**Fuck the Dealer**

**Summary**

In short, a Blaine Gangbang at Kurt's going away party. Non-Con Warning used only because almost everyone but Blaine has been drinking, though no one is significantly intoxicated. Better to be safe than triggering.

**Notes**

This was supposed to be PWP, but then I ran away with the plot, if you can call it plot. So the first chapter is pretty much the whole plot, and the second chapter is all the smut. You don't really need to read the plot if you don't want to. It's just some interesting stuff.

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

"Hey, y'all! Let's play Fuck the Dealer!" Sam randomly called out into the midsummer night between drinks.

After much convincing on Blaine and Burt's parts, Kurt was leaving for New York in the morning. So Blaine had arranged for all their friends to get together and give him the farewell he deserved. Kurt had a sleepover with all the girls a few nights ago so tonight was all about the boys and booze.

"I'm not sure I know that one," Mike said, confused.

"You basically have to guess the number of the card," Artie clarified as Sam shuffled a deck of cards. "You get two chances. If you get it on the first try, the dealer takes three drinks. If not, the dealer gives you a clue as to higher or lower. If you get it on the second, the dealer takes one drink. If you don't get it either time, you take a drink. If the dealer wins three times in a row, the deck passes. Aces are low, faces are high."

"So basically it's meant to get you drunk?" Blaine piped up. He was the designated driver for the night. "So what am I supposed to do?"

"Don't worry, squirt," Cooper said, slapping his brother's back with his ever-present patronization, "You can be a kill-joy like always and we'll skip you."

Blaine chuckled awkwardly, feeling a bit chastised as usual when his brother was in town.

"You don't have to drink for it to be fun, bro," Sam shrugged as he finished shuffling the deck. "We can figure something out, maybe you can do something embarrassing whenever you lose?"

Kurt leaned in and gently put a hand on Blaine's knee before whispering, "It's okay honey, we'll have fun later."

Like everyone but Blaine, Kurt had been drinking. However, before the party they had agreed that it was okay for them to have sex when only one of them was intoxicated, as long as they didn't get into a fight, but considering everything had been just short of perfect ever since the incident with Chandler, they both doubted that would happen tonight.

So naturally, Blaine blushed and smirked at the implication as Sam finished shuffling and turned to Mike.

"Four?"

"Higher."

"So Finn," Jesse-- yeah, even he was there-- started, turning to his neighbour and taking a sip out of his Manhattan. "How's the leg?"

"Slow and agonizing. I still get some pretty nasty cramps every so often, but nothing too bad."

After breaking up with Rachel and sending her to New York, Finn had joined the Army, but a week in he accidentally shot himself through the thigh and was discharged. For about a day he considered staying in Georgia and avoiding all the problems that awaited him in Ohio, but by the time he was able to leave the hospital, he realized how stupid and hurtful that would be and did the mature thing: check-in with Rachel and go home.
He still didn't know what he was going to do, but Rachel had assured him he'd figure it out and that maybe helping Mr. Schuester with the Glee Club would help him find his path. They also agreed that maybe one day their lives would bring them back together, but it was best they stay friends.

"How about you, St. James," Finn returned, taking a drink from his beer, "How are things going with Rachel?"

"Ten?" Sam smirked and shook his head, laying down a King.

"Drink up buddy!" The blonde laughed as Mike took a long swig. Then Sam turned to Artie.

"I don't know, you guys tell me," Jesse answered. "I mean, she wants us all to get along before I can be with her, right? If I had to assume, I'd say you all can at least bear my presence by now because you invited me to this party."

"The jury's out on that, Jesse," Kurt sniped. "Do you still think I'm a pale-faced ghost boy who can't kill a Barbra number?"

"Alright, fine," the former Vocal Adrenaline coach laughed, "I admit, I was harsh on you and Mercedes because I was trying to rig the contest for Rachel. So you're a pale-faced ghost boy who can kill a Barbra number."

Everyone at the table laughed except Kurt who merely pursed his lips, though amusedly.

Artie had guessed correctly on the first guess so it went to Jesse who lost, followed by Finn and then Cooper, so the deck passed to Mike.

