

How Kurt Hummel Loses His Virginity (But Accidentally Falls in Love in the Process)

by

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Klaine || AU || M

Tired of being a virgin, and not having anybody be interested in him, shy and insecure, Kurt, decides that for his twentieth birthday, as a present to himself, he will hire an escort and lose the big V. Little does he know, that when he meets Blaine, his escort, everything will change.

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Chapter One

There are many reasons to love living alone. It's perfect for him; leaves him only having to worry about himself and not disturbing or being in anybody's way. Except for right now. Right now, his best friend, Rachel, sits at his dining table in the kitchen area after being kicked out of the loft she shares with his other friend, Santana.

Apparently, the both of them have a rule that when the other needs alone time with somebody, they will give it to them. That usually results in him having one of the girls over in his loft for several hours once or twice a week. In the past months, he's had Rachel over a grand total of eighteen times, while Santana has been over ten.

It's weird having your friend sit with you while the both of you know what's going on in the loft across the hall. To know your friend is getting laid is something he wishes he could do without. But on the other end, he wishes he could be that friend getting laid.

A week away from twenty and he's still the blushing virgin he was when he came to New York almost a year ago. He thought with a change of scenery men wouldn't see him as that ugly duckling he was always associated with being back home. But so far there's been no luck. He's just as unlucky in finding someone who is attracted to him here as it was back in Lima. Hundreds of miles away from his past and he's still that Kurt Hummel that can't get anybody. So, yeah, for once he wants to be the friend getting laid.

"Do you know who it is she's with?" he asks as he makes Rachel a cup of tea.

"Some girl she met at a club or something," Rachel replies, taking one of the cookies sitting on the plate Kurt set down a few moments before. "She meets these girls, sleeps with them, and then moves on like it's nothing. I don't get it." She takes a bite of the sugar cookie. "I've only been with two people, and she's been with god knows how many."

"It is okay for people to have casual sex, Rachel," Kurt tells her, sitting down across from her and sliding over the cup of tea. "If she's okay with what she does it's none of your business."

"I know." Rachel grabs the cup by the handle and lifts it to her mouth, blowing on the hot liquid before taking a sip. "But sex is important. She shouldn't just be sleeping around like that."

"She can do what she wants." Taking one of the cookies, breaking it in half, he takes a bite of it, noticing it needs something. "I know I really don't have say in this because I'm me, and a virgin, and it's not my body but hers, but it's her choice."

"Which reminds me," Rachel says.

Kurt groans as he knows where this is going. "I told you, Rachel," he says. "I've tried, but nobody seems interested; or they don't seem right."

"Have you really tried?"

"Yes," he half lies. In truth, after a few failed attempts he kind of just gave up at trying to lose his virginity. "But it hasn't worked out yet."

"How about I hook you up with this guy in my dance class," she suggests, eager smile on her face. "Hot, great body, even greater ass. Go out with him a few times and then sleep with him."

"No, thank you," he responds. Based on Rachel's history of thinking a guy was great for him, he's learned his lesson. "Besides, why's it such a big deal for you for me to get laid?"

"Because, I want you to know what you're missing out on," Rachel tells him.

"Well, it will happen...eventually." Letting out a small chuckle, he doesn't reveal to her what his present to himself for his twentieth birthday will be. Grabbing his cup, and another cookie, he stands up. "Come on," he says. "Let's watch a movie to pass the time."

Staring at his reflection in the bathroom mirror, fixing a strand of loose hair, seeing if his teeth are clean, and making sure there isn't anything on his face, Kurt takes a deep, steadying breath. He can see the nerves in his eyes, knows that's why his body slightly shakes.

After Rachel and Santana took him out to an early birthday dinner, telling them he had other plans so they had to have dinner early, he came back to his loft to get ready.

It was by pure coincidence he found out about the place. Three weeks before, while at work, he overheard one of the girls he works with talking with her friends during their lunch break. She went on and on about hiring an escort for some big party she had to attend, saying that the night with the guy was worth the money she had to pay. When she told her friends the name of the place where he worked, Kurt mentally filed it away. After he went home that night, curled up on his couch, he typed in the name in the search bar on Google. Clicking the link, he read up on the place and what they provided. Figuring this was the best way to go about losing his virginity, and seeing the costs, he saw no wrong in doling out a little cash on something he wanted.

That's how he finds himself looking himself over in his bathroom mirror. Seeing that everything checks out, he shuts off the light and walks out to the living room area of the loft. Too nervous to sit, he paces back and forth and constantly checks the time. Six-thirty was the time given to him, letting him know that's when he should expect his hired escort. Seeing it's ten minutes past that allotted time, he begins to wonder if he was conned or something.

Suddenly stopping when a knock on his door rings loud in the quiet loft, he tries to calm himself by taking a deep breath. Breathing in and then out, and doing it again, he walks over to the metal door. Sliding it open with more noise than he remembers, wondering if it's trying to announce to the whole building his plans for the night, thankful Rachel and Santana went out for the night, he stares at the handsome man that stands just outside his loft.

The first thing he notices about the guy is his warm, inviting hazel eyes shining bright as he smiles at him. He's the total opposite of what Kurt expected and pictured when the company said they had someone perfect for him. If under any other circumstances, he could never see himself talking to someone as good looking as this guy; and he couldn't picture the guy wanting to talk to someone like him. He figures that's the reason he had to pay to have this guy come over.

"Hi," he mumbles.

"Hello," the guy replies in a sexy, soft voice.

"I'm Kurt."

"I'm Blaine," the guy replies back. "Can I come in?"

"Sure...Yes." Stepping out of the way, watching Blaine walk past him into his loft, Kurt grabs the door and slides it shut, and somehow knowing this night is going to be memorable in many ways.

Chapter Two

6:35-8:00 p.m.

Turning to face Blaine, watching him unbutton his suit jacket with one hand, somehow finding that sexy, all the nerves that were gone come rushing back. His heart races and his palms sweat, it seems to be a hundred degrees hotter in his loft suddenly, and he feels like he might be sick.

He knows people get nervous for their first time no matter who it's with. But what he's experiencing now is on a whole new level of nerves. It makes him feel like he's about to perform a surgery even though he isn't a doctor. He has to keep reminding himself that it's just sex; it's just sex with someone and nothing more. It's not as big a deal he's making it out to be; it's just casual sex so he knows what sex is actually like.

"Um...Are you thirsty or anything?" he asks, mentally smacking himself at not having something better to say.

"No," Blaine lightly chuckles. "I'm fine."

Watching as Blaine slips off his jacket, seeing how great of a body he has, Kurt takes his jacket and goes to hang it up for him on the coatrack in the corner. Hanging it on one of the hooks with trembling hands, he smooths his hands down the material, feeling how soft it is under his hands. Turning around, and letting out a gasp at finding Blaine standing right there, close enough he can distinguish a variety of colors in his eyes, he feels a fresh wave of nerves wash over him.

"Are you okay?" Blaine sincerely asks, Kurt noticing the hint of worry in his eyes.

"Ye-...Yeah," Kurt stutters as he forces out the simple word. Something about being so close to Blaine has him, surprisingly, more turned on than he thought. The smell of his cologne, spicy with an underlying hint of sweet, makes his mouth water with wanting to kiss his skin and taste the scent on his tongue. The heat of Blaine's body makes him more aware of the fact that, yes, he does have somebody here right now that he doesn't know, and he plans to lose his virginity to him. So, yeah, it kind of surprises him to find out how attracted he is to this guy he just met less than five minutes before. "Sh-should we do this, then?" he asks as he reaches to start undoing the buttons of his shirt.

He knows he has several hours with Blaine, but he sees nothing wrong in getting right down to business.

But getting right down to business proves to be difficult when his hands won't stop shaking long enough so he can unbutton his shirt. It's frustrating and embarrassing; he feels like an idiot as he stands there unable to undress himself. Dropping his trembling hands from his shirt, breathing coming out uneven, he reaches for the belt around his waist.

"Kurt?" he hears Blaine ask as if far away and not less than the eight inches from him he really is.

"Yeah?" he replies as he attempts to unbuckle his belt. Stopping when Blaine's hands cover his, giving a gentle squeeze, he lifts his head and looks at him. "What?"

"Don't take this the wrong way," Blaine tells him. "But I don't think you're ready for this."

"I am!" Kurt shouts a little too loudly to reassure him. He takes a deep breath. "I am. I just can't undo anything I'm wearing."

"Okay, maybe you're ready." Blaine smiles at him. "But you're too nervous right now. How about we talk and calm you down a bit? Is that okay?"

Kurt nods his head. Calming down and getting rid of his nerves is something he needs right now. Walking over to the couch, and sitting down, Blaine sitting next to him, he twiddles his thumbs together and doesn't know what to say.

"Can I ask you something, Kurt?" Blaine asks.

"Sure." He nods his head.

"Is this the first time you've ever paid for sex?"

He doesn't mean to laugh, but it comes out anyways. It slips past his lips, and he quickly covers his mouth, laughter only muffled by his hand. "If you only knew how right and wrong that is," he tells Blaine. He can see the confusion clearly written all over Blaine's face. Not wanting to keep him in the dark, he decides to tell him the truth. "I...I'm a virgin."

Hearing Blaine laugh isn't what he expected. Dropping his head to hide out of shame and embarrassment, he feels stupid for thinking telling Blaine. Hell, if it wasn't him, he would be laughing, too; twenty and a virgin, calling an escort to so he can have sex for the first time is laughable.

"Wait, are you serious?" Blaine asks surprised, all traces of laughter gone from his voice.

"Yeah," he quietly replies, still staring at his hands in his lap. "Sad, right? That's why I called the company you work for; I'm ready to have sex, I just needed someone willing to be with me."

"Kurt." Something about the way Blaine says his name; how it rolls off his tongue like he's saying the most beautiful word he's ever spoken. Kurt wonders where he learned that, thinking he does it all the time with his clients. "Don't think I'm just saying this because you've paid to have me here," Blaine starts off. "But you're incredibly hot. You could have anybody you wanted."

"Well, I want them and they don't want me back," Kurt tells him as he looks to Blaine. "Then there's the whole self-doubt that I have. After being knocked down for so long in high school, I kind of just stayed there and avoided being seen."

"You were bullied in high school?"

"Yeah." Kurt nods his head, seeing something akin to understanding in Blaine's eyes. "All through high school. Openly gay student with the weird voice that dressed crazy and look feminine; it happened all the time. It didn't help that I was in the lowest of the lowest of clubs in school."

"What was that?" Blaine asks, actually sounding intrigued.

"The Glee club," Kurt snorts.

"Oh, my God!" Blaine exclaims.

"I know."

"No. I was in my high school glee club."

"Really?"

"Yeah...Although, it was an all boy school I went to, so we did a cappella. You're looking at a lifelong member of the Dalton Warblers." Blaine sits up a bit straighter and smiles proudly.

"We competed against them once," Kurt states.

"You're from Ohio?"

"Yeah. Lima."

"I'm from Westerville. That's less than a few hours apart."

"I don't remember you in the group, though," Kurt points out, trying to wrack his brain to see if he ever saw Blaine.

"I'm twenty-five," Blaine provides as a way of an answer as to why Kurt never saw him.

"Oh, that explains it." Kurt brings his legs up and curls them under himself. "So, you went to Dalton?"

"Yeah."

"I almost went there to spy on the glee club there. But I chickened out in the end. Was it a good school?"

"For the last two and a half years I attended high school," Blaine responds. Kurt looks at him confused. "I transferred my sophomore year after kids at my old school badly beat me up."

That's when it clicks for Kurt why he saw understanding in Blaine's eyes when he was talking about his experience with bullying. "I'm sorry," he sympathetically says.

"Thanks." Blaine smiles at him, eyes with a far off look to them, as if reliving that night. "It was nine years ago; I've moved on."

"The only really bad thing to happen to me was to be kissed by some guy when I didn't want to be."

"What happened?"

"I decided one day enough was enough. I followed him into the locker room and confronted him about how terrible he was treating me. In the middle of yelling at him, he grabbed me and kissed me. After that, he made sure I knew not to tell anyone by being worse to me."

"I'm sorry," Blaine apologizes.

"Don't be, it wasn't your fault." Kurt smiles at Blaine. "Like you, I've moved on. It was my first, and only, kiss, but I have learned to let it go."

"You've never been properly kissed?" Blaine asks amazed.

"No," Kurt shyly admits. "I thought when I came to New York that would change. But it hasn't."

"Sorry for me being blunt here, but, Kurt, you're really fucking hot. I don't get why guys haven't jumped at the opportunity to have you. You are not what I expected when I came here tonight."

Kurt blushes as Blaine talks to him. "I've never had another guy call me hot, before."

"Well, if they weren't stupid they would be calling you that all the time," Blaine honestly tells him.

Feeling a jolt run up his arm when Blaine takes his hand in his, still seeing it tremble from the nerves he has, he can tell they've calm down a bit but not all the way.

"Still nervous," Blaine points out.

"Sorry."

"Don't be. What's something you usually do that calms you down?"

Kurt knows the answer to that the second Blaine finishes asking him. "Bake," he is quick to reply.

"Let's bake, then," Blaine says as he stands up and pulls Kurt up with him.

"Are you serious?" Kurt asks with a small laugh.

"Dead serious," Blaine responds with a chuckle. "I'll even help you. Although, it will probably only be to get you stuff and hand you things."

"That's good enough for me."

Ten minutes later finds Blaine and he standing in the kitchen with everything they'll need to bake chocolate chip cookies. Watching as Blaine unbuttons the cuffs of his shirt and rolls up his sleeves, excited smile on his face, Kurt finds himself becoming more and more attracted to this man he wasn't expecting.

When he paid for an escort to come over and sleep with him, he expected just that. He thought he would invite the guy in and they'd get right down to business. Never in a million years did he expect to spend half an hour sitting on his couch just talking with him; and least of all bake cookies. He finds it a bit funny. But he appreciates Blaine for recognizing he was nervous and giving him the time he needs to fully calm down.

"So," Blaine says as he rolls his sleeve up one last time. "What do we do first?"

"We measure the dry ingredients," Kurt tells him. Reaching for the bag of flour, feeling another jolt go up his arm when his fingers brush Blaine's as he takes the measuring cup he holds out for him. Measuring the appropriate amount of flour and dumping it into the mixing bowl, seeing a small cloud of flour come up with each cup he drops in, Kurt looks to Blaine and lets out a small laugh. "I'm guessing this is the first time you've ever baked cookies with a client?"

"Yes," Blaine answers with a chuckle as he nods his head. "It's definitely something I thought I'd never do on the job. I feel useless, give me something to do."

"You can measure the wet ingredients." Pushing the book with the recipe written down towards Blaine, not really needing it since he knows this recipe by heart, he sets a bowl down in front of him. "Make sure it's precise. Baking is all about being right."

"Okay," Blaine nods his head, looking determined, "I think I can do this."

"Good." Kurt smiles. Grabbing the salt and baking soda, he measures them out and adds them to the flour. "Do you mind if I ask you something?" he says as he mixes the flour, salt and baking soda together.

"Go ahead."

"How did you get into the business you're in?"

"It's nothing special, the reason," Blaine replies as he adds brown and white sugar to butter. "I was broke and needed money and found out about where I work now."

"How long have you been there?"

"About two years." Kurt chuckles as he watches Blaine try to mix his ingredients by hand. "This really takes some elbow grease," he groans.

"Hold on." Walking over to a shelf, he opens it and grabs the hand-mixer. Handing it to Blaine, he plugs it in. "That will make it much easier."

"Thanks," Blaine sighs. "I was afraid I was going to lose my arm."

Hearing the loud whir of the mixer being turned on, watching as Blaine creams together the butter and sugars, Kurt grabs the two eggs and cracks them in when ready, then he adds the vanilla extract. Watching as the ingredients mix together, he puts his hand over the one Blaine is using to hold the mixer. When he looks to him, Kurt sees something that looks like attraction filling Blaine's eyes.

"You can stop now," he tells him. "It's well mixed."

Hearing the loft become much quieter when Blaine turns off the mixer, Kurt starts to add the dry ingredients to the wet ones.

"How long have you been baking?" Blaine asks as he cleans his hands on a hand-towel.

"As long as I can remember. I used to help out my mom all the time. Of course, by help, I would stand on a chair next to her and eat the cookie dough." Kurt smiles at those memories. "After she died, I baked to remember her. The house would fill up with the smell of freshly baked cookies and it felt like she was there. It would make my dad happy."

"So, it's just you and your dad?"

"Yeah." Kurt finishes mixing and opens the bag of chocolate chips. "Since I was eight it's been just the two of us. It was difficult for both of us when I moved away. He was unsure of me living in such a big city by

myself with very little income, but I reassured him I would be fine. He felt better, though, when I told him I would be living across from my friend Rachel." After successfully mixing in the chocolate, Kurt looks up to Blaine to see him confused. "What?"

"I don't usually ask this, but since I've learned a bit about you," Blaine says. "But how are you affording tonight?"

Kurt lets out a chuckle. "I worked in my dad's garage. What I wasn't spending on an article of clothing, I was saving. I have enough for tonight."

"So, you're dad's a mechanic?"

"Yeah." Kurt grabs a cookie sheet and two ice cream scoops, handing one to Blaine. "Just scoop and drop," he tells him. "But, yeah, he's owned the garage for about twelve years now." He watches as Blaine scoops out some dough and drops it to the cookie sheet. "Good."

"So, he bought it after your mom died?" Blaine asks out of curiosity.

"I was wondering if you would catch that," Kurt tells him, surprised Blaine quickly put two and two together. "He actually bought because of how she died." He sees Blaine turn to him with a look of sympathy in his eyes as he figures it out.

"Oh, shit, I'm sorry. I wouldn't have said anything if I knew," Blaine apologizes.

"It's okay," Kurt reassures him. Talking about how his mom died, and having to relive that pain, is something he doesn't do often. And when he does, it's usually with his dad. He isn't much for talking about something so personal with just anybody. But, somehow, with Blaine, he finds it comes easy; he has no problem talking to him about this. Something about him, he doesn't know what just yet, is quickly pulling him in like no one has ever before. "But, yeah, the other driver's brakes failed...And you figured out the rest. My dad, I guess, felt a bit guilty because he knew he could have fixed them if he had a shop. So, after the accident he opened his garage and has been fixing cars ever since."

"Your dad and my dad should meet," Blaine says as he drops the last ball of dough that will fit on the cookie sheet.

"What's your dad do?" Kurt asks as he takes the sheet and walks the few steps to the preheated oven, opening it and sliding it in.

"He's in the business of saving lives," Blaine replies.

"A doctor?"

"Surgeon to be precise," Blaine tells him. "Going on close to thirty years now."

"That's great. Although, I couldn't do that. Not one to like being around blood," Kurt says.

"Me either." Smiling when Blaine takes his hand, noticing it's completely still, he realizes what this means.

"You're not nervous anymore."

"I'm not," he whispers.

"How long until the cookies finish?"

"About twelve minutes," he tells Blaine.

"We'll let them finish first," Blaine says. "Don't want them to burn."

Glad when Blaine doesn't drop his hand away, he knows these next twelve minutes will be the longest of his life. Checking the clock and seeing it's close to eight, surprised by how quickly his time with Blaine is flying by, he anticipates what is about to happen.

To know he's finally going to be losing his virginity, and to someone he actually likes, makes him excited to be doing it already. Seeing they still have seven minutes, he feels Blaine squeeze his hand.

"Don't worry," Blaine whispers into his ear, sending a shiver down his spine, and having desire rise up in him. "We'll get there."

He smiles, knowing Blaine can feel his excitement and anticipation.

Soon, the loft is filled with smell of freshly baked cookies, and checking the time, he walks to the oven, still holding Blaine's hand, and removes the cookies. Seeing that they are perfect, he turns the oven off and faces Blaine. "I'm ready," he tells him in a calm voice.

"Lead the way," Blaine replies.

Walking to where his bedroom is set up in the part of the loft, pushing aside the partition he has, he stops right in front of his bed. Reaching to undo the buttons of his shirt, he stops when Blaine covers his hands. "What?" he asks as he looks back up at him. "I'm not nervous anymore."

"I know," Blaine says. "But I need to tell you a few things first."

"Okay." Kurt drops his hands away.

"There's no kissing allowed. I always use protection no matter what the client demands. And I don't sleep over," Blaine states.

"Is the kissing thing your choice?"

"Company rules," Blaine clarifies. "But only the mouth; any other part of the body is fine."

"Alright," Kurt nods his head in understanding, "I'm fine with that."

"Okay," Blaine sighs, smiling at him. "Shall we, then?"

"Yes," Kurt answers with nothing but sureness in his voice.

Chapter Three

8:05-9:20

Clothes are slowly removed, Kurt shivering as Blaine's fingers skim across his shoulders as he pushes his shirt off. Stepping out of his pants when Blaine pushes them off his hips, standing there only in his black boxer-briefs, he can feel as the blush crawls down his neck and chest. Shy and insecure, he looks anywhere but at Blaine.

He's never looked at himself in the mirror and thought he was anything special. When he sees himself, he sees nothing but his imperfections; sees little flaws that will be stuck with him forever that he can't change. That's why standing here in front of Blaine in only his underwear, he wants to hide; wants to cover back up what he doesn't like about himself. He knows with Blaine, he's probably seen more spectacular looking men. But he knows he probably pales in comparison to them.

"God, you're gorgeous, Kurt," Blaine softly says as skims his fingers over his side and hip.

"Thanks," he mumbles, not believing him. Staring into Blaine's eyes when he grabs his chin and gently turns his head so they are face-to-face, he sees confusion in Blaine's beautiful eyes.

"You don't believe me?" Blaine asks with a kind voice filled with confusion.

"I believe you'll say anything when I pay you," Kurt whispers, feeling like an asshole for being honest. "But it's still nice to hear, even if it's not true."

"It is true," Blaine says, sounding upset. "I'm not saying it because you paid for me to be here, Kurt. I'm saying it because I honestly believe you to be gorgeous."

Kurt closes his eyes to fight back the tears filling his eyes.

He wants to believe him so badly. But he can't. How can he believe someone who will do and say anything when paid to be here; to make him feel special. He can't hear Blaine say those words to him and take them as the truth. No matter how much it feels great to hear coming from him, Kurt has to remind himself it's all a lie.

Opening his eyes after fighting away the tears, he forces a smile. "Thanks," he whispers again, sounding almost believable.

"You still don't believe me, do you?" Blaine asks as he moves his hand from his chin to cup his face.

"No," he breathes out.

"Let me show you, then."

"Why?" Kurt asks, not understanding why that is necessary.

"Because you deserve to know how beautiful you are," Blaine tells him as he starts to remove his shirt. "Lie back on the bed."

Doing as Blaine tells him, Kurt lies there and watches as Blaine starts to unbuckle his pants. Seeing him step out of them and fold them over the back of a chair, watching the ripple of muscles under tan skin as he walks back to the bed, a blush spreads across his cheeks, and a surge of nerves arise in him when Blaine lies down next to him.

Moving to his side to face Blaine, tucking an arm under his head, he gazes at him and forgets about everything else. But fingers barely skimming down his side, following the curve of his hip, bring him back to reality. And reality is him lying almost completely naked in bed with a guy he's known less than two hours.

"What is it about yourself that holds you back from thinking your beautiful?" Blaine seriously asks him.

"I've just never looked at myself and seen someone that was stunning. I only see my imperfections and my scars that I wish I could fix and get rid of." Kurt shrugs his shoulders as if to say it is what it is. "I can't believe you look at me and see someone as beautiful as you say."

Feeling as Blaine takes the hand resting on the bed between them, he watches him lift it and press a kiss to every fingertip down to his palm, and then to his wrist. Lips pressed to his wrist stay there for a few moments, he then feels as Blaine skims his lips down his arm. "Your skin is so smooth and soft," Blaine mumbles as he drags his fingers over the skin he just kissed.

Blushing at the compliment, Kurt curls his arm around Blaine's back and skims his fingers along warm skin. "I do a skin routine every day to get it that way," he tells him.

"Well, it's working." Feeling Blaine place kisses along his shoulder, and then up his neck and right below his ear, Kurt feels a shudder run through him when Blaine softly nips at the skin there. "Turn over, Kurt," he whispers into his ear.

Hesitantly moving to lie on his stomach, wishing he didn't have to, ashamed and insecure about the few scars he has over his back; he buries his face in his pillow. He hates for people to see them. And no one has. For the past several years, he has gotten very good at hiding them from everybody. He finds them ugly, and that they make him less attractive to anybody who would see them.

"What's the story behind these scars?" Blaine asks him as he feels him barely stroke his thumb over one.

When he talks it's muffled by the pillow.

"I didn't get that."

Turning his head and looking to Blaine, he talks again. "Too many locker shoves. I'm surprised it wasn't more by the time I left."

A few seconds later, he feels as Blaine kisses one of the scars, and then move to the other. He does that until every little scar on his back is kissed and given special attention.

"You're beautiful, Kurt," Blaine says between each kiss of a scar. "You're beautiful." Kiss. "You're beautiful." Kiss.

It's then that Kurt figures out that Blaine is trying to show him that he's beautiful no matter what mars his skin. He's showing him every inch of him is stunning even with the scars. The kisses over the scarred flesh send shivers through him. It's the most intimate and perfect thing Blaine could have done for him. And it makes his heart race with how much it affects him.

Letting Blaine kiss every inch of his exposed skin, telling him things he doesn't like about himself, getting embarrassed and shy when he kisses over the swell of his ass through his underwear, burying his face in the pillow, he hides. Soon, though, he feels kisses travel down the back of one leg and up the other. He turns onto his back when Blaine asks him.

Lightly giggling as Blaine kisses up his left leg, pressing hard kisses in some areas, and dragging his lips over others, he laces his fingers with the hand Blaine slips in his.

When he feels Blaine press his lips to the scar right below his left knee, he's already pulling up the memory of how he got it to tell Blaine.

"Tell me," Blaine murmurs as he strokes his thumb over the scar.

"My dad was teaching me how to ride a bicycle," Kurt explains, smile tugging at his lips. "I had fallen quite a few times already. But this one time was hard enough for me to get a deep cut. The scar has been with me ever since."

Missing Blaine's hand when he takes it away, he reaches down, instead, and cards his fingers through soft curls. Kisses travel up his thigh and then over his hipbone. Lips press their way across his stomach, making it swoop at how intimate this whole thing is. Feeling Blaine stop at the spot right above his right hipbone, sighing when he kisses the small scar there, he thinks about the story behind that one.

"This one."

Feeling Blaine drag his fingertip over the slightly raised, pink skin, he opens his mouth to tell him. "Appendicitis when I was fourteen."

Sighing as Blaine kisses his way up his stomach, slotting a leg between his and lying down next to him.

Cupping the back of Blaine's neck when he nuzzles his nose in the curve of his neck, turning his head to the side to expose more of it, lips press to the scar there. "Just your run of the mill surgery," he tells him before he asks. Sighing when Blaine kisses along his neck and up his chin, he laughs when he kisses the tip of his nose.

"You're perfectly imperfect, Kurt," Blaine softly tells him, pushing back a strand of his hair that has fallen across his forehead. "You're imperfections and scars only make you more beautiful. They give you character. You're beautiful, Kurt."

Hearing those words come out of Blaine's mouth, Kurt does let a tear escape this time, because for the first time in his life he feels beautiful. He actually believes Blaine when he says that to him.

"Thank you," he sincerely says with a shaky voice.

"Don't thank me for telling you the truth. A truth you should have known and believed before me," Blaine adds.

Gazing up at Blaine as he moves to lie on his side nestled close to him, feeling him flatten his palm over his belly, Kurt can't believe how this night is turning out.

When he opened that door, he expected just some regular guy who would come in, get business done, and then leave. Never in a million years did he expect someone like Blaine. Blaine is the total opposite of what he had in mind when he paid for an escort. He's kind and sweet and gentle and caring, and everything he wanted in the kind of guy to lose his virginity to. It's actually kind of funny to him that he would find the kind of guy he's been looking for his whole a phone call away.

