kurt could hear the shower running. Blaine came back into the bedroom and pulled a long silk scarf in Dalton colors out of his closet. He walked over to Kurt and silently draped it around his neck, the ends dangling behind his back. He wrapped it tight around Kurt's neck once.
"Put your hands behind your back."

Kurt obeyed and Blaine pulled the ends of the scarf tight and back, choking him. He tied the scarf to Kurt's ankles effectively keeping him in a choking position with his head forced back. Blaine took the head of his cock and gently slid it back and forth across Kurt's lips.

"I'll be back to properly choke the shit out of you. For now I want you to think about what you've done to end up in this position."

Kurt tried to swallow and relax, but he was too turned on combined with trying to focus on breathing. Blaine had never tied him in this position before, and it felt strange having his hands free. He closed his eyes and allowed his mind to go blank and fall into the submissive thoughts swirling through his mind. *I deserve whatever he chooses to do to me. I embarrassed him. I deserve to be punished.*

Fifteen minutes later Blaine emerged from the bathroom. He untied the scarf and allowed Kurt to take several deep breaths before commanding him to open his mouth. Kurt obediently sucked Blaine's cock into his mouth, moving up and down until Blaine pressed his hands on either side of Kurt's head to hold him tight and still. He fucked Kurt's mouth hard and fast for a few minutes before thrusting himself all the way down his throat. He grabbed the ends of the tie, and pulled. Kurt's eyes grew large and pleading as he struggled to breathe. Blaine slowly shook his head.

"You know what we're doing, gorgeous. This is how we always warm up."

Blaine pulled out of Kurt's mouth, loosened the tie, and handed him a bottle of water. He drank half the bottle and was about to speak when Blaine said, "Give me your wrists. It's time for your paddle spanking."

*Paddle?*

"What?"

"You heard me."

Kurt decided now was the time to plead his case.

"I'm sorry for last night."

"I know," said Blaine as he tightly tied Kurt's wrists together. "And after tonight you'll never do it again." Blaine held up the paddle. "Isn't it pretty? Latigo leather." Blaine smacked the paddle into his hand. Kurt jumped.

"Blaine please, I'm…"

"Stop talking and come lay across my lap."

Blaine sat down on the side of the bed and scooted back to the middle of the bed. Kurt carefully laid across his lap, his arms stretched above his head. After some maneuvering, Blaine managed to have Kurt's cock trapped between his thighs. He ran his hands over Kurt's smooth, creamy ass, squeezing occasionally.

"Your ass is so beautiful, Kurt. I would say this is going to hurt me more than it will hurt you, but I'd be lying. I'm going to love this."

"Bla…"
Kurt choked from the sudden sharp pain of the paddle coming down on his right ass cheek. He barely had time to realize what was happening before the paddle was coming down again and he was screaming.

Blaine was merciless, striking each ass cheek fast and hard without pause. Kurt was crying and wailing. "I'm sorry! I'm sorry! Please, Blaine! I'm sorry. I'll never...I'm sorry!"

Blaine kept up the spanking until his wrist grew tired and Kurt's wails turned into broken, pleading sobs. Kurt's ass was an angry, red mess.

"You may stand."

Kurt slowly maneuvered off of Blaine and stood there looking dazed with tears running down his face. His cock was rock hard and leaking. Blaine smiled.

"The joy of punishing you is that you seem to get off on it just as much as I do." Kurt didn't know what to say to that. It was true. He loved what Blaine did to him even if it left him a wreck.

Blaine tugged on Kurt's cock. "Too bad this is going on lockdown for a long time."

Kurt's eyes widened. He sobbed out a small, "What?"

"Get on the bed, Kurt."

His wrists were still tied together so he kneedled on the edge of the bed and scooted up before face planting. Blaine tapped Kurt's thighs indicating they should be further apart. Kurt trembled as he lay there with his sore ass up in the air, his arms stretched out, wrists tied together. A minute of silence passed before he felt a generous amount of lube being squirted in and around his hole followed by one slick finger pressing gently. He moaned and trembled harder as another finger slid in. Blaine worked his way up to four fingers. Kurt was groaning and shaking from the stretch and need for more. His cock was leaking faster and his balls ached. Blaine continued working his four fingers in and out for another minute before simultaneously wrapping his well lubed hand around Kurt's cock while pressing all five fingers inside his ass. Kurt's body shuddered as he was suddenly overwhelmed with the pleasure he'd been longing for, as well as the intense pressure in his ass. Blaine pulled out, curled his fingers into a fist and pushed back in.

Kurt's gasping cry turned into a howl as Blaine sped up his stroking of Kurt's cock. Kurt's mind spun with the need to get away and the desire to stay. The in and out of Blaine's fist was overwhelming, while the stroking of his cock was heaven, but also torture because his release was being kept just out of reach. It was a perfect sexual hell.

Kurt floated around in hell until he heard Blaine's voice.

"Will you ever disobey me again, Kurt?"

"No...never...never..."

"Say it. I will never disobey, Blaine."

"I...will...n-never...dis...disobey..."

"Blaine, Kurt. Say my name."

"Never dis...obey, Blaine."
Blaine stopped everything all at once leaving Kurt's body throbbing with need, his ass empty, and his cock crying from having its orgasm torn away. He was going to beg, but then Blaine was pressing into him with his cock. Blaine came hard and fast, extra turned on by the sight of Kurt's red, beaten ass. He pulled out and quickly grabbed the plug from his nightstand, pushing it in before collapsing onto the bed. Kurt collapsed next to him and passed out.

Kurt opened his eyes.

Ohhh…

Oh shit…

Fuck...

Kurt lay there unsure if he could move or not. His asshole felt stretched, sore and throbbing. His ass couldn't stand the slightest touch. Could he even walk? He spotted a glass of orange juice on the nightstand along with two pills and a note.

Morning Gorgeous:

I had an early morning call and a meeting. I left you two ibuprofen tablets. I figured you'd need them. Don't be alarmed by the new jewelry. It's from me. You are quite the heavy sleeper. Pack your things. I'll be back to drive you to your dad's by 11:00 am.

Love, Blaine

New jewelry?

It was then that he felt it.

How could he have not noticed immediately?

He looked down at the smooth, chrome cock cage between his legs complete with a tiny padlock.

What the hell?

How did Blaine get it on without waking him?

As if on cue he needed to pee. He took his time slowly maneuvering out of bed with tiny hisses as his ass protested his movements. Once he was finally standing, he took a small step towards the bathroom. He gasped and almost fell as his ass screamed. The bathroom suddenly felt like it was a mile away. He made his way slowly with small steps. How was he supposed to go home like this?

After a long warm shower his body ached slightly less, but his ass still had an achy soreness that made walking a challenge. The idea of putting on underwear felt daunting. He looked around for the soothing cream Blaine always smeared on his ass when he noticed the owner's manual for the cock cage sitting on Blaine's desk. He carefully applied a generous amount of cream to his ass, laid down on his stomach, and started reading. He grew more and more nervous as he read sentences like, "Designed specifically for extended wear." "Safe to wear 24/7 for several months," and "Tips for proper hygiene during extended wear."

By the time Kurt finished the manual it was 10:45 am. Shit. He pushed himself up and off the bed and started moving around slowly. He'd been spanked before but never with a paddle. It was an
entirely new level of lingering pain. How long would it last?

Blaine walked in at exactly 11:00 am and stopped abruptly. Kurt was wearing a tank top and nothing else. Blaine's eyes immediately focused on the cage and a look of worshipful reverence crossed his face.

"Wow. That looks beautiful. You look beautiful."

"Thank you...I think."

Blaine stepped closer and nodded. "It's perfect."

"Perfect for what?"

Blaine looked up with a slightly confused expression. "Perfect for you to wear."

"Uh huh. And exactly how long do you plan on having me wear this?"

"Until I take it off."

"And when will that be?"

Blaine's eyes darkened and Kurt could visibly see the appearance of Mafia Blaine. "Whenever I decide to take it off." Blaine stepped forward and wrapped his hand around the cool metal. Kurt could feel his cock trying to respond.

Shit, shit, holy shit...

"This is both punishment and reminder, Kurt. Punishment for all the times you've disobeyed me this entire summer, and a reminder so you don't forget who you belong to. I'm sure you've figured out that I'm not coming back to school, at least not right away. I have to end the Chartussi problem and figure out the way forward. My goal is to have things sorted out by the end of first quarter. We'll be apart, so I think it's important for you to have a constant reminder of me so you don't accidentally fall on someone else's dick. Your cock will stay locked up for your protection, punishment, and my pleasure."

Kurt's emotions were swirling. Anger. Turned on as fuck. More anger as his cock tried to grow in response to being turned on. More turned on as the feeling of not being allowed to get hard and the feeling of being controlled crept in. Anger at being turned on by that as well.

Blaine could see Kurt's struggle and it thrilled him. "Get dressed, gorgeous. I'm sure your dad is looking out the window every ten minutes."

"You really expect me to keep this on for...what...months?"

"If that's what I decide, yes. I did my research. This is made specifically for long term wear. It's the top of the line so it cost a fortune, but it's so worth it." Blaine grabbed the manual off the bed. "Be sure to read this so you know how to stay clean. As long as you do what it says, you should be fine."

"But...I can't touch myself!" Kurt immediately felt foolish.

Blaine laughed. "That's the point, Kurt. I told you disobedient boys get punished."

Kurt closed his eyes and decided to shut up. Blaine talking about punishment was making his cock press against the cool chrome cage.

Blaine smiled at his obvious distress. "Maybe if you're good I'll give you some time out of it right before school starts, but no promises."
Blaine helped Kurt pack his things and get dressed. He delighted in watching Kurt's slow, careful movements and occasional winces of pain. At one point he pulled Kurt to him and whispered, "I dream of the day when we're married and you never have to leave me. When I can keep you locked away. Safe."

Kurt sighed. "That will never happen, Blaine."

Blaine pulled back. "Why not?"

"Because I'm not going to spend my life waiting for you. I'm going to have a life of my own."

"I didn't mean literally locked away." Okay, so maybe I did…

Kurt crooked his head questioningly. "Are you sure?"

"Yes, but you have to promise me, Kurt…you have to stop."

Kurt looked at the floor. "Stop what?"

Blaine cupped his chin and lifted his head to stare into his eyes. "Stop trying to be a part of my work. A part of my world. My mafia world. I've told you a million times, Kurt, you can't get tangled up in things. And, yes, I know, you've been tangled up in it, but now we can extricate you. I want you to return to school, study hard, audition for NYADA…I promise I'll do everything I can to join you, but regardless of what happens I need you to promise me once and for all that you'll stop. I have so much on my plate, Kurt. I can't be worried about you. I already worry about your safety constantly. I can't add worrying about you getting in the way. Please. You say you wanna help me? This is how you help me. By staying out of the way."

A hot wave of shame washed over, Kurt. In his desire to be helpful and supportive, he'd caused nothing but stress and embarrassment.

"I'm sorry. I didn't mean to cause problems. That's the last thing I wanna do. I just wanted to help you."

"I know, and I love you for it, but this has to stop."

Kurt nodded. "I promise."

"Thank you" Blaine kissed him softly.

Kurt turned hopeful. "Soooo…does that mean you'll free me sooner rather than later?"

Blaine's smile was both sweet and evil. "No dice, gorgeous. You're going back to Dalton, the all boy wonderland. I have to protect what's mine. Besides, you've still been a very, very bad boy. Bad boys get punished. Now, let's get you to your dad's. I know your ass hurts so I'll have one of the men drive us so you can kneel on the floor in the back of the car and blow me instead of sitting on your ass."
Chapter 29

Chapter Summary

I'm back! My apologies for the long wait. The fall of 2016 turned into the worst time of my life both personally and professionally, and I've spent the first half of 2017 getting back on track.

It's been so long since I've posted a chapter that I am nervous AF and almost didn't post this, but here it is. Warnings for angst, angst, angst.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

You know just what to say

Shit that scares me

I should just walk away

But I can't move my feet

The more that I know you, the more I want to

Something inside me's changed

I was so much younger yesterday

I didn't know that I was starving till I tasted you

Don't need no butterflies when you give me the whole damn zoo

By the way, by the way, you do things to my body

I didn't know that I was starving till I tasted you

Starving by Hailee Steinfeld

“So, after I closed the deal I took my earnings and invested them in several real estate ventures. They've paid off several times over.”

Brad sat back with a proud, satisfied smile and took a sip of wine.

Anastasia sighed and looked out over the ocean.

Bored.

Bored.
Bored.

This was the sixth date Anastasia had subjected herself to at her sister’s meaningful urging.

And her sixth evening of complete and utter boredom.

Anastasia’s sister, Annalise, was married to a very straight-laced, very successful chief financial officer named Doug. He left for work every day at 7:20 am wearing a blue button down shirt and grey suit. He ate turkey breast on rye with lettuce, tomato and a smidge of mayonnaise every day for lunch. He arrived home every evening at 5:40 pm. He played golf every other Saturday, and fucked his wife every Monday and Thursday evening for about 4 minutes. Annalise was incredibly happy with her life and she was sure her sister could find the same happiness if she just chose her next husband wisely.

“Don’t worry, Anastasia. Doug knows several nice men. Wealthy men who made their money legally. We’ll help you find someone perfect. Someone to help you move on. You’re getting the chance you didn’t get the first time. Everything’s gonna work out. You’ll see. I know the first time wasn’t really up to you, but this time…this time you can marry the right way and be happy. Like me.”

“I was happy.”

“Oh, honey, no you weren’t. I know you had to convince yourself of that in order to survive, but no one could be happy living with a man like…”

Anastasia cut her off. “Stop. You know nothing about me, or Mario, or our life together, so just shut up.”

Annalise pursed her lips together and looked disapprovingly at her older sister.

“I don’t mean to upset you. I just wanna see you happy, Anastasia. That’s all.”

And so, Anastasia was on her sixth date with a perfectly nice man who had a perfectly nice life, who thought she was beautiful and would make a perfectly lovely wife.

And she wanted to set herself on fire.

Watching her sister and brother-in-law’s monotonous and insanely predictable marriage made her miss Mario more than ever, and as much as she hated to admit it, mob life in general. Yes, it was a dangerous life, and yes, she lived in a constant state of some level of fear, but it was never boring, and her sexual adventures with Mario would sometimes last four days. Never four minutes.

“Anastasia? Anastasia?”

Anastasia looked back at Brad. He wasn’t handsome, but he also wasn’t bad looking. Blonde with blue eyes and an easy smile. He would probably make a nice husband. Maybe she should give him a chance. Maybe it wouldn’t be so bad to live a quiet, calm life with a normal husband who came home every day at the same time, and ate the same food, and didn’t want to chain her up and fuck her until she couldn’t breathe.

“Anastasia, are you okay?”

“Yes. I’m sorry. You were saying?”

“I was asking if you’d like to attend a party with me this weekend. My friend, Isaac is having a little
Kevin leaned against the wall as Blaine knocked on the door. “Is he expecting you?”

Blaine shook his head. Of course not. The element of surprise was always better.

The door was opened by a very attractive young woman with gorgeous green eyes and fiery red hair. Kevin stood up straighter.

“May I help you?”

“I’m here to see Luther.”

“And you are?”

“Blaine Anderson.”

The nurse stepped aside for Blaine to enter. She looked at Kevin who didn’t move.

“I’ll be out here keeping an eye on things.”

She shrugged and closed the door.

Blaine looked around. He hadn’t been to Luther’s condo in years. It was spacious and tastefully decorated with just a few pieces of furniture. It looked more like a staged home than a lived in one since Luther spent little time there. Until now.

“If you’ll wait right here I’ll let Mr. Luther know you’re here.”

Blaine smiled charmingly. “I tell you what. Why don’t you take a break and come back in about an hour?”

The nurse shook her head. “I know exactly who you are, and I’m not leaving him alone.”

Blaine was amused. “Really? Who am I?”

The nurse walked over to a table and picked up a picture frame. “The mob boss Godson.”

It was a picture from Blaine’s 8th grade graduation. Him, his parents, Telio and Luther. Blaine was suddenly struck by the thought that Luther had been present for all the major events of his life. Since the day he was born, Luther was there.

He handed the picture back to the nurse. “Then you know I’m not here to hurt him.”

“Do I?”

Blaine took a good look at the nurse and then took a step back.

This woman wasn’t just a nurse.
She smiled as she could see Blaine figuring it out.

“Don’t worry. I have no intentions of shooting you…unless I have to. Jackie Reynolds. It’s nice to finally meet you.”

“Are you even a real nurse?”

“Actually, I am. You’d be surprised how useful it is having the dual major. Wait here. I’ll see if he’s awake.”

The moment Jackie left the room, Blaine adjusted the gun in his waistband, opened the door, and motioned for Kevin to come inside. He gave him a quick rundown of the situation.

“Luther’s no fool.”

“No, he’s not,” said Blaine. “But neither am I. Stay here and keep an eye on Nurse Jackie.”

Jackie came back out and smirked when she saw Kevin.

“I told you I won’t shoot you unless you give me a reason. You can go on back.” She looked Kevin up and down. “Everything okay out in the hall?”

“Yeah. I thought I’d make sure things were okay in here, too.”

Jackie ran her eyes up and down Kevin’s body. “Lucky me.”

Blaine looked between the two of them. He could sense the brewing attraction. Great. I’m gonna get shot because he’s trying to get laid.

Luther was sitting in the corner of his bedroom in a large and comfortable leather chair. He was wearing a simple gray t-shirt and a pair of loose sweatpants. It was the first time Blaine had ever seen him in anything other than his usual black shirt, pants and jacket.

Blaine remained standing in the doorway. Seeing that 8th grade graduation photo had jarred him just a little. Luther had always been, Uncle Luther. His father’s best friend and Blaine’s Godfather. Blaine had always loved him, trusted him, looked up to and relied on him. How were they supposed to interact now given all that had happened?

Luther was also contemplating their relationship. He’d been the first person to hold Blaine on the day he was born after his parents. Fast forward 19 years and he was recovering from a brutal beating at the hands of that same child. A child he’d promised to protect and care for as if he was his own. How had they ended up here?

Blaine cautiously stepped into the room. “Hello.”

“Come on in.”

Blaine walked in and sat down on the edge of the immaculately made bed. “How are you feeling?”

Luther surveyed him silently, always amazed at the resemblance to Mario.

“I’m alive.”

“I’m glad.”

“Are you?”
“Of course.”

Sure you are, you little shit.

“So, when do you think you’ll be able to return to work?”

Luther was sure he misheard. “What?”

“When do you think you’ll be able to return to work? Denise has been doing a great job, but I’d really prefer her to focus on the day-to-day.”

Luther stared at him. Seriously? The audacity was galling, but why was he surprised.

“You really think I’m coming back to work for you?”

Blaine looked directly into his eyes. “Of course. You’re the CEO of the largest construction firm in the state of Ohio. You’re a very important part of the firm’s continued success.”

“You almost killed me, Blaine.”

“And you almost killed me. The way I see it, we’re even.”

“What are you talking about? I never…”

“Just how long did you wait before sending help when we were rescuing Kurt from Cooper?”

Luther went silent. He’d forgotten about that. How the hell did Blaine find out?

Blaine stood up and walked over to the window. “Doesn’t matter. We’re even.”

Luther shook his head as his anger rose to the surface. “Even? You tortured and beat the shit out of me, Blaine! Me! Your Godfather! The man who’s been looking out for your family and your interests since before you were born!”

“And the man fucking my mother while my father lay dying! Don’t you dare try to lay some type of loyalty bullshit on me! And if you’re looking for an apology let me tell you right now that you’re not getting one. I’m not sorry. I had a duty to avenge my father, so I did, and now it’s done. We move forward from here.”

Luther wanted to scream, “What if I don’t wanna move forward from here?” but he knew it was useless. The die had been cast years ago when he was 15 years old and met a kid named Mario who asked if he wanted to skip English class to run an errand with him. That errand turned out to be a pickup of more cash than Luther had ever seen in his life. When they delivered the money to Julio, he peeled off several hundred dollars and handed it to Luther. Payment for his soul.

Several moments of silence passed before Luther spoke again.

“For what it’s worth, Blaine…I never…I didn’t want anything to happen to you. Never. It was a moment of weakness brought on by the…lust and…stress of everything going on at the time. Despite everything that’s happened…I loved your father and I still…I would never do anything to hurt your mother.”

Blaine continued to stare out the window. “So, you won’t try to kill me because my death would destroy my mother.”

“No. It’s hard to stop caring for someone you’ve always…” Luther trailed off. Did he still love
Blaine? No. How could he? But, there was something still there. Something Blaine hadn’t managed to destroy that night in the barn.

“I should be able to return to work on a limited basis in another two weeks.”

Blaine turned around. “Good. Everyone will be happy to see you.”

“Are you returning to school?”

“I don’t know. It all depends on how quickly I can kill Chartussi.”

“Are you sending Telio?”

“No. I’m going to do it personally.”

“Blaine…”

“He killed my father. This is something I have to do myself.”

“You’ll never get close enough.”

Blaine said nothing. For the first time ever he wasn’t going to discuss his plans with Luther.

“What does everyone think happened to me?”

“A bad car accident.”

They sat in silence while Luther worked up the courage to ask what he really wanted to know. Blaine knew the question was brewing but he wasn’t about to throw Luther a lifeline. Minutes passed before Luther finally asked.

“How’s your mother?”

“Good. Enjoying Florida. Dating quite a bit thanks to Aunt Annalise.”

“When is she coming home?”

“When I say she can.”

Luther shook his head. “You’re being unreasonable. Your mother was always faithful to your father. Always. It was your father that…” Blaine cut him off.

“Enough. I don’t wanna hear it because I don’t care. What’s done is done.” Blaine stood up. “I should let you rest. I’ll let Denise know you’ll be back soon.”

Kurt stared down at his tightly locked away cock.

How had he ever allowed himself to be talked into this?

It was going on week number two, and Kurt had developed a love/hate relationship with the cockcage. In many ways he loved being denied access to sexual relief. The deep, simmering, constant longing that lived deep in his belly and further below was a torturing, yet strangely comforting feeling. A constant reminder that he belonged to a very powerful young man. A young man who ruled over others, was filthy rich, and had both ordered and committed murder. Kurt
couldn’t understand why he wasn’t appalled by Blaine’s behavior. Instead he found himself deeply
turned on by it, something he would never knowingly admit to Blaine. He fell in love with sweet
Warbler Blaine, but he was even more in love with dangerous Mafia Blaine.

Why?

How could he be so accepting of Blaine’s crimes?

What did this say about him? What was wrong with him? Was it really as simple as love conquers
all?

Kurt sighed and pulled on his boxers. No more self-analysis. It was too late for it anyway. Right or
wrong, he was in love with this man and he didn’t see that changing anytime soon.

He picked up his phone and dialed Blaine’s number. No answer. He didn’t bother to leave a
message. He climbed into bed and tried not to let his mind wander down scary paths and alleyways.
Blaine had warned him that he would be increasingly more difficult to reach over the next few
weeks, but refused to provide details.