"Blaine?"

"Uh.. I don't know, Ace?"

"Damn!" Mike took several drinks from his rum and coke.

Then he moved onto Kurt who lost and took a drink from his dry martini, then Puck and Sam both lost and drank their beer as the deck moved to Artie.

With Mike's turn to guess, he stated, "Seven."

"How!" Artie laughed, throwing the care down and taking a few sips from his whiskey sour. It appeared his lucky was not lasting.

"Mikey!" Puck called a touch too excitedly because he was tipsy from drinking even when he didn't lose. "How's Tina been? You two been screwin' as much as you can before you move off to college?"

Mike shook his head at the crass comment. "That's really none of your business, but yes, we have been spending as much time as possible together before I leave."

Blaine looked over at Kurt, eyes shining as they grabbed hands affectionately.

"I bet the Asian duo gets freaky in bed!" Puck laughed. "I'll keep an eye on her for you before I leave to join Mercedes in LA and expand my pool business."

"Puck..." Mike glared him down.

"What?! I promise little Puckasaurus won't even twitch at her."
"A pool cleaning business?" Cooper chimed in mockingly.

"Yeah, what of it rock face?" Puck retorted. "It's better then some lame credit score commercial and a horribly huge ego with absolutely no backing. You got a pretty sweet voice and your dancing isn't half-bad, but you're not fucking Ricky Martin, dude."

Blaine snickered as Cooper glared. "Just wait," he started to bring his hand up to point, but Blaine gently stopped him, "that's on my bucket list."

"To be Ricky Martin?" Kurt interjected skeptically.

"No, to fuck Ricky Martin"

Everyone fell into silence and focused on the game. Even Blaine was a little surprised that Cooper had so casually mentioned wanting to have sex with another man. Never before had he ever made any indication to liking other men.

Cooper looked around confused. "What? Are you guys seriously uncomfortable about that? Blaine and Kurt have been fucking for a year and you're cool with that. Why can't the Hammer go after who it wants?"

"Cooper!"

"What?" The young man shrugged with a smile., nudging Blaine with his elbow. "It's true!"

Blaine pinched the bridge of his nose and Kurt was trying not to crack up.

"By the way, the Hammer is my penis," Cooper added as the game resumed, everyone helplessly bursting into laughter.

Artie held onto the deck for awhile, never stumping more than one person. He drank his way through the rest of his drink and another, before the deck finally passed to Jesse.

From there it passed rather quickly through Finn and Cooper, but Blaine had still yet to lose, whether on the first or second guess.

Then the deck finally passed to Blaine. Everyone was cheerily tipsy, a few idle conversations starting and passing, but Artie was pretty far gone.

"Kurt?" Blaine asked his red-faced boyfriend.

"King?" Blaine's face sank and placed the card on the table.

"You finally lost!" Puck exclaimed. "What are we going to have you do?"
Chapter 2

Everyone thought for a bit in silence.

"How about a kiss?" Kurt suddenly offered.

"Really?" Blaine confirmed with wide eyes. Kurt simply nodded, albeit a bit nervously.

"Do it Blaine," Cooper goaded. "I haven't seen the two of you kiss once either of the times I've been in time, but I've seen those two lesbians kiss at least ten times."

Blaine shot his brother a glare before turning back to Blaine and muttered, "okay..."

He leaned in for a peck that lasted only a few seconds before Blaine pulled away. But Kurt grabbed the boy's face, winding his fingertips into his gelled hair as he pulled Blaine back for a deeper kiss. Their mouths crashed together and Kurt's tongue broke down the barrier of Blaine's lips and twisted their tongues together.

Kurt gave off a deep moan, one that Blaine had only heard before in the privacy of one of their bedrooms. Without warning, Kurt pulled away and sat back in his seat with a shocked expression, leaving Blaine awkwardly craning and unable to breathe properly.

Everyone sort of just staring at them in stunned silence. They'd barely seen Kurt and Blaine touch, let alone get anywhere near that-- well, hot.

"Uhm..." Blaine started, blinking away his very inappropriate thoughts, "so, Puck..."

"Queen."

