

We Need to Talk

by

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Kurt/Blaine || T

A series of awkward moments between Burt and our favorite boys. Fluff, hilarity, and awkwardness ensues.

WIP 55/?

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CHAPTER ONE

The First Time

Burt whispered tunelessly as he put Kurt's clothes away. His son was out with Blaine, so Burt had decided to be nice and do Kurt's chores.

He grabbed Kurt's underwear and opened the top drawer of the dresser. He stopped whistling and froze, dropping the underwear.

There, behind Kurt's undershirts, was an open box of condoms.

Burt grabbed it, the words *strawberry flavored* sticking out. Only a handful were missing, but that didn't stop Burt from bringing the box downstairs and slamming it down at the head of the table. Burt sat in front of them, waiting for Kurt to come home with Blaine.

Burt straightened when he heard Blaine's car pull into the driveway. Kurt and Blaine chatted while walking to the house, and Burt's blood boiled at the sound of Blaine's voice.

That boy stole my son's innocence.

The door opened, and Kurt called out, "Dad?"

"In here, Kurt," Burt answered pleasantly.

Kurt appeared in the doorway, Blaine's hand linked in his own. Both boys wore soft smiles and stood closer together than before. Burt had noticed this over the past week, ever since the day after the premiere of *West Side Story*.

Now Burt knew why.

The smiles immediately vanished as Kurt and Blaine saw the box of condoms. The boys paled.

"Uh...I have to...go," Blaine stammered, making to leave. Kurt glared at him.

"Oh, no you don't," Burt said in a voice that made Blaine freeze. He gestured to the chairs on either side of him. "Sit."

"Dad-" Kurt began as he sat across from Blaine.

Burt held a hand up. "Save it, Kurt. Don't try to deny it."

Kurt closed his mouth, and Burt turned to Blaine. "You."

What color was left in Blaine's face disappeared. "Y-yes?"

"Do you love my son?"

Burt could tell that that wasn't what Kurt and Blaine had been expecting. They looked confused, but still *very* nervous.

"Of course I do," Blaine said, smiling at Kurt, who blushed. "I love him so, *so* much."

"Well, good," Burt said gruffly. "So...it was special for you?"

"Dad!" Kurt cried, blushing again.

"Kurt," Burt said, not looking away from Kurt. "Let me talk."

Blaine's eyes flickered from Burt to Kurt and back. "Yes," he said simply, looking straight into Burt's eyes.

Burt nodded. "Good, because my son matters, Blaine." He sighed. "And so do you." Burt turned to his son. "Kurt?" The question in his voice was obvious.

Kurt held his head high as he answered Burt. "It was special, Dad. No, it was *perfect*. I love Blaine."

Burt started to feel a little uncomfortable at the way his son and Blaine were now staring at one another. Their smiles were huge, and their eyes held so much love that Burt had to look away, feeling like he was intruding. He coughed, and both boys turned back to him, blushing.

"Okay, it's obvious to me that the two of you are serious about this relationship. I just don't want to see either of you get hurt."

Blaine spoke before Kurt could even open his mouth. "Mr. Hummel-"

"Call me Burt."

Blaine nodded. "Burt. I'm in this to the end. Like I said, I love Kurt. And...I hope to be with him forever. I want to marry him, and have a family with him." Burt could see tears forming in both boys' eyes. "And I would *never* hurt him."

Tears now pouring down his cheeks, Kurt stood up out of his chair and moved around the table to Blaine, wrapping his arms around him. Blaine curled his arms around Kurt's waist, nuzzling his face into his neck.

Burt bit his bottom lip, debating on whether or not to break them up. After all, this was *not* what Burt had called them in here for. But on the other hand, he had never seen Kurt look so happy before. Before he could decide, Kurt and Blaine pulled apart. Kurt took the chair next to Blaine, lacing their hands together.

"I love you, too," Kurt whispered to him. "And I want all of that, too."

Blaine smiled. He leaned over and pecked Kurt's lips before the two boys turned back to Burt, once again blushing dark shades of red.

"Well," Burt said, a smile on his face. "I'm glad to hear that." He gestured to the condoms, somewhat awkwardly. "And I can see that you're being safe, so..."

At that point, Burt heard the door slam open, and a few seconds later Finn ran into the dining room.

"Burt! I-" Finn stopped at the sight of the condoms. His eyes widened. "Did you go in my room?"

Burt stood up. "*What?*"

Finn grabbed up the box. As he read the label, a look of confusion spread over his face, which was typical for Finn. "Wait...these aren't mine." He then looked at Kurt and Blaine, a huge grin on his face. "*Strawberry flavored?*"

If it was possible, Kurt's and Blaine's faces turned an even darker shade of red. "Shut up, Finn," Kurt mumbled, his eyes fixed on the table.

"They actually taste like medicine," Blaine muttered.

Burt snapped his head over to Blaine. "*What?*"

"What?" Blaine squeaked, wincing as Kurt elbowed him in the ribs as he glared at him.

Finn burst out laughing, doubling over and setting the box of condoms back on the table. Burt closed his eyes, pinching the bridge of his nose as he counted to ten slowly.

You know they...do that now. Just let it go.

When Burt opened his eyes again, Finn had stopped laughing, and Blaine and Kurt no longer had red faces. Though the two boys did still look a little awkward.

"You know, Rachel said that the blueberry flavored ones actually taste like blueberries." And cue two blushing boys.

Burt sighed again, before realizing what had just been said. "Finn...have you and Rachel...?"

Finn paled. "Uh..."

Kurt and Blaine brightened. "Does this mean me and Blaine are free to go?" Kurt asked hopefully.

"Yes," Burt said. "Just leave the door open."

"We're not going to have sex with other people in the house," Kurt mumbled. Did Blaine look disappointed?

As Kurt and Blaine hurried out of the room, Burt told Finn to sit down, bracing himself for another talk. Suddenly Blaine appeared in the doorway again.

"Uh, Burt...can we have the condoms back?"

CHAPTER TWO

Hickey

Burt opened his can of ginger ale as he sat down in the armchair. He picked up the remote and turned on the TV, switching to the game.

He could hear Finn and Puck playing a video game in Finn's room, and he could hear Kurt moving around upstairs in his room, getting ready for his date with Blaine. Kurt and Blaine had only been dating for about eight months, but Burt could tell they were really happy together.

About ten minutes into the game, Kurt came running into the room, out of breath.

And...shirtless?

"Uh, Kurt?" Burt asked. "What are you doing shirtless?"

"I can't find the shirt I was going to wear!" Kurt answered, sounding panicked.

"Does it really matter what shirt you wear? I'm sure Blaine won't..." Burt suddenly noticed something on his son's left hip. "Kurt...*is that a hickey?*"

Kurt squeaked, clapping a hand over the rather large purple bruise. "N-no!"

Before Burt could say anything else, there was a knock at the door, announcing Blaine's arrival. Burt set down his ginger ale and stood up out of the chair.

"Sit," he ordered Kurt, pointing at the couch as he walked to the door.

"Hi, Burt!" Blaine said cheerfully when Burt opened the door.

Burt smiled. "Hello, Blaine," he said in an even voice, not giving anything away. "Come on in. Kurt's in the living room."

Blaine followed Burt, humming. His humming stopped, though, when Burt sat back down in his chair. Burt stared at Blaine as the boy's eyes widened at the sight of Kurt, who was still shirtless. Burt did *not* like the look in Blaine's eyes.

"What...?" Blaine said.

"I think you need to sit down, Blaine," Burt said. Blaine sat next to Kurt on the couch, a confused look on his face. Burt stood up so he could stand in front of the two boys with his arms crossed.

Blaine was looking at Kurt, who was staring down at his hands, his face a bright red color. Blaine turned to Burt.

"What's going on?"

"Why don't *you* tell him, Kurt," Burt said to his son.

"Dad...Dad saw the hickey," Kurt whispered, finally looking back up.

Blaine paled. "Oh."

"Yeah," Burt said. "*Oh*. Now I wonder how he got that."

Blaine bit his bottom lip. "That...is a very good question."

Kurt rolled his eyes. "Really, Blaine? Really?"

Burt sighed as he ran his hand down his face. "Okay, Blaine. Let me ask you this. *What were you doing sucking on my son's hip?*"

Blaine blushed an incredibly dark shade of red as Kurt screeched, "Dad!"

"I...I..." Blaine spluttered.

"What exactly are your intentions with my son, Blaine?" Burt said.

Kurt dropped his face into his hands, whispering, "This can't be happening" over and over again.

Blaine was white as a sheet, but he stared right back at Burt as he answered. "Burt, I love your son. And I have nothing but the utmost respect for him."

Burt snorted. "So I can tell."

Kurt looked up. "Dad, are you going to stand there and tell me that you never gave Mom a hickey while you were teenagers?"

"That's beside the point, Kurt," Burt said. "What I want to know right now is whether Blaine is serious about you or if he's just in this relationship for the physical stuff."

Kurt stood up. "Of course he's serious about me, Dad! He tells me he loves me every day! Even before we..." He trailed off, a blush staining his cheeks.

Blaine reached a hand up to take Kurt's hand in his, using it to pull Kurt back down onto the couch. Not letting go of Kurt's hand, Blaine turned back to Burt.

"He's right, Burt. I know what that hickey must look like, but would you like to see the hickies Kurt gave me?" Kurt's eyes nearly bugged out of his head as he turned to Blaine.

Burt choked. "No, no, that's okay, Blaine."

Kurt sighed. "Dad, we're teenagers. Stuff...is going to happen."

Burt could have sworn he heard Blaine mumble something under his breath that sounded suspiciously like "Stuff *has* happened" but decided to let it go.

"And I understand that, Kurt. Just...will you at least make sure to stay safe?" Burt said, feeling the start of a headache beginning to form.

Kurt buried his head in his hands again, but Blaine smiled at Burt. "Of course."

Something in that smile made Burt narrow his eyes. Blaine's smile disappeared, and he suddenly looked uncomfortable. Kurt looked back up so he could glare at Blaine.

Burt heaved a huge sigh. "Something you would like to share, boys?"

Kurt and Blaine exchanged glances before looking back at Burt. "No," they said at the same time.

Burt cocked an eyebrow. "Are you *sure*?"

Kurt nodded so fast Burt thought his head would fall off his neck. "Absolutely," he said.

Blaine chuckled, earning a smack on the arm from Kurt. "Ow!" he said, pouting. "What was that for?"

"You know *exactly* what that was for," Kurt growled.

"Okay," Burt said. "It's obvious that the two of you are hiding something. What is it?"

Kurt smiled sweetly at Burt. "I really don't know what you're talking about, Dad."

"Burt, can we continue this conversation another day?" Blaine piped up. "If Kurt and I don't leave soon then we'll miss our reservation." Kurt looked like he could have kissed him-which he probably would have under different circumstances.

Burt sighed. "Fine. Kurt, go finish getting ready. Blaine, you stay right here."

Rolling his eyes, Kurt stood up. But as he made to leave the living room, he ran into Finn and Puck.

"Whooooops. Sorry, Kurt," Finn said, stepping aside.

"Whoa!" Puck said, staring at Kurt's hip. "Is that a *hickey*?"

"Move, Puck," Kurt said through gritted teeth.

"Damn, Hummel," Puck said, ignoring him. "Even *I've* never had a hickey down that far."

"That's not even the farthest down," Blaine blurted from the couch. The room suddenly went quiet. "Uh..."

Burt glared at the boy. "*Excuse me?*"

Blaine looked at his wrist, which had no watch. "Whoa! Look at the time! So Kurt, how about I go get our table, and you meet me there!"

"That sounds great, Blaine!" Kurt said. "See you in a bit!"

Kurt ran up the stairs as Blaine bolted out of the house. Finn and Puck were rolling on the floor laughing hysterically.

"Those boys are going to be the death of me," Burt muttered as he settled back in his chair. "Or *I'll* be the death of *them*."

CHAPTER THREE

How Does That Work?

"Okay, now that we're all clear on safe sex...and the fact that you have all *been* being safe," Burt said, looking around at the four blushing teenagers, "I am going to go watch TV."

Finn, Rachel, Kurt, and Blaine all looked relieved. Burt had found condoms in his sons' (yes, Finn was his son, too) rooms, which had led to "The Talk" all over again.

Burt stood up from the table, but as he made to leave the dining room, he noticed Finn looking at Kurt and Blaine, a confused look on his face. Sensing a hilarious conversation, Burt decided to listen in. He left the room, but kept the door open a crack so he could see and hear the group.

"Well, if that wasn't awkward I don't know what is," Blaine said.

"At least you're still alive," Kurt teased, taking Blaine's hand in his.

Blaine smirked. "Only because he doesn't know the details."

Burt's eyes widened as Kurt smacked his boyfriend playfully. Rachel was whispering to Finn, who was still looking at Kurt and Blaine with that confused look on his face. Just as the two boys were about to stand up, Finn spoke.

"How does that work?"

Rachel stopped talking, and Kurt and Blaine settled back in their chairs.

"How does what work, Finnocence?" Kurt asked.

"Well...he's not innocent anymore," Rachel said.

Burt fought the urge to bang his head against the door. He *really* didn't want to hear this, but he wanted to know why Finn was so confused. Wait...

"How do two dudes...you know," Finn said, his face red.

Kurt glared at Finn. "You did *not* just ask us that, Finn Hudson!"

"Dude, I'm just curious." Finn's voice quieted down. "I mean...you both have penises."

Burt almost burst out laughing at the looks on Rachel's, Kurt's, and Blaine's faces.

Finn shrugged. "I mean, don't you need a-"

Blaine held a hand up. "Finn, please don't finish that sentence."

Finn huffed. "Then how does it work!"

Finn, stop talking. Finn, stop talking. Burt chanted in his head, not wanting to hear the graphic details.

"Go watch *Brokeback Mountain* and you'll find out!" Kurt shouted.

Before Finn could say another word, Rachel grabbed his arm and pulled his ear down to her mouth. She whispered something in his ear as Kurt and Blaine stared at her with dumbstruck looks on their faces.

"She isn't," Blaine said weakly.

"Oh, but she is," Kurt hissed as a horrified look appeared on Finn's face.

"OHMYGOD!" Finn said. He turned to Blaine. "You did that to my baby brother!"

Blaine's jaw dropped. Kurt glared at Finn. "I am *two months older than you*, Finn!"

"Still!" Finn said. "Why would you let him do that to you, Kurt!"

"And how do you know I don't do that to him," Kurt said sassily, smirking at his brother.

Burt's grin disappeared when Kurt said that. No...Kurt wouldn't.....Would he?

Rachel rolled her eyes. "Please, Kurt. You are obviously the girl in the relationship."

Kurt glared at the girl, but an evil grin appeared on Blaine's face. "Oh, Rachel, Kurt is definitely *not* a girl."

Kurt's and Rachel's faces burned bright red, and Burt could feel his own cheeks flaming.

Finn dropped his head to the table. "I did not need that mental image," he said in a muffled voice.

Blaine shrugged. "You shouldn't have asked."

Finn picked his head back up. "How is that even enjoyable?"

Why hadn't Burt left yet?

Kurt and Blaine both flushed. They looked at each other, soft smiles on their faces. Their fingers laced together, and Kurt leaned his head on Blaine's shoulder. Blaine kissed the top of his head before laying his cheek on top of Kurt's head.

"Aww!" Finn said, clapping his hand over his mouth the moment he said it.

Kurt and Blaine looked amused, and Burt didn't blame them.

"Did you just 'aww' at us, Finn?" Kurt asked.

"If you ever tell anyone about that I will kill you," Finn mumbled.

"So it is enjoyable!" Rachel said. "My dads always said it was, too."

The three boys (and Burt) stared at Rachel.

"You asked your dads about their sex life?" Blaine finally choked out.

Rachel shrugged. "Yeah."

"*Why?*" Kurt asked.

"I was curious."

"*Why?*" Finn asked.

Rachel huffed as her face turned bright red. "Because I didn't think that putting...that....there sounded very appealing! It actually sounds really painful if you ask me."

Finn turned back to Kurt and Blaine. "Does it?"

Kurt wouldn't meet Finn's gaze. "I refuse to answer that question."

Burt saw Blaine's arm tighten around Kurt. *Oh Lord it must.*

Finn stood up. "It does, doesn't it! Blaine Anderson, I'll kill you for hurting him!"

Blaine paled, but Kurt shot up out of his seat. "Calm down, Finn! It only hurts at first, alright? So relax."

Kurt sat back down, red in the face. Finn slowly lowered himself back to his seat, a somewhat guilty look on his face.

"And after?"

Kurt buried his head in Blaine's shoulder. "Finn, I *really* want to *stop* talking about this."

"Kuurt," Finn said. "I just want to make *absolute sure* that Blaine isn't hurting you."

Kurt sighed but didn't remove his head from Blaine's shoulder. "After a few minutes...itfeelsreallygood," he finished in a rush.

Burt's cheeks burned again, along with the four teenagers'. Yes. He definitely should have left a long time ago.

Kurt picked his head up and glared at Finn. "Are you happy now, Finn? Are me and Blaine allowed to leave now?"

Finn seemed to be really interested in one certain spot of the table. "...Yeah."

"Oh, thank God," Blaine said, the relief very prominent in his voice.

Burt hurried into the living room and turned on the TV before Kurt and Blaine could catch him spying. As they passed the living room doorway, he said, "What took you so long to come out?"

"Ask Finn," Kurt muttered. He grabbed Blaine's hand and pulled him towards the stairs. "We'll be upstairs."

"Door open!" Burt called after them. Yeah, so he knew they were having sex now, but that didn't mean Burt wanted them to do it in his house...or when he was home.

"Will do," Blaine called over his shoulder before running up the stairs after Kurt.

Burt sighed, running both hands down his face. Why had he listened to that conversation?

CHAPTER FOUR

Benefit

There was a benefit in the April Rhodes's Civic Pavilion to raise money for Nationals. The Glee club was putting on a concert, but unlike last time the seats were full.

Burt sat next to Carole. Around them were Mr. and Mrs. Cohen-Chang and Hiram and Leroy Berry. He waved his hello before turning back to the stage.

Artie, the emcee for the night, announced the first act. Rory came out onto the stage and began singing *Haven't Met You Yet* by Michael Bublé.

"Did Finn or Kurt tell you the songs they'll be singing?" Carole whispered to Burt.

Burt shook his head. "No, they wanted it to be a surprise," he answered quietly.

Burt's mind went back to when he had asked Kurt's song choice was. Kurt had just laughed nervously and said "Wait and see."

After Rory finished his song, Mercedes stepped out from the wings, followed by Santana and Brittany, then Puck and Quinn. Finally, Artie announced Finn, Mike, and Blaine. Burt raised his eyebrows. He hadn't been expecting Finn to be singing in a group – especially with Blaine, whom he hadn't been on the best of terms with recently.

"Uh... hi, everyone. I'm Finn and this is Blaine and Mike, but uh... I guess Artie already told you that." He rubbed a hand on the back of his neck and Burt wondered what was making him so nervous. "Anyway, there are some very special people that this song is for, and I think they know who they are." So wait... they were singing to Kurt, Rachel, and Tina?

That was actually really sweet.

And then the music started.

Burt, having grown up in the eighties, recognized the song immediately-and he was no happy.

Finn started the song.

*Love is like a bomb, baby, c'mon get it on
video vamp*

Livin' like

Hiram and Leroy turned and glared at Burt and Carole. *I am so sorry*, Burt mouthed at the two men. Carole's hand was covering her mouth, her eyes wide open.

Demolition woman, can I be your man?

(Your man, hey, hey!)

*Razzle 'n' a dazzle 'n' a flash a little light
sweet*

Television

Little miss innocent sugar me, yeah

Come on! Take a bottle, shake it up

Break the bubble, break it up

All three boys sang the chorus.

*Pour some sugar on me, ooh, in the name of love
on me, I can't get enough*

Pour some

I'm hot, sticky sweet from my head to my feet

Mike sang the next part, breaking out some pretty provocative dance moves that caused even Burt's cheeks to burn.

*Listen, red light, yellow light, green light, go
mannequin, rhythm of love*

Crazy little

Sweet dream, saccharin

(Loosen up) I loosen up

But that blush soon turned to a red rage as Blaine belted out the next few lyrics.

*You gotta squeeze a little, squeeze a little, tease a little more
door*

-Frankie open your come a

Sometimes, anytime, sugar me s

Little miss innocent

Take a bottle, shake it up

Break the bubble, break it up

Blaine was singing this song to Kurt.

All three boys sang together for the rest of the song.

*Pour some sugar on me, ooh, in the name of love
on me, oh, I can't get enough*

*Pour som e
I'm hot, sticky sweet from m y head to m*

*You got the peaches, I got the cream
sweet m (Head!) Fr my head to my feet*

*Sweet to
(Head!) Do you take su*

Take a bottle, take a bottle

Shake it up, shake it up B

*Pour some sugar on me, ooh, in the name of love
on me, oh, I can't get enough*

*pPour som e sugar on m e, oh, in the nam e of l
Pour som e sugar on m e, oh, in the nam e of l*

*Pour some sugar on me, get it, come get it
me*

Pour your

As the song came to a close, Finn, Mike, and Blaine just stood on stage, staring out into the audience with flushed faces.

"Carole," Burt growled. "I am going to kill him. Get my shotgun."

"Burt, no, honey," she said. She began clapping, actually starting the round of applause.

Burt glared at Blaine as the three boys practically ran off the stage. He buried his head in his hands. He would be pissed at Finn later, but right now all he could think about was what Blaine had just sung to Kurt.

Kurt's name was announced along with Tina's and Rachel's, and Burt picked his head back up. Rachel said something similar to what Finn had said.

Oh, good, Burt thought, relieved. *Kurt and the girls will sing something super sweet to balance out their boyfriends.*

Then, once again, the music started.

Burt looked up at the ceiling. "What did I do to you!" he stage-whispered.

The three of them sung the first part of the song.

*I wanna see your peacock, cock, cock
see your peacock, cock, cock*

*Your peacock, cock, cock
Your peacock, cock, cock*

Rachel took over for the first verse.

*Word on the street, you got somethin' to show me, ee
peek, heard it's fascinating*

*Magical, come on baby let me see
What you're hiding underneath*

*Words up your sleeve
judge*

And my girls gonna take a vote

Such a tease

Come on baby let me see

What you're hiding underneath

Just as Hiram and Leroy had glared at him and Carole, Burt turned and glared at the two men. Hiram glared right back, the memory of Finn obviously still fresh in his mind.

The three teenagers sang the chorus together.

*I want the jaw droppin, eye popin, head turnin, body shockin
ground shakin, show stoppin, amazin*

(Uh, oh, uh, oh, uh, oh, uh, oh, uh, oh)

*Are you brave enough to let me see your peacock?
peace out if you don't give me the pay off
brave enough to let me see your peacock?
shy kinda guy I'll bet it's beautiful*

*Don't be afraid
Come on baby let me see
What you're waiting for, it's not the way
Come on baby let me see
What you're waiting for, it's not the way*

*I wanna see your peacock, cock, cock
see your peacock, cock, cock*

odd couple

*Your peacock, cock, cock
Your peacock, cock, cock*

Tina stepped up to sing the second verse. Burt's hopes started to lift. Maybe Kurt wouldn't sing by himself!

*Skip the talk, heard it all, time to walk the walk
goose, to get loose, come on take a shot*

Break the boss if you bad, show me some

Come on baby let me see

W hat you're h iding underneath

They broke into the chorus again, and Burt began to wonder if the end of the song was coming.

I want the jaw droppin, eye popin, head turnin, body shockin

(Uh, oh, uh,

ground shakin, show stoppin, amazin

(Uh, oh, uh, uh, oh)

Are you brave enough to let me see your peacock?

Don't be a

peace out if you don't give me the pay off

Com e on b

brave enough to let me see your peacock?

W hat you'

shy kinda guy I'll bet it's beautiful

u Come on baby let me see W hatch

I wanna see your peacock, cock, cock

Your peaco

see your peacock, cock, cock

Your peacock, cock Your peaco

Burt's jaw dropped as Kurt started to sing.

Oh my good no exaggeration

Boy all t

unprepared

You got th

this all for me

The three sang the chorus one last time, ending the song.

Are you brave enough to let me see your peacock?

Don't be a

peace out if you don't give me the pay off

Com e on b

brave enough to let me see your peacock?

W hat you'

shy kinda guy I'll bet it's beautiful

Com e on baby let me see

I wanna see your peacock, cock, cock

Your peaco

peacock you wanna see, cock, cock

Your peaco

peacock I w anna see ya

Come on baby let me see

W hatchu hid in ' underneath

As Kurt and the girls left the stage, Artie said, "And that...was um...*interesting*, guys. Thank you. Well, ladies and gentleman, that's the end of the show. Thanks for coming, and I hope you enjoyed yourselves, because I certainly...yeah." Artie wheeled himself off of the stage as fast as he could.

Burt and Carole followed the Cohen-Changs and Hiram and Leroy backstage. He watched as each couple pulled aside the boyfriends of their daughters with soft murmurs of "Let's talk." Carole followed after Hiram and Leroy to talk to her son, leaving Burt alone.

"Blaine Anderson," Burt said calmly but loud enough for Blaine to hear.

Blaine's head appeared from behind a prop. "...Yes?"

"Here. Now."

"No."

"Blaine. *Get over here.*"

"No!"

"All I want to do is talk, kid."

"Liar!"

Burt fought the urge to laugh. That would be counterproductive. Suddenly, Blaine started running, shouting, "Kurt save me! No, wait, stay away! I love you, Kurt! *I love you!*"

Kurt walked up to Burt. "What was that all about?"

"Oh, Kurt, I have to talk to you, too."

Kurt paled before running after his boyfriend. "Wait for me, Blaine!"

Burt sighed, pinching the bridge of his nose. "These boys are going to be the death of me."

CHAPTER FIVE

Follow Up: Benefit

Burt walked after the boys. He couldn't help but laugh at what Blaine had said just before running off; the look on his face had been priceless.

Burt found Kurt and Blaine standing outside the school. Burt crossed his arms. "What are you two doing?"

Kurt bit his bottom lip before looking up. "You drove us here," he said as Blaine attempted to hide behind Kurt.

Burt nodded, amused. "Yes I did."

"Just kill us quickly!" Blaine squeaked from behind Kurt.

Burt burst out laughing. "Blaine, I'm not going to kill either of you. I just want to talk to you."

Kurt raised an eyebrow, pulling his boyfriend out from behind him and taking his hand. "Oh? What about?"

"Those songs you sang," Burt answered, no longer amused.

Kurt and Blaine paled. "Dad," Kurt said, giving a nervous laugh. "They were just songs. It's not like we were going to act upon them-"

"We weren't?" Blaine blurted. "What did I do wrong?"

"Shut *up*, Blaine!" Kurt hissed. "You are *not* helping."

Burt sighed, choosing to ignore Blaine's comment-for now at least. "Go on."

"We both just wanted to sing to each other," Kurt mumbled.

Burt cocked an eyebrow. "You certainly chose some romantic songs. Especially you, Blaine."

Blaine blushed. "I just wanted to convey my feelings. And I always do that better through song."

"Those are quite the feelings," Burt said, causing Blaine to blush darker. "Unless you were trying to tell Kurt how much you loved him. I mean, Kurt did tell me you were bad at romance when you tried, but I wasn't aware of *how* bad."

Kurt giggled at the look on Blaine's face. "Hey!" Blaine said. "I'll have you know that I can be very romantic!"

Even Burt had to chuckle. "I was just teasing you, kid. I was a teenager once, too, you know."

"Ew!" Kurt squealed. "That's my mother!"

Burt rolled his eyes. "Look, all I'm trying to say is that relationships aren't all about the physical aspects. Relationships are more than that. When two people love each other they can talk about anything. They can have conversations with each other without saying a word. They know each other better than anyone else, including themselves. They can tell when the other person is mad, sad, happy, or any other feeling. To sum it all up...they are each other's other halves."

Kurt smiled, lacing his fingers through Blaine's. "And we are, Dad."

Blaine nodded. "We love each other, Burt." He looked down at his shoes. "And to be honest...that wasn't the song I had wanted to sing."

Both Kurt and Burt looked at Blaine. "It wasn't?" Burt asked, feeling his hopes begin to rise. "What song did you want to sing?"

Blaine looked at Kurt and smiled. He opened his mouth and began to sing.

What day is it? And in what month?

down

I've been losing so much time

't keep my eyes off of you I can't

'Cause it's you and me and all of the people with nothing to do

other people

Nothing to

And I don't know why, I can't keep my eyes off of you

One of the things that I want to say just aren't coming out right
spinning *I don't know where to go from here* *I'm tripping*

'Cause it's you and me and all of the people with nothing to do
other people *And I don't know why, I can't keep my eyes off of you* *Nothing to*

There's something about you now
does is right *I can't quite*

'Cause it's you and me and all of the people with nothing to do
other people *nothing to lose* *And I*
nothing to do *And I don't*
keep my eyes off of you *Nothing to*

What day is it? *And in what month? This clock never seemed so*

By the end of the song, Kurt was crying and Burt was smiling. Kurt threw his arms around Blaine's neck, murmuring, "I love you."

"I love you, too," Blaine said happily as Kurt pulled away. Kurt kissed him before wrapping his arm around the shorter boy's waist. Blaine turned back to Burt. "That's the song I wanted to sing to Kurt. But Finn said, 'No, that's a stupid idea.' And Finn's bigger than me so I didn't argue."

Burt's smile grew. "So this was Finn's idea?"

Blaine nodded. "Yup."

"We'll be having a talk, then." Burt turned to Kurt. "And you? Was *your* song your song of choice?"

"Well...Rachel and Tina wanted to sing that song, and, you know, two against one," Kurt said, smiling apologetically.

Burt laughed. "I understand."

Blaine smiled at Kurt. "I love you anyways."

Burt chuckled. Over Kurt's and Blaine's shoulders he saw Finn walking out of the school. He turned back to the boys.

"Excuse me, but I need to go talk to Finn now."

"So...we're off the hook?" Blaine said.

Kurt rolled his eyes. "Let's go, Blaine. We can go wait in the car."

Blaine's eyes widened and a huge grin appeared on his face. "Okay!"

Letting it go, Burt made his way over to Finn. "Let's talk, shall we?"

CHAPTER SIX

Facebook

Finn Hudson: I just walked in on Kurt and Blaine HAVING SEX! NOT an image I wanted to see!

(Santana Lopez and Noah "Puck" Puckerman like this)

Santana Lopez: Wanky!

Noah "Puck" Puckerman: Yeah, Hummel, GET SOME!

(Blaine Anderson likes this)

Kurt Hummel: Blaine!

Blaine Anderson: What?

Rachel Berry: Well, I think that it's sweet.

(Kurt Hummel, Blaine Anderson, and Brittany S. Pierce like this)

Brittany S. Pierce: My dolphins are making dolphin babies!

Noah "Puck" Puckerman: So...who tops?

(Santana Lopez and Blaine Anderson likes this)

Blaine Anderson: Well...

Kurt Hummel: Blaine Anderson, if you answer that question I will kill you.

(Finn Hudson likes this)

Kurt Hummel: And Finn, you take this down! My dad can see this!

Yes. Yes he could. Burt sighed as he read the Facebook post on Finn's wall. He was going to have to talk to those boys *again*.

"Really? In the *house*?"

"We didn't know he was home!" Kurt said. The three boys were sitting on the couch, Finn between Kurt and Blaine. Burt was standing in front of them with his arms crossed.

"Well, you let me know *you* were home," Finn muttered.

Kurt's and Blaine's faces flamed bright red. "Finn!" Kurt cried weakly.

"That's beside the point," Burt said. "Kurt, you should have made sure Finn wasn't home."

"We thought he had football practice," Blaine said.

"It got cancelled," Finn said, stating the obvious.

Kurt glared at Finn. "Yes, thank you, Finn. You could have texted me!"

"I did!" Finn said.

Before an argument could break out, Burt said, "Enough!" His sons immediately stopped talking. "I thought the two of you weren't going to do it in the house?"

A few weeks ago, after Burt had found out Kurt and Blaine were having sex, he had made the boys promise not to do it in the house. Burt's and Carole's jobs caused them to come and go, and neither wanted to walk in on the boys.

Blaine bit his bottom lip. "Well...we were alone, and...it's been a while."

"So you guys were horny?" Finn said bluntly.

The two boys blushed again. "As you so nicely put it," Kurt said through gritted teeth, "yes."

"Well, I guess I can't blame you, then. When a guy has needs they need to be satisfied," Finn said, shrugging.

Burt ran a hand down his face. "Finn, we are not trying to make this okay."

Blaine turned to Finn. "Why are even here?"

"To make sure you two don't jump each other in front of Burt. I mean, you guys were like animals! Rolling around, making noise-*loud* noise-"

"Okay, Finn, you can shut up now!" Kurt said loudly. Blaine had his head in his hands, fingers curled in his hair.

Burt's eyes were wide open. Why had Finn said all of that? Did he have no brain-to-mouth filter?

"Finn," Burt began, "why don't you go upstairs? I'm sure Kurt and Blaine can refrain themselves."

After giving Kurt and Blaine suspicious looks, Finn did as Burt said. Burt turned back to the two remaining boys, who were looking anywhere but at Burt.

"Listen boys," he said, heaving a sigh. "Just...don't do it in the house again. At...at least not unless you are *absolutely positive* no one else will be home and won't be for a while."

Kurt and Blaine quickly nodded. "We're really sorry, Burt," Blaine said.

"Yeah, Dad, it won't happen again."

Burt nodded. "Go on back upstairs. Door open!" he called after them as they bolted from the room.

Burt sank down into his chair. He heard a door slam open and Finn's voice.

"Kurt? What-OW!"

"That's what you get!" Kurt said. Burt heard him cross the hall to his own room. A few seconds later, Finn appeared in the living room doorway.

"Kurt hit me!" Finn said in a high voice, shock all over his face. In his normal voice he added, "Why would he do that?"

Burt raised his eyebrows. "Maybe because you put his sex life on Facebook and caused him to get caught?"

"He didn't have to hit me," Finn mumbled as he turned to go back upstairs.

Burt shook his head as he laughed and turned on the TV.

Finn Hudson: I, Finn Hudson, would like to apologize to **Kurt Hummel** for putting his sex life on Facebook and causing him and **Blaine Anderson** to get caught.

(Kurt Hummel and Blaine Anderson like this)

Kurt Hummel: Thank you, Finn, but EVERYONE STILL KNOWS.

Blaine Anderson: Babe, I think everyone already knew.

Kurt Hummel: What? How?

(Noah "Puck" Puckerman likes this)

Kurt Hummel: Noah! You? Again, HOW!

Noah "Puck" Puckerman: I could just tell.

Kurt Hummel: And you TOLD everyone?"

(Noah "Puck" Puckerman and Santana Lopez like this)

Kurt Hummel: I am going to kill you, Noah!

Kurt Hummel has signed off

Blaine Anderson: Ooooooh, angry Ku-

Blaine Anderson has signed off

Finn Hudson: Those two are so lucky Burt and Carole are on a date! Noah, I am coming over!

(Noah "Puck" Puckerman and Santana Lopez like this)

Santana Lopez: WANKY!

CHAPTER SEVEN

Filler

In hindsight, it probably wasn't a good idea to let his son's boyfriend-*sexually active* boyfriend-stay with them.

Blaine's parents were in Europe for a few weeks, and the poor boy had nowhere else to go. So, being the nice person that he was, he allowed Blaine to stay with them.

Burt regretted his decision two nights into Blaine's stay. He woke up around two in the morning to the sound of a door opening. Normally he would just think it was Finn going to the bathroom or something, but because Blaine was here, he *had* to check.

He threw his bedroom door open and saw Blaine with his hand on Kurt's open door. The boy froze as soon as he saw Burt.

"Hello, Blaine," Burt said.

"Hi, Burt," Blaine squeaked.

"What are you doing?"

"Going to the bathroom."

Burt raised an eyebrow. "That's not the bathroom. You've been here enough times to know that that's Kurt's bedroom."

"R-right," Blaine spluttered. "It's just so dark...I couldn't really see."

"You could have turned the hallway light on."

"I didn't want to wake anyone up."

"All of our doors are closed."

"Uh...yeah, well, the thing is...that...I..."

"Blaine, go back to the couch."

Blaine hung his head. "Okay."

CHAPTER EIGHT

Puck

Kurt had asked if he could have a party, and Burt had given his permission. He had even promised to stay in his room with Carole.

So that was why, two hours later, Burt was watching TV in his room with Carole reading next to him in bed.

Kurt and Finn had invited both the New Directions and the Warblers. Mercedes wasn't invited, but Burt had decided not to question it.

Burt continued to channel surf, but nothing good was on TV right now.

"I'm going to go down and get a drink," he said to Carole. "Would you like anything?"

"I'll have some water. Thanks, honey," Carole said and kissed his cheek.

On his way to the kitchen, Burt had to pass the living room, where the group of teenagers was hanging out.

Just as he was about to push the kitchen door open, Burt heard a voice.

"So, is Kurt good in bed?" Burt recognized Puck's voice, and he could only be talking to one person.

Burt heard Blaine splutter before answering. "W-what? Why do you want to know?"

Burt cracked the door so he could see Puck and Blaine. He was also curious as to why *Puck* would ask that question, even if Burt did *not* want to know the answer.

Puck was leaning casually against the counter, Blaine standing next to him.

Puck shrugged. "I just want to know if *someone's* getting any around here. I mean, Quinn won't put out for me, Rachel won't put out for Finn, and Mike told me that Tina-

"Yes, Kurt is good in bed," Blaine blurted out, clearly trying to shut Puck up. "In fact, he's *fantastic*."

Oh, God, Burt did *not* need to know that.

Puck raised his eyebrows. "Really? Damn, I didn't think Hummel had it in him."

"What do you mean?" Blaine asked, sounding confused.

"Well, we all kind of see him as a...baby penguin, I guess you could say."

Blaine's eyes glazed over slightly. "Oh, you don't know how *wrong* you all are."

It was probably a good idea to turn around and go back upstairs now, but Burt *had* promised Carole a glass of water, so he decided to just wait and hope they finished their conversation soon.

Puck laughed. "Reminiscing, Anderson?"

Blaine blushed. "Uh..." He shook his head as if to clear it. "Well, how can *I* help you with your girlfriend problem? Because last I checked I didn't *have* a girlfriend."

"Well, you gave Kurt a hickey on his *hip*. Obviously you're doing something right," Puck pointed out. "And as far as I'm concerned, sex is sex no matter who you're with. What do you do to get Kurt hot like that?"

Pleasedon'tanswerpleasedon'tanswerpleasedon'tanswer.

"Oh, well, I can't really tell you...I'd have to show you." Blaine motioned to Puck. "Come closer."

"Um." Burt could sense Puck's hesitation, but watched as he stepped closer to Blaine.

Rolling his eyes, Blaine grabbed Puck by the shoulders and wrapped his arms around the taller boy's neck. Puck tried to squirm away, but Blaine held him tight.

"Dude, what the fuck are you doing?" Puck hissed.

"I'm showing you how I seduce Kurt," Blaine answered.

"I don't want you to seduce me!" Puck said.

Blaine rolled his eyes again. "I don't *want* to seduce you, Puck. Do you want my help or not?"

Gritting his teeth, Puck answered. "Fine."

Burt clapped a hand over his mouth when he saw what Blaine did next.

Blaine leaned forward so his mouth was right by Puck's ear. "I want you now," he whispered.

Puck shivered. "Well, fuck."

Blaine pulled back, but didn't let Puck go. His eyes widened. "Are you turned on?" he asked in disbelief.

"No...well maybe a little," Puck answered honestly. "Is that all it takes?"

"It starts the heavy make-out sessions, and then things kind of happen from there."

"Are you going to let me go?" Puck asked.

"I was actually going to show you what I do when that fails," Blaine said, blushing. He leaned forward to whisper in Puck's ear again.

Both Burt's and Puck's cheeks flamed at the words coming out of Blaine's dapper mouth.

Blaine shoved Puck away from him. "Puck, please tell me that wasn't what I thought it was! Please say it was your phone that poked me!"

Puck shifted his feet, his blush darkening. "Just to clarify, I am totally straight."

Blaine raised his eyebrows. "Are you sure about that? Last time I checked, straight men didn't get turned on by other men."

"I'M NOT TURNED ON!" Puck shouted.

"And why should you be?" Kurt asked, walking through the kitchen doorway on the other side of the room.

Blaine smirked. "Apparently Quinn isn't putting out, so Puck asked me what I do to get you hot."

Kurt glared at Puck. "You *what*?" He turned to Blaine. "You didn't tell him did you?"

"No, but he *showed* me," Puck grumbled.

Burt chuckled as Blaine paled under Kurt's glare.

"Y-yeah, and it turns out you're not the only guy I can turn on."

Kurt burst out laughing. "You turned *Puck* on?"

Puck blushed. "Shut-up!" he cried, and stormed out of the kitchen.

Giggling, Kurt pulled Blaine into his arms. "I have to admit," he said sultrily, "it's not hard to get turned on by you, Blaine."

Blaine cocked on eyebrow. "Oh really?"

Kurt wagged his eyebrows. "Really."

"What exactly about me turns you on?"

"How about I take you to the basement and show you," Kurt whispered in Blaine's ear.

Burt facepalmed as Kurt and Blaine ran through the kitchen doorway. He quickly got two glasses of water and headed back upstairs.

"Thanks, honey," Carole said when Burt handed her her water. "What took you so long?"

Burt shuddered. "You don't want to know."

CHAPTER NINE

Hotel

"Hey Dad?"

Burt looked up at Kurt, who was standing in the living room doorway.

"What's up, Kurt?" he asked.

"I was wondering if it would be okay if I went to Rachel's for a sleepover."

Burt chuckled. "Kurt. You're eighteen years old, and you have a car. Just let me know you're going so I know where you are."

Kurt laughed. "Okay. Thanks, Dad."

Burt waved as Kurt turned from the room. He returned his attention to the TV, but it was showing a commercial.

Hm, Burt thought. Finn's at Puck's for the night, and now Kurt's going to Rachel's.

"Hey Carole!" Burt called.

Carole appeared in the doorway, holding a dish towel. "Yes?"

"How would you like to go to a hotel tonight? Both of the boys will be out. We can have a romantic night, since we still haven't had our honeymoon."

A huge smile lit up Carole's face. "Oh, Burt, I would love that!"

Burt clapped his hands together, a smile on his own face. "Let's get packing, then!"

...

And hour later, Burt and Carole walked into the lobby of the only hotel in Lima. It was a nice-looking hotel, though, run by a decent couple.

"Hello, I would like a room for the night," Burt said to the receptionist, pulling out his credit card.

The receptionist, whose nametag read *Mark*, bit his lip. "The only room we have is one by a pair of teenagers."

"That's fine," Carole said, smiling.

Mark looked doubtful. "Whatever you say, ma'am."

Burt paid for the room, took the key, and headed towards the elevator, Carole right behind him.

After the doors binged shut, Burt said, "This is going to be a perfect night."

Carole smiled as Burt took her hand. "Yes it is."

...

No it was not.

It started almost as soon as Burt and Carole had settled in. After everything was unpacked, they found a movie on TV and cuddled on the bed to watch it. Not five minutes into the movie, music started playing through the walls. Soft, romantic music.

"What the-?"

"Oh, Burt," Carole said. "Let them be. They're teenagers. We'll just turn the TV up."

Burt smiled down at his wife. "Or we could dance." He slipped off the bed, holding his hand out. "May I have this dance, Mrs. Hummel?"

"Yes you may," Carole said, a smile on her lips. She joined Burt, and the two began dancing.

The song ended a few minutes later, but no second one came on. Burt leaned down to kiss Carole, when a sudden *thud* was heard. A loud moan came two seconds later.

"Oh, my God," Carole whispered. "Are they...?"

Burt nodded. "Yeah. They are."

There was a giggle, and then a squeak of bed springs. Another giggle was cut off by a lustful groan, and they could hear more thuds. Burt and Carole ignored it for as long as they could. But finally, it became too much.

"I'm going to go talk to them," Burt muttered. (After all, he was rather good at those sort of talks by now.)

...

There was a knock at the door. Blaine groaned as Kurt removed his hands from the waistband of Blaine's boxers. Kurt rolled off of Blaine and onto his back.

"Blaine, go answer the door," he said.

"No," Blaine moaned, trying to pull Kurt back on top of him. "Just let it go."

Kurt pushed Blaine away. "Go answer the door," he said again. He leaned forward so he could whisper in Blaine's ear. "The sooner you make them go away the sooner we can finish what we started."

Blaine practically flew off the bed. Not bothering to throw on his pants, he yanked the door open.

And nearly fainted.

...

Burt's jaw dropped. "*Blaine?*"

"*Burt?*" Blaine choked out.

"*Dad?*" Kurt said, appearing behind Blaine's shoulder.

"Kurt?"

"Hey, Kurt, I forgot condoms, could I bor-*Burt?*"

Burt spun around. "*Finn?*"

"Dad, what are you *doing* here?" Kurt squeaked.

Burt dropped his face into his hands. His mind was spinning; he had just caught his son and his boyfriend in a hotel room. *Which meant they were the teenagers he and Carole had heard having sex! Oh God!*

Burt leaned against the wall opposite Kurt and Blaine's room so he could look at all three boys. "Kurt, it doesn't matter *I'm* here. You and Finn both lied to me about where you were going tonight. And I take it Rachel's here with you, Finn?"

Guilty looks spread over Finn's, Kurt's, and Blaine's faces. Finn looked at Burt. "Yeah, Rachel's here."

Burt nodded. "I'm very disappointed in all of you."

Kurt rolled his eyes. "Yeah, Dad, because if we had asked to come to a hotel with our significant other, that wouldn't have been awkward at all."

"So we decided to go behind your back," Blaine put in.

"Blaine, you are *not* helping!" Kurt hissed, elbowing his boyfriend in the ribs.

"Dudes, could you put your pants on?" Finn blurted out.

"No, Finn!" Blaine said. "That would be counterproductive!"

"Okay, stop!" Burt said before anyone else could say another word. "The point I'm trying to make is that you betrayed my trust. I trust all of you to tell me the truth."

"We're sorry, Dad," Kurt said softly.

"*Really* sorry, Burt," Blaine said. "We should have just asked you."

"Yeah," Finn added. "I mean, you already know we're having sex, so it wouldn't have been that big of a deal, right?"

Kurt pounded his head against the wall. "I have an idiot for a boyfriend *and* a brother."

Burt rubbed his temples. "Look, guys, just *ask* me next time. As awkward as it'll be, at least you won't have lied to me. What if I had needed you for something, and I had no way to get ahold of you?"

"That's what cell phones are for," Blaine said, shrugging.

"I. Hate. My. Life," Kurt said, each word being followed with a head bang on the wall.

"Well, I see your point," Blaine continued. "'Cause we'd probably be too busy to answer our phones."

"Blaine, shut *up*!" Kurt and Finn said simultaneously.

"Just...Okay, I'm going to take Carole home now. We'll have a romantic night at the house," Burt said, almost too himself.

Kurt's hands flew to his mouth. "Did we ruin your night with Carole?"

"Don't worry about it, Kurt. Just try to quiet down so you don't ruin anyone *else's* night."

Kurt and Blaine blushed dark shades of red as Finn smirked at them. "Jeez, guys."

"I expect all four of you to be at the house tomorrow by ten o'clock," Burt said as he turned and keyed himself back into his own room. He heard murmured agreements as the door shut behind him.

"Was it awkward?" Carole asked Burt when he sat down next to her.

"Worse. It was Blaine and Kurt. Then Finn showed up from down the hall."

Carole's eyes widened. "*What?*"

"Yeah. I'm sorry, but can we go home?" Burt felt horrible for asking.

But Carole just smiled. "Sure, honey. It would be too awkward to stay, anyways."

As if to clarify, they heard another *thud* come from Kurt and Blaine's room.

"Let's get out of here!"

CHAPTER TEN

Quiz

It was Kurt's fault, really, that Burt found it. Who left something like that lying open on their desk? And asked their *father* to grab a notebook off of said desk?

Kurt was helping Blaine with a project for his English class. They were brainstorming ideas and needed to write them down, so Kurt had asked Burt to get a notebook and pencil off of his desk. Burt, being the awesome dad that he was (1), had obliged.

He was regretting it *big time*.

Lying on Kurt's desk was a magazine, open to a quiz spread across two pages. The title of the quiz?

How Hot Is Your Man?

Oh dear Lord. Kurt had answered every question, and there were even *comments*. Burt grabbed the magazine along with the notebook and descended the stairs. Finn and Rachel had joined Kurt and Blaine. Blaine was politely listening to Rachel ramble, Finn was sitting looking bored, and Kurt was hitting his head against the table.

"Here's your notebook," Burt said, tossing it to Kurt.

Kurt looked up. "Thanks, Dad. Did you bring down a pencil?"

"No, but I brought something else." Burt held out the magazine, still open to the quiz. "Look familiar?"

Kurt paled, but a wide smile broke out across Rachel's face. "Oh, I took that quiz!"

"What is that?" Blaine asked. Even Finn was paying attention now.

Burt sat down at the head of the table, the four teenagers gathered at the other end. He spread the magazine in front of him. "Let's figure out what this is shall we?"

"Dad-"

Burt looked at Kurt. "No, Kurt, I think Blaine deserves to know *how hot you think he is*."

Blaine's eyes widened. "I'm sorry, what?"

"Kurt took a quiz entitled *How Hot Is Your Man*. Would you like to figure out the answer?" Burt asked.