“Just know that I’m working to make things safe for us, Kurt. I’m working to make sure I can return
to Dalton as soon as possible. To be with you as soon as possible. Try not to worry.”


Kurt reached for his laptop. He logged on to the Dalton school site and pulled up his class schedule.
School would start in three weeks. Senior year. Kurt couldn’t believe it was really here. He was
almost done with high school. The rest of his life was about to begin.

A life with Blaine.

What did that mean?

Now that he’d promised to stay out of Blaine’s business affairs, Kurt wasn’t sure what a life with
Blaine would look like. He had no intentions of sitting at home worrying and waiting like Anastasia,
but would he be able to live a full life as the husband of a mobster? He clicked from the Dalton
website to the NYADA website. He thought back to last fall when he encouraged Blaine to consider
applying to NYADA. That probably wasn’t a possibility now, assuming it ever was. Did Blaine
even plan to try to go to college?

At that moment his phone rang.

“Hey.”

“Hi gorgeous. I saw that you called. Everything okay?”

“Yes, of course. I was just missing you.”

“I miss you, too.”

“Will I see you before school starts?”

“I’m not sure, but I’ll try.”

“Blaine…what exactly are you doing?”

“Kurt…”
“I’m sorry. I’m just…I’m scared.”

“You have no reason to be scared, Kurt. I have men watching your house, and in a few weeks you’ll be back at Dalton which is…”

“No, not for me. For you, and for…the future. Our future. I just…if you don’t come back to school you won’t graduate, and then what? How will you go to college?”

“Please, Kurt. I know it’s hard, but please try not to worry about me. I’ll be fine, and don’t worry about the future. I told you. Everything I’m doing right now is to secure our future. Everything’s going to be fine.”

“But, how will this work? I mean…have you given anymore thought to college? To NYADA? Or is that completely out of the question?”

Blaine sighed. He hadn’t called to get into a deep conversation. He just wanted to make sure Kurt was okay.

“I’m sorry, Kurt, but I really don’t have time to get into this right now. I saw that you called so I wanted to make sure you were okay.”

“I’m fine, just…just worried.”

“Well, try not to worry. You have no reason to worry. I prom…everything is going to be fine. We are going to be fine. Actually, better than fine. We’re going to be amazing. Trust me.”

Kurt remained quiet.

“Kurt?”

“I see you’re not promising me.”

“You told me not to promise anything anymore, so…”

“I know. I just…I guess I wish you could promise me this, but it’s probably better if you don’t.”

Blaine felt a sharp pain in his chest. “Don’t you believe me? Don’t you trust me?”

“I believe and trust you, Blaine. I do, but I understand things a lot better now. I understand that there are things out of your control. I trust you to do your best, but shit happens, and…my future is tied to yours and I don’t even know what that means.”

Blaine’s silence told Kurt he’d said too much.

“I’m sorry. I know you’re doing your best.”

“But my best isn’t good enough.”

“No, that’s not what I was…”

“I gotta go. I’ll talk to you later.”

“Blaine, wait! I’m sorry! I…”

“Bye, Kurt.”
Kurt stared at the phone screen. Shit. How did that conversation go off the rails so quickly?

Kurt typed out a text.

K – I’m sorry. I don’t know how we ended up there. I love you, and I trust you, and I know you’re busy, but we need to talk about the future. Soon.

Kurt sighed and placed his phone on the nightstand. He made sure his gun was under the pillow and turned out the light. Five minutes later his phone rang.

“Blaine, I…” Blaine cut him off.

“I love you, Kurt. More than anything I. Love. You. And I’m trying. I’m really trying. I’m sorry if it’s not enough, but… I never wanted this, remember? This was never my plan, but I’m doing the best I can to make it all work, and I just need you to trust me and give me some fucking time!”

“I know you’re doing the best you can, but can you blame me for having questions? You’ve insisted on shutting me out, we’ve barely talked the past two weeks, and when we do you won’t tell me anything, so of course I have questions! I love you, Blaine, and I do trust you, but…it’s senior year. High school is about to end and the future is finally here, and I need to know if that future is going to include you or not!”

Whoa.

Blaine’s voice was quiet and emotionless, hiding the deep hurt buzzing in his chest while his brain churned out possessive thoughts.

“I didn’t realize that was a question.” Do you really think that’s even an option?

“It’s not…I just…”

“Goodnight, Kurt.”

“Blaine, wait!”

The phone went dead.

Kurt fell back onto the pillows.

What the fuck?

Blaine dropped his phone on to the desk and fell back in his chair.

Fuck.

He hadn’t meant to get angry and start a fight, but with each passing day his stress and worry about the future grew. Kurt’s perfectly legitimate and appropriate questions didn’t help, especially as Blaine prepared to set off a bomb that would have ripple effects throughout the mob world.

The plan to murder Frank Chartussi was complete and in place. It would all go down at the end of August right as school began.

Telio would return to Dalton (something he was furious about) to throw people off. If Telio was in
school, people would assume Blaine was too. Instead, Blaine would quietly travel to New York under the protection of the Bethenson twins. Vince was already there, tracking Chartussi’s movements and figuring out his schedule.

The plan was for Blaine to murder Chartussi right in his own home, declare his takeover of all New York business, and return to Dalton by the beginning of October.

But, Blaine knew better.

No one was going to let the Andersons just stroll in and claim New York. Chartussi’s murder would start a World War III style mob war. A nasty, bloody, possibly protracted mob war that will make everything associated with the Anderson name a target.

*Especially the gay lover of the head of the Anderson family.*

Blaine had full confidence in their ability to win, but he knew it wouldn’t be easy, especially now. When he originally came up with the plan to take over New York his father had been alive and Luther was a part of his inner circle.

Now, with the exception of Telio, he was alone working with a trusted but still fairly new crew, and about to initiate the most impactful strike of his young mafia career.

And the most dangerous.

The likelihood of his being killed had never been greater.

Blaine stared at the family portrait on the wall. His father was dead, his brother was dead, and his mother was exiled. Maybe it was time to let his mother return.

Telio appeared in the doorway. “Hey.”

“Hi. Come on in.”

Telio walked in and sat down in the chair in front of the desk. He glanced at Blaine and then did a double take. Blaine looked tormented; his eyes full of sorrow.

“What’s wrong?”

“Nothing.”

“Liar.”

Blaine sighed. “Hell, what’s right? My father and my brother are dead. I can barely stand to look at my mother. Instead of starting my senior year of high school I’m about to start a war in the city my boyfriend wants to move to. Oh, and I just had a fight with said boyfriend because he’s got a thousand questions about our fucking future and I have no idea what to tell him because I have no fucking idea!”

Telio said nothing as Blaine took a bottle of bourbon out of the desk and poured a glass. He downed it and continued.

“This isn’t how things were supposed to turn out. I never wanted this, Telio. You know that. This isn’t how things were supposed to go.”

“Do you want to walk away?”
Blaine looked like he’d just been slapped. “What? No! I can’t... I can’t do that. I would never do that. My father’s legacy expects and deserves better.” He held his arms open wide. “I would never abandon this. All this... this is my empire. My father built it for me. Actually, he built it for Cooper, but... no. I’m not walking away.”

“Okay then. Well, Blaine, what we’re about to do is pretty fucking big. It’s huge. If we succeed we will change the entire power structure of the mob on the east coast, the Midwest and down south. I know we can do it, and I know we’re gonna win, but that doesn’t mean it’s not stressful or really fucking dangerous. So, you need to have a clear head. You can’t fuck up because you’re preoccupied with other bullshit. I know you don’t wanna hear this, but... it’s time for you to end things with Kurt.”

Blaine shook his head and poured another glass of bourbon. “Please don’t start this shit again.”

“I know it’s not what you wanna hear but it’s the truth. I told you from day one - it’s difficult and dangerous for men like us to have relationships. Thanks to us, both Kurt and Alicia are murderers. Murderers, Blaine. That’s what we did. We put two innocent people in a situation where they had to kill someone. In Kurt’s case, four people, not to mention being kidnapped. Neither of us should have ever started anything with either of them, but we did and now with things about to jump off in New York and high school ending... you gotta end things with Kurt. You have to let him go. He has every right to ask you the questions he’s asking because he deserves to have a future. Let’s be realistic. What kind of future can you give him?”

“We are not the first people in the mob to have relationships! Almost every family head is married!”

“Yeah, to women! Kurt’s not a woman. He’s always gonna have a target on his back. Is that really what you want?”

“I can protect...”

“No, you can’t, Blaine. You can’t protect him because he’s not going to sit in a house like your mother. He’s gonna go to that fancy arts school, and be on stage, and get shot by someone who has it out for you.”

Blaine’s anger soared. “What the fuck? How could you say something like that? Fuck you!”

“You can be mad at me all you want. I’m just being honest. I love Alicia and I want her. I want her so bad, but... I won’t. I could but I won’t. She’s a distraction and men like us can’t afford to be distracted, but more importantly, she deserves a future. I won’t ruin her future. She wants to work for the United Nations. How is she supposed to get security clearance with a connection to the mob? So, I’m letting her go and you should do the same for Kurt.”

Blaine stood up and walked across the room. He leaned against the wall, arms straight, hands flat, head down.

_The future._

_The fucking future._

Blaine closed his eyes.

_Can I give Kurt a future?_

_Should I walk away?_
No. I’m not walking away, but…

Should I let Kurt go?

A montage of images flashed through his mind.

Kurt singing Blackbird in the choir room.

Studying together for history class.

Their first dance.

Sitting close during lunchtime at Dalton.

Stealing kisses during Warbler practice.

The way Kurt freely gave his body to him.

The incredible, delicious sex games they played.

Kurt smiling at him with genuine, pure love.

No one else smiles at me like that.


He opened his eyes.

“You know what, Telio? You’re probably right. I should set him free like you’re doing with Alicia, but…I can’t. I’m not as strong as you. I want him. I need him. I need him, Telio. The idea of doing this alone…I can’t. My father couldn’t do it without my mother, and I can’t do it without Kurt. That’s just how it is. So yeah, I’m selfish as fuck, and I don’t give a shit. I love him and I need him.”

They sat in silence for several minutes until Telio spoke.

“I’ll do my best to protect him when everything starts. We’ll be at Dalton, so…” Telio trailed off.

“Thank you.”

“Are you sure you don’t want me to do this? Mario was my father too. I hate Chartussi’s fat ass as much as you do, and let’s face it – I’m better at this. I have more experience.”

Blaine shook his head. “I know, but this is something I have to do myself. Just keep Kurt safe while I’m gone.” And after I’m gone for good.

“I will but, Blaine…please get your head on straight. If that means you need to cut Kurt off for a while, then do it. You’ve got to have a clear, focused mind for what you’re about to do. Especially if you want to stay alive.”

K&B&K&B

The next day a huge bouquet of yellow roses arrived at the Hudson-Hummel home. Burt accepted the delivery with a slightly annoyed expression. Back to sending flowers again. Great.

He took a peek at the card before calling Kurt.

Love of My Life, Kurt:
I’m sorry for last night.

I didn’t mean to start a fight.

I love you so, much it makes my heart hurt.

You truly mean everything to me, Kurt.

I promise, yes promise, everything will work out fine.

I’ll do everything in my power to keep you mine.

Know that I love you more than life itself.

Every time you see these flowers on your shelf.

Love, Blaine.

Burt rolled his eyes. Seriously?

“Kurt! Delivery!”

Kurt felt a little dejected when he saw the flowers. He’d been hoping for a late night visit. He read the card and couldn’t help laughing at the end.

“Kid’s not exactly a poet is he?” said Burt.

Kurt set the flowers on the dining room table and sat down. “No, but he’s sweet.”

“So, you two fighting?”

“No, just…” Kurt stopped. Should he tell his dad about Blaine not returning to school? Actually, he’d probably be happy, but what would Kurt give as the reason. Blaine will return to school right after he commits a very important murder. The headmaster completely understands.

“We’re just trying to figure out our future.”

Burt tried to keep his tone neutral but failed miserably.

“You know, Kurt your future doesn’t have to be tied to Blaine. As a matter of fact, it would probably be a good thing if it isn’t.”

Kurt could hear the hope in his dad’s voice. “Dad…”

“I’m just saying that after everything you’ve been through, I was kinda hoping you’d make a fresh start next year. Get away from all the mafia mess. Is Blaine even going to college?”

“I don’t know. I don’t think even he knows.”

“Well, regardless of Blaine, you have to do what’s best for you. As I’ve told you before, you can’t let Blaine affect your decisions. You have to do what’s gonna be best for you, Kurt.”

“I know, dad and that’s definitely my plan. NYADA here I come,” said Kurt with an enthusiasm he didn’t feel.
Burt rested a hand on Kurt’s shoulder. “Good. I can’t tell you how happy that makes me.”

Kurt smiled, nodded and headed upstairs to his room. He set the flowers on his desk and picked up his phone.

K – Thank you for the beautiful flowers. Sorry we fought. I love you.

A few minutes later his phone rang with a text.

B – I’m sorry too. I love you and I’ll see you soon.

Kurt resisted the urge to ask when.

The next two weeks flew by with both boys busy in their respective worlds. Blaine spent his days managing business, studying important details for New York, and getting his ass kicked by Telio who designed a special training program to prepare Blaine for New York. Cardio, arm-to-arm combat, knife work and shooting. He even set up a mini parkour course in the backyard.

“You’re going to be all alone. No one’s going to be there to save you so you have to be ready for anything.”

Blaine warily eyed the parkour course. “If I break my arm we’re going to have to postpone the entire thing.”

“So, learn to fall correctly and don’t break your arm. Let’s go.”

Kurt spent his time fixing cars with his dad, cooking with Carol, and debating songs with Rachel in preparation for NYADA auditions. Mercedes often joined them.

“Are you sure you want to stick with just Don’t Rain on My Parade? Maybe you should prepare a backup.”

Rachel looked thoroughly offended. “A backup? I have been performing Don’t Rain on My Parade since I was 3 years old. It’s my signature song. My performance of perfection. My tour de force. My…”

Kurt immediately regretted saying anything. Mercedes rolled her eyes.

Kurt was still debating between Music of the Night and The Boy Next Door.

“Definitely Music of the Night,” said Rachel with confident conviction. “It’s a safe, practical choice, and you sound amazing.”

Mercedes disagreed. “That’s exactly why he shouldn’t do it. Safe and practical equals boring and done a million times before. The Boy Next Door is much more exciting, and you’ll look sexy adorable in gold lame pants.”

Kurt half listened as the girls argued back and forth. He gently rubbed his thumb over the lock screen photo of him and Blaine. If I had a safe and boring boyfriend we would be having this conversation. We would be doing this together.
“K – I really, really miss you. When will I see you again? It’s been a long time.”

It was 20 minutes before his phone beeped.

B- Midnight.

Kurt sat up.

K – What about midnight?

B – You’ll see me tonight at midnight.

K- Really?

B – Yes. I gotta go. Love you.

K- Love you, too. CU@Midnight.

Kurt was horny and hyper the rest of the day. Midnight. How exactly was he going to see Blaine at midnight? His locked up cock kept twitching and pressing against the cage in anticipation. It was now week number four and Kurt had completely adjusted to the cage. Sure, he had moments of absolute agony when his hormones went on a rave and he had no way to end the party, but for the most part the cage had become an extension of him. It was just there. A reminder of Blaine.

At 10:00 pm Kurt took an extra-long shower, meticulously styled his hair, and dressed in loose jeans, no underwear, and a simple white t-shirt. Clothes that could be removed quickly.

At 11:00 pm Kurt’s phone rang with a text.

B – Be outside in the driveway at 11:55 pm. I’ll have you back by dawn.

Kurt felt a sudden rush of worry. Finn was spending the night at Artie’s along with Puck and Mike for a 24 hour Halo marathon. There was no one to tell what he was up to in case his disappearance was discovered by his dad or Carol. The last thing he wanted to do was scare his dad. He decided to leave a note.

Dad,

I’m out with Blaine. I didn’t want to wake you to tell you I was leaving. I’ll be back by morning.

Love, Kurt

He placed the note on the pillow of his perfectly made bed and quietly headed downstairs to wait for 11:55 pm.

Alicia deftly pulled her hand away from Jimmy’s attempt to grasp it. She moved a few steps to the right and quickened her pace. Jimmy sighed. So much for this getting easier.

“I was surprised when you agreed to go to the movies tonight.”

Alicia said nothing.

“What did your parents promise you?”
Alicia’s facial expression confessed her guilt. She decided not to lie.

“A reopening of conversations about me getting a car.”

Jimmy nodded. Of course. “You know, Alicia I’m not a bad guy. You know me. We’ve known each other all our lives. Our parents are friends. If you would just give us a chance, I think you’d find we’re perfect together.”

“I know you’re not a bad guy, Jimmy, but you’re not the guy for me. I already have my guy.”

“A guy who’s all wrong for you.”

“Says who? Who I date is my decision. Not my parents and certainly not yours.”

“What do you even want with someone like that? He’s a thug, Alicia. He’s in the mob for God’s sake!”

“He also has a 4.8 GPA because he’s smart and is taking a full load of AP classes. He’s an American history scholar, is very knowledgeable about classical literature, and is going to be a brilliant attorney one day.”

“So he can read. Big deal. That doesn’t change the fact that he’s all wrong for you.” Alicia stopped walking. “You know what? I shouldn’t be doing this. This is all wrong for me. Take me home.”

“What?”

“Take me home. I’m not going to spend the evening defending my boyfriend or my choices. Take me home. Now.”

“Let’s just go see the movie.”

“No, because I’m being unfair to you. I’m giving you false hope. I don’t wanna lead you on. Just take me home. Please.”

Jimmy’s eyes travelled slowly up Alicia’s body. Damn she was hot. She was wearing a red sleeveless dress that came up into a turtleneck collar. Red sandals with red nail polish. Her hair was combed perfectly down her back. She was absolutely gorgeous and she was right. This wasn’t fair. Why didn’t she like him? He was a nice guy. Why don’t girls ever like nice guys? They always go for the jerks and in this case, a fucking criminal. It didn’t make sense.

“Let’s just go see the movie.”

“No. Take me home.”

“If we go home now your parents are gonna know we didn’t go to the movies. You’re never gonna get that conversation about a car.”

Alicia stood thinking for a moment and then sighed in resignation. He had a point. Maybe she should just let her parents think she was dating Jimmy. As long as she was honest with him about how she really felt, it might all work in her favor. School would be starting soon. She just had to keep up the façade for a few more weeks. If she got a car by the time school started, she could go see Telio.

“Fine. Let’s go see the stupid movie.”

Jimmy followed her with a smile.
Kurt watched the car pull up in front of the house and turn off its headlights. Blaine had said to be waiting in the driveway, but Kurt had decided to wait inside. Much safer. He waited until he saw Blaine emerge from the car before quickly heading outside through the backdoor. He hurried around the side of the house.

“Hey.”

Blaine’s hand instinctively moved towards his gun until he saw Kurt’s face clearly illuminated under the garage light.

“Kurt.” A beat passed and they were in each other’s arms. Blaine nuzzled his face in Kurt’s neck murmuring, “Kurt, Kurt, Kurt.” Kurt buried his face in Blaine’s curls and inhaled. Ohhh….that smell. Damn he’d missed that smell.

They stood there holding each other before falling into a passionate kiss. Waves of relief wash over them, both grateful the other was alive and safe in their arms. For now.

They kissed for a minute before returning to their tight embrace. Neither wanted to let go so they held each other as they spoke.

“I told you to be in the driveway.”

“You wanted me standing outside in the dark?”

“The guys would’ve been watching you.”

“Huh?”

“The guys.” Blaine pulled away just enough to nod towards the black Toyota Camry parked a few houses down.

“Oh. Wow. I forgot they were even there. How could I forget that?”

“If they do their job right you’re supposed to forget. There’s been three shifts all summer. I’ll never leave you unprotected, Kurt. Never.”

Blaine kissed him again, this time with a touch of hunger. He slid his hand down between Kurt’s legs and placed it square on the cockcage as he whispered in his ear. “Never unprotected. I’ll always protect what’s mine.”

Little shots of lightning shot through Kurt’s body.

“So, are we just gonna make out in my driveway until a neighbor notices?”

“No. Come on.”

The black Camry followed them as they pulled off into the night. Kurt was surprised when they drove only a short distance before turning into the driveway of a small, nondescript house one neighborhood over from his. Blaine pushed the button for the automatic garage door and pulled in. The black Camry pulled in behind him but parked in the driveway.
“Where are we?” asked Kurt nervously as the garage door closed behind them.

“One of our safe houses. I forgot about it until Telio mentioned it.”

Blaine turned on the lights as they entered the house. Kurt followed Blaine through a small, clean kitchen and dining room; through the living room, up the stairs and into a large bedroom. Blaine turned on a small desk light that cast a low, warm glow throughout the room. Kurt spotted a bottle of wine on ice, a tray of fruit and an iPod plugged into a speaker.

“Care for a drink?” asked Blaine as he opened the bottle of wine and poured two glasses.

“Blaine…what is all this?”

Blaine’s smile had a hint of melancholy, and Kurt noticed a touch of sadness in his eyes.

“Just a little celebration before the start of school.”

A moment of hope burned in Kurt’s chest. “You’re coming back to Dalton?”

Blaine shook his head. “No, at least not right away. There’s a chance I might be back by the end of October, but honestly…more like January.”

Kurt’s hope fizzled out. He accepted the glass Blaine offered him. He sat down on the bed and took a sip before deciding that he should hold off drinking. They needed to have a serious talk and he wanted to be sober for their conversation.

“I know I said I would stay out of your business, but please…I need to…” Blaine interrupted him.

“In a few weeks I’m going to New York to murder Frank Chartussi. I’ll be acting alone.”

Fear ignited in Kurt’s chest where hope had burned just a moment before. “Alone? What about…” Blaine cut him off again.

“Telio will be at school. He’ll start at Dalton on time. People will assume that if he’s at school, I’m at school.”

“But…I don’t…I don’t understand. What do you mean, alone?”

“I’m going undercover. Just me. Don’t worry. We have a plan. We have friends in New York who have been doing recognizance work. Everything is being planned down to the tiniest detail with a very limited, very select number of people. They’re working to line things up, but it will be me who kills him.”

Kurt’s mind flooded with several thoughts all at once.

This sounds dangerous.

Blaine could be killed.

My boyfriend just told me he’s about to commit murder. Why doesn’t this bother me?

Blaine could be killed.

No Telio. He’ll be all alone.

Blaine could be killed.
“Blaine could be killed!”

“No! This…this is crazy! You have to take Telio with you, or somebody else! You can’t just go alone! You’re going to get killed!”

“Thanks for the vote of confidence.”

“No…I… I just…I’m sorry…it just sounds so dangerous. I can’t…I can’t lose you. I don’t wanna lose you.”

Blaine kneeled on the floor in front of Kurt and placed his hands on either side of his face. He pressed a soft kiss to his lips and stared into his eyes.

“You’re not gonna lose me. I promise. Yes, promise. It’s gonna be okay, Kurt. Trust me. I’ll be fine.”

