

# **Untitled GKM Fill innocent!bp!Kurt arranged marriage**

**by**

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**Kurt/Blaine || AU || NC-17**

*GKM FILL, see original prompt*

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## **Original GKM Prompt**

Kurt and Blaine are promised to each other at a very young age. I want them to be really close as they grow up but as they get older it becomes obvious that there's something wrong/different with Kurt. For whatever reason he's really slow/has difficulty understanding things. It makes him super naive and gullible, very innocent. It also makes Blaine extremely protective of him.

Anyway, because of the way Kurt is he's never taught about sex. Maybe Burt tried but Kurt was incapable of following the conversation.

Blaine doesn't care that Kurt is the way he is, he still loves Kurt and fully intends to marry him. Would love if a jealous Sebastian taunts and makes fun of Kurt and Blaine getting protective.

Anyway, they get married (maybe at 18?) and it's their wedding night. Kurt still doesn't know anything about sex and he thinks that they go straight to bed after the reception.

Blaine planned for this. I want him to cuddle up close to Kurt in bed and start kissing Kurt and touching him lightly with his hands. I want it to turn into playful tickling and after a bit he starts to remove the pajamas Kurt is wearing. I want Kurt to be confused and ask what Blaine is doing.

Now, I don't want Blaine to explain what sex is to Kurt so instead I want him to hold Kurt close and tell him that because they're married there's something they need to start do for each other. He turns it into a medical thing, I want him to tell Kurt that they need to keep each other healthy, that for whatever reason they're at risk for some sort of health issue and doing this (sex) will effectively prevent that.

Kurt completely believes Blaine and I want him to be genuinely afraid of catching this sickness. Kurt tells Blaine he'll do whatever he needs to, to keep them safe. Even so he's still confused when Blaine takes off all of their clothes and pulls out a bottle of oil/lube but he doesn't say anything because he really doesn't want to get sick.

When Blaine starts to push inside of Kurt, Kurt starts to panic a little bit, not knowing what Blaine is doing but Blaine continues while soothing Kurt.

I want there to be lots of praise and encouragement from Blaine while he makes love to Kurt. I want Kurt to be whimpering and complaining that it hurts/is sore and Blaine just reassures him that it's okay and that Kurt is doing such a good job.

After Blaine finishes I want him to hold Kurt close and start fingering him. This makes Kurt even MORE confused but Blaine tells him it's important to do this too.

Lots of Kurt squirming while being fingered and when he's close to climax he thinks he's going to pee and tells Blaine to stop but Blaine keeps going, more determined because he knows Kurt is close.

That's all I really have, basically just TONS of innocent Kurt. As for Blaine I don't want him to be really dark or anything, he genuinely loves Kurt and he doesn't think Kurt would be able to understand sex if it were explained properly to him. (Which is kind of true) So I guess morally ambiguous Blaine?

Anyway, I want sex to be a regular thing with Kurt thinking it's only to keep them safe from this sickness. If author goes further I'd love to see Blaine introduce Kurt to oral sex (there's other ways to keep each other safe!)

If author goes with mpreg than Kurt doesn't know that sex caused him to get pregnant, maybe it's described as something that just 'happens' or 'the gods blessed him with child' idk

WANTS:

- Descriptions of noises they make

- Description of the feeling of Blaine's cum inside Kurt (especially after their first time)

- Kurt referring to their nighttime activities in public maybe talking about how important it is because it keeps them safe - obviously not realizing that he shouldn't talk about that

- everyone (their family/friends - especially Burt - realizing what Blaine did. Maybe Burt feeling angry at first but coming to terms with it because Blaine takes really good care of Kurt and sex isn't something Kurt can understand fully etc.)

- Also: Boypussy no cock and BAREBACKING

## **Chapter One**

Blaine Anderson was five years old when his father put him in the car and started driving. Blaine had asked over and over where they were going, but the only response his father gave was "To meet a new friend". Blaine didn't have any friends and the idea of having one was exciting.

His dad stopped the car at an average sized house. They got out of the car and Blaine's dad took his hand and they walked up the path to the front door. Blaine's heart was hammering in his chest from excitement and anticipation and also from fear. What if his new friend didn't like him?

His dad knocked and a few moments later, the door opened to reveal a large man wearing a cap.

"Hello, Burt," Blaine's dad said. "This is Blaine."

The big man, Burt, looked down at Blaine then and gave him a big smile, which made Blaine feel a lot better.

"Hi there, Blaine," Burt said. "Nice to finally meet you."

"Hello," Blaine said, quietly.

They went inside and Burt lead them into the kitchen. A small boy with chestnut brown hair was at the kitchen table colouring. Blaine wanted to go and see what the picture looked like, but he stayed next to his father.

"Kurt," Burt said, going towards the brown haired boy.

The boy looked up and he had bright blue eyes. This had to be Blaine's new friend.

"Kurt," Burt said again. "Remember I told you your new friend was comin' over?"

The boy, Kurt, nodded.

"Well, he's here," Burt told him. "Kurt, this is Blaine. You two are going to be seeing a lot of each other."

Kurt's curious, blue eyes were on Blaine now, which made Blaine feel nervous again. Blaine smiled and waved. Kurt's face softened then and he waved back.

"Hi," Kurt said, voice small.

Blaine's dad took a step forward and gave Blaine a light shove.

"Why don't you stay and get to know Kurt while his daddy and I go in another room to talk?" his dad said.

"Okay, daddy," Blaine said, wanting nothing more than to get to know the other boy.

Burt and Blaine's dad disappeared out of the room and Blaine stood there for another moment. Kurt was watching him.

"How old are you?" Kurt asked, finally.

"Five," Blaine told him.

"Me, too!" Kurt said, smile growing. "Do you like colouring?"

"Mm hmm," Blaine told him with a nod. "But my brother doesn't like when I colour on his books."

Kurt giggled. "You can colour mine," he told Blaine. "Do you want the animals book or the one about flowers?"

Blaine chewed his bottom lip, unsure. "Hmm," he said, thoughtfully. "Flowers." He wasn't very good at colouring animals, flowers were easier and he wanted to impress his new friend.

Kurt grinned and gestured for him to sit down. Blaine did and Kurt handed him the book, then pushed some crayons towards him. Blaine started colouring a picture of a rose.

"I think I like having a new friend," Kurt told him, eyes never leaving his colouring book.

"Really?" Blaine asked, delighted. "Me, too. I like it a lot."

From that moment on, they were inseparable.

## **Chapter Two**

When Blaine was twelve, his father took him aside and told him something that surprised him. He sat down at the table and his dad sat facing him.

"Do you remember the first time you met Kurt?" his dad asked.

Blaine nodded. He would never forget the day he met his best friend in the whole world.

"Have you ever wondered why?"

Blaine shrugged. "Not really," he said. "I thought you were just friends with his dad."

Blaine's dad nodded. "Blaine, do you remember when Cooper was eighteen he married Maggie?"

"Yeah," Blaine said. "Of course."

Maggie was Cooper's wife. They had been friends for a long time and then boyfriend and girlfriend for a few years and then they had gotten married. Blaine had been around ten when they'd had the wedding.

"And you know that he and Maggie met the way that you and Kurt did, right?"

Blaine hadn't known that. He shook his head.

"You hear the kids at school talking about arranged marriages, don't you, son?"

"Sometimes," he said. Kids at school talked about it a lot, actually. Arranged marriage was just something that happened sometimes.

"Maggie and Cooper had an arranged marriage," Blaine's dad said. "And you and Kurt will have one, too."

Blaine let his jaw drop. He and *Kurt*?

"I.. What?"

"You like Kurt, Blaine," his dad said. "Wouldn't you like to spend your life with him?"

"I.." Blaine was still stunned. "No, of course I would," he told his dad. "I'm just surprised. Why didn't you tell me?"

"I'm telling you now," Mr. Anderson said, standing up. "Burt is explaining it to Kurt, too, but he might not understand very well."

Kurt was a little slower than other kids his age. He got confused a lot and didn't laugh at the dirty jokes the kids at school told sometimes, but that was okay, because he was Blaine's best friend and he loved him anyway. Blaine didn't tell Kurt how he had dreamed about kissing him and touching him under his clothes and then woken up with a damp crotch. Kurt would think he was strange and he probably wouldn't have understood, but Blaine kept it from him anyway.

"Just.. Be careful when you talk about it to Kurt," Mr. Anderson said.

Blaine's father left the room and Blaine just sat there, thinking. He loved Kurt a lot, as more than just a friend at this point, but he didn't know how to tell him. He'd tried once, but Kurt had just hugged him and asked him if he wanted to go get ice cream. Now, he didn't have to worry. He would have Kurt forever anyway.

Blaine smiled and went to his room to call his friend. Kurt picked up on the third ring.

"Hi, Blaine!" he said, happily.

"Hi, Kurt," Blaine replied. "What are you doing?"

"Reading," Kurt told him. "Do you want to go to the movies tomorrow?"

Blaine smiled and lay back against his pillows. "I'd love to."



## **Chapter Three**

"Hey, Kurt," Sebastian Smythe said, as he passed Kurt and Blaine, who were sitting on the steps of Kurt's house.

"Hi," Kurt said, looking up.

Blaine glared at Sebastian.

"You're looking nice today, Kurt," Sebastian said, with a smirk. "Do you know what would be even better? Your lips wrapped around my cock."

Kurt's eyebrows furrowed and Blaine tightened his grip on Kurt's hand.

"You have a cock?" Kurt asked, eyes wide and innocent. "Does your family own a farm?"

Sebastian laughed cruelly. "At first, I thought your obliviousness was sort of cute, but now it's just annoying. How can anyone be so stupid and get by in this world?"

Blaine stood up, angry. His fingers curled until his hands were fisted and he began walking towards Sebastian.

"Now, now, Blaine," Sebastian said, still smirking. "Do you really want Kurt to grow up thinking violence solves anything?"

Blaine huffed. "Just..keep walking, Sebastian."

"You should really teach him some stuff before your wedding next year," Sebastian said. "Otherwise, you're going to have a terrible wedding night."

"Go away!" Blaine said.

Sebastian laughed and walked on. Blaine went back to the steps to sit next to Kurt.

"Why would we have a terrible wedding night?" Kurt asked Blaine, looking alarmed.