Blaine craned his neck to try and see the answers to each question, but Kurt pulled him back. "No, no he would not!" he said.

"Yes, yes he would," Blaine countered. He wagged his eyebrows at Kurt. "Come on, Kurt, I'll answer the questions myself as Burt reads yours."

"That isn't the point of this, Blaine," Burt said, but neither boy was listening.

Kurt leaned to whisper in Blaine's ear, "Sweetie, I think we already know how hot we find each other."

Blaine smirked. "Maybe I forgot."

"Then maybe I need to remind you."

"And what's a better way to remind him than reading the quiz!" Burt nearly shouted. He looked down at the quiz. Each question was answered on a scale of one to ten, with a possible total of 150.

"Question One: How gorgeous are his eyes? Kurt circled eight."

"Ten," Blaine said right away, causing Kurt to blush.

Rachel pulled her magazine out of her bag. "I gave Finn a seven."

"Hey, my eyes are so much better than Blaine's!" Finn said. Blaine gave Finn puppy dog eyes. "Okay, maybe not."

Burt rolled his eyes. "Question Two: How cute is his smile? Kurt circled nine, and added the comment 'especially his Asian smile.'"

"My what?" Blaine asked, turning to Kurt.

Kurt blushed. "Your Asian smile. It's when you smile really big, and your eyes get all squinty. It's usually when you're really, really happy about something."

"So whenever I'm around you?" Blaine laced his fingers through Kurt's.

Kurt's blush darkened. He leaned over and kissed Blaine's lips.

"Finn's smile is a nine, too!" Rachel said.

"Wait...Blaine's Asian?" Finn asked. "When did that happen?"

"Uh...seventeen years ago," Blaine said. "And technically I'm *half*-Asian. Oh, and Kurt? Your smile is ten."

"Let's get back to the quiz, shall we?" Burt said, seeing the mushy look Kurt was giving Blaine. "Question Three: How lush is his hair? Kurt circled seven, with the comment 'But only when it's curly.'"

"You don't like my gel?" Blaine teased.

Kurt smirked. "No, Sweetie. Just...no."

Finn poked at Blaine's head. "Dude! Your hair's so hard you wouldn't even need a football helmet!"

Blaine smacked Finn's hand away. "Cut that out!" he snapped. "You're going to make some curls spring loose!"

"Well, we wouldn't want *that* now would we?" Kurt said sarcastically, crossing his arms and smirking at his boyfriend.

"Finn got a four for his hair!" Rachel said cheerfully.

"Well, Kurt gets a ten," Blaine said, dropping an arm across the back of Kurt's chair.

"Duh," Kurt said. "Have you *seen* my hair?"

Why was Burt reading this quiz out loud again...oh, yeah, to embarrass them...those questions were coming up.

"Question Four: How defined are his abs? Kurt circled nine, writing the comment 'Because no one beats Taylor Lautner.'" Burt raised his eyebrows at that.

"Excuse me?" Blaine said.

"As much as I love kissing your abs, Taylor Lautner's abs are just...ungh," Kurt said. Blaine's eyebrows raised, but Rachel spoke before he could.

"Finn's abs are a ten."

All was silent. Then-

Kurt scoffed.

Burt decided not to interfere. He didn't feel like having Kurt freak out on *him* as well as Rachel.

Because that was inevitable.

"Have something to say, Hummel?" Rachel asked, eyes narrowed.

"You really think Finn's abs are better than *Blaine's* abs, Rachel?" Kurt said as a response.

"Of course I do, Kurt," Rachel said.

"Have you ever even *seen* Blaine's abs?"

"Well...no. Wait, have you seen *Finn's*?"

"The entire school saw Finn's abs, Rachel! Remember when he walked down the hall in his underwear last year?"

"Wait, *what*?" Blaine said.

"Funny story. I'll tell you later," Kurt said to Blaine absently. To Rachel he added, "Let me show you whose abs are better." He leaned over and lifted Finn's shirt. "Exhibit A."

Burt facepalmed, but let Kurt continue to 'make his point.'

"Dude!" Finn said, pulling his shirt down.

"Exhibit B," Kurt said, pulling up Blaine's shirt. Kurt went to look at Rachel, but his eyes swung right back to Blaine's abs.

"Like what you see?" Blaine asked, smirking.

Kurt smirked back. "Oh, definitely." He turned to Rachel, releasing Blaine's shirt. "So?"

"Finn's abs are now a five."

"Hey!" Finn said.

"Well, Kurt's are a...ten."

Before any of them could speak again, Burt said, "Moving on! Question Six: How romantic is he? Kurt gave Blaine a seven, and added the comment 'But only when he doesn't try.'"

"What about when I do try?" Blaine asked.

"There isn't a negative number low enough," Kurt answered, laughing.

"What do you mean?"

Kurt immediately stopped laughing and gave his boyfriend a look. "I have two words for you, Blaine: *Gay bar*."

"What?" Burt growled.

"I meant Gap Attack," Kurt said quickly, Blaine snickering next to him.

"Well, Finn gets an eight for romance," Rachel said, smiling at Finn, who smiled back.

"HA!" Finn said. "I finally got a higher score than Blaine!"

Blaine rolled his eyes. "Well, Kurt's got you beat. He earns a ten for romance. He's the most romantic person you'll ever meet."

Burt had to hide a smile. Blaine was so whipped it wasn't even funny. "Question Seven: How smart is he? Kurt gave Blaine a five, only because he doesn't know how to *shut up*."

Blaine crossed his arms. "I resent that."

"Well, it's not like I *always* want you to shut up," Kurt said, winking.

Blaine smirked, his cheeks red. "Like you're quiet."

"Oh, you *love* when I-"

"Boys!" Burt hissed.

"Sorry, Burt!" Blaine shrieked.

"Yeah, sorry, Daddy!" Kurt added.

Three heads turned to look at him. "Daddy?" Finn asked.

"Shut up," Kurt muttered.

"Well, Finn gets a five, too," Rachel said.

Was anyone even listening to the girl?

"Kurt gets a ten."

Or him for that matter?

Burt ran a hand down his face before continuing. "Question Eight: How dorky is he? Blaine, Kurt gave you a ten. 'Because of his weird obsession with Harry Potter.'"

"Hey, Harry Potter's hot!" Blaine said. Four pairs of eyes looked at him. He dropped his head to Kurt's shoulder. "I love you, Kurtie. You can have Jacob Black?"

"Deal," Kurt said right away.

Burt shook his head. He would never understand those two. He glanced down at the quiz, an evil grin spreading across his face. Only two more questions until the embarrassment started.

Rachel scoffed. "Finn and I want no one except each other."

Kurt looked at Rachel, an eyebrow raised. "Oh, really? Watch this. Megan Fox!"

"WHERE!" Finn shouted, whipping his head around.

Rachel's jaw dropped as Kurt and Blaine collapsed against each other in a fit of giggles. Even Burt had to chuckle.

"Finn gets a four," Rachel mumbled, crossing her arms and sitting back against the chair.

"Kurt gets a...five. Only because he's such a Broadway geek," Blaine said, smiling fondly at Kurt. "And I *love* it."

Kurt blushed, but leaned over to kiss Blaine's cheek. "Love you, too," he murmured as he pulled away.

Hiding a smile, Burt read the next question. "Question Nine: How good is he to you? Kurt circled ten."

Blaine smiled brilliantly. "Aww, you get a ten, too, Kurtie."

Burt smiled again. That boy really was good to his son. He watched as Kurt laid his head on Blaine's shoulder and Blaine wrapped his arm around Kurt's waist.

"Finn gets a ten, too!" Rachel said, just *having* to tell her answer.

Finn smiled, looking relieved. "Awesome!"

Burt almost burst out laughing at the next question. "Question Ten: How is his style? Kurt didn't really circle a number, but he went off on this tangent about bow ties and blazers and pink sunglasses. So let's just go with a five."

"And that's being generous," Kurt mumbled.

"You don't like my sunglasses?" Blaine asked, sounding shocked.

"No."

"You bought them!"

"Only because I saw how you stared at them. I swear, Blaine, you wanted to *marry* those damn things."

"No, I want to marry *you*," Blaine said, kissing Kurt this time.

"Okay, let's go to the next question, shall we?" Burt said loudly. He did *not* want the word 'marriage' to leave either of those boys' lips again.

"Wait!" Rachel cried. "Finn gets a nine!"

"Bitch, please!" Kurt said, glaring at Rachel. "Finn's got less style than *Blaine*!"

"You're so mean to me," Blaine whined.

"Blaine, shut up," Kurt snapped. "Rachel Berry, if you think Finn Hudson has style, then you must be *blind*! Seriously, any man who thinks that puffy vests are in style should be crucified!"

"What does crucified mean?" Finn asked. Blaine leaned across the table to whisper it to Finn, who jerked back. "Dude, that's mean!"

But Kurt wasn't done.

"No, you know what's mean, Finn Hudson? What you do to fashion on a daily basis. Now *that's* mean!"

Burt watched Blaine put a calming hand on Kurt's back. Kurt pulled away.

"Don't touch me, Blaine Anderson!"

Blaine held his hands up. "Okay."

Finn cocked an eyebrow at Kurt. "And you think *you* have style? You dress like a girl!"

Blaine shoved his chair away from the table (and Kurt) as far as he could. Kurt stood up out of his chair and slammed his hands down on the table.

"Kurt-" Burt began. But it was too late. Kurt started shouting, and *nothing* was going to stop him. Finn cowered in his chair, Rachel looked on in shock, and Blaine was staring at Kurt with a look in his eyes that Burt did *not* like.

Burt saw Blaine lick his lips and cross his legs, crossing his arms on his lap. Burt narrowed his eyes. Was Blaine...No, Burt was *not* going to think about that. Finally, Kurt ran out of steam and dropped back down onto his chair.

"Kurt's going to top tonight," Blaine sang happily.

Everyone froze and turned to Blaine. "*What did you just say?*" Burt asked.

Blaine paled. "Uh...Kurt's going to *mop* tonight. The floor. In his bedroom."

"Kurt's bedroom has carpeting, Blaine," Burt said, glaring at the boy.

"I meant his bathroom! 'Cause the floor is dirty. Very...*very* dirty," Blaine added with a happy sigh.

Burt's eyes bulged, and Kurt's head dropped to the table. Blaine quickly scooted his chair back next to Kurt, farther from Burt.

"Blaine," Burt whispered. "I am going to ignore what you just said."

"How about you pretend you heard 'I give Kurt a ten in style, only because there isn't a higher number to circle?'"

Burt bit back a laugh. "I think I can do that." Now came the fun questions. "Question Eleven: How steamy does he get? Kurt gave Blaine a nine. Now why would he do that, Blaine?"

Blaine smirked. "Why don't you ask Kurt that question?"

"Why don't you stop talking!" Kurt hissed, his face bright red. He had clearly forgotten these questions.

"Finn gets a ten!" Rachel shouted, but everyone had gone back to ignoring her. Well, Kurt sent death glares every few minutes, but Rachel was probably used to that.

"Kurt gets a ten," Blaine said, stroking a finger down Kurt's bicep.

"Are you going to give Kurt a ten for everything?" Finn asked.

"Of course," Blaine answered, not taking his eyes off of Kurt. "Because Kurt is perfect in every aspect."

"Let's just...Question Twelve: How willing is he to try new things? Kurt gave Blaine a one...but there's another comment. 'He would have gotten a zero, except there was the time when he bottomed.'"

Once again, all was silent in the room. Until Blaine had to open that unfiltered mouth of his.

"Best sex of my life."

"That will rarely happen," Kurt said.

"What, you topping?" Rachel asked.

"Okay, guys, let's *not* have this conversation, okay?" Burt said, but none of them seemed to hear him.

"Kurt, why not?" Blaine whined. "I liked it!"

"Remind me again why I let you in my house?" Burt asked, glaring at Blaine.

"Because Kurt loves him," Finn answered.

"Remind *me* why?" Kurt muttered.

"That hurts, Kurt," Blaine said, pouting.

"Let's just keep going," Burt said, wanting to forget what had just been talked about.

"Finn's a ten!" Rachel said, obviously trying to get some attention from Burt. The look Finn gave Rachel confirmed that suspicion.

"Kurt gets a one, too, for the same reason," Blaine said lazily, laying his head back against his chair.

"Question Thirteen: How dominant is he? Kurt gave Blaine a...zero?" Burt was rather shocked at that answer. Didn't Kurt just say-*no*, he wasn't going to go back there.

Blaine sent a look at Kurt, who gave him a look of his own and said, "Sweetie, you do whatever I tell you to do."

Finn whipped out his cell phone. "I am so telling Puck."

"Finn Hudson you put that phone away!" Kurt said. Finn shoved his cell back into his pocket, hesitant to bring about another lashing.

"Finn gets a ten!"

Oh, Rachel.

Blaine smiled. "Well, in that case, Kurt, I'll have to give you a ten for dominance."

"Damn straight."

Blaine laughed as Burt read the next question. "Question Fourteen: How gentle is he? Ah, Blaine, you got a ten for this one."

Blaine gave Kurt another look, but this was an adoring one. Kurt blushed. "You know why."

"Because I'm constantly asking you if you're okay? I knew you didn't really mind it," Blaine said softly.

Kurt laced his fingers through Blaine's. "No, I don't."

"Finn's a ten, too!"

"OHMYGOD, Rachel, shut up!" Kurt shouted. "How can Finn be equally dominant and gentle?"

"I didn't know you were so interested in mine and Finn's sex life, Kurt," Rachel said haughtily.

"Well, Kurt," Blaine said, interrupting what Kurt was going to say. "I have you a ten for dominance, but I'm giving you a ten for gentleness, too. You make a perfect balance, and maybe Finn and Rachel do the same."

"Oh, Blainers," Kurt cooed. "You're such a sweetheart."

"Let's ask Question Fifteen, shall we?" Burt said. "How great is he in bed? Kurt, you-"

"Ten," all four teenagers said at the same time.

Burt buried his face in one hand.

"Oh, Kurt's better than any of you," Blaine said, slipping an arm around Kurt's waist.

Rachel rolled her eyes. "Sure, Blaine."

"You can believe what you want, Rachel, but Kurt. Is. *Amazing* in bed! Honestly, he's just so-"

"Yes, Blaine, *thank you*," Burt said.

"Yeah, we did *not* need to know that," Finn muttered.

"Can Finn and I leave, Mr. Hummel?" Rachel asked Burt. "We're supposed to go to a movie."

"Yeah, go ahead," Burt said. He didn't want them to hear the write-in question anyways. When Finn and Rachel were gone, Burt read the last question. "Kurt's write-in question was 'Why are you so in love with him?'"

"I want to tell him," Kurt said. Burt smiled. Like he was going to read the answer.

Kurt turned to Blaine, taking his hands in his own. "Blaine, there is nothing I *don't* love about you. I mean, you're just so amazing and perfect and *wonderful*. You make me laugh when all I want to do is cry; you *listen* when I talk to you, and actually pay attention; you gave me courage, even if it did end up with my getting the worst first kiss of my life-but you helped me through it. I just...I love *you*, Blaine."

Both boys had tears in their eyes by the time Kurt stopped talking. Blaine flung his arms around Kurt, who linked his arms at the small of Blaine's back. Burt quietly got up from his chair and slipped out of the dining room. But before he walked through the doorway, he heard Blaine whisper, "I love you, too, Kurt. *So much.*"

Sounds of kissing followed, and Burt hurried out of the dining room. He would let it go this time. He'd just turn the TV up louder than usual.

CHAPTER ELEVEN

Shopping

"Have we gotten everything for dinner?" Burt asked Carole, pushing the store carriage beside her.

Carole looked down at her list. "We just need to go get a bag of frozen peas."

Burt nodded. "Alright, then."

The pair headed towards the frozen foods aisle. Burt didn't think twice about having to pass the bathroom section, until he heard voices coming from a certain aisle of said section.

Carole stopped. "Is that...Kurt and Blaine?"

"I think so," Burt said. He parked the carriage in the next aisle and peered into the aisle where Kurt's and Blaine's voices were coming from.

They were looking at condoms.

"We are *not* buying the strawberry flavored ones again," Blaine said, blanching.

Kurt rolled his eyes. "Why do they have to be flavored, again?"

"Do *you* want the taste of rubber in your mouth?"

Carole gasped from next to Burt. "Oh, my God, have they had sex?"

"It sure sounds like it," Burt muttered.

Kurt blushed. "No, I suppose not. So what flavor do you want?"

Blaine peered at the various boxes of condoms. "Hmm...they have blueberry, raspberry, mint, chocolate-
OH KURT LOOK THEY HAVE COTTON CANDY!"

"Shut up, Blaine!" Kurt hissed. "We're not the only people in the aisle!"

Blaine was bouncing up and down. "Can we get the cotton candy ones, Kurt? Please? *please?*"

Kurt giggled. "Sure, Blaine. I love cotton candy."

"Yes!"

Carole chuckled. "Blaine can be such a little kid sometimes."

"Yeah," Burt grumbled. "It doesn't change the fact that he and my son are *having sex*."

"Honey, we don't know that yet. For all we know, they could just be giving each other-*is that Finn?*"

Burt turned to where Carole was looking. Sure enough, Finn was walking towards Kurt and Blaine from the other end of the aisle, Rachel right behind him.

"Hey, guys," Finn said.

"Hi, Finn!" Blaine said. "What are you doing here?"

"What do you think he's doing here, Blaine?" Kurt asked, rolling his eyes. "Probably the same thing we're doing."

"Right," Blaine said. He grabbed a box of the cotton candy flavored condoms and shoved it into Finn's hands. "Look! They have cotton candy flavored ones!"

Finn studied the box. His face suddenly flamed. "Uh...these won't fit me."

"Why not?" Rachel asked, taking the box from Finn.

"Carole, can we please leave now?" Burt whispered to his wife.

"No," Carole whispered back. "I'm going to find out if our sons are having sex."

"Are they too small?" Blaine asked, tilting his head, an evil glint in his eyes.

Finn blushed darker. "Too big," he mumbled.

Burt watched as Kurt and Blaine burst out laughing. Blaine doubled over, clutching his stomach, while Kurt actually fell to the floor, giggles streaming from his mouth as he lay on his back. Burt felt for Finn as he watched the boy slam the box of condoms back on the shelf.

"Stop laughing!" Rachel nearly screamed. "You're being mean!"

Tears streaming from both of their eyes, Blaine helped Kurt up off the floor and pulled him against his side. Probably to hold *both* of them up.

"S-s-sorry, Finn," Kurt said, fighting back more giggles.

Finn just crossed his arms and glared at the floor. Rachel put her hands on her hips. "What was so funny, may I ask?"

Blaine grinned evilly. "Because your boyfriend has a little-"

"Blaine!" Kurt snapped. "*We are in a store.*"

Finn glared at Blaine. "Oh yeah? What size condoms do *you* need?"

Burt blushed right along with Rachel. "Carole-" he started.

"Sh!" Carole hushed him.

Oh, God, Burt did *not* want to stay. Why, Carole?

Blaine smirked. "A lot bigger than the ones you need."

Kurt bit his lip as Finn's jaw dropped. But Blaine wasn't done.

"Kurt's the same size as me."

It was official. Finn Hudson was as mortified as he would ever get. Burt could tell by the look on the taller boy's face.

Rachel blushed again. "Okay, that did *not* need to be said."

"I can't believe this," Finn mumbled.

Kurt sighed. "Finn, it's nothing to be ashamed of. Obviously Rachel doesn't mind, and that's all that matters, right?"

"Now I know why you limp so much after you come home from Blaine's house sometimes," Finn said.

Blaine smirked. "I'm just that good," he said, earning himself a playful slap from Kurt.

"I'm not the only one who limps," Kurt said, wagging his eyebrows at Blaine.

"Hello, boys! Hello, Rachel!" Carole called cheerfully, dashing into the aisle the teenagers were in. Burt hurried behind her.

"Mom! Burt!" Finn squeaked.

"How long have you two been there?" Kurt added, grabbing Blaine's hand.

"Oh, since before Finn and Rachel showed up," Carole answered, smiling at Kurt. She turned to Finn, and her smile vanished. "You and I need to talk, young man."

Finn paled. "Y-yeah?" he stuttered, pushing Rachel behind him.

"Are you and Rachel having sex?"

"Carole! Is this really the place to talk about this?" Burt asked gently. He noticed Kurt and Blaine inching their way out of the aisle. "You two stay right there."

Carole ignored Burt. "Finn?"

"Yeah, we're having sex, Mom, but as you can see we are being perfectly safe," Finn answered.

"Not that you need much protection," Blaine said, giggling.

Kurt slapped him across the head. "Quiet, you!"

"Finn," Carole said, sighing. "I saw how much it cut you up when you thought you had gotten Quinn pregnant...I don't want that to happen to you again."

Burt smile at Carole. This was why he loved his wife.

Finn looked slightly relieved. "Oh, believe me, Mom, I'm not going to *let* that happen again."

"Good," Burt said. "Because I'm sure neither you nor Rachel want a baby right now."

"Oh, God, no," Rachel said from beside Finn.

"Wait," Finn said. "Why aren't you talking to Blaine and Kurt, too?"

Burt pinched the bridge of his nose as Carole answered. "Because, honey, we don't have to worry about Kurt or Blaine getting pregnant."

"What? But I thought if you didn't wear a condom..."

Kurt and Blaine were now giggling uncontrollably, their arms around each other to stay off the floor. Even Rachel was biting back a smile.

Oh, Finn, Burt thought, facepalming.

As Carole quickly and quietly explained to Finn that boys *couldn't* get pregnant, Burt turned to Kurt and Blaine.

"I trust the two of you are being safe?"

The two stopped giggling long enough for Kurt to say, "Yes, Dad, we are."

"You know, it's not all about what flavor the condom is. It's about-"

"Okay, Dad, thank you!" Kurt shrieked.

Even Blaine was blushing now. "Yeah, it's just a bonus."

Burt closed his eyes. *Why do you do this to me, Blaine?* "Okay, as long as you're being careful...I'll see you at home."

"Thank God," Burt heard Kurt breathe out as Burt walked out of the aisle after Carole.

"Our boys are growing up," Carole murmured as they made their way to check-out.

Burt grunted. "Is that good or bad?"

Carole smiled. "A little of both."

Burt had to admit...Carole had a point there.

CHAPTER TWELVE

Closet

Christmas was always Finn's favorite holiday. And Kurt made it even better-he decorated the house beautifully, made the most delicious treats, and gave the *best* presents. Last year he had given Finn custom made drumsticks, because he had broken his former pair. (Last time he would have a drumstick fight with Puck.) The drumsticks Kurt gave Finn had Finn's initials on them and didn't chip no matter how hard he rocked.

So this year, Finn couldn't wait for his present from Kurt. But Christmas was still a week away, and Finn couldn't wait any longer. So that's why, when Kurt and Blaine went to a movie, (*New Year's Eve*, Finn thought. Personally, he thought one of the girls looked like Rachel, but Kurt disagreed with him), Finn snuck into Kurt's room and started snooping around for hiding places.

Burt and his mom were visiting relatives for the weekend, so Finn wasn't worried about being caught out. And the movie was at *least* an hour and a half, but Finn wouldn't need that much time.

Plus, Kurt thought Finn was going to Puck's, so as far as he knew the house was empty and there was nothing to worry about.

Finn pushed Kurt's door open and looked around his brother's bedroom, debating on where to look first. *The desk.*

Finn went through every drawer, but nothing caught his eye. Well, a framed picture of Kurt and Blaine cuddling together on a hammock and smiling at the camera looked suspiciously like a present for Blaine. Why else would it be hidden in the bottom drawer of Kurt's desk underneath all of his papers?

Next Finn checked underneath Kurt's bed, but there was *nothing* under there. Only the cleanest under-the-bed space Finn had ever seen.

Finn stood back up and glanced around. His eyes landed on Kurt's closet. Bingo.

Finn threw the closet door open and started searching, pushing aside Kurt's clothes and scanning the floor.

And then he heard footsteps.

And then he heard Kurt's voice.

"This was a much better idea."

Finn heard Blaine laugh. "Yeah, we can see that movie any time. But today we'll have the house to ourselves."

Finn lunged to shut the closet door just as Kurt's bedroom door opened. Finn stopped, leaving the closet door open a crack. He didn't want to alert Kurt and Blaine to his presence. Maybe they would leave soon.

Kurt pushed Blaine against the bedroom door and practically attacked his lips.

And maybe they wouldn't.

Finn tried to look away, but found he couldn't. This was just too unbelievable.

Blaine groaned against Kurt's mouth and gripped his hips tightly, pulling Kurt against him. He gasped as Kurt kissed down his jaw, stopping at the spot just below Blaine's ear. Kurt lingered there, and Finn knew he was aiming to leave a mark.

"You're mine," Kurt murmured against Blaine's neck.

Blaine tilted his head down to press his forehead against Kurt's. "I'm yours," he whispered. "Just like you're mine."

Kurt smiled and pressed his lips against Blaine's again, this time in a slow, sweet kiss. Blaine gently pushed against Kurt's chest, and the two back up to Kurt's bed, not breaking the kiss.

Finn's eyes widened as Kurt fell onto his bed, pulling Blaine down on top of him. He clapped a hand over his mouth as their mouths attached again, and they started moving against each other.

"Blaine," Kurt breathed out as Blaine nibbled down Kurt's neck, stopping right where his shoulder met his neck. He sucked and bit on the skin, and Kurt moaned beneath him.

, Finn repeated over and over again in his mind. But he was frozen in place.

Kurt's fingers started working his own buttons out of the holes as Blaine ran his hands up and down his sides. He popped out the last one and sat up to take it off as Blaine pulled his own shirt over his head. Now shirtless, they kissed again, hot and steamy. Kurt rolled so he was straddling Blaine and started kissing down his chest, stopping at Blaine's waistband. Kurt sucked hickeys all over Blaine's abs, and Blaine was a moaning, groaning mess.

Finn slapped his hands over his eyes, but he ended up peeking through his fingers.

And nearly screamed in shock.

Kurt's mouth was *very* talented. He popped the button of Blaine's jeans out using his teeth and tongue, Blaine staring down at Kurt with wide, lust-blown eyes. He dragged Blaine's zipper down using his teeth, then kissed back up to Blaine's mouth.

"Fuck, Kurt," Blaine said against Kurt's mouth. "That was *hot*."

Finn would need a very healthy dose of brain bleach...if he got out of the closet alive.

Kurt kissed Blaine harder, and practically *yanked* Blaine's pants off of him. Blaine rolled so he was once again on top of Kurt. He did a quick job of removing Kurt's jeans...his *skinny* jeans. Which made Finn begin to think that this wasn't the first time this had happened...it can't be easy to get rid of skinny jeans *that quickly*.

And then Blaine's fingers curled into the band of Kurt's boxers, and that was too much for Finn.

"STOP!" Finn shouted, banging the closet door open.

Blaine and Kurt jumped up. "Finn!" Blaine yelled. "You goddamn cockblock!"

"Were you in there the whole time?" Kurt asked, scandalized.

"Yes," Finn said, his face turning a dark shade of red.

"Why didn't you leave earlier? I thought you were at Noah's!"

"Or, since you were in there, you couldn't have waited *half an hour*?" Blaine was still pissed.

"Blaine!" Kurt hissed. "Is that really the only thing you have a problem with? That we were interrupted? It doesn't bother you in the *slightest* that we were being watched?"

"Kurt, it has been *two weeks*. And just when we get the chance to have sex, Finn goes and stops it!" Blaine turned to glare at Finn. "Thank you *so much*, Finn!" he said sweetly through gritted teeth.

"I'm sorry!" Finn cried. "I didn't mean it!"

"Then why didn't you wait!"

"Uh, maybe because I didn't want to watch my brother and his boyfriend have sex!"

"You didn't have a problem with watching us *make out*! I am seriously questioning your sexuality!"

"Hey, I'm straight, Anderson, I *like* having sex with Rachel!"

"*Then what the fuck were you doing watching us!*"

"I was frozen in shock!"

"Guys!" Kurt nearly screamed. "Will you shut up!"

Blaine instantly deflated. "Yes, Kurt?"

But Kurt ignored him, instead turning his attention on Finn. "Finn," he said in a soft voice that sent shivers down Finn's spine. "Leave my bedroom. *Now*."

Finn noticed that Kurt's hand was inching towards Blaine again.

"*Now, Finn*," Kurt said again.

Finn nearly ran from the room, not wanting Kurt to freak out on him. He shut Kurt's door behind him, already hearing the sounds of kissing and groaning.

Finn locked his bedroom door and jumped onto his bed. He curled into a ball and rocked back and forth, trying to get the images of Kurt and Blaine out of his head.

It took a *very* long time.

CHAPTER THIRTEEN

Texts

It was very hard to watch TV when you had a teenage son sitting on the couch giggling at his phone. Kurt typed a reply and sent it, staring at his phone as he waited for a reply. The reply came, followed by a fresh peal of laughter.

"Kurt, could you please be quiet?" Burt asked during a commercial.

Kurt looked up, his smile slipping from his lips. "Oh. Sorry Dad."

"It's alright," Burt said, turning back to the TV.

Two seconds later, more laughter.

"Kurt!"

"Sorry!"

Laughter.

"*Kurt!*"

"Okay, okay!"

More laughter.

"Kurt Elizabeth Hummel!"

"What!"

"I am going to take away your phone if you can't be quiet!"

Kurt's eyes widened, and he looked nervous. "Y-you wouldn't really do that, would you?"

Blaine narrowed his eyes. What did Kurt have to be nervous about? "Try me."

Kurt bit his lip and sent another text. Burt watched him for a few more seconds before thinking it safe to watch TV. He kept stealing glances at Kurt, who was obviously fighting off more giggles. Burt sighed; at least Kurt was trying. Then Kurt blushed, piquing Burt's attention again.

Kurt suddenly stood up and left the room, leaving his phone on the couch, which meant Kurt was going to the bathroom. That was the *only* place Kurt didn't take his phone-even if he was talking to *Blaine*.

Burt thought back to how nervous Kurt got when he had threatened to take away his phone. Really, what *did* Kurt have to be nervous about? Burt leaned over and grabbed Kurt's phone off of the couch. It was locked, so now came the challenge of figuring out the four-digit password.

First he tried the obvious. Kurt's birthday-no.

Blaine's birthday-no.

Burt's birthday-no.

Elizabeth's birthday-no.

Kurt and Blaine's anniversary-no. That one was a little surprising.

Wait, Burt thought. Anniversaries...weddings...as much as Burt didn't want it to be, he typed in 1-1-8-1.

Sure enough, Kurt's phone unlocked.

Great.

And just like Burt had thought, Kurt was talking to Blaine. He scrolled to the top of the conversation (which started very early in the morning...he would have to talk to them *again*) and began to read.

Morning, Beautiful.

Do you have any idea what time it is?

I'm just making sure you have enough time for your moisturizing routine.

Aww, thank you :)

So am I forgiven?

I'll think about it.

Text me when you're ready. Love you.

Burt scrolled closer to the bottom of the conversation, as most of the earlier ones were sent during school and consisted mostly of cutsie things. Burt just wanted to find out what would make Kurt nervous.

You should wear those jeans more often.

Oh should I now?

Yes. They looked very good on you.

Why thank you.

Anytime. ;)

Blaine, I'm bored.

What do you want to do?

Something with you.

Did Burt dare read on?

But...I'm at my house. And you're at your house.

That's why they invented cars, you moron. :)

So drive over.

Why don't you come over here?

'Cause my house is empty.

Touché.

But I'm too lazy.

Wait, were those two having sex!

Well, fine!

Fine what?

As if you don't know.

Enlighten me.

I'll show you enlightenment.

Blaine, if you show my son enlightenment, you won't have a way to show it, Burt thought.

Blaine Anderson, that makes no sense.

So? I want you to come over!

Begging isn't attractive, Blaine.

That's not what you said last night.

Burt just stared at the phone, unable to think at all.

I wasn't even at your house last night.

Oh, alright then. Maybe he didn't have to kill Blaine.

But you could have been.

Has anyone ever told you that you are an idiot?

Only you. :(

I'm sorry.

But I'm still bored.

Well, if you won't come over, we can improvise.

If they started sexting Burt was going to blow a gasket.

BLAINE!

What?

Stop being a pervert!

I'm not!

Yes you are!

How?

So you're telling me that 'Well, if you won't come over, we can improvise' isn't you being a pervert?

No.

How is it not?

We could duet over the phone.

Get your mind out of the gutter.

"Dad?"

Burt looked up to see Kurt standing in the doorway. "Oh...Kurt."

"Are you reading my texts?" Kurt asked, slowing making his way to the couch.

"Yes. And I have a question for you. Are you and Blaine having sex?" Burt handed the phone back to Kurt.

Kurt paled. He nodded.

Burt sighed. "At least you didn't lie to me. Are you at least being safe?"

Kurt nodded again, now turning bright red. "Of course, Dad. And we're each other's firsts, so it's not like we have anything to worry about."

"Just...be careful, alright?"

Kurt's blush darkened. "Daaad. Blaine loves me, and I love him."

"I just don't want to see you get hurt, Kurt."

Kurt gave a forced-looking smile. "Thanks, Dad. Can I go upstairs now?"

Burt waved him off. "Yeah, go."

Kurt nearly ran from the room. Burt turned back to the TV for the umpteenth time that night, but by now his show was over...probably had been for quite some time.

Burt sighed again. "Oh, well. Might as well start dinner for Carole."

CHAPTER FOURTEEN

Package

"Hey, Dad!"

Burt turned to see Kurt standing at the hood of the car Burt was working on. Blaine was standing next to him, one hand laced with Kurt's.

"Hey, Kurt, Blaine," Burt said, wiping his hands on a rag. "What are you two doing here? I thought you were going shopping?"

"We are," Blaine said. "But Kurt and I just wanted to tell you we might be later than usual."

"Oh?" Burt asked, raising an eyebrow. "And why is that?"

"No specific reason," Kurt said quickly.

Burt narrowed his eyes. "Uh, okay, then. Just be back by ten thirty. You have school tomorrow."

"Okay, bye, Dad!" Kurt said and began pulling Blaine from the garage.

"Thanks, Burt!" Blaine shouted over his shoulder.

Burt shook his head, chuckling. He resumed his work on the car, whistling as he worked. About forty minutes later, one of his workers called his name.

"Hey Burt!"

"What, Jack?" he answered, removing a tire.

"Some UPS guy just dropped off a package!"

Sighing, Burt stood up and went over to Jack. A brown, medium-sized package was sitting on the table.

"Did you order more parts?" Jack asked.

Burt shook his head. "No. Maybe someone else did. Can you go finish changing those tires while I open this?" Jack agreed and left.

Burt picked up the box and brought it into his office, shutting the door behind him. He set the package down on his desk, grabbed a box cutter, and sliced the tape off. Lifting the flaps, Burt became very confused.

Why were *tapes* delivered to his garage?

Burt picked up the first video and read the title, nearly dropping the tape in shock.

Spit or Swallow?

He snatched up a second movie. *Batman in Robin*.

There were five or six more, but Burt didn't want to read any more titles. But there was a question that was now running through his mind. Why the hell were *pornographic* tapes delivered to his garage? Burt threw the movies back into the box and flipped it shut. It was then he noticed the name of the purchaser.

Kurt Hummel.

Kurt was dead. And so was Blaine-there was *no way* ordering these was Kurt's idea. Burt knew his son's thoughts on these types of movies.

Tucking the box under one arm, Burt left his office and headed over to Jack.

"Can you close the garage for me? I have to get home."

Jack nodded. "Is something wrong? Is it Kurt?"

Oh, it was Kurt, alright. "Everything will be fine," Burt answered.

"Okay, see you tomorrow, then."

"Bye."

Burt left the garage and slipped into his car, tossing the package next to him onto the passenger seat.

I hope those boys have a good last day on Earth, Burt thought as he headed home.

...

Finally, at ten fifteen, Burt heard Blaine's car pull into the driveway. He dashed to the front door and swung it open.

"Get in here. Both of you," he said.

Blaine suddenly looked terrified, and he tightened his hold on Kurt's hand. Kurt just looked confused as he followed Burt into the living room.

"Are you going to kill me?" Blaine squeaked as soon as they all had sat down.

"Should I have a reason to kill you, Blaine?" Burt asked in a low voice.

"No," Blaine said slowly.

"What's going on, Dad?" Kurt asked, beginning to sound impatient.

Burt reached down and picked up the package sitting on the side of his chair and dumped it on the coffee table.

Kurt paled. "They came early," he whispered.

Blaine reached over and picked up *Spit or Swallow?* "Swallow." He turned to Kurt. "What about you, Kurt?"

Kurt's face was bright red. He opened his mouth to answer, but Burt cut him off.

"Kurt Elizabeth, do *not* answer that question." Burt turned to Blaine. "Can we keep those kinds of things to ourselves, please?"

"Nope." Burt glared at Blaine, who paled. "Sorry!"

"Dad, I can explain," Kurt said.

Burt smiled at his son. "Please do. *Please*. I would *love* to know why gay porn was delivered to my garage."

"It's not for us."

Blaine sighed. "Yeah, Kurt said he didn't want to watch other guys have sex."

Kurt turned to Blaine, an eyebrow raised. "And you do?"

Blaine bit his bottom lip. "Um..."

"Okay, can we just go back to the main point?" Burt cut in. "*Why do you have gay porn?*"

Kurt sighed. "Dad, I told you, they're not ours."

"Really. Then who are they for, may I ask?" Burt asked suspiciously

Kurt and Blaine exchanged looks. "Should we tell him?" Blaine asked.

"Oh, you'd better tell me," Burt said.

Kurt narrowed his eyes. "Dad, I don't mean any disrespect, but it's kind of a personal issue that only Blaine and I can relate to."

Okay, when *Kurt* talked back to him, Burt knew that it must be serious. "What do you mean?" he asked in a calmer tone.

"Just tell him, Kurt. I'm sure Burt won't tell anyone," Blaine said softly, lacing his fingers through Kurt's.

"The porn was for the little brother of a friend of ours," Kurt answered.

"He's too young to order it himself, so he gave Kurt the money and Kurt ordered it," Blaine added.

"Well, why did you have it delivered to the garage?"

Kurt rolled his eyes. "I didn't want it delivered here because *anyone* could have seen it. They weren't supposed to arrive until tomorrow-that's why I had planned on working at the garage tomorrow."

Burt sighed. "But why did you agree to that Kurt? *I* don't approve of those movies, *you* don't approve of those movies-it doesn't surprise me that Blaine approves of them-"

"Hey!"

"-so *why* did you do it?"

"Because Toby-" Kurt clapped a hand over his mouth.

Burt frowned. "Toby? Trent Nixon's brother?"

"Yeah," Blaine said. "He's gay, and he wanted to know how two guys had sex, but when Kurt and I offered to educate him, he blushed and said he would rather learn himself."

"So...that's when he asked if I would order the movies for him," Kurt added.

"Is that where the two of you have *really* been, then? At Trent's, talking to Toby? Because I don't see any bags, Kurt, and when you go shopping you *always* bring home bags."

"Tell me about it," Blaine mumbled, earning himself an elbow in the ribs. "Ow!"

Kurt nodded. "Yeah, Trent asked me and Blaine to talk to Toby. He hasn't come out to their parents, so we're helping him with that and just talking to him in general."

Burt had to admit, that was very mature of Kurt and Blaine, even if Burt felt like slapping Blaine every time the boy opened his mouth.

"Well...that's very nice of the both of you," Burt said, feeling proud of his boys.

Blaine smiled. "We just know what it's like, and we want to help Toby."

"Well...since the boy paid for them, the two of you might as well go bring the tapes to him. But you go straight there and back-Kurt has school tomorrow."

Kurt picked up the movies, blushing again at *Spit or Swallow?*

"You'll have to tell me the answer on the way to Trent's house," Burt heard Blaine say to Kurt as they walked out of the living room.

Burt dragged a hand down his face. He was going to have to buy a filter for that boy.

CHAPTER FIFTEEN

Pregnant

"Kurt, you and Blaine are staying safe, right?"

Burt paused on his way to the kitchen. He peeked into the living room and saw Kurt and Finn watching a movie on TV.

"What do you mean, Finn?" Kurt asked, a light blush staining his cheeks.

"Well, you and Blaine are having sex, so-"

"How did you know about that?" Kurt gasped out.

"Rachel told me."

Burt stared. Kurt and Blaine had sex? When the hell had that happened!

"I'm going to kill Rachel," Kurt muttered.

"So are you?" Finn pushed.

"Why the hell are you so interested, Finn?"

Burt had to agree. Why *was* Finn pushing the question?

"I don't want you to get pregnant."

Oh Lord.

Kurt burst out laughing, wrapping his arms tightly around his waist. Finn looked on in confusion. Tears streaming from his eyes, Kurt pulled out his cell phone and typed in a number.

"B-B-Blaine," he giggled into the phone. It must have been on speaker phone, because Burt could hear Blaine's response.

"Kurt? Are you okay?"

Fresh peals of laughter poured from Kurt's mouth instead of an answer.

"Kurt!"

"Sorry," Kurt said, fighting back the laughter. "Are you almost here?"

"Yeah, I'm actually only a few minutes away."

Of course Blaine was coming over. Those two were inseparable; and Burt didn't have a problem with that, but now he would have to give them a talk.

"Hurry, love," Kurt murmured into his phone.

"For you I'll break the speed limit."

Kurt rolled his eyes as he hung up. "Leave it to Blaine Anderson to try making breaking the law sound romantic." But the sappy smile on his face gave away how pleased he was.

Kurt bit his lip, fresh giggles escaping his lips. Finn crossed his arms.

"Kurt, I don't find you getting pregnant very funny," he said, which sent Kurt off again.

Burt fought to bang his head against the wall. Oh Finn...

"Is Kurt *still* laughing?"

Burt nearly jumped out of his skin. He turned to see Blaine standing behind him. The boy was peering over Burt's shoulder, smiling fondly in Kurt's direction.

"How did you get in?" Burt asked.

"Kurt gave me a key."

Burt's eyebrows shot up. "He did? *When?*"

Blaine thought for a minute. "A few weeks ago?"

Burt pinched the bridge of his nose. "Whatever. It's nice to see you, Blaine. Oh, and me, you, and Kurt will be having a little talk later."

Blaine paled at the pointed look Burt gave him. He hurried into the living room, greeting Kurt with a kiss.

"So what has you laughing so hard?" he asked, sitting on the couch next to Kurt and wrapping his arm around his waist.

"Finn is under the impression that you can get me pregnant," Kurt answered, laying his head on Blaine's shoulder and shaking with suppressed laughter.

Blaine chuckled. "Really, Finn?"

Finn narrowed his eyes. "What? I can get Rachel pregnant, so why can't you get Kurt pregnant?"

Kurt turned his head to giggle into Blaine's shoulder. Even Blaine looked like he wanted nothing more than to roll on the floor and laugh his head off. *Finn can be such an idiot sometimes*, Burt thought, chuckling.

"I still don't see how you can find that funny, Kurt!" Finn said, starting to sound angry. "Do you *want* a baby to ruin your lives?"

Of course that made Kurt laugh harder, and Blaine actually had to pull him into his lap to keep Kurt from falling off of the couch.

"Finn," Blaine said, a huge grin on his face. "Kurt is a boy...I can't get him pregnant."

"But I thought that was what sex was for," Finn said, sounding confused.

Burt saw Blaine jump. He was confused for a minute, but then saw that Kurt had his head buried in his neck...biting the spot where his neck met his collarbone to muffle his laughter.

"Uh...uh...well, Finn, th-that's true for a man and woman, but that's only because woman have...the *equipment* to get pregnant." Blaine's head dropped back against the couch. "*Kurt*. You need to stop, sweetie."

Kurt pulled back with a squeak. "Sorry!"

Burt noticed that Finn still looked confused, and he almost burst out laughing himself at Finn's next question.

"What do you mean women have the equipment to get pregnant? What's so different about a boy and a girl?"

Kurt immediately sobered. "Are you serious, Finn?" he asked. "You've had sex with Rachel, and you're wondering what's different about a boy and a girl?"

So Finn and Rachel had had sex, too. Wonderful.

"Well...obviously my parts are different than her parts. I mean, she has-"

"Gross," Blaine said, blanching. "Please don't finish that sentence." Kurt rolled his eyes.

"But other than that I don't get what makes boys so different than girls. What makes it so that only girls can get pregnant?" Finn asked.

"Well, Finn," Kurt began, moving so he was sitting next to Blaine again. "You see, girls have these things called ovaries, and a uterus."

Blaine was looking very pale. "Kurt, do you have to talk about this?"

Burt stifled his laughter. It was nice to see that Blaine got uncomfortable about *some* aspects of sex.

Kurt ignored Blaine. "And boys have...well, I think we all know what boys have."

"Oh, I like what boys have," Blaine said, color returning to his face.

Kurt turned and stared at him for quite some time. "Yes, thank you, Blaine."

Finn's face was dark red, and Burt didn't blame him. But this was hilarious.

"So then what happens that makes a baby?"

As Kurt explained, Blaine's face slowly turned green, whereas Finn looked more and more fascinated. By the end of Kurt's explanation, Blaine had his head buried in Kurt's lap, with Kurt stroking his hair soothingly.

"Huh...now I know what you found so funny. I'm so stupid!" Finn said, blushing again.

"Yes you are," Blaine said, his voice muffled by Kurt's lap. "And I hate you for making Kurt explain everything."

Kurt cooed at Blaine. He leaned down to kiss the back of Blaine's head. "Silly boy," he murmured as he sat back up. Blaine kept his head in Kurt's lap.

"Dude, are you really *that* kind of gay?" Finn asked.

Blaine finally sat up. "What do you mean?"

"Do you seriously get freaked out when guys talk about girls?"

"No...I just prefer hearing about boys. That's what being gay *is*, Finn," Blaine answered.

Burt had to admit-Blaine had a point.

"Do we have to explain what being gay is, Finn?" Kurt asked with a smirk.

As Finn frantically shook his head, Blaine started bouncing up and down. "Oh! Oh! Let me, Kurt!"

Kurt's smirk turned into a devilish grin. He turned to Blaine. "How about we show him, my love?"

Blaine practically dove at Kurt. Their lips smashed together in a heated kiss, and Blaine moaned into Kurt's mouth as Kurt pulled him down on top of him. Finn stumbled from the room, not noticing when he passed Burt in the hallway.

"Feet on the floor," Burt shouted as he walked to the kitchen, remembering that he had been planning to make a sandwich. "And follow me."

Kurt and Blaine sprang apart. "How long have you been there?" Kurt asked.

"Long enough."

CHAPTER SIXTEEN

Sex Ed

"I still don't understand why we *have* to do this," Kurt grumbled, leaning against his locker and crossing his arms.

Blaine shrugged. "I don't either. But at least we won't be alone."

Kurt couldn't help the smile that spread over his face. Since Blaine was a junior, he and Kurt didn't have any classes together except for Glee club. He reached out and laced his fingers through Blaine's.

"I *guess* there's that," Kurt said, smiling.

Blaine smirked. "Come on. Let's go before we're late."

"And slushied," Kurt mumbled as Blaine let go of his hand. His boyfriend gave him an apologetic smile as the two started walking.

Kurt frowned as he remembered where they were headed. Figgins had called both him and Blaine into his office that morning and told them they had to take Sex Ed. with a bunch of *freshman* since neither he nor Blaine had ever had the class.

When they walked into the classroom, Kurt saw his first look at his new classmates-giggly girls and mini Neanderthals. There were only two empty seats, but they weren't next to each other.

Kurt walked over to the girl next to one of the empty seats in the front. "Excuse me, but would you please go sit over there so my boyfriend and I can sit next to each other?"

"Excuse me?" the girl asked, turning away from her seat and crossing her arms. She looked up at Kurt with a snotty look, popping her gum obnoxiously.

Kurt raised an eyebrow and put a hand on his hip. "I think you heard me."

"Why should I *have* to move?"

"Look you little bitch," Kurt hissed. "I have to sit in a *Sex Ed.* class with a bunch of *freshman*, which really isn't all that high on my list of priorities. And the only thing that is going to keep me from killing you little brats is if I get to sit next to my boyfriend. So, if you value your life, I'd consider moving." He looked her up and down, taking in her clearly bleached blonde hair. "Oh, and stop bleaching your hair-it's going to fall out one of these days and I don't think you really want that."

The girl self-consciously touched her hair, but didn't say anything. By now the entire class was staring at them, and Kurt could see Blaine playing with his bowtie.

"Now are you going to move yourself, or do I have to make you?" Kurt asked sweetly.

"I-I'd move if I were you," Blaine added from behind Kurt.

The girl grabbed up her books and hurried to the other empty seat. Kurt took her now vacant seat, ignoring the staring of the blonde's friends. Blaine sat next to Kurt and leaned over to whisper in his ear.

"That was *hot*, babe."

Kurt smirked. "Oh was it now?"

Blaine wagged his eyebrows. "It really-"

"Okay, class! Let's get started, shall we?"

Kurt turned at the familiar voice, and a big grin spread over his face.

Holly Holliday was their teacher!

"Miss Holliday!" he shrieked. He shot up out of his seat and ran to her.

"Kurt Hummel?" she laughed. The two hugged. "I didn't expect to see you here!"

Kurt rolled his eyes as he sat back down. "Yeah, Figgins said that since me and Blaine have never taken Sex Ed. we have to take it with the freshman."

"Well, this should be fun!" Holly said, grinning. She walked so she was in front of the class and clapped her hands together. "For those of you who don't know me, my name is Holly Holliday. I'll be your Sex Ed. teacher for the semester."

