

We Compare Our Hearts To Things That Fly But Cannot Land

by

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AU || NC-17

When Kurt Hummel was six years old, he told his mother he wanted a soulmate. Ten years later, when he shakes Blaine Anderson's hand, a spark shoots through his entire body. At first, Kurt writes it off as nothing, just static electricity. But as days go by, they both realize that they are starting to get constant headaches, stomach cramps, the whole nine. The only time the pain stops? When they're near each other. The longer they're together, the stronger the bond becomes, eventually escalating to needing physical contact. So when they realize they need to literally be together 24/7 to survive, how will they cope?

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Part One

When Kurt Hummel was a little boy, his absolute favorite time of the day, hands down, was bed time.

Not because he liked to sleep (far from it, actually) but because bed time meant story time. And story time meant he got to cuddle up close to his mom, he got to breathe in her scent, and he got to be so, so, *so* happy.

At six years old, Kurt thought life just couldn't get any better.

"And so the valiant knight slayed the evil dragon and then he finally—"

"And he finally saves the princess! And they live happily ever after!"

Elizabeth Hummel smiled down at her son, getting a toothy grin in return and she hugged him close to her side, "And they lived happily ever after," she agreed, placing the book on their laps and running her hand gently through Kurt's still slightly-damp hair.

Kurt snuggled closer into her side before reaching out and grabbing the book in his hands.

"Mommy?"

"Hmm?" Elizabeth asked, watching her son as he continued to stare at the pictures in front of him.

"Do you think I can do that someday?"

"Slay a dragon? Sorry, but I think you're outta luck for finding a dragon in Ohio, kid," she told him, laughter dancing in her eyes.

"No," Kurt shook his head, flipping to the next page, pointing to the picture of the princess and the knight riding off into the sunset, "that," Kurt said quietly, eyes never straying from the book.

"Oh, well, sweetie, I'm sure one day you will. When you're all grown up, you'll find the princess that you'll want to sweep off her feet and live happily ever after."

Kurt continued to stare at the page for a long time, staying silent before looking up, his blue eyes staring questioningly into his mother's.

"What... what if I... would it be okay if... maybe *I* was the... the princess? And then a knight can come and rescue me?"

Elizabeth stayed quiet, staring at her son in a way Kurt had never seen.

Finally she spoke, a small smile appearing on her face. "If that's what you really want Kurt, then I really do believe that one day, one day you'll get that."

Kurt was content with her answer, nodding happily before dropping the book and wrapping his small arms around his mother as much as he could.

"I really want that. I wanna have a ...mommy, what's that word?" He asked, peering up through the tendrils of brown hair that flopped onto his forehead.

"A soulmate?" She asked as she closed the book and put it on the nightstand next to Kurt's bed.

"Yeah! That. Like the princess and the knight or...or like you and daddy! Daddy's your soulmate, right mommy?"

Elizabeth grinning down at Kurt nodding, her eyes crinkling at the corners. "Yes baby, your daddy is my soulmate."

Kurt nodded again, burrowing down into his covers, clinging tightly to a stuffed animal as his eyes began to droop.

"I wanna soulmate. Someone who'll love me like you love daddy," he said quietly, drifting off in the middle of his sentence.

Elizabeth brushed some hair back before kissing his forehead and standing up quietly. She flicked off Kurt's lamp in exchange for the dimmer light of his nightlight.

Stories of princesses and knights and dragons and soulmates were just things Elizabeth told her son before bed.

Kurt had always wanted them to be true.

Especially the soulmates part.

He had no idea just how right he was.

**

When Kurt Hummel was seven years old, his dad wanted him to join little league.

Instead, Kurt joined tap dancing.

He was great at it, a total natural, and even Burt had to admit, seeing his son's happy face every day after practice was worth storing away the bat and mitt he had been so excited to buy Kurt.

Some of the fathers from Kurt's second grade class, however, didn't exactly see it his way.

"You have to set boundaries, Burt. You can't let your son think he can do whatever he wants... especially when it's obviously the *wrong* choice."

"*Wrong* choice?" Burt asked, subconsciously crossing his arms over his chest as he glanced at his son in the classroom. Elizabeth was speaking to his teacher for Parent-Teacher night.

"Come on, *dancing*? Ya gotta know that stuff's for sissies. You gotta toughen him up now before—"

"Before what? Your boy starts picking on mine?" Burt asked, voice beginning to rise slightly.

"No, no, just—"

"Look, my kid is *happy* dancing. They're only seven years old; they know a better world than we do. So if dancing is what Kurt likes, then that's exactly what he's gonna do," he told the other man angrily before walking into the classroom and ruffling Kurt's hair.

"Wanna go play outside while your mom finishes talking to Mrs. Aarons?"

"Can I show you my new routine instead, Daddy?"

Burt looked down into his son's eyes, watching as they lit up at the chance to show his father what he could do.

"Sure, kiddo."

**

When Kurt was eight years old, he was one of the best dancers in his class.

He was so good, in fact, that he got a part in the upperclassmen' spring recital.

"Isn't that awesome, Mommy? I can't wait to tell Daddy!" Kurt said excitedly from the backseat, kicking his feet against the seat in front of him in time with the beat in his head.

Elizabeth looked at her son through the rearview mirror, smiling at her son's excitement.

"So Kurt, since this is your special night, what would you like for—"

She cut off her own sentence with a gasp and a choked-off scream and before Kurt could ask what was going on, everything around him was spinning and breaking. Glass shattered all around him as his body began to ache.

"M-Mommy?" He called out weakly, just before everything around him went black.

-

Kurt woke up to lots of beeping around him and a strange smell that reminded him of the stuff his mommy put on her fingers to wash away the nail paint.

He could hear voices around him, but he was too tired to open his eyes.

He recognized his daddy's voice, though.

"So he'll be okay?"

"Kurt has a minor concussion and a broken wrist, but other than that, it's just a lot of cuts and bruises. He should be waking up soon."

"A-And Liz?"

The other man was quiet; Kurt risked opening his eyes slightly, trying to get a better idea as to what was happening.

That was a bad idea, however, because the second he did, bright light flooded his vision and seared into his brain, making him groan out in pain.

"Kurt?"

Suddenly his dad was there, hovering over him and blocking out the harsh light.

"D-Daddy?" Kurt whispered quietly, his eyes scrunched tightly together. He heard something click and tried opening his eyes again, the room now darker, easier to see in.

"Hey, baby boy, how're ya feelin'?" Burt asked as he sat next to Kurt's hospital bed, stroking a few pieces of hair away from Kurt's face.

Kurt shrugged his tiny shoulders lightly, turning half-lidded eyes towards his father.

"Wha' happened?"

Burt took in a deep breath before reaching down to hold his son's hand in his.

"Th-There was an accident, buddy. Your mommy, she... when you guys were coming home from practice, the car was hit by another, bigger car."

"Oh," was all Kurt replied, exhaustion sweeping over him.

"Where's mommy?" He asked quietly, fighting to keep his eyes open just a little longer.

Kurt missed the way his father's eyes began to well up when a yawn escaped him, losing the battle with his eyelids as they finally slipped shut.

“You’ll see her soon, Kurt, I promise.”

Kurt mumbled his reply before letting the exhaustion win out and pull him back into the darkness.

**

When Kurt was eight years old, he stood at his mom’s grave, clutching his dad’s hand as hard as he could.

He didn’t understand this.

He didn’t understand any of it.

Why did his mom have to die? Why couldn’t she stay with him like she promised she would?

He didn’t like any of this.

He didn’t like that everyone was wearing black and was crying.

He didn’t like that everyone at school looked at him like he was about to break.

He didn’t like that it was sunny and the birds were singing.

Why should they sing? There was nothing happy to sing about.

Why did everything else get to be happy when he was so *so* sad?

When Kurt Hummel was eight years old he realized the world wasn’t fair.

**

SLAM.

“Watch it, homo!”

Kurt watched from his spot on the floor as the meathead jocks continued walking down the hall, fist-bumping each other and laughing as they turned the corner.

Gotta love the first day back to school, Kurt thought bitterly to himself as he got up off of the ground and fixed the strap over his shoulder, heading to his first period class. *Just one more damn year and I'm gone. Goin' to New York and never looking back.*

After four shoulder-checks, a slushy and endless slurs, Kurt had had enough. He opted to skip Glee Club for the day and just head home.

It's only the first day, Kurt reconciled with himself, *and Mr. Schue will probably just blather on about his summer and then cut to the chase about nationals.*

Nothing Earth-shatteringly important, he's sure.

**

Kurt's in the middle of his advanced chemistry homework when there's a knock on his door and a head pops in.

"Hey."

"Ever heard of *knocking*, Finn? Let me tell you about it. It's this thing you do when a door's closed. It'll change your life."

"Dude, why weren't you at Glee today?" Finn asked as he opened the door fully and walked a few steps into his stepbrother's room.

Kurt shrugged, eyes never leaving the notebook in his lap as he jotted down a formula from his textbook.

"I wasn't up to it. It was only the first day, Mr. Schuester will understand."

"Whatever, but Kurt, there's this—"

"Finn, I have homework to do, I really don't wanna talk about Glee right now, okay?"

"But dude, there's a ne—"

"Finn." Kurt used what everyone called the 'bitchface voice,' meaning he was two seconds away from completely blowing up.

"Fine, fine," Finn conceded, hands placatingly in the air as he backed out of the room slowly. "Mom says dinner will be ready in ten minutes," he told Kurt quietly before closing the door behind him and walking away.

Kurt sighed and ran a hand over his face, then slammed the textbook shut and fell back against the pillows on his bed with a groan.

He was being a dick, and he knew it.

Finn hadn't done anything wrong and Kurt still felt the need to blow up at him for no reason.

He *really* needed to start working on an attitude adjustment.

**

The next day at school, Kurt skipped lunch headed to the choir room to finish the rest of his homework from the night before in silence.

It wasn't the first time Kurt sought out solace in the room. It was the one place in the entire planet other than his home that he felt completely safe and *wanted*. It was pretty much his home away from home.

All too soon, the bell rang and Kurt scowled, knowing it was only a matter of moments before the other members of New Directions began to pile in and he would never be able to finish his work.

"Hey Kurt!" Kurt looked up to see Mike and Tina walk into the classroom hand in hand, smiling at him. He smiled back despite his previous attitude, the bubbly happiness from the couple becoming infectious.

He high-fived Mike and kissed Tina's cheek as they took their seats next to him.

"How was your summer, Kurt?" Tina asked as she subconsciously began to play with Mike's fingers in her lap.

Kurt shrugged. "It was fine. Nothing too exciting really happened, to be honest." He shrugged again, packing his books away as Santana, Brittany and Quinn all walked in.

Brittany literally ran over to him, jumping into his lap and hugging him tightly.

"H-hey Brit," Kurt choked out, awkwardly hugging her back before she pulled away, going back to Santana's side and linking their pinkies together. Santana nodded her head in greeting and Quinn leaned down to give him a hug as well, the three of them moving to sit on his other side.

Rachel, Mercedes, Artie, a blonde guy and... Lauren Zizes (and seriously, since *when* was she in Glee Club?) all walked in next, the girls going over to hug Kurt and Artie fist-bumping him before introducing him to Sam Evans, one of the new kids, just as Mr. Schue walked in.

"Hello, Kurt. Missed you yesterday."

"Yeah uh, sorry Mr. Schue, wasn't feeling well."

Will nodded as he dropped his briefcase on the piano, walking over to the board to erase anything previously written on it.

"Where's Fi—"

Kurt cut himself off when Finn walked in laughing with Puck and... someone else.

Finn glanced over and his smile widened, running over and grabbing Kurt's arm, pulling him up and across the room.

"Hey man, this is Kurt. Kurt, meet Blaine Anderson, the newest member of the New Directions!"

Kurt took in the boy in front of him, arm still locked in his brother's vice grip.

Blaine wore jeans that were a bit too long over scuffed up Chucks and a dark blue t-shirt underneath a light blue plaid shirt.

Kurt usually disliked plaid, cursing the name of the person who brought it 'back' and made it popular, but for Blaine... it *worked*.

He had short curly hair that flew everywhere and eyes that... *whoa*, eyes that were fucking beautiful. Kurt didn't even know what color to call eyes that weren't quite green but weren't quite brown either. Hazel didn't seem like an appropriate enough title.

"Kurt?"

Kurt shook his head slightly, shaking himself out of his thoughts to see Blaine's hand held out awkwardly between them.

"Crap, yeah, sorry. H-Hi Blaine," Kurt mumbled out, reaching out to shake Blaine's hand.

Kurt gasped quietly the second their fingers touched, electricity pinging out through the hand shake, spreading warm and powerful over his body.

He looked up to see the same shocked expression on the other boy's face, Blaine's eyes locked on the hands between them, no longer shaking in greeting but instead holding onto one another.

Kurt felt like they were standing there forever, holding hands as fire and lightening coursed its way through his system, but all too soon someone was clearing their throat and the boys broke apart, Blaine jumping back slightly.

"Uh, nice to meet you."

"Yeah, same," Kurt breathed out as the four of them made their way to the seats. Blaine ended up sitting in front of Kurt, in between Artie and Sam, and Kurt found himself staring at the back of Blaine's curly head for most of the period, tuning out most of Mr. Schue's directions.

**

The more Kurt thought about what he felt when he shook Blaine Anderson's hand, the crazier he felt.

It was just static electricity. That was the zap you felt, dumbass, he chided himself through all of Glee Club.

After Glee, Kurt hurried home, wanting to finish his homework and get a start on dinner before his dad got home.

Burt Hummel's health hadn't been all that great recently, and Kurt had decided to take it upon himself to ensure his dad stayed healthy.

Carole was great and all, and she made Burt *really* happy, but she was used to cooking for a teenaged boy who could eat his weight in burgers on a daily basis, *not* for a man with high blood pressure and a teen who treated calorie-counted like a job.

He got through his chemistry homework fairly quickly, and his French assignments had been a breeze, so all too soon Kurt was changing into a more comfortable outfit, something that he didn't care too much about if it were to get stained from cooking, and headed down out of his room.

Kurt descended the stairs towards the kitchen humming to himself when his eyesight blurred and the world around him tilted a bit, making him lose his balance for a moment.

He stumbled over a stair and his hands flailed out, grabbing the banister before he could fall face-first down the rest of the steps.

"Whoa," he mumbled shakily, hands still wrapped tight around the banister as he closed his eyes, breathing in slow and deep.

"Okay," he said again, blinking open his eyes and looking down at the stairs, walking carefully down the remaining six steps and turning towards the kitchen.

That was weird, Kurt thought to himself as he moved to gather together the ingredients needing to make pasta and salad, trying to ignore the way his head was beginning to lightly throb, the tell-tale signs of an impending headache.

He didn't know how much time had passed, but soon Burt was walking through the doorway and walking towards him.

"Hey kiddo...you okay?" Burt asked as he came over, squeezing Kurt's shoulder gently.

"Hmm? Oh, uh yeah, fine, dad," Kurt said quietly as he stirred the pasta in the pot methodically with his right hand, his left gently massaging his temple.

"Ya sure? I can take over cooking if you're not feeling well."

Kurt shook his head in response (and yeah, okay, *bad* idea), dropping his left hand from his head.

“Seriously dad, I’m good. Just a little headache. I’ll pop a few Advils once this is done.”

Burt said nothing, just stared at his son, trying to read his face. But Kurt was used to it, knowing how to school his features just perfectly for his father’s benefit.

Burt shrugged to himself before moving away, heading towards the stairs “If you say so, kid. I’m gonna go upstairs to change. Carole should be home soon. Finn’s at Puckerman’s house with some of the guys, so it’s just us tonight.”

Kurt bit the inside of his cheek hard, turning his back to his father and looking back at the stove.

Kurt didn’t know why it still hurt so much, after all this time.

He just wasn’t *like them*.

He didn’t like spending hours on end killing Nazi Zombies and talking about boobs.

He didn’t like watching sports and rough housing and just generally acting like an idiot.

He just didn’t *like it*.

But that didn’t mean that it didn’t hurt to not even be invited at all. To not even *know* about it when even his *dad* did.

The Glee guys, they were supposed to be his *friends*. They were all supposed to be a *family* (and now Finn technically *was* his family) and yet they didn’t even bother to see if Kurt wanted to join them.

He glared down at the stove as tears began blurring his vision, making Kurt angrily wipe them away.

Fine, whatever, he didn’t need to *hang out* with the rest of them.

He didn’t need them at all.

**

It was 11:30 at night when Finn finally walked through the door and trudged up the steps.

“Carole said to see her before you go to bed,” Kurt called out from his room when Finn walked by, making him stop in the middle of the hallway and turn back, poking his head into Kurt’s room.

“What’d you say?” Finn asked, reaching over to flick on Kurt’s lights.

Kurt hissed and groaned at the sudden light that seared into skull, reaching over to smash a pillow over his head.

“*Jesus* Finn, are you trying to kill me?!” Kurt yelled angrily through his pillow.

“Sorry dude,” Finn replied, shutting off the light again and opening the door more, the light from the hallway flooding into the darkened bedroom, “You okay?”

“M’fine,” Kurt answered tersely, voice still muffled by the pillow, “S’just a headache.”

Finn scrunched his face at his brother’s garbled words but shook his head. “Ya know, Blaine had a killer headache tonight too. Had to cut our COD playing-time short to drive him home because he was too out of it to do it himself. Maybe something’s goin’ around.”

“That’s great Finn, wha’ever. Just... go see your mom so she doesn’t ground your ass for breakin’ curfew,” Kurt mumbled out, wanting nothing more than to be left alone in the darkness and the silence.

At the mentions of ‘curfew’ and ‘grounding,’ Finn’s eyes grew huge.

“*Shit!* Okay, yeah. Night, Kurt,” Finn called out, slamming the door behind him and making his way down the hall quickly.

Kurt winced as the door slammed shut, the sound echoing around his head and piercing his ear drums.

He couldn’t move, couldn’t *think*, with the intensity of his migraine.

It was all-consuming and Kurt just wanted it to stop.

He had taken four Advil’s and they barely did anything.

Kurt contemplated downing the whole bottle, *anything* for relief, but it wasn't about to risk OD'ing and needing to get his stomach pumped in the middle of the night.

Just fucking suck it up. The sooner you fall asleep, the sooner it'll probably go away.

**

Okay, his subconscious lied.

It didn't go away.

It *intensified*.

Kurt had managed to get a few hours of sleep and woke up with an intense pounding in his skull. Something so painful it brought him to tears just to *move*.

But he had to go to school. He couldn't worry his father. He couldn't risk Burt's health.

Kurt grabbed the Advil bottle from his nightstand and took two more before dropping the pill bottle into his school bag.

He walked to his closet and hardly spent any time picking out an outfit, mind too busy concentrating on working through his migraine to put any real thought into his clothes.

He managed to eat a piece of toast and wheedle a ride to school from Finn, making up a story about lack of sleep and fear of falling asleep at the wheel (which, to be honest, was actually completely true).

The closer they got to school, the more Kurt could actually concentrate, thank God. His head was still pounding, but he could actually think beyond the incessant *painpainpain* that had been thrumming through his thoughts all night.

"You good dude?" Finn suddenly asked, making Kurt jump a bit in his seat.

"Huh?" Kurt asked, squinting over at his brother. He then realized they were already in McKinley's parking lot and Finn was halfway out of the car.

“S-sorry, must’ve dozed off,” Kurt lied easily, grabbing his bag and making his way out of the car.

“Yup. Anyways, see ya later,” Finn called, walking down the hallway towards his locker.

Kurt sluggishly headed towards his own locker, ignoring the usual remarks that were thrown at him as he passed a small group of hockey players.

He gathered his things and headed to his first period ten minutes early, smiling to his teacher weakly before dropping into his seat and laying his head on his arms over the desk.

“Are you feeling well, Mr. Hummel?”

Kurt inwardly groaned before lifting his head slowly. “Yes ma’am, just tired. I didn’t sleep well last night.”

She nodded before returning her gaze back to the stack of papers in front of her on the desk.

“Very well. Just no nodding off during my class, Kurt, understood?”

“Yes,” Kurt replied before dropping his head back down.

**

The rest of the day went by much the same.

Kurt would get to his classes and lay his head down, only moving when being spoken to or when the bell rang.

Soon enough, last period was over and it was time for Glee.

Kurt *really* didn’t feel like going, wanting nothing more than to go home and burrow under the darkness of his pillows, but then he remembered he came to school with Finn. Who had the car keys. And would get his ass verbally handed to him by Rachel if he skipped.

He hung his head and headed over to the choir room.

Again, Kurt was first to class, so he dropped his bag and sat in the back, leaning his head back against the wall.

“Hey.”

Kurt’s head shot back up to see Blaine walk in, shoulders slumped and bag dragging on the floor behind him, the strap dangling from the boy’s fingers.

“Hey,” Kurt replied before tipping his head back and closing his eyes.

He heard Blaine move around the room and peeking his eye open for a moment to see Blaine sit next to him, laying his head back and mirroring Kurt’s position.

“I’ve had a raging headache all damn day. All damn night too. I was with the guys last night when it hit. I wasn’t about to come in today, but well...it wouldn’t look good as the new kid to be skipping classes the first week.” Blaine explained to him, voice quiet as it wrapped itself around Kurt’s senses.

“Mmm,” Kurt agreed, eyes still closed.

“But it’s... it’s weird. I kinda feel a bit better now.”

“Me too,” Kurt answered without thinking, eyes shooting open once he realized what he said.

He looked over to see Blaine’s head tilted towards him, eyes searching his.

“What do you mean, ‘me too?’ Ya mean I wasn’t alone with the headache from hell?” Blaine asked teasingly.

Kurt risked shaking his head, relief sweeping through him when the move was met with a dull throb instead of a pounding.

“I pretty much couldn’t sleep because of it. I’ve felt like crap all day. But... I dunno, now I feel... better, I guess,” Kurt explained as best he could.

"Maybe it's the room. Maybe it's being in here, in Glee, knowing that the people in here actually care about you, regardless of wha--*who* you are." Blaine replied, tone light and honest as he turned his head back forward, eyelids slipping shut once more.

"Yeah...yeah, maybe." Kurt answered back quietly, using the moment to look at the boy next to him, really take in as much of Blaine as he could.

He noticed the way the corner of Blaine's mouth twitched, but said nothing of it as the rest of the New Directions began to pile into the room.

Mr. Schuester got right down to work the moment everyone sat down.

"Alright guys, so, I figured we'd do something small to start off the year. Nothing major, just simple duets."

There was a murmur throughout the group as people looked across the room at each other, nodding and smiling.

"But," Mr. Schue continued, "here's the catch. *I'm* picking the duet partners this time. And I don't want a *single* complaint. We're family, guys; this shouldn't be something to fight over."

Kurt looked around to see some people bitchfacing at Will, but for the most part, they all agreed.

"Okay, so first up. Rachel, you're with Sam." Sam looked over to Rachel and smiled who actually, thank the *lord*, kept her mouth shut and smiled back, almost looking *pleased* with her partner.

"Finn, you're with Tina. Quinn, with Artie."

Mr. Schue paced back and forth in front of them, looking at them all as he tapped his finger against his lips, thinking quietly.

"Santana, you're with Lauren."

Both girls eyed each other up and down, but knew better than to start anything. Mr. Schue took their silence as a cue to continue.

"Brittany, you're with Puck. Mike, with Mercedes and finally, Kurt, you're with Blaine."

Kurt looked over at the boy next to him and saw him grinning. Kurt couldn't help but grin back, Blaine's smile infectious.

"And here's the other thing. You guys all have to pick a song that *isn't* already a duet. So a song from a solo artist, or a band, as long as it's predominately one singer. I want you guys to pick a song apart and make it work for two people. You have all of next week to work on it and perform it the week after that." He clapped his hands and nodded towards the door, "Well, that's it. I really want you guys to work together and make this great, so I'm giving you all the rest of the period to go out on your own and talk it all over."

Mumbles and chairs scraping against linoleum quickly filled the room as everyone walked over to their partners to talk about their assignments.

"So," Blaine started, leaning down to grab his bag off the floor, throwing a strap over his shoulder.

"So," Kurt replied lightly, doing the same and picking up his bag, dusting it off lightly.

"I was thinkin', it's a bit too early to head home, so wanna go somewhere else? Get coffee or something while we go through our iPods and make a song list?"

Kurt looked Blaine over, noting his hopeful expression, the eagerness in his eyes.