"We won't," Blaine told him. "Everything's going to be perfect."

"Why did you get mad?" Kurt asked.

Blaine's face softened and he laid a hand over Kurt's once more. "Nothing you need to worry about," he told him, smiling. "Want to go inside and watch a movie?"

Kurt grinned and nodded, happily. "Okay!"

## **Chapter Four**

On the day of their wedding, Burt had a talk with Blaine.

"I wanted to talk to you about, er, tonight," Burt said, sitting down.

Blaine nodded, understanding. He'd thought long and hard about this and he'd come up with only one solution that he believed might work.

"He doesn't understand about any of that stuff," Burt said, eyes shifting. "I tried, Blaine, but he just can't seem to follow."

"I know," Blaine said. "It's okay. I can handle it."

Burt looked sceptical. "Are you sure, kid?"

"I'm more than sure," he assured Burt. "Everything is going to be fine, Burt, don't worry."

Burt nodded, smiling a little bit. "Okay," he said. "I trust you. You're a good kid. I'm glad it's you Kurt's marrying."

Blaine smiled, gratefully. "I'm glad, too."

## Chapter Five

At the end of the day, Kurt and Blaine went back to the new house their parents had bought for them. They were giddy after the events of the day and Blaine was excited to finally be alone with his new husband. The house was already furnished and everything was perfect.

"I'm so tired," Kurt told him, yawning.

Blaine's pulse was racing. "Do you want to go to bed?" he asked, hopefully.

"Yes," Kurt said, taking Blaine's outstretched hand.

Blaine took him upstairs to their new bedroom and they got ready for bed. While Kurt was in the bathroom, Blaine opened the side drawer and found the bottle of unopened lube he had placed there the day before. He smiled and climbed into the bed, ready to move on to the next part of their night.

Kurt came out a moment later, dressed in his silk pyjamas. He gave Blaine a bright smile, then turned out the light and climbed in next to him.

"Goodnight, Blaine," Kurt said, with a contented sigh.

Blaine waited a moment, his heart hammering in his chest, then he moved up closer to Kurt and wrapped his arms around him. Kurt relaxed in his embrace and then Blaine placed an experimental kiss to his cheek. Kurt didn't budge. Blaine placed another kiss on Kurt, but this time he kissed the side of his mouth. Kurt's eyes opened and he watched as Blaine kissed his lips again.

Blaine pulled back and smiled and Kurt smiled, too. Blaine hugged him tighter and allowed his hands to travel down until they had reached the hem of Kurt's shirt. He slid his fingers under the silk material and started to touch Kurt's stomach lightly. Kurt started laughing. Blaine grinned and continued to touch him, his hands going higher and higher until his fingers were brushing over Kurt's nipples. Kurt was laughing hard by then, clutching his stomach and then trying to tickle Blaine back. Blaine found himself laughing, too. Kurt was adorable.

He continued to touch Kurt's soft skin and then he slowly unbuttoned his pyjama top. Kurt's laughter faded and he just watched with curious eyes as Blaine pushed his shirt off of his arms.

"Blaine?" Kurt asked.

"It's okay," Blaine assured him.

He hooked his fingers into Kurt's bottoms then and started to tug them downwards.

"Blaine.."

"It's alright, Kurt," Blaine said. "I promise."

Kurt nodded, but still looked unsure.

"Look," Blaine said. "I'll take mine off, too, okay? Will that make you feel better?"

Kurt nodded again. "I guess."

Blaine smiled and kissed the tip of Kurt's nose, then pulled his shirt over his head. He shrugged his pants off, then his underwear, before tugging Kurt's cotton briefs down and off.

"Why are we doing this?" Kurt asked, as Blaine went up close and hugged him.

"Because we're married now," Blaine explained. "Kurt, I have to tell you about something that happens when people get married. Something really important."

"Are we okay?" Kurt asked, sounding scared.

"Shh," Blaine said, hugging him tighter, trying to keep him calm. "It's okay, we're fine. But we need to make sure we both stay fine, okay?"

It wasn't that Blaine wanted to lie to Kurt, he just wasn't sure Kurt would understand unless he told him like this. He had recited it over and over in his head, trying to come up with the right words to say. There didn't really seem to be an easy way, so he just had to go for it.

"In order to stay healthy, you and I have to do stuff," Blaine said, quickly, heart racing.

"What kind of stuff?" Kurt asked. "I'll do it if it keeps us safe."

"It will, sweetheart," Blaine told him. "I love you and I want to make sure you're healthy."

He needed Kurt to know that he loved him, it set his mind at ease. He really did love Kurt. He'd loved him for years now, probably even longer than he knew himself and he really didn't want to hurt him in any way. Blaine would go to the ends of the earth to protect Kurt. The thing was that Kurt was so unintentionally sexy sometimes that Blaine had to restrain himself from diving on him and showing him all the things he didn't understand. They were married now and this was something they would both want, even if one of them was not yet aware. Blaine was simply helping things along.

"I love you, too," Kurt said, eyes watering. "Will you be okay?" He sounded panicked.

"I'm fine, Kurt, I swear," Blaine said. "Don't worry. So long as we do the right things, we're both going to be happy and healthy."

"Tell me what to do," Kurt said. "Please, Blaine. I'm scared."

Blaine's heart twisted with guilt, but he had no choice.

"It's okay," Blaine said, again. "I'll show you. I'll teach you. Just don't be scared. You know I'd do anything for you."

"I-I know," Kurt said, eyes wide.

Blaine kissed him gently on the cheek, then reached to the side table for the lube.

"Wh-what's that"? Kurt asked, blue eyes on the small bottle.

"Oh, this is to help us," Blaine said. "Just lie back and I'll make sure we get it right, okay?"

Kurt nodded and did as Blaine told him. He lay back and Blaine inched up closer beside him, dropping the lube down next to him, so that he had easy access to it. Kurt looked petrified. Blaine gave his thigh a reassuring squeeze.

"It's going to be okay," he told Kurt.

Kurt nodded again. Blaine slipped one arm around Kurt's slender waist and moved the other one down Kurt's pale body. He pressed his lips to Kurt's neck as he slipped a hand between his legs. Kurt gasped quietly, but didn't say anything. Blaine took this as a signal to keep going. He ran his finger down Kurt's slit, slowly. Kurt was completely dry. Blaine wasn't sure if it was Kurt's lack of knowledge that was to blame, but he shrugged it off and used his fingers to part his soft lips. Kurt's thighs were still together and when Blaine pressed a finger between Kurt's pussy lips, they closed around it.

Blaine swallowed hard and rubbed the tip of his finger over Kurt's clit. Kurt was chewing on his bottom lip and Blaine gave his waist a squeeze, trying once again to reassure him that everything was okay. He pushed his finger lower, trying to locate Kurt's tight hole, but it was too difficult with Kurt's legs pressed so tightly together. he sat up and pulled the covers back.

"I need you to bend your knees a little, baby," Blaine said, giving Kurt's thigh a pat. "Just like this," he said, positioning Kurt's legs so that his boypussy was exposed. He was beautiful.

Blaine climbed between his legs and rubbed his thighs soothingly. He grabbed the lube and popped the cap, then squeezed a little onto his hand.

"This might be a little cold at first," he told Kurt, as he warmed it with his hands as best as he could.

"What is that?" Kurt asked, leaning up on his elbows to look.

"It's to help us," Blaine told him a second time.

"Like medicine?"

Blaine smiled. "Not exactly. It just.. You'll see. I promise it's going to be okay. You know I would never do anything to hurt you, right?"

Kurt nodded instantly. "I know that," he said. "I don't mean to be so scared, Blaine. It's just this is..different. Dad told me when I was little that it's not right to have no clothes on around others."

"We're married now, Kurt," Blaine said, still feeling a thrill all through him every time he realised that it was finally true. "You and I are a family. I swear to you that this is completely normal and completely okay."

"Alright.." Kurt said, quietly.

"Hey," Blaine said, reaching down with his dry hand to tilt Kurt's chin upwards, so that he was looking at him again. "You trust me, don't you?"

Kurt's worried expression softened and he smiled, full and bright and beautiful. "I trust you with all my heart."

Blaine grinned and bent to kiss his lips. "I'm going to take care of you."

Kurt gave him a nod. Blaine finished warming the lube with his fingers, then pressed his first finger down Kurt's folds. He pressed lightly over Kurt's clit, which was poking out now. He slipped his finger down until he found Kurt's tight hole, then circled it, making sure he spread enough lube around it that it wouldn't hurt too much. Kurt was really tight and Blaine wasn't sure he would be able to fit himself inside, but, God, he was willing to try.

"Blaine.." Kurt said, voice shaking.

"It's going to be okay," Blaine said, pressing the very tip of his finger slowly inside and then circling again. "Kurt, have you ever touched yourself here?"

He knew the answer would be no before he asked the question, but he wondered if Kurt had ever accidentally touched himself and realised it had felt good and then continued.

Kurt's blue eyes went wide. "Was I supposed to?" he asked, sounding alarmed once again.

"No, calm down, it's okay," Blaine said, chuckling. "I was just curious."

Blaine continued circling, feeling Kurt's walls opening up for him.

"How does it feel?" Blaine asked.

"Odd," Kurt said. "It burns sometimes."

Blaine nodded and pushed his finger further inside. Kurt's eyes closed and he let out a small whimper. Blaine slowed his finger as he tried to add a second one. Kurt's breathing was quickening and it was the



hottest thing Blaine had ever heard. He pushed his two fingers in further, all the way into Kurt's slick heat, then crooked them, trying to find...

"*Blaine!*" Kurt screamed.

Found it, Blaine thought, feeling triumphant. Eventually, he got a third finger inside and Kurt was wet now, very wet. It made the slide a lot easier, but Kurt seemed worried.

"Blaine, am I bleeding?" he asked. "Did you cut me by accident?"

"No, baby, everything's pretty and pink and perfect down here," he told Kurt.

"You're just wet."

"We-wet?" Kurt enquired.

"Mm hmm," Blaine told him. "It's a good thing, Kurt."

Kurt nodded and then groaned as Blaine touched over that spot again. Blaine pushed in and out a few more times, before removing his fingers entirely, his cock almost painfully hard now. He sat back and wiped his fingers on the bedspread, then moved up next to Kurt to make sure he was still okay.

"I love you," he reminded him.