The freshman murmured hellos, and Blaine put his hand on Kurt's leg under the desk.

"I'll finish with you, later," he said in a suggestive voice.

Kurt winked. "Looking forward to it."

"Boys!" Holly said, hiding a smile. "Can you give me just an hour of your time?"

Kurt sighed. "Fine," he said.

"I think we know who's going to be the teacher's favorite," the blonde girl mumbled, obviously still bitter at Kurt for making her move.

Kurt turned and gave her a look. "Don't start with me again."

"Oookay!" Holly said, clapping her hands again. "First topic-how many of you have had sex?"

Blaine was the only one who raised his hand. Kurt blushed a dark shade of red as both Blaine and Holly stared pointedly at him.

"And how many of you are lying?"

After a slight hesitation, Kurt raised his hand as well. *This is so embarrassing.*

Blaine looked around. "Really? The two gay kids are the *only* two who've had sex? Win!"

Kurt dropped his head to his desk. "You're such a dork," he muttered.

"You love it."

Holly chuckled. "Okay. Have any of you given or received a blow job?"

Blaine's hand shot up before Holly had even finished her sentence, Kurt's hand slowly following, his blush growing darker. A few of the other freshman raised their hands.

Kurt turned to the blonde and saw that her hand was down. "Really?" he asked, smirking. She glared at him but raised her hand.

"Well, then you all have had sex, too. Oral sex counts, you know," Holly said. "At least tell me you're all using protection."

"Oh! Kurt and I have cotton candy flavored condoms!" Blaine said, causing Kurt to facepalm.

Why did he love this boy again? Suddenly Blaine's hand was very high on his thigh. Oh yeah...that was why.

"Fags," a boy a few seats away coughed out.

The smile vanished from Blaine's face and tears spilled from his eyes. Kurt scooted his chair so it was as close to Blaine's as it could get and wrapped an arm around the curly-haired boy's waist. Blaine laid his head on Kurt's shoulder, and Kurt whispered comforting words in his boyfriend's ear.

"*You* can walk yourself to the office," Holly said to the boy who had spoken. She scribbled out a note and handed it to the student. "Give this to Principal Figgins." Once the boy had left, Holly returned her attention to the class. "If I hear anymore comments like that I won't hesitate to send the person responsible to the office as well. I don't care if I have to send the entire class."

Kurt looked at Holly gratefully, Blaine still snuggled into his neck.

Holly smiled at Kurt and Blaine. Addressing the class, she said, "I have an assignment for all of you. You all will choose a sex-related topic and make a project to present to the class. You may work alone or with a partner. I am not going to approve your topic; I'm sure they'll be bad enough as it is." She gave the class a wink before the bell sounded.

Kurt linked hands with Blaine. He wanted to show Blaine how proud he was to have him; he could see that Blaine was still a little upset. Blaine gave him a watery smile in thanks, and he actually pulled his hand away so he could wrap it around Kurt's waist.

"So what are we doing the project on?" Blaine asked as they walked towards the choir room.

Kurt smiled. "So we're going to be partners?"

Blaine bumped his hip against Kurt's. "Of course we are silly."

"Don't I get a say in this matter?"

"Nope. And I have the perfect idea."

"Do you now."

"Yup!"

...

Two weeks later, Holly walked into the classroom on the first day of presentations. She was looking forward to what her students had come up with, and Kurt and Blaine (of course the couple were partners) were the first to go.

This was going to be interesting.

"So, Kurt, Blaine, what do you have for us?" she asked, sitting down at her desk.

Blaine immediately bounded to the front of the room, flash drive in hand. Kurt stayed at his desk, looking even paler than usual.

"Kurt, get up here," Blaine said, rolling his eyes.

Looking rather reluctant, Kurt joined Blaine. Blaine held out the flash drive to Holly.

"Could you put this in your computer, Miss Holiday?"

Holly smiled at him. "Of course." She took the flash drive and plugged it into the monitor as Blaine pulled down the screen. The presentation showed up on the screen, and the title nearly made Holly laugh.

Boys Will Be Boys.

Holly was pretty sure what this presentation was going to be about, and she had to admit-this was pretty daring of the two boys.

"For the record, this was *Blaine's* idea. I did not contribute whatsoever except to put my name on it. So if I get an *F* so be it," Kurt said, leaning against the wall next to the screen. "Actually, *he* put my name on it. If I'd had the choice, I would have left it off."

Blaine rolled his eyes. "Don't be such a drama queen, Kurt. Let's just do this, okay?"

"*You* can do this. I'm not saying *anything*."

Blaine sighed, but used the overhead remote to click to the next slide, titled *The Mechanics*. As Blaine began to explain exactly how two boys had sex, Holly saw Kurt drop his head into his hands, his ears *very* red. The boys in the room looked like they were trying not to throw up, and the girls had their hands over their mouths, eyes wide open. Holly herself was biting back a huge smile. This was highly amusing.

Finished with the first slide, Blaine clicked to the next one. "Now we have a video to show you!"

Kurt's head snapped up. "*Blaine Nathaniel Anderson, I told you **not** to put that video on!*"

Ignoring him, Blaine pressed play. Holly's jaw dropped as the tent scene from *Brokeback Mountain* started playing. She quickly exited out of the powerpoint.

"Boys, follow me to Principal Figgins, *now*! The rest of you sit here until the bell rings; I have a feeling I won't be back," Holly said.

Kurt and Blaine walked ahead of Holly out of the classroom, Kurt shooting death glares at Blaine and he returning them with apologetic looks.

"I'm so sorry, Miss Holliday," Kurt said, looking straight ahead.

Holly sighed. "Just keep walking boys."

...

"I don't even know why I'm here! *I* didn't do anything!" Burt heard Kurt say.

Oh God it was those two. Burt had received a call from Figgins saying he had to come to McKinley, but he hadn't said what for. Burt had sort of assumed it was for Finn, but something in him had been so sure it was Kurt and Blaine.

Burt entered Figgins's office and shut the door behind him. Figgins was behind his desk, Holly Holliday was standing next to Figgins, and Kurt and Blaine were sitting on the couch against the wall.

Burt sat down in one of the two chairs. "What's this all about? Or are we waiting for Mr. and Mrs. Anderson?"

"We couldn't get ahold of the Andersons, so we'll just tell you now," Figgins said.

Burt saw Blaine looking a little upset, probably because his parents were showing their careless attitude regarding their son, and was surprised when Kurt didn't try to comfort him-rather, he glared at him.

"Kurt and Blaine had a project in Sex Ed. And they sort of...took it a little too far," Holly said.

"Oh, no, *Blaine* took it a little too far. *I* had nothing to do with *any* of that. I told you that already, Miss Holliday," Kurt said before Burt could open his mouth.

Burt sighed and looked at Blaine. "What did you do this time? And Kurt, you could have intervened. Blaine would have listened."

"I tried to intervene!" Kurt said. "And he *didn't* listen!"

"Kurt, are you mad at me?" Blaine asked, giving Kurt puppy eyes.

"Yes," Kurt hissed.

"Can someone please tell me *exactly* what happened?" Burt asked, getting frustrated.

"The boys did a project on gay sex," Figgins said, causing Burt to glare again at the teenagers. "And...they added the video of the tent scene in *Brokeback Mountain*."

Burt reached over and smacked each boy across the head. "What were the two of you thinking?"

"Ow!"

"Ouch, Burt!"

"Mr. Hummel! You can't hit students!" Figgins said.

"Oh, yes I can!" Burt said. He pointed to Kurt. "That one's my son."

"Yes, but Blaine-" Holly started, but Burt interrupted her.

"I just don't like that one."

Blaine placed his hand over his heart. "That hurts, Burt."

"Shut up, Blaine."

"You deserve it," Kurt muttered.

"Shut up, Kurt."

*"For the last time, **I didn't do anything!** It was all Blaine's idea!"*

"Okay, okay, that's enough," Figgins said. "Kurt, you could have done your own project, therefore you are a part of this-"

Kurt started banging his head against the wall behind him. "I hate my life...I hate my life...I hate my life..."

"-and I'm afraid I'm going to have to suspend the both of you for a week."

Kurt froze. Blaine tried to put an arm around his waist, but Kurt slapped his hand away.

"Wait, wait," Burt said. "Was this the project that the topic didn't have to be approved for?"

Holly nodded. "Why?"

"Well, if the topic didn't have to be approved, how were they supposed to know it wasn't allowed?" Burt asked. Kurt and Blaine stared at him like they wanted to kiss him. Burt hid a smile.

"Mr. Hummel, I'm sure it's pretty obvious that that movie is inappropriate to show to a class full of freshman," Figgins said.

Burt shrugged. "I let *Kurt* watch it when *he* was a freshman. He was mature enough to handle it, and I'm sure those kids have seen far worse. It's not like the tent scene *shows* anything."

Blaine opened his mouth to say something. "Blaine Anderson, if you say *one word* I will not hesitate to hit you again." Blaine snapped his mouth closed.

"Yes, well-" Figgins started.

"Or is it inappropriate because it is two men?" Burt asked, narrowing his eyes. "Do you have a problem with my son's and his boyfriend's lifestyle?" Burt could see Holly biting back a smile.

Figgins spluttered. "N-no, nothing like that! Just-"

"Look, I don't see a reason to suspend Kurt and Blaine. They were basically told they could do anything they wanted, so why don't you blame the teacher instead of the students?"

Holly's jaw dropped, but Burt didn't care. He had never really liked the woman anyways.

Figgins thought for a minute before turning to Holly. "Mr. Hummel has a point, Miss Holliday."

"So are we free to go?" Kurt asked hopefully.

"Of course you are," Burt said. He stood up. "Let's go, boys."

Kurt and Blaine followed Burt out of the office. Burt could hear Figgins lecturing Holly as he shut the door behind him.

Once in the hallway, Burt smacked Blaine across the head again.

"Ow! What was that one for?"

"For nearly getting my son in trouble."

"Yeah, that was *not fair*, Blaine," Kurt whined, crossing his arms.

"I'm sorry, Kurt," Blaine said, pouting. He tried to wrap his arms around Kurt, but he pushed him away.

"Kurt, come on!"

Burt fought back laughter both at the look on Blaine's face and the fact that Kurt was actually pushing Blaine away. He had never thought he would see that.

"No, I am still mad at you, Blaine Nathaniel."

"But I don't like it when you're mad at me!" Blaine cried. "Please, Kurt? I'm really, really, *really* sorry?"

Kurt waited another minute before giving in. He laced his fingers through Blaine's and pressed a quick kiss to Blaine's cheek. "Fine. You're forgiven."

Darn, Burt thought, chuckling. *That was funny to watch.*

"Are we in trouble?" Kurt asked Burt.

Burt sighed. "No, Kurt. You said you had no part in the project, and I expect these things from Blaine by now, so..."

"Yay!" Blaine said, jumping up and down. He stopped. "Wait...Did you just insult me?"

Burt turned and walked away. "Figure it out, Blaine."

CHAPTER SEVENTEEN

Angry Kurt

Burt didn't think he would ever understand the mind that belonged to one Blaine Anderson. Then again, he wasn't sure he wanted to.

It was Saturday night, and Blaine, Kurt, Puck, and Finn were sitting in the living room watching the game. Well, Blaine, Puck, and Finn were watching it-Kurt was playing a game on his phone. Burt sat in his armchair and turned to the TV.

"What's the score?" he asked.

Blaine, Puck, and Finn all went to answer at the same time, causing Kurt to roll his eyes. Blaine looked at Kurt out of the corner of his eye, biting his lip. Burt furrowed his eyebrows as Blaine started poking Kurt's thigh.

Not taking his eyes off his phone, Kurt swatted Blaine's hand away. "Blaine, stop, sweetie."

Blaine pouted. He wiggled his finger in Kurt's side. Kurt shied away from the touch, but Blaine followed. Slipping his phone into his pocket, Kurt laced his fingers through Blaine's.

"Baby, please stop?" he asked, pressing a kiss to Blaine's cheek.

Blaine pulled his hand away to wrap his arm around Kurt's waist, nuzzling his face into Kurt's neck. Burt bit back laughter as Kurt gently pushed Blaine away.

"Blaine," Kurt said, looking right into his boyfriend's eyes. "No." He turned his attention to the TV, but didn't look like he was paying much attention.

Puck was giving Blaine a strange look. He whispered something to Finn, who turned his head to look at Blaine, too. Blaine didn't notice, too busy watching Kurt. Burt saw a look come over Blaine's face that signaled he had another idea.

With his free hand, Blaine pointed a finger so it was right next to Kurt's cheek but not touching it. "I'm not touching you."

"I know you're not." Kurt smirked, a knowing look in his eyes.

Blaine huffed and sat back against the couch, crossing his arms. Burt chuckled at the boy's dramatics. He noticed a grin spread over Puck's face. The mohawked boy winked at Blaine before leaning over the armrest of the couch.

Puck ran his fingers through Kurt's hair. "Hummel, your hair's really soft."

Kurt slapped Puck's hand away. "Noah Puckerman, you *touch* my hair again and I will *kill* you!"

Blaine perked right back up. Grumbling, Kurt tried to fix his hair without a mirror and hairspray as Blaine sent a huge grin at Puck.

"Are you crazy?" Finn whispered to Puck.

Puck shrugged. "Just trying to help Blaine."

Burt was confused. What did Blaine need help with?

Once Kurt was satisfied with his hair, he leaned back against the couch. Without any hesitation, Blaine used both of his hands to tussle Kurt's hair so severely that it stuck up everywhere. Looking please with himself, Blaine glanced expectantly up at Kurt.

Kurt dropped his head to Blaine's shoulder, snuggling against him. "Will you play with my hair, Blaine?"

Blaine's jaw dropped, but he loyally brought his hand up to run his hand through the strands of Kurt's hair, gently massaging as he played with it. Kurt hummed in contentment.

Burt frowned. Blaine was actually *allowed* to touch Kurt's hair-so why was the boy upset?

Puck whispered something to Finn, who blanched.

"No way, dude, I do *not* want to die."

Puck rolled his eyes. "Come on, Finn, help the guy out."

With what? Burt thought.

Sighing, Finn got up and walked behind the couch. Slowly reaching his arm down, he slid Kurt's phone out of his pocket.

"Let's see who Kurt's been texting, shall we?" he asked.

Kurt shot off the couch and over to Finn, who held his cell phone over Kurt's head. Kurt reached up for the phone, but Finn only held it higher.

"Give me my phone, Finn!"

Blaine jumped behind the couch, causing Burt's jaw to drop. His furniture was not something to stand on!

"Toss me the phone, Finn!" Blaine said, holding his hands up.

Grinning, Finn did as Blaine asked, causing Kurt's head to whip around comically. Burt laughed at the frustrated look on Kurt's face, and his son shot him a glare.

"Thanks, Dad," he muttered, causing Burt to laugh harder.

Puck joined Finn and Blaine in tossing Kurt's phone around. Kurt was in the middle of them, his head whipping back and forth as the phone was tossed from boy to boy.

Kurt suddenly just stopped. He hugged himself and looked down at his feet. He sniffed very loudly, and Burt saw tears start pouring from his eyes.

Blaine froze, and the cell phone hit him in the chest. He winced, but Burt didn't think it was from physical pain.

"Oh, Kurtie, I'm sorry!" he cried, rushing to Kurt and pulling him into his arms.

"Whipped," Puck coughed.

Kurt pushed Blaine away. "Don't touch me, Anderson," he said, picking his phone up. He turned and glared at Blaine. "You do *that* to me and expect me to be okay with it from a simple apology?"

Burt grew very confused when a pleased look spread over Blaine's face. He clapped his hands gleefully. Puck and Finn went to high five when Kurt burst into giggles.

"Oh, Blainers," Kurt cooed, running a finger down Blaine's chest. "I'm not really mad."

Blaine crossed his arms over his chest and glared at Kurt. "What the heck, Kurt? Why am I the *only* one who can't make you mad?"

"Oh, you make me mad, Blaine," Kurt said with a slight set to his mouth. "But not when I know *exactly* what you're trying to do."

"And what am I trying to do, Kurt?" Blaine asked innocently, the angry glint not leaving his eyes.

"Uh...we're gonna go upstairs and play X-Box," Finn said. He and Puck hurried from the room.

"I'm not going to say it in front of my father," Kurt hissed.

"What's going on?" Burt demanded, but the two boys ignored him.

"Whatever," Blaine muttered, turning to walk out of the room.

Kurt grabbed his arm. "You have no right to be mad at me, Blaine!"

Blaine snatched his arm out of Kurt's grasp. "And you can be mad at me?"

"Yes!" Kurt shrieked.

"Guys-" Burt tried.

"I don't see how that makes sense," Blaine muttered.

"You have been trying to get me angry because seeing me angry gets you hot!" Kurt shouted. "And you have been trying *in front of my father!*"

"*He's been doing what?*" Burt yelled, standing up.

Blaine paled, but Kurt came to his rescue.

"It's nothing, Dad. I don't mean it that way. When I get mad, it makes Blaine feel good. He likes calming me down because then we get to cuddle. And Blaine is a *big* cuddle monster."

Burt looked at them skeptically. "I don't think I buy that, Kurt."

Kurt shrugged. "Think what you want, Dad."

Burt sighed. He sat back down, rubbing his hands over his face. "Just...go upstairs so I can finish the game in peace."

"Okay!" Blaine said. He grabbed Kurt's hand and ran for the stairs.

"Door open!" Burt called.

"Got it!"

Burt sighed again. He turned back to the TV. Hopefully the game could keep his mind off of what had just happened.

...

"You are very lucky, Blaine Anderson," Kurt mumbled against Blaine's lips. The two were on his bed, kissing and cuddling. "I saved you from a terrible fate."

Blaine smiled, pulling away. "I'm lucky for a different reason."

Kurt smirked. "Oh? And why is that?"

Blaine rolled so he was on top of Kurt. "I got you angry."

CHAPTER EIGHTEEN

The Last One

"Are you sure no one else is home?" Blaine asked as he followed Kurt into the house. "We almost got caught last time."

Kurt laughed. He turned around and pinned Blaine against the front door. He pressed his lips to Blaine's in a slow, lazy kiss.

"I promise," he murmured as he pulled away, "no one else is-"

"Hey guys!"

Kurt and Blaine both groaned at the sound of Finn's voice. As Blaine glared at Finn, Kurt turned around and smiled at his brother.

"Hello, Finn. I thought you were at Rachel's?"

How can Kurt be so calm? Blaine thought. *We've been looking forward to this all day!*

Finn shrugged. "Her dads are home, so we came here."

"You two aren't going to have sex, are you?" Blaine asked.

"That's none of your business, Blaine," Rachel said sweetly, appearing next to Finn.

Kurt rolled his eyes. He grabbed Blaine's hand and started towards the stairs. "We'll be upstairs."

"Door open!" Finn called, laughing.

But Blaine was not amused. "Shut up, Finn!"

Kurt gave Blaine a look that clearly said "Behave." Blaine stuck his tongue out at him, earning himself an eye-roll.

Blaine shut Kurt's bedroom door behind them, loud enough for Finn to hear. He turned to Kurt, who had his arms in the air, stretching.

Blaine couldn't take it anymore. He stepped up behind Kurt and wrapped his arms around his boyfriend's waist, pressing feather-light kisses to the back of Kurt's neck.

Kurt hummed and placed his hands over Blaine's, dropping his head back onto Blaine's shoulder. This gave Blaine access to the side of Kurt's neck, sucking at the sweet spot where Kurt's neck met his shoulder.

Kurt moaned. "Blaine," he breathed, pulling out of Blaine's arms. "Finn and Rachel are downstairs."

"So?" Blaine asked, pouting. He sat down on the end of Kurt's bed and opened his arms. "We can be quiet."

Kurt giggled before a flirty smirk appeared on his lips. "Are you sure about that?" he whispered, straddling Blaine's lap.

Blaine moaned embarrassingly loud as Kurt latched onto the skin right behind Blaine's ear and sucked-*hard*.

"Tease," he groaned as Kurt pulled away, grinning.

"I was making a point," Kurt said, wiggling off of Blaine's lap.

Oh, he wasn't getting away that easily. Blaine grabbed Kurt's waist and pulled him onto the bed, Kurt giving a squeak of surprise. Blaine rolled on top of him and pressed his lips to Kurt's. Kurt moaned as their tongues met.

Blaine grinned as he kissed down Kurt's neck and sucked a hickey onto Kurt's collarbone. He *knew* his boyfriend had wanted this just as much as Blaine had.

"Blaine," Kurt gasped as Blaine made quick work of the buttons on Kurt's shirt. "The door..."

"Kurt, I am *not* stopping now," Blaine growled as he ran his hands over Kurt's stomach.

Kurt started to laugh, but it turned into a strangled cry as Blaine started moving against him.

Blaine sighed happily as Kurt pulled Blaine's shirt off so they were *both* shirtless. He finally had Kurt's full attention, and nothing was going to take it away.

"Uh, guys-whoops!"

Blaine's blood boiled as he and Kurt were –*once again*–interrupted by Finn's voice.

He sat up and turned to Finn. "*What?*" he snapped.

"There's no need to be mean, Blaine," Rachel sniffed, crossing her arms.

Like hell there wasn't!

"What do you want, Finn?" Kurt asked, sighing.

Finn coughed awkwardly. "Well...I'm out of condoms...Do you have one I could borrow?"

"Borrow?" Blaine asked, rolling his eyes. "We're not going to want it back, Finn."

"Be nice!" Kurt hissed, swatting Blaine's arm.

"But he-!"

"Just get the condom, Blaine," Kurt interrupted. He leaned in to add in a whisper, "I'd like to finish."

Blaine launched off the bed and stumbled over to Kurt's dresser. He pulled open the top drawer and grabbed the box of condoms. Opening the box, he frowned.

"Kurt, Finn can't have a condom."

"And why not?" Kurt asked, glaring at Finn as he opened his mouth.

"Because there's only one left."

"That's not fair!" Finn said. "You already said I could have one!"

"Yeah!" Rachel added. "Finn's right, Kurt."

Kurt bit his lip, sending Blaine over the edge.

"Oh, *hell* no! I am *not* giving up this condom!"

"Too bad, 'cause Kurt already said I could have it!" Finn said.

"I don't care what Kurt said, I bought them! So they are *mine* to do with what *I* please!"

"Blaine," Kurt said softly.

"Dude, you guys don't even *need* condoms!"

"Finn," Rachel pleaded.

Blaine flushed. "Don't act like you know what you're talking about, Hudson!"

"I don't want to get Rachel pregnant, *Anderson!*"

"Then I guess you'd better go buy your own goddamn condoms!"

"Why don't *you* go buy more condoms!"

"*Because these **are** my condoms!*"

"Boys!"

All four teens turned to see Burt and Carole standing in the doorway. Carole looked vaguely amused, while Burt was glaring at Finn and Blaine.

For the first time, Blaine noticed Kurt sitting hugging his knees. He instantly felt bad, but didn't get to comfort him.

"Blaine Anderson," Burt said slowly, "give me the condom *now*."

Blaine hesitated, clutching the wrapper tightly in his hand.

"Now, Blaine!"

Blaine scurried over to Burt and thrust the condom into Burt's hand. He then turned to Kurt's bed and fell onto it, faceplanting into one of the pillows.

"What's his problem?" Blaine heard Burt ask.

"Well, Dad...you did take away our last condom," came Kurt's reply in that angelic voice of his.

Burt sighed, and Blaine could hear his eye roll when he spoke. "Finn, Rachel, go to Finn's room. The both of you keep your bedroom doors open; Carole and I will be downstairs making dinner.

When it was just Kurt and Blaine again, Blaine rolled over to see Kurt staring down at him, an amused look on his face.

"You really don't like getting cockblocked, do you?"

Blaine blushed. "I'm sorry."

"Don't be," Kurt said, grinning. "I think it's adorable...and rather funny."

"Too bad we can't finish what we started now," Blaine grumbled out.

"Well...didn't you say your parents weren't going to return to your house until late?"

"Yeah...but wouldn't that be kind of obvious if we suddenly left?"

"Not if we tell them we're going for dinner."

Blaine immediately pulled on his shirt. "Let's go."

CHAPTER NINETEEN

Party Games

"Are you sure you want to go to this party?" Blaine asked as he pulled out of Kurt's driveway. "It's Santana, so you *know* there's going to be alcohol."

Kurt smirked at him from the passenger seat. "Blaine, I have nothing to worry about. *I* don't drink, *you* do. Are *you* sure you want to go to this party?"

Blaine laughed. "Touché. I promise-no drinking tonight."

...

They walked into Santana's house hand-in-hand. All of New Directions were already in the living room, as were Wes, David, Nick, and Jeff.

"Hey, guys," Blaine said to the Warblers as he sat down on the couch, pulling Kurt down next to him.

"Hi," Nick said, waving with his free hand, the other laced through Jeff's.

"Blaine! Kurt!" Wes cried.

"We miss you!" David threw his arms around Kurt as Wes pulled Blaine into a hug.

Kurt giggled as he pushed David away and leaned back into Blaine. "We miss you, too."

Wes and David sat on the floor at Kurt and Blaine's feet with the rest of the New Directions. Rachel was sitting in Finn's lap in the armchair, Tina and Mike were curled up on the other couch, and everyone else lounged on the floor. Everyone except Santana.

"I've got the alcohol!"

Blaine turned to see Santana walking through the doorway, holding two crates of beer. Brittany was right behind her with two cases of her own.

Blaine stared at the alcohol as the girls set it down in the middle of the circle. He slid down to sit next to Wes, closer to the beer.

Kurt moved and sat down in Blaine's lap, wrapping his arms around his neck. "No, Blaine," he said as if he were talking to a puppy. "Bad."

Blaine pouted. "Just a little bit?"

Kurt raised an eyebrow. "You promised me *no* drinking *at all*."

"Yeah, like Blaine isn't going to drink," Jeff said, a grin on his face.

"Kurt, if there's alcohol, Blaine is going to drink it," Puck added, laughing.

Kurt moved so he was straddling Blaine, and Blaine's train of thought veered off track due to how close his boyfriend was now. "Blaine Anderson, if you take one *sip* of alcohol, there will be no sex for the next *month*."

Blaine's jaw dropped. "You wouldn't."

Kurt smirked. "Try me."

"Wanky," Santana said, a suggestive smile on her face.

"But *everyone* has to drink," Brittany said.

"Why?" Finn asked.

"Because we're playing games!"

Blaine barely heard any of the exchange. Kurt was still straddling him, and he had started kissing up and down his neck, stopping at that sweet spot just behind Blaine's ear. Blaine bit back a moan as Kurt tangled his hands in Blaine's curls, tugging slightly.

"Are you two going to play, or are you just going to make out for the rest of the night?" Artie asked with a big grin on his face.

Blaine whined as Kurt moved off of him, a blush staining his cheeks. "Sorry. That was the only way I could think of to distract Blaine."

Wes chuckled. "Sorry, but Blaine's going to have to drink."

"Oh? And why is that?" Kurt asked.

"We're playing Never Have I Ever," Rachel informed him.

Blaine finally noticed that everyone had moved from where they were sitting so that they were all in a circle. Each of them had a bottle of beer sitting in front of them, and Blaine hoped the group would ask questions he could drink to.

"You all ready?" Santana asked, and everyone nodded.

"I'll start," Kurt said, and Blaine fought back another groan. "Never have I ever had sex with a girl." Everyone with the exception of most of the girls, Blaine, Nick, Jeff, and Sam took a sip.

"Shouldn't that have stopped at had sex?" Finn asked.

Blaine snorted, then started laughing into his hand. Giggles erupted from his mouth, and he clutched his stomach.

Mike turned to Blaine. "Dude, you okay?"

"I'm f-fine, Mike," Blaine giggled. Kurt glared at him, and Blaine immediately sobered.

"What was so funny?" Finn asked.

"Okay, Finn, your turn!" Kurt said as he saw Nick open his mouth. The Warbler smirked at him.

"Hm...never have I ever kissed a guy."

Blaine looked pointedly at Kurt as he took a sip from his beer. Kurt gave him a look before taking a sip of his own. All of the girls, Nick, Jeff, Wes, and David sipped from their beers, too.

"I knew it was a gay school!" Puck shouted, pointing at Wes and David.

"Dude, we're straight," David said. "We just happened to meet under the mistletoe. And you know the rules."

"That wasn't exactly an accident," Nick said, and Jeff giggled.

"What?" Wes asked.

"We planned that," Kurt said nonchalantly. The New Directions burst out laughing at the looks on Wes's and David's faces.

"It's obvious the two of you are crazy for each other," Blaine added, snickering.

David smirked. "Never have I ever watched gay porn."

Kurt, Blaine, and Puck all took a sip from their beers. All eyes turned to Puck.

"What? It was on Hummel's computer and I was bored!"

Now all eyes were on Kurt, who was blushing darker than he had ever blushed before.

"Why were you in my room?" he hissed at Puck.

"*Not* the point here, Kurt. What were you doing watching porn?" Finn asked, eyebrows raised.

"Finn Hudson, don't get me started on *your* Internet history," Kurt said, rolling his eyes.

Blaine watched the two brothers bicker back and forth for a few more minutes before someone started the game again. People began to get targeted, and within a half hour both Blaine *and* Kurt were tipsy.

Blaine leaned on Kurt, snuggling into his side. "Kurtie...Kurtie, I love you."

High-pitched laughter peeled from Kurt's perfect mouth. "Hey, Blainers," he whispered in Blaine's ear. "Guess what? I love you, too!"

Blaine looped his arms around Kurt's waist and nuzzled his face into the taller boy's neck. "Good. 'Cause I don't know if I could live without your love," he said, his words starting to slur.

Mercedes and Tina squealed. "You two are so cute!" Tina said.

"I want one!" Mercedes said, falling back against Sam.

"Mine," Kurt mumbled, wrapping his arms tight around Blaine's shoulders.

"Let's play Spin the Bottle!" Quinn suddenly shouted.

Sam sat up. "OhmyGod, yes!"

Brittany grabbed one of the many empty bottles and spun it in the center of the circle and watched it until it landed on Kurt.

"No," Blaine growled as Brittany crawled over to where Kurt was still wrapped in Blaine's arms.

Giggling, Kurt pushed Blaine off of him and met Brittany halfway. Kurt went in for a quick peck, but Brittany flung her arms around Kurt's neck and tried to shove her tongue in his mouth. The oblivious grin disappeared from Kurt's mouth as he tried to detach Brittany's mouth from his own.

Blaine lunged forward and pulled the two apart. Brittany fell on her face and Kurt fell back against Blaine with a gasp. He curled up against Blaine's chest and whined, "That's why I don't like girls."

Blaine stroked Kurt's hair and cooed in his ear, "It's okay, sweetie, you're safe now."

Kurt looked up at him with puckered lips, and Blaine leaned down to plant a kiss. A few turns later, it was Finn's turn to spin the bottle.

It landed on Blaine.

Blaine nudged the bottle with his foot so that it was pointing at Rachel. Laughing, Puck moved the bottle back to Blaine.

"Nuh-uh, dude, I had to kiss Mike so you have to kiss Finn."

Blaine turned to Kurt, who was looking torn between not wanting to watch this...and *wanting* to watch this.

"Come on, Puck, that's my brother's boyfriend," Finn grumbled.

"So?" Wes said. "You spun, it landed on Blaine, so you have to kiss him."

Nick and Jeff nodded. "It's not like it has to be anything more than a peck," Nick said.

"Yeah, don't worry Finn, we all know you're straight," David said.

"Can I kiss him on the cheek?" Blaine asked, biting his lip.

Santana shook her head. "Nope."

"Forehead?"

"Uh-uh."

"Nose?"

"I don't think so."

"Ea-?"

Blaine was interrupted by Finn grabbing his face and pressing their lips together. They pulled away slowly, a horrified look on Finn's face.

"I can't believe I just did that," Finn choked out, burying his face in Rachel's shoulder.

"Your brother attacked me, Kurtie," Blaine whimpered, nuzzling his face back into Kurt's neck.

Kurt giggled. "He didn't mean it," he cooed in Blaine's ear.

"This game is boring," Artie said. "Let's play Truth or Dare!"

Everyone cheered. Since it was Artie's idea, he asked the first question.

"Quinn, truth or dare?"

"Truth."

"Who in this room do you think would be a bad date?"

Quinn thought for a minute, looking around the room. "I'm going to have to go with...Rachel."

As Rachel spluttered, Finn just stared straight ahead. Blaine watched as Finn's eyes slowly swung to Blaine, but jerked back when he saw Blaine looking at him. Smiling, Blaine turned back into Kurt's shoulder.

Quinn turned to Tina. "Truth or dare?"

Tina grinned. "Dare!"

"Choose someone's lap to sit in for ten minutes, and it can't be Mike," Quinn said, smiling.

Tina got up and sat on Wes's lap. The Warbler glanced up at her, a confused look on his face. "Why are you sitting on *my* lap?"

"'Cause you're Asian."

"I'm Asian!" Blaine called, sitting up and raising an arm.

Giggling again, Kurt sat in Blaine's lap. "There."

Blaine wound his arms around Kurt's waist and buried his face between his shoulder blades. "Oh, I like this much better."

Tina moved her gaze to Blaine. "Truth or dare?"

"Truth," Blaine answered, not wanting Kurt to move.

"Have you ever made an ass of yourself in front of someone you liked?"

All at the same time, Jeff, Nick, Wes, David, and Kurt started singing "When I Get You Alone." Kurt actually stood up and started dancing, distracting Blaine with his hips.

"Well, Blaine seems a little distracted, so we're going to say yes *for* him," David said, grinning at Blaine.

Finally noticing that the singing had stopped, Kurt sat back down next to Blaine. Blaine made a noise of discontent.

"Finn, truth or dare?" Blaine asked.

"Truth," Finn blurted.

"Was I your first boy kiss?"

"Yes. Kurt, truth or dare?"

Kurt bit his lip in the most adorable way as he thought about his answer. "Um...truth!"

"Are you a virgin?"

Kurt blushed. "No."

"I knew it!" Jeff shouted.

"Get some, Hummel!"

"WANKY!"

Blaine laughed as Kurt buried his face in Blaine's shoulder. Without looking up, Kurt said, "Jeff, truth or dare?"

"Truth."

"What is your favorite thing about the opposite sex?"

Everyone turned to the blond Warbler, whose face was a bright red. "Really, Kurt?" he muttered. "You're going to ask me *that*?"

Kurt, back to his happy, tipsy self, sat back up and giggled. "Yes!"

Jeff sighed. "Um...their hair."

"Why?"

Jeff started playing with Tina's hair. "It's very soft."

Tina pulled away. "Um...thank you, Jeff. How about you play with Nick's hair?"

"Okay!" As he ran his fingers through Nick's hair, Jeff turned to Blaine. "Truth or dare?"

"Dare."

Jeff gave an evil grin. "I dare you to come up with a cutsie pet name for everyone in the group."

Blaine dropped his head into his hands. Sighing, he looked up and started with Mercedes.

"Mercy. Sammy. Nicky. Jeff-Jeff. Wessy. Davey. Chang-Chang. Mikey. Quinnie-the-Pooh." Everyone turned to look at him for three seconds before he continued. "Satan. Britt-Britt. No-No. Artsie. Ray-Ray." Blaine stopped again at Finn. He coughed awkwardly before saying, "Finnegan. And Kurtie!" He fell against Kurt and leaned his head on his shoulder.

"Very creative, Blaine," Jeff said, rolling his eyes.

"Quinnie-the-Pooh?" Quinn asked, an eyebrow raised.

Blaine shrugged. "Satan, truth or dare!"

Santana smirked. "Dare."

Blaine furrowed his eyebrows. "Um...um..."

"Okay, Blaine can't do dares, so we're going to come up with one for him," David said.

"Blaine dares you to do a strip tease," Wes said.

"I do not!" Blaine cried, but Santana ignored him. With a seductive look on her face, she stood up and walked to the center of the circle. She did her strip tease and then sat back down in just her bra and underwear.

Blaine saw Wes and David snap their mouths shut. He shook with suppressed laughter. If only they knew...

Santana smiled at Kurt. "Truth or dare, Kurt?"

"Dare," Kurt mumbled, his head on Blaine's shoulder. Blaine could hear how tired he was getting. He wrapped an arm around the older boy's waist.

Santana clapped her hand together. "I dare you to do a body shot off of Blaine."

Kurt's eyes flew open and he sat up. "W-what?"

Blaine's mind went blank. Kurt had to do a body shot off of him...he had to *lick* him...Blaine crossed his legs.

"You heard her," Puck said, grinning.

"And I get to choose where," Santana said. "Brittany, can you go get everything?"

Brittany pranced off into the kitchen to do as Santana asked.

Kurt sighed. "Where am I doing it?" Santana wagged her eyebrows. "Not there!"

"Hmm..." Santana said, thinking. "You're going to do a body shot from the top of his pants all the way up to his collarbone."

Blaine practically ripped his shirt off, forgetting about the hickeys on the V of his abs. Kurt loved that V...

"Blaine! Why do you have bruises on you? Did someone hit you?" Brittany asked, coming back from the kitchen carrying salt, a shot of tequila, and a lime wedge.

Everyone turned to Blaine, and there were gasps all around.

"Those are called *hickeys*, Britt," Santana said.

"Oh! Like the ones you give me?"

Wes's and David's eyes bugged out of their heads at Brittany's comment.

Santana blushed. "Yes."

Brittany handed the body shot supplies to a very red Kurt. "There you are, dolphin!"

Blaine was now bouncing up and down in anticipation. With shaking hands, Kurt took the shot of tequila and salt and set them down next to Blaine. He took the lime wedge and leaned over to whisper in Blaine's ear.

"Calm down, love. If you keep moving this is going to be very difficult." He pushed the wedge into Blaine's mouth, effectively silencing anything Blaine was going to say. "Now lay back."

Blaine scooted so he was on his back. Kurt straddled his thighs and started running his tongue up Blaine's abs. The moan Blaine let out sounded very loud to him, but was probably muffled to everyone else. Kurt stopped at Blaine's collarbone, but didn't remove his tongue. Instead, he quickly sucked in a hickey, causing Blaine to moan again. Blaine reached up a hand to keep Kurt's mouth there, but Kurt sat up to pour the salt up the stripe he had just licked.

"Does anyone else think this is really hot?" Blaine heard Mercedes whisper. But then Kurt's tongue was back on him, and *who the hell was Mercedes?*

Kurt took the shot of tequila, then used that clever tongue of his to fish the lime wedge out of Blaine's mouth.

"Done," he said after spitting the wedge out of his own mouth.

"Well, *fuck*," Blaine breathed out, still lying down. He was breathing heavily and could feel everyone's eyes on him. He sat up. "Yes?"

Kurt giggled and straddled Blaine again. "You swore, Blainers. I don't think anyone but *me* has ever heard you swear."

Blaine looked over Kurt's shoulder and smirked. "Nothing to see here, people. Put your eyes back in your heads."

"Finn, I'm tired," Rachel whined, lying down in his lap.

"Yeah, we should all go to bed," Sam said, standing up.

"Well, find somewhere to sleep," Santana said, pulling Brittany towards the stairs. "See you all in the morning."

Blaine pulled the blanket off of the couch behind him and grabbed two pillows. Curling up together under the blanket, Blaine pulled Kurt against his chest and pressed a kiss to his temple.

"I love you," he murmured.

Kurt moved so he was lying on top of Blaine and pressed his lips against Blaine's, running his tongue over his bottom lip. Blaine gasped in surprise, giving Kurt the opportunity to stick his tongue in his mouth. Blaine groaned as Kurt kissed down Blaine's neck, stopping at the hickey he had left during the body shot and started adding to it.

"Kurt," Blaine breathed. "We're not the only ones in here."

Kurt whined as Blaine gently pushed him off of him. "But Blainers..."

Blaine chuckled, pulling Kurt back into his arms. "Go to sleep, Kurtie. I love you."

Kurt gave a happy sigh. "I love you, too."

They shared another kiss, and Kurt tried to deepen it again, this time doing something that caused Blaine to let out a very loud groan.

"OH MY GOD YOU TWO GO TO SLEEP!" Wes yelled, cuddled up with David.

Erupting into giggles, Kurt snuggled into Blaine, who laughed into the countertenor's hair.

"Love you," Kurt whispered again sleepily.

Blaine smiled. "Love you, too."

CHAPTER TWENTY

Follow Up: Party Games

Kurt Hummel and **Blaine Anderson** were tagged in **Santana Lopez's** pictures.

Kurt Hummel, **Finn Hudson**, and **Blaine Anderson** were tagged in **Santana Lopez's** videos.

This must be the party Blaine brought Kurt to last night, Burt thought as he clicked on the pictures first. The first few were cute pictures of Kurt and Blaine-heads on each other's shoulders and hands clasped. There was one where Kurt was pressing a kiss to Blaine's cheek, and one where Blaine had his arm around Kurt's waist. There were even pictures of Kurt and Blaine cuddled together under a blanket sleeping. These made Burt smile; he was glad his son was so happy.

And then Burt saw the rest of them. There were pictures of Kurt straddling Blaine and sucking on his neck. They were making out in other pictures, hands tangled in each other's hair. Okay, Burt knew Kurt and Blaine made out, but he didn't know they went so far as to *straddle* each other!

Knowing he was probably going to regret it, Burt clicked on the first video. He watched as Finn grabbed Blaine's face and pressed a quick kiss to his mouth. Burt's jaw dropped as both boys buried their faces in their girlfriend's/boyfriend's shoulders.

The video ended there, so Burt clicked on the next one, titled "Wanky."

Oh dear God.

Santana smiled at Kurt. "Truth or dare, Kurt?"

"Dare," Kurt mumbled, his head on Blaine's shoulder. Blaine wrapped an arm around the older boy's waist.

Santana clapped her hands together. "I dare you to do a body shot off of Blaine."

Burt's eyes practically bugged out of his head as he watched Kurt *lick* Blaine from the top of his pants all the way up to his collarbone. He stopped at his neck for a few minutes, and when he pulled away, Burt

could see a purple mark on Blaine's collarbone. Then Kurt poured the salt, licked it up, took his shot of tequila, and fished the lime wedge out of Blaine's mouth. The video ended there, and Burt sat back in his chair, trying to process what he had just seen.

As far as Burt knew, Kurt and Blaine weren't having sex, but those two boys seemed pretty comfortable around each other. So unless they *had* had sex, or they were drunk...wait...there had to have been alcohol at that party! Oh, those boys were in for it *big time*.

Burt had barely thought this when the front door opened. He got up out of his chair and walked into the entryway. Finn was shutting the door behind him, and Kurt and Blaine were waiting for him, hands clasped.

"Hello boys."

All three jumped and turned to Burt. Kurt looked paler than usual and sick to his stomach, confirming that he had definitely been drinking the night before. Blaine's hair was out of its gelled prison and curled around his ears, and his jacket was buttoned all the way to his neck. Finn didn't really look that different than any other morning, but he refused to look at Blaine-but Burt knew the reason for that.

"Follow me," Burt said and turned to walk into the living room. The boys followed him, and Burt pointed at the couch when they were all in the room. "*Sit*."

Burt stayed standing as Kurt sat between Blaine and Finn. He looked up at Burt. "What's this about?"

Instead of answering, Burt looked at Blaine. "Blaine, why don't you take your coat off? You'll probably here awhile."

Blaine paled. "Um...I'll just wait until me and Kurt go upstairs."

Burt narrowed his eyes. "Take off your coat, Blaine Anderson."

"But...*why*? It's...it's cold in here."

Burt saw Kurt roll his eyes. "Just take off your coat, Blaine," Kurt said.

Blaine glared at Kurt. "I see *someone* forgot," he hissed as he unbuttoned his coat and slid it off.

Burt watched, slightly amused, as Kurt gaped at the rather *large* hickey on Blaine's collarbone.

"You...you couldn't have put your shirt back on?" Kurt asked weakly.

"I couldn't find it!" Blaine said. "I think Wes took it. He, David, Nick, and Jeff were already gone when I woke up."

"Wait, if this is about *that*, why am *I* here?" Finn asked, still refusing to look at Blaine.

"Because I have a feeling that there was alcohol at this party," Burt answered. "Am I wrong?"

"No," Finn mumbled.

"We're sorry, Dad," Kurt said immediately. "We were playing Never Have I Ever."

Burt raised an eyebrow. "That doesn't mean you had to drink. None of you are twenty one, Kurt Elizabeth."

Kurt bit his lip at that, and Blaine looked down at his lap, ashamed. Finn just looked confused.

"But...how else do you play Never Have I Ever?" he asked.

"Here's an idea-just don't play it," Burt said, hiding a smile. "After all, I'm sure Spin the Bottle and Truth or Dare were fun enough as it was."

There was a beat of silence. Then-

"How do you know what games we played?" Kurt asked, sounding worried.

"Your friend Santana may or may not have put up pictures and videos of the three of you."

All three boys paled. Finn dropped his head into his hands, and Kurt and Blaine grabbed each other's hands.

"What did you see?" Finn asked, not lifting his head.

"Hmm...let me think," Burt said, pretending to search his thoughts. "Oh, yes, I remember now. You and Blaine kissed-"

"Oh God," Blaine said, shuddering.

"Don't remind us," Finn added.

"Oh, and of course there was the body shot Kurt took off Blaine."

Kurt and Blaine blushed a dark red, but Burt watched as Blaine's eyes glazed over at the memory. Kurt's eyes swung to Blaine's stomach and traveled up the path he had licked the night before.

Burt snapped his finger, recapturing the attention of the two boys. "Focus, guys."

"C'mon, Dad," Kurt pleaded. "It was a *dare*."

"Well, for someone who is scared of even the *word* sex, you had no problems *licking your boyfriend*," Burt said, cocking an eyebrow.

Kurt and Blaine blushed again, and Finn snorted. Kurt turned to glare at Finn.

"Something you would like to share, Finn?" Burt asked.

"Finn," Kurt warned through gritted teeth.

"No," Finn squeaked at Burt.

"Do I have to take away your X-Box?"

"Kurt and Blaine have had sex!" Finn shouted.

If looks could kill, Finn would be dead on the floor and Kurt would be going to prison for murder. Blaine grabbed a pillow and stuffed it against his face, whimpering, "Oh god, oh god, oh god..."

"That's what I thought," Burt said.

"Wait," Kurt said. "What do you mean *that's what you thought?*"

Burt shrugged. "You've been acting different, Kurt. *Happier* I guess."

"And to be happy, I have to have had sex?" Kurt asked slowly.

Burt sighed, rolling his eyes. "*No*, Kurt, that's not what I meant."

"Then what did you mean?"

"You're just...*happier*. More confident. And when I see you looking at Blaine lately...there's just something more intimate about it. There's a look on both of your faces that I've only ever seen on your mother's face when we found out she was pregnant with you."

Tears started pouring from Kurt's eyes. Blaine wrapped his arm around his waist, and Kurt dropped his head onto Blaine's shoulder. Finn looked like he wanted to leave the room, but not because he was uncomfortable. More like he felt he was invading on Kurt's and Blaine's privacy, which Burt completely understood at the moment.

"So you're not mad?" Blaine asked, Kurt still unable to speak.

Burt sighed. "Blaine, about a year ago, after you came to my shop and told me I should talk about sex with Kurt-and then started *dating* Kurt a week later-I did what you asked and gave Kurt 'The Talk.' I told him that after he found that special person, and he was ready, I wanted him to experience everything. I can't believe that you would pressure him into anything, so I know that Kurt must have been ready."

"Can I go upstairs?" Finn asked as fresh tears poured down Kurt's cheek and Blaine pulled him closer.

"Yeah, go," Burt said to Finn.

When Finn had left, Kurt looked up at Burt. "Thank you, Dad," he whispered, and Burt didn't have to ask to know that Kurt wasn't only talking about being okay with him having sex. He was talking about everything that had just been said, and for accepting Blaine, and for not forbidding them from anything.

Burt smiled. "You're welcome, Kurt. Why don't you two go on upstairs."

"Thanks, Burt," Blaine said, standing up and holding his hand out to Kurt, who took it. "We'll leave the door open," he added, smiling.

Burt chuckled. "Okay," he said. As Kurt and Blaine turned to go upstairs, Burt called after them, "Oh, and Blaine? Put a shirt on, please?"

...

Kurt Hummel to Santana Lopez: I am going to *kill* you, Satan.

(Blaine Anderson and Finn Hudson like this)

Santana Lopez: What did I do now?

Blaine Anderson: You put up pictures and videos of the party and got me, Kurt, and Finn in trouble! Burt saw them! He saw the *body shot*, Santana!

(Finn Hudson, Kurt Hummel, Santana Lopez, and Noah "Puck" Puckerman like this)

Santana Lopez: You two weren't complaining last night. ;)

Kurt Hummel: That is beside the point, Santana.

Finn Hudson: I was!

Santana Lopez: I just figured you would want to relive that moment over and over again.

(Noah "Puck" Puckerman likes this)

Blaine Anderson: We don't need to do a body shot to relive that.

(Santana Lopez and Noah "Puck" Puckerman like this)

Kurt Hummel: Blaine!

Noah "Puck" Puckerman: Get some, Anderson!

(Santana Lopez likes this)

Kurt Hummel: I'm out of here.

(Kurt Hummel has signed off)

Blaine Anderson: Later!

(Blaine Anderson has signed off)

Santana Lopez: Wanky!

CHAPTER TWENTY-ONE

The Andersons

"Uh, Burt?"

Burt looked up to see Blaine standing in the living room doorway, biting his bottom lip.