"I-I mean, I know you weren't feeling well before, so it's totally cool if you just wanna start working tomorrow or whatever, I just thought—"

"Blaine."

"Yeah?"

"Coffee sounds great."

Kurt watched the relief spread through Blaine's face as they both stood and started towards the door.

"Hey, Kurt!"

Kurt and Blaine both turned as Finn walked towards them with Tina.

"Tina's coming over to think of songs and whatnot. You and Blaine coming too?"

Kurt shook his head and then nodded towards Blaine, "Nah, Blaine and I are going to get coffee while we think of songs."

"Yeah, I'll take Kurt home, no worries," Blaine added, nodding.

"I'll just see you at home. Tell dad for me?" Kurt asked Finn, adjusting the strap over his shoulder.

"Yeah sure. Later dudes."

Kurt and Blaine both waved goodbye to Finn and Tina as they walked down the opposite end of the hallway, needing to go to Tina's locker to pick up a few textbooks.

"Finn said 'see you at home.' Is he your brother?"

Kurt just nodded as he followed Blaine out of the school and into the parking lot, deciding to spare him the gory details of Kurt's epic crush on Finn all of the previous year and how setting up their parents was all part of his plan to win Finn's heart.

**

Since Blaine was new to Lima, Kurt had taken it upon himself to direct Blaine to The Lima Bean, pretty much the *only* good place to get coffee in the whole town.

They got their drinks quickly and settled into a table in a back corner, both of them taking out their iPods and notebooks.

"So, does Mr. Schuester have like, certain requirements or restrictions on song choices?" Blaine asked as he swirled sugar into his drink, glancing up at Kurt as he stuck the stirrer into his mouth for a moment to clean it off.

Kurt found himself staring at the other boy's lips as he sucked the excess coffee off of the drink stirrer before snapping out of it and looking Blaine in the eye.

“Umm, n-no, not really. He’s pretty lenient with song choices. As long as it has *something* to do with the week’s assignment, he’s cool with it.”

“Cool.” Blaine said with a laugh as he popped the top back onto his cup and took a small sip of his drink, “So any ideas?”

Kurt shrugged as he picked at the cardboard cozy around his cup. “Well, we’ve never heard each other sing, and we probably have totally different tastes in music, so this could take a while.”

Blaine leaned back in his chair and raised an eyebrow, smirking across the table at Kurt. “How are you so sure we have different tastes in music? For all you know, our iPods could be the exact same.”

Kurt gave him an incredulous look before scoffing, “Please. I know your type. You’re totally one of those brooding singer-songwriter guys. I bet your iPod is nothing but John Mayer, Death Cab and Coldplay.”

Blaine pouted (and okay, *really*, why was that cute?) but said nothing as he took another sip of his drink.

“I’m right, aren’t I?”

“Shut up,” Blaine mumbled, grabbing his iPod and thumbing through it.

Kurt smiled to himself as he began to do the same.

“I have an idea,” Blaine said suddenly before reaching out and snagging Kurt’s iPod out of his hand.

“Hey!”

“Shh, this is perfect. Here,” Blaine said, sliding his own iPod across the table and in front of Kurt, “we’ll go through each other’s songs and pick the ones we like. Say... top ten? Then we’ll have twenty songs and we can narrow it down from there.”

“B-but...”

“Oh come on, we’re *partners*, don’t get all iPod-shy on me, Kurt! What’s the worst you can have? The Spice Girls?”

Kurt mumbled under his breath but then huffed out a sigh, grabbing the bright purple iPod from the table and turning it on.

"I knew it," he said the second the screen came to life, a Coldplay song on pause. Kurt turned the screen towards Blaine with a satisfied grin before leaning back into his chair and getting comfortable, putting the iPod on Artists and settling in to go through the other boy's music.

They spent the next hour scrolling through hundreds of songs, commenting every now and then just to tease the other.

"'The Best of ABBA,' Kurt, really?"

"Shut up, they're fantastic and you know it. Don't even try and pretend like you don't know every single word to Mamma Mia."

Blaine just smiled and shrugged.

And then a while after that, "Britney, Christina, Katy. Wow, you really like your bubblegum pop, huh Blaine?"

Blaine had the decency to blush before rolling his eyes. "Look, it's not about the actual songs as it is about the *lyrics*. They're really good!" Blaine shot back, trying to defend his music.

"Yeah, sure, because using animals and candy as euphemisms for sex is *truly* lyrical prowess."

It was almost 8PM when they both finally had lists of ten songs each. Some, surprisingly enough, were duplicates.

They went through the lists, crossing off songs they knew either wouldn't work. "*Kurt, no offense, but I don't think a Sweeney Todd number would go over too well with Mr. Schue.*" Or they just wouldn't do, "*I'm not singing a Snow Patrol song, Blaine, and there's nothing you can do about it.*"

Soon they had a list of about seven songs and they were talking and were talking about how amazing The Beatles were when Blaine's phone buzzed.

"Shit," he said to himself when he looked down and saw it was 8:45 at night.

“Everything okay?” Kurt asked, finishing off his second cup of coffee.

“Y-yeah, well... no. Just, I had a curfew of 8:30 and my mom wants to know where I am.”

Kurt nodded, helping Blaine clean up the papers scattered on the table, “I understand. I can walk home, or have my dad get me, it’s no pro—”

“No.”

Kurt looked up from where he was putting his things in his bag, his eyes widening slightly.

“I’m taking you home, Kurt. I brought you here, and I told Finn I’d take you home, so I am.”

“Are you sure? Really, Blaine, it’s fine, I don’t want you to get in trouble for me...”

Blaine rolled his eyes and he grabbed his two empty cups and threw them out, coming back and doing the same with Kurt’s before he had the chance to.

“I’m *sure*, Kurt. I’m already in trouble anyways. I might as well make it worth it.”

Kurt just rolled his eyes and smiled exasperatedly as he followed Blaine out to his car.

All too soon they were pulling up to the front of Kurt’s house and he was moving to unbuckle his seatbelt, glancing up every few seconds to stare at Blaine.

It was weird. Kurt had only known Blaine for a day but it still felt... wrong to leave his side. They exchanged phone numbers back at the coffee shop, Blaine even took a dorky picture of himself with Kurt’s phone, but to Kurt, it still didn’t feel like it was enough.

“Hey Kurt?”

Kurt looked up fully as he slid the seatbelt over his chest. “Yeah, Blaine?”

Blaine didn’t say anything, his hand hovering in between them for a moment before he dropped it onto the gear shift and looked at the other boy, “I’m just glad Mr. Schue made us partners. I can’t wait to sing with you,” Blaine told him, smiling warmly.

Kurt returned the smile easily. "Yeah, me too. Night, Blaine," Kurt told him as he got out of the car and walked quickly up the steps.

Blaine didn't move, waiting until Kurt was safely inside.

"Night, Kurt," Blaine said aloud quietly before driving off.

Part Two

The boys had their first two periods together, English, chemistry, and they were now going to history. Blaine was glad to not only have someone to show him around, but also someone to sit with. A friend.

Kurt was edgy when they walked into their history class, his eyes darting around the room quickly before making a beeline to two seats towards the back of the class. Blaine followed wordlessly, wondering why Kurt had chosen to sit as far back as possible when in the last two classes, he had opted to sit up front.

Kurt sat in the corner seat and Blaine followed suit, sitting next to him and dropping his bag on his desk.

"You okay?" He asked as more students began coming into the classroom.

"I um, yeah. I just wanted to sit in the back, that's all," Kurt replied, giving him a small smile that Blaine didn't believe for a second.

They had only known each other for a couple of days, but Blaine already found himself caring a lot for the other boy.

A lot more than he was willing to admit.

And it scared him.

Blaine was still looking at Kurt when the final few students walked in behind the teacher, and he saw Kurt go rigid in his seat.

Blaine scrunched his face in confusion before looking up towards the front of the class and watched as three big guys in lettermen jackets walked to their seats, laughing and joking with each other.

He glanced back at Kurt and saw his eyes following the jocks. His face was blank but his eyes, his eyes showed fear.

Soon, Blaine thought to himself. Hopefully soon he'll trust me enough to let me in.

**

When it was time for Kurt to head to French and for Blaine to head to home ec, both boys found themselves standing in the middle of the hallway, awkwardly shuffling in their spots.

“Alright, well, you just go to the second floor and the classroom should be the fifth door on the left. I have to go to my locker before lunch, so I’ll just meet up with you in the cafeteria. We all sit together, the Glee kids, so just spot one of them and you’ll be good.”

Blaine nodded, wanting to say something more, do *anything* to keep Kurt around longer, but then Kurt was waving and heading off down the hall and disappearing into the sea of students.

**

Home economics had been weird for Blaine.

The past week, every class he had been in, he kept his head down and focused on taking notes.

But now? Now he was looking.

He watched as girls twirled their hair and gossiped with each other, constantly on their phones and giggling.

He watched as guys jokingly threw insults at each other and would randomly break out into arm wrestling competitions.

He watched as two of the jocks from his History class laughed at each other, fist bumping and throwing the occasional paper ball at kids in the room.

“Azimio, Dave, knock it off,” a man, presumably the teacher, barked as he walked into the classroom, picking up a stray paper ball from the floor and throwing it out.

Well, at least now I can put names to the faces, Blaine mused as the teacher began writing on the board, telling them what they would be doing for the next few days.

He really was trying to pay attention to the teacher, but his headache was beginning to come back again, a steady thrumming just above his right eyebrow.

He began rubbing small circles into his forehead, sitting on his stool and leaning on his hand against the desk, sighing quietly.

Once class was over, Blaine quietly headed out of the classroom, wanting to get away from the cacophonous laughter in the room. One of the jocks (*Azimio*, his mind supplied) bumped into him but kept walking, completely unfazed.

Blaine readjusted the strap over his shoulder and headed down to the lunchroom, hoping it wouldn't be too difficult to spot one of the Glee kids.

He lucked out when he saw Tina walking ahead of him and he sped up, catching up to her just as she was entering the cafeteria.

"Oh, hey Blaine, how's your day been?" She asked, smiling, as she walked towards a table where Blaine could already see Finn, Artie, and Mike sitting.

"Fine," he replied, reaching up to once again rub at his temple.

"You okay?" She asked, concerned, as they neared the table. She took a seat next to Mike and kissed his cheek.

"Yeah, just a bit of a headache, I'm good," he told her, sitting next to Artie and dropping his bag in the seat next to him, hoping it would be enough to keep someone else from sitting there long enough for Kurt to arrive.

As the rest of the New Directions began piling onto the table, the noise level got steadily louder, but Blaine just bit the inside of his cheek and continuously glanced at the doors, getting more nervous as the minutes ticked by.

Blaine was brought out of his thoughts by a french fry smacking him in the nose and Puck grinning wickedly.

"Snap out of it, lover boy, he'll be here soon."

He rolled his eyes and picked up the fry that landed on his tray, eating it and trying to get into the conversations of the table without having his eyes stray to the door every fifteen seconds.

Blaine almost groaned in relief as the throbbing in his head had *finally* begun to recede and a few seconds later he heard the table around him erupt into a chorus of greetings. He looked up to see Kurt walking towards the table.

“Hey guys, sorry took so long. I had to drop something off for one of my classes,” he told them all, smiling easy.

Blaine grabbed his bag and dropped it behind his chair like everyone else, grinning at Kurt when the other boy smiled back.

“Thanks.”

“No problem,” Blaine replied, the smile still on his face, mood significantly better than it was two minutes ago.

He heard a few girls "aww" around the table, but he didn't pay them any mind, opting instead to look back down and finish his lunch.

Lunch period ended ten minutes later and everyone stood, saying quick goodbyes and heading to their classes.

Sam clapped Kurt on the shoulder as he was walking by and Blaine stood stunned as Kurt flinched and hissed in pain, his body seeming to curl in on itself, trying to get away from anything that could potentially cause pain.

“Are you alright?” Blaine asked, concern lacing itself into his words.

Kurt jumped before nodding quickly, grabbing his bag and holding it to his chest instead of slinging it over his shoulder.

“Yeah, I'm fine. Totally great. Come on, we gotta get to calculus.”

Once again, Blaine knew something was off. And this time it worried him.

Since Kurt had gotten to the table Blaine had a nagging feeling that something had happened, something bad. No way in *hell* was he believing Kurt's story about needing to drop off some papers, but like the last time, Blaine wasn't going to push it.

**

Once school and Glee were over, Kurt and Blaine decided to stay behind in the choir room to work on their assignment.

They had narrowed their song choices to three and they planned to sing them all to see what fit best with their voices.

Before he could take out his iPod Kurt stopped him, his hand resting on Blaine's over his backpack.

The same feelings from the first day they met coursed through Blaine again. Feelings of warmth and light and belonging. Feelings that told him this was *right* and this is where he was supposed to be.

"I just realized," Kurt said, slowly pulling his hand away and fidgeting with it in his lap, "that I've never heard you sing. I wasn't in Glee the day you auditioned. So..." he trailed off, not knowing how to ask for what he wanted.

"Do you want me to sing to you, Kurt?" *For*. He meant to say *for you* not *to you*, but he did and he couldn't take it back.

Kurt bit his lip before nodding, a small smile forming on his lips.

Blaine huffed out a laugh before glancing around the room, his eyes landing in the corner where the instruments were.

He flung himself out of his seat and went over to the instruments, picking up a guitar and grabbing one of the nearby stools, dragging it over and placing it in front of Kurt, sitting down.

Blaine strummed on the strings for a few moments, tuning the guitar effortlessly while playing a mindless tune before he began the melody for his song.

Come on skinny love just last the year

Pour a little salt we were never here

My, my, my, my, my, my, my, my

Staring at the sink of blood and crushed veneer

Kurt knew the song. He knew Blaine probably knew that he knew it as well since the other boy went through his iPod.

But still.

Hearing Blaine sing it was... *incredible*.

He knew Blaine could sing, he had to have been able to, obviously, since he was in Glee. But he didn't expect his voice to be like this.

Blaine's voice was low and melodic and calming. His voice wrapped around the lyrics and delivered them with such sincerity and heart that Kurt wanted to cry.

Kurt sat transfixed as Blaine continued singing. He had his eyes closed and was pouring his heart out into his performance, feeling the music and the lyrics as he played.

And I told you to be patient

And I told you to be fine

And I told you to be balanced

And I told you to be kind

And now all your love is wasted

And then who the hell was I?

And I'm breaking at the britches

And at the end of all your lines

Who will love you?

Who will fight?

Who will fall far behind?

Blaine finished the song quietly, remnants of the cords still ringing in Kurt's ears.

"So?" Blaine asked quietly, slipping the guitar strap over his head and looking at Kurt hopefully.

"I... you were... *wow*," Kurt choked out, looking at Blaine like this was the first time he was really seeing him.

"That bad, huh?"

Kurt looked at him incredulously but then saw Blaine saw smiling, eyes crinkling in the corners.

"Yes, truly horrible. I can't believe Schue landed me with you, Anderson."

Blaine laughed as he set the guitar down on the ground before looking back at Kurt. "So... now that you know I'm capable of singing, you think we should pick a song?"

Kurt raised an eyebrow, eyes widening slightly. "What, you don't want me to sing back for you?" He asked.

Blaine shrugged, folding his hands and dangling them between his legs. "I know you're amazing, Kurt. You have to be to be in the New Directions, so I'm good," he explained to Kurt matter-of-factly.

Kurt blushed and looked away, grabbing the paper with their songs from the seat next to him.

"Okay, fine. Let's get to work."

**

Once they had chosen a song, the remainder of their time was spent practicing it. They decided right away that it would be done acoustic, thinking that stripping their song down to that level would show Mr. Schuester how hard they worked on their assignment.

They alternated between practicing in the choir room and the auditorium, working on getting their arrangement just perfect.

Kurt was beginning to hate how frequent his headaches were becoming, having to resort to carrying around the Advil bottle just to get through the day. But he always noticed that the pain in his skull seemed to lessen the closer he got to Blaine, the ache all but disappearing when they were together.

It was almost 8PM the following Friday when they were in the auditorium, finishing up their rehearsal.

“You think we should do it again to—”

Kurt rolled his eyes as he took a drink from his water bottle. “No. We got this Blaine, seriously.”

Blaine kept quiet, just staring at Kurt who stared back.

“Look, we’ll practice it again on Monday before Glee if it’ll make you feel better, but trust me, it’s in the bag.”

Blaine slowly nodded, pulling the guitar off and standing up from the stool, walking over with Kurt to their bags sitting at the corner of the stage.

“So, any plans for tonight?” Blaine asked, grabbing his own water bottle and taking a drink.

Kurt shook his head as he grabbed all of his things. “Nope. Probably just going to order pizza and watch TV with my dad.”

“Oh, okay.”

“Y-you can come over... if you want? My dad’s usually cool about having friend’s over,” Kurt suggested.

Blaine wanted to, he did. He really *really* did.

But then this phone started buzzing in his pocket and he sighed, not even bothering to check it.

“Aren’t you gonna answer that?” Kurt asked, nodding his head to his pocket, but Blaine shook his head, running a hand through his hair.

“No, it-it’s my mom. I know it is. She probably needs my help with something, so... raincheck? On the whole going over to your place thing?” He asked hopefully, hoping with everything that this wouldn’t be the last time Kurt invited him over.

“Yeah sure, definitely.”

“Great... Okay, we should get going, I don’t want my mom to worry or... whatever.”

Kurt nodded and they walked out school into the almost-night.

**

If Kurt thought his headaches were bad, they were *nothing* compared to how he was feeling right now.

Where his headaches only made his head hurt, the stomachache he was going through right now affected his whole *body*, pain thrumming through him with every pounding pulse of his heartbeat.

He couldn’t move. Every movement was like jabbing a knife into a wound.

It was horrible.

“Hey bud, you almost ready to—” Burt Hummel had come into his son’s room to figure out what was taking him so long to get dressed when he found Kurt lying in the middle of his bed in the fetal position, body shaking and looking *awful*.

Burt walked over and sat on the edge of the bed, pushing the hair away from Kurt’s face as gently as he could, the strands damp between his fingers.

“Kurt?” He called quietly, resting his palm on his son’s forehead before moving it to his cheek, his neck. Kurt didn’t respond, he kept his eyes shut tight, his face scrunched together in pain.

“Are you... Do you wanna go to the hospital?”

That got a response, because Kurt’s eyes were suddenly wide open and staring up pleadingly at his father. As painful as his current situation was, Kurt refused to go to a hospital. He would never set foot in one again if he had any say so.

“N-no. No hospitals. It’s not that bad. T-trust me. I just... I just probably have f-food poisoning or... something,” Kurt said hurriedly through clenched teeth.

“I don’t have to go, kid. I can stay home and take care of you if you—”

“*No*. Dad, y-you and Carole go. I’ll be fine. I-I have my phone if I need you.”

Burt hesitated as he searched his son’s face, weighing his options.

“Dad, I’m serious. Just... Just go, have a good time, okay?”

Burt sighed but then nodded, squeezing Kurt’s neck gently before leaning down and kissing his temple. “Call if you need anything... I’ll have my phone on me. Carole too. I’m serious, Kurt, okay?”

Kurt agreed with a slight nod of his head, watching as Burt moved around the room to close the curtains, darkening the room a bit.

“That better?”

Kurt nodded again, a bit of relief sweeping through him.

“Love you, kid. Feel better.”

“Thanks, Dad. Love you too,” he mumbled out as Burt mostly closed the door, leaving it open a crack.

Kurt had finally found a position to lie in for the next hour while moaning in pain when his phone vibrated. *You’ve got to be fucking kidding me.*

He groaned as he rolled over, hand shooting out towards his nightstand and groping around until he found his phone.

He winced at the bright light of the screen but then saw it was a text from Blaine. Again, there weren't any words, just a frowny face with an exclamation point.

Kurt was tempted to just shut his phone off and wallow in self-pity.

Instead he clicked on Blaine's name and brought the phone up to his ear as it rang, being picked up on the second ring.

"I feel like I'm dying," was Blaine's way of greeting him, ending in a groan.

"Yeah well, misery loves company, right?" Kurt shot back, breathing in deeply, grateful that it didn't hurt too badly this time.

Blaine made a confused noise over the line, not understanding what Kurt meant.

"I've been feeling horrible since I woke up. It's like... like food poisoning but ten times worse. It hurts to *breathe*. Or well... i-it did?" Kurt explained, ending in a question when he realized that he was breathing just fine right now, and his category five-stomachache had dropped down to a four, maybe even a three.

Huh.

"That's... that's a pretty accurate description of how I'm feelin' right now," Blaine mumbled into phone.

Kurt heard the rustle of fabric and a quiet groan before he heard Blaine sighing out a breath into the phone.

"I'm actually kinda... feeling a bit better now. Maybe that medicine I took before is finally starting to kick in," Blaine said quietly. Kurt wondered if maybe he was just talking to himself aloud.

"You still there?"

"Mhm. Just... tired, I didn't really sleep much. My stomach started hurting pretty early this morning."

Blaine made a sound in agreement before speaking again. *"I... I actually wanted to, well today, I was hoping to maybe... see you? Just... hang out, or whatever? We can invite everyone else, see if they wanna do something?"*

Kurt felt his heart begin to beat a bit faster, his breaths coming out a bit quicker.

He had never really been *invited* anywhere before.

Well, sure, he had gone out with the other Glee kids, but that was more a formality than anything. And okay, he hung out with the girls a lot, but he had never been invited anywhere with one of the *guys*.

This was new.

And it was *great*.

Kurt suddenly didn't care about his stomachache or his headaches or whatever else his body was planning on putting him through.

He wanted to say yes. He wanted to spend time with this boy that made him laugh and smile and knew *exactly* what kind of music he listened to and didn't care.

"I... yes. Yeah, sure. That would be great, Blaine."

"Okay, um... Movies, then? Later? Puck was talking about seeing that new horror movie that came out yesterday."

Kurt nodded but then realized he was still on the phone.

"You're nodding, aren't you?" the voice over the line teased.

"Shut up and go invite everyone. I'll see you later."

Kurt heard Blaine laughing on the other end as he hung up and he couldn't help but smile, shaking his head a little over how absurd everything was.

**

So, his stomachache came back, and this time it brought along its friend queasiness, which was just *awesome*.

But Kurt had already told his parents he was going out and Finn already told Kurt he would drive them to the theater, so he was pretty shit out of luck.

Maybe it'll all miraculously go away again once I'm around everyone... like last time, he thought to himself as he laced up his boots, hearing Finn give a five minute warning yell from downstairs.

His phone vibrated next to him and looked over, seeing it was again, from Blaine.

this movie better be worth it

Kurt huffed out a laugh as he responded

lol why?

bc I feel like crap again

Kurt nodded at his phone in sympathy, taking in a deep breath as he felt his stomach lurch.

same but I alrdy said i'd go. Cant back out now

sigh. You suck. You should buy me candy or w/e to make it up to me.

only if you buy the soda Kurt typed out quickly as Finn called for him again.

deal. Cya ina bit.

**

Kurt was grateful that Finn offered to drive because that way, he was able to spend the entire car ride tucked into his seat, leaning heavily against the door as he wrapped his arms around himself.

"Dude, if you're feelin' like shit still, why didn't you just stay home?"

Blaine, his mind instantly answered, but Kurt just rolled his eyes and shrugged. "Finn, it was pretty much my idea to go in the first place. It would be rude of me to back out last minute."

“Yeah, well, it would also be rude of you to puke all over someone, so watch out for that.”

“Asshole,” Kurt mumbled, glaring at his brother.

“Thanks. I try.”

He sighed as he looked out the window, willing his stomach to just settle down so he could spend the night with his friends without getting sick because that would *seriously* blow.

Pun intended.

They were about three blocks from the theater when his prayers were answered and his stomach started to settle down.

By the time they got to the parking lot, Kurt was sitting straighter in his seat, his eyes scanning the people standing around outside.

“If your faking sick was just an excuse to get me to drive you, I’m gonna kick your ass.”

Kurt rolled his eyes as Finn parked the car, tearing his eyes away from the window and towards his brother. “I wasn’t faking anything and you *offered* to drive, dumbass.”

Finn sighed as he opened his door, muttering a “Whatever,” under his breath.

Kurt followed suit, but instead of trailing Finn to the entrance of the theater, he started walking towards the rows of cars.

“Dude, where’re—”

Kurt waved Finn off, calling out that he’d meet him inside.

He began walking towards the back of the parking lot, not knowing why, his only excuse was a feeling in the pit of his stomach that he was going the *right way*.