Blaine hadn't even checked the card so he looked and, "Yes," he said thickly. "But I'm not kissing you."

"Oh no, but how about we make this game a little more interesting?" Kurt's eyes darkened and his brow raised at Puck's suggestive tone, but Blaine just shivered with anxiety.

"What do you mean," the quivering boy asked.

"We literally fuck the dealer."

Blaine could only scoff and look down as heat raced up his neck. "Puck that's ridiculous." But when he looked he could see that almost everyone looked incredibly intrigued, even Kurt. The boy gave Blaine a look that seemed to challenge him.

"Kurt, you can't be--" Kurt's gaze intensified and Blaine looked away. He couldn't deny that the idea was enticing, all the men here were incredibly attractive.

"Okay..." Blaine finally submitted. "But let's... start slow."

"Your call Blaine," Puck offered with a fiendish smirk.

"Maybe I..." His eyes darted between all the almost hungry looking faces, though Cooper seemed ambivalent as he drank from his pale ale. Blaine wasn't really nervous about getting sexual in front of Cooper. One time they went on a camping trip with some friends and Cooper fucked his girlfriend right next to Blaine, who pretended to be sleeping but was really dying on the inside. This would be
The truth was he had always wanted to flaunt his love with Kurt in front of people, especially Cooper, but it had been Kurt who was uncomfortable with the public displays. But then Blaine's gaze fell on Kurt who seemed far too turned-on then should've been comfortable, but that's was all Blaine needed.

"...I could just rub against you?" Blaine finally finished.

"Oh god yes!" Kurt blurted like he'd been holding his breath.

"Alright, I'm out." Artie interjected, rolling away from the table shaking his head. "I've done some weird things-- I mean, I dated Brittany and that girl is_kinky_-- but this is too much for me. Besides, I'm far too drunk and way too straight. So I'm out. I'll go inside and play Call of Duty or something."

"I'm out too," Mike added. "Not that I don't want to, but I can't cheat on Tina, so I think I'll just sit back on watch..."

"I think I'll stay," Cooper calmly stated, "Blainey could always use some pointers in this area too."

"That's fine with me," Puck responded, sitting back, waiting for the bow tie-wearing boy. "So Blaine?"

Blaine's eyes shifted anxiously before he stood up. He saw Artie look back one last time before going through the back door.

With a gulp, Blaine straddled Puck. The moment his groin made contact, he could feel that Puck was already hard. He gasped quietly as Puck's hands grasped his hips and pulled him down to feel that hardness grind into him.

Blaine's dick quickly swelled at the sensation as his hands found Puck's thick chest and used it as an anchor. Puck thrust up harder when he realized Blaine's erection and in seconds they were both reduced to short gasps and grunts, Puck's head falling back in ecstasy as Blaine's eyes closed to take in the full experience.

Everyone watched in silence, most of them almost drooling, but Cooper still looked unfazed and Kurt was just sitting, looking with a dark and intense gaze and flushing cheeks.

"Fuck!" Puck muttered beneath his breath, his thrusts becoming quick and erratic as he came in his pants.

Blaine's eyes fluttered open to catch the ecstasy in Puck's expression. He ground into the other boy harder, riding him through his orgasm until finally their movements stilled.

He stood up awkwardly, his face redder than an apple. He returned to his seat, noticing that Sam, Mike, and Finn had their hand in their laps.

Blaine coughed, taking up the deck of cards. "So... Sa--"

"Ten!" The blonde eagerly cut him off. Blaine looked at the card. It was a three but...

"Lower..." Blaine repositioned his fingers on the card so that only three were visible and gave Sam a pointed glance.

"Three?" Blaine timidly put down the card and a dorky grin spread across Sam's face. "So what do I
"get Blainers?"

"I-- uh..." Blaine scratched the back of his head. "What do you want?"

"How about a blowjob?"

Blaine looked over at Kurt who's eyes were wide with a sort of awestruck expression in his lips.

"O-Okay..."

Once again Blaine stood to his feet and walked around the table to kneel in front of Sam.