"Oh Lord, Blaine, what did you do now?" Burt asked, sighing.

Blaine waved his hands in front of him. "Nothing! I didn't do anything this time! It's just..." He rubbed the back of his neck. "My parents want to meet you and Carole."

Burt sighed in relief. "Oh...alright then. Well, you and your parents could come to dinner tomorrow night."

Blaine nodded, but he didn't look happy. "Thanks, Burt."

Burt furrowed his eyebrows. "You okay, Blaine?"

Blaine nodded. "Yeah. See you tomorrow."

After Blaine had left, Burt called Carole and told her about the plans for the next night. She actually sounded excited about meeting Blaine's parents, but Burt couldn't share her feelings. Something in Blaine's expression was bothering him, but he supposed he would find out what it was tomorrow.

...

The next night, Burt answered the knock at the door while Carole was finishing dinner and Kurt and Finn were sitting in the living room.

"Hello, Mr. and Mrs. Anderson. Blaine," Burt greeted when he opened the door. Blaine gave him a quick hug, surprising Burt, before rushing past him into the house.

"Can I take your coats?" Burt offered the Andersons as they stepped into the house.

"Yes, thank you, Mr. Hummel," Mrs. Anderson said, removing her coat.

"Please, call me Burt," Burt said with a smile as he hung up their coats.

"I'm Roger," Mr. Anderson said. "And my wife's name is Arlene."

"My wife's name is Carole; she's in the kitchen finishing up dinner."

The Andersons followed Burt into the living room. Blaine was sitting next to Kurt on the couch, clutching Kurt's hand tightly. With his free hand, Kurt was rubbing Blaine's back and whispering in his ear. As soon as Blaine noticed his parents were in the room, he pulled his hand from Kurt's and moved so there was space between them.

Something Blaine had said to him almost a year ago floated into Burt's mind. *Do you think my dad built a car with me because he loves cars? I think he did it because he thought getting my hands dirty might make me straight.*

Burt glanced over at Roger, who was eyeing Kurt and Blaine out of the corner of his eye. Occasionally his glance would flicker down to their hands, where their pinkies were linked. A sneer appeared on Roger's face, and Burt instantly disliked the man.

"Hello, Kurt," Arlene said.

"Hello," Kurt said in a soft voice.

"How are you?"

"Fine, thank you." With his free hand, Kurt was playing with the hem of his shirt. Blaine looked like he longed to put his hand over Kurt's to calm him down, but his father's gaze kept him from moving. Burt's heart went out for the boy. He shouldn't have to hide from *anyone*, least of all his parents.

"Your outfit is very unusual, Kurt," Roger said. "It suits you well."

Blaine's eyes squeezed shut as Kurt answered. "Not exactly what I was going for, Mr. Anderson, but thank you I guess."

Kurt was still calling Blaine's father Mr. Anderson? Blaine had been calling him Burt since the moment the two boys had started dating.

"I like Kurt's outfit," Finn said from where he was sitting in his armchair. "Yeah, it's unusual, but Kurt's an unusual guy. But in the best possible way." Kurt beamed at him, and Blaine was smiling at Finn like he wanted to hug him.

That was another reason Burt loved his step-son. Finn was sticking up for Kurt without even realizing it.

Before anything else could be said, Carole walked into the living room to announce that dinner was ready.

"Hello, Mr. and Mrs. Anderson," she said with a warm smile. "I'm Carole. It's lovely to meet the both of you."

Blaine snorted quietly enough for his parents not to hear, but Burt was right behind him, so he heard it loud and clear. Burt put his hand on the boy's shoulder and gave it a squeeze, reassuring that someone besides Kurt was there for him when his parents weren't. Blaine briefly touched Burt's hand in a silent thanks.

Burt and Carole sat at each end of the table with the Andersons on one side and the three boys on the other. Arlene and Blaine were on opposite sides of Burt, and Kurt sat next to Blaine.

"Help yourselves," Carole said as soon as everyone was situated.

"This smells wonderful, Carole," Arlene said as she spooned mashed potatoes onto her plate then reached for the chicken.

"Tastes even better, Mom," Finn said around a mouthful of food.

"Finn," Burt said in a warning tone as Kurt shot him a glare.

"Thank you, Arlene," Carole said. "Finn, don't talk with food in your mouth."

Roger was looking at Kurt again, but Burt didn't like the way he was looking at Kurt. Burt could see that Kurt's and Blaine's hands were clasped under the table; the absence of their hands was most likely the cause Roger's gaze.

Over the course of dinner, the Andersons asked Burt and Carole questions and returned their answers with questions of their own.

"Have you gone to all of Kurt's performances?" Roger asked Burt.

Burt forced a smile. "Yes, Roger. I've made it my emphasis on the word *son* didn't go unnoticed.

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Roger nodded. "Yes, well, I have more important business to attend to than watching show choir," he said, taking a bite of his dinner.

Blaine's fork froze halfway to his mouth, and he set it back on his plate. He dropped his hand to his lap and just stared at a spot on the table. Burt saw Kurt look up at the Andersons, saw that neither of them were looking, then leaned over to kiss Blaine's shoulder. Blaine looked up at Kurt with a grateful smile and mouthed *I love you*.

I love you, too, Kurt mouthed back.

Burt smiled at the two boys before turning back to Roger. "You know, Roger, I'm sure you think Blaine is more important than any other...*business*...you may have."

Roger looked back at him expressionless. "Of course," he said in a bored voice.

"Arlene!" Carole suddenly said, seeing the fire forming in Burt's eyes. "Tell me, where did you get those earrings?"

Talk returned to polite dinner conversation, but Burt noticed that Roger was now looking at Kurt and Blaine, who had both finished their dinners by now. They were having their own quiet conversation, whispering and laughing softly. They were so wrapped up in each other that their linked hands had even moved to resting on the table.

"You know, Blaine," Roger said in a voice that made everyone stop and stare at him. "I think I can learn to be alright with you dating Kurt...dating him *is* like dating a girl."

Burt nearly jumped as Blaine slammed his fist down on the table and stood up out of his seat. He started *shouting* at his father. But you could barely understand him, because at the same time, *Finn* was yelling at Roger, and both boys were being very loud. Kurt was just staring down at his lap.

Burt reached out and grabbed Blaine's wrist, effectively silencing the boy. He turned and looked at Burt, hurt and anger in his eyes. He sat down, looking defeated, as Finn continued to flip out on Roger.

"Finn!" Burt shouted.

"What?" Finn hissed at Burt, not taking his eyes off of Roger.

"*Sit down.*"

Finn did as Burt said. He put his arm around Kurt's shoulder and whispered to him, "Are you okay?" Kurt just nodded, but Burt could see he was fighting back tears.

Burt turned to Roger with narrowed eyes. "Roger-"

"Fuck you."

Everyone turned to Blaine, who was staring at his father through narrowed eyes. Finn's eyes were wide.

"Blaine doesn't swear," he whispered.

"How dare you come into *Burt's* house and insult *his son*, the boy-no, the *man*-that *I love*. Kurt is the *best* thing that has ever happened to me. I *love* him, and he loves me. Kurt has been there for me *whenever* I needed him. He listens when I talk to him, comforts me when *you* write me off like I'm the scum off the bottom of your shoe.

"So you need to get used to something *right now*, Dad. I plan on being with Kurt for a *very* long time. Possibly for the rest of my life, if I have my way. He is the *only* thing that gives me the motivation to get out of bed and face a new day. He is the light of my life, and I fall in love with him more and more every day. Every day since I have met him has been the best days of my life, the very best being a few weeks ago...when we had sex for the first time."

Roger's and Arlene's eyes widened, but there were smiles on Carole's and Finn's faces, and Burt knew he was probably smiling himself. Kurt was looking at Blaine, tears flowing from his eyes.

Blaine was smiling now, too. "It was wonderful, Dad. I...I got to show Kurt just how much I love him, and he got to show me in return." He looked back up at his father with a pained look in his eyes. "Can't...can't you just accept that I love Kurt?"

As soon as Blaine stopped talking, Kurt threw his arms around Blaine, sobbing onto his shoulder. Blaine wrapped his arms around Kurt's waist and murmured into his hair, "I love you. *So much.*"

"We're leaving, Blaine," Roger said coldly, getting up out of his chair. "And you can end it with Kurt *right now* because you will never see him again."

Kurt pulled away from Blaine in shock, and everyone but Arlene was looking at Roger with their jaws dropped.

Everyone except Blaine, who was looking at Roger with pure hatred.

"You motherfucking asshole," he spat out. "You honestly think I am going to do that?" He stood up out of his chair and walked over to his father. "Fuck off."

"I will not have a *faggot* for a son," Roger said coldly.

And that was Blaine's snapping point. He pulled his fist back to slam into Roger's face, but Burt lunged for him, wrapping his arms around the boy to hold him back.

"Get your hands off my son!" Roger yelled. "*You* made him think that it was okay to like boys! Giving him *permission* to date your son!"

Burt narrowed his eyes. "I'm not touching your son, *Mr. Anderson*," he said. Roger went to speak, but Burt interrupted him. "Blaine isn't your son anymore. He's *my* son."

Everyone in the room froze. Blaine stopped struggling in his arms, so Burt let him go. Burt walked up to Roger and looked him straight in the eyes.

"You lost the *privilege* of being Blaine's father a long time ago. A real dad would support his son, not push him away or try to change him. Blaine has every right to love whoever he likes."

"Blaine should like *girls*. It's the *normal* thing to do," Roger said through gritted teeth.

"Get out of my house," Burt said in response. "And I never want you to come here again."

"Gladly. Arlene, Blaine, let's go."

"Oh, no," Burt said. "Blaine's not going with you. He's staying right here, where he's loved and cared for." Burt looked to Carole for confirmation, who just smiled through her tears. "Good-bye, Mr. Anderson. We'll come for Blaine's things tomorrow."

As Mr. and Mrs. Anderson rushed from the room, Blaine threw his arms around Burt.

"Thank you," he whispered into Burt's shoulder.

"No problem, kid," Burt said, squeezing Blaine once before letting him go. Kurt was standing behind Blaine, so when Burt released Blaine, Kurt pulled him into another hug.

"Come on, sweetie," Kurt said softly, pulling back from the hug but keeping an arm around Blaine's waist. "Let's go upstairs."

Burt didn't bother telling them to keep the door open. They would most likely just hold and comfort each other all night, and Burt trusted them not to do anything with anyone else in the house.

Tonight they just needed the freedom.

CHAPTER TWENTY-TWO

Massage

Blaine groaned as he rubbed his shoulder, his eyes closing as he winced in pain. *Damn, Kurt*, he thought. *The things I do for love.*

Thinking the words *Kurt* and *love* in the same sentence caused a happy smile to curve up the corners of his mouth. He turned to the side to gaze at Kurt, who was absorbed in the movie he, Blaine, Finn, and Puck were watching. *Monster's Inc.* was one of Kurt's favorite movies, and Blaine had been surprised when he found out Puck and Finn held a secret love for it as well.

Kurt looked so cute mouthing along to the beginning of the movie, when the monster was trying to scare the kid in the simulation room. Blaine leaned over to press a kiss to his boyfriend's cheek, but was stopped by another throb of pain down his back. He groaned again, unintentionally loud enough for Kurt to hear.

Kurt turned to him, a worried expression on his face. "Are you alright, Blainers?" he asked softly, lacing his fingers through Blaine's.

"My back and shoulders are really sore," Blaine said, groaning again. "Yesterday, in your room...it really made me work."

Blaine noticed Puck look over at them after he said that, eyebrows raised. Puck grinned and gave a suggestive wink before turning back to the movie.

"Oh, I'm sorry," Kurt said. "I just thought-"

"No, no!" Blaine said, waving his hands in front of him. Pain shocked him again, and he clutched his shoulders. "I'd do it again," he added with a gasp.

Kurt frowned. "Are in that much pain?" he asked, letting go of Blaine's hands so he could gently run his fingers over the skin of Blaine's shoulder. Blaine moaned as Kurt started kneading the muscles there-just the feeling of Kurt's hand on him was enough to make the pain go away.

Until Kurt pulled his hand away.

"Take your shirt off," Kurt said, using that tone he used when he didn't want to be argued.

"Damn, Hummel, can't you wait until the movie's over? Or tell me and Finn to leave?" Puck teased, a grin on his face.

"Shut up, Noah," Kurt said. "My boyfriend is in pain, so I am going to give him a massage."

"Why's he in pain?" Puck asked, giving a suggestive waggle of his eyebrows.

"Just something that happened in my room yesterday, Noah," Kurt answered, smirking. "You don't need to know about it."

Laughing, Puck turned back to the movie. Blaine was surprised Finn hadn't said anything, but he was so into the movie that Blaine didn't feel so surprised anymore.

Blaine pulled his shirt over his head, smirking at the way Kurt's eyes glued themselves to his abs. Blaine reached a hand up to cup Kurt's face so he could tilt it up, meeting his gaze.

"Are you okay, Kurt?" he asked, laughing.

Kurt blushed. "Yeah. Lie down on your stomach. Puck, sit on the floor."

Grumbling to himself, Puck did as Kurt said, giving Blaine room to lie down on the couch, resting his head on his arms. He gave a small squeak of surprise when he felt Kurt straddle his thighs.

"Shut up, Noah," Kurt snapped as Puck opened his mouth to say something.

Blaine tried to concentrate on the movie as Kurt started massaging his lower back. He bit his tongue to hold back a moan as Kurt kneaded his fingers *just right*. Blaine sighed in contentment as Kurt slowly relaxed the muscles of his lower back, aching for those smooth hands to work at his shoulders. Kurt massaged a particularly sore muscle, causing Blaine to let out an embarrassingly loud moan.

"Blaine, *shut up!*" Finn snapped. "I'm trying to watch *Monster's Inc.*! And I can't hear over your sex noises!"

"Oh please, Finn. Those are *not* his sex noises," Kurt said, causing Blaine to blush.

"Are those what I was hearing yesterday, Kurt?" Puck asked from where he was sitting by Blaine's head.
""Cause there was a lot of grunting."

Blaine's eyebrows furrowed, wondering what Puck meant. *Grunting?...OH.*

"Just watch the movie, Noah," Kurt said. Blaine could hear the eye-roll in his voice.

Kurt's fingers were now right above Blaine's lower back. Kurt was working slowly, giving each muscle special attention, using those magical fingers to make Blaine's pain go away. Blaine tried to hold back his louder moans, but his more breathy ones slipped out of his mouth; Blaine could tell Finn was getting more and more annoyed.

"Aww, Boo's so cute," Kurt murmured as he pressed particularly hard into a stressed muscle. *Oh, yeah, that's good.* "I want a daughter."

Blaine's head snapped up. He looked over his shoulder at Kurt. "What?"

"Oh...uh...I just meant-" He stopped and removed his hands from Blaine's back.

Blaine groaned. "Why'd you stop?"

Kurt was wringing his hands. "Didn't I just freak you out?"

Blaine realized his mistake. "Oh! Oh, Kurtie, no. I was just...surprised is all. You've never said anything like that before."

Kurt sighed in relief, bringing his hands back to Blaine's back, causing *Blaine* to sigh in relief.

"Kurt, you two can try all you want, but I don't think either of you is going to make a baby," Puck said, smirking. "I know how much you two tried yesterday."

Blaine buried his face back into his arms, fighting back laughter. He felt Kurt shaking with suppressed laughter, but Kurt didn't say anything.

"Can you three *please* be quiet?" Finn asked.

The three of them ignored him this time, and Blaine forgot Finn even existed as Kurt's fingers moved up slightly. Blaine was already feeling better, and Kurt hadn't even gotten to the most painful part yet. About ten minutes later, Kurt leaned forward to *finally* work at his shoulders.

"Oh," Blaine moaned as Kurt's hips moved into his.

Blaine saw Puck smirking as he watched the movie. Kurt removed his hands and pulled back.

"Blaine?..."

"No," Blaine breathed out. "Keep going."

"Repeat of yesterday," Puck said quietly so only Blaine heard him. Blaine wanted to punch him, but was stopped by the return of Kurt's hands and his...hips.

Blaine continued to moan and groan as Kurt massaged his shoulders, his body-*hips*-moving back and forth against him. Kurt dug the heels of his palms into Blaine's shoulders, causing him to push rather forcefully against Blaine. Blaine let out a strangled cry, a sound Blaine knew Kurt knew all too well.

Sure enough, Kurt slowly pulled back, and Blaine didn't know whether to feel relieved or upset. Blaine noticed that Puck was still watching them, still smirking.

"You two going to go back upstairs?" he asked, shaking with laughter.

Ignoring him, Kurt placed his hands back on Blaine's shoulders, gently kneading with his fingers as he leaned down, pressing himself against Blaine in the process. Blaine shivered as Kurt whispered in Blaine's ear, "Why should we go upstairs when we have a couch right here?"

Blaine groaned as Kurt pressed his lips to Blaine's neck, gently sucking. That, combined with the massaging and...and the *movement*, was sending Blaine over the edge.

"Kurt," he gasped.

"Shh," Kurt cooed. "You're still hurting, Blaine. Let me take care of you."

And who was Blaine to deny him?

Kurt moved so he was sitting on Blaine's back, and although Blaine missed the other position, this one was much more appropriate for the situation. It was back to just Kurt simply massaging Blaine, and the only pleasure Blaine was feeling was that of relief from his tight muscles.

Puck looked disappointed as he turned back to the movie, causing Blaine to seriously question the boy's sexuality.

By the time the movie ended, the massage had ended. Blaine was feeling more relaxed than he could ever remember feeling. He hadn't pulled his shirt back on, instead choosing to turn and cuddle with Kurt while they finished the movie.

"*I love that movie,*" Finn said, stretching.

"I think Kurt and Blaine enjoyed the movie almost as much as they enjoyed their time yesterday," Puck said, turning to face the rest of them.

"I still have no idea what you're talking about, Noah," Kurt said, trying to sit up, but Blaine still wanted to cuddle, so he pulled him back down.

Puck rolled his eyes. "Oh, come one, Hummel. We all know you and Anderson had sex yesterday. My question is: What the *hell* did you make him do to cause him that much pain? You know, not everyone is as flexible as you are."

Kurt cocked an eyebrow. "Blaine and I had sex yesterday? I wasn't aware of that." He looked down at Blaine. "Were you?"

"I was not," Blaine said.

"Wait," Finn said, looking very confused. "I thought you guys were moving Kurt's furniture around yesterday?"

"We were," Kurt said. "I have no idea where Noah got the idea we had sex."

Puck was blushing by now. "You guys made it *seem* like you did. Some of the things you were saying implied it."

Blaine grinned as Kurt buried his face in Blaine's neck to hide his laughter. "You, Noah Puckerman, just have a dirty mind."

Blaine and Kurt giggled as Puck huffed and stood up. "Come on, Finn, let's go upstairs and play X-Box." Finn followed him, leaving Kurt and Blaine alone on the couch.

Blaine slipped his fingers into Kurt's hair, letting the silky strands fall through his fingers. Kurt closed his eyes and hummed in contentment. Blaine pressed a kiss to Kurt's temple, tightening his hold on the older boy.

"I love you," he murmured against Kurt's hair.

Kurt's eyes opened, and he looked happily up at Blaine from the crook of Blaine's neck. "I love you, too." Blaine smiled and nuzzled his face into Kurt's hair, pulling him even closer. "My, my, you're awfully cuddly."

Blaine's smile widened as he breathed in the scent of Kurt's shampoo. *Wonderful*. "I just haven't had time to be close to you like this for a while. We've both been so busy lately."

Kurt snuggled closer to Blaine. "I know." He leaned up to press a deep, yet chaste kiss to Blaine's lips. "I know."

Blaine, still feeling relaxed from the massage, grabbed the blanket off the couch and spread it over the both of them.

"Let's go to sleep, love," he said, closing his eyes.

Kurt pressed a kiss to Blaine's neck. "Only for a little while."

Blaine smiled. "Whatever you say."

CHAPTER TWENTY-THREE

Skinny Dipping

It was the kind of night that Burt absolutely loved. One, it was Friday, which meant he had the whole weekend to spend with his family. Speaking of it being Friday, it was also *quiet*. Finn was at Puck's house for a COD marathon, Kurt was out with Blaine, and Carole would be home in a little over an hour.

Burt sighed happily as he sat down in his armchair and clicked on the TV, channel-surfing until he found a show to watch. With a beer in one hand and a sandwich in the other, life was good. He could finally relax and settle in for the night. He didn't have to get up out of his chair for anything.

A knock sounded at the door.

Burt groaned quietly. Maybe if he pretended he wasn't home they'd go away-

"Mr. Hummel, it's the Lima police."

-or maybe they wouldn't.

Burt rolled his eyes as he stood up. *What did Finn do?* he thought as he headed towards the door. Ready to strangle his step-son, Burt opened the door. But it wasn't Finn who was standing with the officer.

It was Kurt...and *Blaine*.

Burt's eyebrows furrowed as he took a closer look at the couple. Both were shivering slightly, and their hair was wet and dripping. Even their clothes were damp.

Confused, Burt turned to the officer. "What's going on?"

"Good evening, Mr. Hummel," the policeman said, ignoring Burt's question. "My name's Officer Paul Everett. May I come in?"

"Of course." Burt stepped back to allow Kurt, Blaine, and Paul to step into the house, Paul closing the door behind him.

"We'll just go upstairs," Kurt said, grabbing Blaine's hand. Burt, for the moment, pretended not to notice Paul's sneer.

"No, you'll stay right here," Burt said. He turned to Paul. "Can I know what happened now?"

"Those two boys were caught swimming in the public pool." Burt glared at Kurt and Blaine. "And...they were skinny dipping," Paul added, a disgusted look on his face.

Burt, pushing his anger aside *only for a minute*, said, "What's the bigger issue here, Officer? That my son and his *boyfriend* broke into the public pool, or the fact that they were skinny dipping together?"

Paul looked taken aback. "Oh, well, you can see how *both* acts were inappropriate. Breaking into the pool is one thing, but *skinny dipping* is just wrong, especially since they *are* two-

"Okay, I've heard enough," Burt said. "Thank you for bringing them home. I'll take it from here."

Looking slightly offended, Paul left. Taking a deep breath, Burt turned to Kurt and Blaine, a headache already forming. *I'm going to end up **killing** Blaine.*

"Wow, Burt, thanks!" Blaine said, blushing slightly. "And don't worry, we've learned our lesson and we'll never do that again!" He started tugging Kurt towards the stairs.

"Hold it right there, Blaine," Burt said, causing the boy to freeze. "Both of you get in the living room-*now*."

As the boys sulked towards the living room, Burt dropped his head into his hands. Why did this keep happening to him? Just the other day he had found out Kurt and Blaine were having sex in the most embarrassing way possible. Burt didn't know if he could ever look at a gumball machine the same way ever again.

Burt sighed again before joining the boys in the living room. They stared at each other for a good while before Burt said:

"You know, I kind of always assumed Finn would be the son to get brought home by the police."

"Hey!"

Burt turned to see Finn standing in the other living room doorway. "I thought you were at Puck's?" he said, confused.

Finn shook his head. "He canceled at the last minute, so I've been upstairs. I just came down to get a drink." He stepped into the living room. "What's going on?"

Burt glared at Kurt and Blaine. "Those two were caught breaking in to the public pool."

"Seriously?" Finn asked, a huge grin on his face. "Badass, guys."

Kurt rolled his eyes. "Thanks," he said sarcastically.

"And they were *skinny dipping*," Burt added.

Finn's draw dropped. "*Really?* Whose idea was that?"

Burt glared at Blaine. "Do you even have to ask, Finn?"

"It was my idea."

All heads turned to Kurt.

"Wait...what?" Burt said.

Kurt shrugged. "It was my idea," he repeated. Blaine crossed his arms, looking rather smug.

Finn, on the other hand, was positively *ecstatic*. "Dude, that's *awesome!* I always thought you were this innocent prude!"

Kurt's jaw dropped, but Blaine was the one who spoke. "Oh, Finn, Kurt is *not* a prude."

Kurt glared at Blaine as Burt spoke to Finn, not taking his eyes off of the two boys on the couch. upstairs."

"Finn, go

"But-!"

"UPSTAIRS, FINN!"

Finn stomped towards the stairs. "*Fine.*"

Once Finn was out of sight, Burt spoke.

"What in the *hell* were the two of you thinking? You could have been arrested!"

"Ah, but we weren't," Blaine said, pointing.

Kurt slapped Blaine. "Not helping, Blaine!"

"But you've got to admit, it was funny!" Finn's voice floated from the hallway.

Burt sighed. "Go upstairs, Finn!"

"We're really sorry, Burt," Blaine said, at least having the decency to look sheepish.

Burt pinched the bridge of his nose. "Just...tell me why you did it."

Blaine shrugged. "We were bored." Kurt facepalmed.

"You could have come back here and watched a movie or something! You didn't have to break the law!"

Burt said, cocking an eyebrow. "And you were *skinny dipping*? What the hell, guys?"

"Kurt wanted to ha-OW" Blaine was interrupted by an elbow to the ribs.

"Shut *up*, Blaine!" Kurt hissed.

"Yeah, dude, you gotta learn when to stop talking," Finn commented, passing the living room doorway.

"Finn-" Burt started.

"I never got my drink!" Finn called as he walked into the kitchen.

Shaking his head, Burt turned back to Kurt and Blaine. "I hope you know the two of you are grounded."

Kurt crossed his arms as Blaine said, "How long is Kurt grounded for?"

Burt cocked an eyebrow. "Both of you are grounded, Blaine."

"HA!" Finn said, returning from the kitchen. Glass in hand.

Burt looked at the ceiling. "Go *upstairs*, Finn." Snickering, Finn did as Burt said.

"How can you ground *me*?" Blaine asked. "I don't live here."

"Oh, he'll find a way," Kurt muttered.

Burt crossed his arms. "You two are grounded for two weeks. You will not go out on *any* dates for those two weeks. Blaine, you are only allowed here until eight o'clock, and you aren't allowed in Kurt's room. The two of you will either sit here in the living room or at the dining room table. Kurt, you are not to leave this house for those two weeks besides school."

"Told you he'd find a way," Kurt said, smirking.

Blaine looked crestfallen. "But...but that means Kurt and I won't be alone at all for two whole weeks!"

"What a tragedy," Burt said sarcastically, rolling his eyes.

"Thanks a lot, Kurt," Blaine grumbled, crossing his arms like a child and sitting back against the couch.

Kurt rolled his eyes. "You weren't exactly complaining at the time, Blaine."

Blaine opened his mouth to argue, but Burt cut him off. "Blaine, this grounding starts right now, and it is..."
Burt glanced at his watch. "...eleven thirty. Time for you to go home."

"Can I at least walk him to the door?" Kurt asked as Blaine stood up.

Burt rolled his eyes. "Yes, Kurt," he said, sinking back down into his armchair.

Burt watched as they walked out of the living room and into the entry way. He couldn't see them, but he could still hear them.

"I'm sorry," Kurt murmured.

Blaine sighed. "It's not your fault, babe. Like you said, I wasn't complaining."

There was a noise that Burt knew meant they had kissed.

"I love you. I'll see you tomorrow?"

"Yeah, I'll come over around twelve. I love you, too."

The front door opened and closed, and Kurt appeared in the doorway a few seconds later.

"Good night, Dad," he said, only sounding a little bit angry.

Burt grinned. "'Night, kid."

He heard Kurt stomp up the stairs and slam his bedroom door shut. Burt hadn't grounded-hadn't *had* to ground-Kurt in quite some time.

Yeah, it was nights like these that Burt loved being a parent.

CHAPTER TWENTY-FOUR

Sex Dream

"Mmm...*Blaine*..."

Finn froze outside Kurt's door. He could have sworn Blaine had gone home an hour ago-but it sounded like he and Kurt were making out again.

Finn opened the door to tell Blaine (like the wonderful brother he was) to go home or Burt would be upset, but froze when he saw the scene in front of him.

Kurt was asleep in his bed, tangled in his sheets. Sweat was prominent on his brow, and he seemed to be having a slight problem...er-*below the belt*.

Oh. And he was moaning Blaine's name.

"Oh, Blaine...yes...God, *Blaine*!"

Finn grinned as he shut Burt's door. He knew exactly what was going on in Kurt's-ahem-*innocent* dreamland.

Wait'll Blaine heard about this!

...

Fridays were Blaine's favorite days of the week. He was always invited to the Hudmels for Friday Night Dinners. It was the only time he felt like he was part of a family who cared about him. Rachel was going to be there tonight-her very first Friday Night Dinner.

Blaine knocked on the Hudmel's front door, crossing his fingers behind his back in hopes of Kurt being the one to answer.

Finn pulled the door open.

"Blaine!" he said, a grin spreading over his face.

"Hey, Finn," Blaine said, pushing past Finn to stand in the entryway. "Where's Kurt?"

"He's helping Mom and Rachel in the kitchen," Finn said. "Wait!" he added as Blaine walked in the direction of the kitchen. "I have something to tell you."

"What?" Blaine asked curiously as he followed Finn into the dining room. He could hear Kurt through the kitchen door.

Finn's grin widened. "So last night, I was walking past Kurt...and I heard Kurt say your name in his sleep."

Blaine blushed, but he couldn't stop a smile from forming. "And your point is? He was dreaming about me."

"It must have been a good dream," Finn said slyly.

Blaine sighed. "Well, I would hope so."

Finn snickered. "Yeah, Kurt was moaning and groaning your name. And he...uh...*looked rather happy*, if you know what I mean."

Blaine's eyes widened in understanding. "Oh. So Kurt was having a..."

"Yep," Finn answered.

Before Blaine could say anything, Rachel called Finn into the kitchen. Finn winked at Blaine before disappearing through the door.

Blaine was left standing there, stunned. Kurt had said he was definitely *not* ready for sex, and Blaine never thought once that Kurt had sex dreams. They hadn't even allowed their hands to travel South of the Equator. Blaine was even sure Kurt had never had to take a cold shower...even if they had become *Blaine's* new best friend.

But now Blaine had been proved wrong, and he was loving it. Now that he knew Kurt's dirty little secret...oh, dinner was going to be *fun*.

Blaine turned when he heard the kitchen door open. Carole, Kurt, Rachel, and Finn were carrying plates of food to the table. Blaine grinned at Kurt, and he beamed back at him.

"Hi Blaine!"

"Hey Kurt," Blaine said, walking over to him and kissing his cheek. "Oh, awesome, Carole made chicken alfredo!"

Kurt laughed. "And garlic bread," he added, setting down his platter. "Sit down while I go get Dad."

Blaine sat across from Finn, noticing that Rachel had brought her own, vegan-approved meal for the night. Finn leaned over so he could tell Blaine something without Rachel and Carole overhearing.

"Are you going to say something to Kurt?"

Blaine grinned. "You could say that."

Finn laughed. He was still laughing when Kurt and Burt walked into the dining room and took their seats.

"What's so funny?" Kurt asked Finn as everyone started eating, Carole and Burt making conversation with Rachel.

"Nothing," Finn said, grabbing a slice of bread. "So, Blaine, have any good dreams lately?"

Kurt looked very confused at the question, but Blaine nearly choked on his food as he tried to fight back laughter.

"No," he said, shaking with suppressed laughter.

"What about you, Kurt?" Finn asked casually, smirking down at his plate.

"No," Kurt said slowly, still looking confused. "Why do you ask?"

Finn shrugged. "No reason. Just trying to make conversation."

Rolling his eyes, Kurt turned to Blaine. "Oh, Blaine, you have sauce on your chin." He looked around to make sure Burt and Carole weren't looking, then leaned over and licked it off. "There," he whispered, pulling away slowly.

Blaine fought past the moan in his throat and said, "Familiar, Kurt?"

Kurt's eyebrows knitted together as Finn snorted into his alfredo. "Um...no. Should it be?"

"You tell me," Blaine murmured before turning back to his food.

"You know, Kurt," Finn said quietly, making sure no one else heard but he and Blaine. "You were moaning in your sleep last night. I thought you were having a nightmare, so I went in to check on you..."

"You weren't having a nightmare, Kurt," Blaine whispered directly in his ear.

"I...I know," Kurt said, looking from Finn to Blaine. "But thank you anyways, Finn."

Apparently deciding to give up on conversation with Finn and Blaine, Kurt turned and joined Carole, Burt, and Rachel's conversation.

Finn stared open-mouth at Kurt. "How is he not getting it?" he asked Blaine.

Blaine was just as shocked. "I know."

The rest of dinner was spent with Blaine and Finn trying to think of ways to get Kurt to understand. And Blaine was getting *very* frustrated.

"*God*, Kurt, why do you have to make this so *hard*!" Blaine finally said.

"Yeah, like he made you last night!" Finn blurted.

Everyone at the table froze, and all eyes turned to Kurt, who was now a deep shade of red.

"Um, Kurt?" Burt said. "What the hell is Finn talking about?"

"I really *don't* know, Dad," Kurt said, giving his father a pleading look.

"Oh, so your sex dream about Blaine didn't wake you up?" Finn asked, honestly sounding confused.

Blaine hadn't thought it was possible, but Kurt turned an even darker shade of red. Blaine glared daggers at Finn. He could understand Finn telling *him*, but did he have to let *everyone else* know?

"I...how..." He buried his face in his hands. "This is so embarrassing!"

Blaine wanted to comfort Kurt, but he didn't know how under Burt's gaze.

Burt sighed heavily. "Kurt-"

"Oh, Burt, Kurt couldn't help it. He was *sleeping*," Carole said.

"Can we *not* talk about this?" Kurt snapped, picking his head up.

"Yeah, that's a disgusting thing to-" Rachel started.

"Oh yeah, Rachel?" Kurt snarled. "Well Finn likes to moan *your* name while he *masturbates*!"

"So, Burt, how about we go get the dessert?" Carole said as Burt opened his mouth.

Burt looked up at her with a confused expression on his face. "But we don't have dessert."

"Then let's go buy some."

Carole pulled a spluttering Burt from the room, leaving two red-faced and two jaw-dropped teenagers in the dining room.

"Kurt, how...?" Finn asked.

"You're not exactly *quiet*, Finn," Kurt hissed. "And I'm in the room *right across from you*."

"But did you have to tell Rachel?"

"Did *you* have to tell *Blaine*?"

Finn opened his mouth, probably to comment back, but Blaine interrupted.

"Kurt," he said, trying to look into Kurt's eyes, but Kurt wouldn't meet his gaze. "*Kurt*. Sex dreams are perfectly normal. I have them, too, you know."

Kurt finally looked at Blaine. "You do?"

Blaine laughed. "Yes, Kurt, I do. The only difference is they wake *me* up. Which makes me have to-"

"Okay, dude, too much information," Finn said, putting his hands up.

"Eww, *gross*," Rachel said, wrinkling her nose.

"Rachel, stop it," Blaine said, turning to her. "Boys masturbate, they have sex dreams, *so what?* And it shouldn't surprise you, but *so do girls*."

Rachel scoffed. "That's horrible of you to say."

"Rachel," Kurt said, dragging out her name. She glared at him.

"What?" Finn said. "What?"

"Oh, nothing," Kurt said innocently, standing up. "Come on, Blaine, it's Finn's turn to do the dishes. Rachel can dry them tonight."

Blaine gladly followed after Kurt, secretly enjoying the awkwardness and sexual tension they left behind. But once they closed Kurt's door behind them (hey, Burt and Carole weren't home), he hated the awkwardness that exuded from Kurt.

"Blaine-"

"Kurt, remember what I told you downstairs?" Blaine said, putting his hands on Kurt's shoulders.

"...Yes."

"Then forget about it," Blaine whispered before capturing Kurt's lips with his own.

...

Later that night, Kurt walked Blaine down to the door.

"Night, baby," Blaine murmured, hooking his fingers through Kurt's belt loops and smiling at the fresh hickey on Kurt's neck.

"Good night," Kurt said, pressing a sweet kiss against Blaine's lips.

Blaine was practically walking on air as he walked towards his car. But he couldn't help but shout over his shoulder before he got in his car.

"I hope your night is as good as last night!"

CHAPTER TWENTY-FIVE

Sam

"Bye," Blaine murmured against Kurt's lips. They were by Kurt's Navigator. Blaine had been waiting with Kurt for Finn and Sam. Now, the two jocks were walking towards the car.

"Bye," Kurt said, pulling away to unlock the car. "I'll see you tomorrow?"

"Yeah...you know, you never did tell me why you couldn't go out tonight," Blaine said, hearing the pout in his voice.

Kurt bit his lip. "I promised Finn I would hang out with him and Sam tonight." He pressed another swift kiss against Blaine's lips as Sam climbed into the passenger seat and Finn slid into the back. "I love you."

"Love you, too," Blaine said, watching as Kurt got behind the wheel, Sam immediately starting a conversation.

As Blaine got into his own car, a thought drifted into his head. It wasn't a new thought, rather one that had been nagging at him ever since Kurt had told him Sam would be staying with him and Finn while he was back in Ohio.

Where does Sam sleep? Blaine thought as he navigated the roads home.

Finn wouldn't be comfortable with a guy sleeping in a bed with him, no matter how accepting he was, and the Hudmel's couch was *not* fit to sleep on...and unless Sam slept on the floor on top of a *lot* of blankets...that only left one other place.

If he sleeps in Kurt's bed with him, he thought, his hands clenching tight on the steering wheel.

...

The next morning, Blaine was late for school, so he missed his morning time with Kurt. Which meant he wouldn't be able to talk to Kurt until Glee club. But when he got there later that day, Kurt wasn't there.

"Where's Kurt?" Blaine asked Finn, taking the seat behind him.

"He was way too tired to get out of bed this morning," Sam answered. "He didn't get much sleep last night. But I tell you, when Kurt *does* sleep, he likes to *cuddle*."

"And how would you know *that*?" Blaine asked through gritted teeth. There was only one reason that Blaine himself knew that.

But Sam didn't get the chance to answer, as Mr. Schue walked in and started class. Blaine glared at the back of Sam's head until it was time to leave, not hearing one word of the lesson.

Just like he did every day, Blaine went directly home to do his homework. His father wouldn't allow him to do *anything* until every problem was solved and each essay written. Blaine rushed through it as fast as he could, but it still took him two hours. He ran down the stairs, told his parents he was going out, then rushed out the door.

Blaine drove as fast as he could to Kurt's house without speeding. He wanted to find out for sure whether or not Sam was sleeping in Kurt's bed, because it sure sounded like it.

Kurt's Navigator and Finn's truck were the only cars in the driveway, so both Burt and Carole must have been at work. Blaine entered the house without knocking, wanting to surprise Kurt.

"Blaine?"

Blaine paused in the living room doorway at the sound of Sam's voice. He was watching some comedy TV show by himself.

"Oh," Blaine said coldly. "Hi Sam."

Sam looked confused. "Um...did I do something wrong, Blaine? You seemed kind of mad during Glee rehearsal."

Blaine narrowed his eyes. "Oh, no, nothing's wrong, Sam. I'm perfectly okay with my boyfriend sleeping with another guy."

"What are you talking about?" Sam asked, raising his voice slightly.

"You know damn well what I'm talking about!" Blaine shouted. "It's just like you said in Glee earlier- '*when Kurt **does** sleep, he likes to **cuddle**.*'"

"Oh, my God, Blaine, what is the big deal!" Sam yelled back. "We-"

"What's the big deal?" Blaine snarled. "The big deal is that I have a problem with my boyfriend sleeping with a guy he used to have a crush on! Are you going to stand there and tell me you would be perfectly fine with your girlfriend sleeping with someone *she* used to like!"

"I'm *straight*, Blaine! You have nothing to worry about! So stop being jealous!"

"*Jealous?* I'm not *jealous*! I'm being rational!"

"Jealous," Sam said in a taunting voice.

"Rational!" Blaine countered.

"*Jealous.*"

"*Rational!*"

"Guys!" Burt shouted. Neither boy had heard him come home.

Blaine ignored him. "Stay away from Kurt, Sam! He's *mine*!"

Sam sighed in exasperation. "For the second time, Blaine! I. AM. STRAIGHT! What is your problem!"

"Sam! Blaine!" Burt tried again.

"Just stay away from Kurt and I won't have a problem!"

"You're acting like a jerk, Blaine," Sam said.

"What's with all the shouting?" Finn asked, walking into the living room and collapsing onto the couch.

"Blaine and Sam are arguing and I can't calm them down," Burt said as said boys continued to shout at each other.

"I thought we were friends now!"

"We are *not* friends!" Blaine snarled. "My *friends* don't try to get with my boyfriend!"

"God, Blaine, how deaf and dumb are you? Do I have to repeat myself again?"

Blaine opened his mouth to shout another retort, but he was interrupted.

"Blaine Anderson."

Blaine froze at the sound of Kurt's voice. He hadn't heard Kurt walk into the living room. Then again, he hadn't heard Burt or Finn-he and Sam must have been really loud.

"Oh...uh...hi, Kurt," Blaine said, biting his lip.

Kurt's arms were crossed over his chest. "What is going on here?"

"Um...Sam and I are...fighting."

"*Why?*"

"Blaine thinks I'm trying to steal you from him," Sam said before Blaine could answer. Blaine opened his mouth to yell at Sam, but one look from Kurt shut him up.

"Blaine! Why would you think that?" Kurt asked.

"Sam said the two of you were cuddling in your sleep last night," Blaine mumbled.

Kurt rolled his eyes. "Blaine. Me, Finn, and Sam were up late watching movies, and I fell asleep on Sam. And you know how I get when I fall asleep. Sam was just nice enough to let me be until the movie ended. Then he woke me up so he could move to the air mattress-"

"Air mattress?" Blaine interrupted.

"Yes, Blaine, the *air mattress*," Sam said. "Which I would have explained to you had you given me the chance!"

Blaine was starting to feel guilty. "Oh...sorry."

There was an awkward silence. Then-

"So are we all good now?" Burt asked, sounding hopeful.

"Yeah," Sam said. "I can understand why Blaine thought what he thought. I was pretty vague about it."

Finn laughed. "Come on, dude, we'll go play Call of Duty."

As Finn and Sam ran upstairs, Burt sat down in his chair and flipped to a sports game, mumbling something about "teenage boys going to be the death of him."

Kurt grabbed Blaine's hand and pulled him up to his room, shutting the door behind him.

"So where's the air mattress?" Blaine asked, looking around.

"We take it out right before Sam decides to go to sleep, and take it down when he wakes up in the morning. It's in the hall closet."

"Oh," Blaine said. He looked at Kurt. "Kurt, I'm really sorry I thought you were sleeping with Sam. I was stupid."

Kurt smiled. "It's okay." He leaned down to whisper in Blaine's ear, "But how about I prove to you again that *you're* the only one I want?"

Blaine's eyes widened, but he quickly got over it as Kurt pressed his lips against Blaine's and pulled him down on top of him onto the bed. Blaine moaned as Kurt slid his fingers under Blaine's shirt and pulled it off. Kurt flipped them so he was on top and started kissing down Blaine's chest, stopping to suck hickeys onto Blaine's abs. Blaine groaned when Kurt flicked the button of his pants.

"Kurt," he breathed.

Kurt smiled down at him as he pulled his own shirt off before reattaching his lips to Blaine's, leaving Blaine's pants alone.

"Tease," Blaine mumbled against his lips.

Kurt giggled as Blaine flipped them again so he could ravish Kurt's neck. Kurt immediately turned into goo as Blaine latched onto that particularly sweet spot where his neck met his shoulder and sucked.

But just as Kurt's hands had returned to the button of Blaine's pants, Kurt's door flew open.

"Hey, Kurt, we have to play in here, Finn's-oh! Sorry!"

Blaine sat up and turned to glare at Sam.

"What the fuck, Sam!"

Finn's head appeared behind Sam's shoulder.

"Oh, man, Sam, did you just cockblock Blaine?"

"I think so," Sam said, sounding amused. But the grin slid off his face when Finn spoke again.

"If you value your life, you will *run*."

CHAPTER TWENTY-SIX

Pants

"Where's Kurt?" Burt asked as he sat down in his armchair.

Finn's gaze didn't move from the football game on TV. "Last I knew he was at Blaine's house studying."

"Well, he'd better get home soon. It's almost dinner time."

Ten minutes later, Burt heard the front door open and shut.

"Kurt?" he called.

Kurt's head poked into the living room, but the rest was hidden behind the doorway.

"Oh...uh...hi, Dad. I'm just going to go drop my stuff upstairs, then I'll be right back down."

Burt's eyes narrowed. Kurt was hiding something, he could tell. His son looked worried.

"Kurt...Come in here," Burt said.

"W-why?" Kurt asked, trying to sound innocently curious.

"Just do it."

Sighing, Kurt did as Burt said. Burt's eyes widened. Kurt was wearing his usual type of outfit...all for the gray sweatpants on his hips. That was something Burt didn't think he would *ever* see Kurt wear.

"Dude," Finn said, sounding surprised. "Are you wearing *sweatpants*?"

"Yes, Finn," Kurt snapped. "Dad? What did you want?"

"I just wanted to know what you looked so worried about. *Why* are you wearing sweatpants?" Burt answered. "You left the house this morning wearing jeans!"

Kurt's face flamed. "Well, my jeans are in Blaine's washer-"

"Those are Blaine's sweatpants?" Burt interrupted, looking down and noticing for the first time that the bottom of the pant legs barely made it past Kurt's ankles.

Finn grinned at Kurt, finally tearing his eyes away from the TV. "Buzz kill not work for you?"

Kurt glared at Finn, who just snickered before turning back to the game.

"Kurt," Burt said in a low voice. Kurt jumped and swung terrified eyes on Burt. "Please tell me Finn isn't right."

"O-of course not, Dad," Kurt said weakly. "Blaine and I were...making a cake! And...I got flour all over my jeans."

"Oh, is that what they're calling it these days?" Finn asked, his grin widening.

"Shut *up*, Finn!" Kurt shrieked. "You don't know what you're talking about!"

"Kurt," Burt sighed. "If it was just flour, why did you have to wash your pants? You could have brushed it off and worn them home." He did not like the idea of Kurt taking his pants off in Blaine's house.

"Dad," Kurt said with some of his usual sass. "I didn't want to risk ruining a pair of my pants."

"It was just flour!"

"Burt, you know how Kurt is with his clothes," Finn said, rolling his eyes.

Burt looked at Kurt, trying to judge by the look in his eyes if Kurt was telling the truth. Kurt bit his lip as he stared back, worry and a small amount of panic darkening his eyes. But Kurt had never lied to him before, so Burt decided to trust him on this.

"Fine," Burt said. "I believe you, Kurt. Go upstairs and put your stuff away while Finn and I set the table for Carole."

Finn shook his head as he stood up and followed Burt. "You actually bought that?" he whispered in Burt's ear.

Burt ignored him.

...

When dinner was over, Burt helped Carole with the dishes while Finn and Kurt bickered over what movie to watch. Kurt must have won because he heard Finn huff and stomp up the stairs. Chuckling, Burt grabbed a plate.

Suddenly, there was a knock at the door. Setting down the dish towel, Burt left Carole to answer the door. He froze behind the doorway in the dining room when he heard Blaine's voice. Kurt had answered the door.

"Blaine? What are you doing here?" Kurt asked.

"Well, I finished cleaning your pants and I decided to bring them to you tonight instead of tomorrow," Blaine answered. Burt heard the door close.

"Why?"

"It gave me an excuse to see you again tonight."

Burt knew Kurt must be smiling and blushing, and Burt was about to go back into the kitchen to let them say good night. But then Blaine spoke again, wiping the smile right off of Burt's face.

"Next time, could you wait until your pants are *off*?"

Burt's jaw dropped. *What?*

"Blaine!" Kurt hissed. "Keep your voice down! I told my dad we were making a cake and I got flour on my jeans!"

"Well, we did *start* 'making a cake,'" Blaine said slyly.

"What kind of cake?" Burt asked, stepping into the doorway.

Burt watched as Kurt jumped and Blaine went pale. Like, *very* pale. Possibly even paler than Kurt. And Kurt was *pale*.

"D-Dad," Kurt stuttered. "How long have you been standing there?"

"Since you answered the door," Burt answered, giving Blaine a hard look.

"Oh," Kurt whispered.

"What kind of cake?" Burt repeated, still looking at Blaine.

Blaine blushed a dark shade of red. "Um...the...the kind that you...eat."

Kurt rolled his eyes. "Smooth, Blaine."

"Well, you *do* eat it," Blaine blurted.

"Okay!" Burt said. "Kurt, I don't appreciate you lying to me."

"How was I supposed to tell you what really happened, Dad?" Kurt asked. "I don't think it's something you want to hear."

"Be that as it may-"

"We're sorry, Burt," Blaine interrupted.

Burt sighed. "Just...Kurt, lie to me again, and I'll cut your curfew for a week."

"Okay, Dad," Kurt said softly.

"Blaine...go home," Burt said.

"Okay," Blaine mumbled. He kissed Kurt's cheek. "Bye, Kurt."

"Bye," Kurt murmured as Blaine left.

Burt and Kurt looked at each other, Kurt red-faced and Burt feeling awkward.

"Sorry, Dad," Kurt finally said.

Burt pinched the bridge of his nose. "It's fine, Kurt. Just...go upstairs, okay?"

Kurt nodded and practically fled to his room. Burt returned to Carole, who had finished washing the dishes and had started drying them.

"Who was at the door?" Carole asked.

"Blaine."

"What did he want?"

Burt thought for a minute.

"He was dropping off Kurt's cake."

