

# **Letters from a Wallflower**

**by**

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

*Blaine meets Kurt when he moves to Lima and McKinley High in his junior year. He starts writing letters to Kurt in secret when he feels lonely.*

*Inspired by Perks of Being a Wallflower but a new plot.*

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## Chapter One

Blaine hadn't wanted to move or leave his school but desperate times called for desperate measures his father had told him and they all had to make sacrifices now. Since his dad had been made redundant, he found himself moving to a smaller law firm in Lima and the whole family had moved too. Blaine had left his private school in Westerville Ohio, austere building, art adorning the grand rooms, to start at McKinley High in Lima, dank, grey and scary. He was appreciated at Dalton, understood and confident. He could be gay and it wouldn't make a difference – he was accepted and revered for his singing and leadership. They admired him.

He walked the corridors of McKinley High at the start of the new year and found he was ignored and not appreciated at all. Looking back he would much rather it had remained that way as he was greeted by purple ice to the face as he made his way to his first class.

"Welcome to McKinley, new kid!" Some jock shouted in his face as he walked away, a manic laugh greeting his ears and ice freezing his face. He had never wished for Dalton and his friends more.

As he attempted to scrape the ice from his face and check the damage to his clothes, he saw him, the blue eyed angel standing by his locker. He looked so sympathetic it almost made Blaine want to cry as he stood alone in the middle of the corridor. The blue eyed boy walked his way timidly and Blaine could see his lips moving before he registered he was talking softly.

"Are you ok?" The boy repeated and when he didn't get an answer, he led Blaine to the boy's toilets. "Let's get you cleaned up."

Blaine couldn't speak but feeling foolish for just watching this boy's chestnut hair, coiffed to perfection, his blue eyes so sincere and his tight black jeans, shaping his figure so perfectly, he decided to start helping himself. Blaine let the boy remove the larger chunks of purple slushie as Blaine tried to salvage his hair.

"Is this your first day?" The boy asked.

"Yes, I'm a junior I've just moved from Westerville."

"Oh right, I'm Kurt by the way," he said, extending his hand, "I'm a senior and unfortunately I have always been here." He shrugged and smiled, trying to make Blaine feel at ease.

They soon cleaned up Blaine as best they could, Blaine not having a new set of clothes. Purple stains still remained on his white collar but luckily couldn't be seen through his dark blue polo shirt. His favourite bow tie was ruined though, which caused a silly tear to appear in Blaine's eyes as he hastily wiped it away.

"I'd better get back to class, do you know where you're headed first?" Blaine nodded. "See you around then Blaine."

And with that he was off, leaving Blaine believing he had seen an angel.

xXx

Blaine spent the rest of the day trying to stay out of harm's way, trying to remain unnoticed which seemed to work. He managed to find most of his classes and seemed to understand the work he would need to do. Dalton had set him up well for learning he soon found out and here he would be able to take a step back from all the pressure and still be able to keep up. Although he knew where he was, could learn quite quickly how to get around, he felt incredibly lonely, no one really wanting to reach out to the new kid. He joined a few clubs in the hope he would make friends and on finding out there was a glee club he signed up straight away. He walked home that day, determined to make a go of things here but feeling a bit depressed that it hadn't happened so easily on its own.

As days wore on Blaine felt more settled. He joined the clubs, made a few friends in his lessons and learned well. As he was trying to remember his locker combination one morning he was greeted by a small dark haired girl in a pink dress and white long socks who had nearly pounced on him.

"Blaine Anderson, I understand?" She extended her hand, "I am Rachel Berry the lead singer in our Glee club. I understand you wish to join and I want to warn you that we intend to win nationals this year so you had better come prepared to audition, to really show us your talents. Competition will be fierce this year." And with that she stomped eagerly away down the corridor, Blaine not sure who he had just met but dread now starting to creep around in his stomach.

"Don't worry about her," said a voice behind him and on turning Blaine was greeted with those blue eyes again. "She's got far more of a bark than a bite, you just need to drown out her ramblings every so often and you'll fit right in."

"Ok," Blaine said, thinking about what song to choose.

"Are you planning to audition today?" Kurt asked.

"Yes but maybe I should leave it for a week..." Blaine whispered.

"No don't let Rachel worry you. Did you belong to the Glee club in your old school?"

"Yeah, the Dalton Academy Warblers – we were like rock stars!" Blaine smiled excitedly as he remembered all his friends.

"Well we're the lowest of the low at this school," Kurt smiled sadly, "But what would you have sung at your old school?"

"I've got a few songs up my sleeve but I don't know what would be best."

"I think a popular tune would be best or a song suited to your talents. Do you want to practice before you audition?"

"Yeah," Blaine said eagerly, "That would be really nice, thank you."

And practice they did as Kurt sat on a stool in the auditorium after he led Blaine to the stage. Blaine felt such a relief that he would have a friend in Glee club when he joined and he watched Kurt carefully as he sung, noticing his reaction to different song choices.

"I would definitely go with Teenage Dream, your first song, you were amazing."

"Thanks Kurt," he said as they made their way to the choir room.

And sing Blaine did. Rachel's gaping mouth and giggle once he had finished, told Blaine he would be accepted and a round of applause was greeted him as he sat amongst the others in the choir room. Kurt patted him on the shoulder affectionately as he sat above him, and Blaine started to feel accepted in his new school.

xXx

Blaine felt more settled in McKinley as the weeks wore on and was more accepted especially amongst the Glee club. He would sit with them at lunch and share food, he would walk to classes with them but he still

felt lonely. He had best friends at Dalton, people constantly surrounded him, wanted his presence and his leadership skills. At McKinley he was a small fish in a big pond, no big fish here. He would see Tina, Artie, Mike, Brittany and Sam at the mall on the weekends but all of them were too worried about their own issues and love lives to care about Blaine's. No one took the time to get to know him, no one knew he was gay and no one asked. He suspected Kurt might be gay when he overheard him admiring Sam with Mercedes in the choir room and perhaps he could try to speak to him more often.

Kurt would often try to engage him in conversation but Blaine was so in awe of Kurt and his eyes that he could only stutter out short responses and Kurt ended up being more concerned about NYADA applications and trying to beat Rachel at becoming senior class president.

His mum inadvertently gave him his best idea that night at dinner. As they both waited for his father to arrive before they started dinner, Blaine's mum asked how school was getting on and if Blaine had made any friends.

"Yeah Glee club is excellent mum, they've made me feel really welcome, I just miss Dalton, it's not quite the same."

"Do you still keep in touch with that boy in Thailand, the one you wrote all those letters to? Maybe he might be someone you could confide in?"

"No mum, I lost his address and haven't written to him in months."

"Well I'm sure you'll make true best friends soon Blaine, these things take time."

"Yeah, I know mum, thanks."

Blaine started thinking about letter writing then. If he couldn't write to Annan in Thailand maybe he could write to someone else but secretly. No one need to know that he was writing letters, it was considered such a dorky thing to do he was sure to get extra slushies for it if anyone found out but he could write to someone, someone that might understand what it was like, someone perhaps like Kurt.

xXx

He wrote a letter that night, a short note explaining why he was writing and not speaking to Kurt and that he shouldn't try to work out who it was. He planned to slide it into his locker the following day, maybe

really early or late so no one would see him. He wanted to be able to see Kurt's reaction but thought perhaps it would be better if he didn't give the game away.

*Dear Kurt,*

*I hope you don't mind me writing to you. You always seem such a kind compassionate sort of person so I think that's why I decided to write. You see I'm kind of lonely here and don't have anyone to talk to. I have friends but no real friends and you look like you would be the perfect friend.*

*I hope I don't scare you with this letter, I'm really not a stalker and I'm not scary. I just need a friend and I used to write to a friend in Thailand before I lost his address so I thought this would be a good idea.*

*You don't need to try to find out who I am, you do know me but I would rather be a secret. If you don't mind I'd love to share more about myself, my secrets with you in my letters and hope that won't creep you out. I really am not a stalker.*

*Thanks for being a friend,*

*X*



## Chapter Two

Blaine couldn't gauge Kurt's reaction as he read the letter he had managed to slip in his locker the following morning as he only saw him at the end of the day at Glee club and by then the obvious surprise Kurt would have shown had become masked. Kurt didn't appear to mention it to anyone at Glee club and no one was talking about it. Blaine felt relieved that Kurt hadn't shared his secret with anyone and he didn't give him any indication that he knew he was the secret writer so he felt he could carry on.

"Would you like a solo for next week Blaine?" Mr Schue suddenly asked, breaking him from his reverie.

"Oh," he stuttered in reply, "I'm not sure I'm ready, I mean I don't know what I'd sing."

Kurt smiled warmly in his direction, trying to encourage him. "I could help Blaine, give you a few suggestions."

"Oh, I don't know, I think I'm busy, I..." Blaine felt such a fool as Kurt's face fell, obviously hurt that his friendship had been rebuffed. "Maybe tomorrow?" Blaine continued.

"Yeah of course," Kurt whispered, looking down, determined not to draw attention to himself but to no avail.

"Oh Ladyface obviously has another hopeless crush," Santana attempted to whisper to Brittany next to her but it came out as more of a stage whisper and Kurt blushed.

The rest of glee club continued with others sharing their solos for this week's assignment and Kurt avoided Blaine's gaze as much as possible.

*Dear Kurt,*

*Thank you for not revealing my secret, I really appreciate it. I think eventually I will be able to tell you who I am but I'm sure you will be disappointed.*

*I have so much to tell you, I don't know where to begin and I don't want to scare you. You see I know what it's like to be scared, to not want to share with others and I have become so desperate to share that I feel I could burst. But you don't need to know that.*

*I think I will start with telling you a little about my family. I have just one brother who's moved away now and I live with my parents, who are happy but not happy if that makes sense. They tolerate each other because it is easier than facing the idea of parting. My father works in a prestigious firm and is very traditional, always careful that his family reflects that. My mum is careful to but I can tell she really doesn't care, her heart isn't in it. She can't fool me. My mum always protects me, not that my dad is abusive, just cold and intolerant but I suppose others have it worse.*

*I sometimes watch you when you don't notice (I know that sounds very stalker-like but I assure you I'm not scary, just shy). I notice your blue eyes and sometimes think I could sink into them. I think you must carry secrets too but maybe I'll never know.*

*Thanks for letting me ramble on and keeping my secrets. I feel I could trust you with anything which is strange as I barely know you but perhaps friendship is a puzzling thing and never to be understood by those lucky enough to have life-changing friends.*

*Thanks for being a friend,*

X

Blaine slipped Kurt's letter into his locker during lunch when the hallway was busy and he knew that Kurt had already gone to the cafeteria. He hadn't meant to hover around the corridors after lunch but he was there by his own locker when Kurt reached into his before class to retrieve a book he needed for History. He saw the letter, neatly folded and looked around the corridor, hoping the person was still around. His eyes missed Blaine's as he scanned the corridor and he quickly read the letter, smiling to himself. He didn't notice Karofsky lolling down the corridor until it was too late and the echo of the lockers was the first indication to Blaine that something had gone wrong.

"Who's the love letter from homo?!" Karofsky shouted in Kurt's face as he shoved him into the locker and Kurt slid to the floor in defeat. Blaine could only rush stupidly up to Kurt as Karofsky walked off, an evil laugh echoing down the hall.

"Kurt? Are you ok?"

Kurt looked up, embarrassed that Blaine had seen and he quickly got to his feet and brushed himself down.

"I'm fine Blaine, don't worry." He looked in his locker, safely tucking the letter into his trouser pocket and locking his locker.

"I better get to class," Kurt started to walk away but Blaine held his elbow.

"Are you sure you're ok?" Kurt was startled by the obvious concern Blaine showed in his voice and expression and his mask slipped slightly.

"Yeah," he whispered, "I'll be ok, thanks." And he walked away.

xXx

Once Blaine started writing letters to Kurt he almost couldn't stop himself. He knew if he wrote more than one a day that Kurt would get suspicious or Blaine would accidentally give himself away but he couldn't help it. He was getting more desperate for Kurt to know more about him but the more contact he had with Kurt, the more he felt shy and awkward in his company.

The encounter at the lockers had left Blaine reeling because he had known what it was like at the school he went to before Dalton, before the no harassment policy and the acceptance. He had known what it was like to be bullied and Kurt was suffering this alone. As he walked around McKinley he noticed that Kurt was slushied and harassed much more often than the rest of the Glee club, though they all got a fair share. Kurt didn't seem to let it bother him, he put on a brave face but Blaine spotted him in his quiet moments alone and he could tell.

He really didn't want to come across as a stalker but the more he looked at Kurt the more beautiful and angelic he became. His chiselled cheekbones gave off a haughty expression but kindness and compassion were obvious in his eyes. The way he stood and walked proudly in those glorious outfits made Blaine blush but at the same time he admired him and wished he could be more like him. Kurt was interesting and Blaine wanted to know more about him. This gave him an idea.

*Dear Kurt,*

*I know I keep writing you letters but I hope you don't mind. Maybe you could find a way to let me know; perhaps wear a blue scarf if you like the letters, a grey scarf if you don't want them to continue. I promise I would stop if I made you feel uncomfortable.*

*I wanted to tell you that I think you're awesome. I know that seems daft to say, you may think I barely know you but I think I know you better than most only because I've experienced similar things. You see I know how you are treated, I have seen you pushed into lockers, slushies thrown at you and you still manage to hold your head up high. You don't let them change who you are, that's why I think you're awesome.*

*Before I came to this school, ages ago, I went to a school where I was bullied for who I was. I think this is the first time I've told anyone at this school but I'm gay (even writing that gives a sense of relief that I've told someone). I was bullied for being gay and no one cared, explaining that it almost was expected that I would experience this.*

*I asked my only gay friend to the Sadie Hawkins dance at my old school and we were so confident and happy, thinking we were breaking new ground. But as we were waiting to be picked up a group of people beat the crap out of us. I was less confident then.*

*I know it gets you down Kurt but I want you to carry on and be strong. Call out those bullies. Its only ignorance that keeps them that way and you have so much courage I think sometimes we just need to be reminded of what we possess inside.*

*So keep your courage Kurt and if you ever need help or a friend you can write to me. I know this seems silly but if you want to write to me, place the letter in the piano in the choir room.*

*Thanks for being such a good friend,*

*X*

## **Chapter Three**

**A/N:** This chapter includes season 2 canon though Blaine is a junior and Kurt a senior.

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The next day Blaine didn't see Kurt until one of his classes let out, and as he was walking down the corridor in the opposite direction towards him, Blaine could see the scarf before Kurt's face. It was blue.

Blaine sighed out of relief and couldn't stop the biggest grin he had ever produced stretch across his face. Moulding his face to a more acceptable expression as he approached Kurt, he simply smiled and asked how he was, as he swept past.

"Good thanks, off to class?" Kurt asked, clearly confused as to why Blaine was so happy.

"Yeah, French," Blaine said.

"Amusez-vous!" Kurt quipped as he wandered to his own class. Blaine chuckled.

xXx

The following day, Blaine wandered to Glee club straight after last lesson to see Kurt already in the choir room, sitting on a plastic chair and staring vacantly ahead.

"Kurt?" he asked quietly. Kurt looked startled out of his reverie as Blaine entered and sat next to him. "Are you ok?" Kurt's gaze slowly followed Blaine to his seat, then he tried a smile. He just nodded as Mercedes and Tina entered the choir room, followed by Rachel and Finn and the moment was gone. Blaine suspected that Kurt had skipped last period to sit by himself and he was worried but Kurt's mask was soon in place and small talk ensued.

Mr Schue announced the assignment for this week and giggles and plans were shouted in the choir room, only Blaine noticing Kurt hanging back, not fully joining in when normally he would be clamouring for solos. Glee club finished early, performances set in the auditorium later in the week and Kurt soon left, almost pushing his way through crowds to leave. Blaine decided to hang back rather than follow him,

though he was tempted. Soon it was just Brad packing up sheet music and looking at Blaine warily as if he suspected he was going to make him play more teenage music that almost made his ears bleed.

Once he was gone, Blaine didn't hesitate to open the top of the piano slightly to see if anything lay inside. After just a glance inside he nearly missed the slip of paper tucked nearer the keys but once Blaine managed to sneak it out carefully, he hastily opened it and read it in the corner of the choir room, his feet on a chair in front of him.

*Dear X,*

*You may have noticed, I wore the blue scarf today, I really don't mind these letters, in fact today I needed to know more than anything that someone out there cared and noticed.*

*I've wondered for a while who you are and although I've ruled out quite a few people, I've haven't quite figured it out. I look and look but perhaps you really don't want to be found.*

*Thank you for the letters and for sharing your secrets with me. It makes me feel that I can be helpful and I hope that if you ever need help you can come to me in person. I would hate for you to ever feel what I feel sometimes, and I don't even know who you are.*

*Thank you for noticing. I feel no one else does and I don't want to sound melodramatic. They notice the bullying but they don't know what it does to me, to have to pull myself up again and I think you do. And perhaps Blaine.*

*You confessed to me what happened at your Sadie Hawkins dance and I'm so sorry. No one should have to suffer that. I think you must have been very brave to go through that and I hope that you don't let it stop you from being yourself. You can't ever let them win.*

*Saying that, I feel a bit defeated today. I went to confront Karofsky, as you suggested in your last letter and was determined that he wouldn't win. I followed him to the locker room, shouted at him, asked him what his problem was and he threatened to punch me, aiming his fist high. I kept going, saying it wouldn't stop me from being who I was. I felt so powerful then, so determined that the rest is more of a blur. He got closer to my face and kissed me, hard and as he was coming closer, my instincts kicked in and I shoved him away. He punched the locker in frustration and left.*

*I couldn't breathe, I was so shocked. I haven't seen him since but I dread walking down the corridors even more as I don't really know what I might face there.*

*I believe in courage but I find mine has left me.*

*Keep writing the letters X, they help a lot.*

*Kurt*

Blaine hadn't realised he'd been holding in his breath until he finished the letter and found himself nearly gasping for air. He couldn't believe Kurt had suffered that and not told anyone, not told any of his friends in Glee club. He didn't know what to do, should he tell Kurt he knew, should he tell an adult, a teacher? But if he did, then Kurt would know the letters were from him. And Kurt had mentioned Blaine in the letter! Not realising Blaine wrote the letter he had noticed that Blaine cared, that Blaine noticed. A thousand thoughts were whizzing through his mind and he suddenly realised he would do anything for Kurt, would help him anyway he could. He couldn't bear the thought that worry or sadness would crease his face or change his outlook on life. That couldn't happen. As he walked out of the choir room, plans were racing through his head and he didn't notice that Kurt was hiding behind a row of lockers and had seen the slip of paper in Blaine's hand.

xXx

Blaine had formulated many plans by the time he went to sleep, already knowing how to carry out Operation Kurt, as he had nicknamed it in his head. By lunchtime the next day, half of Blaine's plans had been carried out and he felt pride swell in his chest as he met everyone from Glee in the cafeteria at lunchtime.

Kurt's absence was noted by Blaine as he set down next to Sam at the table and Sam looked taken aback.

"You mean you haven't heard?" Sam said, incredulously, "It's been all over school already. Kurt was asked to go to Figgins' office during first period and Karofsky has mysteriously been asked to leave the premises. It's all anyone is talking about."

"What?" Blaine exclaimed, "Where's Kurt now?"

No one knew, everyone shaking their heads. Rachel, Tina and Mercedes looked worried, like they should have known what was going on with one of their own but Blaine could only hope Kurt was ok.

It was near the end of lunch when Kurt suddenly appeared and wearily sat at their table, making a half-hearted effort to eat a sandwich he had packed.

"Kurt, where have you been?"

"What happened? It's all over school!"

Kurt looked weary as voices clamoured over him, trying to find answers. He sighed.

"Apparently someone let Figgins and Mr Schue know by an anonymous letter that Karofsky had done something he shouldn't. He's been suspended."

"Suspended? What did he do?" Rachel asked.

Kurt sighed again, clearly uncomfortable, not wanting to share. "He kissed me in the locker room," he whispered.

"What?!" Mercedes shouted, "When? When did this happen?"

"Yesterday, it only happened yesterday." Kurt looked like he had run a thousand miles. "I didn't tell anyone, I don't know how Figgins knew. I just don't get it..."

"So Karofsky's been suspended?" Finn said, triumphantly.

"Yeah, indefinitely, perhaps forever if they can prove it. I just don't get it."

"Well obviously he had it coming and he won't last long here, if he comes back," Puck said, trying to sound menacing.

Kurt smiled, "Thanks guys." His eyes suddenly alighted on Blaine, who hadn't said a word but looked up now into those blue eyes and smiled.



As the bell went signalling the end of lunchtime and the crowd bustled to the doors, a delivery man suddenly appeared with a package.

"A package for Kurt Hummel?" he shouted in the cafeteria, hoping that someone would come forward.

"Yes, he's here!" Rachel shouted, pointing her finger at Kurt's head. As the guy walked forward he handed a wrapped bundle to Kurt who started unwrapping it gingerly, suspicion written all over his face.

Kurt opened it and unravelled a blue scarf with silver weaving crinkled in the soft fabric, as a small card found its way to the floor, almost like a feather.

The card simply read:

*To Kurt,*

*Wear this with pride, it matches your beautiful eyes, which should only hold happiness.*

*Love X*

"X?" Rachel squealed by Kurt's ear, looking at the note over his shoulder. "Who's X?"

"I don't know," Kurt said, smiling, "But whoever he is, he saved me."

## Chapter Four

Blaine was ecstatic about how his plans had played out. He smiled shyly as Kurt received his scarf and everyone exclaimed around him, asking who this X was. Kurt politely limited conversation and answers about X and declined to comment about the letters he had received, letting Blaine know that his secrets were safe with him. It made Blaine hope for the future and even more determined to make Kurt feel safe and loved.

It was strange how tables had turned, how Blaine now felt determined to be the care-giver when the purpose of the letters had been to help him find a friend, someone to confide in. He would carry on writing but this time, plans and surprises would be made to ensure Kurt always knew how amazing he was.

He thought briefly about letting Kurt know somehow that it was him writing the letters but Blaine decided against it. The scarf, the anonymous letter to Figgins would all lead Kurt to think he was a strange kid who was practically a stalker. No, Blaine decided, he would still write from afar and perhaps opportunities would arise to emerge as the letter-writer in the future.

Kurt of course knew Blaine was the writer of those sweet letters and now the giver of a fabulous scarf but the idea of keeping this friendship a secret appealed greatly to Kurt. It was quite easy to connect Blaine, the shy new kid who was hardly known by the others, with the writer of the letters, wishing to be known and understood. Kurt felt sudden warmth towards Blaine who had made him feel so safe and who had protected him from Karofsky. He could be Blaine's safe haven too.

Blaine sneaked into the choir room early the next morning before classes started to find a letter slipped under the top of the piano and he eagerly read:

*Dear X,*

*Thank you so much for the scarf and so much more. As you were the only one I told about the Karofsky incident I have to assume you wrote the anonymous letter to Figgins and although I was initially embarrassed that everyone would find out and Karofsky confronted, I am glad you told for me. I now feel safe in the corridors and you did that – you helped me.*

*I think I will owe you a favour for the rest of my life and would love to be able to repay or help you in some way. I hope you continue writing letters to me and telling me your secrets – if I can help in any way, please let me know.*

*You're pretty special X and I hope one day you'll be able to tell me who you are. I hope you know how great you are, how much courage you have and how people want to know more about you.*

*Thanks for everything,*

*Kurt x*

Blaine sighed in happiness at the words, determined that he would write a letter before lunch and almost skipped to class.

*Dear Kurt,*

*I'm really glad you liked the scarf. I couldn't believe what happened to you, what Karofsky did and I couldn't stand the idea that he would get away with it. I won't let those horrible things happen to you ever again.*

*I think you've helped me more than you know already Kurt. I feel lighter than air at the moment, not a care in the world and all because I could help you with your worries. If ever you need a friend, I will be there.*

*Love X*

Days went by; plans that Blaine had decided were fun and romantic ideas, turned to dust and became silly daydreams. Karofsky was still absent and peace apparently reigned at McKinley with the main culprit of the bullying away. Azimio was subdued although if looks could kill Kurt would be dead but Blaine was there, always present but never really making his presence known. Glee club members engaged Blaine in small talk and he started to feel more at ease within the group but he would watch Kurt every so often and would be amazed at his confidence. He really wanted to be that comfortable in his own skin. He had always thought he was out and proud, confident enough not to worry what people thought, but here at McKinley he was reserved, never wanting anyone to get that close to him. He wanted to share with others but found himself hanging back, eager to listen to others and hear about their secrets. As days wore on, he became more conscious of revealing his sexuality and it became more of a concern only because he hadn't declared it, had made it seem an issue.

Next day at Glee club Santana had made the usual wise crack about Brittany's track record – the list of conquests and eyeing Blaine, she winked and said that he would be next and if he was very lucky, he'd get two for the price of one.

Blaine went the colour of a tomato and stuttered something about being busy with revision and Kurt took pity on him.

"I think some people have more class Santana."

"You saying I ain't classy Ladyface? I may come from Lima Heights but I got all the class that this guy needs," cocking her thumb Blaine's way and winking lasciviously.

Luckily Mr Schue wanted to get on with this week's lesson and talking stopped but a bit later when duet partners were arranged Santana quickly commandeered Blaine to herself and explained that they would be sure to win if they were together. Although Kurt looked carefully at Blaine in the hopes they could pair up, Blaine looked helpless against Santana and it was decided.

Blaine wished in that moment he could write a letter to Kurt, tell him what he really wanted but he knew that would give the game away. He planned with Santana and they quickly decided on a song to sing the following day. Santana was quick to suggest they practice at her house after school so Blaine followed in his car, like a dutiful puppy.

As he was leaving school, Kurt ran up to him in the corridor and touched his elbow.

