

Then came you

by

anderpson

Klaine || Romance/Drama || M

GKM fill: Tumblr is Kurt's escape from the bullying and boring Ohio. He meets Blaine online who lives in the city Kurt longs to be and they become close. Can Kurt achieve his dreams of NYADA and make it to New York and ultimately to Blaine?

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Chapter One

Kurt feels his phone vibrate in his pocket and he's itching to check it; he tries to push it out of his mind and focus on the equations in front of him but he can't concentrate. He looks up at the clock that seems to be mocking him at the front of the room and he sighs as he sees there is still ten minutes left.

After what feels like a decade later, the bell finally rings and class is dismissed. Kurt quickly gathers his stuff together and rushes out of the room; he doesn't have glee tonight and he can't wait to get home. As he nears his locker, he spots Mercedes standing there waiting for him.

"Hey," he greets, hugging her briefly before opening his locker and getting out his bag.

"Hey, boo. Up to anything tonight?" Mercedes asks, linking her arm in his as they walk towards the exit.

I'm going to spend the night on my laptop, blogging and talking to people who actually understand me, he thinks bitterly. Instead he smiles tightly. "Oh you know, the usual," he answers vaguely.

They hug again and exchange goodbyes as they approach Kurt's Navigator. As soon as he gets into his car he gets out his phone - not daring enough to get it out in the school halls in fear of a stupid jock knocking it out of his hand - and sees it was an email. He smiles to himself as his cell tells him he has a new follower.

It's nice to have a place to get away. Even though today wasn't too bad - an upcoming game taking up most of the jock's time - he feels like he can breathe; he himself without apology, when he opens his browser hits 't' on the keyboard and then enter. Tumblr is his escape.

If no one has unfollowed him since this morning, then the follower he gained earlier should make it -

He lets out a disbelieving breath and smiles widely as he reads *9000 followers*. He can't grasp the concept that *nine thousand* people follow his little blog, it gives him hope. Right now he's stuck in small-minded Ohio but there are people out there that care.

He shakes his head a little as he opens a new text post.

Wow, he starts and decides to put the rest under a 'read more'. I just reached 9000 followers and I just... wow. Thank you to every single one of you for following me! I don't have many friends IRL, but I do on here and I love you all. Thank you all for being able to appreciate my fabulousness. 3. He smiles, happy with it, and tags it *follower stuff* before publishing.

He goes back to his dashboard and already has notifications of people liking his post. *warblerbda* catches his eye, he always sees them on his dash and he loves the things they post but they've never talked. He decides now is the time to change that.

He clicks on *warblerbda*'s blog and smiles as he reads their first lines of the description:

I'm Blaine, I like long walks on the beach. I'm 21 and I live in the city that never sleeps. I like boys and I go to NYADA. Talk to me, I'm nice.

It's rare to come across guys on this site, he knows a few but he has found that females are predominant. It's also very refreshing to see how Blaine openly admits he's gay. *If only things were as simple in real life...*

Hey Blaine! I don't think we've ever spoken before and we've been following each other for a while. I'm Kurt and I love your blog!, he types into Blaine's ask box. He stays on Blaine's blog for a while and he has to stop himself from reblogging everything (maybe apart from the copious amounts of Katy Perry posts...); he doesn't want to seem like a stalker, but Kurt finds that they have a ridiculous amount of things in common.

He's distracted momentarily by Finn coming home. "Hey bro," his step-brother says as he pops his head into Kurt's room. His hair is still slightly wet from the shower he must have had after practise and the buttons on his horrifically orange shirt aren't fastened properly. "Is that turkey in the fridge still okay to eat?"

"Carole will be home soon and make dinner, can't you wait?" Kurt sighs, he already knows the answer. He speaks again before Finn can reply. "The turkey should be fine."

"Thanks, Kurt," Finn says with a crooked smile as he leaves, closing the door behind him.

Kurt looks back to his laptop and clicks off of Blaine's blog, he refreshes his dashboard and is happy to see he has a message.

Hey! Thanks, Kurt. I love your blog, too! Congrats on the 9000 followers, you deserve them ;)

Although Blaine didn't leave much room to continue the conversation, there's something about him that compels Kurt to reply.

Thanks, Blaine. I saw that you go to NYADA, I'm so jealous, I'm hoping to go there next year!

Aside from Tumblr, knowing that he only has to survive the rest of his senior year before he will be in New York City also keeps him going. He can't help the smile that comes to his face as he sees a reply from Blaine.

NYADA is amazing, good luck! You'll love it. I'm sure you'll get in, they'd be crazy not to accept you. I've seen some of the videos you've posted of yourself singing, you're insanely talented.

Kurt blushes a little under the praise even though there's no one around to see him. It annoys him that the only people who seem to appreciate his singing is everyone who doesn't attend McKinley. With a sigh he replies back in Blaine's ask box.

Kurt loses track of time - something that happens a lot to him when he's on Tumblr - but even more so now he's talking to Blaine. Three hours must have passed as the next thing he knows his dad is calling him down for food.

"Coming!" he shouts down.

He had just sent Blaine a message and it would be a while before he replied so Kurt decides to make a post, hoping Blaine will see it.

Going to eat, I'll reply to messages later!

"Dad, seriously, that's enough salt," Kurt frowns.

Burt humphs and gives Kurt a glare that has no effect on him to which he smiles sweetly in return.

"Fine," Burt says gruffly as he puts the salt down.

Kurt tries to eat his food quickly, desperate to get back to his laptop. He tries to keep up with the conversation of how everyone's day went but his mind is distracted by thoughts of NYADA and New York and Blaine.

"I'm done. Sorry," he adds when he realized he had cut off something Finn was saying about his upcoming game. Finn just carries on and Kurt takes his dish and loads it in the dishwasher. "Good night!" he calls behind him as he leaves the room.

When he gets back online, he sees a message and is disappointed when he reads it.

warblerbda asked you:

I just saw your post, I actually have to go, I'm sorry. Hope to catch you soon! xxx

Chapter Two

The next morning Kurt wakes up in a rather good mood considering that he has to suffer through school for the rest of the day. He does his skin-care regime and then puts on his outfit for the day which he picked out last night: his tartan plaid Ralph Lauren pants, white Marc Jacobs shirt, and his white calf length Dr Martens boots. He looks fabulous, even if he does say so himself.

He takes a picture of himself with his webcam and uploads it to Tumblr. *Today's outfit! Time for school now, sigh. See you all later!* he writes and publishes.

Somehow, he makes it through another day of school. With only a few locker checks and getting yet another solo stolen from him by Rachel Berry, he walks out of glee club relatively untouched.

Of course he realizes he's thought too soon as he turns the corner with Tina and they're both met with walls of ice. He closes his eyes on instinct but can't move for a while out of shock. The sound of the stupid Neanderthals walking away laughing makes him able to move again.

He scoops the melting ice out of his eyes with his fingers before shaking them dry and then he grabs Tina's arm. "Come on," he says, pulling her in the direction of the nearest toilets.

He can feel the pressure of angry tears building up behind his eyes as he looks at himself in the mirror, but he refuses to cry. This isn't *fair*. His white Marc Jacobs shirt is stained red from the colouring of the slushie and - he's a senior; he's eighteen years of age, he should not have to put up with this immature bullying. It just makes him so *mad*.

He takes a deep breath and starts to clean himself up; with over three years worth of experience at doing this, it doesn't take either of them too long. He and Tina then take turns of washing the red ice out of each others hair.

"This shouldn't have to happen," Tina mumbles as she finishes off Kurt's hair.

"I know," he says, "But one day we'll have made it out of here and we'll prove that we're better than them." And he believes it, because it has to be true.

Luckily, he's home before anyone else is so he can go to his room without being seen to change his clothes. He pauses before he unbuttons his shirt, suddenly stuck with an idea. *Why not*, he thinks as he starts up his laptop, opening up his webcam, *I deserve some sympathy*.

Before he uploads the new picture he has just taken, he reads the notes on the one he posted before school this morning. The smile returns to his face as he looks over the many likes the picture received and the lovely comments left: "*You look amazing!*", "*Where did you get those pants? Fabulous!*", "*I wish everyone was as fashionable as you, the world would hurt my eyes less.*" The one that grabs his attention the most though, is the one left by warblerbda: "*Very cute, I like it.*"

Kurt can't help the blush that spreads across his cheeks again because of Blaine. He rolls his eyes at himself and goes back to his dashboard to publish his outfit after a day in McKinley when a post he sees makes him stop:

still not over the fact blaine called kurt cute omg jskdjvjie

The post has five likes and he's confused, are people talking about him? He considers reblogging it or contacting the poster... but just in case it isn't about him - even though he can't think of whatever else it could be about -.

He ignores it, posts his new photo - *My lovely outfit now... Thanks jocks.* - and goes and takes a shower, finally stripping of his soiled clothing.

After the water has washed away the grime of the day; not completely, mentally, but he'll take what he can - he dries himself, moisturizes and decides to put on his pajamas (it's not even 6 pm but the cool silk feels wonderful against his heated skin). He wears a fake smile to Friday Night Dinner, he doesn't want his dad to know anything is wrong - he doesn't want him to worry.

He has six messages when he gets back to his laptop and over twenty sympathetic replies (including some rather violent threats towards the offending jocks) and Kurt responds to them all, grateful somebody cares. None of them are off Blaine and Kurt doesn't know why that bothers him so much.

He opens up a new tab in his browser and types in *warblerbda . tumblr . com*, curious to find out more about his new friend. He wonders how he missed it last time, probably distracted by the the array of pretty McQueen bowties Blaine had recently posted, but in his sidebar are the glorious words: *About Me*.

Kurt finds out that Blaine is a performing arts major and has lived in New York City his whole life, that he is terrified of spiders and wants a puppy named Spike, and that he is indeed obsessed with Katy Perry. Kurt scrolls down more and more skimming over the completely random bullet points Blaine decided to share and - wow.

Blaine is also stupidly attractive.

Deciding against being too creepy and staring Blaine's picture for too long (*golden shining eyes framed by ridiculously pretty eyelashes and plump red lips that just look so kissable and -*) Kurt finds there is nothing else to read and clicks on Blaine's ask box.

hi Blaine, how are you today? thank you for your comment on my outfit this morning! maybe catch you later :)

He goes back to his dashboard and is quickly distracted by the pictures of the new additions added to Vivienne Westwood's autumn/winter collection.

It's well after midnight when Kurt gets a reply. He expects the message to be from his friend Mia, who he had been talking to for most of the night, and he is pleasantly surprised to see it's from Blaine.

warblerbda answered you:

Hey Kurt! I'm very well, thank you. Yourself? And you're more than welcome, it was only the truth after all ;)

Sometimes Kurt has a hard time deciphering whether Blaine is flirting or not. He smiles despite himself and goes back to Blaine's ask box to message him back.

I'm okay... just mourning the loss of today's pretty spectacular outfit.

He doesn't have to wait long for a reply.

warblerbda answered you:

Mourning the of loss the outfit? Why?

It kind of got ruined. Let's just say that Slushie is a verb in my school, he replies.

warblerbda answered you:

What? Kurt, that's terrible!

That's Lima, Ohio for you, Kurt writes and decides to change the subject, not wanting Blaine to pity him. Anyway, anything planned for the weekend?

warblerbda answered you:

It doesn't mean you deserve it. Courage, Kurt. If you ever need anyone to talk to... I'm here. I mean it.

Blaine ignored Kurt's attempt of a subject change and Kurt realizes that Blaine isn't pitying him at all. *Thank you, that means a lot to me Blaine,* he writes back, overcome with gratitude.

warblerbda answered you:

Anytime. As for my weekend, I plan on spending it in bed with my two favorite men - Ben and Jerry. My muscles are aching from dance class, I need recovery time.

Kurt laughs lightly and like that, they're off again, talking about anything and everything. Kurt doesn't sleep until 4 am that night.

Chapter Three

Courage, Kurt discovers, is a lot easier in theory.

As he picks himself up out of the trash on Monday morning, he seriously considers going home. He didn't even make it to first period before the jocks decided to give him a dumpster dive. He gets out of the dumpster and straightens out his outfit. After a few steeling breaths, he holds his head high and walks through the doors of McKinley High defiantly.

warblerbda asked you:

Hey, you. I hope you have a good day, maybe catch you later.

Kurt smiles at the message he gets online to on Monday evening, and he replies straight away.

Today wasn't too bad. Me and my friend Rachel are attending a NYADA mixer tomorrow, so I'm quite excited. I hope your day was good, too!

Kurt decides to have dinner early so that he can spend the rest of the night planning some things for tomorrow, his dad and Carole are working late and Finn is staying at Puck's so he only has to worry about cooking for himself.

Once he's eaten, he heads back to his laptop and sees he has a message, there's also a reblogged picture of a Brook Brothers bowtie on his dashboard, so he's pretty sure that the message is Blaine replying.

warblerbda asked you:

I'm glad to hear! How was school? Good luck for tomorrow and try not to be too intimidated, I remember my first NYADA mixer, it's quite the culture shock.

School was... school. Thanks for the warning, I'm intrigued, Kurt writes back and picks out his outfit for tomorrow while he waits for Blaine to reply.

He chooses a black waistcoat vest and a white high collar shirt paired with black skinny jeans. He can't decide on which scarf, though; it's between a thin silver one or his McQueen that has a black and white skull design on it. He takes a picture of himself with each of them on and posts them to Tumblr - *Help me decide which scarf for my NYADA mixer tomorrow? Thank you!*

Once it's uploaded, he reads the message waiting for him:

warblerbda asked you:

I meant it when I said you could talk to me anytime, Kurt.

And I appreciate it, I really do, Kurt types back truthfully. Once it's sent and the page refreshes, he sees he has another message.

warblerbda asked you:

Oh, and the silver scarf, definitely. You look amazing.

Kurt manages to contain a blush this time and send a meek *Thank you* back.

warblerbda asked you:
You're welcome... for both things.

The next evening, Kurt wears the silver scarf.

The next evening, intimidated doesn't even begin to cover it.

The world has a wealth of talent, and I'm not sure how I can compete, he posts on to Tumblr when he gets home, forlorn and shaken.

He feels a little better due to the people who send him words of encouragement, but it doesn't get rid of the bad taste tonight's events have left in his mouth. He and Rachel had been believing that their talent was exceptional when maybe it wasn't anything too special after all. He felt claustrophobic at the mixer, shoved in room with so many talented people; he wasn't sure where he fit.

warblerbda replied to your post: *The world has a wealth...*

| Kurt? Are you okay?

I'm fine. Tonight just shocked me is all. I know I'm good, really good (Rachel, too), but there are so many other people who are good as well. I'm rambling, I know, but... Once I get out of Ohio, and do not get me wrong - that cannot come fast enough, there are going to be so many more people who are better than me. NYADA just seems further and further away. Kurt replies to Blaine in his ask box quickly, he's working himself up so much tears are starting to form in his eyes and he knows he isn't making much sense... he just hopes Blaine can understand.

warblerbda answered you:
Breathe. I get it, but listen to me. You are talented. Of course other people are good, but you shouldn't let that effect you. You'll be fine.

Kurt takes a deep breath, not realizing how much he needed to until now.

Thank you... It's just, I'm figuring out that outside of McKinley I may not be that special or that unique. I don't even have anything good to put my NYADA application.

warblerbda answered you:
I didn't have anything either, just the Warblers. You are special, Kurt. I don't want to seem too forward but I really like talking to you and wondered if there was any other way he could that would make it easier? Do you have Skype?

Kurt agrees, keeping a steady conversation can be awkward on Tumblr, and complies - sending Blaine his information.

He minimizes Tumblr and signs in to Skype, he hasn't been on in a while, and he quickly accepts the invitation he receives from Blaine.

Blaine [9:13] *Well hello, Mr. Hummel.*

Kurt [9:13] *Mr. Anderson.*

Blaine [9:14] *How are you feeling?*

Kurt [9:15] *A little better, thank you.*

[9:15] *Before you said you only had the Warblers, what did that mean?*

Blaine [9:16] *Oh! That was my glee club, hence my Tumblr URL. I didn't have anything fancy on my application either, and I got in just fine.*

Kurt [9:17] *I was wondering about that actually. But I don't know if my voice and glee alone is enough to get me in.*

Blaine [9:18] *I saw that video of you singing Defying Gravity, you hit the high F. Perfectly. Your voice is enough to get you in. Look around and see if there is anything you can't get involved in - theatre based things?*

Kurt [9:18] *Blaine, this is Ohio.*

Blaine [9:19] *Right, sorry, I forget.*

[9:19] *There's nothing at all though, have you checked?*

Kurt [9:21] *I'm running for school president, that could look good right?*

Blaine takes a while to reply, and Kurt busies himself on Tumblr until he hears the sound a new message.

Blaine [9:34] *I've been looking online and I found a small community theatre that puts on productions in Westerville, Ohio.*

Blaine sends him a link to the website and Kurt has never come across it before. The possibility of being able to perform in front of people who will appreciate it, even if it is in Ohio, makes his heart flicker with hope.

Kurt [9:41] *Blaine! Thank you so much! That looks amazing, even if it is an hour away, I'm definitely going to check it out!*

He emails the theater asking how he can get involved as soon as he says good bye to Blaine, which happens to be 2 am, so when he wakes the next morning he's surprised to see a reply.

Dear Mr. Hummel,

We would like to thank you for your interest in Westerville Theatre Group. We are currently holding auditions for our next production which is Stephen Sondheim's 'West Side Story.'

WTG is aimed towards young striving performers aged from 16 to 21. If you are interested, auditions are being held this weekend - Saturday, 10 am til 4 pm.

Yours faithfully,

*Elaine Hopkins
Westerville Theatre Group*

He reads it over and over again, ecstatic. He has an audition, and damn it - Kurt Hummel is going to be the best Tony Ohio has ever seen.

He browses through his iTunes library looking for possible audition songs; his head is brimming with ideas for songs he can sing and outfits he can wear - he feels determined, and it's such a breath of fresh air after yesterday's insecurities.

He's going to do it, he's going to star as Tony in West Side Story, and then he's going to get out of Ohio and into NYADA. He's going to make something of himself and prove every single person who ever put him down wrong.

He's humming the chorus of *Music of the Night* when Skype alerts him that he has a new instant message.

Blaine [7:09] *You're online early.*

Kurt [7:10] *Good morning to you, too.*

Blaine [7:10] *Is it?*

Kurt [7:11] *is it, what?*

Blaine [7:12] *A good morning?*

[7:12] *Ugh, I'm sorry. Don't listen to me, I'm not a morning person.*

[7:13] *I've just come online hoping to have an email telling me that my morning classes are cancelled... no such luck. How are you? Why are you up so early?*

Kurt [7:14] *Aww, poor Blaine! I was just checking my Tumblr but I saw that I do in fact have an email...*

Blaine [7:18] *...?*

Kurt [7:20] *Sorry, I was trying to hold off for suspense but that doesn't really work over Skype...*

[7:21] *Anyway, I emailed that theatre last night and they got back to me this morning. On Saturday I'm auditioning for the role of Tony in West Side Story!*

Blaine [7:24] *Wow, Kurt, that's amazing! I'm so happy for you. What are you going to audition with?*

Kurt [7:26] *It's all thanks to you, really. And I'm not sure.*

Blaine [7:27] *How about something like Firework? Or Raise Your Glass?*

Kurt [7:28] *...I was thinking more along the lines of something less top 40 and more musical theatre... I'm really tempted with Don't Rain On My Parade but that's kind of Rachel's thing. I don't know...*

Blaine [7:30] *How about The Greatest Star? That's kind of Don't Rain On My parade, but not, and it would show off your vocals.*

Kurt [7:31] *Blaine, that's perfect!*

[7:32] *I think I have just the outfit!*

[7:32] *And I could use my Sai swords!*

Blaine [7:34] *Wait, Sai swords?*

Kurt [7:35] *Yes! Thank you! I have to go and get ready for school now, maybe catch you later. Bye.*

Blaine [7:35] *You're welcome? Bye, have a good day!*

"What was all that noise from your bedroom this morning? Sounded like squealing and singing?" Burt asks as Kurt butters his toast.

Kurt huffs indignantly. "I do not squeal. If you must know, I have an audition."

"What kind of audition?" his dad asks.

"There's a theatre group in Westerville and they're putting on West Side Story. I'm auditioning this weekend."

"Westerville? That's a bit far, isn't it? But well done, kiddo, I'm proud of you," Burt says, giving Kurt a comforting pat on his back.

Kurt smiles and takes a bite of his toast. He feels happier and more positive than he has in a long time.

The next two days of school seem to go slower than they ever have before, but he doesn't let it get him down. He spends most of it planning his presidential campaign with Brittany and discussing NYADA with Rachel. Before he knows it, it's Friday and Kurt is parked in the lot outside the theatre practising his Sai's in his car. It's probably not the safest thing to do, but he's jittery with too much excess energy and he has over two hours to wait before auditions.

A knock on the car window startles him out of his concentration and he jumps, nearly stabbing himself with his swords in the process. He puts a hand to his chest and tries to slow down his breathing, he looks outside to see an older lady smiling apologetically at him.

"I'm sorry, dear, I didn't mean to scare you," she says after he rolls down his window. "I was just coming to see if you were alright, the car was jumping around a lot."

Kurt smiles back at her, his heart beat finally back to normal speed. "It's fine, I'm fine."

"Are you here for the auditions?"

"Yes. I know I'm a little, okay - a lot early," he corrects at her amused grin. "I'm just nervous and excited and I really want this," he says, maybe a little too enthusiastically.

"Would you like to come and wait inside, dear? It's cold out here. We have tea and honey," she offers kindly, and Kurt accepts; it is cold, and he was sold at the mention of honey.

"There you go," the lady says as she passes Kurt his tea. "What's your name, sweetie?"

"Kurt Hummel, ma'am." He wraps his hand around the cup, chasing the heat and tentatively takes a sip. The temperature is perfect and he sighs as he feels the liquid warming his throat.

The lady shakes her head disapproving but a small smile still graces her face. "Less of that young man, I'm not that old. Ah, Kurt, yes I remember you emailing me. I'm Elaine."

Kurt recognises the name immediately, and suddenly he feels nervous again.

"Calm down, you'll be fine," Elaine reassures with a wink. "Now I have to go and do some things but feel free to rehearse, it won't be long before other people start arriving."

He thanks her and does just that.

When he's up on the stage performing, he knows this is where he's meant to be. He feels alive; he can feel the beats of the music resonate in his chest as he bounds across the stage, the song is challenging (*a silver flute* -) but it's perfect for him (*I'll blow my horn, till someone blows it*) and he's lost in it - believing every word.

I am the greatest, greatest star

He holds the last note and twirls his swords before stopping and smiling. Smiling so wide because Elaine and the other two people judging the auditions are on their feet, clapping and cheering - and, that's got to be good, right?

I'm Tony! jgjhgcfxkxytckyfccrk, he posts onto Tumblr with shaky hands.

"I'm Tony!" he shouts into his empty room, before breaking out in hysterical laughter. He can hear his dad laugh along with him from where he's passing outside the door.

"Well done, bud," Burt says through the door.

"Thank you, dad."

He resists the urge to jump up and down on his bed - he won't because he is an adult after all, but mainly because it would ruin his delicate Egyptian sheets. He's still grinning when he goes back to Tumblr, *West Side Story* soundtrack playing proudly in the background. He has so many likes and congratulations off of people - he loves his friends.

Well done my dearest Kurt, one of his best friends, Mia, replies.