"I love you," Kurt said, eyebrows furrowed nervously.

"How do you feel?" Blaine asked, stroking his cheek gently.

"Wet," Kurt whispered. "I don't know why, Blaine. I'm afraid."

Blaine held him tight and kissed the top of his head. "Please don't be afraid," he begged. "I promise it's normal, baby. You're doing so great and—"

"Blaine!" Kurt shrieked, jerking sideways.

Blaine sat up quickly and looked up at Kurt. "What is it? What happened?"

"Something stabbed me," Kurt said, voice quivering.

Blaine followed Kurt's line of sight and found himself looking at his erection.

"Oh," Blaine said. He reached out for Kurt's hand and Kurt took his immediately. "Sit back down, it's okay," he said. Kurt sat back next to him. "You know how you got wet?" Kurt nodded. "Well, this is kind of like that, but different, because we've got different parts."

"Why?"

"Why do we have different parts?" Blaine asked. He shrugged. "It's just how we are."

"Other boys aren't like me," Kurt uttered, gaze dropping. Blaine didn't bother asking how he'd known that.

"You are perfect," Blaine told him, making him look up again. "Don't I always tell you that?"

Kurt nodded. "I guess."

"You are," Blaine assured him. "This," Blaine said, gesturing down to his hard cock against his stomach, "is because of how beautiful you are."

"I don't understand.."

"When we're together, you don't feel that do you? The..the stabbing?" Kurt shook his head. "That's because sometimes it's soft, but when I'm near you, it hardens, just like this. That's because you make me feel amazing, Kurt."

Kurt's lips tilted up into a small smile.

"Are you okay?" Blaine asked.

"I'm fine," Kurt said. "We better do the stuff we're supposed to. I'm scared, but I'm more scared of either of us being hurt."

"Okay," Blaine said.

He'd almost forgotten that he'd told Kurt that. He climbed back up between Kurt's legs and pumped his fingers in and out a few more times, cck throbbing when he realised Kurt was still very, very wet and stretched.

"This is going to hurt a little bit, but remember I'm doing this to protect you," Blaine said, eyes locked with Kurt's. "Just be brave for me."

Kurt nodded and Blaine moved closer. He coated his cock with the lube, hissing at the cold burning kiss, then he lined his cock up with Kurt's hole, then pressed the head against it.

"It feels funny.."

"It's okay," Blaine said. It seemed to be all he knew how to say with Kurt so close and spread out like that.

Blaine pressed forward with his hips and Kurt let out a squeak as Blaine's cock disappeared inside.

"Blaine!" Kurt gasped. "Blaine, it hurts so much!"

"Be brave, sweetheart," Blaine said, pressing in some more. "We're almost there, I promise."

"Blaine, I can't," Kurt said, tears welling in his eyes. "Please.."

"Just a little more, baby," Blaine said, smiling. "You're doing so good, Kurt. I love you."

Kurt smiled through his tears and finally, Blaine bottomed out. He shut his eyes, the tight heat almost too much. Kurt was breathing hard, eyes half lidded.

"I'm going to move now, Kurt."

"What?"

"Just.." Blaine began, but trailed off as he pulled out slightly, then pushed back in, making Kurt groan. "So good."

Blaine continued pushing in and out, Kurt's tightness feeling amazing around his hard cock. Kurt was panting hard, probably from pain more than pleasure.

"God, Kurt, you feel so good," Blaine said. "How does it feel, babe?"

"It..hurts," Kurt told him, clutching the covers. "Blaine.."

Blaine just continued slamming in and out of him. He tried to keep a slow, even pace, but it was so much and so good and he didn't know how to control it.

"Good boy, Kurt," Blaine said. "You can move your hips to meet mine, that will help."

"Okay," Kurt said, sounding unsure, but he did it anyway and Blaine was so, so close.

"Almost done, sweetheart," Blaine said, speeding his thrusts up. "Almost there."

Blaine kept going until he felt the heat in his stomach and then he was coming inside Kurt. Kurt gasped at the feeling, but Blaine just kept thrusting, grunting noisily, until he'd come down from the orgasm. Kurt was whining under him, his breaths unsteady. He collapsed on top of Kurt and kissed his tear stained cheeks.

"Thank you," he said, quietly. "You did so amazing."

## Chapter Six

Kurt smiled and reached up to wipe his eyes with a shaky hand. He was glad Blaine thought he had done well, at least now they would be safe and healthy. Blaine removed his cock from inside Kurt and lay down next to him. Kurt went to him and fell into his open arms, his body aching.

He felt wet between his legs and something was dripping out of him. Something had come out of Blaine and was inside him now and it felt weird. He could hear a squelching sound when he moved his legs and the hot wetness started to leak out of him and trailed down his thighs.

Blaine's hand was moving down his body. He pushed Kurt's legs apart again and pressed a finger against his hole.

"Blaine?" Kurt asked, confused. Why would Blaine want to touch whatever that was?

Blaine's finger started to push the wetness back inside of him.

"This part is important, Kurt," Blaine told him. "You want us to be safe, don't you?"

Kurt nodded. Of course he wanted that.

"Then trust me," Blaine said.

Blaine smiled at Kurt and moved his come-covered finger up to toy with Kurt's swollen clit. Kurt moaned when Blaine's finger pressed against the small nub and then he began rubbing over it in small circles.

"Blaine.." Kurt said, breathlessly. "Blaine, what.."

"This is important to keep us from getting sick," Blaine said. "But that doesn't mean it can't feel good."

Kurt's face was twisted in both confusion and pleasure. Blaine smiled and began rubbing harder and faster against the nub as he moved his other hand down to press inside his abused hole. Kurt's pussy was soaking wet with both Kurt's wetness and Blaine's come. The thought of Kurt having his come inside him made Blaine crazy. His cock twitched, trying to get hard again, but Blaine didn't want to be tempted to try to fuck Kurt again, not when he was going to be sensitive and sore.

He pressed inside, pushing his come and Kurt's fluids up into the slick heat and Kurt was wriggling under him, panting hard as Blaine's fingers caressed his clit, sending jolts of pleasure all through him.

"Blaine.." Kurt exhaled, eyes rolling backwards.

Kurt was close and Blaine wanted nothing more than to make him come and hard. He added another finger and quickened his thrusts as well as his strokes on Kurt's clit and Kurt was whimpering loudly.

"Blaine, I can't.." he moaned. "Blaine, I need the bathroom. I think.." Kurt blushed hard. "I need to..to pee, Blaine. Please.."

Kurt's words made Blaine a little dizzy and he was more determined to make him come. Kurt would have no idea what hit him once it happened. He took Kurt's clit between his fingers and squeezed right at the moment that he crooked his fingers inside him and hit his g-spot and then Kurt screamed and came hard. Blaine worked him through it, wetness coating his fingers and finally, Kurt's whimpers and cries slowed and then disappeared and he just lay there panting.

Blaine pressed a finger inside again experimentally and Kurt made a small sound and grabbed his hand.

"Please, Blaine.." he said.

Blaine smiled and removed his hand. He kissed Kurt's cheek then went to the bathroom to get a cloth to clean him off. When he came back to the room, Kurt was fast asleep. Blaine smiled, heart swelling in his chest. His husband was beautiful and unbelievably sexy. He was so lucky to have Kurt.

Blaine went closer and pressed the wet cloth between Kurt's legs to get all the mess that was between them. Kurt stirred and his eyes opened. He gave Blaine a quizzical expression.

"It's okay, sweetheart," Blaine said, quietly. "Go to sleep. I'm just getting you nice and clean."

"Okay," Kurt said, with a yawn. "Love you."

Blaine smiled. "I love you, too," he said. "I love you so much."

Kurt fell asleep and Blaine continued wiping him until he was clean. When he was done, he threw the cloth aside and climbed up next to him, then pulled him close and kissed his forehead. He couldn't help feeling a bit guilty, but he knew he'd done the right thing.

"I'm sorry," he whispered into Kurt's hair. "I'm sorry and I promise to make you happy."

The reply came as a surprise to Blaine, but it made him feel at ease.

*"You do make me happy."*

## **Chapter Seven**

Blaine sat down next to Kurt after dinner the next day. Burt, Carole and Finn were there.

"So, boys," Carole said, smiling, "how does it feel to be married?"

"Perfect," Blaine said, smiling at Kurt.

"Really nice," Kurt said, returning his smile.

"He better be taking good care of you," Burt said, giving Blaine a wink.

Blaine chuckled and took Kurt's hand. He would always take care of Kurt. Always.

"He is, dad," Kurt said. "Blaine loves me."

"We know," Carole said. "Your dad was just kidding, honey."

Kurt smiled, oblivious.

The phone sounded in the hall and Blaine got to his feet and excused himself. He went out into the hall and answered it.

"Hello?"

"Dad."

"What is it, son?" Burt asked, when Blaine had left the room.

"Do you worry that Blaine doesn't take care of me?"

"Honey, your dad was joking," Carole said again.

Kurt blinked. He didn't see anything funny.

"I know Blaine takes care of you," Burt told him. "Carole's right. I was just kiddin' around."



"Okay," Kurt said. "He does take care of me, you know. He told me about needing to be protected. Last night, I mean."

Burt and Carole exchanged a look. Burt was glad Blaine had introduced condoms into their relationship.

"That's good, Kurt," he said, awkwardly.

"It hurt a lot," Kurt went on, "but I knew it was just to keep us safe and healthy. I don't want Blaine to get sick. I was scared, but he said we did everything right to prevent it."

Burt furrowed his eyebrows. What had Blaine told him? Had he tried to explain pregnancy? STDs?

"And he didn't forget to push it all back in afterwards," Kurt continued. "I know that's important and Blaine said that even though it's to keep us safe, it doesn't mean it can't feel good and it did and at first, I thought something scary was happening, because it felt like my insides were climbing, but then Blaine helped me and it was nice and I was really tired after and he dried everything while I slept. I think we're going to be okay. You don't have to worry. Blaine knows what he's doing."

Burt, Carole and Finn gaped at Kurt.

"Uh, dude, I think—"

"Finn!" Carole said, quickly. "I... Why don't you go get some dessert? Blaine said you have dessert in the refrigerator, right, Kurt?"

Kurt nodded, happily. "He helped me make it!"

Finn disappeared out of the room and Carole and Burt looked at each other again. Carole shook her head.