"Are you ok Blaine?" he asked gently. Blaine gaped at Kurt, who had no idea that his words would have such an effect on Blaine. It had never occurred to Blaine that Kurt might see through Blaine's acquiescence with Santana or that he might care.

"Oh, yeah I'm ok, why do you ask?" Blaine started looking at his outfit and wiped his face, just in case he looked strange.

"I just don't want you to think that you have to sing with Santana if you don't want to. I know she can be a bit forceful sometimes and I just, well never mind." He turned the other way to walk towards his car as Blaine stopped him.

"No I'm really glad you said that, I didn't want to sing with her but I kinda felt forced to, I wanted to sing with you," Blaine whispered.

Kurt looked shyly his way at the admission and smiled.

"Well, why don't you? I can text Santana to let her know and we can practice lunchtime tomorrow?"

"Do you think she'll mind?" Blaine asked, worried about Santana's reaction.

"Oh don't worry about her, we can handle her together." Kurt's beaming smile made Blaine think he could handle anything. As they started to part, edging closer to their own cars, Blaine couldn't help but add to the space between them.

"I really am glad Karofsky didn't get away with it Kurt." Kurt's eyes twinkled as he turned to look at Blaine and smiled.

"Thanks Blaine, I'm pretty glad too." He nearly made it to his car before he remembered.

"Blaine!" He shouted across the car park and nearly ran to Blaine's car before he left. "I forgot to say, Rachel's having some silly party with Glee club tonight and no one was going to go but apparently Puck's bringing drink and some of us have decided to make an appearance after all. You're welcome to come, I mean I would have mentioned it before if people were going to go..." his voice trailing away.

"Yeah, sounds good, I'll go. See you there?" Blaine asked timidly.

"Yeah, definitely" They exchanged numbers so Blaine could get Rachel's address later and they drove off.

xXx

Rachel was surprised to see Blaine at her door a few hours later, bringing his own set of wine coolers. She hadn't meant to forget Blaine when she invited the rest of the club; she just hadn't thought about it and felt suddenly embarrassed in his presence. She quickly recovered, pretending she had known all about his invitation and ushering him into her basement.

Blaine was the first to arrive and he suddenly felt childish. He hovered in the corner until Rachel asked for help setting up and he chose a few songs to play as other people arrived. Tina and Mike arrived next,

followed by most of the group: Sam, Santana, Brittany, Puck, Finn and Artie. Mercedes and Kurt arrived soon after. Blaine's mouth nearly came off its hinges as Kurt entered, donned in the tightest black pants and red shirt with added chain detail. Blaine had the sudden urge to rip it off him and nibble at the expanse of white skin that was bound to be underneath. He gulped and decided to busy himself by the wine coolers.

"This is pathetic Rachel," Puck exclaimed, "No one's going to get sloshed on *wine coolers*."

"But that's all I have," Rachel said.

"What about if we break into your dad's liquor cabinet?" Puck asked and Finn raised a hopeful eyebrow.

"Well..." Rachel said as she looked around at her unsatisfied and sober friends.

The party started.

xXx

*Dear Kurt,*

*There was quite a crowd at Rachel's party in the end and although I wanted to see you and speak to you some more, I felt like I couldn't get near you. I suppose you probably wouldn't notice me, hidden in the corner.*

*I can't help but notice you. I find myself watching you in awe and amazement that you can be so confident and I can be, just so, well, lacking.*

*I think I realised something tonight as I watched. I really didn't mean to watch and I know I sound like a weirdo (please don't think that) but I looked at you and I just knew. I knew that you were something special and I wish I could know you better. I wanted to be better so I took a chance.*

*As people were getting more and more wasted I noticed you weren't so I held back too. I just wanted to observe people, but I realised I was walking over to you and sat near you on the sofa, still apart from the group and nursing my drink but you smiled and suddenly Rachel was suggesting solos and duets left, right and centre and I got caught up in the middle of everything. It was easier to watch from the sidelines, no one would think to ask me.*

*You sang though Kurt and gosh it took my breath away and I mean this literally. I was so in awe I must have looked like a guppy fish, with my mouth ajar and eyes wide. I love Ingrid Michaelson and for you to sing a song I love to sing in my bedroom alone, stupidly wishing I could have that one day, nearly made me cry with want.*

*The song 'Parachute' means so much and at one point I almost thought you looked right at me, the twinkle in your eyes, the power of your performance was directed at me and I could feel powerful too, like you had me, like you were my parachute and I could possibly be yours.*

*I realised something tonight Kurt. I think I'm falling in love with you and it pains me to think you know nothing about me.*

X

**A/N:** Song mentioned is Ingrid Michaelson's 'Parachute'.

## **Chapter Five**

**A/N:** I have used a plot line from 'Perks of a Wallflower' here.

**Warnings:** mentions of suicide and depression, as well as injuries resulting from an attack.

--

Kurt opened his locker early the next morning, already anticipating a letter from Blaine, who had looked so lonely on the sidelines, so detached at the party, that though Kurt had tried to engage him in conversation and offer warm smiles, he had remained distant.

The letter was on white paper and had been written this time in coloured pencils, each word a different colour. Kurt could only smile when he saw it, already feeling his day could only go well. Blaine hadn't arrived to school yet so Kurt read the letter eagerly but as he read on, his heart swooped in pain that Blaine would feel like that, so lonely, so inconsequential. As he read the last line, his breath hitched and a tear appeared in his eye:

*"I realised something tonight Kurt. I think I'm falling in love with you and it pains me to think you know nothing about me."*

Gosh, Kurt wanted so much to really get to know Blaine and wanted the beautiful boy to feel loved and really known. Kurt couldn't believe that someone could feel that way towards him. What did Blaine see in him that was so special? Why did he write to him? But he was determined to make Blaine feel that special, no longer alone but someone important and worthy.

Blaine text him later that morning to ask if they were still on to practice their duet at lunchtime and Kurt replied to meet in the auditorium, a plan already hatching in his mind. Kurt passed Santana in the hallway and let her know that Blaine was now dueting with him later on in glee club.

"Oh what?!" Santana backtracked up the corridor and faced Kurt menacingly close.

"I don't think so Hummel."

"It's already been decided Santana, Blaine would rather duet with me."



"That's not what he said yesterday, he looked pretty eager to me." A smirk played on her lips.

"He was scared; you are scary, end of discussion." Kurt walked away and Santana only growled in annoyance.

Blaine was the first to arrive in the auditorium and he sat twinkling on the piano as he waited for Kurt, lost in the music and not aware of anything else, including Kurt who had started to approach down the steps of the auditorium. He walked slowly, listening carefully to the beautiful music Blaine played and tears appeared in his eyes again for the second time that day, as he realised Blaine was beautiful sitting there. His hair was gelled only slightly today so waves could be seen in his dark hair and his eyelashes fanned his cheeks as he looked down at the keys. Kurt recognised the music as he got ever closer to Blaine, sitting there so calmly, so at peace with the world. Kurt wanted everyone to be able to see this Blaine.

"I know that song," Kurt whispered as he approached ever closer, Blaine looked up quickly, then smiled, only showing a slight hesitation in his piano playing. "It's *Falling Slowly*, isn't it?"

"Yes," Blaine said, "I love this song." He continued to play as Kurt sat facing Blaine on a nearby stool next to the piano and watched. Blaine concentrated on the keys and Kurt felt himself get lost in the music and start to sing softly, as he closed his eyes.

*Falling slowly, eyes that know me*

*And I can't go back*

*Moods that take me and erase me*

*And I'm painted black*

*You have suffered enough*

*And warred with yourself*

*It's time that you won*

*Take this sinking boat and point it home*

*We've still got time*

*Raise your hopeful voice you have a choice*

*You've made it now*

*Falling slowly sing your melody*

*I'll sing it loud*

Kurt opened his eyes as the music finished playing to see Blaine looking at him so intently, his eyes glazed with tears and Kurt smiled.

"That was beautiful..." Blaine breathed.

"You play so well Blaine, why don't you play for glee club? You're amazing."

Blaine blushed and looked at his fingers still on the keys and shrugged his shoulders.

"I love to play but think I would be too self-conscious in front of other people. I can get lost in the music for hours at a time at home."

"Well I'm glad I could hear it." Kurt smiled warmly, "Shall we practice our duet?"

"Yeah," Blaine smiled too, "Did you have any ideas?"

"Yes, I'm not sure if you'll know it though," Kurt said, getting up to get his sheet music. "It's an Atomic Kitten song, so it's a few years old and only really known in England but I loved them when I was eight. My mum would play this song on the piano so I actually have the piano music for it." He gave it tentatively to Blaine, embarrassed to be showing a part of himself to Blaine.

Blaine started playing it softly, slowly and after practicing a few times he seemed to get the hang of it really well. He read the lyrics, mouthing them to himself and looked up at Kurt.

"It's a great song, beautiful lyrics," Blaine said, looking carefully at Kurt. Perhaps Kurt hadn't been as subtle as he had hoped but Blaine only looked at him, trying to make him out.

He played again, this time Kurt joined in with his voice, singing softly, facing away from Blaine.

*Don't let your head rule your heart  
all your emotions run free*

*Don't let y  
With someone like me*

Kurt suddenly turned to face Blaine and he looked up, though he continued to play.

*I know it's hard when you're feeling down  
doesn't everybody  
be                                      Som eone like m e*

*To lift you  
You don't*

*We know the story so far (what you want and who you are)*

*What you want and who you are (please)  
agree*

*Let all yo  
W ith som eone like m e*

Blaine had joined in with the last verse, staring intently at Kurt and he looked so sincere Kurt wanted to hug him close. As he finished playing Kurt smiled warmly, trying to encourage him, hoping he didn't scare him off.

"That was beautiful Kurt," Blaine said softly, "Maybe I should just play."

"No, Blaine that needs to be sung, just like that. You should join in with the last verse. You have a great voice."

"Do you really think so?" he asked quietly.

"No doubt in my mind, we're going to win." Blaine's smile became wider.

"And Santana won't mind?"

"Oh she'll mind but that's because she'll be fiercely jealous that I get to perform with a beautiful singer and someone that can play so well." Kurt turned to gather his sheet music and didn't notice the confused expression on Blaine's face when he had called him 'beautiful'. Kurt hadn't meant it like that, Blaine was sure, he had meant that he was a good singer that was all, wasn't it?

"We'll knock them dead," Kurt was saying, "See you later at glee club?"

"Yeah, yeah definitely," Blaine said, broken out of his reverie.

xXx

Kurt and Blaine did sing well at glee club, like Kurt had predicted and only Santana scowled as they got a standing ovation. Kurt hugged Blaine close as they received the praise and squeezed his shoulders, smiling widely.

"Well done Blaine," he whispered, near his ear and Blaine's heart skipped a beat. He had never been happier.

*Dear Kurt,*

*I got to do something amazing today but I can't tell you what it is as it will reveal who I am and I'm not quite ready for that. Just let me say that what I did felt wonderful and I don't think anything can ever come close to that feeling.*

*I felt like I could soar and the only way to describe is it the feeling I have when I look at you. I look at you and know that I can do anything, you make me want to believe more in myself Kurt and I am really grateful for that feeling.*

*It reminds me of what I felt with my friend Michael so long ago in middle school, which seems so long ago now and it pains me to remember it but then I think to myself that I always remember it, it's always there in the back of my mind and its silly to think that it ever leaves me.*

*All my decisions, all my reticence comes from Michael, all my worry and fear, that really it should have been the first of the many secrets I told you as it reveals so much about me. Perhaps that is why I didn't want to write about it before.*

*Michael was my best friend from sixth to eighth grade and we were inseparable. We liked the same geeky things and both played musical instruments and had braces. We both knew we were social outcasts but as long as we had each other it didn't matter. Michael was the first person I told that I was gay and he didn't mind, in fact I knew he wouldn't because he told me that he was gay first. It seemed we were more alike than I thought. He was my first kiss, not because we fancied each other but because we trusted each other and wanted to know what it was like, how it would feel. I'm glad now that I could share that with him.*

*His parents didn't support him like they should when he came out, they were disgusted, said he was a disgrace. He would hide out in my room when arguments got bad and we would talk for hours on the phone, trying to make it better. It didn't get any better but I didn't know what to do. I was so stupid and naïve.*

*Things got worse. His parents would argue about him at home, his dad saying disgusting things about him, accusing him of doing immoral stuff with me and then he started getting bullied at school. I would get names shouted at me but nothing I couldn't brush off but Michael was taunted endlessly and thrown against lockers. I stood by him and he tried to explain to teachers what was happening, it only got worse.*

*I asked him to the Sadie Hawkins dance as a friend, both of us determined not to let them win but as we were waiting for my dad to pick us up, these guys came and beat the living daylights out of us. Michael ended up in hospital and I got a few bruises and a black eye. I know I've mentioned this before Kurt but I couldn't reveal all before. It was the beginning of the end for Michael.*

*I think he was being told at home that he was immoral, would go to hell and to have bullies taunt him for the same reason, guys beat us up for being gay, I think he could see no way out. He must have thought it would only stay the same as he got older, so he took his own life, his father discovering his lifeless body hanging from his light fixing.*

*It was terrible Kurt, the aftermath. I went to his funeral, everyone looking at me as if I had helped to kill him, as if I should have gone instead or at least with him. He was another sad story in the newspapers, nothing about his sexuality being mentioned, a request made by his father.*

*I still miss him terribly and I really hope he is somewhere peaceful. I may act sad sometimes but I hope I never seriously want to kill myself. I have thought about it before but I could never do it, I would never have the courage and I want to feel better about myself.*

*I know I don't have it as bad as you Kurt, I know the bullies don't get to me, like they do to you so I wanted to tell you the story so you would never give up, so you won't let them win. I think you're amazing Kurt for being so courageous and wish I was that brave.*

*Maybe one day I'll come out of the closet here and declare that I like a guy named Kurt and no one will care. But I'm not quite ready for that yet.*

*Thanks for reading and being my inspiration Kurt. Thanks for making me feel special today.*

*Love X*

**Songs used:**

'Falling Slowly' from the film *Once*.

'Someone like Me' by Atomic Kitten.

## Chapter Six

After receiving the letter Kurt hadn't had time to read it at school, so he had taken it to his room and read under his bedside light, the light causing an ethereal glow on the paper. He could feel the tears pricking at his eyes before he finished and a lone tear fell as he blinked. He could not even imagine how it would feel to lose such an important friend and suddenly thinking of losing Blaine, Rachel or Mercedes in circumstances like that, made tears appear faster.

He knew he needed to show Blaine that he wasn't alone, that he was amazing as he was and should show everyone around him how amazing he was too. He felt almost desperate that Blaine would flit around school never knowing, never really sharing. Operation Blaine started to take effect in his mind.

*Dear X,*

*You won't ever know how upset I was to hear about your friend Michael; I don't even have the words to say to you. I know nothing I do or say can ever bring back your friend but I think his life may help other people more than he ever thought possible.*

*It's terrible that the school didn't care, couldn't make a difference and I am so very thankful that I have friends and family who are so supportive. I told my dad when I was fifteen and although I was worried about his reaction I shouldn't have been. He said he already knew and that it didn't matter. Although we're different as can be, I know he loves me and I am so grateful for that.*

*I think it's so important to be who you are and not pretend. I don't mean this as a slight on you X; I know it's hard to tell people at a new school, I can imagine that you wouldn't want to share with people you hardly know.*

*I have a story about this with Mercedes and Rachel that will amuse you! When Mercedes asked me out, both of us lonely and needing a friend – I pretended I loved Rachel so that she wouldn't think I was gay. It resulted in my smashed car window and a very angry Mercedes – and trust me, you don't want to see that! In the end, I told her the truth, we're still really good friends and it didn't make a scrap of difference. Real friends will love you no matter what.*

*At the beginning of the year, while Karofsky was harassing me and no one seemed to notice, when Mr Schue was determined to demonstrate my differences to everyone instead of celebrating my amazing voice, I felt*

*that alone too. I came to school every day and pretended to be fine, pretended that the bullying didn't affect me, pretended that I was content alone but I wasn't. I was desperately lonely and I was starting to think I would never find someone. I thought about suicide then, how easy it would be to slip away and how sorry people would feel then but something happened, someone came along.*

*I am really glad that I can help you X to feel alive and good about yourself but I want you to know that all the time. I think you're great and awesome and all things right about the world – you should think about that whenever you feel down.*

*You see, you made me feel good about myself X, you saved me because I knew someone noticed, I knew someone cared and made a difference. You let me know that I wasn't alone.*

*I hope you never feel as bad as Michael did X and if you ever do please come to me first. It doesn't matter that I don't know who you are, I won't care, I can always listen. You are never alone.*

*Love Kurt x*

*Dear Kurt,*

*Thank you for your last letter. I had guessed when I first met you, first found out about Karofsky and noticed his harassment. Although I didn't know what you were like before I recognised the same expression on your face – the look of despair, feeling completely alone. You looked like there was no way out and you were defeated. Michael looked like that about a week before.*

*I think you're so amazing Kurt – I want to be able to say to you how you make me feel and how fantastic you really are because although I tried, I never really helped Michael, I was never enough. I know that one person can't make it better but I really do hope you would be able to come to me if ever you needed a friend. I would let you know who I was in a heartbeat if I thought you were in danger or needed someone physically to talk to.*

*I know what it is to feel loneliness Kurt so maybe this helps, maybe we can feel less alone if we know we have each other.*

*Love X*



Blaine slipped the letter into Kurt's locker on his way to lunch that day but as he walked into the cafeteria, scanning the room for a familiar face so he could sit next to someone, he heard sudden music from the corner. It was simply a strum of a guitar that seemed to be perfectly timed to start as soon as he entered and he looked in the right direction to find the band playing but no one seemed prepared to sing. As soon as he noticed this drumming started and the bass kicked in and out of nowhere Rachel appeared from under a table and started singing.

*Look at the stars, look how they shine for you,  
And everything you do.  
Yeah, they were all yellow.*

Tina then appeared from under a table at the opposite side of Rachel and as they both approached the middle, she sang.

*I came along  
I wrote a song for you  
And all the things you do  
And it was called 'yellow'*

As Tina and Rachel met in front of the band they came down the aisle between the cafeteria tables, each holding a yellow rose, and handed it to Blaine, who stood there open-mouthed. Finn suddenly jumped out from behind the drum kit and Blaine chuckled wondering how he had managed to hide himself there and he came forward too, singing.

*So then I took my turn  
Oh what a thing to have done  
And it was all yellow*

They all sang, smiling widely at Blaine, whose cheeks were getting warmer as the rest of the school were watching.

*Your skin  
Oh yeah your skin and bones  
Turn into something beautiful*

*You know you know I love you so*

*You know I love you so*

Santana and Brittany appeared from behind trolleys that the dinner ladies had been wheeling to the other side of the cafeteria, singing with big grins and walking towards Blaine, who was now truly the centre of attention, in the middle of the room.

*I swam across*

*I jumped across for you*

*Oh what a thing to do*

*Cause you were all yellow*

*I drew a line*

*I drew a line for you*

*Oh what a thing to do*

*And it was all yellow*

They handed him daffodils and smiled.

*Your skin*

*Oh yeah your skin and bones*

*Turn into something beautiful*

*And you know for you I'd bleed myself dry*

*For you I'd bleed myself dry*

As the drumming continued, the guitar strumming along, Mercedes and Artie entered through the doors, carrying yellow daisies and singing along with the rest of glee club.

*It's true*

*Look how they shine for you*

*Look how they shine for you*

*Look how they shine for*

*Look how they shine for you*

*Look how they shine for you*

*Look how they shine*

As the music slowed, the volume becoming quieter, the cafeteria went darker and lights sparkled on the blank white wall on one side of the cafeteria. They looked like stars and Blaine gasped. Kurt's voice could be heard behind Blaine as he sang near his ear:

*Look at the stars*

*Look how they shine for you*

*And all the things that you do.*

Blaine turned around slowly as the song finished to be greeted by Kurt's smiling face, his blues twinkling in the radiance around him.

"Kurt?" Blaine whispered, afraid his voice would ruin this moment, change the atmosphere.

"We wanted to let you know how amazing you are Blaine," Kurt whispered too, "Did you like it?"

Tears appeared in Blaine's eyes as he looked around at the Glee club, all expectantly looking at him, wanting to gauge his reaction, hoping he enjoyed it. He didn't know what to say, couldn't speak as he looked at his friends then turned back to Kurt, who looked so happy.

"I... this is so... I mean I can't believe you did this..." Blaine whispered, blinking away the tears so not to embarrass himself. Kurt clutched his hand, trying to implore Blaine to look fully into his eyes and understand.

"You're special Blaine, you should know that. The stars really do shine for you..." Kurt sang, smiling and knowing full well how cheesy he was being.

"Thank you Kurt, this means... it just is..." he stuttered, "Well it means a lot." Blaine nodded his head at the rest of the glee club as they approached him, hugging him and laughing. He had never felt more loved.

**Song used:** 'Yellow' by Coldplay.

## Chapter Seven

Blaine was still on a high the following day when he went to school, hugged and tapped on the back by members of glee club, suddenly made aware by Kurt that Blaine needed a friend, someone to really know him. The offers flooded in for movie nights with the girls, shopping trips, game marathons with the guys. Everyone wanted to be his friend and Blaine felt a bit overwhelmed.

The sudden friendships were very welcome, Blaine hoping they would help him to come out of his shell a bit more but he couldn't help but feel they were just pitying him and wanting to be his friend because Kurt told them. He wanted friends on his own terms and for his own merits. Ironically it made him feel more lonely than ever.

He was aware that if he mentioned it to Kurt in a letter that it would be obvious that Blaine was X and he didn't want that. He tried to find obscure ways to describe his feelings in his letter to Kurt that day.

*Dear Kurt,*

*Something amazing certainly happened to me yesterday and I can't explain, as I know that will definitely give me away but it kind of overwhelmed me really. I suddenly have more friends than I thought I would have and it kind of makes me want to retreat into myself, hide away.*

*I know that makes me sound selfish and extremely picky – I've already complained of not knowing anyone, not really having a close friend – but I suppose I want it to occur naturally and not to be forced or because I'm pitied.*

*Yesterday really was amazing – I felt like I was flying and that it didn't matter that I was shy or silly, that people saw me and recognised what I was. I want to be that special to someone, I want to have that connection, want to be known.*

*I think I find talking so difficult because I'm so determined to be selfless, I forget about myself because I know so many more people have it worse than me. I know they don't really need to know about my worries so I let them talk, I listen.*

*I saw you today in the library, first period and you were reading a book for the history project I think. You didn't notice me, you were so engrossed, your tongue sticking out slightly in concentration that nearly made*

*me laugh out loud. I wanted to come over to speak to you, was nearly overwhelmed with the feeling but I thought you wouldn't want to be disturbed and I didn't want to ruin your peace. You looked so beautiful Kurt, your face serious, cheekbones prominent, eyes shining. I wanted to sit and watch you all day. If only I could know you better.*

*There's something about letters that allow you to write your deepest thoughts without fear of judgement or the worry that your face will betray everything. I love writing to you Kurt and I hope my new found friendships don't disturb the quiet peace I feel around you or when I look at your beautiful face.*

*Love X*

*Dear X,*

*I love writing to you too X. I think there is something archaic and beautiful about writing letters that is lost today with all the bustle. I text friends, I abbreviate my feelings in tweets but nothing is as marvellous as revealing all in a letter.*

*I know how it is to feel like a small person amongst so many confident people. I know I feel like that but I can put on the show and pretend that I am a diva in competition with Rachel because I want to be heard, I want to be appreciated. I don't think you should ignore the friends that flock your way X, they just want to get to know you, really know you and it's only because they care. Don't shy away so much that you forget what it really means to live.*

*Life is precious X and if you waste it, if no one gets to know you, then life becomes unfulfilling. You need to express yourself, if only to feel alive again.*

*Love Kurt*

Kurt felt sad when he had read Blaine's letter at first. He really had hoped that the song to him in the cafeteria would help him to come out of his shell more, realise he was appreciated and that he was important. Rachel had taken her mission very seriously when Kurt had asked about the song. She hadn't realised that Blaine felt lonely, in need of friends, she just assumed like the rest that he was shy and would express himself more fully when he got to know everyone better. She had told everyone to make an effort with Blaine and Kurt only just realised that would seem like a pity-party and Blaine didn't need that.

Perhaps continuing the letters would be the best way to help Blaine so Kurt decided to forgo all the grand gestures he had planned and instead try to really get to know Blaine outside of the letters.

Glee club the day after was all business as they started preparations for sectionals in two weeks time. Blaine looked nervous when everyone started vying for solos and duets, ways to express themselves and Kurt looked carefully at him, trying to find ways to include him.

"Maybe Blaine and I could do a duet at sectionals or Blaine could do a solo," Kurt said suddenly, confidently, as Rachel started in her seat about to object.

"That's a great idea Kurt," Mr Schue said, beaming, "Why don't you prepare something and show us tomorrow?"

Kurt smiled and leaned over to Blaine to squeeze his arm and Blaine felt himself calm as he realised he could do this, if Kurt helped him.

xXx

*Dear Kurt,*

*You were amazing today in the gymnasium, so powerful and expressive, I've never been prouder to be your sort of friend as you stood there doing your speech for senior class president. I know you've been fiercely competing these last few weeks, trying to outdo Brittany and Rachel but I just know you will win after your speech today.*

*You explained so clearly how you stand up for others, wanting to make sure bullying wasn't an issue at McKinley anymore. Your stance against dodge ball was genius and although I know the jocks would hate the idea, I loved that people would be protected against bullying tactics and stupid games. You amaze me Kurt and I really hope you win.*

*It makes me want to be braver and I really hope that I can be better. For you.*

*Love X*

*Dear X,*

*I'm glad you saw the debate, I was so nervous and seeing familiar faces like Finn, Blaine and my dad made me feel so much calmer.*

*I wanted to stand up for something that actually would make a difference. I know my decision won't be the most popular but I think that standing up for something, making your voice heard is so important. I don't want to be silent anymore.*

*You are my friend X, no 'sort of' about it. I know I can tell you anything, I know you will help me anyway you can and I hope I do the same for you. I would say that makes us the best of friends really.*

*Love Kurt*

Blaine's heart soared as he read Kurt's letter. The idea that he considered his face 'familiar' and reassuring, a calming influence made him feel warm inside and the thought of sharing X's true identity became more of a possibility. He felt so happy knowing that Kurt considered them friends and good friends at that. Blaine felt his day couldn't get any better.