Soon enough he spotted it, the dark blue paint of Blaine’s car. The engine was still running and Blaine was resting with his head back against his seat. His eyes were closed.

Kurt walked up to the driver-side window and knocked on the glass, making Blaine jump and smack his hand into the steering wheel, eliciting a bitten-off curse.

“Kurt!” he called, but Kurt only laughed and pointed at the closed window between them.

Blaine shook his head before wrenching the keys out of the ignition and opening the door.

“Uh... hi,” He said awkwardly, scratching at the back of his neck.

“Hi Blaine,” Kurt answered, still smiling. “You feeling any better?” He asked after a beat.

“Um, not re... actually, yeah, I uh, I kinda am now. I-it’s weird. I’ve been feeling like total shit but now it’s like it’s—”

“Disappeared,” Kurt finished for him.

“Yeah. Exactly,” Blaine breathed, smiling a bit in confusion.

They both stood there awkwardly for a moment before Blaine checked the time on his phone. “We better head in,” he told Kurt quietly, pocketing his phone and his keys before waving a hand. “After you?” He asked, quirking an eyebrow and smiling slightly.

Kurt grinning back and led the way into the theater.

**

The movie, in fact, hadn’t been worth the money. At all.

After the first forty-five minutes, Kurt and Blaine resorted to making up their own ridiculous scenarios for the movie, throwing Skittles at their friends every time someone attempted to shush them.

Afterwards, the whole group walked three blocks to a pizzeria, taking up the entire back half of the restaurant and needing to order six pizzas and four pitchers of soda.

“So,” Puck called out as he popped a garlic knot into his mouth, “I wanna know about the newbies. Why’d you come to McKinley, Sam?” He asked loudly across the table, making everyone turn and pay attention.

Sam blushed under everyone gaze but cleared his throat. "Well, I grew up in Toledo with my family. I have two younger siblings, a brother and a sister, and we moved here to Lima for my dad's new job. That's about it," he said shrugging as he reached over for his drink.

"Lame!" Puck yelled, taking a sip of his soda before looking around again. "Okay, next victim. Anderson, what's your story?"

Blaine, who had been eating the crust from Kurt's slice of pizza because *"There's only so many carbs I can take in one sitting,"* froze when his name was called.

He heard the question, but it was like his mouth forgot how to speak. Suddenly, flashes of a few months ago shuttered through his thoughts, memories of screams and fists and tears flooding his mind. He was looking around with wide eyes before he felt a nudge at his shoulder, shaking him back into the present.

"—aine? Blaine, you okay?" Kurt was asking him, concern evident on his face.

Blaine blinked a few times, staring at Kurt before he looked around at the table, seeing everyone staring at him with equal amounts of shock and concern.

"Blaine?" Kurt asked again, quieter this time.

Blaine cleared his throat before speaking, "I-I'm fine. I just need to use the bathroom. I'll... I'll be right back," he told them all before pushing his chair back and all but running away from the table.

It was quiet at the table for a moment before Quinn moved to smack Puck over the head. "Great job, Puckerman!" she said angrily. That was clearly the cue for the girls because the next thing Kurt knew, they were all moving to hit Puck anywhere they could reach and yell at him.

"I'll be back," Kurt told no one in particular before he stood and made his way over to the restrooms.

"Blaine?" Kurt called out when he walked in, bending over a bit to look for Blaine's shoes behind a stall.

He heard a snuffle come from the handicapped stall at the end and Kurt walked over to it, knocking gently, "Blaine... d-do you wanna talk?"

He got no answer, but instead, a few seconds later, he heard shuffling and felt the lock on the door slide open.

Kurt walked in slowly and frowned at what he saw.

Blaine's eyes were red and puffy, tear streaks running down his face and his hair was ten times messier than usual, like Blaine had been running his hands through it too much or pulling at it.

They had only been friends for about two weeks, but Kurt didn't care. He shut the lock behind him before closing the distance and throwing his arms around Blaine's neck, hugging him tightly.

Blaine stood still under him, and for a moment Kurt thought maybe this was all a bad idea, but then Blaine's arms were coming around him, and then he was clutching Kurt close, burying his face into Kurt's neck.

Kurt didn't know how long they stood there in a bathroom stall with their arms wrapped around each other, Blaine's occasional hitched breath the only real sound in the room, but again, he didn't care.

Having Blaine in his arms, *protecting* him and feeling protected all at the same time, felt right, felt *natural*. He felt like he was made to do this. To have this boy in his arms for the rest of his life.

Eventually Blaine pulled away, wiping his face with his hands and breathing in deeply. "I-I'm so sorry, I just—"

Kurt put his hand up and shook his head. "No, no apologies. Don't worry about it. Come on, let's get you home."

Blaine shook his head. "Kurt, no, you don't, you don't have to sacrifice the rest of your night for me. I'll get home just fine on my own."

Kurt rolled his eyes. "Blaine, I'm not letting you walk back to your car by yourself and I'm *not* letting you drive home like this, okay?"

"But—"

“No. Shut up, stop arguing. The sooner you realize I’m always right, the better off you’ll be,” Kurt told him, smiling as he brought a hand up, squeezing Blaine’s arm gently.

Blaine gave him a small smile back before handing over his car keys to Kurt.

“What about everyone else?”

Kurt shook his head as he led the way out of the pizza place and onto the street. “Don’t worry about it. I’ll text Mercedes and tell her to let everyone know.”

Blaine just nodded, walking next to Kurt as they walked the three blocks back to the theater’s parking lot.

“Blaine?” Kurt spoke suddenly.

“Hmm?”

“Why’d... I mean, don’t feel pressured to answer or whatever. Just...” Kurt sighed, rubbing his forehead before glancing over to Blaine. “Just know I’m always here to talk, whenever you need it.”

Blaine looked over, his eyes searching Kurt’s before he nodded.

For the first time since Blaine could remember, he believed he finally found someone he really *could* talk to about anything.

**

Blaine lived on the outskirts of Lima, about a fifteen minute drive from Kurt’s house, so Kurt found the place easily. He turned off the ignition and turned in his seat to face Blaine, who, up until that moment, had his head up against the glass, staring at nothing outside of the window as his memories consumed him for the duration of the car ride.

“Thanks Kurt,” he mumbled quietly, rubbing his eye tiredly even though it was barely past 11PM.

“Don’t mention it,” Kurt replied as he took the keys and they both got out of the car. It was only when they were walking up the front steps that Blaine stopped and spun quickly to face Kurt, making the other boy back up a step.

“Whoa, what’s wrong?” Kurt asked.

“Shit. What about you?!”

Kurt raised an eyebrow in confusion.

“How are you gonna get home?”

“I... oh.” He looked back to the car in the driveway, *Blaine’s* car, before looking back at the other boy, scratching the back of his neck. “Don’t worry about it, I’ll just walk home or—”

Blaine shook his head, taking the keys out of Kurt’s hand. “No. No way am I letting you walk home, let me drive you back—”

“Blaine, the whole *point* of me taking you home was so you *didn’t* have to drive,” Kurt said exasperatedly.

“Well, at least ask Finn to get you then?”

“Finn’s spending the night at Puckerman’s house. I was gonna catch a ride with Mercedes or...” he trailed off awkwardly. Kurt was going to say *you*, but decided against it. “Look, it’s really not a big deal, Blaine, I just—”

“Stay here, then.”

Kurt looked up from the pavement he was staring at, shock crossing his features. “Come again?”

“S-Stay here for the night. My parents are out of town for the weekend, so... so you won’t have any awkwardness to deal with in the morning or whatever. We have a guest room you can stay in. I’ll drive you home tomorrow?”

Kurt watched as nervousness and hope warred in Blaine’s eyes. He realized he didn’t have any other option because Blaine was *adamant* about Kurt not walking and Kurt was just as resilient about Blaine driving for the night.

After a few moments, Kurt nodded. “I... okay. I-I’ll stay.”

The smile that broke out over Blaine's face was worth the anxiety that was slowly beginning to creep its way into Kurt.

**

"So here, these should fit you," Blaine told Kurt, handing him a pair of sweats and a t-shirt.

"I know you probably sleep in *actual* pajamas, but it's all I have, and the pants are long on me so they should be fine and—"

"Blaine?"

"Yeah?"

"These are fine. Thank you."

Blaine nodded and showed Kurt where the bathroom was before going to his own room to change.

Blaine's house was really nice from what Kurt saw. Everything white and clean and elegant. New.

Some moving boxes still in corners and some rooms still empty. It would take a while for the house to feel like a home.

Kurt, however, had a nagging feeling that this was about as close to feeling like a home as the house was ever going to get.

After texting his dad about the situation and changing, Kurt made his way to the guestroom. He was at the door when he stopped and looked farther down the hall to a door cracked open, light spilling through.

Blaine's room.

Curiosity got the better of him and Kurt dropped his clothes on the guest bed before walking back out and moving down the hall, knocking on Blaine's door before he realized what he was doing.

"You can come in, Kurt," Blaine called.

Kurt did as Blaine said and walked in just as Blaine was pulling a long-sleeved shirt over his head. Kurt managed to get a peek at Blaine's lower back but scrunched his eyes in confusion at a mark he saw that was paler than the rest of his skin.

Blaine turned around then and smiled. "Glad the clothes fit you," He told Kurt, grinning as he sat on the side of his bed, patting the other with his hand in gesture for Kurt to come over.

After hesitating in the doorway for a moment, Kurt walked towards the bed and sat down cross-legged, folding his hands in his lap and picking at his thumbnail absentmindedly.

"It's weird," Blaine began. "I've felt like total crap all day and the second I'm with you... I feel better."

Kurt looked up and over at him, keeping quiet for a moment before nodding his head. "I know what you mean. The past few days, I've felt terrible. But once I'd get to school, I'd feel a bit better. And when I'd be in class with *you*, I'd feel perfectly fine."

They looked at each other curiously.

"This... is weird," Blaine finished lamely.

"Agreed," Kurt replied.

After that, they didn't talk about it again for the rest of the night. It was just too strange for them to even *attempt* to wrap their heads around. So they didn't, opting instead to talk about movies and television.

**

Kurt woke up warm. *Really* warm. It was nice. He wouldn't mind waking up feeling like this every morning.

He was ready to snuggle deeper into the warmth and go back to sleep when everything decided to catch up with him.

His eyes flew open and he looked down to see dark blue material under him.

The material of the shirt Blaine wore to go to sleep.

Kurt then realized Blaine's arm was wrapped around his waist and their legs were tangled together under the blanket.

"Oh my god. Shitshitshit!" cursed quietly, causing Blaine to groan and tighten his grip on Kurt's waist.

No. Nonono. Oh god, this cannot end well, Kurt yelled at himself in his mind, trying to untangle himself from Blaine.

His attempts were futile, however, when a few seconds later Blaine's eyes blinked open, hazel staring into blue.

"Hi," he mumbled sleepily.

That was enough to send Kurt into panic mode.

He ripped Blaine's hand off of his waist and scrambled out of the bed, falling on the floor in his haste.

"Kurt, wha—" Blaine said groggily, trying to get his brain up to speed with what was going on.

"I'm sorry. I'm so so sorry. I swear, I didn't mean to fall asleep here and I wasn't gonna like, molest you in your sleep or whatever and just please don't be mad at me, really, I'm sorry!"

"Kurt. Kurt? Kurt!" Blaine called out, putting a hand out to stop Kurt's rambling for a moment. He yawned and scrubbed at his eye before reaching behind him for his glasses, putting them on and then looking back to Kurt.

"Care to tell me why you just had a total panic attack ten seconds after waking up?" Blaine asked quietly, his voice low and rough from sleep.

"Well I... I mean. I-I'm gay and so, I figured... I mean, for you, waking up with a gay guy in your bed, sleeping like, *on* you, should be reason enough for you to freak out. Which is why *I* freaked out, I guess. I beat you to the punch or, whatever."

Kurt watched Blaine's face as he took it all in, waiting for the inevitable blowout.

What he didn't expect was for Blaine to start laughing.

"You're laughing? I'm having an existential gay crisis here and you're laughing."

Blaine shook his head before sitting up straighter in bed, smoothing out the side Kurt slept on and patting the bed again.

This time, however, Kurt didn't move from his spot by the door.

"Kurt, I, um... I owe you a bit of an explanation," Blaine said awkwardly, making Kurt look up and over at him.

"Please come sit down?" He asked quietly, and finally, Kurt listened, going over towards the bed.

Blaine moved so he was sitting facing Kurt and Kurt did the same, mirroring Blaine's position, their knees almost brushing.

"I uh, at my um... at... at my old school... I was bullied. Bad."

Kurt watched as emotions raced across Blaine's face, ranging from fear to determination.

"That's why you freaked last night. When Puck questioned you," Kurt said quietly.

Blaine nodded, looking down at his bedspread.

"They didn't like me or... or what I was. *Am*. They didn't like what I am."

Kurt scrunched his face in confusion and Blaine looked up, his eyes searching. He saw the moment recognition sparked in Kurt's eyes, the other boy's mouth falling open into a small 'o.'

"Oh," Kurt breathed, looking at Blaine as if he were looking at him for the first time.

Blaine nodded. "I'm gay, Kurt. And they... they didn't like that."

“At first it was little things, comments behind my back, whispers, taunts. Nothing major. But then then it all... escalated. Knocking things out of my arms, being tripped in the halls, notes in my locker, things thrown at me. It was just hell. And then last year... Last year my school had a Sadie Hawkins dance.”

Kurt noticed the little things while Blaine was speaking. He noticed the way Blaine’s brow furrowed, the way his hands couldn’t stay still, fingers fidgeting and picking at the blanket, his sleeve, the hem of his pants.

“There was another open gay kid in my school, Tyler. I asked him to the dance and he said yes.”

Kurt also noticed the small hitches in Blaine’s breath, the way his eyes would dart around the room, the way his body was slowly hunching over, phantom pain making him go into protective-mode.

“Afterwards, when we were waiting for his dad to pick us up these three guys came out of nowhere and... they um, th-they beat the shit out of us.”

Kurt looked into Blaine’s eyes to see they were red-rimmed, tears pooling but not falling. Blaine’s fingers now gripped the blanket tightly in his grasp, knuckles turning white.

Blaine kept his eyes locked onto Kurt’s as he continued speaking, keeping him grounded. “They um, i-it was bad. I landed in the hospital for about a week, Tyler for a few days. When I got home, I refused to go back to school and had to have my parents bring me my work and take it back for me. I just... I *couldn’t* go back there, ya know? Even driving by the school made me... remember, and I *hated* it. I couldn’t *stand* it anymore, Kurt, and I was d-driving my parents crazy and so... so they packed us up and we moved here to Lima.”

“Oh Blaine...”

Blaine shook his head, looking down now, “It was... Sometimes I still have nightmares, ya know? And my parents... Well, m-my dad, I’m not saying he *wanted* me to get hurt or whatever, but he’s always been like, he’s pretty much the kind of guy that says, ‘Well, if you’re gay, you’re bringing it upon yourself. Your life’s just gonna be miserable, sorry, but get used to it.’”

Kurt heard the hitch in Blaine’s voice again, the way his shoulders were shaking with ill-repression and he couldn’t take it anymore. Kurt was up on his knees and leaning over in a heartbeat, wrapping his arms around Blaine’s neck and hugging him tightly.

It was like last night all over again, with Blaine clutching Kurt tightly to himself, but this time was different.

This time Blaine cried. Deep, heart-wrenching sobs ripping out of throat and wracking his entire body as he clung to Kurt firmly like a lifeline.

Kurt felt Blaine's tears soaking through the material of his shirt and he just held Blaine closer, leaning down to whisper reassurances into the other boy's ear as he fell apart in Kurt's arms.

As Blaine's cries slowly subsided, Kurt pulled away a bit, leaning down and bringing a hand around to remove Blaine's glasses and using his other hand to wipe away the tear tracks.

Blaine looked up to see Kurt had been crying as well and that simply served to make his eyes well up again.

"I'm so sorry, Blaine," Kurt whispered, cradling Blaine's face in his hands gently, looking him in the eye.

Blaine looked back, knowing Kurt meant it completely, knowing Kurt actually *cared* about him even though they hadn't know each other long.

It was nice to be cared for.

Blaine blinked slowly a few times, exhaustion beginning to suddenly make itself known now that he had cried his eyes out.

He found himself being pushed back gently until his back hit the mattress, his head on the pillow.

"Sleep," Kurt told him quietly. "You'll feel better when you wake up."

Blaine wanted to argue, wanted to tell him that no, he couldn't sleep; he had to drive Kurt home and do all these other responsible things.

But his eyelids were already feeling heavier and Kurt was honest to god pulling the blanket over him, almost tucking him into bed.

“Be here when I wake up?” Blaine mumbled, fighting to keep his eyes open long enough for Kurt to answer.

“Yeah, I promise,” he heard whispered into his ear before feeling the slight pressure of Kurt’s lips against his cheek, filling Blaine with something soft and warm. Comforting.

Part Three

It was normal and he thought nothing of it until he remembered crying and *Kurt*.

He kicked the blankets off quickly and sprang out of bed, running down the hall.

"Kurt?" Blaine called, voice dying out when he entered the kitchen and saw Kurt there, standing at the stove and cooking.

"Oh. Hey, you're up," Kurt said, smiling, turning his head to face Blaine. He had changed back into his jeans from last night, but was still wearing Blaine's old t-shirt.

He liked the site of the other boy wearing something of his more than he would care to admit.

"Feeling better?" Kurt asked as he turned back to the stove. Making pancakes, Blaine noted upon closer inspection.

"Yeah. Um... Thanks, Kurt."

"For what?" He asked, taking the pan in his hand and flicking it, making the pancake flip in the air.

Impressive. "For, uh... Well, last night. And this morning too, I guess. I just... That's not me, ya know? I don't usually... I don't let people see that side of me. I always try my hardest to bottle it all up, just keep a smile on my face and try to not let anyone see what's really going on."

"Then why did you let me? See what's really going on, I mean," Kurt asked as he slid the finished pancakes onto a plate, joining the other few Kurt had already made.

Blaine stared at him for a moment and Kurt stared back, both searching before Blaine spoke. "I-I guess... I trust you. A-And I mean, we've only known each other for a few weeks but... I feel like I can trust you more than anyone I've ever met. I feel like I can let my guard down around you. Is... Is that weird?"

Kurt shook his head before passing Blaine a plate and the both of them settling in at the table, "No, I actually... feel the same? I feel like I can tell you *everything*, Blaine and that's... that's kinda scary to me." He confessed, looking down at his plate to avoid Blaine's eyes.

"You don't have to be afraid," Blaine said quietly, after a few moments of silence, making Kurt look up again, but both remaining silent after that.

After eating, Blaine got dressed (Kurt decided to keep Blaine's shirt on since it was more comfortable, and Blaine agreed to let him borrow it) and both boys headed to the center of town to Kurt's house.

Kurt lived about fifteen minutes away from Blaine, and Blaine vowed to himself to remember the directions to Kurt's house.

"Thanks again Blaine. I uh, I had a good time at your place."

Blaine nodded, watching as Kurt took off his seatbelt and opened his door. "Thanks to you too, for everything... I mean it."

Kurt nodded back and they both smiled, agreeing to meet up the next morning by Kurt's locker before classes.

"Bye, Blaine."

"Bye, Kurt."

Blaine stayed on the side of the street until Kurt was safely inside, smiling to himself when he saw the other boy glance behind him at Blaine's car one more time before closing the door.

**

Once again, Kurt woke up in pain.

Part of him wanted to thrash and cry and scream at the pain while the other half wanted to just curl into a ball and sleep forever.

He did neither.

Instead he sat up with a long groan, arms automatically circling his stomach as he breathed slowly and willed himself the strength to get up and get dressed.

He could skip the day, he really could.

His dad would take one look at him and he could be sent right back to bed.

But today was the day of his and Blaine's duet and more than anything, he really *really* didn't want to let Blaine down.

So he sucked it up and got ready.

He did accept the ride from Finn in the morning though when he oh so politely commented, once again, on how shitty Kurt was looking.

He kept his head down as he walked slowly down the hall to his locker, so Kurt didn't see it coming until he was slammed harshly into the lockers a few rows away from his.

"Watch where you're going next time, homo."

Kurt looked up and turned his head, watching the three jocks walking down the hall as he brought his arm up to massage his left shoulder.

"Are you okay?!" Kurt jumped and snapped his head forward to see Blaine closing the short distance between them, concern and anger warring in his expression.

"Y-Yeah, I'm fine. Morning."

"Kurt, what *was* that?"

"Nothing. Just please drop it, Blaine," Kurt said quietly, walking the short remaining distance to his locker.

"But Kurt—"

"I said *drop it*, Blaine."

Blaine sighed and looked Kurt up and down before resting his hand on Kurt's bicep. "I'm sorry."

Kurt breathed out slowly before turning to face Blaine, smiling sadly, "Yeah, me too. I shouldn't have snapped at you. Just... don't worry about it, 'kay?"

Blaine nodded before running his hand over his face.

"You look tired," Kurt commented as he finished switching out his books and closed his locker.

"Yeah well, I once again had a crappy night... And morning, and didn't sleep much."

Kurt nodded, knowing all too well how it felt to have a crappy morning, even though now he blessedly felt alright.

"You ready for today?" He asked, leaning against the row of lockers.

Blaine hesitated for a moment before nodding, making Kurt smile. "Don't be nervous. It's just the gang. And you're incredible. They'll love you."

"Is our song... right, though? I mean, we totally changed the composition, and it's originally a *girl* song and—"

"Blaine. You're rambling."

"Sorry."

Kurt grinned just as the first bell went off. "Don't worry. It's gonna be great."

Blaine smiled back and both boys headed to class.

**

Soon enough it was the end of the day and it was time for Glee.

Half of the groups had gone on Friday, so there were only three groups remaining for that day.

Rachel and Sam went up first last week, singing *Chasing Pavements* by Adele. It was the first time Kurt had heard Sam sing and he had to admit, the guy was *good*. He was glad they had gotten some serious talent this year.

After them were Finn and Tina, who sang *First Time* by Lifehouse with Finn playing the drums. Kurt had never really thought of putting their voices together, but they did sound great, Tina taking over the lower parts in the lyrics with Finn belting out the choruses.

Next up were Quinn and Artie, performing *All About You* by McFly. Quinn danced around Artie for most of it and they were both smiling and joking through the performance, making everyone grin by the end.

The last for the day were Santana and Lauren. Again, Kurt had never heard Lauren sing (to be honest, he didn't even know she *could* sing) and he was most interested to see how their dynamics played out out of almost all the other groups.

They sang *Syrup and Honey* by Duffy and... Wow. Kurt was as gay as they came and even *he* could tell that Santana oozed sex. Everyone was also surprised at Lauren, Puck the most, who was unable to keep his eyes off her.

The only remaining groups were Puck and Brittany, Mike and Mercedes and Blaine and himself. Kurt was kind of upset that he had to go last, but then figured it would be best so he and Blaine could be *perfect*.

Brittany and Puck started as soon as everyone came in, singing *Kiss With A Fist* by Florence + the Machine. Brittany walked around Puck singing at him and giving him attitude and they both really got into it. It was a great way to start class.

Next up were Mercedes and Mike who decided to sing *I Want You* by Kelly Clarkson. Mercedes did the most of the singing, with Mike dancing and joining in in the choruses.

But soon enough they were finished and everyone was clapping and *shit, they were next*.

"Kurt, Blaine, you guys ready?" Mr. Schue asked from the corner.

Both boys nodded and stood, walking over to the side to grab two stools to sit on, Blaine grabbing a guitar as well.

“Okay, well, this song is originally sung by a girl, but we stripped it and changed it and, well, um...”

“Hope you guys like it,” Kurt finished for him, glancing over and smiling slightly, nodding at Blaine to begin.

Blaine nodded back and began strumming on the guitar lightly before starting to sing.

“You’re so hypnotizing,

could you be the devil,

could you be an angel?

Your touch, magnetizing.

Feels like we are floating,

leaves my body glowing.

They say be afraid,

you’re not like the others,

futuristic lover.

Different DNA,

they don’t understand you

Kurt looked up to his friends to see them moving gently to the beat, some of the girls mouthing along to the lyrics. He couldn’t keep the smile off his face when he started singing along, voice harmonizing with Blaine’s.

You’re from a whole other world,

a different dimension.

You open my eyes

And I'm ready to go

Lead me into the light.

Kiss me, kiss me.