Kurt’s attempt to protest was shut down by Blaine kissing him again, this time hungrier and more demanding. Kurt wanted to argue and keep talking, but damn…it had been a month. A month with his cock on lockdown, and finally Blaine was in his arms again, and he wanted him so damn much. So, so much.

He tangled his fingers into Blaine’s wild curly hair and slid under the spell. Blaine climbed up and pushed Kurt down on to the bed, straddling him as he continued to kiss him. When he finally sat up, he grabbed Kurt’s hands and held them above his head. His eyes were dark and full of a possessive lust.

“Have you been a good boy, Kurt?”

“Of course.”

“Will you continue to be a good boy?”

Kurt’s cock pressed against the cage.

“Yes. Yes. Always.”

“Good because unfortunately it’s time for me to remove your cage. I planned on making you wear it all semester, but…I guess you’ve earned your freedom.”

Kurt stared into Blaine’s eyes. Neither said what they were both thinking.

_and in case you don’t come back…_

_and in case I get killed…_

Kurt pushed away the fear flooding his brain and stared deep into Blaine’s eyes. “I’ll be a good boy. Your good boy. I promise.”

Blaine removed the key from around his neck and removed Kurt’s pants. He stared at the cage with loving appreciation.

“It looks so beautiful on you. So perfect. When we’re married I’m going to have you wear one all the time.”

Kurt’s submissive desire jumped at those words. He closed his eyes and drowned in the thought. Blaine leaned down and whispered in his ear. “Will you do it, Kurt? Will you let me keep you
locked up all the time? Only allowing you to cum maybe once a year? Maybe only on your birthday. One orgasm on your birthday and then back in the cage followed by punishment for having that orgasm?"

The rate of Kurt’s breathing increased as his cock pressed even harder against the bars. “Yes… yes…” Blaine licked the shell of his ear before working his way down Kurt’s neck with tiny kisses eventually landing on his mouth. He kissed him so deep, wet and wanting that Kurt let out a moan so lascivious that Blaine felt it ripple through him. He removed the cage allowing Kurt’s cock to immediately spring to attention; full and swollen with a slight bob thanking Blaine for freeing it and now begging for his touch. Blaine wrapped his fingers around it lightly before leaning down to slowly lick from the bottom to the top. Kurt’s moan was sinful and desperately needy. Blaine licked again.

“Please… please…please…”

Blaine closed his lips around the head and sucked down slowly. Kurt gasped and dug his nails into the bed.

*Shit. Fuck. Damn. So, so good.*

Blaine sucked for a few seconds before pulling off.

Kurt opened his eyes wide and begged unashamedly. “Don’t stop. Please don’t stop.”

“Shhhhh.”

Blaine stood up and quickly stripped off his clothes. He climbed back on to the bed and kissed Kurt deeply before flipping over on to his back.

“Would you like to fuck me, Kurt?”

From that moment forward there were no more words. It was all fingers, and lube, and moans as Kurt worked his fingers in and out of Blaine’s ass. Blaine groaned and dug his nails into Kurt’s shoulders as Kurt entered him fast and deep with little warning. “Oh…shit! Kurt! Oh…oh…oh…fuck.”

Kurt’s eyes were closed as he drowned in the intense, tight sensations wrapped around his cock. He knew he wouldn’t last long – not after a month of denial, so he savored every stroke until he felt the tight clench deep inside. He pushed forward hard and then stilled as his cum rushed forward. His entire body tightened and then slowly loosened until he collapsed in a relaxed heap on top of Blaine. Blaine wrapped his arms and legs around him and held him tight.

Blaine could feel Kurt’s body drift into sleep and he wished he could join him, but his mind was too awake with plans, thoughts and worries. Eventually he dozed off and managed to sleep for two hours before his body woke with a renewed pressing hunger brought on by the feel of Kurt’s semi-hard cock pressing into his thigh.

Blaine carefully untangled himself and checked the time. It was 4:00 am. He peeked outside the window and could see the overnight guards, Duncan and Tony illuminated by the blue glow of their cell phones. Nice to know they managed to stay awake, but he wondered how alert they were if they were playing on their phones. He’d have to speak to them about that later.

Blaine stood at the edge of the bed and watched Kurt sleep. He studied Kurt’s face. So soft and serene; his hair only slightly messed up from sleep. He carefully climbed into bed and laid a hand on Kurt’s thigh squeezing gently before running his hand down Kurt’s leg. So smooth and firm. Such a
beautiful, beautiful man. He watched him sleep for a few minutes more before moving down to
swallow Kurt’s cock. It almost immediately hardened in his mouth followed by Kurt moaning and
opening his eyes. He looked down at Blaine and then closed his eyes, not sure if this was real or a
dream. It wasn’t until Blaine pulled off and began kissing his way up Kurt’s chest that Kurt realized
this was real. Blaine rolled his hips down and pressed their cocks together. He was rewarded with a
gasping cry and Kurt digging his fingers into Blaine’s hips to pull him down again. Blaine kept
shifting up and down until Kurt was squirming and his fingers were digging even harder into
Blaine’s hips as he tried to get the exact right amount of friction. Blaine grabbed the lube and slid
down between Kurt’s legs. Kurt shivered and bucked up as Blaine’s tongue teased his hole.

“Hold still, gorgeous.”
Blaine licked in, out and around Kurt’s hole before working his fingers in one by one.

“Oh...yes...please...more...”
Blaine’s slow, smooth, in and out rhythm drove Kurt crazy. He wanted to be fucked but Blaine
refused to speed up. He wanted to feel every inch of Kurt because this might be the last time. Blaine
committed every gasp, moan and whisper of desire to memory. A soundtrack for the amazingly tight
hold around his cock. He continued the slow, smooth pace until he came hard but quietly. He lay on
top of Kurt and blinked back his tears.

God, I hope this isn’t the last time.

Kurt sighed contentedly beneath him. They lay in silence until Kurt asked the dreaded question.

“When do you leave for New York?”

“I can’t tell you.”

“Why not?”
Blaine reluctantly allowed Kurt to shift beneath him in an effort to see his face.

“Why not? It’s not like I’m going to tell anyone.”

“It’s just better if you don’t know.”
Kurt’s fear morphed into a slightly panicked sadness as he realized what tonight was really about.

“Is this the last time I’m gonna see you before school starts?”

“Yes.”
Kurt sat up completely forcing Blaine to do the same.

“Blaine…”
It suddenly all made sense.

This is goodbye. A final goodbye.

Kurt sobbed, “Please...please don’t go. Just...don’t go. You don’t have to do this.”
Blaine leaned over to kiss away the tears rolling down Kurt’s face.
“Yes, I do, Kurt.”

“But why? Why do you have to do it alone?” wailed Kurt. “I don’t understand. You have all these people running around with guns at your beck and call. It doesn’t make any sense!”

“Because a man like Chartussi…it’s different. Delicate. I can’t just send a bunch of people to kill him.”

“Why not? That’s what he did with your father!”

“That was different, Kurt. That was business. This is personal.”

“How is this not about business?”

“Because he destroyed my family. He killed my father. He convinced my brother to betray his own blood. He made my mother a widow. His actions even played a role in Luther betraying my father and betraying me. Sure, business is a part of everything, but this…this is personal.”

Kurt had no words. He couldn’t think of anything that made a compelling argument in his head. Blaine doing this alone made no sense, but at the same time Kurt got it. In some strange, twisted, mafia code way he got it.

They made love one last time. Quietly, yet still full of so many expressions of love, desire and passion. Afterwards they showered and dressed in silence. Kurt stood in front of the window looking out over the quiet street. It was that time of morning when the sun isn’t quite up, but is still cascading the quiet light of dawn. Blaine came up behind him and carefully removed the collar from around Kurt’s neck. Kurt turned and looked at him with tears running down his cheeks.

“You’re not coming back in October, are you?”

“Probably not.”

“And January?”

Blaine shrugged. “I really don’t know.”

Kurt shook his head. “The cage, the collar…you’re removing them in case…” He couldn’t bring himself to say it. Blaine’s heart broke at the expression on Kurt’s face. He cupped his cheek and gently smoothed away Kurt’s tears with his thumb while struggling with the competing thoughts in his head.

This is it. You removed the collar, now break up with him. Let him go. Telio is right. He deserves better and you’ve gotta keep a clear head. Let him go.

Blaine was about to speak but Kurt stopped him.

“I’m never saying goodbye to you. I’m just not, and I don’t want you making promises you can’t keep, so…”

Blaine nodded. Okay. No more words.

They spent their last half hour together lying on the bed holding each other, kissing softly and staring into each other’s eyes. At 6:30 am, Duncan rang the doorbell. It was time to go.

They rode to the Hudson-Hummel home in silence. Like the night before they stood in the driveway and held each other tight. Blaine had planned to stay silent as a way of starting the distancing
process, but his heart wouldn’t let him.

“I love you, Kurt. You’re my everything. My absolute everything.”

Kurt smiled sadly. *No, I’m not. I wish I was, but I’m not.*

Their final kisses kept stopping and restarting, neither wanting it to end. Finally it was Kurt who pulled back.

“Go. Go do what you have to do and then…just…please, please come back to me.”

Blaine stared into his eyes.

“I will, Kurt. I promise.”

Chapter End Notes

Thank you to all of you who reached out to me on tumblr and encouraged me to keep going. I love and appreciate all of your kind words.
You tell me I don't care, tell me I never try

I said I'm sorry maybe a million times

It's gonna hurt ya if I don't say goodbye

You don't believe me, you don't believe me

I just want the best for you

I just want the best for you

But I'm just not the best for you

You don't want what I'm gonna put ya through

Best 4 You by Maroon 5

The Greyhound Bus pulled into the NYC Port Authority at 3:20 pm. The moment the bus came to a stop, weary passengers stood up, stretched, and started moving towards the door. Most had boarded at some point in New York State. Only one had boarded in Ohio. He stood up, adjusted his baseball cap, and exited the bus quickly. He carried only a backpack so no need to wait for the bus driver to open the luggage section.

Once outside he turned left and walked several blocks until he reached a small diner. He entered and sat down at the counter. The waitress came over and placed a menu in front of him.

“Hi, hon. What’ll be?”

“Cup of coffee. Black.”

“Anything else?”

“No, thank you.”

He took a few sips of the coffee and watched the weather report on the small TV mounted above the counter.

15 minutes later a well-dressed man walked in carrying a briefcase and a folded newspaper. He sat down one seat over. The waitress placed a menu in front of him.

“Hi, hon. What’ll be?”

“How about a piece of cherry pie?”

“Gotcha. Anything else?”
“No. That’s all, thanks.”

The two men didn’t speak or even exchange glances. The one sipped his coffee. The other ate his pie. Once finished, he left a $5.00 bill on the counter.

And his newspaper.

He left.

The other man finished his coffee and placed $2.00 on the counter. He stood up, threw his backpack over his shoulder, picked up the newspaper and walked out.

He headed to the subway station where he purchased a one-month pass and hopped the train. As the train sped along he opened the newspaper and slipped the prepared documents into his backpack: an Iowa driver’s license, a birth certificate, a work history, and a passport.

He exited the train near 157th Street and continued on foot, paying little attention to the cafes, boutiques and salons he passed. He kept going until he reached the rougher, grimier part of the neighborhood near East Harlem. He slowed down to scan the street for his destination, a rundown, dirty gray building.

The VonMote Hotel.

He pulled open the heavy windowless black door and entered a wide dirty entryway that hadn’t been swept in years. There was a brown counter with a Welcome-Please Ring Bell sign. He rang the bell and waited.

A middle-aged man wearing a wash worn NY Mets shirt and old jeans shuffled out from a small room.

“Help ya?”

“Room for a month.”

The man looked the customer up and down trying to figure out if he had enough money to pay for a month stay.

“A month, huh?”

“Yeah. Maybe longer.”

“Well, rooms run $119 a day.”

“How much if I pay cash?”

The man’s eyes lit up. “Cash?”

“Yeah. Cash.”

“Still $119 a day.”

The man’s eyes grew wide as the customer took out a huge wad of bills.

“Tell ya what? Here’s $7,000 cash. Two months. No questions, no paperwork.”

“Uh, sure. Okay, okay.” The man could barely conceal his excitement. No paperwork meant the
money could go straight into his pocket. He handed the customer a key. “Room 206.”

“Thanks.”

“Sure. Yeah. My pleasure. Name’s Jessie if you need anything. Housekeeping once a week!” he yelled as the customer walked away.

The room was larger than he expected and surprisingly clean. There was a king size bed with a dingy, faded comforter, a nightstand, television and small desk. Small bathroom and closet.

He opened his backpack and took out a few toiletries along with several guns, a silencer and a knife.

He peeled off his jacket, took off the baseball hat and stared at his reflection in the mirror. Long, messy, curly black hair – the longest he’d ever let it grow – held back with a rubber band. Full beard, black wire-rimmed glasses, gold hoop earrings in both ears, and a very intricate set of henna tattoos on both arms.

He stared at his reflection for several minutes before picking up a gun. He cocked it and pointed it at the mirror.

*I’m coming for you, Chartussi. You fat motherfucker.*

Kurt took a deep breath and entered the academic hall.

First day of school.

This year Kurt enjoyed the luxury of moving into his room a week early like everyone else. This meant being honest with his father about his new room situation.

*****

Burt walked to the center of Blaine’s room and looked around while shaking his head. Kurt leaned against the door frame and braced himself for his father’s reaction.

“Are you kidding me? This is your room?”

“Yes.”

“I don’t understand. Last year you were sharing a closet.” Burt spotted the bathroom. “A bathroom? Kurt, what’s going on?”

“Blaine’s not coming back until second quarter so he arranged for me to have his room.” That was the truth. “I’ll move out in January when he returns.” That was the lie.

“You take me for an idiot, Kurt? You’ve never been a liar, so don’t start now. There’s no need for it. You think I don’t know you sleep in his bed when you go to his house?”

Kurt turned red from both shame and embarrassment.

“I’m sorry. I was trying to spare you parental angst, or…something.”

Burt softened his tone. “So, where is Blaine?”
Kurt shook his head. “He’s getting his father’s affairs in order.” Also known as avenging his death.

Burt sighed. “You know what? I don’t really wanna know. I just hope you’ll use this time to make some new friends. Preferably ones who won’t get you kidnapped.”

Kurt nodded. That was actually exactly what he planned to do. Despite the absence of Blaine, Kurt was determined to have a fabulous, fun-filled, memory making senior year. He planned to join a few school clubs, spend time hanging with the Warblers to really get to know them in a way he hadn’t last year, and he planned to make things right with Andrew. He still felt bad about how things ended. Maybe now they could really be friends, especially since Andrew was seeing someone.

“Don’t worry dad. I plan on having a great senior year.”

*****

Kurt walked along the hallway smiling and greeting people he saw. He slowed down to look for his first bell, English.

“Hey.”

“Telio! Hi!” Kurt couldn’t help himself. He gave Telio a big hug. Telio didn’t return the embrace. When Kurt pulled back Telio was scowling at him.

“What are you doing?”

“Sorry, but I’m happy to see you.”

“Yeah, okay. Whatever. Let’s get you to English.”

He started walking. Kurt followed but then stopped.

“How did you know I have English first bell?”

Telio rolled his eyes. “I know your entire schedule. Now come on. You’re about to be late.”

Kurt followed him. He glanced around and then leaned in. “Have you talked to…” Telio cut him off.

“No, and I won’t be, so don’t ask.”

“What not? I mean, I know I can’t but I thought you…”

“Because he’s undercover, Kurt. No more questions.”

Kurt nodded and looked at the floor. Telio glanced at him. Kurt’s expression was pure heartbreak and worry.

They stopped in front of the English classroom. Telio pulled Kurt away from the door and into the doorway of another room.

Blaine is gonna kill me. He’s gonna get seven men to beat the shit outta me because he knows he can’t do it himself and then he’s gonna shoot me.

“Listen, I know you love him, but this is your chance, Kurt. You need to move on. You need to find someone safer to be with. Look, I know I’m not saying anything you don’t already know. You know better than anyone what being with him means. What it can lead to. How it can hurt you. So, you need to protect yourself and do what’s best for you, and that means moving on.”
“What? You…you think I should move on? I don’t…”

“He’s my brother and my best friend. I love him more than anyone on earth, and I’d kill for him without hesitation, but that doesn’t mean I’m blind to his faults, his weaknesses, or when he’s wrong. I don’t wanna hurt him, but I don’t wanna see you end up dead either. While he’s gone this may be the last chance you have to escape. Take it.”

And with that Telio turned and headed down the hall.

Kurt was so shocked and confused he didn’t even hear the bell ring.

The bald-headed, mustached manager gave him a hard look as he snatched the driver’s license out of his hand.

“Says you’re from Iowa.”

“Yes sir.”

“How’d ya find out about the job?”

“A friend of mine knew a guy. Joe…Joe Patterson. Said I could make good money.”

The manager nodded approvingly. “Yeah, I know, Joe. Real good guy.” He handed the license to a tall man dressed all in black who was standing behind him flipping through pages on a clipboard. He studied the license, flipped through a few pages, scanned one and nodded.

“He’s clear.”

The manager took the license from him and handed it back.

“So, the job ain’t nothing fancy. Emptying garbage cans, cleaning bathrooms, vacuuming hallways, and running errands when necessary. Building owner is a real private bigshot. Don’t like to be bothered unless he requests something. Has a lotta security so expect to be searched every morning. You show up on time, do your job, go where you’re supposed to, stay outta where you ain’t and you’ll be fine.”

The manager looked at him for a moment more before nodding. “Okay. Go down the hall to the door marked processing. They’ll get ya your ID and take care of the rest of the paperwork.”

An older woman named Sally took his photo, and then had him fill out paperwork while she made his ID.

“Can I ask a question?”

Sally looked up. “Sure, love.”

“The manager said a bigshot owns the building. Who?”

Sally leaned forward conspiratorially and lowered her voice. “Frank Chartussi. You ever heard of him?”

He shook his head. “Well, he’s richer than God. A big crime boss. They say there’s a room in the basement of this building filled with the bodies of people he’s killed.”
Sally leaned back, nodding her head confidently with a knowing expression.

He nodded and returned to his paperwork. Once finished, Sally looked everything over and gave him his ID.
“Okay, love. 7:00 am tomorrow morning. Back entrance. don’t be late.”

“Thank you. I won’t.”

Once outside the building, he walked 5 blocks over to a diner. He sat at the counter and ordered a black coffee. He took a newspaper out of his backpack and placed it on the counter.

A few minutes later a well-dressed man came in, sat two seats down and ordered a slice of apple pie to go. The man paid for his pie and left, taking the newspaper with him. He waited until he was in his Town car to open it.

Scrawled in black letters were the words, “I’m in.”

******

Telio’s cell phone buzzed in the middle of his AP American History class. He sneaked a glance while Mr. Jenike was focused on making a point on a map.

*He’s in.*

Telio typed back *Thanks* and then deleted both messages.

*Okay, Blaine. Be careful. Kill him quickly and come home.*

---

That evening Kurt spread all his books and syllabi out on the bed and sighed. It may be senior year, but Dalton wasn’t about to let anyone cakewalk to graduation. He had a very challenging academic year ahead of him. For a moment he thought about McKinley.

*You could transfer back...it’s not like there’s a reason to be here...*

Kurt looked around the bedroom and suddenly felt incredibly lonely.

*No. I’m not doing this. Life does not and cannot revolve around Blaine.*

He gathered up his books, packed his bookbag and headed over to the library. There were several other seniors who appeared to have come to the same conclusion as Kurt. He found a table and was about to sit down when he spotted Andrew.

Wow.

Even sitting Kurt could tell Andrew had grown a few inches taller over the summer. His hair was cut shorter than usual and he looked more muscular. He suddenly laughed and...wow. Andrew had gone from being really cute to hot. Super handsome hot.

Kurt held his head high and headed over to the table.

“Hey Andrew.”
Andrew looked up. Wow. I was right to fall for him. He’s even more gorgeous now than before.

“Hi.”

Kurt smiled. “How are you? How was your summer?”

Andrew smiled bright and happy at the boy sitting across from him. “My summer was amazing. Best summer of my life.”

The boy smiled back with equal amounts of joy. Kurt looked between the two of them. They were staring at each other in that way that only lovers do. Several seconds passed and it was obvious they’d forgotten all about Kurt.

“That’s great.”

Andrew suddenly remembered Kurt was standing there.

“Yeah. Um, this is my boyfriend, Ryan Dawson. Ryan, this is Kurt.”

Ryan’s smile turned smug. “Oh, so this is Kurt.” He said it with emphasis as he looked Kurt up and down.

Kurt could only imagine what Andrew had told him. Whatever it was he figured he deserved it. He decided to remain nice despite feeling his inner bitch rising to the surface.

“Nice to meet you, Ryan. Are you new to Dalton?”

Andrew nodded enthusiastically. “Yeah, it’s crazy. We actually met at art camp up in Connecticut...”

Ryan interjected, “And we totally hit it off and then things took a turn...” The lover smile returned.

“Yeah, so we figured we’d just enjoy the summer and then...”

“My dad gets transferred to Columbus!”

“And Ryan ends up enrolling at Dalton! It’s just...it’s amazing.” Andrew reached across the table and took Ryan’s hand in his. They returned to staring at each other.

Kurt suddenly felt ridiculous. Like he was intruding on an intimate moment.

“Wow. That’s...that’s amazing. Really. That’s...that’s really wonderful.”

Andrew gave him a sincere smile. “Yeah. Thanks. How was your summer?”

Oh, nothing special. I was kidnapped, almost raped, beaten up, committed a few murders, spent time in the hospital, had sex in the back room of a gay club in Belize, and survived a constant tug-of-war between my mob boyfriend and my dad.

“It was good. Fine. Nothing special.”

Andrew nodded. An awkward silence developed so Kurt figured it was time to go.

“So, um...I just wanted to say hi. It was nice meeting you, Ryan.”

“You, too. And thank you.”
“For what?”

“For treating Andrew like shit. You did me a huge favor.”

“Ryan!” exclaimed Andrew.

Kurt allowed his inner bitch to break free. He crossed his arms and fixed his eyes on Ryan.

“You’re welcome. I just hope you’re man enough to keep him.”

He turned on his heel and left. He didn’t stop until he was back in his room. He dropped his bag and threw himself on the bed. He stared at the ceiling for a few minutes before grabbing his phone. Then he remembered.

He couldn’t call Blaine.

He couldn’t even text him.

“I won’t be able to communicate with you at all. Nothing. I won’t even have my phone. I’m sorry.”

Kurt put the phone down. He thought about how happy Ryan and Andrew looked holding hands and sharing knowing looks of love. It wasn’t fair.

Sure, it is. You didn’t choose a normal teenage boy. You chose a man who has a complicated life.

Wait…technically that’s not true. He wasn’t a complicated man when I chose him. He was just Blaine Warbler.


“No.”

Kurt sat up. Oh, God. It hasn’t been a week and I’m losing it. How am I gonna…

There was a knock at the door. Kurt opened it to find Telio standing there.

“Come on.”

“Where are we going?”

“Back to the library.”

“But why?”