"Dad?"

Burt looked up at his son.

"Are you still worried?" Kurt asked.

"No," Burt said, sighing quietly. "No, I'm not worried, Kurt. Blaine's just doing what's best for you."

"I know," Kurt said, grinning. "He always does."

"Sex keeps you safe and healthy?" Burt said, walking out into the hall. "That's what you told him? That if he doesn't have sex with you, he'll get sick? That you both will?"

Blaine's face fell. "I can explain—"

"My son cares about you, Blaine and he's terrified something's gonna happen to you. This isn't right."

Blaine sighed and walked into the kitchen. Burt followed him. They sat down at the kitchen table.

"I'm not proud of it," Blaine admitted. "But I didn't know how else to handle it. I didn't hurt him. I was gentle with him."

"He said it hurt—"

"At first, of course," Blaine said. "I made sure he was perfectly fine. I wouldn't hurt him. You said yourself he doesn't understand...sex." Blaine blushed. "I just wanted to make him feel good. It was our wedding night and I was nervous and I just love him so much and I made myself say it. He understands better like this and I swear, he's happy. He's so happy with me, Burt."

"I'm scared that if I tell him the truth and freak him out, he'll leave me and I can't handle that. I can't handle the idea of someone else having him, when he's mine, when he's always been mine, when I've always been his. We both know he needs protecting. He doesn't understand so many things and not everyone will be able to deal with that. I love him, everything about him. I'm going to be right there keeping him from harm and loving him for the rest of my life. If he finds out, I could lose him and neither of us would be better off."

"Please don't tell him. If you want, I'll tell him over time. I'll break it down for him, help him understand, but please don't just tell him like this. Please don't make me lose him. I can't not be with him. He's part of me. He's my best friend."

Burt eyed Blaine for a long time and then he sighed and nodded. "I suppose it was for the best," he said. "You two love each other and this was just the next step. It's your own business how you handled it and I shouldn't have called you out on it. I just thought you were taking advantage. Guess I should have known

better. I know you love him and you did it for him. You know what you're doing, I'm not about to mess that up."

Blaine smiled gratefully. "I promise you won't regret it."

"I know," Burt said. "I'm happy you love him, Blaine. I know sometimes it must be hard. It took me a long time to get used to how he was. I've had longer than you. It can't be easy."

"To love him?" Blaine asked. "It's the easiest thing in the world."

## **Chapter Eight**

"Blaine."

Blaine looked up at Kurt, who was standing in the frame of the kitchen door.

"Hey," Blaine said, smiling. "What's up?"

"I was thinking about last night," Kurt said.

They'd had sex last night, too and it had gone pretty much the same as the previous night, only Blaine had made sure to go slower.

Blaine's heart beat quickened. "Oh, yeah?"

Kurt nodded. "I think something's wrong."

Blaine stilled. Kurt couldn't have found out, could he? Had Burt told him?

"Why do you think that, baby?" Blaine asked, throat dry. He couldn't lose him, he couldn't.

Kurt paused. "It's okay for me to take my pants off because we're married, right?"

Blaine nodded quickly. "Definitely."

Kurt nodded and pushed his pants and underwear down in one go. He stepped out of them and went closer to where Blaine was sitting at the kitchen table. Blaine watched with wide eyes as Kurt came to stand in front of him, then proceeded to part his legs.

"Touch," Kurt said, quietly.

He didn't have to ask Blaine twice. Blaine reached up and pressed two fingers down Kurt's folds, then pressed through the slit and..

"Oh," Blaine said, feeling the sticky wetness coating his fingers.

"Oh?" Kurt asked. "Is it bad? Am I going to die?"

Blaine looked up at him. He dropped his hand out of respect.

"Kurt, you—"

"Oh no!"

"Kurt?"

"Blaine, we're both going to be sick," he said, pointing to the very obvious erection that Blaine was now sporting. "I'm so sorry. I did it wrong."

"Kurt," Blaine said, reaching out to steady his husband. "Kurt, calm down. Breathe, okay? Breathe."

Blaine pulled him close, trying his best not to think about the fact that Kurt was naked from the waist down. He held him tight, trying to keep him together. When Kurt had calmed down a bit, Blaine pulled back and looked into his eyes.

"Listen carefully," Blaine instructed. "This is perfectly normal. You're going to get wet sometimes, honey. I'm going to get hard. Remember when I said it can feel good, even when it's helping us?"

Kurt nodded.

"That's what this is about," Blaine said. "But when it happens, we should go to each other if we can, okay? If we're apart, that's okay, too. You don't have to worry."

"Promise?" Kurt asked, eyes shining.

"I promise," Blaine said.

"Should we go to bed?" Kurt asked. "I know it's not night time, but—"

"Kurt, did you know there are other ways to keep the sickness away?"

Kurt shook his head. "Tell me them?"

Blaine smiled and took Kurt's hand. He helped him up onto the kitchen table.

"Okay, just sit at the edge. That's perfect," he said, sitting back down in his chair. "Just open your legs, baby."

Kurt opened his legs instantly and Blaine spread them wider, revealing his sopping, wet boy pussy.

"You're so gorgeous," Blaine told him. "Don't get scared, okay? This is to help us."

"I'll try."

Blaine smiled and licked his lips, then he lowered his mouth down to Kurt's exposed pussy. He pointed his tongue and licked his clit slowly and Kurt reached down to grab Blaine's wrist. Blaine moved his head back and looked up at him.

"What is it, Kurt?" he asked, softly.

"Blaine, I pee from down there," he said, cheeks burning. "Are you sure you should put your mouth there?"

Blaine smiled and kissed the inside of Kurt's thigh. "I'd kiss every inch of you if I could," he told Kurt. "There isn't an inch of you I wouldn't be willing to kiss, Kurt."

Kurt smiled. He appreciated romance.

"Okay," Kurt said, petting Blaine's hair lightly. "Your curls are soft."

Blaine chuckled and kissed the inside of Kurt's wrist, then turned his attention back to the almost stifling heat that was coming from between Kurt's legs. Blaine reached out and pulled his outer lips gently apart and then covered Kurt's already swelled clit with his mouth. He started sucking on it, running his tongue over the small hardness over and over until Kurt's fingers were pulling on his hair. Blaine looked up and saw Kurt with his head thrown back, face a mask of ecstasy. Blaine felt his crotch area tightening. He wanted to make Kurt come, though, so that could wait until later.

He flattened his tongue over Kurt's pink folds and licked down slowly, lapping up Kurt's juices. He stopped when he'd reached Kurt's entrance and tilted his head back a little just to look. He was so tight and so wet

and so beautiful and Blaine couldn't wait another minute. He pressed his tongue inside and Kurt cried out at the intrusion.

"Blaine," he whimpered. "Feels..funny. Blaine!"

Blaine pushed his tongue in and out over and over, opening Kurt up, making him wetter and wetter, making him cry out, a litany of incoherent words and phrases escaping his swelled, pink, pretty lips.

Blaine reached up with his hand to play with Kurt's clit as he fucked into him with his tongue. He couldn't get enough of Kurt's pussy, couldn't ever be close enough. He abandoned all control and just pressed his face in closer until he had a face full of pink, wet, throbbing folds and then he opened his mouth and just went to town on him.

Kurt was panting hard, small *please, Blaines* falling from his mouth. Blaine was glad. He'd felt awful about lying to him and knowing that Kurt was coming to enjoy what they did together was a great relief to him. He reached around and hooked his arms around Kurt's thighs, bringing him impossibly close and Kurt fell back so that his back was flat on the table and he started to literally writhe there, his eyes shut, mouth open, breath uneven. Blaine felt dizzy with how turned on he was.

He sucked and licked and pressed and nuzzled and Kurt was screaming out, his body thrashing. Blaine held him down by the thighs. Kurt's fingers found their way back into Blaine's curls and he was tugging and pressing and pulling and pushing Blaine's face closer still and Blaine's head was jammed between his legs, but he wasn't complaining one bit.

When Kurt's legs wrapped around Blaine's body, Blaine knew he was close to coming. That, and the way his breath started coming faster and shorter. Blaine moved his mouth up to mouth at Kurt's clit and then he took it into his mouth and reached up to press two fingers into Kurt's desperate heat. Blaine licked over Kurt's clit a few more times before sucking on it harder than he'd ever done before and Kurt came with Blaine's name on his lips, his pussy pressing against Blaine begging for more, which Blaine was happy to give. He licked him through it until he had come down, breathing hard, his chest rising and falling quickly.

Blaine took his mouth off and stood up, legs shaking. Kurt looked dazed. Blaine stroked his hair back from his sweaty forehead. He smiled down at him and Kurt opened his eyes slowly, lashes fluttering.

"Hi," Kurt whispered, smiling back.

Blaine felt his heart contracting. "Hey, beautiful," he said.

"Mm," Kurt murmured. "I can't move."

Blaine smiled harder and pulled Kurt into a tight hug. Sometimes he was so overcome with love for him that he just needed to hold him close.

"You stabbed me again," Kurt whispered against his neck.

"Sorry," Blaine said, pulling back.

Kurt's eyes were on his erection, his lips parted in awe.

"What does it feel like?" Kurt asked.

"It's.." He wasn't sure how to explain. "It hurts a little bit, actually."

"No," Kurt said. "I mean, if I..if I touched it."

Blaine swallowed hard. He wanted Kurt's mouth on him. All he could think about was having Kurt's red lips stretched around him, his blue eyes wide. But Kurt wanted to touch now.

"You can touch it," Blaine said, voice breaking slightly. "If you want to. You can always touch me."

Kurt nodded and sat up on the table, his long legs swinging. Blaine opened his jeans and pushed them and his boxers down off of his body, relief soaring through him at the freedom. Kurt reached out and took Blaine carefully in his hands. Blaine hissed and Kurt let go, eyes going straight to Blaine's face.

"Did I hurt you?" he asked, eyes wide.

"No," Blaine said. "No, you didn't hurt me, baby. It just..feels like a lot sometimes."

"Hmm," Kurt said, touching him again, just with the tips of his fingers and it made Blaine's eyes roll backward. "I feel like that sometimes. A minute ago when you had your mouth on my.. I don't know what it's called.."



"Your pussy," Blaine managed.

Kurt's eyebrows went up. "Like..like a cat?"