Infect me with your love and

fill me with your poison

Take me, take me.

Wanna be a victim,

ready for an abduction

Boy, you're an alien,

your touch so foreign.

It's supernatural,

extraterrestrial.

Blaine slowed down his strumming on the guitar a bit, alternating with humming along or harmonizing randomly with Kurt's voice when it fit the lyrics. Kurt took the next few parts solo, hitting the high notes easily.

This is transcendental,

on another level.

Boy, you're my lucky star.

I wanna walk on your wavelength,

and be there, when you vibrate.

For you I'll risk it all...all.

Both boys sang together again for the chorus, and Blaine's eyes were closed. He was pouring his heart out into the song as he played the guitar hard, rocking with the motion on the stool.

They dragged the last line out, blowing out a breath of air before looking over at each other and grinning. The room burst out into applause, Mr. Schue walking over to clap them both on the back. "That was fantastic, guys. Really good work. I'm proud of you."

Blaine smiled at their teacher before going to put the guitar back and sitting up on the risers with Kurt who was still smiling.

"So, that was pretty great," Kurt said, crossing his arms over his chest and glancing over at the boy next to him.

"Great? Try fantastic! Kurt, you were amazing!"

Kurt rolled his eyes and didn't respond, looking back over at a grinning Blaine when he knocked his shoulder into Kurt's.

"Really though, it was so good. I really liked singing with you. I've never really... *had* that, ya know? I've always been stuck singing alone like, in the shower and now I have this... I have you."

Kurt felt the heat rising in his face, thankful that Mr. Schuester had started talking so he didn't have to respond to Blaine.

Kurt liked Blaine; that much was obvious to anyone and everyone.

But the idea that maybe, *possibly* Blaine could like him back? That had Kurt almost bouncing in his seat.

They still had so much they needed to learn about each other, but at that moment, Kurt didn't care.

**

Kurt and Blaine had been hanging out with each other after school for weeks now. Doing absolutely nothing but reveling in each other's company nonetheless.

It was like a drug, the way they both felt the all-encompassing *need* to be around each other. They knew it probably weirded some people out, the intensity of their friendship after such a short period of time, but to them it was normal and as easy as blinking.

Which is why Kurt was surprised that when Blaine got a text, his entire posture going rigid and leaving Kurt with a hurried goodbye as he ran to his car and sped out of the parking lot, leaving Kurt still standing on the curb.

Kurt worried about Blaine the entire walk home (Finn had already left, assuming Kurt would go with Blaine) and decided to call him the second he was done with his homework.

Or he would have, if the goddamned pain hadn't started once again seeping into his bones, making even his *teeth* hurt.

Kurt slammed his French textbook shut, wincing at the loud noise before dragging himself up and over to his bed and plopping down on it with a groan as he adjusted his position, trying to find the least painful one as he dialed Blaine's number.

Kurt frowned when it went to voicemail and called two more times before sighing and leaving a quick, "*Hey it's me... Call me back,*" before hanging up and staring at the blank screen.

He thought of texting Blaine, but quickly nixed the idea, not wanting to come off as desperate.

Instead he sat on his bed, clutching at his stomach, willing for either the phone to ring or the pain to stop.

Neither happened.

**

The next morning was even worse, with Kurt waking up and moving just in time to throw up into the small garbage can by his desk.

He wanted to go to school still, he *needed* to. He needed to see Blaine and make sure he was alright.

But then Burt walked by and saw his son on his knees and flew into protection mode, all but forcing Kurt onto his bed and back under the covers, his body wracking itself with shivers.

“Dad I-I’m fine. I just... Whatever I ate last night didn’t agree with me. I need to—”

“You *need to* stay home, Kurt. I’m not gonna have you go to school like this, kid. I can’t.”

“But Dad—”

“What’s up with this? Usually kids are jumping for joy at the chance to stay home. Just... Please, Kurt? For me?”

Kurt sighed and tried to keep the grimace off his face when his stomach decided to give a particularly painful roll at that moment.

“You’re really pale, bud.”

“I’m *always* pale, Dad.”

“Yeah well, now you’re kinda bordering on translucent.”

Kurt rolled his eyes but couldn’t help moving into his father’s touch when Burt cupped his cheek with his hand.

“You gonna be okay here by yourself?”

Kurt nodded slowly, eyelids betraying him as they began to drop a bit.

“Alright. Keep your phone on ya. I’ll call and check in in a bit, 'kay?”

“Yeah, Dad,” Kurt mumbled, breathing in and out shakily, willing the contents of his stomach to stay put.

Burt leaned down to kiss Kurt’s hair and ruffling it before exiting, leaving the door cracked open just a bit.

Kurt groaned as he turned over, quickly shooting Mercedes a text to let her know he wouldn't be in. He hesitated for a moment before sending one to Blaine as well. He debated calling the other boy, but then decided against it.

He once again curled up into a ball willed with everything in him that *whatever* he was going through would soon pass.

**

After spending the entire day sick in bed, Kurt was determined to go to school, health be damned.

He just had to sustain the guise of perfect health long enough to make it out of the house. He could fall apart once he was in the car.

He sent another text to Blaine on the way to school and even sucked it up and called him (it was the eighth time... not that he was counting, and the eleventh text) but again, no answer.

Kurt was worried.

He didn't know if he had done something or if something was wrong or if Blaine was even *all right*, and it terrified him.

A million scenarios flew through his head, combined with the roiling of his stomach and the pounding of his head and it was a miracle he even *made* it to school.

His eyes quickly scanned the parking lot and he couldn't help the slight jump his heart made when he spotted Blaine's blue car a few rows down.

And damn if he didn't feel just a bit better after seeing that.

He went to his locker, expecting to see Blaine there like always, and was disappointed when he couldn't spot Blaine's familiar mop of curly hair.

Frowning, Kurt slammed his locker harder than usual and headed off to first period, too tired to come up with a witty comeback when Azimio called him a fairy.

Kurt walked into his English class and once again looked around, the worry gnawing at the edges of his mind again when Blaine wasn't there.

He was just about to ask to be excused when Blaine walked in the same time the final bell went off.

All at once the pain and the worry disappeared and Kurt was left with the feeling of *right*, as if he had never been in pain at all.

"Blaine," Kurt whispered, relief clear in his voice.

But Blaine didn't answer. In fact, he barely acknowledged Kurt, deciding to instead focus intently on the teacher's lesson.

Kurt looked at him in confusion but let it drop, deciding to talk to him after class.

The talk didn't happen.

Blaine spent the next two periods with Kurt dodging questions and ignoring Kurt's stares. The only words out of his mouth being "Hi," "No," "I'm fine," and "Pay attention."

By the end of their third period, Kurt felt the worry creeping back in, but this time it was joined by anger.

Blaine said he could tell me anything, so why the hell is he suddenly ignoring me? Kurt thought to himself throughout all of his French class, upsetting his partner with lack of effort.

Part of him wasn't even surprised when he noticed Blaine skipped lunch while the beginnings of a headache had been forming for the last forty-five minutes.

Blaine walked into calculus late as well and even sat *away* from Kurt, body rigid and angled towards the door during the entire period.

Kurt decided he had had enough and left his last class five minutes early, going instead to stand and wait at Blaine's car to *force* him to speak up.

"Blaine."

Blaine jumped when his name was called, eyes widening when he saw Kurt in front of him, standing in front of the driver's side door.

"Kurt, I'm not in the mood right now."

"Blaine, just... What's going *on*?"

Blaine shook his head roughly, fingers passing through his keys to find the one for his car.

"Nothing's wrong. I just *need* to get home, Kurt."

"No. Not until you talk to me."

"Kurt, I'm serious."

"So am I," Kurt answered, crossing his arms over his chest, standing at full height, a few inches taller than Blaine. "You said you could talk to me about anything so... here I am. Talk away."

"I can't," Blaine whispered angrily, teeth clenched tight in his mouth.

"Why, Blaine? Why can't you talk to me? I won't *judge* you or anything, if that's—"

"Because talking about it will just mean it's *real*!" Blaine shouted at him.

Both of them were stunned into silence, but Kurt still refused to budge.

"I don't know what's going on, Blaine... But I'm here and—"

"Save it."

"Goddammit Blaine, don't fucking do this! Don't shut me out!" Kurt yelled back, glancing behind Blaine to see students walking out of the school and into the lot.

"Shut you out? You wanna know what's going on, Kurt? *Fine*. My dad finally got fed up with having a fag for a son and he left. He just fucking up and left *his family* because he couldn't fucking come to terms with *what I am*. It's *my fault* that now my family is in fucking ruins. There. Are you happy now?"

“Blaine, I—”

“Don’t, Kurt. Okay, just don’t. You have no fucking idea what I’m going through.”

Kurt narrowed his eyes a bit at that, posture suddenly turning defensive.

“Blaine, my dad may not have ever walked out on me, but I still know about loss and—”

“Oh, please. You and your perfect little family? With your parents and your brother and everything so goddamned perfect and accepting? You know *nothing* about this Kurt, about *loss*.”

That was when Kurt lost his cool.

He had told Blaine a lot of things, but he had never told him about his childhood, about his *mother*. Blaine had never even been to his house and Kurt never bothered correcting him when he referred to Carole as his mom. He never felt a need to.

Until now.

“I don’t know anything about loss? Let me fucking tell you something, Blaine Anderson, I know way more about loss than you could ever fucking comprehend.”

“Kurt—”

“No. Shut up. You wanna have a pissing contest over this? Because I’m sure as hell gonna win by a mile. I know loss. I *lost* my *mother* and it’s *entirely my fault*. How’s *that* for fucking loss?”

Kurt watched the confusion flitter over Blaine’s face, watched as the anger in his eyes melded with it, his eyebrows scrunching low.

“Wait... *What?*” Blaine asked after a moment.

Kurt’s heart pounded and there suddenly wasn’t enough air even though they were outside.

"My mom died when I was little. It's my fault. Carole and Finn? They're not my family... Not by blood, anyways. Finn's my stepbrother and Carole, she... She's my *step*mom. So tell me again how I know *nothing* about loss, Blaine," Kurt said quietly, breaths coming out shakily.

He watched as the fight drained from Blaine, the anger and confusion morphing into guilt and concern.

"Kurt—"

"*Save it*," Kurt spat back bitterly before sidestepping away from the car and racing back to his own car, wanting nothing more than to be back home.

**

Kurt spent the rest of the day and night locked in his room, angry tears welling in his eyes every time his mind strayed to Blaine and their fight.

He wanted to be there for Blaine, he wanted to let him know that he was *there* and that, somehow, everything he was going through was going to turn out alright.

He also wanted to punch Blaine in his stupid face and yell at the boy until his voice goes hoarse.

He shouldn't have shut Kurt out, and ignored him, he should have let him *help*.

And... okay, maybe Kurt shouldn't have just ran off, but his fight or flight instincts kicked in and before he even knew what he was doing, he was putting his car in drive and was speeding home.

He hated it.

He hated fighting with Blaine.

He hated not being able to call or text him.

He hated being cut off and he hated knowing he was partially to blame.

He hated... He hated feeling *alone*, something he hadn't felt in such a long time and was now threatening to swallow him whole.

And he had no idea how to rectify anything.

Kurt groaned as his head chose that particular moment to begin throbbing and he dove for his bedside drawer, pulling out the half-empty Advil bottle and downing three, hoping to god that he could sleep through the pain in his head and his heart.

**

Blaine wasn't in first period again. He wasn't in second or third, either.

Kurt was actually pretty certain he didn't even *see* Blaine's car in the lot that morning, something that made his heart tug painfully.

He was also dealing with nausea and a dizziness that threatened to topple the world over every time Kurt turned his head.

By the time lunch came around, Kurt just wanted to curl into a ball and die.

His friends all looked at him worriedly as he stared off, the empty seat next to him almost mocking him.

"Kurt? Do you wanna eat something?" Tina asked him quietly, pushing her plate of macaroni nearer to him.

"No." *God* no. Just the thought of putting something in his mouth and attempting to digest it was making his stomach turn.

"Are you sick? Maybe you should call your dad? Go home?" That was Rachel, her eyes scrutinizing every inch of him, scouring for anything out of place.

"Yeah, dude. Burt will have my ass if I knew you weren't feeling okay and I let it pass."

Kurt shook his head (bad fucking idea, holy *shit*, can the table *please* stay still?) and looked up at his stepbrother next to him, a fake smile plastered on his paler-than-usual face, "I'm okay, just really tired. I was up studying late last night." He shrugged, hoping the lie was enough for everyone at the table.

He stood up when the bell rang, gripping the edge of the table to keep his balance for a moment before saying a quick goodbye to everyone and heading to class.

He knew Blaine wasn't going to be there, but that didn't stop the disappointment from flooding his veins, the empty desk next to him a cruel reminder of how badly fucked everything was right now.

The class went by slowly; each tick of the clock pounding away at Kurt's skull until he wanted to scream and run away.

When the bell rang he wanted to cry from both the relief of being able to get out and the pain the jarring pain the noise sent through his system.

It seemed the universe wasn't done fucking with him yet because the second he left the classroom his head was colliding with the lockers to his right.

The starbursts forming in front of his eyes made him miss the sneer Karofsky sent his way, his hands quickly coming up to hold his head, the pounding so intense he wanted to claw his head off just to make it *stop*.

All too soon the second bell rang, making Kurt clench his teeth against the racketing sound. Instead of heading to class, Kurt slowly made his way to the choir room, deciding to sit in silence there for the remainder of the school day until Glee.

A small sigh of relief escaped his lips when he saw the classroom was open but unoccupied.

He closed the door behind him and quickly slammed his hand against the wall to shut the lights off. He shuffled over to the risers, sitting in back before lying across three chairs, his head pillowed against his bag.

His head pounded in time with the beat of his heart, the blood in his veins. It made his eyesight blur, the chairs in front of him doubling before he decided to just close his eyes and wrap his arms around his torso, trying to hold himself together.

All too soon the last bell rang and within moments, the door was opening and the lights were turned on, the harsh brightness making him hiss in pain.

“Who’s—Kurt?”

Kurt sat up slowly, hand against his head as he breathed deeply. *In through your nose, out through your mouth. One, two, three...* he told himself, trying to force down the urge to throw up at his movements.

“Hey Mr. Schue,” he called out quietly, glancing up at the teacher.

“Kurt, what are you doing in here? Why were you in the dark?”

“I, um...”

What was he gonna say? That he was fucking his life up and he literally felt like his head was going to explode so he came in here to get away from everything?

Not happening.

“My last class let out early so I just came in here. I had a bit of a headache, so I left the lights off,” he explained, making sure to keep eye contact with Mr. Schuester the whole time.

He seemed to buy Kurt’s story, simply nodding sympathetically as the other kids started trickling in.

“Where’s Blaine?” Mr. Schue asked when he noticed that, for the second day, one of his kids was missing.

Hearing his name was like a kick to the gut for Kurt. It made him realize that Blaine wasn’t just missing from *his* life and that the other boy’s absence was affecting people other than himself.

“He stayed home today, Mr. Schue. Told me he wasn’t feeling well this morning.” Sam spoke up.

And okay *that* hurt. It hurt that other people, *Sam*, knew more about Blaine than he did at the moment.

It hurt to know that Blaine wasn’t feeling well and that he didn’t bother to tell Kurt. That *no one* bothered to tell Kurt.

Why the hell didn’t Sam say something sooner? Didn’t he *deserve* to know if Blaine—

He stopped himself, because *no*, he didn’t.

He wasn't fucking *entitled* to anything.

It didn't matter that everything felt *right* when he was with Blaine and that they told each other things, that they *trusted* each other.

It didn't mean a damn thing.

Because he wasn't Blaine's and Blaine wasn't *his* and he didn't have a right to know anything about the boy.

Kurt didn't realize the lesson had continued on until he heard his name being called, "Kurt? You with us?"

"Huh? Oh... Yeah, sorry," he mumbled, looking up to see everyone watching him.

The guys were all standing in front of the room and Mr. Schue was looking at him expectantly.

Guess it's time to move, he thought to himself, kicking his bag over a bit and standing to walk down to the front of the room.

The thing is, he stood way too fast and the room had suddenly begun spinning, tilting on its axis, the floor rising up way too quickly to greet him as the edges of his vision began to grow blurry, dark.

He faintly registered the gasps and yells around him before the pain coursing through him became too much and he let the darkness take over.

**

When Kurt finally woke up, he realized things slowly.

One, he was lying down.

Two, his head was still threatening to split in half.

And three, he felt a clammy hand in his and his mind only came up with one thing: *Blaine*.

Kurt forced his eyes open to look over and he saw... Finn. Finn was the one awkwardly holding his hand, his knee bouncing up and down quickly, phone gripped tightly in his other hand.

Finn was the one that was there for him. Not... Not *Blaine*.

“Kurt?”

Kurt’s eyes flicked up to meet his stepbrother’s and he saw the relief there, the invisible weight literally lifting off his shoulders as he let out a sigh of relief.

“Dude, you totally just fainted in the middle of Glee. You hit your face on the side of one of the chairs, so you sorta have a bruise, but the nurse said you shouldn’t have a concussion or anything.”

Kurt took in Finn’s words slowly, trying to process them all, but thinking just made his head pound harder, so he stopped.

“W-Where’s my dad?”

“He should be here any minute. I called him the second we got you in here.”

“We?”

Finn nodded. “Mike and Puck carried you here to the nurse’s office. Thankfully, she was still here.”

“How long have I been out?”

He looked down at his phone before answering Kurt. “About ten minutes. If you were still unconscious by the time Burt got here, we were gonna take you to the hospital.”

Kurt shuddered at the thought.

He did *not* need to set foot in a hospital ever again, thank you very much.

Kurt was about to open his mouth again when the door swung open and Burt Hummel looked around wildly before zeroing in on Kurt.

“Oh, thank god.”

Finn took his hand out of Kurt’s and moved so Burt could occupy his seat, the older man’s hands instantly coming up. He smoothed over Kurt’s hair and gently tilted his son’s face to get a better look at the bruise before both hands gripping one of Kurt’s.

“How ya feelin’, buddy?”

“Tired,” Kurt answered honestly, eyes half lidded as he stared at his father’s face.

Burt nodded before talking to Finn. “Let the nurse know I’m here and bring the car around, I’ll be out with him in a sec.” he said, digging out his car keys and handing them to his stepson who nodded and left.

“Dad... I’m okay,” Kurt said quietly when Burt remained silent, his eyes raking over his son.

Burt didn’t answer, but he nodded. He didn’t want to admit that when he got the call that Kurt was unconscious, his heart had lurched painfully, memories of eight years ago flooding his mind.

“Let’s get you home, bud,” Burt said quietly, allowing Kurt to sit up slowly and holding onto his arm as they walked down the hall and outside, Finn meeting them on the curb.

**

Kurt once again spent the rest of the day in bed, barely being able to choke down the light dinner Carole made for him without having the need to throw it back up with the way his stomach was constantly twisting.

He just wanted it all to *end* already. He couldn’t remember a time when he didn’t go to bed in immense pain, wanting to rip his head off or claw his insides out just to get it to all stop.

He fell into a fitful sleep, but was shocked awake when he heard noise outside of his window. He turned over and screamed, almost falling out of his bed when he saw someone outside of it. He scrambled out of bed and slapped against the wall for the light switch, ready to yell for his father when he realized who it was.

"Blaine?" He asked incredulously, still standing by the door before shaking his head and crossing the room, throwing the window open.

"What the hell are you doing here? Are you crazy?!" Kurt whispered angrily, mad now more than ever that he chose the bedroom with a damn tree so close to the awning.

"No, I'm desperate," Blaine answered before climbing in through the window and standing beside Kurt.

"To *what*, go to *jail*?"

"To *sleep*," Blaine answered exasperatedly.

Kurt looked at him incredulously, crossing his arms over his chest.

"I haven't slept in days, Kurt. And I bet you haven't either, so have some pity."

"Pity? You tried to *break into my house*, Blaine."

"Yeah, and I feel better already. You can't tell me that you don't feel it, Kurt. The sense of... I don't know, *rightness*, or whatever."

Kurt said nothing, biting the inside of his cheek as he took in Blaine's appearance.

The boy was in old sweatpants and a hoodie that was large, engulfing his frame. But his face... His face was what kept Kurt from throwing him back out the window.

He *did* look desperate. And tired, so *so* tired; dark smudges under eyes that were duller than normal and his face unusually pale.

"I'm right aren't I?" He said quietly, looking at Kurt expectantly.

"I don't know what you're talking about."

"Oh come on Kurt, how do you feel at this *very* moment?"

"I feel *fine*, Blaine."

Blaine nodded, "Yeah, okay. Now can you say that you felt *fine* ten minutes ago? Or an hour ago? Or at *all*? In *days*?"

Kurt's brow furrowed, taking in Blaine's words. He was right. Kurt's stomach wasn't making him want to heave and his head stopped pounding in sync with his heart.

He hadn't felt *fine* in what felt like forever.

"See," Blaine answered, raising his eyebrows. "I... I don't know why or *how* or any of it. I just... I know that when we're *together* or whatever, I feel okay. And when we're apart... it's hell. I can't think, I can't eat, it all just hurts too much. And you feel the same, don't you." It wasn't a question.

Kurt stayed still for a moment before nodding shakily, letting out a low breath he didn't know he was holding.

"So let me stay. *Please*, for both of our sakes."

Kurt looked down at the ground, mind racing.

He was still mad at Blaine. He still wanted to verbally tear him a new one.

But he also *really* wanted to sleep. *Truly* sleep, without feeling like he was going to implode.

"Fine."

"Fine? I can stay?" Blaine asked quietly, surprise in his voice.

Kurt looked up finally and gave a tiny nod, "You can stay... But you're not forgiven, Blaine. Not yet," Kurt said the last part in a whisper, not even sure if Blaine heard him.

Blaine nodded before slipping his shoes off by the window and following Kurt, who was turning on the bedside lamp to turn off the main light.

He grabbed one of the pillows off Kurt's bed before unceremoniously sitting on the ground. When Kurt turned around he raised an eyebrow.

“What are you doing?” He asked as he walked back over to the bed.

“Um... Going to sleep?” Blaine said confusedly.

Kurt shook his head as he turned down the covers. “You’re not sleeping on the ground.”

“Kurt, I’m already imposing and I—”

“Blaine, shut up. I’m not making you sleep on the floor. Now get your ass up here so I can go back to sleep.”

Blaine clumsily got off the ground and put the pillow back onto the bed, staring at it before awkwardly getting in, sitting beside Kurt.

Neither boy would admit that the close proximity made them feel better than they had in days.

Kurt was about to click off the lamp when Blaine grabbed his wrist to stop him.

“What—”

“Kurt, what happened to your face?” Blaine asked quietly, eyes wide as he looked at the bruising on Kurt’s temple.

“Oh, um...” Kurt looked down at the bed, blushing slightly.

“Kurt?”

“I-I passed out today in Glee. I hit my head on one of the chairs.”

Blaine hissed in sympathy before clicking it all together, “Wait... was this... This was because of how you were feeling, right? The headaches and whatnot?”

Kurt shrugged even though he knew that was exactly the reason.

Blaine groaned and shoved his hands in his hair, making Kurt look over at him.

“That means this was my fault.”

“What? Blaine, why the hell would you think that?”

“Because I skipped school! I skipped because I couldn’t deal with seeing you and so we weren’t near each other. I could barely move at all today, and any noise was like a gunshot. It’s a wonder I even managed to *drive* here and yet you went to school and had to deal with everything and... God!”

Kurt could see the guilt shining in the other boy’s eyes. And even though he wanted to blame him... He couldn’t. Blaine didn’t *know* that this was happening to Kurt as well, so he didn’t intentionally harm him.

“It’s not your fault, Blaine. You just didn’t know. I didn’t either.”

“That’s not necessarily true.”

“What?” Kurt asked louder than he meant to, glancing at the closed door.

“I just... I think I started to realize about a few days ago, after you slept over, that... that when I’m with you, I feel better. I just wasn’t sure that it affected *you* too. I skipped not only because I wasn’t ready to face you yet, but because I felt like I... I dunno, I *deserved* it, I guess. I deserved to feel like shit for the way I treated you.”

Kurt stayed quiet, turning over Blaine’s words in his mind before shrugging again, “It’s... Whatever, Blaine. It’s done with and now... Now we know, so now we’ll deal with it. But for now let’s just get some sleep.”