Telio gave him a pointed look.

“How did you know…”

“Because I know everything.”

Kurt grabbed his bag. As they walked he looked at Telio with renewed affection and appreciation. He thought about their early conversation.

“Did you mean what you said? About me leaving Blaine.”

“I wouldn’t have said it if I hadn’t meant it.”
True. If there was one thing he could count on, it was Telio being honest.

Even when he didn’t want him to be.

He looked over the freshly cleaned bathroom with a deep sense of pride. It was shiny and spotless. Not bad for someone who’d never cleaned a bathroom a day in his life until a month ago.

His schedule was pretty straightforward. He arrived every morning at 7:00 am. Everyone on the building team entered through metal detectors at the backdoor. They were all patted down and their bags randomly searched. Only then were they allowed to stow things in the locker room, gather their cleaning tools, prepare their cart and start the day.

Given his true mission, his assigned floors were perfect: 8-13. Chartussi’s main suite of offices were on the 13th floor. There were guards everywhere, but he quickly learned that if he looked incredibly engrossed in his work they would forget he was there and start talking.

“Hey, where’s that shipment coming in from again?”

“Des Moines, Iowa. Day after tomorrow.”

“Did you pick up the guns from Freedo?”

“Yeah. They’re in Gus’s car. He’ll drive ‘em over to Brooklyn tonight.”

“Did you seen that girl Mikey picked up last night? Holy shit her tits were enormous!”

“Ayy, Mikey can’t handle that. Probably didn’t even fuck her.”

“That hijack of one of the Anderson trucks was crazy, right?”

“Yes, that shit was bold as fuck. I can’t believe we didn’t lose anybody.”

It was shocking how much detail they shared in front of him. And worrisome. His men didn’t talk this much, did they?

Everyone on the cleaning crew had 30 minutes for lunch. They usually gathered at a few picnic tables set up in the back parking lot. He never spoke to anyone but that didn’t stop a friendly Mexican man named Juan from talking to him nonstop every day. In one month he had learned that Juan had 8-year old twin daughters back in Mexico living with his mother. The girl’s mother – Juan’s then girlfriend – dropped them off one day and disappeared. Juan finally heard through friends that she had taken up with a big drug dealer and was living in the lap of luxury. She didn’t want the children back and she didn’t want Juan. Desperate for work to support his family, Juan reached out to a cousin in New York for help. The cousin arranged everything and Juan managed to fly into the United States completely legal and with all the right paperwork. It wasn’t until he arrived that he learned his cousin worked for the Chartussis. Juan had no interest in getting mixed up with drugs so the cousin helped him get a job cleaning Chartussi’s building.

“But I don’t care, ya know? I’m just glad to be here. But I miss my girls. I really miss them.”

That’s when Juan would go quiet and the two would sit in silence.

Yeah. I miss someone too.
“I’m in love with an uptown girllllll….”

Wes clapped enthusiastically. “Great job, Nick! Excellent! This is what I’m talking about guys. We can do this. We can!”

The Warblers clapped each other on the back and tried to mimic Wes’s forced enthusiasm. The loss of Blaine hit the group harder the second time around because sectionals took place in the fall. The idea of going to sectionals without Blaine seemed unthinkable. Wes and David were working overtime to instill confidence in the group.

“Alright everybody. Same time tomorrow. Thanks for the hard work.” Wes smiled reassuringly at everyone as they gathered their bags and headed out.

“Hey, Kurt you got a minute?”

Kurt nodded and sat down on the couch. He’d wondered when Wes would get around to interrogating him.

Wes waited until everyone left before sitting down next to him.

“So, how you doing?”

“I’m fine. You know. A little lonely, but I’m okay.”

“Any word?”

Kurt shook his head. “No and I don’t expect it. He was pretty clear.”

Wes nodded. “Okay. Well, the real reason I wanted to talk to you is because…I don’t know what happened, but there’s someone who wants to join, actually rejoin the Warblers, but for some reason that he won’t disclose to me, he’s terrified.”

Kurt shook his head. “What are you talking about?”

Wes looked incredibly uncomfortable but determined.

“I don’t get it. He joined last year because of you and Blaine, and now he’s…”

“Wait? Are you talking about Timothy?”

At that moment Timothy slowly emerged from a corner of the room where he’d been hiding behind a potted plant like a timid, wounded animal. Kurt stared at him.

Wow.

Timothy had grown about 3 inches taller and for the first time ever his clothes fit, actually hugging his body which was now filled out and muscular. His normally messy blonde hair had been cut short making him look older and his blue eyes were clear and rested. Kurt was reminded of the actor Chris Pine.

“Timothy? Wow. Hi.”

Timothy may have looked taller and stronger, but his voice was as quiet and broken as ever as he
wrapped his arms around himself and tried not to cry.

“Hi Kurt. I…um…I…I’m…”

Suddenly Timothy lunged forward and fell to his knees at Kurt’s feet. Kurt and Wes stared at him in shock.

“I’m sorry, Kurt! I’m sorry! I’m sorry! I didn’t know Cooper would do that to you. I…I… I wasn’t thinking clearly. I knew it was wrong, but…I was so addicted. So fucking addicted and he kept giving it to me for free, and…I knew it was wrong, but…I just couldn’t stop, and I’m so stupid, and I’m sorry! I’m sorry…”

Timothy covered his face with his hands as loud sobs wracked his body. Kurt and Wes stood there confused and speechless.

“You should cry. You almost got us all killed.”

Everyone turned to see Telio standing in the door of the music room looking at Timothy in disgust.

Kurt was completely confused. “What’s going on? What are you talking about? Telio, what is he talking about?”

Telio shook his head. “Let me guess. Blaine never told you.”

“Told me what?”

Telio looked at Timothy. “Since you’re in confession mode why don’t you tell him.”

Timothy started crying harder pushing Kurt from confusion to frustration.

“What is going on!” Kurt leaned down and gently placed a hand on Timothy’s shoulder.

“Timothy? Timothy, stop crying. I don’t know what you’re talking about. What did you do?”

“C-C-Coordinator. I…I…I helped him. I told him stuff about you and…and he used it to kidnap you. What happened to you was my fault, Kurt. It was all my fault and I’m sorry! I’m so sorry!”

“But, Timothy…that doesn’t make any sense. What could you have possibly told Coordinator about me?”

Timothy managed to look up. His eyes were red and full of tears. “A-a-about your dad’s shop. I told him how you worked there alone.”

Kurt stood up and thought back to the time he’d spent with Timothy.

What part of town do you live in?

How’s your dad’s campaign going?

Are you home alone a lot?

How often do you work at the shop?

Do you ever work there alone?

Kurt started feeling dizzy and a little sick. “You told Coordinator things about me to help him kidnap me
and kill Blaine?”

Timothy vigorously shook his head. “No! No! I mean…yeah, I told him stuff but I didn’t know he was gonna take you and try to hurt Blaine!”

“Why did you think he was asking about me? What did you think he was going to do!”

Tears continued to roll down Timothy’s face. “I didn’t know! I wasn’t thinking! He gave me so much cocaine, and…and I couldn’t stop!”

“Timothy!” screamed Kurt. “How could you? How could you do that to us? We were your friends!”

“I know! I know! I’m sorry!”

Kurt felt emotionally overwhelmed. Angry, sad, foolish and betrayed. He sat down on the couch and put his face in his hands.

Telio had moved from the doorway to leaning against the piano. He felt bad for Kurt.

*Why does Blaine always try to keep him in the dark?*

Wes was still standing there looking between Kurt and Timothy as if watching a tennis match. He was shocked and confused by everything he’d just heard and was trying to process it all. He looked at Kurt and spoke slowly.

“Um…when exactly were you kidnapped?”

Kurt looked up at him and sighed deep and long. He felt exhausted.

“I don’t…I can’t…I…”

Wes quickly shook his head. “No. No. Never mind. I’m sorry. I shouldn’t have asked.”

“No,” said Kurt. Now he felt bad for Wes. “It’s not…I just…a lot happened this summer and…it was really rough and difficult and…I just don’t want to think about it anymore. It happened, it’s over, we survived.”

Wes nodded. “Yes. Yes. Absolutely. All that matters is that you’re okay and Blaine’s okay.” He turned and looked at Telio. “And that you’re okay, too.”

Telio arched an eyebrow. “Gee. Thanks.”

Wes’s expression changed from concerned to disapproving when he turned to look at Timothy. Timothy was still on his knees with his arms wrapped tight around his body. His face was red and blotchy from all the crying.

“As for you, well now I get it. No wonder you were terrified to show your face in this room. How dare you betray the two people who tried to help you and be your friend!”

Timothy nodded and whispered, “I know. I know. I’m sorry.”

Wes assumed his in-command posture. “I’m sorry, Timothy but I can’t see how I can allow you to remain in the Warblers. You’ve broken every rule in the handbook and some that we never even thought to write.”

Timothy nodded sadly. “I understand.”
Kurt looked up. “Wait.” He looked at Timothy who was staring at the floor. “Timothy, look at me.”

Timothy slowly shifted his gaze and stared directly into Kurt’s eyes.

“I’m really, really sorry, Kurt. I swear…I didn’t know what Cooper was planning to do. If I had I would have warned Blaine. Please. You have to know that.”

Kurt stared at him. For the first time since they’d met, Timothy looked healthy. His eyes were red from crying, but there was no trace of the dead-eyed drug look he usually wore. His body looked full and strong. Despite what he’d just learned, a tiny spark of guilty forgiveness was attempting to take root. Kurt crushed it. He couldn’t. Not yet.

“I believe you, Timothy but…I can’t forgive you. Not right now…if ever.”

Timothy nodded sadly. “I know. I understand. I’m just glad you’re okay. I’m glad Blaine’s okay and that Cooper and that other guy didn’t kill you.”

“What other guy?”

“That guy. I don’t remember his name. I thought he was Telio and Blaine’s friend, but then he was about to shoot you and I shot him and…I don’t know. It was all so confusing.”

Telio had been quietly listening but now he perked up. “Hold up. You shot who?”

“That one guy. You know. The guy that came with you and Blaine when you came to my house and then we went to the warehouse.”

Telio nodded. “Yeah, I remember.”

So, that’s how he got shot. The little asshole got shot, ran to his dad’s and then showed back up at the compound. What a sneaky bastard. Rest in hell, Elian.

“Whatever happened to him?”

“He’s dead.”

Timothy’s eyes grew wide and filled with fresh tears. “You mean I…”

“No, you idiot. You didn’t kill him. He just…crossed the wrong person and got stabbed.” Telio avoided looking at Kurt who was staring at him like a deer caught in headlights.

Wes was still standing but looked like he might pass out.

“Okay. It’s getting late, and we’re all gonna miss dinner if we don’t go now, so…” Wes trailed off looking lost. He’d heard and learned way too much in one evening. Telio pushed off from his spot against the piano and walked over to Wes.

“I assume this room is Vegas.”

Wes nodded. “Of course. Blaine’s one of my closest friends. I would never do anything to hurt him, or you, or Kurt.” Wes glared at Timothy. “Or even you, Timothy.”

Timothy was staring at Kurt as if willing him to forgive him.

“Kurt…I really am sorry and I hope you can forgive me one day. Just so you know I spent the rest of the summer getting clean. For real this time. I mean it. I never wanna hurt anyone for drugs again. I
went to this super strict rehab this time. Not a country club. I had to exercise like three times a day, and there was a diet, and sessions and stuff. It was hard. Really hard…and I cried a lot, but I’m clean and I’m gonna stay that way. I promise.”

Kurt didn’t know how he was supposed to respond. At that moment he was filled with so much hatred for Timothy, but also deep sorrow. To be so addicted to cocaine that you would betray the only friends you had? And that stupid spark had turned into a tiny voice in his head.

_Being in the Warblers will help him stay clean. He needs friends. Positive influences._

Kurt shook his head.

_No. Isn’t that what you thought you were doing before? That’s what helped create this mess._

Kurt suddenly stood up. “I’m not hungry.”

And with that he walked out. Telio quickly followed him.

“You okay?”

Kurt shook his head. “No. No, I’m not. I can’t believe Timothy…and why didn’t Blaine tell me about it?”

Telio shook his head. “I really don’t know, Kurt. I assumed he had.”

They kept walking until Telio spoke again.

“I guess it doesn’t really make up for anything, but it sounds like in the end Timothy saved you from getting shot by Elian.”

Kurt was pissed. “Oh, great. So, I’m supposed to just forgive him, right?”

“I didn’t say that. I don’t give a fuck if you forgive him or not. I’m just saying…”

Kurt was too emotionally charged for this conversation.

He exploded.

“Yeah, Telio, you’re always just saying! Saying I should break up with Blaine! Saying whatever it is Blaine won’t! You’re always just saying! But you know what you won’t say? You won’t say you’re just as bad as Blaine! You climb up on your moral mountain and make pronouncements about how you’re better than him because you won’t say you love Alicia, and you want her, and you need her! Oh, no! You won’t say that! Instead you just say shit to ruin everybody else’s happiness!”

Telio didn’t move, nor did his expression change.

Kurt sagged against the bedroom door with tears running down his face.

“I’m sorry, Telio. I… I didn’t mean that. I’m just…”

Telio said nothing.

“I’m sorry. I’m… I’m going to bed.”

Kurt unlocked the door and went inside slamming it behind him. He threw his bookbag across the room and threw himself on his bed.
He cried himself to sleep.

Miles away in Florida, Anastasia Anderson prepared for her 5th date with the perfectly respectable, Brad Sanderson. She was wearing sleek white pants with a sleeveless white top that showed off her suntanned arms which were adorned with several gold bangle bracelets. Her hair hung straight down her back and she wore large gold statement earrings. As she stared at her reflection in the mirror, the bracelets took her back in time. She closed her eyes and sank into the memory.

“I realize my possessiveness is over the top, but it’s only because your beauty is so over the top. I own so much, Stasia. Beautiful cars, beautiful artwork, but by far you are the single most beautiful possession I own. And just like I lock up my other priceless, beautiful possessions, I have to lock you up as well.”

She pulled at the gold handcuffs attaching her wrists to her ankles and purred. Mario stroked her hair.

“I’m going to take you for hours, my love. I’m going to fill you and then leave you like this while I attend a meeting. I hope my cum trickling out of you will remind you of your place and why you exist. You exist for my pleasure my love, but…I’ll admit…I exist for you as well.”

“Anastasia? Honey…isn’t that outfit a little…young?”

Anastasia opened her eyes and saw her sister’s concerned face reflected behind her.

“What are you talking about?”

“I don’t know. Your arms and shoulders are all out and so much…large jewelry. Things with Brad have been going so well and you said he was taking you to meet a business associate. You don’t want to appear…unsuitable.”

“Unsuitable? Unsuitable for what?”

“Marriage.”

“Marriage? Annalise, I am not marrying Brad.”

“Why not? He’s attractive, wealthy, belongs to the right social circles, and is completely head over heels about you. You’ve been seeing him for some time now…”

Anastasia interrupted. “This is our fifth date!”

“And he keeps asking you out. Anastasia, please don’t mess this up. I just wanna see you happy.”

“Are you insane? My husband was just buried! It hasn’t even been 6 months! I am not looking to get married. Least of all to someone like Brad.”

“What’s wrong with Brad?”

Anastasia sighed. “Look, I’m glad you’re happy with a man like Doug. I really am, but what makes you happy is not what makes me happy.”

“You don’t know who or what makes you happy. You were trapped in a horrible marriage to a…”
“Stop it! You have to stop! He was my husband, Annalise and I loved him and you have been nothing but disrespectful, judgmental and pushy since I got here. I loved him! I loved him so much and you act like that meant nothing! Stop!”


“Yes, it is. My life. Mine, and I’m old enough to make my own decisions. I appreciate your concern, Annalise, but you and I…we have different wants. Needs. I’m not you. I don’t want your life, but I also don’t stand in judgement of it. I simply ask that you give me the same courtesy.”

Annalise shook her head in defeat. “I’ll let you finish getting ready.”

A&L&A&L

45 minutes later Anastasia was being helped out of Brad’s BMW by a valet and standing in front of one of the most beautiful homes she’d ever seen.

“Wow. This is beautiful.”

Brad looked at the house disapprovingly. “Yes, Lucian is known for his ridiculously extravagant taste.”

As they entered the foyer, Anastasia felt something but she didn’t know what it was. Just…something. A feeling.

The huge living room was filled with beautiful people milling about looking fashionable and fabulous. Anastasia felt validated about her outfit. She was dressed perfectly.

Brad looked around nervously seeking their host. “We’ll just say a quick hello and then get out of here.”

“Why? What’s the hurry?”

“I only agreed to stop by because he’s a new sizable investor in our firm. What possessed the board to allow his investment is beyond me.”

“What’s wrong with him?”

“You’ll see.”

As they made their way through the house and out to the back patio, Anastasia felt an increasingly nervous anticipation. She was grateful when they stepped outside into the night air.

“Ah, there he is.”

They made their way towards a cluster of people. Brad navigated his way through.

“Lucian?”

A man wearing a white suit turned from the woman he was talking to and stood up.

“Ah, Brad how nice of you…” he trailed off as his eyes landed on Anastasia. Anastasia suddenly felt breathless and entirely too warm.

Lucian reached over, took her hand and slowly rose it to his lips for a kiss. “Anastasia Anderson.”
“Do I know you?”

“No, but I knew your late husband and can I just say that his stories of being married to the absolutely most stunning woman on the planet were not exaggerated in the least.”

Lucian had long wavy black hair pulled back into a ponytail. Dark eyes, smooth dark bronze skin, his face covered in a light mustache and beard. He was wearing a white linen suit with a gold chain around his neck. He looked smooth, handsome, and dangerous.

Anastasia was mesmerized and intrigued. She’d never met anyone who knew her husband outside of their intimate world.

“You knew my husband?”

“Yes. Mario and I worked on a few projects together. I’m so sorry for your loss. He was a brilliant man.”

Anastasia nodded as she stared into Lucian’s eyes. Lucian stared back. Brad cleared his throat.

“We won’t keep you from your other guests. I just wanted to stop by to say hello and thank you for your business. We’re all very excited to have you engaged and look forward to a prosperous and successful working relationship.”

Lucian didn’t take his eyes off Anastasia. “Thank you, Brad. Anastasia, allow me to get you a drink.”

Brad shook his head. “Oh, that won’t be necessary. We’re about to…”

Anastasia cut Brad off. “A white wine, please.”

“Of course. And you, Brad?”

Brad reluctantly agreed to a brandy. Lucian snapped his fingers and the crowd sitting on the couch dispersed. A server appeared, listened intently to Lucian and hurried off.

“Please sit.”

Brad tried to maneuver in order to sit between Anastasia and Lucian, but Lucian was too quick for him. He quickly guided her so she was seated between the two men. Lucian sat down, took her hand and focused entirely on her.

“Tell me. How have you been since losing Mario? How are you doing?”

It was the first time anyone had asked her how she was doing. Not Blaine, not the business, but her.

Anastasia started talking and didn’t stop. Words poured from her as she shared her thoughts, emotions and feelings from the past 8 months. Lucian never turned away or said a word. He simply listened and nodded, holding her hand the entire time, completely oblivious to his house full of guests.

Brad sipped his brandy while growing increasingly annoyed. He’d had no intentions of staying this long. This was supposed to be a quick visit on behalf of the company and then off to a quiet dinner at Samba. Not an evening spent in the company of a questionable character like Lucian St. Mark.

Lucian didn’t move until a man came over and whispered in his ear. He gestured toward three men standing by the pool. Lucian nodded and turned back to Anastasia.
“My apologies, but I must tend to something. Promise me you won’t leave?”

Brad leapt to his feet. “Actually, we really must be going. We have reservations.”

Lucian smiled knowingly. “Of course.” He took a card out of his pocket and pressed it into Anastasia’s hand. “It was a divine pleasure meeting you. Please don’t hesitate to contact me if I can be of assistance in any way during your stay in Florida. If there’s anything…anything I can do for you, just ask and consider it done.”

Anastasia nodded. “Thank you.”

She watched Lucian walk towards the three men and disappear into the house. It felt so familiar.

And strangely comforting.

Brad placed an arm possessively around her waist and quickly guided her towards the exit. Once they were in his car Brad started talking in a rush.

“I’m so sorry. I just needed to stop by for a moment. I didn’t mean for you to get trapped with that…criminal lothario.”

Anastasia smiled.

Criminal lothario.

Oh, Annalise will not approve. Not at all.

*****

It took Anastasia 5 days and ignoring several of Brad’s calls to finally get the courage to dial Lucian’s number. He answered on the first ring.

“I was starting to think I imagined it all. That you were merely a dream.”

“I’m not in the habit of calling men.”

“I’m sure you’re not, so I’d better make it worth your while. Please honor me with the pleasure of your company for dinner this weekend. Friday at Noon through Sunday at 6:00 pm.”

“That’s a long dinner.”

“Well, it takes my private jet about 8 hours to reach Paris. “

“Oh.”

“There’s a lovely French bistro I enjoy whenever I’m there. Perfect for dinner.”

Anastasia was tempted but first and foremost she was a mob wife. Caution ran through her blood.

“If it’s okay with you I’d rather start a little closer to home.”

“Of course. Will Friday at 7:00 pm work for you?”

“Yes. I look forward to it.”

“Not as much as I.”
Anastasia hung up and sat quietly for a moment. She took a deep breath and dialed Blaine’s number. The phone rang and rang. She hung up and dialed Telio.

“Hello?”

“Telio, it’s Anastasia.”

“Hi. How are you?”

“I’m fine. I’m good. How are you, darling?”

“I’m fine. Is everything okay?”

“Yes, yes, of course. I was just…I wanted to talk to Blaine, but he didn’t answer and the voicemail didn’t come on.”

Shit.

Telio closed his eyes. Dammit. How could he tell her that the only birth son she had left was off on a dangerous mission to avenge his father? A mission he might not return from?

“Telio? Telio what’s wrong? Where’s Blaine?”

Kurt’s right. I’m always telling people shit to make them unhappy.

“He’s…out of town on business. Cleaning up a few of Mario’s accounts. Putting a few projects to bed for good.”

Anastasia gripped the phone tighter. “Does he plan to see a show while he’s gone?”

Telio was surprised. Damn she’s good.

“Possibly. You know how hard tickets are to get.”

Anastasia blinked back tears. Blaine was in New York City. He was going to try and kill Chartussi.

“Well, I hope he plans to see some friends while he’s there.”

“Um…I think…yeah he plans to see some friends definitely.”

He wasn’t about to tell her Blaine was all alone on a suicide mission.

“Okay. Please tell him to call me. I really need to talk to him.”

“I will.”

Anastasia switched gears and interrogated Telio about school and Alicia. It saddened her to hear him say he broke up with her.

“I hope you can work it out, Telio and if not, I hope you’ll meet someone else. You deserve to fall in love.”

“Can I ask you something?”

“Of course, darling.”

“Do you know if I have any family? Like…if my mother or father had brothers or sisters, or if their
parents are alive?”

Anastasia was surprised and a little embarrassed that she’d never thought of it before.