"Um," Blaine said, "not really."

Kurt nodded. "I felt like that, like it was a lot when you licked my..my pussy," he said, trying out the word. "What's this called, Blaine?" he asked, wrapping his fingers around Blaine's cock.

Blaine paused. He could tell Kurt all the words that could be used, but he most likely wouldn't remember all of them. "My cock," he said, finally.

Kurt giggled. "I have a cat and you have a chicken!"

Blaine smiled. "Not quite, but they've got the same words," he said.

Kurt nodded, still smiling and just looked down at Blaine's cock, his fingers wrapped around it gently.

"Let me show you," Blaine said, wrapping his own fingers around Kurt's. He moved Kurt's hand along his cock, stroking it quickly. "Just like that," he said. "You can touch this part, too," he said, taking Kurt's thumb and rubbing it over the slit of his cock. "Perfect."

Kurt looked completely concentrated on stroking Blaine, his eyes wide and glassy.

"Something.." Kurt said, leaning closer to get a better look. "Blaine, something's coming out.."

"That means you're doing it right," Blaine said, reaching down to swipe at the precome with his finger. "Mouth open, baby," he said and Kurt opened his mouth. Blaine pushed his finger inside. "Suck," he said and Kurt did.

"Tastes..salty."

"It's okay if you don't like it," Blaine told him, smiling.

"I might," Kurt said. "I only tasted a little bit."

"You can try again when there's more if you like."

"How do I make more?"

"Keep doing that," Blaine instructed. "But a little harder. That's good."

Kurt pumped him harder, eyes low and his gaze on Blaine's cock was making Blaine's crazy.

"Cock," Kurt said, quietly and Blaine almost choked. "Sebastian."

Blaine's heart dipped in his chest. A million awful thoughts went through his head. Had Sebastian shown him something? Taken advantage of him? Had he made him touch him? Blaine was filled with panic and fear and anger and he had the urge to shake Kurt, to make him tell him what he meant. He wouldn't, of course. He would never hurt Kurt.

"Wh.. Sebastian?" Blaine asked, throat dry.

"Mm," Kurt said. "He says cock sometimes. Once he said I'd look nice with my lips around his cock."

How was it that he remembered that of all things?

"Sebastian is jealous, Kurt," Blaine said, relief soaring through his veins. "Don't pay attention to him."

"Jealous," Kurt repeated.

"Yeah, jealous," Blaine said. "His dad won't let him marry a boy, even though he likes boys. He's jealous that we have each other."

"We're lucky," Kurt said, a small smile on his pink lips.

Blaine grinned. "We are."

"But why would I have my lips around his cock?"

"You wouldn't," Blaine said quickly. "Not around his. You'd never see his cock. Never."

"Just yours," Kurt said. "Because it helps us, right?"

"That's right."

"Blaine."

"Yeah," Blaine said, finding it hard to concentrate on the conversation now that Kurt was stroking him gently.

"You had your mouth on my..um, I forgot the word."

"Pussy," Blaine provided.

Kurt nodded. "Pussy," he said. "Because it helps keep the sickness away. If I put my mouth on your cock, would that help, too?"

Blaine watched him wide eyes, his heart hammering in his chest. Holy shit.

"That would.." He paused, collecting himself. "That would definitely help," he said, feeling only little guilty.

"Can we go in the living room?"

Kurt nodded. Blaine smiled and took his hand and they went into the living room. Blaine grabbed a cushion and placed it on the floor.

"You can kneel there," he told Kurt. "So that it doesn't hurt your knees."

Kurt knelt down. "Now what?"

Blaine moved closer and stopped when his cock was in line with Kurt's face.

"Okay," he said. "Listen to me carefully."

He didn't want to choke him or hurt him.

"Okay," Kurt said.

"Open your mouth like this," Blaine said, showing Kurt how to position his lips.

"Keep your teeth away from my cock, alright? Now just take the very tip first and suck."

Kurt nodded again and moved his head forward, mouth open. His eyes were on Blaine's face, looking for approval. Blaine gave him a smile and Kurt took the tip into his mouth. Blaine took Kurt's hand and wrapped it around the base of his cock.

"Okay, just use your mouth to suck back and forward on it," he said. "Just like an ice lolly."

Kurt did just that. He sucked Blaine gently, looking concentrated.

"You can go faster and you can take more into your mouth, but I need you to be extra careful that you don't hurt yourself, okay?" Blaine found it hard to be logical with the heat of Kurt's mouth around him, but he had to, because he loved him.

Kurt nodded and it caused Blaine's cock to go a little further into his mouth.

Blaine fought the urge to reach out and grasp Kurt's hair. He wouldn't hurt him, no matter how good it felt to have Kurt's mouth around him.

Blaine groaned and shut his eyes. It was almost too much.

"God, Kurt," he uttered.

He reached out and stroked Kurt's soft hair gently. Being loving and gentle with Kurt was better than any rough, sexual act could ever be. Kurt's cheeks were hallowed now and his eyes were wide and bright and his cheeks were flushed a pretty pink.

"You're doing great," Blaine told him. "Kurt, you're so perfect."

Kurt tried to smile around him, but it only made Blaine groan louder, because, God, Kurt's mouth was amazing. If Blaine hadn't known Kurt all his life, he wouldn't have believed it was his first time giving a blow job.

Blaine felt himself getting closer to the edge. Suddenly, Kurt's fingers were prodding his balls, as if he was trying to figure out what they were and that was enough.

Blaine came with a shout into Kurt's mouth and Kurt pulled back, eyes wide. He coughed and spluttered, come dribbling out of the corner of his mouth ad down his chin. Had Blaine not just come, the mere sight of Kurt looking like that would have brought him again.

"Are you okay?" Blaine asked, once he felt he could string sentences together again. "I'm sorry, I should have warned you."

Kurt was sitting back against the sofa now, breathing hard. Blaine went to him and wiped at his mouth with some tissues he'd grabbed from the coffee table.

"I'm okay," Kurt told him.

"Are you sure?" Blaine asked, wiping away the rest of his come. "God, I just.. You were so good that I didn't think to say anything and I should have, because you're more important than any of that, Kurt. I'm so sorry."

"I'm fine," Kurt promised. "And I don't mind the taste, Blaine."

Blaine smiled and pressed his face into Kurt's neck. Kurt wound his arms around Blaine and kissed the top of his head.

"I'll be more careful next time," Blaine said, solemnly, pressing a hot kiss to Kurt's pale neck.

"You're always careful with me," Kurt reminded him.

"I'll be extra careful next time."

"Can I take a shower?"

Blaine sat up and stroked at Kurt's hair. "Can I join you?"

"I'd love that." Kurt beamed.

## **Chapter Nine**

Blaine got home late and he was exhausted. He found Kurt at the kitchen table, reading fashion magazines. Kurt looked up and gave him a bright smile.

"Hey, you," Blaine said, smiling back.

"Hi," Kurt replied. "You look tired."

"I am," Blaine said with a nod. "How was your day?"

Kurt shrugged. "Good," he said. "Maybe you should go to sleep"

"I think I will," Blaine said. "You gonna be okay here?"

Kurt waved a hand. "I've been here all day."

Blaine nodded. "Okay," he said. "I'll see you later."

"I love you," Kurt said. "Sweet dreams."

Blaine smiled, heart swelling. "I love you, too."

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Blaine woke to bursts of pleasure shooting through him. He groaned, still half asleep, but he knew he was close to coming. He could hear the heavy creaking sound of the bed and the loud crash of the headboard against the wall. It took him a few minutes to wake up fully and when he opened his eyes, he almost came on the spot.

Kurt was on top of him, riding him, his head thrown back, eyes closed, mouth open, small muffled moans escaping his lips.

"Kurt.." Blaine managed to mutter.

Kurt let out a small whimper and reached down to touch Blaine's chest.

"Blaine," he breathed. "I'm sorry. I just.. You fell asleep and we didn't.. I was so afraid..so worried we'd get sick because we forgot, so I just.. Is it okay? That I did this? Say it's okay, Blaine."

Kurt's blue eyes were wide and pleading, but his voice kept breaking, loud moans breaking through.

"It's okay," Blaine assured him. "It's so okay." He swallowed. "How long have you been..doing that?"

"About..mm.. Blaine! Ab-bout fifteen m-minutes—*Ahhh!*"

Kurt looked slightly frustrated and Blaine knew he was as close as Blaine was, but not quite there.

"I've got you," Blaine told him, reaching down to touch Kurt's clit.

Kurt continued to bounce up and down on his cock, his face twisting in pleasure and pain and then pleasure again. Blaine pinched his clit, but not so much that it hurt. He began to rub over it hard and fast and Kurt's hips were rising and falling erratically. His shouts were louder and his breath was shorter and Blaine could only grip Kurt's hip with one hand, as he rubbed over and over on Kurt's swelled clit.

He felt Kurt's hole clenching around him as he came with Blaine's name on his lips. Blaine felt the rush of wet around his dick and over his thighs and that was enough. He came, hips bucking up into Kurt and Kurt had to reach out to hold on. Blaine gripped Kurt's hips and kept thrusting hard until he'd finally come down. They stayed in the same position for a long time, just breathing.

"Blaine," Kurt said finally.

"Hmm?" Blaine asked, wanting Kurt to lay down with him, so that they could sleep.

"You're supposed to push it back in," Kurt said, timidly. "You said it's important."

"Right," Blaine said, finding the idea very appealing, despite his tiredness. "Come here, baby."

Kurt eased himself off, come dripping down his thigh, and went to lie in Blaine's open arms. Blaine turned him so that Kurt had his back to him. He reached down and crooked Kurt's leg, then pushed his hand down to search out Kurt's open hole. He caught the sticky wetness as it seeped out and down his legs. Blaine pushed it all back in, using his finger to press it up inside Kurt again, circling the walls and then pushing up further until..

*"Blaine!"*

Blaine kissed the back of Kurt's neck as he massaged his come against Kurt's G-spot. Kurt was murmuring in his arms, his words incoherent. He was breathing harder again and Blaine reached around with his other hand. He gathered more come between his fingers and rubbed over Kurt's clit again, covering it in his own fluid. Blaine sucked a bruise into Kurt's neck as he fingered him harder and circled his clit until Kurt started to rock in his embrace.