I love you, thank you! he sends back, and is slightly taken back when she privately messages him.

miamyou asked you:

so of course, I'm very happy for you... now spill, you and Blaine, what's happening there?

He blinks dumbly at his screen. *Me and Blaine? What?*

miamyou asked you:

oh come on mr, you and warblerbda - he's hot well done. the flirty replies to each other, always reblogging each other, need I go on?

He rolls his eyes, still a little shocked by the fact that Mia thinks there is something going on between him and Blaine. Okay, so maybe the other boy is ridiculously handsome, and they might flirt a little, but - no. Kurt knows it would hurt too much to even humor the notion of something happening them, Blaine is so far away and so far out of his league.

You're crazy. Nothing is going on, silly. Once he's replied he goes back to his dashboard and Blaine has reblogged the post he made earlier.

I am so proud of you! he's added to it and Kurt's stomach does a small flip. "Traitor," he whispers to it.

Kurt [8:01] *Thank you!*

Blaine [8:04] *You're most welcome, Tony ;).*

Kurt laughs out loud and shakes his head fondly (maybe he has a *little* crush...).

Chapter Four

Anonymous asked you:
Are you and Blaine dating?

Apparently Mia isn't the only one who is invested in his and Blaine's new formed friendship.

Just friends!, he replies, slightly amused. He and Blaine had been talking a lot more over the past few days and have become very close, and it seems like quite a few people have noticed.

His amusement grows and turns into confusion when he reads the notes on the published ask not five minutes after it was posted.

takeitawayy replied: *why not?*
misslolitalovett replied: *cries*
miameyou replied: *get it together, kurt!*

There's more similar responses and Kurt isn't sure what to do; he doesn't even follow the majority of the people who replied.

Kurt [12:34] *Why do people think we're together?*

Blaine [12:37] *What, am I not good enough for you, Hummel?*

Kurt [12:39] *Oh, haha.*
[12:40] *But srsly, some of my friends think we are, and I had an anon asking!*

Blaine [12:41] *Really? Strange.*

Kurt [12:42] *Strange, yes.*

Blaine [12:46] *I haven't been on tumblr yet today, I just logged on and I have an anon too: "Are you and Kurt dating?"*

Kurt [12:47] *That's what I got!*

Blaine [12:48] *Should I just ignore it?*

Kurt [12:50] *It's up to you. I replied saying we were friends.*
[12:52] *I don't know why people think that, I mean, we live so far away.*

Blaine [12:53] *Hmm, I suppose.*

Kurt [12:54] *What?*

Blaine [12:55] *Nothing. Just feeling contemplative.*
[12:56] *Do you not think it could work? Online relationships, I mean.*

Kurt [12:59] *I don't know, I've never had a relationship on or offline. Do you?*

Blaine [1:00] *Of course. I think if you really like someone, distance shouldn't stand in the way.*

Kurt [1:02] *That's a nice way of looking at things.*

Blaine [1:04] *One of my best friends met his boyfriend online, they've been together three years.*

Kurt [1:05] *Wow.*

Kurt excuses himself to go and have lunch, he hates the way he feels his heart fill with hope, *stupid stupid stupid*. He shakes his head at himself and prepares his sandwich, he won't let it get him down, he's still Tony.

I realize I didn't do anything when I reached 9000 followers so I thought maybe I'd make a video? if anyone wants to ask me any questions, leave them in my ask. Maybe I'll sing something too? :)

He only receives positive responses and that's how he finds himself sitting in front of his laptop on Sunday night, dressed casual chic (black Prada shirt, skinny silver tie - also Prada, and skin tight grey jeans), smiling into his webcam.

"Hi," he greets happily, waving. "So, first of all thank you, thank you, thank you for following me, I appreciate every one of you so much. You're all crazy." He pauses. "That's a good thing," he adds with a wink.

"I'm going to answer a few questions some of you asked then I will sing - as requested - Something's Coming from West Side Story, as I will be Tony," he tries to suppress a squeal, and fails.

He gives a nervous laugh, and responds to some of the things left in his ask box, he breezes through - *How are you always so fabulous?, Where do you get your clothes?!, Biggest dream?, How does it feel to have nine thousand followers?, Closest friends on here?* - having read them before in preparation, the answers come easy.

"Anonymous asked how I got so many followers, I actually bribed them all with cookies," he stage whispers behind his hand, and he takes a deep breath before asking the next one. It's the one he is most reluctant to read out, but it was asked by Mia and she threatened various methods of torture if he failed to do so.

"The lovely Mia asked, wait for it, 'Are you and Blaine together yet?'," he sighs and rolls his eyes. "No. Let me set the story straight once and for all. Myself and Blaine - warblerbda - are friends. *Just* friends. I'm very lucky to have gotten to know him but there is nothing going on there."

He doesn't linger his thoughts on the question and quickly moves on to the next. The next is incidentally the last, and also from Blaine. He smiles and looks back up from where he has the questions written down.

"Last but of course not least, is from warblerbda himself who left more of an essay than a question. I quote: 'Hello Kurtis'," Kurt breaks off with a snort, "'Kurtis' - really, Blaine? Sorry, I'll continue, 'I would first of all like to say that I am very proud of you for getting Tony, you really really deserve it,'" - *don't blush don't blush don't blush* - "'and I would love it if you could tell me what the hell sai swords are? Thank

you and good night, from Blaine.', " Kurt stops and lets out a laugh. "You complete and utter dork," he whispers looking straight into the camera.

He has his sai's ready, so instead of answering, he says vaguely, "Thank you Blaine, and everyone else. Here's Something's Coming." He clicks play on the instrumental version of the song he pre-loaded and sings.

*With a click, with a shock
Phone'll jingle, door'll knock
Open the latch*

He picks up his sai's and twirls them to the beats of the music, he winks at the camera when he holds a long note, hoping that Blaine knows it's for him.

Once he's done, he gives a bow and a slightly awkward goodbye before watching the video over and over again. He has to redo some bits due to a fault in the audio or him messing up, but by midnight he has a complete and edited video to post.

Blaine [12:45] *That was adorable,*
[12:45] *You're adorable.*
[12:46] *And the sai's...wow.*

Kurt bites his lip to keep the smile that is threatening to take over his now red face at bay. The video has only been up for about thirty minutes and it already has over sixty notes, Kurt has also had plenty of asks from people complimenting him and this isn't the first time he's been called adorable, but Blaine is still the only one who makes him feel like a cliché teenage girl inside.

Kurt [12:49] *:) thank you.*

Blaine [12:51] *You're very welcome. A video is a good idea, I might do one at my next follower 'milestone.'*

Kurt [12:52] *How many do you have?*

Blaine [12:54] *Followers? I'm about 200 away from 10,000.*

Kurt [12:55] *That's a lot! You should just do a video anyway, I've only ever seen one picture of you.*

Video Call from Blaine Anderson

Kurt stares. Blaine has invited him to... He blinks, shocked. The pointer hovers over accept but he can't bring himself to click it, everything suddenly feels more real because this is *Blaine* and Kurt will actually be able to see him...

The ringing stops and Kurt can't deny his disappointment.

Blaine [1:03] *Kurt?*
[1:05] *I'm sorry was that too... forward?*

Kurt takes a deep breath and types.

Kurt [1:08] *No, it's fine, I'm sorry you just took me by surprise, a little warning would have been nice.*

Blaine [1:09] *...so you do want to see me? ;)*

Kurt [1:11] *Dork. Fine! Give me five minutes.*

Blaine [1:11] *Perfect.*

Kurt minimizes Skype and gets his webcam up to check himself. He looks fine - his hair is still styled and he's still dressed from when he did the video earlier. He sends Blaine *I'm ready*, and suddenly his heart is beating so fast and his palms are so sweaty and -

Video Call from Blaine Anderson

He brushes a stray piece of hair off of his forehead quickly before the connection establishes and Kurt tries to remember how to breathe.

"Hi," Kurt hears just as Blaine's webcam comes into focus and Kurt tries to stop an internal freak out in order to make himself reply.

(His voice is so smooth and his face is perfect that picture did not do him any justice oh my god -)

"Hi," Kurt manages to squeak out before clearing his throat and trying again. "Hi," he says and he smiles, satisfied.

Blaine gives a deep chuckle and his smile makes his eyes crinkle at the corners and Kurt *does not swoon*.

"Hi. How are you, Kurt?"

"Huh? Oh! I'm fine, how are you?"

Blaine smiles and seems amused with the way Kurt is reacting and Kurt isn't even sure if he has blinked yet.

"You seem nervous, don't be so nervous," Blaine says in a soothing voice and Kurt tries to do just that.

After a few deep breaths he manages to hold conversation with Blaine and it stops being so awkward, they talk about anything and everything just like they do through Tumblr asks or Skype IM's, it's only different because Kurt can see Blaine's (*gorgeous, gorgeous*) expressive face.

"Hey, Mia is your friend right? Miameyou?" Blaine asks after they stop laughing at a story Blaine was telling about one of his dance teachers at NYADA.

Kurt suddenly doesn't like the way the conversations is going, *What has she done now?* "Yeah, why?" he asks hesitantly.

"No reason, just she started following me before and I just got an email telling me she left me something in my ask box."

"What did she say?"

"I don't know, I didn't want to be rude by checking it while I'm talking to you."

"Go ahead," Kurt reassures, laughing lightly.

"Okay, give me a minute," Blaine replies and Kurt watches as Blaine must minimize Skype and go on to Tumblr. Blaine sticks his tongue out of the corner of his mouth a little in concentration and Kurt has to bite his lip to hold a laugh in - if anything, Blaine is the adorable one.

After a few minutes the screen light against Blaine's face gets brighter and Kurt assumes he has clicked back onto Skype. "Hey, sorry about that," Blaine says, smiling.

"It's fine, what did it say?" Kurt asks, eager to know.

"Nothing bad, don't worry. She was just saying hello. It's nearly three in the morning, where did the time go?"

"I have to be up for school soon!"

"Are you leaving me?" Blaine pouts, his eyes wide and shining.

"You're ridiculous," Kurt laughs. "I should, but no."

Blaine smiles wide and Kurt can't help but laugh harder. "When do rehearsals start for West Side Story?"

"Wednesday. I'm so excited," Kurt says struggling to stay still, he's only known for just over a week that he's going to be Tony and every time he is reminded it makes him so happy. Elaine had contacted him a few days earlier with a copy of the rehearsing schedule. "It's going to be every Wednesday and Thursday evenings, all day Saturdays and Sundays."

"Wow, that's going to be pretty hectic."

"But worth it. It's not long before it opens, the dates haven't been announced yet but I think it will be early next month."

"That's amazing, Kurt. I should probably get going now, let you sleep," Blaine says with a sad smile on his face.

"Yeah, probably. Okay then, well it was nice talking to you Blaine, speak to you soon?" Kurt asks unsure.

"Of course," Blaine says with a charming smile. "Speak soon. Good night Kurt."

Chapter Five

The first two rehearsal sessions consist mainly of meeting the other cast members and getting fitted for costumes. The other people are all lovely (and some very eccentric) and Kurt can't wait to spend more time with them. They run through some songs to test how their voices work together without the choreography. Kurt is so excited to see it all come together; it's hard work but so, so worth it.

Outside of the theatre, school continues the same but the messages of 'Courage' Blaine leaves in Kurt's ask box every weekday morning takes the edge off.

warblerbda posted:

I have a dance assessment coming up in a few days so I won't be online much, sorry guys. I'll probably have a queue running and I'll pop on to answer messages, but otherwise, good bye!

Kurt can't deny he's sad and automatically replies.

You're leaving me?

warblerbda asked you:

Never. You know, it's quite funny how we've interacted using lots of different forms of communication yet I still don't have your cell number...

Kurt catches his bottom lip between his teeth and decides on a flirty reply, *Is that your way of asking me for my number, Blaine?*

warblerbda asked you:

Of course, so... is that a yes?

Kurt decides that he's teased enough and sends Blaine his number, it feels like only seconds later when he receives a text. His phone buzzes and he picks it up noticing a text from an unknown number and others from Brittany, Mercedes, and Finn. He saves Blaine's number and checks his first.

from Blaine:

Guess who?

to Blaine:

Hi Blaine(!). So I guess we've used every form of communication now?

Kurt thinks he can hear someone shouting his name so he gets off his bed and walks to his door. "Kurt!" he hears again, and he realizes that it's coming from Finn's room. Reluctantly, he slips his feet into his slippers and knocks on Finn's door. "Kurt?"

Taking his name as an invitation to enter the room, he opens the door. "Yes, Finn?"

Finn pauses the game he's playing (Halo or something, Kurt isn't sure, it sounds aggressive with lots of shooting) and looks at Kurt from where he's lying cocooned in his bed. "Kurt," Finn says happily, unaware of Kurt's growing impatience.

"Why are you shouting me?" Kurt asks and he ignores his phone as it vibrates in his hand. *Must be Blaine*, he thinks.

"I just wanted to know if you got my text."

"Yeah," he says, remembering a text from Finn he has yet to check. "I haven't opened it yet though, one second." Finn gives him a grin and resumes playing his game. "Could you at least turn it down a little?" Kurt mumbles as he dismisses his latest text - which was from Blaine, and finds Finn's.

from Finn:

Warm milk tonight?

Kurt is torn between rolling his eyes, smiling, and throwing his phone at his step-brother.

"Seriously?" he demands, but it's not as harsh as it could be. Really, he's touched that Finn would want to spend time with him, their relationship has changed a lot over the past year. "You text me from the next room and then shout me to come and see you because I don't reply right away? *You* could have just came to *my* room to ask me!"

Finn pauses the game again half way through Kurt's rant and he at least has the decency to look ashamed. "Sorry, Kurt," he says sheepishly.

Kurt does roll his eyes this time.

"Whatever. It's only eight pm so it's a bit early. I'll see you around ten, you lazy lug," Kurt says, more affectionately than anything, and he walks out of Finn's room closing the door behind him.

When he's settled back onto his bed with his laptop in front of him, he looks at his latest text from Blaine.

from Blaine:

Pretty much. Actually, we still haven't called each other.

to Blaine:

Ah, yes of course. Good luck with your dance thing, by the way!

Waiting for Blaine to reply, he remembers the other two texts that he has from Mercedes and Brittany that he had to check.

from Mercedes

Hey boo! Are you up for a sleepover tomorrow night? At my house with Rachel? It seems like forever since we've hung out! xxx

Although Kurt has rehearsals midday on Saturday, it had been a while since he's had a sleepover with his girls...

to Mercedes:

I would love to, let me ask my dad. I'll have to leave early the next morning though, I have rehearsals the next day xxx

Finally, he reads the one from Brittany.

from Brittany:

Lord Tubbington helped me make a poster for your canpain! xxxxxxxxxxxx

He has to read it a few times for it to make sense, and when it does he feels awful. With everything going on he had completely forgotten about running for student president and making Brittany his campaign manager.

to Brittany:

Thank you so much, Britt! Can I come around after school on Monday to see them? We can plan more things?
xxx

He has just under two weeks before he has to make his speech and people vote, he has a lot of planning to do.

At ten o'clock, Kurt pours the warmed milk from the pan that he had been heating it into two glasses. He had spent the last two hours planning out his presidential speech and texting Blaine. He adds some sugar to Finn's milk and picks up the glasses, ready to take them to his step-brother's room.

"Hey bud, going to bed?"

Kurt turns around to see his dad walk out of the living room behind him.

"Just bringing Finn his warm milk then to bed." Kurt pauses to yawn. "You?"

"I'm really proud of you two, you know Kurt," Burt says and Kurt swallows past the lump he can feel forming in his throat.

"Thanks dad," he says with a watery smile.

"Hey, none of that, come here." Burt holds his arms open and Kurt places the glasses down on the table beside him before hugging his dad.

"Can I sleep over at Mercedes tomorrow?" Kurt asks after they've separated.

"Don't you have that Tony thing on Saturday?"

Kurt laughs at his dad's nickname for *West Side Story*. "Yeah, but I'll leave in time to get there."

"Sure then, after dinner."

"But dad -"

"After dinner Kurt. Now get to bed."

Kurt smiles, not the least bit upset, grabs the glasses and makes his way upstairs. There's no way he would miss Friday night dinner (especially after what happened when he tried to get out of it last time). "I love you, dad."

"Love you too, kiddo."

"So, what's up?" Kurt asks as he hands Finn his milk; he hopes it's the right one, he got a little confused as to which is which after he placed them down, he doesn't like his milk sweet.

"What do you mean?"

"You always ask for warm milk when something is up, it used to be my way to get you to talk. Look what I've started," Kurt says playfully after a sip of milk - thankfully the right one.

Kurt stays with Finn while he talks and talks about how Rachel has been ignoring him lately - ("All she talks about it nada," he had said. "It's NYADA, Finn," Kurt had corrected.) - and Kurt had nodded his head in the appropriate places and gave the best advice he could.

"I think I'm going to head to bed now," Kurt says, the milk is finished and he can feel his eyes starting to get heavy.

"Alright then. Wait," Finn says as Kurt stands up, "Are you sure there's nothing you want to talk about?"

Kurt raises his eyebrow. "Like what?"

"I don't know, it's just - we always talk about me, are *you* okay? I mean, you do seem a lot happier these past couple of weeks, you smile more. Even though you're always in your room."

"I am okay, thank you Finn. Good night," he says and it's true, even though school isn't the best and the bullying is still happening, he is happy.

"Loser," Jack, one of his main tormentors shouts to him.

Kurt keeps his head high and continues walking. His phone vibrates in his pocket and once the hall is clear enough for him to check it, he does.

from Blaine:
Courage xxx

He smiles.

"I brought Hairspray, Chicago, and Moulin Rouge," Rachel says, emptying the contents of her bag onto Mercedes' bed. "We'll start with Chicago, I'll be Roxie - of course, Mercedes, you can be Velma and Kurt you're Billy Flynn."

Kurt and Mercedes share a look at Rachel's controlling nature but they both decide that it's probably best not to comment.

Rachel sighs dramatically as Amos tries to convince Billy to take Roxie's case. "I wish I had a man that loved me that much."

"Don't you have Finn?" Kurt raises an eyebrow and brings another piece of popcorn to his mouth.

"He just loves her so much," Rachel says dreamily.

"He deserves a lot better than Roxie," Mercedes adds.

"Both of you have boyfriends."

He feels Mercedes shift next to him and suddenly she's in front of him, blocking his view of the screen. "And what about you?" she asks.

"What about me?" he replies, he can feel his face heating up but he has no idea what she is talking about.

"Do you have your eye on anyone?"

"N-no," he stutters out, not liking how Mercedes is putting him on the spot.

"You seem to be daydreaming a lot lately, Kurt," Rachel sing-songs from where she lays next to him.

He turns to face her. "What are you talking about?"

"And who is it that you've been texting all of today? Hmm? Because every time your phone vibrates, you blush and smile!" Mercedes accuses.

"What? No one! Now, if you wouldn't mind, I would like to be Amos here, this is the song I auditioned for Glee with."

Kurt knows his attempts of changing the subject won't work, but he really doesn't want to be talking about this. Or maybe he does. He hasn't mentioned Blaine to any of his friends and he's itching to tell someone. No that there is anything actually to tell... but he still feels like he might explode if he doesn't say something soon. He had considered Mia, but he doesn't know if he could handle the inevitable "I told you so" that would come along with that conversation.

Rachel leans over and grabs the remote to pause the movie and Kurt rolls his eyes. He's met with both girls sitting in front of him with their eyebrows raised.

"Fine!" He's not proud of how easily he gives in, but he's *bursting*. "His name is Blaine."

The girls squeal and Kurt bites his lip to prevent from joining in. He's suddenly bombarded with a million questions -

"How did you meet?"

"Are you boyfriends?"

"What does he look like?"

"Mercedes, Rachel, stop!" he says forcefully, essentially making them both shut up. "We're not boyfriends, I just... - I really really like him," he finally admits. "He's gorgeous! We actually met online -"

"What, Kurt, isn't that dangerous?" Mercedes interrupts.

"Not at all, we've talked to each other on Skype - I know he's not some balding middle aged man pretending to be someone else, don't worry. But he lives in New York," he adds with a sigh. "Far away from me."

"Kurt you're going to New York, too," Rachel tries to argue. "It's got to be fate."

"He also goes to NYADA."

"No way! Kurt, you have to let me get in touch with him, or at least find some things out for me -"

"Rachel, calm down. I'm not giving you his number or Skype or anything else so you can harass him. Nothing is going to happen, if I ever do make it to New York, that's months and months away. And he's twenty one, and there's no way he would be interested in me."

"I think you underestimate how fine you are, boy," Mercedes says as she sashays her shoulders.

Kurt laughs a little, he appreciates her making light of the conversation but it doesn't make what he said feel any less true. Blaine is not only stupidly attractive, he's also a really sweet person, and Kurt's sure that it's only a matter of time before he's snapped up by some other older, more attractive, successful boy in New York.

After a while, Rachel resumes the movie and Kurt sings along.

Never even know I'm there.

Chapter Six

Kurt [5:22] *Hi, how did your dance assessment go?*

It's the first time he's spoken to Blaine in a while (apart from a few sparse texts here and there), due to how busy they have both been; Blaine with NYADA and Kurt with rehearsals, school, and getting ready for the student president elections. He had gone over to Brittany's house on Monday afternoon and he decided that it wasn't best that they work together; her ideas for his campaign were a little too... out there.

Blaine [5:25] *I passed! I am exhausted though.*

Kurt [5:26] *Aw, but well done Blaine!*

Blaine [5:27] *Thank you :) how are rehearsals going?*

Kurt [5:29] *They're going well, they've adjusted the costumes and tomorrow will be our first dress rehearsal - everyone is doing so well, I think we're almost ready.*

Blaine [5:31] *That sounds amazing, did you find out the opening date yet?*

Kurt [5:32] *Exactly a month from now, and it has a six week run, every Wednesday, Friday and Saturday night!*

Blaine [5:34] *...I really wish I could come see it.*

Kurt [5:36] *Me too.*

Blaine [5:37] *Well good luck anyway, I'm sure you'll be amazing.*

Kurt [5:38] *Thank you, Blaine.*

Blaine [5:31] *And how is school going?*

Kurt [5:33] *...same as always.*

Blaine [5:34] *Stand up to the bullies. I really wish that there was something I could do.*

Kurt [5:35] *Easier said than done, but you help enough.*

"Kurt! Dinner!"

Kurt [5:35] *Blaine, I gotta go eat, sorry. Talk later.*

Blaine [5:36] *:(bye Kurt xxx*

Kurt sits in shock as he watches everyone cheer for Brittany; he knew she was popular but this was the majority of the student body and it seemed like she had their vote.

Instead of going to the cafeteria for food at lunch, he sits in an empty classroom reading his speech over and over. It's very idealistic, but maybe idealistic is exactly what he needs.

Stand up to the bullies he remembers Blaine saying.

I refuse to be bullied. I refuse to let anyone be bullied. he adds to his speech.

He knows he's tempted fate as soon as the classroom door opens. Just as he places his pen down, Jack walks into the room.

"Well, well, well," the jock drawls when he notices Kurt alone, a smirk creeping onto his face. "If it isn't Lady Hummel."

Bully, he identifies Jack as. It is something he's always known, and with a sudden burst of confidence Kurt pushes himself to his feet and looks Jack in the eye.

"What have I ever done to you?"

"Excuse me?" Jack replies, smirk faltering. It's obvious that he didn't expect the question. Usually Kurt bites back with a sarcastic comment or ignores him completely, but not this time - he's standing up to his bullies.