"I think Sam should get on the table so we can all see the show," Cooper chimed. Neither boy protested so Sam hopped up and spread his legs so Blaine could kneel between them.

With one hand, Blaine palmed Sam's obvious erection while the other fiddled with the fastenings. Even when he opened the front, Sam's cock was still trapped by the stiff denim, so with a quick hop, the blonde allowed Blaine to pull the pants down to the knees.

Sam's cock slowly rose against the constraint of his loose boxers, his musk assailing Blaine's nose. He couldn't resist and grasped Sam by the base firmly as he mouthed the bulbous head through the fabric.

Sam moaned, snaking his hand gently around the back of Blaine's head as the boy ventured down the shaft.

Blaine fished Sam out of the slit of the boxers and wasted no time in licking up the entire average length, pulling a shuddering gasp from the blonde, before wrapping his lips around the thick erection. Blaine swallowed Sam down to the hilt, resisting the urge to look up-- that intimate exchange was only right to share with Kurt.

Sam gripped the edge of the table with one hand, lifting his shirt with the other.

Blaine heard Mike next to them rubbing himself through his pants, and Blaine's hand wandered to his own straining cock to do the same. He bobbed eagerly, occasionally swirling his tongue under Sam's foreskin to the sound of everyone's shallow breath.

It was too much, everyone's eyes on him, rubbing their dicks as he sucked Sam's. He was close and without warning he pulled off Sam with a groaning gasp, strings of spit stretching the span between his lips and Sam's cock.

Sam keened and looked down, somewhat disappointed before seeing Blaine's quivering hand, motionless over his cock and realizing why they stopped. He sidled away and back to his seat as Blaine sat back on his knees and gathered himself, eyelids fluttering.

Eventually he stood up uneasily and reached across the table for the deck.

"So.. uhm, Jesse I guess?"

"Hmm..." Jesse smugly waited, drawing it out as everyone twitched in anticipation. "Jack?"

Blaine looked at the card. It was a nine, but he didn't care. "Yes." He left the card face down and walked over to Jesse, his mind racing with what the fellow curly-haired boy had in mind.

"What about Rachel?"
"She made it very clear that we're not exclusive until I can win you guys over, so if you won't tell her, I won't."

Blaine smirked-- Jesse would always be a little big of a dirtbag.

Neither even asked what the other wanted, Jesse just sat forward and ran his hands up Blaine's thighs, one hand going to grope his hot bulge, the other making quick work of the button and zipper. Jesse hooked his fingers all the way under the waistband of Blaine's bright blue briefs and pulled it all down to his knees, his large cock flinging free.

Blaine sat back on the table and lifted his feet so Jesse could take his pants and shoes off, the feeling of everyone's predatory glares on him causing his erection to twitch.

Jesse didn't even stand, he just scooted his chair closer as he push Blaine to lay across the table, Kurt falling into his line of sight, still poised like a happily unsettled, porcelain statue.

He felt Jesse's breath on his foreskin followed by hands stroking up the insides of his thighs as he instinctually spread them.

Suddenly Kurt's expression cracked, and brow raising and his cold, blue eyes peering threateningly over Blaine's body. A second later he felt Jesse's warm breathe disappear.

Oh god! Blaine thought, realizing Jesse had silently asked Kurt permission to suck Blaine and Kurt told him 'no' with a single, piercing look. That was just so--

He yelped slightly when he felt Jesse's cold fingers on his pucker, his hips naturally rolling into the touch.

"Pleeaase," Blaine whined both at Kurt and Jesse, even the universe itself. Kurt's expression softened and slowly returned to its previous state.

Jesse began gently rubbing the tender flesh, causing Blaine to spread his legs wider as he tried to force those fingers inside himself. For a second, they disappeared and Blaine keened over the sound of a wet sucking sound-- Jesse slicking his fingers.

Then they were back, pushing against the tight muscle without hesitation. Blaine gasped sharply when one broke through, his eyes rolling back and fluttering closed. Jesse relentlessly pushed in, down to the last knuckle and twisted, Blaine breathing a gradual moan the entire way.