Kurt's breathing became shallower and his body was moving faster and Blaine just kept pushing and pressing and rubbing and making him feel good. Kurt's opening clenched around Blaine's finger once again as he came hard, his body stuttering forward, a loud cry falling from his lips. Blaine didn't stop pumping his fingers as they became coated with Kurt's wetness and then Kurt was moaning quietly, begging him to stop, because he couldn't handle it any more.

"Too much," Kurt told him. "Please.."

Blaine eased his fingers out and wiped them on the sheets. He kissed Kurt's cheek and then climbed off to grab a cloth. He came back and cleaned them off, then lay back down with Kurt, after switching off the lights.

"It doesn't have to be every night," he told Kurt.

"It doesn't?"

"No," Blaine told him. "If you ever just don't want to, you don't have to. I would never make you do anything you don't want to."

"Okay," Kurt said. "I.. It's nice. Sometimes."

"It's to help us, remember?" Blaine said. "But that doesn't mean it can't feel good."

"I remember you told me that," Kurt said. "I feel close to you when we do that. Like we're working together to keep us safe."

"I feel close to you, too," Blaine said, holding Kurt closer. "Like we're connected."



"I like being connected to you."

"Me, too," Blaine told him.

"I'm glad we're married, Blaine."

"I'm glad you're glad," Blaine said, with a chuckle. "I'm glad, too."

"You make me happy," Kurt said with a yawn.

"You make me more than happy," Blaine told him, kissing his cheek. "Get some sleep."

"You, too."

"Night, babe."

"Night, Blaine. Sweet dreams."

## Chapter Ten

NEW VOICE MESSAGE.

FROM: KURT.

*Blaine, I think I'm sick! We must have done something wrong! I hope you're not sick, too! Blaine, I'm scared. I. I need you. I've been sick three times already. Am I going to die? Blaine, please answer me!*

Blaine's blood went cold as he listened to Kurt's frantic message. He went home immediately, driving faster than he should have. When he arrived home, he burst in the door and looked around.

"Kurt?" he shouted, voice shaking.

"Up here," a voice said from upstairs.

Blaine rushed upstairs and found Kurt in the bathroom, bent over the toilet bowl. He was paler than ever, eyes red-rimmed and watering. Blaine ran to him and held him as he vomited into the toilet.

"Kurt?" Blaine asked, pushing his sweaty hair off of his forehead.

"I caught the sickness," Kurt managed, before throwing up again.

"I'm sure you didn't," Blaine said, wishing he could go back on his words. Why had he told Kurt he could get sick? Why would he do something so stupid? Kurt was so afraid. "I'm sure it's just a bug."

"I feel so bad, Blaine."

Blaine held him there, whispering in his ear that everything would be okay. Finally, Kurt stopped and just sank back into Blaine's arms, body shaking. Blaine waited until he'd caught his breath.

"We'll go to see the doctor," Blaine told him, softly. "But Kurt, you can't tell him what you think it is, okay? You have to let him check and make up his own mind. Promise me."

"I promise," Kurt said, weakly. "I'm so tired."

"I know, sweetheart," Blaine said, kissing his head. "Do you want to get some rest first?"

"I want to know if I'm dying."

"You're not dying," Blaine assured him. "You're not."

"Are you okay?" Kurt asked. "You're not sick, too?"

"No," Blaine said, then he was struck by an idea. "If it was the sickness, we'd both have it, so I'm 100% sure you don't have it."

"Really?"

"Really," Blaine said. "Sleep or doctor?"

"Mm," Kurt hummed. "Sleep. So tired."

Blaine carried him to their bed and placed him inside, then sat with him until he'd fallen asleep, which didn't take long. Once Kurt had fallen asleep, Blaine went to make an appointment by phone.

--

Blaine held Kurt tight as they sat and waited for the doctor to come back. He'd taken some tests in order to find out what was wrong with Kurt and Kurt had been frightened even though Blaine had held his hand all the way through.

"If I die now, you'll be left alone," Kurt whispered into Blaine's neck.

"Kurt, you're not dying," Blaine told him for the umpteenth time. "You trust me, right?"

"Yes."

It always astounded Blaine how completely Kurt trusted him. It also made him feel awful about having told him lies, but it was for his own good. He had to keep reminding himself of that.

"Then trust me when I say you're going to be fine," Blaine said.

"If I'm not, I'm sorry."

With every word, Kurt made Blaine feel guiltier and guiltier. He had to think of a way to right what he'd done, but it was just so hard.

"You have nothing to be sorry about," Blaine said. "I'm sorry."

"For what?"

"Um," Blaine uttered. "Lots of things. Forgive me?" he asked, even though Kurt didn't know what he was forgiving.

"Always."

That made him feel better.

Doctor Lopez returned a moment later and sat down facing them.

"Am I dying?" Kurt asked, voice hitching.

"Not at all," the doctor said, with a smile. He looked from Kurt, to Blaine and back again. "Congratulations, you're having a baby."

Blaine's entire world stopped still for a moment. He hadn't even been aware that it was possible.

"A..baby?" Kurt whispered. "I don't understand.."

The doctor placed one hand on top of the other. "What don't you understand?"

"I've got this," Blaine said, sitting up. "I'll explain everything to him. Thank you, doctor."

Blaine grabbed Kurt's hand and tugged him after him gently. They settled up at reception and then went out to the car.

"Blaine?" Kurt asked, as Blaine drove.

"Hmm?"

"Is something wrong?"

"Wrong?" Blaine asked, eyes on the road.

"You haven't said anything."

"I'm just...letting everything sink in," Blaine told him. Was this really happening? "I'm not mad," he added.

"Oh."

"I'm not," Blaine told him. "I'm just... I didn't know you could.."

Kurt shook his head. "I'm so confused."

"I'll explain, baby," Blaine said, turning onto their street. "Just wait until we're home."

Kurt nodded. Blaine wondered what he could tell him. Could he tell him how he'd gotten pregnant? Would Kurt even understand that he had a life growing inside of him?

*A life.*

Kurt had their baby growing inside of him. It was surreal. Blaine found himself smiling as he pulled into their driveway. Kurt was eying him carefully, but Blaine didn't stop to explain. He simply got out of the car and ran round to open Kurt's door. Kurt stepped out and Blaine helped him inside.

"I can walk," Kurt said, eyebrows furrowing.

"I know," Blaine said. "I just wanted to help."

Kurt nodded and they went to the living room. Blaine sat down and gestured for Kurt to sit with him. Kurt sat down and Blaine held him close.

"The doctor said we're having a baby," Kurt said, quietly. "But I wanted to know why I was sick."

Blaine nodded. "Kurt, that is why," he said. "Our baby—it's..in here," he told Kurt, pressing a hand over Kurt's flat stomach.

"What?" Kurt asked, eyes going wide. "In me?"

"Mm," Blaine said. "You've got our baby growing inside you."

"Blaine.."

"Shh, don't be scared," Blaine said, giving him a smile. "It's going to grow inside you and then in a few months, it'll be ready to come out."

"Oh," Kurt said, bewilderment plain in his voice. "But.. How did it get there?"

Blaine coughed to stall the answer for a moment, but he had to give an explanation eventually.

"Err," he tried. "We've been happy, right? Being married? Becoming our own family?"

"Of course."

"Well," Blaine said, "this is just the..the next step. A baby. It was time for a new addition to our family."

"Oh," Kurt said again. "And that made me sick?"

Blaine nodded. "Your body is just...adjusting."

Kurt nodded, paused, then asked, "Why is it in me?"

"Because you've got the right parts to help it grow."

"What if I get the sickness while the baby's in me?" Kurt asked, looking scared again.

"You won't," Blaine said. "We can still keep doing what we do, unless you feel like you don't want to. It's going to be fine. We're going to have a baby, all of our own, Kurt. Isn't that amazing?"

Kurt looked thoughtful for a moment, then a broad smile appeared on his lips and he nodded.

"Our baby," he said, grinning from ear to ear.

"Ours," Blaine said, kissing Kurt's lips once. "Something that's part of both of us."

"I love you," Kurt said, kissing Blaine.

"I love you, too," Blaine said. "We should tell your dad and Carole. I bet they'll be excited."

Kurt perked up. "Yes! Should I call him?"

"Why don't we go over there?"

Burt was happy when Kurt told him about his pregnancy, but he couldn't help feeling something else. He waited until Carole and Kurt went to the kitchen to make coffee to talk to Blaine.

"Does he understand?" Burt asked.

Blaine let out a long breath. "I explained it to him, in my own way. It was easiest."

"Your own way sounds a lot like lying to me, Blaine."

"I know," Blaine said, quietly. "I'll tell him eventually. I just..need to figure out how."

Burt nodded. They were silent for a long time.

"Maybe it's better this way."

Blaine looked up at Burt's words.

"Huh?"

"We both know he finds a lot of stuff difficult to understand," Burt explained. "Maybe this is for the best. So long as he's not getting hurt."

"I'd never hurt him, I—"

"I know, I know that," Burt said. "You ready to have a baby?"

Blaine nodded instantly. "I know it wasn't planned—I wasn't even sure it was possible—but I'm ready. We both are. We're going to be good parents. We'll love our baby as much as we love each other."

"Then I don't suppose we've got much to worry about."



## Chapter Eleven

It turned out that Kurt was immensely horny during his pregnancy. At first, Kurt hadn't even known what he was craving so badly. Blaine told him that there was less chance of the sickness hurting them while Kurt had their baby inside him, so they'd cut down on the things they did in order to keep it away. Truthfully, Blaine simply didn't want to push him too hard.

The first night Kurt felt it, he was lying awake in the dead of the night. Blaine was fast asleep next to him, snoring very quietly. Kurt watched him with a smile. Sometimes when he looked at Blaine or thought about him or when Blaine smiled at him, Kurt felt as if his insides were growing. He loved that feeling. He'd been getting it for years now and he knew it would never go away.

Kurt sat back against the pillows, unable to sleep. Something within him ached, but not in a way that made it painful. He couldn't really explain what he was feeling, but he felt uncomfortable in his underwear. He remembered Blaine saying that the wetness between his legs meant they should do things to prevent the illness, but with the baby, Kurt knew it was okay not to sometimes.

He turned onto his side and tried to close his eyes, but all he felt was a desperation between his legs, where the wetness was. He had no idea why this was happening and it worried him. He waited a moment, wishing it away, then leaned up and tried to wake Blaine up.