"You are not what I expected tonight," he says as he reaches up and cups the side of Blaine's face, running his thumb over soft lips. He does it mainly to know how they feel; if he can't kiss him might as well do this instead.

"I wasn't expecting you, too," Blaine says in reply, smiling down at him.

Gasping when Blaine suddenly moves his hand down and starts to gently palm him over his underwear, he digs his fingers into the side of Blaine's face and releases a small whimper.

"Is this okay?" Blaine asks just in case, rolling his wrist.

Staring up at Blaine, Kurt nods his head. Minutely pushing his hips up into Blaine's hand, sighing at the friction his cock is getting, he whines low in his throat when Blaine removes his hand. "N-no," he stutters, trying to reach for Blaine's hand to put it back. "That felt good."

"I know...I know it did." Blaine strokes his thumb over Kurt's rosy cheek, smiling down at him with a warmth in his eyes that Kurt finds comforting. "Kurt?"

"Hmm?"

"Can I take off your underwear?"

At those words, Kurt gets a bit scared. He's never been naked in front of anybody. The last time he was naked in front of somebody was when he was very little and his mom was giving him a bath. But to, now, be naked in front of someone...Blaine, makes his heart race.

He knows eventually it would happen, doesn't make him less nervous and terrified.

"Yes," he responds.

"Don't worry, Kurt," Blaine mumbles to him as he kisses his temple, obviously seeing he is frightened.

"Mine are coming off, too."

"But your use to getting naked for people. It's your job."

"Doesn't make it less nerve-wracking for me every time I have to."

Kurt watches as Blaine stands up off the bed. Watching as he walks so he is standing at the foot of the bed right in front of him, Kurt props himself up on his elbows. "It doesn't get easier?" he asks as he watches Blaine lean down and hook his fingers in the waistband of his underwear.

"Not for me. It's always a bit scary."

Kurt lifts his hips and feels as the material is pulled down and then off his legs. Keeping his eyes on Blaine so as to try and not focus on the fact that he's naked right now, he sees as Blaine bites his lower lip and smiles. "What's that smile about?" he teases him.

"Fuck, Kurt, you're the best kind of reality I've ever experienced," Blaine tells him in all honesty.

"What's that supposed to mean?" Kurt blushes as he watches Blaine slip his fingers in the waistband of his boxers.

"Pretty much all the time I have to be someone I'm not when I meet a client. I'm not really me." Blaine pushes his underwear off, stepping out of them. Kurt realizes he stands there for a few seconds so he can look. And look he does. He's only really seen one naked guy, and that was when he attempted to watch porn when he was sixteen. It didn't last long; the video was quickly shut off, and he never tried that again. But staring at Blaine's naked body, roaming his eyes over every inch of him, he knows this is one thing he won't stop. "But the moment we sat down and started talking," Blaine says as he kneels on the bed. "I've

felt like me. I've felt like this is real, and not some fantasy created to make the other person comfortable. Do you get what I'm saying?"

"I think so. It's easier to be someone else for a bit when you work." Kurt watches as Blaine crawls to hover over him, placing kisses up his body.

"Yeah." Blaine nods his head as he stares down at Kurt. "But I haven't done that while I've been here."

"I should feel special, then, because I know the real Blaine?" Kurt jokes, letting out a small laugh.

"You should," Blaine tells him in all seriousness. "I've never talked about myself, before. It's usually all business and nothing else."

"Speaking of business?" Kurt arches an eyebrow, smiling when Blaine chuckles.

"Open your legs," Blaine says around a chuckle.

Doing as told, Kurt opens his legs. Instantly clutching at Blaine's side when he lowers his hips down on his, Kurt lets out a small moan at the touch of their groins together. "Oh, my god," he murmurs.

Lifting his legs to hook over Blaine's hips, resting his feet at his lower back, he curls his other arm around Blaine's back and grabs at his shoulder.

Tipping his head back and closing his eyes, letting out a mix between a moan and whimper when Blaine starts to gently rock his hips down. A jolt of immediate pleasure shoots up his spine. It is unlike any kind of pleasure he's experienced on his own. This pleasure feels a hundred times better. By himself when he masturbated was great, it provided him the release he sought. But what he feels now with Blaine is nothing like that. It seems to be more intense.

"Are you okay?" Blaine quietly asks as he continues to gently rock his hips down.

Biting his lower lip, Kurt nods his head and smiles. "Feels good," he replies as he starts to lift his hips to meet the roll of Blaine's down on his.

It's slow and sensual. It's drawn out as Blaine takes his time. Languid rocks of Blaine's hips down as he lifts his, kissing along one of his clavicles and up his neck make him release a sigh. "Faster, Blaine. Please," he begs, reaching down and grabbing at his hips.

Releasing a mix between a moan and a whimper when Blaine starts to pick up the pace of his hips, he moves his hands back to Blaine's shoulders and grips them. Staring up at Blaine's darkened eyes filled with lust, knowing his most likely look the same, Kurt can feel the heat coiling in his belly. With each thrust, each drag of their cocks together, he gets closer and closer to his release.

Clutching at Blaine's shoulders, fingers digging into warm flesh, bodies moving together that is made easier by the thin sheen of sweat, Kurt chases his release. It's right there for him to experience. He's close. All he needs is a little bit more before he comes.

"Y-you close?" Blaine quietly asks him.

"Yes," he exhales on a ragged breath, nodding his head.

Turning into Blaine's hand when he cups his face, dropping his mouth open around a moan, he feels as Blaine kisses at his neck, nipping and biting at the skin. Soon, he feels everything snap. Just like that, he comes in hot spurts between their bodies. A pleasure he's never felt before swims through his body; courses through his veins and seems to set his blood on fire. It's uncontrollable and fantastic. He lets the pleasure of his orgasm wash over him.

As he experiences that, he feels as Blaine thrust down a couple more times and comes. The feeling of Blaine spilling onto his stomach is something he finds himself liking. Lets him know that this is real, in some strange way; that he's not dreaming this amazing night.

Blaine releases a soft moan into his ear as he comes, moving his hips until it becomes too much.

Completely collapsing to the bed, Blaine lying on top of him, his weight on him comforting, they lie there in a breathless heap; a tangle of limbs. Catching his breath, heart racing in his chest, he gazes into Blaine's eyes as he rests his head next to his. "That was great," he breathlessly whispers.

"It was." Blaine smiles at him, eyes shining bright with happiness and joy.

"Thank you." Dropping his legs from around Blaine's waist, he gently cards his fingers through curls.

"It was my pleasure."

"Obviously," Kurt laughs.

"Obviously," Blaine repeats with a chuckle, lifting his head to place a kiss to Kurt's shoulder.

Skimming his fingers along Blaine's back, not wanting to move from this spot, feeling like he's meant to be here in this moment with Blaine, Kurt goes when he turns onto his side. Tucking his head under Blaine's chin, throwing a leg over his hip, pressing close to him, he smiles at how great he feels.

The last of the pleasure wanes and dies off. But his body still feels on a high.

"Does it cost extra to snuggle?" he jokes, pulling back and looking to him. "Because I don't mind paying that."

"No," Blaine responds, pulling Kurt even closer so there is no space between their warm, sticky, sweaty bodies. "Snuggling is free."

"I always wanted to snuggle with someone." Burying his face in the curve of Blaine's neck, nuzzling his nose along the skin, breathing in the combined scent of sweat and Blaine's cologne, Kurt sees what everyone goes on about this.

Being so close to someone you were just intimate with, being held in his arms, makes him feel safe and special and important. Hell, if not for sex, he would call Blaine just so he could spend hours snuggling with him as they talked. That's something else he really enjoys about Blaine; he finds he can talk about anything with him.

Pretty much everybody he knows he shuts off at a certain point. With his dad he couldn't tell him about the bullying; with his friends, he only talks so much about his problems. But, somehow, with Blaine, he is able to tell him things he usually has trouble telling people he knows.

It might be stupid, he knows. Blaine is paid to do whatever the client wants, even sit and listen and talk. But he knows there has to be a reason he feels so comfortable around this man he's known less than three hours. It doesn't feel forced or weird or unusual between them. It feels more like two people who've known each other for years.

Shifting the slightest in Blaine's arms, a shiver runs through him with each pass of his fingers over the swell of his ass as he drags his fingers over his back, he feels just how sticky and uncomfortable he is.

"We should clean up," he says as he starts to untangle himself from Blaine.

"Okay," Blaine agrees.

After cleaning up and putting their underwear back on, not really caring to get fully dressed, they sit against the headboard with a plate of the baked cookies between them. Kurt finds a bit of pride at seeing Blaine reach for his fourth one. He's still working on his second.

It seemed all the energy spent rutting together with Blaine has made them both hungry. So, they indulge themselves.

"These are really great," Blaine says as he takes a big bite of his cookie.

"Thanks," he says back. "It's my mom's recipe. Actually, everything I make is from one of her recipes."

"Well, she would be proud."

Where he would usually feel uncomfortable and unwilling to talk about his mom to anyone but his dad, he finds it comes easy with Blaine. Telling him about her is something he wants to do. He wants to tell him a lot of things about himself to this person he's known less than five hours, but already feels close to.

"Are you thirsty?" he asks as he sees Blaine finish his cookie. "I could get us some milk."

"You don't have to," Blaine reassures him.

"It's fine." Popping the last piece of his cookie into his mouth, he climbs off his bed and walks to his kitchen.

Grabbing two glasses and the cold milk from the fridge, he pours each of them some. Putting away the milk, he walks back to his bedroom, chuckling at Blaine eating another cookie. "Here you go," he says as he holds out the glass after sitting back on the bed.

"Thanks," Blaine mumbles around the bite of cookie in his mouth.

"You're about to finish that batch of cookies," Kurt points out with a laugh, taking a drink of his milk.

"Sorry, but they're delicious."

"So I've been told many times."

He watches Blaine take a long drink of his milk before he speaks again. "So, are you in school or something else?"

"I go to NYADA part-time. Then I'm an intern at Vogue," he informs him, seeing an impressed look on Blaine's face.

"So, you couldn't decide between fashion and singing?"

"I, actually, only recently started attending NYADA. I didn't get in the first time I auditioned, but I got accepted a not too long ago," Kurt explains. "In a few months I'm going to decide what I want more and drop one of them." He grabs another cookie. "What about you? Did you go to school?"

"NYU to be exact. Got my degree and never did anything with it," Blaine tells him, shrugging his shoulders. "I took a year off after I graduated to find out what I really wanted to do. It was about five months after that that I went to work where I'm at now."

Kurt takes a drink of his milk. "Do you have and siblings?"

"I have an older brother, Cooper."

"Does your family know what you do?" Blaine looks at him and arches an eyebrow, giving a him a look that says "*What do you think?*" "Okay, so they don't know," Kurt chuckles. "How long do you plan to do this? Because, eventually, they'll find out."

"I'll know when I will want to stop. When that is, I can't say."

Taking the second to last cookie, nibbling on it a bit, Kurt thinks about what they just did. "Is it always that amazing?" he shyly questions as he looks to Blaine.

"From personal experience," Blaine replies. "No. Sometimes it's plain terrible."

"Well then, I'm glad you were able to make it amazing for me," Kurt tells him.

"Me too," Blaine agrees.

He knows it's probably stupid of him to hire an escort just to have sex, but, so far, he isn't regretting his choice in the least. Blaine is the kind of guy he would go after even out of this business deal. He's funny, sweet, charming, extremely handsome, and makes him feel more amazing about himself than anybody he knows. It's only been several hours, but he already knows he wants to see Blaine again. Thinking about it, he's glad he shelled out the cash to hire an escort, because, now, he has this great guy sitting next to him.

Grabbing the empty plate from the bed, and setting it on the nightstand next to him, he feels as a wave of tiredness overtakes him. Letting out a yawn, tired, but not too tired to go to sleep for the night, he lies down. Pulling a blanket over himself, he gets comfortable. "Don't leave yet," he tells Blaine. "I'm going to take a nap. I don't want you gone when I wake up."

"Okay," Blaine easily agrees. "I'll even wake you up after a couple hours."

"Sounds good to me," Kurt mumbles, nuzzling closer into his pillow. "Want to do that again."

"Okay," Blaine chuckles. "Go to sleep. And when you wake up we'll do something better."

Kurt closes his eyes and starts to drift off with a smile on his lips, feeling Blaine soothingly skim his fingers along his spine.

Chapter Four

11:35-12:25a.m.

Fingers skimming down his back pull him from his wonderful dream of Blaine and he kissing. He doesn't want to wake and let that feeling he is dreaming slip away. It feels so real and perfect. But, then, Blaine whispering his name has him blinking his eyes open.

When he asked Blaine to stay, and he agreed, he thought he was just saying that to be nice. The moment he fell asleep, Kurt thought Blaine would have quickly gotten dressed and bolted. But to find him still here, now placing small kisses at his shoulder, he is surprised, once again, by the man who came over to his loft.

"You're still here," he softly mumbles, small smile appearing on his lips as he looks up at Blaine. "You stayed."

"Of course I stayed. You asked me to." Blaine props up his elbow and rests his head on his hand.

"I know I did." Kurt hugs the pillow under his head closer to him. "I didn't think you actually would."

"Well, I did," Blaine chuckles, brushing a strand of hair away from Kurt's eyes. "I should tell you that while you slept I ate some...well, most, of the uncooked cookie dough."

Kurt laughs. "That's fine."

"I won't get sick because of the whole raw egg thing, will I?" Blaine asks with a hint of worry to his voice.

"No." Kurt shakes his head. "You should be okay."

"Good. One less thing to worry about."

Propping himself up on his elbows, a faint blush forming at what he's about to say, he looks at Blaine and smiles. "So...um," he mumbles.

"Um, what?" Blaine splays his hand at Kurt's lower back, thumb stroking over warm skin.

"I distinctly remember you saying something about doing something better," Kurt says, blush deepening and spreading across his cheeks and down his neck.

"I did say that, didn't I? I guess I should follow through with that, then. I mean, if I have to," Blaine sighs.

"You don't have to if you don't want to," Kurt reassures him, not wanting to force him to do something he doesn't want to.

"I'm kidding, Kurt," Blaine informs him, letting out a chuckle.

Kurt playfully smacks Blaine's shoulder. "Meanie."

"You wound me," Blaine jokes. "It's not nice to call people names."

"You deserve it." Kurt grins at him.

Leaning over, he starts to kiss along Blaine's neck, softly nipping and biting at the skin. The hand at his back digs in, and Blaine releases a moan. Turning on to his side, pressing close to Blaine's body, draping a leg over his hip, Kurt goes when Blaine rolls him on to his back. Circling both his arms around Blaine's back, he drops his head to the pillow and releases a small moan when Blaine rocks his hips down.

His body instantly responds to the small friction. That plus Blaine kissing along his shoulder and neck has him wanting more.

"We already did this. Remember?" Kurt teases even though he lifts his hips up into Blaine's.

"You're right," Blaine says, pretending to act surprised, stilling his hips. "So...you wouldn't mind if I just move down a bit?"

Kisses trail down his chest and stomach, forming little butterflies in his belly at knowing what Blaine is going to do. Tilting his head to the side as Blaine continues to kiss his way down his body, smiling when he nuzzles his nose right below his bellybutton, Kurt watches as Blaine sits up between his knees.

Fingers toy with the waistband of his underwear, barely slipping in and skimming the skin underneath. "Is this okay, Kurt?" Blaine quietly asks, hooking his fingers in and pulling the material off his hips.

Kurt pulls his lower lip between his teeth and nods his head. Lifting his hips so Blaine can pull his underwear off, seeing him drop them to the floor when fully off. Lying there as Blaine stares down at him with something akin to need filling his eyes, Kurt feels a surge of nerves run through him.

He knows he won't get comfortable being naked in front of Blaine in less than a night. But this time, he doesn't feel as nervous or insecure. Knowing Blaine finds him beautiful, and that he is desirable to him, he feels a bit more sure in his skin when wearing nothing.

Watching as Blaine sits back on his calves, placing a hand at his hip and stroking his thumb over his hipbone and just gazing at him, Kurt wonders what he is doing. "What are you doing?" he asks in curiosity.

"Just admiring the view from up here," Blaine responds, small smile appearing on his lips.

Kurt blushes at the obvious compliment. "You're crazy," he teases, playfully nudging his knee against Blaine's thigh.

"You're cute," Blaine says as he moves to hover over him, placing a kiss to his forehead.

Kurt closes his eyes and feels his heart flutter in his chest at Blaine's words, surprised by how much affect they have on him. They're simple words pretty much said to describe anyone or anything that fits the word. But to hear Blaine call him that, something he's been called before but in a friendly way, is so much to him. It fills him with a feeling of joy and happiness. It has him smiling with how much he loved Blaine calling him that.

"Try not to hastily thrust up," Blaine tells him.

Nodding his head, he watches as Blaine moves back down his body.

Gasping when Blaine licks a stripe from the base of his cock to the tip, wrapping his lips around the head and sucking, licking away the pre-cum that beads at the tip. Feeling him swallow and suck a few times, swirling his tongue around the head, Kurt gets a bit frustrated when Blaine pulls all the way off him. "This okay?" Blaine sincerely asks him, licking his lips; a small smug smile tugging at his lips at knowing Kurt is enjoying what he's doing.

"More...More than okay," Kurt mumbles, dizzy with want. "Please." He reaches down and grips Blaine's shoulder, barely lifting his hips up off the bed, needing Blaine's mouth back on him.

"Tell me when you're close." Nodding his head at Blaine's request, Kurt lets out a loud whimper when heat and silkiness surrounds his cock again.

Blaine's tongue presses to the underside when he gently sucks. Kurt tips his head back and closes his eyes, overwhelmed by the amazing feeling of Blaine's mouth on his cock. Arching his back and moaning, gripping the pillow beneath his head, a jolt of pleasure shoots up his spine when Blaine sucks and tongues at the head, dipping his tongue into the slit. Thrusting his hips up into the heat and silkiness of Blaine's mouth, he realizes what he did. "I'm so...sorry," he apologizes.

Blaine's reply is to lay his arm across his hips and hold him down, taking more of him into his mouth, his hand wrapping around what he can't take into his mouth.

Carding his fingers through messy curls, holding tight, Kurt groans as Blaine bobs his head faster. Sucking and swallowing around him, barely moving the hand he has wrapped around him, he knows this won't last long. It all feels too great.

Pushing up onto his elbows, and looking down, he watches as Blaine's pink lips wrapped around his cock slide up and down. He watches as he bobs his head up and down, easily taking him into his mouth. Blushing when Blaine looks up at him through his eyelashes, he whimpers when he lifts up and only leaves his mouth around the head of his cock, giving it a good suck.

Blaine pulls off, grinning up at him. "Better than expected?" he asks with a bit of pride.

"Didn't expect," Kurt replies, breathing heavy. "Not something I thought would happen tonight." Dropping back to the bed after it gets too tiring to stay up on his elbows, a warmth spreads in his chest when Blaine kisses at his inner thigh, lightly nipping the soft flesh there, sending a shiver through him, making him smile. "But, God, it's great!" he exclaims with vigor.

"Good."

Kurt arches his back and moans when Blaine takes him back into his mouth without warning. Reaching down and pushing his fingers through curls, he tugs as Blaine sucks. Pleasure courses through him, making him smile and release a low whine. Curling his toes when Blaine sucks and moves his hand in short, languid strokes, Kurt feels his body edge to its release. And several amazing moments later, he is

right there on the edge of his orgasm. "Bla-Blaine," he pants, pulling in a deep breath, knowing he has to warn him. "I'm close."

Letting out a soft whine when Blaine suddenly pulls off him, not expecting that, Kurt looks down to find him removing his own underwear. Opening his legs a bit more so Blaine can lie down between them, groaning at the brush of their cocks when he starts to rock down on him. Gripping at his back, feeling the muscles move under his hand, he breathes heavy as he gets closer and closer to his release.

"Kurt?" Blaine says around a moan.

"Hmm?" He tips his head back and shudders as Blaine skims his nose along his neck.

"Do you have any lube?"

"Um...Yeah." Kurt feels his heart race at thinking he knows where this is going. "In that nightstand," he says as he tips his head to the nightstand to his right.

Going when Blaine holds him tight and rolls them over, he reaches over and pulls open the drawer, grabbing the almost full bottle of lube sitting in there. Handing it to Blaine, watching him pop the lid and squeeze some onto the palm of his hand and spread it around.

"I need you to lift up off me," Blaine tells him.

Planting his hands on the bed and pushing up, shuffling his legs open a bit more, Kurt feels as Blaine wraps a hand around him and rests it at his lower back. Blaine soothingly strokes his thumb over skin to calm him down. Not knowing what he's planning to do, he notices as Blaine reaches down between their bodies. Moaning when Blaine wraps hand around both their cocks, Kurt minutely thrust his hips up, feeling his cock drag against Blaine's in the most pleasurable way.

"This fine?" Blaine makes sure to ask as he starts to move his hand in long, fast strokes.

"Fi-Fine," Kurt mumbles in reply, enjoying the sparks of pleasure he is experiencing as Blaine moves his hand, and he rocks his hips down.

The hand at his lower back digs in to heated flesh as Blaine starts to move his hand faster. And once he does that, Kurt starts to move his hips faster. He rocks down and then thrust up into Blaine's hand.

"Is it good?" Blaine asks him as he strokes both their cocks.

"Ye-...Yes," Kurt exhales on a shaky breath, rocking down on Blaine and push up into his hand. He moans when Blaine thumbs at the head of his cock on an upward stroke of his wrist. "So good."

Staring into Blaine's desire filled eyes, moving his hips, Kurt leans down and buries his face in the crook of Blaine's neck. Panting and moaning, a thin sheen of sweat covering his body, heart racing, and clutching at the sheets beneath his hands, he feels as it all builds inside him. Closer and closer he gets with each rock of his hips and fast stroke of Blaine's hand. He was already so close when they started. So, it won't be long before he has his release. But he holds back. He fights his orgasm from coming.

Up and then back down. Up and down. Blaine moves his hand and he moans as it all feels amazing. He doesn't want any of it to end. He wants to spend longer in this night with Blaine learning new things, and having Blaine show him what great pleasures he can experience. He wants more of all this; of baking cookies, and talking, and trying new and different things. But he knows it can't last forever. It can't be an endless amazing night. That's why he tries not to come. Because he knows once he does, this will be the end of this fantastic night.

"Come on, Kurt," Blaine breathes into his ear. "Come."

With those words, Kurt lets go and comes. He spills over Blaine's hand in white, hot spurts. It hits both their bellies. Working his hips, combined with Blaine still moving his hand, it doesn't take long for him to give all he can.

Sighing as he stills, pleasure still thrumming under his skin, Kurt feels as Blaine comes himself a few seconds later.

Collapsing against Blaine after having nothing left to give in a breathless heap, pleasure still flowing through him and making him feel wonderful, he kisses along his shoulder and nuzzles his nose in the curve of his neck.

"Thank you," he exhales in a breathless voice, sounding thoroughly pleased.

"You're welcome," Blaine chuckles.

An arm curls around his waist, and Kurt finds himself being rolled over. Blaine settles on top of him, looking down at him adoringly. "Did you enjoy it, too?" he asks, wanting to make sure Blaine was as pleased as him.

"Don't worry about me, Kurt." Blaine strokes his thumb over Kurt's cheek, smiling down at him. "This isn't about me. This is about you."

"Well, if this about me, I want to make sure you enjoyed it." Kurt splays one hand over the middle Blaine's back, the other cupping the side of his face, thumb running right under his bottom lip. "I don't want to be the only one enjoying myself."

Blaine lets out a soft chuckle. "You're the first client I've had to have that concern." Kurt watches as Blaine lowers his head, resting it against his chest. He plays with the curls at the base of Blaine's neck. Lying there like that, with Blaine comfortably on top of him, he realizes how easy all this has been between them. It feels like he's doing first time things with someone he's known for years instead of hours. It feels perfect. "It shouldn't matter if I enjoyed it or not. I'm there to please the client; not myself."

Feeling Blaine skim his fingers in the arm now outstretched to his side, slipping his hand in his, Kurt gently squeezes his hand when he laces their fingers together. "So, you didn't enjoy it?" he asks concerned, thinking since Blaine said that, and he's avoiding answering his question, he didn't have a good time.

"There have been many, many times when I didn't enjoy it, Kurt. It makes no difference," Blaine tells him as he lifts his head and gazes down at him.

"It makes a difference to me," Kurt mumbles.

"Why does it matter to you if I enjoyed myself? It shouldn't?"

"It does to me. I may be inexperienced in all this, but I want to know I can please someone in return." Kurt shrugs his shoulders and smiles, feeling a bit bashful admitting that. Yeah, he is greatly inexperienced in all this, in everything he's doing with Blaine, but he wants to at least know he has potential to provide pleasure to someone else. "I want to make sure you came over here and were satisfied."

"Oh, Kurt Hummel," Blaine laughs, dropping his forehead to Kurt's and staring into his eyes. "You are something else."

"A good something, or a bad something?" Kurt jokes.

"A great something," Blaine replies, making Kurt's heart skip a beat with how much adoration was in Blaine's voice. "And, yes, I enjoyed myself. This night has been one of the best in many months."

"This is one of the best nights of my life," Kurt whispers. Giggling as he stares into Blaine's eyes, and he nudges his nose with his, he blushes when Blaine kisses the tip of his nose.

"I'm glad I could do that for you." Tipping his head back, Kurt sighs as Blaine kisses his way down his neck, sucking the skin at the base of his throat.

Feeling Blaine shift on him, Kurt releases a small moan when his body instantly reacts to the movement. He's surprised by how much he wants Blaine, again, right now. Fluttering his eyes close when Blaine gently rocks his hips down, Kurt feeling him barely hard against his hip, he lets a small whimper pass his lips at the new pleasure flowing through him. Even though his body is tired and over sensitive at the moment, he doesn't ignore how much he is turned on by the mere fact of Blaine lying naked on top of him.

"Are you going to fuck me now?" Kurt asks out of the blue with no qualms when he looks into Blaine's eyes. The moment Blaine rolls off him and lets out a huff is when he knows he's got his answer. He kind of suspected a few moments ago when he knew this night was almost over. "Why?" he asks a bit upset. "It's what I really wanted tonight."

"You're not ready for that, Kurt," Blaine tells him in reply.

"What makes you think that? This is my decision; my choice. Not yours. I'm ready. I...I'm ready."

"Okay, you might be ready." Kurt watches as Blaine turns to his side and pulls him close to his body. He ignores the stickiness on their stomachs as they press close together, instead focusing on lying in Blaine's strong arms. "But it should be with someone special. Someone who will be gentle and kind and sweet, and make it perfect for you. Not me."

"What's wrong with you? Because based on tonight, so far, you fit all the criteria you mentioned."

"Kurt, it's only been five and a half hours. You can't rush into something with me based on one night."

"Why not?" Kurt retorts, wrapping his hand around Blaine's neck, feeling his steady pulse beneath his fingers. "I know I would be making the right choice."

"That's what you think, now," Blaine sighs. "I just don't want you to do something you will regret later."

"I won't regret it, Blaine." Staring into his eyes flecked with yellow and green, he knows there will be no budging Blaine of the choice he is making for both of them. "I want this. I want you."

"Oh, god, Kurt," Blaine groans to, holding him close and burying his face in the curve of Kurt's neck, breathing in a lungful of the smell lingering on his skin. "You make it difficult to refuse you." Kurt gazes into his eyes filled with need when he pulls back and looks at him.

"Then don't refuse me," Kurt whispers.

"I can't." Kurt notices the hint of regret in Blaine's eyes, knowing he wants to, but thinks he is doing the right thing for him. "I just...I have to refuse you, Kurt. I can't do that for you."

"Fine," Kurt huffs, a bit mad that Blaine won't sleep with him, furrowing his eyebrows in a bit of anger.

"You'll thank me one day," Blaine says to him, pressing a kiss to his furrowed brows. "Don't be mad, Kurt."

"I think I deserve to be a little upset," Kurt gripes, turning in Blaine's arms so his back is pressed to Blaine's chest. "I hoped to lose my virginity tonight, and here I am almost six hours later with it still intact."