"You heard me. What have I ever done to you?" he repeats again, dragging the syllables out slowly, almost patronizingly. He corrects his tone and tries to keep his anger in check, wanting an honest answer. "Why is it okay for you to say things like that to me? Just because my voice is a little higher than most and I actually understand what fashion is? Or is it mainly because I like men? Something that I cannot control but automatically makes me inferior to you?"

His fists are clenched tightly together by the time he's finished speaking. He keeps eye contact with Jack, trying to will him to understand everything he's saying, for him to listen to how unfair this all really is. "I just don't understand," he finishes. Quieter, deflated.

The jock doesn't say anything for a long time, but he doesn't look away either. Kurt can feel his palms sweating as he waits, finally Jack speaks, "This is high school, man."

Kurt laughs bitterly at the lame, cowardly reply. "That's your reason for making my life hell? Because 'its high school, man'?" he mocks. The anger is back and stronger than before. "That's why I always have to have a spare pair of clothes in my locker, why I pick myself out of dumpsters and clear left over food out of my hair - because *this is high school*?"

He's almost shouting towards the end and Jack looks slightly taken back. Kurt isn't sure what kind of reaction he expected, and with an annoyed huff he clears his things into his bag and walks past the jock and out of the room.

to Blaine:

I'm shaking. I just shouted at a jock, like really shouted at him. What if I just made everything worse? Oh god Blaine!

The reply comes seconds later, which Kurt is entirely thankful for.

from Blaine:

Calm down, what happened?

He fumbles with a reply, typing out words even autocorrect can't grasp the meaning of, and suddenly Blaine's name is flashing up on his phone.

"H-hello?" he says, his breath is coming in short gasps, the reality of the situation finally hitting him.

"*Kurt? Kurt, are you okay?*" Blaine sounds frantic and Kurt's head swims.

"I - I stood up to them, Blaine."

"*Kurt, that's great but you've got to breathe for me,*" Blaine says in a soothing voice.

Kurt closes his eyes and rests his head against the brick wall of the school. He takes a deep breath to clear his head, not understanding why he's so worked up to begin with.

"Sorry, hi," he says meekly once he's composed himself.

"*Don't apologize. Can you tell me what happened?*"

"A guy that bullies me - Jack, he came into the room I was in and I thought about what you said, you know, to stand up to them? And I asked him what his problem was and shouted a little."

"*That - wow, I'm really proud of you, Kurt.*" Kurt can hear the smile in Blaine's voice which make his own lips tug up at the corners. He's pretty proud of himself too. "*What'd he say?*"

"Some stupid dumb comment about how this is high school or something. He didn't hit me though."

"*I'm sure you could take him if he did.*"

A laugh bubbles up from Kurt's chest and he feels like a weight has lifted off his shoulders. "Thank you, Blaine... I'm sorry I worried you."

"*As long as you're okay.*"

The bell rings signaling the end of lunch; Kurt says goodbye to Blaine and walks back into McKinley, heading to his next class.

He doesn't see Jack or any of his other jock friends until the end of the day, and to Kurt's relief, they all seem to ignore him.

"It's not worth it, let it be," he's sure he hears Jack say. Kurt pauses his walking for a second before smiling, maybe he had gotten through to the bully more than he originally thought.

Chapter Seven

"Hey, boo. What's up?" Mercedes questions as she meets Kurt at his locker the next morning. Her brows are furrowed in concern and Kurt can't blame her, he knows he doesn't look like his usual fabulous self today.

"Hmm? Oh, nothing. I just didn't sleep very well," he answers absentmindedly yet truthfully. He stayed up all night talking to Blaine, which resulted in missing his skin care regimen and getting little to no sleep. It isn't ideal considering he has a full day of school, then glee, followed by two hours of rehearsals.

"If you're sure... I'll see you at lunch!" Mercedes says as she walks towards her first class, which is in the opposite direction of Kurt's.

While Kurt sits in his seat waiting for the rest of the students to file in and his teacher to show up he texts Blaine.

to Blaine:

I feel like the walking dead. Help.

from Blaine:

I know how you feel, luckily this class ends at 10 and I have a break until 3. I plan on sleeping.

to Blaine:

I'm so jealous, I don't know how I'm going to make it through the day. Class is starting now, I'll text you later.

He pockets his phone and smiles innocently as Miss Grace walks in.

He makes it through school feeling like a zombie, and glee doesn't help in the slightest.

DUETS! is the first thing he notices when he walks into the choir room. It's written on the board in Mr. Schue's messy scrawl and Kurt heaves a sigh, dropping into his seat with less grace than usual. The other members seem more enthusiastic and he isn't surprised. He can imagine the pairs now - Rachel and Finn, Santana and Brittany, Mercedes and Sam, and so on; leaving him without a partner, as usual.

Glee runs the same way as usual and Kurt is grateful that little awareness is needed to keep up with what is going on. Mr. Schue drones on for too long about unimportant things; Rachel sings a solo whilst staring dreamily at Finn, but Kurt is surprised that once she's finished she takes the seat next to him instead of the one she had been sitting in next to Finn.

"So... want to be my partner?"

"What?" he asks dumbly.

"You know, team up! For duets," she clarifies with a huge smile; she has yet to come down from the high that Kurt knows she gets from performing.

"But what about Finn?"

"Please?"

He looks at her skeptically, trying to figure out what her angle is here. He loves Rachel, he does, but he also knows her determination to win everything. Surely, singing with Finn would give her better chances at winning than pairing with Kurt. He feels himself nodding before he's even aware he is doing it; Rachel smiles again, seemingly pleased with herself.

"Great," she says, "We'll meet up tomorrow and sort something out."

Kurt had to pull over twice on his way home from Westerville, almost afraid he would crash if he carried on driving; tiredness getting the better of him. When he finally pulls onto his street he almost cries with relief.

"I ate at rehearsals and I'm going to bed, love you all!" he shouts as he walks into his house and heads straight for the stairs. He's too tired to even shower and he quickly changes and gets into bed.

He blinks up at the ceiling a few times, his body feels out of his control; bones heavy and eyes closing without permission. He tries to fight it, knowing how much his sleeping pattern will be messed up if he sleeps this early and reaches for his phone. He hasn't been on Tumblr much today and he makes a post to apologize.

school and rehearsals with no sleep is the very definition of hell... I'm sorry I haven't been on much today; I'll answer messages and stuff tomorrow. Good night.

He quickly looks over the seven messages he has and decides that they aren't urgent enough that he has to answer them now - answering privately on the Tumblr app is a pain anyway.

Unable to resist reblogging the fabulous pair of Yves Saint Laurent gloves that he just *needs*, Kurt finally resigns himself to sleep. Not before rolling his eyes at the ask Blaine has published.

Anonymous asked warblerbda:

are you and kurt ok? i haven't seen you talking for a while, we're all worried!

warblerbda answered:

Dear lovely anon, myself and Kurt are just fine, thank you.

The next day Kurt comes home upset and angry. Which results in upset and angry blogging. Luckily, he's saved by the sound of Skype informing him he has an IM.

Blaine [4:45] *Hey... what's up?*

Kurt [4:46] *nothing, why?*

Blaine [4:48] *I thought I was following a hipster blog or something, with all of the really depressing quotes showing up on my dash...*

[4:49] *Not to mention you've reblogged gifs of Fred Weasley's death a horrible amount of times.*

Kurt [4:51] *I'm sorry.*

Kurt takes a deep breath, not wanting to snap at Blaine. Honestly, the first thing he thought about after his horrible day was how much he needed Blaine, and that thought alone scared him. Kurt prides himself on being strong and independent... *needing* Blaine scares him.

Kurt [4:52] *I just didn't have a very good day.*

Blaine [4:54] *Do you want to talk about it?*

Kurt [4:53] *I wouldn't even know where to begin...*

Video call from Blaine Anderson

Kurt accepts the call and even though they've done this a few times he still gets nervous and jittery before talking to Blaine, but today he's more *angry* than anything else. He has about an hour before anyone is due home and he is happy Blaine can distract him for the time being.

"Just let it all out," Blaine says, his voice coming through before image on his laptop.

Kurt smiles weakly. "Hi."

"What's up?"

Kurt sighs, thinking of where to begin. "Well, it's duets week in glee and I never voluntarily get a partner - no boys want to sing with the gay kid and the girls all have each other, but this time I thought things were going to be different. Rachel asked to partner up with me and I was so happy, Blaine... but now everything's just gone to shit and -" he trails off, not even noticing himself cursing - something he never does, and presses the palms of his hands hard against his eyes.

"Hey, hey, Kurt." Kurt looks up to his laptop to see Blaine and feels a familiar warmth heating his cheeks.

"I'm sorry, I -"

"Stop that," Blaine interrupts. "You never have to be sorry for *feeling*, Kurt. I told you, I'm here for you. Just tell me what happened."

"Okay. Well, you know I'm running for student president?" At Blaine's nod of confirmation, he continues. "Rachel told me today that she's running too. Not only have I lost my duet partner, I've lost my friend. How could she do that? Go against me like that? She said she needs it for NYADA but so do I! It's not fair and I know she still resents the fact that I got the role of Tony and she's not even in the production because she was busy the week of rehearsals, but it's not fair Blaine."

He takes a well needed breath after his ramblings and tries to ignore the hurt and focus on the anger. It does hurt that his so-called best friend would do this to him, but it also doesn't surprise him; Rachel Berry can be *so* selfish. He wonders if it's the only reason she asked him to duet with her in the first place, because she felt guilty. The only time he can get a partner and it's out of *pity*.

"I just feel like I can't take it anymore, I need to get out of this stupid state and go somewhere... somewhere where people will appreciate me."

"People are such idiots, Kurt," Blaine says sharply making Kurt jump at the sudden tone. "Anyone who doesn't appreciate you is an idiot. You're right, it isn't fair, and to be honest she's probably just completely jealous of you. I just - I wish I could be there and actually do something," he finishes quietly.

"Thank you, Blaine," Kurt says. *Maybe someone does appreciate me*, he thinks.

"You're an amazing person," Blaine says, eyes shining.

"Thank you," Kurt says again, suddenly feeling shy.

It's quiet for a while and Kurt bites his lip against the apology that's struggling to get out.

Blaine is the one who breaks the surprisingly not awkward silence. "Duet with me."

"Duet with you?" he repeats back slowly.

"Yes, duet with me. Come on, I mean, I know it's not exactly glee club here and it's just over Skype - you don't have to, I just thought -" Kurt laughs at Blaine's nervousness, finding it positively endearing and effectively cuts him off.

"I'd love to," he says simply.

Blaine beams through the camera. "Great! So... what song shall we sing?"

"Anything. Apart from Katy Perry."

"Fine," Blaine pouts. "How about Hey Monday? Candles?"

"With no music?"

"We'll pretend. You start."

Kurt humphs but ultimately agrees, he knows the song and he's touched that Blaine would do this for him. Even over Skype, Kurt Hummel would get to duet with someone. Not just anyone, either; dreamy, amazing Blaine.

*The power lines went out, and I am all alone
But I don't really care at all, not answering my phone*

It suddenly hits him that he's never heard Blaine sing before. He knows he must be good - he did get into NYADA after all, but nothing could prepare him for what he actually hears. Blaine's voice is *incredible*; a beautiful rich tenor that almost makes Kurt forget to join in and screw up the words.

They laugh and giggle their way through their own rendition of Candles, their voices working really well together.

Although it's probably not appropriate to the song, Kurt is smiling widely by the end of it, his horrible day forgotten - all thanks to Blaine.

"Thank you," he says for what feels like the hundredth time.

"You're very welcome, that was fun," Blaine says, still laughing lightly.

"Not - not just for that, for everything." He tone is more serious now, wanting Blaine to understand how much he appreciates this.

"I know."

"I really don't want to hang up but I should go start dinner."

"You cook, too? A man after my own heart," Blaine says dramatically, bringing his hand to his chest.

"Dork," Kurt tells him. "I'll talk to you later."

It's eleven at night before he can get back online, Burt suggested they watch a movie after Friday night dinner and Kurt couldn't protest. Once he's in bed, laptop on his knee, he smiles as he notices Blaine is still online.

Kurt [11:02] *Hey, I'm sorry I was so long.*

Blaine [11:05] *It's okay. How are you feeling?*

Kurt [11:06] *Better... a lot better, thanks to you.*

Blaine [11:08] *Good, I'm glad. And less of that you're making me blush.*

Kurt [11:10] *Maybe I want to make you blush.*

Blaine [11:12] *Oh really now?*

Kurt [11:14] *Mhmm! So how was your day, Blaine?*

Blaine [11:16] *It was fine, actually. How was yours apart from the whole Rachel thing? Have the bullies been leaving you alone?*

Kurt [11:18] *Jack walked right past me today and I haven't received a slushie at all this week.*

Blaine [11:20] *You should have never had to put up with that.*

Kurt [11:19] *Probably not but oh well.*

Blaine [11:21] *You shouldn't. I meant it when I said you were an amazing person.*

Kurt [11:22] *Now you're making me blush.*

Blaine [11:26] *I... I really like you, Kurt.*

Kurt [11:27] *I like you too, Blaine.*

Blaine [11:29] *No, I mean, I really like you Kurt. In a way I probably shouldn't considering how far apart we live. I feel like I've been looking for you forever.*

Kurt sits with his hands frozen over his keyboard, staring at the screen in shock. Blaine just said he...

Blaine [11:33] *Kurt? Please say something...*

He can't deal with this, of all the things Blaine could have said to him, Kurt didn't expect that in the least. No one has ever said anything like that to him before, *felt* like that for him before. It's scary and maybe everything he's ever wanted since he started talking to Blaine but... -

He doesn't even think as he moves the cursor over *Sign Out*, and for the first time since he logged into Skype to start talking to Blaine, he logs out.

Chapter Eight

Another thing Kurt discovers about courage is that there are many different types. Between confronting bullies and confronting friends; to walking the halls of McKinley dressed in fabulous, yet less socially acceptable clothing; to talking to a boy. A boy who Kurt really likes. A boy who likes Kurt in return.

It should be easy, really. In theory, Kurt would profess his feelings to Blaine and they would live happily ever after. But it isn't some teen rom-com, it's his life.

He goes to bed that night feeling uneasy. Any possible chance of feeling elated by the news that *oh my god, this gorgeous boy actually likes me*, is cancelled out by guilt.

Kurt avoids Tumblr the next day. He runs through rehearsal on autopilot and ignores Rachel's attempts at an apology without feeling any anger or resentment towards her. He just feels... helpless. It's even worse because he isn't helpless, not really. He could easily pick up his phone or sign into Skype and apologize to Blaine and tell him that he's just *scared*, and that he likes him back.

But he can't.

On Sunday morning, Kurt finally checks his phone. He has lots of texts, mostly from Rachel, some from Mercedes and a few from Brittany. None from Blaine.

He ignores the sickly feeling that settles in his stomach and reads his emails. There's nothing important, mostly from Tumblr alerting him of new followers and messages; none of which are from Blaine.

A message from Mia catches his eye, and he needs to talk to someone so he opens his text messages.

to Mia:

Mia... I screwed up. Can I call you?

He's on the verge of biting his nails while waiting for a reply; he breathes a sigh of relief when his phone vibrates in his hand.

Mia is calling

"Hey, thanks," he says after answering the phone.

"Kurt! Where have you been? I don't think I've ever gone a whole day without seeing you on my dash before. What's up?"

"It's about Blaine..." he answers quietly, biting his lip to keep from crying; he just feels so *awful*.

"Have you two not got your shit together yet? People are getting impatient."

Confused, he replies, "Um, what?"

"Surely you've noticed how much people ship you together?" she says flippantly, as if Kurt should already know this.

"I-I mean, sure some anons have asked what's going on between us, but people *ship* us?" He's getting flustered and he's not entirely sure why. The fact that people ship him and Blaine is just... he knows how crazy people on Tumblr can get.

"Are you by your laptop?" Mia asks.

"Yeah, why?"

"Great. Load up your browser and type in *k and b, hypen, klaine* -" Mia starts but Kurt interrupts.

"Wait, Klaine?"

"Kurt and Blaine, Klaine, it's your ship name. Shush, it's cute," she says when Kurt tries to speak again. "So, it's *k and b - one word - hypen klaine dot tumblr dot com*."

Kurt puts Mia on speakerphone and places his phone beside his laptop. He hesitantly types in the URL and hits enter, a little scared of what he might find. "Wow," he breathes out as he looks at the website. The Tumblr is mainly a compiled archive of all of his and Blaine's interactions with various comments attached, *they are so cute together!, they are so secretly dating!*.

He scrolls down further and gasps when he notices the word 'fic.' *Fic rec: Kurt + Blaine | NC-17 | ~1000 | Blaine calls Kurt to help him take care of a... problem he's having*. "Oh my god!" he whispers, scandalized.

"What?" Kurt jumps at the sound of Mia's voice, the call completely forgotten.

"There's fanfiction about us?"

"Oh honey, how have you not seen any of this?"

"I... I don't know, I've been busy I guess, maybe I just don't follow the right people?" He doesn't know how he's missed the blogs that are dedicated to him and Blaine, and *fanfiction*.

"Busy with Blaine, yeah I get it. What is going on there?"

Kurt sighs, blogs and everything else forgotten. "I messed up," he admits quietly.

"Kurt? Are you okay?" Mia asks, sounding concerned.

"No, no I -" Kurt cuts himself off, shaking his head. "Blaine likes me," he says instead.

"...Okay?"

"Regardless of what everyone thinks, we were just friends. Sure I like him, but I didn't think anything would ever happen, I mean with the distance and everything. But then he told me he liked me and I just... I freaked out a little."

"Oh, Kurt," Mia says sympathetically. "What did you say?"

"I... Um. Nothing. I said nothing," he rushes out, ashamed. He can only imagine how Blaine must have felt after he logged out.

"*What do you mean?*"

"I kind of logged out after he said it. I know, I'm a terrible person but I got scared, Mia, I can't handle that," Kurt admits meekly.

Mia sighs through the phone. "*Kurt, you know I love you, but why? He likes you - that's a good thing and you deserve a good thing. I know the amount of shit you go through day in and day out, why can't you just accept that a guy you like likes you back?*"

A lot happens the next day. Kurt makes up with Rachel but he doesn't win the student elections, losing out to Brittany and her over the top, idealistic promises. He also opens up Tumblr.

He doesn't post for a while; he looks over his dash to see if there's anything important he's missed, saving some things in his drafts so he can reblog them later, and he answers his many messages that have seemed to have piled up over the weekend. They're mostly enquiries as to why he hasn't been online and he replies with a generic *Sorry, I've been busy*.

After a few reassuring breaths, Kurt finally gathers the courage to look at Blaine's Tumblr. He types in *w* and hits enter, his browser filling out the address as he's visited the web page so many times.

Blaine has posted a few times over the weekend, but not as much as he usually does; there's only a page and a half worth of reblogs since Friday night and none of them are personal. Biting his lip, Kurt closes Blaine's Tumblr and decides to stop being a coward and starts posting.

He doesn't see Blaine online until an hour later when Kurt notices he's reblogged him. *You have reblogged warblerbda*: "Shit," he mutters, realizing his mistake. He knows this isn't fair to Blaine, so with shaking hands he opens Blaine's ask.

Hi Blaine... he types lamely, *I just wanted to say I'm sorry*. He closes his eyes against the hot shame he feels inside of him and clicks send. It's nowhere near the apology Blaine deserves, but Kurt doesn't know what else to say.

He goes back to his dashboard and sees he has a message, he rationalizes that it can't be Blaine - he has only just sent the ask, but it doesn't stop him from holding his breath as he checks his messages.

warblerbda asked you:
Can we talk?

It's not a reply to the message he sent, Blaine must have sent one at the same time and Kurt replies with a quick *Of course, it's the least you deserve*.

Blaine requests for him to go on Skype because it's easier and nervously, Kurt complies.

Kurt [9:13] *Hi*

Blaine [9:15] *Kurt. Hi.*

Kurt [9:15] *Hi...*

Blaine [9:16] ...
[9:16] *God I messed everything up.*

Kurt [9:17] *What?*

Blaine [9:19] *I just wanted to apologize.*

Kurt [9:21] *You want to apologize? What do you have to be sorry for?*

Blaine [9:23] *I'm sorry for telling you I like you. I'm sorry for spoiling our friendship like that and making things awkward between us... I shouldn't have said anything.*

Kurt [9:24] *You really meant it?*

Blaine [9:26] *Mean what?*

Kurt [9:27] *That you like me?*

Blaine [9:29] *Of course I did. I'm sorry.*

Kurt [9:31] *You don't have to be sorry, I'm the one who should be sorry, for logging out and ignoring you like that. I just... I freaked out a little.*

Blaine [9:33] *I get it, it's fine... God I'm such a jerk for ruining our friendship like that.*

Kurt [9:35] *You haven't ruined anything. I can't believe you actually like me.*

Blaine [9:37] *What's not to like? You're the most interesting guy I've ever met, you're so compassionate and strong and... you're just amazing.*

[9:38] *You still want to be my friend? Even though I told you I like you?*

Kurt [9:39] *Blaine...*

Blaine [9:41] *Kurt?*

Kurt [9:42] *Of course I want to be your friend.*

Closing his eyes tightly shut, Kurt quickly hits enter before he can stop himself.

Kurt [9:43] *and I like you too.*

Blaine doesn't reply for too long and Kurt panics - *oh my god what if he didn't mean it and he was just saying that but Blaine would never do that... but -*

Blaine [9:47] *Wait - really?*

Kurt [9:48] *Of course I like you.*

Blaine [9:50] *Why didn't you tell me? Kurt, you really scared me, I thought I messed everything up when you logged out like that.*

[9:51] *Wait, I don't care. I'm smiling so hard right now.*

Kurt [9:52] *I am so sorry about that, Blaine. I wish I could take it back, I felt so guilty.*

Blaine [9:53] *You like me.*

Kurt shakes his head fondly, his face starting to hurt from how wide he's smiling.

Kurt [9:54] *You're such a dork.*

Blaine [9:56] *Ah, but, you like me!*

He laughs out loud, the boy he likes (*who likes him back!*) is ridiculous. Not wanting to spoil the mood, but needing to know Kurt types, *Where does that leave us...?*, but just before he presses send, a new IM comes through.

Blaine [9:59] *Kurt Hummel, would you do me the honor of being my boyfriend?*

[10:00] *I'm sorry if that was too forward of me again, you just make me so happy Kurt, you move me, and I know we need to talk about this more, especially with the distance and everything, but I just want to be able to call you mine.*

Kurt [10:02] *Of course I will, Blaine.*

"Oh my god," Kurt whispers, shocked, stunned, *elated*. He has a boyfriend. He has Blaine. Mia was right; he does deserve a good thing.

Chapter Nine

They talk the rest of the night about anything and everything; stupid inconsequential things from their favorite colors to their coffee orders to their childhood dreams. And Kurt doesn't stop smiling once.

"Four more days!" Clara, Kurt's Maria, shouts to him as he grabs his bag, ready to leave the theatre.

"I can't wait. See you tomorrow," he responds.

It's dark when he gets outside. They don't usually rehearse on Tuesday evenings, and they never stay this late, but Elaine decided to run the last few rehearsals leading up to opening night for longer than usual.

to Blaine:

I forgot to ask last night, have you seen the Tumblr dedicated to us?