Kurt didn’t wait for Blaine’s reply, he just pulled the covers up from the bottom of the bed over both of them before leaning over and shutting off the lamp.

He didn’t let himself think about the fact the he and Blaine were... *connected*, or whatever.

He also didn’t let himself think about the fact that Blaine was sleeping in his *bed*.

He focused on how he felt, on how *good* it felt to take in a full breath of air without wanting to puke and being able to turn his head without seeing double.

He still hadn’t one hundred percent forgiven Blaine, but this was a start.

Part Four

When Kurt woke up Friday morning, he was convinced it was all a dream. He opened his eyes and looked at the other side of the bed. The *empty* side.

He sat up and put his head in his hand, wincing when he grazed over the bruise.

It *had* to be a dream. Right?

But then a slight breeze blew through the open window –the window Kurt was *positive* he closed last night—and it made him realize it wasn't a dream. It all happened.

He spent the night with Blaine Anderson.

"Oh god," Kurt groaned as he fell back into bed, sighing deeply before realizing that for the first time in days, he didn't wake up with a migraine or nausea.

He decided to take advantage of it by dressing quickly and heading downstairs to eat something (and *damn* was he hungry), surprising his dad with how energetic he was.

"You feelin' okay, kiddo?" Burt asked as he sipped his coffee.

Kurt nodded as he quickly made himself some toast and drank some juice.

"Where's the fire, Kurt?" Carole asked with an amused smile as she watched him bustle around the kitchen.

"I just wanna get to school early," Kurt mumbled, biting back a groan when he felt a prickle in the back of his head, like his body was preparing him for the onslaught of pain he would soon be getting.

His parents both nodded and watched as he ate quickly before he said short goodbyes to both of them and headed out.

He breathed deeply through his nose, trying to stem the oncoming pain as he made his way to the school, clenching his teeth when the dull throbbing began behind his eyes.

He sighed in relief when he turned into McKinley's parking lot, praying beyond anything that Blaine was there.

He *needed* Blaine to be there. Now that he knew what the trigger was, he knew he needed to be with Blaine.

God, he was like a junkie needing a fucking hit.

He got out of his car and quickly looked around before heading for the building, deciding to just wait by Blaine's locker and the throbbing in his head began to pound slightly.

"Kurt!"

Kurt whipped his head to the side to see Blaine coming towards him.

Without thinking about it, Kurt ran to him, closing the distance rapidly and throwing his arms around Blaine's neck the moment he was close enough.

It was like flipping a switch, the way the pounding in his head subsided and his stomach calmed down.

He didn't realize what he had done until he felt Blaine's arms around his waist, squeezing gently, pulling Kurt in tighter, a breath of relief pouring out of the other boy's lips and tickling Kurt's neck.

"I-I'm sorry," Kurt mumbled as he slowly disentangled himself from Blaine.

Blaine shook his head, his hands itching to grab Kurt again and never let go, "No, it's okay. I... I needed it too. I could barely see straight."

Kurt nodded in agreement, shuffling closer to Blaine, "What are we gonna do? I mean, we're together for some classes, but what about when we're apart? And what about after school and weekends and—"

Blaine quickly covered Kurt's mouth with his hand, breathing out shakily when the physical contact surged through him like a battery charging.

"We'll figure it out. Just... For now, we'll do whatever we can to stick close to each other, 'kay?"

Kurt nodded, not moving even though he desperately wanted to hold onto Blaine again, his body almost aching with the effort to stay still.

"We'll deal with everything slowly. Let's just... go to our lockers."

Kurt nodded and the boys walked into the school together, so close their shoulders were almost touching and their fingers would brush against each other's every so often.

Kurt relished in the feelings coursing through him, fighting to keep the grin off his face as they went to Blaine's locker and then Kurt's.

It was still early enough that the halls weren't too crowded, so Kurt bit the bullet and closed the small gap between them to grip Blaine's hand in his.

The change was immediate. They both went from feeling okay to feeling *amazing*. Kurt gasped quietly at the change, both boys looking down at their hands before up at each other.

"I, uh... I guess physical contact... helps," Blaine finished lamely, changing the position so their fingers tangled together instead.

They got a few weird looks, but no one said anything as Kurt and Blaine quickly walked to their first period class with no intentions of letting go any time soon.

**

Their first three classes went by way too quickly for either of their liking.

Now that they knew being together made them feel okay and *touching* made them feel even better, it was difficult for them to not slide their desks next to each other and crowd into one another's space.

Kurt's earlier thoughts of being like a junkie were now all too true.

Physical contact was quickly becoming a drug to the both of them.

They once again stood in the middle of the hall to go to their respective fourth periods, the classes on opposite ends of the building.

“We’ve been doing this for weeks now. It’ll be okay.”

Kurt nodded but didn’t move, “I know it’s just... Before we didn’t know *why* we felt like shit, so we just dealt with it...

But now that we know? Now that we know the trigger... It almost feels like self-injury or something to split up.

Blaine looked at him sadly, reaching forward to tangle their fingers together for a moment. “We’ll be together at lunch. And calculus after that too. It’s gonna be okay.”

Kurt nodded again, looking around to see the crowds thinning.

“Meet back here?”

Blaine agreed and they unwillingly broke apart, walking in different directions from each other.

**

Blaine walked into his home ec class just as the bell rang, quickly walking over to his work table. He glanced across to the next table and saw Azimio, but noticed that his partner, Dave, was missing, even though Blaine *knew* that the other boy was in school today.

Maybe skipping wouldn’t have been such a bad idea, Blaine thought to himself as the teacher began to teach the day’s lesson.

A few minutes later Dave strolled in. His face went from angry to almost smug as he walked over to his seat.

“Mr. Karofsky, may I ask why you are over five minutes late to class?”

“Sorry sir, I had something to take care of with my last class.”

The teacher pursed his lips but let it slide, turning back to the board.

Blaine's attention on the teacher slowly fizzled out when he decided to eavesdrop on the boys next to him, for some reason the need to know where Dave was trumping paying attention to the lesson.

"Dude, what did you do to him?"

Dave shrugged. "Nothin', just made sure that he knew I didn't like him spreading his *disease* around. The last thing this school needs is to catch The Gay." He sneered.

Blaine stopped breathing.

Kurt. Karofsky had done something to Kurt.

He needed to see him.

Blaine raised his hand, making the teacher sigh, "Yes, Mr. Anderson?"

"Sir, may I be excused?"

The man raised an eyebrow, "Mr. Anderson, you have not been to a handful of my classes this week, so I'm afraid that unless you are on death's door, you are staying in this room for the remainder of the period."

"But, sir—"

"That's final, Blaine. Unless you want to leave and have that result in a detention."

Detention meant *more* time away from Kurt. Which was something he just couldn't do. So Blaine sighed deeply and said nothing more, the teacher taking it as a sign to continue on with his lesson.

**

Blaine was practically the first one of the classroom the moment the bell rang, ignoring the throbbing in his head to race down the halls and past the spot he told Kurt they'd meet, deciding instead to catch up with him sooner and meeting with him near his class.

He found Kurt on the stairs, the boy walking like a zombie.

“Kurt! Kurt, are you okay?” Blaine asked the second Kurt was off the stairs, his hand darting forward to grasp Kurt’s tightly in his.

Kurt nodded, a small smile on his face, “Yeah, it wasn’t too bad. I mean, the headache came a bit quicker than usual but nothing I couldn’t handle.”

Blaine wanted to shake his head, wanted to demand just what Karofsky had done to him, but he knew this wasn’t the place for it.

Instead he tugged gently and led the way to the cafeteria, smilingly slightly when their friends greeted them but continuously looking over at Kurt next to him for any signs that something was wrong.

Kurt immediately jumped into the conversation of the group, his hand gripping Blaine’s tightly under the table but acting perfectly fine.

Blaine bit the inside of his lip, curiosity gnawing at his insides, but then Santana snapped at him, calling him out and telling him, *loudly*, to “Stop eyefucking your boytoy for five minutes, Frodo, it won’t kill you.”

He scowled at her before quickly changing the subject, deciding he would definitely bring up the Karofsky subject with Kurt sometime soon.

After lunch was calculus and once again, their class together went by way too quickly and they had to go to separate classes, meeting up in front of the choir room once they were done and instantly holding hands.

It was like charging a battery or something, the way everything changed the moment they were together again.

Today was the girls’ day to do something, so Kurt and Blaine sat in the back, leaning against each other, hands dangling between them.

If anyone noticed, they thankfully didn’t say anything.

Once glee club was over for the day, both boys walked out to the nearly-empty parking lot, heading over to Blaine’s car.

"So..." Kurt trailed off, holding Blaine's hand tightly in his, hoping to sap up some extra energy or whatever to prolong the pain as much as possible.

"I'd invite you over, but my house hasn't exactly been all that *inviting* the last few days."

Kurt nodded in understanding, "We'll, um, do something tomorrow, right?"

Blaine nodded quickly, "And Sunday too, hopefully. Try and be together as much as possible, right?"

"Right," Kurt agreed, already dreading letting go of Blaine and leaving.

"Bye, Kurt."

"Bye, Blaine."

Letting go of Blaine's hand was like stepping into a cold shower. It was a shock to the system, nerve endings firing off, telling him to turn around and cling to Blaine, to never let go.

Instead he walked across the lot to his car and drove off.

**

By 7PM, Kurt's migraine was back in full force, even making the *bruise* on the side of his face hurt.

What little bit of food he ate when he got home had already been thrown up and Kurt wanted to *cry* he was so frustrated with everything.

"Hey Kurt?" Kurt didn't move as Finn poked his head in.

"What," Kurt mumbled out, voice muffled from his pillow.

"Just that I invited some of the guys over to hang, you know, play video games and stuff and I wanted to know if you wanted to... ya know, join us?"

Kurt closed his eyes and bit back a sob.

Finn was inviting him to join them.

He wanted to say yes, to be a normal guy for a few hours and do stupid, guy things.

But even the thought of sitting up made Kurt nauseous, and the sliver of light cracking through the door was searing his eyes.

"No thanks, Finn. I don't really feel good. You just have a good time, yeah? Tell the guys I said next time."

Finn simply nodded before standing up straight. "You got it. Feel better."

He was gone before Kurt could respond.

He must've fallen asleep because when there was a knock on his door again, his room was darker. A glance at the clock told him it was almost nine.

"Finn, I'm serious, I don't feel like playing," Kurt called out, rolling tightly into a ball in the middle of the bed, one hand wrapped around his stomach, the other futilely attempting to massage his head.

"It's me."

Kurt blinked open his eyes to see Blaine in his doorway, looking over nervously at Kurt on the bed.

"Blaine," Kurt breathed out, wanting to cry with the relief that washed over him.

It was all Blaine needed to cross the room in seconds and crawl onto the bed, their hands instantly seeking each other out.

It wasn't enough though, and Kurt found himself moving until his head was pillowed on Blaine's chest, their linked hands now on Blaine's side, Kurt's arm lying across his stomach.

Kurt sighed at the feelings coursing through him, the pain evaporating and being replaced with things that felt good and right.

"What are you doing here?" Kurt mumbled into Blaine's shirt.

"Finn texted me about having the Glee guys over, so I jumped at the chance to be here."

Kurt smiled into the shirt. "So you used my brother's invitation as an excuse to see me."

He felt Blaine shrug underneath him. "I'm cool with it if you are."

Kurt nodded and they sat like that in the darkness, the only light coming dimly from the street light through the window.

"Kurt?"

"Hmm?"

"I'm sorry. I'm sorry for the other day and the way I treated you. You didn't... You didn't deserve any of it and I was horrible to you and I'm so *so* sorry, Kurt. I was angry and hurt and I lashed out at you."

Kurt lifted his head to look at Blaine before speaking quietly, "It's okay, Blaine."

Blaine shook his head but Kurt nodded, "No, it is. I forgive you. I... I know it wasn't really *me* you were angry at. I was pretty much just the closest target."

"I'm still sorry."

"And I still forgive you."

Blaine stayed quiet and nodded after a moment, a look of resignation on his face.

"Wanna talk about it?" Kurt asked, eyes searching Blaine's.

Blaine shook his head again, "Nothing to tell. I'm a disappointment and a disgrace to my father and he finally had enough of me. He said we should have never even moved in the first place and that... it was all my fault and he was through with it. With all of it."

"I'm sorry, Blaine," Kurt whispered, squeezing Blaine's hand in his.

Blaine squeezed back before smiling sadly down at Kurt, “It’s just... I know he never was going to really approve of me, but I really thought... I just guess I was hoping that one day he would just be, I dunno, indifferent about everything. Guess I was wrong.”

Kurt didn’t know how to respond to that so instead he laid his head back down and tightened his grip on Blaine. He felt Blaine’s arm come around him, squeezing him back. He was pretty sure it was enough.

“Can I ask you something now?” Blaine questioned after a few minutes of silence.

“Uh, sure,” Kurt answered confusedly.

“What’s going on? With Dave Karofsky,” Blaine blurted out.

He felt the boy in his arms go stiff and he tightened his grip on Kurt before ducking down more on the bed, trying to get him to look him in the eye.

“Kurt?”

“What do you mean, Blaine?”

“I mean like the other day when he shoved you into the lockers and today he came to class late and I overheard him talking and... and I’m pretty sure it was about you.”

Kurt said nothing and for a moment Blaine thought he was going to ignore him but then Kurt spoke quietly.

“He just... He’s been bullying me for years, Blaine. It’s nothing new.”

Blaine frowned before moving, making them both sit up as he clicked on the lamp by the bed.

“Kurt, it’s not *nothing*. Have you told anyone? Maybe try and get him—”

“I have tried. No one cares. It’s like that, since I’m gay, I’m just supposed to expect to be tormented or whatever.”

“That’s not right. There has to be something...”

Kurt shook his head before looking down. "I've tried, Blaine. Short of transferring to another school, there's nothing I can do. There's only one more year of high school, I can tough it out."

"Yeah, but you shouldn't have to," Blaine said quietly. "You shouldn't have to tough anything out. This is high school; it's hard enough without having the fear of being hurt tacked on."

"It's nothing I'm not used to, Blaine," Kurt whispered.

Blaine shook his head again, anger flaring up inside of him. "It doesn't matter. It's not *right*. And about no one being there for you? Well, that's changing."

Kurt looked up to see the determination sparking in Blaine's eyes.

"Blaine, you don't –"

"I know what it's like Kurt, and I *can't* sit back and watch the same thing happen to you, so don't ask me to."

Kurt didn't say anything. He was too shocked to.

No one ever really *cared* about what he was going through with Karofsky and the rest of the jocks. They all knew about it, especially his friends and Mr. Schue, and they were sympathetic, but they didn't really *do* anything.

They never even tried to.

And yet here Blaine was, someone who was hurt more than Kurt ever was, and yet he was still willing to help.

It meant more to Kurt than he could ever say.

"Kurt," Blaine whispered quietly. Kurt suddenly felt the change in the room, the electricity parking around them, the way it suddenly got harder to breathe. Before he could say anything, Blaine was leaning forward and pressing his lips against Kurt's.

It was just a simple press of lips and both boys pulled away at the same time. Kurt looked into his eyes, saw the dozens of emotions flittering through Blaine's gaze before he just *let himself go* and pushed forward, capturing Blaine's mouth with his again.

It was nothing like when they were holding hands. Where that was warm and comforting, this was fire burning through his veins. It was intoxicating and Kurt wanted more.

Kurt's hands held Blaine's face and moved down his neck and into his hair while Blaine's hands moved down his back and gripped his hips, their fingers leaving burning trails wherever they touched.

Blaine bit down on his bottom lip before his tongue darted out to lick away the sting and ask for entrance which Kurt quickly gave him, groaning into the kiss when Blaine's tongue tangled with his.

Blaine pulled away and started kissing his way down Kurt's jaw and neck. "I've wanted this for so long."

Kurt couldn't speak, couldn't make any coherent sounds except for breathy moans that escaped from his parted lips as Blaine worked his way down his neck, his lips trailing hotly down his skin.

"I've wanted *you*."

Kurt choked out a groan as he vigorously nodded in agreement, pulling Blaine's face back up to kiss him again.

"Tell me." Blaine mumbled into his mouth. "Tell me how long."

"Since we met," Kurt groaned out desperately. "I've wanted you since day *one*, Blaine."

Now it was Blaine's turn to groan, allowing Kurt to push his tongue into Blaine's mouth this time, running it along the roof of his mouth and the back of his teeth, *tasting* Blaine.

He couldn't get enough.

He didn't realize he was straddling Blaine until his hips jerked forwards and he felt Blaine's hard-on pressing into his, making both of them break the kiss and let out low moans.

Blaine's forehead dropped to Kurt's shoulder, breath coming out shakily, "We should... stop," he gasped out, turning his head to lick and suck at the exposed strip of skin on the side of Kurt's neck.

"Mhm," Kurt mumbled, tilting his head to give Blaine better access, his fingers digging roughly into Kurt's sides.

"Kurt... Tell me to stop," Blaine groaned, pushing his hips forward again.

"Blaine."

They had to stop, Kurt knew they *had* to stop or they would regret it immensely, but it was almost impossible to form words, let alone to speak in full sentences and get Blaine to stop.

He didn't know how he was gonna stop this.

But then suddenly a crash was heard from downstairs and both boys sprung apart as if they were shocked, chests heaving.

Kurt swallowed loudly, still breathing erratically as he looked Blaine over.

Blaine was a mess, curls sticking up all over the place and clothes rumpled. His eyes were dark, a sliver of hazel ringing the darkness of his pupil, and it made Kurt want to close the small distance between them and finish what they had started.

He figured he didn't look any better by the way Blaine was staring him down.

"That was..."

"Yeah," Kurt agreed, running a hand through his messy hair.

They were both quiet as they caught their breath, giving Kurt's brain time to catch up and realize what just happened.

"I meant it, though, Kurt," Blaine said suddenly, shattering the silence in the room. "I... I want this, I want *you*."

Kurt looked him over again while he processed the words.

Finally, he nodded, leaning forward to kiss Blaine again.

This time it was gentle, slow.

Blaine's hand came up to cup Kurt's cheek and Kurt brought a hand up to grip Blaine's shoulder.

None of the other kisses compared to this one.

It felt so, so, *so* good and so unbelievably *right* that Kurt wondered how he'd ever gone on in life without feeling this way, without feeling this utterly *complete* before.

When they broke apart and Blaine smiled at him, *really* smiled, all bright eyes and teeth, Kurt wondered how he'd ever gone on without Blaine.

**

They spent the rest of the night like on the bed together, interspersing kisses with answering questions about themselves.

They kept the topics light, talking about what they liked to do as kids to what got them into singing and what they wanted to do with their lives in the future.

It was easy to talk to Blaine. It was easy for Kurt to tell him all about his hopes and dreams without fear of being ridiculed.

They hadn't even realized how late it had gotten until Kurt stifled a yawn into his hand. Blaine checked his phone to see it was a little after midnight.

"Do you... I mean, I guess I should go."

Blaine made to unfold his legs from under him, but Kurt shot forward, grabbing his arm.

"No! Wait."

Blaine raised an eyebrow, waiting for Kurt to continue. “Stay. Stay here. With me.”

“I mean, you came here to hang out with the guys, so you can just tell your mother you’re crashing here... right? I’m sure most of the guys did anyways, so...” Kurt trailed off, blushing with how desperate he was sounding.

Blaine gave him an amused expression before he nodded and took out his phone again. “All right. Let me just tell my mom, then.”

The grin Kurt gave him was blinding and Blaine couldn’t help but smile in return before sending a text off.

“How about your family, though?”

Kurt glanced at the door before looking back to Blaine. “If Finn hasn’t noticed you’ve been gone by now, I doubt he’ll know. And my dad, well. I’ll lock the door.”

“Kurt Hummel, are you trying to take advantage of me?” Blaine asked, smirking and trying to keep the smug look on his face from being broken by a laugh.

Kurt rolled his eyes before smacking Blaine on the arm. “Shut up. I’d just rather *not* have my father walk into my room at seven in the morning to see a boy he’s never even met sleeping in bed with his son. I value my life, thank you very much.”

Blaine shrugged but nodded, agreeing that he’d rather not meet Kurt’s father while in bed with his son.

They both went to the bathroom and changed into pajamas (Blaine was surprised Kurt even *owned* a pair of sweatpants) before climbing back into the bed.

Kurt was suddenly struck by how different everything had become in a mere twenty-four hours. Just last night he was still angry at Blaine, wanting nothing more than scream his head off at the other boy. And now they were lying in bed together, limbs tangled and looking at each other like it was all they needed to survive in the world.

“Blaine?”

“Hmm?”

He was wondering if this was a good idea, them being together. What if what they were feeling was just because of the bond? What if being together intensified their emotions or whatever, and made them *think* they wanted each other.

It was all too much to process and Kurt was too tired to keep thinking.

He looked down, gripping the material of Blaine's shirt gently in a fist before shaking his head. "Nothing. Never mind. Good night."

Blaine looked down at him in confusion but then shrugged it off, kissing the top of Kurt's head. "'Night."

**

When Kurt blinked awake, things slowly started coming to him. An arm wrapped around his stomach and legs tangled with his own, warm breath tickling the back of his neck.

Instead of freaking out like he had the last time, however, Kurt snuggled back into it, relishing in the warmth. He wondered why he was awake so early –glancing at the clock to see it was just past eight am—when a noise outside of his door made him freeze.

Dad and Carole, his mind supplied instantly, their voices carrying down the hall from their room.

Shit.

Kurt instantly turned over, genuinely upset that he had to shake Blaine awake and get him out before his dad came knocking on the door.

Blaine looked different in his sleep, younger.

All lines were gone from his face and a calm expression took their place. Kurt took a moment to admire the other boy's features.

He took in Blaine's long eyelashes, and the way they swept over his cheeks, his strong jaw that was lightly dusted with stubble, his curls flat on his head, a few matted down onto his forehead.

He was perfect.

“Stop staring at me, creeper.”

Kurt jumped back in surprised but Blaine’s arms kept him from moving too far as he blinked his eyes open slowly, sleepy hazel meeting bright blue.

“Hi,” Blaine mumbled sleepily, a slow smile appearing on his face.

“Hi,” Kurt whispered back, smiling as well.

“I guess I should get going, huh.”

Kurt nodded, but neither of them moved.

“I don’t want to go,” Blaine said quietly, tightening his grip around Kurt infinitesimally.

“And I don’t want you to leave.”

Kurt bit his lip, looking around his room before an idea came to him, making his face light up.

“Kurt?” Blaine asked, raising an eyebrow.

“Oh my god, I’m brilliant.”

Blaine’s other eyebrow shot up, amusement and confusion showing on his face. “Uhh...”

Kurt rolled his eyes before untangling himself from Blaine and getting out of bed. “No really, I’m a genius. C’mon!” he said in a hushed whisper, all but throwing Blaine’s clothes at him from last night before turning around.

“Hurry and get dressed!”

Blaine scratched the back of his neck but did as he was asked, putting on his jeans and shirt from the previous night, looking around for his shoes.

Kurt turned back around and went over to the window to pull it open. “Where did you park?” He asked suddenly, making Blaine look up from tying his laces.

“Down the block...”

Kurt nodded, walking over to stand next to Blaine. “Perfect. Okay, go to your car and in about ten minutes, drive down here and honk.”

The confusion on Blaine’s face intensified and Kurt wanted to laugh at how adorable he looked, likening Blaine to a puppy in his mind.

“Just trust me,” Kurt said, leaning forward to kiss Blaine lightly.

Blaine’s hands immediately came up to his hips as he tried to deepen it and Kurt cursed the fact that he couldn’t just lie in bed all day and kiss him.

Kurt walked them back to the window and grudgingly pulled away before nodding toward it. “Ten minutes.”

Blaine nodded, leaning in to kiss him quickly once more before maneuvering out of the window and to the low branch on the tree, jumping to the ground easily.

Kurt watched him until he was on the sidewalk and then sprang into motion, quickly picking out an outfit and hurrying to the bathroom, attempting to look as presentable as he could in the allotted time.

He was just finishing up his hair when he felt it, the tell-tale signs of his impending headache.

He frowned into the mirror as he rubbed his temple. It had never come on this quick before and it scared Kurt.

He didn’t want to think about what would happen if the trigger time became less and less, afraid that if the wait time was becoming shorter, maybe that meant the pain would increase as well.

He gave up on his hair and made his way quickly downstairs, already wanting the headache to disappear and to be back with Blaine.