A second finger was greeted by a groan and more desperate twisting of Blaine's hips, as well as the sound of several zippers around the table. Jesse quickly worked Blaine open, his fingers rapidly plunging and pulling in time with the rise and fall of Blaine's chest.

"Shit! I want to fuck him!" Sam's thick voice pierced through the haze of lust much too excitedly and Blaine looked over, surprised.

Sam was standing, shirt discarded, idly stroking his dick that was hanging over the waistband of his boxers. Jesse's movements stopped and Blaine, still back down on the table, looked up at Kurt who appeared unfazed.

Sam walked around and Jesse reluctantly withdrew and scooted away. He looked about ready to plunge fast and deep.

"Um..." Blaine started to protest, looking around at everyone, the only two cocks not out of their pants were Kurt's and Cooper's. Even Mike was stroking his slender, fat-headed cock.
"Don't worry, Squirt," Cooper said, throwing a row of condoms onto the table with a small bottle of lube.

"Do you really just carry those around with you all the time," Puck asked.

"Having a face like this gets me a lot of offers," Cooper said smugly, "Gotta be prepared"

"Respect." Puck reached his fist across Blaine towards Cooper who scoffed but obliged.

Sam coated two fingers and shakily inserted them into Blaine, who moaned and immediately began fucking himself on them. As this went on, Sam used his free hand to rip open a condom between his teeth and roll it on his cock.

Blaine was writhing, huffing breaths as Sam kept unintentionally grazing his prostate. He clawed at his bowtie and ripped it undone, letting it just hang around his shoulders as he undid his top button. Sam was still lazily fingering him and stroking his cock, seeming entranced.

"God, Sam!" Blaine griped, "Just do it!"

Sam almost jumped as if snapping out of a trance. An apologetic smile flashed across his face for a second before he line up the blunt head of his cock up with Blaine's entrance.

Sam pushed in slowly, head falling back in a long sigh as he buried himself in Blaine's heat. Blaine groaned at the unavoidable burn of Sam's thickness and was quickly reduced to a series of short, cut-off moans as the farm boy fucked him with abandon.

Blaine's eyes once again found Kurt, his eyes dark with clear arousal grounding him. His cock leaked every time the head of Sam's cock brushed against his prostate, smearing across his lower abdomen. But he wanted more.

It wasn't long before Sam was bucking erratically into Blaine, riding his orgasm to the top. At the last minute, he pulled out suddenly and yanked off the condom. He pushed up Blaine's shirt and with several swift jerks and an animalistic cry shot several thick stands of come across the heaving belly below him.

After a few moment of breathy silence, Finn spoke up, "I want to... But I- I don't know what to do."

Everyone turned to the lanky and silent giant with confused glances as he slowly stroked his dick. Next to Artie, he was the straightest there, or so they thought.

"When I was in the Army I uh..." His pasty complexion turned a blotchy red, "...had a gay experience in the showers. I mean, I know I was only there a week and the dude only jacked me off but... yeah."

"Bro!" Puck got an idea, "Let's DP him!"

Blaine blushed at the thought and a deep, guttural noise rumbled up from the pits of his stomach. He saw Kurt's eyes widen and the faintest hint of a wicked grin twitch at the corners of his mouth.

"How would we.." Finn answered confused.

"Well you probably can't move to much because of your leg, so why don't you lay underneath him and I'll stand off the side of the table."

"Yeah..." Finn shook away his doubts, "Yeah man! Hey, thanks lookin' out!" He smiled and
gestured to his thigh.

"Yeah, dude!"

Blaine rolled his eyes at how stereotypically jockish they were together, but that feeling was quickly overridden by the idea of having two hot, hard cocks filling him up at the same time. Everything so far had already been so surreal, but never would he have imagined his in his dizziest daydreams.

While Finn stripped down, Puck cleared the table of cards and drinks. Then he lay next to Blaine, his cock standing at attention as he rolled a slightly loose-fitting condom on himself.

As Blaine crawled on top of the ex-footballer, and pushed Finn into him to the sound of both of them sighing. Finn didn't quite fill the space Sam left behind and Blaine kind of loved that. They were back to chest and the angle had the head of Finn's cock jabbing into his prostate.