CHAPTER TWENTY-SEVEN

Love Songs

Valentine's Day was only a few days away. And the assignment for the week was-surprise!-love songs. So, of course, Kurt was going to sing to Blaine. The only problem?

What song was good enough?

Sighing, he leaned back in his chair. He had been the first to arrive at Glee rehearsal, but the rest of New Directions were starting to arrive. He didn't notice Blaine come in until he sat down next to Kurt and kissed his cheek.

"Penny for your thoughts?" Blaine asked.

Kurt smiled at him. "Just trying to figure out what love song to sing to you."

Blaine grinned back at him. "I've had your love song picked out since Mr. Schue told us the lesson."

Kurt huffed. Blaine *would* have his song picked out already. Chuckling, Blaine just took Kurt's hand and stroked his knuckles as Kurt continued to ponder.

"I Don't Want to Miss a Thing"... "As Long as You're Mine" (No, that's a duet)... "Unchained Melody"

None of those songs seemed right, though. At the rate he was going, Kurt was going to end up having to *write* Blaine's song.

Kurt thought all through the lesson-he didn't even pay attention to Rachel when she sang "Fearless" to Finn. He didn't even notice that it was time to go until Blaine tugged on his hand.

"Kurt, it's time to go," Blaine said, laughing. "Have my song picked out yet?"

"No," Kurt snapped, slinging his bag over his shoulder. Blaine opened his mouth to say something, but Kurt interrupted him. "Don't talk to me, Blaine. I need to figure out a song in two days and I am going to use every moment I can!"

Blaine laughed again as he followed Kurt out of the school and to their parked cars.

"Do I at least get a kiss good bye?" Blaine asked.

Kurt barely brushed his lips against Blaine's cheek before sliding into his car.

"Love you," Kurt mumbled before shutting his door.

Blaine gaped at him as Kurt practically peeled out of the parking lot. It was pure luck that he made it home safely-he paid more attention to trying to choose Blaine's song than the road.

Upstairs in his room, Kurt fell face first onto his bed, groaning into his pillow. Last Valentine's Day with Blaine had been so horrible. So this Valentine's Day needed to be so perfect. Out of boredom, Kurt replayed his last Valentine's Day, going through every detail, every conversation, every song-

Kurt shot up into a sitting position. A grin spread over his face.

He had the perfect song.

...

Two days later, and it was Kurt's and Blaine's turn to sing their love songs.

"So, Kurt, Blaine, which one of you wants to go first?"

"I would!" Kurt said, a huge smile on his face.

Blaine was slightly surprised. Only two days ago, Kurt was moody and angry because he *didn't* have a song, but now his face was beaming.

Kurt stood in front of the rest of Glee club, his hands clasped behind his back. And, no, Blaine was *not* checking him out in those skinny jeans.

"So, as some of you know, I didn't have the best Valentine's Day last year," Kurt said. Blaine felt the familiar pang of guilt before Kurt continued. "But now I have Blaine, and he makes this Valentine's Day the best ever."

Blaine felt his face heat up as everyone turned and smiled at him. He blew a kiss to Kurt, who beamed at him before turning back to everyone else.

"Now, before I sing my song, I need to go get a few of my friends to help me out."

Blaine's smile vanished as he got a sinking feeling in his stomach. Kurt wouldn't do that...would he?

"Hi, Blaine!" Jeff called as he, Nick, David, Thad, Trent, Nicholas, Nelson, Cameron, and Jon followed Kurt into the room. He noticed Sebastian hadn't been invited.

Oh, but he would.

"Kurt, what are they doing here?" Rachel demanded.

"Shut up, Rachel, and let me sing my song," Kurt said, glaring at her. He turned to the Warblers. "Hit it, guys!"

The Warblers started the opening beat, and then Kurt started singing.

*Ohhh, baby girl, where you at?
you makin' dogs wanna beg*

*Got no str
Break in' them*

Blaine wondered what everyone was thinking of Kurt's song choice, even though Rachel and Mercedes most likely knew the reason behind it.

But then Kurt started dancing towards him, and his train of thought veered off track. Because when Kurt danced, Blaine *drooled*.

*Ohhh, see all these illusions just take us too long
talk pretty*

*And I wan
'Cause you m ake m e sick, and I'm not leavin' ti*

Kurt turned and danced around Jeff as he sang. Jeff grinned as he darted away, Kurt following seductively. Jealousy seared up in Blaine, but he tried his hardest to push it back down.

This was how Kurt must have felt last year.

*Oh, I swear there's something when she's pumpin', askin' for a raise
home now?
crew, my mind*

*Well does
So does sh*

My father's last name?

Kurt stopped following Jeff around and abruptly danced over to Blaine. He plopped down onto his lap and wrapped his arms around his neck, just singing to him.

Blaine wrapped his arms possessively around Kurt's waist, trying not to glare at Jeff, knowing it wasn't the blond Warbler's fault Kurt had done that.

When I get you alone

When I get you you'll know, When I get you you'll know

Oh, come on

Yeah, yeah

*Baby girl you da sh...
right
now*

*That make
Add my dawgs ta*

Yes you did, yes you did

*All these intrusions just take us too long
city*

*And I want
'Cause you make me sick, and I'm not leavin' till you're*

Kurt got up off of Blaine's lap and darted back to the front of the room to finish the rest of the song.

*So I pray to something she aint bluffin', rubbin' up on me
well does she want me to make it now?
mind*

*Well does
e, On my house on my job*

My father's last name?

When I get you alone

When I get you you

Oohh...

When I get you alone

"Thanks, guys!" Kurt said cheerfully to the Warblers.

Nick grinned. "No problem, Kurt!" he said before taking Jeff's hand and following the rest of the Warblers out of the room.

Mr. Schue stood up and clapped slowly. "That...That was quite the...uh...love song, Kurt."

"Blaine thinks so," Kurt said sweetly. "Don't you, Blaine?"

"I hate you so much right now," Blaine said, laughing.

Kurt giggled. "Your turn," he said, taking his seat.

Blaine walked to the front of the room. His palms started to sweat as he grew nervous. What if Kurt didn't like the song? Why was he just thinking of this now!

"Um...so, I wrote this song myself," Blaine said, looking directly at Kurt. He saw Kurt suck in a breath, and already tears were pooling in his beautiful glass eyes.

Blaine grabbed a guitar and started strumming, the words pouring easily out of his mouth.

My life is a,

series of factors ch

It's okay though,

the jokes

backstage or a place to hide.

Blaine was watching Kurt as he sang. The tears had already started falling, and all of the girls were crying, too. The boys with girlfriends looked slightly offended, especially when their girlfriends hadn't cried for them.

*Well I've got dinner on my plate,
friends,*

*gettin' my paycheck yesterday. How I've got p
I've got Jay, Ross, and Chandler, then.. there's you.*

*And now, how, we like to say that we're in love, doesn't it
will roll their eyes but I still think, well I still think that we're in love.*

*Oh shoes and jackets, purses and
country club.*

Blaine sent Kurt a message using his eyes, and of course Kurt understood. His boyfriend stood up and walked down so he was standing next to Blaine, an arm around his waist. Blaine's smile widened as he kept singing.

I don't play much, but I do enjoy having you

But I've got arms and you've got legs, together we've made

Well I've got reason to believe, in the power of you and me to break, the

Kurt had a huge, watery smile on his face, and he was so obviously trying not to break down and really cry, that Blaine almost stopped playing to pull him into his arms.

But he wanted to sing the whole song to Kurt, so that's just what he did.

*And now, how, we like to say that we're in love, doesn't it
will roll their eyes but I still think, well I still think that we're in love.*

*One more question: how is this
outside; playing from the heart, swinging in
lesson that I tried, ohh*

But I've got arms and you've got legs, together we've made

Well I've got reason, to believe, in the power of you and me to break, the

*And now, how, we like to say that we're in love, doesn't it
will roll their eyes but I still think, well I still
love, love. well I still think that we're in love. Ooh..*

As soon as Blaine put down the guitar, Kurt flung his arms around his neck and buried his face in Blaine's neck, finally letting himself cry. Blaine curled his arms around Kurt's waist and held him tightly against him.

After only a few moments, Kurt pulled away.

"Now I feel like crap," he said.

Blaine chuckled. "No, I loved it. I *deserved* it."

Kurt kissed Blaine's cheek before laying his head on Blaine's shoulder. "I love you."

Blaine kissed the top of Kurt's head. "I love you, too."

"Great job, both of you," Mr. Schue said, smiling. "Tina, don't forget-you're up tomorrow!"

Mr. Schue went into his office as the New Directions left the choir room, some of the girls still wiping away their tears. Blaine waited as Kurt grabbed his back.

"Ready to go home?" he asked, lacing their fingers together.

Kurt watched as Mr. Schue left, waving good bye to them. He leaned forward to whisper in Blaine's ear.

"Why go home when the closet is so much closer?"

Blaine grinned as Kurt pulled him after him.

Oh, yeah. This was *definitely* a good Valentine's Day.

CHAPTER TWENTY-EIGHT

Gift Exchange

Blaine was determined to make up for his last Valentine's Day with Kurt. He still felt a little guilty for singing to another guy in front of Kurt, even if Blaine hadn't yet realized his feelings for Kurt.

Blaine started by buying Kurt the perfect gift for Kurt. There was a scarf that Kurt had been admiring longingly for quite some time, and Blaine planned on getting it for him.

Blaine bought the scarf the day before Valentine's Day while Kurt was at Rachel's house. The cashier even folded it into a box and wrapped it in red paper. Thanking the man, Blaine raced from the store and drove to Kurt's house, crossing his fingers that Kurt still wasn't home. Blaine knocked on the front door, his present behind his back in case Kurt *was* home and answered the door.

"Oh, hey, Blaine," Finn said. Blaine sighed in relief. "Kurt's not home yet, but if you want you can come play Call of Duty with me while you wait."

"Oh, sure," Blaine said, following Finn up to his room.

Blaine had been in Finn's room many times. The two would hang out (a lot of the times with Puck) while Kurt and Rachel hung out in Kurt's room. Finn's room was usually a mess, but Blaine was surprised when he walked into a spotless room.

"Wow, Finn, what's the occasion?"

Finn's face darkened to a deep red. "Rachel and I are coming back here after our date tomorrow."

"Oh," Blaine said, understanding. It looked like eh and Kurt would be going back to Blaine's house after their own date the next night.

"So...uh...that Kurt's present?" Finn asked, noticing the package in Blaine's hands.

"Oh, yeah, that's actually why I come over," Blaine said. "I was wondering if you could put this in Kurt's room after he falls asleep."

Finn grinned and took the gift. "Sure, dude!"

"Thanks."

Finn set the present down next to another present on his dresser, also wrapped in red paper. *It must be Rachel's present.*

Finn and Blaine spent the next hour playing video games. They were so into it that they didn't hear the front door open. However, they did hear Kurt's shout up the stairs.

"Finn? Is Blaine here? His car's out front!"

Blaine paled as Finn called back a confirmation and Kurt started up the stairs.

"Finn," Blaine hissed, pausing the game.

"What?"

Blaine gestured to Kurt's present, on obvious display on Finn's dresser. Catching on, Finn stumbled over to the dresser, grabbed Kurt's present, and flung himself into his closet...just as Kurt opened the bedroom door.

A smile tugged up the corners of Kurt's lips when he saw Blaine. "Hey, you."

"Hey," Blaine murmured, getting to his feet.

"Where's Finn?"

Blaine bit his lip. "He...uh...went to the bathroom."

Kurt cocked an eyebrow, and Blaine had a sinking feeling Kurt knew he was lying. But, to his surprise, Kurt just let it go. Instead, Kurt's smile widened as he sauntered up to Blaine and wrapped his arms around him, pressing their bodies together.

"Well, if you're done with your game," Kurt whispered huskily in Blaine's ear, causing Blaine to shiver, "you and *I* could play a game."

Blaine gasped as Kurt started kissing the spot just behind Blaine's ear. He was about to practically *carry* Kurt to his bedroom when there was a thud from Finn's closet, followed by a curse.

Kurt pulled away from Blaine and looked at him. "Bathroom, huh?"

Finn came out of the closet, looking sheepish. Blaine was relieved to see that Kurt's present wasn't in his hands.

"I don't want to know," Kurt said when Finn opened his mouth. He turned to Blaine. "Have fun with your game," he said before turning and sashaying out of his room.

"Sorry, dude," Finn mumbled.

Blaine fought not to glare at Finn. How did he always manage to be such a cockblock! Blaine was going to get him back one of these days.

"Whatever," Blaine sighed, picking up his game controller. "Just prepare to have your ass kicked."

...

The next morning, it was Valentine's Day, and Blaine couldn't wait to see Kurt wearing his scarf. He knew Kurt well enough that Kurt would coordinate an outfit just so he could wear the scarf.

After parking his car in the school parking lot, Blaine went inside and headed straight for Kurt's locker. Rachel, whose locker was right next to Kurt's, was already waiting.

And wearing Kurt's scarf.

Wait...did Finn buy Rachel the same thing I bought Kurt?

"Hi, Blaine!" Rachel said excitedly. "Look at the scarf Finn bought me!"

Oh, no...Kurt was going to be wearing the same thing as Rachel. This day was not going to end well.

"It's nice, Rach," Blaine said. No wonder Kurt's and Rachel's were wrapped in the same paper.

"I'm going to go thank Finn. He put my present in my locker as a surprise!"

Blaine waved as Rachel left to search for Finn. He waited by Kurt's locker, looking down the hallway until he saw Kurt round a corner.

...Not wearing his scarf.

"Hey, Kurt," Blaine said, feeling slightly hurt.

Kurt blushed a dark shade of red. "Oh...h-hi, Blaine."

"Is something wrong?"

"N-no, of course not."

"Then why aren't you wearing my present?"

"IN PUBLIC?" Kurt hissed under his breath.

"Uh, yeah," Blaine said, growing confused. "Where else?"

"Blaine, I love you, and I would never judge you for your sexual fantasies. There are a lot of kinks I would like to explore with you, but I'm not comfortable with wearing women's underwear. I know that I say that fashion has no gender but..." Kurt trailed off as his face turned even redder.

Blaine's jaw dropped. "How the hell did we end up having this conversation?"

"Blaine, you got me a woman's teddy lingerie for Valentine's Day!"

Blaine felt his own cheeks warm. "Um, no, I didn't, Kurt. I got you that scarf you've been admiring for the past few months."

Before Kurt could say anything, Finn and Rachel appeared by their sides. Finn looked very awkward, and Kurt glared at the scarf wrapped around Rachel's neck.

"I think I messed up," Finn grumbled.

"You think so, Finn?" Blaine snapped. "Kurt got *Rachel's* present!"

Rachel tugged the scarf off her neck and dropped it into Kurt's hand. "Here, Kurt, this is yours."

Kurt's face flamed again. "Your present is buried in my closet."

"Sorry, dudes," Finn said, rubbing the back of his neck.

"Just go, Finn," Blaine said. He turned back to Kurt, not being able to hold back the smile that turned up his lips. "You seriously thought I'd buy you lingerie?"

"Shut up," Kurt said, grinning. "What was I supposed to think?"

Blaine laughed. "Do you like your real present?" he teased.

"I love it," Kurt gushed, wrapping it around his neck.

Blaine started walking Kurt to his first class. Stopping outside, Blaine placed a hand on Kurt's hip after checking that no one else was around.

"So, you want to try out kinks, huh?" he said, wagging his eyebrows.

Kurt giggled. "Hush, you."

Blaine laughed as Kurt swiftly kissed his cheek before dashing into the classroom. He started towards his own classroom, thinking of a way he could get back at Finn.

CHAPTER TWENTY-NINE

Sleepwalking

"It's not fair," Finn grumbled.

It was around midnight, and Finn and Burt were sneaking snacks in the kitchen.

"What's not fair?" Burt asked, popping a chip into his mouth.

"How come Blaine gets to sleep over and sleep *in Kurt's bed*, while Rachel doesn't even get to sleep over?" Finn answered.

"Well..." Burt racked his brain for an answer that wouldn't hurt Finn's feelings. "Kurt and Blaine-"

"Have had sex," Finn interrupted. "What if they have sex in Kurt's bed?"

"Finn, I don't have to worry about one of them getting pregnant," Burt said, ignoring the thought that Finn could be right.

"Rachel and I are careful," Finn mumbled. "And we would respect the 'no sex while anyone's home' rule."

Burt sighed. Maybe he wasn't being fair to Finn. He walked over to the fridge and opened it, shuffling inside to find two bottles of water.

"Tell you what. Rachel can spend the night next weekend. Alright?"

The response Burt received was not the one he had expected. Instead of an excited "thank you", Finn gave such a high pitched scream that he could have been Kurt.

"BURT! SOMETHING'S TOUCHING ME!"

"Finn!" Burt hissed, turning to tell Finn to be quiet before he woke someone, but he burst out laughing at the sight that greeted him.

Blaine had his arms wrapped around Finn from behind, nuzzling his face into Finn's back. Finn was staring down at Blaine's hands (clasped at his stomach) with a panicked look on his face.

"I think Blaine's sleepwalking," Burt said, chuckling. "Looks like you're stuck with him until he wakes up."

"Can't *I* just wake him up?" Finn begged. "This is *really* awkward."

"You can't wake up a sleepwalker, Finn," Burt said sternly. "They could do serious harm to themselves or others."

Finn yelped as Blaine kissed his shoulder, causing Burt to laugh again.

"Mmm...I love you, Kurtie," Blaine mumbled.

Burt smiled at Blaine. He was glad Kurt had found someone like Blaine. He deserved to be loved as much as Blaine seemed to love him.

Blaine's eyebrows furrowed in his sleep. "Kurt...did you get taller?"

Even Finn had to laugh at that, stuffing a cookie in his mouth. He nearly choked, though, at Blaine's next words.

"Does that mean something else got 'taller' too?"

Finn grabbed Blaine's wandering hands, who laced their fingers together and pressed them against Finn's chest. Finn's face was bright red, as Burt knew his own must be.

Suddenly, this wasn't so funny anymore.

"Kuuurt," Blaine whined, pressing even closer to Finn, who squirmed in his arms.

"Please let me wake him up!" Finn pleaded.

"You *can't*, Finn," Burt said. Finn glared at him. "Sorry, buddy."

Blaine's hands ran back down Finn's sides, and his fingers curled into the band of his pajama pants, whispering, "Let's do it again, Kurtie."

Finn tried to dart away now that Blaine's arms weren't wrapped around him, but Blaine was too fast, even asleep. He latched back onto Finn.

"Don't go," Blaine whimpered. "I'm sorry."

Finn was now very pale, and Burt was now very *angry*. He had to continuously remind himself that Blaine was *sleeping*.

Burt watched as Blaine moved so he was hugging Finn from the front. His eyes widened in shock at what happened next.

"Let me help you feel good, baby," Blaine purred, and dropped to his knees.

Finn's eyes bugged out of his head, and Burt watched as his son fell to his knees, too.

"N-no, Blaine. N-not r-right now," Finn said, pulling Blaine to his feet.

Blaine pouted. "Fine," he said, nuzzling his face into Finn's chest.

"This is so weird!" Finn huffed. "Why can't I just wake him up."

Burt just rolled his eyes. Then he saw Blaine stirring again. Blaine grabbed Finn's hand and stood on tiptoe to whisper in Finn's ear.

"Touch me, Kurt."

Finn snatched his hand away. "Oh, that's it! Bl-!"

"Finn Hudson, don't you dare wake him up!"

Everyone (except Blaine) turned to see Kurt standing in the kitchen doorway, glaring at Finn.

"You don't wake a sleepwalker, Finn!" Kurt said angrily.

"He's practically molesting me!" Finn said, slapping away Blaine's grabby hands.

"He thinks you're Kurt, Finn," Burt said, sighing.

"Kurt, could you just get him off me?" Finn grumbled.

"I'm not going to risk waking him up," Kurt said, crossing his arms.

"Kurt!"

"Finn!" Kurt mocked.

Finn opened his mouth to shout something back, but at that moment, Blaine took advantage of a distracted Finn. He finally succeeded in getting his hand down Finn's pants, grabbing him. Many things happened at once.

Finn and Blaine let out simultaneous screams, Blaine's eyes immediately focusing as he shoved Finn away from him.

At the same time, Kurt fell to the floor with his arms around his stomach, laughing hysterically.

"Oh, my God, you are *not* Kurt!" Blaine said.

"Dude, you knew that just by grabbing my junk?" Finn said.

"Yeah. You're way too small to be Kurt."

Kurt stopped laughing as his face darkened to a deep shade of red. Burt gritted his teeth, and Blaine seemed to realize what he had said because his face had paled. Finn just looked put out.

"Sorry, Finn," Blaine mumbled, unable to look Finn in the eyes.

"There is not a shower hot enough to make me feel clean again," Finn said, glaring at Kurt, who had started giggling again.

"Sorry, I sleepwalk almost every night," Blaine explained. "It's caused quite a few problems with roommates at Dalton...that's why they gave me a room alone."

Burt shook his head. "Let's just go to bed, guys, okay?"

Finn and Blaine still couldn't look at each other as everyone headed up the stairs to their bedrooms. Burt heard Kurt lock his door, most likely to keep Blaine from leaving the room again. But he couldn't help but laugh when he heard Blaine speak.

"Don't bother, Kurt. I learned to pick locks in my sleep."

CHAPTER THIRTY

Table

Burt ran his hand down his face as he walked through the front door. It had been a surprisingly long day at work, and all Burt wanted to do was relax and watch TV. So he took a quick shower before grabbing a beer and plopping down in his armchair.

Well, he would've sat had there not been a text book sprawled open on it.

Burt flipped it shut to see it was Kurt's French textbook. Shaking his head, Burt grabbed the book and tossed it onto the coffee table. He nearly jumped out of his skin when the leg of the coffee table snapped off and the table fell forward.

"What the-?"

Burt bent down at the broken end of the corner to inspect the tale. The table had been sturdy enough just the other day to hold three textbooks! Burt had watched Kurt, Blaine, and Rachel do their homework while Finn had his *feet* on the table while watching the game!

Burt couldn't find anything wrong with the coffee table. It was still sturdy, none of the other legs even wobbled. As Burt straightened up, he almost missed something sticking out from behind the couch. Curious, he moved to see what it was. It was one of Kurt's shirts, ripped down the middle, the buttons popped off.

Wait a minute, Burt thought. *When I was upstairs, Kurt's door was shut...*

Burt knew Kurt was home-he had seen his Navigator in the driveway. But the house was quiet, so he had assumed Kurt had gone out with Blaine.

"Kurt!" Burt called. There was no immediate answer, so Burt assumed he was right. Until-

"Yeah, Dad?" Kurt called down the stairs, sounding breathless.

Burt picked up the shirt and draped it over the arm of the couch. "Can you come down here?"

Kurt appeared in the doorway, Blaine behind him. Burt's eyebrows raised at the sight of them.

Their hair was a mess-Kurt's stuck up and Blaine's curls were springing loose from his gel. Their eyes were bright, their faces flushed. They were breathing heavy, and Burt could see a sheen of sweat on Blaine's forehead. Most noticeable, though, was that both boys looked like they had thrown their clothes on.

"You boys wrestling up there?" Burt asked, knowing full well what they had been up to. Kurt had come to him two weeks ago and had told Burt, saying he wanted his father to understand how much he loved Blaine...and to thank him again for the talk.

"You could say that," Blaine said, blushing.

"We didn't know you'd be coming home early," Kurt mumbled.

"It's okay, Kurt," Burt said. "My question is, *what the hell happened to my coffee table?*"

Blaine glanced over at the broken table. "I don't know what you're talking about," he mumbled. Kurt rolled his eyes.

Burt cocked an eyebrow. "Oh? Well, you see, Blaine...I think you do. I think you *both* know."

"And why would you think *that?*" Blaine asked innocently.

"Yeah, Dad, maybe it was Finn," Kurt added.

"See, I *would* think that," Burt said, "only I found Kurt's textbook and one of Kurt's shirts-which just so happens to be *ripped down the middle*-around the coffee table."

Kurt's face flamed. "We were studying. I must have forgotten to bring my book up with me."

"And your ripped shirt?" Burt prompted. "Which, I might add, cost *three hundred dollars*," he added, glaring at Blaine.

"What? You think that's *my* fault?" Blaine asked, apparently still feigning ignorance.

"You expect me to believe Kurt ripped his own clothes? The way he is about them? I don't *think* so."

Blaine's blush darkened, but before he could say anything, Kurt spoke.

"Dad, can't you just trust that Blaine and I know nothing about what happened to the coffee table?" Kurt asked sweetly.

"Sure...soon as you explain your ripped shirt," Burt answered, crossing his arms.

"Oh...Well-"

"It was the damn French!"

Burt and Kurt turned to Blaine, who had a frustrated look on his face.

"We were studying, and then Kurt took out his French book, and he started speaking it out loud, and his voice is so damn sexy when he speaks French-!"

"Blaine," Kurt whimpered.

"-and then he started groaning out of frustration and biting his lip and running his hand through his hair! And he looked so *hot* I just wanted to tear his clothes off-!"

"Blaine!" Kurt squeaked.

"-so I did! I ripped his shirt off and it's *his* fault we broke the coffee table because he liked it too much! He pushed me back onto the coffee table and practically *attacked* me-!"

"*Blaine!*" Kurt yelled.

"-and then we heard a splintering sound, so Kurt picked me up and carried me up to his room so we could have sex, and we were *almost there* but then we heard *you* come home!" Blaine took a deep breath, gasping for air. "So you see...it was all Kurt's fault."

Burt could do nothing but stare at Blaine. The boys looked relieved to get the truth off his chest...that, and a little scared. Kurt was biting his lip and looking like he wanted to *hit* Blaine.

"So let me get this straight," Burt said. "The two of you broke my coffee table...because you tried to have *sex* on it?" The boys just nodded.

"Sorry, Dad," Kurt said.

"At least now you can get a stronger one," Blaine said, trying to sound helpful.

"No, *you two* can get me a stronger coffee table," Burt said, "and then you will *never* have sex on *any* of my furniture again!"

"Does that include Kurt's bed?" Blaine asked fearfully.

Burt closed his eyes. "No, Blaine," he whispered, pinching the bridge of his nose. He heard Blaine sigh in relief.

Burt opened his eyes to look at them. "And no more rippling clothes! They are expensive! You can rip them all you want when *Kurt* pays for them!"

"That was my favorite shirt," Kurt grumbled.

"Sorry," Blaine said guiltily.

"Alright, guys, how about we start dinner?" Burt said, feeling his stomach growl.

Before anyone could answer, Finn came into the living room, dirty from football practice.

"Man, football was-what happened to the coffee table?"

Finn stared at the table for a few more seconds before turning to Burt.

"Did you kick it again!"

CHAPTER THIRTY-ONE

Caught

Kurt's jaw wasn't the only one that dropped when Blaine walked through the front doors of McKinley High School. Even the girls who *knew* he was gay were drooling.

Blaine was wearing tight black jeans, black boots, and a dark red shirt under a zipped up, tight leather jacket with the hood up.

He looked *hot*.

"Is that *Blaine*?" Rachel hissed in his ear.

"Uh huh" was all Kurt could say as he shamelessly stared at his boyfriend. He didn't even notice the brunette who openly checked Blaine out as he passed in front of her.

"Come on, Kurt," Rachel said, tugging on Kurt's arm. "We have to get to Glee rehearsal."

"You...you go," Kurt said, pushing her away. "Tell...tell...tell Mr. Santana...I'll be late. I...I have to...to...to play...basketball."

"Basketball?" Rachel asked curiously. "What are you talking about!"

Kurt didn't answer, for Blaine had finally reached their lockers. He leaned back against them, arms crossed and with one foot kicked up against the bottom locker. He turned his head to the side and looked at Kurt.

"Go away, Rachel," Blaine murmured, his hazel eyes staring into Kurt's glasz ones.

Rachel huffed before turning on her heel and marching off. The bell signaling first period sounded, but neither Kurt nor Blaine moved. Soon, they were the only two in the hallway.

"Hey, babe," Blaine said, smiling that dazzling smile of his.

Kurt couldn't take it anymore. Whispering "Come with me", he curled his fingers in the top of Blaine's leather jacket and yanked him into the room directly across the hall. After slamming the door closed, Kurt pushed Blaine up against it, mumbled "Hi", and pressed his lips to Blaine's.

Blaine groaned as Kurt pushed his tongue into Blaine's mouth and ran his hands down his sides. Blaine bent his head to deepen the kiss and nibbled at Kurt's bottom lip, loving the moans it elicited from Kurt. He whimpered as Kurt gripped his hips tightly and pulled their bodies flush against each other, removing his mouth from Blaine's to suck on the spot behind Blaine's ear.

"*Kurt*," Blaine moaned, tangling his fingers in Kurt's hair.

Kurt groaned against his skin as Blaine wrapped his legs around Kurt's waist, pressing their bodies even closer together.

"Blaine, you can't *wear* something like this, you *can't*," Kurt growled, biting down on Blaine's collar bone and causing the shorter boy to let out a strangled cry.

"I may have to start wearing stuff like this more often," Blaine gasped as Kurt bit up his neck, sucking a hickey into his pulse point.

"Stop talking," Kurt said before pressing his lips back against Blaine's and sucking his tongue into his mouth, effectively shutting Blaine up.

Blaine tightened his hold around Kurt when he felt Kurt pulling away. He moved his mouth to Kurt's neck to make a hickey of his own as Kurt carried Blaine over to a copy machine and sat Blaine on it. He sat on the very edge so he could keep his legs around Kurt and their hips pressed together.

"Oh, *Blaine*," Kurt groaned as Blaine wiggled to a more comfortable position, biting down on Kurt's shoulder at the feeling to muffle his groan.

Blaine licked the bite on Kurt's shoulder soothingly, then blew on it to make Kurt shiver. Their lips reattached, and Blaine sucked in Kurt's bottom lip as Kurt practically ripped off Blaine's leather jacket, dropping it to the floor. Blaine groaned as Kurt's cool fingers slipped under the hem of Blaine's shirt and started stroking at his heated skin. Blaine arched into the touch, and they were pressed even closer, both boys letting out embarrassingly loud moans.

"K-Kurt," Blaine breathed as Kurt pulled off Blaine's shirt and started kissing down his chest. Kurt stopped at the V of Blaine's abs (his favorite...well, *second* favorite...part of Blaine's body) and bit and sucked at the lines, leaving fresh hickeys where old ones had begun to fade.

Blaine pulled Kurt's face back up to his in another heated kiss, this one all teeth and tongue. Kurt sighed against Blaine's lips as Blaine's hands did some wandering of their own. They moved up to under Kurt's shirt and lifted it over Kurt's head. They both sighed at the feeling of skin against skin.

"Kurt," Blaine gasped as Kurt's hands wandered down. Kurt quieted Blaine with a kiss, sucking on his tongue again. Kurt's hand played at the waist band of Blaine's jeans. "Kurt, *please*," he begged against Kurt's lips.

Kurt smiled against Blaine's mouth and pressed another kiss there before kissing down Blaine's chest and dropping to his knees. He had just unbuckled Blaine's belt when-

"WHAT DO YOU TWO THINK YOU ARE DOING!"

...

Burt drove as fast as he could to Kurt's school without breaking the speed limit. He had gotten a phone call from Figgins that Kurt and Blaine had been sent to the principal's office and he needed to come right away. Of course Burt had asked why...and the answer had made his blood boil. He raced into the building and stopped at Figgins office, knocking before stepping in.

Figgins was sitting behind his desk, and Sue Sylvester and William Schuester were standing beside him. Kurt and Blaine were sitting on the couch, Blaine with a blissed look on his face. But at the sight of Burt, Blaine's bliss turned to fear.

"Ah, Mr. Hummel," Figgins said. "Please, have a seat."

Burt fought not to glare at Kurt and Blaine as he took the chair in front of Figgins' desk. He looked at the principal and asked, "So what *exactly* happened?"

"I'll tell you what happened!" Sue said before Figgins could speak. "I caught Porcelain and Schuester's son over there making out on *my* Cheerio's copy machine!"

"My son?" Will said. "Really, Sue?"

Sue rolled her eyes. "Oh, come on, Will. You and that boy look nearly identical with your horrendous mass of curls. I almost thought it was *you* kissing Porcelain."

Everyone in that room blanched, and Kurt turned green. Sue just crossed her arms and stared expectantly at Figgins.

"I recommend Sex Addicts Anonymous."

"Sue, stop," Figgins said. He turned to Burt. "However, the boys must be punished in some way."

"I understand," Burt said. He glared at the two boys. "And I agree."

Kurt bit his lip as Blaine shrunk in on himself.

"They should be pulled from Regionals," Sue said.

"Oh, come on!" Will said. "That's a little harsh!"

Before Will and Sue could get into a fight, Figgins spoke again, in a slightly raised voice.

"I am giving Kurt and Blaine after school detention for a week," Figgins said. Blaine looked positively delighted to be stuck alone with Kurt in a room for a week. "In *separate rooms*."

Blaine pouted, and Kurt crossed his arms.

"These detentions will start tomorrow. You are dismissed."

"Not before they disinfect my copy machine!" Sue exclaimed. "Porcelain can use Mini Schue's mop to clean it."

"Fair enough," Will said. "Boys, you missed the lesson this week. Stop by when you're done cleaning the copy machine and I'll give it to you."

Burt followed Kurt and Blaine out of the office, then grabbed each boy by the back of their shirts.

"What the hell were the two of you thinking?" he hissed.

"It's Blaine's fault for wearing that outfit," Kurt muttered.

Blaine blushed. "I didn't think we'd get caught. I mean, we never have before." His face paled as he realized what he had just said.

Burt glared at him. "You've done this before?"

"N-no?" Kurt squeaked.

Burt sighed. "Just hurry up and do what Sue said then get to class. I'll deal with the two of you at home."

He watched as the boys scampered off. Shaking his head, Burt left the school to head back to work, already planning Kurt's punishment.

...

At the end of the day, Santana and Puck caught up to Kurt and Blaine at their lockers.

"Don't think we don't know what the two of you were doing," Santana said, smirking

"Yeah, we heard about it from Rachel this morning," Puck added. "And when the two of you didn't show up for Glee rehearsal, we knew what was up."

Santana winked as she and Puck walked away, calling over her shoulder, "Wanky, boys!"

Kurt turned to Blaine. "We are *never* doing that again!" He slammed his locker shut and started walking away.

"Kurt?" Blaine called, running after him. "You're not serious, are you? Kurt!"

CHAPTER THIRTY-TWO

Rory

It was time for Glee rehearsal, and all of New Directions and Mr. Schue were in the choir room-all except Kurt, Blaine, and Rory. Finn had a feeling he knew what Kurt and Blaine were up to, but he had no idea what Rory could be up to.

"Mr. Schue," Rachel spoke up. "Maybe we should just start."

"No, we'll wait a few minutes longer," Mr. Schue said. "I'm sure they're on they're way."

Rachel crossed her arms and sat back in her chair with a huff. Finn suppressed a grin-she was so cute when she pouted. Finn was just about to try and cheer her up when Rory walked in the choir room.

And he did *not* look good.

Rory's eyes were wide open, and his arms were wrapped around himself. He was biting his lip so hard Finn was afraid he would bite it off. Rory was shaking just a little bit, and he was barely blinking.

"Oh, God, you saw them, didn't you!" Puck said, noticing the Irish boy.

Rory could only nod his head.

"Join the club," Rachel muttered.

"Yeah, we've all seen them at least once," Santana added.

"R-really?" Rory stuttered.

"Oh, yeah," Sam said. "I've seen them in the pool-"

"In the locker room-" Puck put in.

"The Spanish classroom-" Tina said.

"What!" Mr. Schue interrupted. Everyone ignored him.

"Behind the bleachers-" Mike said.

"Coach Sylvester's office-" Brittney said.

"*Mr. Schue's* office-" Santana added, smirking.

"*What?*" Mr. Schue choked out again.

Rory was looking a little better. Color was returning to his face, and Finn saw his body begin to relax.

"On me couch-" Mercedes muttered.

"In *my* handicap stall!" Artie exclaimed. "I'm the only one who uses that stall, and I had to pee!"

Rory actually laughed at this.

"I caught them in the girl's bathroom," Rachel said, giggling.

"Oh, yeah?" Finn said. "Well, *I've* seen them more times than all of you combined! There isn't a room I can step in in my house that I haven't caught Kurt and Blaine in making out or...yeah."

"I feel for you, dude," Puck said.

"I'm so sorry, Finn," Rory said, a sympathetic look on his face.

"Thanks, man," Finn said. "I mean, it's ridiculous! I've walked in on them in the living room, in the kitchen, in the dining room, in the bathrooms, in Kurt's room, in *my* room!"

Rory was going pale again. "I caught them in the boys' bathroom."

"Sorry, you had to see that, Rory," Tina said.

"Yeah, but at least you know you're not alone," Santana said.

"It doesn't make the images go away," Rory muttered. "Or the *sounds*."

Finn's heart went out for the junior. He may have seen Kurt and Blaine too many times to count, but it only took *one* time to make a person scarred for life.

"Guys, *what* is going on?" Mr. Schue asked.

"Rory saw Kurt and Blaine getting it on," Puck answered, wagging his eyebrows.

Mr. Schue's face reddened. "Oh..."

Rory was rubbing at his eyes, as if hoping to wipe away the sight of the two boys.

"My brain will never heal."

"You get used to it," Santana said. She snickered. "It's kind of hot."

Rory blanched. "Sorry, but as okay as I am with Kurt and Blaine, watching two guys kiss just doesn't do it for me."

Finn was about to agree when Kurt and Blaine themselves came stumbling into the choir room, flushed and giggling.

"What the hell, dudes?" Puck asked.

Kurt and Blaine stopped giggling. "Sorry we're late," Blaine said.

"No, that's not it," Puck said. "Do you know what the two of you did?"

"What did we do, Puck?" Kurt snapped with his usual sass.

"You scarred poor Rory for life!"

"What are you talking about, Noah?" Kurt asked.

"I...I sort of saw you and Blaine...making out in the boys' bathroom," Rory mumbled.

Kurt's and Blaine's faces flamed.

"Oh," Blaine said.

Kurt huffed. "What is it with all of you and walking in on us!"

"What is it with you two and making out everywhere!" Puck countered.

Kurt opened his mouth to retaliate, but Blaine interrupted.

"Well, we can't exactly show affection in public," he said angrily. "So *sorry* if we try to show it whenever we can."

Sensing an argument, Finn decided to speak up.

"Look guys...we understand. It's just...Rory's so innocent!"

"Hey!" Rory said.

Kurt rolled his eyes, sighing. He looked at Rory.

"Sorry, Rory."

Blaine smiled sheepishly. "Yeah, sorry."

Rory shrugged. "It's not *that* big a deal. I'll get over it...eventually."

CHAPTER THIRTY-THREE

Being Gay

Finn was still embarrassed that he had thought Blaine could get Kurt pregnant. How could he have been so stupid? Just like Kurt had explained, it took a boy and a *girl* to make a baby, not two boys. And Finn had been fine with leaving it at that and forgetting the entire conversation had even happened. But then Kurt had asked Finn something...and Finn couldn't get it out of his head.

"Do we have to explain what being gay is, Finn?" Kurt asked with a smirk.

Yes, Finn knew Kurt had been joking, and Finn knew that being gay meant boys liking other boys and girls liking other girls. And he still knew this, but now there was a new question bouncing around in Finn's brain.

Why were Kurt and Blaine gay?

Finn could understand why the other two boys preferred boys when there were *girls* in the world! Girls were *amazing*. They were soft and pretty and smelled like fruit. Boys were none of those things...well, except for Kurt.

So that's why Finn found himself watching Kurt and Blaine during Glee club during the next few days, trying to figure out what made boys so special.

But the two pretty much did all of the same things that he and Rachel did. Kurt and Blaine would sit next to each other with their hands laced between them, sometimes with Kurt's head lying on Blaine's shoulder, just like Rachel would do to Finn. The only difference there being that sometimes it would be Blaine's head on Kurt's shoulder.

And like when the four of them had a movie night-Finn and Rachel would cuddle together on the couch while Kurt and Blaine cuddled in the armchair. Rachel would crawl into Finn's lap a lot of the time, but depending on the night Kurt would be in Blaine's lap or Blaine would be in Kurt's lap. Instead of the same thing, Kurt and Blaine just seemed to take turns.

On dates, Finn always paid for Rachel, because it was the gentlemanly thing to do. And he had assumed that Blaine always paid on his and Kurt's dates, but when Finn had asked, Kurt told him that they alternated paying on each date. Just like how Finn always opened the car door for Rachel, Blaine and Kurt took turns depending on who was paying that night.

Or, how Finn always walked Rachel to class and held her books, giving her a swift kiss before running off to his own class before he was late. Kurt and Blaine didn't walk each other to class, but Finn understood why they didn't. But they made up for it in what Finn thought was a very adorable way. Kurt and Blaine would meet up after their last class and hand each other their bags to carry to Glee rehearsal, giggling as they sat down and switched back.

And the final thing Finn observed was the "I love you's" between Kurt and Blaine. With himself and Rachel, Rachel was always the first one to say "I love you," then Finn would return it. But he noticed that with Kurt and Blaine, neither said it first more than the other. Sometimes Kurt said it first, and sometimes Blaine said it first.

Needless to say, Finn was very frustrated by the end of the week. He still didn't understand what was so special about boys, or why Kurt and Blaine liked them more than girls. He finally decided to just come out and ask them.

And the perfect opportunity came up the very next day. It was a Saturday, and Finn had invited Puck to come over to play Call of Duty when he heard Kurt let Blaine in the front door.

Finn and Puck had decided to play in the living room since Burt and Carole weren't home to tell them to keep the noise down and they had a bigger screen to play on.

"Hey, honey," Finn heard Blaine murmur, followed by the sound of a kiss.

"Hi," Kurt said back.

Kurt and Blaine appeared in the living room doorway, fingers laced together.

"Hey, Finn, Puck," Blaine said.

Puck grunted a hello, attention completely on the game at the moment. Finn, on the other hand, was realizing that his moment had come.

"Hey, Blaine," he said.

"We're going upstairs," Kurt said. "Let me know when you want to order that pizza."

Burt and Carole had decided to go away for the night, leaving behind money for dinner.

"Wait!" Finn said. He paused the game, earning himself an angry shout from Puck. "I wanted to talk to you guys about something."

"What?" Kurt asked, sounding a little impatient.

"Yes, what is *so* important that you had to pause the game?" Puck muttered, sitting back against the couch and throwing down his controller.

"I just...remember last week when I asked if you were using protection so Blaine wouldn't get you pregnant?" Finn asked, his face reddening at the memory.

"You *what*?" Puck asked, grinning.

"Yes, we remember," Blaine answered, his own grin tugging up the corners of his mouth.

"And then Kurt asked me if he needed to tell me what being gay meant?" Finn muttered.

"Yes," Kurt said slowly.

Finn took a deep breath. "Well...I do."

Kurt, Blaine, and Puck just stared at Finn. Finally, Puck spoke up.

"Well, you see, Finn. Gay means that boys like boys and girls like girls," he said in a tone of voice he would use when speaking to a small child.

Finn punched the Mohawked boy in the arm, causing him to laugh.

"I know that! I want to know...*why* are some people gay?"

"You think *we* know the answer to that question?" Kurt asked, cocking an eyebrow.

"Yeah. Since, you know, you guys *are* gay," Finn said.

Blaine closed his eyes for a minute before looking at Finn. "Finn, just because we're gay doesn't mean we know *why* we are. Why are you straight?"

"Because girls are *hot*!" Puck said, wagging his eyebrows. Finn nodded in agreement.

"Well, we think *boys* are hot," Kurt said.

"Not saying girls aren't," Blaine added.

"Then if you think girls are hot, too, why do you choose boys?" Finn asked, furrowing his eyebrows.

"Because, Finn, there is this little thing called *attraction*," Kurt said.

Blaine nodded. "We're not attracted to girls, no matter how beautiful they are."

"But...but *why*?" Finn asked.

Kurt huffed. "*Because*, Finn...we like boys! Is that so hard to understand?"

"Yes!" Finn said, not noticing how Puck rolled his eyes and unpaused the game. "How could you want something that you have yourself? It's like...masturbation!" Puck rolled his eyes again.

Blaine and Kurt were quiet for a few minutes, as if trying to figure out the best way to answer that question. Finally, just when Finn was about to open his mouth, Blaine spoke up.

"Finn...just because Kurt and I have the same parts...well, that wasn't the first thing about him that attracted me to him. I fell in love with his personality first, who he was. And when we finally did have sex...I fell in love with him all over again. Yes, he has the same thing as me, but it was different at the same time because it *wasn't me*. Just like Rachel isn't you."

By the end of Blaine's mini speech, Kurt had his head on Blaine's shoulder, tears trickling from his eyes. Finn heard a snuffle from next to him, but he chose to ignore it and save Puck the embarrassment. Finn was starting to feel bad.

"Oh, guys...I'm sorry," he said.

Blaine shrugged, his arm now around Kurt's waist, his hand stroking Kurt's hip soothingly.

"You asked, we answered."

"We're going to go upstairs now," Kurt said, looking at Blaine but speaking to Finn.

Finn just watched as Kurt recaptured Blaine's hand and led him up the stairs. He picked up his game controller and returned his attention to the game.

"Good job, Finn," Puck said. "You're an idiot you know that?" he added, grinning.

"Shut up! At least Blaine didn't make *me* cry!"

CHAPTER THIRTY-FOUR

Faulty Gaydar

There was a new girl in school, and her name was Stacy Glenshaw. She had golden hair in soft curls with expensive highlights, dark blue eyes, and a bleached smile covered in shimmery pink lip gloss.

And this chick may be hot, but Puck was getting tired of her.

Ever since Stacy had first laid eyes on Blaine Anderson, she seemed to be everywhere that he was. Puck and Finn sat with Kurt and Blaine at lunch, and Stacy was at the table almost right behind them, sneaking glances at the curly-haired hobbit.

Stacy was in Puck and Blaine's gym class, and during the mile run, the blond would make sure she never fell too far behind Blaine. Puck kept up with Blaine, but only because the run was boring without anyone to talk to as you ran.

Then there was the time in Glee when Kurt and Blaine had sung "Perfect" to Santana, and Puck had noticed Stacy lurking in the open doorway, watching Blaine sing. To give her some credit, she hadn't been there the entire time, but had stopped in passing.

The most recent moment was when Puck and Blaine were at the Lima Bean, waiting for Kurt and Quinn for a double coffee date. The two boys were chatting when Puck noticed Stacy walk through the doors. She saw Blaine, grinned, and ordered her coffee, sneaking looks over her shoulder as she waited. Seriously- was the girl *stalking* Blaine?

A few days later, Puck and Blaine were standing by the lockers and talking about the college football game the night before. Blaine had just taken out his phone to answer a text when Puck saw Stacy again. She had a determined look in her eyes that gave Puck a bad feeling.

"Hi," Stacy said, stopping in front of Blaine and flashing her white smile.

Blaine looked up and smiled back at her. "Hey."

"I'm Stacy Glenshaw," she said.

"Blaine Anderson," Blaine said. "And this is my friend, Noah Puckerman."

"It's Puck," Puck said, but Stacy barely even glanced at him.

"You know," Stacy said to Blaine, biting her bottom lip, "I've been trying to work up the courage to talk to you."

"Oh..." Blaine left the sentence hanging.

"Was there something you wanted to say to him?" Puck inquired. Yet again, Stacy ignored him.

"I was wondering...would you want to go out some time?" Stacy asked, flipping her hair over her shoulder and widening her smile.

Blaine's face flamed. "Um...actually, I-"

Stacy's hands flew to her mouth. "Oh, my God, do you already have a girlfriend?"

Puck rolled his eyes, Blaine turning even redder.

"Um, no, but-"

"Oh, good! So do you want to go to dinner or something tonight?" Stacy looked like she was just *waiting* for a 'yes.'

"Well, you see, I actually have a-"

"We could go to Breadstix and then go back to my house and watch a movie." Blaine's eyes widened as Stacy stepped closer to him.

Puck cocked an eyebrow and glanced around, looking for Kurt. It was always funny to watch Kurt bitch out a girl who wouldn't stop hitting on Blaine.

"Look, Stacy-"

"My parents won't be home," Stacy whispered, tugging on Blaine's bow tie.

"I don't like you!" Blaine shrieked, stumbling back from Stacy.

"Excuse me?" Stacy said, a hand on her hip. Puck couldn't help but snicker.

Blaine looked flustered. "No, no, that came out wrong. I'm sure you're lovely-" Puck snorted. "-I just don't like...girls."

Stacy smirked. "Yeah, okay. You are *way* too hot to be gay." She ran a finger down Blaine's arm and winked at him. "I'll see you around."

Blaine and Puck stared as she walked away. Blaine was still staring when Kurt walked up to them.

"Blaine?" Kurt asked, laying a hand on his boyfriend's shoulder.

"Kurt!" Blaine said, throwing his arms around the taller boy's neck. "Another girl hit on me," he whined.

Kurt giggled. "It's your own fault," he cooed. "You're too attractive for our own good."

"Let's just get to Glee rehearsal," Blaine muttered, taking Kurt's hand in his.

Grinning, Puck followed after them.

...

That night, Puck, Finn, and Blaine were sitting in Breadstix waiting for Quinn, Rachel, and Kurt. They had just ordered drinks for themselves and their dates when it happened again.

"Hi, Blaine."

Puck groaned as he looked up at Stacy from his seat beside Blaine. What was up with this chick? Did she not get that Blaine was gay? He had just told her a few hours ago!