"Um...Kurt," Blaine chuckles, draping an arm over his side and lacing their fingers together. "I don't thi-

"And don't try to tell me what we did counts, because that's not how I see it." Kurt rests the hand with Blaine's on his chest right over his heart, already getting sleepy again.

"How do you see it?" Blaine asks.

"I see it as me losing my virginity when a guy is inside me, or vice versa. Why? How do you see it?"

"I think sex is just when two people get off no matter what they are doing," Blaine answers him. "It doesn't necessarily mean any kind of penetration."

"Seems we have differing opinions, then," Kurt says, letting out a yawn. "I still see myself as a virgin, and you don't."

"You can see yourself as whatever you want, Kurt. I won't force you to believe what I do. But I still want you to wait for someone special to change that for you."

Smiling when Blaine nuzzles his nose at the back of his neck, placing a kiss there, Kurt closes his eyes. "Stay until I fall asleep."

"Definitely," Blaine whispers, holding Kurt closer.

Chapter Five

When he wakes up to the morning sun shining in his eyes, turning around, he stretches out his arm only to find the other side of the bed cold. Blinking his eyes open, noticing the rustle of sheets where Blaine was, he sits up. Feeling a bit upset and hurt when he finds Blaine's clothes gone, he knows it was going to happen. Blaine told him himself that he doesn't sleep over. But to wake up and find him gone just like that makes him sad. He wishes he was still here with him in bed.

Falling back against his pillow, aches and a bit of soreness in certain areas of his body, but still the smallest of pleasure lingering in his body, knowing there's nothing he can do about Blaine leaving, he smiles at the memory of the night before. He recalls the conversations between Blaine and he. Of all the things they did the talks they shared were the best. Being able to talk to Blaine about anything says a lot about him for Kurt. He knows he's special to him beyond what he did for him the night before.

Turning to his side and grabbing the pillow Blaine laid on, he buries his nose in it and breathes in a lungful of the smell of Blaine's cologne still lingering there. It's got that underlying hint of spice like he remembered. Clutching the pillow tight and just breathing in the smell, Kurt feels a surprise ache in his chest at Blaine truly being gone. He wants him back here. He wants to be in his arms again. It was just one night. But one night was enough for him to develop deep feelings for that amazing guy.

Looking over to the nightstand on the side of the bed Blaine was laying at, he sees a piece of folded paper with his name written in unrecognizable handwriting. Reaching over for it, he kind of already knows who it's from. Who it could only be from. Sitting up against the headboard, he opens the note.

Kurt-

I don't usually do this because once a business deal is done I leave without another word. But from the beginning with you it wasn't a normal business deal. I expected someone who I would sleep with and leave. Instead I got conversations that revealed more about me to a client, which I've never done before, by the way. I got baking cookies, and the opportunity to show you just how beautiful you are. Don't forget that, Kurt. You are beautiful!

I guess why I'm writing this letter is to let you know that the night with you was one of the best of my life. I want to let you know that everything I said and did, I meant it.

You're a great something, Kurt Hummel, and any guy would be lucky to have you.

-Blaine Anderson

P.S. Hope it's okay that I took a quick shower. I also left a little note on your bathroom mirror.

Reading the last line, Kurt quickly climbs out of bed and walks to his bathroom. The cool air makes him wish he grabbed a blanket to wrap around himself. Stepping into the bathroom a few seconds later and looking at his mirror, he finds nothing. A bit disappointed, he turns off the light and walks back to his bedroom.

Pulling on simple boxers and a loose cotton shirt, he strips the bed and pillows. Except for the one that smells like Blaine. Shoving it all in the washer, he goes to the kitchen. Cleaning everything that Blaine and he used the night before, he chuckles at finding most of the cookie dough he didn't bake gone. He figures Blaine really, really loves his cookies.

An hour and a half later, putting the clean sheets back on the bed, Kurt finishes and grabs a change of clothes.

Stripping naked in his bathroom, he looks at himself in the mirror. He sees himself as the same as yesterday. But now he also sees what Blaine showed him last night. He's beautiful in his own way. The little imperfections and scars he hated the day before he now loves at remembering Blaine kissing over them and telling him he was still beautiful with them.

Skimming his fingers over the scar above his hip, he recalls the press of soft lips to the skin. Closing his eyes and thinking of Blaine, and how much he loved everything they did, he wishes he was here right now.

Opening his eyes and knowing he doesn't have much time, he hops into the tub to take a quick shower. The hot water soothes the small aches and pains he has from his incredible night before, making him feel better.

Stepping out of the shower, steam rising around him, he grabs a towel and dries off. Standing in front of the mirror several moments later, towel hanging off his hips, steam surrounding him, he looks up and smiles at what he sees. Written as plain as day is the note Blaine said he left him. Pressing a fingertip to one of the letters, he follows the line and loops, seeing little water drops gathered where his finger passed.

Staring at what Blaine wrote, and not for the first time that day, he misses him.

It's fairly easy for him to go back to his normal routine. He goes to his two classes for the day.

In class he holds himself a bit better, doesn't try to hide and keep unwanted attention from himself. It's as if he wants to let people know he was shown how beautiful he is; wants to let them know he, finally, realized he is no longer that ugly duckling he saw himself as. Somewhere along the line he became a beautiful swan, and all it took was the most amazing guy he's ever met to show him that.

In his last class he notices a few guys eyes look him over, guys he thought were cute but never talked to. But thinking nothing of it, he goes through the motions of the dance moves the teacher is currently showing the class.

By the time the class is over, he just wants out of his clothes and in a hot bath in his bathroom back at his loft.

Pulling on his oversized sweater he's always worn, wearing it because it feels like a security blanket to hide the body he didn't think was great, he grabs his bottle of water and takes a long drink. Grabbing the strap of his bag, and placing it across his chest, bag resting against his hip, he turns around to find Lee, one of the guys in class, standing there.

"Oh," he says a bit surprised. "Am I in your way? Sorry." Taking a step to the side, he watches as Lee goes with him. "What?" he asks, scared this could go bad for him.

"I'm Lee," Lee tells him, smile appearing on his lips.

"I know," Kurt replies, looking at him with eyes filled with confusion. "Did I do something to you? Because if I did, I most likely didn't mean it."

"No." Lee shakes his head, letting out a small chuckle. "I thought it was time I introduced myself."

"Why?" Kurt asks, not understanding. It's been several months since he started taking this class, he doesn't get why Lee all of a sudden wants to talk with him. "You could have done that months ago."

"I finally noticed you today," Lee says in a suave voice. "You seem different. You seem more...confident. It's hot."

Kurt internally groans at how much of a douchebag this guy sounds like, wondering why he ever had a crush on him. "Well, if that's not what I want to hear. How nice of you to say you've only taken notice of me today," he says with snarkiness and an edge of anger lacing his voice. "Did you notice me like the other guys you noticed in class? Or in school?"

Kurt's not stupid. He might keep to himself; try to avoid any unwanted attention. But that doesn't mean all the gossip he hears when the other students talk fall on deaf ears. He knows about Lee and his sexual escapades. He knows he's slept with every guy he in the class that he can, which pretty much means every gay one. Then there's the other guys out of class. Kurt knows he would be just another notch on his bedpost. He thinks about what Blaine told him and how he should wait for someone special who would make it perfect and memorable. And standing here in front of Lee, he knows for sure that with Lee, it would be far from perfect; and memorable for the wrong reason. And not for the second time, Kurt really hates that Blaine refused him last night.

"I'm sorry, but no," Kurt tells him as he shakes his head. "I won't be giving up anything to you."

"I could really make it worth your while," Lee tells him, smirking.

"I've had worth my while, and I'm pretty sure you couldn't live up to it. I have to go. Bye, Lee." Giving him a small pat to his shoulder and a fake cheerful smile, Kurt walks past him and leaves the room.

Back at the loft after a long day at school then at work, dropping his bag by the door, he immediately walks to his bathroom. Turning on the hot water and filling the bathtub, he strips naked and smiles as the message Blaine wrote on his mirror starts to appear from the heat and steam.

Filling the tub with his favorite scented soap, seeing bubbles starting to form, he turns off the water and steps in. Sitting down and lying back, moaning at how great it feels, resting his head back on the porcelain and closing his eyes, Kurt feels as the hot water soothes the small aches he still has from the activities he did with Blaine, and the new ones from his dance class.

Lying there in the hot water, he starts to think about how it would be if Blaine was here with him right now.

He knows it's kind of crazy for him to be thinking about Blaine as much as he has. But he can't help himself. Blaine was incredible, and him developing feelings for him in less than six hours is totally normal. Besides, how is he supposed to meet this great guy and not fall for him? It was bound to happen.

Climbing out of the tub and drying off after the water starts to get cold, walking to his bedroom, he pulls on some comfortable clothes. Walking to the kitchen after getting dressed, he starts to grab the stuff he will need to bake cookies. Making a sandwich to eat as he bakes, he starts to measure out the ingredients.

Standing in his kitchen an hour later waiting for the ding of the timer that will announce his cookies are ready, Kurt hears a loud knock at his door. Seeing he still has five minutes, he walks over to answer it.

Sliding open the heavy door, hating how loud it is, he isn't surprised when he finds Santana standing there holding a pillow to her chest. "Hey, San," he greets her, standing out of the way so she can come in. "Rachel have her boyfriend over?"

"Yes," Santana annoyingly grumbles as she walks over to his couch, dropping her pillow down. "I'm crashing here tonight. If you don't mind?"

"That's fine."

Turning when he hears the timer go off, Kurt walks back to the kitchen. Grabbing an oven mitten, turning the oven off, Kurt pulls out the last tray of baked Triple Chocolate Chip Cookies. Setting the tray on top of the stove, taking off the mitten, he breathes in the smell of the chocolaty treats.

"Good, you made cookies," Santana happily chimes. "You got milk?"

"Yeah." Kurt tips his head toward his fridge as he places the hot cookies on top of the pile already on the plate. "Two glasses."

Setting the plate of cookies down on the table, sitting across from Santana after she pours the milk, passing him a glass, he takes one of the warm cookies. Taking a bite, he thinks about the last time he ate cookies with someone. Thinking of Blaine, and where he could be, he wishes he could see him again. He misses him.

One night with him and he fell pretty hard for him. But he can't really be all that surprised. Blaine was everything he could ask for in the perfect guy for him, and more.

"What was his name?" Santana asks out of the blue as she eats half of a cookie.

"What?" Kurt looks up shocked, quickly dropping memories of Blaine and his body pressed close to his, wondering if she can be talking about who he thinks she's talking about. "Whose name?"

"The hot piece of ass I saw leaving your loft the other night? What was his name?" Santana smirks at him as she grabs a second cookie. "Don't act all innocent, either, Kurt. I got a good enough look at him to know y'all two didn't watch a movie. He had a smile that was huge, and joy and happiness shining out of his eyes that was brighter than the morning sun. He looked thoroughly pleased with what you two did together. I know you two fooled around."

"Did you talk to him?" Kurt asks.

"I saw him for like five seconds as we crossed paths," Santana informs him, dunking her cookie in her glass of milk. "Did you even get his name? Or was it more of a hookup without all the unimportant stuff?"

"Yes, I got his name," Kurt replies with snark. "It's Blaine."

"Did you sleep with him?" Santana asks as she swirls her milk in her glass.

Wrapping both his hands around his glass of milk, feeling the perspiration against his fingers and the coldness of the glass, he thinks about Santana's question. He wishes he could answer with a yes, but Blaine had to go and act like the gentleman he had been the whole night. "No," he says with a bit of a huff as he minutely shakes his head. "But we did other stuff."

"Did you enjoy it?" Santana asks with obvious interest.

"Yes," Kurt elatedly replies, drawing out the s. "It was...amazing."

"What did you two do?"

"Do you actually want to know?" Kurt slightly tilts his head and arches an eyebrow, wondering why Santana could be so interested in what Blaine and he did. "We didn't do anything that crazy."

"Of course I want to know," Santana tells him with a smile, eyes shining with excitement. "Plus, I know you're dying to tell someone. So, tell me."

Thinking about it, Kurt knows Santana is right. He would love to tell someone about what happened. He wants to spill all the great details and moments, in and out of bed, he shared with Blaine. "Okay," he agrees.

"Great!" Santana says with excitement very evident in her voice.

"You're very ecstatic about this," Kurt says as he takes a drink of his milk.

"Hell yeah!"

An hour and a half later lying back on his couch next to Santana, their feet propped up on the table in front of them, half-filled plate of cookies between them, Kurt still talks about Blaine with Santana.

"...refused you? Why?" Santana asks confused.

"He said I should wait for someone special; someone who would make it perfect; and I wouldn't regret doing it with afterwards," Kurt tells her.

"Why would you regret doing it with him?" Santana asks a bit confused.

"I guess because he thought it was a one night thing between us."

"So, you can see him again?"

"Yeah." Kurt nods his head. "I could call him and have him come over." Grabbing a cookie, and taking a nibble of it, he drops his hands in his lap and looks to Santana. "Do you think I should call him?"

"You obviously want to. So, I say," Santana starts to tell him, "call him to come over and let that man fuck your brains out."

"And...that's my cue to go to bed," Kurt says as he stands up with the plate of cookies. "Goodnight, San."

"Night, Kurt," Santana murmurs as she lies down, pulling the throw over herself and closing her eyes. "Hope you have wet dreams about Blaine."

"Oh, God," Kurt groans. "I'm going to regret telling you about him, aren't I?"

"Of course you are." Santana chuckles, turning onto her stomach and crossing her arms under the pillow she is using. "By the way," she mumbles into the pillow. "Blaine sounds like Prince fucking Charming."

Smiling at Santana's words, thinking the same thing about Blaine, he tells her goodnight one more time. Walking away, Kurt places the plate of cookies on the table in the kitchen and goes to his bedroom. Falling in bed tired and ready for sleep, he burrows under his blankets and thinks about strong arms that held the night before as he slept. Wishing Blaine was there to hold him, he grabs the pillow smells like Blaine, holding it close to him and burying his nose in the fluffy pillow, he slowly falls asleep as he breathes in the smell of Blaine.

Waking up, and still holding the pillow close to him, nose buried in the pillow, he suddenly sits up when he hears someone curse out loud and shut his fridge door a little too hard.

"Kurt!" Santana yells to him, voice filled with a hint of frustration. "I fucking spilled orange juice all over the kitchen floor."

Falling back to the bed with a groan, and a small chuckle, Kurt remembers Santana staying over because Rachel was with her boyfriend. "How is that my problem?" he calls back. He burrows his nose into the pillow, breathing in a lungful of the scent it's covered in. The smell makes him miss Blaine again.

"Because I want orange juice and now you have none," Santana tells him from the kitchen.

"That's not my fault." Climbing out of bed, stretching and yawning, he walks to the bathroom. "And just tell Rachel to come over and bring orange juice."

Not hearing a reply from Santana, figuring she's calling Rachel, he undresses and takes a quick shower.

Stepping into the kitchen area forty-five minutes later, finding Rachel sitting at his table and Santana spreading cream cheese on a toasted bagel next to her, he sits across from Rachel. "Fun night?" he asks as he grabs for one of the bagel slices.

"Yes," Rachel replies with a big, pleased looking smile.

Snorting and shaking his head, letting out a small chuckle, he starts to spread cream cheese on his bagel. "You know who asked me out yesterday?" he says as he takes a bite of his bagel, wanting to change the subject from Rachel's sex life.

"Who?" Rachel asks as she grabs the carton of orange juice she brought over, pouring herself a glass.

"You know Lee, from my class?" Kurt sees Rachel nod her head. "Him."

"Did you say yes?" Rachel asks.

"Hell no! He just wanted to add me as one of his conquests."

"Why not? That would have been you're opportunity to have sex for the first time."

"No, thanks," Kurt huffs.

"Besides," Santana steps in and says. "Kurtie here is saving himself for Blaine."

"Santana!" Kurt loudly says in shock.

"Who's Blaine?" Rachel asks confused.

"Nobody," Kurt tells her. "So, can we drop it?"

"A hot piece of ass I caught leaving Kurt's loft the other day," Santana responds with a wicked grin, not listening to him. "Our Kurt here fooled around with him."

"I'm never telling you anything again," Kurt groans as he drops his head to the tabletop.

"Tell me about Blaine, Kurt," Rachel says with clear interest in her voice.

"There's nothing much to say. He's just a guy I did some things with." Kurt hears as his voice is a bit muffled by the table. Lifting his head up, he looks at Rachel and Santana sitting across from him. "It was great and terrific, and then he left. Nothing else."

"Pfft," Santana snorts. "Kurt is hung up on him already, and his amazing mouth."

"I really hate you right now, Santana," Kurt gripes at her, turning red in embarrassment.

"No, you don't." Santana smugly grins at him.

"Can you call him? See him again?" Rachel asks.

"Yes; and I'm debating if I should call him to come over again."

"You should call him, Kurt," Rachel tells him. "If you like him as much as you do. Meet up with him again if you really want to."

"That's what I told him," Santana chimes in. "Told him to let Blaine fuck his brains out."

"Trust me," Kurt says, "I want to. I want that."

"Why don't you?" Rachel asks.

"It's not cheap," he mumbles under his breath, hoping the girls don't hear him.

"What was that?" Santana asks, eyeing him suspiciously.

"Nothing," Kurt responds as he waves off the question. "Besides, if I do call him, who's to say he would even sleep with me this time? He made it pretty clear his views on my virginity the first time we were together."

"You're just going to have to change his mind," Santana smirks, arching an eyebrow.

"How do I do that, genius?"

"Wait!" Rachel says confused. "He won't sleep with you?"

"Not that he won't sleep with me. He just told me to wait for someone special. But the crazy part is, by the end of the night, I knew he was someone special. I told him that, and he still told me to wait."

"Convince him," Rachel says. "Convince him it's what you really want. Tell him you won't be making a mistake. Then do what Santana says and let him screw your brains out."

"I said fuck," Santana corrects her.

"Same difference," Rachel tells her.

Laughing at both of them, Kurt doesn't know if it will be that easy. Blaine was pretty set on his choice the first time, and he couldn't change his mind then. Who's to say he would do it this time. "I don't know," he sighs. "I think I should just forget him." He says even though it's far from what he wants to do. He wants to pick up the phone and call the escort agency and have them send Blaine over again. The thought of just seeing him again makes his heart flutter. And then the thought of what they could do besides what they've already done makes him blush.

"Don't forget," Santana says. "Call."

"I'm with San on this one. You won't hear me say that that often," Rachel jokes, letting out a small laugh. "But, yeah, call him."

"Maybe." Kurt turns the corner of his mouth up into a small smile and shrugs his shoulders, taking their advice into consideration.

Later that night standing in front of his bathroom mirror, tracing the letters of the message that Blaine left him, following the lines, he still chuckles that Blaine wrote it. It's just two words, two words he told him many times that night they were together. But they are words he believes now just as much when Blaine was telling him.

You're Beautiful!

Staring at the fourteen letters, wanting Blaine here, he makes the decision right then and there.

Shutting off the light and going to his room, climbing in bed, covering himself with a blanket, he picks up his cellphone and dials the number he memorized. Hearing it ring a few times, getting more nervous with each ring, he pulls in a deep breath when someone finally picks up.

This is right, he tells himself. He's doing this because he really wants this.

"Hello," he says after the lady on the other end greets him. "I would like to request someone to come over tomorrow."

Chapter Six

He's awake before his alarm. It's as if his whole body is attuned to the fact that Blaine is coming over again today. There are butterflies in his stomach, his mind runs rampant with thoughts of what could be today; it all has him excited and nervous at the same time.

Lying in bed and staring at his clock, the red numbers bright in his darkened room, watching them change every minute, knowing with each passing minute it brings him closer to seeing Blaine again tonight, he hits the button right when his alarm goes off.

Sitting up in bed, throwing his legs over the side, he stands up and walks to the bathroom. Shedding his clothes and stepping into his tub, he turns the shower water on. Hot water immediately hits his body and soothes him. He stands under the spray of water for several minutes, letting it slide down his body and warm him.

Knowing he'll be seeing Blaine later today, he takes a shower much longer than his usual one. He washes his hair...twice. He thoroughly washes his body, making sure no inch of him is untouched. By the time he's stepping out of the shower, he feels clean and fresh unlike he's ever felt before.

Pulling on underwear and simple pajama pants and a cotton shirt, he grabs his phone and heads to the kitchen. Looking at his messages, he sees a recent one from Rachel. Clicking it, he reads it as he grabs a PopTart packet.

Rachel

Hey, Kurt. Want to grab coffee before we go to classes.

Kurt

Can't. In bed sick. Skipping class and work today.

It's a white lie, but he knows he can't tell Rachel he's missing school and work because he's too excited about having Blaine over to focus or think about anything else. Staying home is the best thing for him.

Opening the foil packet, he pulls out one of the strawberry PopTarts and starts to eat it.

Rachel

Want me to bring some soup home for you later?

Kurt

No, thanks. I don't have much of an appetite. I'll just probably stay all day in bed and sleep.

Rachel

Okay. Call me if you need anything.

Kurt

Sure. Bye, Rach.

Rachel

Bye. Feel better.

Seeing it's close to eleven, he startles when the sudden sound of thunder breaking across the sky catches him off-guard. Walking to the living room, he sees the sky open up and a heavy rain start to fall.

The sound of rain pelting the windows is almost soothing in a weird way to him.

Sitting on a built-in bench under the huge windows, knees to his chest and arms wrapped around his legs, Kurt watches as the grey storm clouds cover the sky, making it dark and dreary, noticing a few rays of sun trying to break through. He watches as the rain heavily falls; looking down at people below as they do everything to avoid getting wet; staring at different colors of umbrellas that pass by on the sidewalk below him. The sound of thunder cracking across the sky is loud and makes him jump the slightest. Watching as a bolt of lightning strikes somewhere in the distance a few moments later, lighting up the sky for a second, he's surprised by a knock at his door.

Checking the time on his phone, and seeing it's half past eleven, he figures it's Rachel deciding to go ahead and skip the rest of her classes.

"Coming!" he yells as he stands up and walks to his door.

Sliding open the heavy metal door, hearing how loud it is, he's surprised to find Blaine standing there. A completely soaked to the bone, and slightly shivering, Blaine.

11:32-2:10p.m.

"Blaine. What...Why are you here?" he asks a bit surprised.

"Y-you did call f-for me," Blaine stutters as he shivers, smiling at him.

"Come in." Standing out of the way, letting Blaine pass him, Kurt slides his door shut. Turning to face Blaine, he can't believe he's here right now. "I know I called for you," he chuckles as he takes Blaine's hand and leads him to the kitchen. "I just wasn't expecting you until tonight." Turning on all the burners of his stove as high as they'll go, he pulls Blaine to them. "Sorry," he apologizes as he moves out of the way for Blaine. "It's the best I can do."

"It's perfect," Blaine tells him as he holds his hands over the blue flames of the fires. "And I had no other appointments today, so I figured I come now to see you."

"Get it over and done with, I see," Kurt teases, playfully poking Blaine in his side as he laughs, hearing him chuckle. "What if I wasn't here? What would you have done then, Einstein?"

"Probably get sick," Blaine says.

"Probably," Kurt agrees, snickering.

"It's a good thing you're here, then."

Kurt playfully squeals when Blaine wraps his arms around him and pulls him close to his wet body. Feeling his clothes start to get wet, he pushes at Blaine, but letting out a soft moan when he kisses at the spot right below his ear. "You're all wet!" he exclaims as he manages to get away from Blaine, seeing amusement in his eyes. Looking down at himself, he sees wet stains on his shirt and pants. "You got me wet," he playfully gripes as he lightly swats at Blaine's shoulder. "Why'd you hug me for?"

"I like seeing you again," Blaine softly replies with a hint of honesty to his voice, a small smile appearing on his lips.

Kurt feels his heart skip a beat in his chest. "I like seeing you again, too," he manages to say in reply, mind fuzzy with thoughts over what Blaine's words could mean. Could they be the truth? Or could they be something he says to all repeat clients? Whatever they are, Kurt loved hearing it.

Seeing Blaine still shivering in his wet clothes, he figures he can do something about that. "Do you want to change? I probably have something you can wear."

"That sounds great," Blaine tells him.

"I'll go grab a towel." Walking to the bathroom and grabbing a towel, he goes back to Blaine and hands it to him. "I'll be back with clothes in a second."

Seeing Blaine nod his head, he goes to his bedroom. Rummaging through his clothes, quickly changing out of his now wet clothes into sweatpants and a shirt, getting a good look at himself in the mirror across the room, he figures it'll have to do. He had planned to wear something nice; he was already fretting over what to pick out. It was kind of crazy for him to worry about what to wear when he knew the clothes would just be coming off, but he wanted to look nice for Blaine. Grabbing a pair of pajama bottoms that will fit Blaine and the oversized sweater he has, he laughs at how now they will be both looking far from nice, and instead be comfortable and warm.

Walking back to the kitchen, he stops dead in his tracks at the sight of Blaine in only his black boxer-briefs as he dries his hair with the towel. Seeing his clothes hanging over the backs of his chairs, noticing little wet puddles already forming under them from where the water is dripping, he looks back to Blaine. He's seen him naked. But something about the sight of him in only underwear is driving him crazy.

Lean muscles of his body move under tan skin as he drops the towel from around his head. Wet, and now untamed curls fall some in front of his eyes and makes him look much younger than the twenty-five year old he is. The glisten of still slightly damp skin makes him want to kiss every inch of exposed skin he sees. He wants to follow the lines of muscles with his tongue; wants to feel Blaine pressed as close to him as possible as he moves in him.

"I'm guessing you don't mind me being almost fully naked in the middle of your kitchen right now?" Blaine's teasing voice brings him out of his thoughts.

"Wha-No...No, definitely not." He shakes his head. Feeling his cheeks warm with blush at getting caught staring, he holds out the clothes to Blaine. "Here. I hope these are okay."

"Anything dry is good with me."

Seeing Blaine in his clothes does something to him. Seeing as the sweater loosely hangs around him, and the pants hang off his hips, makes Kurt want to just pull the clothes off again and take him to bed already. "Do you want some hot chocolate?" He says it to give him something to distract himself from having Blaine standing there looking delectable and handsome. Walking to his fridge he pulls out the milk. Going to a cabinet, he grabs the box of with packets of hot chocolate. "It's the instant stuff. But it should warm you up further."

"I would love some," Blaine says as he leans back against the counter next to him.

Pouring milk into a small pot and setting it on the stove, Kurt waits for the milk to get hot. "I have some Peanut Butter cookies if you want some," he tells Blaine.

"You don't have to tell me twice," Blaine chuckles.

Grabbing the jar filled with cookies, and setting it down close to Blaine, he goes back to the milk.

"I was actually craving your cookies yesterday." Blaine sticks his hand in the cookie jar and pulls out two cookies, offering one to Kurt. "I ended up going to a bakery near where I live just to have some fresh baked cookies."

"Really?" Kurt says surprised. Pouring the milk in the two cups when it's hot, he hands one to Blaine.

"Yeah," Blaine replies as tears open his packet of cocoa. "But they weren't as good as yours."

Tearing open the other cocoa packet and dumping it in the milk, Kurt opens a drawer and pulls out two spoons, handing one to Blaine. Stirring the mixture until it's combined, he takes the spoon out and licks it clean, noticing Blaine eyeing him as he does that, and seeing his eyes fill with desire.

Somehow knowing Blaine desires him at the moment makes fills Kurt with a bit of pride, and has him standing a bit taller than a moment before.

Tossing the spoon in the sink, hearing it hit with a clatter, he walks over to another cabinet. Opening it, and seeing what he wants, he grabs the bag and faces Blaine. "Marshmallows?" he asks as he drops a couple into his cup.

"Hell yeah!" Blaine excitedly says as he grabs a handful. Kurt smiles at the pile of marshmallows that fill up Blaine's cup. "I love these." Blaine grabs a few marshmallows from his cup and pops them into his mouth.