The thought of singing at a competition made him feel nervous but he had sung with the warblers at their competitions, almost leading them to nationals and he knew he could do it if Kurt helped him. The thought of spending more time with Kurt made nervous butterflies take flight in his stomach but it was good nerves. He so wanted to share more with the real Kurt, not just in letters but he never knew what to say.

They practiced several songs later after Glee club in the quiet of Kurt's room, words barely said as they chose songs that showcased their voices so well. Kurt sang songs best for solos as Blaine watched awe-struck and Blaine sang songs suited to his voice, gaining confidence as he saw Kurt's warm smile, encouraging him. Kurt agreed to drive him home once they had finished as Blaine had left his car at school and they agreed that Kurt would pick him up in the morning. Blaine felt warm despite the chill in the air as they left the house and Kurt said he could open the window in the roof of the car. They listened to music from Kurt's iPod as they drove the streets of Lima and David Bowie's *Heroes* came on, Blaine exclaiming that he loved this song. He started singing and Kurt joined in, smiles beaming on their faces, not a care in the world. Kurt deliberately took the longer route, leading him through a long tunnel as he drove and nudging Blaine's arm he indicated standing in the car, letting his head come out of the car window above them, so he could feel the breeze through his hair. Blaine stood timidly, but felt his spirits soar as the wind whistled through his hair and Kurt turned the music up, both singing loudly. Blaine had never felt more free.

As the song finished and they drove out of the tunnel, Blaine sat back down in the car seat and looked over at Kurt's wide grin and he laughed too, feeling exhilarated.

"I need to do that more often," Blaine said, smiling.

"Yes we definitely need to do that more often," Kurt grinned and went back to facing the road, as he continued to drive Blaine home.



## Chapter Eight

Kurt picked up Blaine the next morning, Blaine clutching his satchel over his shoulder by the strap and flicking a few hairs back into place. Kurt smiled warmly at seeing Blaine but Blaine could only flush and smile shyly, feeling like an idiot. He had spoken to Kurt quite a few times now, had sung with him but still he was reduced to a blushing school-girl around him. Kurt didn't seem to notice.

"Tina and Mercedes have been texting me all night," he said eagerly, "The school council have been trying to organise a Sadie Hawkins dance for weeks and have finally succeeded!" Kurt's grin got wider. "I mean it'll be so much better than prom, no stupid king or queen..." He looked to Blaine, glancing sideways and noticed Blaine's smaller smile.

"Oh Blaine, I didn't think," Kurt was saying, "I forgot that a Sadie Hawkins dance would bring back bad memories, oh god, I'm so stupid, just forget I said anything, I'll tell glee club that we won't go, don't worry...." He continued to ramble until Blaine simply pressed his hand gently on Kurt's knee.

"Kurt, don't worry, I know you didn't mean anything by mentioning it. I probably won't go though..." Blaine looked down with such sadness in his face that tears filled Kurt's eyes. He felt so insensitive and thought it best not to say anymore as they continued to drive to school.

xXx

*Dear Kurt,*

*I've been thinking a lot recently about experiences, how we feel alive in moments then they disappear and we chase the memory, trying to relive and feel again. I felt really alive yesterday, in a tunnel of all places and I feel like I'm constantly chasing that feeling.*

*Just a glance can make me aware, help me to feel again. A look my way from eyes so blue and clear, eyes that promise life and hope, eyes that I could float in. Not sink, you understand, floating suggests a carefree life, sinking suggests a tragic end. I only want life.*

*I sometimes feel that life is only worth living in the knowledge that it could end at any minute. It is at its most beautiful when it is known as temporary. The most beautiful things are fleeting: a drop of a petal from a rose that's wilting, a tear from a serene eye, a laugh from a child's mouth. Here for a moment, gone in a second.*

*I think Michael understood that before he died. It's only when I think back to that last week, when I tried to ring him, tried in vain to help, that I know that he understood life's great mystery. If you understand that life is a collection of moments, you also know that life is only in the present and once it's gone, some experiences are repeated endlessly on a loop even if you are desperate for them to stop. Some people try desperately to repeat moments of happiness; others see only repetition of hatred and anger.*

*I think I want to always see the beauty, always want to unpick life to find it and I'm sort of obsessed with finding poems that describe it too. I love E. E. Cummings and this poem shows how I feel when I see you.*

*(i do not know what it is about you that closes*

*and opens;only something in me understands*

*the voice of your eyes is deeper than all roses)*

*nobody,not even the rain,has such small hands*

*Love X*

Kurt and Blaine had agreed what they were going to sing later on in glee club but as they passed each other in the corridor at lunchtime, Kurt tapped Blaine's elbow and asked if he was ok and if their plans were going ahead.

"Oh, I'm not sure Kurt, I mean maybe we should go with our solo again..."

"No Blaine, it's the duet or nothing," Kurt crossed his arms in mock petulance, smiling widely.

"Ok, ok," Blaine said laughing, "I need an easy life." He lifted his hands in mock surrender and Kurt chuckled. "You're learning quickly Mr Anderson."

"Oh I meant to ask you," Kurt asked suddenly, "Whereabouts is your friend in Thailand from? It's just my cousin is travelling there now and I wondered if she would be in the same area as your friend, they'd be about the same age I think."

"Oh yeah, he's my age," Blaine said eagerly, glad Kurt was interested, "I think he lives in Krabi, near Phuket."

"Oh," Kurt said, "I think she's nearer Bangkok at the moment, but is Krabi a nice place?"

"Yeah, he always described it so beautifully. It was nice having a pen pal from a different place. I feel really stupid that I lost his address."

"And it's not on any of his letters or envelopes?"

"No I never kept the envelopes, just the stamps, and his letters didn't have the address. I guess I'll never know how his life carries on," Blaine said sadly.

"What's his name?"

"Annan Montri, I started chatting to him online a few years ago but haven't been able to get in touch since. Maybe he'll resurface."

"Yeah, maybe," Kurt said, suddenly lost in thought. Broken out of his reverie by a jock walking clumsily into his shoulder, he smiled at Blaine and they agreed to meet just before glee club began.

xXx

Glee club started as usual amidst hustle and bustle and Blaine simply waited patiently for Mr Schue to remember he had asked Kurt and himself to sing something for sectionals. Rachel droned on about her favourite solo performances and Blaine was prepared for their singing to wait for another club session when Kurt piped up.

"Rachel, shut your trap," Kurt said raising his voice and hand to silence Rachel. "Mr Schue you promised Blaine and I could sing." And he stood up, grabbing Blaine's hand and leading him to the piano. Brad the piano man was instructed to start and Kurt's clear voice started singing the beginning of *Perfect*. Blaine leaned on the piano, simply watching as Kurt sung so beautifully, almost forgetting his cue, but he walked forward and sang soon after.

Although the glee club had heard Blaine before, his voice so complimented Kurt's that everyone smiled in agreement. It would be a perfect song for sectionals.

Blaine and Kurt sat down after the applause, Kurt holding onto Blaine's waist and squeezing before he sat down. Blaine felt the air leave his lungs as he sat, still in a daze from singing with Kurt. Something he never wanted to get used to.

Rachel sang next and then something Puck and Santana had worked on which was unusual but everyone laughed at their casual but pretend flirting. Blaine was all smiles as they sang, knowing that he and Kurt had sung their best and would surely be offered the song at sectionals. It was only as Puck twirled Santana pretending to use dance moves from a prom, that Blaine remembered Kurt's comment about the Sadie Hawkins dance they had planned. The conversation about his friend Annan in the corridor flashed before his eyes too, how had Kurt known about his pen pal? It dawned on Blaine, he realised, just as Kurt was walking slowly to the front and asking quietly if he could sing again.

Everyone was quiet as the piano tinkled and they looked at Kurt, who was still looking down at the floor as he started to sing.

*A place to crash, I got you  
No need to ask, I got you  
Just get on the phone, I got you  
Come and pick you up if I have to  
What's weird about it, is we're right at the end  
I'm mad about it, just figured it out in my head  
I'm proud to say I got you*

Kurt looked up, seeming to direct the lines to all of the glee club, but then his eyes alighted on Blaine and he continued.

*Go ahead and say goodbye, I'll be alright  
Go ahead and make me cry, I'll be alright  
And when you need a place to run to  
For better, for worse I got you, I got you*

As the song continued, Blaine felt his throat constrict that Kurt would sing for him, to him and he knew he was wrong about sinking in those eyes; he could totally sink.

*Cause this is love and life  
And nothing we can both control  
And if it don't feel right  
You're not losing me by letting me know*

Blaine knew that Kurt knew. Kurt understood and kept his secrets and didn't mind him writing letters. In fact he must have welcomed it. Blaine felt lighter all of a sudden and could only smile as Kurt's voice seemed to rise higher and higher.

*Go ahead and say goodbye, I'll be alright  
Go ahead and make me cry, I'll be alright  
And when you need a place to run to  
For better, for worse I got you                      A place to crash, I got you  
No need to ask, I got you*

As the song finished Blaine found his legs walking closer to Kurt, continuing to smile as Kurt's eyes widened.

"You know?" Blaine breathed, whispered so only Kurt could hear.

Kurt simply nodded and smiled.

**Songs used:**

'Perfect' by Pink

'I've Got You' by Leona Lewis

**Poem** quoted is E. E. Cummings 'somewhere i have never travelled, gladly beyond' with the original lack of punctuation!

## **Chapter Nine**

"You know?" Blaine breathed, whispered so only Kurt could hear.

Kurt simply nodded and smiled. Blaine felt a slight panic rise in his chest and he battled with the tears that had pooled in his eyes and as Kurt noticed his struggle he gently took his hand, leading him out of the choir room, where the rest of glee club were looking on with open mouths, puzzled expressions.

They walked down the hallway, Kurt tugging Blaine gently, and Blaine following like a lost puppy, swallowing madly as a lump rose in his throat. Kurt knew...

Kurt stopped round the corner by the now empty stairwell and turned to look at Blaine, such kindness in his eyes Blaine felt his shoulders drop from where he had held them so high and rigid.

"I'm sorry Blaine, I've known for a while. Your letters were so sweet and so truthful, I didn't want them to stop," he whispered, "I wanted to tell you, wanted you to be able to talk to me, just me without the letters but they made my day better, I looked forward to them. I'm sorry..." Kurt worried his lip under his teeth and Blaine almost giggled he looked so concerned about Blaine's opinion. No one had cared that much before.

"I don't understand Kurt," Blaine heard himself say; "I mean you liked the letters?" He asked incredulously.

"Of course," Kurt almost gushed, "And all the kind things you did: Karofsky, this scarf..." he said as his fingers traced the edges of the blue material around his neck, "You saved me Blaine and I so desperately wanted to save you too and now I sound foolish and dramatic," he said as he looked down at his feet. "I mean I wanted you to believe in yourself. You need to know."

"Know what?" Blaine whispered, almost not daring to believe, not wanting to know, to break the spell, but he looked into those piercing blue eyes and believed.

"Know that you're special Blaine," Kurt whispered, a twinkle of caring and kindness in his eyes.

Blaine couldn't believe this was happening, he'd dreamt so often of blue eyes, hands held, kisses shared and yet this took his breath away. The idea that Kurt thought he was special was amazing to him.

"Why don't we get coffee?" Kurt asked after a moment of silence. He understood Blaine needed to process what had happened and they agreed to meet in twenty minutes at a small Starbucks not too far away but set apart from the popular McKinley hangouts.

xXx

Kurt arrived first, sitting there waiting with two coffees, hoping that Blaine would like the medium drip he had ordered for him. Blaine sat in his car for a few minutes before he ventured into the coffee shop and he took a few deep breaths as he entered, feeling silly that he had worried so much about Kurt finding out when the moment was turning out so much sweeter than he expected.

He smiled as he approached Kurt and found that he had already ordered a coffee for him.

"I hope this is ok?" Kurt asked, suddenly worried, "I mean I can order another coffee if you want?"

"No this is lovely Kurt thanks; I'll just get some sugar." Kurt looked at Blaine's tense shoulders and back as he walked to the dispenser and he tried to work out how he felt about Blaine. He knew he liked him, wanted to know him better but he was unsure how this was going to work. I mean he already knew so much about this guy, but he almost felt like he'd been eavesdropping and that he shouldn't know so much. This would be awkward and the already shy Blaine might retreat and Kurt suddenly knew he wanted Blaine as a friend above all else. They would simply need to start again.

"Thanks Kurt," Blaine said, as he took his drink and sat down opposite Kurt in a comfy sofa seat.

"I know this is awkward Blaine, but I want you to know I'll still keep your secrets, I won't tell anyone..."

Blaine nodded and smiled shyly. "Thanks Kurt, I mean I feel like I forced all this stuff on you, I just felt like I needed to tell someone and I don't really know anyone here..." his voice trailing away.

"I understand Blaine, I really do. I know what's it's like to feel lonely and to think no one notices or really listens. I'm just so grateful that you noticed, I mean what you did was just amazing Blaine..." Kurt smiled warmly and Blaine's fears instantly vanished as he looked at this boy that he had managed to help.

"Don't worry, I just really wanted to help you after you helped me so much."

"I didn't really do anything, I mean you have that inside you already Blaine, you just needed someone to share it with."

"No Kurt, I knew you'd understand, I knew you'd care as soon as I saw you. Do you remember that first morning when I joined the school, my first slushie? You looked after me, noticed me and tried to include me. I just wish I had your confidence." He looked down at his hands and felt foolish.

"It's all an act most days," Kurt chuckled, "Someone has to keep Rachel in check, she can't get all the solos."

Blaine relaxed. That was the great thing about Kurt - sometimes Blaine knew he could allow himself to worry too much and over-think everything. Kurt made him feel lighter, helped him to know that life wasn't that serious.

"I am sorry about your friend though Blaine," Kurt said after a while, looking at him carefully, "I mean it's horrible that that happened. I know I'm extremely lucky to have such a great dad, I don't know where I would be without him..." He looked at the top of his coffee mug, watching the top of his mocha swirl.

"Have you ever thought about it?" Kurt asked quietly, hoping he wasn't overstepping. Blaine looked at Kurt surprised he was asking, surprised that he found himself answering despite the lack of paper to act as a buffer for his secrets.

"I've thought about it, not seriously, never really considering it but I have wondered. Not wondered how I would, just wondered how my family would react, just wondered what would happen to me afterwards. I worry that life is a collection of nothings and I hate that feeling most of all. I never want life to be a waste but I never know what I want to do with it." Blaine felt pathetic as he finished. He couldn't even definitely say either way and he felt his life was already a teenage cliché. Kurt looked at him kindly though and he thought maybe Kurt had felt the same so he asked him too.

"Yeah, like I said in my letter," Kurt blushed slightly as he referred to his replies, thinking of some of the things he had written, "I felt lonely, thought about what it would be like but I know I could never do it, I could never hurt my family like that, especially my dad. I don't know what I would feel like if I didn't have anyone, if I felt so alone and desperate like that? I don't know, I'm just really lucky I guess," Kurt shrugged sadly, looking at his coffee again, "And I have you, my secret letter writer." He smiled warmly and Blaine met his gaze and smiled in return.



"You really liked the letters?" Blaine whispered.

"Yes," Kurt said, laughing, "They were great to receive after a bad day or when lessons were really dull. I loved hearing about someone else and what they are thinking. Everyone pretends they are fine, that everything is ok but those letters let me know that I wasn't alone and that my thoughts weren't inconsequential. It's a pity they have to stop really," Kurt said sadly.

Blaine looked up and suddenly his expression changed, he was clearly thinking.

"What if they didn't stop?" Blaine asked, "I mean what if we kept writing?"

"Well it seems a bit silly now we both know."

"But they don't have to be all the time, just when he don't feel like we can communicate any other way. I mean, I love writing letters. It's the only time I can really let go and not care what people think of me all the time. I know I'm not the most confident of people but I wish I were."

"Well I don't mind," Kurt said shrugging but his hopeful eyes gave him away. He wanted to write the letters, wanted to know more about Blaine and feel like he had a secret. It was far easier to explain feelings and share secrets through writing anyway and it would be fun.

"Ok," Blaine said, hope reaching his eyes too, "Do we need ground rules?" He smiled.

"Yeah, I think so," Kurt said, thinking, "I mean what if one of us reveals a secret that we don't want the other to refer to when we see each other face to face? What if someone wants to stop?"

"Well we'll still be friends face-to-face too right?" Blaine said, suddenly feeling stupid, "I mean we'll still talk?"

"Oh yeah definitely and I think we need to be real friends Blaine, you need to talk to me more often!" Kurt laughed, "No need to be so shy now."

"Ok, ok," Blaine said blushing, suddenly remembering the secrets he had revealed to Kurt, the love expressed on occasion, the staring at Kurt and how he made him feel. He was glad that Kurt still hadn't mentioned any of that. He wasn't ready and it dawned on him that Kurt was also the only one at school that knew he was gay.

"So we'll talk face-to-face and only talk about our letters when the other expresses that wish in one of their letters? Nothing that is mentioned in the letters needs to be mentioned if we don't want it to?"

"Yeah I guess..." Blaine said, sure that the rules seemed ridiculous. "I don't mind you mentioning things if we're alone though," he continued. Kurt nodded in agreement.

"Same places for the letters?" Kurt said laughing.

"Yeah I like the piano," Blaine said smiling. "Do you think great letter writers had these discussions?" Blaine said after a while. "Like Beethoven to his immortal beloved or Oscar Wilde to his Bosie? They wrote letters because that was the only way to communicate. I feel like we're spoiled for choice these days, so many ways to communicate so many things to say but through letters is the best I think." Blaine finished with a blush to his cheeks and Kurt could feel his heart soar and ache with need. Need for this boy that had accidentally come into his life. Need for secrets and knowledge of someone without misreading and misunderstandings. The thought of continuing to write to Blaine made him feel alive.

"I think it will be beautiful," Kurt said, being completely serious but laughing with Blaine nonetheless as they finished their coffees as the sun set outside the little coffee shop in Lima.

## Chapter Ten

The Glee club had known something had happened but true to his word Kurt never breathed a word to anyone that Blaine was X or had been secretly writing him letters. The following day, nothing appeared any different but Kurt suddenly made sure that Blaine was sitting next to him at lunch and as it was voting day for senior class president, Blaine was there beside Kurt, making sure all his friends and the seniors he didn't know would vote for Kurt. Kurt was nervous, harassed by Jacob Ben Israel to give another interview, assuming he had lost and Blaine could see the panic rise in Kurt's face. As nice as it was to receive letters, Blaine knew he had to give Kurt all his support face-to-face so he stood by his side as Jacob got a bit too close with his camera and hugged him by the shoulders confidently squeezing and smiling warmly. Kurt returned the smile and could feel the worry dissipate as people went into the booths to vote. At least he had Blaine.

It took a few hours for the votes to be counted and classes continued and Kurt could feel his nerves rise as he waited. Rachel had kindly decided to step-down and she urged people to vote for Kurt who stood for so much more. Brittany promised things she couldn't deliver but Kurt hoped that his friends and seniors in their right-minds would vote for him, understanding how important it was for him to get this. His dream of getting into NYADA was just there, in his reach and he needed this.

Kurt was in English when he heard the announcement over the tannoy that he had won and he almost jumped up in excitement as his friends from glee club, Mercedes and Artie who were in the same class, hugged him and tapped him on the back excitedly. After class ended there was only one person he wanted to tell, apart from his dad and he found himself rushing from class, down the hallway as Blaine was running towards him with the biggest grin on his face.

"You won Kurt!" Blaine exclaimed as they came together, stopping just short of each other. Kurt decided the time to be coy was over and he hugged Blaine close as he smiled in excitement that he had won. Blaine was shocked at first at the contact but soon found his arms tightening around Kurt, feeling the strong slim muscles of Kurt's back under his fingers. He could smell the shampoo he used and he breathed him until Kurt pulled back and grinned.

"I can't believe it Blaine! I won!" Kurt almost jumped on the spot.

"I can believe it Kurt, you're amazing, everyone knows it," Blaine smiled shyly, still embarrassed at the close contact but revelling in it. "You'll do an amazing job, I just know it."

"Thanks for believing in me Blaine," Kurt said, "I better go, my dad is already planning a celebratory dinner." And he turned but suddenly thought of something and turned back to face Blaine.

"Hey, why don't you come too? I'm sure Carole wouldn't mind, we might even go out to Breadsticks," Kurt said smiling.

"Oh I don't know Kurt, I mean I don't want to intrude," Blaine looked at his feet.

"Don't be silly Blaine," Kurt said as he walked closer and forced Blaine to look at him, "I want you to be there." Blaine smiled at his admission and agreed, just explaining that he would let his mum know he wouldn't be home for dinner.

*Dear Kurt,*

*I'm so glad you won! I knew you were the best candidate but I thought Brittany's stupid promises might sway people in her favour. I'm so glad they came out to vote for you and I know you'll do the best job. I believe in what you say and know you'll make a difference. If you ever need any help as senior class president, I know I'm not a senior but I'll do anything. It'll be fun and being part of something special always makes you special, right?*

*I loved meeting your dad and Carole tonight. I never really knew family dinners could be like that. I know it sounds really sad but dinner is just perfunctory at my house. We eat, discuss our days including little detail and then go our separate ways. My dad is always busy, the only reason he eats with us is to avoid the fuss my mum would make if he missed dinner with us. She wants our dinners to be sacred but really they are habits, forced conversation and avoidance of real issues. I mean they both know I'm gay but they don't refer to it. Ever since Michael, my mum has been afraid to and my dad never referred to it once I told him. It's like my coming out never happened and as I've never had a boyfriend, he doesn't have to deal with the situation yet. We re-built a 1959 Chevy a few summers ago in our driveway and I enjoyed it but it wasn't what I hoped. I thought it might make it easier if we could chat about something, had something in common so I made an effort but as soon as the job was done, things reverted to normal. He would refer to it every so often as a great thing we had done together but it never seemed to bring him any joy at the time. He wanted things to be different.*

*I'm not moaning, I know people have it a lot worse but tonight I felt welcomed into your family like I'd known them for years and I felt a bit over-whelmed there as they asked me about my school life, what I liked to do,*

*what I was good at. They seemed to accept me unconditionally and I've never known that. You're really lucky Kurt.*

*Thank you for inviting me to dinner, I really enjoyed it. See you soon.*

*Blaine x*

*Dear Blaine,*

*I'm glad you came, I wanted you to. I really liked having you there when I was waiting for people to vote and you were definitely the first person I wanted to tell when I found out over the tannoy. I'd definitely appreciate any help when I become senior class president officially. Maybe next year you can run and make a difference too?*

*I know I'm really lucky, my dad is great and I couldn't imagine having to come out to anyone else. He already knew I think, when I told him I was gay but I know how hard it is to try to be close to your family. I pretended to be straight when I noticed my dad spending more time with Finn, kissed Brittany and pretended to like the same music and clothes just so I could be closer to him. It didn't work; it never does. You need to be true to yourself, never try to change for someone else Blaine. People love you for who you are and they know how special you are. Why would you ever want to change that?*

*My dad was impressed with you – thought you were a 'good kid' and he asked if he'd be seeing you more around the house, doing homework and glee assignments with me, I assume and I said I hope so. You're definitely welcome anytime for Friday night dinners – my dad said so!*

*Kurt x*

It was a few days later that Kurt decided to scrap the idea of writing a letter about what was worrying him and ask Blaine if he could meet him for coffee after school. Blaine was surprised, only because they hadn't had coffee since Kurt had found out and although they spoke much more often, in glee club and in between lessons, Kurt and Blaine had only really shared worries in letters. Kurt looked nervous as he approached Blaine and asked him if they could meet and this made Blaine anxious. What had happened to cause Kurt to worry?

They met at the Starbucks again, away from McKinley students and prying eyes and Kurt was already there, with both coffees ordered and a cookie to share. He was the very epitome of unease as he sat,

fiddling with a napkin and looking anxiously at the door. When Blaine arrived he sighed in relief but still looked at the door every so often as if he was dreading the presence of someone else.

"What's wrong Kurt?" Blaine said as he sat in the seat opposite and took his coffee eagerly to warm his cold fingers.

"Karofsky," Kurt said simply and continuing to eye the door.

"What do you mean?" Blaine almost jumped in his seat as if he expected Karofsky to be behind him.

"He's coming back to school tomorrow," Kurt said, "The school board couldn't prove what he had done and as it's my word against his..."

"What? They can't do that!" Blaine said indignantly, "They have to believe you; everyone knows he's a bully."

"And gay," Kurt said. Blaine only nodded.

"We have to do something," Blaine said, looking desperate.

"I don't think there's much we can do Blaine. I mean everyone knows what he did and maybe he didn't mean what he said about killing me...."

"What?! When did he say that Kurt?"

"Oh just after, I thought I'd told you, he didn't want me to tell anyone and threatened he would kill me if I did. Then you sent that anonymous letter and it was dealt with but I haven't spoken to him since and I worry that he'll be angry."

"Kurt, you have to tell someone about that, you can't let him threaten you again."

"I'm meeting with Figgins and my dad tomorrow and Karofsky will be there with his dad so I guess I can mention it then."

"Yes, you need to do that Kurt, promise me?"

"I promise," Kurt said nodding and smiling, "Thank you for meeting me Blaine, I don't know how you do it but you always manage to make me feel better."