"Oh," Blaine mumbled. "Hey, Stacy."

"Who are you?" Finn asked the ditzzy blond.

"The girl of Blaine's dreams," Stacy purred, leaning her hands on the table in front of Blaine.

Finn's eyebrows shot up. "Uh...*what?*"

"Say, Blaine?" Stacy said, flashing her smile. "What do you say you ditch these *guys* and come hang out with me?" She leaned closer so her shirt fell open slightly, causing Blaine to blanch. "We could have some *fun*."

Puck couldn't believe this girl! How dumb was she!

Blaine stared up at the ceiling as he answered. "Sorry, but I *prefer* guys. Just ask my *boyfriend*."

Puck suddenly got an idea, and he could feel a grin tug up the corners of his mouth.

Stacy giggled. "You're such a joker, Blaine." Blaine was now *glaring* at that ceiling.

"She's dumber than me!" Finn whispered to Puck.

Puck winked at him. "Leave it to me," he murmured back. Raising his voice, Puck said, "Oh, Stacy, he's not joking."

Stacy's gaze flickered to Puck. "Oh?" she said coldly.

Puck's grin widened as he slung an arm over Blaine's shoulders, the shorter boy squeaking in shock.

"I'm his boyfriend," Puck said, lacing his other hand with Blaine's. Finn was now grinning with him.

Stacy scoffed. "Please, I've *seen* you around with that blond girl."

Puck shrugged. "Quinn's my hag."

"Yeah," Finn chimed in. "I've caught K-*Puck* and Blaine going at it more times than I've cared to."

"Puck," Blaine snapped. "Get *off* me."

Stacy smirked. "Blaine doesn't seem to think he's your boyfriend."

"Oh, he just doesn't like PDA," Puck said, pulling Blaine closer. "Just go with it," he hissed in Blaine's ear so Stacy couldn't hear.

"Stop messing around," Stacy said, rolling her eyes. "We are in *Ohio*. No one is gay."

"Oh, yeah?" Puck said. "Watch and learn."

Blaine's eyes widened as Puck leaned down to kiss him. He turned just in time, Puck's lips only touching his cheek. Finn burst into laughter at the looks on Blaine's and Stacy's faces.

"You know what?" Stacy snarled, straightening up. "I can take a hint. You don't want to date me? *Fine*. You're not so hot anyways...but the most gorgeous guy ever just walked through the door."

Blaine looked relieved when Stacy walked away. Then he seemed to remember that Puck's arm was still around him.

"Get off!" he snapped, shoving Puck away.

"Geez, you're welcome," Puck said, grinning again.

"If you *ever* try kissing me again-"

But before Blaine could finish his threat, a voice sounded across the restaurant, and what it said caused Finn to burst out laughing again.

"OH, MY GOD, STACY, I'M *GAY*!" Kurt shouted.

"Guess Kurt needs my help, too," Puck said, making to get up.

Blaine held him back. "Oh, no you don't. *I'll* help Kurt!"

CHAPTER THIRTY-FIVE

Beach House

As soon as Blaine walked into the choir room he headed straight for Kurt, sitting down next to him. He kissed his cheek and murmured a greeting.

"How has your day been so far?" Blaine asked, taking Kurt's hand.

Kurt giggled. "I almost got slushied."

Blaine furrowed his eyebrows. "And this is funny *why*?"

"Well, Azimio was coming at me in the lunch room, but I was too busy talking to Mercedes to notice. When I did, I was about to get up and run when he tripped-get this-on a *banana peel* and fell on his back...and the slushie spilled all over his own face!" By the end Kurt was giggling into Blaine's shoulder, and Blaine was shaking with laughter of his own.

"He got a taste of his own medicine," Blaine said, curling his arm around Kurt's waist.

Kurt snuggled closer to Blaine. Not too much closer-they *were* still in public-but close enough to lay his head on Blaine's shoulder.

"Yeah," Kurt murmured.

Blaine rested his cheek on Kurt's head, and the two were quiet as they waited for Mr. Schue to show up. Suddenly, Blaine remembered he had something to ask Kurt.

"Kurtie?" Blaine murmured into Kurt's hair.

"Mhmm?"

"Me, my parents, and my brother are all going to our beach house for spring break. Do you want to come with me?"

Kurt picked his head up. "Your parents are okay with this?" he asked.

Blaine grinned. "I told them I was inviting Mike. They can't send you away once I show up with you now can they?"

Kurt giggled again, one of Blaine's favorite sounds in the world.

"Blaine Anderson, you little sneak!" he teased.

Blaine winked. "This also means we'll be rooming together," he whispered in Kurt's ear.

Kurt cocked an eyebrow. "Have you forgotten how loud you are, Blainers?"

Blaine blushed. "So...so you're coming, right?" he mumbled.

"Of course," Kurt said, laying his head back on Blaine's shoulder. "I just have to ask my dad."

...

Burt had no problem with Kurt going away with Blaine for spring break. Especially after Blaine had told him his parents and older brother would be there.

"Yeah, Kurt, go ahead," Burt had said. "We didn't have any plans. Go have fun."

And of course Kurt had squealed and hugged his father, Blaine mouthing "Thank you" behind him.

Now, Blaine was on his way to Kurt's house to pick him up. They would be driving to the beach house just the two of them and meet up with his parents and Zach. After parking in the Hudmel's driveway, Blaine nearly skipped to the door in excitement.

"Blaine!"

Kurt was in his arms as soon as the door had opened. Blaine happily hugged him back before pulling back to plant a kiss on Kurt's lips. Kurt sighed against his mouth, smiling as Blaine released him.

"Ready to go?" Blaine asked, keeping hold of one of Kurt's hands.

"Yup! My bags are upstairs."

Blaine followed Kurt up to his room, calling greetings to Burt, Carole, and Finn. He laughed as Kurt tugged on his hand to get him moving again, but the smile slid from his face after entering Kurt's room.

"Um, Kurt...Do you really need *five* suitcases? We're only going away for a week."

Kurt rolled his eyes. "Duh, Blaine. I need a suitcase each for my clothes, shoes, accessories, hair- and skincare products, and toiletries."

"Kurt...we're going to be on the beach nearly every day. You're not going to need shoes *or* accessories. And as for hair care, you'll be getting your hair *wet*, so-"

"I am *not* getting my hair wet," Kurt interrupted. "And you'll be lucky if you get me on the sand."

Blaine laughed. "Honey, that's the *point* of this trip."

Kurt pouted. "But Blaine," he whined.

Blaine crossed the room and wound his arms around Kurt's waist, kissing the pout off the other boy's lips.

"Please, Kurtie?" he murmured against the skin of Kurt's neck.

"Oh, no fair," Kurt moaned as Blaine nipped lightly at the sensitive spots. Blaine started sucking. "Fine!" Kurt said, pushing Blaine away. "I will leave *most* of my shoes and *most* of my hair care products. *Four* suitcases, okay?"

"Mmm...three," Blaine said lazily, lounging on Kurt's bed.

Kurt glared before mumbling an agreement.

...

It was another hour before Kurt had cut back to three suitcases.

"See, that wasn't so bad, now was it?" Blaine asked, grinning. They were finally on their way.

Kurt crossed his arms and glared out of his window. Chuckling, Blaine reached an arm over to take one of Kurt's hands, but Kurt leaned away.

"Oh, come on, Kurt," Blaine said, sighing. "This is going to be a long drive if you stay mad at me the whole time."

Kurt ignored him and shifted so he was turned away from Blaine, whose smile widened. He knew Kurt wasn't really mad, just being his usual diva self since he didn't get what he wanted.

Blaine stopped at a red light, taking advantage of this moment to place a hand teasingly high on Kurt's thigh. Kurt jumped and tried to swat Blaine's hand away, but the latter just gently squeezed, causing Kurt to squeak.

"Blaine," he said in a warning tone.

"He speaks!" Blaine said, removing his hand so he could drive again. Kurt bit his bottom lip, but Blaine could see the smile the brunette was trying to hide.

"You know," Kurt said. "You never did tell me whether or not Zach is...accepting of us."

Kurt had never met Zach, as the older Anderson brother went to college in LA.

Blaine took Kurt's hand, lacing their fingers together. "He's the only one who is," he said softly.

Kurt nodded. "At least you had *someone*, then."

Blaine smiled as he told Kurt about when he had told Zach. Blaine had come out to his brother the day before he had come out to his parents. He had been so nervous-he and Zach were like best friends. Zach was only a few years older than Blaine, and they often hung out together with all of their friends. He had been so relieved with Zach's reaction.

"Pippin," he had said, using the nickname only he was allowed to use. Pippin was Zach's favorite character in Lord of the Rings, and he always said that Blaine reminded him of the hobbit, only with darker hair. "You don't have to tell me something I already know."

"W-What?" Blaine asked.

Zach grinned. "You don't think I didn't notice the way you always checked out the guys on the beach, and never commented when I said how hot some girl was? I've been waiting for months for you to tell me. I was starting to get a little offended."

"So...so you're okay with it?" Blaine could hear the hope in his own voice.

Zach looked at him seriously. "You're my brother, Blaine. I'll be okay with whatever you are."

Blaine had then thrown his arms around his older brother, crying with relief. Zach had helped him tell their parents, and had flipped on their father when the man had started yelling and calling Blaine a "faggot" while Blaine had cowered in a corner.

Kurt's eyes were shining by the end of Blaine's story, and his grip on Blaine's hand was starting to hurt, but Blaine would never ask for him to let go.

"I'm so glad you had Zach," he whispered. "How do he and your parents get along now?"

Blaine frowned. "They're civil to each other. But he goes to college in LA because he can't stand Dad. He comes up every chance he can to see me, though."

"Oh, good," Kurt said, pulling Blaine's hand into his lap and starting to play with his fingers.

They spent the rest of the drive talking about random things, Kurt never letting go of Blaine's hand. The smile never left Blaine's face.

...

Roger, Arlene, and Zach were already at the beach house when Blaine and Kurt drove up. Blaine saw Kurt go slightly paler than usual.

"You okay, Kurtie?" Blaine murmured, thumb stroking Kurt's wrist.

Kurt nodded. "I'm just not looking forward to your dad finding out I'm not Mike."

Blaine's eyes darkened. "Don't worry about him."

Blaine and Kurt had barely left the car when someone shouted across the yard.

"PIPPIN!"

Blaine suddenly found himself engulfed in someone's arms-but he would know this person anywhere. He hugged Zach back, laughing with him when he pulled away.

Zach looked almost identical to Blaine. They had the same tanned skin and dark hair, but where Blaine's was curly, Zach's was straight. And while Blaine's eyes were a warm hazel color, Zach's were bright blue, almost as blue as Kurt's.

"Hi, Zach!" Blaine said excitedly.

"Hi, Pippin!" Zach's grin was contagious, and Blaine found himself smiling as wide as he only did with Kurt.

Blaine noticed Kurt standing off to the side, looking slightly awkward, but with a happy gleam in his eyes as he watched the two brothers. Blaine took Kurt's hand and tugged him towards him, moving his arm around the taller boy's waist when he stumbled into Blaine. Kurt blushed.

"Zach, I'd like you to meet the most important person in my life," Blaine said, kissing Kurt's cheek. "This is my boyfriend, Kurt Hummel."

Zach looked Kurt up and down, causing the other boy to blush. The grin reappeared on his face as he stuck out his hand. "Good to meet you, Merry!" he said.

"Merry?" Kurt asked as he shook Zach's hand, who used the leverage to pull Kurt into a hug of his own. Blaine saw Kurt relax into the hug, and was happy to see a smile on Kurt's face when Zach released him.

"Merry was Pippin's best friend in *Lord of the Rings*," Blaine explained.

"Pff," Zach said. "We both know they were gay lovers."

Kurt giggled. "I've actually never seen *Lord of the Rings*."

Zach stared at him. "Oh, my God, we are watching it this week. All three volumes."

"Good luck with that, Zach," Blaine said. "I only *just* got Kurt to watch *Harry Potter*."

"What kind of sad life have you been living?" Zach asked.

Kurt opened his mouth to say something, but his eyes widened at something over Zach's shoulder and he shut his mouth, dropping Blaine's hand. Blaine looked over at him, confused. But he wasn't confused for very long.

"Ah, Blaine, you're finally here," Roger Anderson said.

"Hi, Dad," Blaine mumbled.

"And...Kurt? I thought you were inviting Mike, Blaine?" Roger asked, a hard look in his eyes.

"He did invite Mike, Dad," Zach said, a hard emphasis on the last word. "But he couldn't make it. Kurt is *my* guest. After all, I haven't met my brother's boyfriend yet."

"Come inside, boys, your mother is waiting," Roger said, turning and walking back towards the beach house, which resembled a log cabin.

"Thank you, Zach," Kurt said, smiling gratefully at the older boy. "That was very nice of you."

Zach's cheerful grin was back. "No problem, Merry! Can I help you with your bags?"

"No, I'll get them," Blaine said, popping the trunk with a click of a button.

"I can carry my own bags, Blaine," Kurt mumbled.

Blaine rolled his eyes as he slung his one duffel bag over his shoulder and grabbed two of Kurt's suitcases.

"Fine, carry that one in," he said.

"You packed *three* suitcases?" Zach asked incredulously as he followed after Kurt and Blaine.

"He originally had five!" Blaine called over his shoulder. He laughed as he heard Zach start to tease Kurt, a thrill of delight going through him when he heard Kurt tease back. He could tell Kurt and Zach were becoming fast friends, and he couldn't be happier about it.

...

By the time Kurt and Blaine had settled in, Arlene had finished cooking dinner. The two boys bounded down the stairs, arms hooked together, giggling about nothing.

Zach glared at Roger as Roger eyed Kurt's and Blaine's constantly clasped hands with disgust all through dinner. When Roger noticed Zach's glaring, he snapped at his son.

"Yes, Zach?"

"Oh, nothing," Zach snarled. "I just would have thought you had something better to do than watch Kurt and Blaine...like actually eat your dinner."

Roger narrowed his eyes before turning back to Blaine. "So, Blaine, about the sleeping arrangements-"

"Kurt's sleeping in my room," Blaine interrupted.

"Now, wait just a minute-"

"What's the big deal, *Dad*? Blaine's room has two beds," Zach said, winking at Kurt, who blushed and ducked his head to hide a smile.

Roger pursed his lips. "You will each sleep in your own beds," he said, looking pointedly at Blaine.

"Of course," Blaine said innocently, brushing his fingers against Kurt's leg, who blushed again.

For the rest of dinner, Zach wouldn't let Roger say another word. He kept up a conversation with Kurt and Blaine, but mainly Kurt. Zach seemed to want to know everything there was about Kurt. And he still insisted there was going to be a *Lord of the Rings* marathon sometime during the week. Blaine could tell he would most likely have to help Zach convince Kurt in his own special way.

Kurt's eyes were drooping by the time they had cleaned up the plates and put away the leftovers. Blaine had told him to lie on the couch while he and Zach washed the dishes and their parents went upstairs to bed.

"Kurtie," Blaine cooed in his ear, gently shaking him. "Let's go upstairs, honey."

"Mmm...kay," Kurt sighed, getting up off the couch and stretching. Blaine sucked in his breath as Kurt's shirt rid up slightly.

"Don't even think about it, Anderson," Kurt mumbled. "I'm too tired."

Blaine chuckled as he helped Kurt up the stairs, letting his boyfriend lean on him. Blaine shut the bedroom door behind him and turned to see Kurt taking out everything for his moisturizing routine.

He went up behind Kurt and wrapped his arms around his waist, stroking the skin of Kurt's stomach. He nuzzled his face into Kurt's neck and pressed soft kisses and bites against the skin. Kurt moaned quietly and dropped his head back, lifting one hand to tangle in the curls at the base of Blaine's neck.

"Come on, honey, just go to bed tonight," Blaine murmured. "You're exhausted. I'm sure skipping one night isn't going to hurt."

"Kay," Kurt sighed again, turning in Blaine's arms and allowing Blaine to tug him to one of the beds.

Blaine smiled as Kurt snuggled back into him, taking the role as little spoon. Blaine pulled him even closer and laced their hands together.

"Good night, Kurtie," he whispered. "I love you."

"I love you, too, Blainers," Kurt murmured.

...

Kurt, Blaine, and Zach spent the next day on the beach while Roger took Arlene to the shops. Blaine and Zach splashed around in the water while Kurt sat on a towel and watched Blaine. Blaine could see him from where he was wrestling with Zach in deeper water. He and his brother went at it for a little while longer before Blaine decided to sit with Kurt. Zach ran off somewhere down the beach.

"Blaine," Kurt whined when Blaine plopped down next to him. "You're going to get me all wet." Blaine grinned and leaned closer to Kurt, who yelped when water droplets fell on his shirt. "Blaine!"

Blaine laughed. "I'm sorry, Kurt."

Kurt cupped one of Blaine's cheeks and pressed a swift kiss to his lips. "That's okay," he said, tapping Blaine's nose.

Blaine's grin widened, and he tried to tug Kurt's shirt over his head.

"What are you doing?" Kurt shrieked, pinning his arms against his side.

"You're going to come swimming with me," Blaine said simply.

Kurt blanched. "Oh, no, I'm not."

Blaine stuck out his lower lip and gave Kurt puppy dog eyes-something he knew his boyfriend couldn't resist.

Kurt groaned. "You're so mean," he said, pulling his shirt over his head.

Blaine smiled appreciatively at Kurt's smooth body before grabbing him up-laughing at Kurt's squeals-and carried him into the water.

Kurt spluttered as he resurfaced.

"Blaine, it's cold!" he said, latching onto Blaine.

Blaine nuzzled his face into Kurt's neck and rubbed his hands up and down Kurt's sides, trying to warm him. Kurt wrapped his arms around Blaine's neck and his legs around his waist, dropping his head onto Blaine's shoulder and humming in contentment. Blaine was perfectly fine with staying like this, but Zach chose that moment to return from wherever he had gone.

Zach grabbed Kurt and pulled him back against him, laughing as Kurt flailed in his arms.

"Calm down, Merry, it's just me," he said, squeezing Kurt one more time before letting him go.

Kurt climbed onto Blaine's back this time and rested his chin on Blaine's shoulder, glaring at Zach.

"A hello would work just fine next time," he said, but Blaine could hear the smile in his voice.

"Guess what, guys!" Zach said. "I found something for us to do!"

"What?" Blaine asked.

"Surfing!"

Blaine felt excitement course through his body at the same time he heard Kurt say, "I don't think so!"

"Why not?" Blaine asked, turning his head to meet Kurt's gaze.

Kurt let go of Blaine and swam slightly away from them. "I don't surf. I am not ashamed to admit this-I am *terrified* of surfing."

"Aw," Blaine cooed, pulling Kurt back against him. "You can just watch if you want, Kurtie."

"That's no fun!" Zach said. "Come on, Merry, surf with us!"

Kurt bit his bottom lip. "Well..."

"Yay, Merry's going to surf!" Zach said. "Come on, hobbits, I have our surf boards on the shoreline!"

...

Half an hour later, Kurt, Blaine, and Zach were ready to surf. Blaine and Zach were wearing wetsuits, but Kurt had refused and was wearing his swim trunks.

He was also wearing a very worried expression.

"Kurt, you don't have to do this," Blaine said, cupping Kurt's face in his hands.

"No...no, I want to," Kurt mumbled, pressing a quick kiss against Blaine's lips before stepping back and picking up his surfboard.

"Alright, Pippin, let's go!" Zach said, and Blaine followed him into the water, throwing a smile at Kurt over his shoulder.

After waiting a few more minutes, Blaine noticed Kurt start swimming out to the waves. Zach had shown him as much as he could during the past thirty minutes, but Blaine was still a little worried. He and Zach had been surfing since they were old enough, but Kurt was facing a fear right now. He sat on his board so he could watch Kurt.

Blaine gasped.

Kurt looked *amazing* on a surfboard. Kurt's muscles weren't as defined as Blaine's, nor was his skin as dark...well, dark in general...but Kurt was *beautiful*. His skin was pale and flawless, and Blaine knew it looked gorgeous in the moonlight. But Kurt surfing was *hot*.

And Kurt was doing well for a first-timer. So well, that Blaine cheered for his boyfriend.

Which turned out to be the wrong thing to do.

Kurt turned to grin at Blaine, but ended up losing his balance. A look of terror flashed over his face before he fell.

"Kurt!" Blaine screamed before diving into the water and swimming towards the other boy. By the time Blaine reached Kurt, the older boy had tears running down his face.

"Please don't let me do that again," Kurt whimpered.

"Oh, honey," Blaine said and pulled Kurt into his arms. He stroked Kurt's hair as the countertenor clung to Blaine and sobbed into his neck.

"Kurt, are you okay?" Zach asked. Blaine hadn't noticed his brother swim over.

"I'm o-okay," Kurt said, turning his head so he could look at Zach without removing his head from Blaine's shoulder. "It just s-scared me."

"Sorry if I made you do it," Zach said sheepishly, rubbing the back of his neck.

"It's okay," Kurt said, turning back into Blaine's neck.

"How about we go home?" Blaine murmured into Kurt's hair. He nodded.

"Uh...I'm going to stay here a little longer," Zach said. "I'll see you later?"

Blaine looked at his brother, understanding the look in his eyes. Zach smiled at him before turning back to collect his board. Blaine let go of Kurt long enough to pull their own boards to the shore before wrapping his arm around Kurt's waist and pulling him into his side.

"Come on, honey," Blaine said, stopping to grab Kurt's shirt before they headed back to the house.

Blaine was relieved to find that his parents still weren't home. He brought Kurt upstairs to the bathroom and shut the door behind them.

"Let's get you warm and clean, baby," he said, pressing a kiss to Kurt's lips.

Kurt hummed against Blaine's mouth and wrapped his arms around Blaine's neck.

"Only if you join me."

Blaine smiled as they stripped down and stepped into the shower. But they didn't do anything but wash up and scrub the salt out of their skin. After, they towel dried and pulled on sweatpants and T-shirts. Blaine had to let Kurt borrow his clothes.

Now warm and dry, Kurt and Blaine snuggled up on Blaine's bed, facing each other and smiling lazily. Kurt was playing with Blaine's curls, and Blaine closed his eyes in contentment. Just when he felt he was going to fall asleep, Blaine took Kurt's hand and laced their fingers together, opening his eyes.

"You're okay, right?" he asked softly.

Kurt nodded, his smile widening slightly. "Yeah, I just kind of panicked a little. Sorry," he said, blushing slightly.

Blaine scooted closer so he could press his body against Kurt's and his lips against the other boy's. Kurt sighed into Blaine's mouth, giggling a little when Blaine rolled on top of him and gently pressed him into the mattress.

"I love you," Blaine murmured against Kurt's lips as he slid his fingers under Kurt's shirt and stroked at his sides. Kurt moaned and tangled his fingers in Blaine's hair, opening his mouth to grant Blaine entrance.

"I love you, too," Kurt gasped when Blaine started kissing down his neck, stopping at that sweet spot where his neck met his shoulder.

Kurt groaned when Blaine bit down and sucked in the skin, sucking harshly. Kurt knew it would leave a mark, but he didn't really care at the moment.

Just as Blaine was about to pull Kurt's shirt off, he heard the bedroom door open.

"Blaine-WHAT THE HELL!"

Blaine pulled away from Kurt and both boys sat up. He saw Kurt go pale when he noticed Roger standing in the doorway. Blaine could feel his temper already rising.

"What do the two of you think you're doing?" Roger hissed.

"What does it look like, Dad?" Blaine snapped back. "I was making out with my boyfriend."

Roger stared at Blaine silently for a few minutes before whispering three words.

"Get out. *Now*."

Blaine froze. "What?"

"I've had enough of this, Blaine. I'm done having a faggot for a son. You need to pack your bags and leave. I don't ever want to see you again-not unless you clean up your act and set yourself straight."

"Excuse me?"

Everyone turned to see Zach standing in the doorway just behind Roger. Kurt chose this moment to crawl over to Blaine and take his hand, but Blaine wrapped an arm around Kurt and pulled him against him.

"Stay out of this, Zach," Roger said through gritted teeth. "For once, *mind your own business.*"

"Blaine *is* my business," Zach growled. "He's my *brother*. And I am *not* going to let you kick him out just because you're too ignorant and cowardly to accept him."

"There is nothing to accept. Boys are to like girls, not other boys. He's nothing but a disappointment."

Kurt stroked Blaine's arm, letting him know he was there to lean on.

"No, *you're* the disappointment!" Zach shouted. "Blaine is your *son*! How can you just toss him out like he's trash? If anyone's scum here, you are!"

"You can't talk to me that way, Zach Anderson!" Roger yelled back. "I am your father-"

"Then start acting like it!" Zach said.

Roger looked over Zach's shoulder at Blaine, who had Kurt curled into his side. His face hardened.

"You have fifteen minutes, Blaine," he said before turning from the room.

Blaine just stared after his father, not noticing the tears on his cheeks until he felt Kurt wiping them away.

"Oh, baby, I'm so sorry," his boyfriend choked out, pulling Blaine into his chest. Blaine gripped the front of Kurt's shirt and let out a sob.

"Blaine-" Zach started.

"I have nowhere to go, Kurt," Blaine whimpered. "What am I going to do?"

"You can stay with me," Zach said.

Kurt's grip tightened on Blaine, who understood the message.

Don't take Blaine away from me.

"I'd love to, Zach, but I can't," Blaine said.

"Why not?" Zach asked.

"I'm not leaving Kurt. I...I can't lose him. Not now."

"Blaine...I'm moving back to Ohio," Zach whispered. "I was going to surprise you at the end of the week." Blaine and Kurt just started at him. "I'm transferring schools...so I can be closer to you, Pippin. I've been waiting for something like this to happen ever since you first told me about Kurt."

"And...and you'd let me live with you?" Blaine asked.

Zach smiled. "Of course."

Blaine launched off the bed and threw his arms around his older brother.

"Thank you," Blaine whispered.

"You're my brother, Pippin," Zach said. "I'll never abandon you." He turned to Kurt. "You two pack up and I'll meet you downstairs."

"Kurt," Blaine said when Zach had left. "Should...should I be feeling happy right now?"

"Oh, Blaine, I don't know," Kurt said. "But I'm feeling pretty happy myself. You're finally going to live with someone who loves you for you."

Blaine felt more tears come to his eyes. "I love you," he said.

Kurt beamed at him before crossing the room and pressing their lips together.

"I love you, too."

CHAPTER THIRTY-SIX

Follow Up: Faulty Gaydar

Stacy was furious. How dare that Blaine Anderson turn *her* down! Even going so far as to claim he was *gay*. Whatever, she had never really been after the handsome boy in the first place. No, her sights had been set on one Kurt Hummel, the most gorgeous guy in the whole school. But Blaine had been much easier to go after.

For one, Blaine was never around any girls, only one-the annoying, short brunette who was always hanging around Kurt. Stacy only ever saw Blaine with guys. Kurt, on the other hand, was a lady's man. He always had a crowd of girls around him, laughing and flirting. But Stacy had also noticed that Kurt and Blaine hung out a lot together, so she assumed they were best friends. If Stacy started dating Blaine, she'd be able to get to Kurt.

But Blaine had turned her down!

So as Blaine had glared at his friend, Puck (they were *not* boyfriends), Stacy had glanced up at the entrance to Breadstix and watched as Kurt Hummel walked through the doors with a girl on each arm-Quinn and the annoying brunette, Rachel.

So then Stacy had said, ""You know what? I can take a hint. You don't want to date me? *Fine*. You're not so hot anyways...but the most gorgeous guy ever just walked through the door." And spinning on her heel, she had sauntered right up to Kurt, flashing her white smile.

"Hi, Kurt," she said, batting her eyes.

Kurt's smile slipped from his beautiful face. "Oh...hello, Stacy."

Okay, so maybe Stacy had been doing a little bit of flirting with Kurt like she had with Blaine. What was the harm in trying?

Rachel and Quinn shot nasty looks at Stacy before leaving to sit at a table. Stacy didn't bother watching them go, keeping her sights on Kurt.

Stacy laid a hand on Kurt's shoulder. "So, Kurt, what do you say me and you-"

"OH, MY GOD, STACY, I'M *GAY*!" Kurt shouted.

Stacy smirked. "You still expect me to believe that when you're constantly flirting with girls? Kissing their cheeks, holding their hands?"

Kurt's eyes flashed, but before he could say anything else, Blaine appeared at his side, glaring at Stacy.

"What do you think you're doing," the shorter boy growled. "You're going after *Kurt* now?"

Stacy linked her arm through Kurt's, who unsuccessfully tried to shrug her off.

"Jealous, Blaine?" she asked sweetly. "You had your chance, you know." Stacy looked up at Kurt and ran a hand through his hair, who glared daggers at her. "But Kurt is *so* much better looking than you, and his hair is so *soft*."

"I know," Blaine snarled. "I've *felt* it before."

Stacy trailed a finger down Kurt's arm, who jerked away from her touch. "And his skin is so *soft*."

"*I know*," Blaine repeated. "I've *kissed* it. Now *let go* of my *boyfriend*."

Stacy rolled her eyes. "Oh, not this again."

Kurt finally managed to shake Stacy off of him and stood next to Blaine. "What again?" Kurt whispered in the other boy's ear.

"Yes, Stacy, Puck was trying to get rid of you when he pretended to be my boyfriend," Blaine said, and Kurt's eyes widened in understanding. "But Kurt really is my boyfriend."

Stacy crossed her arms and raised her eyebrows. "Prove it, then," she said, confident that they would get flustered and fess up.

She was not expecting what they really did.

Blaine grabbed Kurt by the front of his shirt and crashed his lips against the taller boy's. Kurt fisted his fingers in Blaine's hair and hungrily kissed back. Stacy saw Blaine open his mouth to deepen the kiss, and

the boys' tongues plunged into each other's mouths. As shocked as she was, Stacy could appreciate how hot this was.

Blaine was the first to pull away, panting.

"Satisfied?" he asked her, wrapping his arm around a dazed-looking Kurt.

Stacy, pride wounded, just spun on her heel and stalked out of the restaurant. She would be perfectly fine with never seeing neither Kurt nor Blaine ever again.

...

The next day in Glee club, Kurt and Blaine were arguing (again) over whether Lady Gaga or Katy Perry was the better artist when Rory practically skipped into the choir room.

"Hello, everyone!" he said in his Irish accent. "You'll never believe what just happened!"

"What?" Artie asked from where he sat with Brittany on his lap.

Rory was beaming. "I'm going on a date tonight!"

"Nice going, dude!" Finn said.

"Who's the girl?" Puck asked.

Rory opened his mouth to answer, but Mr. Schue chose that moment to start rehearsal. When Glee ended, everyone was packing up to leave when they heard a voice sound from the doorway.

"Ready to go, Rory?"

Kurt turned to the girl in the doorway and felt his heart sink to his feet.

"Oh, my God, it's Ditzzy," he said, watching as Rory bounded over to her and took her hand in his.

"I can't believe *she's* his date," Blaine said, staring after them.

Kurt shook his head as he took Blaine's hand and they left the choir room. "This is not going to end well."

...

Just as Kurt had predicted, Rory came into Glee club the next day looking scared and nervous.

"You have to help me get rid of her!" he pleaded. "She's so..."

"Oh, we understand," Blaine said, and Kurt nodded in agreement.

"Try telling her you're gay," Puck said. "It worked for Kurt and Blaine."

Kurt glared at him. "Only because we *are* gay, Noah!"

"Rory!" Everyone turned to see Stacy walking into the choir room. "I decided to join the New Directions so we can spend more time together."

Rory's eyes widened. "Stacy, there's something I have to tell you."

"Yes?" Stacy asked, smiling sweetly up at him.

"I'm gay," he blurted.

Stacy's smile immediately vanished. "I knew it," she said, tears coming to her eyes. "I got my hopes up when you accepted the date, but I still had a bad feeling you played for the other team." She sighed, and Kurt actually found himself feeling bad for the girl.

"Um...I...I'm sorry?" Rory said, sounding unsure.

Stacy wiped away a tear. "No, no, it's okay. I'll see you around, I guess," she said and walked out of the choir room.

Rory turned to the rest of New Directions. "Seriously?" he asked Kurt and Blaine. "How did she get the feeling that *I'm* gay?"

Kurt smiled sympathetically. "That, dear, is what we call a girl with bad gaydar."

CHAPTER THIRTY-SEVEN

Dressing Room

Carole had been working very hard lately. She was taking double shifts at the hospital to cover for one of her friends, and it was exhausting. But she finally had a day off, and she was going to use it to go on a shopping spree. Though she'd have to go alone, as Kurt was spending the day with Blaine.

Carole smiled to herself. Kurt was always at his happiest when he came home from a day with Blaine. Her step-son had had two rough years, and he deserved this happiness. So did Blaine, because from what she had heard from Kurt, the poor boy hadn't had the best life before transferring to Dalton.

So that was why, at ten o'clock on a Saturday morning, Carole found herself driving to the mall to buy herself some new outfits. Burt had offered to come, but Carole had refused, instead telling him to take the day to relax. The poor man had been at the garage almost as often as she had been at the hospital. The mall was only thirty minutes away, and Carole was early enough to get a parking spot close to the entrance.

Humming tunelessly, Carole simply browsed for the first fifteen minutes. She wasn't in a rush today, so she was going to take all the time in the world to pick out her new clothes. Carole started chuckling when she thought about if Kurt had been with her-she probably would have tried on ten shirts and twenty shirts by now.

A cute, pale purple top caught Carole's eye, and it would look great with the pair of pants she was currently holding. Satisfied with her first outfit, Carole walked to the dressing room to try it on. She had just walked through the entrance when she heard voices.

"Ouch, Kurt!"

Carole's eyebrows rose. She hadn't known Kurt and Blaine were going shopping today, too. If she had, she would have just invited them to ride with her.

Carole heard Kurt huff. "Stop squirming and I'll stop scratching you! I'm not doing it on purpose."

"But I don't *like* skinny jeans. They're too tight. Don't you ever want to have sex again?"

Carole blushed. She had assumed Kurt and Blaine's relationship had progressed that far, but hearing it confirmed was still a shock.

"Blaine, calm down. I wear skinny jeans every day, and I'm perfectly fine." Carole could hear the eye-roll in his voice.

"Well, you look good in skinny jeans, babe," Blaine said, and Carole heard Kurt squeak in surprise.

"Blaine! Keep your hands to yourself in here!"

Carole bit her lip, hiding a smile. She went to the stall next to Kurt and Blaine's (the only other stall), but it was under repairs. She'd have to wait until Kurt and Blaine were done.

"Blaine, can you hand me that shirt?"

"Sure...here you go!"

"Thank you, love."

Kurt and Blaine were quiet as Carole heard the rustling of clothing being taken off or put on. Carole felt herself blush again at a comment from Blaine, who only laughed when Kurt hissed at him to be quiet.

"Do you want someone to hear you?" Kurt said.

"Why not?" Blaine replied. "Then everyone will know I have the most gorgeous and sexiest boyfriend in the world."

Carole covered her mouth to muffle an "aw." She knew Kurt was probably smiling, too.

"How do I look?" she heard Kurt ask.

"Amazing as always," Blaine said. "Wait...I thought you had that shirt already?"

"I did until you *ripped* it."

"Until I...*oh*."

"Yeah, remember now?"

"Oh, that was a *good* night."

Carole's eyes widened. She didn't want to know what they were talking about.

"You know," Kurt said, "we haven't had a night like that in a while."

"Well, my house is going to be empty all day," Blaine said, and Carole could hear the smirk in his voice.

"I like the way you think, baby," Kurt said huskily.

Oh God. Carole wasn't going to be able to look at Kurt tonight. She was relieved that she hadn't allowed Burt to come shopping with her.

"*Jesus*, Kurt, can we finish shopping another day?"

"Of course not," Kurt said. Blaine must have pouted, for Kurt added, "Don't worry, Blaine, we'll get to your house soon enough."

"You're mean," Blaine whined, and Carole almost laughed out loud.

"You love me."

"I do."

Carole smiled. Those boys were so cute...in spite of what she had just learned about them. But she didn't want to think about that.

"Oh!" Kurt squealed. "You have to try this on!"

"...A leather jacket?" Blaine asked after a short pause.

"It'll look so cute with your curls!" Kurt said. "*Please*, Blainers?"

Carole let out a quiet giggle. She knew Kurt had Blaine now. Blaine was so smitten with her son, and vice versa. They would do anything for each other. Sure enough, Blaine sighed.

"Fine."

"Good!" Kurt said, and Carole just *knew* he was beaming at his boyfriend.

There were a few seconds spent in silence while Blaine pulled on the leather jacket. Then-

"Kurt?" Blaine asked. "Are you okay?"

"You're getting that jacket," Kurt said.

"Um...okay."

"And you're going to wear it at your house."

"So...you're going to rip it off me?"

"Yes. We're done shopping now."

"Really! Alright!"

A few minutes later, Kurt and Blaine left their dressing room. Carole grinned when they looked up and saw her.

"Carole!" Kurt squeaked. "Wh-What are you doing here?"

"Shopping," Carole said, still grinning. "I've been waiting to use the dressing room."

Blaine paled. "How long have you been waiting."

"Long enough," Carole answered.

Kurt and Blaine just stood there awkwardly, and Carole finally laughed.

"Relax, boys."

"You're...you won't tell Dad about anything you heard, will you?" Kurt asked.

Carole bit her lip. "Kurt-"

"Please, Carole?" Blaine asked. "I don't want to die."

Carole cocked an eyebrow. "Blaine, Burt wouldn't kill you."

"Just...please, Carole?" Kurt repeated.

"Kurt..." Carole sighed. "Fine, I won't tell your father." Kurt and Blaine relaxed, sighing in relief. "But if he asks, I'm not lying to him."

"Oh, why would he ask?" Kurt said nonchalantly. "But thank you, Carole."

Carole laughed. "No problem, Kurt," she said. But as Kurt and Blaine left the dressing room, she couldn't help but add over her shoulder, "Have fun at Blaine's house!"

CHAPTER THIRTY-EIGHT

Christmas Reunion

It was that time of year again-Christmastime. Burt's favorite time of the year. And this year, it was Burt's turn to host the annual Christmas Eve party. He already had the house decorated, all that needed to be done was send out the invitations and buy the food for dinner. Burt was ready to mail the invitations the next day, but there was one that could be hand delivered.

"Kurt! Blaine! Get in here, please!" Burt called into the living room.

Burt had assigned Kurt, Blaine, and Finn to present duty. He had already wrapped the three boys' presents, so he didn't have to worry about the boys finding their own gifts. Kurt and Blaine bounded into the dining room (where Burt was stamping the invitations) hand-in-hand.

"Yes, Dad?" Kurt asked.

Burt held out an invitation. "I wanted to give Blaine his invitation now."

A grin broke out over Blaine's face. "I'm invited? Really? Thanks, Burt!"

"Yes, Blaine, you're invited," Burt said, chuckling. Blaine grabbed the invitation, but Burt didn't let go. "There's one condition, Blaine...*control your filterless mouth*," he added, releasing the invitation.

Kurt grinned at a blushing Blaine. "Don't worry, Burt. I won't say anything inappropriate."

"You can trust him, Dad," Kurt added.

Burt nodded. "Alright. Now go finish your wrapping."

...

One week later it was Christmas Eve, and there were only two hours until the party started and people began to arrive. Most of the food was cooked-only the ham and dessert needed to be finished. Kurt was helping Carole with that while Burt, Finn, and Blaine shoveled snow off the sidewalk.

"So is Rachel coming?" Blaine asked Finn.

Finn shook his head. "No. She's Jewish, remember?"

"Yes, I remember, Finn," Blaine said. "But a party's a party."

"Drop it, boys," Burt said sternly before an argument could break out.

It only took another forty five minutes for the three of them to finish shoveling the side walk. Walking back into the house, Burt was greeted with the delicious smell of cooked ham. His mouth watered, and he couldn't wait for dinner.

"Oh, just in time!" Kurt said as Burt, Finn, and Blaine walked into the kitchen. "People will be arriving soon!"

Burt watched as Blaine walked over to Kurt and pressed a swift kiss to Kurt's cheek. He grinned at his son's blush.

"Don't worry, Kurt," Finn said. "All the work's done, so all we have to do now is wait!"

...

They didn't have long to wait; as usual, people started arriving early. There was hugging and kissing and happy greetings. This year, Carole's family had also been invited to the party, and Burt was once again grateful for moving into a bigger house. He had to laugh when he saw Blaine, though. The boy was clinging to Kurt's hand, his eyes widening when people pulled him into a hug after hugging Kurt.

Dinner was always a hectic affair, so it was always the first thing to happen. But it was also the most fun part of the party-it gave everyone a chance to catch up with each other all at once and share news. Pregnancies, promotions, honor roll, engagements...they were all shared. It allowed the after-dinner party-mingle to just be about having a good time.

"Hey, Burt," Jerry, Burt's cousin, said after dinner was over. "How's school been for Kurt? The bullying stop yet?"

"It hasn't entirely stopped," Burt answered. "But it's loads better than last year."

Over Jerry's shoulder, Burt noticed Kurt and Blaine coming back from the kitchen, where they had offered to help Carole clear the table and clean up a little. Their hands were laced together as they joined one of Finn's cousins, Joanna. They were close enough that he could hear their conversation.

"Hey, Kurt!" Joanna said. "And you must be Blaine!"

"Yes," Kurt said. "Blaine, this is Finn's cousin and my favorite shopping partner, Joanna. Joanna, this is my boyfriend, Blaine."

"Well that's good," Jerry said, continuing his and Burt's conversation. Burt nodded, trying to hear every part of Kurt, Blaine, and Joanna's conversation. The last thing he needed was for Blaine to say something inappropriate with Kurt's and Finn's family in hearing distance.

"Oh, you're just as cute as Kurt said," Joanna said, smiling.

Blaine blushed. "I'm not as cute as Kurt, though," he countered. Joanna cooed as Kurt smiled and kissed Blaine's cheek.

"You guys are so adorable!" Joanna said.

Kurt rolled his eyes, but the smile on his face showed how pleased he was.

"So how's Finn doing? He still with that loud girl?" Jerry asked, grinning.

"Yeah...yeah, he is," Burt answered, still looking at the three teens.

"I have to go to the bathroom," Kurt said. "I'll be right back."

Burt watched Blaine gaze after Kurt as he walked away. There was a look on the boy's face that made Burt think Blaine wasn't watching the back of Kurt's head.

"Checking out your man, Mr. Anderson?" Joanna asked with a knowing smile.

Blaine smirked at her. "Don't I have a right to?"

Joanna laughed. "Of course you do." Blaine laughed with her.

"Do you have a boyfriend, Joanna?" Blaine asked after they stopped laughing

"No...but I have a crush on Tom Felton, which, according to Kurt, I share with you."

"That's good," Jerry said, and Burt nearly jumped. Keeping an eye on Blaine had made him forget Jerry was there. "And I bet you're glad that Kurt found someone, too. Lord knows that boy deserves it."

"Oh, he does," Burt said. "He and Blaine both do."

"Yeah, well, that crush isn't as strong anymore. I have Kurt now, who is so much hotter," Blaine said.

Oh no. Relax, Burt, maybe that's as bad as it'll get.

"Hotter than Tom Felton?" Joanna asked in disbelief. "I don't think so."

"Kurt is hotter than Tom Felton, and even *sexier* than Tom Felton," Blaine argued.

Or it could get worse.

"Did Blaine just call Kurt sexy?" Jerry asked, looking over his shoulder.

"Hm?" Burt said. "I didn't hear him." Jerry's eyebrows were still furrowed. "How's Bridget doing?"

Burt sighed in relief as Jerry started talking about his wife, who was at home with the kids. The twin girls had come down with the flu only the day before and had to stay in bed.

Joanna was blushing. "Is he now..."

"Mhm," Blaine said. "He's great in bed, too."

Joanna's blush darkened, and Jerry's head turned to quickly Burt was afraid he'd cricked his neck. Burt glared at Blaine, who, of course, didn't notice him.

"Blaine-" he started to call, but was interrupted by a softer voice calling the curly-haired boy.

"Blainers," Kurt's voice drifted across the room. Burt turned with Blaine and saw his son standing in the living room doorway underneath the sprig of mistletoe Carole had hung up.

Blaine winked at Joanna before making his way over to Kurt. Burt wasn't too worried about this-Kurt didn't really like PDA, so this shouldn't be more than a quick peck on the lips. If that; Kurt might just opt for the cheek.

Burt's jaw wasn't the only one that dropped when Blaine pulled Kurt into his arms and crashed their lips together in a heated kiss. Kurt's eyes flew open, but then he tangled his hands in Blaine's hair as the other boy fisted the bottom of Kurt's shirt in his hands and tugged him closer.

Burt grabbed the back of Blaine's shirt and yanked him away from Kurt.

"Cut that out, you two!" he hissed, aware that most eyes were on them. "You can't just kiss like that in front of everyone!"

"But it's *mistletoe*!" Blaine said. "That's what it's *for*, Burt!"

"Not like that it's not!" Burt growled. "And don't think I didn't hear your little comment about Kurt to Joanna."

Kurt cocked an eyebrow as Blaine paled. "You...you heard that?" he asked weakly.

"Yup," Burt said. "And I believe I told you to control your mouth, so now you get to have the privilege of not leaving my side for the rest of the night."

CHAPTER THIRTY-NINE

Birthday

Burt whistled as he left the garage. He was going home early to surprise Kurt for his birthday. Carole was working and Finn had a football game, so Burt was taking just Kurt to dinner.

The garage wasn't that far from his house and less than ten minutes later Burt was parking his truck and walking up to the house. He walked through to door and hung his keys up on the hook.

Whistling "The Birthday Song," Burt looked in the living room, dining room, and kitchen for Kurt. Not finding him, he opened the door to the basement bedroom and started down the stairs.

"Hey, Kurt, I-" Burt took in what was happening in his son's bedroom. "OHMYGOD!" He spun around quickly, eyes bugging out of his head at the picture of his son-his innocent son-under the sheets and tangled up with Blaine.

"Dad!" Kurt shrieked.

"Motherfucker!" Blaine mumbled.

"You two have five minutes to get dressed and get upstairs." He started up the stairs, hearing Blaine's annoyed groan between his steps.

By the time he reached the kitchen, his mind was reeling. He couldn't believe Kurt-his pure, innocent Kurt-was doing *that*! He was only seventeen! Eighteen as of 6:22 this evening. He wasn't old enough . Never mind that Burt was sixteen his first time. This was his son, his pride and joy, his little boy.

Why do they grow up so fast? It seemed like just yesterday he was playing dress up and demanding they have tea parties.

If he hadn't found out this way he would probably have tears in his eyes because he didn't have a little boy anymore-he had a grown son.

But all he was right now was mad.

He heard Kurt and Blaine slowly come up the stairs. They shuffled into his line of view and paused.

"Sit."

Looking scared, the two boys obeyed.

Burt had no idea where to start, so he just stared at them. They both had sweat prickling their brows. Burt chose to think it was because of their fear and not because of what they were doing downstairs.

Sighing, Burt ran his right hand over his eyes. "How long have you guys been..." Burt couldn't bring himself to finish the sentence.

"Since November," Kurt said quietly.

"November!" Burt repeated. "Why didn't you tell me, Kurt?"

"I-just," Kurt sighed. "I didn't know how to. It's kind of an awkward topic."

"Well," Burt started. "Now it's even more awkward isn't it?"

Blaine scoffed. Burt chose to ignore it.

"Look, you guys love each other, right?"

"Of course!" Kurt looked shocked that Burt would even think of asking that.

"More than anything," Blaine said, looking Burt in the eye. Kurt grabbed Blaine's hand and Blaine turned to look at him. "Even Harry Potter." Blaine grinned and Kurt giggled. Burt was happy that his son had found someone as great as Blaine-even if he did make occasional inappropriate comments.

"And you guys are being safe?"

Kurt flushed at the question but nodded.

"We have cotton candy flavored condoms!" Blaine explained happily.

Burt facepalmed. He heard Kurt smack Blaine's arm.

"OW!" Blaine exclaimed. "What did I do now?"

Burt chuckled and picked his head up.

"Can we go now, Dad?" Kurt asked.

Burt nodded, and the two boys rushed out of their seats and towards Kurt's door.

"Door open!" Burt shouted as their footsteps started down the stairs.

CHAPTER FORTY

Skype

"Do you think the boys are okay?" Carole asked for the umpteenth time.

Burt laughed and stroked his thumb along Carole's wrist. "Carole, how many times are you going to ask me that? The boys are *fine*."

Carole gave a small smile. "I'm just worried about them."

"Hon, it's not like it's the first time we've left Kurt and Finn alone for a night."

"Yes, but we'll be gone a whole week!"

It was spring break, and Burt and Carole had finally decided to go on their long-overdue honeymoon. They were on their way to Florida to spend the week at Disney World and Universal Studios. Kurt and Finn would be home alone for the week, but Burt and Carole agreed to them having friends over. They would rather give the two boys permission to have Blaine and Rachel over than have Kurt and Finn break the rules. But Burt and Carole had had a talk with their sons before they had left.

"We are allowing you to have Blaine and Rachel over," Burt said.

"Really?" Finn asked excitedly.

"Yes, Finn," Carole said. "Can we trust the two of you?"

Kurt looked up at Burt and Carole with a smile. "Of course, Carole."

Burt put an arm around Carole's shoulders. "Kurt and Finn can take care of themselves...Well, Kurt can take care of the both of them."

His joke worked-Carole laughed.