"I use them to top off my S'mores cupcakes," Kurt says as he eats a couple of the sugary gelatin. "Not too big on just eating them alone, though." Looking back to Blaine, he finds him with a bit of a far off look in his eyes. He laughs at knowing what he's thinking about. "I lost you at S'mores cupcakes, didn't I?"

"Yes." Blaine nods his head, reaching into the jar for more cookies. "Those sound delicious."

"I make them for my friends on their birthdays." Kurt swirls the hot chocolate in his cup, watching as the marshmallows melt into the hot liquid, white swirls combing with the chocolate. "Want to go sit on the couch?" he asks as he looks up to Blaine.

"Sure."

Kurt reaches into the jar and grabs two cookies, laughing when he sees Blaine reach in after him and grab a handful. Hot chocolate and cookies in hand, he heads for the couch with Blaine following suit. Sitting down and back against the couch, propping his legs up on the table, grinning when Blaine does the same, he takes a sip of his drink. Looking over to Blaine, he laughs at seeing a little pile of cookies on his stomach.

"How many did you grab?"

"I don't know. Like a big handful." Blaine grins at him and grabs one of the many cookies he has, taking a huge bite of it. Kurt just amusedly laughs and shakes his head. "These things are delicious."

"Thanks," Kurt says in reply.

"You know, that's what you should do," Blaine tells him as he takes a drink of his hot chocolate. "It seems you love that more than NYADA and Vogue."

"What?" Kurt furrows his brows in confusion.

"Open a bakery, of course."

"Yeah, I'll open a bakery with the eighty-six bucks I have in my back account. It should be fairly easy," Kurt jokes, knowing it's highly improbable that will happen. "It's a great idea, but...I can't." He notices Blaine giving him a surprised look. "What?"

"How do you only have eighty-six dollars in your bank account?"

"Seeing you again isn't cheap," Kurt points out. "Almost cleaned me out."

"You shouldn't have done that, Kurt." Blaine reaches over and slides his hand into Kurt's, making a spark run up his arm at the touch.

"I should have," Kurt says as he strokes his thumb over the back of Blaine's hand. "I wanted to see you again. I don't care what it cost to have that."

"I'm not worth you going broke over."

"After that first night with you, you kind of are," Kurt says in a half teasing and half serious voice. "Besides, I wanted to thank you," he says as he drops his feet and sets his cup on the table, along with his unfinished cookies. "I really enjoyed the notes you left. That made me smile."

"It was nothing." Blaine finishes his last cookie and takes a drink of his hot chocolate, setting the cup down next to Kurt's.

"Even if it was nothing, I still liked them." Kurt faces Blaine and curls his legs under himself.

He really isn't sure how to go about asking Blaine to sleep with him. Does he just blurt it out? Does he segue into it? What does he do? Nervous about that, he looks at his hands in his lap. Twiddling his thumbs, feeling blush creep up his neck and face at the thought of asking Blaine for that, he knows, eventually, he's going to have to be brave and speak up.

"Kurt?"

"Yeah?" He instantly snaps his head up and looks to Blaine.

"Where'd you go just now?" Blaine chuckles as he squeezes his hand and starts to pull him closer.

Straddling Blaine's lap and sitting back on his thighs, twirling the strings of the sweater around his fingers out of nerves, he smiles when Blaine covers his hands. Gazing into his stunning eyes, it's almost as if everything stops for a few seconds. All that he sees, all that matters is this guy right in front of him. And he's going to do everything in his power to have him be his first.

"I...I was thinking," he, finally, says in reply to Blaine's question.

"About?" Kurt softly sighs when Blaine slips his hands under his shirt and strokes his thumbs over his hipbones.

"You."

"Me. That's nice to hear," Blaine chuckles as he pulls Kurt closer to him. "Why were you thinking about me?"

"Wanting you." A small whine falls from his lips when Blaine slides his hand from his hip to grab his ass; carefully squeezing the flesh under his hand.

"Wanting me. And what?"

"This," Kurt sighs. Moaning at feeling Blaine's cock hard against his ass when he lifts his hips, a jolt of pleasure running through him, he gently rocks his hips down. Grasping Blaine's shoulders, he tips his head back and whines low in his throat. The drag of his clothed cock against Blaine's sends flares of pleasure along his spine. Soft lips press to his neck and start to kiss the skin. Running one of his hands through Blaine's curls, he moans as he rocks his hips down.

Lifting his arms when Blaine starts to pull his shirt up, seeing him drop it to the floor, he reaches for the hem of the sweater and pulls it over Blaine's head. Dropping it to the floor behind the couch. Leaning down and kissing along Blaine's neck and down his chest, roaming his hands over taut, hard muscles of his stomach. Lifting up to his knees when Blaine starts to tug at his sweatpants, he manages to get them off.

Noticing Blaine lift his hips when he starts to tug his pants down, he sits back down in his lap after he kicks away the pants.

Letting out a soft whimper when he rocks his hips down, feeling Blaine roam his hands over his back and let out a deep moan as he moves his hips. Wrapping an arm around Blaine's neck and holding tight when he starts to lift his hips up into him, he drops his face in the curve of his neck. Kissing the skin there, barely smelling what little of the cologne that wasn't washed away from the rain, he feels how close he is.

A few more hard thrusts of his hips down and he comes in his underwear. Letting Blaine wrap an arm around his waist and hold him tight, he feels as the thrusts up a few more times and moans as he comes himself.

Collapsing against Blaine as he catches his breath, pleasure still coursing through him, feeling amazing, he starts to laugh.

"What's funny?" Blaine asks as he skims his fingers along his spine, making a shiver run through him.

"I wasn't expecting that," Kurt mumbles. "I mean...I knew it was gonna happen. But not right now."

"Is it okay that it did?"

"Definitely okay," he says as he lifts his head and looks at Blaine. "And, I was I was thinking about you because I've made a decision that involves you."

"What decision did you make?"

"It's something I want."

"What do you want, Kurt?" Blaine whispers into his ear.

He knows Blaine told him to wait until he found someone he trusted and could make it perfect. But he trusts Blaine, and he knows he'll make it perfect for him. That's why he is asking him for this.

Gazing into Blaine's eyes, seeing them shining bright as he stares back at him, smile on his lips, he opens his mouth to talk. "I want you inside me," he tells him with a sure, calm voice.

"I told you, Kurt, I d-"

"No!" Kurt cuts him off. "I'm more than ready for this. I trust you; I know you'll be kind and gentle and perfect. Don't try to change my mind this time, Blaine. It's what I want. I want it to be you." Dropping his forehead to Blaine's, closing his eyes and breathing, he presses close to Blaine's body. "Please, Blaine," he quietly begs. "Please. Please."

"Goddamn you, Kurt Hummel," Blaine groans as he lifts Kurt up as he stands up off the couch.

Kurt smiles at breaking Blaine's resolve as he wraps his legs around Blaine's waist. Draping his arms over Blaine's shoulders, he nuzzles his nose along his cheek. He's actually quite surprised at how easy he got Blaine to give him what he wants. He thought there would be more begging and making him understand on his part. But he guesses Blaine wants this as much as he does. "It won't be the end of the world, Blaine," he murmurs into his ear.

"No, it won't be," Blaine agrees. Holding tight to Kurt, he starts to head for the bedroom area of the loft. "But, I still believe you should wait. Wait until you're ready and not in a rush to just get it over with."

"I'm not in a rush, Blaine," Kurt says as Blaine kneels onto the bed, letting out a small scream when he drops him. Bouncing a bit, he smiles as Blaine kneels over him. "I'm more than ready to fully go all the way."

"You don't mind that your first time is with someone like me?" Blaine asks as he slips his fingers in the elastic waistband of his underwear.

"What's wrong with you?" Kurt lifts his hips and feels the material of his underwear as it slides against his skin, seeing Blaine drop them to the floor when off.

"I don't think I'm special enough to be the one to be the first one to sleep with you. You could do so much better than me."

Moving to sit up, and then kneeling in front of Blaine, Kurt drapes his arms over his shoulders, lightly skimming his fingers along the back of his neck, and smiles as he gazes into his eyes. "I don't want much better; I want you. You're special enough to me. You're what I imagined when I thought of my first time; someone sweet and kind and gentle. And handsome, I might add." Kurt sees Blaine grin and laugh at that. "You're what I want."

"You astound me, Kurt," Blaine murmurs to him as he cups the side of his face, looking at him like he's the most amazing thing he's ever seen.

"And you surprise me, Blaine." Reaching down and slipping his fingers into the waistband of Blaine's underwear, he starts to push them down. Watching him kick them away, he presses close to him when they're both naked.

Softly moaning when Blaine starts to kiss at the curve of his neck, feeling him press him closer to his body, he goes when he moves to lie down. Getting comfortable against the pillows, and parting his legs, watching as Blaine leans over to the dresser and grabs the bottle of lube. The sound of it being flicked open makes his heart race in his chest. He might be ready for this, might want this. But that doesn't stop him from being nervous and a bit scared.

"Will...Will it hurt?" Kurt asks with a hint of worry and concern lacing his voice.

"I'll try my best to not let it. I'll be gentle."

Nodding his head in understanding, he gasps when he feels Blaine's lubed finger trace his entrance.

The intrusion is...different. It's not uncomfortable like he assumed it would be. It, in actuality, feels pretty good to him.

"Are you okay?" Blaine asks as he slowly starts to work the finger in him.

"Yes...Yeah." Kurt nods his head.

Blaine is gentle with him as he works him open. First with one, then two; by the time he's pushing in with three fingers, stretching him open, Kurt is letting noises fall from his lips that sound like a mix between a moan and a whimper. He works his hips down on Blaine's fingers as he drags them in and out, wondering if he could come on just this alone. When Blaine suddenly brushes his prostate, causing him to arch his back and let out a cry of pleasure, Kurt is pretty sure he could come on Blaine's fingers alone if he keeps it up.

Letting out a low whine when Blaine removes his fingers, he feels his heart start to race when he sees him reach for a condom. Watching as he tears it open and reaching down to roll it on, he opens his legs a bit

more as Blaine spreads lube over himself. Moaning when he presses the head of his cock to his entrance, not pushing in just yet, Kurt's already eager to have him inside.

"You ready?" Blaine asks as he gazes down at him, soothingly stroking a thumb over his warm cheek.

"Yes."

When Blaine slowly starts to push into him, feeling his muscles stretch around the head of his cock, Kurt grips the sheet in one hand in a tight clutch that has his knuckles turning white, and grips his other hand tight around Blaine's bicep, fingers digging into muscle. It's not so much painful, although there is a hint of pain, as it's just a different feeling. The sensation of having someone inside him is thrilling.

"You okay, Kurt?" Blaine asks with worry after stilling his hips.

Biting his lower lip and nodding his head, he looks into Blaine's eyes. "It...It feels good. Keep going."

"Are you sure?"

Nodding his head, he moans low in his throat as Blaine slowly rocks into him. The feeling of Blaine's hips hitting his ass a few moments later have him letting out a little gasp. Holding Blaine when he drops his head to the curve of his neck to breathe a few moments, he takes in the feeling of being filled by him. "You feel amazing inside me, Blaine," he whispers into his ear, letting out a little laugh when Blaine groans. "Do I feel good, too?"

"Kurt," Blaine says in a bit of a rough breath as he lifts his head and stares down at him with darkened eyes filled with need. "You feel like nothing I've ever felt before. I want to drown myself in how you fantastic you feel."

Kurt beams up at him. "I'm ready whenever you are," he informs him.

The next instant, Kurt moans as Blaine gently rocks his hips into him. It sends an immediate spark of pleasure through him.

It's not much at first; just a slow, steady slide of Blaine in and out of him. But Kurt finds his body reacting to every little thing. Every slow slide of Blaine out of him and subsequent push back in sends a wave of pleasure and desire through him. Moaning as Blaine pushes his knee up to his chest, getting more of

Blaine into him, he whimpers as his thrusts get longer, but still maintaining the slow, even thrusts that are driving him crazy.

A low heat already builds in his belly. Pleasure swims through his veins. There's a small sweat already forming over his skin. But all that couldn't matter to Kurt. As long as Blaine continues to slowly fuck him like this, nothing else matters.

Lifting his hips to meet the slow, languid thrusts of Blaine's hips, feeling as their bodies slide together, Kurt wraps his arms around Blaine's back and grabs at his shoulders.

Feeling Blaine pull out and slowly push back in, the drag of his cock so sensual that Kurt is dizzy with how pleasurable it is, he feels as the need for more starts to build. "I...I need mo-more, Blaine," he expresses with a low whine, groaning when Blaine lets go of his leg, dropping it back down, and feeling him get a good grip on him.

Going when Blaine sits up, shuffling his knees further apart, groaning at sinking all the way down on him, he slowly starts to rock his hips. Pleasure tingles under his skin as he moves; as he feels Blaine slowly pull out and thrust back up into him. Dropping his forehead to Blaine's, locking eyes with his stunning ones that are lust blown, holding tight to his shoulders, he drops his mouth open around a soft whine, feeling a shiver run through him when his lips barely brush Blaine's soft ones.

"Does it feel good?" Blaine asks as he leans back and braces his hand on the bed.

Kurt nods his head, feeling Blaine dig the fingers of his other hand into the flesh of his hip. Using Blaine's shoulders for leverage, he starts to rise to his knees and gently thrust back down as Blaine thrust up. Rising up until only the head of Blaine's cock is inside him, he thrust his hips back down, grinding and swiveling his hips, sighing at how pleasurable that is for both of them.

This might be the first time he's having sex. Hell, he's no expert when it comes to this stuff. But if there's one thing he knows how to do well, that's move his hips. It's what he does now. He moves his hips as if he's dancing. Swirls and rolls them like he's learned over the years. And based on Blaine's deep moans of pleasure, he figures he's doing something right.

"Turns out dancing is great for many things," he laughs as he drops his hips and rocks them.

"Fuck, Kurt!" Blaine exclaims as he pushes off his hand and wraps both arms around his waist, holding him close; dropping his forehead to the middle of Kurt's chest. "You should...de-definitely dance for me while I'm here."

Grabbing a handful of Blaine's curls, and yanking his head back, Kurt smirks down at him, arching an eyebrow. "I thought I was."

Hearing Blaine chuckle, he thrusts his hips down, cutting off his laughter and making him release a loud moan.

Sighing when Blaine attaches his lips to his neck, gently nipping and biting at the skin over his pulse point, Kurt wraps his arms around his neck and tilts his head to the side, exposing more of the creamy, pale skin of his neck.

Continuing to work his hips down, groaning at Blaine thrusting up into him, he can feel how close he is. His body is right there on the precipice of something great, he can tell.

"I'm close, Blaine," he mutters as Blaine starts to kiss up his neck, stopping right at the corner of his mouth. Staring into his eyes that are darkened with pleasure and lust, Kurt shivers.

"Tell me what you want, Kurt?" Blaine slowly thrust his hips up, making Kurt bite his lower lip and whine low in his throat.

The slow, sensual movements of Blaine's hips up into him is good, but not what he needs. He needs more; needs...no, wants fast and hard. "F-faster," he stutters. "Harder."

"You sure?" Blaine asks as he grips his hips.

Nodding his head, Kurt lets out a small yelp when Blaine falls back on the bed with him. Lifting his legs high on either side of Blaine, reaching above him to plant one hand to the headboard, the other wrapped around Blaine's back, fingers digging into heated flesh, Kurt cries out in pleasure when Blaine starts to thrust into him a deep, hard snaps of his hips. Arching his back and tilting his ass a bit higher, getting that much more of Blaine inside him, he turns his face into his bicep and lets out a guttural moan as Blaine barely brushes his prostate. When he does that, it feels as if electric sparks are running through him. It leaves him feeling amazing.

Dropping his arm to wrap around Blaine's back, gripping his shoulder, he tips his head back and whimpers. Lips press to his neck as hips continue to thrust into him.

Feeling Blaine pull all the way out and angle his hips, Kurt buries his face in the curve of Blaine's neck and lets out a scream of pleasure as Blaine manages to hit his prostate.

A hand wrapping around his cock makes him moan. Blaine moves his hand in firm, fast strokes. He thumbs at the head, smearing the pre-come beading at the tip over his cock, making the slide of his hand easier. Each stroke of Blaine's hand brings him closer and closer to his release. Each stroke has his body winding up tighter and tighter, making him eager to let go.

"Come on, Kurt," Blaine growls in a deep, wrecked voice. "Let go."

Just like that, Kurt's body snaps. He cries out in ecstasy as he spills over Blaine's hand. Digging his fingers into his back as he holds tight to him, body convulsing and shaking as his orgasm goes through him, amazed he could feel like this, he feels as he clenches around Blaine as he continues to thrust into him. A few moments later, orgasm starting to wane off, he groans as he feels Blaine bury his cock deep inside him one last time and come.

Relaxing against the bed after Blaine pulls out and collapses next to him, barely seeing out of the corner of his eye as he removes the condom, feeling hot and sticky and sweaty, but not caring, Kurt starts to giggle.

"I've noticed your tendency to laugh after having an orgasm." Blaine looks to him with the corner of his mouth turned up into an amused smile, small laughter evident in his voice. "What's funny this time?"

"I can't believe I've been missing out on that." Kurt turns to look at Blaine and grins. Moving to swing a leg over Blaine's waist, he sits on his thighs and gazes down at him, surprised by how quickly his body is reacting to the mere touch of Blaine's body beneath him. He can feel his cock, already, trying to get hard again. "Let's do it again."

"I'm gonna be here all day, aren't I?" Blaine jokes, sliding his hands into Kurt's that rest on his chest.

"If I had a say: Yes, you would be." Kurt squeezes Blaine's hands in his. "But you can leave if you want to." The thought of Blaine leaving so soon makes an ache form in Kurt's chest. He wants Blaine here for longer. He wants him to stay. "I'm not forcing you to stay."

Climbing off Blaine and moving to sit at the edge of the bed, wondering if it would be rude to excuse himself to the bathroom so he doesn't have to see him leave, he hears as Blaine sits up. Thinking that is it, he moves to stand up off the bed.

Arms suddenly wrap around his waist and pull him back to the middle of the bed. Sitting in Blaine's lap, he sighs as he feels him bury his nose in the back of his neck.

"I guess it's a good thing I want to stay, then," Blaine whispers into his ear.

Dropping his head back on Blaine's shoulder, smiling up at him as his eyes shine bright, he can't believe a few simple words could make him so happy. "Thank you," he whispers, nuzzling his nose along Blaine's neck.

"For what?" Blaine caresses the side of his face, leaning down and pressing a kiss to the tip of Kurt's nose, making him let out a soft giggle.

"For making it perfect," Kurt replies.

"It was my pleasure," Blaine whispers into his ear.

A shiver runs through him when Blaine drags his fingers down his messy stomach. Whimpering when he skims his fingers over his very interested cock, already getting hard again, he starts to work his hips down on Blaine. "Can we do it again?" Staring into Blaine's eyes as he rolls his hips down, feeling Blaine getting hard against his ass, Kurt can see in his eyes he wants it just as much as him. And want he does.

He wants Blaine inside him where it feels good; where it feels right. He wants to experience this as much as he can with Blaine here. His body might hate him afterwards, he might be sore and unable to walk without some sort of limp, but he doesn't care. He wants to remember this. He wants this. He craves to have Blaine inside filling him up.

Lifting up to his knees as Blaine rolls a new condom on, looking over his shoulder and watching as he spreads lube over himself. Going when a hand at his back pushes him, he lies on his stomach against the bed. Letting Blaine lift his hips so his ass is up in the air a bit, he buries his face in his pillow and moans as he feels Blaine slowly start to push in.

"Are you okay?" Blaine asks after bottoming out and leaning over him, pressing a sweet kiss to his temple after he turns to look at him.

"Perfect," he replies with a small smile.

Chapter Seven

3:58-6:26 p.m.

He's not all that surprised that Blaine is sleeping right now. It was shortly after the second time he slept with him that he dozed off. Checking the time, Kurt estimates Blaine has been asleep for almost an hour. He did nothing to keep him awake. He figured Blaine needed the rest after everything they've done so far. To know he's worn Blaine out actually makes him chuckle. It gives him a sense of pride at knowing he could do that.

Hell, if he could, he would have Blaine awake right now and have them doing things that his body would be greatly enjoying. But, he lets him sleep; lets him rest. He would be sleeping himself, but he's too wound up. Too excited. His body is still on the high of pleasure.

Gazing at Blaine as he sleeps, lying on his stomach and arms under the pillow his head rests on, Kurt smiles as he listens to him softly snore. Blaine snores in a way Kurt finds cute, but with anybody else it would be annoying. His unruly curls fall across his forehead, sticking up in all different places in other areas. The sheet rests low on his hips, right above his ass, and Kurt can't help but to enjoy how sexy that sight is. The expanse of Blaine's back, the shift of muscles under tan skin when he moves is alluring and sexy.

Outside the rain still falls. But not as hard as earlier. Raindrops lightly patter against the window. The sun is still blocked out by dark gray clouds, making it seem later than what is really is. Looking outside and seeing how drab and dreary it is, Kurt is glad to be inside in a warm bed with Blaine. The heat of Blaine's body providing him a comfortable warmth that he wouldn't have if he were alone at the moment.

Barely skimming his fingers down along Blaine's spine, feeling the knobs of his spine as his fingers pass over each one; Kurt stops his hand right above Blaine's ass. Toying with edge of the sheet, debating for a few seconds, he decides to be brave and just do it. He slides his hand under the sheet. Passing his hand over the firmness of Blaine's ass; looking up to make sure he is still sleeping, he bites his lower lip and grins as he gently squeezes Blaine's ass. Feeling the soft flesh under his hand, he imagines what it would be like to stretch Blaine open. He thinks about how it would feel to push into his body; to slowly thrust into him, and have him moaning beneath him. The idea alone has his cock twitching in interest.

Drawing his hand back when Blaine mumbles something in his sleep, running his fingers back up his back, Kurt stops when Blaine shifts the slightest. That's when he sees it for the first time. (Of course being too preoccupied before to notice if.) It's about three inches in length, and goes down the side where Blaine's ribcage is. Grazing his fingers over the slightly raised, pink skin of the scar, he wonders how he got it. He's tempted to lean over and press his lips to the area and kiss the scar just like Blaine did with him. But, instead, he drags his fingers back up Blaine's side.

Softly caressing Blaine's cheek, barely feeling the coarse hair along his jaw, Kurt moves his fingers back up and pushes the curls that have fallen across Blaine's forehead. The hair is soft between his fingers, making him tempted to just run his fingers through Blaine's hair until he wakes up. But figuring that to be a little too weird, he drags his forefinger right above Blaine's eyebrow; he smiles when Blaine pushes into his touch. Dragging his finger down the line of Blaine's nose, he knows what he is doing. He's trying to remember everything about Blaine. He wants to remember the planes of his face; wants to remember the feel of soft skin, and hard muscles, under his hand. He wants to remember every little detail of Blaine, that way when he looks back on this he can perfectly recall the man who gave him some of the best hours of his life.

Skimming his fingertips down and barely ghosting them over Blaine's soft, full lips, he begins to ponder what it would feel like to have Blaine's lips pressed to his. Would it be like he imagined a kiss would be? And not what he experienced all those years ago in that locker room. Would Blaine make it tender and sweet, or something entirely different? Would. Would. Would. A lot of *woulds* run through his mind. But he knows he has to stop thinking about that, or he might be too tempted to lean over and press his mouth to Blaine's. And he doesn't want to do that. He's been on the receiving end of an unwanted kiss; he doesn't want to be responsible for one.

Letting Blaine continue to sleep, and carefully climbing out of bed, Kurt stretches his arms above his head. Doing that, a small flare of pain throbs in his ass. It's not too bad; just uncomfortable. But he figures a little pain is worth the pleasure that came along with it. He, also, figures it should go away in time.

Walking out to where the living room area is, shivering a bit from the cold seeping in from outside, and having no heat, he walks and grabs his sweater Blaine was wearing. Pulling it on, the fabric soft against his skin, the sweater falls down and rests around his thighs. Lifting an edge of the sweater to his nose, breathing in a lungful of the scent lingering on the fabric, he smiles at finding Blaine's cologne clinging to the material. He doesn't mind one bit that it smells like Blaine.

Seeing his phone where he left it on the table, he grabs it and unlocks it. Finding a few messages, he clicks the most recent one from Rachel sent less than five minutes before.

Rachel

Ditching my last class. Buying lunch. Sure you don't want me to get you anything?

Kurt

I'm sure. Tired and lying in bed. Not much of an appetite.

Rachel

Okay. Check-up on you later.

Kurt

Okay.

"God, I'm starved," Kurt mumbles as he locks his phone, tossing it on the cushion of the couch, chuckling at how much he could go for whatever Rachel was going to bring him.

Walking to the kitchen, and heading to the fridge, he pulls open the door. Grabbing a can of coke, popping the tab and taking a long drink, he looks over what he has in his fridge. Running his foot along the back of his calf, the air of the fridge cold as it hits his skin, he grabs some butter and cheese. Setting the items on the counter, grabbing the loaf of bread he has, and a butter knife, he places to slices of bread on a plate.

Leaning back against the counter as he butters the bread, he reflects on what Blaine and he did. He thinks about the way Blaine touched. How he felt inside him; stretching and filling him up in a way that has him aching for it again. He thinks about sweaty, damp bodies moving together in a perfect rhythm quickly learned together that would usually take months; thinks about how Blaine gripped his hips so hard the second time he knows light, finger-shaped bruises are starting to form on his hips. Pressing his hand to one of his hips, feeling the slight pain when he gently presses down, he thinks about how he wants that again. He really enjoyed Blaine being slightly rough with him. Then when he stars to think of Blaine fucking him hard and fast, he can feel himself start to grow hard at the thought.

Letting those thoughts go, for now, he sets a pan over one of the flames of the stove.

"Oh, God." He hears Blaine say behind him in a gruff voice. Spinning around, Kurt drinks in the sight of Blaine in only pajama pants that hang off his hips; just enough to show off the lines of his V that disappears into the pants. He has his messy curls as he rubs the sleep from his eyes. "I'm sorry I fell asleep," he apologizes.

"It's fine," Kurt assures him. "You were tired."

"Part of that is you, and part of it is because of my roommate from hell." Blaine walks over and stands next to Kurt, leaning against the counter by him, giving him a small smile.

"What did your roommate do?" Of course Kurt doesn't need to ask how he is part of the reason Blaine was tired.

"He decided that having a party till five in the morning was the greatest idea. I was so fucking pissed." Kurt can hear how much Blaine is annoyed and frustrated with his roommate as he talks about him. It drips from his voice. "I couldn't sleep because of the noise."

"How do you have energy? I mean...Why come over so early when you could be sleeping right now at your place?"

"Like I said earlier: I like seeing you again. Sleep is overrated; I'd rather be here." Blaine smiles at him. "And I drank like five cups of coffee this morning. I think I was also experiencing the crash."

After Blaine said he rather be here, Kurt barely registers the words he said after that. The fact that Blaine wants to be here with him makes him feel...wanted in a way he thought nobody would ever want him.

"Well...um...Are you hungry? I'm making grilled cheese sandwiches."

"Starved," Blaine replies.

"Are you thirsty? I have some drinks if you are."

"That would be great. Thank you."

Placing a few slices of cheese on the buttered slice of bread, and adding the top slice, Kurt places it in the hot pan.

Walking over to the fridge, he pulls open the door and grabs a can of Coca-Cola for Blaine. Feeling the sweater rise up his thighs, he tugs it back down. Closing the fridge, he hands Blaine his drink.

"Kurt?" Blaine says with curiosity lacing his voice.

"Yeah?" Kurt flips the grilled cheese in the pan.

"Are you wearing any kind of underwear right now?"

Blushing at the question, Kurt looks to Blaine with a grin. "Um...No." He laughs at noticing Blaine's eyes go wide and dart down to the lower half of his body. He doesn't mind being half-naked around Blaine. He is comfortable in his own skin when he is around him, now, that he can stand there in only a sweater and not feel weird or uncomfortable.

"I'm...I apologize in advance if I stare, or don't say anything back to you. Because you in only a sweater is probably the sexiest things I've ever seen."