Blaine only smiled widely and continued to sip his coffee. Tomorrow they would fight together.

xXx

The meeting went much better than Kurt expected and he left the office knowing that Karofsky had been all bark and no bite. Blaine was there, waiting by the office door when Kurt said goodbye to his dad and they walked to class together, Kurt quickly filling him in on all that had happened. Karofsky had apologised and had promised he would leave Kurt alone now and the bullying would stop. He silently begged with his eyes for Kurt to remain silent about what had happened and Kurt nodded quickly. Blaine knew all and he vowed to himself that he would protect Kurt if need be and always be there for him.

It got him to thinking about what Karofsky was going through, how he must be doubting his own sexuality right now, not having a clue what was happening or how to deal with the feelings he now had. He wondered how he appeared to Kurt – nervous and shy about his sexuality when really he should be proud and out there, showing people who he really was. He felt pathetic and although he would never react the way Karofsky had, he was no better as he was hiding too. He did what came naturally to him when he was nervous and his head was filled with too many things – he wrote.

*Dear Kurt,*

*I'm really glad Karofsky could be reasoned with and I hope he keeps his promise of leaving you alone. I'll always be there for you Kurt if you need me – just let me know.*

*I've been thinking about my own sexuality since Karofsky has decided not to come out or admit he's questioning. I've questioned my sexuality a few times, thought that it might just be a phase that I'll grow out of, I know my dad hoped it was that but I know I'm gay now. I've never kissed anyone Kurt but I know I don't want to kiss a girl. I don't want you to think badly of me Kurt for not telling anyone at school but you about my sexuality. You must think I'm ashamed and not 'out and proud' like I should be but I don't know how to tell people now I've left it so long. It's like admitting you've been lying all along and I know people will be disappointed in me. I am disappointed in me.*

*I don't know what stopped me in the first place really, it's like when someone calls you by the wrong name and you let it slide to avoid the awkwardness but then it continues and you become that name forever to that person. I don't know how to change it.*

*I wish I could be like you, proud of who I am and free to share with others how I feel. I admire you so much Kurt – confident, fearless, determined. I want that.*

*I hope you don't think badly of me Kurt, because I really value your opinion and want to be better.*

*Blaine x*

*Dear Blaine,*

*Don't ever be afraid of who you are, you're so amazing that I can only be proud to be your friend.*

*If you want to come out you maybe need to drop it into conversation at Glee club or with a friend. Once one or two people know then it'll probably spread around quite quickly and it'll be like everyone's known for a while. The people that matter won't care that you're gay, Blaine.*

*If you're worried about the bullying here, well I won't lie and tell you it won't be hard but I think we've done a pretty good job of defeating it here so far and you won't be alone. I think you need to decide whether you'd rather be completely safe but a watered down version of yourself or be completely 'you' and 'out and proud'.*

*Whatever you decide, I'll be completely here for you Blaine, never worry.*

*Kurt x*

Blaine did make a decision and it came much more easily to him than he had thought. He saw Kurt walking in the cafeteria towards the lunch queue as Blaine was eating his lunch with Tina and just stared. Kurt was wearing the tightest trousers he had ever seen and Blaine couldn't help but stare at his awesome legs and such. Kurt laughed with Mercedes as they were getting their tots and salad, and he looked so carefree and happy, Blaine's stomach did a weird swirly thing and he sighed audibly. Tina turned to look at Blaine then followed his eye line and smiled.

"Man, you have it bad!" Tina said, "I didn't know you were gay Blaine."



Blaine looked surprised at Tina, his cheek colour rising as if he had been caught eating cookies out of the jar but Tina's eyes looked so kindly at him, he just smiled.

"Yeah, I just wasn't sure how to tell everyone now I've been here a while," he said, shrugging in embarrassment.

"Well we'll soon sort that," Tina said as she walked over to Mercedes and whispered in her ear. Kurt turned to look at Blaine, guessing what was going on and as the colour continued to rise in Blaine's cheeks, Kurt smiled the widest smile to put him at ease and put his thumbs up.

## Chapter Eleven

Preparations were strictly underway for sectionals now and the bid for solos and duets as well as planning group numbers was causing the glee club to crack slightly. Just as they thought the line up had been decided, Rachel would come to the next meeting or rehearsal and throw a spanner in the works, suggesting new songs, original songs and driving everyone mad. They finally decided three days before that they would stick to what they did best: mash-ups and duets.

Blaine and Kurt's popular rendition of Pink's *Perfect* had been determined ages ago and everyone strangely decided that that was sacred and no one could change or improve it so Blaine and Kurt were left to practice and perfect it, everyone having confidence in them that they could deliver.

Since Blaine had whispered to Tina about his preferences, it spread like wildfire around the school and although he was nervous about people's reactions, he was glad it was taken out of his hands. When Kurt had seen him later on that day he was proud of him and assured him he had nothing to worry about. True to his word, Kurt hung around him constantly and once at glee club no one seemed to mention it, although a few of the guys gave him interested stares – only to reassess him, find out more about this guy that they had assumed was straight. The only one to make a comment had been Santana.

"You don't want to get up on this then?" She asked him, as she walked past, her head held high and her hips swinging.

Blaine shook his head and his cheeks flamed.

"Your loss, my gay twinkle," and although her remark seemed cutting, she winked his way as she sat down next to Brittany to show she admired him really.

As sectionals approached, Kurt invited Blaine round to his house more frequently to practice and he felt welcome every time – Burt and Carole making him dinner and asking about his day. He no longer felt nervous round there and it only made his heart sink as he returned home to find his dad busy in his office and his mum cleaning or in bed with a book. She had long learned to keep her own company and not ask for anything but had seemed to forget her son might need her too.

Blaine stood on the wings of the stage, waiting patiently, not visibly nervous but staring at the platform in front of him as Kurt approached him.

"Are you ok?" Kurt asked, as he stood next to Blaine and watched the stage and crowd from their vantage point.

"Yeah," Blaine said as he turned to Kurt, "I mean I've been here before, sang solos and group numbers but I find myself strangely worried, like I could fall off the stage or be hit by a light. Do you ever feel like something big is going to happen and then you're disappointed?"

"Not really," Kurt said shrugging his shoulders and smiling, "Big things seem to happen to me and then I wish for the calm to reign again. We'll be great up there you know."

"Yeah, I know," Blaine said smiling, "Are you nervous?" Kurt wobbled his jaw from side to side as he thought.

"Just a bit. This is my first performance in front of an audience."

"I think you'll be great. In fact I know you'll be great." He smiled widely and Kurt swallowed as he looked into Blaine's warm eyes full of hope.

As they went on stage, their number the first of the three they would sing as part of New Directions, Kurt tugged Blaine back by his hand and squeezed it, imparting luck and good wishes and it was such a nice moment before the nerves took a hold. They sang brilliantly and Kurt could feel his chest rise proudly as he watched Blaine sing to him. His eyes were so expressive as he sung to him and he almost wanted to watch him alone, without the audience.

*Pretty, pretty please*

*If you ever, ever feel*

*Like you're nothing*

*You are perfect to me*

As Blaine sung, Kurt remembered that letter, the one he had read several times, the one he knew off by heart now as he sang to Blaine. Those words of Blaine's, so kindly written, so heart-warming in their loneliness and Kurt remembered the expression of something like love, how Blaine would watch and know and understand. Kurt knew then that this guy was worth so much more, was perfect in his eyes and needed to know and he could feel himself come closer, wanting to make Blaine understand too.

Blaine's eyes went wider as they continued to sing and as the song finished and the applause had them rushing together in a hug, Blaine felt like he was home.

xXx

Rachel entered the stage, performed her solo and proudly showed off the New Directions in their group number – assuring their sectionals win and as the crowd whooped and hollered for them all, Blaine hugged Kurt proudly. Kurt felt lighter than air as he looked at the audience, clapping for them, pleased for them and he could only hope for more of it all and that it would never end. He always wanted to sing with Blaine.

*Dear Kurt,*

*I am glad I can see you over the Thanksgiving break and I know you won't get this letter until we get back to school but I feel fuzzy knowing that this letter awaits your return and it will come alive when you open it and become real.*

*Thanksgivings are always the same at my parent's house – my dad manages to stop working for the actual meal where we have the family round to show everyone how amazing my mother is, how she maintains the household and can still show everyone how to be the perfect wife and hostess. She will stand there proudly, showing off her culinary skills and looking not a day over 40, barely ruffled, with nothing out of place, as my dad walks in with not a minute to spare for real conversation, barely acknowledging my mum's hard work. He will make a few comments to his brothers about sons and achievements, commenting on Cooper's lack of ambition in law but accepting gruffly that the temporary life of an actor is what he wanted, as he looks slightly disappointed. I can't wait to see you on the Friday and I know it will be a relief, especially as Cooper will return to LA the following day and I will have to deal with my mum's post-thanksgiving depression. She will clean and pack away in the morning following thanksgiving and will finally droop, conscious that her job will not be needed or even vaguely appreciated until December and Christmas. I will do my best to cheer her but will fail and then I will be able to escape to yours for Friday night dinner.*

*I'm a little surprised you'll still do a Friday dinner, as such a big meal will come the day before but I'm not complaining, I know it will be like my real thanksgiving. I am forever thankful that you're in my life.*

*Singing with you on stage was perfect Kurt and the lyrics highly appropriate. You reminded me of when I first met you and I'm a bit embarrassed to remember that I might have thought you were an angel coming to save*

*me from the slushie monster. A light did seem to pour out of you that day as you approached with kind eyes and helped me get cleaned up. Just ignore this last sentence.*

*I know Friday night will make up for the awkwardness on thanksgiving with my family and it really makes me think about what makes a family. I think your family are pretty near perfect and what I wish my own would be like.*

*See you Friday Kurt,*

*Blaine x*

*Dear Blaine,*

*I liked receiving this letter on the first day back so I snuck a piece of paper under my lesson notes in class and wrote this letter in the hope I could finish it before I left for the day. I hope you get it before you leave.*

*I loved Friday Blaine and I'm really glad you could enjoy it too. Thanksgiving is all a bit of a rush really, extended family comes round and you're forced to answer comments about relationships and futures as well as deciding the weight of the turkey and discussing the weather. I much prefer Friday night dinners.*

*I loved singing for the first time in front of a show choir audience and for a competition. It was equally special because I sang with you. I never want to sing with anyone else.*

*I like that you still remember when we first met. I remember everything you wrote in your letters over the last few weeks, Blaine, still have them hidden away as my prized possessions (sorry if this sounds creepy and sad). I wanted you to know that though so you'd understand.*

*I remember thinking you looked lost that day you got your first slushie and instantly needed to know you and be your friend. I don't know about that angel malarkey but I'm flattered anyway!*

*I wonder if you know the power your eyes have too Blaine, how they look at someone with such wonder and amazement. I sometimes hope they can always be directed at me that way and that I don't imagine it. I want to always have your eyes near mine, drawing me in with their magic and pulling me close. I always seem to want to be close to you.*

*Kurt x*

**Song used:** 'Perfect' by Pink

## Chapter Twelve

*Dear Kurt,*

*The Sadie Hawkins dance approaches and everyone is madly looking around them at possible dates. The boys look as if they might be pounced on by ferocious girls and I'm all for empowerment but some do look very scary.*

*I'm glad we don't have to worry about that and I know you've been really nice about it all, understanding why I wouldn't want to go and you've never mentioned it but I wanted to let you know that I don't mind discussing it with you.*

*The actual night with Michael was pretty good. We danced and had a laugh, joking and drinking virgin punch. I had asked him to the dance and he knew it wasn't a serious invitation but we had our first kiss before we went and it felt so different to anything I thought I would feel. It was magical and although it was a bit wet and too timid, everything was conveyed in that one kiss. It was like we were doing each other a massive favour and would share that forever. I never really found Michael attractive but I was never sure how he felt about me. He would joke, saying that I was lucky that I didn't want to date him because he would pounce on me. He thought he was an oaf and the non-romantic type but he would have been a great first love for anyone, I know it.*

*Our friends accepted us being there, the few that were kind and supportive but I wish it had happened at Dalton instead. I know with its anti-bullying policy that things would have turned out differently but I know, learning the hard way that you can't wish for a different past, you have to live in the present. There are no alternative universes.*

*I remember seeing him in the hospital after we were attacked and he looked so tired, almost as if he had aged ten or twenty years in the meantime. I was always so optimistic, I think I irritated him. The actual dance was the last time we had fun though, the last time he smiled a genuine sweet smile and I'll always remember that.*

*I wanted to tell you all that so you'd know, know that I don't hate the thought of the Sadie Hawkins dance and that the thought of going with you actually makes me feel lighter. I can't help but look at you in amazement Kurt, I think you're amazing and your blue eyes, well I don't think I can describe them to my satisfaction. I think we must both have magnetic powers.*

*I wanted to ask you Kurt: will you go to the Sadie Hawkins dance with me?*

*Blaine x*

*Dear Blaine,*

*Yes, a thousand times yes, as long as you'll be ok and it won't worry you. I don't ever want to upset you or try to replace Michael's memory.*

*Kurt x*

Blaine thought he might be able to fly to Glee club after receiving the letter at lunchtime and Kurt watched as he entered and did think he looked like he was on a floating device as he glided in. Blaine sat next to Tina who was sitting in the front row in the choir room but he smiled at Kurt who was sat behind Tina. His eyes glistened with happiness and Kurt could feel his stomach swoop at the thought he had caused that grin.

xXx

Blaine picked up Kurt on the evening of the dance with his pink boutonniere matching Kurt's. They were dressed in simple black tuxes with crisp white shirts and Burt wished them a nice evening and took photos on their first dance together. Blaine promised that he would return Kurt before midnight, grinning widely as Burt called Kurt Cinderfella.

Blaine drove them to the dance as they chatted excitedly about the songs they were singing and the different couples they would see tonight. Santana was going publicly with Brittany this time and no one had really commented, aware of their attraction and close friendship all along. Rachel had asked Finn before Quinn could and everyone seemed to have taken who they belonged with, making Blaine feel happy and romantic.

As they arrived Kurt took Blaine's hand confidently and Blaine stopped suddenly as he felt Kurt's warm palm in his. As he looked at Kurt's sparkling blue eyes and wide smile amongst the glitter and glam of the dance, he felt a swoop in his chest and he couldn't believe Kurt had said yes and they were here together.

The glee club had been asked to sing at the dance and Blaine sang a group number with the boys: *No Scrubs* being popular as Kurt watched on, admiring how Blaine's shirt emphasised his well-formed chest.



He had never really thought of Blaine as cheeky or overtly sexy but as he sang *Last Friday Night*, he danced around stage, tipping his hat and winking at Kurt whenever he saw Kurt in the crowd. Mercedes sang *Love on Top*, reaching all the amazing high notes and killing it. The girls followed it with *Run the World* and Kurt thought they had never looked so fierce. As the evening slowed down, Rachel sang *Without You* and Blaine and Kurt looked nervously at each other as they came closer together. Kurt wound his arms around Blaine's shoulders and their faces were inches apart, so close that Blaine could smell Kurt's shampoo and the unmistakeable scent of *Kurt*. They swayed to the slow rhythm of the song and Kurt moved his face closer so their cheeks were almost touching. He was so close to Blaine's ear that any whisper between them tickled.

"You're amazing Blaine," Kurt whispered as they swayed, "I can't believe I'm here with you." Blaine had never felt so at peace, so mesmerised by the meaning of the music and his fingers becoming warmer as they wove small circles around Kurt's waist.

It was soon Blaine's turn to sing a slow song so they parted as Blaine approached the stage. He stood nervously as the piano started playing, couples on the dance floor not removing themselves from their current positions. He sought out Kurt's eyes as he stood on the sidelines watching Blaine as he started to sing.

*It's a little bit funny, this feeling inside  
I'm not one of those who can easily hide  
I don't have much money, but boy if I did  
I'd buy a big house where we both could live  
So excuse me forgetting, but these things I do  
See I've forgotten if they're green or they're blue  
Anyway the thing is what I really mean  
Yours are the sweetest eyes I've ever seen*

Blaine's warm smile seemed to waft over Kurt as he sung, looking directly at Kurt's blue eyes, telling him so much more than he ever wanted to reveal face-to-face normally. This was much more powerful without the means of a letter and Kurt felt exposed and oh it was marvellous.

*And you can tell everybody this is your song  
It may be quite simple, but now that it's done*

*I hope you don't mind, I hope you don't mind that I put down in words  
How wonderful life is now you're in the world*

*If I was a sculptor, but then again no  
Or a man who makes potions in a travelling show  
I know it's not much, but it's the best I can do  
My gift is my song, and this one's for you*

*And you can tell everybody this is your song  
It may be quite simple, but now that it's done  
I hope you don't mind, I hope you don't mind that I put down in words  
How wonderful life is now you're in the world*

Everyone only had eyes for the person they were with as the slow songs continued and Blaine found Kurt eagerly as he came down from the stage. As another song started, this time Rachel sang and Blaine held Kurt by the waist as Kurt matched his pose. He could feel Blaine's surprisingly firm muscles under his jacket and as Rachel sang, they sunk closer together.

*At last  
My love has come along  
My lonely days are over  
And life is like a song  
Oh yeah yeah, at last  
The skies above are blue  
My heart was wrapped up in clover  
The night I looked at you*

Blaine parted slightly from Kurt and he looked so open and inviting, his eyes warm and shiny, that Kurt found courage from somewhere and leaned in close, closing his eyes as Blaine closed the tiny gap and their lips touched. Kurt knew all the clichés about fireworks but a spark was definitely felt as they moved their lips together slowly. Blaine finally understood what all the songs referred to, understood what had been missing with Michael. They parted for a gasp of a breath but came together again, this time Blaine tentatively licked the corner of Kurt's mouth and he was invited in and he melted again and sighed. This was where he belonged.

*Oh, and then the spell was cast  
And here we are in Heaven  
For you are mine at last*

The song was over too soon but they parted and Kurt caught Mercedes' eye as she danced with Sam and she smiled with a wink.

xXx

*Dear Kurt,*

*I was really nervous about the Sadie Hawkins dance, worried that it would bring back memories of Michael, would make me anxious about the consequence of going with a guy but I needn't have worried. It was perfect. You were perfect.*

*You looked so beautiful Kurt and as I sang I loved watching you and seeing you down in the crowd, there for me. You took my breath away.*

*I didn't know it would feel quite like this but I find myself thinking about you all the time. I see you at school, in lessons, glee or at lunch but when we're apart all I want to do is be with you again or write letters. I hope you don't mind.*

*The kiss... the kiss, well I couldn't possibly explain how that felt, there are no words but we need to repeat that soon.*

*I can't wait to see you tonight after school and this might sound really dorky but I wondered if you wanted to be my boyfriend?*

*Blaine x*

**Songs quoted or referred to:**

*No Scrubs* by TLC

*Last Friday Night* by Katy Perry

*Love on Top* by Beyonce

*Run the World (Girls)* by Beyonce

*Without You* by David Guetta and Usher

*Your Song* by Elton John

*At Last* by Etta James

## **Chapter Thirteen**

Although Blaine had written the letter in the morning, Kurt sat next to him at lunch and leant in close.

"Yes, I will," Kurt whispered amongst the hustle of the cafeteria and Blaine sighed as his breath tickled his ear and a big grin lit his face. He turned agonisingly slowly towards Kurt and swiftly kissed him on the lips, not noticing the gasps from the girls and a few stares from the guys. They parted to the sound of a low wolf whistle and looked around to find everyone staring at them, expecting a response.

"Oh yeah he's my boyfriend now," Blaine said sheepishly, going red and everyone laughed.

"We figured," Mercedes said laughing, "You're cute."

"About time," quipped Santana, "I mean lady face has been giving you lovey eyes for a while now and we wondered when you would have the courage." Blaine felt embarrassed, what had taken him so long he wondered? But as he thought about it Kurt swooped in for another kiss and a muttered 'wanky' could be clearly heard next to them.

xXx

Blaine was on cloud nine for the rest of the day, even simple tasks like walking to class became magical when twinned with thinking of seeing Kurt at the end of the day and as he was dreamily walking to English Kurt started to approach from the opposite direction. Blaine's grin got impossibly wider and as Kurt got closer Blaine brushed his arm with his fingers and kissed him swiftly on the cheek, just because he could. Kurt blushed and smiled and continued on his way to class.

Classes went agonisingly slowly now and Blaine had nothing to write about because he could no longer remember what happened in his life that didn't involve Kurt already. He was walking to his car after school a few days later so he could drive to a coffee shop to meet Kurt, when a gruff hand stopped him as he was about to get into his car.

"What... Karofsky?"

"Yeah Anderson," Dave said as he looked around the now deserted car park.

"What do you want?" Blaine said angrily.

"I hear you're dating Hummel now?" Karofsky sneered.

"Yeah, what of it?" Blaine asked.

"Just be careful, that's all," he said as he turned away from him and he started to walk away before Blaine spoke again and touched his shoulder.

"What's that supposed to mean?" Blaine said.

Karofsky turned back to face Blaine and the worry was obvious on his face. He had no idea why he was speaking to Blaine about this, why he was warning him or making it sound like a threat but he was here in the car park anyway and the need to run almost overwhelmed him. Blaine looked confusedly his way.

"Nothing," Dave whispered and he walked away, leaving Blaine more confused than ever but he decided to get on his way so he could meet up with Kurt again.

xXx

As they settled on the sofa seats with their new coffees Blaine decided to mention it to Kurt, once they had kissed again. Kurt's lips tasted of warm coffee now and Blaine smiled into the kiss, so grateful that he could do this as often as he wanted and he wouldn't have to be satisfied with just the thought of those lips ghosting along his own.

"Why did he do that?" Kurt asked after Blaine had explained.

"I don't know," Blaine said, "I couldn't work out whether he was threatening me or warning me off you or maybe he just wanted to talk?" Blaine shrugged his shoulders as Kurt sneered.

"I really doubt he just wanted to talk Blaine," he said, "I mean he's always acted like he hated me."

"Until he kissed you," Blaine reminded him.

"Well, yeah," Kurt said blushing, "But it didn't feel like a nice kiss. I've had better," he said smiling warmly.

"Maybe he's confused still," Blaine said. "Do you remember when you first thought that you could be gay?"

"Yeah I guess," Kurt said, thinking back, "I think I've always known. I've always felt like a strange creature, going against the norm and when boys my age wanted to play football and talk about girls I wasn't interested. I liked girls to talk to, to discuss Vogue and dresses worn at the Oscars but the thought of kissing one of them never appealed. Boys on the other hand were different. Gosh I remember one guy I saw in the locker room when I was about thirteen, water cascading down his chest after a shower and I almost thought I was having a heart attack, he was so gorgeous." He blushed a darker shade at the memory and Blaine only laughed.

"Yeah, it was like that for me I guess, I've always loved girls to talk to and I know they're beautiful but men, well they're different. But maybe Karofsky's having that realisation now? It was pretty confusing for me when I was thirteen, it must be worse when you're eighteen."

Kurt thought about it for a while and nodded slowly in understanding. Maybe he should make more of an effort with Karofsky, reach out to him?

"Yeah I never really thought about it. It must be hard. Ok, I'll speak to him if I get the opportunity but he makes it hard. I mean he may have stopped throwing me against the lockers but the slushies with Azimio still remain. I can't help but treat him as an imbecile if he acts like one."

"I know," Blaine said smiling. They changed the topic; discussed music they liked and books that Blaine had been reading as they continued to drink their coffees. Kurt looked intensely at Blaine as he spoke, loving the enthusiasm that Blaine displayed for music, his face lit up and his eyes wide. Kurt could feel his chest swoop just slightly as he realised these smiles were reserved just for him.

xXx

Their weeks continued, Blaine and Kurt sneaking glances and kisses when they could, coming to glee together and sharing lunch. Blaine would sometimes catch Karofsky looking their way in the cafeteria but his expression didn't look menacing, more shy and worried but as soon as he caught Blaine's eye he would look away. Blaine was placing a new letter in the usual place in the piano when he noticed Karofsky lurking behind the locker and although he avoided Blaine's eyes he didn't move from his position. Blaine walked to his car afterwards, not noticing that Karofsky had walked into the choir room too.

*Dear Kurt,*

*I know I haven't written in a while and I wanted to make up for it. I'm just about to see you but I wanted you to have something sweet to open when school starts again after Christmas.*

*I've been walking around like a lovesick puppy these last few weeks, since you kissed me, since we danced and since you agreed to be my boyfriend. I don't ever want to come down from this cloud. I used to watch you from afar (not in a creepy way but in a 'wish I could know you better' way) but now I can talk to you, now I can kiss you, now I can laugh with you. Those things are way better than I could ever have imagined.*

*I think you're beautiful Kurt. Your eyes light up any room and I still haven't been able to decide the colour. I know the word 'blue' can't possibly be enough and sometimes I think they must be grey in certain light. The way they widen in surprise or pleasure, when they soften after a kiss or as they look at mine, I think I could sink in those eyes and I wouldn't mind. I think that would be the only way to die.*

*The way your lips curve into a slow smile or when you laugh so widely that your dimples show. I think those are my favourite expressions and my chest swoops every time. The way your voice changes depending on your level of excitement or as you're singing. I think I always want you to be singing, just for me.*

*I know we've only kissed but I think sometimes your scent might overwhelm me as I kiss along your jaw and it takes all my self-control not to kiss and nibble your neck. Your skin is beautiful Kurt, so pale and perfect that I would never want to blemish it.*

*Never change Kurt, you're amazing just the way you are.*

*Blaine x*

*Dear Blaine,*

*This probably isn't the letter you're expecting to receive under the keys of the piano but I saw you walk into the choir room and place your letter here and I don't know quite how to express myself to anyone face to face about this. I guess you probably hate me for what I did to Kurt and I understand that. I have apologised but I know sometimes that's not enough.*



*I guess by now Kurt has told you what happened, what I did. I know you probably already know this but it's taken me a while to get my head around it all. I don't want the label and I can't even write it down in a letter or admit it to myself but I am who I am.*

*Now I write this I'm not sure why I am doing this but here it is. I want to be able to talk about it, want to be confident like Kurt is and although I know now that you're dating him and I know you're gay, I can't help but wonder how it was to come out like that. Were you scared? How did you do it? Weren't you worried about the consequences?*

*I know you won't receive this until after Christmas now that winter break begins and I don't really know how I want this to play out. I don't know if I could deal with you discussing it with me or mentioning it to anyone. I think the act of writing something has helped even if I'm a coward about everything else. It's a start anyway.*

*Dave*

xXx

Christmas approached soon enough and Blaine spent the day with family, his mum relishing her role and enjoying Cooper's company. Cooper had agreed to return for at least three days so as they were in the kitchen preparing evening drinks for a few of his parents' friends, Blaine asked if he could see the Hummels and Kurt.