“Hey bud. What’re you doing all dressed and ready before nine am?” Burt asked, squeezing his shoulder gently as he passed.

"I'm meeting with a friend. He should be here any minute."

That made Burt stop to face him, crossing his arms over his chest. "'He,' huh? Is there anything I should know about, Kurt?"

Oh, nothing. Just freakishly bonded with this guy you've never met and if we're apart for more than a few minutes my body starts erupting in pain. Ya know, nothing out of the ordinary.

Kurt rolled his eyes. "He's in Glee, Dad. His name's Blaine and he's my partner for an assignment."

It wasn't technically a lie. It was just that Burt didn't have to know that the assignment had already passed.

Before his dad could say anything else, Blaine honked his horn outside.

The relief on Kurt's face was visible, almost sprinting to the door to leave.

"Whoa, calm down a sec."

"Dad, c'mon," Kurt said, voice almost whining. The pain in his head was intensifying and he just needed to *get out*.

"Just... You'll tell me, right. When you... when you decide that... When you want to *be* with somebody, right?"

Kurt resisted the urge to groan as he nodded, the movement causing the pain to flare up.

"Can I go now?"

Burt nodded before adding, "I want to meet this kid when you get back, alright?"

Kurt tensed slightly before agreeing, calling out a goodbye as he headed out, all but running down his front yard and yanking the door open, collapsing into the car and instantly reaching out, grasping Blaine's arm tightly.

Kurt dropped his head back against the seat as he let out a deep breath. "This is not good."

Blaine, who had reached up with his free hand to grab one of Kurt's arms nodded as he sighed. "It wasn't even ten minutes this time. Usually it took about a half hour for the pain to set in, sometimes longer. But now..."

Kurt looked over, noticing the anxiety on Blaine's face for the first time since they spoke about this.

He ran his hand down until he reached Blaine's hand, holding it tightly in his own.

"We'll figure it out."

**

They stayed out for the most of the day together, spending a few hours in the coffee shop before going to see a random movie and stopping for lunch, hands clasped tightly between the two of them the entire time.

It was nice, Kurt realized, having someone to hold on to even when he was just walking down the street.

It was definitely something he wanted to get used to.

It wasn't until Blaine parked in front of his house that Kurt felt his stomach twisting, for once not because of the bond.

"Hey, it'll be okay yeah? Just breathe."

Kurt nodded, grateful for the reassuring squeeze Blaine gave to his fingers.

"Blaine?"

"Yeah?"

"What... What are we?"

He didn't want to bring it up, not this soon, but he had to. He wanted to know if he had a valid excuse to give to his father about why he was desperately clinging to this other boy.

"What do you want us to be?" Blaine asked quietly, thumb rubbing gentle circles on the inside of Kurt's wrist.

"I...- "

"Because I want... I mean, I know it's stupid and that we shouldn't be so into labels, but I want to be able to call you mine, Kurt. I... I want to be able to call you my boyfriend."

Kurt looked over at him, a hopeful smile appearing on his face. "Yeah?"

Blaine nodded, returning the smile. "Yeah."

They both moved at the same time, leaning over the center console of the car to kiss lightly before Kurt pulled back. "All right then. Let's go introduce you to my dad, *boyfriend*."

**

It turns out Blaine meeting his dad wasn't as difficult as they thought it would be.

They let go of each other's hands when they walked into the house, deciding to ease Burt into it instead of smacking him in the face with their newfound relationship.

Kurt didn't beat around the bush about it, though, deciding to just come out and say, "Dad, Blaine's my boyfriend," the moment Blaine stopped shaking his hand.

Blaine was nervous as hell and Kurt bit his lip to keep from grinning over how adorable it was.

"I thought you said nothing was going between you two this morning."

"Yeah, well... This morning there wasn't," Kurt replied, shrugging lightly.

He watched as his dad scrutinized Blaine, sizing him up. He could almost *feel* how tense Blaine was and it was making him jittery to not be able to just reach out and grab Blaine's hand.

"So you go to McKinley?"

Blaine nodded shakily. "Yes sir, I just transferred this year."

Burt nodded thoughtfully, scratching at his face. "What about your parents? What's your dad do?"

This time when Blaine tensed, Kurt couldn't help but reach out and grab Blaine's hand, squeezing it tightly in his own.

Burt sensed that he asked the wrong question and instantly felt guilty, glancing down at the way the two boys in front of him clung to each other's hand tightly.

"Never mind, kid. Are either of you thirsty?" He asked, catching Kurt's thankful expression before he turned and walked toward the kitchen, the two boys following behind him.

After that, Burt stuck to lighter topic, impressed when he discovered Blaine's penchant for football, making Kurt grimace.

"I didn't know you loved sports so much."

"You never asked," Blaine replied with a laugh, making Burt smile as well.

They continued talking until Carole came home with a pizza, stating that Finn was once again staying over Puck's house, so it would just be them for dinner.

"Oh, hello! I didn't know we had any extra guests."

Blaine stood up instantly, grabbing the box from Carole before putting a hand out. "Nice to meet you, Mrs. Hummel, I'm Blaine Anderson," he said, smiling politely.

"Blaine is Kurt's boyfriend," Burt added, making both boys blush slightly.

Carole smiled back warmly as she shook his hand. "*Really?* Well then, it's really nice to meet you, Blaine."

Burt and Kurt both stood and walked over to them, Kurt standing close enough for their arms to brush together.

"Are you staying for dinner, Blaine?" Carole asked, taking out plates and cups.

“Well, I—” He looked over to Kurt, seeing the hopeful expression there before nodding. “Sure, thank you for the offer. Let me just call my mother to let her know.”

Burt and Carole nodded as Blaine excused himself to the hallway and Kurt instantly felt guilty, realizing he had kept Blaine away from his home for almost two days now.

When Blaine returned he had a tense look on his face and Kurt wanted to pull him aside and make sure everything was alright.

Instead he made due with squeezing his hand lightly under the table in reassurance.

Part Five

They both decided that it would be for the best if Blaine stayed home that night, not wanting Mrs. Anderson to grow suspicious over her son's whereabouts, and planning on meeting the next day under the pretense of "practicing for their routine." (Kurt was trying to figure out how long he could keep that lie up before having to come up with something better.)

The only thing was, Kurt was right about the pain. Not only did it come quicker, but it felt worse too.

It was barely an hour after Blaine left before Kurt was throwing up the contents of his stomach, his entire frame trembling.

It was like his body was shutting down on him and Blaine was the battery.

It was a crude analogy, but it was the best his muddled mind could come up with as he slouched into his bed, curling up in the middle.

Kurt wanted to cry at the way the pain was engulfing him, like he was being hacked away at by a rusty knife, being peeled apart piece by piece.

The ringing of his phone next to his ear made him shudder as the loud noise pierced through the silence of the room straight to his brain.

He fumbled with it before pushing it up against his ear, the sound of shallow, uneven breathing on the other line instantly filling his senses.

"This sucks," Blaine rasped out slowly.

Kurt could do nothing but groan an agreement, his body seeming to curl closer into the phone.

"You okay?" Blaine asked after a moment, making Kurt scoff.

"Right, yeah, wrong question. Why did we agree to this again?"

"Because," Kurt finally said, "I can't be selfish and keep you to myself all the time."

"Right now I really wouldn't mind that."

Kurt huffed out a laugh before rubbing a hand down his face, "We have to *try*, Blaine. We can't...we have to see if this works, if we can be apart long enough to even *sleep*."

"I don't think it's a great idea to be testing the bond like this, Kurt..."

Kurt said nothing, shutting his eyes at a particularly painful throb in his head. "Look... We'll see how we are tomorrow. I'm still seeing you, right?"

This time it was Blaine's turn to scoff, *"You'd see me even if you didn't want to."*

Kurt wanted to call him crazy, wanted to say that he doubted there would ever be a time where he *wouldn't* want to see Blaine.

Instead he closed his eyes and breathed deep.

"Stay on the line? Stay with me until I fall asleep?"

"Always." He heard Blaine whisper faintly.

He synced his breathing up in time with Blaine's over the phone and soon he was, mercifully, falling asleep.

**

They spent Sunday much like Saturday (except they decided to go out for dinner) and Blaine threw caution to the wind, knocking on Kurt's window at two in the morning.

"You're insane, you know that?" Kurt said in lieu of greeting, rubbing at his eyes with one hand while the other subconsciously went to grab Blaine's, fingers weaving together instantly and both boys letting out a low breath at the instant relief.

"Sue me, we needed this."

Kurt was too tired to argue so he just dropped back into bed while Blaine moved around the room, locking the door and flicking off the lamp before climbing into bed behind Kurt, wrapping his arm around the other boy's waist and snuggling into the warmth of the bed.

School was... interesting, now that they were a couple. They had held hands the other day at school, but now it was like the entire student body *knew* that Kurt and Blaine were now *together*.

Blaine could tell Kurt was anxious but he didn't let it show. He kept a tight grip on Blaine's hand and his head high.

In classes, they pushed their desks close enough that Blaine barely had to reach over to maintain contact, thankful that he barely had to use any effort to make Kurt choose to sit in the back.

It wasn't until history that Kurt got edgy.

Blaine watched him, watched as Kurt eyed the jocks walking in warily, body tense, eyes guarded.

Blaine wanted to hurt them. Wanted to make them pay for putting Kurt through everything they had and for making him feel *afraid* in his own goddamned high school.

He hated that he could do nothing except sit rub soothing circles along Kurt's palm.

Blaine noticed when Karofsky looked back at them, saw the way the jock's eyes zeroed in on Blaine's hand over Kurt's. Instead of pulling away, Blaine tightened his hold, even as Karofsky's eyes came up and landed on his.

Blaine didn't recognize the expression on Dave Karofsky's face. But he knew he didn't like it.

**

After history, they went to their separate classes, as always promising to meet up before lunch.

Blaine realized as he walked to class that he had Karofsky and Azimio in the class *right next to him* and he hoped they didn't try to start anything since Karofsky now obviously knew about him and Kurt.

It took about ten minutes for the headache to kick in and his vision to start swimming. Blaine closed his eyes and breathed deeply, thinking back on the weekend and how, in just three days, his whole life had changed.

He had a boyfriend now. A nice, sweet, *kind* boyfriend. Someone who was funny and sarcastic and wasn't afraid to call him on his shit.

But he also had a boyfriend he was *bonded* to and if they ever got too far apart, they were hurt.

He knew "cursed" would be the more appropriate term for what they were going through, but he just couldn't equate the word 'curse' with 'Kurt'.

Blaine didn't realize he had dozed off until he was sliding off of his seat, his arm banging loudly into the table and pain reverberating through his system.

"Mr. Anderson?"

"S-sorry, sir. I didn't mean to interrupt," Blaine mumbled out sinking a hand into his hair to try and massage his head as the persistent pounding became sharper.

A few minutes later the bell rang and Blaine gathered his things hurriedly, a wave of nausea hitting him as he made his way to the door.

Just as he was walking back he felt something hard connecting with his back, making him stumble and slam into a nearby locker roughly.

"What the hell was that for?!" he yelled angrily as Karofsky and Azimio continued to walk down the hall.

"For being Hummel's butt buddy," Azimio called back with a laugh, making a few people in the hall turn to stare at Blaine.

He clenched his jaw as a wave of pain slammed into him, making his knees buckle.

He had to get back to Kurt who was probably waiting for him by now.

...Who was waiting for him in the same direction Azimio and Karofsky went.

"Shit," Blaine cursed, taking off at a run down the hall, ignoring the screams of protest his body was shouting at him and the way his vision was blurred.

He had to find Kurt. He had to get to him and get them to the safety of their friends.

Blaine raced down the steps and turned the corner...

To see Kurt sitting on the ground shaking with his head in his hands.

Blaine stumbled to a stop next to the other boy, instantly dropping to his knees, "Kurt. Kurt, are you okay?"

Blaine heard Kurt's ragged breathing and he immediately wrapped his arms around Kurt, even going as far as to stick his hands under Kurt's sleeves, hoping skin-to-skin contact could help even further.

He assumed it did because Kurt slowly loosened the grip he had on his hair and his body seemed to slump into Blaine's, suddenly exhausted.

"Karofsky, he... I didn't see him coming when he slammed my head into the lockers. It just hurt so bad and I was seeing freaking *double* of everything and—"

Blaine kissed the top of his head before resting his cheek against Kurt's hair.

"Let's just skip lunch," he said quietly, making Kurt look up at him.

He expected a fight but Kurt simply nodded, eyes half-lidded with exhaustion. Both of them moving to stand and Kurt instantly grabbed his hand again and tugged, leading him down the hallway slowly.

"Where are we going?"

"Just wait and see, Anderson."

Soon enough they were entering the school library and walking straight to the back, Kurt smiling politely at the librarian as he walked past.

"Kurt?"

Behind the last row of stacks, there were three big loveseats and a round table in the middle.

Kurt instantly dropped into one of the chairs, curling up like a cat and letting out a breath.

"I come here sometimes, to get away from everything. Mrs. Adam, the librarian, doesn't ask any questions."

Blaine nodded, walking forward as Kurt made room for him to sit next to.

"I'm just..." Kurt said quietly, wrapping an arm around Blaine's neck as he rested his head on Blaine's chest. "Just really tired."

Blaine nodded against his head, wrapping his arms around Kurt. "I've got you. You can sleep."

**

Blaine ended up nodding off soon after Kurt, not waking up until the end of last period.

The boys quickly made their way over to glee club and the moment they walked in, Santana and Puck pounced.

"Geez, were you two marathon fucking?"

"Hummel finally put out! Good job, my man."

Kurt and Blaine ignored them both and walked up to their seats, hands swinging between them, making a few of the girls grin and, in Mercedes' case, squeal.

"I knew it! It was only a matter of time before you made a move on my boy."

Blaine had the decency to blush but Mercedes reached over patted his knee. "It's okay. I approve. You guys are totally adorable."

"*Mercedes*," Kurt hissed, face turning red which caused her to laugh.

"What? I'm just calling it like it is. You've got some serious arm candy now, boo. Embrace it."

Blaine smirked and leaned over to whisper into Kurt's ear. "I agree with her. You really should embrace it."

"I'm ignoring you both now."

Mr. Schue walked in as Blaine and Mercedes laughed, making him look up to see the two boys holding hands. He said nothing, but smiled kindly at Kurt, who smiled back in return.

**

After that, they fell into a routine of constantly holding hands trying to meet up as quick as possible to not only stem the pain, but to make sure Karofsky didn't mess with them.

They would sit close together at lunch and their friends accepted them instantly, surprised that it took them *this* long to finally get together, but all agreeing that they were happy for the two boys.

In the afternoons they would go to their respective homes and do their work as quickly as possible, before the pain got to be too much and thinking became an impossibility.

Blaine came over for dinner some nights, Burt and Carole agreeing once Kurt privately told them that Blaine's home life wasn't all that great at the moment and he could really do with being with them and being happy for a few hours.

At night, like clockwork, Blaine would be at his window by midnight, crawling through effortlessly and creating a routine of Kurt turning down the bed while Blaine closed the window and locked the door.

Sometimes Blaine would bring textbooks with him, both deciding to do homework together so they could get work done and actually *think* without their brains threatening to implode.

Other times they fell right into bed, the day leaving them too exhausted to do more than curl around each other and kiss goodnight.

Some nights Blaine just couldn't get away or Burt was in protective mode, telling Kurt he would be randomly checking his room at night, so keep the door open." Those were the times that Kurt would fling himself into Blaine's arms the moment they saw each other the next morning and they would skip half the day to sleep in the library wrapped around each other.

It was strange, what they had, but it worked.

It was a random Saturday night about two and a half months later when Blaine cautiously decided to bring up the topic of Kurt's mother.

It was one of the few things they rarely talked about. Kurt wouldn't ask about his dad and in turn, Blaine wouldn't ask about his mom. The only times they did was when the person involved brought it up directly, like Kurt mentioning a song on the radio that reminded him of his mother or Blaine saying his father had stopped by to pick up a few things and steadfastly ignored Blaine's very existence.

Those nights usually resulted in Burt knocking on the door saying Kurt was late for school and Blaine nearly falling out of the bed.

Tonight though, tonight Blaine felt like asking.

"Kurt?"

"Hmm?"

"Tell me... Tell me about your mom?"

He felt Kurt stiffen in his arms and he was prepared for Kurt to deflect the question, to say he was tired and wanted to sleep.

Instead, Kurt sat up and turned to face him. "What do you want to know?"

It was like suddenly a road of endless questions popped into Blaine's mind, a new channel opening and flooding him with curiosities he never really knew existed.

One questions stood out in particular though.

"How did she die?" It was asked quietly, lower than a whisper, but the words were like a gunshot.

They'd been together for almost three months, known each other longer, but never once had Blaine brought it up.

Kurt stayed quiet, his eyes downcast and fingers playing with the hem of his pajama pants.

“Kurt?”

“Car accident,” he said finally, keeping his eyes down. “It was a car accident.”

Blaine nodded, hand reaching out to grab Kurt’s, the other boy quickly grabbing at it and weaving their fingers together.

“She was... I was eight, and we were driving home from my dance class. I had just... I got a part in this play and I was *so* excited so I started kicking the back of her seat.

“She took her eyes off the road to look at me through the rearview to get my attention and to ask me a question but by the time I looked up at her—”

Kurt cut himself off, fingers digging tightly into Blaine’s skin as he squeezed his eyes shut, his body folding in on itself.

“Kurt...”

“She took her eyes off the road because of me and didn’t see the yellow light turn red or the tractor-trailer that slammed right into us.”

Blaine swallowed and frowned at his boyfriend, hearing the anger and self-loathing in every word.

“It was my fault, Blaine. It was my stupid fault and yet I’m here and she’s not. How is that fair? Why do I get to live while she had to die? Why did my dad have to lose his wife? Just... *Why?*” He didn’t realize he was crying until he felt Blaine’s thumb on his cheek wiping away a tear and his hand coming up to tug him closer. Kurt moved willingly, until his body was collapsed into Blaine’s.

“I’m so sorry, Kurt. I’m sorry you had to go through that and I’m sorry about your mom. But you have to know it *isn’t* your fault. You were just a little kid, Kurt. And besides,” Blaine reached down to tilt Kurt’s chin gently, looking him in the eye, “I know that if she had a choice, she would have *wanted* you to live. For you and for her.”

Kurt stayed quiet, but the anger was leaving his eyes.

“I wish she could have met you.”

Blaine squeezed Kurt a little tighter, resting his head against Kurt’s hair. “I wish I could have met her too.”

“She would’ve loved you.”

Blaine smiled against his hair before Kurt pulled away, getting out of bed and dropping to his knees, digging under the bed.

He came up a moment later with a black circular box and dropped it onto the bed before crawling back over to Blaine and pulling the box towards them, opening the lid.

Inside of the box were dozens of different things: ticket stubs, receipts, pieces of fabric and empty perfume bottles. And pictures. Countless pictures.

“These were all my mom’s. My dad let me have them when I was nine and would constantly snoop in his room for things that belonged to her.

Blaine looked inside, seeing some things old and worn with age, pictures ripped and papers crinkled, the ink rubbed away on some pieces of paper.

Kurt dug through the box a second before pulling out a picture of a woman holding a baby.

“That’s me and my mom.” Kurt said quietly as Blaine stared down at the photo.

The resemblance was easy to spot: the woman smiling up at the camera had the same blue eyes and jaw structure, the same nose. He could even see Kurt in her smile if he looked hard enough.

Blaine put the picture down before picking another up, looking to Kurt to explain it. “That’s my mom and her sister, Lydia. It was my mom’s birthday. I was two.”

Blaine picked up another and they spent the rest of the night like that, Blaine choosing a photo and Kurt explaining the story behind it.

Some were of Kurt’s mother Elizabeth with her family. Others were of his mom and dad together. The most, though, were of Kurt and his mom.

Photos ranging from the day Kurt was born up until his eight birthday. Pictures of birthday parties, playing in the snow and splashing in the ocean, pictures of Kurt and Elizabeth dancing around and cooking, candids of Kurt sleeping on his mother's chest while her fingers stroked through his hair. Each one had a story and each one made Kurt smile, his fingers playing over the figures in the photographs before he put them down and turned to another.

After a while Kurt just told Blaine stories, told him of how his mom encouraged him to follow his dreams and do whatever he wanted.

Kurt told him of the stories his mom would tell him at night before bed, how he wondered if he could find a prince and live happily ever after like the people in the fairytales would.

When Blaine laughed happily and asked if he had found his prince, Kurt could do nothing but smile and nod.

That was when a thought hit him and he turned, looking over at his boyfriend.

"Hey Blaine?"

"Yeah, babe?"

And really, Kurt couldn't help the flutter in his stomach at the endearment, absolutely *adoring* it when Blaine called him that.

"Do you... believe in soulmates?"

Blaine stayed quiet, brows furrowing in confusion before he shrugged, "I don't know... I, um... never really thought about it? Why do you ask?"

"Just..." Kurt sighed, already feeling his face heat up in embarrassment, "Okay, you're going to think this is... really stupid, but—"

"Kurt?"

"Hmm?"

“Just spit it out, I won’t judge you.”

Kurt looked up to see the sincerity written all over Blaine’s face, which gave him what he needed to continue on.

Kurt nodded, “Well, when I was little... I got really sick. My mom stayed home with me the whole time. I missed a week of school and she missed work. My dad actually got kinda upset. He said they should’ve just hired a sitter or something.”

Flashback

“Liz, you really think you should be missing a week of work?” Burt asked quietly as they walked into their son’s room.

Elizabeth Hummel simply shrugged, smiling down at her boy when he blinked his eyes open tired.

“Who will take care of him when you’re not around?” Burt asked again, leaning against the door jab.

Kurt’s ears perked up at that. Her not being around wasn’t even a thought in his head. It just... The very thought of his mom not being there was *insane*.

Elizabeth brushed the hair away from Kurt’s face as she smiled down at him, earning a small smile in return. “When that time comes, he’ll have someone who will stay with him and take care of him. Whether he’s sick or sad and lonely or just needs someone to hold him and talk to him, he’ll have someone, no matter what.”

“Who will that be mommy?” Kurt asked quietly, his voice hoarse from coughing so much.

She smiled down at him, caressing his cheek before leaning down to kiss his forehead. “Your soulmate.”

End flashback

Blaine looked Kurt over after he finished speaking, letting Kurt’s words sink in.

“So you think...”

Kurt nodded, finally looking over at Blaine again. "I've given it a lot of thought."

Blaine nodded back, thinking things over.

"What if," Kurt started, hesitation in his voice, "What if that's why we're like this? Because we're *soulmates* or whatever?"

Blaine shrugged, reaching over to grab Kurt's hand, "If we are soulmates, then I guess I'm glad I found you now."

Kurt bit his lip. "But what if we're not? What if we're only with each other because of the bond and it's making us *think* that we want to be with together when really it's just self-preservation?"

Blaine stayed quiet, choosing to instead close the box and put it on the nightstand next to him.

"Kurt let's not... let's not *question* this right now, okay? You're happy with me, right?"

Kurt nodded instantly, reaching out to give Blaine's hand a quick squeeze.

"And I'm *really* happy with you. So, for now, that's all that really matters to me. It's all that really *should* matter."

Kurt sighed slightly but nodded again, agreeing with what Blaine said.

They both laid down, exhaustion suddenly hitting them after the emotional night they had had.

Blaine reached over to turn off the lamp before holding Kurt close and kissing his forehead.

Kurt heard Blaine humming quietly and just before he nodded off, he recognized it as the same song his mom used to sing to him before bed.

**

Blaine got home early Sunday morning, managing to make it up to his bedroom and change just before his mom woke up.

“Good morning, Blaine,” she said quietly, leaning up to kiss his cheek as he walked into the kitchen.

“Morning, Mom,” he replied, turning his face slightly to return the kiss to her cheek, tendrils of pain already beginning to snake their way into his veins.

“How’re you holding up? With everything, I mean,” she asked when they sat down, setting a mug of milk and coffee down in front of Blaine on the table.

He shrugged as he sat, trying to keep the grimace off his face as his stomach lurched. “Okay, I guess. Why?”

Christina Anderson looked her son up and down for a moment before looking him in the eye. “You just seem... different, lately. Is there something you’re not telling me?”

Blaine froze, pain momentarily forgotten, unable to tear his eyes away from his mother.

He knew his father’s stance on everything, but Blaine was still unsure about his mother. Sure, she loved him, and he guessed that automatically meant that she must’ve accepted him... but still. He didn’t know how she’d react to knowing about Kurt.