"I'm just being paranoid, aren't I?" she said, snuggling against Burt.

"Yes," Burt replied, chuckling. "But I love you anyways."

...

After the plane landed, Burt and Carole took a taxi to their hotel. They would be staying only right down the road from Disney World. It wasn't cheap, but the honeymoon-and Carole-were worth it.

Burt, Carole, Finn, and Kurt had agreed to Skype every night. It was a way for Burt and Carole to check on their sons, and it soothed Carole's nerves to see them still alive.

So, after unpacking, Burt opened his Skype and waited for Kurt.

...

Kurt gasped as Blaine started kissing his neck, gently nibbling at the skin. He and his boyfriend were on his bed watching *New Moon* (1), and Blaine was sitting against Kurt's headboard with Kurt lying between his legs, leaning back against his chest.

"Blaine, what are you doing?"

Kurt felt Blaine smile against his skin. "Taylor Lautner isn't wearing a shirt anymore. I'm distracting you so you won't look at him."

"Oh? Why?" Kurt asked, turning so he could look at Blaine.

Blaine grinned. "Because I know how much you like him. Don't you want to have relations with him in a meadow before he gets fat?"

"You remember that?" Kurt laughed.

"Of course," Blaine said, looking offended.

Kurt giggled. "Don't worry, Blainers, the only person I want to have relations with is *you*."

The teasing look returned to Blaine's face, and he leaned down so his lips just barely brushed Kurt's. "Prove it," he whispered, his eyes darkening.

"Mmmm, can't," Kurt said, pulling away. Blaine pouted. "No, no, I have to Skype my dad."

"Fine," Blaine sighed, leaning back against the headboard. "You can prove it after that."

Rolling his eyes, Kurt leaned over the side of his bed and picked up his laptop. After pausing the movie, Kurt opened Skype.

...

"Hey, Dad!"

Burt smiled. "Hey, buddy. How are you doing?"

Kurt rolled his eyes. "You've only been gone for a day, Dad."

"Hey, Carole told me to ask. Where's Finn?"

"He's at Rachel's house."

Burt heard someone murmur something in the background.

"Kurt, if Finn's not there, then who-"

"Hi, Burt!" Blaine's smiling face appeared in the screen next to Kurt's.

"Uh...hey, Blaine. So you boys are there alone?" Burt asked.

"Yup!" Blaine said cheerfully. "But don't worry, we were only watching a movie."

Kurt elbowed Blaine out of the way. "So where are you going first tomorrow, Dad?"

"I think Carole said she wanted to go to the Magic Kingdom first."

"Ohh, make sure you go on Space Mountain!" Blaine said in the background.

"Blaine!" Kurt snapped. "My dad can't go on Space Mountain! He has a heart problem, remember?"

"Right...sorry."

Burt shook his head, chuckling. "It's okay, Blaine."

Kurt turned back to his laptop, his eyes bright. "Are you going to take Carole to a romantic dinner at all this week?"

"Oh," Burt said. "Of...of course."

Kurt sighed. "You have reservations tomorrow night at eight at the restaurant down the street. And I packed you and Carole formal clothes."

"You're a lifesaver, Kurt," Burt said, laughing.

"I know, Dad."

"Well, I'll let you two get back to your movie. Just let me get Carole so she can say goodnight."

"Okay."

Burt left the desk and walked over to the bathroom. He heard the shower turn off right before he knocked on the door.

"Carole! Kurt's on Skype if you want to say goodnight!"

"Okay!" Carole called through the door. "I'll be right out!"

Burt went back to his laptop and sat down to tell Kurt he had to wait a few minutes. But what he saw made him say something else.

"WHAT THE HELL!"

Blaine was on top of Kurt, his hands under Kurt's shirt. Kurt was moaning as Blaine sucked on his collarbone, and Kurt's own hands were tangled in Blaine's hair. And to make things even better, Blaine was...*moving*...against Kurt, causing him to groan...*loud*.

Blaine's head snapped up and Kurt craned his neck back.

"Dad!" he squeaked, pushing Blaine off of him, his face redder than Burt had ever seen it.

"What the hell?" Burt repeated. "We're Skyping, Kurt! *And* you promised me I could trust you!"

"Hey, it's Blaine's fault!" Kurt said.

"What!" came Blaine's angry reply. "It most certainly was *not* my fault! It was *your* fault, Kurt!"

"Boys-" Burt started.

"How was it *my* fault?" Kurt argued. "*You* attacked *me*."

"You paused the movie on a shirtless Taylor Lautner! And when you realized it you started *drooling*."

"Boys-" Burt tried again, slightly louder.

"So?" Kurt snapped.

"*So* how was I not supposed to get jealous?" Blaine growled.

"Blaine-"

"You're *mine*, Kurtie," Blaine interrupted, his hand sliding up Kurt's thigh as a seductive smile formed on his lips.

Burt's eyes widened. "We'll talk about this tomorrow, Kurt!" he shouted before clicking out of Skype. He sat back in his chair and dropped his head into his hands.

"Burt? I thought you said Kurt wanted to say goodnight?"

Burt looked up at Carole. "Yeah...uh...he had to drive Blaine home."

"Oh," Carole said. "You ready for bed?"

"Yeah," Burt said. *But I'm not ready for the nightmares.*

...

Kurt turned to his laptop when he heard his father shout. He groaned as Burt exited out of Skype, then swatted Blaine's hand away.

"Stop, Blaine!" he snapped.

"What did I do?" Blaine asked.

"You got me in trouble!"

Blaine saw that Burt had left Skype. "Oh...Sorry?"

"Sorry isn't going to cut it, Blaine. You're sleeping on the couch tonight!"

"*What!*" Blaine shrieked, jaw dropping.

Kurt shoved a pillow into Blaine's arms. "Go. There are blankets in the hallway closet."

Blaine stared at Kurt, who gave him a pointed look. Grumbling to himself, Blaine got off the bed. Kurt watched him slam out of the room before bursting out laughing. He would let Blaine suffer for a few minutes.

Then he'd ask him to join him in the shower.

CHAPTER FORTY-ONE

Movie Night

"Hey, Blaine," Finn said when he answered the door. "Kurt's upstairs."

"Hey, Finn," Blaine said before stepping into the house and heading towards the stairs.

"Blaine?" Blaine turned to Finn. "Um...Burt told me to tell you guys to keep the door open."

"Yeah, got it, thanks, Finn," Blaine mumbled and took the stairs two at a time.

When Blaine pushed the door to Kurt's room open, he gasped. Kurt always looked good, but today he looked *fantastic*. He was wearing his usual painted on jeans and a fitting top-but his *hair*...it was styled the way he had styled it in the video of *Empire State of Mind* Kurt had done with the New Directions.

It was going to be very hard to keep the door open.

"Blaine?" Kurt said, sounding amused. "Are you okay?"

"I...I...I'm fine," Blaine muttered. "I...I just..." But he didn't finish, instead opting to close the distance between them and crush his lips against Kurt's.

Kurt moaned into the kiss, wrapping his arms around Blaine's neck. Blaine pulled them closer together, their hips meeting. Both boys groaned, and Kurt pulled away.

"We'd better just watch the movie."

Blaine pouted, but he released Kurt. "What are we watching?"

...

When Burt came home from work, he found Finn sitting in the living room watching a football game. He had given Kurt permission to have Blaine over, so he knew where they were, and Carole was still at the hospital for a few more hours.

Burt hung his keys up on the hook in the entryway before calling a greeting to Finn and heading up the stairs to shower and get in clean clothes. He had to pass Kurt's room on the way, and Burt frowned when he saw his son's door was shut. He was about to open the door and start yelling when he heard Blaine speak.

"I'll make a man out of you."

Burt's eyes bugged out of his head. Blaine kept talking, but Burt wasn't listening. *I'll make a man out of you...Blaine Anderson, you are dead meat!* Burt heard Kurt giggle, and that was it. Burt threw the bedroom door open.

"Boys! What do you-"

Burt froze. Kurt and Blaine weren't tangled under the sheets like he had been expecting-and Blaine hadn't been *talking*. Blaine had been singing along to a song, and the two boys were cuddling together *on top* of the sheets watching *Mulan*. Blaine and Kurt immediately turned towards the door.

"Burt!" Blaine exclaimed. "Sorry, we didn't mean to shut the door!"

Burt was just relieved that he hadn't found Blaine defiling his son, his little boy...even if Kurt wasn't so little anymore.

"Oh, it's fine, Blaine," Burt said, hearing the relief in his voice.

"Dad, are you okay?" Kurt asked in a concerned voice.

"Yeah, I'm fine, buddy," Burt said. "I just...I made a mistake."

"About what?" Kurt fished.

"Well...I heard Blaine say 'I'll make a man out of you' and assumed that the two of you were..." Burt couldn't finish the sentence.

Kurt's face was bright red. "You thought we were sleeping together?"

"I think he did," Blaine said when neither Hummel made a move to speak again. "Don't worry, Burt, we already have. And we make sure to be very careful."

Burt's eyes, once again, bugged out of his eyes as Kurt's face reddened further. He slapped Blaine's arm as he said:

"Blaine! My dad didn't know!"

"What! But you told me you had already told him!"

Burt interrupted the two boys as Kurt opened his mouth to give a witty retort.

"It's fine, boys. Blaine, you said you're being careful, and that's all that I can really ask. I know the two of you love each other, and I already gave Kurt the sex talk. The only thing left for me to do is ground you, Kurt, for breaking the rules."

"What!" Kurt shrieked. "But...but we apologized!"

"Be that as it may," Burt said, "you are grounded for a week, and you are not allowed to use your internet for anything but research."

"This punishment sucks," Kurt huffed, sitting back against his headboard.

Burt fought back a smile. "Blaine...you only have fifteen minutes left. You have to leave every night at five."

Blaine joined Kurt's pouting. "Okay," he sighed.

Nodding once, Burt left Kurt's room, leaving the door open. He chuckled when Kurt and Blaine turned back to the movie without removing their pouts. One of these days, they would learn to keep the door open.

CHAPTER FORTY-TWO

Bite

Burt was noticing something very...strange about Kurt lately. He knew how his son was about clothes, and how he would never wear the same outfit twice or the same article clothing twice in one week. Lately, though, all Kurt had been wearing were turtlenecks. Sure, they were all accessorized differently...but a few weeks ago Kurt would never wear two turtlenecks in the same *month*. So that was why, tonight, Burt had asked Kurt to have a little talk with him.

"Is there something wrong, Dad?" Kurt asked as they sat on the couch together. "Am I in trouble?"

"No, everything's fine, Kurt," Burt said, chuckling. "I just wanted to know if...if you're all right?"

Kurt's eyebrows furrowed in confusion. "Of course I'm all right. Why do you ask?"

"Well, I know how you are about your clothes, and I've noticed that you've been wearing turtlenecks every day for three weeks."

Kurt's eyes widened, and a faint blush colored his cheeks. "Oh...um...yeah."

When Kurt didn't elaborate, Burt pushed forward. "Is there a reason for this? Something on your mind? You never wear the same thing twice in a row."

"No, no, I'm okay, Dad. Really," he added when Burt raised his eyebrows at him. "I've just been really tired so I've just been throwing on the first thing I see in the morning."

"And it's a turtleneck *every* morning?"

"Dad, why are so worried about this!" Kurt was starting to get angry. But he also looked...nervous? "So I've slipped up on my fashion, what's the big deal!"

"I never thought I'd hear you say that, Kurt," Burt said, cocking an eyebrow. Kurt opened his mouth to retaliate, but Burt interrupted him. "Okay, okay, Kurt. I'll leave it alone."

Kurt sighed in relief. "Thanks, Dad. I'm going to go upstairs and call Blaine now, okay?"

"Sure, Kurt, see you in the morning."

"Night, Dad."

As Kurt went upstairs, Finn walked into the living room and took his vacated seat. Grabbing the remote, he turned the TV on, channel surfing until he found a TV show he wanted to watch.

"Hey, Finn," Burt said, suddenly getting an idea. No matter what he had told Kurt, he *was* still worried about him.

"Yeah?"

"Would you do me a favor?"

Finn turned to Burt. "Um...sure. What do you need me to do?"

"I need you to find out what's up with Kurt," Burt said. "He's been slipping up with his fashion lately, and you know how he is with his clothes."

Finn nodded. "Yeah, I've noticed that, too."

"Good. But you can't be too obvious about asking him if something's bothering him. In fact...just spy on him, see if you can figure it out."

"I get to be a spy?" Finn said excitedly.

Burt struggled to hide his smile. "...Sure, Finn."

"Awesome!"

...

The next morning, Kurt was wearing a turtleneck as usual. When they were on their way to McKinley, Finn tried to fish for information.

"So, Kurt...that's a nice turtleneck."

"Hm? Oh, thanks, Finn," Kurt said distractedly.

Finn puffed out his cheeks and looked out the window, trying to think of something *spy-worthy* to ask. After a few minutes, he came up with something.

"Since you're wearing the turtleneck right now, you probably have one in your locker, right? In case you get slushied?"

"No one had better slushy me," Kurt said darkly. "This is my last turtleneck before I do my laundry."

"Oh, but you have another shirt, right?" Finn asked, hiding his smile. *I am so awesome at this spy business! I should recruit Puck...*

"Yes, Finn, of course I do. But no one had better slushy me today, because I'll have to keep this one on."

"Why?" Finn said eagerly.

"...Don't worry about it," Kurt said.

And Finn didn't get a chance to ask why, for they had finally pulled into the parking lot, and Blaine was leaning against his car a few spots down. Kurt made a beeline for him, taking advantage of the empty lot to kiss his boyfriend hello. Finn followed behind him today instead of going straight into McKinley to find Rachel.

"Hey, Blaine!" he said when the two boys finally broke apart.

"Oh...hey, Finn. Rachel's already inside," Blaine said, wrapping an arm around Kurt's waist.

"Yeah...do you like Kurt's turtleneck?"

"Um...o-of course I do," Blaine answered, looking confused.

Kurt threw his hands up. "What is with people and asking me about my turtlenecks?"

"Kurt, I know how you are with your-"

"Exactly, Finn. So obviously I'm wearing them for a *reason*, don't you think?" Kurt said, glaring at Finn. Finn noticed Blaine's sudden red face.

"I-I guess s-"

"Okay then. Now go find Rachel while I finish saying hello to Blaine."

Finn quickly turned and walked away as Kurt pulled Blaine back in for another, steamier kiss. He had tried his best to do as Burt had asked, but Kurt seemed adamant that nothing was bothering him.

Maybe I'll try again later.

...

After football practice, Puck dropped Finn off at his house, and Finn wasn't surprised to see Blaine's car parked on the curb. Finn went into the house, but it was quiet. He knew his mom and Burt were still at work, which meant Kurt and Blaine were probably upstairs with the door shut. But when Finn went upstairs to change, he found Kurt's door cracked open.

Maybe Kurt will tell Blaine what's bothering him! He thought, and stepped up to the door. He could just barely see Kurt sitting at his vanity table, and Blaine lounging against the pillows on Kurt's bed. Kurt had finally removed his turtleneck, so all he was wearing was his undershirt.

Kurt was poking at something on his neck, wincing. "Okay, so that is the last time I let you bite me..."

What?

Blaine pouted. "But, Kurt..."

"You didn't let me finish. That is the last time I let you bite me somewhere I can't cover up without looking like I'm hiding something."

Finn backed away from the door. *Well...now I know why Kurt's been wearing turtlenecks...*

Finn heard the front door open. It was too early for it to be his mom, which meant it was Burt. (1) Finn raced down the stairs and into the kitchen, where he knew Burt would be getting his usual end-of-the-work-day snack.

"Burt!"

Burt turned around, an alarmed look on his face. "Finn, what is it?"

Finn took a deep breath to calm down. "I know why Kurt's been wearing turtlenecks."

"And?" Burt pressed.

"Blaine's been biting him."

...

Burt stared at Finn. Had he heard right?

"Blaine...has been...*biting* him?"

Finn nodded. "Yeah, I heard them myself."

"I'll be right back."

Burt walked past Finn and nearly ran up the stairs. Kurt's door was open (just barely), so he didn't knock before pushing into his son's bedroom.

"Blaine Anderson!"

Blaine jumped from where he was sitting on Kurt's bed, playing a game on his phone while Kurt sat at his vanity table, rubbing some kind of cream into the side of his neck, but he stopped and jerked around at the sound of Burt's voice. His hand stayed on his neck.

"Dad! What's wrong?"

Burt walked over to Blaine and pointed a finger in the boy's face. "Is it true?" he growled.

Blaine stared at the finger like he expected a bullet to come shooting out of it. "Um...um...um..."

"Is *what* true?" Kurt asked angrily. "Dad, *what* is going on?"

Burt looked at Kurt. "Is it true that he's biting your neck?"

Kurt's eyes flew open, and the hand finally fell from his neck in shock, revealing the bite mark beneath it. The teeth marks were deep, and the skin around it was a dark purple color. Burt's eyes nearly bugged out of his head, and he turned back to Blaine.

"What the hell, Blaine!"

Blaine looked scared for his life. "I...um...Kurt a-asked me to!"

Burt froze, then slowly turned back to Kurt, who was very red in the face. "What?"

"Kurt asked me to," Blaine repeated, who was apparently feeling braver now that Burt's anger seemed to be put on hold.

"*Why?*"

"I...I like it," Kurt mumbled, his face darkening. "I learned it a few weeks ago when he playfully nipped my...never mind."

"*I learned it a few weeks ago...*"

"He's been biting you for *weeks*?" Burt said. "Is *that* why you've been wearing nothing but turtlenecks?"

"Yes."

"Um...Burt?" Blaine asked. "You're not going to kill me are you?"

Burt looked back at Blaine and was surprised to see that he was clutching the front of the boy's shirt. He quickly let go.

"Oh...uh, no, Blaine," he mumbled. Blaine let out a sigh of relief.

"We're not in trouble are we, Dad?" Kurt asked. "Because it wouldn't really be fair. We're boyfriends, and we should be allowed to...make out."

"N-No, you're not in trouble," Burt said. "Just...just, um-"

"We got it, Dad," Kurt said, blushing again. Blaine nodded his agreement.

"Okay...good," Burt said. And, unable to look at either boy the same way, he turned and fled the room.

Finn was eating a sandwich when he walked back into the kitchen.

"Burt? You okay?"

Burt stared at him for a few minutes before answering.

"I'll never be okay again."

CHAPTER FORTY-THREE

Scrabble

It was game night at the Hudmel home, and tonight Blaine and Puck were invited. So while Burt and Carole cleaned up the kitchen (they had just finished having dinner), Kurt, Blaine, Puck, and Finn were upstairs getting games out of the hall closet. Rachel would have joined them, but she was having a sleepover at her house with Mercedes and Tina. Kurt had been invited, but he had chosen Family Game Night.

"Ready, honey?" Burt asked as he put away the last dish.

Carole smiled, linking arms with Burt. "Let's go play some games!"

The four boys were back in the dining room already, the games stacked at one end of the table. Finn and Blaine were arguing over which game to play first while Kurt and Puck looked on in amusement.

"Look, Blaine," Finn was saying. "We play Harry Potter Clue *every time you come over*."

"At least it's a *fun* game!" Blaine retorted. "Mouse Trap is *stupid*. It's for *kids*, Finn."

"Then it's perfect for you! You act like a kid all the time! You're certainly short enough to pass as one."

"At least I don't look like I fell down from a beanstalk!"

"Okay, okay!" Carole said quickly, rushing between the two boys before someone got hurt. "Let's calm down, boys. We'll play both of your games tonight, alright?"

"Okay, Carole," Blaine said, giving her a smile. Finn just grumbled an agreement and sat down in a chair.

Burt chuckled to himself as he took his own seat. Even fired up, Blaine still managed to be as polite as he could be to adults. He noticed Kurt sit down in Blaine's lap, the games on the table in front of the sixth chair. His smile widened as Blaine curled his arms around Kurt's waist and rested his chin on Kurt's shoulder. He noticed Carole beaming at them as she grabbed a game from the pile.

"Scrabble?" Puck asked. "I can't remember the last time I played *this* game."

"Why, 'cause you forgot how to spell?" Kurt teased, and Blaine laughed.

"Funny, Hummel," Puck said, shoving Kurt's shoulder, earning himself a disapproving look from Blaine.

"You're *hilarious*."

"Can we just play the game so we can get to Mouse Trap?" Finn said, still pouting in his chair.

Burt saw Blaine's mouth open, but Kurt squeezed his hand and gave him a look that silenced his boyfriend. Kurt leaned back against Blaine as Carole took out the Scrabble board and passed out the letter squares.

"Do you at least remember how to play, Puck?" Burt asked.

"Yeah, I remember. You just gotta spell words, right?"

Burt grinned. "Pretty much. And some words are worth more than others."

There was silence as everyone moved around their letters to form words, Kurt and Blaine sharing a set of letters. Finn was concentrating hard on making a word, Carole was smiling at her letters, Puck looked bored as he arranged and rearranged, and Kurt and Blaine....well, they were blushing. Burt furrowed his eyebrows. What could be making them blush like that?

"Blaine, we can't use that word," Kurt hissed quietly.

"It's the only word we can make!" Blaine whispered back. "And it's a long word, we'll get new letters."

"Okay, everyone ready?" Carole asked. They all nodded. "Kurt, Blaine, why don't you two go first?"

Kurt was blushing again as Blaine set down their word on the board. Puck grinned, Finn gaped, and Carole blushed darker than Kurt. But Burt...he could just stare at it.

Erect.

"It's the only word we could make," Kurt mumbled, repeating Blaine.

Burt looked up at them. Really, it wasn't a bad word...Kurt's and Blaine's behavior was what was really bugging him. Blaine had a glazed look in his eyes, and Kurt wouldn't meet anyone's gaze. Burt narrowed his eyes suspiciously at them before putting down his own word. Carole and Finn went next, and then it was Puck's turn, who decided to add on to Kurt and Blaine's word.

Sixty.

"Did you see our letters?" Kurt snapped at Puck, who only smirked at him and sat back in his chair.

"Your turn," Puck said.

"We're not going to fall for it," Kurt said just as Blaine added on to Puck's word.

Nine.

"Blaine!" Kurt said in a strangled voice.

"What, they're fun," Blaine said, shrugging.

"*What did you just say?*" Burt nearly shouted.

Blaine's eyes widened. "Uh...I said it's your turn!"

Puck was cracking up in his chair, and Finn was fighting a smile. Carole was blushing again, and Kurt...he looked like he wanted to *kill* Blaine.

"I don't think that's what you said, Blaine," Burt said sternly.

Blaine shook his head. "Nope. That's...that's *definitely* what I said. Mhm." Kurt dropped his head into his hands. "So go ahead and put down, Burt!" he added with a weak smile.

Burt was going to give Blaine the benefit of the doubt...mostly because he didn't want to think about Kurt and Blaine...doing *that*. As far as Burt knew, the two hadn't even had sex yet.

Once again, Burt, Carole, and Finn put down their words, and it was again Puck's turn to lay out his word. Puck studied his letters closely before an evil smile lit up his features, and he put down his next word.

Naughty.

Burt was impressed. Puck had been able to use all of his letters, but he didn't understand the smirk on Puck's face that never seemed to leave. It just seemed to grow brighter and brighter as the game progressed.

"I swear you can see our letters," Kurt groaned as Blaine added on to Puck's word again.

Boy.

"Blaine!" Kurt snapped.

"Hush, naughty boy," Blaine murmured, pulling Kurt closer to him.

Burt's jaw dropped, and Blaine seemed to realize what he had just said. "Uh...uh...I mean..."

"Kurt, Blaine, I think the two of us need to have a little talk in the living room," Burt said. Puck and Finn were grinning by now, and Carole was sending Kurt a sympathetic look.

"Finally caught out," Finn snickered.

Burt ignored Finn. "Let's go, boys."

Looking as though they wanted nothing more than to run away, Kurt and Blaine got up and followed Burt into the living room. Just as the two sat on the couch in front of Burt, Burt heard Finn shout from the dining room.

"Yes! Now we can Mouse Trap!"

CHAPTER FORTY-FOUR

Singing in the Shower

Burt was surprised when he was the last one to awaken on a Saturday morning. Carole was gone from the bed, and Burt could smell bacon cooking downstairs. He heard sounds of gunshots coming from Finn's room and singing coming from Kurt's room. But that was normal-Kurt loved to sing while he took his shower.

Burt quickly got out of bed and dressed before going downstairs and joining Carole in the kitchen. He handed her a platter to put the bacon on, and she gave him a grateful kiss on the cheek.

"How come you didn't wake me up?" Burt asked her, leaning against the counter by the stove.

"I don't know," Carole said, shrugging. "Blaine asked me to wake him up when I got up, so that was the first thing I did. And since I was by the kitchen I decided to just start breakfast."

Kurt had helped Blaine study for a test the night before, and they had lost track of the time, so it was late when they had finally put their books away. Blaine had been nodding off, so Burt allowed him to spend the night after calling his parents. But he had made Blaine sleep on the couch, and the boys had been too tired to argue.

"Oh, so is Blaine in the living room?" Burt asked.

Carole shook her head. "No, he went upstairs to take a shower." Burt's eyes widened. "In Finn's bathroom!" Carole added, laughing.

Burt sighed in relief. "Alright. I'm going to go make our bed, then."

"You didn't make it as soon as you got out of it?" Carole asked, giving him a disapproving look.

"Sorry," Burt said, grinning. He pecked her lips before going back upstairs.

As Burt reached the top of the stairs, he heard the shower still running from Kurt's room. But by now Kurt was singing a different song, and Burt chuckled as he listened to the lyrics.

It's Raining Men! Hallelujah! - It's Raining Men! Amen!

get

dark and lean

Rough and tough and strong and mean

I'm gonna

Absolutely

The water shut off then, and Burt was about to go into his room to make his and Carole's bed when he heard the next verse of the song being sung. It wasn't Kurt's voice-it was much too low to be his. But Burt knew this voice just as well as he knew Kurt's.

It was Blaine's voice.

It's Raining Men! Hallelujah! - It's Raining Men! Amen!

nnnn

- It's Raining

Jaw dropped, Burt stumbled into Kurt's room and knocked on the door that led to the en suite bathroom. There wasn't an answer at first. Then-

"Yes?"

"Kurt?" Burt said, struggling to keep his voice calm. "Can you come out here please?"

"Um...I have to get dressed."

"Oh, no, don't do that!" Burt heard Blaine whisper. There was the sound of a smack.

Burt pinched the bridge of his nose shut. Yes, Burt had said he was perfectly fine with the two boys having sex (as long as they were safe, and it was more than about just having sex), but he had asked them to refrain themselves when others were in the house-especially Burt himself. Overhearing his son having sex was *not* on his to-do list.

Burt looked up when Kurt opened the bathroom door, face red. He and Blaine were dressed, and their hair was wet. Kurt was looking *very* uncomfortable, but Blaine, as always, just looked really, really happy.

"Blaine," Burt said sternly. "You told Carole you were going to shower in *Finn's* room."

Blaine bit his lip. "Finn was already using his shower."

"You couldn't have waited?"

"And miss showering with Kurt?" Blaine blurted. "No way!"

"Blaine!" Kurt hissed.

"Didn't you two promise me not to have sex when there were other people in the house?" Burt asked, giving them each a pointed look.

"Ah, but we weren't having sex," Blaine said, smiling happily. "We were only washing each other's hair and bodies. And you *never* said we couldn't do that."

Kurt rolled his eyes. "Blaine, you're not really helping, here."

"What!" Blaine said. "He didn't! And blowjobs don't technically count as sex."

Kurt's face flamed, and Burt's eyes widened. Blaine seemed to realize what he had just said, and his face turned almost as red as Kurt's. For a few moments, Burt was too stunned to say anything, but the sound of Finn banging out of his room brought him back to his senses.

"Let's make some new rules, boys, shall we?" Burt said, struggling not to raise his voice. He wasn't happy with the apparent loophole Blaine had been able to find. "No more being naked together, alright? Just wait until you're alone please?"

Kurt nodded as Blaine said, "Okay, Burt. You and Carole are taking Finn to go see his grandparents today, right?"

Burt clapped his hand to his face. "Yes, Blaine," he whispered. He let his hand drop so he could glare at the short boy. "Only now I'm thinking of taking Kurt with us, too."

Kurt's eyes widened. "But, Dad!" he shrieked at the same time Blaine yelled, "That's not fair!"

Burt rolled his eyes. "Calm down, guys, I'm only kidding. Just...respect my rules from now on." He turned to leave, but stopped. "Oh, and breakfast is going to be ready soon, so get downstairs once you're ready."

Burt left Kurt's room and went downstairs after making his bed. Carole had just finished setting the table, and Finn was already sitting down.

"Where are Kurt and Blaine?" Carole asked, taking her seat beside Burt.

"They're coming," Burt said.

He chose to ignore what Finn said after that:

"I bet they are."

CHAPTER FORTY-FIVE

Eclipse

"Kurt," Carole heard Blaine whine. "Why do we have to watch *this* movie?"

"Because," came Kurt's reply. "Taylor Lautner takes his shirt off."

Carole chuckled as she heard Blaine start grumbling. She had a pretty good idea of what movie Kurt had picked out, and since she had just finished washing the last of the dishes, she thought she would join her son and his boyfriend in watching it. Walking into the living room, she saw Kurt putting in the movie and Blaine on the couch, arms crossed. He was scrunched down so his bottom half was nearly off the couch.

"Hey, boys," Carole said. "Can I watch your movie with you?"

"Of course," Kurt said, giving her a smile. "You like *Eclipse*, right?" (1)

"Sure do," Carole said, sitting in one of the armchairs. She held in her laughter at the face Blaine had pulled when Kurt had asked the question.

"I hate this movie," Blaine muttered as Kurt sat down next to him.

Kurt rolled his eyes. "Hush you. Now sit up so I can cuddle with you."

Carole smiled again as Blaine let out a loud sigh and sat up. Kurt laid down, pulling Blaine with him so Blaine could spoon him. Blaine's mood had lightened considerably if the way he gently kissed Kurt's temple before snuggling against him was anything to go by.

The movie started, and Kurt and Carole were instantly captivated. Carole thought Blaine start frowning again, but he kept a happy smile on his face, his lips pressed into Kurt's hair. He was softly stroking Kurt's arm, Kurt hummed in contentment.

All three of them were quiet as they watched the movie. That was why Carole nearly jumped when Blaine suddenly scoffed. She turned to see him shaking his head at the screen.

"Something to say, Blaine?" Kurt asked, rolling slightly to look at his boyfriend.

"They just got engaged at eighteen years old!" Blaine said. "Don't you think that's a little dumb?"

"They're in love," Kurt shrugging one shoulder.

"Yeah, but their *eighteen*."

Kurt cocked an eyebrow, and Carole could see the teasing look in his eyes. "What would you say if *I* proposed to *you*?"

Blaine blushed a dark shade of red, and Carole couldn't help but find it absolutely adorable. Blaine looked very flustered at first, and the smile on Kurt's face widened into a grin as he waited for an answer.

"I...Kurt...um..." Blaine was having a very hard time finding an answer, and Kurt finally took pity on him.

"Relax, Blainers," Kurt cooed, "I'm not going to propose to you soon. I agree with you, it's much too young an age."

"Oh, good," Blaine said, sighing in relief.

"But I still love you," Kurt whispered, reaching up to press a kiss against Blaine's lips.

"Mmm, love you, too," Blaine murmured against Kurt's lips before they broke apart and turned back to the movie.

Carole had to *fight* to keep from saying "aww." The two boys were just so adorable, and she was *so* glad they had found each other. They'd both had rough high school experiences, but they had come out stronger than before. And they made each other stronger, still. They weren't afraid to show the world that they were together, and Carole couldn't be prouder of them than she already was.

By the end of the movie, Kurt and Blaine were both asleep. Kurt turned in Blaine's arms to burrow into Blaine's chest, his head tucked under his boyfriend's chin. Both boys had soft smiles on their faces, and two of their hands were laced between them. They looked so sweet together that Carole couldn't bring herself to wake them up. Just as she laid a blanket over them, she heard the front door open.

"Carole?" Burt called.

She rushed into the entryway, a finger over her lips. "Blaine and Kurt are sleeping on the couch," she murmured, kissing her husband hello.

"Were they studying?" he asked, hanging his keys on a hook.

"No, we were watching a movie."

Burt nodded. "Should I call and ask Blaine's parents if it's okay for him to spend the night?"

"Why not?" Carole asked. "It's not a school night."

"Alright, then," Burt said, grinning. He kissed Carole's cheek before going into the kitchen to make the call.

Carole went back into the living to turn the movie off. She smiled when she saw the boys had moved even closer together, Kurt practically lying on top of Blaine now. And despite what they had said about being too young to get married, Carole would give it about a year and a half before she was helping Kurt plan a wedding.

CHAPTER FORTY-SIX

To Have a Home

Blaine smiled as Kurt fed him a bite of cake. They were having a picnic in Kurt's backyard-Finn was at Rachel's house and Burt and Carole were in Washington for a conference. Blaine leaned forward to receive the last bite of his cake, his smile widening at the giggle that bubbled out of Kurt's mouth.

"Do I get to feed you now?" Blaine asked as Kurt set his fork down.

Kurt scoffed. "Of course not."

Blaine pouted, causing Kurt to giggle again and lean forward to press his lips against Blaine's. Blaine hummed, wrapping his arms around his boyfriend's waist and pulling him close. He felt Kurt sigh against his lips, and Blaine pulled away to nuzzle his face into the side of Kurt's face.

"I love you," Blaine murmured and pressed a kiss against Kurt's ear.

"Mm, I love you, too," Kurt said, threading his fingers into Blaine's hair and twirling some curls around his fingers.

Blaine hummed again, leaning into the touch. He smiled as Kurt laid back, pulling Blaine down so he was half on top of him. Blaine crossed his arms on Kurt's chest and rested his chin on his hands. Kurt smiled down at him, his arms around Blaine's waist, hands stroking Blaine's lower back. Blaine had just laid his head down when Kurt spoke.

"Blaine...do you miss your parents at all?" Kurt's voice was soft-he didn't want to upset Blaine.

Blaine stiffened regardless, and Kurt started rubbing his hands up and down the other boy's back. It had been a week since the dinner where Blaine's parents met Burt and Carole, a week since Blaine had moved out of his house and into Kurt's.

Blaine sat up, Kurt following after him, taking his hand and lacing their fingers together. Blaine pulled their joined hands into his lap, staring down at them as he thought. After a few moments, he looked up at Kurt through his lashes.

"I...I know I *should* miss them," he started, his voice quiet. "I mean, they *are* the ones who raised me for eighteen years. They took care of me and gave me everything I wanted." He paused for a moment, trying to find the right words for what he was going to say next. "But...my house, my parents...they never felt like *home*."

Kurt furrowed his eyebrows. "What do you mean?"

"They gave me everything I wanted so I wouldn't whine at them," Blaine said, looking right into Kurt's glasz eyes. "My dad was always at his law firm, and when he wasn't he was in his office at the house. My mom, on the other hand, was always home, but she was too busy planning lunches to pay any attention to me. I say they raised me...but a nanny helped out quite a bit."

Blaine took Kurt's other hand in his and pressed kissed against their knuckles, smiling at the adorable blush that bloomed on Kurt's cheeks. Kurt moved closer to Blaine so he could rest his head on Blaine's shoulder, and Blaine dropped his cheek onto his head. Blaine turned his head slightly to press his lips against Kurt's hair in a soft kiss.

"But the week I've spent here living with you...it's felt more like home than anything ever has before. When I'm here with you, and Burt, and everyone else who *accepts* me...it's home."

Kurt tilted his head so he could smile up at Blaine, and the shorter boy saw tears in his eyes. Blaine felt tears prick at the back of his own eyes, because this beautiful boy in his arms was his, and all the home he needed.

"I'm glad you're happy, Blaine," Kurt said softly, puckering his lips.

Chuckling, Blaine leaned down and pressed a lingering kiss against Kurt's mouth. Lips still pressed together, Blaine murmured, "I even wrote a song about it."

Surprised, Kurt pulled away. "You write songs?"

Blaine blushed lightly. "I dabble..."

Smiling, Kurt shuffled forward and gave Blaine a soft kiss on the cheek. He kept his mouth by Blaine's ear as he whispered, "Can I hear the song?"

Blaine smiled, leaning his head against Kurt's mouth. "Of course." He pulled away so he could lace their hands together. Blushing again at the eager look in Kurt's eyes, he started to sing.

Home,

I've heard the word

A "place,"

They say, '

go to

if I needed someone there...

Blaine looked directly into Kurt's eyes as he sang those last two lines, a silent thank you for all of the times Kurt had listened to him, had held him as he cried. For all of the times Kurt had just *been* there for him, no matter what the reason.

I'm laughing

at his harsh

My god, it's been a while since

Kurt had brought that smile back-the smile that was pure happiness, nothing else behind it. No hurt, no pretend...just blissful happiness.

To think

it's been here all along somewhere without reason, a something

I've finally found it,

a place where I'm wanted... That

Because Kurt made him feel more wanted than anyone else. And even better, he made Blaine feel *needed*. Because Blaine didn't just need someone there for him...Kurt needed him, too, and Blaine loved being there for him. Being that person who put the smile back on Kurt's face, that made Kurt's face light up beautifully when he walked into the room.

I used to dream about it that he ever schemed or counted

- on the days when he was what

he misses

For so many nights I'd pray

for a better

here and I don't know what to do

and I'm trying not to

This must be how it feels

to have a home

I've finally made it

I've hoped and I've w

My heart starts to heal

to know this is real. This is how it

As soon as Blaine stopped singing, Kurt dove into Blaine's arms, tears trickling down his cheeks and onto Blaine's neck.

"Oh, Blaine, that was beautiful," he said, his face pressed into Blaine's neck.

"I'm glad you liked it," Blaine murmured, pulling back so he could cup Kurt's face in his hands. "I meant every word of it. You're home to me, Kurt."

A brilliant smile lit up Kurt's face, and Blaine let out a delighted laugh as Kurt pulled him back into a tight hug. He pulled away just enough to press his lips against Blaine's into a deep yet chaste-but impossibly sweet-kiss. Blaine leaned back so he was lying on the blanket, Kurt curled against his side. They spent the rest of the day cuddling in the backyard, talking about nothing. And that night, as Blaine held Kurt while he slept, a smile tugged up the corners of his mouth.

Because he was finally home.

CHAPTER FORTY-SEVEN

Blaine's Revenge

One

You know, as much as Blaine hated Chandler when he found out he had been texting his boyfriend...he really should be thanking him now. He was the cause of some awesome make out sex...well, the start of it, anyways.

Blaine shoved Kurt up against his boyfriend's door, instantly attaching his mouth to Kurt's neck. Kurt threw his head back, letting out a loud moan as Blaine bit and sucked in all the right places. He was aiming to leave marks...marks in spots that Kurt wouldn't be able to cover with a scarf.

"Mine," Blaine growled, moving his mouth to Kurt's and kissing him, slipping his tongue in right away.

"Yours, Blaine, all yours," Kurt gasped, tangling his fingers in Blaine's curls.

Blaine slid his hands down Kurt's sides and over his hips before settling on the backs of the taller boy's thighs. He wrapped Kurt's legs around his waist and carried him over to the bed, dropping him and collapsing on top of him. Kurt immediately pulled Blaine's mouth back down to his, moaning as Blaine slipped his hands under his shirt and stroked his stomach, the tips of his fingers dipping under the waistband of Kurt's jeans.

"*Blaine.*" Kurt sighed as Blaine sat back and pulled his shirt off. Kurt started to unbutton his own shirt, but Blaine slapped his hands away to do it himself. Once both boys were shirtless, Blaine kissed down Kurt's chest, down his stomach, before stopping at his hip.

Blaine had just popped the button of Kurt's jeans when Kurt's door suddenly flew open.

"Kurt! I ne-oh, shit, sorry, guys!"

Blaine sat up and glared at Finn, who was already redder than a tomato.

"What do you want, Finn?" Blaine asked through gritted teeth. He and Kurt hadn't had sex in *weeks*, and they had just been about to have what Blaine just *knew* was going to be *amazing* make up sex...so Finn had better have stopped it for a *damn* good reason.

"I, uh, need Kurt's help picking out a song to sing to Rachel."

That was the reason?

Blaine opened his mouth to tell Finn to *go away*, but Kurt talked before he could.

"What did you do now, Finn?" Kurt asked, pulling on his shirt and sending Blaine an apologetic look, who just crossed his arms and continued glaring at Finn.

He didn't hear Finn's answer as Kurt followed him out of the room-just laid back on the bed and stuffed a pillow in his face so no one would hear his screams.

Two

It had taken Finn and Kurt *two hours* to find a song for Finn to sing to Rachel, and by the time Kurt had returned to his bedroom, Blaine had fallen asleep. And *of course* he had looked to peaceful for Kurt to wake up.

A few days later, Blaine woke up one morning to find that all of his jeans were in the dirty laundry hamper...all but a pair of skinny jeans that Kurt had bought him. So, grumbling to himself, Blaine pulled them on so he could go to Kurt's house without having to wait another two hours.

When Blaine got to Kurt's house, he was still in a bad mood. He and Kurt *still* hadn't had sex-Kurt had been busy studying for tests-and that was what they were going to do today. Blaine didn't bother knocking when he walked inside-Kurt had said he would be the only one home.

"Babe?" Blaine called. "I'm here!"

"I'm upstairs!" came Kurt's response, and Blaine hurried up after his boyfriend.

"Ready to study?" Blaine asked as he opened Kurt's bedroom door, trying and failing to sound enthusiastic.

"Yup!" Kurt said cheerfully, turning around from where he was hanging shirts in his closet. The smile disappeared from his face when he saw Blaine, and his eyes widened.

"Kurt?"

Kurt was across the room in two seconds, pulling Blaine to him and crashing their lips together. Blaine immediately responded, wrapping his arms around Kurt's waist and pressing their bodies even closer together as he deepened the kiss.

"We're not studying today," Kurt said roughly. "Your jeans...you look so *hot*."

"Oh, *fuck* yes," Blaine groaned as Kurt pulled Blaine to the bed and dragged him on top of him. Blaine started working on a hickey that was starting to fade from the other day, groaning as Kurt pressed his thigh between Blaine's legs. Blaine moved his hands to the button of Kurt's jeans and-

"Kurt! Do you know where my car keys are!" Finn called from downstairs. The two boys heard him start to ascend the stairs.

Groaning, Blaine pulled away as Kurt called back, "No, Finn, I don't! They're *your* keys!"

"Well, I can't find them," Finn said, opening the door to Kurt's room. His eyes widened when he saw Blaine. "Dude, what's wrong with you?"

Blaine had his hands clenched into fists, two thoughts running through his head. *So close...gonna kill Finn...so close...gonna kill Finn...*

"Oh, I'm *fine*, Finn, what's wrong with you?" Blaine asked in a too-cheerful voice.

"I...uh...can't find my keys," Finn said, looking a little nervous.

Blaine bounced off the bed. "Well, I'll help you find them, come on!"

It took them an *hour* to find Finn's keys, and by that time, Mercedes had come over to hang out with Kurt, and Blaine decided to just go home and do laundry.

Three

"Oh, god, Blaine, what if I screw up my callback for NYADA tomorrow!" Kurt said, sounding hysterical. "What if they don't like me! What if they *hate* me! What if-

"Kurt!" Blaine said loudly, grabbing his boyfriend by the shoulders. "You're going to do fine. You're going to do *great*. Babe, you're the best they'll hear tomorrow."

Kurt smiled, looking a little more relaxed. "How do you know that?"

Blaine grinned, pulling Kurt's back against his chest and nibbling on his ear, causing the other boy to sigh.

"Because I'm going to give you some Anderson Luck," he whispered, moving his lips down to Kurt's shoulder.

"You're such a dork," Kurt teased, but the insult had no sting to it, especially since Kurt let out a load moan right after as Blaine slid his hand down his pants.

"Hey, Kurt, we just wa-OH GOD!"

Blaine felt rather than saw Kurt's blush as his boyfriend scrambled off of Blaine's lap and bolted off the bed. Glaring at Finn, who had Puck and Sam with him this time, Blaine got off the bed next to Kurt.

"You know, Finn, knocking was invented for a *reason*," he snarled. "Do we need to start putting a sock on the door?"

"Wanky," Puck said, grinning wolfishly.

"Sorry, guys," Sam said, a blush still darkening his cheeks. "We just wanted to wish Kurt good luck at his callback tomorrow."

"Thanks, guys," Kurt mumbled, avoiding eye contact with all of them.

"Were just going to go," Finn said, and pulled Puck and Sam out of the room before anyone could protest- which no one was going to.

"Kurt-?" Blaine asked, seeing the blush still on his boyfriend's face.

"Can we just watch TV?" he asked softly.

All of Blaine's anger vanished instantly, and he pulled Kurt into his arms. "Of course, baby."

Four

"McKinley should offer Italian at school," Blaine whined as he conjugated his French verbs. "French sucks."

"Hey, I love French," Kurt said, laughing as he texted Mercedes.

"You're *fluent* in French," Blaine muttered. "*I'm* fluent in Italian."

Kurt looked up at that. "Really? You never told me that."

Blaine shrugged, not looking up from his paper. "It never came up." He looked up, though, when he felt Kurt move closer to him.

"Will you say something in Italian for me?" Kurt asked, blushing lightly. "I've always loved the sexy accent behind it."

Blaine smirked. "Sure." He thought about something to say for a few moments before turning back to Kurt. "*Ti voglio ora.*"

Kurt shivered. "What does that mean?"

Blaine leaned forward to whisper right into Kurt's ear, "*I want you now.*" He smirked at the shudder that went through Kurt's body. "Would you like me to sing you something, *amor mio*?"

"Oh, *God*, yes!"

Chuckling, Blaine pulled back and started to sing softly. He barely made it through the first verse when Kurt tackled him back onto the bed. Kurt pressed his lips to the spot behind Blaine's ear, just where he knew Blaine loved it. Blaine moaned loudly, flipping them so he was on top and could kiss down Kurt's neck.

But Kurt was having none of that. He flipped them again and ripped-*fucking ripped*-Blaine's shirt off of him before pulling his own shirt over his head. Before Blaine could even catch his breath, Kurt's mouth was pressed against his, sliding his tongue between his teeth and causing Blaine to moan again.

"*Così ansioso*," Blaine murmured against Kurt's lips, chuckling. But his laughter was cut off as he gave a strangled cry when Kurt started moving their hips together. "Ohhh...*Kurt!*"

Just as Blaine was about to flip them over again, Kurt's bedroom door burst open.

"Oh, boys-OH!"

Kurt and Blaine shot up at the sound of Rachel's voice. They turned to see her standing in the doorway, her hands over her mouth, her face bright red. Finn was standing behind her, looking guilty.

As he should, Blaine thought angrily.

Blaine's mind must have still been set on Italian, because when he talked out loud, it came out like this: "*Finn, Rachel, che diavolo! La porta era chiusa cazzo! Che cosa ti avevo detto di bussare! Dio, Finn, non ne vale la pena ascoltare, fate voi!*"

"Uh...what?" Finn asked, looking so confused that Blaine was afraid he was going to hurt himself.

"I...I asked what you wanted," Blaine muttered.

"It sounded like a lot more than that-" Rachel started.

"What do you want!" Blaine shouted.

Rachel huffed. "We just wanted to know if you guys wanted to go on a double date with us?"

"Of course we do!" Kurt said excitedly, already pulling his shirt back on.

"We do? But Kurt," Blaine whined.

But Kurt wasn't listening-he was already talking to Rachel about where they should go, both divas going into the bathroom to do their hair and-in Rachel's case-make up. Blaine glared at Finn as he pulled his shirt on, and Finn took a step back.

"I still hold you responsible," Blaine muttered, crossing his arms and sitting back against the headboard to wait.

Five

That Saturday, Blaine and Kurt were cuddling on Kurt's bed and watching *Titanic*. Both boys held a secret love for the movie, and, for once, Kurt wasn't the only one who cried at the end. (1) Blaine pulled Kurt closer to him as they watched Jack and Rose climb over the railing at the top of the sinking ship.

"Jack! This is where we first met."

Smiling softly, Blaine nuzzled his face into the back of Kurt's head, the smell of his shampoo making his smile widen. He heard Kurt hum as he tightened his hold on their laced hands.

"Remember where we first met?" Blaine murmured, a teasing note in his voice.

Kurt laughed softly, turning in Blaine's arms and pressing a gentle kiss to his lips.

"Of course I do," Kurt whispered, nestling his head under Blaine's chin. "I'll never forget the day I met you."

The smile now threatening to split Blaine's face in half, Blaine tilted Kurt's chin so he could press a kiss against his boyfriend's lips. Kurt sighed as Blaine rolled on top of him and pressed soft, multiple kisses against his lips.

"I love you," Blaine murmured after each kiss.

After about ten kisses, Kurt kept Blaine's lips against his own as he trailed his finger tips down Blaine's body to tug off his shirt.

"I love you, too," he said as Blaine started unbuttoning his shirt.

Blaine trailed soft, lingering kisses down Kurt's body, and he felt Kurt arch against his mouth, his hands tangling in Blaine's curls, moans pouring out of his mouth. Blaine smiled up at him, love shining in his eyes. Blaine pressed a kiss right above the waistband of Kurt's jeans before popping the button and pulling down the zipper.

"Hey, Kurt-oh, not again!"

That was the last straw for Blaine. Finn could interrupt them when they were having quick, fast sex. He could interrupt them when they were making out. But he could *not* interrupt them when they were doing so much more than that-when they were taking the time to really show each other how much they loved the other.