Puck circled the table to settle between their legs hanging off the edge and wrapped himself to the same fit as Finn. He pressed the blunt of his dick against the ever-so-loose ring and pushed the head in along the shaft, pushing Finn away from the sensitive gland inside Blaine.

Though alone neither of them were as thick as Sam-- probably not helped by their lack of foreskin-- it was still a struggle of grunts and hissing as Puck forces his way in impolitely fast. Blaine's face scrunched in ecstatic pain, loving every searing inch as Puck went as far as he could.

They stopped for a moment, allowing Blaine to breath deeply and relax around them and their combined thickness.

Eventually, Puck started to pull out slowly, slamming back in a few seconds later, knocking an involuntary groan from between Blaine's clenched teeth.

"Fuck," Finn breathed against Blaine's temple, "Dude, I can feel your cock."

"Dude, I know," Puck answered in the same awed tone.

Finn started to roll his hips up into Blaine as Puck did most of the thrusting.

They were reduced to hopeless noises; Blaine moaning uncontrollably, Puck grunting like a wild boar, and Finn was giving off these soft, pathetic mewls as they fucked on display for everyone else. Blaine was being stretched to his limit and it was just so much.

But then Blaine felt the vibrations of someone else climbing onto the table and peeling his sweat-damp shirt off him. He opened his eyes to see a naked Jesse looming menacingly over him. When Blaine was finally naked, Jesse straddled his chest. His dick, hard and musky-- a lot like Sam's but circumcised and a smaller head-- fell onto Blaine's face and the boy hungrily sucked it between his swollen lips.

Three cocks were inside him. Fuck-- Blaine couldn't be anymore full. He shakily tried to push himself down onto Finn and Puck's cocks and Jesse tightly gripped his hair and started viciously fucking his mouth.

Sweat began to build between the heated space of Finn's torso and Blaine's back, the slickness causing Blaine's writhing body to slip, only being kept up by the barrier of Jesse's legs. His arms were useless, but Finn was kindly holding his legs up and open.

The combined angle had the two boys fucking him barely grazing his prostate, and for that he was grateful, otherwise he would've slipped into a coma long ago.
Blaine felt Finn's breath grow ragged and his body shiver. He could even feel the older boy's cock twitch inside him next to Puck's-- he was coming, coming inside Blaine.

Seconds later, Jesse's grip slipped as he began to convulse above Blaine. Heswiftly pulled out of Blaine's throat and spilled down the boy's neck and chest. Blaine heard a raspy, guttural groan from the side and looked over to see Mike, too, was coming.

Jesse clumsily stumbled off Blaine, almost falling off the table in a post-orgasm haze as Puck still fucked into Blaine next to Finn's slowly softening cock. He had already come once, but it wasn't long before his thrusts became uneven and with a shuddering grunt, he too filled his condom.

Without the continued friction, both boys quickly softened and slipped out of Blaine's impossibly stretched hole without even having to pull away. Puck just collapsed onto the ground and Finn melted into the table.

Suddenly, Blaine felt himself being pulled by his thighs of Finn and to the other end of the table. He looked up to see Cooper, naked and eyes heavy with lust and predation. His heart raced as he was brought around his brother's body that was more rigidly defined than Sam's.

"C-Cooper?"

"You didn't think I was going to sit out on the fun, did you?" The man smirked as he stroked his condom-covered cock.

"But you're my-"

"Blainey, so what if we share DNA? We're both hot and I want to fuck you. Kurt and everyone else here is okay with watching, so if you want it you should let me show you what it really means to get fucked."

The truth was Blaine did want it. He'd be lying if he said he never imagined Cooper showing him how to masturbate or suck cock or have sex. He wanted it ever since that summer, to know what it was all like and have his big brother guide him through it all, but he never thought it was even the slightest possibility. And now Cooper was offering himself up on a platter and-- fuck, Blaine wanted to feel his brother inside him.

He looked over to Kurt who now had a lewd smirk cracked across his stern facade. That was all Blaine needed.

"O-Okay..." Blaine blushed. "But n-no like... pointing and if you moan like a cartoon..." He threw Cooper a pointed glare.