“I honestly don’t know. I don’t know if Mario tried to find out or not. He just brought you home and I immediately knew that we needed to give you a home. I wanted to give you a home. You were so sad and…I just wanted to love you and take care of you. I still want to. I know you’re a man now, but…I hope you know that despite everything…all the stuff about your mom and Mario…it doesn’t change anything. I still love you. You’re still my son and I love you.”

Telio nodded despite being on the phone. It was nice to know he was still loved.

“I better go. I gotta study.”

“Of course, darling. Take care of yourself and please tell Blaine to call me. If he can.”

Kurt woke up Friday morning feeling stiff and emotionally drained from the night before. His eyes felt glued shut from the crying and his Dalton uniform definitely did not make good pajamas. He lay there staring at the ceiling for a while before sighing deeply and climbing out of bed.

He peeled off his uniform and took a hot shower. As he stood in front of the closet pulling out a fresh jacket, pants and shirt, he paused as he reached for a tie. Ties brought back so many memories…

_He was kneeling on the floor locked in the wrist to ball restrainer. His cock was locked up tight in the cockcage and a tie was draped around his neck. They were staring into each other’s eyes. Blaine’s hazel eyes were dark with a demand for obedience, while Kurt’s warm blue swam with submission and a plea to be taken. Blaine guided Kurt’s mouth to his cock. As Kurt began to suck, Blaine picked up the ends of the tie and began to pull. Kurt struggled as the tie grew tighter and tighter around his neck. With each movement his balls were pulled, his cock pressed uselessly within the cage and Kurt drowned in the submissive cruel pleasure he was growing more addicted to everyday._

Kurt pulled himself out of his daydream and told his cock to calm down. _He’s not here and he won’t be for a long time, so stop thinking about it._

He headed to the cafeteria for breakfast and found Wes sitting at the usual Warbler table staring into space instead of eating.

“Hi.”

“Hey, Kurt. Morning.”

Kurt sat down and took a few bites of cereal. He spotted Timothy sitting alone. Great. A dose of anger and guilt to start his morning. He turned to Wes.

“Listen. I’m not ready right now, but at some point…I can’t believe I’m saying this…I think we should let Timothy come back to the Warblers.”

Wes looked horrified. “Why? Why would we do that? Based on what I heard yesterday, why would you want him anywhere near you?”

“I don’t. At least not right now, but maybe in time when I feel…I don’t know what I need to feel. I
just want you to keep it in mind. From what I’ve read addiction is hard and it’s even harder when you feel all alone. Don’t get me wrong, Wes. I hate him. I really, really hate him and I’m angry, and I feel betrayed and just… I can’t be around him yet, but… in time… when I’m ready… I think we should let him back in. Maybe it’ll help keep him clean. Besides, he does have a great voice.”

Wes stared at him. “Kurt Hummel, you really are an amazing person.”

Kurt shook his head. “No, I’m not. If I was amazing I’d say let him in now.”

“The fact that you’re even considering it makes you amazing to me. Seriously, Kurt. You’ve got a good heart.”

Kurt couldn’t help but return the smile Wes gave him.

As he headed to first bell Telio appeared by his side.

“Feeling better?”

“Yes. I’m so sorry about yesterday.”

Telio shrugged. “You were upset.”

“Still. You’ve always looked out for me and I know that hasn’t been easy because you love Blaine first and most of all, so I want you to know that I really do appreciate everything you’ve done for me. And tried to tell me.”

“Just cause I love Blaine doesn’t mean I can’t point out his bullshit. Blaine’s a selfish asshole. All Andersons are. Except Anastasia.”

They stopped at Kurt’s first bell. Kurt looked at Telio and smiled. He decided to pay Wes’s compliment forward.

“Telio, you’re really amazing.”

“What?

“You’re amazing. You’re an amazing person with a really good heart.”

Telio made a face. “Yeah. Okay. Whatever.”

Kurt laughed.

Maybe his senior year would be okay after all.

So, I struggled with where to include the Anastasia part in this chapter. It just didn’t feel right at the end, so I hope you don’t mind it being in the middle. I felt like Kurt needed a good night’s rest before his story continued. Ha!

Next chapter: Blaine’s Revenge
Chapter 31

Chapter Notes

Warnings for angst, gun violence, and reader angst.


I'll be waiting for you, even if it takes you all of your life.

I'll be waiting for you, 'till you know within yourself that you are so divine.

Baby...baby, I know what you want from you.

Can you see me? I'm divinity, and I can mean so much to you.

You're like the moon, you're like the stars, you're like the sun.

It'll more than just a lifetime to understand where we are.

So patience is nothing...

'Cause I'll do anything for you.

“I’ll Be Waiting for You”

PM Dawn

3 months.

Stay calm. Only silly men are ruled by impatience, and silly men end up dead.

It had been 3 months since he arrived and as he watched the calendar inching towards Thanksgiving, he felt impatience creeping into his bones.

On the one hand things were going well. He was well established on the job and well liked. While his co-workers found his constant silence strange, they appreciated his willingness to cover extra shifts and help out whenever or wherever necessary. Of course, this was strategic on his part. His helpfulness allowed him to learn every entrance, stairwell and the location of every security camera in the entire building. The security guards grew used to seeing him throughout the building so they didn’t question his presence on floors beyond 8-13.

The problem was how to smuggle in a weapon.

They passed through metal detectors every morning and within other sections of the building. The security cameras made hiding things nearly impossible, but he had identified a few blind areas that might work.

He’d even made it into Chartussi’s office a few times. Usually to drop off a package that had required additional security screening or to bring up a meal from the kitchen when the serving staff
was busy. Those moments were valuable for the opportunity to get a look at Chartussi’s office layout but they were also the most difficult. Being so close yet unable to strike was frustrating.

Increasingly it was becoming apparent that he would either have to steal a weapon from one of the guards or create a weapon out of something located in the building. A knife from the kitchen was beginning to look like a good possibility, but a knife meant getting up close and personal. He could be shot while trying to stab which meant he would need to take out some of the guards before attacking Chartussi.

He decided he would have to get creative.

_B&NYC&B_

Every other week he had a check in at a different diner in the city. With the exception of when he first arrived, all the meetings had been visual check ins. He’d sit at the counter sipping coffee and his contact from the Bethenson twins would sit one or two seats down and have a slice of pie. If a newspaper wasn’t placed on the counter there was nothing to communicate and they would each leave separately without speaking or making eye contact.

At that Thursday’s check in he wrote a simple message in the paper.

_Vial of arsenic._

Two weeks later he finished his coffee and walked out taking a rolled newspaper with him. He didn’t unfurl it until he was safe in his hotel room. A rather large vial of arsenic was inside along with a note.

_30 minutes for symptoms to appear. 24 hours to 4 days to 2 weeks until death depending on how much is given. He’s fat so it could be 2 weeks._

He appreciated the information, but the arsenic wasn’t for Chartussi. That would be too easy. He was determined the final death blow come from him.

And he wanted Chartussi to know it.

_B&NYC&B_

Monday morning, he strategically placed himself in the kitchen and watched the kitchen manager, Karen Marquiles rushing around trying to prepare the various breakfast orders for the different companies who had offices in the building. In setting up his offices, Chartussi had geniusly hid in plain sight. The building was a mixed-use operation. There were offices for legitimate businesses that had no idea they were sharing space with a criminal enterprise, two floors of upscale apartments rented mostly by overseas businessmen while in the US on business, and a restaurant on the ground floor. The setup gave Chartussi an upscale base of operations in the heart of Manhattan while also providing a level of protection from his enemies who didn’t want to bomb a building with so many innocent people.

“Morning, Karen.”

“Morning, morning.”

“You look stressed.”

“You know how Mondays are. People not showing up from too much weekend partying. Every damn business in the building having Monday morning meetings requiring breakfast. Wish
somebody would meet with me and feed me breakfast.”

“I’m heading up to the 13th floor. Happy to deliver anything up there for you.”

Karen paused and surveyed the trays in front of her. “I do have coffee and a pastry tray for Mr. Bigshot’s goons along with tea for his majesty. Sure you don’t mind?”

“Not at all.”

As he got off the elevator the guard gave him an amused look.

“You ain’t cleaning no more? Moving up in the world?”

“Just helping out. Didn’t want you guys getting hungry.”

He set the coffee pot and pastry tray down on the desk located across from the entrance to Chartussi’s office and then steered the cart towards the door. The guard opened the door and he entered.

Chartussi was sitting behind his huge desk talking on the phone.

“Yeah, yeah. Well tell him he’d better get his shit together, you hear me? Tell that fucker if he’s late again, I’ll chop his balls off.” Chartussi let out a huge wave of laughter.

He carefully set the teapot on the desk along with the cup, saucer, spoon and a separate plate of Danish. Chartussi paid him no attention.

Whenever he was in the office he scanned the room and tried to memorize details. There was a private bathroom, a closet, and another door that he was sure led to a back way out of the room. He figured that was going to be his best bet for actually accessing the room and hiding until the right moment, but he hadn’t been able to figure out where it might lead or how to get in on the other side.

He never lingered long when inside the office. He didn’t want to call attention to himself or have Chartussi notice him, but on this particular morning he took his time hoping to notice something that would help with his mission and renew his patience. He scanned the bookshelves filled with business books. Two shelves held rows of binders. The windows looked like they would slide open easily. No bars, but that wasn’t helpful since they were on the 13th floor. His eyes roamed up and noticed a large air vent.

Interesting.

He carefully maneuvered the cart out of the room. One of the guards raised a cup of coffee to him.

“Appreciate it.”

He nodded and headed down the hallway, head lowered to hide his smile.

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It took him another two weeks to find access to one of the air vents. He couldn’t risk someone seeing him so he came back late one evening near closing time for the restaurant. He entered the restaurant
and walked straight through the dining room, into the kitchen and to a back storage room. At closing time, the staff usually enjoyed a meal together before beginning the cleaning and closing process for the night. He figured he had about 30 minutes to explore. Using a stepstool he was able to reach the vent, unscrew the bolts and climb through. He was grateful for his lean build. Telio would have never fit.

After a few minutes of crawling he realized a problem. The air ducts were like a maze. There were paths leading everywhere to several rooms, plus this vent layout was only for the first floor. He had no idea if there was a way to access the other floors.

As he rode the train back to the hotel it hit him.

At that Thursday’s diner check-in he left a newspaper for his contact.

*Blueprints of the building.*

---

Lucian St. Mark wasn’t a mobster, but he was a criminal. Born and raised in Miami, he learned very early the difference between the haves and the havenots so he set out early to make sure he would always have.

By age 15 he was a trusted drug delivery boy for one of the key dealers of the Cambio drug cartel. He rode his bike all over the Miami business district delivering drugs to high-powered attorneys, accountants, physicians, and other prominent business men. Between the money he was paid by the dealer, and the tips from the businessmen who appreciated his service and discretion, he was able to buy his first property at age 19 – a house in a nice neighborhood for his family.

After high school, Lucian took real estate classes at the local community college and with the financial help of his cartel friends began buying real estate. He started with small strip malls he could quickly turn around and make profitable, allowing him to pay back all the money lent to him by the cartel. He knew how they operated and was determined not to be held hostage his entire life. Once the money was paid back, he moved on to larger commercial properties eventually becoming a major developer. He was careful but also a risk taker, often taking on properties no one else would touch. His risk taking paid off and by age 35, St. Mark Development was a major real estate player across Florida.

Lucian wasn’t stupid. The power of the drug cartels in Florida was strong and given their initial help he knew they would eventually come calling despite the fact that he’d paid them all off. So, he came up with a way to keep them out of his business affairs while still paying his respect. He allowed the cartels to store drugs in certain properties free of charge. Warehouses owned by the cartels were an immediate red flag for law enforcement and constantly raided. Since Lucian was known as a legitimate businessman with no ties to the drug trade, his properties were completely off the radar of law enforcement. This arrangement kept the cartels happy and away from his core business.

This was how he first met Mario Anderson. One of the Anderson’s Florida weapons smuggling routes ran straight through several of Lucian’s waterfront warehouses. Lucian had a great deal of respect for Mario. Out of all the criminals he dealt with, Mario was the only one who insisted on paying market rate for the use of his warehouses. He also respected Mario’s refusal to enter the drug game. Despite it being the way he got his start in life, Lucian hated the drug trade. He’d seen first-hand what it did to people and it fueled his decision to stay on the very peripheral edges of the business. He knew his hands weren’t 100% clean, but at least he wasn’t directly involved.

At least that’s what he told himself.
Anastasia listened intently as Lucian described his humble beginnings and how he became rich. He was honest and unashamed. In fact, he was proud.

“So, do I sell drugs? No. Am I a criminal? Maybe. I honestly don’t care. I owe them for helping me get a start in life. Let’s face it. Who else would’ve loaned a 20-something kid hundreds of thousands of dollars with no collateral, no business history, nothing? Just determination and a dream.”

“If things hadn’t worked out they probably would have killed you.”

Lucian watched her face closely. “String me up from the rafters of a barn, beat me until I choked on my blood, and then set me on fire? Maybe.”

Anastasia didn’t flinch or look away. “So, you are acquainted with my husband.”

“Your husband’s reputation was well known, but I liked him. I admired him. He didn’t take shit from people, but he was just as fair and honest as he was ruthless. He murdered with purpose and for a reason. I understand that. I operate the same way.”

Anastasia smiled. “I thought you said you were a legitimate businessman who simply had a questionable start.”

“Doesn’t mean I haven’t murdered anyone.”

Anastasia felt a hot thrill race through her chest.

“Have you ever murdered someone?”

“Of course. I said I wasn’t a drug dealer. Doesn’t mean I’m not a murderer.”

Lucian’s eyes were dark and flashed with a hint of bloodlust Anastasia recognized and knew so very well. He leaned forward and stared directly into her eyes.

“Is that a problem?”

“No. No problem at all.”

As a matter of fact, I think I prefer it.

Kurt pushed his salad around his plate as he stared at Andrew and Ryan. They were sitting together across the dining hall. They’d been talking and laughing nonstop. Their chemistry and connection was so strong and vibrant, Kurt felt like he could actually see a soft warm glow around them.

Ugh.

He shifted and tried to pay attention to the conversation at his own table, but that turned out to be a hyper excited discussion about the first Dalton/Crawford Country Day school dance. Wes, David and Trent were going back and forth about what songs the Warblers should sing while everyone else was going on about girls.

Ugh.

Kurt returned to pushing salad around his plate. Maybe he should go back to McKinley. At least at McKinley he wouldn’t have to stare at a lovey-dovey gay couple or listen to people rambling on
about a stupid dance. Well, that probably wasn’t true. Quinn was probably gearing up for her first step towards world domination as prom queen while Brittany was focused on some crazy prom theme. Hadn’t Tina posted some rant on Facebook about dinosaurs?

“Hi Kurt.”

Kurt looked up into the clear blue eyes of Timothy. He didn’t say anything.

Timothy tightened his grip on his bag and strengthened his resolve.

“Um, can I sit down for a minute?”

Kurt remained silent. *I’m not ready to forgive you, so go away.*

Timothy sat down across from him. “Okay. Um…I know you hate me and…and that’s okay. I just…I wanted to know about Blaine. I haven’t seen him since school started, and…I just…I was worried. Is he okay?”

Timothy shrank back from the look of loathsome anger in Kurt’s eyes.

“So, now you’re concerned about Blaine? Really? Seriously? Are you kidding me?”

“I…yes. I’m concerned. I know how dangerous his life is and…”

“Yes, Timothy, his life is dangerous. Especially with friends like you.”

Timothy stood up. “I’m sorry. I didn’t mean to upset you all over again. I just wanted…never mind. I’m sorry.” He turned to leave.

Kurt sighed. “He’s fine. He’s… taking care of things. He’ll be back in January.” *I hope.*

Timothy sat back down. “The construction company, or…you know.”

“Let’s just say both.”

Timothy nodded. He closed his eyes and clenched his fists under the table.

He wanted a hit.

Needed a hit.

So fucking bad.

But he was determined. He thought about what his counselor told him. That the desire for the high might never go away and could even intensify when he felt sad or stressed. Cocaine had always been a way to relieve those feelings, even if only for a little while. Now he had nothing.

And he felt sad and stressed all the time.

Kurt was watching him. “Are you okay?”

Timothy opened his eyes and realized how he must have looked.

“Sorry. I just…it’s really hard sometimes. I’m not using, but I’m still addicted.”

Kurt felt renewed anger. “After everything that happened, you still want it?”
“Every minute of every day. It was my best friend. My only friend.”

Kurt bit down on the comment sitting on his tongue. *No, not your only friend. We were your friends and you sold us out.*

Instead he rolled his eyes. “Some friend.”

Timothy stared at the table. He could see three imaginary coke lines just waiting to make him feel better. “Yeah.”

The tiny forgiveness spark reignited and flitted around Kurt’s brain. *Tell him you forgive him and that he should rejoin the Warblers.*

Instead he stood up and picked up his tray. “Thanks for asking about Blaine.”

---

He sat on the bed in his hotel room eating an apple and studying the blueprints. It took his contact three weeks of phone calls and well-placed bribes to get a copy from the NYC Department of Planning and Development. As he studied the layout of the building a plan began to form in his mind.

A week later he decided to run a test.

Thursday evening, he returned to the building near closing time for the restaurant. He stopped in the backroom to grab a stepstool and headed out the service door on to the main floor. From there he took the steps to the 8th floor. He was in great shape but lugging the stepstool up eight flights of stairs was difficult. He made a mental note that if this worked he’d have to hide it ahead of time.

He headed to the restroom. Standing on the stepstool allowed him to reach the vent. He removed the cover and hoisted himself up and inside. He crawled along the path he’d mapped out from the blueprints until he found what he was hoping for.

It was a wall space with climbing indentions like a ladder. It would allow him to climb up to the next floor. He snaked his way through the vents and up the climbing spaces until he reached the 13th floor. He got confused and turned around several times, but eventually he reached the vent to Chartussi’s office.

The office was empty.

He sat still for several minutes trying to decide if he should take a chance and enter the office. It was after hours so no one was around, but that could change in a second. Chartussi rarely held evening meetings at the building, but it wasn’t unheard of. Anyone could walk in at any moment.

Nothing ventured, nothing gained.

He quickly removed the vent cover and jumped down.

He headed straight towards the door he’d always figured was a getaway passage. He was shocked to find it was a bedroom. It had gold walls, a large beautifully made up king size bed with a gold comforter, and a large flat screen TV on the wall. It didn’t look like anyone had ever slept there. There was a small bathroom, a closet and another door. He opened it and was thrilled to find that it was indeed a hidden passageway. It wasn’t on the blueprints, but he’d figured Chartussi would never set up an office without a second way out.

The passageway was dark and smelled musty. As he slowly walked down the steps, dim motion
sensor lights turned on. Each flight of steps was long and he figured they covered two floors at a time. At the bottom was another door. He listened for 10 minutes in hopes of being able to figure out where it led by the voices, but they didn’t sound familiar. He decided not to push his luck by opening it.

The slog back up the stairs was exhausting. He actually spent a few minutes sitting in the gold bedroom to catch his breath. As he sat there it dawned on him that he could hide a gun in the room and Chartussi would probably never know. He checked the cabinet under the bathroom sink. It was empty. Perfect.

He decided it would be best to leave the same way he came. Since he didn’t have a stepstool, he had to slide a small table over in order to reach the vent. He wondered if Chartussi would notice the small change or even realize someone had been in his office.

He finally made it back to the 8th floor bathroom. He returned the stepstool to the kitchen back room and headed out the delivery door.

By the time he reached the hotel he was exhausted but triumphant. As he fell asleep he smiled.

Two weeks.

The Dalton campus was buzzing with excitement about next Friday’s dance. It was all anyone wanted to talk about.

Except Kurt.

The upcoming dance reminded him of a happier time when he and Blaine were still innocent and falling in love. When a trip to the mall for a new outfit ended in a fight about the gun in Blaine’s bathroom and to Kurt learning the truth about Blaine’s family.

And Blaine’s insistence that he would never be a part of his family’s business.

"I don't want any part of my family's business. I'm not a criminal and I never will be."

"So, you don’t have anything to do with… anything?"

"No, I don't. That's my father's world, not mine. I promise. Nothing will happen to me. I don't get involved in my father's world. His world is not mine. My world is Dalton…and you."

Kurt almost felt embarrassed at how naïve he’d been. How naïve they’d both been.

But as the week of the dance arrived, Kurt renewed his promise to himself to focus on having a great senior year despite Blaine’s absence.

And nothing made Kurt happier than having a project.

K&D&D

Tuesday during lunch, Kurt searched for his old roommate, Doug.

“Hi Doug.”

“Hey, Kurt! How you doing?”

“I’m good. Can I talk to you for a minute?”
“Sure.” Doug shoved the guy sitting next to him. “Move over.”

Kurt was about to ask Doug if they could speak privately, but the guys at the table were busy rearranging themselves to make room while glancing curiously between Doug and Kurt. While Dalton’s anti-bullying policy meant no one harassed students about being gay, it didn’t mean homophobia had been banned from existence. Students just kept their comments to themselves or among their like-minded friends. While no one had ever said a word to him, he was sure some of the guys at the table were not fans.

Doug patted the space next to him. Kurt felt he had no choice but to sit down. Once he was settled, everyone at the table appeared ready to listen.

“Um, I didn’t mean to interrupt your lunch.”

“No problem. What’s up?”

Kurt felt everyone at the table lean in.

“Uh, well, I was hoping you could help me find out something for this Friday’s dance.”

Doug furrowed his brow in confusion. “What do ya need to know?”

Kurt looked around the table nervously. He really hadn’t planned on having this conversation so publicly.

“Um…well, are you currently seeing anyone? From Crawford! Are you seeing one of the girls from Crawford?”

There were muffled laughs around the table, but Doug didn’t seem to care.

“I’ve been chatting with this girl named Ashley. We’re not girlfriend/boyfriend, but…ya know. I’m working on it.”

Kurt nodded encouragingly. “Okay. Great. Well, would you mind asking her if Alicia Wilder is planning to go?”

“Alicia?”

“Yes. Remember her? We all got coffee together last year?”

Doug nodded. “Yeah, I remember. Telio took his douche level to new heights that day.”

“He’s not a douche. He’s just shy.”

“Whatever. Why do you wanna know? You still trying to play matchmaker?”

“Something like that. Will you find out and let me know?”

“Sure. No problem.”

“Thanks. I appreciate it.” Kurt stood up to leave.

“Hey, where’s Blaine? I haven’t seen him all semester.”

“He’s taking care of somethings with his family. He’ll be back in January.”
“You doing okay?”

Kurt was touched by the obvious concern in Doug’s voice, especially since they were surrounded by guys who would probably give him a hard time later.

“Yeah, I’m doing okay. Thanks for asking.”

Doug nodded. “Okay. Well, I’ll let you know what I find out.”

“Thanks, Doug. I really appreciate it.”

K&T&K&T

That evening, Kurt worked up his determination and knocked on Telio’s door. Telio opened it in seconds.

“What’s wrong?”