"Oh, who's Kurt squirt?" Cooper asked and laughed at his own rhyme.

"My boyfriend," Blaine replied bashfully. Cooper smiled widely.

"Way to go B," he said as he hugged him hard around the shoulders and touched his hair.

"Boyfriend?" their mother asked as she walked towards the kitchen door carrying fresh drinks for her guests.

"Yeah mum, we've been dating for a few weeks now," Blaine said looking at her carefully trying to gauge her reaction. She pointedly looked away and left the room to distribute drinks. Blaine looked worriedly at Cooper but he only smiled at him in support.

"So can I go mum?" Blaine asked as she returned to the kitchen.

"I don't know if that's a good idea Blaine," she said after a while, deliberately avoiding his gaze.

"Why?" he asked.

"Yeah why?" Cooper said getting angry at his mother's response.

"What would your father say?"

"Well if he's not even left his office to speak to his guests this evening, I doubt he would notice Blaine's absence," Cooper said angrily.

"But you know he wouldn't improve and he said he'd be down after the conference call."

Blaine didn't know what to say. He really wanted to see Kurt, and said he hoped to get away when he rang him this morning to wish him a Merry Christmas. They still hadn't exchanged gifts but Blaine didn't want to upset his father or worry his mother. He looked from Cooper's angry face to his mother's worried expression and his chest sunk knowing what he was going to do.

"Ok, I won't go," he said resignedly.

"Oh yes you will," Cooper said, almost shoving Blaine out of the kitchen door and the muffled chat in the living room had stilled, everyone desperately trying to hear what was going on.

"Cooper, hush," his mother said.

"He needs to go to see his boyfriend," Cooper whispered near her face pointedly.

They looked at each other for a while, his mother deciding how far Cooper would go and how much she could cover up. She finally nodded imperceptibly and Blaine breathed a sigh of relief as he prepared to slip out the door, holding Kurt's Christmas present. His wide grin was all the thanks that Cooper needed as he playfully punched Blaine's shoulder on the way out.

xXx

Blaine always felt welcomed at the Hummels and Christmas was no exception. As soon as Burt opened the door to Blaine, standing there in the cold, clutching his present to Kurt and with his festive red bowtie on, Burt brought him inside for an overwhelming hug.

"Merry Christmas kiddo!" Burt exclaimed as he ushered him in properly. "Kurt, look who's here," he shouted.

"Blaine!" Kurt said as he rushed to the door to envelop him in a warm hug and Blaine had never felt happier. Burt had returned to the living room and Blaine timidly leant in for a kiss. Kurt's lips were warm and inviting, tasting of egg nog and Blaine would never get used to the feel of his lips against his own.

Once they were settled in Kurt's bedroom, Blaine filled him in on the awkward Christmas exchange at home before he had left and Kurt's eyes widened in surprise.

"But I thought your father knew?"

"He does but he's never acknowledged it and I guess because I've never had a boyfriend before he hasn't had to deal with it. I don't really get what the deal is anyway. I could probably grow two heads and he wouldn't notice; he'd be so engrossed in a conference call and paperwork."

"Will you talk to him about it?"

"Well my mum seems to think that he wouldn't approve so I don't know what the point of a discussion would be. But I won't change who I am Kurt. He'll have to live with it and I know I'll worry my mum but I don't care." Blaine felt brave, like he could conquer the world and Kurt smiled at him warmly.

"Well I'm glad you're here, I've missed you," Kurt said as he swooped in for another kiss as they sat on the bed opposite each other.

Blaine melted into the kiss and Kurt found himself laying back on the bed as Blaine hovered over him, still kissing him warmly. Their lips moved slowly against each other and Blaine explored Kurt's sides as he lay on the bed. Kurt laughed as he was tickled and Blaine's lips started to travel over his jaw and towards his neck.

"What is that cologne you wear?" Blaine almost growled against his neck so the whispered breaths travelled over Kurt's skin, "You drive me mad Kurt..." Kurt was surprised at the moan that escaped his lips

as Blaine started to suck at his collarbone and stroke along the newly revealed skin above the waistband of his pants. They had kissed many times before in the safety of Kurt's bedroom but normally this was too much for Blaine who was still shy of his feelings for Kurt. Whenever he felt overwhelmed they would sit apart for a while and watch a movie but today, after the thought that he wouldn't be able to see him after all, Blaine needed to touch, needed to explore and feel. Kurt did not mind at all.

Kurt started to touch and feel along Blaine's back, his firm muscles under his shirt and sighs and gasps escaped as they became closer and relished in this new intimacy. Blaine felt addicted to Kurt, to looking, to touching and that scent. It was only as Kurt moaned loudly when Blaine's erection could be strongly felt against his thigh, that Blaine moved away like he had been burnt. His heaving breath came out of his mouth as he looked over Kurt's face, his eyes dark, his lips parted and kissed pink. Blaine sat up and moved further away from Kurt, almost facing away.

"Blaine?" Kurt asked timidly, afraid he had done something wrong.

"I'm sorry Kurt," Blaine whispered, not daring to look at him, "I was coming on too strong." He looked so ashamed at himself that Kurt almost laughed but instead he leant forward stroking his elbow in an attempt to get Blaine to look at him properly. Blaine's eyes went back to Kurt's in question.

"Don't be silly Blaine, I completely loved that and I feel exactly the same." And to prove his point he leant his lower body to press against Blaine's thigh. Blaine's eyes widened and he smiled.

"Oh," he breathed and Kurt smiled, "I just get overwhelmed sometimes and I..." his voice trailed away as he looked fondly at Kurt.

"I suppose we never did discuss it but I like going at the speed we're going," Kurt said, "I mean I know neither of us have had boyfriends before and we should just take it slow but I know that you drive me a little crazy too and you have an amazing tongue." Kurt looked bashfully at Blaine but he only smiled in return. "Let's exchange gifts!" Blaine said excitedly.

"Ok, open mine first," Kurt said as he handed Blaine a slim gift, wrapped neatly with a bow. Blaine smiled as he opened the book, which was a book of love letters from great men.

"I saw this and thought of you," Kurt said smiling.

"It's fantastic Kurt, thank you," Blaine said as he leaned in to kiss Kurt slowly on the cheek. He started to thumb through a few letter entries as Kurt started to hum expectantly.

"Oh yeah, here's your present!" Blaine said. As his dad had been made redundant from his last job, Blaine's allowance had been stopped, despite his dad now working all the hours he could and starting the process of becoming partner at the smaller firm in Lima. Blaine guessed that he didn't want to spend money if he thought one day it might stop again. He had made his present for Kurt out of alphabetical letters from the letters he had received from Kurt that he photocopied secretly at school. It had taken him ages but he had never been more nervous as Kurt opened the box slowly.

"Oh my gosh Blaine, it's amazing!" Kurt gushed as he opened the box to reveal a ring made out of letters. "Are these my letters?"

"Yeah I made copies, I would never ruin the originals," Blaine said smiling timidly.

"What do they spell?" Kurt asked as he mouthed the letters he could read, "I – L – O..."

"I love you," Blaine whispered as Kurt finished and looked up, his blue eyes widened in surprise.

"You love me?" he asked, smiling.

"Yes Kurt, god I love you," Blaine said, "I think I always have..." he sounded embarrassed at the admission and he looked down at the ring in Kurt's hand.

"I love you too Blaine," Kurt said as he came closer to kiss Blaine warmly, the box being placed beside them on the bed as Kurt leant over Blaine, still attached to his lips and as Blaine was lowered on the bed, a sigh could be heard slither out between them.

## **Chapter Fourteen**

**Warnings:** Discussion of suicide and smut.

--

"Kurt we need to talk."

Kurt was getting books between classes on the first morning back after winter break and it had already been hectic. He turned at the hushed voice in his ear and came face to face with a worried Blaine, his lip between his teeth.

"What's wrong?" Kurt asked.

"This," he said as he held up a letter.

"Oh did you write another one? I haven't looked in the piano this morning."

"Yeah, my one's still there but as I was checking I saw this one addressed to me and I knew it wasn't your handwriting."

Kurt had a quick glance over the letter, noticing it was from Dave and he looked straight back at Blaine, just as confused as before.

"Urgh, I have class," Kurt moaned, "Meet me here afterwards? We can go to the Lima Bean for lunch."

"Yeah good idea," Blaine said nodding and already putting the letter safely away in his satchel.

"What did you write in my letter?" Kurt said, smiling and tucking his hand in Blaine's arm as they walked to class.

"No, not telling," Blaine said, knowing the effect it would have on Kurt, "You'll have to read it and find out, let's just say it describes you perfectly." And he leaned in slowly, teasingly avoiding Kurt's lips and walking to his class, down the corridor from where Kurt stood, open mouthed.

xXx

Kurt rushed to the locker after his quick visit to the piano to retrieve his own letter and saw Blaine already waiting there. It was as Blaine was ordering coffees in line that Kurt could read both Karofsky's letter and Blaine's, both written before Christmas. Kurt felt his chest swoop and sink at different times as he read and Blaine looked carefully at his expression as he brought their drinks over.

"So what do you think?" he asked, setting his coffee down after pouring sugar and stirring.

"You write so beautifully Blaine," Kurt whispered, "I don't think I'll ever get over the lovely things you write about me." Blaine's eyes widened and a blush rose over his cheeks. They had never really discussed what was written in their letters since they had got together and Blaine felt embarrassed.

"I meant Dave's letter," Blaine said sheepishly, "I'm glad you liked my letter, I hope it wasn't too much."

"Are you kidding me?" Kurt said, nearly laughing, "But Dave's letter is interesting. He must have been watching us, which is a bit creepy and he knows that we write letters to each other now. What are you going to do? I mean he clearly doesn't want you to approach him about it."

"Exactly," Blaine said, sitting straighter, looking eager. He felt a little more alive at the idea that someone needed their help, almost like they were on a secret mission.

"What would you do?" Blaine asked.

"I think we should see how things go, maybe tell him we know but in a subtle way."

"I know exactly what to do," Blaine said, his eyes alight with a plan and Kurt smiled widely.

xXx

Their opportunity came along the following day as they were walking to the cafeteria down the corridor. They were going in the opposite direction to Karofsky who was with his usual crew of jocks and as they passed, Blaine loudly spoke to Kurt, looking directly at Dave as they walked by.

"Everyone should know that they're not alone," Blaine said loudly, "There is always someone to talk to."

"I totally agree," Kurt said, as Dave continued to walk by, "We're always here."

Karofsky continued to walk with his mates but as he neared the school exit and the others led out, he turned looking directly at Blaine and Kurt who had made it to the top of the corridor. He smiled sadly, then joined his friends, complete understanding on his face as he went to eat his lunch outside.

Although they felt they had achieved something, it was with some sadness that they went to find glee club members in the cafeteria.

xXx

Two weeks went past with no event. Karofsky didn't approach them or write any letters – in fact there was no indication that he knew them in any way at all and Blaine and Kurt could only carry on as if they knew nothing. They obviously didn't want to 'out' Dave and they had made it clear they were there if he wanted to talk. There was of course a change in his behaviour only really noticed by the glee club. Although the slushies continued, Dave was often absent from the group of jocks that threw them and when he was there he didn't seem to take the same pleasure he did before. There was a new jock on the scene that seemed to enjoy taking over Karofsky's role, a guy called Nick that had transferred schools to be on a winning football team and the guy relished throwing slushies and seemed to fit right in.

Santana was actually the one that forced the situation to change and Kurt and Blaine were initially clueless as to the turmoil Dave was experiencing. It was as Sam was walking down the corridor, and ducking to the tap to sip some water bending to reveal his pert arse, that Dave surreptitiously looked his way and ogled. Santana walking the opposite way down the corridor noticed immediately and her gaydar was piqued. Dave's glance was furtive only but it was enough and she was determined to keep her eyes open for other signs.

Sure enough Dave's eyes wandered occasionally, only slightly but she noticed and he seemed to be particularly drawn to Kurt. He would look over at Kurt and Blaine, kissing shyly by the lockers or holding hands on the way to lunch, and his eyes betrayed his sadness and longing. Santana witnessed it all.

She herself had come out to family and friends after the Sadie Hawkins dance, taking Brittany as her date, making a bolder statement that everyone in glee club was fine with. She understood the heartbreak coming out caused, the family fractures that sometimes occurred and she wanted to help Karofsky and definitely didn't want to make it obvious she cared. She decided to ask him to coffee one day as she saw him in the car park after football practice, where she had been cheerleading.



"I knew you'd go back to men eventually," he joked as they sat opposite each other sipping coffees.

"Don't be ridiculous," she sneered, getting straight to the point, "I know all about you and the boys."

"I don't know what you mean," he said, his face instantly falling and his eyes betraying his worry.

"Yes you do," she continued, "You've got a case of the gays and I've seen you checking out the butts and looking over at so called Klaine. You're jealous and I'm guessing you love Ladyface but I'm not sure." She sat back, looking rather pleased at herself and her powers of deduction.

Dave glanced around the coffee shop, making sure he wasn't being watched and leant closer. He didn't notice Nick in the corner behind him, who could hear the whole conversation.

"What do you want?" he said.

"Oh I'm not interested in blackmail or even outing you. I'm here to help."

"Help?"

"Yeah, I mean I know coming out is hard, I've been there, done that and my abuela hates me but I think we need to do something to take your mind off it, have some fun."

"What did you have in mind?" He sat back looking weary.

"Scandals," she said proudly, "The gay bar, we should go together."

"Together? Isn't that sort of the opposite intention of those places?"

"Well I know I won't get any action but that's not why we're going. You should check out the guys, see what the world has to offer and I won't tell anyone."

"I don't know..."

"Oh go on, what have you got to lose?"

xXx

The night was actually a lot of fun and Santana chose songs and drank at the bar while Dave chatted to other guys and danced. He discovered that he was liked, that men were interested and one guy even called him 'his bear cub' which Dave found himself enjoying. After Santana chatted with the only other girl there, one of the bar staff, and felt herself getting bored, she slipped out after telling Dave she was leaving. He was enjoying himself and dancing with a guy he had chatted with earlier and he waved her off, saying he would see her soon.

Things got more heated and they found themselves kissing and laughing as they exited the bar. Dave pressed him against the wall, enjoying the sounds the guy was making and kissed along his jaw and neck while the guy waited for his taxi. It soon arrived and Dave decided to walk home, not noticing the parked car watching from the other side of the road or the click of the camera.

xXx

The result was instantaneous the next day of school and Kurt and Blaine were clueless until Azimio approached Kurt by his locker and shoved him hard, the bang reverberating off the metal.

"You turned him gay, Hummel," he shouted, "You gave him your cooties."

Kurt didn't have a clue who he was referring to but Blaine walked down the corridor as Azimio stomped away.

"God Kurt, are you ok?"

"Yeah," he said, a bit stunned and rubbing his shoulder, "What's going on?"

"It's Dave," he said, worrying his lip under his teeth, "He's been outed. Apparently there's a photo of him coming out of Scandals."

"The gay bar?" Kurt asked incredulous.

"Yeah, someone spray painted the 'f' word on his locker," Blaine shuddered even at the thought.

Kurt looked devastated for Dave and didn't know what to say. No one deserved that; no one should be outed in such a way. They looked for Dave all day but apparently he had been taken ill in class and gone

straight home. The same continued for the rest of the week but the taunting continued online and Blaine knew his absence from school meant something was wrong.

*Dear Kurt,*

*I've gone to see Dave and thought it might be better if I explained in a letter why I need to talk to him. I've told the teachers I'm sick and I got Puck to sneak into the office to find his address while I laid the charm on thick with the secretary. I have never felt dirtier.*

*I think I need to do this, I know his silence, I know what he's thinking, I've been here before. I know Dave isn't that close to us, I know that he can never be called a best friend but I think he's going to really need our help.*

*I'll ring you when I get home.*

*Love Blaine x*

Kurt got the letter after school, already noticing Blaine's absence from afternoon classes and after texting him frantically and getting no reply, he read the letter and at least knew he would be ok.

He waited as patiently as he could for the phone call, barely eating dinner with his family and avoiding questions about his health. He even paced his room for a while and not even listening to his *Wicked* soundtrack could distract him, although he could reach the high F in his sleep. Blaine finally rang an hour later and Kurt picked up immediately.

"God Blaine, I've been waiting for ages!" Kurt said.

"Sorry Kurt," Blaine whispered, sounding so tired, "I rang as soon as I got home."

"What's wrong? How is he?"

"Not good," Blaine said sadly, "I was worried about leaving early so I stayed for dinner. He didn't want to come out like that Kurt; I can't believe that would happen to anyone. I think he actually wanted it to end so badly he was considering it." Blaine couldn't even say the word but Kurt knew and his heart sunk that Blaine was going through this again.

"He's going to transfer schools and I spoke to his parents. They're actually really nice and clearly felt embarrassed about how Dave had treated you, once I explained I was your boyfriend." Kurt would never get used to being called Blaine's boyfriend, he smiled slightly.

"He wants to keep in touch Kurt, with both of us," Blaine continued, "That's ok, isn't it?"

"Yeah of course," Kurt said loudly, "I'm actually really glad he's ok."

"I knew you would be," Blaine said, "That's why I love you." Kurt thought he could actually hear Blaine's blush and he laughed gently.

"I love you too. I can't believe you went over there Blaine and made sure he was ok. You saved him when he probably felt like he had no one."

"I did nothing that you wouldn't have done," Blaine said.

"No Blaine, you did it, you thought about what he was going through and acted. You're amazing."

"Aww shucks," Blaine said, chuckling but so in love with the guy on the other line.

*Dear Blaine,*

*The book of letters from famous men that I got you, I also got myself because romance comes so easily to you and you always know just what to say. Although I love reading amazing romance and watching The Notebook, I know I'm not one with words myself so I'm writing this letter so you know and will always have a record of how I feel about you.*

*The letters from Oscar Wilde to his Bosie are just so amazing and their love feels so uneven that I wanted you to know that I feel loved and that I love you just as much, if not more.*

*"O sweetest of all boys, most loved of all loves, my soul clings to your soul, my life is your life, and in all the world of pain and pleasure you are my ideal of admiration and joy."*

*Gosh Blaine we've known pain this week and you helping Dave, well I've never admired you as much as I do now, never been as proud of you. I hope you know how much you mean to me, and how glad I am that you're in my life.*

*You're beautiful Blaine, inside and out and I feel nothing but love when I see you. Never change.*

*"Ever thine, ever mine, ever ours." Our love.*

*Love Kurt xx*

As Kurt drifted to sleep that night, listening to the *Moulin Rouge* soundtrack, he could suddenly hear a patter of pebbles hit his window and his eyes widened as it happened again. He went to look outside his window and he could see Blaine wrapped up warm and grinning widely in front of his house. He sneaked him in the house and started laughing as soon as his bedroom door was closed.

"Blaine, what are you doing here?" he said, still smiling at his rosy cheeks and his eyes twinkling mischievously.

"I couldn't wait," Blaine said as he surged forward, kissing Kurt hard on the lips and Kurt's eyes widened in surprise then closed in pleasure as their lips moved together. Kurt's lips were so warm and Blaine could feel his own cold lips responding and becoming warmer.

"Your letter," Blaine gasped as he licked along Kurt's pale jaw and kissed his neck tenderly, "Your letter was amazing. I had to see you."

They walked to the bed and started kissing again, Blaine fitting his legs in between Kurt's as Kurt sighed in pleasure. Blaine couldn't stop touching as they kissed, his fingers stroking Kurt's sides and his cheeks, his arms then he kissed that sweet spot below his ear. Kurt mewled lowly in pleasure and inadvertently raised his hips as Blaine sunk lower, causing their clothed erections to brush together. Blaine rose slightly to look at Kurt's flushed cheeks and rosy lips beneath him and realised this would normally be the moment they stopped, normally they would part, cool off and start again later but looking at Kurt now, so beautiful beneath him and after what he had written, Blaine couldn't get enough, never wanted it to stop.

"Can we continue this time?" Blaine asked timidly, not sure if Kurt wanted it too.

"God, yes, Blaine," Kurt said practically begging and he bucked his hips up again and Blaine moaned at this new pleasure.

They removed their pants and shirts shyly and stood there in only their boxers, facing each other.

"Let's remove them together, at the same time," Kurt said, his voice wobbling slightly with nerves but so desperate to see and touch. Blaine nodded and they started to remove their underwear until they were both completely naked in front of each other. Their eyes roamed and explored. Blaine's eyes went impossibly darker as he looked and Kurt felt his dick twitch at the sight of Blaine's tanned torso, so toned with a dusting of hair leading south and Kurt licked his lips. Blaine started walking closer, his fingers itching to touch, knowing they were missing out on the pleasure already enjoyed by his eyes.

They touched and explored as they lay on the bed, facing each other sideways and there was suddenly so much skin, so much warmth and love. They touched faster, fingers travelling over uncharted territory and gasps and moans of pleasure slithered through the tiny gap between them. They came closer as Blaine rested in between Kurt's legs again and started rutting rhythmically against Kurt's hardness and Kurt threw his head back in pleasure.

The moment they had been leading up to came upon them much quicker than they wanted but they knew there would be more of this to come, knew they would have time to explore, time to devour, time to love. In fact they had all the time in the world and as long as they had each other, nothing could hurt them.

## Chapter Fifteen

A few weeks went by, nothing more was heard from Dave, despite Blaine making an effort to ring each week and life seemed to carry on. It was as Blaine was reading a book at his locker, obviously catching up on home reading that he should have done for class that Kurt looked over from his own locker across the other side. He watched him without realising his eyes were lingering over his compact frame and it occurred to him that they hadn't written for weeks and Kurt missed it. They saw so much of each other, Blaine normally coming round to Kurt's after school to complete his homework, that there wasn't much they didn't share. They met for coffees in the morning and shared lunch; went to glee club together and sometimes met in the library to complete projects together. There really wasn't much to relate in a letter and Kurt almost missed the time before, when love was tentatively mentioned in a letter and glances chanced in the corridors of McKinley.

It was this thought that crossed his mind as Valentine's Day approached. Kurt could think of so many things to get Blaine, so much had been shared and learned together that he was worried the magic would be taken away from the occasion. He knew Valentine's Day was an excuse to sell candy and greeting cards on a holiday but secretly he wanted to be romanced and he was looking forward to their first Valentine's Day as a couple.

Just a week before, Kurt opened his locker to a tumble of books falling out and as he bent to pick up his books and straighten his bag, he noticed a big red card that had fallen in with the books.

*To Kurt,*

*You make my heart sing,*

*From your secret admirer.*

He just knew it was from Blaine and he squealed a little at the knowledge that Blaine had started writing to him again. He tucked it into his bag and went to class feeling a little lighter.

xXx

Kurt wandered to lunch later on his own, Blaine having already text him to say he needed to go to the library to catch up on some homework he was behind on. Kurt hadn't mentioned the card he had

discovered earlier but he happily sat at a table with the other glee club members, a big grin on his face as he showed the girls his card. As he sat eating his lunch, a gorilla gram appeared behind him, Rachel squealing in glee and Kurt turned to be handed his gram.

"'To Kurt, be my Valentine, from your secret admirer'," Kurt read and he turned to the gorilla who silently gave him his heart balloons and tiny monkey. "Will you tell me who my secret admirer is, gorilla?" The gorilla shook his head and turned to leave, Kurt bouncing in his seat.

"Blaine is so romantic," Kurt almost whispered to himself, still looking at his gram.

"Why does it say secret admirer if it's from Blaine?" Artie asked as he leaned over Kurt's shoulder to take a peek.

"So romantic," Kurt said, completely ignoring his comment and going on his way back to afternoon classes. He realised it could even have been Blaine in the costume as he had become suddenly unavailable for lunch. Curious.

Kurt didn't have any classes with Blaine during the afternoon but he had text him to arrange to meet up for a coffee after school and as Kurt made one last trip to his locker at the end of the day, another little card fell out.

*To Kurt,*

*Be mine forever,*

*From your secret honey*

Kurt did another little squeal as he walked to his car to meet Blaine. Two could play at this game.

xXx

Kurt felt sly as he put the little card in the usual place in the piano. Blaine probably wasn't expecting a reply to all these cards he had placed in his locker but he wanted to show him he could be romantic too, that he could surprise him and play along.

*To Blaine,*



*Roses are red,*

*Violets are blue,*

*No one is as*

*Wonderful as you.*

*Love X*

Blaine of course knew it was from Kurt – he was the only one apart from Dave who knew about their secret spot and as he opened the card the next day he smiled to himself. He loved this side of Kurt and started thinking of his own Valentine's Day surprises for Kurt.

*To Kurt*

*Meet me at Breadsticks on Valentine's Day at 7pm.*

*From your secret admirer*

Kurt was almost desperate to mention it to Blaine, couldn't keep the excitement in but as he saw Blaine at lunch, decidedly quiet about his own plans for Valentine's Day, he determined not to ruin it. If Blaine wanted a secret rendezvous, who was he to ruin it? But he couldn't help sending a little note to Blaine to say he'd be there.