Kurt feels a deeper warmth bloom in his cheeks at Blaine's words. To know he is distracting to Blaine in a good way makes him feel sexy, and somehow even more beautiful than what Blaine has shown him to be.

Sitting at his dining table after finishing making the grilled cheese, Blaine sitting to the right side of the table, he takes a bite of his food. "Is it okay?" he asks as after seeing Blaine take a bite.

"It's great," Blaine tells him, tearing off a piece of his sandwich and popping it into his mouth. "Thanks."

"No problem." Lifting his legs up, and resting his feet on the edge of the chair, Kurt takes a big bite of his sandwich. "Can I ask you something?"

Sure." Blaine nods his head.

"You said last time that your dad is a surgeon?"

"Yeah."

"And you also said you started this job because you needed the money?"

Blaine nods his head, again. "I think I know where this is going."

"Oh, yeah," Kurt playfully teases. "Where's it going?"

"You want to know why I didn't ask my dad for money and avoid taking this job?"

"Yeah. That's the gist of it." Kurt pushes his empty plate away from him, not surprised at how quickly he finished his grilled cheese since he was hungry. He stands up off the chair. Going to the fridge, he grabs the small container of vanilla ice cream he has. "Was it because he doesn't like that you're gay?" He sets the ice cream on the table and walks to a cabinet to grab cups.

"Actually," Blaine says, "it was my choosing. My father is fine with my sexuality. It took him some time to accept it after I told him. But he's at a place now where he accepts me and loves me. He is past being upset."

"Then why not ask him?" Kurt questions as he sits back down and sets a cup and spoon down in front of Blaine.

"A pride thing, I guess." Blaine shrugs his shoulders. "My parents had helped support me through college. But, afterwards, I wanted to show them I could do it on my own."

"So, it's safe to assume you make a decent living doing what you do?" Kurt takes the lid off the ice cream and starts to scoop some into his cup.

"You would be right." Blaine takes the carton when Kurt pushes it to him.

Pouring coke over the ice cream in his cup, watching it foam up, Kurt thinks about something else. "Have you ever thought of quitting?"

"A few times," Blaine replies as he licks the ice cream that dripped onto his thumb, Kurt stares a little too hard when he does that. He then pours the remainder of his coke over the ice cream in his cup. "But, of course, nothing came of that because I'm here."

"Well then," Kurt says. "I'm glad you didn't quit. Who knows who I would have gotten if you did."

"I'm glad I didn't quit, either," Blaine replies with a small smile.

Blushing, Kurt looks down to his ice cream float. Scooping out a spoonful of ice cream and coke, he eats it, enjoying the sweet taste on his tongue. Sticking his spoon back in his cup, stirring the melting ice cream and coke together, seeing Blaine eat a spoonful of his ice cream, he wonders what it would have been like if they met under different circumstances. Would Blaine have talked to him? Would he have been brave enough to talk to Blaine? He wonders how and where they could have met. Would it have been an accident that caused it, or one of them being brave? He will never know now.

"If you weren't an escort, and we had met under different circumstances, would you have talked to me?" Kurt asks as he lets go of his spoon, hearing a clink as it hits the cup.

"Definitely," Blaine replies, nodding his head. "Of course, I would have probably made a fool of myself. But, yeah, I would have talked to you."

"Really?" Kurt beams at Blaine.

"Yeah." Blaine smiles back at him and nods his head. "I would have pinched myself first to make sure I wasn't dreaming; just to make sure you were real."

"I probably would have thought you were playing a cruel joke or something. Because no way someone as handsome as you could ever want to talk to me, considering how unconfident I was," Kurt admits.

"Would you have given me your phone number if I asked for it?" Blaine asks.

"In a heartbeat," Kurt honesty says. "If it happened like that, then maybe you would be kissing me like I want right now." Realizing what he just blurted without thinking, Kurt turns red in embarrassment and sees Blaine's eyes go wide with surprise. Now he feels like an idiot. "Sorry. I shouldn't have said that."

Feeling like a fool for admitting something he didn't want to, Kurt stands up and turns away from Blaine. Needing to do something to distract himself, he notices the dirty dishes that need to be cleaned. Taking a step toward them, he stops and pulls in a deep breath when Blaine takes a hold of his wrist.

"Kurt?" Blaine softly says.

"Just forget it, Blaine," Kurt responds.

"Kurt?" Blaine pulls him and turns him to face him.

Standing there with Blaine so close, close enough to smell his intoxicating cologne, Kurt trembles at the way Blaine is looking at him at the moment. Eyes filled with a hunger and lust unlike he's ever seen before fill Blaine's luminous eyes.

"Have you thought about kissing me, Kurt?" Blaine asks as he takes a step forward, making Kurt take a step back.

"Yes." His voice comes out a bit shaky as he answers. He knows there's no point in lying. There would be no reason to.

Walking backwards until his back hits the counter, Kurt grabs at Blaine's hips when he steps close to him. Fingers dig into soft flesh.

"Good." Blaine smiles as he gently nudges their noses together. Kurt barely parts his lips and gasps when Blaine softly drags his fingers over his mouth, doing the exact same thing he did earlier to him while he slept in bed. "Because I've thought about kissing you, too. Since I last saw you, it's all I can think about. I shouldn't be this crazy over wanting to kiss you. But I am."

Kurt is pretty sure he loses his train of thought for a few seconds after Blaine says that. To know Blaine wants to kiss him just as much as he wants to kiss Blaine makes his heart race with how much he is wanted by this man.

"Kurt?" Blaine whispers.

"Yeah?" He stares into his eyes, flecks of yellow discernible in Blaine's eyes.

"Do you want me to kiss you?" Blaine brushes his thumb along Kurt's bottom lip.

"Yes," he gasps. He doesn't need to think about it. Not even for a second. It's all he can think about. After being with Blaine physically, all he can focus on is how the press of his soft lips to his would feel. It occupies his mind more than it should; but it's what he wants. He wants Blaine to kiss him; to give him his first real kiss.

Noticing Blaine's eyes dart to his lips, and slowly start to lean forward, it's instant that he knows what's about to happen.

Blaine is going to kiss him. Him, who is twenty and still new to a lot of the sexual aspects of life. Him, who just lost his virginity and never had a proper first kiss. It's exciting, and exhilarating, all at the same time.

But then he remembers the rules Blaine has to follow. He remembers how Blaine told him he's forbidden to kiss his clients on the mouth, per the company he works for orders. Blaine is about to go against the rules for him, when he doesn't feel deserving. He's just Kurt; he's nothing special. Definitely not a person worth breaking the rules for.

"You can't. What are you doing, Blaine?" he asks as Blaine places a finger under his chin and tips his head back the smallest; the smallest of grazes of Blaine's lips against his sending a jolt up his spine.

"Breaking the rules."

Kurt keeps his eyes on Blaine's as he gently presses their mouths together. The instant press of lips together, though, has him fluttering his eyes closed and releasing a low sigh.

This kiss is the complete opposite of the first one taken from him. Where that one was a hard press of lips, and unwanted, this one is lips softly pressing to his in a way that makes his heart flutter with how sweet it is.

Blaine's lips on his are just as soft and full as he thought they would feel against his when he skimmed his fingertips across them earlier. They have a hint of sweetness to them, and vanilla from the ice cream they just ate. They feel perfect against his as they slowly move their mouths together.

When Kurt thought of his first kiss, this is how he imagined it. Well, not to the exact detail, because he would be wearing more clothes at the moment. But he imagined it to be sweet and tender and gentle, and with a guy that would make it memorable in the best way possible. He never knew what the guy looked like, just that it was someone who could give him his perfect first kiss. And now standing in his kitchen in only an oversized sweater, being sweetly by Blaine, he can't picture anybody else. He can't see another person giving him what Blaine is currently giving him: the first kiss he deserved.

Parting his lips when Blaine licks at the seam of his mouth, Kurt lets out a small moan at the feeling of Blaine tentatively licking into his mouth. He holds tight to Blaine's hips to keep from falling over at how

sensual and amazing that is. The slow massage and glide of Blaine's tongue against his has him groaning, and desperate for more. A small flame of desire starts to grow in his belly; a desire and want for Blaine.

Pressing close to Blaine's strong, hard body, draping his arms over his shoulders, feeling his sweater rise up enough to rest around his hips, Kurt ignores that and continues to kiss Blaine. He slides their tongues together, and gently thrust his tongue into Blaine's mouth.

When Blaine rest his hand at his lower back, stroking his pinkie finger over the skin not covered by the sweater, Kurt shivers when he slides his hand under the fabric of the sweater. The slow slide of his fingers along his spine makes sparks travel across his spine, and make him feel like a fire is swimming through his blood stream. Placing his own hands on Blaine's chest, he roams his hands over soft skin and hard muscle. Feeling as Blaine pulls his hand out from inside his sweater, he groans when he lightly squeezes his ass before moving his hands to his front lower belly.

Continuing to kiss Blaine, knowing he's not going to stop soon, Kurt takes a deep breath when Blaine pulls away. His lips tingle from the kiss; his mind is dizzy with how amazing and perfect kissing Blaine is. Licking his lips where Blaine's just where, he still can't believe that just happened.

"Can I take this off?" Blaine asks as he toys with the hem of the sweater.

Lifting his arms in reply, Kurt feels as Blaine pushes the sweater up and off him. Draping his arms over Blaine's shoulders after he drops the sweater to the floor, he leans in and takes Blaine's mouth in a tender but hungry kiss.

He shivers at how delicately Blaine skims his fingers over his skin. The pass of fingers down his back, over the swell of his ass, over his hip, and across his belly make him eager for more.

Pushing his fingers past the waistband of the pajama pants Blaine is wearing and slowly starts pushing them down, he whispers, "Is this okay?"

"More than okay."

Pushing the pants down until they are a pool of fabric around Blaine's feet, Kurt pulls Blaine's body to him. Opening his legs a bit, letting out a small whimper when he gently rolls his hips into Blaine, Kurt tips his head back. Lips press to his neck as he threads his fingers through Blaine's messy curls.

The press of naked bodies close is something Kurt will never get used to no matter how much he has experienced it so far. It's still as intimate as the first time.

"Please." He doesn't realize he's saying it until the word falls from his lips.

"What do you want, Kurt?" Blaine says with a hitched voice as he slowly grinds his hips into Kurt's.

Staring into Blaine's lust blown eyes, Kurt decides to just to say it. "Don't care. Just you." He lightly scratches his nails down Blaine's back when a particular roll of his hips sends pleasure through him.

"Just me?" Blaine asks as he sensually flicks his tongue over Kurt's top lip. "Do you want me to make you feel good?"

Kurt wants to tell him that he already makes him feel good. And in so many ways. But he can't seem to form words at the moment. He trembles as he nods his head. Hell, Blaine could ignore his request and only kiss him for hours, and he would be satisfied. As long as Blaine does anything, he will be happy.

Seeing the corner of Blaine's mouth turn up in a small smile, Kurt knows, then, that he's going to get more than just kissing. Capturing Blaine's mouth in a hungry, desperate kiss, Kurt pushes off the edge of the counter and starts to head for the bedroom. It proves a little difficult to walk to his bedroom when he can't stop kissing Blaine, but they manage.

Finally making it to the room, desperate and wanting Blaine, Kurt barely registers as he's pressed to the wall. All he focuses on is kissing Blaine. Kissing Blaine is the best thing in the world.

Whining low in his throat when Blaine pulls away, he hears him chuckle. "I'll just be a second," Blaine tells him with an amused smile. Watching him grab a condom and the lube, Kurt feels his cock twitch at the excitement of it all.

Pulling Blaine back to him when he's close enough, he continues to kiss him. Feeling his leg being lifted, he hooks it over Blaine's hip.

The two fingers Blaine pushes into him several seconds later makes him moan. Still stretched from earlier, the fingers are easily worked into his body. When Blaine adds a third finger, Kurt tips his head back and lets out a soft whimper.

"You okay?" Blaine asks as he starts to work the fingers in and out of Kurt.

Nodding his head, Kurt starts to roll his hips down on the fingers. It's not enough, but it's so much better than nothing. But when Blaine crooks his fingers on the drag out, Kurt couldn't care less about not enough when white hot pleasure swims through his veins after Blaine brushes his prostate. "Please," he quietly begs as he continues to work his hips down.

"Please, what?" Blaine kisses along his jaw, pressing his lips to the corner of Kurt's mouth right before lightly brushing his lips over Kurt's soft ones.

"Fuck me." Kurt doesn't mean to say it; he had every intention of just asking Blaine to be inside him. But that's what comes out. And truth be told, it's what he wants. He wants to experience hard and fast.

"Are you sure?" Blaine asks to make sure it's what he really wants.

"Yes."

Blaine removes his fingers, and Kurt watches as he tears open the foil wrapper and rolls the condom on. Slicking himself up, Kurt lets him lift his other leg, and instead of hooking it over his hip, like with the other, Blaine drapes it over his arm. Being lifted up another inch or so on the wall, leg resting in the crook of Blaine's arm, Kurt clutches at his shoulders for more support. Kurt sighs as he starts to push into him. The stretch around Blaine now, somehow, familiar; the slide of Blaine inside of him filling him up makes Kurt release a small whine.

Hips press flush to his ass several seconds later, and Blaine wraps his other arm around his waist and holds him tight.

"You can change your mind, Kurt," Blaine tells him as he stills for a few moments.

"No." Kurt shakes his head. Kissing Blaine, he mumbles against his lips, "Fuck me."

When Blaine pulls his hips back, and subsequently snaps them forward a moment later, Kurt lets out a loud moan of pleasure. Wrapping his arms around Blaine's neck, he clutches at his shoulders. Being hungrily kissed, he groans as Blaine snaps his hips up.

Being jostled and hefted up the wall as Blaine slowly fucks into him, and being sensually kissed in a way that is leaving him breathless, Kurt buries his face in the curve of Blaine's neck. He releases a small groan against Blaine's skin when he picks up the force and pace of his hips.

This is what he wanted. To be sensually fucked by Blaine is what he wanted. At having it happen, it's unlike anything he's ever experienced so far. With the angle of his leg from how Blaine is holding it, and Blaine changing the angle of his hips, it has Kurt releasing a quite a loud moan when he manages to perfectly hit his prostate.

Kurt releases a mix between a whimper and a moan as Blaine continues to thrust into him with deep, hard snaps of his hips. Threading his fingers into Blaine's hair, he grips and pulls tight as sparks of pleasure shoot up his spine and throughout his body. Blaine digs the fingers of his hand into Kurt's hip as he fucks into him.

Starting to work his hips down on Blaine as he fucks up into him, Kurt moans as Blaine takes his mouth in a hungry, desperate kiss. Mouths roughly move together in a way that Kurt's knows his lips will be swollen and red. But he loves it too much to care. It makes all this so much better.

In his belly, Kurt can feel the heat growing. He knows he's close.

Blaine's hand wrapping around his cock brings an ounce of relief he needs. When Blaine starts stroking, slow strokes up and down, thumbing at the head of his cock, Kurt can feel the heat growing. Letting out a loud cry of Blaine's name—that is instantly muffled by Blaine's mouth on his once again—as he spills over his fist, warmth hitting his stomach, Kurt trembles. Pleasure courses through him like liquid fire. It's sensual and hot.

Dropping his head on Blaine's shoulders, breathing heavy, he feels as Blaine thrusts his hips up a handful more times and comes. Kurt barely sags against Blaine, not wanting to put all his weight on him.

"I love orgasms," Kurt laughs, still feeling the remains of his orgasm swim through him; pleasure that is fantastic.

"I think everybody in the known universe can agree with you on that." Blaine nuzzles his nose in the curve of Kurt's neck, kissing right over where his pulse point is.

Dropping his leg that was hooked over Blaine's arm, Kurt softly kisses his way up Blaine's neck. Taking his lips in a sweet, tender kiss, he smiles and hums as Blaine kisses him back and holds him close. "How about a bath?" He nudges his nose against Blaine's. Blaine's smile is answer enough for him.

Chapter Eight

8:40-?

Leaning back against Blaine's strong, warm, and currently wet, body, fluttering his eyes closed, Kurt softly moans as Blaine massages shampoo into his hair. What was supposed to be a bath turned into them just deciding to take a quick shower together. But once Blaine got his fingers into his hair, and started to work his magic there, Kurt knew nothing about this shower would be quick.

"You have amazing fingers," he says as he tips his head back to rest on Blaine's shoulder, gazing up at him with joy.

Blaine laughs as he still gently massages his fingers against Kurt's scalp. "That's, actually, not the first time I've heard that. But, thank you."

Kurt knows he shouldn't be surprised by Blaine's words. But he is. He's also surprised the jealousy that rises up in him at knowing other people have touched and experienced Blaine in a way that he wishes he only could. Being jealous is stupid, he knows that; Blaine isn't his to have, and it's his job to please people besides him. But, he still finds himself hating people he's never met simply because they've had Blaine.

Pushing away and ignoring those feelings, not wanting them to ruin the rest of his time with Blaine, Kurt focuses on having him here with him right now. But it gets him curious; he starts to wonder about the other men Blaine has been with. Are they better than him? Are they cuter? Older? Younger? Where does he stand against them? He knows it's stupid to be thinking these thoughts, but he's twenty years old; he's still insecure about some things. Of course he's going to judge himself against the other men Blaine has been with.

"Kurt?"

Coming out of his head, Kurt lifts his head off Blaine's shoulder. "Yeah?" He feels Blaine drop his fingers from his hair.

"Where'd you go just now?"

"Nowhere," he replies with a mumble. "Just thinking."

"Didn't seem like it," Blaine says as he turns him around. "What were you thinking?"

"About your other clients. About your job. How they are." Closing his eyes and tipping his head back before he sees Blaine's reaction to that, Kurt washes the shampoo from his hair. He needs to distract himself for the moment. It was a stupid thing to think and say, he knows, but his curiosity got the better of him.

When he lifts his head and looks to Blaine, he instantly sees that Blaine is slightly frustrated by what he said. His brows are slightly furrowed together, and there's a hint of annoyance to his otherwise soft eyes.

"I can't tell you about my other clients, Kurt," Blaine says as he reaches around and shuts off the water. "It's against company policy."

"I know," Kurt softly says. "It's just...I was curious."

"Curious about what?" Blaine pushes the shower curtain aside and grabs the towels Kurt hung on the hook for them, giving him a small smile.

Taking the towel Blaine offers, Kurt lightly presses it to his face before opening it and wrapping it around his waist. "Have you ever been with someone famous or important?"

"Once," Blaine replies as he wraps his towel around his waist. "And don't ask who. I can't tell you."

Now that he knows, Kurt is even more curious. But he'll respect Blaine and not further push him to answer who it is. "Who's the youngest person you've been with?"

"You."

"And the oldest?"

"He was in his mid-fifties. But, I will say," Blaine says after Kurt's eyes go wide with surprise, "he was very good looking for his age."

"Do you sleep with all your clients?"

"No," Blaine replies as he takes Kurt's hand and holds it as he steps out of the tub. "Sometimes I'm paid to be a date. But, mostly, it is sexual."

"Do you ever hate your job?" Kurt continues to hold Blaine's hand as they walk back to where his bedroom is.

"Do you?" Blaine asks with a laugh and an arch of his eyebrow.

"Touché," Kurt replies. "What...What if you don't want to sleep with a client? What if you're not attracted to them and can't get it up?" Kurt starts to laugh as Blaine wraps his arms around his waist and presses his damp body to his. "What do you do?"

"On days like that, let's just say the company has ways of making sure we satisfy the customer."

It takes a moment for it to click for Kurt after Blaine holds his thumb and finger less than an inch apart in front of his face as if holding something small. "No!" he says shocked and amused, fighting the laugh wanting to fall from his lips.

"Yes." Blaine nods his head. "The company gives it to us so we have it anytime we need it."

"Have you ever taken some?" Kurt curiously asks.

"A few times. Doesn't make the experience better. But it gets the job done."

"I would have liked to have seen that," Kurt comments. "Did you take one today?" He's not sure why he asks. He wouldn't care either way.

"Trust me, Kurt. I don't need one with you. You're better than a little blue pill."

A warmth spreads through Kurt as he blushes. It's definitely the strangest compliment he's ever received, but he still enjoys it. "Can I...Can I ask something?"

"Sure."

"Was I at least as good as some of them? I know I'm young and unexperienced; but, I was wondering. The truth; I can handle it." Kurt chews his lower lip after asking that, nervous over Blaine's reply.

"Kurt," Blaine sighs with a chuckle, "if you want to know: Yes, you were just as good, and even better than some."

"Really?"

"Really."

Stopping in front of his bed when they reach the bedroom, Kurt lets out a small yelp when Blaine pulls away his towel and leaves him standing there naked. "Blaine!" Kurt playfully scolds him as he scrambles to cover himself. Of course, Blaine has seen all of him, but he is still new to being completely naked in front of him where he can actually stare at every inch of his exposed body. When they're usually naked together, Blaine has always been preoccupied with other things. So, now standing there where Blaine isn't focused on something else, and feeling shy, Kurt blushes a deep red.

Reaching for one of the pillows on his bed, holding it in front of his body, Kurt watches as Blaine walks over and sits down on the bed in front of him.

"Don't." Blaine carefully tugs the pillow, dropping it to the floor. "I want to see you." Kurt trembles as Blaine skims his fingers along his side, drawing them over his hip and down his thigh.

"I'm not accustomed to standing naked in front of someone and being looked at," Kurt admits with a small chuckle. "I mean, I know you've seen me and all. But...This is new for me." Running his fingers through wet curls when Blaine leans forward and nuzzles his nose against his lower belly. It has Kurt smiling, and sends a shiver up his spine.

"Don't worry, Kurt. You're gorgeous. As I've said before," Blaine mumbles against the soft skin of Kurt's belly.

Tipping his head back and softly moaning when Blaine starts to kiss at the soft skin below his bellybutton, Kurt feels heat and desire stir in him. "I know." A moment later, he lets out a loud gasp when Blaine starts to lightly suck on the skin over his hipbone. Feeling the light nip and bite of teeth, the slow drag of Blaine's tongue over the skin, he knows there will be a dark hickey marring his skin.

Blaine tips his head back, resting his chin on Kurt's belly. Looking down at him, Kurt smiles when he grins up at him. "I could do this for hours."

"Hours we got." Leaning down and smiling into the slow, languid kiss he gives Blaine, Kurt pulls back a few moments later. Walking to his dresser, he grabs some clean clothes for Blaine and he. Handing over a shirt and sweats to Blaine, he starts to get dressed himself. "But, I'm hungry. Are you hungry? I could order something," Kurt says as he pulls on a pair of boxers.

"You don't have to do that," Blaine says as he puts on the plain tee Kurt gave him.

"I do because I'm starved."

"No." Blaine shakes his head. "I'm fine with whatever you have in your fridge."

"Are you sure? I wouldn't mind calling out for something."

"Yeah. I know you don't have much money left. Don't want you to spend what you do have on me."

Slipping his hand into Blaine's, Kurt is beyond grateful, once again, that he met this amazing man in the most of unusual of ways. Heading to the kitchen, Blaine and he easily maneuver around each other, like they've known each other for years and know what the other is going to do, they make sandwiches.

"Tell me something about yourself." Kurt reaches behind him and grabs the edge of the counter, hopping up and sitting there after getting his fill of peanut butter and jelly sandwiches and apple slices. Ankles crossed, and swaying his feet, he watches as Blaine leans back on the counter across from him. Staring at his body as he stands there, legs out in front him, ankles crossed, hands grabbing the counter behind him, eyeing the sliver of tan skin that is exposed from his shirt riding up, Kurt can't believe he got to sleep with this gorgeous man.

Thinking about the fact that he had Blaine inside him makes him flush with arousal. He thinks about how so right it felt; how he wishes that whatever it is he's sharing with Blaine would go beyond this day.

"What do you want to know?" Blaine asks, bringing him out of his thoughts.

"I don't know." Kurt shrugs his shoulders. For a second he thinks about it and decides on something easy.

"What's your favorite book?"

"Any book?"

"You can say whatever you want. It's your choice."

"Then The Vintner's Luck. What about you?"

Kurt smiles at knowing that answer without having to think about it. "Where The Wild Things Are," he quietly replies.

"That's not the answer I was expecting," Blaine quietly chuckles. "What's the story there?"

"Every night around the time I turned three, my mom would read it to me to get me to sleep. She would do her own voices for the characters, and wild noises and crazy gestures. She even dressed me up as Max once for Halloween when I begged her." Kurt smiles as he recalls how his mom spent hours making his costume and designing the crown and scepter for him. To this day that Halloween is still his favorite. "Every night without fail she read me that story. For months after she died, I didn't touch the book. But the first time I finally did, I read the book and she was with me. I could hear the characters as she created them."

"Do you still read it?" Blaine asks as he scratches behind his ear.

"Every once and awhile. But her voice is gone; I can't remember how she sounded when she was the characters. I read it, though, because I still love it, and the memories it brings."

"My mom read me Goodnight, Moon growing up," Blaine reveals with a small chuckle. "I actually haven't read it in years."

"What's your favorite memory about your mom?" Kurt watches as Blaine mulls over the question for a bit.

"Christmas Eve when I was seven and we stayed up making cookies. My dad had told me to go to bed before Santa came, of course I still believed in the jolly old dude," Blaine interjects.

"Of course." Kurt laughs.

"Anyways. I'm lying in bed and I remember we didn't put out any cookies or milk for him. I crept downstairs and to the kitchen. At first I tried doing it by myself even though I had no clue what to do. Somehow, I ended up breaking a plate, and that had my mom coming downstairs. I told her what I was doing; she ended up staying with me and making cookies until I passed out."

"Did your dad enjoy them?" Kurt asks with amusement and laughter to his voice.

"Apparently so, because they were all gone come morning," Blaine replies with a chuckle. "What about you?"

Thinking hard about it, Kurt finds himself going back to a memory from when he was seven. It's one he loves of his mom. "My mom loved, I mean loved," he laughs as he starts to talk, "Simon and Garfunkel. She had several of their vinyl records. About once a week she would listen to a record; she would be cooking or cleaning or reading, stuff like that, while a song like Scarborough Fair would be blasting through the house. Well, one day, while my dad was out doing something, she put one of the records on. I was in the kitchen with her helping make her world famous brownies when one of her favorite songs came on."

"What song?" Blaine interestedly asks.

Kurt chuckles as he replies, "Mrs. Robinson."

Blaine lets out a small laugh.

"I know. Well, the song is playing and my mom gets me to dance with her to it. It's fun; we're having a great time. A few songs later, my dad comes home, and without saying anything, he comes up and takes her in his arm and starts to slowly dance with her as the song Bookends plays. I sat there and watched my parents be in love. My mom covered in flour and cocoa powder, and barefoot, my dad wearing a baseball cap and jeans and shirt. It's my favorite memory of her," Kurt jumps off the counter, "and what I want. I want a love like my parents had. Where I can be baking and my boyfriend, or husband, can come home and just dance with me. No reason or motive, and just...dance with me." Realizing what he said, Kurt starts to blush from embarrassment. "Is that stupid?"

He watches Blaine walk over to where he's standing. Turning into his hand when he gently cups his face, stroking his thumb over his cheek, Kurt sighs when he leans in and gently kisses him. "It's the farthest thing from stupid I've ever heard," Blaine says against his lips.

Kurt pulls his head back some to gaze into Blaine's eyes. "Do you think it's possible?"

"Yes." Blaine nods his head and smiles. "Find the right guy, and it's possible."

Kurt isn't sure if he's seeing, or imagining, things, but he swears he notices a flash of something cross Blaine's eyes as he said that. He also heard the hitch to his voice. Not knowing what he just witnessed, he decides to move past it. No reason to dwell on something that won't matter come morning.

"Thanks." He beams a bright smile to Blaine, feeling his heart skip a beat when Blaine kisses him again. "Now," he says as he arches an eyebrow, ready to move on to something lighthearted and fun. "On to more important questions."

"What classifies as important?"