Kurt stood speechless for a moment. Telio was only wearing briefs and wow, wow, wow. As a gay man how had he never noticed…

“Oh, um, nothing’s wrong. I just came by to talk.”

Telio grabbed a shirt and a pair of sweatpants from one of his drawers while Kurt walked in and closed the door. Telio sat down on the bed and gestured to the desk chair. Kurt sat down and pulled himself together.

“So, Telio, how are you?”

“You came here to ask me how I’m doing?”

“Well…sure…yeah. We don’t do enough of that.”

“Let’s not start.”

“Telio, do you have any friends? Any social activities of any kind?”

“Why?”

“Just wondering.”

“No.”

“Don’t you think you should?”

Telio sighed in annoyance. “Kurt, what the hell do you want?”

“I want you to go to the dance with me.”

“Why?”

“Because I wanna go but I don’t wanna go alone.”

“You won’t be alone. You’ll be performing with the Warblers.”

“Yeah, but most of them have girlfriends they plan to meet up with. After we sing I’ll be by myself.”
“I’m not gonna dance with you.”

“I wouldn’t expect you to. Just keep me company.”

Telio studied him for a moment. “Why do you really want me to go?”

“I told you. I wanna go but not alone.”

“Bullshit. Let me guess. You think Alicia will be there.”

Kurt crossed his legs and fixed his face with his most innocent expression. “That actually hadn’t occurred to me.”

Telio stood up and opened his bedroom door. “Goodnight, Kurt.”

“So, what if she is there? Would that be such a bad thing?”

“Get out.”

Kurt stood up and headed out the door. He turned around.

“So, will you come?”

“Goodnight, Kurt”

Kurt smiled. At least it wasn’t a no.

He stood in front of the entrance to the restaurant and took a deep breath. He tightened his grip on the brown lunch bag he was holding.

This was it. The big test.

All these months the challenge of getting a gun into the building had plagued him, but a few days earlier while washing the door windows he’d noticed something.

The restaurant entrance didn’t have a metal detector.

He couldn’t believe it. It was such a huge miss from a security standpoint but the more he thought about it the more it made sense. Chartussi’s holding company leased the space. The restaurant owner probably didn’t see a reason for metal detectors and since Chartussi never visited the restaurant it would never occur to him to have them installed.

So, tonight was the test. If he could get a gun in through the restaurant, he could hide it in the vent.

He gripped the brown paper bag tight and pushed open the door. He walked in quickly and made his way through the restaurant. As usual, no one paid any attention to him. He walked through the kitchen and to the back room. He quickly grabbed the stepstool, removed the vent and climbed in. His plan was to hide the bag near the interior climb space. He’d been crawling through the vents for the past two weeks to make sure he knew he way around, but tonight he was incredibly nervous. If he got caught with a gun things would go south in seconds.

He crawled quickly, taped the bag to the vent wall and quickly made his way back to the backroom vent. As he was climbing down the door opened and a restaurant server entered to get clean tablecloths. He let out a small yelp.
“What are you doing?”

He didn’t miss a beat. “Had a report about a blockage in the vent. I was doing a preliminary check before calling in an HVAC technician.”

“Oh. Okay. You startled me.”

“Sorry about that.”

He didn’t breathe fully until he was safely on the train. He let his head fall back and closed his eyes.

*Just a few more days.*

**B&NYC&B**

That Thursday he met his contact at the diner.

He left a newspaper on the counter.

His contact opened the paper once he was in his Town car.

*Next Friday.*

He instructed his driver to wait. He opened the door when he saw him exit the diner.

“A moment.”

He quickly stepped into the car and they pulled off.

“Are you sure you’re ready?”

“Yes.”

“You realize that once you do this everything will change.”

“Isn’t that the point?”

“I thought revenge was the point.”

“That too. No matter what happens, you’ll make sure my family is safe?”

“Of course.”

Several minutes of silence passed before the contact spoke again.

“You realize that we won’t be able to intervene if something goes wrong. We can’t do anything that would ever trace this back to us.”

“I understand.”

The contact instructed the driver to pull over.

“Good luck.”

---

That Friday, Kurt stood in front of his mirror and rechecked his outfit. He’d decided to wear the jeans Blaine had bought him the year before with a different shirt. As he stared in the mirror the
question he was always trying to avoid ran through his mind.

Where is my boyfriend?

Kurt was busy enough during the day that he managed not to think about it. He joined the Shakespeare Club and the Dalton School Beautification Committee. He forced himself to spend more time with the Warblers, even if it meant flipping through a magazine while they played video games or watched a big game on TV.

But nighttime was an entirely different story.

Some nights he missed Blaine so much it hurt. The longing to be kissed, touched, fucked, was overwhelming. And then there was the worry. All Kurt knew was that Blaine was alone, undercover, somewhere in New York City, trying to kill someone named Chartussi. He didn’t know if Blaine was working alone or with other people, but the fact that Telio wasn’t with him scared Kurt. He tried not to let his imagination spiral out of control, but more than once he’d woken up in the middle of the night terrified by a recurring dream of Blaine lying at the bottom of a flight of stairs covered in blood. He didn’t know why it was always at the bottom of a flight of stairs. He’d thought about mentioning it to Telio, but he was too scared. He felt like saying it out loud would take it from scary dream to reality.

Kurt pushed the worry from his mind and tried to focus on how great he looked and his plans for the evening. Doug had come through with the information he needed. Alicia was attending in hopes of seeing Telio. Kurt planned to make sure that happened.

He took a final look in the mirror and headed to Telio’s room. Telio opened the door with his usual scowl. He was wearing a light blue button-down shirt with dark blue jeans.

“Telio, you look great. So handsome.”

“Let’s just get this over with.”

K&T&A&K

As was tradition, the boys of Dalton Academy lined up and waited impatiently for the girls to arrive. This time Kurt wasn’t shocked when the room erupted in squeals of joy when the girls entered. The song, “What Do You Mean” by Justin Bieber filled the room and people rushed the dance floor. As the area by the door cleared, Kurt spotted Alicia almost immediately.

Wow.

Kurt was starting to get a tiny complex about height. Had everyone grown 3 inches over the summer? Add in the two-inch heels she was wearing and Alicia could easily pass for a runway model. She was wearing a pink sleeveless dress that barely hit above the knee. Kurt was surprised the Crawford staff let her get away with it.

They spotted each other at the same time and quickly ran to each other.

“Kurt!”

“Alicia!”

They embraced and held each other for several long seconds. They each searched the others face with concern.
“How was your summer, Kurt?”

Alicia was one of the few people he didn’t feel the need to lie to.

“Rough. What about you?”

“Scary and eventful.”

Kurt nodded. “Yeah. That’s a great description of my summer as well.”

Without turning around, Kurt knew the moment Telio approached them. The instant look of love in Alicia’s eyes was unmistakable.

Telio stood a few feet away staring at her.

*God she’s beautiful. Why does she always have to be so fucking beautiful?*

Kurt took Alicia’s hand and pulled her over to Telio.

“Hi.”

“Hi.”

They stood there staring at each other until Kurt surprised them both by pushing them towards a small room off of the main hall.

Telio frowned. “Where are we going?”

“Right over here.”

Wes was standing guard at the door. He nodded as Kurt pushed Telio and Alicia inside the room and closed the door.

“Okay. Both of you sit down.”

Telio was about to protest, but Alicia took his hand and pulled him down next to her on the couch. She smiled and Telio immediately relaxed. She was the only person in the world who had that effect on him.

Kurt placed his hands on his hips, cleared his throat, and gave them both a stern look.

“So, this is an intervention. It’s for both of you, but mostly for Telio.”

Alicia laughed while Telio shot Kurt a death look. Kurt was undaunted.

“Telio, you love her. You love her more than you’ve probably loved anyone besides your mother and Blaine, and yet you’re being stupid. Yes, you and Blaine live dangerous lives. And yes, being with you is risky, but you know what? Life is dangerous and risky! And, you know what else? Fear of danger is a waste of time, especially for us. The danger already struck. It attacked, I survived and I’m still not going anywhere.”

Kurt paused for a moment to catch his breath. Alicia sat fascinated while Telio just looked at him with a blank expression. Kurt focused on Alicia.

“Alicia…this summer I was kidnapped. I was kidnapped, almost raped, thrown down a flight of stairs, and both Blaine and Telio almost died rescuing me, but I’m still here. I survived. We survived.
And I still love Blaine. I’m telling you this so you understand why Telio’s been fighting his feelings so hard. He saw what happened to me and he’s scared it could happen to you. That’s why he keeps running from you. But, if you love him, Alicia, I mean really, truly love him, then don’t let him chase you away. Yes, it’s risky and it’s dangerous, but I believe it’s worth it. Men like Telio and Blaine…I’ve come to the conclusion that they love harder and better than anyone because of the constant danger they live under. They understand better than anyone else how precious and fleeting happiness and the joy of love can be, so their love…it’s harder, stronger, and more intense than anyone else’s love and that kind of love is worth it.”

Kurt stopped because Alicia was staring at him with the strangest expression. She looked like she wanted to say something but wasn’t sure. She looked at Telio who seemed to read her mind. He nodded.

“Kurt…I…I killed a man this summer. He broke into my house…he came to kill me to get to Telio and Blaine and I killed him. I killed him. I stabbed him with a knife…I…I still can’t believe it sometimes, but I did. I killed a man.”

She paused for a moment as she felt overwhelmed by the relief of finally being able to confide in someone. Kurt understood. He took her hand and squeezed while nodding encouragingly.

“I guess what I’m trying to say is that I get it. I know the danger. I’ve experienced it and…” She turned to face Telio. “And I still love you. I still want to be with you. I’ve been trying to get you to see that. I love you, Telio. Just like Kurt I know the risks. I’ve experienced the danger and I’m still here. I’m not going anywhere.”

Telio sighed and shook his head as he looked between Kurt and Alicia.

“You two…you just don’t understand.”

Alicia wasn’t having it. “What don’t I understand? Someone tried to kill me because of my relationship with you and yet I’m not running away! Why can’t you see that means I love you?”

“It’s not just the danger. You wanna go to college, work for the UN one day. That’s going to require a security clearance. How do you think you’re going to get that if you’re connected to a criminal? Your parents hate me. You’re their only child, Alicia. I don’t wanna come between you and your parents. This can’t work. Us being together…it’s just going to cause trouble in addition to the danger. I don’t wanna ruin your life.”

Alicia stepped forward and took his face in her hands. “You won’t ruin my life. You make my life wonderful. You fill my life with a love I could only dream about. Telio, we’ll figure out my parents and who knows what I’ll really end up doing after college. Please, please don’t try to answer all the questions before they’ve been asked. Let’s just live right now. Day by day. Okay?”

Telio stared into her eyes. I love her. I don’t wanna let her go. I should let her go, but…dammit. I don’t want to. I can’t.

Telio pulled her to him and kissed her with all the pent-up emotion, lust and longing he’d been trying to squash.

Kurt smiled and quickly left as it became obvious they were just getting started.

Wes looked at him questioningly. “Well?”

“Well, all is well. Thanks for your help. I’ll take it from here.”
Wes glanced at the door. “Uh, are they gonna be long? The only reason no one came over is because it’s early. In another 20 minutes people are going to be looking to escape the noise.”

Kurt grinned. “I can’t comment on Telio’s…prowess but that might be enough time.”

For a second, Wes was confused. “Telio’s prowess? What are you…?” He looked at the door and back at Kurt. “Oh! Seriously?” Wes looked around nervously for the teachers. “Shit! We’re all gonna get expelled.”

Kurt cracked up laughing at the look of slight terror on Wes’s face. Wes planted himself firmly in front of the door like a sentry guard.

“Maybe this’ll make him loosen up some. Stop being so serious.”

Kurt smiled and shook his head. “I doubt it.”

Wednesday morning, he stopped by the kitchen to pick up the coffee, tea and pastry tray for Chartussi and his men. It had become a regular part of his schedule. No problem. He was happy to help Karen out.

He rolled the cart out of the kitchen and down the hall. He half turned the corner and stopped. He glanced around and then reached into his underwear to pull out the vial of arsenic. He sprinkled some on the powdered donuts, sprinkled a small amount in the tea and poured the rest into the coffee carafe. He swirled it around to mix it in before continuing to the elevator.

“Morning.”

“Morning.”

Coffee and pastry tray on the desk.

The men didn’t waste time fixing their cups of coffee and grabbing their favorite donuts.

He pushed the cart into Chartussi’s office right as he was coming out of the bathroom. Yuck.

Chartussi stood there fixing his pants and belt as he placed the pot of tea, cup and saucer on the desk. Chartussi glanced at him and then took a second look.

“You like being an errand boy janitor?”

He shrugged.

“Hmph.” Chartussi moved behind his desk and proceeded to pour a cup of tea. “Ya know, I’m always looking for good guys to hire. Guys who know how to work hard and keep their mouths shut. If you’re interested.” He took a sip of tea.

He kept his eyes on the floor. “I’ll think about it.”

Chartussi looked at him. *Guy doesn’t seem too bright, but that’s not always a bad thing.*

“You do that, and if you decide you’re tired of cleaning shitty toilets, you let Mike out there know, okay?”

“Yeah. Okay. Thanks.”
He quickly pushed the cart out of the office.

Chartussi watched him leave, shook his head and took another sip of tea.

Lucian watched as Anastasia stood up from the dining room table and walked out on to the patio. She stared out at the night sky and the lights of Miami. She’d been quiet all evening. At first Lucian thought it was because this was the first time they were dining at his home. He had no intentions of pushing her for sex, but she had no way of knowing that. Over dinner he told her how much he enjoyed their time together and that he was willing to follow her lead. He respected the fact that she was still a relatively new widow. No pressure. For anything.

She smiled and thanked him but remained quiet.

He followed her out on to the patio and placed his hands on her shoulders. Wow. The tension in her shoulders…

“Anastasia, please tell me. What’s wrong?”

Mario had taught her to trust no one but him.

And now you’re gone. Who do I trust now?

More than once her mind had wandered to Luther, but she was scared. After what happened with Blaine in the barn…

“Please, Anastasia. Maybe I can help.”

Help.

That’s exactly what she needed. What she had a feeling her son needed.

She turned to Lucian and searched his eyes. He was staring at her with so much concern.

Maybe I can trust him.

Everyone in our world is a criminal, Stasia. And you can never trust a criminal.

But, he’s not a part of our world. Not really.

That makes him even more dangerous. Never trust an outsider.

“I’m sorry I’ve been so distant this evening. I’ve just been preoccupied with thoughts of home. My Ohio home.”

“I understand. I’m sure you miss your sons. Have you spoken with them recently?”

“I…” Anastasia stopped and studied him for a moment. “Lucian…have you ever heard of a man named Frank Chartussi?”

Lucian frowned. “Yes. I’ve heard of him. I don’t know him personally and from what I’ve heard, I don’t care to. Why?”

Trust no one, Stasia. No one.

“I was just wondering.”
Friday morning.

5:00 am.

He lay in bed staring at the ceiling.

Today.

The beginning of a new empire.

Or his last day on earth.

Either way, he was ready.

After a hot shower he stared at his reflection in the mirror. His hair was so long that he now wore it in a ponytail.

*I wonder what he’d think of the ponytail?*

He dressed and packed everything he arrived with in his back pack. He packed the few clothes he’d brought in another bag. He planned to gift them to a homeless man he passed every morning. An early Christmas present.

He stopped at the front desk and laid his key on the counter. The hotel clerk, Jessie felt like crying

“You leaving?”

“Yes. It’s time.”

“Gonna miss you.” *Gonna miss your cash. I’ve pocketed every dime you’ve paid since arriving.*

“I bet you are.”

“You come back anytime, kay? I’ll always hook ya up.”

“Thanks. See ya.”

Jessie watched him leave. Damn. He was hoping for one more month of cash. Would’ve come in handy for the holidays.

He followed his normal routine with the exception of dropping off the bag of clothes along with $500 in cash. The homeless man started crying and insisted on hugging him while thanking him effusively. It took several minutes for him to escape.

As he took his seat on the train he hoped it wasn’t his last ride. The train was one of the things he’d really come to love.

He took one more detour on his way to the building. He stopped at one of the few pay phones left in the city. It was 6:40 am. He dropped in a bunch of quarters.

He held the receiver tight. This was his one deviation from the plan. But, if today was his last day on earth…

He smiled at the sleepy “Hello?”

“I love you. Don’t say my name. I love you.”
The sleep disappeared instantly. “Hi. Oh, my God. Hi.”

He closed his eyes. Oh, how he’d missed that voice. “I love you and I just want to thank you for loving me back. In spite of everything, you loved me back and I’m so grateful. Thank you.”

“Not past tense. I still love you. I love you. I love you. I love you so much. Please… I miss you. I love you and I miss you. Please come home.”

He could hear the tears. “Don’t cry. I gotta go. I love you. Forever. No matter what I’ll love you forever.”

“Please, when…”

“Don’t. I love you.”

“I love you, too! I love you, too!”

He hung up. He stood still for a moment hoping the pain in his chest would subside before his next call.

It didn’t.

She answered on the third ring. “Hello.”

“Mama, I forgive you.”

“Oh… my darling. Are you alright?”

“I’m fine. I… I love you, mom. I just wanted you to know.”

“I love you too, sweetheart. Please be careful. I can’t take…”

“I know. I will. Love you.”

He hung up quickly and headed towards the building.

Kurt sat on his bed sobbing.

He couldn’t stop.

He didn’t know what was about to happen, but he knew it was possible he’d just heard Blaine’s voice for the last time.

He climbed out of bed, threw on a shirt and ran down the hall to Telio’s room. As usual, Telio opened the door in seconds. He took one look at Kurt and pulled him into his room. Kurt hadn’t planned on it, but he fell into Telio as if pushed. Telio wrapped his arms around him and held him tight.

“It’s gonna be okay, Kurt. He’s gonna be fine.”

Kurt cried until his eyes hurt to the point of being unable to produce tears.

Telio held him until they had no choice but to get ready for class.

Anastasia stared at her diamond wedding ring. It was a 14 carat custom made ring specifically
designed for her by Mario. She remembered throwing it at him when she found out the truth of who
he was and what he did for a living. She had hated, feared and loved him all at the same time in that
moment. Eventually the hate evaporated and only the fear and love remained, but even the fear
wasn’t an afraid fear. No. It was something she would never be able to explain to anyone. How
could fear wrapped in love work? Add in their passionate sexual addiction to one another and their
entire relationship sounded crazy. But, she loved him. God, how she loved that man.

But now he was dead.

And she was alive.

And she needed to keep her son alive.

She slipped the ring off her finger and placed it in her jewelry box.

And picked up the phone.

“Lucian? I…I need your help. Actually, I think my son might need help. I really don’t know, but
remember the other night when I asked you about Frank Chartussi…”

The building was buzzing with the news.

A bunch of the security guards were seriously sick and in the hospital. Food poisoning was
suspected. The owner of the downstairs restaurant was furious that people in the building thought it
was his food. The guards didn’t eat at his place. He blamed the nasty food truck around the corner.

He started his normal routine.

The 13\textsuperscript{th} floor was quiet. Only two guards were at the desk. New guys.

He took extra care dusting the credenza in the hallway.

“What time you say he’s getting in?”

“Not until 2:00 pm. Ain’t feeling well. Wonder if he ate whatever the fuck they ate.”

“Nah. He dines hoity toity. He don’t eat garbage.”

2:00 pm.

Okay.

He had his usual lunch with Juan. For the past few weeks all Juan had talked about was school
tuition for his daughters. Apparently, they had tested really well on some standardized exam. The
school was strongly recommending they transfer to a private school in town for gifted children, but it
was expensive. Juan was contemplating a third job or maybe going to work on what he called, “the
other side,” but he really didn’t want to.

“I know the money is good, but I don’t wanna be a stereotype, ya know? Another Mexican drug
dealer. I wanna do stuff the right way. Stay honest.”

He listened and nodded until lunch was over.

At 5:00 pm, Juan went to get his coat and lunch bag from his locker. An envelope fell out. Inside
was enough cash to cover the tuition for his daughter’s school plus enough extra for him to go home.
for Christmas.

Stay honest.

It’s for the best.

Feliz Navidad.

He looked around but didn’t see anyone.

He reread the note.

He walked down to his lunch buddy’s locker and opened it.

Empty.

B&C&B&C&B

He was hot.

The heat for the building had been turned on.

Fortunately, it wasn’t super cold outside so it wasn’t on full blast. Just enough to take the chill out of rooms.

And to make sweat drip from his brow and down his back as he made his now familiar way through the vents towards Chartussi’s office. As he crawled he stopped along the way to collect the guns, knives and ammo he’d smuggled in over the past two weeks.

His plan was pretty simple. He’d loosened the screws to the vent cover in Chartussi’s office the week before. His hope was to get off a few shots before jumping down from the vent. He would make sure Chartussi knew who he was and then kill him. He had a silencer on his gun so he hoped the guards wouldn’t hear anything. He planned to escape through the hidden passage.

As he approached the vent he could hear voices. He settled on his stomach and peered through the slats. He could see four men, two standing and two sitting. Chartussi was sitting behind his desk looking pale and coughing every few minutes.

“…seems to have disappeared. No one’s seen him in months.”

“That’s because…” Chartussi coughed. “…he’s in school.” More coughing. “The little asswipe is still…” Coughing again. “…a fucking schoolboy.” Chartussi fell into a violent coughing fit. The men looked at each other nervously. What if it wasn’t food poisoning? What if it was contagious?

One of the men shook his head. “No. We have it on good authority that he’s not in school. His lover is there along with the Black kid, but Anderson’s not there.”

“I thought the Black kid was his bodyguard?” said one of the other men.

The other guy shrugged. “Maybe he left him to watch over his butt boy.”

Chartussi sat back and closed his eyes. “Alright. Find out where he is. I wanna know. Do it now.”

He waved his hand signaling them to clear the room. The men gratefully left.

I’m right here, you fat fuck.
He waited a few minutes to give the men time to leave the floor.

Chartussi opened his eyes and stood up. He really needed to get home. He felt like shit. He pushed the button under his desk to signal for his car.

Blaine pushed the vent cover. It hit the floor with a louder than expected crash.

Chartussi looked up and immediately fell back, more from shock than the bullet that hit his chest. Blaine jumped down and fired again. Chartussi yelled as the bullet grazed his cheek and nearly took his ear off. The door flew open and two men ran in. Blaine shot the first one clear in the chest, but the second managed to get off a shot that hit him in the shoulder. He managed to fire at the man’s head as he fell backwards. He scrambled back and flipped over a table to take cover. He barely managed to get behind it before Chartussi was shooting at him. Chartussi fired several times before making his way to the bedroom door. Blaine stood up to follow but was greeted by another hail of bullets. One struck his side.

*Shit!*

He stayed behind the table and picked off the men one by one as they came through the door. Once the last man was shot he reloaded and forced himself to stand.

*Fuck! Fuck! Fuck!*

The pain was hell.

He staggered through the bedroom to the hidden passage and started down the stairs. He could hear Chartussi breathing hard as he shuffled down the stairs. Between his size, being shot and his arsenic weakened system, he was struggling.