"Blaine," he hissed, giving him a gentle shake. "Blaine? Wake up."

Blaine groaned and turned to face him. "Huh?" he said, groggily. "What is it?"

"Blaine, I think something's wrong.."

Blaine sat up instantly and switched on a lamp. He turned to Kurt, concern on his face.

"Why?" he asked. "What is it? Are you okay?"

Kurt shrugged. "I don't know," he whispered. "It's..it's wet, Blaine and.. Please check? I feel something and.. I'm scared."

Blaine nodded and kissed his cheek. "Okay," he said. "Okay, I'll check. Just..stop worrying, okay? It's okay."

Blaine held Kurt's hand for a moment. Kurt's fingers were shaking. Blaine gave his hands a squeeze, then climbed down the bed. He hooked his fingers inside Kurt's panties, then began to tug them slowly down, the words *please don't be bleeding, please don't be bleeding* repeating themselves over and over like a mantra. Blaine pulled the panties off and put them aside, then climbed up between Kurt's legs, spreading them wider.

"Is it okay?" Kurt asked, quietly.

Blaine reached out and pulled Kurt's pussy lips further apart. He was red and swollen and so so wet. Blaine felt his cock twitching. He swallowed hard, then looked up at Kurt.

"You're fine," he told him and Kurt's body sagged with relief. "What are you feeling?" Blaine enquired.

"I don't know," Kurt said. "Just.. It's like a...a tickle. But not quite the same."

Blaine nodded. Kurt was *aroused*. He kept Kurt's gaze for a little while longer, then dropped his eyes down to the wet heat between Kurt's milky thighs.

"I can help you get rid of it, okay?" Blaine said, lowering his head. "Just lie back and let me do this."

"Thank you," Kurt said.

Blaine smiled. Kurt said it like it was a chore for Blaine to do this. It most definitely was not.

Blaine inched forward and opened his mouth, then pressed it against Kurt's folds. He licked from Kurt's wet entrance up to his clit and back down again, lapping up Kurt's juices. Kurt was moaning quietly above him, his fingers clawing at the sheets. Blaine took Kurt's clit into his mouth and sucked on it hard, his fingers rubbing over Kurt's opening teasingly. Kurt was a lot more vocal now, his head thrown back, eyes shut.

"Please.." he begged in a whisper.

Blaine sucked harder and stroked Kurt's folds with his fingers, but Kurt was moaning in frustration.

"Blaine.." he cried out. "Need.. More.."

Blaine hummed around Kurt's clit as he slid a finger inside Kurt's tightness. Kurt let out a loud ahh! sound and Blaine circled his finger inside, rubbing up against his walls, opening him up more. Kurt reached down and laced his fingers through Blaine's curls. He pulled them gently, prompting Blaine to go harder. He began pumping two fingers in and out as he sucked hard and fast on Kurt's throbbing clit, but Kurt was still pleading for *more more more*.

Blaine removed his fingers and sat up. Kurt moaned at the loss, his eyes opening and questioning.

"It's not enough," Blaine said.

"I don't know why.."

"Don't panic, sweetheart," Blaine said, reaching for Kurt's hand. "Do you want my cock?"

Kurt's mouth dropped into a small 'o' shape. He stayed like that for a moment, then nodded.

Blaine smiled. "Okay, just lie back. I'll take care of you."

Kurt sat back and watched as Blaine climbed to his feet. He walked up next to Kurt and bent his knees slightly.

"Do you think you can suck for me? Just to make it easier. The, uh, new bottle of lube is downstairs and we ran out of the old one."

Kurt nodded. Blaine climbed across him and grabbed the headboard, his now fully erect cock in line with Kurt's face. Kurt knew what he was doing by now. He'd sucked Blaine's cock numerous times and Blaine thought he was becoming something of an expert.

"No teeth," Blaine reminded him, even though he didn't really have to.

Kurt opened his mouth and Blaine tipped his hips forward until his cock was resting on Kurt's tongue. Kurt closed his mouth around it and began sucking. Blaine couldn't resist thrusting gently in and out of the wet heat of Kurt's mouth and Kurt's throat made a small guttural sound. Blaine pulled back, worried he'd hurt him, but Kurt just reached up, wrapped a hand around the base and sucked harder. Blaine cursed quietly and pulled back.

"Not gonna last if you.." he said. "Um, inside you. Gonna go inside you."

Kurt nodded eagerly. "Please."

"Always," Blaine told him, bending to kiss his lips once.

He climbed back down the bed to kneel between Kurt's legs. He thought for a moment, then crawled back up next to Kurt.

"Lie down on your side," he instructed and Kurt did so without question.

Blaine moved to lie behind him. He reached down and pushed Kurt's leg upward, then pressed forward until his cock was against Kurt's entrance. Blaine guided it inside, slowly, making Kurt whimper quietly, then dropped Kurt's leg back down. He wrapped his arms around Kurt's body and kissed his shoulder.

"Just bend your knees a tiny bit for me, baby," Blaine said.

Kurt bent his knees and Blaine waited until he'd adjusted, before he started to thrust very slowly in and out. His hips rotated gently and it was the closest they'd come to making love. Of course, sex between them always had to do with love, but a lot of the time it was about coming. Now, however, Blaine just wanted to make Kurt feel better. He wanted to feel him close. Sure, he was really turned on and desperately hard, but he was willing to take his time. Kurt was having his baby, they were more in love than ever and he just wanted to feel as close to him as possible and he wanted to draw it out, make it last for a long time.

He kept moving at the same slow pace as he whispered in Kurt's ear.

*I love you.*

*You're so beautiful.*

*So good for me, Kurt.*

*God, Kurt, I can't believe you're mine.*

*Is that better, baby?*

*You're so tight, Kurt.*

*I love you.*

*I love you.*

*I love you.*

*I love you I love you I love you.*

Kurt cried out Blaine's name as he came hard, clenching around Blaine's cock. Blaine's hips stuttered forward erratically and he came inside Kurt at the same time that Kurt came on him. They moved together for a few seconds longer, then Blaine stilled inside him as he kissed his shoulder sloppily. They lay there just breathing for a long time and then Blaine pulled out. He slid his hand down Kurt's sweating body and slipped his finger in between his legs. He collected his come and pushed it back up into Kurt, by force of habit. Blaine liked doing this, liked having his come inside Kurt and Kurt never complained either.

Blaine thrust two come covered fingers in and out of Kurt making him cry out again and again and then he reached up and pinched his clit and Kurt came again, his entire body shuddering. Blaine kissed his lips, then grabbed something to clean them. Once they were clean and dry and had changed the bedding, they climbed inside the bed. Blaine wrapped his arms around Kurt's body, feeling the slight swell of his belly. He wasn't showing much yet, but Blaine knew Kurt well enough to be able to feel the difference.

"Feeling better?" Blaine whispered into Kurt's neck.

"Much better," Kurt said. "Thank you, Blaine."

"Anytime," Blaine said. "Whenever you need me."

"I love you," Kurt told him.

"I love you," Blaine echoed. "And our baby."

"And our baby."

## **Chapter Twelve**

"Blaine."

Blaine looked up at the sound of his name being whispered. They were at a small gathering at Rachel's house and everyone they'd been in glee club with was there.

"What's wrong?" Blaine asked, looking at Kurt who'd just sat down next to him.

"It's happening again," Kurt said, frowning. "The..ache."

Blaine blinked. "Now?"

Kurt nodded. Blaine stared at him for another moment, then looked around. Everyone seemed to be busy and not paying attention. Blaine's mind raced for a while, then he looked at Kurt.

"Okay, come here," he said. "Just..come lie on me. Put my jacket across your body."

Kurt climbed up onto Blaine so that he was draped across him. Blaine pulled his jacket over him and Kurt rested against his chest. Blaine smiled and kissed the tip of his nose.

"Close your eyes and act like you're sleeping," Blaine said. "No one can know we're doing this here."

"Why?"

"Because it's..people don't do it in, you know, public."

"Is it bad?"

"Very," Blaine said, with a chuckle. "But it's okay. We just can't let anyone know."

"What are you going to do?" Kurt asked, staring up at Blaine through innocent eyes.

"Use my fingers," Blaine said. "I can't.. We can't do anything else with everyone around."

"Okay," Kurt said. "Why does this happen?" he mumbled.

"It's just a thing that comes with you being pregnant, remember?"

Kurt nodded and sighed. "Please make the ache go away."

"Of course," Blaine said.

He slipped his hand under the jacket and into the waistband of Kurt's sweatpants. he was showing a lot more now and couldn't wear his usual skinny jeans any more. Blaine dipped his hand into Kurt's panties and pressed the pad of his finger along Kurt's slit, which made Kurt moan quietly.

"You've got to be quiet for me, okay?" Blaine said. "Spread your legs a little."

Kurt did and Blaine slipped his finger into Kurt's folds. He pushed in further until he reached Kurt's opening. He was wet and Blaine slid his finger in easily. Kurt pressed his face into Blaine's shoulder and let out a shaky breath, his arms entwining around Blaine's waist. Blaine found a steady rhythm, pumping his finger in and out, in and out, then crooking. He used his other hand to rub small circles over Kurt's lower back.

Kurt's breathing was laboured now and he was making small, whimpering sounds and Blaine was glad that Puck had turned the sound on the stereo up. He glanced around the room, to make sure no one was noticing that his hand had disappeared and that Kurt was writhing about in his lap a little. Rachel was telling Mercedes and Tina a story (most likely about herself). Puck was with Finn and they were laughing, definitely not paying attention. Santana was sitting next to Brittany and they were talking with Mike. Nobody seemed to have noticed, thankfully.

"Blaine.." Kurt exhaled, fingers curling into Blaine's hips.

"Doing okay?" Blaine whispered, kissing the top of Kurt's head.

"Mm," Kurt managed. Then, "Blaine..."

Blaine quickened the pace of his thrusts. He had two fingers inside now, moving freely and Kurt was soaking wet now and Blaine knew he was close. He twisted his hand and angled his thumb so that he could press it to Kurt's throbbing clit and the moment it made contact, Kurt let out a loud gasp and pressed his teeth lightly down on Blaine's shoulder. Blaine didn't stop his fingers inside him and Kurt continued moaning until he'd come down from his orgasm.