Kurt texts Blaine as soon as he's settled in his car; he can't wait to get home but he hasn't really had to chance to talk to his *boyfriend* properly today.

from Blaine:

Which one? xxx

He smiles as he notices the kisses; Blaine would occasionally put them at the end of texts but it seemed to be a consistent thing now (or so Kurt hoped).

to Blaine:

What do you mean 'which one'? xxx

He sends the text before he remembers what Mia had said about there being quite a few people that ship them together, which probably meant more than one blog.

from Blaine:

I've seen a few...xxx

to Blaine:

Right, okay. Anyway, I have an hour's drive ahead of me now, I'll speak to you later xxx

from Blaine:

Drive safe. Can I call you later? I miss your voice xxx

Kurt replies affirmative, finding Blaine's cheesiness endearing and starts the engine.

"*Hey beautiful,*" Kurt hears as he picks up the phone. He had come right up to his room after he got home, claiming exhaustion to his dad, and he had gotten changed and collapsed straight into bed.

Heat rushes to his cheeks. "Uh. H-hey," he stutters out in reply. He grabs the bottle of water on his bedside table and takes a sip, his mouth suddenly dry.

"*Are you okay?*" Blaine asks, sounding amused.

"Yeah, it's just - no one has ever called me that before."

"*Do you mind me calling you that?*"

"Not... not if you want to," Kurt says quietly, still blushing.

"*Good, because you're beautiful, beautiful.*"

Kurt giggles before clearing his throat. "So how was your day?" he asks in an attempt to change the subject.

Blaine lets him, taking the bait. "*It was alright. I had college, then I caught up with a few friends I haven't seen in a while, it was nice.*"

"Where are you now?" Kurt asks, finally noticing the sound of traffic in the background.

"*I called you as I got off the subway, I'm just walking home.*"

Kurt swallows down the jealousy of the fact he's stuck in Ohio and Blaine is in *New York City*. "I can't wait to be there," he sighs.

"*I can't wait for you to be here either,*" Blaine says and Kurt realizes that New York doesn't just mean New York anymore; it means Blaine, too.

"That reminds me," Kurt says, "I'm sending off my NYADA application this week."

"*Oh great! If you need any help, let me know,*" the older boy offers.

"Thank you, Blaine."

"*Evening, Henry,*" Kurt hears Blaine say quietly. "*Kurt, I'm going into an elevator now, sometimes the signal cuts out so if it does I'll call you back once I'm out, okay?*"

"Okay."

"*Are you excited for Saturday?*" Blaine asks about the opening night of *West Side Story*.

"So excited. There's a mixture of adrenaline and nervousness every time I think about it. I'm ready, too, I think it's going to be great."

"*I'm sure it will be, I still wish I could be there to see it,*" Blaine says, the reception on the line not as clear as before, but still there. *Floor nine, doors opening*, Kurt hears in the background.

"I know, me too," Kurt admits quietly. It scares him when he thinks of how much he likes Blaine considering he's never even met him.

He hears some rustling on the other end of the line and it's quiet for a while. *"Sorry, I'm home, finally. I can talk now, no interruptions,"* Blaine promises.

Kurt smiles. "So..." he starts, dragging the word out. "These Tumblr's?"

"Ah, yes. The 'Klaine' shippers," Blaine laughs.

"How come you didn't tell me about the blogs?" Kurt asks, laughing too.

"I actually only found them the other day, one started following me and then I discovered a lot more. We - uh, we actually weren't talking..."

"Oh," Kurt says quietly. "I'm sorry."

"Seriously, you don't have to keep apologizing. But yeah, anyway, it's a little creepy but very much entertaining."

"There is fanfiction, Blaine. Fanfiction."

"Yeah, have you read any?" Blaine asks a little too quickly.

"No! No. No way. It was rude! Have you?"

"I may have looked over one..." Blaine admits and Kurt lets out something between a gasp and a shocked laugh.

"Are we going to tell them?" Kurt asks after a little while.

"Yes. I think we should make them sweat a little first, though."

"What do you have in mind?" Kurt smirks.

warblerbda posted:

I had such an interesting conversation with Kurt before... so tired now.

Kurt's body shakes with laughter as he clicks reblog.

defy-fashion reblogged warblerbda:

/I had such an interesting conversation with Kurt before... so tired now.

our conversations are the best

Blaine had admitted that the NC-17 fanfic Kurt had seen was the one that he had read. It doesn't take long before other people get ahold of their post and even though Kurt had expected that this would happen, it still shocks him that people are so invested in his life.

OMG THEY'RE CALLING EACH OTHER OMG DRUIGNETNGETGI

mY baBIES ;_;

omgomgomg help because klaine omg

I'm trying to be respectful but they're having INTERESTING conversations and now Blaine's TIRED!

the sexual tension is killing me now guys, come on

to Blaine:
Oh my god.

from Blaine:
stayuplatee's is my favorite "they're making babies on the phone" xxx

to Blaine:
Is it always this bad and I just... don't notice? xxx

from Blaine:
Pretty much xxx

They last another day until they both decide they can't hold it in any longer. Kurt had been dying to tell Mia but had played along with his boyfriend - instead he had told her that he'd apologized to Blaine and they had sorted things out but had agreed on being friends.

He hadn't told anyone. Things were still kind of awkward between himself and Rachel, and after her reaction when he had first told her about Blaine, it made him reluctant to tell her now.

Kurt [9:10] *Have you told anyone?*

Blaine [9:11] *Of course! I've told anyone who will listen.*

Kurt [9:13] *Can we tell Tumblr?*

Blaine [9:15] *How do you want to do this?*

Kurt [9:16] *Follow my lead.*

He minimizes Skype and opens his browser. Before he posts anything he quickly grabs his phone and texts Mia.

to Mia:

I think you should know before Tumblr finds out - which should be soon. I have a boyfriend. A boyfriend named Blaine and I'm sorry for not telling you sooner. It's literally been days but I HAVE A BOYFRIEND!

Feeling some sort of thrill in this, Kurt opens up a new post and starts typing.

My boyfriend is amazing, he publishes.

A few minutes later, the post has twenty notes - mostly likes and a few enquiries as to who. He ignores the two anons he gets asking *who is your boyfriend?* and *is Blaine your boyfriend?* and smirks when he notices Blaine has reblogged the post.

Amazing, huh? he's added to it and Kurt rolls his eyes, glad that Blaine is playing along.

Oh yeah, so amazing. Hot, too, he replies back feeling confident.

He sneaks a look at the *kandb-klaine* Tumblr and there seems to be a lot of speculating going on. He chuckles to himself and sends Blaine a link.

I feel so sorry for Blaine, pretending to be okay that Kurt has a boyfriend when he's so obviously in love with him.

unless blaine IS the boyfriend?

oMG pLeASE jkqojiqsxiowsnniows!

What a coincidence, my boyfriend is also hot... very, very hot in fact. Kurt scrunches his nose and smiles at what Blaine has reblogged the post with, he feels proud of himself for not blushing.

Thank you, boyfriend, he replies, happy to stop teasing and to finally admit that Blaine is his boyfriend.

Kurt [9:56] *I gave it up.*

Blaine [9:58] *I saw. And I like it when you call me that by the way.*
[9:59] *Boyfriend, I mean.*

Kurt [10:01] *I like being your boyfriend.*

He clicks back on Tumblr and refreshes his dashboard. The majority of it is about him and Blaine; a lot of people are freaking out and it seems to be that way no matter how far Kurt scrolls down.

THEY'RE TOGETHER. THEY'R R

klaine is real they're boyfriends and they're in love and everything hurts

ijsnrfiercniisnd;jsdinsdnfnwfsodclksmcaslkcas ,oidw

my otp are together and they're going to be just like bryan and david and have lots of babies ~send help

omg omg omg omg oMg omgomgomgomg omgomOMGOGMGOMMOMogmgomg

i am SOBBING because kurt and blaine!

Blaine [10:15] *Beautiful, I think we broke Tumblr.*

Chapter Ten

Saturday comes faster than Kurt expects and before he knows it, he's backstage Westerville theatre waiting to go on.

The tickets sold rather well and it was almost a full house. The room was filled with nervous anticipation and Kurt thrived on it.

to Blaine:

Has anyone ever literally died on stage?

from Blaine:

Are you nervous? Don't be, you're going to kill this thing.

And he did. It wasn't perfect; some people missed their cues and others messed up a line or a move - but... standing up on stage, Kurt knew it was where he belonged. His heart ached for it and he was determined to make his dreams come true.

Time passes. NYADA applications, Christmas, NYADA finalist letters... NYADA auditions.

After a suggestion from Blaine, Kurt decides to sing a song that means something to him. He's still practical about it - a song that shows off his range and singing abilities, but also one that he can get lost in.

Standing on the stage of McKinley's auditorium while singing *I Wanna Hold Your Hand* in front of Carmen Tibideaux is the most nerve-racking thing Kurt has ever had to do.

With every day that passes, Kurt's feelings for Blaine grew. They end every night with a phone call and Blaine would still send him *Courage* every morning before school. Kurt told all of his friends about Blaine and some were happier than others; Mercedes was overjoyed for Kurt, but Rachel was a little more dubious.

The person he looked forward to telling the least was his dad. It wasn't that he didn't want to; he just knew how protective his dad could be. Although Kurt knew his dad was completely supportive of his sexuality, he thought that adding a boyfriend to the mix may be pushing things a little too far.

It happened a week after his NYADA auditions. The bullying had continued to cease for Kurt, but this was still high school and the hockey players still needed a way to remind the glee kids that they were at the bottom of the food chain.

It had been a bad day in particular for Kurt, he was worried about NYADA, and he hadn't been able to talk to Blaine because of an upcoming exam that his boyfriend had. So, Kurt had arrived home in a horrible mood and covered in grape flavored slushie which Rick the Stick had thought would be hilarious to dump over his head.

Unfortunately his dad was also home.

"Hey, Kurt," Burt had said, catching Kurt trying to sneak up the stairs.

Kurt closed his eyes and slowly turned around, bracing himself for the inevitable. "Hi dad," he said, a fake smile tugging at his lips.

"Want to tell me why you're covered in purple, Kurt?"

"It was just an accident -"

"Kurt," Burt said more sternly.

"Seriously, dad. It's nothing," Kurt tried again.

Burt sighed and rubbed his hands over his face. Kurt knew his dad was tired and he hated that it was because of him.

"Are you getting bullied again?" his dad asked.

"No, dad. Honestly, it's nothing like that. It's been fine lately. Just a dumb hockey player, but I promise, the bullying is practically nonexistent," Kurt promised.

"I don't know, kiddo. You never talk to me anymore. I never see you; when you come home from school you always run right up to your room and when I do see you you're always on your phone."

Kurt immediately felt guilty. "I'm sorry," he said quietly. "But I promise I'm okay."

His dad sighed again and Kurt's heart felt heavy. "You know you can talk to me anytime, right, bud?"

"Right," Kurt agreed, accepting the hug his dad offered.

"What are you doing in your room all the time, anyway?"

Kurt's face turned red at the hidden meaning those words could imply and he was glad his face was still buried in his dad's shoulder. "Nothing, just talking to friends."

"Uh-huh," Burt said, releasing Kurt from the hug. "Friends you can't talk to at school?"

His dad didn't know about Tumblr; no one did, not really. He liked having a place of his own where he could hide. Or that's how it started; it just didn't feel right to tell anyone now.

Finally gathering the nerve, Kurt spoke, "Maybe I'm talking to a boy."

"A boy?" Burt prompted.

And so Kurt told his dad everything about Blaine. About how they had met (maybe he altered that part a little) and talked and how Blaine had helped Kurt with everything from the bullying to NYADA.

"I wish you would have just told me," Burt said after he was done.

"I - I'm sorry dad."

The next words out of his dad's mouth made Kurt freeze. "I wanna talk to this kid."

After that, Kurt had arranged a Skype date for himself, Blaine, and his dad. At first, his dad was playing the stereotypical protective father role; 'hurt my son and I'll kill you,' but after a while even Burt couldn't resist Blaine's charm. Ever since, it was like his boyfriend and his dad were best friends.

"I'm so proud of you," Blaine says through the webcam. He's sitting cross legged on his bed, hair ungelled, wearing sweats and a white vest top. He obviously just woke up and he looks gorgeous.

Kurt gives a sleepy smile back, he's jet lagged and exhausted. "Thank you. Not that I did much. -"

"Hey, don't do that," Blaine interrupts. "There's no way they would have won without you."

"I just wish it was in New York again this year." He'd just gotten back from Chicago a few hours ago from winning Nationals with New Directions.

"Yeah, well, next week you get your NYADA acceptance letter and you'll be coming to New York then."

"If I get an acceptance letter."

"You will," Blaine says confidently.

So confidently that Kurt almost believes it, but he doesn't want to give himself false hope. "Regardless, that's still months away."

"So, come sooner," Blaine says, catching Kurt off guard.

He snaps his head up from where he was checking his own reflection to look at Blaine. "What do you mean 'come sooner'?"

"Why the hell not?" Blaine says, his flippant comment suddenly sounding a lot more appealing. "Come to New York, come and see me. Come see NYADA."

"What - Blaine, I couldn't just... I mean, there's no way I could afford it, I just spent the last of my allowance on an amazing new D&G satchel. I can't just - up and leave and come to New York."

Blaine's face falls before he schools it in what Kurt can tell is a fake smile. "You're cute when you ramble." Kurt blushes, suddenly ashamed of his reaction. "But, no. It's fine, I'm sorry - I don't know where that came from."

"No, no," Kurt backtracks. "It's not that I don't want to it's just..."

But Kurt doesn't get to finish, he's interrupted by his dad.

"Hey, I'm leaving for work now, see ya later, Kurt," Burt says, popping his head in to the room. "Oh. Hey, Blaine."

"Burt," Blaine acknowledges.

"How are you, kid?" Burt asks, walking into Kurt's room and situating himself next to Kurt on his bed.

Kurt rolls his eyes. "Dad, I thought you had work?"

Burt just laughs and Blaine answers, "I'm great thanks. You?"

"Blaine just asked me to come to New York," Kurt suddenly announces, not sure where that came from.

Blaine looks as shocked as he does and his dad is quiet for a few minutes until, "Yeah?"

"Yeah," Blaine mumbles in confirmation, less confident.

"And you're going?" Burt asks, looking at his son.

"I - I, well," Kurt stutters, confused with how blasé his dad is being about this.

"I was just thinking I could show him New York and around NYADA campus before he moves here," Blaine says, having recovered before Kurt.

"That doesn't sound like a bad idea, Kurt," Burt says seriously. "Well, anyway, I'm off to the shop, you two sort yourselves out. Bye, kids."

"Bye, dad."

"Bye, Burt."

"So," Blaine says after Burt has left the room. "What do you think?"

Kurt breaks out in a huge smile, eyes wide. "Are you serious?"

"Of course. As soon as you graduate, come spend summer with me."

"Yeah. Yes, yes," Kurt says laughing, ecstatic.

A week later, Kurt finds himself standing in an empty classroom with his dad, holding the letter that could change everything.

"Come on, bud. Open it," Burt says, clearly excited.

"No, no. I can't," Kurt shakes his head. He takes a deep breath and tries to prepare himself. "No, okay, okay."

He gently turns the envelope in his hands a few times before he slips his finger under where it's sealed. He runs it across, ripping the paper as he goes and takes the letter out, letting the envelope fall to the floor. Squeezing his eyes tightly shut, Kurt unfolds the paper. He can hear his dad's breathing in the background and he tries to focus on it, letting it center him and calm him.

When he opens his eyes, he does it slowly. The first thing Kurt sees are the words *Congratulations, Mr. Hummel*; after that, nothing else matters. He stares for a while, trying to take it in. He can hear his dad asking if he's okay in the background, but it just sounds like white noise. Actually afraid that he might pass out, Kurt tries to shake himself out of it. He looks up at his dad and whispers in a shaking voice, "I - I got in, dad."

"I got in," he repeats louder, the words suddenly making sense to him and it hits him - he's going to New York, he got into NYADA. "I got in!"

He passes the letter to his dad who quickly skims it before laughing and scooping Kurt into his arms.

"I'm so proud of you, kiddo," Burt says into his hair and Kurt blinks back tears. "You gotta let me tell Blaine."

Kurt gives a watery laugh. "I got in," he whispers again.

He texts Blaine during the car ride home, unable to keep from telling his boyfriend.

to Blaine:

BLAINE I GOT IN! Can I meet you for a Skype date in 30 mins? My dad wants to tell you - so you have to act surprised. He also wants to finalize everything about next week, I can't wait! xxx

from Blaine:

Beautiful, I'm so proud of you! I'll see you then xxxxxxxx

The rest of the drive is filled with Kurt and his dad singing whatever comes on the radio loudly together.

"Go set it up, I'll be up in a second," Burt says as they enter the house.

Kurt rolls his eyes. "Anyone would think it was you who's in love with Blaine." He stops dead on the stairs as soon as he said it. "I - I mean," he gives up trying to save himself and looks at his dad who is wearing a knowing smile.

"It's alright, bud. Go set it up," he dad repeats and Kurt rushes up to his room. It isn't that he's afraid to admit it; he loves Blaine, he knows he does... he just hasn't told his boyfriend. They haven't said it to each other yet, even though he's sure Blaine loves him too. A part of him wants to confess every time they talk, and a few times the words have nearly slipped out as they say good bye; but another part of him wants to wait until they meet, so he can be sure, and as cheesy as it sounds, being with Blaine when he first says the words would be so much better.

He's pleased to see his boyfriend is also online when he opens up Skype. He quickly requests a video call and he smiles when he see Blaine's face on his screen.

"I'm so happy for you, I knew you could do it," is the first thing Blaine rushes out.

"Shush," Kurt warns, although still smiling. "My dad will be up soon."

On cue, Burt walks into Kurt's room. "Hey you two. I hope you haven't told him anything yet, Kurt."

"Told me what?" Blaine asks, his face the picture of innocence.

"Well," Burt starts, "Today Kurt here got a letter."

"And?" Blaine prompts, playing along perfectly, and Kurt has to hold in a laugh.

"My boy here got into NYADA," Burt says with such pride that it nearly brings tears back to Kurt's eyes.

A huge smile takes over Blaine's face. "Well done, Kurt," he says sincerely.

"Now," Burt says, breaking the meaningful silence that seemed to have fallen. "Kurt hasn't really filled me in on much; he's coming to New York next week for the summer?"

"You're welcome to come here too, Burt," Blaine replies, and Burt laughs. Kurt wouldn't put it past his dad to take him up on that, though. "But yeah, that's the plan."

"And where will he be staying?"

"I'll sort out his accommodations, you don't have to worry about that," Blaine answers vaguely, but it seems to satisfy Burt.

"Alright then, I'll leave you both to it."

"Oh my god, I actually get to see you next week," Kurt says once he's alone in the room.

"I know, after so many months... I can't wait, Kurt," Blaine says, his eyes shining.

Kurt bites his lip and smiles. "I just - give me a minute? I'm going to post this on Tumblr?"

"That we're meeting?" Blaine asks incredulously. "Do you want to give people a heart attack?"

"I was talking about NYADA, but now that you mention it..."

Even though what Blaine said was probably true, that people would have a heart attack, Kurt can't resist doing just that. Not waiting for his boyfriend to reply he minimizes Skype and opens up Tumblr. The number shippers they had gained since the first time they had started interacting had only grew and grew as time went on. Some were very passionate at how much they felt towards Kurt and Blaine and their relationship, some to a scary extent; but it was always entertaining.

He opens up a new text post and starts typing. *I got my acceptance letter for NYADA today! I got in! And next week I'm going to stay with my boyfriend who will show me around New York and NYADA! So excited.*

As soon as he posts it, he clicks back onto Skype, chuckling to himself.

"You evil, evil man, Kurt Hummel," Blaine says, the effect of the words lost because he's laughing, too.

"And what are you going to do about it, Mr. Anderson?" Kurt flirts.

Blaine groans. "Don't tease me, Kurt."

"Sorry," Kurt says, not sorry at all.

"You've teased enough people tonight, which reminds me, are you going to check it?"

"You check it, too," Kurt says.

They share a smile before checking Tumblr.

"Oh my god, I have five messages," Kurt hears Blaine say through the speakers.

He finally refreshes his dash and Kurt sees that he also has a message. "Wait, I have one," he says as he opens his inbox. "It's from an anon, 'Congrats on NYADA, you're staying with Blaine' it says with like ten question marks after it," he reads, laughing. "What do yours say?"

"Pretty much variations of that. God, this is crazy, have you read through the notes?"

"No, I will now."

Kurt goes back to his dashboard and the majority of it is made up out of notifications. He opens up the main post and reads through.

I'm so proud of you Kurt well done!

you're meeting Blaine? finally!

omg? ? omg? also?

Congratulations on NYADA and yay for meeting your boyfriend!

eonefivjnefvnuefvnowfnvjofnv ijevje. kurt omg sorry for my lack of eloquence but omg I'm so happy for you!

well done baby! and for blaine too ;)

"Hey, this is actually pretty tame considering," he comments after he's done skimming through the replies.

"Are you looking at the same thing I am?" the older boy questions.

"The notes on my post?"

"Okay, so go on pretty much any site dedicated to us," Blaine says.

Kurt clicks on the first one he sees on his dash (maybe he follows a few of his and Blaine's 'fan' blogs, but he knows Blaine does, too).

PSA: Our favorite Tumblr couple is meeting. We've watched their relationship grow over the last six months, and the few months before that we had to deal with them flirting and not admitting their feelings (!), and now they're finally meeting!

THEY'RE MEETING!

I think I've waited so long for this and I just. I can't.

i have so many feels

it is weird that I'm so excited? because OMG i can't breathe

hELP mE becaUse KLaine plz ?

SO happy for them, also can we talk about the fact that Kurt got into NYADA?

proud of Kurt and so happy for Klaine!

akhebfkhbeauvaeuvbkuseukbse klaine aousekughukaubsgbarkubaukgbu kb

I WISH I COULD BE THERE!

"Okay, maybe not so tame," Kurt says, laughing breathlessly.

"Come back to me," Blaine says and Kurt clicks back on Skype.

"Hi."

"You know, the next time I see you face it'll be because you're standing in front of me. I don't think I'll be on here much over the next week, I have so many assignments due in and exams and stuff," Blaine says looking disappointed.

"It's not going to be weird, right?" Kurt asks suddenly, shifting uncomfortably on his bed.

"What do you mean?"

"It's just, we've never seen each other before, I don't want it to be awkward."

"It's not going to be awkward, beautiful. I'll just be so happy to see you," Blaine says and Kurt feels his face get hotter.

"Yeah, well," Kurt stammers, "Tumblr people seem to be happy."

"I almost feel bad that they won't be there to see it."

"What if -," Kurt stops, dismissing the idea as soon as it comes.

"What if, what?" Blaine asks, intrigued.

"Nothing, it was silly." Blaine raises his eyebrows and Kurt knows he won't let it go. "Fine, I was just going to say, what if they could see it?"

"What do you mean?"

"If someone recorded it... But forget it, it was stupid."

"No, no. Actually my friend, Samantha asked if she could, I met her on Tumblr before I realized she went to NYADA, too. But I told her no because I didn't think you'd be okay with that."

"Oh my god," Kurt says. "Can you imagine? Just for people's reactions, it'd be totally worth it!"

"I'll tell her okay, then," Blaine says, smiling. "We'll sort it out. Anyway, I better go study, I'll text you later. Bye, Kurt."

"Bye, Blaine. See you next week."