“Blaine? Does this have anything to do with why you’re out so often all of a sudden?”

He finally looked away, staring at the light brown liquid in his mug, watching the way the swirls of steam floated off of it and disappeared into the air.

After a long moment he nodded slowly, afraid to look back up again.

To his surprise, he felt his mother’s hand cover his own, making him glance up, anxiety eating away at him.

“It’s okay, Blaine,” she said quietly, reassuringly, trying to coax whatever it is he wanted to say out of him.

“It’s, um... Well, I... Kurt. H-His name is Kurt.”

He looked back into his mother’s eyes and watched as various emotions flickered through her expression.

When Blaine didn't detect any anger or revulsion, he continued on, "He's in my Glee club and he has an *amazing* voice and he's a really great guy and—" He stopped himself, suddenly aware that he had gone from cautious to rambling.

Blaine was once again surprised to hear a small laugh come from his mother's lips as she grasped his hand firmly in his. "Can I meet him?"

"I—really?"

His mother nodded, sincerity clear on her face.

She wanted to meet him.

She wanted to meet his *boyfriend*.

"I, uh... Yeah, okay. Sure. Later today then?" Blaine said quickly, his eyes still wide and disbelief in his voice.

His mother nodded again before she stood suddenly, and was on his side of the table and wrapping her arms around him.

"I'm not your father, Blaine. Please don't forget that."

And with that, she kissed his hair and walked away.

**

When Blaine called Kurt and told him the news, he could almost *feel* his boyfriend's happiness pouring through the phone.

"That's amazing, Blaine! I'm really so happy for you."

Blaine smiled as he laid on his bed, eyes closed and breathing slowly through the pounding in his skull.

"How're you? Like... on a scale of one to ten?" Blaine asked quietly, knowing his mother was still in the house.

"... Um, four? Maybe five. It's... It's not too bad yet. I can hold out a little longer."

Blaine nodded, mentally calculating that it had been about three and a half hours since he'd last been with Kurt.

"All right... I'll let my mom know. Come over in like an hour or two?"

Kurt agreed and they said their goodbyes.

Once he hung up, Blaine decided to see what his mother was up to and to let her know that Kurt was okay with coming over.

"Hey mom, Kurt said he'd love to—"

Blaine stopped dead when he turned the corner and saw his father standing in the kitchen, his mother sitting at the table watching him anxiously.

Richard Anderson looked his son up and down with a hard stare. "And who's *Kurt*, Blaine."

Blaine swallowed, steeling himself, resisting the urge to glare at the man in front of him. "My boyfriend."

Blaine saw the changes instantly, the way his father's face turned into a sneer, his body stiffening.

"I won't have a queer in my home."

Blaine clenched his jaw, fists hard at his sides. "You already *do*. And besides, this isn't your *home*. You *left us*, remember."

Richard slammed his hand down hard on the counter before turning bodily towards Blaine, taking a few steps towards his son.

"You do *not* speak to me like that, young man. Do I make myself clear?"

Blaine stared up at his father, his pounding headache forgotten in favor of the defiance and anger swirling through him.

"Then don't speak about me and my *boyfriend* like that."

He was treading on dangerous ground, he knew that, but he had to get the words out.

"You're a disgrace, Blaine Anderson."

"And you're *pathetic*," Blaine bit out through clenched teeth.

He expected it. Hell, he was practically asking for it. But it still came as a surprise when his father roughly shoved him up against the hallway wall, his fists clenched around Blaine's shirt.

"You can't beat it out of me, Dad!" Blaine said angrily, waiting for the first blow.

It never came, however, because his mother was finally up and breaking them apart, roughly shoving Richard off Blaine and standing in front of her son protectively.

"Leave."

"What?"

"You heard me, Richard. I said *leave*. You can come back and get your things when Blaine isn't here."

He started at them both angrily before letting out a huff of air and turning, slamming the door in his wake.

Christina stared at the door for a few moments before turning, cupping Blaine's face. "Are you all right?"

Blaine nodded, everything that just happened crashing into him, making him even dizzier than he already was.

"Sweetie, maybe you should s—"

Blaine shook his head, shrugging her off as he stepped to the side, "Kurt will be here soon. I'm gonna... I'm gonna get ready," he said quietly, leaving before she had a chance to respond.

The doorbell rang about a half hour later and Blaine answered the door, relief washing through him the second he saw Kurt, his arms automatically moving forward to hug Kurt's body close to his, the pain blissfully seeping away.

A cleared throat behind them made Kurt jump and blush as he pulled away from Blaine, making the other boy smile.

"Kurt, this is my mother. Mom, this is my boyfriend, Kurt Hummel."

Kurt stepped forward and smiled warmly, extending a hand. "Nice to meet you, Mrs. Anderson."

She shook his hand, a small smile forming on her lips as she returned the greeting. "Nice to meet you as well, Kurt. Please, make yourself at home."

"Thank you," he replied, stepping back to stay by Blaine's side.

Kurt glanced at his boyfriend and saw him smiling, but noticed something off with him.

Kurt scrunched his face in confusion, but decided to ask later.

The three of them moved to the living room before Christina began questioning him. "So, Kurt, Blaine tells me you're in Glee Club with him..."

**

The questioning went on for some time before Blaine decided to put Kurt out of his misery and state that he was hungry, spurring his mother into action.

The three of them ate lunch and spoke for a while longer before Christina looked at the time and gasped, "Oh, jeez, I completely forgot! Blaine, honey, I have to go to your Aunt Jen's to get some things."

Blaine nodded, looking to Kurt to explain, "Jennifer is my mom's sister. She lives in Columbus."

"It's all right. I should be heading home soon anyways."

Christina nodded before looking back to Blaine. "Will you be all right for dinner?"

Blaine said he'd be fine as they both looked back to Christina who was grabbing her keys and looking into the mirror quickly, "Kurt, it was so nice to meet you. You're welcome here anytime, dear."

Kurt smiled, shaking her hand once again, "Thank you; I had a wonderful time, Mrs. Anderson."

She smiled in return before leaning over to kiss Blaine's cheek. "I'll be back later. You're okay, right?"

Blaine nodded, the composure he fought so hard to keep up the whole afternoon crumbling as he looked down suddenly, confusing Kurt further.

"Bye, boys."

They both said goodbye and once the door closed, the room was eerily silent.

"Blaine?"

Blaine sighed and closed his eyes, leaning forward to rest his head in his hands.

"Blaine, please talk to me?"

He took in a deep breath before turning his head to look at Kurt. "My dad was here before."

Kurt sucked in a breath, concern on his face. "What happened?"

Blaine shook his head, standing quickly when Kurt's hand landed on his shoulder. "I just... really fucking hate him."

"Blaine..." Kurt said quietly, now standing as well.

"He found out about you and called me a disgrace. Slammed me into that wall there," he said darkly, tilting his head towards the hallway.

"I just fucking hate him, Kurt. I really do. Like, what the *hell* does he fucking know about relationships or love or any of that shit? He treats the people in his life like garbage and just... *god*, I *hate* him!"

Kurt could literally feel the anger flowing off Blaine in waves and he was trying to figure out a way to defuse it all.

"I love you," Blaine said suddenly, making Kurt freeze and his eyes widen because *what?*

"B-Blaine—"

"No. Fuck him and what he thinks is and isn't right. He can't fucking *say* that shit. I love you, a *boy*, and he has to fucking *deal with it*."

Kurt's mind was spinning.

It's what he wanted, what he always wanted, and yet he just couldn't hear it.

He couldn't believe it.

"Blaine. Stop."

Blaine looked at him incredulously. "What?"

"S-Stop saying that. Please."

"Kurt - "

"Just *stop* it, okay. You don't love me."

He just couldn't, it was impossible. After months it was still hard for Kurt to believe that Blaine wanted to *be* with him, even if it *was* for the betterment of both of them.

But for Blaine to *love* him?

Even Kurt wasn't that dumb.

"Kurt, how can you say that?"

Kurt crossed his arms over his chest, stance suddenly defensive. “How can *I* say that? You don’t *love* me, Blaine. You’re just saying that because of our situation and because it messes with how we fucking *feel*.”

“No, Kurt, that’s not—”

“Tell me, Blaine. If we weren’t fucking... *connected*, or whatever, would you be here? Right now? Telling me all this?”

Blaine stayed silent, confusion and hurt written on his face.

Kurt took his silence as confirmation. “Yeah, that’s what I thought.”

Kurt tried to walk past him but Blaine caught his arm. “Kurt, wait!”

“Get off!” Kurt pulled away angrily.

“Dammit, Kurt, what about—”

Kurt cut him off again, already at the door. “I’ll risk it tonight. I need space Blaine, I need to be alone.”

And with that he was gone, the door shutting in front of Blaine, the sound of a car starting hitting his ears a moment later as he stood and stared at the door.

**

Blaine didn’t eat dinner. Instead, he went straight to bed, lying in the same spot as the pain slowly crept up on him and escalated throughout the night until he could barely breathe.

Even though it was literally *killing* him to stay away, however, he did it anyway. He did it because Kurt asked him to.

Kurt, who refused to believe Blaine loved him.

He didn’t even know *why* he told Kurt at that moment. He certainly didn’t mean to.

But it just... happened, came out of him like word vomit.

And just because he didn't expect it to happen didn't make it any less true.

He loved Kurt. He loved Kurt with every fiber of his being and with absolutely everything he had.

He didn't care about the stupid bond because he knew it had nothing to do with how he felt.

He *loved* Kurt.

And Blaine would do whatever it took to make him realize it.

With that thought resolute in his mind, Blaine pushed through the mind-numbing pain to get ready and go to school (he didn't even bother attempting to eat something, knowing he would just be throwing it back up in a matter of minutes).

He got to McKinley in record time and made his way to Kurt's locker, slumping down next to it and breathing deeply, telling himself it would only be a matter of time before he saw the other boy.

Even if he was still upset with him, Kurt *had* to see him. They could go on ignoring each other all day, Blaine didn't care, as long as Kurt touched him and they got better. He wanted it for himself almost as much as he wanted it for Kurt.

The thing is, Kurt never came.

The first bell rang and Blaine stood shakily, making his way over slowly to his first period, hoping maybe Kurt would be sitting in his seat.

He wasn't.

He wasn't in his second class either.

Blaine continuously texted him and got equally frustrated and anxious as the time went by and he got no answer.

By his third class, Blaine could barely move, stumbling into a desk towards the front of the class and his vision blurring dangerously.

“Mr. Anderson, are you all right?”

Blaine couldn't answer. His blood felt like acid running through his veins and he was afraid that if he opened his mouth he would vomit his fucking *intestines*.

When Blaine didn't answer the second time his teacher called him, someone tapped him on his shoulder.

Blaine couldn't remember the student's name but suddenly he was standing and someone was helping him walk out of the classroom and down the hall towards the nurse.

The entire time Blaine fought to keep conscious, the only thing keeping him moving was a litany of *Kurts* repeating through his brain.

Part Six

Kurt woke up feeling horrible.

Not only because of the nausea sweeping through him, but because of how he left things with Blaine.

He didn't mean to walk out on him, but he *couldn't* stay.

His whole life he was talked down to and told he was worthless, so to get a boyfriend was a shock enough, let alone the circumstances of how it came to be in the first place.

But for Blaine to *love him*? He still couldn't wrap his head around it.

It just... It had to be because of the bond. Right?

It was all so utterly confusing, but one thing was still sure. He *needed* Blaine.

Kurt groaned as he sat up and got dressed for school. He was finishing up lacing his boots when he heard glass shattering in the kitchen.

"Dad?" Kurt called. When he got no answer, he stood up in confusion.

He then heard Carole scream and Kurt bolted, flinging his door open and running down the hall, shouting out his stepbrother's name and banging on his door on the way. His phone left completely forgotten on his bed.

Kurt stopped dead when he saw his father lying on the floor and Carole kneeling next to him crying.

Finn came barreling in after Kurt moments later. "What's going—Oh my god."

"Call 911, now!" Carole yelled, making Finn jump.

Kurt couldn't move, his body was frozen in shock as he stared down at his father's prone form on the ground. From the angle, Kurt couldn't even tell if he was still breathing.

Finn must have made the call because a few minutes later, there was a hand on Kurt's shoulder and comforting words being mumbled next to his ear that had no meaning to him.

He suddenly couldn't think about the pain shooting through his body or Blaine's hurt face when he walked out the door.

He couldn't hear anything other than the rushing of blood to his ears and couldn't see anything other than his father's motionless body a few feet away from him.

**

Kurt didn't remember the ambulance ride.

He didn't remember Carole holding his hand or Finn's guiding hand on his shoulder as they went to the waiting room and then an ICU room.

He certainly didn't remember the pain ratcheting through him, getting worse by the minute.

He remembered the smell, though. Remembered the sharp antiseptic and the way it burned in his lungs.

He remembered the sounds, the inconsistent beepings and the artificial breathing.

He remembered swearing to himself that he would never walk into the hospital again, never wanting to be in the building that changed his life forever. And yet here he was.

He was having a hard time differentiating the so-similar memories of eight years ago with what was going on in the present.

They sat there for hours. Kurt staying silent as his body rebelled against him.

It hurt to blink and to breathe; to simply turn his head was excruciating, so Kurt stayed still, taking regulated breaths every ten seconds and blinking every five, like a robot. The counting helped him stay sane as he watched his father, willing even his *finger* to move.

Carole and Finn left for a few minutes, Finn deciding to get them both some coffee, Kurt declining the offer to move.

There was a knock on the door and Kurt tensed, his hand tightening on his father's. He was not going to move, doctors be damned.

"Come in," Kurt called warily, eyes focused on his dad.

"Kurt."

Kurt gasped, turning his head so fast he was surprised he didn't get whiplash.

Blaine was standing in the doorway, looking pale and exhausted, worry and relief battling in his eyes.

He crossed the room in five steps before stopping in front of Kurt, looking down at him sadly.

"Blaine..." Kurt said quietly before reaching up to fist the material of Blaine's shirt tightly in his grasp and *pulling*.

Blaine went down easily, dropping to his knees and wrapping his arms tightly around Kurt as the younger boy cried harshly into his shirt.

The pain from being separated drained away but Kurt cried harder, his own pain and fear for his father replacing them and shaking him to his core.

They stayed like that for a few minutes, Blaine holding Kurt tightly against him and rocking slightly while Kurt clung back just as hard, trying in vain to stop crying.

When Finn and Carole returned, Blaine was still wrapped around Kurt, who had his face burrowed into his boyfriend's chest, arms trapped between them.

They said nothing, Finn leaving the room for a moment only to come back with a fourth chair that he placed as close to Kurt's as he could. Blaine looked at him appreciatively, staying on the ground for a few more minutes before Kurt let go of him and sniffed, nodding minutely.

Blaine kissed his temple before moving to sit next to him, moving his hand down to hold Kurt's firmly in his. Kurt's other hand immediately crept onto the bed and held his father's.

He felt Blaine squeeze his hand and he squeezed back, wanting nothing more than for his other hand to be squeezed as well.

**

It was an hour later before anyone spoke, Carole's quiet voice shattering Kurt's concentration on the steady rise and fall of Burt's chest.

"Kurt, honey, why don't you stretch your legs? Maybe get something to eat?" She asked him, looking at her stepson concernedly.

When he didn't answer, Carole moved her gaze to Blaine's pleadingly. He nodded minutely before tugging gently on Kurt's hand. "Come on babe, we'll just be ten minutes, I promise. We both have our phones on us if needed, okay?" he said gently, as if talking to a scared animal.

Again, Kurt stayed quiet, but after a few seconds he stood, grip becoming impossibly tight on Blaine's as the older boy led them out of the room.

Blaine walked them down the hallway, past the doctors and the nurses and past the rooms full of patients, past the beeping of machines and past the despairing looks of the people in the waiting room.

He led Kurt to the cafeteria and sat him down in one of the farthest booths before going up to the registers to buy something. He came back a few minutes later with two bottles of water and a sandwich, pushing them over towards Kurt, who didn't make a move for them.

They sat in silence for a while before Kurt finally spoke up, his eyes still on the table. "How did you know?"

The question came as a surprise, Blaine needing a moment to process the words before speaking just as quietly. "I, uh... I didn't. Not really."

Kurt finally glanced up at him to see guilt on Blaine's face as he scratched the back of his neck. "I... I almost passed out by third period, so someone took me to the nurse. We were lucky enough to pass Rachel on the way and when I begged her to tell me where you were she just said, 'You don't know?!' and then proceeded to tell me that you and Finn were here in the hospital and why.

"After that I made the guy that was helping me go back to class and I just left the building and came straight here."

He ended with a shrug, fingers picking at the label on the water bottle to give his hands something to do.

"I'm sorry."

Blaine looked up into Kurt's eyes to see remorse there, making him take his hands away from the bottle and reach over to grab one of Kurt's.

"You have *nothing* to be sorry for, Kurt."

"But I do!" he argued, pulling his hand away. "I mean, I ran out on you like a total asshole and left you alone all night and then I didn't go to school so I let you get hurt. And I didn't even *call* you to let you know! And you *drove* here. Blaine, are you crazy?! You could've been killed and then I would've been left—" Kurt's voice was getting higher and higher with each word, the words beginning to slur together until Kurt's rant turned into sobs, making Blaine get up and sit next to him quickly, gathering Kurt into his arms.

"I can't *lose* you. And. And I can't lose *him*, and dammit, Blaine, *why is this happening?!*" Kurt all but yelled into his shirt, causing people a few tables away to look at the two warily.

"Shh, shh, Kurt, it's okay, I'm okay. And everything with your dad *will* be okay. *None* of this is your fault, you have to believe that."

Kurt hiccupped a sob as he clung harder to Blaine's shirt. Part of him should've been embarrassed that this was the second time in less than an hour that he was crying into his boyfriend's shirt, but the other part of him just didn't even *care*.

"And I'm never leaving you, Kurt. So please stop thinking that."

Kurt closed his eyes against Blaine's words, wanting so badly to believe them, to believe that this boy would always be by his side, whether or not he was forced to because of some bond that was beyond either of their comprehensions.

"Just," Blaine continued, rubbing soothing circles onto his back, breath warm against his neck, "try to believe that everything will be better. It *will* get better, Kurt, I promise."

After a few beats Kurt nodded, pulling away and sniffing.

Blaine reached up and wiped away the tear tracks on Kurt's cheeks with his thumbs, giving him a small reassuring smile before leaning in and kissing him gently.

Blaine loved this boy with his whole heart, and he would do absolutely anything he had to do for him.

**

The hours passed slowly, the hands on the clock almost mocking them as they moved at a sluggish pace.

Blaine had texted his mother to inform her on what was going on before he shut off his phone, sighing as he dropped it into his pocket. Carole called a few family members while Finn mass-texted the New Directions.

Kurt simply sat and watched his dad.

He had never stared at anything so intently in his life as he did his father. Kurt would look at his eyes, hoping for maybe a flutter of his eyelashes. He looked at his hands, hoping for a twitch of his fingers. But nothing ever happened and with each passing hour, Blaine could almost feel the hopelessness as it slowly consumed the boy next to him.

When nighttime came Finn went home, promising to bring them all back *actual* food. Carole decided to stay with her husband but left the room to walk her son out.

Kurt wanted to stay. He wanted to stay *badly*, but then he looked over at Blaine, who was slumped over in his chair, light purple bags beginning to form under his eyes, and Kurt knew that they should go home so Blaine could sleep.

"We should go."

"What?" Blaine asked, sitting up straight, eyes widening.

"Blaine, you're exhausted and I put you through hell today, so come on, we can sleep tonight and I'll just come back tomorrow once you're rested."

Blaine shook his head adamantly, crossing his arms over his chest. "No."

"Blaine," Kurt sighed, rubbing his hand down his face.

"No," Blaine said again, reaching over to grab Kurt's hand off his face. "Listen to me, Kurt. We are not leaving. *You* are not leaving your father's side. You're staying right where you are."

"But what about—"

"I'm staying too."

Kurt sighed his name again, his face falling.

"Kurt, you need to stay with your father and you need to stay with me, so I'm staying also. I'm not going to *leave* you just for sleep. Please don't worry about me. And besides, I'd want to stay with you even if we weren't connected."

Kurt looked him in the eyes for a long moment, brows furrowed.

"I'm not leaving you, Kurt. We're staying here. Together." Blaine said again quietly but in an absolute tone, squeezing his hand before letting go and settling back into his chair, tipping his head against the wall and closing his eyes.

Kurt continued to stare at him, confusion swirling through him.

Blaine... Blaine wanted to *stay*. He was willing to spend the night (after already spending the entire *day*) in a small hospital room with Kurt because *Kurt* wanted to stay, not because they had to stay together.

Why?

"Why?" Kurt asked allowed, voice small, almost afraid of the answer.

“Because I love you,” Blaine said simply, keeping his eyes closed.

Kurt was struck with the answer, everything around him seeming to freeze.

Blaine loved him.

Blaine *loved* him.

The realization was like a punch to the gut the way it hit him because Blaine... Blaine loved him.

And he was pretty sure he was starting to love him back.

**

It took a while to convince the hospital staff to not only let Kurt stay but Blaine as well, but with some persuasion from Carole, both boys were allowed to stay.

Carole and Blaine fell asleep a short time later, a glance at the clock ticking on the wall showed Kurt that it was a little past one am.

But he couldn't sleep.

Actually, he refused to.

The last time he fell asleep in a hospital he lost his mother and he was *not* about to let the same thing happen again.

So instead, Kurt continued doing what he had been for hours.

Staring.

But this time he changed it up, looking at his father every few minutes before turning his head to look at the boy next to him, asleep but still gripping Kurt's hand tightly in his lap.

Blaine's words kept echoing in Kurt's head, *I love you I love you I love you* repeating like a mantra.

It was a little past four when movement across the bed made Kurt look up, Carole's eyes blinking open slowly before connecting with Kurt's as she gave him a small, sad smile.

"Have you slept any, sweetie?"

Carole took Kurt's silence as a no and sighed quietly as she glanced over at Blaine, her eyes landing on the way he held onto Kurt's hand even in his sleep.

"That boy really cares about you, you know."

She said it matter-of-factly, like it was the most obvious thing on the planet and Kurt's eyes widened minutely at her before glancing over at Blaine, squeezing his hand gently. "Yeah. I know," he breathed out, smilingly slightly despite himself.

She nodded. "He's really good for you too. I'm happy for you, Kurt. I'm really happy."

Kurt looked up at her again, seeing the genuine expression on her face. He smiled, a real *actual* smile, for the first time in days.

"Thank you, Carole."

**

Kurt and Blaine skipped school for the rest of the week (which kind of upset Kurt, since he didn't feel right having Blaine miss school for him. But Blaine shut him up quickly, saying there was no way he was leaving Kurt's side unless absolutely necessary.)

They all took turns going home (Finn was nice enough to drop by Blaine's house to pick up some clothes for him to have at the Hummel's house since it was closer to the hospital) and would sleep in shifts at the house.

It was Sunday, six days later, when Burt finally woke up.

It was close to 10PM, and once again Kurt, Blaine, and Carole were in the room (they had gone home the night before with Finn keeping vigil in the hospital).

Carole was watching the news on the TV mounted on the wall quietly while Kurt and Blaine sat together, slumped in their chairs next to the bed.

As always, Kurt held one of his father's hands and Blaine held the other, the later drawing nonsensical patterns on his palm while Kurt tried to stay awake, eyelids growing heavy.

That was when he felt it. Something so faint he was probably imagining it but it still made him snap upright, startling Blaine.

"Ku—"

Kurt shushed him, staring down intently at his father. Carole hit the mute button on the tv and looked over, confusion and anxiety warring in her expression.

"D-Dad?" Kurt asked quietly, voice shaking, hand trembling in Blaine's grasp.

"Dad? C-can you hear me? It's me... Kurt. Dad? Please?" He asked again, staring hard down at the hand in his.

And then it happened again.

He felt the slightest amount of pressure on his hand and heard Carole gasp, which meant she saw it too.

Which meant it was real.

Which meant Burt was conscious.

Blaine stood up suddenly and went to the door, sticking his head out and calling for a nurse quickly, one appearing a few moments later.

"What's going—oh!" The nurse said in surprise, seeing the hand Kurt was holding curled slightly, Burt's eyelids beginning to flutter.

The nurse ran out to get a doctor and when two returned along with the nurse, Kurt was moved away from the bed.