Nobody had noticed. Blaine looked around the room again, just to make sure.

"Blaine.." Kurt whimpered.

"Huh?"

"Blaine, too much."

"Oh," Blaine said, realising he was still rubbing his thumb slowly against Kurt's clit. "Sorry," he told him, sliding his hand out of Kurt's underwear and then out of his pants.

"It's okay," Kurt told him. "I feel all messy now."

"Do you want to go to the bathroom and clean up?" Blaine asked, smoothening Kurt's hair back.

Kurt nodded and pushed himself up. He climbed off of Blaine's lap and kissed his lips once. "I'll be right back," Kurt said, smiling.

Blaine smiled back and watched Kurt go, then got to his feet and headed to a different bathroom, because for one, his hand was wet and covered in Kurt's juices and secondly, he had a problem of his own to take care of. He kept his jacket over his crotch and left the room quickly.



## **Chapter Thirteen**

Kurt was panting loudly and his eyes were shut and Blaine was pushing slowly in and out of his pussy from behind. Blaine wound his arms around Kurt's body and pressed the palms of his hands over the swell of his now very big belly. He kept one hand there and slid the other one lower until he found Kurt's clit. He rubbed it quickly and Kurt was coming, clenching around him, a loud shriek escaping his throat. Blaine came then, shooting white streaks up inside of Kurt.

He kept thrusting slowly until they'd both come down, then he eased himself out and climbed off the bed, leaving Kurt to catch his breath. Blaine found a cloth and came back to clean Kurt off. Kurt was quite far along now, just a few months from his due date and Blaine was a little uncomfortable with them having a lot of sex. He wasn't sure if it would cause any damage.

Blaine climbed into bed next to Kurt and Kurt moved up close to him, letting out a contented sigh.

"Kurt," Blaine whispered in the darkness.

"Hmm?"

"I think we should stop doing...what we just did."

"Why?" Kurt asked.

"I just.. I want us to be careful. Of the baby. We do a lot of..moving...during, I mean and I want us to be safe about this."

"Did we hurt it?" Kurt asked, voice catching.

"No," Blaine said. "The doctor said the baby's fine, remember?" Kurt nodded. "I just mean we should...slow down a bit. Maybe just...not so often."

"Okay," Kurt said, with a shrug.

"I don't hurt you, do I?" Blaine enquired. "You'd tell me if it hurt, right?"

"You never hurt me," Kurt apprised him, with amusement. "Sometimes I feel uncomfortable, because I got so big, but I.."

"What?" Blaine uttered.

"I like it," Kurt said. "I told you before. I like being close to you."

Blaine smiled and kissed Kurt's lips. "I love you," Blaine said. "And I love being like that with you, I just want us to be extra careful."

"Okay," Kurt said. "We'll be careful."

"And you'll tell me if anything gets too much?"

"Of course," Kurt said. "How much longer?"

"Less than three months," Blaine said, grinning.

"Will it hurt?"

Blaine frowned then. "Yes, but the hospital will take care of everything," he told Kurt. "And I'll be right there with you and it'll all be worth it once he or she is here, right?"

Kurt hugged him tighter and made a small, excited sound. "Definitely!"

## **Chapter Fourteen**

"I think it's time you came clean, son," Burt Hummel told Blaine one night when they were watching a football game.

Blaine looked up at him, sighed and nodded, knowing he was right.

"That baby's gonna be here pretty soon and he's gonna let it grow up and he'll tell it about this...this sickness he believes in. You can't let it go on."

Blaine hadn't thought of that.

"I'll fix it," he told Burt. "I'll tell him tonight."

"Good," Burt said, then looked back to the TV. "Oh! Did you see that? What was that guy thinkin'?"

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"Kurt," Blaine said, walking into their bedroom later that night.

Kurt was in bed already, lying on his back studying his nails. He looked at Blaine when he entered the room.

"Hi," Kurt said, grinning.

Blaine smiled. "Feeling okay?"

Kurt nodded. "Fine," he informed Blaine. "It's kicking an awful lot."

Blaine chuckled and sat down next to him. "Not too long to go now."

"I know," Kurt said, excitedly. "I'm not even that scared about the pain, I'm just really excited for the baby to be here."

Blaine smiled fondly. He sat back and took Kurt's hand. He waited, then took a deep breath and let it out slowly.

"I have something I need to tell you," he said, meeting Kurt's eyes. "And you might be mad and you might want to leave me, but please don't hate me, Kurt. I couldn't bear it."

Kurt looked stunned. "Hate you? I couldn't possibly hate you!"

"Well, you don't know what I've done yet," Blaine said. "You might hate me when I tell you."

"I've loved you for as long as I can remember," Kurt assured him. "I'll never stop. I always want to be with you. I don't think I know how not to be with you."

Blaine let out a shaky breath. "That's what makes it worse," Blaine uttered. "You trust me so completely and I do these stupid things."

"Why don't you just tell me and let me decide?"

Blaine looked up at him. Kurt's face was soft and he was watching Blaine with kind eyes. Blaine nodded.

"You know how I said there was a...a sickness," he began and Kurt nodded. "Well," Blaine went on, "there just...isn't one. We..don't have to do those things because we're in any danger. I just...didn't know how else to tell you. People—they just do it. For pleasure. Sometimes to make babies. I guess I tricked you, in a way. I just wanted you so badly and I knew if we began you'd like it, too, so I just...said that. About the sickness. There isn't one."

He kept his gaze on Kurt, trying to read his expression, but it was too difficult.

"There's no sickness?"

"No," Blaine said.

"I wish you'd just asked," Kurt said, but he didn't seem angry. "I hate feeling stupid."

"No," Blaine said. "No, Kurt. You're not. You're not stupid."

Kurt looked down at his hands. "You didn't tell me because you thought I wouldn't understand."

"That doesn't mean you're stupid, Kurt," Blaine promised. "You're amazing. You're so special to me, Kurt."

Kurt gave him a small smile. "I wish you'd told me," he said. "I get why you didn't, but I was so worried I'd do something wrong and it'd mean I'd lose you."

"You'll never lose me," Blaine swore. "I'm always yours. Even when you don't want me, I'll always belong to you."

Kurt furrowed his thin eyebrows. "But I do want you."

Blaine let his jaw drop. "You... You do?"

"Of course," Kurt said, with a small laugh. "I understand."

"I took advantage of you," Blaine said.

"But I like it," Kurt said. "I told you I like it."

"It doesn't mean I don't feel guilty."

Kurt was silent for a long time and Blaine just sat there, anxiously.

"What we do," Kurt said, then. "That's how our baby got here?"

Blaine nodded. "When I come inside you," he told Kurt. "It's...complicated, even to me. But that's part of what makes the baby."

Kurt nodded. "Then I can't be mad at you," he said. "You were doing what was best and you gave us a baby."

Blaine sat forward. "You mean it? You don't want to leave me?"

"Of course not, silly," Kurt said, grinning.

"We can stop, Kurt," Blaine said. "I promise. We never have to have sex again."

"Sex," Kurt repeated, quietly. "But what if I want to?"

"Do you?"

Kurt nodded. "I said I like it. I feel close to you and it feels good. I like making you feel good."

Blaine smiled. "I love you," he said. "From now on I'm going to be completely honest with you, I promise."

"I'd like that," Kurt told him.

Blaine felt as if a weight had been lifted off of his shoulders.

"Thank you for understanding," Blaine said, kissing Kurt's cheek.

"Thank you for telling me," Kurt said. "Actually, do you think you could use your fingers?"

Blaine raised both eyebrows. "Wh.. Really?"

"I told you I like it," Kurt said, rolling his eyes. "I need it. Please put your fingers on my pussy?"

"Um," Blaine said, swallowing hard. "I.. Okay."

Blaine reached across and pressed a finger down Kurt's slit through his pyjama pants, then he sat back to tug them off, but Kurt stilled.

"Oh!"

"What?" Blaine asked, eyes widening. "Are you okay?"

"I don't... *Oh*," Kurt said, with a gasp. "Blaine. Remember when the doctor explained everything to me?"

Blaine nodded, concerned at how flushed Kurt was becoming.

"Well," Kurt said, wincing. "I think my water just broke."

## **Chapter Fifteen**

Blaine cried when his and Kurt's daughter was placed in his arms. Kurt was sleeping, far too exhausted to keep his eyes open long enough to be able to even look at the baby. Blaine sat next to Kurt's bed, just holding their little girl, a goofy grin on his lips, tears spilling down his cheeks. He sat like that for a long time, maybe hours, before placing the baby in the small glass bed. Blaine fell asleep in the chair, his hand gripping Kurt's.

He opened his eyes some hours later and found Kurt smiling at him.

"Hey," Blaine said, sitting up quickly. "How are you feeling?"

"A little tired," Kurt said. "I just woke up. The baby...?"

"Is perfect," Blaine assured him.

He stood up and crossed the room to pick her up. He lifted her carefully, not wanting to wake her, then went back to Kurt slowly. Kurt was watching with shining eyes and Blaine placed her in his arms.

"Wow," Kurt said, smiling.

"I know," Blaine whispered.

"We did this," Kurt said, incredulous.

"Yeah," Blaine said.

"She's... Well. Not gorgeous. But she's still just a baby."

Blaine chuckled. "I think she's pretty gorgeous."

"She will be," Kurt told him.

"Of course," Blaine said. "Because she'll look like you."

"And you," Kurt said. "She's so little."

Blaine watched him with her. Kurt had a permanent smile on his face, his eyes still shining with tears.

"I love you," Blaine told him.

Kurt looked up and reached out for Blaine's hand. "I love you, too."

"I know this will be hard for a while," Blaine said. "Taking care of a baby is never easy and we don't want another for a while."

"Definitely not," Kurt said. "It kind of hurt."

Blaine laughed and squeezed his hand. "You still want us to keep having sex? You know, when you're up to it?"

"I told you I do," Kurt said.

"Okay," Blaine said. "I think then, that it's time we introduced condoms to our relationship."

Kurt tilted his head curiously. Blaine smiled.

"I'll tell you later. She's waking up."

**END.**

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**And it's done! Thank you to everyone reading and to OP for a great prompt! I hope no one was too disappointed that it kind of went a little off the prompt, but hey, I tried. Thanks again!**