Chapter Eleven

Kurt lies in bed, face smushed by his pillow, trying to sleep. He has to be up early to catch his flight to JFK but his excitement is making it near impossible for him to drift off. With a sigh, he resigns himself to the fact that he won't be sleeping anytime soon and he reaches for his phone where it lies on its charger by the side of his bed. Kurt presses the home button, waiting for the beep. "Remind me to pack charger at six am," he says into his cell - it's something he knows that he'll forget.

"I'll remind you," his phone chimes back.

"Thanks, Siri. Call Blaine."

He waits for the line to connect and draws his legs up to his chest, making himself in to a ball.

Kurt smiles when he hears his boyfriend's sleepy voice come through his phone. *"Hey, baby."*

"Hey, I can't sleep," Kurt says, his voice muffled slightly by the pillow, but he's too comfy to move.

Blaine hums. *"What time's your flight?"*

"Eleven, but I have to be there at ten."

"And I'll be there waiting for you at about one-thirty," Blaine says, and Kurt can tell he's smiling.

"I can't wait. You know, it takes me longer to get to the airport than it does to get to New York." Kurt's smiling too, he feels content; comfortable in his bed with his boyfriend's voice in his ear. "I really can't wait," he says again.

"Me neither." Blaine's words sound slightly slurred, and his evident tiredness is starting to effect Kurt.

"I should let you sleep."

"No, no. Not unless you want to go," Blaine argues weakly.

"I'm okay," Kurt says and it's quiet for a while. He feels his eyes start to shut as he listens to his boyfriend's even breathing on the other line, lulling him to sleep.

"Still there?" Blaine says as he yawns.

"Mmm," Kurt murmurs; if it wasn't for the interruption, he probably would have fallen asleep.

"Go to sleep, call me tomorrow."

"Night, Blaine," Kurt sleepily replies.

"Goodnight, beautiful."

I love you, they both think but don't say.

"Hey, so I just got to the airport now, I should be with you soon," Kurt says, phone held between his shoulder and ear as he looks through his many bags for his passport. "My dad wants to talk to you; I'll text you when I'm through security. Bye!"

"*Okay, bye,*" he hears Blaine say before his dad grabs the phone and Kurt smiles in triumph as he finds his passport.

"You look after my kid, Blaine," Burt says, back in protective mode. "I got your number from Kurt so if I can't get through to him, I'll call you."

Kurt can't hear Blaine's reply but his dad laughs. "Yeah, yeah. Have fun. Cya, buddy."

"You have a good time, and keep in touch," Burt says, hugging Kurt. "I'm going to miss you."

"I'll miss you too, dad. I'll call you as soon as I land. Love you," Kurt replies through teary eyes.

"Love you too, Kurt."

"Good afternoon ladies and gentleman, this is your captain speaking. We have landed at JFK International, New York. If you could please remain seated until the seatbelt sign is turned off. It is currently eighty degrees and the time is one twenty-seven. We have enjoyed having you on board today and hope to see you soon, thank you for choosing to travel with American Airlines. Enjoy your stay."

Kurt fidgets in his seat, eager to get off of the plane. It was a pleasant journey, but Kurt was too nervous to really notice anything that was going on around him. Because he's finally going to meet Blaine, the boy he loves, and he's waited so long for this. He hears a beep indicating that the captain has turned off the seatbelt sign and he stands to get his bag from the overhead compartment.

Once he's off the plane, he quickly makes his way through security and then he rushes to get his bags from the carousel. Nobody can blame him for the amount of luggage he has (three bags in total), he is staying for over a month. He loads it all onto a cart and takes a deep breath. Slowly, he makes his way to the arrivals department, walking on legs that feel like they're made of jelly.

He spots Blaine as soon as he walks out. The other boy doesn't notice him straight away and all Kurt can think of is how much the camera doesn't do Blaine any justice. He looks even more perfect, and that's something Kurt hadn't thought possible. His train of thought is interrupted when their eyes meet. A huge grin lights up Blaine's face and Kurt can feel himself smiling back.

"Kurt!" Blaine shouts. Kurt's closer now, almost with Blaine, grateful for the support the cart offers, he's sure if he wasn't leaning on it his legs would have given out.

"Hi," Kurt breathes out once he's reached him.

Blaine doesn't say anything for a moment, just stares at Kurt.

"God, Kurt," he finally says and suddenly Kurt is wrapped up in his arms.

"Blaine," Kurt says back dumbly, a thousand emotions hitting him at once. His eyes flutter closed and he hugs Blaine back, squeezing him tight, trying to reaffirm that this is actually real and it's not just some dream he's having, still asleep in his bed back in Ohio. His head fits perfectly onto Blaine's shoulder and he angles his head so that he's breathing into his neck. "You're really here," he whispers into the warm skin.

Blaine pulls out of the hug but he's still touching him, his hands are still around his waist, and Kurt's grateful, he feels like he might float away or something equally ridiculous if Blaine were to let go. "Hi," his boyfriend says, smiling that smile that makes his eyes crinkle at the corners.

"Hi," Kurt says, biting his lip. He can't tear his eyes away from Blaine and he hopes his luggage is still somewhere close.

"How - how was your flight?" Blaine questions, *still not letting go*.

"It was okay, considering it was economy," Kurt quips, and Blaine lets out a laugh. "I just, I can't believe you're here," he admits quietly.

Blaine doesn't reply, he just looks at Kurt in a way that makes heat rush to his face.

"I love you," Blaine says and Kurt forgets how to breathe. "I'm sorry," Blaine continues, ducking his head a little as he smiles, "I wasn't supposed to say that yet, but I do. I have for a while actually, but seeing you - being with you here now, I *know* I do."

Once Kurt figures out how to talk, he replies. "I know what you mean, I love you too."

Blaine's grip around his hips tightens and suddenly Blaine's lips are on his. Kurt gasps a little and then nothing else matters as he instinctively wraps his arms around Blaine's shoulders. His whole body seems to tingle and melt into the kiss all at once; it's perfect, it's everything he hoped his first kiss would be. He moves his lips against Blaine's but it's over all too soon and he's being pulled into another hug.

"*God*, I - you're here," Blaine says a little breathlessly into his hair.

"We should - we should probably move," Kurt says, still a little dazed from the kiss, but now more aware of the fact they're standing in the middle of the airport. He regrets his words as soon as he says them, as it makes Blaine pull away. His whole body feels cold without his boyfriend's touch.

"Come on, let me help you with your stuff," Blaine says, grabbing his cart full of luggage. "We'll grab a cab." He holds out a hand and Kurt's heart jumps in his chest at the simple gesture.

Kurt treasures all of their time together, all of their conversations, but this is different. Blaine is here, Blaine is touching him, and Kurt notices all the things he couldn't have before. Like the way Blaine's fingers are slightly calloused, wrapped around his own; and the way he smells of cinnamon and something just *Blaine*. He tightens his grip around Blaine's hand as they walk to the exit.

"*Blaine!*" Kurt hears a voice shout from behind him.

"Shit," Blaine curses, turning around. "Samantha," he says to a small brunette running towards them. "Samantha, Kurt. Kurt, Samantha," Blaine introduces them once the girl, Samantha, has stopped in front of them.

"Hi," Kurt says cautiously, remembering why Samantha was needed, apart from emotional support for Blaine - to record their meeting.

"Hi," Samantha says with a huge grin on her face. "Oh my god, Kurt it's so nice to finally meet you I've been following you for so long and you two are just adorable together I can't wait until Tumblr sees this video they are going to freak out *oh my god* you're both so perfect."

She only stops when Blaine lays a hand on her shoulder. "Samantha, honey? Calm down," he says teasingly. Kurt stands speechlessly, taken aback by Samantha's fangirling. "Why don't you go and call your dad and I'll meet you outside?" Blaine says to him, removing his hand from Kurt's and placing it on his lower back.

Kurt shivers at the touch, and nods. "Yeah, okay. It was nice to meet you, Samantha."

As soon as he steps outside, the heat hits him. "I don't know how my hair is going to take this humidity," he mumbles to himself, finally getting his phone from his pocket and turning it on.

"Hey, dad," he says as Burt answers.

"Hi, you there?"

"I am. I'm in New York!" he says a little excitably.

His dad chuckles through the phone. *"Alright, well I won't keep you too long, call me later."*

"Will do, dad, I love you." He hangs up and jumps when he feels a hand touch his shoulder.

"He didn't want to talk to me? I'm offended," Blaine pouts and Kurt leans into the welcoming touch.

"He didn't say much, so we're getting a cab? I still don't know where I'm staying."

"Come on, dummy, you're staying with me." Before Kurt gets a chance to reply, Blaine grabs hold of his hand again and hails a cab.

"What do you mean I'm staying with you?" Kurt asks once they're seated in the taxi. Blaine rattles off an address to the driver before turning to face him.

"You're staying with me," he explains with a smile. "I hope that's okay."

"O-okay," Kurt stutters. Blaine places his hand over Kurt's and Kurt smiles to himself before turning to look out the window and take in the sights.

"There isn't much to see yet," Blaine explains softly. "Wait until we get to my place."

"Why?"

"You'll see," Blaine answers vaguely, a teasing smile on his face.

Forty minutes later, the cab pulls up to a tall building in Brooklyn Heights. When Kurt gets out, he can't take it eyes away from the view. He can just make out the top of the New York skyline and it's absolutely beautiful.

"Hey, wait until we're inside," Blaine says after he's paid the driver. "I'm going to get some help with these bags, wait here a second."

Kurt turns away from the bit of Manhattan he can see and watches as Blaine walks up the steps to the tall, grand looking building. His boyfriend returns a moment later with an older man who has grey hair and is wearing a black suit; he must be boiling.

"Hey, Kurt, this is Henry." Both Blaine and Henry grab a suitcase each and Blaine reaches for his smaller case he took as hand luggage.

"Hi," Kurt greets. "Wait, Blaine, I can get that." He grabs the bag before Blaine does and wheels it behind him up the steps.

"Kurt," Henry addresses with a thick Brooklyn accent. "Nice to have you with us for the summer."

Kurt smiles and wonders how much Blaine talks about him with his doorman.

They walk over to the elevator and Kurt takes in the extravagant lobby, wondering how Blaine, or anyone really, could afford to live here.

Blaine pats Henry on the back once the elevator pings. "Thanks, Henry."

"No problem. You two have fun," the older man says with a wink.

"After you," Blaine ushers Kurt in first, bringing the two suitcases in after him and hits the number nine. "How are you?" he asks, turning to face Kurt. "I understand if any of this is too overwhelming."

"No, no," Kurt rushes to reassure. "Overwhelming, maybe, but not in a bad way. Definitely not in a bad way."

Blaine smiles and the elevator doors open. "Come on, just to the left. 904."

Kurt gasps as Blaine opens the door, the apartment is gorgeous. High ceilings and beautiful furniture. "Wow," Kurt whispers, already in love with Blaine's apartment. His breath catches in his throat when he sees the view from outside of the window. There's Manhattan. Seeing it makes it seem more real, and it's every cliché Kurt can think of. Without realizing it, he walks closer to the window, dropping his bag as he goes, in an almost trance. It's different seeing it like this, the Empire State, the Brooklyn Bridge, it's breathtaking; and Kurt's here.

Kurt jumps when he feels a hand on his shoulder. "Amazing, isn't it?" Blaine says, calm and quiet.

"Amazing," Kurt agrees.

The rest of the apartment is just as wonderful as the first little bit Kurt had seen, everything is so elegant and Kurt really appreciates Blaine's eye for design. He had gratefully accepted the shower Blaine had

offered and was now dressed in a clean outfit. Blaine had insisted that Kurt take his bedroom and that he would sleep on the couch; Kurt had tried to argue but it seemed that his boyfriend had already made up his mind. Kurt wasn't as naive as to think that they would both be sleeping separately the entire time he would be staying here, but he was thankful that Blaine hasn't assumed straight away. His boyfriend truly was a gentleman.

"So what would you like to do today?" Blaine asks from the other side of the table. He had made them both a sandwich and Kurt wasn't aware of how hungry he was until the food was in front of him.

"Anything. Everything," Kurt giddily replies, "I just want to get out into the city." His foot is tapping against the floor, fidgeting with excitement.

"That can be arranged, you do have your own personal tour guide," Blaine finishes with a wink and Kurt blushes, taking another bite from his sandwich.

Blaine's phone vibrates on the table and Kurt watches as a huge grin takes over Blaine's face. Once he's done reading whatever was on the screen, Blaine looks up to Kurt, eyes sparkling with amusement. "I propose we do one thing before we go out," he says.

"And what is that?" Kurt asks, finding Blaine's smile infectious.

"That was Samantha; she may or may not have just uploaded the video to Tumblr."

Kurt is very proud of the fact that they last almost an hour before they check Tumblr. They both finish off their food and Kurt unpacks a few things he needs, appreciating the space Blaine had made for him in the wardrobe. It's all so domestic and Kurt loves it.

"She said she tagged us in it," Blaine says as he opens up the website. Kurt always loves this part; seeing how people react to both him and Blaine. This is different, though, because it's a video of them meeting and Blaine is seated next to him. He resists pinching himself to once again prove that this is not a dream.

"How are you already so close to eleven thousand followers?" Kurt asks, it was only a few months ago that Blaine had hit ten thousand.

"Hmm? Oh, I don't know," Blaine answers distractedly. "Look, here it is. Shall we watch it?"

Kurt hates watching himself back on screen but he really, really wants to see the video. "Maybe once we get back later? Just read the responses for now. Wow, there's over one hundred."

Blaine expands the notes and they both quickly skim through, both eager to get out.

s OMEONE H ELP mE

THEY KSISSSED

did you see the way they just stopped and stared then blaine just swooped kurt in his arms and i cry

IS EVERYonE OKAY I'M NOT OKYA

I've reblogged this so many times but I don't care because OMG!

i'm hypervetnatliatinggG

HAHAHA JUST HAVING AN EMOTIONAL BREAKDOWN NO BIG DEAL HAHAHAaAhaAHAHAhaHAH

[sobs quietly in the corner they're perfect for each other]

I'm out. I can't with these two.

I CAN'T FCKING BREATHE

DON'T LOOK AT ME

This is the story of how I died. Klaine.

the audio isn't amazing but THEY SAY THEY LOVE EACH OTHER DON'T THEY?

I've been waiting for this day for SO long and they are in LOVE and they KISSED

I'm sure I've read the fanfic version of this. Sigh, so perfect.

blaiNE looked liKe he neveR wanTEd to let kUrt go sos sos sos sos

I'm so grateful that they did this for us I'm so honoured to be able to see this, thank you Kurt and Blaine!

nihnduencienfchndejihelpmee dhiklaine lovekiss helpjie

My brother just walked into my room to come and check on me because he heard screaming and crying

i'm so happy for the two of them they're both so in love wow they looked so happy to finally be together!

HELP ME PLS OMG KLAINE

I don't know what to do with the things I am FEELING

(~)(~)(~)I AM FINEEEEEEEEEEEEE(~)(~)

omg!? Omg? oMg? oMG? omg?

you all realize they're together RIGHT NOW

Chapter Twelve

New York is everything Kurt hoped it would be. He's been here before, briefly. He'd rushed down to 51st St to see the Gershwin Theatre and then down to Tiffany's, but he had never seen it like this.

He walks down Broadway hand in hand with Blaine. Blaine, Kurt has found, is a very tactile person; if their hands aren't connected, Blaine usually attaches to some other part of Kurt. It's something Kurt isn't used to, touches from boys that aren't aggressive, and he resists a flinch most times that Blaine touches him. It's comforting, though, he thinks as he squeezes his fingers tighter around Blaine's hand. Blaine stops in his speech of telling Kurt about the city, pausing to smile at him.

They had left Blaine's apartment soon after entertaining themselves with the responses to their video on Tumblr and jumped on the Subway. Kurt had emerged from 42nd St - Times Square station to be met with the most magical sights. He still had a hard time believing he was really here.

"I figured we could get ice cream and maybe take a walk through Central Park. How does that sound?" Blaine asks as if Kurt would say no.

Blaine takes him to Ben and Jerry's in the Rockefeller Center and Kurt greedily welcomes the cool air conditioning. They walk for hours. It takes a while to even get to Central Park; then they stroll around the park. They stop plenty of times to rest and for Kurt to apply more sun screen. The sun beats down on them. It's tiring; so, so tiring, but Kurt looks up to see tall buildings and the feelings they provoke spur him on.

They don't stop talking once. Any worries Kurt may have had about any possible awkwardness between himself and Blaine seems inconsiderate now, the conversation comes to them as it always has, easy and natural. The thought makes Kurt smile.

"My feet are going to fall off," Blaine says. He bumps his shoulder into Kurt's, which makes him giggle. "How about we go and get some caffeine and get a taxi back?"

"That sounds *amazing*."

It takes them a while to get out of the park. Kurt suggests that they might have been a little bit lost, but Blaine just laughs it off.

"A medium drip and a medium skinny mocha, please." Kurt looks to Blaine in shock as he orders their drinks after they *finally* made it to a coffee shop.

"You remembered my coffee order?"

"Of course I did," Blaine says as if it's the simplest thing in the world and Kurt's heart does that stupid flippy thing in his chest.

When they're back at Blaine's apartment, Kurt finally gets to ask the question that had been on his mind since he first walked into the luxurious building.

"I know this is a little personal," he starts tentatively; Blaine smiles, encouraging Kurt to carry on. "But how the hell can you afford this?"

He's about to apologize for his lack of tact when it comes to his phrasing but stops when he hears Blaine chuckling.

"It's okay. My parents helped me out quite a lot, actually," Blaine explains, still smiling, but Kurt can see that it's starting to look a little strained. "Trust me, this is just 'nice' to them, they wanted me on the Upper West Side, but I fell in love with this place."

Kurt holds back the many questions he's dying to ask as it seems like a sensitive subject for his boyfriend. "Only 'nice'?" he asks instead. "Who are your parents?"

Kurt is laughing, trying to make light of the conversation but Blaine's answer sobers him up quickly. "Um, Helena Anderson and Simon Anderson."

"I'm sorry, I thought you just said your parents were *the* Helena Anderson and *the* Simon Anderson."

Blaine scratches the back of his neck looking uncomfortable. "Yeah," he answers simply.

Kurt sits dumbfounded as he tries to process the information. Helena Anderson was one of the most influential people in fashion; Kurt had looked up to her for years, she was editor-in-chief of one of the biggest fashion magazines, *Roupe*. And Simon Anderson was a famous model turned actor. Kurt had read all about their romance, how Simon used to model clothing for Helena and it had been love at first sight. Which meant... "Your brother is Cooper Anderson?" he asks excitedly, Cooper was *amazing*.

Blaine groans. "Yes," he answers shortly. "Now, let's get changed, we have plans for tonight."

Kurt is shocked at Blaine's reaction to the mentioning of his family, but he lets Blaine change the subject, still not wanting to push his boyfriend. "Plans?"

Blaine smiles but it doesn't quite reach his eyes and Kurt decides he hates seeing Blaine like this. "Plans, yes. Go get dressed; we shall leave in an hour."

Kurt changes into a plain white shirt, complimented by a black and gold bow tie. He matches it with his Louis Vuitton casual blazer. Blaine hadn't given him anymore clues as to where they were going tonight, so he dresses on a whim. Once Kurt has on his slim-fitting black trousers and stylish Valentino dress shoes, he hums approvingly at his reflection in the mirror. It's an outfit he would post to Tumblr on a morning before school, he knows he looks good.

"Are you ready?" he hears Blaine calling from the other room.

"Almost," he shouts back as he makes the last few adjustments to his hair. After one last look in the mirror, he walks out.

"Wow," Blaine says as Kurt steps into the room. "You-you look amazing."

"Thank you." Kurt smiles brightly. "You do, too," he says, and Blaine does. He's dressed similar to Kurt, a pastel blue long sleeved button down rolled up at the sleeves, and a tight pair of smart pants (Kurt can't wait to see the view from behind).

Blaine places a hand on Kurt's elbow and pulls him in to a quick kiss. "Come on," he says, "The car is waiting."

Kurt smiles and they leave the apartment and walk to the lift. "The car?"

"My parents'," Blaine says in explanation. "I rarely use it, but I thought it would add to the evening."

They pass Henry as they exit the building who wishes them a good evening. Outside is a black sleek Mercedes-Benz S Class, he knows because he remembered how his father would love when one of these came into the shop. He stares in admiration for a few seconds before Blaine gently nudges him and opens the door for him. Kurt smiles his thanks and enters the car carefully, relishing in the feel of the luxurious leather seats beneath him.

"This car is amazing," he says once Blaine is seated next to him.

"You know about cars?" Blaine asks, reaching out to hold Kurt's hand and resting them in the space between him.

"Only from what I've learnt from watching my dad work with them my whole life. I know my way around an engine," he winks.

Blaine chuckles. "I would love to see you all greased up bent over the hood of a car," he says and Kurt blushes. "Sorry, I just love seeing you blush." That only makes Kurt's face feel ten times hotter. "But listen," Blaine continues, stroking his thumb against Kurt's hand. "I'm sorry about before, -"

"Blaine, it's fine."

"No, no, it's not. I was short with you and I'm sorry."

"Really, it's fine," Kurt tries again.

"Please," Blaine says with a small smile and Kurt nods. "I love my family, don't get me wrong. I just hate it when people find out *who* they are, I get treated differently, and I know you wouldn't do that, it's just," Blaine sighs, "I don't know, I'm sorry."

Kurt rests his head on Blaine's shoulder, still meeting his boyfriend's eyes. "It doesn't matter to me who your family members are," he tells him seriously. "I was just a little shocked, I'm sorry for how I reacted."

Blaine kisses the top of his head, lips lingering for a few moments. "You have nothing to apologize for."

Kurt starts getting antsy and more and more curious as they start climbing the avenues. When Blaine still won't give anything away Kurt takes to looking out of the window for any possible clues.

"Calm down, beautiful. We're nearly there." Kurt doesn't even blush at the pet name, eager to know we're they're going.

The driver turns right onto 52nd St off of Eighth and slows down to a stop. Kurt sits, mouth agape, eyes wide, knowing he must look ridiculous but trying to comprehend that the car has just stopped outside of the *Gershwin Theatre*.

"Thank you, Reg," he hears Blaine say, distantly. A hand meets his shoulder. "Are you okay?"

The words seem to break his trance and Kurt answers, "Am I okay? Blaine, *Wicked*?"

"Wicked," Blaine confirms.

Kurt barely recollects leaving the car, finding it hard to focus on anything that isn't the amazing building in front of him. He has performed on this stage, but he has never seen this musical and he's always wanted to so, so badly.

Last time, he and Rachel had snuck in through the stage door, missing the beautiful lobby. Blaine hands the attendant the tickets and leads Kurt up the stairs and to their seats.

"How did you manage to get center front row?" Kurt asks, admiring the exterior of the theatre and amazing stage.

"I booked these a while ago," Blaine admits. "As soon as I knew the date you were coming, I had to. I remember you saying how much you love *Wicked*, and the first time I heard you sing it was *Defying Gravity*."

Kurt is close to tears, overwhelmed once again by the experience and, *god*, his boyfriend is so amazing. "Thank you," he whispers.

Blaine grabs his hand as the lights start to dim. "Enjoy."

Kurt leaves the theatre emotionally drained. The ride home seems faster than the one into the city, but Kurt uses the time to reflect anyway. Today he arrived in New York, the city of his dreams, to meet the boy he's in love with and has done things never even imagined he could do; like walking hand in hand with his boyfriend in Central Park, and seeing one of his favorite Broadway shows that took his breath away.

"Are you okay? You've been quiet," Blaine comments as they walk into his apartment.