*To Blaine*

*Of course I'll see you at Breadsticks at 7pm. Valentine's Day wouldn't be the same without you.*

*Love X*

Kurt wanted to meet Blaine secretly, without mentioning it to his face?! Blaine felt bubbles of excitement in his stomach at the thought and he went home straight after school that day, not saying a word and determined to make this a Valentine's Day for Kurt to remember when he met him later.

xXx

Kurt arrived early at Breadsticks, a new brown suit, fitted to suit Kurt's slender frame and he felt his skin tingle with anticipation. He carried the little card from his 'secret admirer' and the place was heaving with couples celebrating V day. Kurt looked around eagerly, hoping to catch a glimpse of Blaine before he noticed his arrival, but he saw no one he knew so he waited patiently until a gorilla suddenly appeared at the door.

"Gorilla?" Kurt said laughing as he handed him another card and heart shaped chocolates. "To Kurt," he read out loud, "'Happy Valentine's Day, I think I love you.' Wait, you *think* you love me?" Kurt asked, suddenly worried. The gorilla removed his mask to reveal Dave. Kurt had got his hopes up so high, had seriously thought it was Blaine, he could only take a step back. He eventually found himself following Dave to a table that he had booked, clearly not listening to the mutterings Dave was saying. After a while he looked at Dave who was still in the costume with the head removed and started speaking.

"So you taunt me for months, bully me, hate kiss me and now you realise you love me?" Kurt asked incredulous.

"When I was at McKinley I hated who I was, I took that out on you because there you were," he said smiling as if Kurt already meant the world. "It's taken me a while, but for once in my life and after everything I went through to get here, I'm finally being honest about how I feel." His hand had started to get closer and Dave laid his trembling hand on Kurt's and implored him with his eyes.

"I'm flattered, I am," Kurt was saying though his hand remained with Dave's on the table, "But you don't love me, you just think you love me."

"No, you've helped me so much," Dave said.

"I'm so proud of you for coming so far, I really am and I want you to be happy but I'm with..."

"Kurt?"

There was an icy chill that swept over their table from the suddenly open door and Blaine stood there, his eyes flickering over their hands placed together on the table, the heart shaped candies, the big red card. He blinked as if once he closed his eyes it would all disappear and he walked out the door quickly.

Kurt sat frozen, still opposite Dave, not entirely sure what had happened but as he looked down at their hands, swiftly removed his own, panic filled him and he ran to follow Blaine who was struggling to open his car whilst holding the biggest bouquet of flowers that Kurt had ever seen.

"Blaine..." Kurt said, finally reaching him and clasping his elbow. Blaine shrugged it off.

"No Kurt," he said, facing him sharply, his eyes ablaze with a mixture of anger and anguish, "You can't do this. I get it now, you wanted to meet Dave, I was just some toy to you." He fumbled with the car door again, why wouldn't it open?

"I came here to meet you Blaine, I thought it was you."

"Well you looked pretty cosy to me," and he finally succeeded with the lock and opened the door hastily, closing it behind him and speeding off, leaving Kurt alone in the car park with a sad bunch of flowers trodden on the ground next to him.

xXx

Kurt had never felt so miserable. After explaining very quickly to Karofsky and leaving straight away, he frantically tried ringing and texting Blaine all night to hear only his voicemail. He considered going to Blaine's house but he wasn't sure how welcome he would be and he didn't want to upset Blaine further by bothering his parents. He would have to wait until school.

Hours had never gone by so slowly. He finally figured all the confusion, knew that Dave had sent all the cards and had been the gorilla gram all along. Kurt felt childish and silly and couldn't wait to explain it properly to Blaine. If he let him.

The following day Kurt ran up to him as soon as he saw him by his locker, desperate to explain, to be heard and understood but Blaine coldly ignored him and Kurt felt like he'd been burnt.

*Dear Blaine,*

*I really hope you read this, please read it all, please understand.*

*Dave means nothing to me. You see he wrote me all these cards, claiming to be my secret admirer and I thought it was you. You were so elusive and secretive about Valentine's Day I assumed you were surprising*

*me and pretending to be my secret admirer whilst showing your romantic flare. I know what it must have looked like, I know Dave was holding my hand when you entered but honestly he was just telling me how he felt. I don't reciprocate his feelings at all and I only ever wanted to be nice. I think he has a crush on me because I'm one of the only people he knows who is gay and proud. I'm not worried about what people think when he has been badly hurt by it all. Please understand, I could never return his feelings.*

*I love you Blaine, please reply or speak to me. Please.*

*Love Kurt x*

As soon as Blaine read the letter he of course melted and felt foolish. He had assumed the worst but as he thought back to the vulnerable place Karofsky found himself and the kindness that Kurt always showed to other people, he knew he had been very very stupid. He had arrived to glee club early in case Kurt had left a letter and now as he sat there, on his own in the choir room he quickly planned ways he could make it better. He was thinking things through as Kurt walked in.

Kurt saw Blaine with his letter but he looked wary, like he still wasn't sure how Blaine felt or whether he had been forgiven. Blaine couldn't bear it.

"I'm sorry Kurt," he whispered, looking down at his hands.

Kurt walked slowly, looking straight at him and finally sitting near him a few seats away. He paused for the longest time, so Blaine felt he might die from anticipation and worry and finally Kurt spoke.

"It's ok, I guess it did look strange but you need to trust me Blaine. I'm not going anywhere, anytime soon."

"I know Kurt," Blaine said determined to make him see, "I do know that, I guess I just felt a bit insecure, I mean you're so amazing and I..."

"No Blaine, you need to believe in yourself, you're amazing," he smiled at him warmly, hoping to melt the worry, hoping to settle everything between them. He couldn't carry on like this, just one day had been torture.

"I think Dave just needs a friend," Kurt carried on.

"Yeah, maybe you should give him some space though, if he has feelings for you," Blaine said, wide-eyed with concern.

Kurt only nodded before Rachel came bounding in with ideas for regionals pouring from her mouth, followed by a quiet Finn and the others soon followed.

Glee club was spent preparing tracks for rehearsal that went with the theme of inspiration and love for regionals. The *Fly* mash up with the R. Kelly classic made everyone nod with enthusiasm and Blaine quickly suggested he should duet with Kurt, who smiled at the knowledge that he was back where he belonged and everything was right again.

xXx

Regionals soon approached and Blaine and Kurt practiced religiously in the lead up, only at Kurt's house. Blaine was often invited to stay for dinner afterwards and he always felt welcomed. Kurt never asked if he would get the chance to meet Blaine's parents, already knowing it was a sore subject and he wished Blaine would confide in him a little more. Blaine never referred to his parents unless he could help it, never once mentioning that they would be quite hostile to the idea of Blaine having a real boyfriend. His mum of course, suggesting he write to someone in the first place, did show she cared. She did love Blaine, in her own way but his father being absent, completely seemed to miss the important things in Blaine's life and making partner had become his life's goal. It probably hadn't even occurred to him that Blaine had friends, let alone a boyfriend and his mum was constantly in fear that he would find out.

It was only as Burt and Carole turned up for regionals to support Finn and Kurt, that Blaine realised it hadn't even occurred to him to invite his own parents. He knew they wouldn't be interested and it didn't really hurt – he had learnt to accept it long ago. Everything he achieved he did for himself. He stood behind the curtain, ready to go on stage for his performance, Rachel practising her scales for her solo performance and Kurt stood by his side, peering to see his dad in the audience and he smiled. Blaine almost wanted to cry at the picture of Kurt before him. He was so beautiful, his blue eyes wide with nerves and appreciation for his loving dad. His dimples showed as he smiled then gulped and Blaine thought back to the first time he had seen Kurt; the first time he had mistaken him for an angel. They had come so far since then and Blaine knew then that they would go so far together in the future too. Soon it was their time and they walked on stage as applause for the previous glee club started to wane. Blaine looked at Kurt as he started to sing from the corner of the stage and he smiled, Kurt returning it, trying to completely forget the audience in front of him as he stood centre stage.

*Heartbeats fast*  
*Colours and promises*  
*How to be brave*  
*How can I love when I'm afraid to fall*  
*But watching you stand alone*  
*All of my doubt suddenly goes away somehow*  
*One step closer*

Blaine came closer to Kurt, looking directly at him as he continued to sing and Kurt felt butterflies.

*I have died everyday waiting for you*  
*Darling don't be afraid I have loved you*  
*For a thousand years*  
*I love you for a thousand more*

Kurt prepared to sing as Blaine circled him, still staring, still imploring him to believe every word he sang. It's all for him.

*Time stands still*

*Beauty in all she is*  
*I will be brave*  
*I will not let anything take away*  
*What's standing in front of me*  
*Every breath*  
*Every hour has come to this*  
*One step closer*

Kurt comes closer, so close he can see the browns swirl in Blaine's eyes and they sing together, their voices melding together beautifully, like honey in cream.

*I have died everyday waiting for you*  
*Darling don't be afraid I have loved you*  
*For a thousand years*  
*I love you for a thousand more*

*And all along I believed I would find you  
Time has brought your heart to me  
I have loved you for a thousand years  
I love you for a thousand more*

They move in and out of each other, weaving around the stage, only eyes are still locked but everyone is watching.

*One step closer  
One step closer*

*I have died everyday waiting for you  
Darling don't be afraid I have loved you  
For a thousand years  
I love you for a thousand more  
And all along I believed I would find you  
Time has brought your heart to me  
I have loved you for a thousand years  
I love you for a thousand more*

Kurt knew they had been daring in Lima, Ohio; knew they were risking republican hatred but he didn't care, didn't even notice. Their hands grazed as they left centre stage after their applause and they found their places for the group number, shyly smiling at each other.

xXx

*Dear Kurt,*

*I know. Watching you sing to me there, so close I could discern the different colours in your eyes, could feel your blush fan along your cheeks. So beautiful, I could watch you forever. I know.*

*I know that you're it, you're everything. I think back to what I was before and I don't remember. I think back to what I did before I saw you, before you helped me wipe slushy off my face and I don't think I was really there – I was only a shaded version, a wisp of something, never known. I think I lacked courage before, you taught me what the word really meant.*

*I saw Burt and Carole there today and I wished. I wished one day that I would have someone in the crowd there for me and I never really wanted that before, never knew I missed that. I know now that I do have someone in the crowd for me, always there for me, always by my side, always rooting for me.*

*You light up the skies above me Kurt, you've saved my soul. I want to always be by your side, always there for you, always your friend. I think I have loved you for a thousand years and I hope to love you for a thousand more, if you'll let me.*

*Love Blaine x*

**Songs quoted:**

'A Thousand Years' by Christina Perri

'Rule the World' by Take That (brownie points if you can spot it!)



## Chapter Sixteen

*Dear Blaine,*

*I really loved your letter and it made me wish and yearn for the days we used to write all the time – a time when you believed you were anonymous and I wrote back, pretending I didn't know you wrote those sweet letters. I really cherish each one Blaine, I sometimes read them before I go to sleep and remember.*

*I remember your sweet expression as you watched me tentatively from your locker or when you were nervous about joining in at a party and just watched us having fun. I'm so proud of what you have become Blaine, I know you are more of the person you were meant to be, the man behind the nerves and the shyness. I love hearing you sing because you come alive Blaine and I know you need to do something using your voice in future, when you grow up. It's who you were meant to be.*

*I really appreciate all the help you've been giving me as I practice for my NYADA audition and I really do know how annoying it must be to hear me worry and critique my performance when all you say is how amazing I am. I just want it to be perfect and I worry. This is my only chance to shine and I have to win.*

*I know I've become a bit mad in the last few weeks, my desperation showing in my actions all the time but I know 'Music of the Night' is the wrong performance, I know it's too safe. I need something more.*

*Thanks for being constantly patient with me, for loving me despite my flaws and for making super cookies to calm me down when I'm crazy and don't eat.*

*Love Kurt x*

*Dear Kurt,*

*I've loved watching you rehearse and I know I say it every time and I may be a bit biased but you are amazing each time you sing. Sorry!*

*I think you should go with your gut feeling. 'Music of the Night' is a great song and you can really show your theatrical talents as well as your musical ability but I think you've always pushed the boundaries, you always think out of the box and this is your moment to shine. You're the single most interesting kid in all of Ohio – never forget that.*

*I have been thinking – and no jokes about that being hard for me! – I wondered if you wanted to meet my parents. I have wanted to talk to them properly for ages about you and invite you over for dinner but I wasn't sure how you'd feel, whether you thought we should wait or maybe we aren't ready for that step yet? I don't know, and now I'm rambling which I didn't even think was possible in a letter but nevermind. My mum knows about you but I don't quite know how to speak to my dad about it. I want you to know that I'm really proud to call you my boyfriend, it's just my dad's a bit conservative I think and I'm not sure how he'll react to the news.*

*Love Blaine x*

xXx

Kurt and Blaine met at glee club a little later, letters exchanged and read amidst sighs and smiles.

"I'd love to meet your parents Blaine," Kurt said as he finished the letter, "But I don't want to cause problems with your dad."

"No I don't care," Blaine said, suddenly a little loud for the choir room, "You're a part of my life now and I'm going to talk to him about it tonight. I mean he knows I'm gay, what will the issue be?"

xXx

He had so convinced himself that dinner would be fine and the discussion irrelevant that as he sat there, eating his main course his mother had lovingly prepared after his father came swooping in at the last moment, he confidently explained he now had a boyfriend without a shadow of shyness or trepidation. The shocked silence was enough to let him know that he had miscalculated.

His mother sat there passively, looking from one man to the other, not knowing what to say, not daring even to eat. His father, Richard paused his eating and looked carefully at Blaine, unsure he had heard correctly.

"Pardon?"

"I have a boyfriend dad," Blaine said, less confidently, already sensing his father's change in mood. "His name's Kurt."

"Kurt?" Blaine nodded.

Richard sighed and sat back in his chair, his food discarded and Blaine's mother biting her lip.

"Blaine, what is this nonsense?"

"I have a boyfriend dad, I've just told you. I mean you knew I was gay, right?"

"Don't get smart with me Blaine, I know what you said before and I humoured you because you were a child but I didn't think you'd kept up with this idiocy."

"It's not idiocy dad," Blaine said, sitting up straighter, prepared for the fight, suddenly indignant. "I love Kurt; we've been together for a while. I thought you'd want to know."

"Love, Blaine?" Richard scoffed, "Do you even know what love is?"

Blaine didn't know what to say. He knew he'd never witnessed it in this house, he knew they tolerated each other at best, had heard the rows when he was a child; now they just cohabited, barely acknowledged each other's existence. That certainly wasn't love.

"I think I know," Blaine said shyly, "I know I'm gay dad, there's nothing you can do to change that." Richard looked at him sharply then sighed in resignation.

"I really thought you'd get over it when Michael died." Blaine looked up in shock that his dad would mention his best friend so flippantly.

"That shouldn't have happened to Michael, he shouldn't have been made to feel that way," Blaine said, tears pooling in his eyes that his friend had known no love at home.

"No, but then the world isn't a nice place is it? Those things could happen to you, do you want that?"

Blaine stood up. "Those things did happen to me. I know what it's like to be bullied for my sexuality; I know what it feels like to be unaccepted by your own family. I know you wanted a better son than me or Cooper dad, but we're all you've got. You need to get used to it." He started to walk out of the room.

"Where are you going Blaine?" his mum asked suddenly, the first words she had uttered since dinner had started.

"I'm seeing Kurt; I'll be back by curfew."

xXx

"Blaine?" Burt answered the door, surprise showing on his face at the forlorn look on Blaine's face as he stood in the shadows, the porch light shining down on Blaine's head.

"Sorry to disturb you Burt," Blaine said timidly, "Is Kurt in? I just really needed to see him."

"Yeah, he's in," Burt said, opening the door wider and beckoning him in, "What's up?"

"Oh just parents," Blaine tried to laugh but only a hoarse bark came out, causing Burt to look concerned.

"Anything you wanna talk about kid?"

"Oh I'll be ok," Blaine said as he walked in and he kindly accepted an offer of a hot drink in a little while, after he'd seen Kurt. He knocked on Kurt's bedroom door and after hearing Kurt let him in, he found him flicking through his iPod in the dock, clearly looking for a perfect track.

"Blaine? What are you doing here?" He looked instantly worried and he walked him to his bed for a hug.

"I needed that," Blaine said, as he was hugged closer than sat opposite Kurt on his bed, sat hugging his knees close to his body.

Blaine relayed what had happened that evening at dinner with his parents and Kurt murmured in understanding or shook his head in annoyance and Blaine felt instantly better that someone understood, that someone cared.

"Maybe he's just looking out for you Blaine," Kurt said kindly after a while. "I mean he didn't go about it the right way, but maybe he fears that something bad will happen again and he wants to protect you."

"Yeah maybe," Blaine said, looking down at his knees, "I just feel like such a disappointment to him."

"Well you're not. I think he just needs some time. He'll get used to it and I can meet him later on, it doesn't matter." Blaine nodded sadly. Kurt was so special, he should be shown off proudly and he hated that he would have to wait, that his dad needed that time, when Burt had been so loving and accepting.

"Hey," Kurt said, creeping closer so he could wind his arms over Blaine's hunched shoulders, "Don't look so sad." He kissed the top of his head, his hair breaking free from the gel so that loose curls could be seen escaping near his hairline. Blaine leant closer to Kurt under the touch and Kurt stroked his cheek calmly. He looked carefully as Blaine's eyes rose to look earnestly at the blue eyes above him.

"You're so beautiful Blaine," Kurt whispered, the ghost of his voice tingling near Blaine's lips as he came closer. He kissed Blaine sweetly and Kurt could feel the flutter of Blaine's eyelashes as he closed his eyes. He unwound Blaine's arms that were tucked around his knees and lowered him straighter on the bed beneath him, stroking his cheek still and kissing his lips.

"You taste amazing," Kurt gasped as he licked along his lips, "What did you eat?"

"Chocolate mousse my mum made," Blaine whispered in the gap between their lips. Kurt continued to lick his way in as he hummed in pleasure at the new tastes and Blaine squirmed underneath him at the tender touches of his tongue. He could feel himself get harder already and he moaned as his tongue continued to twist and meet with Kurt's in a delightful way. Kurt suddenly tucked his legs in between Blaine's and Blaine could feel he wasn't the only one aroused. The sudden feel of Kurt so close, so hard, made him press harder against him in surprise and pleasure.

"Oh god," he gasped and Kurt continued to press himself into Blaine and was met with a moan as he parted slightly to look at Blaine, his pupils blown but his gaze so loving.

"Can I try something?" Kurt whispered, nervous and worried he would scare Blaine away. "I've been doing some reading," he said as he blushed. Blaine gulped and nodded, willing to take anything from this beautiful boy above him, always so loving. Kurt slowly removed Blaine's cardigan and shirt, stroked lovingly at the latte coloured skin underneath his fingers. He tentatively removed Blaine's belt and Blaine lifted his legs and ass as Kurt removed his trousers. Kurt swallowed as he took in the sight of Blaine beneath him, so hard and straight, his legs firm and strong. He stroked his inner thighs gently, causing Blaine to mewl and keen in pleasure. Kurt sank a little lower, starting to kiss along Blaine's chest, sucking a nipple between his lips and dropping kitten like kisses as he approached the waistband of his dark

boxers, a circle of pre-come already showing at the tip and Kurt looked up at Blaine from his vantage point and begged with his eyes. Blaine only nodded in acquiesce and desperation, thrusting involuntarily.

"Please Kurt," he begged, "Please..."

Kurt smiled up at him and mouthed along the outside and that alone had Blaine thrusting even more powerfully, almost hitting Kurt in the face.

"Fuck Kurt..." and at that Kurt became almost desperate to come. Blaine had never sworn before and he looked so wrecked beneath him, he continued to mouth along the underside of his cock, which twitched in pleasure. He slowly removed his boxers and after a pause, he licked the strong vein along one side and Blaine nearly yelled in pleasure.

"Blaine!" Kurt warned, "My dad!" Blaine looked sheepish and as he looked down, Kurt continued to lick and suck and Blaine knew this couldn't last long, knew he was done for.

"Oh fuck Kurt – god look at you..." and he threw his head back as Kurt continued to sink lower and suck and lick along the head, taking him all in and as he started to hum, Blaine could feel himself tipping over the edge. He placed his fist in between his lips as he could feel a loud moan threaten to escape and he came hard, just managing to tug on Kurt's hair to warn him but he continued to suck and twirl his tongue around Blaine as he came down from his high.

"God Kurt that was amazing...." Blaine breathed, already feeling sleepy and all thoughts of his dad had disappeared. "I think I need to return the pleasure," Blaine smiled mischievously as he swapped places with Kurt, kissing along his jaw and underneath his ear.

"Oh I think I'm going to be embarrassingly quick," Kurt moaned as Blaine started to suck along his neck, sure to leave marks.

"Don't worry, I think I can think of ways to tease," Blaine whispered, smiling to himself as he sunk lower.

xXx

*Dear Kurt,*

*I don't think I can tell you the things I thought as I watched your rehearsal of 'Not the Boy Next Door', I worry I can't even write them and I'm certainly blushing. You have to do that performance again but maybe just for me? I don't even know what I'm writing...*

*You were amazing Kurt – just as you started to remove that stuffed suit jacket and trousers to reveal those tight gold pants. I just have no words... You were fabulous and every meaning of that word was reflected in your performance. You hit every note perfectly and the way you danced, so confident, so assured. I just know you'll win a place with that performance.*

*It makes me think of all your performances and I love how you sing everything so well, your range is so amazing. You're such a powerful singer Kurt but I think my favourite performances of yours are where you show your emotion and really come alive. When you sang 'I've Got You' or 'I Have Nothing' for Whitney week – you really were breathtaking Kurt. You are so beautiful as you stand there, so raw and free, your eyes portraying every emotion you feel. I can't help tears pooling in my eyes when I see you standing there. I think you need to go with your raw talent Kurt, really show off how amazingly beautiful you are. I think when you sing it's like I can see you, all of you and I only get glimpses of that when you smile at me after sex or when I catch you looking over at me from your locker. Singing is the closest thing you'll ever get to show your pure beauty – let NYADA see that too.*

*Love Blaine xx*

Kurt does decide to go with his emotional side as he waits behind the curtain in trepidation. Rachel tells him, just as he's about to go on, that it's the famous Carmen Tibideaux that awaits him - the one who stopped performances if someone so much as glanced at their watch. Kurt was sure she would eat him alive.

Kurt introduced himself shyly just as Blaine crept in to sit at the back of the auditorium and Kurt explained his choice of song. Luckily he spotted Blaine and knew if he just sang to him and forgot that Carmen Tibideaux was there, all would be well. He remembered the words that Blaine had written last week and took a deep breath.

*I will watch you in the darkness*

*Show you love will see you through*

*When the bad dreams wake you crying*

*I'll show you all love can do*

*All love can do*

Blaine hadn't seen Kurt rehearse this song, though he knew that Kurt had decided against his performance of 'Not the Boy Next Door'. He almost gasped at the clear beauty of Kurt's voice as he sang and he only hoped that Carmen Tibideaux would see it too.

*I will watch through the night*

*Hold you in my arms*

*Give you dreams where no one will be*

*I will watch through the dark*

*Till the morning comes*

*For the lights will take you*

*Through the night to see*

*All love, showing us all love can be*

*I will guard you with my bright wings*

*Stay till your heart learns to see*

*All love can be*

Blaine suddenly saw Kurt before him, just like on that first day as he watched him from his locker in the hallway of McKinley. He remembered the way Kurt had almost seemed to glow, to protect him as he helped wash slushy off his face. He knew Kurt would always keep him safe, and he knew then that he would always love Kurt. Blaine could only hear murmurings of applause and Carmen praising Kurt warmly as he saw Kurt stand on the stage ready to leave. Blaine's own eyes reflected all the love he felt and as tears pooled there, he blinked them away before Kurt came bounding to see him to await Rachel's performance.

**Songs quoted or referred to:**

'Not the Boy Next Door' from the musical 'The Boy from Oz'

'All Love Can Be' from the film 'A Beautiful Mind' originally sung by Charlotte Church



## Chapter Seventeen

Kurt had taken his role as senior class president very seriously in the last month and the lead up to his final prom was no exception. He had sorted a committee of seniors who had discussed popular ideas and Kurt had championed the final idea religiously, resulting in a majority vote. It had been decided – senior prom would have a British royal family theme.

Santana rolled her eyes at the news, Rachel's eyes gleamed – already dreaming of ideas and songs – and Puck was thinking of ways to make it more exciting, namely how he could get alcohol onto the premises and in those punch bowls. Glee club were signed up to sing for the night and Kurt had started to design the perfect outfit – his homage to the late Alexander McQueen. Kurt had decided that Quinn and Santana, being the best bitches and mutually disrespectful to each other, would count the votes, both up for prom queen themselves. Blaine was excited at the thought of asking Kurt and as they sat together at lunch, legs and arms constantly touching, Blaine leaned over and whispered in Kurt's ear, warm and enticing.

"Would you go to prom with me?"

"Of course," Kurt whispered in return, smiling with a blush gracing his cheeks. He was planning a perfect night and this was all he had ever dreamed.

*Dear Blaine,*

*I think sometimes that I have dreamt you – created you in my mind because I was so lonely. I remember seeing you walking along the corridor as you entered school for the first time – how you looked so apprehensive but hopeful at the same time. Your hopes were soon dashed as the slushy hit your face but I knew you were special when you walked in. For a split second, before your face scrunched up as the ice hit your eyes, I saw your beauty and knew you would save me in some way.*

*It seems only yesterday that I was moaning to my dad about never finding anyone, never being able to hold a boy's hand down the corridor, never having the chance to go to my prom with a guy. And here you are.*

*I am thankful everyday for you,*

*Love Kurt xx*

*Dear Kurt,*

*I don't think I could possibly write anything to better your letter. Just know that I am always thankful for you, every day I realise how you saved me.*

*I am really looking forward to prom. For some reason it has huge significance for me, perhaps because I too never dreamed I'd get to go with the man of my dreams. I feel like I have to make it extra special because Michael could never enjoy his and I know I'm very lucky.*

*Love Blaine xxx*

Prom came round so quickly and Kurt so rushed with the song lists and all the admin, that he barely had any time before to see Blaine. Blaine felt himself bubble with excitement as he knocked on Kurt's front door; the thoughts of all the plans he had made to make this a night to remember whirring through his mind. Burt opened the door and ushered Blaine in, saying he looked pretty dapper and calling for Kurt.