Blaine was struggling too.

He wasn’t losing blood fast, but he was losing it and the pain was making his mind fuzzy. He had to fight to stay conscious. He started screaming.

“Come back here, you fat motherfucker! You fucking coward!”

Chartussi looked up and tried to gage the distance between them. He stopped on the landing between two flights of stairs and waited for Blaine to come into view. Blaine half staggered, half fell into the wall on the landing above. There was a flight of stairs between them – him at the top and Chartussi at the bottom. Blaine raised his gun.

Chartussi had a gun, but he was having trouble gripping it. His hand muscles went limp and the gun slid out of his hand to the floor. He couldn’t tell if his attacker noticed or not. Okay. He’d have to talk his way out of this. He had no idea who this guy was or who sent him, but he looked young and the other day he seemed pretty slow. Yes. He could talk his way out of this. Him versus a dumb kid. He could do this.

“Don’t shoot! Don’t shoot! Let’s just talk for a minute! I don’t know who sent you, but we can figure this out!”

Blaine’s arm felt like lead but he managed to hold on to the gun and keep it pointed at Chartussi’s head.

“You wanna know who sent me! I’ll tell you who sent me! My father, Mario Anderson!”
Chartussi was shocked. This was baby Anderson? How the hell… Okay. Never mind that. His men were on the way. He just had to keep the kid talking.

“Your father was a smart man! He knew how to negotiate! I’m guessing you do too!”

Blaine shook his head. “No! We can’t negotiate because you can’t give me what I want!”

“Of course, I can! I can give you New York! We can reach an agreement about New York!”

“That’s not what I want!”

“What then? Name it!”

Blaine cocked the gun. “I want my father back.” He shot Chartussi square between the eyes. His body fell and rolled down the stairs.

Blaine sagged against the wall.

Chartussi was dead.

Finally.

Clutching his side with one hand and his gun in the other he slowly made his way down the steps. When he reached Chartussi’s body he shot him five more times. Three in the chest and two in the head. Just for good measure.

He continued staggering down the stairs.

He could hear when the men reached Chartussi’s body. He was counting on them stopping there versus continuing down. Hopefully they would think he’d already escaped.

He was still moving, one step at a time, but his reality was skewed. He thought he was moving at a fairly normal pace.

In reality he was moving very, very slowly. Each foot falling slow and heavy on each step.

Every movement increased his pain.

With each step he smeared blood on the wall.

Both his body and mind were starting to fade.

He kept moving.

Just…need…to…reach…the…

Blaine tumbled down the final flight of stairs, landing unconscious at the bottom.

The motion sensor lights went out.

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No, I have not left Blaine to die in the dark at the bottom of a flight of stairs.
Actually…hmm? Maybe I just did.
Chapter 32

Chapter Notes

The pacing of the first part of this chapter feels fast to me, but I couldn’t get it to slow down. I’m assuming it’s because this is exactly how it flowed through my head. As for timing, the phone call to Natalia happens the moment Blaine fires the first shot.

Chapter 32

Natalia studied the nails of her right hand as the nail technician finished the left.

“Sweetie, when you’re done I’m gonna need you to redo this pinky.”

The nail tech nodded. This bitch was always so picky.

Natalia’s phone rang. Normally she ignored all calls during her weekly manicure, but the initials LSM popped up. Well, well, well. What on earth could Loverboy Lucian want. She pulled her hand away to pick up her phone and extended her pinky to the nail tech. “Go ahead and do this one while I take this call.”

The nail tech nodded. Picky and rude.

“Why hello, sunshine.”

“Hello, Natalia. How are you?”

“Gorgeous with a tight body.”

Lucian laughed. That was definitely true. Natalia was one of the hottest women he knew. And the deadliest.

“You won’t hear me disagree with that.”

“It’s true so there’s nothing to disagree with. So, what’s up loverboy? I only hear from you when you need something.”

“I’m afraid that’s true. I promise to call one day just to chat or better yet, to invite you down. It’s been too long.”

“What can I do for you?”

Lucian gave Natalia a quick rundown. Natalia grew increasingly incredulous as she listened.

“Let me get this straight. You think Ohio mafia boy is in New York, undercover, all alone, on a mission to murder the boss man himself and you want me to find him, but I can’t ask anyone anything because that would blow his cover.”

“Yes. And I need you to find him today. Quickly. He might be in trouble.”
“Ya think? Why would he be here alone? Does he know New York like that?”

“No. I’m sure someone’s helping him but I don’t know who and I’m sure that’s by design. I don’t call you because it’s easy. I call you because you’re the best and time is of the essence. I need you to find him. Fast.”

“Flattery will get you nowhere, but I will take your money. Anything you can tell me that would be helpful?”

“Start with Chartussi’s Manhattan building.”

An hour later, Natalia stood across the street from Chartussi’s building contemplating the best approach. She’d made a few discrete calls but no one knew anything about a hit coming out of Ohio and no one had seen or spoken to Blaine Anderson. The only person whose denial gave her pause was Laurent Bethenson.

Sometimes silence speaks volumes.

L&L&L&L

…just wondering if you’ve talked to or seen Anderson lately.”

Silence.

“Laurent?”

“Why?”

“I received a distress signal today on his behalf from an interested party. The whole thing sounds preposterous, but I trust the caller. He wouldn’t bother me if something wasn’t up.”

Silence.

“Laurent?”

“A distress signal?”

“Yeah.”

Silence.

“Laurent? Laurent?”

“No. We haven’t talked to Anderson since travelling to Ohio for his father’s funeral.”

“Are you sure? Because if he is here it sounds like he’s in trouble. I’m just trying to help.”

Silence.

“Laurent, are you napping, or getting your dick sucked or something?”

“I’m sure. We haven’t heard from him.”

Laurent hung up the phone and turned to his brother who was already shaking his head.
“We’re not getting involved. He knew what he was getting into. We made our terms clear and he agreed.”

“But if Natalia’s calling that means something must have happened and he reached out to someone. He didn’t contact us to protect us, but now that we know something’s wrong…”

Logan stood up. “We don’t know anything because we have nothing to do with anything, remember?”

Laurent turned angry. “So, we’re just gonna turn a blind eye to this? He put himself on the line to take out someone we never could! We can’t just…”

Logan grabbed Laurent and slapped him.

“Shut up! Not another word! To anyone! Do you hear me? We didn’t force him into anything. He knew the risks. We’re not jeopardizing our position because his crazy ass plan went south.”

“But what if he’s…”

“But. Our. Problem. If something went wrong we’ll hear about it like everyone else. On the news.”

Natalia quickly put the pieces together. If what Lucian said was true, Anderson would have to have help from someone in New York. No way he could just waltz into Chartussi’s building and take him out. Disguised or not he’d need a way in and only someone with New York connections could provide that. The Bethenson twins made sense. Their hatred of Chartussi was no secret, they’d always been friendly with the Andersons, and they had the most to gain from Chartussi’s death. Their denial made sense too. The other New York families would be pissed if they found out the Bethenson’s helped an outside family gain footing in New York. And, despite the general dislike of Chartussi, he was powerful and still had friends. The Bethenson’s would be targeted for destruction.

She crossed the street and settled on a simple plan of attack. Slip in the building, look around, see who or what she could find, and slip out. She knew Chartussi’s offices were on the 13th floor so that seemed like a logical place to start.

She walked into the lobby of the building with confidence and purpose. Act like you belong and people rarely ask questions. She was surprised there was no one at the security desk as she walked right by and headed down a hallway off the main lobby towards the stairs. She decided to start with the basement. Most clues were usually found behind the scenes.

Right as she came out of the stairwell the freight elevator doors opened. She managed to crouch behind a laundry cart just in time. Four men rolled a table out of the elevator. On the table was the body of Frank Chartussi. A tall man dressed all in black came hurrying down the hallway.

“Oh, my God.” He made the sign of the cross. “Why the hell is he on a table?”

“It’s the only way we could think to get him out. He was in the back stairwell. Not to speak ill of the dead, but he ain’t light. It was a struggle to get him up the fucking stairs and back to his office.”

“Why didn’t you go down the stairs?”

“Those stairs lead to a main conference room. Didn’t wanna take a chance on being seen.”

“Why didn’t you leave him in his office?”
“Thought we should get the body outta here as soon as possible. The director from Stanman Funeral Home is on his way. We told him to come to the back to avoid a scene.”

“Well, at least cover him up. Jeez.” The man reached over and grabbed a sheet from one of the laundry carts. Natalia crouched lower and barely missed being seen.

He draped the sheet over Chartussi’s body and made the sign of the cross one more time.

“We know who did it?”

“Nope. Didn’t see anybody.”

“Well, nobody could’ve just walked in here and start shooting. Could be an inside job. Let’s account for everybody.”

“There’s a lot of bodies up there. We lined ‘em up in the hallway. It might’ve been two people.”

At that moment a short man appeared and cleared is throat.

“Excuse me. I’m Fred Stanman. Stanman Funeral Home.”

Natalia waited for the hallway to clear before jumping on the freight elevator to head to the 13th floor. She exited the elevator and peeked around the corner. There was one guy hanging around the entrance to Chartussi’s office. She could see the dead bodies lined up on the floor. Impressive. If Anderson was working alone, he was pretty lethal.

Natalia removed the clip holding her hair back and shook it out. She smoothed down the front of her dress and lifted her breasts. She often found that her best asset was not her murderous skills, her ability to speak five different languages fluently, or her expertise with locks. It was that she was attractive. Men were idiots who lost their ability to think or process when a pair of breasts were in their face. Such sad, dumb creatures.

“Excuse me?”

The guard turned around. Whoa.

“I seem to have gotten turned…oh my God!” Natalia covered her mouth with her hands as she looked at the bodies. “What happened?”

“Uh, miss you really shouldn’t be here.”

“I’m so sorry. I think I took the wrong elevator. What happened? Why are there all those bodies? Are you investigating a crime? Are you a police investigator?”

“Uh, well…not exactly. Listen, this isn’t a sight for a pretty girl like you. What’s your name sweet…”

Natalia had slowly moved closer and closer to the guard until she was right on top of him. She smoothly punched him several times, flipped him over the desk and knocked him unconscious. She put her hair back up in the clip, pulled out her gun and entered Chartussi’s office.

Bullet holes everywhere. A shot up table. A vent cover on the floor. Natalia looked up. Ah. Smart. Must be how he got in. She carefully moved through the office to the bedroom. There was a trail of blood that led to a door. She followed it and opened the door to the hidden passage. She slowly started down the steps as the motion sensor lights came on. She continued down following the blood
trail until she reached a large puddle of blood. *The kill spot.* She peered down the next flight of stairs. Seeing no blood, she contemplated going back up, but her eye caught a dark red smear on the wall.

*If Chartussi died here, why more blood on the wall down there?*

She continued down the stairs. When she reached the final flight, the sensor lights came on and illuminated a body lying at the bottom.

Natalia approached slowly and looked him over before checking for a pulse. He was alive but his pulse was weak. She studied his face for a moment.

*Is this Blaine Anderson?*

She’d never met him in person but she’d seen Mario Anderson once at a meeting. After his death she’d heard people talk about how the son looked exactly like his father. This guy had long curly hair and a full beard. Mario was always clean shaven and neat.

*Well, if he’s supposed to be undercover…*

She stood up, took out her gun and slowly pushed open the door. It opened up into a conference room. The door was perfectly camouflaged to appear as part of the wall. She perched it open and peeked out the entrance of the conference room. It appeared to be on the main floor of the building. She quietly crept down the hall and peered around the corner. Yep. They were on the main floor by the main entrance just a few feet from the security guard desk which was now manned.

She went back to Blaine and checked his pulse again. Still weak. She bent down and whispered to him.

“Okay, Blaine. At least I think you’re Blaine. My name is Natalia and I’m gonna get you out of here. Just hold on for me, okay? Hold on.”

Natalia took out her phone.

“Roger? Natalia. I need an ambulance, but you’re not gonna like it when I tell you where I’m at.”

“Where are you?”

“Chartussi’s Manhattan building.”

“Aww, fuck. Natalia…”

“Listen, Chartussi’s dead so it actually won’t be that hard getting in, but I need you to hurry. Just pull up right out front and come in the main entrance.”

“Chartussi’s dead? Shit! Did you kill him?”

“We can discuss later. Hurry up! I don’t want this guy to die!”

“Who’s the guy?”

“Roger!”

“Already enroute.”

N&B&N&B
20 minutes later a skinny white guy with a man bun entered the lobby pushing a stretcher accompanied by 4 other men. The security guard was baffled.

“Excuse me? Where are you…”

Natalia struck him in the head knocking him out.

“Down here. Hurry.”

Roger looked around nervously and took out his gun. “How the hell did you end up here?”

“We can discuss later.”

“Are we gonna be able to just take him out?”

“I told you. Chartussi’s dead. Once crew guys lose their leader they tend to scatter. It shouldn’t be a problem.”

Roger watched his men carefully lift Blaine on to the stretcher.

“Who is this guy?”

“I think he might be the new King of New York.”

Natalia climbed into the follow car for the ambulance. She took out her phone and dialed Laurent’s number.

“I know you have no interest in this whatsoever, but I thought I’d let you know I found Anderson. He’s alive but might not be for much longer. We’re on our way to Kolstedt Place.”

Laurent breathed a sigh of relief. “Thank you.”

T&K&T&K

Telio was sitting at his desk trying to do his history homework but accomplishing nothing. He closed his laptop and turned towards Kurt who was sitting on the bed. He’d been there since the end of the school day. His back was against the headboard and his arms were wrapped around his knees. He looked sad and lost, a state he’d been in all day. Telio was about to speak when his phone rang.

“Yes?”

“It’s Laurent. Never tell Logan I made this call. He’s alive, but he’s been shot. I don’t know how bad it is but he’s on his way to the Kolstedt.”

“On our way and thank you.”

Telio stood up. “Come on. We’re going to New York.”

In Florida, Anastasia sat nervously in Lucian’s living room sipping her fourth drink. It wasn’t like her to drink like this and she knew she should stop since she’d barely eaten all day, but it gave her something to do besides wring her hands and worry. Initially, asking Lucian for help made her feel better, but as the day wore on she grew concerned. What if sending help to Blaine ended up putting him in danger? What if she accidentally derailed a carefully laid out plan?
Lucian had been completely honest with her. He explained who he called and why.

“Natalia operates out of New York. She’s a free agent. Her services are for hire, not loyalty, but I consider her a friend. She’s done work for me before. She can be trusted, and she can find your son. She will find your son.”

Anastasia almost dropped her drink when Lucian’s phone rang.

“Hello? Well?”

Anastasia held her breath as she watched Lucian’s face.

“Uh huh. Uh huh. Great. Thank you. We’re on our way.” He hung up.

“She found him. He’s been shot, but he’s alive. We’ll take my jet.”

Natalia was rarely nervous, but she definitely felt a wave of trepidation as the ambulance pulled through the gates of the Kolstedt. Roger’s team had stabilized Blaine on the ride over, but she knew they couldn’t afford to waste time. He needed to get into surgery. Bringing him to the Kolstedt was risky, but it was also the safest place for him in New York City.

If she could convince them to take him.

Once the ambulance came to a stop, Roger jumped out and opened her car door.

“Okay, girlfriend. This one’s on you. They only see me as a contractor, not a member.

Natalia nodded as the Admissions Commander, known to all as the AC approached along with two armed guards. He was a tall, imposing man whose stern expression and lack of sympathy or compassion was legendary. He was the gatekeeper of the Kolstedt and he took his job very, very seriously. Rumor was he’d watched men shot full of bullet holes die right in front of him without so much as a blink of the eye.

“Good afternoon. How may we assist you?”

“Two gunshots. Right side and shoulder.”

“A member?”

“No. I’m asking he be admitted under my membership. Natalia.”

The Admissions Commander frowned and scrunched up his face at the same time. The Kolstedt was a private hospital that only served private members of the criminal kind. Membership was required, expensive and exclusive. No membership, no entrance. Not even family members.

“The Kolstedt does not…”

Natalia cut him off. “I know the rules. I wouldn’t have brought him here if he wasn’t important enough for you to make an exception.”

“The Kolstedt does not make exceptions.” The Admissions Commander turned to leave.
Natalia felt desperate. A very foreign feeling for her. She started yelling.

“He’s Blaine Anderson of the Andersons of Ohio! He just executed Frank Chartussi and took over his crew making him the New King of New York!”

Okay, so she wasn’t sure that was completely true, but the clock was ticking.

The Admissions Commander turned and arched an eyebrow. “You can prove this?”

“Yes. Well, I mean not this very moment, but do you really want the story to be that the Kolstedt let a major mafia boss die because of membership protocols? Please. Admit him under my membership. I take full responsibility for actions and costs.”

The Admissions Commander stared at her for what felt like an hour but was really only a few moments. He took out a phone and pushed a button. A team of nurses and doctors suddenly burst from the building. Blaine was taken out of the ambulance and wheeled into the building in seconds.

Roger let out a breath. “Alright girl. I’m out. I hope it all goes okay and doesn’t end up biting you in the ass. This place is unforgiving.”

“I trust my contact. Thanks for getting us here.”

Natalia followed the Admissions Commander into the building followed by two armed guards. He led her to the admissions desk where she signed in and turned over her weapons.

Then she sat down to wait.

Kurt and Telio didn’t speak at all during the private plane ride to New York. Kurt felt numb and frozen, his mind completely blank. He wasn’t scared, or excited, or worried. He was just existing, breathing, waiting.

The plane landed on a private runway at a small airport in New Jersey. They were met on the tarmac by a tall heavyset man who Kurt could have sworn bowed slightly before he began speaking.

“Welcome to New York. I’m San Lucas.”

“I’m Telio, this is Kurt.”

San Lucas nodded and pulled out an envelope.

“I was instructed to give this to you. You should read it now.”

Telio took the envelope. He immediately recognized Blaine’s handwriting.

Telio:

If you’re reading this it means I was successful but am unable to make the next move. That means it’s up to you to solidify our position. The man standing in front of you - San Lucas – knows what to do next. All you have to do is say to him, New York Nuclear, and he’ll take it from there until you and I can talk.

Are you impressed? You better be impressed.

Blaine
Telio smiled. Yeah. He was impressed. He looked at San Lucas.

“New York Nuclear.”

San Lucas nodded and gestured to the open door of a waiting limousine.

“Chet will take you to the Kolstedt. I’ll handle everything else and meet with you later.”

Almost an hour later the car pulled through the gates of the Kolstedt. Telio could see Laurent waiting for them.

“Telio, Kurt, welcome to New York.”

“Thanks. Have you seen him?” asked Telio.

Laurent shook his head. “No. That’s why I’m here. The Kolstedt is a members only hospital that serves... shall we say... a very private clientele. It doesn’t operate like other hospitals. Frankly, the fact that Natalia was able to get Blaine in is surprising.”

“Who’s Natalia?”

“She’s the one that found him. I’m not sure who hired her, but she found him and brought him here.”

At that moment the Admissions Commander appeared flanked by his two guards. Laurent lowered his voice.

“I’m going to try and get him to let you guys in to see Blaine. Just let me do all the talking.”

“Good afternoon. How may we assist you?”

“Good afternoon. I’m Laurent Bethenson. Member. We’re here to see Blaine Anderson. I realize the Kolstedt has strict rules regarding guests, but I respectfully ask for an exception based on my family’s long-time membership and due to the importance of these two gentlemen to the future of the New York underworld.”

The Admissions Commander looked bored and unconvinced. “And what exactly makes these two men so important that the Kolstedt should make an exception to decades old policies?”

“Telio is Consigliere to Blaine Anderson, the new leader of New York, and Kurt is his... partner.”

The AC’s expression shifted from bored to annoyed. “This is the second time today I’ve been lectured about the new dawn of leadership in the form of this Mr. Anderson.”

Laurent nodded. “Yes, a new day has arrived. I assure you it will be for the better. For all of us. In the meantime, I sincerely apologize for the inconvenience, but we deeply appreciate your cooperation and consideration during this time of transition. I assure you that these men will be members of the Kolstedt very soon.”

The Commander pursed his lips and gave them a look of annoyed disdain.

“The Kolstedt does not permit guests.”

Laurent nodded. “Yes, I understand that, but...”

“The Kolstedt does not permit guests.”
Telio eyed the two-armed guards. Trying to shoot their way in was probably a bad idea.

Kurt had been listening quietly and growing increasingly frantic.

“This is ridiculous. You’re a hospital. How do you not allow guests?”

“We’re not just any hospital.”

“Please? We won’t stay long. I just…I need to see him. I have to. It’s been months and now he’s hurt, and what if…what if he dies…” Kurt’s head suddenly started throbbing and feeling like it might float away all at the same time. He swayed slightly. Telio grabbed him and pulled him close. “Shit. Come on, Kurt. Stay with me. I can’t have both of you in the hospital.”

Laurent stared down the AC. “Look. I know the rules and I appreciate them. I get why they’re in place, but I’m telling you. The last thing you want to do is piss off the new head family of New York. Blaine Anderson wakes up and hears you didn’t let his second in command and lover see him, you’re going to regret it. Blaine Anderson is the son of Mario Anderson and the apple doesn’t fall far from the tree.”

The AC stared at him for a long moment. “Your family will be held accountable for any adverse actions that arise from their admittance.”

Laurent nodded. “Of course. I promise there will be no trouble. Thank you.”

They followed the AC to the admissions desk to sign, in and relinquish their weapons. Telio was proud to see Kurt pull a small handgun from his waistband.

They followed an attendant down the hall and into an elevator. As each floor rang out, Kurt’s chest grew a little tighter. He still felt as if his entire being was on hold, but stress was starting to take its toll.

They exited the elevator and headed down the hall. Natalia stood up as they approached.

“Nice of you to come, Laurent, especially since you knew nothing about his being in New York.”

Laurent ignored her comment. “Telio, Kurt, this is Natalia.”

Natalia nodded. “Hi. He’s in there.”

Telio and Kurt quietly entered the room. Telio stood at the foot of the bed while Kurt slowly approached the side of the bed. For a moment he simply stared at this strange looking version of Blaine. He had a full beard and his head was a curly mass of long unruly hair. He was thin and pale, and his breathing seemed very slow and deliberate. Kurt hesitantly took his hand, brought it to his lips, and pressed kisses into Blaine’s palm as tears ran down his face.

Since guests weren’t allowed there were no chairs so Kurt simply stood by the bed and cried silent tears of relief. Telio decided to try and get some answers.

He stepped out into the hallway where Natalia and Laurent were speaking quietly. They stopped talking when Telio approached.

“How is he?” asked Laurent.

“He seems fine. Still sleeping.” Telio looked at Natalia. “Exactly who are you?”

“I’m Natalia.”
“But how did you find, Blaine? Laurent said someone hired you.”

“Yes. I was hired this morning to locate him, and I did. In record time I might add.”

“Hired by who?”

“I’d prefer not to say. I’m not exactly sure about his role in all of this.”

Telio didn’t like the sound of that, but before he could inquire further, the elevator doors opened and Anastasia and Lucian stepped out.