"Who was the first boy you kissed?" Kurt watches as Blaine drops his head and shakes it, but still smiling.

"His name was Grady. I was fifteen and we met at camp one summer. We had snuck out of our cabins and went swimming in the lake. Sitting on the end of the dock afterwards, laughing about something, he leaned over and kissed me." A big smile spreads across Blaine's face, and Kurt wonders how much he liked this Grady guy. "After that night, though, he told me it was a mistake; a spur of the moment kind of thing."

"Sorry," Kurt says, feeling like he needs to say that.

"Don't apologize. I'm way over it."

"I very well can't tell you about my first real kiss, considering," Kurt jokes as he laughs.

"Then tell me about..." Blaine trails off as he considers what to ask. "Anything? I want to know anything from you."

Kurt drops his head to Blaine's chest and thinks about that. There are hundreds of things he could tell Blaine, but what? Thinking about it, he picks something Blaine will find amusing. Wrapping his arms around Blaine's small waist, tipping his head, he smiles up at him. "I pretended to be straight for, like, a week in high school."

"Okay," Blaine laughs out loud. Kurt likes the sound; likes how Blaine gets wrinkles around his eyes when he laughs. "You have to explain that."

"I wanted my dad to hang out with me like he did with his friends from the garage. I thought if I dated a girl and tried to be straight, he would want to hang out with me like he did them."

"What happened?"

"He knew me too well," Kurt tells Blaine with a laugh. "I was back to my grand, amazing self in no time."

"I'm glad for that." Kurt turns into Blaine's hand when he pushes a few strands of hair from his eyes. "Is that the only person you've dated?" Blaine asks as he slips his hand under Kurt's shirt and slowly strokes his thumb over his lower back.

"Yup. But, I forgot to tell you," Kurt says. "Someone asked me out a few days ago."

Immediately, Kurt feels Blaine still in his arms; the thumb that was lazily stroking along his lower back stops. He's not sure what it means. It confuses him. Is Blaine surprised someone would ask him out? Or is it something entirely different? If it is something different, Kurt doesn't want to think what it could be; he doesn't want to hope.

"Oh, yeah. That's great!" Kurt hears how forced the excitement is when Blaine speaks; like he knows he has to say something nice about the news. "What's his name?"

"Lee." Kurt lifts his head and gazes at Blaine, noticing the slight sadness in his eyes. It's then that it clicks for Kurt; he realizes Blaine is upset over him getting asked out. He's doesn't like that it happened. That thought makes Kurt happy; lets him know Blaine might, actually, care for him more than he thought.

"Is he cute?" Blaine asks obviously uninterested.

"A bit."

"Oh...That's good." Kurt can hear the slight trace of jealousy in Blaine's voice, and sees a hint of it in his eyes.

"I said no. If you were wondering," Kurt informs him, instantly noticing relief wash over Blaine.

"Wh-Why did you say no?" Kurt notices the joyful smile Blaine tries to fight. But when he turns the corner of his mouth up into a smile, he finds him sickeningly adorable.

"He just wanted to sleep with me. He fucks every gay guy on campus. Even some of the straight ones, too," Kurt tells him. "I knew if I went out with him, he would just try to get into my pants. I didn't want that after you told me to wait for someone special."

"Too bad you didn't listen to my advice," Blaine comments.

Kurt lifts his head and leans in to kiss Blaine. "Too bad I did," he mumbles against his lips.

Kissing Blaine languidly for a few moments, Kurt pulls back enough to kiss his way down his neck. "Blaine?" he quietly whispers as he nuzzles his nose in the curve of Blaine's neck. Feeling safe and comfortable, Kurt hates each minute that passes and gets them closer to this night being over.

"Yeah?" Blaine quietly replies.

"Do you date?"

"Why?"

"Was just wondering if you can do your job while having a steady boyfriend." After he says it, Kurt realizes what it must sound like to Blaine. He probably thinks he wants to date him, which he does, don't get him wrong, but he doesn't want Blaine to think he is trying to ask him out. Even though he would love that, he knows it seems highly improbable that Blaine would want to date him outside of this.

"No. It's too complicated and messy for that."

"How so?"

"I'll tell you of my experience trying to date when I first started this job." Going with Blaine when he takes his hand and walks over to the couch, Kurt sits down, draping his legs over Blaine's lap, and gets comfortable. "About three months after I started working, I met this guy. It was normal at first; we went on dates and all that."

"Did he know about your job?"

"No." Blaine shakes his head. "And that was the problem. Me leaving for work at a time when most people are already home from work made him suspicious. Coming home tired and immediately taking showers. It all seemingly pointed to me cheating on him."

"Did he confront you about it?"

"Yes. I told him what I was doing, and he left." Blaine sighs and shrugs his shoulders in a way to say it is what it is. "So, you see my dilemma: Immediately tell someone what I do and have them lose interest, or date and try to hide it. Neither of those options turns out well in the end."

"What happens if you meet someone and want to be with them?" Kurt questions with a curious edge to his voice. "What would you do then? Would you quit?"

"I can't say. I'm positive if it happens I'll know then. But right now, I'm single and have a job."

Kurt turns into Blaine's hand when he starts to rhythmically run his fingers through his hair. Shivering when he runs them down the side of his face and neck, he yawns and closes his eyes. Resting his head on the back of the couch, he smiles when soft lips press to his. Giggling when Blaine starts to kiss him all over his face, he opens his eyes to him cutely grinning.

"Tired?" Blaine asks.

Kurt nods his head.

"Want to go lie down?"

"Yeah." Sliding his hand into Blaine's and standing up with him, pressing into his side when he wraps his arm around his waist, nestling his face in the slope of his neck, he walks with him the few steps to where his bed is.

Gazing at Blaine as he tries desperately to fight the sleep that is slowly winning as they lie in bed facing each other, not wanting this perfect day to come to an end, Kurt takes Blaine's hand and laces their fingers together. He smiles when Blaine gives a gentle squeeze to his hand. "I have a question for you," he says as he presses closer to Blaine.

"I might have an answer in reply. Ask away." Blaine chuckles as he leans forward and presses a tender, quick kiss to Kurt's lips.

It stirs something deep in Kurt; something he's been feeling, and is both terrified and excited to know what it is. Because if it is what he thinks, he knows it won't be good for him. These are the last few hours with Blaine, and he knows if he feels what he think he does, it'll be even more difficult to have to deal with him leaving soon.

"You say you don't sleep over. Right?"

"Right," Blaine replies.

"Well, what if we don't sleep? That wouldn't be breaking the rule." Kurt feels proud of himself for finding a loophole around the rule. Anyway to keep Blaine here longer is welcome to him.

"Tell you what," Blaine starts off, smile tugging at the corner of his mouth, "you stay awake and I'll stay."

"Oh, I plan to stay awake." Cupping the side of Blaine's face, and leaning in, Kurt captures his mouth in a deep, sensual kiss. It immediately sparks desire and arousal in his belly.

He so desperately wants Blaine to touch him; to make him feel good. But he fights that need and want, because he knows if he were to have an orgasm right now he would be asleep within seconds. So, he sticks with kissing Blaine.

Parting his lips and welcoming Blaine's thrust of his tongue into his mouth, sliding their tongues together, Kurt doesn't even realize he's falling asleep until he hears his name being called.

"Kurt?"

A voice that seems as if it's faraway calls his name. Forcing himself to open his eyes, seeing Blaine smiling at him, he sleepily smiles back. "W-what?" He yawns, wanting to go back to sleep. But he fights it. To fall asleep would mean Blaine would leave. He doesn't want him gone. He wants him here in the morning.

"You dozed off for several minutes," Blaine tells him.

"Would have been a perfect time for you to escape," Kurt jokes, voice tired and a bit scratchy. Although he jokes, he is surprised Blaine didn't leave like he could have.

"Why escape from some place I want to stay at." Blaine pushes at Kurt's shoulder, making him lie on his back. "I'll just have to keep you awake."

Kurt smiles. "Mmm. Like the sound of that."

Kissing Blaine, he feels his body instantly respond to when he kisses his way down his body. Softly sighing, dropping open his legs a bit, he lifts his hips when Blaine slips his fingers into his underwear and starts to tug them down.

Softly moaning as Blaine kisses at his inner thigh, then making his way up to his bellybutton, dipping his tongue inside, then kissing back down, Kurt threads his fingers through curls and arches his back as Blaine licks a slow stripe up the underside of his cock.

"You still with me?" Blaine quietly asks as he gazes up at Kurt.

"Yes," Kurt exhales on a ragged breath, turned on and hungry for more. Hungry for Blaine's mouth on him. "Please, Blaine." He lifts his hips up off the bed to let Blaine know what it is he wants.

Instead of taking him into his mouth, Blaine surprises Kurt by crawling up his body. Kurt gazes up at him with a mixture of lust and happiness in his eyes. Smiling up at him, he moans when Blaine leans down and gives him a tender, languid kiss.

"You're so gorgeous, Kurt," Blaine breathes against his lips. Kurt feels his heart pick up its pace in his chest. "I need you to know that. I need you to know that any man would be lucky as hell to have you." Kurt stares into Blaine's eyes, seeing specks of yellow and green, and knows he's telling the truth. He can see it in his eyes, and how his voice sounds.

"What?" Kurt softly giggles as Blaine just looks at him with something in his eyes that makes his heart skip a beat.

"I'm honored you picked me for today," Blaine admits with a soft, quiet voice.

"I've never made a better choice in my life."

Parting his lips and allowing Blaine to slide his tongue into his mouth when he kisses him, Kurt knows with all his heart that he made the right choice. He can't think of a better person than Blaine to have taken his virginity.

"I'll never forget you, Kurt," Blaine says against his lips right before pulling away and kissing his way down his body.

He tries not to focus on what Blaine means by that. If he does, he knows he'll just put hope into something that was never more than what was presented. Instead, he focuses on the press of Blaine's lips to his skin; the way he lingers a second longer with each kiss, as if trying to remember every inch of him.

By the time he feels Blaine take the head of his cock into his wet, hot mouth, giving it a suck as he flicks his tongue over the tip, Kurt feels a mixture of pleasure and tiredness wash over him. He's tired, and it's starting to creep up on him faster and faster. He tries to focus on Blaine's mouth on him. It feels so good. Blaine's mouth is hot and silky and perfect. But he's tired. So, so tired. And sleep pulls at him, tempts him. Slowly darkness starts to drag him under. In less than a few seconds he's out.

The bright sun falling across his eyes rouses him from his sleep. Slowly waking up, smiling as memories from the night before start to filter in, Kurt is a bit upset when he reaches out at the spot next to him and finds it empty and cold to the touch. Seeing the clock say it's close to ten-thirty, and knowing he has to get out of bed and get ready, he sits up.

Going through the motions of getting ready for the day, Kurt stands in the middle of his loft and looks around. It seems too empty without Blaine now. He misses him. He wants him back here where it felt right to have him. There's an ache in his chest; an ache because Blaine is gone. It feels like a piece of his is missing, and he knows where to find it if he went looking. And suddenly, it all hits him at once. Just like being knocked over by a powerful wave, Kurt realizes he fell in love with Blaine.

Chapter Nine

He misses Blaine desperately. Nothing is as exciting as it once was. Classes and work are just distractions that are there long enough in the days to keep him from thinking about Blaine. They help to an extent. But the moment he's home, the moment his door slides shut behind him, standing there staring into his loft, all Kurt can see is Blaine everywhere. He sees him on the couch when they talked that first night; he sees him in his kitchen in nothing but boxers as he tried to warm up, or when they made cookies together.

Even though he sees him everywhere, Kurt wishes with all his heart that he was actually there. There seems to be this huge hole in his life now with Blaine. It was only two visits from him; less than twenty-four hours total he was with him. But in those hours, Blaine managed to worm his way into his heart in a way he was not expecting at all. It's crazy for him to think that his life would be fuller and happier if Blaine were back in it.

But he's not.

Blaine has moved on, and probably moved on to his next client that has called. So, Kurt figures he should do the same. He should move on from the person who captured his heart without him meaning to give it away.

That's why when Kurt receives a letter from Blaine, it surprises him.

It's not for another three weeks after his time with Blaine is when he receives the letter. It sits in a stack of other letters when he grabs his mail one morning; no different looking to the ones it's among. When Kurt comes to it, seeing Blaine's handwriting on the front, he drops all the other letters to the floor, no longer caring for them. He holds the envelope like it's the most precious thing in his life.

Opening the envelope and seeing what's inside, he ignores it and just grabs the piece of paper. It's the most important thing in the envelope to him. Dropping the envelope to the table, paper in hand, he walks over to the bench by the windows.

Sitting down, bringing his knees to his chest, and wrapping an arm around his legs, he unfolds the paper and reads the letter from Blaine.

Kurt,

It feels like there is a million things I need to say. I would, but not in this letter. Just know I will cherish every moment I spent with you.

I hope only the best for you.

Blaine

P.S. It's all there. Every last penny.

Letting the paper slip from his fingers and fall to the floor, Kurt buries his face in his knees and cries.

It wasn't supposed to be like this. He was supposed to just call the company, meet an escort, and lose his virginity. But meeting Blaine changed all that. Meeting Blaine changed everything.

When he opened his door to Blaine standing there that first night, he never expected to end up here. It wasn't supposed to be so wonderful, and enthralling, and perfect. He wasn't supposed to fall in love with the man he hired to sleep with him. But he did. So easily, he fell for Blaine. And now it hurts more than hell that he's not here; that he's gone.

Sometime later, he's not exactly sure, a knock on his door rings loud in his quiet loft. "Come in," he yells, not caring enough to move from his spot. Besides, Rachel has a very distinctive knock.

The slide of the heavy door on the tracks is loud. "Hey, Kurt," Rachel cheerfully says as she slides the door shut.

"Hi," he half-heartedly mumbles in reply.

"Oh, my God," Rachel starts off, Kurt knowing she's just been kicked out of her loft. "I hope this doesn't ta-...Kurt?" Rachel says in a voice filled with a hint of shock.

"Yeah?"

"Why do you have all this money sitting in an envelope on your coffee table?"

Turning to her, seeing her holding the envelope in her hands, brows furrowed in confusion, Kurt instantly has a hundred different lies coming to mind. Lies of *"It's from my dad to help with bills."* to *"I pulled it out of*

my account to buy something I saw and wanted." He knows he would be convincing in his lie. The words would roll off his tongue in such a way that Rachel would believe every one.

But, for some reason, he doesn't want to lie. So, he doesn't. He wants tells her the truth, so he does.

"Blaine gave it back to me," he says as he stands up off the bench.

"What do you mean 'gave it back?'" Rachel easily lets go of the envelope when he takes it from her. "Why would you need to give Blaine money?"

Walking to the kitchen, using one of the magnets on his fridge to hold the envelope to the door, adding a second when the weight is too much for one, he skims his finger over his name written in Blaine's scrawl. Facing Rachel, seeing her waiting for the answer to her question, he forces a weak smile. "I have something to tell you," he whispers.

He doesn't tell her right away. For some unexplainable reason (that he really wish he knew), he waits for Santana to be finished and has her come over.

Then he tells them both.

"Kurt!" Rachel says shocked.

"Hummel is not as innocent as I thought." Santana smirks at him and playfully nudges his shoulder. "Way to go."

"Thanks." He actually blushes at the compliment, as he's taking it, from Santana.

"Don't congratulate him, Santana," Rachel chastises her. "He did something very irresponsible. Kurt, you have no idea what Blaine has, or could have done to you."

"All the escorts are required to have medical exams every two months to make sure they are healthy and clean. It said on the website," Kurt informs her. It was one of the first things he read up on when he first visited the site, and knowing that made him more comfortable in hiring an escort. "And I knew within the first hour that I met him that I would be fine. He made sure I was comfortable and ready; he never pushed

me to anything I didn't want. He took his time with me; he didn't rush to get it over with like some other guys would have done. He gave me a first time better than I thought."

"How was he?" Santana asks with a grin.

"Oh, my God," Rachel mutters under her breath, but looking just as interested in Kurt's reply.

"He was amazing." Kurt turns up the corner of his mouth in a small smile as he remembers how Blaine made him feel. Recalling how he made him feel pleasure unlike any other he's known.

"He...um...He kissed me," he tells the girls.

"What?!" Santana says shocked.

"He broke the rule for you?" Rachel asks surprised.

"Yeah."

"Wow!" Santana and Rachel say at the same time, both sounding impressed by what Blaine did.

"I still don't understand, though," Rachel says. "Why'd he give you the money back?"

"Isn't it obvious, Berry," Santana remarks as she stands up and pulls the envelope off the fridge. "Our little escort developed feelings for our recent virginity loser."

Kurt snorts and rolls his eyes. That's the craziest thing he's heard in a long time. "I don't think so." He shakes his head as he chuckles. "Maybe he felt bad after I told him I only had eight-six bucks left in my bank account. Not because he has feelings for me."

"You sure about that, Kurt?" Santana leans over and whispers into his ear.

Yeah, it would be something he would want. To know his feelings for Blaine weren't just one-sided would be fantastic. But, Blaine is Blaine, and he's...him. There is no way Blaine would fall for someone like him. It just doesn't seem like a real world possibility for him.

"Where's the letter?" Santana asks in a slightly demanding tone.

"What?" Kurt turns around and looks at her, giving her a surprised look.

"Oh, come on, Hummel. You really expect me to believe that Blaine would give you this money back without saying anything. Please." She rolls her eyes and shakes her head in disbelief. "I know there's a letter."

"I, uh, dropped by the window after reading it," he tells her. Watching her walk off to retrieve the letter after dropping the money on the table in front of him, he looks to Rachel. "I really screwed up, Rach," he whispers.

"No, you didn't, sweetie." She grabs his hand and holds it in hers, stroking a thumb over the back of his hand, trying to comfort him. "After what you said, it's okay how you went about doing this. As long as you were happy and safe, it's fine."

"No." He minutely shakes his head. "I screwed up because I fell in love with him. I'm barely with the guy for almost twenty-four hours total, and I fall for him. He's everything I want, and I'll never see him again. I feel like an idiot."

"You're not an idiot. I understand why you would fall for him. He sounds fantastic. But, why don't you just call and have him come over again?" Rachel suggests, trying to help.

"I can't do that. That would make me seem desperate and needy. I think it's best if I try to get him out of my head."

"That's stupid," Santana comments as she stops right in front of them. "I say call and have him come back."

"Why? So I can act like an idiot in love around him?" Kurt shakes his head as he snorts, thinking that is a crazy idea.

"The guy likes you. The least you could do is tell him you have feelings for him, too."

"I'm with San on this," Rachel says. "I say call and tell him."

"You don't even know for sure he likes me," Kurt points out. "What proof are you going on?"

"The proof sitting right in front of you," Santana answers like he's stupid, waving her hand to the money.
"No escort gives up their own money to someone they don't have feelings for."

"What are you talking about?" Kurt asks as he and Rachel look at Santana confused.

"This isn't Pretty Woman where she keeps all the cash. The company gets the money; he gets a cut out of that. So, that money sitting in front of you is all his. No way would the company give him your money to give back to you." Santana smiles at knowing she's right. Kurt really doesn't want to know how she knows that bit of information. "Like I said, the guy has feelings for you."

"Kurt, now you really have to call him," Rachel tells him, giving a gentle squeeze to his hand.

"No." He shakes his head. It still seems like a crazy idea to him. What if Blaine just felt sorry for him? What if it was all said and done to make him feel better about everything? Blaine has learned to lie to people over the years; telling them what they want to hear. Why should he be any different? "He's paid to lie. I'm not special. I'm not important." Standing up, he forces a smile and takes the letter from Santana's hands. "I'm going to go lie down for a bit. Can we please not discuss this further?"

Walking away, hearing Santana and Rachel protesting what he said, he walks to where his bedroom is. Lying down on the bed, holding Blaine's letter to his chest, he falls asleep to forget all about it for a couple hours.

"Hey, Kurt?" Rachel pokes her head into his loft after opening his door.

"Yeah?" he mumbles from where he lies on his couch, no kind of emotion or energy to his voice. He aimlessly flicks through channels on the TV, not really caring what's on.

"Me and San are going out for a bit. Want to join us?" Rachel asks with a hint of hope to her voice.

Kurt knows they invited him because they must have noticed how miserable he looked lately.

"No. I'll just stay here and watch whatever this is on the Food Network channel."

"Are you sure? You could use some cheering up."

"Yeah." Kurt looks at Rachel and forces a happy smile. "I'm good."

"Okay," Rachel says in a way that sounds like she doesn't believe him, but isn't going to push it. "Bye."

"Bye, Rach."

Hearing the door slide shut, Kurt tries to watch TV for a few moments. He watches as people compete in some sort of cupcake competition that he thinks he could do if he really tried. Not really caring for what's showing, though, after a few minutes, and turning it off, he lies there and lets his mind aimlessly wander to nothing in particular. Within minutes, he finds himself drifting off to sleep.

Waking up when someone knocks on his door, throwing his legs over the edge of the couch and stretching his arms above his head, yawning, he stands up. Seeing it's close to nine-thirty, he figures it's either Santana or Rachel being kicked out of their loft. "Coming," he calls as he walks to his door.

"I swear, Rachel, I'm just going to have a k-" Talking as he slides open the heavy door, the metal letting out a loud noise as it slides against the track, his heart stops, and he stops speaking, when he sees who stands there looking handsome as ever. For a second he thinks he might still be sleeping. No way would Blaine stop by to see him. No way this great guy could want him outside of what he does.

"Sorry, not Rachel," Blaine playfully jokes in his smooth voice that Kurt only realizes he missed more than he originally thought.

"Bl-Blaine," Kurt mumbles, clutching the door handle in one hand to keep from falling over.

"Hi, Kurt," Blaine says.

"I didn't...I don't think I called," he informs Blaine. "Why...Why are you here?"

"They company called me and said someone called to inform me I forgot my watch here," Blaine replies, sounding like he's laughing at some joke Kurt didn't hear.

Just like that, Kurt feels like an idiot for thinking Blaine came here for him. Of course he's not here for him. Why would he be? It seems highly unlikely.

"Umm..." he mumbles on an exhale of breath. "I haven't seen a watch around here." Kurt takes a quick look around his loft as if a watch will suddenly appear out of nowhere; like a magic trick. "I'm sorry you came here for nothing."

"It's okay." Blaine shrugs his shoulders and half-smiles at Kurt. It's the kind of smile that creates a warmth in Kurt's heart, and makes him fight the urge to lean in and kiss the upturned corner of Blaine's mouth. "Besides, I should tell you something."

"T-Tell me what?" Hope blooms in Kurt's chest.

"I don't wear a watch while working," Blaine informs him.

Hope, and his heart, crash around him like glass of a shattered window. It hits the floor at his feet. And just like that, once more, Kurt feels like an idiot again. "Oh! That's good to know. I guess." He tries to keep the heartbreak out of his voice. But some of it seeps in; it laces his voice and shows a bit how he feels. "Then why come if you knew there wasn't a watch here?"

Kurt sees as Blaine thinks over the question; obviously debating on how to answer that. It's confusing to him as to why Blaine would show up in front of his door asking about something that he shouldn't be concerned about.

"Did you get my letter?" Blaine says instead, completely avoiding Kurt's question.

"Yeah, I got your letter. And the money."

"Good." Blaine lets out a small sigh of relief, smiling. "I was concerned if you received it or not."

"You didn't have to do that. That's your money."

"I did."

"Why?"

"I...I wanted..." Blaine trails off, stuffing his hands in his coat pockets and looking down at his feet. When he looks back up it's with determination and hope in his eyes, and a flush to his cheeks.

Kurt is unsure of what he's trying to say. "It's okay, Blaine," he assures him with a soothing voice. "You don't have to tell me."

"I do have to tell you."

"Why?"

"Because I...I..."

Kurt smiles at Blaine as he patiently waits for him to say what he has to. That smile must stir something in Blaine, because what happens next catches him completely off-guard.

Going when Blaine grabs a handful of his shirt and pulls him forward, Kurt lets out a small surprised squeak when Blaine crashes his mouth to his. Quickly realizing what is going on, Kurt closes his eyes and relaxes against Blaine and kisses him back. Feeling arms wrap around his waist and pull him closer, he wraps his arms around Blaine's neck and moans. The kiss quickly becomes heated and passionate. Parting his lips, he welcomes as Blaine delves his tongue into his mouth, massaging their tongues together. Kissing Blaine again, and Kurt never wants to stop. He wants to kiss him for all eternity, because, right now, at this moment, nothing else matters except the soft press of plump lips to his.

"I came here for you, Kurt," Blaine pants when he breaks the kiss.

"Me?" Kurt says shocked. He holds on to Blaine's shoulders to keep from falling over. His mind is a jumbled mess at the moment. It's not comprehending with him why Blaine is here for him. "Why?"

"You've managed to crawl under my skin and into my heart in the too short hours we shared. I left that early morning desperately wishing I could stay. I've wanted no one but you since. Keeping that money would have only made it more real to me that you were just another client. But you weren't. You're not," Blaine corrects himself. "You were so much more than just a person I met for work. You are everything I want, now."

Kurt can't believe he's hearing what he's hearing at the moment. In only he's craziest and wildest dreams did he think this would happen. But staring into eyes he's missed, feeling the press of Blaine's fingers into his skin, he knows this is happening. This is for real. Blaine is here right now pouring his heart and soul out to him. This is his crazy and wild dream happening right now in front of him, and it feels amazing.

"I quit my job a few days after I left here because I was miserable without you. If you believe me?" Blaine quietly chuckles. "I barely spend a day with you total, and I was consumed by you. You had me the moment you first opened the door."

"I...I did?" Kurt stutters, still shocked to be hearing these words coming out of Blaine's mouth.

Blaine's answer is to kiss him again. It makes his heart soar, and leaves Kurt wanting more; so much more than a shared kiss at his door. When Kurt talks after the kiss ends it's with a shaky, uneven voice. "Is it crazy of me to say I love you?"

"If you're crazy, then I'm crazy," Blaine says in reply, small smile playing at his lips.

Letting a tear, finally, fall and roll down his cheek, Kurt leans into Blaine and kisses him. Blaine loves him; he wants to scream that from the highest rooftop so the world knows. He wants the world to know that the greatest guy he's ever met loves him. "I think I've loved you since we baked cookies together," Kurt admits in a whisper of breath against Blaine's lips.

"I love you," Blaine sighs against Kurt's lips.

"I love you, too." Kurt wraps his arms around Blaine's neck and leans in to kiss him again. "Why didn't you come back sooner?"

"I was scared, I guess. I knew how I felt about you, but I didn't know how you felt about me," Blaine tells Kurt. "And when I got that call the other day, I had an excuse to see you. I knew I needed to tell you how I felt. Even if there was a possibility you wouldn't feel the same."

"There was never a possibility of that," Kurt laughs. "I fell for you just as easily as you fell for me." Kurt leans in and kisses Blaine slow and languid, cherishing every moment of it.

"Kurt?"

"Yeah?" Kurt stops after hearing the seriousness to Blaine's voice.

"Can I come in? Because I would really love to be with you. If you want to, of course."

Of course he wants to. The touch of Blaine, again, is all he can think of. He wants to feel him everywhere.

Holding Blaine and walking backwards into his loft, the sound of the door sliding shut behind Blaine barely registering with him. All his mind can focus on is having Blaine here in his loft again; having him in ways he thought he never would again.

The small tug at the drawstrings on his pants have them becoming loose and hanging off his hips. "I want you," he murmurs against Blaine's lips, hands scrambling to undo the buttons on the shirt Blaine wears.

"Want you, too." Blaine turns them around and pushes Kurt up against the door.

Faintly moaning when Blaine steps in close between his legs, Kurt buries his nose at the curve of Blaine's neck and breathes in his spicy cologne mixing with a scent that's all his own; arousal twisting in his belly at that alone. He's missed that smell. He's missed everything about Blaine. And to have him back is better than anything he could want.

When Blaine starts to slowly rock his hips into him, the pleasure immediate, he wraps his arms around Blaine's waist under his coat and splays his hands at his lower back.