Kurt's outfit was a surprise so as Kurt descended the stairs in his kilt and bowtie, Blaine's mouth dropped open. Once at the bottom of the stairs, Kurt twirled for a stunned Blaine as Burt ran to get his camera.

"I got us matching boutonnieres," Blaine said as he gave Kurt the small flower.

"You look amazing," Blaine finally said, nearly gasping and Kurt smiled at the praise.

"Thanks, you look pretty good too," and Blaine twirled.

"Come on you two," Burt said as he started moving them to get into place. They stood side by side, linked arms and grinned widely.

As they arrived at the prom, they entered quietly, Kurt already on the lookout for any disruption and hoping it all went smoothly. The songs chosen were by famous queens such as Elton John to make the party start in style. Queen classics were sung, including Blaine's rendition of 'Don't Stop Me Now' which of course was fabulous. Kurt made a mental note to get Blaine to wear leather more often. Rachel sang a slower version of 'Can't Fight the Moonlight' half way through the night and Blaine and Kurt slow danced, glancing at the sky that had been littered with lights. Kurt's hand wove its way around Blaine's side and touched his back, so slowly that Kurt felt a tingle of intimacy around them. Their cheeks were barely touching but Kurt was so close he could hear Blaine's gentle breath. He had never felt so close to someone

as he did Blaine. Blaine's hand was touching ever so slightly on Kurt's arm as Rachel started a new song: 'I'm Kissing You'. At hearing the open chords on the piano, Kurt parted from Blaine slightly to catch his eye and he beamed.

"I love this song," he mouthed and Blaine smiled, feeling pleased that he had requested Rachel sing this. He snuck closer to Kurt, so close he could feel his heartbeat against his chest, or was that Blaine's? Either way, Blaine closed his eyes and felt complete.

There was no one else as they danced, imperceptibly moving in slow circles, holding on and cherishing each other. Blaine kissed Kurt's cheek ever so gently that Kurt thought he might melt and he realised that of all the times he worried, all the times he planned and thought of the future – Blaine was there and their time together was drawing to a close. Kurt would be gone soon, Blaine would remain and the fear of losing him, made him cling closer. He never wanted to say goodbye.

As the evening drew to a close, the only item left was the announcement of the prom king and queen. Santana and Quinn had been counting votes for the longest time and Kurt started to get anxious. Was it going to plan? Would everything be under control? Unbeknownst to him they had found themselves in a dilemma. Kurt had got the most votes for prom queen, without of course being in the running and the thought of embarrassing Kurt to such an extent wasn't a nice one to Santana and Quinn. On the other hand, many had voted for Blaine as prom king, despite him being a junior and not technically allowed to win. They made their decision and took the final vote to Figgins.

Figgins stood at the front and on reading the announcement he looked perplexed before reading it out loud.

"It seems we have prom anarchy here tonight," Figgins sounded annoyed, "We have a junior as our prom king and technically not allowed the crown – Blaine Anderson."

Blaine was stunned. He wasn't even really paying attention until he heard his name mentioned and he turned to Kurt who looked equally confused. Suddenly, Blaine wondered what was going on, surely not that many people had voted for him, which became clear as boos sounded behind him. He walked unsteadily to the stage and collected his crown. He stood shyly at the front, awaiting his awkward queen – surely the gossip had got round that he was gay, this was ridiculous.

"Oh this is extremely silly," Figgins said as he read the next card and he looked to Quinn and Santana, thinking they were surely to blame. "This year's prom queen is: Kurt Hummel."

There really was stunned silence this time. Some had voted for Kurt out of humour, others determined to foil Kurt's plan for a successful prom, and some just wanted people to mock Kurt further – the joke was clearly on them. Not many had voted for Blaine, this wasn't supposed to be a demonstration of love, a stand together. There was a long wait until Kurt swallowed, holding back embarrassed tears. As they stood side by side, now both adorned with their crowns and looking fabulous, Blaine grabbed Kurt's hand, demonstrating a confidence he didn't feel and he beamed. He raised their hands high in the air and that was the cue the rest of glee club needed. Cheers suddenly exploded in the hall and Kurt felt less mortified, more proud that a gay couple, however dishonestly had made prom king and queen.

They were to have the traditional dance and Kurt shyly walked to the dance floor holding Blaine's hand, never feeling more exposed and vulnerable. Santana sang 'Love you Like a Love Song' which surprisingly she started off slowly and Kurt felt himself relax as more glee couples came to the dance floor. Kurt left to pace the corridors of McKinley a while later and Blaine found him soon after.

"Where did you go?" Blaine asked.

"I couldn't wait for you to get punch; I couldn't stand there and be stared at on my own."

"What do you mean? You were great, we were great."

"Don't you see Blaine? They're still laughing at us."

"It's just a stupid prom," Blaine said sadly as tears could be heard in Kurt's voice.

"No its not, all that hate, they were just afraid to say it out loud, so they did it by secret ballot," Kurt said as tears started to slip down his face. Blaine came closer and wiped them away.

"No, it doesn't matter. Don't cry – they can't take this away from us. We're prom king and queen together – it doesn't matter what their intention was, we won." Blaine smiled, trying to impart some warmth to Kurt's cold face in his hands. They stood there together for what felt like ages, Kurt taking some solace from Blaine's hands and knew he had never been more loved. He found some steely determination from somewhere deep inside and decided to walk in confidently. He would show them the real Kurt Hummel –

confident and fierce. He was not alone anymore. Kurt still had one song to sing and as he took Blaine's hand and was led back into the hall, he walked confidently onto the stage.

"This is the last song of the evening," he said into the microphone, "This song is for Blaine who's my parachute."

*I don't tell anyone about the way you hold my hand  
I don't tell anyone about the things that we have planned  
I won't tell anybody  
Won't tell anybody  
They want to push me down  
They want to see you fall down*

*Won't tell anybody how you turn my world around  
I won't tell anyone how your voice is my favourite sound  
Won't tell anybody  
Won't tell anybody  
They want to see us fall  
They want to see us fall down*

*I don't need a parachute  
Baby, if I've got you  
Baby, if I've got you  
I don't need a parachute  
You're gonna catch me  
You're gonna catch if I fall  
Down, down, down*

*Don't believe the things you tell yourself so late night and  
You are your own worst enemy  
You'll never win the fight  
Just hold on to me  
I'll hold on to you  
It's you and me up against the world  
It's you and me*

*I don't need a parachute*

*Baby, if I've got you*

*Baby, if I've got you*

*I don't need a parachute*

*You're gonna catch me*

*You're gonna catch if I fall*

*Down, down, down*

Kurt remembered. He had noticed Blaine at that party – seen the way he hid in the shadows and looked upon him with awe. Kurt didn't feel like he deserved that praise and adoration but as he looked over at Blaine in the middle of the hall below, he noticed the same look of love, the same longing for more. Blaine always spoke so highly of Kurt and Kurt could see how much he loved, how much he admired. For once Kurt would try to live as Blaine saw him, would try to be deserving of that admiration, so he continued the song confidently as Blaine proudly smiled on. Soon it was over and they walked to Blaine's car together.

The ride home was relatively quiet, Blaine touching Kurt's thigh gently as he drove and just the soft songs from West Side Story were coming from the car speakers. After a while in silence, Blaine started to sing along with 'One Hand, One Heart', only shyly, only quietly but Kurt started singing too and his voice complimented Blaine's deeper voice so well, Kurt could only beam. They soon approached Kurt's house and Blaine had already been given permission to stay over. Kurt, knowing Burt wouldn't wait up but would still be awake, sent him a quick text message to assure him he had arrived home safe and sound. Burt replied with a simple thanks and goodnight and Kurt closed the bedroom door behind them.

"Are you ok?" Blaine asked quietly.

Kurt took off his jacket and sat on the bed, sighing in relief that the night was over. He nodded.

They took off shoes and jackets and lay on the bed facing each other, their noses bumping together. Kurt loved feeling Blaine so close and he closed his eyes, determined to breathe him in, savour this wonderful moment together. He had a prom king in his arms, his own shining prince and he absent-mindedly stroked along his back, feeling the strong muscles move and ripple underneath his fingers. Blaine sighed.

"You're so beautiful Kurt," he whispered, taking in the breath-taking boy before his eyes. They removed their clothes shyly under the covers and all at once they were naked and there. Kurt heard Blaine's sharp intake of breath and he smiled.

"I want everything with you Blaine," he whispers in the space between, "You're everything."

"I so wanted this night to be special – your senior prom and I know it didn't go completely to plan," Blaine said sadly, "But you'll always be my prom king, no matter what people say or do behind our back. You're all man." Blaine felt some kind of boldness take over and he snuck his hand under the covers to stroke along Kurt's hard length, making him gasp. "I wanted to do that all night," Blaine said, still stroking but now nibbling on Kurt's neck, making him mewl in pleasure. "Your kilt Kurt..." he moaned, "It did amazing things to me seeing you there and knowing what was underneath." Kurt said nothing while he continued to stroke him, just started to come undone, under Blaine's caress and kisses. He sighed, moaned and Blaine couldn't get enough of Kurt, brought him closer by his lips and Kurt's hands travelled over his back and made patterns. His hand suddenly went lower, over the dip in his lower back, feeling the dimples there and Blaine keened in surprise as Kurt started to stroke him lower, enticingly slowly.

"Oh god Kurt - " he nearly screamed in pleasure and Kurt kept stroking him there as he himself was stroked closer to climax.

"I'm close Blaine... so close," and he scrunched his eyes to ward off the impending pleasure. Blaine watched the beautiful man come undone by his hand and felt him get closer as Kurt's moans were muffled by his mouth over Blaine's shoulder. He came hard but continued to lazily stroke Blaine, who moaned loudly. As soon as Kurt was spent, he immediately went to Blaine and lowered his mouth to suck along the prominent vein as his finger continued to circle him. Blaine felt like he was bombarded with sensory overload and he was embarrassingly close. Kurt had taken the next step and he had never been as turned on as he was now, knowing that he trusted Kurt completely and his pleasure was all in hand. Blaine came hard soon afterwards and Kurt lay back slightly, looking proudly at Blaine's blissed out face.

"God Kurt, that was amazing..."

Kurt kissed him lazily and started murmuring in his ear, which nearly had Blaine getting hard all over again.

"My beautiful prom king," Kurt whispered adoringly and Blaine smiled.

**Song quoted:**

'Parachute' by Ingrid Michaelson.

## **Chapter Eighteen**

Nationals in New York loom ahead of them and Kurt and Blaine are busy, with the rest of glee club, preparing their win against Vocal Adrenaline and other fierce competition. It never even occurs to Kurt and Blaine to worry about permission slips, until Mr Schue hands them out one day in a glee rehearsal, where they are still perfecting endless dance moves. Blaine looks at his slip and immediately starts to worry his bottom lip in his teeth. Kurt looks over.

"You'll get permission, right?" he asks dubiously.

"Yeah, sure," Blaine says nodding confidently, though feeling otherwise, "I mean it's a school trip, all paid for by donations and fundraising. Why couldn't I go?"

Kurt doesn't look convinced, can already see the panic in Blaine's eyes but drops the subject as Mike continues to choreograph the song they are practicing.

Blaine decides to casually mention it at dinner time, the only time that they are graced with his father's presence and he wades right in.

"You know we're going to New York for the glee club national championships," he says addressing his mum, who he has already discussed this with. She looks wide-eyed at her son, wondering why on earth he would mention this in front of his father.

"National championships, eh?" his father says, interest suddenly piqued at the mention of a competition. "What sport is that son?"

Blaine looked confused. His father obviously hadn't heard him mention glee club, now he would have to admit it.

"It's not a sport dad," he whispered, embarrassed, "Its glee club."

"Glee club?" he asked, a matching expression of confusion now on his face.

"Yeah dad, we sing and dance." Blaine tried to sound enthusiastic, hoping he would be able to impart to his father how much it meant to him.



"Sing and dance? Blaine, you waste your time on that?" he sneered, "There's no career in that, why spend your time doing that?"

"It's not a waste of time, I want to sing one day, make a career out of it."

"No Blaine, that is not my plan for you. Keep that as a hobby."

"Dad..."

"No Blaine," he said firmly and Blaine knew it would be no use to continue.

"I need your permission to go to New York," he said, now unsure whether he would get it.

"Yes, that's fine," he said gruffly, clearly perplexed as to why someone would want to sing and dance anywhere but Blaine took this chance and jumped up in excitement.

"Thank you, thank you, thank you!" he said, immediately hugging his dad who shrugged Blaine off.

"Ok, ok, get off," he said but a slight smile graced his lips.

xXx

It was as Blaine passed the consent form to his father over a rushed breakfast before he went to school the following morning that Richard suddenly looked awkward.

"Sorry Blaine, it's not going to happen after all. I checked my diary, I'm on a business trip and I was going to take you and your mother."

Blaine's mum suddenly looked up from her coffee, her purpled eyes from lack of sleep, displayed surprise. This was news to her too.

"What? Where?" Blaine asked.

"Columbus. My firm is thinking of expanding and we need to scout for offices. They are thinking of letting me head up the firm there, start off small but gradually build up. This is a fantastic opportunity Blaine, we

can't miss it. If it goes well, you could go back to Dalton, we could live in Columbus rather than this dire place and it means a lot of money."

"But why do I have to go?" Blaine asked, "I can go to New York."

"Blaine, we need to consider houses, we're a family." He left the kitchen table, finishing his cup of coffee and preparing to leave the house for work.

"Dad this means a lot to me, I really want to go to New York," Blaine started to plead, hoping his father would see how much it meant to him.

"My answer is final Blaine, there is no more discussion." And he left, with a hasty kiss on the cheek to his wife and a hope he would be home in time for dinner.

There was silence. Madeline sat there, avoiding Blaine's gaze which was fixed on her tired face. She looked guilty.

"Mum, please," Blaine said, "Help him to see."

"I can't Blaine," she said, without looking at him.

"Please mum, you can sign the form instead, it only requires a parent signature, we could explain it later."

She looked up carefully at Blaine, her eyes wide at his suggestion but starting to consider the option. She seemed to take forever to reach a conclusion but her sad eyes betrayed her final decision.

"I'm sorry Blaine," she whispered and Blaine left, done with pleading, done with this pathetic woman in front of him.

xXx

Kurt entered the school later to a sight that made him ache. Blaine stood by his locker, trying to place books that he would need in his satchel with tears streaming down his face. His body was tense, clear sobs wracking his body but no sound escaped.

"Blaine?" Kurt said as he approached and immediately Blaine sunk lower, grabbing Kurt fiercely around the waist and placing his head on Kurt's shoulder. His shoulders shook as he cried but no sound could be heard and Kurt felt his heart break at the feel of Blaine beneath his fingers. Finally he stopped, though as Blaine slipped out of Kurt's grasp, Kurt could see tears still working their way down his cheeks.

"What's wrong?" Kurt tried to wipe at the tears he could see.

"I can't go to New York after all; my dad's insisting my mum and I go to Columbus with him on a business trip. We might be moving there."

"What?" Kurt said, "Moving? You can't move Blaine, your life is here."

"It doesn't matter Kurt, you'll be gone soon and my life is like this now. I made a life in Westerville and had to move; now I'm here. It doesn't matter where I go if I can't see you anyway. I just was really looking forward to visiting New York with you, seeing the sights, sharing a room. I don't know..."

Kurt looked down. He had already thought about their relationship if he got into NYADA and leaving Blaine behind but he really believed they would survive long distance, that they'd make it work. It was just he'd never had a conversation with Blaine about it all.

"Blaine, I'm never saying goodbye to you, I promise. We can make long distance work if we need to, I know we can." He seemed so convinced that Blaine smiled through the tears pooling in his eyes.

"I'll miss New York..." Blaine said.

"I know, that really is horrible Blaine, I so wanted us to be there together but next year we will be. You'll visit me if I get into NYADA, won't you? We'll get other trips to New York, I promise." He stroked Blaine's cheek, trying to impart some kind of hope and love there and though it seemed to make Blaine feel a little better, there was a deep sadness in his eyes that Kurt knew wouldn't go away.

Glee club, where Blaine had to explain why he couldn't go, was so hard. Having to say he might be moving made all the juniors worried for the future success of glee as well as realising they had come to depend on Blaine for friendship. He had seemed to meld the group together, heal rifts and be the voice of reason on many an occasion. The thought of losing the seniors had been hard enough.

New York was tough without Blaine. Kurt enjoyed himself, singing on the steps of Time Square, where one day he hoped his face would be gracing a poster for a Broadway show and he walked around the theatres. They practiced in their hotel rooms and saw the sights and walked the park. He saw everything through Blaine's eyes, and wished he was with him.

Blaine spent a miserable few days in Columbus, scouting new houses with his mum and dad and constantly imagining what Kurt would be doing with his time. He text him constantly until he was reprimanded by his dad to pay attention. His mum seemed pleased at the houses, all bigger than the one they currently lived in. Perhaps she was considering herself more at ease in a place that displayed wealth, a feeling that wealth brought happiness. Blaine knew it would take a few weeks of her new place and she would feel anxious and depressed again. Nothing was ever enough.

Blaine was the first person Kurt rang when they won Nationals. There had been a rocky part of the final song, when Rachel and Finn had leant in close, looking to be on the cusp of a kiss when they remembered themselves and finished the song beautifully. They won with true dedication and determination and Blaine was there to welcome the glee club back from their victory along the halls of McKinley.

After a few days Kurt watched Blaine who seemed more depressed than ever and Kurt struggled to deal with it. He knew that Blaine had been through a lot but instead of talking about it with Kurt, he hid and barely spoke. He pretended everything was ok when asked but Kurt knew better. After a week of the ghost of Blaine walking the halls of McKinley, Kurt decided to act.

*I think the tree may fall in the front yard  
If this storm has its way  
All I ever needed was a landline  
Just in case the power lines go down  
All I needed would never be enough for me*

*I think the storm may take the screen door  
If the wind gets its way  
All I ever needed was a landline  
Just in case the power lines go down  
All I needed would never be enough for me*

This simple letter was placed in its usual place, no greeting, no signature but Blaine knew it was from Kurt. He read it and knew he was trying to reach out to him but he struggled to explain himself, never knew even how to start. He had tried to write in a letter how he felt but faltered as he started, crumpling up more pieces of paper and getting frustrated. Reading the lyrics to a song Blaine knew well, he knew Kurt understood and perhaps writing from the heart was never supposed to be easy but music helped. Kurt knew and was trying to relay this to Blaine: maybe he needed to show how he felt in the best, *most honest way he knew how*.

Blaine felt bad that Kurt was reaching out and he had been so distant. He knew he had to deal with the impending departure of Kurt, their uncertain future but he just wanted to detach himself from it all. He knew he wouldn't be able to live properly without Kurt. He felt like Dorothy in the Wizard of Oz, suddenly transported back to the world of black and white when she had known colour. Maybe he could relay that to Kurt through lyrics? He remembered one of his favourite love songs and how he had text Kurt lines from Shakespeare to make him swoon or that time when he had sung songs to Kurt on stage or in the choir room. He loved the quiet gestures too, intimate ways he could show Kurt he loved him, even the little things.

*I've found a way to make you*

*I've found a way*

*A way to make you smile*

*I read bad poetry*

*Into your machine*

*I save your messages*

*Just to hear your voice.*

*You always listen carefully*

*To awkward rhymes.*

*You always say your name.*

*Like I wouldn't know it's you*

*At your most beautiful.*

*I've found a way to make you*

*I've found a way*

*A way to make you smile*

*At my most beautiful*

*I count your eyelashes secretly.*

*With every one, whisper I love you.*

*I let you sleep.  
I know your closed eye watching me,  
Listening.  
I thought I saw a smile.  
I've found a way to make you  
I've found a way  
A way to make you smile*

Receiving this letter of lyrics Kurt knew Blaine was trying to share, trying to be reached and he wished he could bring him closer. He wanted Blaine to really be aware of everything he loved about him, all the tiny things he observed that Blaine maybe hated about himself. These were the things that Kurt cherished.

The following day he left a simple post-it note on the piano, during lunchtime, knowing that Blaine liked to sit in the choir room lately and hoped he would read it and follow the trail.

*This is the first of many post-it notes Blaine – please read them all.*

*I love your brown, amber, golden eyes especially when wide with love or tender with affection. Please now go to your favourite seat.*

Blaine read the post-it note and smiled, his eyes gazing to his usual seat in the choir room. He couldn't see another post-it note but he looked underneath and felt along the chewing gum and picked off the small pink piece of paper he found there.

*I love the little curl of hair near your neck and I long to see the man without the product*

*Go to the place we first met x*

Blaine wandered to the hallway, near to his locker where he had received his first slushie. On his locker was placed another post-it note.

*I love the way your eyes widen when you are enthusiastic and happy.*

*Go to the cafeteria xx*

Blaine was even more intrigued as he walked to the bustling cafeteria and as he glanced around to see if he could spot Kurt or any Glee club member, Rachel suddenly appeared and handed him another post-it note without saying a word but smiling widely.

*I love your passion for music and your heart. I want to always be wrapped in your strong arms. Go to the place we first sang together xx*

Blaine remembered that afternoon well, their first rehearsal to sing for glee club. Blaine had been so nervous, so sure that Kurt would sing beautifully and Blaine would let him down. He loved to sing with Kurt now, and he knew he would miss hearing his voice the most when he went to New York.

As he walked into the auditorium, brandishing his many post-it notes, he noticed the place was completely empty. He approached the stage, going down the stairs and suddenly Kurt appeared and a single light shone over him. It made Blaine stop in his tracks and simply watch.

"You need to know how I feel about you Blaine. You once said you're not much of a romantic but you always make me feel loved and you need to know that I'm not giving up on us. I'm never saying goodbye to you."

*So lately, been wondering*

*Who will be there to take my place*

*When I'm gone, you'll need love*

*To light the shadows on your face*

*If a great wave shall fall*

*And fall upon us all*

*Then between the sand and stone*

*Could you make it on your own?*

*If I could, then I would*

*I'll go wherever you will go*

*Way up high or down low*

*I'll go wherever you will go*

*And maybe I'll work out*

*A way to make it back someday*

*To watch you, to guide you*

*Through the darkest of your days*

*If a great wave shall fall*

*It'll fall upon us all*

*Well I hope there's someone out there*  
*Who can bring me back to you*  
*If I could, then I would*  
*I'll go wherever you will go*  
*Way up high or down low*  
*I'll go wherever you will go*  
*Run away with my heart*  
*Run away with my hope*  
*Run away with my love*  
*I know now, just quite how*  
*My life and love might still go on*  
*In your heart, in your mind*  
*I'll stay with you for all of time*  
*If I could, then I would*  
*I'll go wherever you will go*  
*Way up high or down low*  
*I'll go wherever you will go*  
*If I could make you mine*  
*I'll go wherever you will go*  
*I'll go wherever you will go*

*If I could turn back time*

Blaine watched the whole performance with tears pooling in his eyes, barely able to see Kurt's face but knew he was singing to him, trying to make his meaning clear. No matter where Kurt would be, he would always be with Blaine and they only had to wait and they would be together again.

As soon as Kurt finished, Blaine walked slowly to the stage and Kurt waited patiently, knowing it was Blaine's decision to make. Blaine continued his walk until he stood opposite Kurt, face-to-face and he smiled, a lone tear trickling down his face.

"That was beautiful Kurt," he whispered, not trusting his voice, "I'm sorry." He suddenly felt so incredibly tired; he sat down on the stage and crossed his legs. Kurt joined him.

"I've hated this week Blaine, I can't do this, I can't spend my last weeks with you like this. I know I'm going to miss you like crazy, I know that the thought of going to New York without you actually makes me consider not going but if I get into NYADA I need to know that you'll support me, that you'll try."



"I'll try Kurt, I'll try for you." Blaine says nodding.

"I've missed you so much," Kurt whispers, feeling a sudden urge to cry. Blaine crawls closer and hugs Kurt warmly.

"I'm always going to be here Kurt, I'll never leave you." He touches Kurt's chest, just over his beating heart and he instantly feels warmer and so loved.

xXx

The letter arrives a few days later. Rachel and Finn also expecting their letters, all agree to open theirs with Kurt in the choir room where it all started. Blaine is waiting anxiously outside, not wanting to break their time together but wanting to desperately know as soon as Kurt can tell him.

Finn opens his first and it is a rejection letter. His face falls and he waits patiently for Rachel who opens her letter to reveal she is going to New York and NYADA. It is just Kurt now, and he knows it rests on this, there is no other option. He opens it, then before pulling the letter out of its envelope he suddenly calls Blaine, who he knows is waiting outside the choir room. Blaine comes bounding in, thinking he has found out already, his face awash with desperation to know the outcome.

"I couldn't open it without you," Kurt says and Blaine stands in front of him, waiting with shaking hands.

Kurt takes the letter and quickly scans it, his face a mask of concentration until realisation hits home.

"I got in!" He suddenly exclaims and it is only Finn that is left alone and rejected as Blaine, Rachel and Kurt hug each other excitedly. Blaine wasn't sure what he was hoping for, a rejection would have allowed Kurt to reapply when Blaine did or possibly stay in Ohio but looking at Kurt's face now, the only thing he really wanted was Kurt's happiness and the opportunity for him to live his dream. He has this now and Blaine can't take it away from him.