“He’s in there.”

Anastasia immediately entered the room. Lucian grinned at Natalia. “Wow. You really are amazing.”

“You’re just now figuring that out?”

“Is he going to be okay?”

Natalia shrugged. “I guess so. You know how this place runs. No one would tell me anything.”

Telio felt frustrated. Who were these people? Laurent sensed his frustration.

“Telio, I’ll explain everything later. I promise.”

A doctor came down the hall and entered Blaine’s room. Telio followed him in.

“I’m Dr. Winston. I was told there were people here to see Blaine?” He looked completely confused by this.

Anastasia nodded. “Yes. Please, is he going to be okay?”

“The surgery went well. We’re sure we got all the bullets. Frankly, his injuries weren’t life threatening. No major arteries were hit, but he still lost quite a bit of blood due to the time that lapsed between getting shot and arriving here. Fortunately, we had plenty of his type on hand. He’s heavily medicated for the pain so he’ll sleep. He’ll need to rest in order to heal and recover, but he should be fine in no time.” And with that the doctor left.

Kurt was still holding his hand while Anastasia stood on the other side of the bed gently caressing his hair. She spoke quietly. “Oh, my darling. I’m so sorry. I never wanted this life for you. Your father never wanted this life for you. We always thought…” Anastasia trailed off as tears ran down her face.

About 10 minutes later a nurse appeared.

“You need to leave so he can rest.”

Kurt shook his head. “We’re not leaving.”

The nurse looked confused. She didn’t understand why all these people were here to begin with. “What are you talking about?”

“We’re not leaving him here alone. As a matter of fact, could you have someone bring in some
chairs?”

The nurse looked horrified. “Chairs?”

“Yes, chairs.”

The nurse shook her head. “That’s out of the question. All of you need to go. Now.”

Kurt shook his head. “I’m not going anywhere until he wakes up.”

Telio sighed. He hated to do it, but he didn’t want to cause trouble for Laurent who shouldn’t even be there, and he had a meeting with San Lucas. He’d feel better going to that meeting knowing Kurt was safely locked in a hotel room.

“Kurt, we need to go. Technically we aren’t even supposed to be here. I’ll speak to Laurent about coming back tomorrow, but for now let’s just go. He’s fine. He’s sleeping. Nothing will happen to him.”

“But, we can’t just leave him here!”

The nurse scowled. “Shhh. Please lower your voice and leave.”

Kurt turned on her, his eyes blazing. “How dare you…” He was cut off by Telio pulling him towards the door.

“Kurt, don’t. Just come on.”

Out in the hallway, Kurt was about to lose it. “Why do we have to leave? Whoever heard of a hospital not allowing visitors? What’s wrong with this place?”

“This isn’t like regular hospitals. This is an underworld mob hospital. The rules are different. You gotta calm down.”

Laurent placed a hand on Kurt’s shoulder. “It’s okay, Kurt. I’ve made arrangements for everyone to stay at the K Hotel next door. I’ll speak to the AC about you being allowed to come back tomorrow, but for now we can’t afford to make trouble. Technically they should have turned you away. We need to make nice.”

“Guests aren’t allowed, but there’s a hotel next door? Makes perfect sense.” said Kurt with a fierce eyeroll.

A guard led their group through the building and across a small indoor bridge connecting the hospital to the hotel. There were 3 guards on each side of the bridge.

The hotel was impressive. Kurt was sure it was one of the grandest buildings he’d ever entered. Expansive high ceilings of engraved gold, marble columns with travertine tile floors and huge crystal chandeliers. Under different circumstances he would be excited to be here.

They stopped at an engraved mahogany desk and were greeted by the first friendly looking staff person.

“Welcome to the K. All of the arrangements have already been made, so if you’ll follow me, I’ll show you to your rooms.”

The rooms were just as beautiful and grand as the lobby areas. Kurt was surprised to see that his things were already in the room. He checked out the closet and bathroom before sitting down on the
massive bed.

He put his face in his hands and cried.

Every emotion that had held its breath all day came pouring out until he was completely exhausted. He lay on the bed staring at the wall until there was a knock on the door.

“Kurt? It’s Telio.”

Kurt slowly climbed off the bed and opened the door.

Telio studied his face. “You okay?”

Kurt shook his head.

Telio closed the door behind him as Kurt shuffled back to the bed and laid down.

“It’s gonna be okay, Kurt. Despite the bullshit, the Kolstedt is an outstanding hospital. Blaine’s gonna be fine.”

Kurt said nothing.

“I have a meeting with that San Lucas guy so I’m leaving the hotel for a couple of hours. I want you to stay here, okay? Just stay here, order room service, and try to get some rest. I don’t really know who we can trust and who we can’t, so don’t leave, or try to go back to the hospital or anything, okay? Just stay here and rest.”

Kurt said nothing.

“Kurt? Kurt?”

“Okay.”

Kurt woke up early the next morning. He showered, dressed and called Telio.

“I wanna go see, Blaine.”

“Yeah. Okay. Gimmee a few minutes.” He sounded exhausted.

“Are you okay?”

“Yeah. Long night. Just stay put. I’ll be there in ten minutes.”

Kurt sat down to wait. A few minutes later there was a knock at his door. Wow. That was fast.

He opened the door to find Anastasia standing there.

“Oh. Hi.”

“Hello, Kurt. I hope I’m not disturbing you too early.”

“No, no. I was just waiting for Telio. I wanna go see Blaine.”

Anastasia nodded. “Me too. May I wait with you?”
“Of course.”

Kurt stepped aside for her to enter. He sat down on the bed and she pulled over a chair from the corner. The two sat there for a moment just looking at each other. They hadn’t had a real conversation since before Mario died. Kurt would never regret killing Cooper but he hated being a part of Anastasia’s pain. Hated that their relationship – that had stared off so incredibly well – was probably irrevocably changed. What did you say to the person whose child you killed, even if it was for a very good reason?

Anastasia had her own inner struggle going on. She knew Cooper wasn’t Kurt’s fault. It was Cooper who put in motion all the actions leading to his death, but… as a mother it was hard. Incredibly hard. But she also had many, many questions about what had been going on since she left and she figured Kurt was the only person who could and would answer them. She needed him.

“How’s your school year going?”

“It’s fine. A little lonely without Blaine.”

Anastasia nodded. “Yes. I can imagine. I…Kurt, how did he end up here? What’s been going on?”

Kurt shook his head. “I really don’t know. All I know is that he came to New York to kill someone named Chartussi.”

“Frank Chartussi. Did he? Is Chartussi dead?”

“Yes… at least I think so. When we got here, Laurent said something about Blaine being the new head of New York.”


Anastasia stood up and walked over to the window.

_The new head of New York. Mario would be so proud._

There was a knock on the door. Kurt opened it to find a very tired looking Telio.

“Hi. You look exhausted.”

“Thanks. You ready?”

“Wait. Telio, please come in,” said Anastasia. Telio was surprised to see her.

“Oh. Hi.”

Anastasia looked at him with concern. “Kurt’s right. You don’t look good.”

“I was up most of the night. Things are moving fast.”

“That’s what I wanted to talk to you about. What exactly has been going on? Why is Blaine in New York? Have you been here, too? Did he really kill Frank Chartussi?”

Telio looked between Anastasia and Kurt and decided it was time for them to know everything.

_That’s me. Always the fucking truth teller._

“Blaine’s been here since August. The Bethenson twins arranged fake documents and a fake
background that would check out, but the rest was all Blaine. He got a job working as a janitor in Chartussi’s Manhattan building. The plan was for him to figure out a way to kill Chartussi and escape. It took three months but he finally did it except I guess the escape didn’t go like he planned.”

Anastasia was furious. “What the hell was he doing here all alone? What weren’t you or someone else with him?”

“That’s the way he wanted it, and frankly that was the only way it could work. The Bethensons couldn’t be involved. The other New York families would murder them for betraying the region. No one can ever know they helped us. I’m actually surprised Laurent was even here yesterday.”

“But you’re supposed to protect him!”

Telio shook his head. “Not anymore. I’m his Consigliere. Not his protector. We decided it was better that way.”

Anastasia was about to argue when she caught herself. Had it ever been fair that Telio was expected to take a bullet for her son? Instead she sat down in the chair and closed her eyes. All three were quiet for a minute until Anastasia opened her eyes and asked the question Kurt had been wondering since he first boarded the plane with Telio.

“Does he plan to move to New York?”

Telio shook his head. “Not yet. That’s why I’ve been up all night. We’re hoping to get things tied down long enough for us to graduate and then move. We just need things to hold on for 6 months.”

Kurt felt small flicker of hope in his chest. “Does that mean he’s coming back to school?”

“He’s gonna try. He knows how much Mario wanted him to graduate.” Kurt looked at the floor.

Crap. “And he really misses you, Kurt,” Telio added quickly. “He wants to be with you.”

Anastasia stood up. “Okay. Let’s go. I want to know when we can take him home.”

For the next three days, Kurt and Anastasia took turns sitting by Blaine’s bedside much to the irritation of the hospital staff. The Admissions Counselor learned that Blaine was indeed the new head of New York so special accommodations were made regarding his stay. Comfortable chairs were brought into his room and Kurt and Anastasia were given permission to stay as long as they liked. Two armed Kolstedt guards were posted at his door and the doctor provided slightly less annoyed updates on his progress.

“At this point it’s a waiting game. Rest is the most important thing. Once he wakes up, he’ll still need to rest and stay in bed until his healing is further along. It’s going to take time.”

On the third evening, Kurt found a large envelope waiting for him in his hotel room. Inside was a very official letter stating that he was now a paid in full member of the Kolstedt Hospital Consortium. There was one for Blaine as well. He stared at the payment page stamped paid in full.

$350,000 each. Per year.

Damn.

Who paid this? Is this really necessary?

The next day he arrived at Blaine’s room to find Telio sitting by the bed dozing off. It was the first
time he’d ever seen Telio anything less than alert.

“Telio?”

Telio immediately opened his eyes and sat up straighter. “Hey.”

“Telio, you need to go to bed. You look terrible. What the hell have you been doing?”

Telio shook his head. “Listen, I know you wanna stay, but you gotta be back in class tomorrow.”

“Tomorrow? Are you kidding? I’m not leaving!”

“You have to, Kurt. You can’t miss school.”

“You’re missing school!”

“But I’m better than you academically. I can easily make up this week. You can’t.”

Kurt felt insulted and was about to argue, but stopped himself. Telio was right. Kurt got good grades because he worked his butt off. Telio’s grades seemed to come far more effortlessly.

“I can’t leave before he wakes up. Today’s just Tuesday. It’s only the second day I’ve missed.”

“If you leave at 3:00 pm you’ll be back in time for dinner.”

“Telio, stop. I’m not leaving until he wakes up. I’m not.”

Telio was about to argue when Blaine made a noise.


Blaine slowly turned his head. His voice was a quiet hoarse whisper.

“Kurt…”

“Yes! Yes! I’m right here! I’m here!”

Blaine slowly opened his eyes. “Kurt…”

Kurt laughed and cried at the same time. “Yes! Yes! Hi. Oh…I love you. Hi.”

Blaine looked at him and then slowly shifted his eyes to Telio whose face was now one of exhausted relief.

“You did it, Blaine. Well done.”

Blaine closed his eyes for a moment and then opened them. “Impressed?”


The doctor and nurse came in and shooed Telio and Kurt out so they could do an examination. Out in the hallway, Kurt couldn’t help himself. He threw his arms around Telio and sobbed. Telio held him. “I told you he’d be okay.”

Anastasia turned the corner and saw them. Her heart jumped in her chest. She rushed to them.

“What? What?”
Kurt looked at her and laughed. “He’s awake! He’s awake and talking!”

Anastasia leaned against the wall. “Oh, God. I thought…ohhh…”

After several minutes the nurse and doctor emerged. “You can go back in but not too long. He still needs to rest.”

Blaine’s eyes were closed but he opened them when he felt Anastasia take one hand and Kurt take the other.

“How…mom…?”

“Oh. Hello, my darling. My darling, beautiful boy.”

“Come…home.”

Anastasia nodded. “Yes, yes, I’ll come home.”

Blaine closed his eyes and seemed to go back to sleep. Kurt sat watching him until he glanced over at Telio who was slowly sliding out of his chair.

“Telio!”

Telio opened his eyes with a start and seemed to be reaching for a gun he wasn’t carrying.

Kurt shook his head. Enough of this. He grabbed Telio’s hand and pulled him out of the chair. The fact that Telio was allowing him to do this was further proof to Kurt that the boy was beyond exhausted.

“I don’t know what you’ve been doing, but you have to go to sleep. Now. You’re about to fall over!”

“It’s only for another week or so. I’ll be fine.”

“No, you’ll be dead from lack of sleep! What are you doing? Where do you go when you’re not here?”

“Chartussi may be dead but that doesn’t mean we just inherit New York. We have a very small window of opportunity to make sure everyone understands that New York is now Anderson territory, otherwise a full-on war will erupt. We can’t let that happen. I’ve gotta get things locked down quickly. That’s what I’ve been working on. There’s a lot going on outside these walls.”

Outside these walls… Kurt suddenly realized that he hadn’t stepped a foot outside of the hospital hotel complex since arriving. How was that possible? He was in New York for the first time in his life and he hadn’t even seen it.

“Let me help. Tell me what you’re doing. You go sleep and I’ll go do it.”

“Yeah, well that’s a total no.”

“Why not? Look, you can’t do this all on your own. You’re going to fall over and get shot. Let me help.”

“Absolutely out of the question. Not only would Blaine have a fit, I’m pretty sure your father would not appreciate me getting his son further wrapped up in the fucking mafia. I’ll be fine. I’ve got a few hours before my next meeting. I’ll get some sleep and be fine. Don’t worry.”
“Okay, then take me with you?”

“Kurt…”

“Come on, Telio. Please? I’ve been in this building for days. Let me come with you and learn.”

“Absolutely out of the question. Look, one of us needs to be with Blaine to make sure no one tries to take him out. I know this place is like a fortress and there are guards and all, but those aren’t our people. I need you here watching over him. I’ll handle the rest. Okay?”

Kurt was stuck. Of course he wanted to watch over Blaine.

“Fine, but you have to promise me that you’ll take tomorrow off and sleep all day. Surely the great New York takeover can wait one fucking day.”

Telio arched an eyebrow. Kurt cursing. Not unheard of, but not common. “I’ll see what I can do.”

K&A&K&A

Kurt returned to the room. Blaine was asleep and Anastasia was staring off into space. Kurt sat down and stared at Blaine’s face, now seemingly completely covered by hair. Maybe he could get his hands on a shaving kit and some scissors…

“How has your school year been?”

Kurt looked over at Anastasia. Okay, didn’t she already ask him this?

“Fine. Lonely without Blaine, but fine.”

Anastasia nodded. She was looking at him as if to say “it’s your turn.”

“How’s Florida?”

“Florida is…well, it’s pretty, but it’s not home. My sister means well but she gets on my nerves. She wants to fix my life.”

Kurt suddenly thought of something. “Who was that guy that came with you?”

Anastasia blushed slightly. “Um, his name is Lucian. He’s…a friend. He’s been very kind and patient with me.”

Kurt nodded. “That’s good. You deserve someone nice.”

Anastasia shook her head. “Oh, it’s not…it’s not what you’re thinking. At least not yet. I don’t think I’m ready for…that.”

Kurt spoke a little quicker than he meant to; the thought suddenly became out loud words. “But, what about Luther? I guess I thought…” Kurt trailed off.

Anastasia was quiet for a moment. “That…that was different. That was…it was something that had been simmering for a while.”

“So…Blaine was right about…”

Anastasia cut him off. “No. No, of course not. That’s not what I meant. Luther’s feelings for me had been there for a while. I didn’t know until…it was just different. Safe. Comfortable. Convenient.”
Like Andrew. Kurt felt a small wave of guilt for thinking that.

Anastasia stood up. “I’m gonna go find something to eat. Do you want anything?”

“No, thank you.”

Anastasia leaned over and brushed away Blaine’s curls to kiss his forehead. “I’ll be back, darling boy. You just rest and get better.”

Once she left, Kurt moved his chair closer to the bed and firmly gripped Blaine’s hand in his. He was a bit startled when Blaine opened his eyes.

“Well hello.”

Blaine’s voice was still a hoarse whisper. “I’ve…missed…you.”

“I’ve missed you, too. I’m so glad you’re awake. I’m so glad you’re alive. Please don’t do anything like this ever again.”

Blaine closed his eyes. “I…love…you.”

“I love you, too, Blaine. I love you, too, and I can’t wait until I can clearly see your face again. I am officially against this mountain man look.”

“But…do…you…like…ponytail?”

“Well, I can’t really see it so the verdict’s not in yet.”

“Where’s…Telio?”

“He’s working. Making sure there’s no war.”

Blaine opened his eyes. “I…did…it…I…did…it…for…you.”

“What do you mean for me?”

“You…want…to…move…here. Now…it’s…safe…for…you. For…us.”

“I thought you did this to avenge your father.”

“That…too.”

Kurt wasn’t sure what to say. Was thank you even appropriate?

Blaine appeared to fall back asleep so Kurt laid his head on his arms and listened to Blaine’s breathing. He was almost asleep when his cell phone rang.

Dad.

Shit.

Kurt quietly exited the room. “Hi dad.”

“Kurt, are you okay?”

“Of course. Why?”
“I got an email that you missed two days of school.”

Dammit. Kurt meant to send a note to his homeroom teacher that he was sick. With everything going on he’d forgotten.

“Um…yeah. I…” Kurt thought for a moment. *I don’t feel like lying. I’m in New York.*

“New York?”

“Yeah.”

Silence.

“Kurt, what the hell are you doing in New York?”

Kurt spilled.

All of it.

Everything.

He left nothing out.

When he finished, Burt said nothing for several minutes. Kurt waited.

“So, how’s Blaine doing?”

Wow. His dad was the best dad in the world.

“The doctor says he’ll be okay. No major arteries hit. He just needs to rest.”

“And how long do you plan to stay there? You can’t just miss school, Kurt.”

“I know. I’m…I’m not really sure, but I promise it won’t be long.”

Burt sighed. “I want you back in class on Friday, Kurt. That way you can get the work you’ve missed and spend the weekend catching up.”

Kurt didn’t know what to say. He couldn’t really argue. Not when his was dad was being so nice and accommodating.

“Okay. Friday. Dad…thank you. Thank you for understanding.”

“Just promise me you’ll be careful.”

“Of course. I promise.”

“I love you, kiddo.”

“Love you, too. And give my love to Carol.”

Kurt hung up and fell back against the wall.

*Wow. Talk about progress.*

Kurt was glad he told his dad the truth, especially since Burt was now Congressman Hummel, having won the election two weeks ago. The last thing he wanted was for his father to be blindsided
by some reporter. Will Schuester and the rest of the campaign team had managed to keep Burt’s connection to the Andersons out of the campaign and away from the press, but now that Burt had won people were starting to sniff around, especially since Burt was a newbie and relatively unknown. Both sides of the aisle wanted to know more about him.

Kurt closed his eyes and exhaled. It was the first time since arriving that he felt somewhat relaxed. Blaine was alive, Anastasia was speaking to him, and for once his dad knew the truth about his whereabouts. Now, if he could just get Telio to sleep, everything would be almost okay.

Many blocks away in a basement apartment on the upper Eastside, a group of ten young men were sitting in a circle talking. Around the perimeter of the room armed men were listening and watching one another warily, each waiting for the other to make a wrong move.

Representing the Anderson family in the circle were Telio and San Lucas. Logan and Laurent Bethenson were also present, but no one in the room knew they were aligned with the Andersons. The other six men represented established New York families. All six were contemplating shooting Telio dead but were smart enough to know that wouldn’t solve the problem. Not as long as Blaine Anderson was still alive.

A short Italian man with a thick Brooklyn accent was speaking.

“The Clemenza family has no strong opposition to the Andersons coming to New York as long as you stay out of Brooklyn. We always viewed our dealings with Chartussi as unfair. You make us a fair offer on our current Manhattan business dealings, and we are happy to welcome you as a new partner.”

A thin man with dark green eyes named Mchonn responded angrily.

“Fuck that! I’m not down with this carpetbagger bullshit! Fuck the Andersons. I didn’t like Chartussi, but this is New York. Not Ohio or the Midwest. New York belongs to New Yorkers.”

Several men nodded in agreement.

Logan Bethenson spoke carefully. “We ain’t crazy about this either, but we’re inclined to agree with Clemenza. If the deal is right, we’ll stand down.”

Mchonn sneered nastily. “Don’t you mean bow down? Everyone knows you worship at the throne of Anderson.”

Logan jumped up. “The Bethensons have been in the Bronx since 1914. How dare you question…” Laurent grabbed his arm and pulled him back. “Look we could spend all night arguing who’s more New York than the other. The fact is we’re all New Yorkers. The question on the table is what to do about the Andersons. Personally, I’d like to hear what their plan is before making a decision about anything.”

All eyes landed on Telio who’d been silently listening and taking mental notes despite his sleep deprived state. He turned to San Lucas and nodded. San Lucas opened his briefcase and took out 7 envelopes which he handed out to the group as Telio spoke.

“As you all know, Blaine was injured during his take down of Chartussi. You’re welcome. What you have in your hands is our initial plan of how all business will move forward under our leadership. Review it, think about it, and decide. As soon as he’s recovered, Blaine will meet with each of you to answer any questions you may have.”

The room was silent as the men reviewed the documents. Each plan had been carefully crafted and
individually designed based on the research completed by Vince and with the help of the Bethensons.

Telio stood up and had to take a moment to steady himself. He was grateful no one but San Lucas noticed. Kurt was right. He needed to sleep for an entire day. Maybe several days.

“Gentlemen, there’s a lot to review in those documents, so like I said. Take your time, go over it with your family, and prepare to meet with Blaine one on one in a few weeks to discuss.” Telio paused before continuing. “But let me be very clear. The Andersons are here to stay. We’re not going anywhere.”

With that he turned and headed to the door followed by San Lucas, the Bethenson twins and their men. Logan took a final look around the room and smiled. The men were busy reading their documents, dazzled by the millions in financial growth being promised.

Logan locked the door behind him.

Mchonn heard the click and looked up. He looked around. “Hey, what the fuck?”

One of the guards tried to open the door.

All at once panic set in as the men looked at each other and realized that the heads of 6 New York families were locked in a room.

Five seconds later the bomb went off.

Telio quietly entered Blaine’s room and stood by the side of the bed. Kurt was asleep on the other side, his hand holding Blaine’s. Telio was staring at Blaine trying to decide if he should wake him or not when Blaine suddenly opened his eyes.

“Hey.”

“Hi.”

“How ya feeling?”

“Tired…accomplished…”

Telio nodded. “Okay. Well here’s something to make you feel triumphant. New York Nuclear.”

“New…York…Nuclear?”

“Yeah.” Telio took his hands and made explosion signs. “Boom.”

“All…of them?”

“All of them. You are now officially the King of New York.”

Blaine closed his eyes and for the first time since waking up, fully smiled.
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