Blaine turned to Finn as Kurt wiggled out from underneath him, and something in his expression must have given away his anger.

"Uh...sorry, dude," Finn stuttered. "You know...again."

"What is it this time, Finn?" Blaine asked pleasantly, and even Kurt shot him a weird look.

Finn's eyes widened. "I just w-wanted to ask Kurt when Mom and Burt were coming home from D.C..."

"I don't know, Finn," Kurt said, sounding annoyed-something he didn't sound when Finn was interrupting their fast sex. "Go ask Sam, why don't you!"

Finn nearly ran from the room, shutting the door behind him. Kurt turned to Blaine, an apologetic look on his face.

"Blaine-"

"Don't worry about it, sweetheart," Blaine said, lying back and pulling Kurt with him. "Let's just finish the movie, okay? Then we can cuddle and go to sleep."

"You're planning something, aren't you?" Kurt said as he snuggled into Blaine.

Blaine just smiled.

One

Blaine had only been to Puck's house a few times before, when he invited all the Glee guys to have a Call of Duty marathon. Though after the first time, he didn't invite Kurt anymore-it wasn't to be mean, it was just because he knew how Kurt hated video games and felt left out when the boys talked about sports and girls (Blaine always tuned out that last part).

"Hey, Blaine," Puck said when he answered the door. "What are you doing here?"

"I need your help," Blaine said without preamble. Puck raised an eyebrow but stayed silent as Blaine kept talking. "Finn keeps walking in on me and Kurt when we're-uh..."

"Having sex?" Puck asked, suppressed laughter in his tone.

Blaine blushed. "Yeah. Sorry, I just didn't want to make you uncomfortable or anything-"

"Eh, don't worry about it," Puck said, punching Blaine's shoulder lightly. "You and Kurt are my boys, too, you know." Blaine grinned. "So what do you need help with?"

"I want to get back at Finn," Blaine said. "Last night was the last straw."

Puck nodded. "Yeah, he told me that he keeps walking in on you guys. How long has it been since you've gotten any?"

Blaine blushed again. "A little over a month."

"Oh, man, dude, I am so sorry," Puck said. "That's just cruel."

"So you'll help me?"

"Sure...but what exactly do you want me to do?"

"Well, you and Finn are best friends, right?" Puck nodded. "So then he must tell you when he's planning on sleeping with Rachel, right?"

"Yeah. Wait." Puck looked incredulous. "You want to walk in on Finn and Rachel on *purpose*?"

Blaine shuddered. "No...but it's the only thing I can think of to get back at him."

"Mmm..." Puck said thoughtfully. "Well...I know Finn's planning on having her over on Saturday since Burt and Carole have a conference all day and Kurt's going shopping with Mercedes. There's probably going to be some action going on that day."

Blaine grinned. "Thanks, Puck."

"Anytime, Anderson. As far as I'm concernec...*no one* should mess with sex."

...

That Friday night, Blaine "forgot" his wallet on Kurt's desk. He had told Kurt about the plan, and while he had rolled his eyes, he had wished Blaine luck before kissing him good night. So that was why, Saturday afternoon, Blaine was on his way to Kurt's house to retrieve his wallet.

He didn't knock before walking throught the front door. He stepped quietly up the stairs, skipping the one that creaked. It was silent in the house, but sounds of kissing could be heard from Finn's room.

It's now or never.

Gritting his teeth, Blaine slammed the door open.

"Finn! Have you seen me-whoops! Sorry guys!"

He had come in later than Finn usually did for him and Kurt. Rachel was only wearing her bra and underwear, and Finn was only in his whitey-tighties. Shrieking, Rachel covered herself with the blanket as Finn slapped a pillow over his lower half.

"Blaine! Dude! What the hell?"

Blaine pulled an innocent face. "Sorry, Finn. I knocked, but you must not have heard me. Or maybe I *forgot* to knock."

"Oh...I see what this is about," Finn muttered. "Fine, Blaine, you made your point. Can you leave now?"

"Oh, there's not point in him leaving now, Finn," Rachel said. "We're not sleeping together today!"

"But Rachel!"

"In fact, this was so mortifying," Rachel continued, "I think we should wait to do this again until we get to New York where we won't have to worry about anyone walking in on us again!"

After she said that, Rachel dashed into the en suite bathroom, Finn staring after her with his jaw dropped. Blaine's eyebrows were raised, and he could barely hold into his laughter as Finn turned to him.

"Thanks a lot, dude!"

"Only returning the favor," Blaine said cheerfully, turning from the room and ignoring Finn's splutters.

He'd just have Kurt talk to Rachel when he got home.

CHAPTER FORTY-EIGHT

Damage Control

Burt was doing some more work on Finn's car when it happened-again.

"Burt...can I talk to you?"

Burt looked up to see Blaine standing on the other side of the car, scratching the back of his neck awkwardly. Burt felt a flash of déjà vu, remembering the last time Blaine had come to his shop and asked to talk to him. Blaine had basically told Burt he needed to give Kurt The Talk...and then had proceeded to start *dating* Kurt a week later; but Burt knew the two events weren't related-Blaine had just been slow in coming to his senses.

So, knowing he was probably going to regret it, Burt straightened up and grabbed a rag to wipe the grease from his hands. "Sure, kid."

Blaine bit his lip. "It's nothing bad...I just wanted to apologize for the time when I came to you about Kurt needing The Talk. It was inappropriate of me."

Burt furrowed his eyebrows. "What brought this on...eight months later?"

Blaine still wasn't meeting his eyes. "Ever since my fight with Kurt the other night, anything sexual related has been stuck on my mind, and that was one of them. So, I decided to come and apologize."

"Ah..." Burt said, still hanging onto the first thing Blaine had said. "Blaine, what exactly did you and Kurt fight abo-"

"I just really hope you know I was only looking out for him!" Blaine interrupted, finally looking at Burt with pleading eyes. "I didn't have any ulterior motives!"

"Of course I do, but Blaine-"

"He was just so...so *innocent*. And I didn't want anyone to take advantage of him or...or *hurt* him. Because even though I didn't love him yet, he was still my friend-"

"Yes, but *Blaine*, the fight-?" Burt really wanted to know what Blaine and Kurt had fought about if *sex* was on Blaine's mind.

But, apparently, Blaine wasn't done interrupting him.

"And I didn't know that *we* would be dating soon, so all I could think about was some other guy dating Kurt-because, I mean, come on, what gay guy wouldn't want to date Kurt? He's *gorgeous*-and I wanted Kurt to know how to look after himself-

"Blaine, I just have one question-

"And I'm really glad he does, even though he and I *are* dating now, and I am more than happy to look after him because I would *never* hurt him-

Well, that's a relief, Burt thought. But if Blaine didn't stop interrupting him, Burt was going to have to resort to drastic measures to find out what Kurt and Blaine were arguing about.

But in the meantime...

"Because I respect Kurt and I would never take advantage of him. I mean, it's not that I don't *want* to have sex with him-trust me, I do, *believe me* I do-

"OKAY!" Burt said, because that was more than enough he needed to hear. And it was enough to make Blaine finally *shut up* and realize what he had been saying-to his boyfriend's *dad* for one point.

Blaine blushed darker than Burt had ever seen the other boy blush before. "Oh...um...."

"Blaine...as *informative* that apology was...you could have left it at 'I'm sorry'. What *I* want to know is...what the hell are you two fighting about that has sex on your mind?"

Blaine's face paled-he was almost paler than *Kurt*. "Oh...well, you see...um...he and I went out with this guy named Sebastian...and I, uh...I, uh...I got pretty drunk-" Burt raised his eyebrows, but let Blaine continue "-and I sort of...kind of...tried pressuring Kurt into having sex with me in the backseat of his car...in the parking lot."

"YOU DID *WHAT!*" Burt was glaring at Blaine, who shrunk away from his boyfriend's (were they still boyfriends?" father.

"I feel awful, Burt! But I don't know how to make it right! Why do I have to do such *stupid* things when I drink?" That last part was mumbled to himself.

Just don't drink. "Blaine," Burt started, rubbing his temples. "Do I need to give *you* a sex talk?"

Blaine's blush returned. "Oh, no, Burt," he said. "I...I know how sex works."

Things were very awkward now, and Burt was finding it hard to look at Blaine.

"I meant how sex is something that should *matter*, not just be something you *do*, and-"

"Oh! Oh, Burt, I know!" Blaine said. "And trust me, I never would have even *asked* Kurt that if I was sober. When Kurt and I *do* have sex for the first time...I want it to be special-for *both* of us. I love him too much to hurt him...and I hate that I've already done that."

Blaine looked so miserable and upset that Burt didn't have the heart to scold him for the drinking thing-yet. And he tried to ignore the awkward, protective-father feelings that came up from Blaine talking about having sex with Kurt.

"Kid, the only thing I can tell you to do is apologize to him. He loves you, too, and I'm sure he'll forgive you in a heartbeat."

Blaine gave him a small smile. "You think so?"

Burt smiled back. "I know so."

"Thank you, Burt." Blaine turned to leave, but before he had taken more than a few steps, Burt called after him.

"Hey Blaine? These sex talks...are they going to be reoccurring things with you?"

CHAPTER FORTY-NINE

Parenting

At the sound of the front door banging open, Burt looked up from the movie he and Carole were watching on TV. The door hadn't even shut yet when Blaine appeared in the living room doorway, a huge grin on his face.

"Burt, Carole, you'll never guess what happened at school today!" he said, his grin widening.

Burt cocked an eyebrow. "Then I guess you'd better just tell us." Carole chuckled from beside him.

"Kurt and I became parents!"

Well...that was the one thing Burt *hadn't* been expecting.

"Blaine," Kurt's voice sounded from the hallway, sounding annoyed. "You could've chosen a better way to say that."

As Burt was still trying to figure out what Blaine could have possibly meant, Kurt appeared next to his boyfriend, a baby doll cradled in his arms and a diaper bag slung over his shoulder.

"Oh, boys, you have to do that at-home-parenting thing for Home Ec!" Carole said, sounding delighted.

"Yup, and Kurt and I are partners!" Blaine said, beaming.

"Yes, Blaine, we figured that out when you said the two of you became parents," Burt said, rolling his eyes.

As a junior and senior, Blaine and Kurt didn't have academic classes together, but electives (like Home Ec and gym) were a mix of students from all grades.

Blaine took the doll from Kurt (carefully, Burt noticed) and carried it over to Burt and Carole, supporting its head. He slowly dropped to his knees so the two of them could see the doll.

"Meet your granddaughter-Mandee Hummel-Anderson."

"*Blaine*," Kurt said exasperatedly. "You're taking this too seriously." He turned his attention to Burt and Carole. "He's already made *play dates* with Rachel and Finn's doll."

"No, with their *son*," Blaine said. "Sean Hudson. Rachel says he's going to be a star."

Kurt opened his mouth to say something, but Carole interrupted him.

"Oh, come on, Kurt. Don't ruin Blaine's fun. And aren't you supposed to do this realistically?"

Kurt just grumbled an affirmative, so Blaine said, "Yes we are, Carole. And Kurt and I are supposed to be married, which means we'll have to sleep in the same bed with Mandeel between us."

"Whoa, whoa," Burt said, cutting in to the conversation. "I don't think things need to go *that* far. I mean, I'm sure your teacher doesn't expect *strangers* to sleep together."

"But always having both of us around will be better for Mandeel's upbringing than if Kurt and I are staying at separate houses!" Blaine said, standing back up next to Kurt, who had his head dropped into his hands.

"Blaine, it is a *baby doll*," Kurt whispered, not looking up.

"Kurt, *she* is our *daughter*," Blaine retorted. Kurt did look up then so he could glare at Blaine.

"Blaine, you can stay here," Carole said, smiling at the shorter boy. Some of Kurt's irritation seemed to fade away. "You've stayed here before. As long as it's okay with your parents-"

"I'll go call them!"

Still carrying the doll-Mandee, Burt remembered-Blaine rushed into the kitchen, Kurt following behind him, a fond look now settling on his face. Carole was still smiling when Burt turned to look at her.

"I think you're going to enjoy this just as much as Blaine is already."

...

Blaine's parents had said it would be fine for Blaine to stay at the Hudmel house for the duration of the project. And since Blaine didn't have to go home to get any clothes (he had a drawer in Kurt's room he stayed over so often) the boys started their assignment right away, Blaine more enthusiastically than Kurt.

"Kurt, we have to test the temperature of the milk before we feed Mande." "Blaine, there isn't even any milk in the bottle!" "We have to *pretend*, Kurt."

"Blaine, I am *not* giving a *baby doll* a bath." "Kurt, she's our *daughter*. Do you want your daughter to smell?" "Oh, my god, Blaine."

"Kurt, what story should we read to Mande?" "Hm, let's see, Blaine, I have *The Great Gatsby* or *Fahrenheit 451*." "We'll just make up a story." "*Dear Gaga*."

"I DRAW THE LINE AT CHANGING A PRETEND DIAPER, BLAINE ANDERSON!" "But, Kurt-!" "*NO!*"

Burt found himself laughing right along with Carole at the pouts that Blaine gave when Kurt refused to do something, and at how Kurt would give in a few seconds later. They eavesdropped on the two boys after the dinner mess was cleaned up. Finn was going to be staying at Rachel's house for the week, so they couldn't spy on him.

They peeked through the crack of Kurt's bathroom door and watched as they got Mande ready for bath time.

"Blaine, this is ridiculous," Kurt said as he took off the doll's clothes and Blaine filled the tub.

"No it's not," Blaine countered. "Why else would Mrs. Biffle give out water babies?"

Kurt rolled his eyes as Blaine lowered Mande into the tub, keeping her cradled in his hands so she wouldn't go under. Burt and Carole watched as Kurt proceeded to bathe the doll, stifling their laughter at the look on Kurt's face. The two boys were silent for a few moments. Then-

"Kurt...do you ever think about having real kids some day?" Blaine asked, not meeting Kurt's eyes.

Kurt blushed, and he stopped washing Mande. "...Yeah."

"Me too."

"Really?"

Blaine nodded. "But...but I only think about having kids with you. I...I don't want to have kids with anyone else."

Burt's eyes widened, but Carole kept him silent, a soft smile on her lips.

Kurt looked over at Blaine. "I wouldn't want to have kids with anyone *but* you, Blaine," he said softly. He reached up to cup Blaine's face in his hands and pressed a kiss to his boyfriend's mouth. Blaine sighed and tried to deepen the kiss, but Kurt pulled away, giggling.

"Later Blainers. Right now we have a daughter to finish bathing."

At that, Carole pulled Burt away from the door and out of Kurt's bedroom. She led him into her bedroom, where they proceeded to get ready for bed. It was late, and the both of them had work early the next morning.

But just as he was about to drift off to sleep, a thought occurred to him, and his eyes flew open.

"Carole?"

"Hmm?" she answered, sounding half asleep."

"Kurt and Blaine technical got married today...right?"

"Mm."

"So that means they're on their honeymoon...right?"

"Mm."

"Well...you don't think they're going to...you know...*consummate* their marriage...do you?"

Carole opened one eye and smiled at Burt. She leaned over and kissed him before settling back down, her smile growing.

"Good night, Burt."

CHAPTER FIFTY

Elevator

Burt was starting to get worried. It had been nearly half an hour since Kurt and Blaine had gone off on their own to buy their presents for the Glee club. The three had agreed to meet up again outside the food court so they could have lunch and finish Christmas shopping for Carole and Finn.

But here Burt was, standing right next to a Burger King, his stomach growling at the intoxicating smell of a bacon cheeseburger-something he knew Kurt would never let him have, but Burt could still dream. The elevator a few feet away was being worked on-it had gotten stuck so a team was trying to fix the problem so the people trapped inside could get out. Burt had entertained the thought of Kurt and Blaine being in the elevator as their excuse for being late, but he had quickly dismissed it-Kurt was terrified of elevators.

He watched the team for a few more minutes before the elevator doors suddenly dinged open, and out walked Kurt and Blaine. Getting over his momentary shock, Burt walked swiftly over to the two boys, noting how flushed the two boys looked.

"You see, Blaine?" Kurt snapped. "*This* is why I hate elevators."

"You didn't seem to mind while we were *in* the elevator," Blaine muttered, straightening his bow tie.

"Are you alright boys?" Burt asked as he reached them, smiling at the rescue team in silent thanks.

"Oh, we're *fine*," Blaine said, a big grin on his face. "The time flew by!"

Burt cocked an eyebrow as Kurt blushed. "Is that so?"

"Yeah, Dad, it wasn't so bad," Kurt said quickly as Blaine opened his mouth again. He took his boyfriend's hand and started pulling him towards Subway. "Come on, let's eat-"

"Wait," Burt interrupted, grabbing Blaine's arm. "Blaine, wasn't your hair gelled back earlier?"

Blaine's hand flew up to his hair, his fingers sliding through the curls that had sprung loose from its gel prison. His face reddened, but Kurt's own grew paler than normal. Burt narrowed his eyes suspiciously at the way both boys' eyes dropped to the floor.

"I, uh...it was hot in that elevator and, uh...well, gel doesn't do to well in heat, so..."

Burt crossed his arms, sighing. "You know, it's not like you, Kurt, to think being stuck in an elevator *isn't so bad*. Whenever you get stuck with me you have a panic attack."

"Oh, Kurt started to, but-"

"Shut *up*, Blaine!" Kurt hissed.

"No, no, Blaine, go on," Burt said, waving a hand as though to grant him the floor.

Blaine's face reddened even more. "Oh, well...I just calmed him down..."

Burt raised his eyebrows. "Oh?"

"Dad, he just held me, okay?" Kurt blurted out. "He just held me and let me play with his hair because he knows it relaxes me."

Burt's arms dropped. "Oh. Well...Okay, then. Um...you guys hungry? We should go have lunch..."

Burt followed Kurt and Blaine to Subway. He felt bad about doubting the two boys-Blaine was always capable of calming Kurt down even in the most stressful situations. It just proved how much the two loved each other. Burt had just let his emotions get the better of him.

The three had a good time eating their lunch and finishing up their Christmas shopping. All three of them had gotten Finn new sweater vests since he loved them so much, and Burt had gotten Carole a beautiful blue scarf that he had seen her admiring the last time the two of them had come here. Kurt and Blaine, however, each got her a new pair of shoes-things Burt knew she would love just as much as the scarf.

As the three of them were preparing to leave, a shout from behind them stopped them.

"Excuse me!" They turned to see a security guard jogging over to them, carrying a bag from H&M. "You forgot this in the elevator you were stuck in," he said, handing the bag to Blaine.

"Oh, thank you!" Blaine said, taking the bag. "These were my presents for Mr. Schuester and Artie."

The guard smiled. "Glad to help." He started turning away, but then looked back, his grin widening. "And I should just mention that our elevators have security cameras in them. So next time you're stuck in one I would think twice about making out. You gave my friends quite a scare!" Laughing, the guard walked away.

Burt glared at Kurt and Blaine, who bore identical red faces.

"Um...we'll see you in the car, Dad!" Kurt said, grabbing Blaine's hand and rushing away.

Burt stared after them, shaking his head. He *knew* he'd been just in his accusations. His boys were just too predictable.

CHAPTER FIFTY-ONE

Surprise Party

For reference, Puck had *thought* this would be a good idea.

Kurt's birthday was coming up, and Puck still felt bad for never defending Kurt while he was still being bullied at McKinley-and for telling him to "make himself useful and go spy on the Garglers." Not that Puck regretted it *now*-if he had never sent Kurt there then Kurt may have never met Blaine. And nobody made Kurt as happy as Blaine did. And if you really stopped and thought about it...Kurt had *Puck* to thank for that.

But Puck still wanted to make amends, even if it was in his own head. So when he saw that Kurt's birthday was in less than a week, he gathered every member of New Directions-except Kurt and Blaine (cause that boy couldn't keep a secret from Kurt to save his life)-into the choir room and locked the doors.

"Puck, what's going on?" Rachel asked impatiently, crossing her arms. "I need to work on my NYADA application."

"Finn, your parents are going to be in Washington this Saturday, right?" Puck asked, ignoring Rachel's comment.

"Yeah. We're taking Kurt to dinner for his birthday on Friday and then they're leaving early the next morning." Finn narrowed his eyes suspiciously. "Why?"

"Wait, where are Kurt and Blaine?" Artie asked suddenly. "If this is a New Direction's meeting shouldn't they be here?"

"I was just getting to that," Puck said, grinning. "I hope none of you have plans for Saturday because we are throwing Kurt a surprise birthday party. Blaine's not allowed to help because he'll just spill the beans to Kurt first chance he gets."

As the girls all cheered, Sam asked, "And how are you planning on pulling that off? Won't Kurt need to be out of the house while we set up?"

"I'm sure Blaine's got some romantic thing planned for him," Mercedes said, waving her hand.

"Duh." Puck rolled his eyes. "So we'll have to be quick. I already have the decorations. Just bring your presents when you come to help. Finn, can you text everyone as soon as Blaine picks him up?"

Finn grinned. "You can count on me!"

Puck clapped his hands together. "Excellent!"

...

"Finn?" Kurt called as he walked down the stairs. "Finn!"

"What?" Finn asked, poking his head out of the kitchen.

Kurt stopped in his tracks. "Finn...what are *you* doing in the kitchen?"

"Oh...um...I'm just making lunch early so I can heat it up later."

"Oookaaay," Kurt said. "Well, Blaine's picking me up in a few minutes. Are you still going to Rachel's later?"

"Yeah," Finn said, retreating back into the kitchen. "Have fun with Blaine!"

Before Kurt could respond, there was a knock at the door. Kurt ran to answer it, smiling widely when he saw Blaine standing on the doorstep, looking hot in dark jeans and with his hair free of gel.

"For me?" Kurt asked, wrapping his arms around Blaine's neck and tangling his fingers in the curls at the base.

"Who else?" Blaine pulled Kurt to him and pressed a kiss to his cheek. "Happy birthday," he murmured.

"Mmm, thank you," Kurt said, pulling back and taking Blaine's hand in his. "So where are we going?"

"It's a surprise," Blaine said secretly, smiling.

...

Finn peeked through the window by the door and watched Blaine drive away with Kurt. As soon as the car was out of sight he whipped out his cell phone and group texted all of the members of New Directions. As he waited for replies, he retreated back into the kitchen to finish setting out the ingredients for Kurt's cake so it was ready for when Rachel arrived.

...

Kurt was practically bouncing in his seat as Blaine drove them to an unknown location. Just as he was about to explode with anticipation, Blaine pulled over to the side of the road.

"Here, put this on," Blaine said, holding out a blindfold.

Kurt cocked an eyebrow. "Kinky," he said, taking it. Blaine winked as Kurt tied it on. Kurt heard the engine start up again, even more excited of where Blaine was bringing him.

What felt like hours later, Blaine finally stopped.

"Can I take the blindfold off?" Kurt asked, chewing on his bottom lip.

"Not yet," Blaine said, chuckling. Kurt heard him get out of the car and waited for Blaine to come help him. "Come on, love," Blaine murmured as he held Kurt's hand while he stepped out of the car. They walked a few paces before Blaine finally allowed him to take off the blindfold.

When Kurt opened his eyes, he gasped. They were in a small clearing, and right in the middle of it was a picnic already set up. There was a small stream trickling nearby, and Kurt couldn't help but throw himself into Blaine's arms at the romance of it all.

"I love you," he whispered, Blaine's arms tightening in response.

...

"Rachel, hurry up with that cake!"

"I can't make the oven go faster, Noah!"

"Artie, hang up the piñata!"

"How do you expect *me* to hang up the piñata!"

"Artie, I'll help you."

"*No*, Santana, *you* are supposed to be setting up the presents in a neat pile!"

"Puck, why did you even *get* a piñata! Hummel is *eighteen*."

"Don't question me!"

Puck sighed happily as he looked around. Things were running quite smoothly-with only a few minor setbacks. The streamers were strung, the balloons were in place, and Santana was finally setting up the presents. He decided to help Artie with the piñata himself, and when that was done he went into the kitchen to see if the cake was done.

"How's it coming along, Berry?" he asked.

"It's *done* now, Noah, okay?" Rachel snapped. "It's cooling, and when *that's* done I can frost it!"

"No need to bite my head off," Puck muttered as he went back into the living room.

Since all of the decorations were set up, the members of New Directions were gathered in front of the TV. Rolling his eyes, he decided to stay by the door himself so he could watch for Kurt and Blaine. Half an hour later, Rachel joined the gang in the living room after frosting the cake. She finished just in time-for no more than fifteen minutes later, Blaine pulled into the driveway.

"PLACES EVERYONE!"

Everyone quickly dashed into the entryway, some hiding inside doorways to make room. Puck stayed by the light switch so he could turn it on as soon as the pair came walking through the door. Five minutes passed, and Puck was starting to wonder where Kurt and Blaine were-until he saw two shadows move past the window and to the door. The door slammed open-

And everyone was too stunned to shout "Surprise."

Blaine had Kurt pressed up against the door, hands exploring. Kurt had his own hands tangled in Blaine's hair, tugging on it and making Blaine moan into his mouth.

"Surprise!" Brittney shouted, running into the entryway from where she had been in the bathroom.

Puck turned on the lights, and watched as Kurt's eyes flew open in shock. Squeaking, Kurt pushed Blaine off of him and straightened his clothes. Blaine's face was redder than Puck had ever seen it, and Puck couldn't help but smirk.

"Wanky, boys," Santana purred.

"W-What are you all doing here?!" Kurt asked, his own face turning red.

"We're throwing you a surprise party," Puck said smoothly. "But we can see you're busy. Would you like us to come back later?"

"That would be *wonderful*."

"No, no, now's fine!" Kurt interrupted Blaine. "Um...thanks, guys!"

Puck laughed. "Come on, Hummel," he said, grinning. "Let's start with the piñata. I'm sure *you've* got something to hit it with."

CHAPTER FIFTY-TWO

Banned

It was two months after Christmas-two months after Kurt and Blaine had gotten caught making out in the elevator at the Lima mall. Kurt and Carole were shopping together, looking for new shirts for Finn. All of the ones the jock had gotten for Christmas were now torn and dirtied from working the extra hours in Burt's garage.

"We need to teach Finn how to do his own shopping," Kurt sighed, glancing down at his phone. He had just gotten a text from Blaine asking where he was.

Carole smiled. "I know...but I still wouldn't trust the boy not to get shirts that were either too big or too small for him."

Kurt laughed with his stepmother, and they searched in a few more stores with still no luck. No store had any shirts that Finn would wear-they were either too tight or too baggy. Finn would never admit it...but he was just as bad as Kurt when it came to picking out his clothes.

"Okay, let's hope this store has something," Carole said, and started heading inside. Kurt made to follow her, but he froze when he saw what store it was.

Carole had decided to try the GAP store. Kurt had Blaine had long been allowed back in since the Warbler's infamous "Gap Attack"...but Kurt still didn't want to go in. He saw one of the employees through the glass, and he backed away even more.

"Kurt?" Carole asked, having noticed that he wasn't following her inside. "Are you coming?"

"Oh...um...no," Kurt said, forcing a smile. "I think I'm going to sit this one out. My feet are killing me." His smile turned apologetic as he sat down on the bench across from the store.

"That's okay, sweetie," Carole said, smiling back at him. "I'll be quick!"

Kurt watched his stepmother disappear into the store, dropping his smile as soon as she was out of sight. Staring back up at the sign, Kurt bit his lip...thinking about the real reason he didn't want to go inside.

...

"Blaine, do we *have* to go in here?" Kurt asked, tugging his boyfriend to a halt.

Blaine rolled his eyes. "Come on, Kurt, Jeremiah doesn't work here. I got him fired remember?"

"You sound so broken up about it," Kurt muttered, reluctantly letting his boyfriend drag him inside the GAP.

It was the day before Christmas, and Blaine had forgotten to buy Cooper his gift. So he had called Kurt and whined to him before Kurt had decided to take mercy on his boyfriend and give in to his demands of going shopping...not that Blaine had had to do much persuading.

"Kurt, relax," Blaine said, squeezing Kurt's hand. "I'm sure everyone has forgotten about the Warblers singing in here."

"I'm not so sure about that, Blaine," Kurt said doubtfully, watching as two employees pointed at them and whispered, laughing behind their hands. "Let's just hurry up and get out of here."

Kurt let Blaine wander off on his own when he saw a pair of jeans that caught his attention. There was only one more pair in his size, and he quickly grabbed it off the rack before heading to the dressing room.

The jeans fit better than he'd thought they would, but he still wanted a second opinion. So he grabbed his stuff and went to find Blaine. When he found his boyfriend, Blaine was facing away from him, browsing through sweaters.

"Blaine, how do these look on me?" Kurt asked.

"Kurt, I don't have time to-" Blaine started, sounding annoyed. But as soon as he saw the jeans Kurt was wearing he stopped, his mouth dropping open. He tried to speak, but only a strangled sound came out.

"Blaine...?"

At the sound of Kurt's voice, Blaine seemed to snap out of whatever daze he'd been in. He pushed Kurt against a door, immediately pressing their mouths together in a hungry kiss. He groaned out "So hot"

before opening the door and shoving them both inside, Kurt's protests dying on his tongue as Blaine dropped to his knees.

Half an hour later, Kurt and Blaine were pulling their jeans back up and picking up the cleaning tools they had knocked over in their enthusiasm.

"Jeez, Blaine, you could have just said you liked them," Kurt said, chuckling.

Blaine winked. "That wouldn't have been as much fun," he countered.

The both of them laughing, Kurt opened the door to the storage-but only slightly; he didn't want anyone to be around when they left. When he saw that the coast was clear, he opened the door, tugging Blaine out behind him.

"Let's get out of here," he whispered, and Blaine nodded his agreement. But just as the boys reached the door, someone grabbed them from behind.

"And where do you think you two are going?"

Kurt turned to see one of the store's employees glaring at them. He felt himself grow cold all over...he was still wearing the GAP jeans he had tried on in the dressing room.

The employee dragged them to a room in the back, where the manager of the GAP-Patty Mellark-was sitting behind a desk on her phone. At the sight of the boys, she hung up.

"What is it, Tony?" she asked impatiently.

"I caught these two shoplifting," Tony said, shoving Kurt and Blaine into a pair of chairs. "This one thought he could walk right out of the store wearing a pair of our jeans."

Kurt wanted to die. He wanted a hole to open up in the floor and he wanted to fall through it. He wanted to kill Blaine. He wanted to kill *himself* for forgetting something so stupid!

"Go call security," Patty snapped at Tony before turning to glare at Kurt and Blaine. "So you thought you could steal a pair of our jeans, did you."

Kurt shook his head, waving his hands in front of him frantically. "No, no, I swear! This is all just a misunderstanding!"

"Oh?" Patty asked, cocking an eyebrow at Kurt. "Please-tell me how Tony was supposed to take you walking out of the store while wearing a pair of unpaid-for jeans."

Kurt opened his mouth to say something, but the only excuse he had was what had happened in the storage closet...and he wasn't quite sure how to put it appropriately...

"Kurt's mind turns to mush when we have sex."

Leave it to Blaine to think of a way.

Blaine smiled at Patty. "He was trying on a pair of jeans-*those* jeans-and he walked out to ask me how they looked on him and they looked *really good* on him and I just couldn't control myself so I shoved him into the storage closet and we had sex. And Kurt was so busy trying to leave before anyone had noticed that he forgot he wasn't wearing his own jeans."

Patty was staring at Blaine with wide eyes and a dropped jaw, Kurt didn't know whether to kiss or strangle his boyfriend, and Blaine himself just sat there smiling, as though nothing scandalous had been said at all. Patty stuttered a little as she tried to form a response, but she was saved when the door opened again, this time a security guard walking in.

"Hey, you employee said that you had two shoplifters?"

Kurt and Blaine turned, and Kurt recognized the guard instantly. The guard grinned at them, and Kurt dropped his head into his hands.

"Hey, it's the steamy elevator boys! Don't tell me you two are the shoplifters?"

"No, no, there aren't any shoplifters," Patty said quickly, and Kurt gave her a stunned look. "It was all...it was all just a misunderstanding." She smiled weakly at the guard, who shrugged nonchalantly.

"Alright, then," he said. "Have a nice day, Patty, boys."

When the guard left, Patty dropped her smile, but she didn't look angry anymore.

"Okay, boys, listen," she said. "I'm going to give you the jeans because I'm not going to try to sell them to any customers after you've...well...*used them*. And because of this, you guys are banned from the GAP for a year. Am I clear?"

"Yes ma'am," Kurt and Blaine said in unison.

Patty smiled again. "Good." She seemed to grow more amused. "It seems to me that every time you come to this store you get banned for something. First it was you singing to Jeremiah, and now this. Let's try not to have any more incidents, shall we?"

Kurt blushed, but he thanked Patty and left her office. He collected his old jeans before dragging Blaine out of the store, avoiding Tony's gaze. Blaine ended up finding a shirt at a different store, and this time Kurt avoided trying on any more clothes.

...

Kurt smiled as the memory faded. He had been embarrassed at the time, but it seemed funny now. He saw Carole walking over to him, empty-handed once more.

"They didn't have any shirts, either," she said, sighing.

"Well, let's try one more store and then we'll call it quits for the day," Kurt said, smiling and wrapping his arm through Carole's. "Blaine wants to go to lunch."

Carole nodded, and they walked for a few minutes before coming across another store that had shirts Finn would wear. Carole went to walk inside, but she was tugged to a stop by Kurt's arm that was still wound through his. Kurt was staring up at this store sign, too.

"Kurt?" Carole asked. "Are you coming?"

Kurt bit his lip and let go of his step-mother's arm. He shook his head apologetically.

"Sorry, Carole, but...I...um...I can't go in this store either."

CHAPTER FIFTY-THREE

Song Selection

"Well, Kurt, it looks like we have another song to choose!" Blaine said as he and Kurt walked out to their cars. They had just left Glee club, and Mr. Schue had assigned duets as their weekly assignment again.

"Are you assuming I want my duet to be with you?" Kurt asked, cocking an eyebrow and trying not to smile.

"Well, fine, I'll just go ask *Sam*," Blaine said, making to turn around.

Laughing, Kurt tugged Blaine back. They had reached their cars, and since no one else was in the parking lot, Kurt pushed Blaine against his Navigator, pressing a swift kiss to his boyfriend's lips.

"You know," he murmured, "my dad and Carole are working late tonight and I heard Finn say he was going to Puck's..."

Blaine's eyes widened. "Really? Then what are we still doing here! Let's go to your house!"

Kurt spluttered as Blaine pushed him away to dart into his car. He stood there with his jaw dropped as Blaine peeled out of the parking lot, wondering how his boyfriend thought getting there before Kurt was going to make this go any faster. Shaking his head and chuckling to himself, Kurt got into his Navigator before driving away at a reasonable speed.

...

Sometime later, Kurt was cuddled up to Blaine, feeling very satisfied with what had just happened. It was almost perfect...but as soon as they had finished Blaine had insisted on choosing a song early so they could practice.

"Oh! Oh! What about *I'll make a Man out of you*?"

Kurt rolled his eyes. "I don't think so, Blaine, I don't want to deal with the suggestive looks that we'll definitely get from Puck and Santana."

Blaine huffed. "Kurt, that's the tenth song you've shot down!"

"Well, Blaine, that's because I just want to *cuddle* if that's oka-"

"I know! We can sing *Boyfriend*!"

"*Absolutely* not! No Justin Bieber! *No. Justin. Bieber.*"

"Fine!" Blaine said, throwing the covers off. "You think of songs then! *I'm* going to the bathroom!"

Kurt fought back a smile at his childish boyfriend, reluctantly releasing him so he could use the bathroom. He unashamedly watched as Blaine bent over to pick up his boxers and slide them back on. But just as Blaine pulled them to his hips, a sudden grin spread over his face, and Kurt feared what was coming.

"Babe, I know what song we can do," Blaine said, his grin turning into a smirk.

Kurt narrowed his eyes suspiciously. "Yeah..."

Blaine's smirk widened, and he started singing. Kurt shivered at the slight roughness to his boyfriend's voice in the beginning, but then he flopped back onto his bed, groaning.

"Blaine, we are *not* singing that in front of the Glee club! One, because I *hate* that song and have no idea why you *do* and two-stop singing, would you!" Blaine just grinned as Kurt sat up and glared at him, continuing his song.

"*I just had sex*

-And it felt so goo

"Wait a minute, *what?*"

Kurt yelped at the sound of Finn's voice, throwing the blankets back over his naked lower half. Blaine stopped singing, his cheeks burning as Finn stepped into the room, a confused look on his face.

"Blaine," Finn said. "I thought you were gay?"

Now it was Blaine giving Finn the confused look.

"I am," he said slowly, gaze flickering over to Kurt before looking back at Finn.

"Then why would you be putting your penis inside of a woman?"

Kurt rolled his eyes as Blaine laughed. "Finn, it's just a song."

"I know that," Finn said, blushing slightly. "But why don't you change the words around like you normally do?"

Blaine just stared at Finn for a few moments before singing the revised line. "*Kurt let me put my penis inside of him-*"

"*Blaine!*" Kurt shrieked at the same time Finn said "Whoa, didn't need to know that!"

"Hey, you wanted me to change it," Blaine said, laughing again.

"Well I didn't want to know about...about...*that!*"

"You're just jealous that me and Kurt actually have a sex life," Blaine teased, smirking.

Finn glared at him. "Actually, I do have a sex life, thank you very much! With Rachel!"

"Well then you're just jealous that-compared to mine and Kurt's sex life-your sex life is lame and boring."

"It is not!" Finn argued. "And you know what, *I* should be the one singing that song because *I'm* the one who actually just had sex with a woman!"

"I have every right to sing it, too!" Blaine said, immediately starting up the song again. Finn joined in, and Kurt was left watching as his boyfriend and his step-brother sung the song together. He tried interrupting them multiple times, but neither paid any attention to him. Just as he had decided to give up, someone finally managed to quiet Finn and Blaine.

"BOYS!" Burt shouted from the doorway, making Kurt jump and the other two immediately stop singing.

"Would anyone care to explain why Blaine is in his underwear and the two of you are singing *that* song?"

"Because we all just had sex!" Blaine said as if it was obvious-which it was.

Kurt dropped his face into his hands as Burt glared at Blaine. "Okay, I want the two of you dressed and downstairs in five minutes. You two, Finn."

Finn grumbled to himself as he followed Burt out of the room, and Kurt finally looked up when he heard the door close. He immediately pulled on his clothes, refusing to look at Blaine. But just as Blaine was about to open the door, Kurt stopped him.

"Oh, Blaine?" he said sweetly, garnering a weird look from his boyfriend. "I've decided on a duet."

"You have?" Blaine asked, looking surprised.

"Oh, yes. I am going to sing *I'm All About You* with Rachel and you and Finn are going to sing *I Just Had Sex*."

CHAPTER FIFTY-FOUR

Receipts and Slogans

One day, when Burt was home from work, he had just sat down in his favorite chair and turned on the game when the phone rang from the kitchen. Groaning, Burt stood right back up to answer it.

"Hello?"

"Oh, Dad, good!" Kurt's voice sounded over the line. "Could you do me a huge favor?"

"Sure, bud, what is it?" Burt asked, craning his neck to watch as the Buckeyes scored on the TV.

"I can't find my ID, and I need that to get lunch, so I was wondering if you could maybe check around my room for it? I think it might have fallen under my bed when I was doing homework last night."

Burt gave an inward sigh when he realized he would be missing the rest of the football game. "Of course, Kurt. I'll bring it to you as soon as I find it."

"Thanks, Dad!" Kurt said before hanging up right away, most likely late for class.

After hanging up the phone, Burt went upstairs to his son's room and started looking around for Kurt's ID. He didn't find it on his desk, or on any of his nightstands. So, realizing that Kurt must have been right, Burt dropped down onto the floor to ruffle under Kurt's bed. His hand moved around blindly for a few seconds before he touched something and dragged it out. What he saw didn't surprise him, but when he kept pulling them out, his jaw dropped to the floor.

There were half a dozen boxes of condoms-all Spartan brand-and countless, individual packages of leftover condoms. Burt couldn't believe just how many condoms his son had under his bed. Little did he know...this was just the beginning.

"This is getting a little ridiculous," he muttered as he pulled out two more boxes and about twenty individual wrappers.

Burt's hand landed on another side of cardboard, and he expected to pull out yet another Spartan brand of condoms, so he was surprised when he pulled out a large, red box with a lid. Cocking an eyebrow, Burt lifted the lid, and his eyes widened even further. There were exactly *forty-one* receipts, and each had two to three transactions on them. Calculating it all in his head, Burt's eyes nearly popped out of his sockets at the number of condoms his son and Blaine were going through...and these were just the ones at Kurt's house.

They were all receipts for Spartan condoms, and they all had little notes on the backs of them:

Not ridged enough.

There was definitely Fire with this one.

This one was my favorite.

It didn't matter that we were out of lube with this one.

Definitely charged and orgasmic! The title does not lie ;)

Could not remember safe word...not sure if a problem or not...

Burt slammed the lid back onto the box, too scared to read any further. He pushed the box away hastily, shoving everything back under his son's bed, the ID having not been found. He was about to look in the closet when his phone buzzed in his pocket. Furrowing his eyebrows, Burt pulled his phone out and opened the message.

Dad! You don't have to look for my ID anymore, especially not under my bed! I actually found it...thanks, anyways, though, love you! ~Kurt

Burt shuddered-it was too late anyways. But he just sent back an answering message, though not alerting his son to the long talk the three of them would be having when Kurt-and Blaine-got home.

...

When the two boys did get home, Burt could hear them start towards the stairs, but Burt called them into the living room.

"Hey! You two! In here, please!"

After a few moments, Kurt and Blaine appeared in the living room doorway, hands clasped between them, innocent looks on their faces.

"What is it, Dad?" Kurt asked curiously.

"Kurt, as soon as you hung up from asking me to look for your ID, I went up to your room to try and find it. One of the places I looked was under your bed." Burt watched as the blood started to drain from Kurt's and Blaine's faces. "I didn't find your ID, but do you know what I did find?"

"One of our secret stashes?" Blaine squeaked, biting his lip.

"Yes, Blaine, *one* of them," Burt said, trying not to glare at the shorter boy. "And I have a good feeling where the other one is."

Blaine's eyes widened. "You didn't go to my house, did you?!"

"No, Blaine," Burt said, sounding more patient than he actually was. "But that brings me to my next question. *How often are you two having sex? Please* tell me you aren't just doing it to do it, because if you are then-"

"No, no, it's not that, Dad," Kurt interrupted, face flaming. "It's just..."

"Me and Kurt were in a contest!" All eyes turned on Blaine, who just grinned and beamed at both of them. "We had to test out all the different Spartan brands to try and come up with the best jingle we could and win a year's worth supply of condoms!" He smiled gleefully. "And we *won*."

Burt raised his eyebrows, and it took him a moment to find words. "You two were in...a contest?"

"Yeah, and it went *great*," Blaine said, a dreamy look on his face.

Burt's eyes narrowed. "How does this jingle go exactly?"

Blaine's smile widened, and, to Burt, it looked evil. "You'll see."

...

Kurt had flat out refused to sing the jingle for Burt, and Blaine had insisted on it being a surprise. How it would turn out to be a surprise Burt didn't know...but he was in no rush to find out.

Later that night, after dinner had been cleared away, Burt was watching a Christmas special with Carole on TV. Kurt and Blaine were doing homework upstairs-or so they said-and Finn was playing Call of Duty in his room. The special eventually cut to commercial, and Burt was grateful for the break. The special was sort of a chic flic, and Burt was only watching it to make Carole happy. He was about to offer to get Carole a glass of eggnog along with himself, but Kurt's and Blaine's voices stopped him. But they weren't in the living room.

They were on TV.

Burt's jaw dropped as Kurt's and Blaine's grinning faces appeared on the screen. He barely noticed Carole hiding her own grin or Finn walking past the living room doorway, pausing when he saw who was on TV.

"Hello out there teens of Ohio!" Kurt said, his grin looking a little forced. "Are any of you having trouble picking out condoms? Because we're sure not!"

"Oh, I am!" Finn said, moving into the living room to watch the commercial. "I hate the ones Rachel picks out!"

Burt chose to ignore that as Kurt continued talking.

"Blaine and I have no problems with our condoms-because we use *Spartans*!"

"Let's tell you a little about them," Blaine added, winking before he began to *rap*, Kurt backing him up. Burt's eyes widened when he saw Finn moving and snapping to the...jingle.

"*Spartan condoms keep you clean.
pleasurable, they're delectable;
that the sun? (Is that the sun?)*"

- ~~They're keeping you clean!~~ *They're keeping you clean!*
~~They're keeping you clean!~~ *They're keeping you clean!*
~~They're keeping you clean!~~ *They're keeping you clean!*

Burt's jaw was still dropped as the commercial continued to the end. He came to when Carole put her hand on his arm, still grinning. He noticed Finn get up and leave, mumbling "Spartan condoms" repeatedly

under his breath. When he finally got his voice back, Burt gave Carole a serious look before saying one thing.

"We are never using Spartan condoms."

CHAPTER FIFTY-FIVE

Why is Kurt Acting Weird?

Blaine was having a good dream. He was ice skating in New York with Kurt and their daughter, Mande, for her fifth birthday. Blaine was showing off for his family, and he was just about to do a triple spin when he was shoved from the side.

"*Blaine!*" Kurt hissed in his ear as Blaine blinked into awareness. He and Kurt weren't ice skating in New York. They were lying in Kurt's bed in Kurt's dad's house-and Blaine was screwed.

"Kurt, why didn't you wake me up last night!" Blaine whispered, throwing the blankets off of him and grabbing his clothes. He and Kurt were still grounded for skinny dipping last week, but Blaine had snuck into Kurt's room last night, intending on just cuddling with Kurt until he fell asleep. But one thing had led to another...and now Blaine was fumbling to put his clothes back on as he cursed himself for falling asleep.

"You shouldn't have fallen asleep!" Kurt whispered back, glaring at him as he yanked on his silk pajamas. Blaine was about to argue back, but both boys froze when they heard a knock at Kurt's bedroom door.

"Hey, Kurt, can I-"

"Just a minute, Finn!" Kurt chirped in a slightly-higher-pitched-than-normal voice. He shoved Blaine-who tripped over his half pulled up jeans and landed in a heap on the floor-into the bathroom and shut the door as he made his way over to let Finn in.

Rubbing his head, Blaine pulled his jeans the rest of the way up before climbing to his feet, putting his ear against the door so he could hear.

"Can I help you with something, Finn?" Blaine heard Kurt ask in a sweet voice.

"Yeah, I was wondering if you had an extra tube of toothpaste."

Blaine's eyes widened as he frantically looked around for somewhere to hide as he heard footsteps come towards Kurt's bathroom, Kurt trying to talk Finn away. Just before the door opened, Blaine jumped into Kurt's hamper, pulling the lid down over him.

"Finn, wait-! Oh." Kurt's voice was muffled, and there was confusion in it.

"Dude, what's your problem?" Finn asked. "What, is spotless not clean enough for you? Embarrassed the bathroom was *too clean*?"

Blaine could practically hear Kurt's offended expression as he huffed. He slapped a hand over his mouth to hold back his giggles, and he finally breathed again when he heard Finn and Kurt leave the bathroom, and Kurt kick Finn out of his room so he could 'get ready'. Blaine was already walking out of the bathroom when Kurt turned around, rubbing the back of his neck and wincing.

"Man, that was *not* pleasant," he said, grimacing.

Kurt gave him an apologetic smile. "I'm sorry, Blaine."

Blaine shrugged, smiling dazzling at his boyfriend, making Kurt's eyes glaze over slightly. "I'll just climb out of the window and see you this afternoon?" Kurt nodded, and he walked over to the window to help Blaine out. But before Blaine could put a foot through, Kurt tugged him back by his collar, strangling Blaine in the process.

"Morning, Carole!" Kurt called, giving a nervous laugh. Blaine gasped for air as Kurt shut his window before turning back around, chewing on his lip while he thought.

"Maybe we can sneak you out the front door. Carole's out back with the garden and Finn should be getting in the shower." He opened his bedroom door to check that the coast was clear. "And Dad's at work by now."

"Okay," Blaine wheezed, still clutching his throat. "I'll just hum *Mission Impossible*."

Kurt shot him a Look before gesturing for Blaine to follow him. They made it three steps to the bottom of the stairs when they heard the upstairs bathroom door open. Blaine didn't get the chance to brace himself before Kurt shoved him the rest of the way down and pushed Blaine out of sight just as Finn appeared at the top of the stairs in his towel.

"Hi, Finn, how was your shower?" Kurt said, attempting to smile as Blaine just stayed on the floor, eyes wide as he stared up at the ceiling. Jeez, if Kurt liked it rough all he had to do was say something!

"Um...my shower was fine..." Finn answered, and Kurt just beamed back at him. "Uh...you okay, Kurt?"

"I'm fine!" Kurt said, edging backwards. "I'm just going to call Blaine and see if he wants to come over."

"Okay..."

As soon as Finn was in his room, Blaine was yanked to his feet, and he stumbled as Kurt pulled him to the front door. Kurt opened the door to make sure no one was outside before giving Blaine a quick kiss and pushing him through the door, promising to call him later before slamming the door shut.

Blaine stood on the doorstep for a few minutes, still slightly dazed. This morning had been very confusing- and *painful*. And as he started to walk the few blocks that would lead him to his car, he decided he was *never* sneaking into Kurt's room again.