"Today was amazing." Kurt smiles as Blaine turns to face him, pulling him into a hug.

"Are you ready for bed?"

"When have you ever known me to sleep before stupid-o'clock in the morning?" he jokes, melting against Blaine's body. "But no, not really. I'm tired, but I don't think I could sleep."

"Yeah, me either," Blaine says, kissing Kurt's head and breaking the hug. He takes Kurt's hand in his and leads them towards the couch. "How about we throw on a movie and just relax?"

"That sounds amazing."

They decide on The Sound of Music but they're both asleep before the title song, cuddled together on the couch.

Chapter Thirteen

"Oh, oh. Ouch," Kurt mumbles, sucking in a breath. He's disorientated and his neck hurts. He brings his hand up to rub at the back of it and stops - his pillow is moving.

Kurt slowly blinks his eyes open, the light in the room is harsh, and suddenly he remembers where he is. *New York, Blaine, movie, must have fell asleep*, he sleepily deduces.

He straightens out his neck and nuzzles into Blaine's stomach. From what he can tell, Blaine has an amazing body; toned and fit, but he has a little round stomach which sticks out the tiniest bit and Kurt finds it adorable. It's also ridiculously comfortable.

Blaine groans above him. "You awake, beautiful?" he whispers in a rough voice that makes Kurt involuntarily shiver.

"Mmm, don't wanna be though." He's still so tired. "What time is it?"

"Seven-ish. Too early," Blaine whines. "Are you comfy?"

"So comfy, you?"

Blaine hums in confirmation and they both doze back off.

I am going to eat my toes

IM SCREAMNG AT THE TOP OF M Y LUNGSJRJNC

this reminds me of the start of gemma's fic omg. - fic rec: As One | Klaine | NC-17 | 2,700 | Now they're finally together, it's hard for them to stay apart (or the one where Kurt and Blaine are insatiable).

look at them both smiling into the kiss i can't take their cute

Someone CALL an ambulAnce

hahAHAHAHFA IM FIEN NO IMN OT

This is so adorable and everything I've always wanted for them, they're so perfect together.

r.i.p me [AGGRESSIVELY DIES]

I AM A HYSTERICaI MESS RIGHT N OW

even though there are like 10000 gifs of the airport kiss, it wasn't clear enough and this is so close and feijnfejvn

*asxjhdheshibfkj *u**

**squeeeeealllll* oh. my. god. i can't even*

LOL IM SHAKING BUT OMG KLAINE

noPE I AM NOT READY FOR THIS HELP

guys. guys. look. at. them.

no you don't understand it just keeps hitting me that they're actually together and they're sat there taking pictures kissing each other i need a therapist

lucky lucky boys

i'm sobbing/crying this is so beautiful

WHO TOLD THEM THIS WAS OKAY

sighhhhh this is all I ever wanted

omg heLP

After they had woken up the second time, they had gotten up and Blaine cooked them both breakfast. Kurt had phoned his dad; then he and his boyfriend relocated to the couch where they shared lazy kisses and finished the rest of the movie and Blaine had an idea. "Let's post a picture to Tumblr," he said.

"Of what?"

"Of us, doing what we do best, kissing."

"We are so cruel," Kurt says, trying to catch his breath.

Blaine's laughing too. He opens up a new text post and types. *We love you all*, he posts. The replies are instantaneous: *We love you too!*, *Blaine! Kurt! I love you*, *You're both so adorable*, and other comments along those lines.

"But they love it," Blaine says, replying to Kurt's earlier statement.

After they've sobered up their laughing and closed Tumblr, they take turns of showering and getting dressed.

"I still can't believe you're here sometimes," Blaine confesses. They're sitting at the table which faces the breathtaking skyline. "I have you for six weeks, is it?"

Kurt smiles, eyes never leaving the view. "About that, yes. I haven't booked the return flights yet, but I'm planning on going home at the end of August to get everything ready for college. What's planned for today?"

"We're going to Coney," Blaine smiles widely, sounding like an excitable child. "Which means the Wonder Wheel and corn dogs; I figured a nice relaxing day after yesterday."

Coney Island is beautiful, *a little slice of heaven by the sea*. Kurt knows that when he moves to New York, this will be a useful place; a calm and relaxing escape from the hustle and bustle of the city.

It's late when they're ready to leave, Blaine had dragged Kurt around the arcades and amusement park; Blaine's excitement was contagious and Kurt couldn't remember the last time he had so much fun. They

rest of the time they had spent on the beach, just talking and talking and talking. Kurt wonders if they will ever run out of things to talk about.

"Did you have a good day?" Blaine asks. They're on the subway back to Brooklyn and Kurt is just sad that another day is almost over.

"Very," Kurt answers. Blaine's hand comes around to hold onto his wrist, stroking along the pulse point. Kurt can't help the panic that rises in him. He quickly looks around, checking for people who are going to have a problem with this, -

"Hey, hey. Calm down." Blaine's soothing voice snaps him back to reality. "It's okay, really."

Kurt takes a deep breath and looks around. There aren't many people on the train, but no one is taking any notice of them anyway. He catches the eye of an old lady but she just briefly glances at them and smiles.

Kurt turns to his boyfriend and gives a smile of his own, apologetic, embarrassed. "I'm sorry, I... it's just, if this was Ohio..."

"You have nothing to apologize for." Blaine moves his hand up and slips his fingers in between Kurt's. "We're not in Ohio. This is New York, this is home now."

They don't talk for a while; Kurt sits happily, anchored by Blaine's touch.

"Are you tired?" Blaine startles Kurt out of his thoughts, making him jump. "Sorry," Blaine says sheepishly.

"Not really, as you said, today was nice and relaxing."

"How would you feel about a nice scenic route back?"

Once again, Kurt is curious during the journey to an unknown place. "If you keep this up, Anderson, I don't think this is going to work out," Kurt says, gesturing between the two of them. The threat is lost due to the smile on his face. "Please tell me," he pleads, quieter.

Blaine gives him a cheeky smile. "Okay, okay. It's the next stop anyway."

They've just stopped at High St and Kurt looks up to see that City Hall is the next station. That means nothing to him. He huffs and sinks back into the hard seat, crossing his arms. He may be acting like a child, but he hates waiting.

Finally, finally, the train stops and the doors open. Kurt rushes to the exit, eager to see where they are. He drags Blaine behind him who seems to be having trouble keeping up with Kurt's fast pace.

"Oh wow," Kurt says as he emerges. He can tell where he is immediately. The city is turning dark but he can see Brooklyn Bridge in front of him, huge and proud. "You can actually walk over this?" he asks, reluctantly removing his eyes from the beautiful sights to look at Blaine. He'd seen it on movies, but he wasn't sure.

"Of course." Blaine leads him to the path and they walk along; Kurt's eyes wide and drinking in all of the views. Once they're midway, Blaine lays a hand on his shoulder and says softly, "Turn around."

Blaine must have done this before because the timing is perfect. Kurt turns just in time to see the golden sun disappearing behind the Manhattan skyline. The whole city is bathed in orange and Kurt's breath catches in his throat. His hand finds Blaine's, and he squeezes; he's so happy he gets to share such a magical experience with this wonderful boy. "I love you," he whispers, afraid to ruin the calming atmosphere that has settled over them.

"I love you, too."

"It's so beautiful."

"I know," Blaine smiles. "I've lived here my whole life and I still don't think I could ever get used to this. You know how people have their secret places that they like to visit? This is mine. I know it's not very secret," Blaine laughs gently, shaking his head, "But it always makes me feel special. I know it sounds silly."

"It-it's not silly," Kurt says, turning to look at his boyfriend and Kurt's breath hitches for the second time. Blaine looks *so perfect*; the light hits his face and his wide eyes look like they're sparkling. He has an expression on his face that Kurt hasn't seen before, peaceful and vulnerable, and Kurt is so lucky.

Blaine catches his eye and bites his lip. "What?"

"Nothing, nothing," Kurt says, looking back to the skyline to watch the last of the sun disappear.

Chapter Fourteen

Maybe it's because the day wasn't as exhausting as the previous one; maybe it's because he's in a strange room - although that has never bothered him before. For whatever reason, Kurt can't sleep.

He switches the lamp on the bedside table on to check the clock. *12:59 am*. He sighs heavily.

He gives up on trying for sleep that won't come and decides to check his cell phone. It almost explodes when he turns it on, apart from briefly using it to call his dad this morning, he hasn't used it much. After almost a full minute, his phone finally stops vibrating with notifications, he sighs once again, thinking of the inevitable clean up he'll have to do in his inbox and opens up Tumblr; it will be what most of the emails are from, anyway.

That's probably the case considering he has thirty messages and he's gained almost fifty followers. He glances over his messages, the majority of them are just keyboard smashes and the rest contain the word 'omg'. They are all related to him and Blaine. Gratefully, he notices one from someone he knows.

miameyou asked you:

Kurt! there better be a damned good reason as to why I haven't heard from you! I expect a full update, I hope you're having an amazing time bb! xxxx

He feels guilty for not contacting Mia sooner, but the message makes him smile. *I'm sorry, I've been really busy, but everything is good. New York is wonderful, and so is being with Blaine. He's amazing, Mia, he makes me so happy. I hope you're good too! I'll keep in touch as much as I can* xxxxxxxxxx, he types back.

Once he's answered privately, text messages come through. One from Finn and one from Mercedes.

from Finn:

hey dude, hope your having a good time, mom and burt miss you. rachel said if you could let her know what nyada is like. see you when you get back

from Mercedes:

Hey Kurt! How's lover boy? And New York? Bet you're loving it! Drop me a text whenever you have time, love you boy! xxxxxx

Mercedes' texts makes him smile but he rolls his eyes at Finn's, wondering why Rachel couldn't have asked him that herself. He figures it's a little late to reply to either of them now, and resolves to respond in the morning. He opens Tumblr back up and scrolls down his dash. He seems to follow two different types of blogs; those that are fashion focused, and 'Klaine shippers'. One half of his dashboard is made up of the newest collections and the other is edits of his and Blaine's picture that they posted this morning, and photosets and gifs of the airport meeting. It makes him blush.

He takes a deep breath and reblogs from the fashion side of his dash. As he keeps posting, the number of messages in his inbox keeps increasing. He checks it, wondering if any of it will be coherent English.

Are you with Blaine?, is Blaine a good kisser?, omg kurt you're the best I'm so happy for you and blaine omg. he skims through the rest, which are all very similar. Instead of answering anyone, he opens up a new text post.

Hey, everyone, he writes, I'm sorry I haven't been on much - as you all know, I've been very busy! I would just like to say thank you to everyone for all of your messages, I don't have time to answer them all, but thank you. I did set up a queue before I left for New York, I'll leave it to post 10 times a day. Hope everyone is well!
xxxxxxx. He tags it with *personal*, and *btw yes blaine is a very good kisser*.

As always, the replies come quick. All positive, wishing him well, but mostly everyone has ignored the post itself and focused on the tag. Including Blaine himself, it seems.

warblerbda replied: *Why, thank you, Kurt.*

Smiling widely, he opens up Blaine's ask box. *I thought you would be asleep by now, but you're welcome ;).*

Instead of replying, however, Blaine comes to his door. Kurt hears a knock and says, "Come in."

"Hey." Blaine pops his head around the door, grinning. He walks into the room and Kurt tries not to stare. His boyfriend is wearing *very* short shorts and a loose white tank top, Kurt just wants to lick and bite his way up Blaine's muscular thighs - "Kurt?"

"Huh? Oh, sorry. I zoned out a little. Hi."

Blaine looks too amused and Kurt thinks he may not have been too successful at the whole not staring thing.

"Sure you did," Blaine says, walking towards his bed. Once he's by it, he gets on his hands and knees and crawls up to where Kurt is lying, stopping so that their faces are only a few inches away. "So, I'm a good kisser, am I?" he teases, voice low.

Kurt doesn't get to answer before Blaine leans forward and closes the space between their lips. He doesn't think he'll ever get used to this. He's kissed before; Brittany during his tragic straight attempt, and Clara, his Maria in West Side Story, but he doesn't count them. As far as he is considered, Blaine is his first kiss. Every time their mouths meet, it seems better than the last and Blaine's lips are just so addictive. He loves the way Blaine tongue feels as he massages it against his and he lets out a low moan when Blaine gently pulls back, catching his bottom lip between his teeth.

Blaine has a satisfied smirk on his face once they separate, and he raises his eyebrows; still waiting for an answer.

They're both out of breath and Kurt is still a little dazed. But he manages to stutter out, "Y-yes."

"How come you're still awake?" Blaine asks once he's rolled over, sitting next to Kurt on the bed.

Kurt shrugs, envious of how quickly Blaine seems to have recovered from the kiss. *Jerk*. "I don't know, I just couldn't sleep."

"Me either."

"Could you maybe... sleep with me?" Kurt asks quietly. He had such an amazing sleep last night feeling Blaine's body next to him, and he doesn't want his boyfriend to leave him.

"Of course," Blaine readily agrees. He gets under the covers with Kurt and switches the lamp off. Kurt falls asleep in minutes.

The next three days follow similarly, Blaine shows Kurt around places he'd only ever dreamed off like the Empire State Building, the Statue of Liberty, Madison Square Gardens, and of course NYADA. The whole campus is beautiful and elegant and it makes Kurt's stomach leap with excitement.

They end every night the same way, with Kurt falling asleep against Blaine chest.

"How do you feel about meeting some of my friends?" Blaine asks. They're in a coffee shop in Brooklyn that Blaine swore does the best coffee - and Kurt has to agree.

Kurt licks his lips after taking a sip from his mocha. "I'd love to."

"Great! And how would you feel about maybe going to a club?"

"A club?"

"Yeah, there's this gay bar in lower Manhattan a couple of us go to every Saturday night. Of course I haven't been out for a while, I'm usually too busy talking to you," Blaine teases.

"Oh. Okay, that could be fun," Kurt answers, a little unsure.

"You don't have to." Blaine reaches over the table to grab his hand. "We don't have to do anything you feel uncomfortable with," he reassures.

"No, no, it's okay. I trust you," Kurt smiles. The idea of going to a gay bar is daunting but as long as he is with Blaine, Kurt knows he will feel safe.

"I'll organize it then." Blaine takes a drink from his cup and gets his phone out with his free hand.

"Wait, but a gay bar? Wouldn't I have to be twenty-one?" Kurt asks.

"Don't worry about that, beautiful," Blaine winks. "I'll sort that out too."

A faint blush stains Kurt's cheeks and he ducks his head with a shy smile. "I'm not drinking anything, though. I haven't had the best experience with alcohol," he warns.

"That's fine. I feel like there's a story there," Blaine says with raised eyebrows as he puts his phone back into his pocket.

"Well..." Kurt starts, "Let's just say somebody gave me some and I got a little drunk and preceded to get very emotional over a Disney character and then I threw up over my very OCD guidance counselor's shoes." Once he's finished, Blaine looks like he is struggling to keep a straight face. "It's okay, let it out."

"Oh my god!" Blaine laughs. "That sounds so bad."

Kurt laughs a little too, he has to admit, it does sound ridiculous. "So no alcohol."

"No alcohol," Blaine agrees.

"*Dougie Kennedy, twenty one*," Kurt reads from the fake ID. "Hey, this is pretty good," he says appreciatively, turning it over in his hands.

"Of course it is. Nothing but the best for my prince," Blaine says, running around to open the door of the cab for him in an over exaggerated manner.

"Dork," mumbles Kurt, rolling his eyes.

The cab is pulled up right outside of the club, *GBar*, and even though it's still quite early, a small line of people is beginning to form outside. It's only the day after Blaine had brought the whole thing up, Kurt had assumed that his boyfriend had meant a week from Saturday, but here they were.

He accepts Blaine's offered hand and they both walk towards the end of the line. Kurt knows that he looks fabulous, and with faux confidence, he lifts his chin and follows Blaine.

"Are you okay?" Blaine asks sweetly. Blaine always seems to be able to tell when something is wrong, even through a computer. Kurt sometimes wonders how much better high school would have been like if he had had someone like Blaine there, with him in Ohio.

He shakes his head, there is no point thinking about things like that. "I'm fine," he answers, and it's not a lie. At least he has Blaine now.

The line moves quickly and soon they're inside, the fake ID having worked wonders. The club is huge, Blaine had explained that there was a seating part and next door was the dance floor. Blaine had checked his phone and told Kurt that his friends were already inside; Kurt only begins to get nervous about the prospect of meeting them when he hears a loud "Blaine!" from across the seating room that Blaine had lead them into.

Blaine spots his friends and quickens his pace, heading towards a table in the corner, pulling Kurt behind him. Kurt puts a smile on his face and surveys the table of people before they reach it. There's three guys there, a blonde and a brunette who look very close, and another with darker hair sitting next to them.

When they arrive at the table, all of the occupants rush up to greet Blaine. Blaine hugs all of them before stepping back, laughing. "Guys, guys, alright. I would like you all to meet Kurt," he says, putting his hands on Kurt's shoulders. He looks at Kurt and smiles softly, checking that he's okay. "Kurt, this is Jeff," he says pointing to the blonde haired guy, who waves back at him with a huge smile on his face. "Nick," the one with brown hair, obviously Jeff's boyfriend, winks at him. "And Thad," Blaine introduces lastly.

"So this is the famous Kurt," Thad greets.

"Guilty," Kurt smirks as Blaine pulls out a chair for him.

They all sit down, and Blaine leans closer to him to ask him quietly, "Is it alright if I go and get drinks?"

"Sure. Just water for me please."

"It's so nice to finally meet you, Blaine never shuts up about you," Nick says once Blaine has left, and Kurt blushes, unsure how to reply.

Jeff seems to notice his discomfort and changes the subject. "How long are you here for?"

Kurt smiles gratefully. "Just until the end of August," he replies, "Then I come back for good once I start NYADA."

"How are you liking New York?" asks Thad.

"It's *amazing*, I love it so much," Kurt gushes. He catches Blaine's eye from across the bar, and they share a small smile. The other guys at the table follow Kurt's line of vision and smile, too.

"I swear, I've never seen him this happy." It's Nick's turn to speak up again.

"Me either," Jeff adds, "And I've known him for over ten years."

Thad nods in agreement and Kurt feels his face getting hotter. "Really?" he asks timidly.

"Honestly, Kurt. Being in love suits him," Jeff says.

"And like I said, he never shuts up about you," Nick repeats.

Kurt knows that Blaine loves him, but to hear it reiterated by his friends, it makes his stomach leap. "But surely he's had other boyfriends before?" Kurt asks, which reminds him that he's never really had that conversation with Blaine. He knows that his boyfriend is more... experienced, and it would be hard to believe that he had never been in a relationship, Blaine was gorgeous, and sweet, and perfect.

"Exactly, he has, and we've still never seen him like this," Jeff says, leaning back into his chair. Nick brings his arm around over Jeff's shoulder and Kurt can see that they're in love. He wonders if that's what people see when they look at him and Blaine.

"How long have you two been together?" he asks them.

"Three years, four months, and six days. Not that I'm keeping count," Nick says, pecking Jeff on the cheek.

Once upon a time, Kurt's heart would have hurt with longing for something like Nick and Jeff share, he would have been so jealous, but now, he just smiles at the clear adoration they feel for each other and wishes Blaine would hurry up.

"How did you two meet?" Kurt starts, but he's interrupted by the arrival of his boyfriend.

"Hey, what are we talking about?" Blaine asks as he sits down. He passes the drinks out and Kurt notices that he only got water, too.

"Love," Thad sing-songs, clearly joking, but he isn't far from the truth.

Jeff elbows him. "Shut up, Thad. Kurt was just asking how we met." He gestures towards himself and Nick.

"Oh, I told you about them, Kurt, remember?" Kurt shakes his head, not recollecting a time Blaine had mentioned a Jeff or a Nick to him. "I did, I told you about my best friends that met online."

Suddenly, the conversation they had on Skype all those months ago comes back to him. "Oh! Wow, yeah, I remember." He turns to Thad then. "Do you have a boyfriend?" he asks.

"Oh, no. No, I'm straight. I just wanted to see if Blainers here was still alive."

"Call me that again, Harwood," Blaine threatens, making Kurt laugh.

They looked pretty. It is his only excuse. The different colors and the little umbrellas... all so pretty.

"This, this is smaller, so it's 'kay, right?" Kurt asks Blaine while he studies the little glass of pink liquid in his hand. It's dark pink, verging on red. But more pink than anything. "It's pink," he tells Blaine.

"It's totally okay," Blaine says, knocking back his own shot. His was blue.

Kurt copies, drinking his quickly. It burns on the way down, but Kurt figures it was worth it, it was so pretty.

The next one he has is orange. "Are these made from the rainbow?" he questions the bartender who just ignores him. "Rude," he says, dragging the word out.

Once he's done, Blaine drags him over to the dance floor. "Come on let's dance."

Rihanna sings in the background about sex as their bodies come together. They both find it funny at first, until they don't. Kurt stops laughing at Blaine's ridiculous dancing and the gyrating of his hips when he moves closer. And when Blaine spins behind him and Kurt feels that his boyfriend is equally hard as he grinds against his ass... Well, it's not his fault that he's maybe had some alcohol and he's maybe a little (okay, a lot) turned on. He pushes himself backwards against Blaine's crotch.

The moan he hears in response - even over the loud pounding music - only spurs him on and he turns around and *throws* himself into a wet, dirty kiss with Blaine. It's everything Kurt Hummel never imaged he'd be doing, making out and grinding against his boyfriend in the middle of a gay club in New York City, *drunk*.

"God, god, Blaine," he babbles when Blaine's lips move to his neck. "God," he says again when Blaine's hips push up to meet his. Even through the fabric of their jeans, the friction is delicious and he desperately thrusts back, needing more.

"You're so hot," Blaine says hotly against his ear, his lips are wet and Kurt can only imagine what they look like.

Kurt jumps when he feels a hand that isn't Blaine's touch his shoulder, which results with him jerking into Blaine with more force. He lets out a groan, lost in the pleasure once again until the hand taps his shoulder with more force.

He reluctantly removes his face from Blaine's neck and turns to see a very sweaty and slightly drunk Jeff.

"You guys should probably go home before you start having sex right here. Sorry to interrupt," Jeff winks before disappearing back into the crowd.

Kurt finds Blaine's neck again and nuzzles into it before he starts giggling uncontrollably; everything is just *sohilarious*.

"Maybe - maybe we should go." Blaine's voice is slightly breathless but rougher than usual, and sexy. It makes Kurt's already unsteady legs feel weaker.

"Y-yeah," he slurs in agreement. Suddenly everything feels too much and too hot. Fresh air. Fresh air would be good.

"Okay, okay, we're leaving, we'll get some now," Blaine says and Kurt wonders how much of what he is thinking is actually being said out loud.

They both stumble towards the exit. Kurt tries to use his boyfriend for support, but Blaine seems to be having as much trouble keeping upright as he is. When they finally make it outside, Kurt takes a few deep breaths, trying to stop his head from spinning so much, but it doesn't help. "Home?" he inquires weakly.

"Home," Blaine agrees.

Kurt all but collapses into the cab when Blaine manages to catch one, desperate for their bed.

Chapter Fifteen

A blinding pain shoots through Kurt's head as soon as he opens his eyes. He immediately clamps them shut again, groaning.

He hears a soft "Hey" and he slowly attempts opening his eyes again. The room comes into view, fuzzily at first; he tries to blink past the pain, milder now, but still there. He's in Blaine's room - Blaine's bed, and Blaine is standing over him with a glass of water and a smile on his face.