Lifting his leg and hooking it over Blaine's hip, softly panting against his neck, he whines low in his throat when Blaine stills his hips. Rocking forward into Blaine to get that friction he's seeking, he finds his efforts useless as Blaine holds his hips still.

"I've missed you so much, Kurt." Blaine slips his hand past the waistband of Kurt's sweats.

Head lightly thudding back against the door after Blaine wraps a hand around him, slowly stroking him, Kurt pushes up into Blaine's fist. Hands bunched into the fabric of Blaine's shirt at his back, he moans with every upstroke of Blaine's hand as he thumbs at the head of his cock.

Heat stirs in his belly as pleasure builds. It won't take long. Not with it being Blaine touching him, and missing him so much.

Reaching up and grabbing at Blaine's shoulders, hips pushing into his fist, Kurt drops his mouth open against Blaine's neck as he comes. Hot spurts spill over Blaine's fist as he strokes him through his orgasm. Whimpering when it becomes too much, slumping against Blaine as he holds him up, Kurt smiles against Blaine's neck as he removes his hand from his sweats, not caring when he wipes his hand on his already dirty pants.

For several moments after, Blaine holds onto him as Kurt comes down from his high. "Kurt?" Blaine whispers into Kurt's ear.

Lifting his head off Blaine's shoulder, smiling at him with the utmost happiness ever, eyes shining bright. "Huh?" he says with a lilt to his voice, feeling weightless and amazing as the pleasure starts to wane off.

Blaine closes what little space there is between their mouths. Sighing as Blaine tenderly kisses him, fluttering his eyes closed, Kurt parts his lips and welcomes the thrust of Blaine's tongue into his mouth. Massaging his tongue against Blaine's, Kurt already feels desire unfurling in his belly.

"Let's go to my room," Kurt suggests as he starts to push Blaine's coat off his shoulders.

"Okay." Blaine smiles as he nods his head, tugging at Kurt's sweats.

By the time they make it to the bedroom, both of them are naked and Kurt's ready to go again. Which isn't a surprise since he's missed Blaine, and the hunger for him is all he knows at the moment.

Sitting on the end of the bed, Blaine standing between his legs, Kurt-without warning-leans in and takes the tip of Blaine's cock into his mouth. Never having done this before, and curious, he gives a small suck to Blaine's cock. It's not as bad as he thought it would be. Blaine is heavy on his tongue in a good way, but big in his mouth. Kurt knows if he tries to take more it might end disastrous for him. So giving a suck, flicking his tongue over the head, he moans around Blaine's dick, hearing him groan above him.

"K-Kurt," Blaine says with a slightly wavering voice as he pushes Kurt away.

"I'm sorry," Kurt apologizes; his voice a bit rougher than before. He looks up at Blaine with wide, shining eyes, and spreads his lips, now with a red tint to them, into a smile. "I know that wasn't very good. I was just curious to how you would feel in my mouth."

"It's fine, Kurt. Don't apologize." Blaine leans down and kisses Kurt, gently delving his tongue past his parted lips. "It was good."

"I want it to be better."

"I'll teach you." Blaine starts to quietly chuckle after he says that, eyes filled with amusement, and shining bright.

"What?" Kurt smiles, enjoying hearing the sound of Blaine's laugh again.

"I never thought I'd give a lesson on how to give a blowjob," Blaine says with a snicker. "How to Suck 101."

"Well then," Kurt lies back on the bed and gazes up at Blaine, smirking as he arches an eyebrow, "you should know I take direction very well. And that I don't mind practicing a lot to get better."

"Then you should know I give very good directions," Blaine replies with a sly smirk.

That makes Kurt think about all the things he still gets to learn about Blaine. There's secrets and memories and little mannerisms he still has to learn. There's a whole lot more to Blaine for him to discover. It's like he's only seen a handful of pictures, and there's still a whole photo album to go through. But he doesn't mind that. He looks forward to knowing every story there is that makes up the man he loves. Because Kurt, somehow, knows those stories will make him love Blaine more.

Getting serious once again, Kurt lifts his head up and brushes his lips over Blaine's, flicking his tongue over his top lip. "I want you inside me," he softly murmurs against Blaine's lips, voice calm and filled with desire.

Blaine breathes out a soft okay before reaching over into the drawer. Kurt drops his knees to the bed, more exposed than he's ever felt in his life as Blaine sits up on his knees and stares down at him. "God! Every inch of you is beautiful."

Kurt blushes at Blaine's words. It makes him think of that first night with Blaine where he showed him just how true those words are. He can still feel every press of Blaine's lips to his body as he kissed every inch of him; can still feel as everything Blaine told him sank into his skin and made him change how he saw himself. "Please," he quietly begs as he barely lifts his hips. "Want you."

Blaine works him open with his fingers. First one, then two. Deep, gentle thrust of his fingers that stretch him open. By the time he's gently thrusting in with three, twisting his wrist and dragging his fingers over Kurt's prostate, Kurt is working his hips down on the three digits desperate for more.

"Okay," Blaine replies after Kurt says he needs him, grabbing for a condom from the ones left over from last time he was there.

Watching Blaine tear open the condom and roll it on, Kurt feels his heart race and stomach twist with heat at knowing this is really happening. Blaine is really here and about to be inside him again. The only way he ever saw this happening again was either in his dreams, or he doled out more cash to have Blaine come over. But having Blaine here of his own free will makes this so much better. Having him here because he wants to be here makes this moment special. This will be them together because they want to be, and not because one is being paid to be there. It will be the first time it's truly them together without any kind of reason between them; other than love, of course.

Nodding his head when Blaine asks if he's ready, Kurt drops open his legs a bit more as he sees Blaine reach down and start to guide himself to his entrance.

Burying his face in the slope of Blaine's neck and gasping, lifting his right leg higher, Kurt muffles his moans as Blaine pushes into him. The stretch and pull of Blaine into his body is familiar. Almost like a song he's heard. He knows it, heard it before; but it's still exciting and amazing to hear.

"Fuck, Kurt," Blaine groans. He turns his head to capture Kurt's mouth in a kiss to distract him from the slight pain as he sheaths himself in the glorious heat and tightness of Kurt's body; his hips hitting the curve of Kurt's ass.

The curse word on Blaine's tongue sends a spark of arousal through Kurt. It has him closing his eyes and moaning. Hearing Blaine curse only has want for him grow. It feels amazing to have Blaine inside him and filling him up once again. He never wants to go again without it.

Blaine lifts his head after a couple moments and gazes down at Kurt. "What do you want?"

"You," Kurt replies without thinking or hesitating on the answer.

"In case you didn't know," Blaine leans down and whispers into Kurt's ear, "I'm already yours."

Mouth dropping open when Blaine minutely rolls his hips into him, enough to create embers of pleasure under his skin, Kurt lifts his hips up for more. He turns his head to capture Blaine's mouth in a heated kiss. "Don't stop," he pants against Blaine's lips. "Please."

Blaine listens. He starts a slow, steady rhythm of moving his hips. They're just gentle rocks of his hips into Kurt that have them both releasing breathless moans, already panting. It's not much, but it's enough to

have eagerness and want for more to grow. Blaine continues to move, pushing in deeper and deeper with each small, slow rock of his hips against Kurt's ass.

As Kurt sighs, loving the feeling of pleasure just barely sizzling under his skin from what Blaine is doing, he can't believe he's here right now. It's crazy for him to think that less than twenty-four hours before he was alone, and thinking Blaine would never love him like he loves him. But here he is now. Right now, he has the man he loves making sweet, slow love to him at the moment. This is definitely not how he saw his night ending when he woke up this morning.

"I can't believe you're here," Kurt murmurs as he smiles up at Blaine, parting his lips around a small moan when Blaine gently thrust in.

"I'm so glad I'm here." Blaine leans down and tenderly kisses Kurt, rocking his hips into him. "I love you."

Hearing Blaine say those words makes Kurt's heart soar with love. "I love you, too."

For several more minutes, Blaine slowly rocks his hips into him. Kurt rolls his hips down, already hungry for more. "Please," he whispers, desperation for more dripping from his voice.

"You sure?" Blaine asks to be positive, knowing what Kurt is referring to without having to ask.

Kurt nods his head in reply.

Blaine shoves his arm under Kurt and grips at his shoulder. Kurt knows there will be light bruises there from where he's holding him, but he doesn't care. He'll enjoy being marked by Blaine. Feeling him pull hips back until he's almost all the way out, he softly moans as Blaine slowly sinks back in to him. Kurt pants and moans beneath Blaine as he does it over and over again.

The thrust of Blaine's hips pick up in speed. Kurt releases a mixture of moans and whimpers as Blaine starts to thrust into him harder with each snap of his hips. He lifts his hips up to meet each deep thrust of Blaine into him. It quickly becomes less about taking it slow, and more about enjoying the each other's bodies. It becomes about making the other feel good; give what they have both been missing since they last saw each other.

One leg hooked over Blaine's hip, the other dragging across the back of Blaine's left thigh, hands raking across his back, Kurt releases deep moans as Blaine fucks into him. Hard, deep snaps of his hips bring him

closer and closer to his release. When Blaine pulls back and angles his hips, Kurt loudly cries out as he hits his prostate. "There," he moans as he works his hips down, digging his fingers into Blaine's back. "Right there."

Waves of white hot pleasure roll through Kurt every time Blaine thrust in and hits his prostate. Each thrust has the heat and pressure building. He's so close to that wonderful release he seeks. And with one final hard snap of Blaine's hips, he feels his resolve snap.

Kurt throws his head back, back arching off the bed, and screams as he comes untouched between their bellies. Crying out with Blaine's name on his lips, delicious pleasure washes over him as he spills onto his belly. Kurt whimpers as Blaine fucks him through his orgasm.

Feeling Blaine nuzzle his face in the curve of his neck, kissing at the skin, Kurt faintly moans as he continues to thrust into him. A handful of thrusts later, he sighs as Blaine stutters his hips and experiences his release.

Clinging to Blaine in his post orgasm daze, as if terrified he might leave if he lets him go, feeling warm breath hitting his neck as Blaine breathes out, Kurt closes his eyes and just lets himself be in this moment. The feeling of Blaine still inside him, breathing him in, the spicy cologne he wants to smell for the rest of his life, he lets complete happiness take over him. Here, in Blaine's arms, here is where he's meant, and wants, to be. And he wants Blaine to know that; know how he feels. So opening his mouth, he speaks above a whisper. "Stay with me forever."

On an exhale of a deep breath, Blaine softly repeats, "Forever."

Chapter Ten

It's close to five in the morning and Kurt is tired. The exhaustion of spending hours making love is starting to settle deep into his body. He needs rest, but he tries to fight it as best as he can.

"Go to sleep, Kurt," Blaine quietly laughs after seeing Kurt yawn really big with sleepy eyes.

"Don't want to fall asleep," Kurt mumbles around a yawn, hugging the pillow under his head tighter.

"Why?" Blaine asks as he pushes a few strands of Kurt's hair back from his face.

"Afraid to wake up and find out this was all a really good dream. Don't want you gone," Kurt admits.

"Don't worry, Kurt." Blaine leans over and places a gentle kiss to Kurt's temple. "I'll be here every morning for the rest of your life, if you wish."

Kurt simply replies; voice quiet but filled with love. "I wish."

"Then I'll be here," Blaine whispers against Kurt's lips. "I love you."

A smile spreads across Kurt's face. How a few simple words whispered to him in the middle of the night by Blaine can make him happier than he ever imagined is something Kurt thought would never happen. When he saw how his parents loved each other, he never thought he would ever find a love like that. And if he did, he didn't expect it to come close to what they shared. But here, now, with Blaine, he knows he's found a love like his parents. He's found a love that makes him believe he was meant to find Blaine and spend the rest of his life with him.

"Say it again," he asks of Blaine.

Blaine smiles at him, nuzzling his nose right under Kurt's ear. "I love you."

He's lost count of how many times Blaine has told him that since the first time hours ago; he's lost count. But he could hear it a dozen times a day for the rest of his life from Blaine and he knows he'll always feel a flutter in his chest every time; feel his heart skip a beat. He'll always feel that happiness that washes over him when Blaine says those words to him. It's something he'll never get tired of.

"I love you, too," Kurt sleepily replies, finally closing his eyes.

Turning on to his side, back to Blaine, Kurt feels as Blaine wraps his arms around his waist and pulls him back to his chest. Covering Blaine's hand that rest on his chest right over his beating heart, intertwining their fingers together, Kurt sighs as Blaine brushes a barely there kiss over the back of his neck. Being held by Blaine in his strong arms, feeling him rhythmically stroking his thumb over his lower belly, hearing him quietly humming into his ear, Kurt smiles at falling asleep being held by the man he loves for the first time in his life.

A few short hours later something pulls Kurt from his sleep. Groggily opening his eyes, Kurt is scared and confused for a few moments about the body pressed close behind him. Stilling in the arms wrapped around him, holding him close, he instantly relaxes, though, when the sound of gentle snoring reaches his ears. He knows that noise, recognizes it from when he first heard it a few weeks before. That noise makes him happier than it should.

A calm falls over Kurt as the previous night comes back to him. Closing his eyes, and drawing in a deep, steadying breath, heart beating wildly in his chest, Kurt remembers how Blaine said he loves him; how he said those words with everything he had in his heart. He remembers how those words on Blaine's tongue were the greatest things he has ever heard. They were like a symphony of music that seemed to only play for him. Kurt recalls how Blaine kissed him like a promise of what they have only being the start of something. The night before was the best night of his life, and a smile spreads across Kurt's face as he thinks about it. His and Blaine's life are now tangled together forever like pieces of string tied together, and he hopes it stays that way. He never wants for the knot that ties him to Blaine to fall away; he wants him by his side for the rest of his life.

Turning in Blaine's arms and gazing at him, Kurt reaches up and ghosts his fingers over Blaine's face. He thinks about how he did this a few weeks ago when he thought he would never see Blaine again after that night; how he tried to memorize every inch of him. Doing it now, though, he tries to memorize every feature on Blaine's face so he can remember what it was like to wake up with him for the first time after a shared night together. Brushing his fingers over Blaine's lips, Kurt leans over and kisses him unlike he was able to do that previous morning.

The next instance the sound of someone loudly knocking on his door grabs his attention, confused as to who it may be, and figuring out that's what woke him, Kurt climbs out of bed. Grabbing his robe slung over the back of a chair, pulling it on, he feels he could still sleep another twelve hours.

Groggy and tired, he manages to slide his door open to find Rachel and Santana standing there holding a box of donuts and coffee. "Hey, guys," he mumbles, rubbing the sleep from his eyes and yawning. "What time is it?"

"Almost eight-thirty," Rachel answers in a cheery tone as she walks past Kurt, and into his loft.

"Berry here thought we should bring you donuts at an ungodly hour," Santana gripes, wearing sunglasses and sounding like she wants back in her bed to sleep.

"We're trying to cheer you up."

"Why?" Kurt takes the cup of coffee Santana holds out to him.

"About Blaine," Santana replies. "He didn't come like we thought."

"And why would you think he would come?" Kurt watches as Santana takes a drink of her coffee and walks to the table in the kitchen, avoiding answering his question. He knows what they did because of Blaine, but he wants to hear them admit it to him. Looking to Rachel, who is trying to distract herself and go unnoticed, he clears his throat to get her to look at him. "Rachel? What did you two do?"

"It was Santana's idea!" she yells, pointing at Santana.

"Thanks a lot, Rachel." Santana glares at her as she sits down. "So we called the company and told them Blaine forgot his watch here. Big deal. Besides, that was, like, four days ago. He didn't show like I thought he would. Sorry."

"Which is why we brought donuts and coffee. We know you still must be heartbroken over all this," Rachel says as she sits down. "Sweets to get over a broken heart."

Kurt figures, at this point, he should tell them the truth. It's time for them to meet the guy who changed his world. "I'm gonna go change. I'll be back in a sec." Turning on his heel, he walks away, hearing Santana arguing with Rachel about ratting her out, and biting back a laugh.

Walking into his room and finding Blaine still adorably passed out in his bed, he kneels on it. Scooting over to be closer to him, running his hand up and down his bare back, he leans down to wake him up. "Wake up, Blaine," he whispers into his ear.

"Still tired. Want to sleep," Blaine mumbles against the pillow his head is resting on.

"No more sleeping." Kurt grabs the blanket covering Blaine's lower half and tosses it away. Biting his lower lip and grinning at the sight of his cute ass, trying desperately not to get turned on right now, he leans over and playfully bites at the flesh right above Blaine's hip on his side.

"Did you just bite me?" Blaine laughs as he turns on to his side.

"Maybe." Kurt feels want stir inside him at the sight of Blaine naked in his bed. The thought of knowing he's going to be experiencing this for a long time has a warmth blooming in his chest and spreading throughout his body.

"Maybe?" Blaine playfully tackles Kurt to the bed, pinning his wrists above his head. "I don't see anyone else in here that could have possibly bitten me."

"Okay. Okay." Kurt slyly grins at Blaine. "It was me. How could I resist."

"You're so adorable," Blaine says as he grins down at Kurt, reaching between their bodies to work open Kurt's robe. Kurt gasps when Blaine takes him in hand and slowly strokes him. "Feel good?"

"Mhmm." Kurt nods his head as he lifts his hips up into Blaine's fist. He can already feel a flush blooming in his cheeks as Blaine strokes him.

Blaine leans down and kisses at the apple of his cheek.

Whimpering into Blaine's mouth when he kisses him, Kurt can feel desire and need growing for Blaine. Right here, right now, he wants him. "What are going to do?" he asks even as he lifts his shoulders so Blaine can push off his robe.

Blaine arches an eyebrow and gives Kurt a sly grin as he moves down the bed.

Tipping his head to the side, and parting his thighs, Kurt holds back from moaning when Blaine takes him into his mouth. Throwing his head back and closing his eyes when Blaine starts to suck and swallow as he bobs his head, Kurt completely loses himself in the feeling of Blaine's mouth on him, quietly whimpering and moaning. Carding his fingers through curls, barely raising his hips up into Blaine's mouth, already

feeling the heat stirring in his belly, Kurt forgets about everything; he lets go of it all and marvels in the pleasure starting to unfurl in his belly. He knows it won't take long for him to come.

Arching his back and softly whining when Blaine sucks at the head of his cock, Kurt throws his eyes open in surprise when he hears Rachel call his name. "Fuck!" Scrambling to push Blaine off him after remembering his friends are waiting for him in his kitchen, Kurt groans when Blaine resists and just doubles his efforts. "B-Blaine," he says with a shaky, uneven voice. "My...My friends are here." Blaine's only reply is to hum around his cock, sending delicious vibrations through him. "Fuck!" he quietly exclaims. "Can't...We can't." Even though he says that, Kurt holds the back of Blaine's head and gently rocks his hips up into his mouth. "Oh, God!"

"Kurt?" Rachel calls, sounding worried.

"I-I'm fi-fine." Kurt clears his throat after hearing how broken his voice sounds, trying to sound more composed. "I'll be out in a minute!"

Closing his eyes and pulling his bottom lip between his teeth and feeling the heat pooling in his belly. A few more sucks of Blaine's mouth and Kurt falls over the edge. Arching his back off the bed and dropping his mouth open on a silent scream, he spills inside Blaine's mouth. Pulsing inside Blaine's mouth, feeling him swallow every drop, Kurt slumps against the bed satiated and satisfied with a smile on his face after Blaine pulls off him.

"I wanted the taste of you on my tongue." Blaine leans down and gives him a quick peck to the lips.

Kurt faintly moans as he closes his eyes and tries to compose himself. "You can't say things like that," he says as he opens his eyes to Blaine grinning down at him. "It makes me want you, now."

"That's not a bad thing," Blaine replies as he gently rocks his hips down on Kurt, sending a spark of arousal through his body.

"It is." Kurt softly sighs as he forces himself to grab Blaine's hips and stop him from moving. If he had his way, he would kick Rachel and Santana out right now and spend another two days in bed with Blaine. But he can't. He wants to introduce his friends to the man who makes him happier than he thought possible. He wants them to meet the man he loves. That's why he has to stop Blaine before they get carried away. "It is a bad thing when my friends are in the kitchen waiting for me." Gazing up at Blaine, cupping the side of

his face, stroking his thumb over his jaw, feeling the slight stubble, Kurt feels his heart swell with love for Blaine. It's still crazy to him that this is all happening. In a million years, he would never have thought he would find someone like Blaine. But he did. Of all the men that he could have opened his door to that first night, Blaine was the one standing there. Blaine is the one he fell in love with, and who fell in love with him. It's like an ending to a fairy tale. Except this fairy tale is his life, and this isn't the end of their story. This is just the start. He and Blaine have many pages of their life together to fill out and create.

"I want you to meet them," Kurt says. "Preferably while clothed; and not while you're inside me."

Blaine laughs along with Kurt as he nods his head in understanding. "Okay," he agrees.

"Let's put some clothes on." Kurt gives Blaine a quick kiss and then pushes him off him.

Quickly getting dressed in shirts and sweats, fixing Blaine's hair, Kurt takes Blaine's hand in his. Walking out of the room and to the kitchen area, nervous and worried, and still flushed from what he just did, he leaves Blaine a few steps from the kitchen and goes and stops right in front of the table where Rachel and Santana sit.

"Damn, Hummel, as long as you took, I thought you look a little more put together, and less like you just got fucked," Santana remarks.

"Sorry, I got a little sidetracked." Shuffling on his feet and chewing his lower lip, Kurt takes a deep, calming breath. "There's something I want to show you two."

"Okay," Rachel says as Santana nods her head.

Walking over and grabbing Blaine's hand where he leans against the wall by the kitchen out of view, he gives him an encouraging smile. "Ready?" he whispers.

Blaine smiles and nods his head.

Giving him a quick kiss, Kurt leads him the few steps to the kitchen. He finds Rachel and Santana talking and not noticing him yet. Clearing his throat to get their attention, seeing surprise registered in their eyes when they see Blaine next to him, he tells them, "Rachel, Santana, I'd like you to meet Blaine."

"Oh," Santana says with a smile. "You were getting fucked."

"Oh, God!" Kurt drops his head in his hands and groans, embarrassed as his cheeks start to turn a deep red again. "Blaine, meet Santana."

Sitting on the couch a couple hours later as Blaine talks with Santana, drinking a cup of coffee, Kurt looks to Rachel when she sits by him. He notices the look on her face as if she has something she wants to say but isn't sure if she should. "What?" he just outright asks her since she won't say it.

"Kurt, don't take this the wrong way when I say this."

"Say what?" For a second, he gets nervous that Rachel is going to tell him that he is stupid for being with someone like Blaine considering how they met. But she was the one to encourage him to call him. And even though he didn't, he's wasn't about to pass up being with him when he told him how he felt after knocking on his door a few nights ago. To him, Blaine isn't what his job was. Blaine is the man he loves, and nothing else in his past matters.

"I hate you," she says, surprising him a bit by saying that.

"What! Why?" Kurt asks confused.

"That man is fucking gorgeous. I'd want him to sleep with me, too. Now I understand why you called him again. Damn!" Rachel wolf-whistles as she eyes Blaine across the room, fanning herself for added emphasis.

"Um...Thanks. Good to know you want to bang my boyfriend," Kurt jokes as he sets his cup down on the table.

"Is he?" Rachel turns her attention to him, hair fanning out as she quickly moves her head. It falls back down and rests against her back and over her shoulder. "Your boyfriend, I mean?"

That's something Kurt hasn't thought about yet. It's something he hasn't discussed with Blaine. It hasn't come up yet. They've been too busy with enjoying having the other person back to bother with discussing something like that. "I don't know," he truthfully answers, shrugging his shoulders. "I thought it was pretty obvious that's what we were after we said we loved each other. It'd be stupid if we weren't." That has Kurt wondering if he should ask Blaine where they stand now. Looking over to him, he tries to suppress his smile when he sees a slight hint of terror in Blaine's eyes as Santana tells him something. He can only imagine what mean, horrible thing she is saying.

"Kurt?" Rachel says to get his attention, smile on her face.

"Yeah?" He looks to her.

"Are you happy?" she asks with a serious tone to her voice.

Kurt nods his head. "I am. He makes me extremely happy."

"Good. You deserve to be happy. Oh, look. Santana is coming," Rachel says as she looks over to Blaine. "I'm gonna go talk to him."

"Okay." Kurt watches as Rachel leaves and Santana walks over to him.

"Hummel," Santana says as she plops down next to him on the couch, crossing her legs. "I got to give it to you. Blaine is a great guy."

Smiling at Santana as she sits there next him, Kurt starts to wonder what he would be doing if she hadn't called the company. It's then that he realizes he owes everything that happened in the past several hours to her.

"Thanks, San," he tells her in a soft whisper.

"No need to thank me for saying the truth." Santana waves off the remark with a flick of her wrist, obviously not saying what she did to be thanked.

"No." Kurt shakes his head. Leaning into Santana, pulling her close, he hugs her tight. He knows Santana isn't big on hugs; can tell in how she slightly goes tense and gets uncomfortable. In that moment, he feels her tense in his arms, but he still holds her. He has to show her how much he cares for her after what she did for him. "Thank you, for calling," he whispers into her ear. "For doing something I was too terrified to do on my own. I almost lost him, but you brought him back to me. Thank you."

"You deserved him, Kurt," Santana whispers, relaxing in Kurt's embrace and hugging him back. "He deserved you. I just did what was right."

"Not something I thought I'd ever hear you say." Kurt laughs as he pulls back from the hug.

"Well, don't get used to it." Santana smiles.

"I won't," Kurt jokes as he glances over to Blaine who smiles and winks at him.

Standing up, Kurt walks over to where Blaine is still talking with Rachel. "Hey." He winds his arms around Blaine's waist and tips his head back, adoringly gazing up at him.

Kurt turns into Blaine's touch when he cups the side of his face. "Hey," Blaine whispers back with a smile to his lips.

Softly sighing into the kiss Blaine gives him, Kurt forgets about his friends behind him. This is a sweet, tender kiss that isn't about starting something. This is just a simple kiss shared between two people who love each other. This is only the first of thousands of kisses like this that Kurt will get to experience with Blaine in years to come.

"Oh, man! You two are so adorable together," Rachel happily squeals behind them.

Looking over his shoulder, Kurt finds Rachel holding her fists in front of her mouth covering her huge smile. Her eyes, though, shine with excitement as she stares at them both. He, also, finds Santana giving them a look saying she's enjoying what she's seeing.

"Out," he tells them as he turns to face them.

"What?" Rachel says, sounding shocked that Kurt is making her leave. "I still want to talk to Blaine."

"You'll have time later. Out!" Kurt starts to shoo them to his door. "We're about to do things I don't want you two to be privy to."

"Fine," Rachel huffs, managing to sound like a kid refused a snack. She turns around and hugs Kurt tightly. "I'm so happy for you, Kurt," she whispers before giving him a kiss on the cheek and walking to the door.

"Thanks," Kurt tells her as she slides his door open and leaves. Looking to Santana still standing a few feet in front of him, he places his hands on her shoulders and starts to walk her out.

"Wait! Wait! Wait!" She holds up her hands and stops him.

"What?"

"Okay." Santana grins with a look to her eyes that can't be good at all. "I need something answered before I leave."

"Um...Okay," Kurt replies, getting worried over what Santana might ask.

"Blaine," she looks to him, "what's the number to an employers like yours that only caters to women? I know you know a good one, considering where you worked. I'd like to call and have sweet, young lady come over."

"Oh, God, San!" Kurt groans as he pushes her out of his loft. "You don't need to hire an escort. You're perfectly capable of picking up girls on your own."

"I still want that number," Santana comments.

Kurt hears Blaine laugh behind him. "Goodbye, San." He grabs the handle of his door. "Don't knock on my door for at least three days."

"Hummel's a horn dog. Wanky." Santana grins and winks at Kurt before turning around to go to her loft.

Closing his door and turning around, glad to be alone again, Kurt walks up to Blaine and takes his hand.

"So, what things are they not allowed to see?" Blaine asks with a small chuckle as he follows Kurt to the bedroom.