Cooper simply chuckled in return and a moment later he was plunging hard and fast into Blaine, his huge uncut cock almost filling the gaping hole Puck and Finn left behind.

Blaine cried out pitifully, more out of shock than pain because by now every iota of burn had blended seamlessly with sheer pleasure.

Cooper quickly bottomed out, the flat of his hips flush against the swell of Blaine's ass, reaching depths that only Kurt had ever reached before. He remained motionless, Blaine quivering below and around him, shaky breaths tipped with high-pitched whines spilling over his lips.

"C-Coo-"

"Shh, Blainey..." Cooper cooed, reaching to stroke his baby brother's hair slick with gummy gel and
Cooper dragged out slowly before quickly thrusting back in like before, his fingertips digging roughly into Blaine's thighs. He repeated the motion, gradually transitioning into a torturous rhythm that had Blaine reduced to helpless and abandoned moans and writhing.

His grip on one thigh fell and then he slipped two fingers inside Blaine above his cock, curling them into the boy's prostate as he fucked his brother.

"Ahh! Aahhh!! Cooper!" Blaine mewled.

"You like that, baby brother?" Cooper pressed harder into the sweet gland, massaging it in time with his expert thrusts. "Fuck, Blaine, you feel so good. So hot and loose, but still so tight."

A steady flow of precome dribbled out of Blaine's cock, painting his smooth abdomen, aching to be touched.

"So fucking beautiful," Cooper groaned, "Always thought that... so, so pretty."

It was too much, just too much. It was like so many of his dreams come true-- Cooper fucking him, Cooper validating him, Cooper loving him. And Kurt there, watching every minute, it was just--

" Hungh! G-Gonna.. H-I'm-

"You gonna come for me, baby brother? Come around my big cock without anyone even touching you?"

Blaine's head rocked back and forth, hopelessly protesting as he came undone. His eyes fell on Kurt who was sitting literally on the edge of his seat. Something in those blue eyes told him it was okay, edged him further, cradled him in their gaze and--

Cooper slammed into Blaine and pushed hard against his prostate. With a silent scream, tremors rocked down his spine and spread throughout his entire body. His cock jumped and shot a thick, hot stream up the entire length of his torso, settling and flowing freely down his side as Cooper remained buried deep inside and massaged every drop out of him.

Blaine was on the brink of unconsciousness when he heard a cold word pierce trough the haze.

"Leave." It was Kurt, his voice broken and thick.

Blaine felt Cooper withdraw from him and heard everyone shuffle around the table, likely picking up their clothes.

"I can finish you off, big boy," he heard Jesse say quietly near his limp legs. "Then we can all call Rachel and tell her how much we've all bonded."

A few snickers faded as everyone went inside, leaving Kurt and Blaine in silence save for Blaine's heavy breaths. They were alone and Blaine's entire body was tingling, splayed across the table, spent and waiting. Where was Kurt? He wanted Kurt.

"Kurt?" He mumbled, forcing his eyes open to blurry vision.

The other boy was still sitting, face stern and cold, but his eyes almost burned with lust.
"Kurt..." Blaine whined, making a feeble attempt to reach towards his boyfriend. Kurt stood and approached, running his hand up Blain's quivering leg, the tremors only worsening the farther he moved.

"Shh, Blaine." A quaky breath worked it's way out of Blaine's mouth as Kurt cooed him. "Mmyou're so open, honey." Kurt's fingers reached his gaping hole, those slender digits caressing the sore ring.

"Nyungh!"

"Did you like that? All those boys fucking you?" Blaine bucked. Shit-- Kurt had never talked like this before. "Finn and Puck inside you, stretch you to your limit? Your big brother finally filling you up like you always wanted?"

"Y-You-?" Blaine whimpered.

Kurt simply nodded-- of course he knew. "You liked that I watched, didn't you? You loved having me watch as all those big, beautiful boys fucked you open, getting you ready for me."

He pushed two fingering inside Blaine's lose pucker. Blaine sobbed, his voice rough and sex-blown, but also high and child-like as he tried in vain to clamp around Kurt.