He opens his mouth to speak, but his tongue sticks to the roof of his mouth, and his stomach turns as he notices a foul taste. He turns his lips up in something that he hopes resembles a smile before desperately grabbing for the water.

A pathetic whine leaves his throat once he's had a sip and he falls back onto the bed. The sudden movement makes his head jump and he closes his eyes again.

"Hey, hey. Just take these, baby," Blaine says quietly, for which Kurt is grateful.

He opens one eye just enough to see Blaine offering him two little white pills. He takes them greedily, hoping he'll be able to keep them down.

"Thanks," Kurt mutters weakly.

Blaine sits down on the bed next to him and pushes the hair off Kurt's face. God, Kurt doesn't even want to think of how much of a mess he must look right now.

"How are you feeling?" Blaine inquires, softly stroking Kurt's head.

The rhythmic pressure across his forehead is lulling him to sleep, but overall he still feels a lot like shit.

"Like shit," he tells Blaine. "How 'bout you?"

"I'm okay, I got up about an hour ago. I'm more used to this than you."

"Time is it?" Kurt asks; he feels like he hasn't slept at all, he can't imagine it to be very late.

"Almost two in the afternoon," Blaine says and Kurt groans. He hates sleeping this late, it makes him feel like he's wasted his day away. Not that he could do much of anything right now anyway. "We didn't get back until about three this morning, so it's not too bad," Blaine continues, "How much of last night do you remember?"

Kurt closes his eyes and tries to think against the pounding in his head. Most of it is a blur, and then the rest just doesn't exist. He can't remember getting into bed... or even getting to the apartment. *Going to the club, dancing, ...rainbows?* And then nothing. "Not a lot," he confesses.

The way Blaine looks at him makes him feel like he's missing something. Something important. "Alright, well, do you want to go back to sleep?"

"No, I don't think I could now. What happened last night?" Kurt asks unsure.

"Maybe you should at least try first," Blaine says again, not quite looking Kurt in the eye. He's definitely missing something.

"Did I do something wrong?"

Blaine does look at him then. "Hey, hey, no. Beautiful, no. Some things happened last night - nothing bad - but I thought I should give you some time to feel better, see if you remember before we talk about it."

Kurt reaches for the glass of water again before he speaks. "I'm okay, I promise. The painkillers are kicking in," he says as he pushes himself up against the headboard slowly.

"How about you go and get showered and stuff and meet me in the living room when you're done?" Blaine suggests.

Kurt nods slightly and Blaine presses a kiss to his forehead and leaves the room. He stumbles to the bathroom slowly, dizzy and nauseous. He fumbles to strip from his clothes and he's horrified when he looks down and to see that he didn't get changed properly for bed. He is wearing his undershirt and his jeans from last night which are undone... his poor Marc Jacobs. He figures he can mourn them later and he settles for enjoying the feeling of the cool water hitting his skin. It helps him feel more alive, washing away the grogginess. The rumbling of his stomach suddenly alerts him to how hungry he is and he makes quick work of his shower.

When he arrives in the living room, he's feeling slightly more human again. His head isn't hurting so much, the dizziness has eased off, and he feels more hungry than nauseous.

"Hungry?" Blaine asks from the kitchen. He's cooking and the smell surprisingly doesn't make Kurt want to be sick.

"Starving," he says back, sitting down in his favorite seat opposite the view.

Blaine comes into a few minutes later with two plates of food. "Scrambled eggs and toast," he says as he places the dishes on to the table.

As if on cue, Kurt's belly rumbles again.

Once he's eaten his food, he dares the breach the subject again. "So, last night?"

Blaine smiles at him softly. "Okay, I'm just going to go and get more coffee, I'll be right back."

Now that he's feeling better and he's been washed and fed, he really tries hard to think about the night before.

"Woah there, c-come on," Blaine hiccups as they walk into the apartment. They're a tangled mess of limbs, both leaning on each other for support that the other doesn't have.

"The moon looks so, so pretty," Kurt says, distracted. He makes his way over to the window and rests his head against it. The cold glass feels amazing and the moon is so pretty.

He feels Blaine come up behind him and wrap his arms around his waist. "You're pretty," Blaine mumbles and Kurt giggles. Blaine starts kissing the back of his neck and Kurt's eyes fall shut in pleasure.

The apartment is quiet; all he can hear is the sound of Blaine leaving wet trails against his skin, and his moaning, loud and unashamed.

"Dance. Wanna dance," he thinks he says as he turns around to slots their bodies together as they had been earlier. There's no music this time, but he tries to move the same against Blaine.

Before he can, Blaine is steadying him with his hands and whispering into his ear. "Bed... bedroom, come on."

Somehow they make it to the intended room, and Blaine lays him on the bed with care before crawling on top of him. Kurt pushes up to meet Blaine half way in a kiss, wrapping his legs around Blaine's ankles. Blaine works both of their shirts off and they kiss for what feels like hours, until it isn't enough. Kurt's brain is foggy, more drunk on lust and need than anything else, and he's been hard for so long. He moves his hips up, rubbing his erection against Blaine's; a strangled gasp leaves his mouth. He's already so close.

"Blaine... Blaine - want you, please," he whines, thrusting his hips up harder against his boyfriends.

"What, baby? Tell me what you want," Blaine growls out above him.

Kurt works his hands between them quickly, the pressure of his jeans is too tight around is cock, and he sighs in relief once he has them undone. "Want you i-in me, please, please, please."

But then the weight from above him is gone and Kurt almost cries out in frustration. Blaine moves off of him and sits down next to him at the end of the bed, his head cradled in his hands, chest heaving. Kurt doesn't move for a while, just blinks stupidly trying to figure out what just happened.

"Wh-what?"

"Oh, Kurt." Blaine turns around to face him, his words are still slightly slurred but his voice is serious. "I'm sorry, I don't wanna push-push you."

"What?" Kurt dumbly repeats, struggling to concentrate. "Push me?"

"I love you, but want your first time - our first time to be perfect. Not while we're both drunk."

It's all completely blank after that, and Kurt groans into his hands as last night comes rushing back to him.

"Oh, god..."

"Kurt? What's wrong?" Blaine comes back in the room, obviously concerned.

"Oh, god. Last night - Blaine, I'm so sorry."

Blaine sighs. "How much do you remember?"

"We came back here and..." Kurt breaks off again, cringing. "I'm so sorry."

Blaine grabs his hand and leads him over to the couch. "You have nothing to be sorry for. I'm sorry, I mean, last night is still a bit of a blur, but I remember us almost doing something that you're probably not ready for."

Kurt blushes and resists the urge to cover his face with his hands. "You stopped it though; I was the one that asked."

"I was the one that promised no alcohol," Blaine jokes, trying to make Kurt smile. "I love you," his voice becomes serious again, eyes shining. "You have nothing to be sorry for, I am so happy that you're here with me, and I'm not that kind of guy to take advantage of you while you're drunk. I don't care about sex, as long as I have you."

Kurt takes a shaky breath wondering to himself once again how he got so lucky. He never thought Blaine would ever be like that - pressuring him, but it had been something he had always been worried about... That he was an inexperienced boy from Ohio and when he did get a boyfriend things would be expected of him. Things he may not have been ready for.

He grabs Blaine's hand, hoping to portray how much that means to him. "Thank you." Kurt had been a little worried that Blaine *didn't* want to have sex with him. He bites his bottom lip and quietly he asks, "Do you... do you not find me sexy?"

Blaine scoffs out a laugh. "Seriously?" he asks as if Kurt has just asked the most ridiculous question ever. "You are so, so sexy. Especially when you bite your lip." Kurt blushes *again* and stops biting his lip. "I have a hard time keeping my hands off of you."

"I'm glad we didn't last night. Not because I'm not ready, but because I'm glad our first time wasn't because we were turned on and drunk. I am ready." It's something he's been thinking about for a while now. "Maybe not for everything right away, but I'm ready for... more."

Blaine smiles widely. "Okay, okay," he says more to himself. "How about we just let things happen, tell me if anything goes too far. And even if you're not ready, that's fine. Now come on, I am craving grilled cheese."

"But we've just eaten!" Kurt argues.

"I'm still slightly hungover and I need grilled cheese," Blaine says, offering Kurt a hand to pull him up. "Come on," he stresses again, playfully kissing Kurt on the mouth.

Chapter Sixteen

The next day, they're both fully recovered. The night had left Kurt with a renewed vow to never drink again, and he felt that, if anything, the whole experience had only brought himself and Blaine closer together.

Blaine was insistent on taking Kurt shopping, something they surprisingly hadn't done yet, and he seemed slightly shocked when Kurt wasn't as enthusiastic. It was clear to everyone who knew him that fashion was something Kurt was passionate about; but that didn't mean he could *afford* the clothes he wanted in the shops on Fifth Avenue. He explained this to Blaine, not giving away any of his secrets of how he actually came to own so much designer clothing - mainly secret sales, online deals, and a fabulous eye for bargains. But when Blaine began to pout Kurt couldn't say no.

Which is how he finds himself staring in awe at all of the amazing clothes in front of him. He's already decided that he wants *everything* - fashion has no gender- and that this is definitely the worst kind of torture. He recognizes some of the items from reblogging them on Tumblr, and when he'd checked, they weren't available yet in the places he usually looks, and he just really, really *wants* them.

"Hello, do you need any help?" Kurt reluctantly tears his eyes away from the gorgeous polka dot shirt that would look fabulous with his grey plaid pants, and turns to see an attractive woman, maybe in her early-thirties, smiling sweetly at him. Kurt would usually hate being harassed by staff when he was shopping, but this was *Gucci*.

"Patricia?" Blaine says from behind him - and it's not like he'd forgotten Blaine was there, he'd just been... distracted.

"Blaine! Darling!" Patricia all but shouts, running toward Blaine on the tip of her heels to hug him. "It's been so long!"

Blaine doesn't reply until she's pulled back and Kurt watches, amused. "I'm sorry about that. Oh, and this is my boyfriend, Kurt."

A second later Kurt is enveloped in a hug just like Blaine's.

"We have so much to catch up on, Mr.," Patricia says, wiggling her finger in Blaine's face.

"Of course, and we shall, while Kurt shops," Blaine replies.

"Oh, no. I could never afford any of this," Kurt protests.

"Go and get whatever you like," Blaine says seriously. "My mom gets like a huge discount here and it's all going on her tab anyway. I don't take enough advantage of it, go."

Blaine looks at Kurt; eyes daring him to turn down such an amazing offer. And it is amazing, but Kurt could never accept. "I-I couldn't do that, I wouldn't be comfortable with that," he weakly argues.

"How about you go and have a look around while I talk to Patricia and if you can actually leave all of these amazing clothes behind, then, well, we'll see what happens, okay?"

His resolve crumbles more and more with every item he sees. Everything is so gorgeous, and it would be *so* easy - but he could ever let Blaine do that for him. Kurt almost lets out a whimper as he sets his eyes on a beautiful black and red bag that would be perfect for NYADA. Biting his lip, he slowly walks closer, falling in love more and more every second. Cursing how weak he is, he spots a mirror and gently picks up the bag with care and places it over his shoulder.

"Wow, that looks fabulous." Another employee walks towards him, stopping just a few feet away. He's not much taller than Kurt himself, with neatly styled blonde hair and a lovely smile. "Do you need any help?" he asks sweetly.

"Oh, no, no, I was just looking," Kurt says, quickly placing the bag back where he got it from.

"It would be a crime if you did not own that bag. It looks better on you than it does on the model." The guy winks and walks closer to Kurt, and Kurt instinctively takes a step back, his cheeks heating up.

"U-um," he stutters out, "I-I couldn't afford it," he offers lamely.

"I'm sorry, where are my manners. I'm Eric, and that is such a shame." Eric's smile turns into a smirk and Kurt's eyes flicker back to the bag.

"A terrible shame," he mutters mournfully, distracted once again by the beautiful item.

Eric steps to the side of him and picks up the bag and holds it in front of him. "You know, I get a great discount working here and maybe we could work something out if you would like to give me your -"

Suddenly, a protective arm wraps around his waist, making Kurt jump.

"Eric." Blaine's voice is cold, colder than Kurt has ever heard it, effectively cutting the boy off mid-sentence.

Eric's body stiffens. "Blaine," he says, his jaw clenched.

They stare at each other for a long moment, the atmosphere almost unbearable until Kurt clears his throat.

Blaine turns to smile at him apologetically before addressing Eric again, "I see you've met my *boyfriend*, Kurt."

Eric's face morphs into a sickly sweet smile, obviously forced. "Of course, I was just showing him this lovely bag that looks amazing on him."

"Hmm, I'm sure it does. Kurt looks amazing in everything."

Kurt is just about to interrupt and remind the two boys that *he is actually here*, but Blaine carries on talking.

"We'll take it."

Before Kurt even gets the chance to protest, Blaine snatches the bag out of Eric's hand and heads towards the register, dragging Kurt along with him. Kurt watches in shock as Blaine kindly converses with the sales

person behind the desk, explaining who he is and handing her a card. He still can't find his voice as the woman wraps up the purchase neatly and hands it back to Blaine.

Blaine searches for his hand and leads him towards the exit. He can feel Eric's eyes following them, and he doesn't miss the look that Blaine gives him as he squeezes Kurt's hand.

"Goodbye, dears," Patricia calls as they leave the shop. Blaine waves and smiles and Kurt offers a halfhearted "goodbye" back.

"So, where to next? I was thinking we could get some coffee, unless you want to carry on shopping?" Blaine asks once they're outside, and Kurt is once again lost for words. *Is Blaine seriously going to act like none of that just happened?*

Kurt quietly huffs, snatching his hand from Blaine's, and carries on walking. He doesn't want to make a scene in the middle of Fifth.

"Hey, what's wrong?" Blaine asks softly, struggling to keep up with Kurt's quick pace.

"How can you even ask me that?" Kurt whispers harshly. "Can we please just go back to your apartment?" He doesn't know if Blaine looks so hurt because of his tone or because this is the first time Kurt has referred to his apartment as anything other than 'home'.

"Sure, okay," Blaine says quietly, looking a little lost, but Kurt refuses to feel guilty; his mood is justified by whatever the hell it was he just witnessed in there.

The cab ride back is stifling. Kurt sits in a quiet rage, becoming madder every time he thinks about the way Blaine had acted in the store; Blaine sits awkwardly next to him, quickly realizing his attempts of small talk are not going to be acknowledged.

"What the hell was that?" Kurt almost explodes once they make it back to the apartment. Maybe he's worked himself up a little bit too much, but he did not appreciate being treated like that one little bit.

"What was what?" And Kurt doesn't know if Blaine is honestly oblivious or just playing dumb.

"I'm-I'm not just some, *thing* you get to decide everything for!"

"Kurt what - what are you talking about?"

"I told you I wasn't comfortable with you buying things for me, and yet you don't even ask me before you get all macho and protective and buy the damn bag for me anyway." Kurt tries to keep his voice even, not too loud, but he's frustrated and it's proving difficult. "I reiterate - what the hell was that?"

Blaine suddenly looks guilty; he looks away from Kurt and bites his lip. "I... I'm sorry, I just -" Blaine breaks off, sighing and Kurt feels the fight leave him at seeing how small his boyfriend looks right now. "I just, I really, really hate that guy," Blaine continues, and Kurt can see his hands clenching into fists. "And I couldn't just stand there and watch him flirt with you like that."

Now it's Kurt's turn to act confused. "Wait, what?"

Blaine finally makes eye contact again. "What? You can't tell me you didn't know he was coming on to you, Kurt." Kurt thinks and shakes his head, maybe Eric had been a little over friendly, but his attention was more on the bag than anything else. "Well, he was. And who can blame him? You're absolutely gorgeous, and I... I got jealous," Blaine admits in a small voice.

Kurt has to bite his lip to keep the laugh that's bubbling up inside him from escaping. The whole situation is ridiculous, but Blaine looks so insecure.

"You silly, silly, boy," Kurt says, his grin growing wider as he steps towards Blaine. "You have no reason at all to be jealous. Why would I even look twice at someone like that when I have you?"

Blaine huffs out a laugh. "I'm sorry."

"I didn't like the way you handled that at all, though," Kurt admits, reaching for Blaine's hand.

"I know, I'm sorry. I didn't even realize. Fuck - I was a jerk, wasn't I? I can't stand Eric and seeing him like that with you. I love you, I'm stupid, I'm sorry. Will you ever be able to forgive me?"

"We still need to talk about this properly, but of course. I love you, too."

Chapter Seventeen

Kurt thinks; he thinks about how the situation makes him feel now that he knows Blaine was *jealous*. How Blaine's arms protectively found his waist and the fire in his eyes was because someone was flirting with his boyfriend.

Before Kurt does what he has to do next, he feels like he should make something clear to Blaine. "The way you acted was not okay, but it was so, so *hot*."

With that, he closes the rest of the gap between them, Kurt's mouth landing hard on Blaine's. Blaine gives a muffled gasp before he gets the idea, kissing Kurt back with as much passion as his lips demand. Their tongues dance together; there's no rhythm, none of the careful ways in which Kurt is used to kissing - at least not sober. It's dirty and filthy and turning Kurt on so much.

They somehow stumble backwards towards the couch, Blaine's knees hitting it first and Kurt falling after him. Kurt straddles Blaine; he can feel himself getting hard, but his jeans restrict him from touching his boyfriend at all. Cursing his need for oxygen, Kurt comes up for air and takes greedy gasping breaths, his chest heaving like Blaine's beneath him.

"You liked it?" Blaine teases before his mouth locks on to Kurt's neck. Kurt's witty reply is lost in the sensation; if he thought he enjoyed this when he was drunk, it was a million times better now he was sober. "Your neck is so sensitive," Blaine whispers, only pulling back a few centimeters. He sounds fascinated and happy with the discovery. The feeling of Blaine's warm breath against Kurt's cool, wet skin makes the heat low in his belly burn.

He makes a needy noise somewhere in the back of his throat before he clumsily scatters off of Blaine to lie down on the space on the couch. He pulls Blaine on top of him - it's awkward, but they somehow make it work, lost in the passion of kissing each other as they both shred their jeans.

Blaine doesn't say anything, but the silent questions are there: *are you sure this is okay?, are you ready for this?* His eyes are wide and careful as they study Kurt's face. There's a still moment, with Blaine hovering above him; even though Kurt is desperate for something, anything, he keeps quiet knowing this is important. But then finally, finally, Blaine's body is on his; his lips first, the rest following after. The initial pressure of Blaine's thigh against Kurt's achingly hard cock draws a long, deep moan out of him, and he feels Blaine smile against his lips.

"Love you," Blaine says. He works a hand between them and shifts his hips so he can cup Kurt through his underwear.

"Oh my god..." Kurt breathes. No one has ever touched him like this before; even through the fabric it feels like too much. But Blaine's next words almost knock the air out of his lungs.

"Can I - I want to suck you."

Before Kurt even realizes, he's nodding frantically. "Please."

Blaine gives him the sweetest smile and palms Kurt a few more times, seemingly enjoying the breathy moans he receives in response. Blaine then trails his kisses down Kurt's neck, his hands making quick work of undoing the buttons of Kurt's shirt before continuing his path of kisses south. He looks up at Kurt,

one last need for reassurance before he takes off his underwear. Kurt manages a smile, his skin feels on fire from Blaine's touch, and he nods once.

He lifts his hips slightly to make it easier for Blaine to remove the offending item of clothing, and he watches as Blaine's eyes go wide as he stares. Kurt tries not to squirm under his gaze; he's never been naked in front of anybody else before, and *what if there's someone wrong with him... what if Blaine doesn't like what he sees* -

"You're gorgeous."

It's the only warning Kurt gets before Blaine moves his body lower and suddenly Kurt is enveloped in a wet, hot heat. He gasps harshly and his eyes fly to his boyfriend. Blaine's lovely pink lips are stretched wide around his cock and his eyes are trained on Kurt. It's all - everything is too much and Kurt's head drops back on to the arm of the couch and his eyes clamp shut. He can't watch this; the feeling of *being inside Blaine's mouth* is enough alone, there's no way he's going to last long.

His hands reach for Blaine's hair and he tangles his fingers in the curls. He can feel as Blaine bobs his mouth up and down, and instinctively, Kurt's hips push up.

"I-I'm sorry," Kurt rushes out, his voice almost unrecognizable and words hard to remember.

But Blaine doesn't seem to mind. Kurt opens his eyes and watches as Blaine pulls off of him slightly, licking a long strip of the underside of his cock as he goes. Kurt chants a mixture of curse words and Blaine's name over and over, and his eyes fall back shut as Blaine takes him in his mouth again.

"I can't... I-I'm going to..." Kurt can't finish his sentence, he tries to warn Blaine that he's going to come but it doesn't make Blaine stop his movements and sucking. If anything, he only increases his efforts.

Blaine takes Kurt all the way into his mouth until he hits the back of his throat and then he *swallows*. It's all Kurt can take and with a wordless shout, his orgasm hits into him and he comes into Blaine's mouth.

It's while before he can move; before he can register anything around him. His brain is mush and *oh my god*. He feels a hand cup his face and he blearily blinks his eye open.

"Hey, are you okay? I think I lost you for a second." Blaine's voice is raspy but caring as he tries to fit in the small space left between Kurt and the couch.

"I love you," Kurt says, coming back to himself a little bit. "And not just because of the mind-blowing orgasm."

Blaine chuckles next to him. "Enjoy that, huh?"

Kurt swats at him; Blaine's sounds all too pleased with himself, but Kurt can't really blame him. "Wait, but - what about you?"

"Don't worry about me," Blaine says, and Kurt looks at him, ready to argue. "Really, Kurt, the noises you were making." Kurt blushes. "How do you feel about a nice warm relaxing bath followed by a lazy movie night?"

"That sounds perfect."

"So, who is Eric, anyway?"

They've just finished the second film of the night as it's getting dark outside. The skyline lights up as the sun descends and Kurt snuggles closer into his boyfriend. Blaine sighs, almost as if he was expecting the question but didn't want it to come anyway.

"I know him from NYADA, he was in one of my classes and he always had to do one better than me. Then there was the time I caught him making out with my then boyfriend at this dumb party, so yeah."

"Oh, Blaine. I'm so sorry."

"It's good, I - it hurt today thinking that he was trying to take something else from me. Not something else - you. I love you so much."

"I love you, too," Kurt says as he leans in to kiss Blaine. It's chaste; just lips against lips, but it still makes his whole body feel like it's vibrating. He loves the way Blaine's eyes are always closed and he has a small smile on his face as they break away.

"What movie next?" Blaine murmurs quietly.

"How about -" Kurt starts but he's interrupted when Blaine's phone starts ringing. Blaine gives him an apologetic smile and looks down at his phone and groans.

"I should probably take this," Blaine says, hitting accept. "Hey."

Kurt can't make out what the person on the other end of the phone is saying, and he tries not to invade Blaine's privacy.

"You are?" Pause. "Oh, they do?" Pause. "When?" Pause. "How'd you hear about that?" Pause. "Saturday? Fine. We'll be there."

Blaine doesn't look too happy when he clicks off the phone.

"Are you okay?" Kurt asks gently.

Blaine rubs the back of his neck. "That was my brother. How would you feel about... meeting my parents?"

"Oh." Kurt replies dumbly. Blaine's parents. Which means *Helena Anderson* and *Simon Anderson* and *Cooper Anderson*. "Of course, that would be - fine."

Blaine hums in agreement, not sound too enthusiastic about the idea.

"Do you... not want me to meet them?" Kurt asks.