"It's something we both want," Kurt responds as he stops in front of his bed. He reaches down and grabs the hem of his shirt, pulling it up and off.

"Is that so?" Blaine grins as he raises his arms up as Kurt reaches for the shirt he's wearing and lifts it up off him.

"Yes." Kurt pushes off his pajama bottoms, kicking them away. He sits on the edge of the bed and lies back. "Let's go back to sleep."

"That's the best thing you could have suggested," Blaine laughs as he pushes his sweats off and climbs into bed with Kurt.

Kurt curls into Blaine's side, resting his head on Blaine's shoulder. "What did you talk about with Rachel?" he asks as he skims his fingers along Blaine's side.

"She just told me to be good to you," Blaine replies, skimming his fingers along Kurt's arm. "Told me not break your heart."

"And what did Santana tell you?"

"She said she would know how to kick my ass if I hurt you in any way."

Kurt laughs as he finally understands the look of terror on Blaine's face earlier. "Don't worry," he tells Blaine around his laughter. "She won't hurt you too bad."

"No." Blaine shakes his head as he holds onto Kurt and rolls them over. "I promise I'll do my best to try and never hurt you."

"What about when we fight?" Kurt arches an eyebrow in amusement.

"I'll apologize to you. No matter what, I'll apologize." Blaine starts to laugh. "Besides, they say makeup sex is the best kind."

"When can we have our first fight?" Kurt jokes.

"How about tomorrow? I've recently become free of all work obligations," Blaine suggests in a joking tone as he leans down and barely brushes his lips over Kurt's.

"Sounds good to me," Kurt laughs in reply as Blaine takes his bottom lip between his teeth and lightly bites down.

Softly sighing as Blaine starts to kiss along his collarbone, and then up his neck, Kurt thinks about how he never wants to leave this bed. Lying here with Blaine comfortably naked, enjoying the closeness of each other's bodies, Kurt is pretty sure he now knows what people mean when they say they could stay in a moment forever. This moment right here with Blaine is one he could stay in for the rest of his life.

"I want to stay here forever," Kurt voices his thoughts as Blaine presses a quick kiss to his lips. "Right here," he says as he runs his fingers through Blaine's curls and down his neck, dragging them over his chest and down to his abdomen, feeling defined muscles as he passes over them. Wrapping his arms around Blaine's waist, Kurt rests his hands at his lower back. "I could never leave this spot and be happy, as long as you were with me."

"I don't know." Kurt tips his head back as Blaine starts to kiss his way down his throat. "We'd have to leave eventually."

"Not really."

"Food," Blaine mentions as he kisses down Kurt's neck and chest. "We're bound to get hungry. We'd probably start smelling, too. So, we'd have take showers." Blaine laughs as he nuzzles his nose in the soft flesh of Kurt's stomach. "You have work and school. I'll eventually have to look for a new job."

"Okay," Kurt playfully sighs, pretending to sound defeated. "We'd leave. As long as I get to come back to it with you."

Blaine moves up his body once again and looks down at him. "Always," he replies.

"Good," Kurt replies with a small laugh. "What?" he giggles as Blaine gazes down at him with love.

"Will you go out with me Saturday night?" Blaine asks all shy and nervous, scared as if Kurt might refuse him. Kurt finds it too adorable.

"Do you even have to ask?" Kurt replies as he lifts his head to kiss Blaine. "I would love to," he mumbles against Blaine's lips.

"Good," Blaine says on an exhale of relieved breath. "Although, I do have to say it's been over two years since I've been on a date. So, I'm nervous, now."

"Don't be." Kurt wraps his arms around Blaine's back and grabs at his shoulders after he lies down

"You'll be great. It'll be fun and amazing. It's my first date. Ever. I'm beyond excited and thrilled. No matter what we do, I'll love it."

"Then I'll do my best to make it special. Isn't that what boyfriends do for the one they love?"

Kurt beams at Blaine saying boyfriends, nodding his head. Where he was a bit doubtful at what they were, and, yes, that is kind of stupid considering after everything that occurred. But it was still there in the back of his mind that, maybe, it wasn't what he thought. It's funny how one word from Blaine, a simple declaration, is enough to make his heart soar. Boyfriend, he thinks. It's something he's wanted for some time. But to have one, and it be Blaine, made all the waiting for one worth it.

Twirling a strand of hair around his finger after Blaine lowers himself down onto his body, tucking his head under his chin, Kurt revels in how happy he is. He's happy and in love. Blaine is his boyfriend and here with him. There's nothing more he could want or ask for.

"Rachel talked to you, didn't she?" He doesn't ask in an accusing way. It's more of a realization as it dawns on him, making him slightly embarrassed.

"She might have mentioned something to me." Blaine lifts up to look at Kurt, smile on his lips. "I didn't think to ask. I was just so happy to be with you, that it completely left my mind."

"That's okay." Kurt grabs ahold of Blaine and turns over so he is now on top of him. "I still love you."

"That's good to know," Blaine laughs as he skims his fingers along Kurt's side; going down over his ribs, past his hip, and then over his thigh.

"And don't worry about Saturday night," Kurt comforts Blaine as he feels heat stirring in his belly as he continues to touch him. But he ignores that for now as he moves off Blaine and presses into his side. "It'll be great no matter what. If nothing else, just remember I'll be putting out at the end of the night."

Blaine laughs out loud as he pulls Kurt down for a kiss. "You are a great something, Kurt Hummel."

Kurt smiles at remembering Blaine telling him that the first night they met. "So I've been told," he whispers against Blaine's lips. "Now, let's go back to sleep."

"That sounds perfect," Blaine says.

Cupping the side of Blaine's face, feeling him push into his touch, Kurt leans down and tenderly kisses him. "I love you."

"As I love you," Blaine replies.

Resting his head on Blaine's chest, listening to the steady, rhythmic beating of Blaine's heart, Kurt slowly falls asleep to the sound of with a small smile on his face.

Epilogue

"No," Kurt laughs as he reaches out and takes the measuring cup Blaine holds. "That's the wrong one."

It's been six weeks since Blaine came back to him and revealed how he felt. Six weeks of happiness and love. They're still in that honeymoon phase of their relationship. They can barely keep their hands and mouths off each other. And Kurt has no problem with that.

But it's still all new to him. It's still crazy for him to come home from school or work and have his boyfriend waiting for him. It's crazy for him to introduce Blaine as his boyfriend to people. The word boyfriend was something he thought he would never utter for at least a few more years. But now he gets to. He gets to tell his classmates that he has a boyfriend named Blaine, and that they are in love. Of course when they ask how they met, he is quick to change the subject, or mutter something about meeting through Blaine's job. Kurt knows he's definitely not ready to tell other people that he hired Blaine to sleep with him. That's a secret that he knows will be kept between Blaine and him, and Rachel and Santana.

But for how new it all is. For how new it is to be in a relationship with someone, Kurt has found he's really good at it. He's good with being with Blaine. It's easy and carefree, and unlike he thought it would be. Before, when he thought about having a boyfriend, he thought it would be difficult for him to adjust to having someone there. He thought it would be hard for him to share his life with another person. But it's not. It's far from that. It's been easy letting Blaine into his life. It's been easy having Blaine there by his side. With Blaine, it's always easy.

"The recipe says one cup," Blaine says as he points to the hand-written recipe in Kurt's recipe book. "I'm following the instructions. Isn't that what baking is about? Being precise."

"Yes. But that recipe is wrong." Kurt sets the measuring cup Blaine was holding aside. "My mom would kill me for changing it, but listen to me. My way makes a better cookie."

"Okay. What's the right measuring cup, then?" Blaine laughs as he eats a few of the chocolate chips from the bag.

"That one." Kurt points to the correct measuring cup sitting on the counter close to Blaine. "And stop eating all the chocolate chips. They're for the cookies," he playfully reprimands Blaine as he smacks his hand away as he reaches for more.

"All right." Blaine holds up his hands in defense as he chews on the chocolate in his mouth, grin on his face. "I'm stopping."

Sitting back and watching Blaine measure ingredients before dumping them into a bowl, he figures he should tell him the news. "So, uh...My dad's coming in two weeks," he tells Blaine, seeing him immediately stop mixing together the dry ingredients he has in the bowl.

"What?" Blaine says with a slightly trembling voice, and a scared look in his eyes.

"Don't worry, Blaine." Kurt reaches out and takes one of Blaine's hands, giving it a good squeeze. "It'll be fine."

"He's gonna ask questions, Kurt," Blaine says, sounding terrified. "He's gonna ask how we met. What do we tell him? 'Yeah, sir'," Blaine says in a serious tone. "'I met your son when he hired me to take his virginity. He hired me twice, and I managed to fall in love with him during that time.' Yeah, no. He's going to kill me."

Kurt lets out a small laugh. Blaine's fear of his dad is cute and adorable. "Maybe if we don't tell him exactly how we met, you'll be fine. Just, I don't know...Lie." Kurt shrugs his shoulders and grins.

"You want me to lie to your father?"

"It's either that, or tell him the truth. And which one has you not so terrified of telling him?" Kurt asks.

Blaine mulls over the question for a bit. "Okay. What do we say, then?"

"We say I met you at your job that you quit because you didn't like it anymore," Kurt replies as he hands Blaine two eggs for him to crack.

"What kind of job?" Blaine taps the first egg on the counter before cracking it open in the bowl with mixed sugar and butter.

"I don't know. Um..." Kurt thinks over a job that he can give Blaine that his dad wouldn't question. Something that required Blaine to please a customer, and something he could actually do. Looking at Blaine mixing the wet ingredients with the dry ones, Kurt gets an idea. "A bakery," he says, proud of himself for thinking of it.

"What?"

"We'll say you worked at a bakery, and I met you there," Kurt says with a pleased smile. "My dad would totally believe it."

"First you want me to lie to your dad, and now you give me a job that I don't even know how to do." Blaine laughs as he mixes the cookie dough.

"You seem to be doing fine right now. Besides, we can say you worked behind the counter or something; keep you out of the kitchen." Kurt grabs the bag of chocolate chips and dumps them into the cookie dough mix.

"Actually, I think I could go along with that." Blaine starts to mix in the chocolate chips. "What reason do I give if he asks why I quit?"

"Say you went on to pursue bigger and better things," Kurt answers.

"I'm guessing bigger and better things is somehow code for you in this lie you concocted?" Blaine asks as he arches an eyebrow.

"Of course." Kurt smiles. "You can stop, now. It's all mixed together."

"All right." Blaine stops the movement of his hand and takes a breath. "It doesn't look too bad," he says as he looks at the dough.

"It looks great," Kurt tells him.

"Maybe you should try it first," Blaine suggests.

"Okay." Reaching over, Kurt scoops some dough out of the bowl with his finger. Bringing it to his mouth, he wraps his lips around the tip of his finger and licks away the dough. Softly moaning as he eats, he removes his finger from his mouth. "It's perfect." Looking to Blaine when he doesn't say anything, he finds him standing there with a sudden lust and desire to his eyes. "Blaine?" he quietly says.

"Do...Do that again," Blaine mumbles.

Confused for a second, it dawns on Kurt what has Blaine so suddenly riled up. So, scooping more cookie dough out with his finger, he brings it to his mouth and sensually eats it, letting out a moan around his finger. The whole time, he keeps his eyes locked on Blaine's lust blown ones. "You want to try, too?" he seductively asks as he licks the top corner of his mouth.

Being sexy and cute is something Kurt has learned he's good at doing when with Blaine. He always thought he would look or sound stupid saying or doing something. But he's recently found out, he's good at it. He's good at saying things to turn Blaine on in a matter of seconds. He's even found out him wearing certain things can create the same affect in Blaine. It's fun for him to try new things he never thought he would be good at. It's exciting to know he is able to turn Blaine on like he never thought he could.

"Yes," Blaine replies as he moves to stand between Kurt's legs.

Gathering more cookie dough, Kurt lifts his finger to Blaine's mouth. A small moan falls from his mouth as Blaine takes his finger into his mouth and licks away the cookie dough. Biting his lower lip when Blaine purposely sucks and flicks his tongue over the tip, Kurt feels arousal pool in his belly. "S-See, it's g-good," he stutters as Blaine gives him a look that turns him on further.

"You're right," Blaine says after Kurt takes his finger out of his mouth. "It is good. You're a great teacher."

"Th-Thank you." Kurt lets out a small whimper when Blaine leans forward and brushes his lips over his neck in ghost kisses.

Reaching out and grabbing the front of Blaine's shirt and pulling him close, Kurt chases Blaine's mouth. Desperately kissing him, all tongue and teeth, thrusting his tongue into Blaine's mouth, moaning as he massages his tongue with Blaine's, Kurt can already feel his body needing more. Thrusting his hips forward to seek that friction his body wants, Kurt whines low in his throat when Blaine pulls back from him to put a few inches of space between their bodies.

Sitting on the edge of the counter, thighs parted, staring into Blaine's hunger filled eyes, Kurt watches as he reaches for the band of his sweatpants and tugs. Gripping the edge of the counter and lifting his hips, Kurt kicks away his sweats after Blaine pulls them off. Sitting back down, the countertop a bit cold under his ass, but ignoring it in favor of pulling Blaine close and kissing him, Kurt deeply moans into Blaine's mouth when he presses close to him; bodies pressed flush together. Hooking his legs over Blaine's waist,

ankles crossing at his lower back, Kurt starts to rock his hips forward as Blaine thrusts his hips forward into him.

In all the years before, Kurt never thought this would be something he would do, or ever get the chance to do. He never even fathomed he would be teaching his boyfriend how to bake, and for that to turn into something sexy and fun. But it's happening, and he couldn't be happier that this is his life now. This is what he gets to experience for years to come.

"Want you, Blaine," Kurt pants.

"Okay. Give me a second." Kurt moans when Blaine kisses him before leaving.

Seeing Blaine return a few seconds later with a condom and lube in hand, and down to just his boxer-briefs, Kurt grins at the bulge in Blaine's underwear. He likes knowing he did that; likes knowing he can produce that kind of reaction in Blaine. It makes him feel good and wanted.

"Hop off," Blaine tells him as he squeezes lube onto his fingers.

Hopping off the counter, hooking his fingers into his underwear, Kurt pushes them down off his hips. Eyes on Blaine's gorgeous ones, he reaches down and takes himself in hand. In the weeks since they've been together, Kurt has gained confidence in what he does in front of Blaine. It's not much. But it's enough to know he pleases Blaine. Like right now. Seeing Blaine's eyes on his hand as he slowly strokes himself, he feels heat stir in his belly at doing this for Blaine.

"I love when you do that," Blaine groans as he presses his body flush to Kurt's.

"I know." Kurt grins as he reaches down with both hands and pushes Blaine's underwear off.

"What happened to the blushing virgin I met a few weeks ago?" Blaine gently rocks his hips forward.

Kurt moans at the drag of his and Blaine's cocks together. "He met you," he replies with a voice heavy with want. "Please, Blaine," he begs as he rocks his hips forward. "Want you."

"Okay."

Kurt lets Blaine lift his leg and hook it over his hip. Bracing a hand on the counter behind him, his other hand gripping Blaine's shoulder, he groans when Blaine traces his entrance before slowly pushing in with the first finger.

Blaine quickly works him open. Fingers stretch and open him. Kurt finds himself rolling his hips down on the three fingers Blaine has in him after a while. It feels good; sends sparks of pleasure through his body. Whining low in his throat when Blaine pulls his fingers away, Kurt feels his stomach swoop with need as he watches Blaine open the condom packet and roll it on.

Lifting his other leg to hook over Blaine's hip, Kurt softly moans when Blaine rubs the head of his cock over his entrance.

"Ready?" Blaine asks as he barely pushes up.

"Yes." Gasping when Blaine starts to push into him, stretching open around his cock, Kurt lets out a satisfied groan when Blaine's hips come to rest against his ass.

Just breathing for a few moments after Blaine drops his head to his shoulder, adjusting to Blaine inside him, Kurt doesn't think he'll get over this. He'll never get over how perfect Blaine feels inside him.

"This will be over quick," Blaine chuckles as he lifts his head.

"That's okay," Kurt assures him with a grin. "Now, how about you fuck me." Kurt hears his moan mix with Blaine's after he rocks his hips down.

The edge of the counter digs a bit into Kurt's back when Blaine starts to fuck him, but it's to be expected when they decide to have sex up against the kitchen counter. Legs hooked over Blaine's hips, he loudly moans as Blaine fucks into him hard and fast. It's something he loves just as much as when Blaine makes love to him slow and gentle. When the urge rises, when he wants it, he welcomes when Blaine fucks him like this; he loves the deep, hard thrust of his hips that drive him wild. It's almost intoxicating how great it makes him feel.

Letting out a mix between a moan and a whimper, roughly rolling his hips down, crying out in pleasure as Blaine thrust his hips up, Kurt gets lost in the overwhelming pleasure he is currently feeling. It overtakes him, and makes it hard to focus on anything else. All that matters in this moment is Blaine, and the pleasure licking at his skin.

Cupping the side of Blaine's face, running his hand down his neck and over his shoulder, he grins at how amazing and fantastic he feels. Leaning forward and capturing Blaine's mouth in a hard kiss, thrusting his tongue into his mouth, Kurt lets out a surprise squeak when Blaine pulls out of him and holds him tightly, and pushes off the counter.

"What are you doing?" he asks with a smirk as he arches an eyebrow.

"Moving," Blaine replies.

When Blaine sets him down, Kurt laughs. "We're going to have to disinfect this afterwards," he chuckles as he lies back on the cold tabletop.

"Only you could think something like that while getting laid," Blaine says with a chuckle.

"Hey, I'm a clean person. And my bare ass is on my table. So, excu-*Oh, fuck!*" Kurt throws his head back and screams when Blaine pushes back into him.

"What were you saying?" Blaine teases as he rocks his hips forward.

"N-Nothing," Kurt mumbles as he rolls his hips down as Blaine thrusts his forward. "Oh, God, fuck me."

Lifting his legs and hooking them over Blaine's hips, Kurt cries out when Blaine leans over him and thrusts his hips forward. Groaning into the rough kiss Blaine gives him, tongue delving and licking into his mouth. It's so good. Kurt never wants it to stop.

"Kurt!" Rachel's voice suddenly yells as she bangs on the door. "Kurt!"

Groaning when he feels Blaine stop moving, but his body still seeking that delicious friction, he presses the heels of his feet into Blaine's back as he lifts his hips, trying to get him to move. "Maybe she'll go away," he quietly whispers.

Smiling and biting his lip as he softly whimpers when Blaine starts moving his hips again, he hopes Rachel does leave. He prays she does. Faintly moaning when Blaine starts to fuck him like he was doing several seconds before, forgetting they even stopped, he bites his lower lip as heat starts to unfurl in his belly.

"Kurt!" Rachel yells very loudly this time. "I know you're in there because Blaine is here." Kurt wonders how she knows that. "And I know Blaine is here because he's always here now," she says as if knowing what he was thinking.

"I'm gonna kill her," he groans in frustration when Blaine stops again and collapses on top of him.

"No, you're not," Blaine breathlessly tells him, nuzzling his nose along his neck. "You should go answer her before she knocks down the door and finds us like this."

"Fine," he gripes.

Angrily climbing off the table when Blaine pulls out of him, grabbing a random pillow when he passes the couch and holding it in front of his lower body, Kurt hears Blaine chuckle behind him. Looking over his shoulder, he finds Blaine leaning against the counter with his arms crossed over his chest, grin on his face, and making him really hate Rachel at the moment. "We're finishing this when I get rid of her," he states with frustration as he walks to his door.

"I wouldn't expect anything less from you," Blaine calls back in amusement.

Sliding open the heavy, metal door just enough to clearly see Rachel, he glares at her. "What?" he asks unamused.

"Santana has someone over. So, she locked me out," Rachel says as she tries to push past Kurt, oblivious to the fact that he only holds a pillow in front of him. Kurt holds out his free arm to the side of him, blocking her from coming inside. "What are you doing, Kurt? Let me in."

"No." He shakes his head. "Go somewhere else."

"I don't want to. I want to come inside. So, please let me in," she pleads, trying to get past him to no avail.

"No," he firmly states.

"Why?" Rachel asks frustrated and upset. He notices her looking him over and finally realize he's naked; her eyes going wide. "Why are you naked?"

"I, um...I'm teaching Blaine how to bake," he replies in a slightly embarrassed tone of voice; feeling a deep blush start to stain his cheeks.

"And that requires you to be naked?" Rachel asks with a snicker as the corner of her mouth turns up, knowing exactly what's going on inside.

"Not exactly," Kurt tells her. "But once a certain urge rises, the removal of clothes is important."

"Just say you're having sex, Kurt," Rachel chuckles.

"Okay." Kurt blushes further. "Blaine and I are having sex. And I don't want to stop because of you. So, go somewhere else."

"Are you serious? You won't stop because of me?" Rachel asks a bit hurt, and surprised.

"No," Kurt replies like she's crazy. "I'd rather have an orgasm than you annoying me while I could be having sex."

"Damn, Kurt, sex has changed you," Rachel jokes.

"Yes, it has," Kurt agrees. "No go away so I can have it."

"Wait! You were serious? You won't actually let me in?"

Feeling an arm drape over his shoulder, and Blaine press close to his back, holding in the moan he wants to release, he lays his head back on Blaine's chest. "Sorry, Rach," Blaine says close to his ear. "But we're busy."

Grinning at Rachel, Kurt feels as Blaine helps him slide the door shut. He chuckles when he hears Rachel complain about everyone getting laid except for her.

Dropping the pillow after locking the door, turning to face Blaine, Kurt grabs behind his neck and brings him in for a hungry, desperate kiss. "I love you," he mumbles against his lips.

"I love you, too," Blaine replies. "So, how about we get back to what we were doing."

"How about the couch," Kurt suggests. "It's softer than that table."

Blaine smiles as he takes Kurt's hand and leads him to the couch.

Sitting down and lying back on the soft cushions, gazing up at Blaine, Kurt parts his thighs in invitation. Seeing the look that crosses Blaine's eyes, a look of want and need, he can feel the same. Softly moaning when Blaine lies down on top of him, rocking their hips together, Kurt lifts his hips up into Blaine's, seeking the friction his body so desperately wants. But Kurt soon releases a broken gasp when Blaine pushes back into him.

"You okay?" Blaine asks as he starts to slowly move his hips.

"Yeah." Kurt nods his head as he rolls his hips down.

They move together in a perfect rhythm like they've done from the start, like they've been doing this for longer the few weeks they've been sleeping together. The only sounds in the loft are that of Blaine and his moans and whimpers mixing with that of skin softly slapping together. It doesn't take long for the heat to curl in Kurt's belly, and for him to be close to his release. He feels his body seek out the release that quickly builds in his body.

Somehow knowing, Kurt pushes up into Blaine's fist when he reaches down between their bodies and takes him in hand. Fast, quick strokes of his hand has Kurt crying out and spilling over his fist in matter of seconds. As pleasure washes over him, and he clenches around Blaine as he still thrusts into him, Kurt deeply moans when he feels Blaine push in deep one last time, hips stuttering, and comes.

Lying there afterwards, pleasure slowly fading under his skin, Kurt holds Blaine as he lies atop him. Both of them breathing heavy, hearts racing in their chests, he twirls the hair at the nape of the back of Blaine's head out of

After several minutes, and needing to get cleaned up, Kurt gently pushes at Blaine's shoulders. "I'm sticky and dirty," he says.

"I'll get something to clean us up." Blaine leans down and brushes his lips over Kurt's in barely there kiss as he pulls out of him. Kurt watches him walk away, staring at his cute ass that he loves so much.

Gazing at Blaine after he cleaned them up, still lying on the couch with the throw blanket resting around their hips, warmth spreading in his chest as Blaine stares at him with love, Kurt gently skims his fingers over Blaine's lips. "I'm happy," he quietly whispers. And it's true. He can't remember a time where he's been happier. Blaine makes him happy in a way he's wanted to feel with someone for years.

Blaine gazes at him with eyes bright with happiness and smiles. "Me too."

For a few moments, Kurt just lies there in a comfortable silence as Blaine skims his fingers along his back.

"Kurt?" Blaine says, breaking the silence.

"Hmm?"

"When do I get to teach you how to play chess?" Kurt groans. He buries his face in the curve of Blaine's neck. "That was our deal. You teach me to bake, and I teach you how to play chess."

In the time he's been with Blaine, Kurt has learned Blaine is an amazing chess player. It's to the point that he beats him in less than five moves. That's how their deal came about. Blaine said he'd teach Kurt how to play, and Kurt, in turn, said he wanted to teach Blaine how to bake. But he's not really looking forward to holding up his end of the deal.

"Do I have to?" Kurt playfully whines like a five year old told to come inside from playing.

"Yes. I'll make it fun for you," Blaine says.

Kurt lifts his head. "How?" he asks with curiosity.

"We'll play strip chess."

"That's not fair." Kurt sits up on his forearms, smiling down at Blaine. "You'll be fully clothed while I sit there stark naked for your enjoyment."

"I'll make you a deal," Blaine says. "I'll start off in just my underwear and a shirt."

Kurt thinks it over for a minute. He knows he'll lose no matter what. But getting to see Blaine in just his underwear and shirt will be fun for him. Besides, thinking about how the baking went, he can only imagine

how long the chess match will last. "Deal," he agrees. Resting his head back on Blaine's chest, pressing closer to him, he closes his eyes and goes to sleep.

Waking up a couple hours later, the sun set and sky dark, Kurt sits up. Yawning and stretching, pleasure still lingering under his skin like embers of a once blazing fire, he stands up and heads to the kitchen.

As Blaine sleeps, pulling on his discarded underwear still on the floor, Kurt starts to scoop the cookie dough on to the cookie sheets. Placing them in the oven, and cleaning while they bake, he laughs as he wipes down the table. He still can't believe Blaine fucked him on top of it. But, he does have to admit, it was fun and exciting. Hearing the ding of the timer, he walks over to the oven. The smell of freshly baked cookies assaults him when he opens the oven door. It's smells absolutely devine.

Taking out the finished cookies, placing the tray on top of the stove, Kurt jumps a bit when arms wrap around his waist.

"Smells good," Blaine tells him with a small nip to the skin under Kurt's ear.

Melting back into Blaine's touch, Kurt grabs a warm cookie and turns around. Bringing the cookie up to Blaine's mouth, he watches as he takes a bite. Leaning forward and taking his mouth in a sugary kiss, Kurt giggles. "Delicious," he mumbles against Blaine's lips.

"Thanks," Blaine replies as he flicks his tongue over Kurt's upper lip. "Stay here."

"What?" Kurt asks confused as he pulls back and gives Blaine a weird look.

"You'll see."

Seeing Blaine walk away, Kurt just quietly laughs to himself as he puts the cookies on a plate. It's a few seconds later that Kurt freezes. The sound of the familiar song makes his heart stop. The familiar notes make his eyes well with tears. He never thought he could love Blaine more, but he was wrong. In this moment, he loves him more than any person could love another human. He loves him with his whole heart; with all he has to give.

Feeling a hand slide into his, and being turned around, Kurt snuffles as Blaine wipes away the tear that rolls down his cheek. He lets Blaine pulls him close to his body. Blaine wraps his arm around his waist as he holds his other hand against his chest. Kurt rests his cheek against Blaine's and moves with him when

he starts to sway to the music. It's a perfect moment. Just like he remembers when his parents danced in their kitchen years before.

"You remembered," Kurt quietly says with a shaky voice.

"Of course I remembered. I love you, Kurt. And I want to dance with you for the rest of our lives," Blaine softly whispers into his ear. "I don't want to ever let you go. It's only been six weeks, but I know with all my heart that I want to spend the rest of my life with you."

A few more tears roll down Kurt's cheeks. "I want to spend the rest of my life with you, too." Kurt pulls back to look into Blaine's multi-colored flecked eyes; staring into them, he finds warmth and love. He finds what he searched for, and found with a simple knock on his door that changed his life. "I love you so much," he whispers.

Softly sighing into the kiss Blaine gives him, Kurt continues to move with him to the song playing.

Dancing with Blaine for the rest of his life sounds exactly like something he could.