"God, Blaine," Kurt bit his lip as he slowly moved his fingers slowing in and out. "So wide, so hungry, so debauched." He leaned down, licking up all of Blaine's, Sam's and Jesse's come, each swipe of his tongue causing Blaine to convulse and whine.

Kurt held as much as he could in his mouth and finally brought their lips together. Blaine cried into it as the sweet, salty liquid filled his mouth and swirled around their dancing tongues.

Kurt swallowed some and Blaine swallowed the rest wish a pained, yet grateful gasp.

"Kurt..." He reached up, wanting to pull Kurt back down and never break their lips again. "Kuurrt."

The porcelain boy shook his head and added two more fingers into Blaine's eager hole as he knelt at the edge of the table.

"Wanna taste you."

Blaine moaned loudly when Kurt's tongue started circling his fingers. With his free hand, he kneaded and spread one of Blaine's cheeks. He took out his fingers and deeply plundered Blaine with his tongue. The hole was so loose that Kurt's long tongue could almost reach that spongy, swollen prostate.

The curly-haired boy was once again reduced to helpless writhing and mewling atop the table as his overstimulated body was used-- and god, it was perfect! But he wanted more. He wanted Kurt inside him. He wanted Kurt on top of him.

"K-Kurt!" Blaine sobbed. "Kurt, ah! Ple-Please!!"

"Want me inside you now?" These words were breaking Blaine apart. "Want me to fill up what Cooper and Finn and Puck and Sam left behind for me?"

"Ye-h... y-eh!" Blaine couldn't make full words, but his frantic nods and wanton expression said everything for him.

Kurt stood up and quickly took off his many layers, Blaine whimpering and keening the entire time--
so impatient. He gripped those beautiful thighs and pushed Blaine back on the table, climbing after him.

"God, I've been hard since we kissed, and I didn't touch myself at all," Kurt moaned against Blaine's mouth, the tapered head of his long cock driving into Blaine's thigh. "You were so hot, honey. So fucking hot as you let everyone use you like that."

"Kurt..." Blaine wrapped his limbs tightly around Kurt, arms low around his neck, legs high around his waist, wanting to be as close as possible.

Kurt reached around and under Blaine's legs to line himself up. He sank in with little resistance and Blaine clenched as tight as possible to pull that beautiful cock in farther. Both groaned with every inch as Kurt bottomed out and they enjoyed the moment of filling and being filled, their mouths thrashing against each other.

"I love you, Kurt." Blaine whispered between their lips.

"I love you too, Blaine." Kurt twisted his fingers into Blaine's curls and began moving, but even he hated the feeling of not being in Blaine, so they instead churned with short, slow thrusts, savouring every second. The sounds that left their mouths produced a natural harmony. They faded into each other and everything else seemed to slip away. It was just them, fucking each other, their bodies painfully close, lips crushed together, their hearts just inches away from each other.

It was a blissful euphoria as their sobbed into each others mouths. Blaine was almost brought to tears as Kurt's cock grazed his swollen prostate and Kurt's abdomen rutted against his hypersensitive dick.

"K-Kurt!" He cried into that hot mouth. "Kurt, I n-need to come. I-- it hurts! Kurt!"

"Shhh." That beautiful voice was more soothing than a siren's song.

Kurt wedged his hand between them and wrapped around Blaine's quivering cock as it dribbled wetly through the gaping slit.

"I'm close too."

"Ah!" Hearing that much was almost too much for Blaine.

"Come on, together." Kurt's slow thrusts muddled together and became shaky and erratic. "Ready?"

Their cries were broken and short, and with a couple more strokes of those long, beautiful fingers and cock, Blaine was coming again in unsteady spurts and Kurt was exploding deep inside with such force and Blaine was so open that some of his come spilled out around the base.

Their sweaty, exhausted bodies collapsed together and they took several minutes to breath, both of them passing tiny, little strokes across each other's skin and hair.

"I'm going to miss you in New York," Blaine breathed.

"We'll always have this night to remember if we ever get too horny," Kurt teased. They both chuckled tiredly.

"I love you."

"I love you too."
End Notes

Comments are always appreciated!

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