"No, no. It's not that at all. My parents, Cooper, they're a lot to take and I'm not too thrilled with the thought having to spend my time sharing you with other people."

"It'll be fine," Kurt reassures.

Blaine kisses him again, smiling gratefully, and gets up to put the next movie in.

Chapter Eighteen

"You look great," Blaine reassures, smoothing down Kurt's collar. "I'm not going to lie and tell you that tonight will be the best, but you'll be fine."

Blaine's grip tightens around his shoulder and Kurt nods, not quite trusting his voice.

The buzzer rings and Kurt tenses even more. He's just *sonervous*.

"Your parents are here, Mr. Anderson," Henry's tinny voice comes through the intercom.

Blaine reaches out his hand to Kurt. "Ready?"

"I love you," Blaine says quietly before he lets go of Kurt's hand to open the car door. Well, limousine door. Kurt tries to keep his jaw from dropping, figuring he'll probably be doing a lot of that tonight.

Blaine effectively blocks Kurt's view of inside the limousine, greeting his parents. When Blaine pulls back to straighten his legs Kurt catches up with the conversation. "Now, where do we pick this boy of yours up?" It's a voice he's heard before; usually on TV, never in person. Kurt's hands start to sweat.

"Of course," Blaine says, remembering himself. He steps into the vehicle and gestures for Kurt to follow. "Mom, dad, this is Kurt. Kurt, these are my parents, Simon and Helena."

Kurt falls into the seat next to Blaine and offers a quiet "Hello" along with a nervous wave, hoping he doesn't have to shake any hands. He doesn't. Mrs. Anderson offers him a tight lipped smile and Kurt can see her critiquing his outfit. He resists the urge to squirm, he knows he looks fabulous and he was prepared for his.

Mr. Anderson nods at him sternly before he speaks. His voice isn't as friendly as Kurt would have hoped. "Kurt. So we actually don't know much about you, do you live close?"

Kurt eyes fall to Blaine, Mr. Anderson really isn't kidding when he says he doesn't know much about him.

He clears his throat. "Actually, I live in Ohio," he says, not expanding on that. Not only is he meeting his boyfriend's parents for the first time, but they also happen to be famous. Kurt isn't sure how he's still breathing.

At Mr. Anderson's confused look, Blaine thankfully comes to Kurt's aid. "He's staying with me for the summer and then he'll be over here permanently. Attending NYADA."

"He'll be staying with you then?"

"That's something we haven't really discussed yet."

"Staying in New York free of charge, huh. That's something."

Blaine shifts next to him.

The rest of the drive is silent, almost painfully so. Kurt stares out of the tinted windows, trying desperately to avoid eye contact with anyone. He stops himself from audibly sighing in relief when the limousine pulls up outside of a restaurant.

It's everything Kurt expected; extravagant interiors, menus with no prices, jazz playing quietly in the background, and probably a three month, if not more, waiting list. He tries hard not to feel intimidated, but tonight's running theme seems to be intimidation.

They're ushered to a five seater table in the best location in the restaurant, and that seems to remind Blaine of the same thing it reminds Kurt.

"When's Cooper getting here?"

"He's running a little late but he shouldn't be too much longer. It'll give us time to get to know Kurt a little better." It's the first time Kurt has heard Blaine's mother speak. She looks at him with warm eyes, but still nothing about her gaze seems friendly. "And by the way, that is a fantastic tie, Kurt."

Maybe he had judged her a little too quickly, expecting a cold exterior for the owner of a fashion magazine. His face splits in to a huge smile. "Thank you, it's actually last season Valentino, but I added blue and green accents to compliment my eyes."

He hears Mr. Anderson sigh in a way that can only be described as *rude*, but his smile doesn't falter when he sees Mrs. Anderson elbow him slightly. "I love it," she says with a smirk.

Kurt holds down a squeal at the fact that *Helena Anderson*, fashionista extraordinaire, is complimenting his clothes.

"Kurt always looks amazing," Blaine says from beside him.

Kurt can see Mr. Anderson's jaw harden, but before he gets to say anything the waitress arrives at their table.

"Hi, I'm Emma and I'll be your -" She stops speaking as she looks up and sees who is sitting at the table. Her eyes seem to flicker between Kurt and Blaine before she looks around the entire table. Kurt is sure he hears her whisper "*Oh my god, oh my god*," under her breath.

Emma clears her throat but her voice comes out more high pitched than it was before. "Can I get you anything to drink?"

Once she leaves the table after she's taken their orders, and what Kurt assumes is Cooper's, Mr. Anderson says, "So unprofessional." But Kurt can sympathize with her.

Suddenly, a loud smashing sound disrupts the stillness of the restaurant. Everyone's eyes jump to the scene and Kurt can see a brown-haired man apologizing profusely to the waiter he seemed to have knocked into, making him drop plates of food.

But then the brown-haired man looks up and Kurt is struck once again with how attractive Cooper Anderson is.

"Little brother!" Cooper all but shouts, bounding over towards Blaine and grabbing him up in to a hug. "This your boyfriend?" he asks once he's let his brother go. At Blaine's nod, Kurt is engulfed in a hug, too.

"Cooper, sit down," Mr. Anderson chastises.

Cooper throws him a wink and sits in the empty seat next to Blaine. "So, Squirt -"

"Don't call me that."

"How did you manage to bag such a hottie?"

Kurt blushes as Cooper wiggles his eyebrows at him.

"I'm still asking myself that. Luck, I guess," Blaine answers, hand finding Kurt's leg. Kurt's face only heats up more.

The waitress comes over with the drinks and takes their food orders, stuttering and blushing every time she looks at Kurt or Blaine.

"That was weird," Cooper remarks once she's gone.

"Incompetent staff. Really." Mr. Anderson huffs, superiority rolling off him.

"She didn't look at me once," Cooper continues. He turns to Blaine. "Did you know her or something? She couldn't stop looking at either of you."

Blaine just shrugs and Kurt takes the silence as his cue to make conversation. "Thank you very much for inviting me out to dinner, Mr. and Mrs. Anderson," he says politely.

"Call me Helena, dear," Helena answers and Kurt smiles, pleased he has done something right to win his boyfriend's mother over.

"We didn't really have you in mind when we made these plans," Mr. Anderson starts but Blaine interrupts.

"Dad."

"Let me finish. It's only because we haven't heard much about you."

"Oh, well." Kurt stutters and struggles for something to say. Blaine's hand squeezes his leg in what he assumes is a silent apology, Blaine did warn him this wasn't going to be easy.

"And now we find out that you're living with him," Mr. Anderson says and Kurt doesn't know how to respond to that either.

"Come on, dad, it's not that important. It's only for the summer," Blaine tries to reason.

"You're too nice, Blaine. Have you not learned your lesson?"

What is that supposed to mean?, Kurt thinks, but he doesn't interrupt.

"Yes, dad, I know, you're always telling me. Will you ever let me live that down? It was one time. Kurt didn't even know he was staying with me until he got here, and he didn't even know who my parents were

until way after that." Blaine is nearly red in the face from what seems to be frustration and anger once he's finished talking. Kurt grabs his hand under the table.

"Blaine, calm down. Dad, stop being a dick," Cooper says as he leans back in his chair, taking a sip from his scotch.

"Cooper!" Helena gasps and Cooper rolls his eyes.

It's silent for a while and Kurt needs a chance to get away and breathe. "If you'll excuse me, I'm just going to powder my nose," he tries to joke but only Cooper manages a laugh, Blaine smiles.

Once he makes it to the bathroom, he splashes his face with cold water. His phone vibrates in his pocket and he takes it out.

From Mia:

Having a nice meal?

Confused, he replies.

To Mia:

What? How did you know?

He waits a while for the reply, and two texts come at once.

From Mia:

It's all over Tumblr.

Some girl is there at the restaurant and posting about you two. Having a nice family meal? Oh yeah, and why didn't you tell me he was related to HELENA AND SIMON AND COOPER...?

"Oh god," he whispers into the empty bathroom.

To Mia:

I'll catch you up later, gotta get back to the table!

He checks his reflection, smooths down his outfit and heads back in. He catches the end of the conversation as he nears the table.

"I'm just trying to look out for you, son," Mr. Anderson says in a softer voice than Kurt has heard yet.

"I know, but you got to trust me, Kurt is perfect, I *love* him, dad," he hears Blaine reply

"Okay, alright. I'll back off," Mr. Anderson says before he catches Kurt's eye and gives him a nod.

Kurt sits down and is pleased to find that the atmosphere at the table seems to have calmed down. Once everyone is caught up in their conversations, Kurt beckons Blaine close.

"They know we're here," he says quietly.

"What?" Blaine asks.

"Tumblr. Someone here is posting about us." Blaine snickers beside him. "Hey, it's not funny!"

"Why not? We're sitting with celebrities yet people are posting about *us*. You don't think it's the waitress do you?"

"Oh my god, it's the waitress?"

"What's the waitress?" Helena asks, and Kurt looks up, startled. Luckily, he sees his excuse walking towards them.

"Here, the waitress is here."

"Finally," Cooper says.

Emma fumbles with the tray and Kurt is surprised that it isn't all over the floor yet.

"Thank you ever so much, Emma," Blaine says charmingly as she places his food in front of him.

She turns to him, shocked - *starstruck*, dare Kurt think it. "Y-you remembered my name," she breathes. "You're w-welcome, Blaine."

Kurt's is the last plate to be given out, and when Emma places it in front of him, she says quiet enough so only he can hear, "You two are amazing together. I love you so, so, *so* much."

He bites his lip to hide a huge smile. Acceptance from anyone is amazing, something so foreign to him only a few months previously. "Thank you," he tells her, but he's not sure if she hears.

"Enjoy your meals."

Kurt and Blaine share an amused smile before they start eating.

Conversation at dinner flows nicely; Mr. Anderson's mood seems to have changed for the better, and Helena is *amazing*. Kurt enjoys watching the dynamic between Cooper and Blaine the most; the way they bounce off each other, and what Kurt is sure is mock-annoyance on Blaine's part at the majority of the things his brother says. But Kurt can see that they really love each other.

Emma returns once more to collect their dishes once they're done and to enquire about desserts, which no one wants. Mr. Anderson asks for the check and Kurt doesn't even want to think about what it could have totaled to.

"That was amazing, thank you, Helena, Mr. Anderson. And it was great to meet you, Cooper," Kurt says.

"Why don't I get a 'Mr. Anderson'?" Cooper asks and Blaine swats him lightly.

Helena smiles warmly at him. "It was a pleasure, darling."

Kurt holds his breath as he waits for Blaine's dad to reply.

"Call me Simon, Kurt. It was good to have you here. Don't hurt my boy," Simon says seriously.

"I wouldn't dream of it."

When everyone is leaving the table, Kurt notices Blaine hanging back a little, so he does the same. As everyone is walking out, Blaine quickly grabs a pen and writes at the bottom of the bill *Thank you for being an amazing waitress this evening, Emma! Love, Klaine xxx.*

Kurt laughs. "You huge dork, she's going to die when she sees that."

Blaine just winks at him and they rush to catch up.

Chapter Nineteen

The ride back is a lot better than the one going. The mood is less stifling and, if anything, more entertaining thanks to Cooper.

"- then the dog jumps all over me, licking at my face and ruining all of my makeup and messing up my hair! My charm is never ending, clearly," Cooper says seriously, lost in his ego, but everyone else is laughing. "They had to cast a new dog, which literally consisted of the production team running out and finding a random dog off the street."

"And all that for a dog food commercial," Blaine offers, still chuckling lightly.

"Shut it, B. Being attacked by a huge Great Dane is no laughing matter."

Blaine rolls his eyes, but before he gets a chance to reply, the limousine pulls to a stop outside of his apartment.

He and Kurt both say their goodbyes, which consist of hugs and promises of seeing each other soon from Cooper, kisses on the cheek from Helena, and handshakes from Simon.

"So, you survived," Blaine comments as he links his arm in Kurt's while walking up the stairs to the building.

Kurt hums. "Well, I'm still alive."

"Hey, it wasn't that bad was it?"

"No, it wasn't that bad," Kurt confirms, turning to accept a peck on the lips from Blaine.

"You were perfect."

As soon as he gets into Blaine's apartment, he throws on a pair of sweats and a slightly-too-big shirt, both belonging to his boyfriend. He runs a hand through his hair, messing up the style, and smiles. He loves that he can be so casual and not care in front of Blaine; there are very few people he would let see him like this.

"Kurt, your phone is ringing," Blaine calls from the other room and Kurt rushes in to get it.

"Dad!" he answers the phone happily. Meeting Blaine's parents tonight had made him realize how much he was really missing his father.

"Hey, kiddo. How's it going?"

Kurt smiles at the sound of his father's voice and settles into the space on the couch next to Blaine.

"Everything's good, I just got back from dinner with Blaine's parents."

"How'd it go?"

"It was fine, they're really nice." Kurt bites his lip. "I really miss you, dad."

"I know, I miss you, too. We'll see each other soon. I hope Blaine is looking after you."

"He is, he is," Kurt murmurs. He brings his legs up to his chest and nuzzles into his boyfriend's shoulder.

"Good. I won't keep you too long, I know it's late. Everyone here misses you as well. Love you, Kurt. Goodnight."

"I miss you all; give my love to Finn and Carole. Night, dad, love you."

"Tell that boy of yours I said goodnight. Bye, kiddo."

"Goodnight, Burt," Blaine shouts, able to hear the conversation.

"Bye," Kurt says and disconnects the call.

Blaine works his arm around him, making Kurt comfier yet. "You okay?" Blaine asks, absently stroking at his sides.

"I'm okay, tired," he answers quietly back.

"Have a little nap; I'll wake you up when we're going to bed."

"Mm'kay. Love you," Kurt says before his eyes fall shut.

"Baby? Come on, let's go to bed."

Blaine wakes him up an hour or so later by scattering kisses around his mouth.

Kurt straightens himself out, yawning and stretching. "Bed?" he asks quietly, blinking his eyes open to look at his beautiful boyfriend.

Blaine smiles at him fondly. "You're so cute when you're waking up." He gently rubs at Kurt's sides and captures his lips in a chaste short kiss.

"I'm up, I'm up," Kurt promises, not finding the energy to properly stand up.

"Don't make me carry you, mister," Blaine pouts.

The laugh bubbles up out of Kurt's chest at his boyfriend's actions. "You're so sassy, Blaine. You wouldn't dare," he teases.

But his laughers turns into squeals as Blaine quickly and swiftly puts an arm under his head and one behind his knees and lifts him up.

"Blaine Devon Anderson, put me down this very second!"

"Stop fidgeting, you're just making this worse for yourself," Blaine says with a satisfied smile on his face.

Kurt's arms fly around Blaine's neck as soon as he starts walking, holding on for dear life. The fight leaves him once he knows Blaine isn't going to give up and let him walk to the bedroom like a perfectly capable human being.

He humphs and Blaine retorts, "Don't act like you're not enjoying yourself," which he is, but that is so not the point.

Luckily, the bedroom isn't far away and before he knows it, Kurt is being placed down onto his side of the bed. "Well, I'm no longer tired," he mutters.

He doesn't get a reply as Blaine goes into the bathroom to get ready for bed. He doesn't take long and soon he is lying in bed next to Kurt.

"I know we mentioned it before, but tonight wasn't really that bad was it?" Blaine asks. The only light in the room is provided by the bedside lamp behind Kurt; it catches Blaine's eyes and Kurt could swear that they are liquid, reflecting the light and sparkling. It's almost a shame when he has to blink, but that gives Kurt the chance to focus on the amazingly long eyelashes than fan out across his cheeks. "Kurt?"

"Sorry," he says, coming back to himself. "It wasn't. Maybe not the best start, but your family is amazing." He searches for Blaine's hand and grabs hold of it under the covers.

"Yeah, I'm sorry about my dad especially earlier on the evening."

"You don't have to apologize for him. Was there... a reason he was like that?" Kurt asks, not wanting to offend, but some of the things Mr. Anderson had said were very cryptic.

Blaine sighs. "He's never been too happy with me being gay. It used to be a lot worse but he seemed to have gotten over it - to an extent anyway. But something happened about two years ago, with a boy, and he's never let it go."

He doesn't sound like he wants to expand, and Kurt doesn't like thinking of Blaine with anyone else, but he's curious. He squeezes his hand.

"It's stupid, and embarrassing," Blaine continues, averting his eyes. "To cut a long, painful story short, there was this guy I was seeing who was pretty much just using me to get close to my famous parents."

He wants to know more, but Blaine looks uncomfortable enough as it is. "That's horrible, I'm sorry," Kurt offers. "That guy was obviously an idiot."

"I don't care," Blaine says, smiling suddenly. "Because I have you, and nothing else matters."

Kurt scrunches his face. "You big cheese ball."

"You love it."

"I love *you*," Kurt says, curling into Blaine chest. He's not sure how he will cope when he has to go back home, sleeping alone is a foreign concept to him now.

"I love you, too. Night, baby."

When they wake in the morning, they both seem to have the same idea.

Blaine places the laptop on the bed in between them and loads it up.

"I've rarely been on this lately, it's crazy," Blaine comments as he sees his inbox has '100+' messages. "I don't even want to look," he groans.

Kurt laughs sympathetically. "I know how it is. Oh, you're over eleven thousand followers," he says happily, pointing to the screen. "Now let's see the damage from last night."

They find Emma's blog, which is surprisingly easy, before they look at the rest of the damage. As soon as Kurt sees the title of her blog, '*Very cute, I like it*', he's thrown back suddenly to the unsure and early stages of his and Blaine's relationship; when he was still trapped in Lima, Ohio, seeking security online and making friends with a new blog. But Blaine had always been so much more than that. When he had posted a picture of his outfit for the day and Blaine had commented with those words. He leans his head on his boyfriend's shoulder as they try to skim over the pages of her blog to find the posts she must have made last night.

guys gUYS GUYS! GUESS WHO IS IN THE RESTAURANT I WORK AT IM NOT EVEN KIDDING KLAINÉ ARE HERE. KURT AND BLAINÉ ARE HERE

BLAINÉ'S LAST NAME IS ANDERSON RIGHT? BECAUSE HELENA AND SIMON ANDERSON ARE HERE TOO

OH MY GOD. OH MY GOD. IM FREAKING OUT, KURT MUST BE MEETING BLAINÉ'S PARENTS

G U Y S

I WAS TAKING THEIR ORDER AND IT WAS ALL GOOD BECAUSE CELEBRITIES ARE ALWAYS HERE AND I WAS LIKE COOL BUT THEN I SAW KURT AND BLAINÉ AND I SWEAR I FORGOT HOW TO BREATHE

HOW AM I SUPPOSED TO GO BACK OVER THERE

OMG COOPER ANDERSON JUST SHOWED UP

COOPER IS HUGGING BLAINE

NOW KURT

I HAVE TO GO BACK OVER, HELP?

update: I took their orders. Kurt likes fish and Blaine decided to 'have what this lovely guy here is having'
THEY ARE SO CUTE AND SO NICE I CAN'T DO THIS

THEY'RE HOLDING HANDS UNDER THE TABLE. I REPEAT. THEY ARE HOLDING HANDS UNER TH E

BLAINE IS SO CHARMING, I SWEAR. HE REMEMBERED MY NAME. BUT THEN I THINK I KINDA GAVE IT UP
BECAUSE I CALLED HIM BU HIS NAME THEN I COMPLETELY LOST IT AND TOLD KURT THAT THEY'RE SO
GOOD TOGETHER. HE LOOKED SO HAPPY AND HUMBLD AND I CAN'T WITH THESE TWO

I'M TRYING TO GET THROUGH MY OTHER TABLES QUICKLY SO I CAN WATCH THEM

THEY'RE SO ADORABLE

EVERYONE IS GETTING ALONG SO NICELY. THEY DON'T WANT DESSERT.

I AM SOBBING

OH MY GOD THEY LEFT ME A NOTE

THEY LEFT ME A NOTE!

THESE BOYS ARE SO FUCKING PERFECT. IF THEY EVER SEE THIS I JUST HOPE THEY KNOW HOW MUCH I APPRECIATE THAT THEY DID THAT AND FOR THEM TO KNOW THAT I LOVE THEM SO MUCH

There's a picture of the receipt with the note on which already has over three thousand reviews.

"This is... this is crazy," Blaine says, shaking his head in disbelief. "The way people are so invested in us. I just - that's crazy, right?"

"Crazy," Kurt mutters in agreement. "Is there more?"

"That's the main bit on her blog. I suppose we'd see the Tumblr 'freakout' if I scrolled far enough down my dash."

"Is it bad that I want to see?" Kurt asks, grinning slightly and biting his lip.

Blaine chuckles but doesn't answer; just goes back to his dashboard and scrolls down, reblogging a few things along the way. "Ah, here we go."

wait, so kurt and blaine are on a date?

how bad are is everyone wishing they worked at the same place as emma rn

blaine is related to helena and simon? omg no wonder he is so good looking. i mean damn.

KURT IS MEETING THE PARENTS? UNLESS THEY DO THIS ALL THE TIME BECAUSE EVEN BLAINE'S PARENTS CAN SEE HOW PERFECT THEY ARE FOR EACH OTHER

it's been a while since the last Klaine riot, I've been needing this. The fact that they're all out together is so adorable. The whole fandom has been following them for a while and can we just appreciate the fact that this website has brought them together and now they're actually in New York together and going on dates together and meeting each others parents. They're in love and - fuck, they're so perfect for each other. Long live klaine.

wow you guys work fast. fic rec: Inconveniences / NC-17 / Cooper walks in on his little brother and his boyfriend in a very compromising position.

THEY'RE COPYING ORDERS? jgsnboidsfoisfdnbbsktb BOYSSSSSSSS

oh my god?

omg what did I miss OMG klaine date with parents!

they're holding hands under the table I bet Kurt is stroking Blaine's hand as they interact with the parents

WHY WOULD YOU EVEN SAY THAT ^^ IS IT NOT BAD ENOUGH THIS IS HAPPENING TO START WITH

idk if i can do this lol

??

I'm so happy but can we talk about the fact of WHO Blaine's parents are. and his brother, sigh, Cooper is so dreamy...

Sd nvkjndfvjnf dvnkjdfnvkndf kjvnjkdfnjkvjfd jodb fvojbdkjfv?..?..?

that note is the cutest thing ever, these two are going to kill me

KURT AND BLAINE I LOVE YOU

"love klaine" r u kidding me. f u two. they know exactly what they're doing to us 33

ahhhhhhhhhhhhh date with family, acknowledgment of their ship name and written notes I CAN'T

jnnfeijcniejvnejrnfijrenfuinren same.

They're both laughing by the time they're done; they don't read it all, it goes on for too long, but it's so entertaining.

"They're on to us," Blaine teases, closing his laptop.

"Obviously," Kurt says as his laughter dies down. "You don't mind them knowing about your family do you?"

Blaine gives a weary smile. "There's nothing I can do about it now. But no, I don't really mind. One of the main reasons I made a Tumblr was to get away from all that, be somewhere where no one knows who my parents are and I can just be accepted for me."

Kurt turns to face him, he crosses his legs and he throws his arms around Blaine's shoulders. "Well you managed to get even more famous than your family if last night was anything to go by," he jokes, trying to lighten the mood.

It works. Blaine's laughs, his shoulders vibrating. "And so did you. Now, it's getting close to midday, should be go eat?"

Kurt pulls back, stealing a kiss as he goes and nods. He crawls over Blaine and drags his boyfriend out of bed behind him.

"Let's go."