He didn't realize he was crying until he felt Blaine's hands once again on his face, his thumbs wiping away his tears.

"Oh god," Kurt mumbled before burrowing his face into Blaine's shirt, the older boy's arms instantly coming up to wrap themselves around Kurt.

Carole moved next to them and put a hand on Blaine's shoulder to lead them out of the room to let the doctors work.

The three of them stood outside for a few minutes, Carole calling Finn to let him know Burt was awake, before one of the doctors came out to say he was stable but would probably fall asleep soon.

Carole rushed in immediately, her eyes shining with tears as she smoothed her hand over Burt's head, leaning down to kiss his forehead gently and whispering to him quietly.

Kurt still clung to Blaine and watched from the doorway, unable to move.

After a few moments Burt moved his gaze away from Carole and looked at Kurt, giving him a look that was equal parts loving and apologetic.

"Kurt..." Burt called out quietly, making him sob before he tore out of Blaine's grasp and raced the short distance across the room. He collapsed onto his knees by the bed and dropped his head to his father's chest, his eyes burning with tears.

"I'm so sorry, buddy," Burt said quietly, running one hand through Kurt's hair and the other over his back.

Kurt sniffed loudly but nodded before looking up, his eyes red and puffy.

Burt ran his hand gently down the side of Kurt's face and neck before gripping his shoulder and tugging until he was hugging Kurt as best as he could, Kurt's arms gently winding around his neck.

"I love you," Kurt said quietly, breathing in his father's scent, never wanting to take it for granted ever again.

"I love you too, Kurt."

**

Kurt doesn't let go of his dad's hand the entire time the doctor in the room rattles things off to Burt and Carole.

He doesn't even move when the nurses come in, he just pulls his chair in closer and makes them work around him.

It's difficult, but it works.

When Finn comes back Kurt is somewhat surprised to see the utter relief and *happiness* on his stepbrother's face. He knew that Finn loved him in some weird way, but this was the first time Kurt saw just how much Finn *loved* his father.

It brought a small smile to his lips.

He felt a tug on his hand and looked over at Burt. "Yeah?"

His dad smiled tired at him before nodding to the door. "Bud, why don't you go home and get some *actual* sleep?"

"But Dad—"

"Kurt. I promise you, I'm okay. And it would make me feel so much better to know that you got a good night's sleep *at home* for once this week. Please?"

Kurt stayed silent and Burt then flicked his gaze over to the boy next to him. "Thank you, by the way."

Blaine's eyes widened minutely before his face scrunched in confusion. "Sir?"

Burt shook his head, taking in a deep breath. "It's *Burt*, Blaine. And I know you've been here the whole time for my son and just... thank you, for that. It's nice to know that someone will be there to take care of him when I'm not able to."

Kurt didn't hear Blaine's reply through the sudden rush of blood pounding through his ears, his dad's words buzzing in his head as a memory from eight years ago filled his mind,

"When that time comes, he'll have someone who will stay with him and take care of him. Whether he's sick or sad and lonely or just needs someone to hold him and talk to him, he'll have someone, no matter what."

"Who will that be mommy?"

Elizabeth smiled down at him, caressing his cheek before leaning down to kiss his forehead, "Your soulmate."

"—urt? Kurt?"

Kurt sucked in a small breath, shaking his head a bit before looking up. "S-Sorry," he mumbled sheepishly.

"Kurt, I really want you to go home for the night, okay? Blaine will go with you so you're not alone and you can come back here first thing, all right?"

Kurt looked at Blaine before looking at his father. He bit his lip before giving a small nod of his head. "Okay, Dad."

Burt smiled and tugged Kurt's hand, making him move closer towards the bed so he could kiss Kurt's temple.

"Love you, Dad."

"Love you, too. You kids be safe driving home."

"We will Mr. Hu—Burt," Blaine answered, smiling gratefully at the man before tangling his fingers with Kurt's and leading them out of the room and out of the hospital.

Part Seven

The drive home was silent. Blaine offered to drive and Kurt relented easily, so he now had his head propped up against the window, staring at the darkness flying by the car while his mind was in a whirlwind.

He tried to get his thoughts in order before they arrived at the house.

First things first, Blaine loved him. *That* much he was pretty positive about.

Second, as... absolutely ridiculously *crazy* as it sounded, he was pretty sure Blaine was his *soulmate*. (And really, the more he thought of it, it didn't seem all that ridiculous at all, seeing as how he couldn't go more than ten yards away from the other boy without his body exploding in pain).

Speaking of that, the bond was the next thing on Kurt's mind. He still had no utter idea how it started, only that it *forced* him and Blaine together. But Blaine... His feelings for Kurt were real. He knew that now. He *accepted* it.

Blaine Anderson loved him. And that was that. End of.

Before he could continue on that train of thought, Blaine was pulling the keys out of the ignition and opening his door. Kurt followed suit and walked up the path with Blaine, opening the door for them and sighing as he closed it.

"You okay?" Blaine asked quietly, the dim glow from the living room light that was still on casting shadows across his skin.

Kurt nodded. "Just thinking, is all."

Blaine nodded as well before reaching over to grab Kurt's hand in his, "Kurt, I, um... I wanna... Can we talk? Please?"

Kurt furrowed his brow but agreed, allowing Blaine to tug him along until they were in his bedroom, closing the door behind them out of habit.

Blaine spun to face him, grabbing his other hand as well, kissing the knuckles on Kurt's left hand before holding them both close to his chest.

"Blaine?"

"Kurt, I just. I need to make this clear to you, okay? I have to... I have to make you *understand*."

Kurt looked at him confusedly but nodded, urging Blaine to continue.

"Just... I don't care about anyone else, Kurt, I don't *want* anyone else. *God*, I want *you*. I want to be *with* you, for however long you'll have me."

Kurt could feel Blaine's heart thundering from under his fingers still pressed tightly into Blaine's chest. It made his own heart skip a beat.

He was about to speak but Blaine shook his head, not yet finished.

"And just... God, *fuck* whatever this...*bond* is between us, okay? It could disappear tomorrow and I won't fucking care because it's not what's making me love you. It may be what brought us together, Kurt, but it's not why I want to *stay*. Please. You need to believe me. Just... please."

Kurt looked into Blaine's eyes and saw how scared he was, like he could absolutely destroy the other boy with just one word.

The blood was rushing to Kurt's ears again but this time it didn't matter.

Kurt already knew what to say.

He'd known what to say for a long time now, he was just afraid to admit it.

To *himself* and to Blaine.

But now he had to. He *had* to.

Keeping the words in any longer could very well kill him, he thought.

“I love you.”

The silence was immediate, even the sound of Blaine’s breathing disappearing, as if the whole world has frozen in time.

But then Blaine breathed out and blinked slowly, looking at Kurt as if he had never seen him before.

“You love me.” It wasn’t a question. It was barely even a statement, the way Blaine let the words out on a breath, the syllables no louder than the beating of Kurt’s heart.

Kurt swallowed loudly before nodding his head jerkily, his fingers subconsciously curling around the fabric of Blaine’s shirt.

“I love you,” Kurt repeated, affirming it, nodding a little for emphasis before speaking again, the words now tumbling out of his mouth before he could stop them, “I love you and I’m... I’m so sorry Blaine. I’m sorry for running out and calling you a liar and just not *accepting* your feelings. I knew all along that I loved you, I just... I couldn’t admit it and I couldn’t admit that you *did* love me because it scared the hell out of me because love means giving someone the power to break you right? Or something like that. But I’m sorry, and I’m an idiot and *god* I just *love you* and—”

His frantic words were cut off by Blaine leaning forward and kissing him, effectively stopping his incessant rambling.

Kurt let out a shaky breath when they broke apart, opening his eyes slowly to stare into Blaine’s.

“I love you,” Kurt said again. Now that he got the words out, he was having trouble trying to keep them in.

Before he could think, Blaine was on him again, harder this time, backing him up against the door.

Kurt groaned when Blaine’s hands went to his waist, gripping him tightly, refusing to let go. He sucked Kurt’s lower lip into his mouth, massaging and nipping at it, tugging it lightly with his teeth.

Kurt’s hands wove themselves tightly into Blaine’s hair when Blaine’s tongue ghosted over the seam of his mouth, asking for entrance which Kurt quickly gave.

He pushed them both away from the door without breaking the kiss, making out almost violently, *desperately*, pressing into each other *closerclosercloser*, as they stumbled onto Kurt's bed, Blaine on his back with Kurt following after him.

They had *done things* before, of course. They were both teenage boys who slept in the same bed together almost every single night for the past four months.

So to Kurt, this wasn't exactly new.

What *was* new, however, were the feelings coursing through him. If he didn't know any better, he would swear that his emotions were doubled, once for him, and once for Blaine.

Everything felt hotter, harder. He needed everything stronger, his body *craving* every press of Blaine's skin to his. He may very well die if Blaine were to decide to pull away at any moment.

He also felt so full of love and desire that he thought he might implode because of it.

It was overwhelming.

It was *amazing*.

Blaine broke the kiss and flipped them over before he went to work on his neck, Kurt all but groaning at the sensations swirling through him with every move Blaine made. his head began to spin as he felt the brush of Blaine's fingers against the buttons of his shirt, one by one pulling it open, his lips following his hands and kissing at the skin being revealed until he was at Kurt's navel and then coming back up to capture his lips again.

It was much too much and not *nearly* enough.

Kurt discarded his shirt, haphazardly throwing it somewhere across his room moments before gripping the hem of Blaine's shirt, the backs of his knuckles grazing the older boy's skin lightly, causing him to gasp as Kurt pulled the shirt up and off of his body.

Somewhere along the line they managed to get their pants off too and it was when Blaine had his index fingers tucked into the waistband of Kurt's briefs that they both pulled apart.

Kurt looked up into Blaine's eyes, registering in the back of his mind that the swirls of greens and browns made up his new favorite color.

He felt one of Blaine's hands slip away for a moment before it came up and brushed a few strands of hair away from his face, Blaine's eyes staring just as intently into his.

They were having a silent conversation, something they did many times that annoyed their friends to no end. They didn't know if it was because of the bond or not, but with Kurt and Blaine...they never really needed words. They could tell what the other was thinking with a glance.

But now Blaine was asking him something. Asking if this was okay, if he was ready. If *they* were ready.

Kurt nodded, keeping his eyes locked with Blaine's, conveying through his gaze how much he wanted it and how much he wanted it with *him*.

Kurt saw the moment it dawned on Blaine just what it was Kurt was consenting to. He saw the way Blaine's eyes widened minutely and the way his pupils grew, all but swallowing his irises.

Blaine licked his lips and nodded jerkily, leaning down to kiss him slowly before moving his hands back to where they were and pulling down Kurt's briefs before pulling off his own.

Everything was slow, precise, gentle, Blaine's touches like sparks to his system, leaving his heart jack-rabbing in his chest.

Blaine kissed and licked every inch of him while his hand stroked his dick maddeningly slow, fingers loose and teasing around him.

"B-Blaine," Kurt breathed out, chest heaving.

Blaine pulled his head away from a patch of skin at Kurt's hip, leaving what was bound to be a rather spectacular hickey, to look up at him.

Kurt noticed the glint in his eye, realized that he was getting off on the way he was slowly but surely breaking Kurt apart.

Kurt wanted to glare at him, wanted to return the favor and not make a real move until Blaine was *begging* but at that point he couldn't. He was too far gone to speak coherently let alone to tease his boyfriend mercilessly.

"God—*please*," Kurt groaned out, arching his back when Blaine tightened his fingers around him and pumped a few times, Blaine's thumb rubbing at the bundle of nerves underneath the head.

Blaine pulled away suddenly and Kurt whimpered (yes, he *whimpered*, but his seriously hot boyfriend moved away without warning mid-handjob, sue him). He was about to reach down and finish the job himself when Blaine returned and batted his hand away.

Kurt huffed in frustration and looked down, seeing Blaine drop a condom on the bed and opening a bottle of lube Kurt kept in drawer and *oh*, now Blaine moving away made more sense.

Blaine dripped lube onto the fingers of his right hand, rubbing them together to warm it up before looking up at Kurt.

Kurt's response was to simply widen his legs apart, self-consciousness having fled him ages ago and replaced with pure *need*.

Blaine slid his index finger into him slowly, groaning low in his throat when he pushed in all the way. He moved it in and out slowly before pulling back and pushing back in with two fingers, slower this time, watching Kurt's face for any signs of discomfort.

Blaine scissored his fingers, stretching Kurt open as painlessly as he could. His middle finger brushed across that spot inside of him that had Kurt arching his back off the bed again and seeing stars. Blaine hit it a few more times until Kurt was all but thrashing on the bed, his hair plastered to his forehead and his mouth hanging out a bit, sucking in as much oxygen as he could.

He added in a third finger and moved them quickly, both boys not being able to wait much longer. After a few strokes Kurt reached down to grab his hand and pull Blaine's fingers out of him.

"Blaine, please, I-I'm ready. Just... *god*, I *need* you," Kurt said quickly, breathlessly. Blaine noted that the blue of Kurt's eyes were darker now, his gaze hooded.

Blaine had to force himself to not just come then and there.

With shaky fingers he tore open the condom and rolled it on, spreading lube over himself before moving to hover over Kurt, his body a hair's breadth away from Kurt's.

He had to check. He had to be absolutely *sure* that this is what Kurt wanted.

Kurt seemed to understand because he brought a hand up and traced down Blaine's cheek and jaw gently, fingers ghosting over his skin before curling into the hair at the base of his neck and tugging him down gently.

Kurt kissed him slow, lovingly, kissed him like it was the most important thing in the world to be doing at that moment.

"I love you," Kurt breathed against his lips and into the kiss. Blaine swore to himself in that moment that he would never get tired of hearing those words coming out of this boy's mouth.

"I love you," Blaine whispered back, breaking the kiss and pressing his forehead against Kurt's, his eyes still closed.

He felt Kurt nod against him and he nodded back, tipping his head down to kiss him one more time before pulling his head up.

He lined himself up and pushed in slowly, staring into Kurt's eyes. He paused at every wince and leaned down to kiss him at every sharp intake of breath, stilling once he was completely inside, giving Kurt time to adjust even though every atom in his body was screaming at him to *move*.

After waiting a few moments he pulled out slowly before pushing back in, Kurt gasping, breathing out shakily and nodding his head quickly, giving Blaine the go-ahead.

Blaine moved quicker after that, pulling out almost all the way and pushing back in deeply, maneuvering Kurt's hips up slightly to change the angle, making them both groan when Blaine hit his prostate and Kurt clamped down on him hard.

Kurt's body arched to meet each of Blaine's thrusts, their ragged breathing mixed with sporadic, choked-off groans the only noise in the room.

Blaine moved one hand down to Kurt's cock and began to stroke him in earnest, pumping in time with his thrusts, making Kurt moan loudly with the overstimulation.

"I-I'm—" Kurt breathed out, cutting himself off with a curse.

"Come, Kurt. *Fuck*, I want to see you come so... *so* bad."

Kurt moaned again at that, scrunching his eyes shut.

"Look at me," Blaine growled out, fingers holding tightly to Kurt's thighs, sure his fingers will leave marks in the morning. "I want to see your face when you come."

Kurt opened his eyes to look at Blaine moments before he came, mouth hanging open and letting out a broken growl before he threw his head back, neck and chest glistening with a sheen of sweat as his heart pounded in his chest.

Blaine stroked him through it, Kurt's come splashing onto his hand and both of their stomachs, Kurt's chest heaving with the effort to gain his breath.

Blaine picked up the pace, slamming hard into the other boy, all thoughts of being gentle flying out the window.

Kurt reached down and grabbed Blaine's hand, keeping eye contact as he brought it up to his mouth. He kissed the tip of Blaine finger gently before running his tongue down it and licking at the come there.

Blaine's body lurched forward, moaning unabashedly as he watched his boyfriend lick and suck at his fingers and the crevices in between, licking away *his own* come off Blaine.

"Come for me, Blaine," Kurt whispered, voice absolutely fucking *wrecked* and being just what Blaine needed to go over the edge.

He came long and harder, harder than he thought possible, literally feeling like he came his goddamned *brains* out with the way his mind was suddenly fuzzy and his thoughts muddled.

He attempted to catch his breath as he pulled out, tying up and throwing the condom over the side of the bed where he was pretty sure he dropped his pants earlier, too exhausted to really care about much else at the moment.

Blaine collapsed half on top of Kurt, breaths still coming out short and body shaking slightly from exertion.

Kurt wrapped his arms around Blaine's shoulders tightly, a hand coming up to tangle gently into his hair, the other tracing random patterns on his back with the tips of his fingers, pressing into his skin so gently Blaine wondered for a moment if maybe he was imagining it.

Blaine nuzzled into the curve of Kurt's neck, resting on hand over his chest, his heart beating under Blaine's fingertips.

If he tried hard enough, he was pretty sure he could get his heart to sync up and beat in time with Kurt's.

He wanted to lie there forever. He wanted to stay in the quiet room for the rest of his life, wrapped around and senses filled so entirely with the boy underneath him that he wasn't sure where he ended and where the other began. It didn't matter, he didn't need to know. He wanted to have this feeling of such utter contentment because of this boy for the rest of his life.

Kurt started moving his fingers in his hair, massaging his head slowly and making his eyelids get heavy.

The last thought he had before allowing himself to fall asleep was that he really would be happy with having this for forever.

**

When they woke up early the next morning, they both had the identical fear that the other would freak out. Instead, Kurt cuddled closer into Blaine and Blaine tightened his arm around Kurt's waist, nuzzling his face into Kurt's hair as they tangled their legs together under the sheet.

Kurt kissed his chest before picking his head up, his eyes sleepy but bright. "Hi."

"Hi," Blaine mumbled back, voice hoarse. He blinked his eyes a few times before looking closely at Kurt, seeing nothing but love and happiness shining in his gaze.

Blaine leaned forward and kissed him lightly, just a gentle press of lips, before stretching slightly. Kurt covered up a yawn before turning over and glancing at the clock, seeing it was just past eight am.

“We should get going soon, to go see your dad.”

“Mhm,” Kurt agreed, his arm and leg tightening over Blaine.

They laid there for a few more moments, whispering inconsequential things to each other and trading light kisses before going together to take a shower.

Everything was slowly and lazy, both boys not wanting to rush anything.

They took turns washing each other’s hair, Blaine running his fingers through the strands of Kurt’s brown hair and Kurt laughing lightly at the way Blaine’s curls clung to his face so differently from his own hair.

They got dressed together, Kurt actually grabbing one of Blaine’s gray pull-over shirts and tossing it on without a second thought.

Blaine always did love when Kurt wore his clothes.

They finished getting ready and ate a quick breakfast, working together seamlessly, as if they had been doing all of these mundane things together their entire lives.

Soon they pulling into the hospital parking lot and getting visitor’s passes for Burt’s room.

Finn was asleep in the corner, his body sprawled haphazardly over the small chair he was in and Carole was out, probably getting coffee.

“Morning, Dad,” Kurt said quietly, a small smile on his face as he leaned down to kiss his father’s cheek.

“Hey, kid,” Burt replied, squeezing his hand. “Morning, Blaine.”

Blaine nodded. “Good morning si—Burt.”

They sat around for a while, various nurses coming and going to check on Burt’s vitals before Blaine’s phone vibrated.

He left the room for a moment to talk and when he came back his face looked guilty. "Hey babe, sorry, but I gotta go home for a bit. My mom needs help with some things."

Kurt nodded, already mentally preparing himself for the onslaught of pain he would soon be in.

"It's okay, see you later, yeah?" It was a formality more than anything, both boys knowing very well that they would be seeing each other again in a few hours at the latest.

Blaine agreed, leaning down to kiss him quickly. "Love you," he mumbled as he pulled away, smiling slightly before he realized he just said that in front of Kurt's *parents*.

Kurt thought nothing of it, smiling in return. "Love you too," he replied, looking at only Blaine.

It was only when the other boy was out the door did he turn to his parents, ready to face their questionings.

**

When Blaine got home he saw his mother surrounded by boxes. "I'm separating my things from your father's from the few boxes we still haven't unpacked. I wanted to make sure none of it was yours by mistake," she explained.

Blaine nodded and sat on the ground next to her, helping to separate things.

It wasn't until over an hour passed that he realized something. He wasn't in pain.

At all.

Just to test it he pressed lightly against his temple. Nothing.

He furrowed his brow but continued working, his mind racing over the possibilities of *why* this was happening.

He and his mother finished about two hours later, with three large piles in front of them: one Blaine's, one his mother's, and one his father's, "Otherwise known as trash if he doesn't get it within the week."

Blaine couldn't stop himself from grinning at her.

"All right. You can go on back now to Kurt. I know spending just a few hours apart must be killing you by now."

Blaine flushed but didn't deny her words, a small smile forming on his lips.

"He's really good for you, Blaine, don't let him slip away," she added quietly, reaching over to hug him to her side.

"I won't," Blaine promised, both him and herself. "I love him," he told her, conviction in his voice.

"Well, obviously," she replied, rolling her eyes. "Anyone with eyes—actually, scratch that, I think even *blind* people can tell how in love you two are."

It was now Blaine's turn to roll his eyes, doing so before leaning over to kiss her cheek. "I'll text you later."

She nodded, telling him that she sent well wishes to Burt before he left again.

The entire ride back was spent wondering just why the *hell* his head didn't feel like it was going to explode.

**

The moment he got back into the room Kurt grabbed his arm and pulled him right back outside, walking them into a deserted hallway before stopping.

"Were you in pain at all?" He asked, cutting to the chase.

Blaine blinked a few times before shaking his head slowly.

Kurt did the same, looking down at their shoes. "Yeah, me neither."

"Why?" Blaine asked, knowing that neither of them knew, but still needing to ask.

As expected, Kurt shrugged, crossing his arms over his chest. “Do you think maybe it’s a... I dunno, a fluke?”

Blaine shook his head, scrunching his face in confusion, “I don’t... I doubt it *works* that way, ya know? Maybe for whatever reason we had it, we don’t need it anymore?”

Kurt rolled Blaine’s words over in his head.

It made sense, he supposed.

Maybe the bond was meant to bring them together and now that they were, it was broken.

But... That meant that it would’ve been broken months ago, when they first started dating. Right?

Then what else could—

Kurt’s head shot up, eyes widening.

“What? What is it?”

“I love you.”

“I, um... love you too?” Blaine responded, confused as all hell.

Kurt shook his head. “No, our ‘I love you’s! What if that...what if that’s what broke the bond?”

Blaine furrowed his eyebrows again, “But... I told you that weeks ago, and—”

Again, Kurt shook his head. “*You* said it weeks ago. It took me until now to say it.”

They were quiet for a moment, both of them letting the information sink in. “So then...”

“Me both admitting that I loved you and *allowing* myself to be loved *by* you must have been the trigger.”

“So then... it’s gone? For good?”

Kurt shrugged. "I, uh, I guess so..." he answered quietly, again looking at the ground.

Blaine moved his hand forward and placed it under Kurt's chin, tilting his head up. "Hey. This doesn't change anything. Remember what I said last night? I don't *care* if the bond is gone. At all. As far as I'm concerned, you and I are bonded forever already anyway."

Kurt gave him a small smile before moving forward, Blaine's arms coming up to hug him. "I love you, Kurt. And that won't ever change."

"I love you too, Blaine."

**

That night, even though it wasn't needed, Blaine slept with Kurt in his room (if they were honest, Blaine would probably continue to sleep with Kurt for as long as he could).

They exchanged goodnight kisses and I love you's, curling closely to each other, tangling limbs and matching breathing patterns.

It was everything either of them had ever wanted.

When Kurt dreamed, he wasn't sure if it was a dream or a memory. He didn't care either way.

"Mommy?"

Elizabeth looked down at her son, smiling gently. "Yes sweetie?"

"How did the knight know where to find the princess? Like... How did he know she even needed him?" He asked, fingering the edge of their well-worn storybook.

"Because they're soulmates, and soulmates can always find each other no matter what."

"How?"

"Well... It's like they're... connected, by some invisible string, a really tight bond that keeps them close so they can always be together. Because once you find your true love, you should always be with them and that way you can both be happy forever."

Kurt smiled, closing the book and running his finger over the cover. "I hope I get that someday, Mommy."

Elizabeth smiled again, smoothing over his hair before leaning down to kiss him softly on the forehead. "I know you will, Kurt."

She stood and turned off the light, standing in her son's doorway. "You're going to find someone, sweetie. And when you do, you're going to be loved forever."