### **Songs quoted:**

'Landline' by Greg Laswell and Ingrid Michaelson

'At My Most Beautiful' by REM

"Wherever You Will Go' Charlene Soraia

## Chapter Nineteen

They go out for a celebratory dinner that night at Breadsticks with Burt, Carole and Finn who is sitting sadly contemplating his future now that things have changed. Burt assures him he can have a pivotal role in his company, practically managing it as Burt lessens his hours and he reminds him he can use this time to reassess his dreams, think about what he really wants to do. Finn just feels the failure looming over him as Kurt celebrates his success and can't help but smile widely at the thought that his dreams are coming true.

Blaine smiles for Kurt, joins in with the discussion of places to live, things to do once Kurt gets to New York, he seems happy for Kurt and he is but it is only when conversation is focused solely on Kurt that Blaine can reflect on what this means now, what it signifies for them.

It is now certain that Blaine will move to Columbus with his family, just like he moved at the beginning of the school year from Westerville and Blaine is accepting of this, understands that this is his life now – moving and changing and he needs to adapt. He never did find it easy to make lasting friends and this is perhaps the reason. He hopes that his senior year will be the last year of change, then he can go to New York with Kurt and live with his future in mind.

Blaine knows what they have said to each other, knows that they'll try the long distance thing but he also knows it will be the hardest thing he will ever have to do. He has changed places so many times he knows that he should never have got attached to Lima, should never have met someone that could change his life so drastically because now he knows what it is to love and never want to leave; now he can't bear the thought of life without him. He knows he was a shell of a man before Kurt, now he will return to that once he has left.

He doesn't say these things as they celebrate Kurt's success, he doesn't mention it when they are preparing to say goodbye to each other over the summer or when Blaine and his family start to pack up their belongings to move to Columbus. Kurt visits New York at the end of the summer with Burt and Carole, as Blaine moves to his new house and nothing is said about their future, it is just assumed they will be but it feels like the end to Blaine. Kurt is to move in with Rachel, while Finn finds himself in the army and Blaine is happy his life is starting while Blaine has to start again in a place he doesn't belong and doesn't want to be. Blaine is allowed to visit Kurt for his first weekend in New York, a way to say goodbye until the next time and Blaine can't help but feel it is a way to end it in the kindest way possible, so Kurt can get on with his life, now it is starting again. Kurt, having already been in New York for a week, meets

Blaine at the airport and runs to him, almost knocking him down and causing an 'oomph' to escape Blaine's chest as he is squeezed tight, Kurt not letting go for several minutes.

"I missed you so much," Kurt whispers in Blaine's ear and Blaine can hear the hitch in his breathing, the barely contained sob and it is the first time that Blaine realises how hard this will be and not just for him. As they part, Blaine notices tears in Kurt's eyes at seeing him again, the smile on his face and Blaine smiles in the knowledge that Kurt loves him, has missed him this week, just as much as Blaine missed him.

"It's only been a week," Blaine says sadly and he imagines how hard this year will be if they couldn't even go a week without each other. They walk to a coffee shop near the airport and sit with their coffees, just like the Lima Bean and they warm their hands on the comforting cups, with the steam hitting their noses.

"I don't know if I can do this Kurt," Blaine admits, and Kurt's eyes are wide at the thought that he is ending it and he can't bear it.

"No we can do this," Kurt says confidently, never wanting to give up, never wanting to say goodbye. Blaine looks at him, already grown up and living his dream after only a week in New York, and smiles. He knows he's been pathetic, knows he can do this as long as Kurt believes they can do this too and he holds his hand warmly.

"I love you," Blaine says warmly, "And I will always love you, I just worry that I won't make it on my own."

Kurt looks at Blaine, small and worried and squeezes his hand tighter.

"Yes you can do this Blaine, you don't need me to live your life for you. We'll write, we'll skype and it's not the end, I refuse to be defeated by a few miles. We'll visit as often as we can and I know that it'll be tough but we're here now, together and I don't want to waste our time here."

Blaine nods, reaching a conclusion of his own. Kurt looks so sincere opposite him, so wide eyed with the dawn of his life rising in the blue of his irises that he knows Kurt wants this too and he has never felt more loved.

As Blaine helps Rachel and Kurt settle into their new place and Blaine and Kurt visit Time Square and sing 'New York, New York', they decide to try the piano bar they've heard about on the NYADA blogs: Callbacks. Rachel sings 'New York State of Mind' to a great applause which helps her settle in a place where she never thought she'd be alone. Blaine asks to sing and as he settles himself at the piano and looks to Kurt

who smiles warmly at him as Blaine dedicates the song to the man he loves, the man of his dreams, he knows he can do this, he can live his life for the man sat opposite him.

*Just another grey autumn day  
You're the sunshine trying to break through  
No I never imagine that my path would lead to you  
A look in your eyes as they met mine  
Seem to say we're the same  
In so many ways  
Though we're worlds apart  
I will promise you*

*I won't let you down  
No I won't let you down*

*There are so many reasons to keep us apart  
But it won't stop me losing  
My mind or my heart  
What would I give  
To touch your hand  
Oh just feel your skin  
I'd breathe you in  
Could this ever be  
You'll be next to me*

*No I won't let you down  
No I won't let you down*

*I know myself so well  
But I've never been here before  
You're just out of my reach  
But I will be here  
Of that you can be sure  
Can be sure*

*It's another grey autumn day  
You're the sunshine trying to break through  
I can only imagine that I'm walking with you  
I realise if you were mine  
We may fall apart  
Oh you'd have my heart  
There's too many things between you and me*

*No I won't let you down*

Blaine had noticed the tears pouring down Kurt's face as he sang and as he walks back to him, they hug closely, a few people whooping, loving a good romance.

"I'm never saying goodbye to you," Kurt whispers, still hugging Blaine close, not wanting to let him go.

"I'll never say goodbye," Blaine says, "I'll never let you down Kurt." And Blaine knows this is the one truth he will always stick to, the one promise he can never break.

xXx

They excuse themselves quite quickly afterwards and Rachel seems to recognise the importance of the situation and only wishes Finn was here and she didn't feel so alone. She guesses the boys' plans and agrees to stay out late, already making a friend or two in the crowd of students and feeling less friendless.

It is slow as they undress each other when they get back to the apartment, the weight of the moment so clear as they lovingly take off shirts, undo belts and caress soft skin. Blaine touches reverently, finally understanding what all the songs are on about, how special he knows this night will be. Blaine has missed this, missed these touches and he doesn't know when he'll get the chance again, he doesn't want to miss a single thing. Kurt sighs as he feels Blaine touch his shoulders and chest and a gasp escapes as Blaine kisses along his jaw and neck. He has never felt more loved and cherished.

They make their way to the bed where they lie next to each and kiss slowly, savouring each moment. They get closer and Kurt can feel just how much Blaine needs him as his kisses become more and Blaine needs and desperately clings to Kurt as their kisses become fervent. He maps Kurt's mouth with his tongue,

wanting to remember everything about him, even his most treasured and private places and soon Kurt is a writhing mess beneath him, desperate and clinging to Blaine closer, closer.

They never discussed who would be the top or the bottom, never wanting to define each other like that but Kurt asks, begs to be taken and Blaine digs in his bag for his lube and condoms as Kurt continues to lie back and close his eyes at what he knows will come next.

Blaine lovingly prepares him, opening him, taking care of him until Kurt is desperate for the next level, begging Blaine for more of him. Blaine lies over Kurt and places his legs over his shoulders, kissing him sweetly, already coming undone at the sight of bliss and love on Kurt's face. He enters slowly, anxious not to cause any pain and although it stings, Kurt is too close to care, so fraught for more that he continues to beg. Blaine starts up a slow rhythm but after a while he has to still his thrusts, already too close, Kurt feeling so tight and wonderful around him. He knows this is it, completeness and feeling whole and he never wants to leave. They continue after a while, after Blaine kisses Kurt beneath him, tears in his eyes at the closeness, how he belongs right here and knows he will have to leave the following night.

Blaine starts to stroke Kurt slowly in time with his thrusts and Kurt soon warns Blaine it is too much, that he doesn't want it to end as he comes in shoots across his chest. A few seconds later Blaine comes too, scrunching his eyes closed in pleasure but wanting to see Kurt as he comes, opening them quickly. It is over too swiftly and Blaine can't let him go, just clings until the drying come between them becomes icky. Blaine removes himself as Kurt gets a cloth to wash them. Upon his return he sees Blaine curled in the bed, silent tears trickle down his face and he reaches out to him, knowing how he feels and starting to become overwhelmed himself. He brushes Blaine's tears away and cleans him and they lie together, no words said, just gentle stroking of skin and circular patterns and soft kisses.

xXx

*Dear Kurt,*

*It feels strange writing to you when you are so far away but letters were meant for distance. I think we were lucky before, knowing our letters would be read that day, as we placed them in secret places. I know you won't get this for a few days, know that you'll read this, understand how I feel in this moment but the moment will be gone and more will have come in its wake.*

*I loved this weekend and I never wanted it to end but that doesn't need saying. I can't wait to see you again, I miss you already, I missed you when I got on that flight but knew it was too early to text or call, I knew you would be living your New York dream.*

*I don't think I've said enough how proud I am of you, how you set your sights on New York, on NYADA and you achieved it with hard work and determination. You make me want to be a better person, you make me want to try harder. I always knew this would be hard but I'll try for you and never let go.*

*Columbus isn't as bad as I thought it would be. I have made friends and joined my school's glee club. I knew singing was a great ice breaker and I know now that I can do it well. We have our sectionals coming up and we hope to win. They have given me a solo and I'm nervous but I know I can do it. They also have a musical here and I can't wait to audition. It's West Side Story just like in your senior year and this time I think I'll audition for Tony. I know I can do it and I want to feel that I stretched myself this year and went out of my comfort zone.*

*My dad is working harder than ever and my mum, just like predicted has slipped into her depression at feeling useless and unappreciated. She hasn't made as many friends as she hoped and I know she feels lonely. I try my best but I know I'm not what she needs and where she once used to support me and help, I can never be good enough. My dad has now made partner which was his goal but he doesn't seem to be any happier. He rarely talks to me and I suppose I don't really miss what I never had before.*

*I do miss you though, more than anything. I can't wait to see you in three weeks time and you coming for Thanksgiving will be the best holiday treat. I hope you love New York and NYADA and that Rachel doesn't get too lonely without Finn. Is she difficult to live with? I know you can't say anything in your phone conversations!*

*Love you most, love you only,*

*Love Blaine xx*

**Songs quoted:**

'I Won't Let You Down' by Alex Clare

## **Chapter Twenty**

*Dear Kurt,*

*I miss you. I know it's only been a week but it kills me a little more each day and I know I'm supposed to be stronger, know that you must be enjoying your new life but I miss you. I don't want to put any pressure on you to worry about me or stop what you're doing. I just need to write it down.*

*I got the role of Tony, like I hoped. I sang 'Something Coming' for the audition and they seemed to like it. I mean I would have accepted any role but they said I was just right for Tony so I've been spending all my hours rehearsing dance moves and learning the songs. I would love it if you could see a performance if you were available that weekend.*

*Just seven weeks until Thanksgiving and maybe if I ask nicely I can visit you before that, now my dad has more money. Things are a little awkward at home, my mum suddenly too silent and morose, my dad hardly noticing. I tried engaging my mum in conversation at the breakfast table but she barely responds. I don't really know what to do; I know I'm not good enough for her either.*

*I really didn't want this to be a letter about all my worries but that's what this has turned into. I guess I have made friends here but no one like you, no one I can really talk to.*

*I hope you know how special you are, when you're surrounded by all the amazing people that got places at NYADA. You should know that you're the best and I love you very much.*

*Love you most, love you only,*

*Love Blaine xx*

*Dear Blaine,*

*I miss you too, god I miss you. Don't think for one minute that the busy-ness of New York and NYADA has me forgetting you. I miss you when I sit in classes and want to turn to you to make you laugh and realise you're not there. I miss you when I hear a song we used to sing together and your part remains unsung. I miss you when I lie in bed and imagine you hugging me close. Never think that I don't miss you.*



*I really want to visit to see your performance and someone at NYADA has offered their air miles so I can come! Just let me know the weekend and I'll be straight there.*

*After that, you coming to visit before I'm back for Thanksgiving will make the weeks fly by. I know it seems ages away but if we both manage visits in between, really it's a maximum of three weeks to wait. I'm counting down the days.*

*I'm sorry things are rubbish at home. I know our skype chats hide a multitude of worries and you must be really lonely there. I do worry about you Blaine and wish you could make more friends. It kills me to think of you there in Columbus and I can't wait to hug you close again.*

*I think we should skype more, text more, ring more so whenever you feel lonely, worried or you need me, get on the phone. Blaine I'm always here for you. The miles mean nothing.*

*Beethoven wrote this letter to his beloved in the book I bought for you. If you ever feel lonely and you can't see me just read that letter and know.*

*"Even in bed my ideas yearn towards you, my Immortal Beloved... I can only live, either altogether with you or not at all. O God, why must one go away from what one loves so, and yet my life as it is now is a miserable life.*

*What longing in tears for you – You – my life – my All – farewell. Oh, go on loving me – never doubt the faithfulest heart of your beloved*

*Ever thine*

*Ever mine*

*Ever ours."*

*Never forget*

*Love Kurt xx*

Blaine does try. He remembers as he reads Kurt's letter whenever he struggles. He keeps a copy in his jacket pocket at all times, the actual letter kept safe at home amongst his treasured possessions, mainly

Kurt's letters. The rehearsals take all his time and he starts to spend less time moping on his bed. As he is surrounded by people at school, he wishes he had Kurt to walk to class with, to eat with at lunch but he imagines Kurt enjoying New York and living his dream and he is happy. He will be there in a year too, he is determined.

There is suddenly a new kid at his school that he wonders about, hears extravagant things about and he is intrigued. He discovers his name is Sebastian, mainly because the new kid won't stop staring at him and he asks someone that happens to be standing near his locker one morning. Blaine still feels like the new kid too and he wonders at the supposed confidence of this guy, already cocky and sure of himself in this strange new environment. Blaine doesn't have to wait long to meet him properly as he approaches him at his locker at the end of the school day.

"I'm Sebastian," he says, leaning on the locker and holding out his hand, "I've already heard good things about you." He smiles, arrogant and mischievous and Blaine doesn't know what to say. What could he have possibly heard about him?

"You're playing Tony aren't you? I heard you have a great voice."

"I don't know," Blaine hesitated, "I guess."

"No guess about it. You're new and you managed to snag the male lead, which takes some talent."

Blaine smiles shyly at the comment and goes to walk down the corridor until Sebastian stops him.

"Fancy a coffee? I guess you don't know your way around yet? I can show you the only coffee shop I know and maybe you can give me some tips so I can follow your meteoric ascent into fame here?" He smirked but seemed strangely genuine so Blaine found himself nodding, desperate for friendship too.

xXx

"You know you want to join," was suddenly heard behind Kurt as he stood reading the extra-curricular activities board, mainly a poster advertising Adam's Apples the show choir. Kurt turned in the direction of the voice to find an empty space but as he turned back around, he was greeted with a beaming face under a beanie hat.

"I'm Adam," he said in a British accent and as Kurt shook his hand in greeting, he couldn't help but return the smile.

"Kurt."

"Well Kurt," Adam continued, "I know you're thinking about signing up, aren't you?"

"Well, I don't know, maybe..."

"Well I'm a founding member and leader of the group and I know you're wondering how college could be so much like high school and you're worried about fitting in and you want to join my group but you're worried it's a step backwards and no I'm not a mind-reader, I'm just astute like you." He finished his rambling with another beaming smile and Kurt couldn't help but laugh.

"I'm very impressed you said all that in one breath but I don't think I'll be joining," Kurt said as he smiled apologetically and started going on his way. Adam didn't appear to be giving up though.

"A hard sell," Adam said, impressed, as he followed Kurt, "I respect that, but just hear us sing, no strings attached and we'll hear you sing. That sounds fair doesn't it?" Adam quirked an eyebrow in mock challenge and Kurt knew it was inevitable that he would join and enjoy himself, Rachel's warning ignored.

*Dear Blaine,*

*I thought I would write to you first and tell you all my news that I will probably tell you tonight before you receive this letter. I like writing to you. It seems kind of romantic that we write and when we're old and grey, with children and grandchildren, we'll be able to show them these letters and we'll all laugh and cry that we were so melodramatic. Not that there's any pressure to love me forever or anything – I'll stop now...*

*I joined Adam's Apples today despite Rachel telling me it was career suicide to join the show choir. I like to sing and perform and I never did care what people think of me, why should I start in college. They make me laugh and the songs they sing are fun, not like the perfectly pitched songs I have to perform for class. Adam is great and British and a senior and I'm sure you'd like him. Too many ands, sorry.*

*I can't wait to see you next weekend, to see my Tony again. I know you'll be perfect and I hope rehearsals are going well. You seemed tired on skype yesterday, don't work too hard.*

*How are things with your parents really? I know you can't say much on the phone but really let me know if things are worse. Don't suffer alone Blaine.*

*I hope you're making friends, that Sebastian you mentioned sounds like he's looking after you.*

*Never forget*

*Love Kurt xx*

*Dear Kurt,*

*Two days before I see you again! I'm literally bopping my leg up and down constantly as I write this, I just can't wait.*

*I've been rehearsing pretty hard for Tony, I don't want to ruin this or let you down. I know you believe in me and I'm always really grateful.*

*Sebastian has been helping me with my part, rehearsing some of the scenes with me and it's pretty hard to imagine falling in love with my Maria but I imagine you instead. I tell my Maria that I love her and think only of you.*

*Sebastian keeps joking about getting fake IDs and going to the gay bar here in Columbus but I don't think that's a good idea. He knows so much and has been to so many places. He lived in Paris and complains about the lack of Courvoisier in his coffee!*

*Two days! I can't wait to see you.*

*Love you most, love you only,*

*Love Blaine xx*

*xXx*

The time whizzes past amongst rehearsals and coffee trips with Sebastian and Blaine is grateful that he has made one friend who he can talk to. He doesn't know many gay guys either, so being able to talk to someone apart from Kurt is nice. He is busy getting ready back stage, Sebastian agreeing to step in at the

last minute for someone from the chorus that has suddenly been taken ill. Blaine will meet Kurt after the performance but he can't help but sneak a peek through the red velvet curtains at the audience that awaits him. Kurt looks austere as he waits, sitting next to Burt and Carole. His parents are absent as predicted but Blaine doesn't care. Kurt is here and that's all that counts. He momentarily wonders why he looks so serious but then he notices his Maria is waiting nervously for her entrance next to him and he reassures her with a gentle hand squeeze. She looks grateful, smiles at him and swallows as she enters the stage.

Blaine performs brilliantly, showing his true colours and he perfectly shines. Sebastian looks proudly from the wings and although worried about the letter he received Kurt looks amazed at the beauty of his boyfriend up on stage and smiles warmly as he sings.

Blaine bows and accepts the rapturous applause he receives next to Ellie, who plays Maria. Sebastian takes his applause as part of the chorus and laughs with the rest but it is only when most of the cast leave that Burt, Carole and Kurt come back stage to find Blaine taking off his makeup and costume. Kurt practically runs to him, hugs him close and kisses him chastely. Burt and Carole give their congratulatory hugs and agree to wait in the car for the boys. Blaine is staying with Kurt for the weekend in Lima, feeling much more welcome in Burt and Carole's home than his own. Burt looks between the two boys, not sure where the tension in the air has come from but knowing when to give his son the time he needs.

Blaine has realised that Kurt has been serious and apparently on edge all evening, seeing his face in the crowd had him worried before he started his performance. Blaine could tell that Kurt was happy as he watched Blaine perform but he looked nervous now, like he didn't know quite how to act around Blaine. Here Kurt stood and he would normally run to hug him close, desperate to touch him again but he couldn't.

"You were amazing Blaine," Kurt said, travelling slowly closer, itching to touch Blaine too.

"Thanks," Blaine said, whispering shyly, "Is anything wrong? I wasn't sure if you liked my performance..." His voice trailed away, not sure what he was trying to say, aware that he was basing it all only on a feeling.

Kurt looked carefully at Blaine. He looked so lost and Kurt instantly felt foolish.

"Where's Sebastian?"

Blaine was surprised at the sudden change of topic and his eyes widened in sudden realisation.

"I think he's gone to an after party," Blaine said shrugging, "Why?"

Kurt sat on the stage suddenly tired, like he'd run out of steam. He had come to Columbus so determined to find out what was happening with Blaine and Sebastian, the references in the letters and phone calls worrying him. He looked to Blaine who sat beside him on the stage now, so sincere, so worried about Kurt that he couldn't take it any longer. Kurt hugged him close from his sideways position, resting his head on his shoulder and revelling in the warm presence of his boyfriend. They didn't speak for several minutes but Blaine kissed his hair and came closer.

"Is Sebastian your new friend? What's he like?" Kurt asked timidly.

"He's a bit annoying actually," Blaine said laughing, "Full of himself and conceited but it's been nice to have a friend with the same hobbies. He likes to sing and he's gay too."

"I know Blaine," Kurt said, still not looking at his boyfriend, "He's attractive, I saw him in the chorus."

Blaine sat apart from Kurt, forcing him to sit up too and face him.

"You think he's attractive?" Blaine asked.

"No, I just thought you might."

"He's ok I guess, not really my type," Blaine said, shrugging his shoulders, like he'd never even thought about it and Kurt looked at him and suddenly smiled. His peals of laughter rang out across the stage and Blaine looked at him as if he had gone mad.

"I'm sorry Blaine," he said, barely containing his laughter even now, "You just don't know how long I've been worrying and throughout the journey here I thought you must be interested in him and now you say you've not even thought about it! God I'm an idiot...."

Blaine looked worried that Kurt had thought such a thing but as Kurt's laughter continued he couldn't help but smile too. The thought of Kurt worrying about such a thing made him doubt that he was trusted but he thought back to his most recent letter and tried to imagine how Kurt might have read something differently.

"You were worried?"

"Hey no, not worried, I completely trust you, I guess I just got myself worked up after your letter. I was jealous," he said sheepishly, "I mean you were suddenly writing all about someone else, I worried you were forgetting me and enjoying your life without me. Gosh I sound like such a jealous idiot. Honestly Blaine, its fine, I completely trust you."

Blaine held Kurt's hand. The thought that Kurt was jealous caused his stomach to stir and he suddenly felt a little bit happy that his boyfriend felt like that. He had missed him so much and he had convinced himself that the importance of their relationship was all in his head too. He felt sure that Kurt was enjoying his time in New York without him and the sudden mention of Adam and the show choir had him worried too.

"What about Adam? Is he gay?"

Kurt's eyes widened. "Oh god Blaine, he is but there is nothing going on there, I promise," Kurt said adamantly. Blaine smiled at the reassurance and suddenly stood, stretching out his hand for Kurt to take.

"We have wasted enough time with petty jealous and stupidity," he said smiling the biggest smile, "We only have one weekend; we need to enjoy it properly." Blaine pulled Kurt to him as he stood, grasping him in a tight hug and Kurt seemed to sink in his arms, feeling stupid but oh so happy.

*Dear Kurt,*

*This weekend was truly magical and I'm really glad you could make it to see a performance. I feel like I should get that generous person at NYADA flowers just to say thank you for bringing you to me.*

*The musical finishes this week and then I will feel a bit despondent I think, not sure how to fill my hours without you. I think we should definitely hate-watch Treme together! Glee club is open for auditions now for sectionals and I'm thinking of singing a Queen song. Sebastian thinks I don't have the stamina or diva qualities for one of Freddie's songs but I'm determined to prove him wrong. He's joined Glee now but I know the others are weary of him. Ellie is sweet (she played Maria) and we went for coffee before class this morning too. I feel more settled here now but part of me wonders why I put the effort in just for a year. I like it here but it's not New York, it doesn't have you.*

*Just two weeks until thanksgiving now and I'm counting down the days again. I know I won't be able to spend the actual day with you but the weekend will be really special. I can never really tell you what home is like when you ring but in a letter I know that it's easier and no one will see. My mum actually spent the day in bed*

*today, no dinner for my dad and I think it only just occurred to him how much he relies on her. He tried to cobble some kind of dinner together but it really didn't work. He tried to engage in conversation at the dinner table and I really did try to ask him about work but it was so pathetic. We sat there eating silently in the end until he mumbled something about case work and went back to his office.*

*The thing that worried me the most was my mum. I knocked on her door, after my dad couldn't really tell what was wrong, but she didn't answer. I entered slowly but the room was surrounded in such darkness all I could see was a figure in the bed. I asked if she was ok but there was no answer. I don't really know what to do. Whenever I ask my dad about it, he just says she's ill and will be up on her feet in no time. He avoids my eyes when he talks to me and spends all his time in his office, which is nothing new. I worry about her, I know something is off.*

*I'll skype tonight and won't be able to really say much but I love how I can always express myself in these letters. I try to talk to my dad about you and he knows that I intend to see you over thanksgiving weekend but he gives me this look, like he's a bit disappointed in me every time I mention it. I hope you can tell from my face when we skype that I love you so very much. I hope you know in your heart, if I can't express it so well to your face because my dad might hear, that you mean everything to me. There will be a time when we can act freely and I can't wait.*

*Love you most, love you only,*

*Love Blaine xx*



## **Chapter Twenty-One**

Burt is woken from his dozy stupor after dinner one evening, shortly after Kurt returns to New York, to a frantic knocking on the door. He opens the door quickly to find Blaine, his eyes red, his breathing erratic.

"God kid, what's wrong?" he said, waking up quickly and ushering him inside.

It takes Blaine a while to respond, his breathing still deep as he sits on the sofa. Carole makes tea in the open plan kitchen, knowing when to leave them alone but glad she can hear what is going on. Blaine looks ashen white in the harsh glare of the lights in the living room but Burt waits patiently.

"I just needed to get out of my house," Blaine says, avoiding Burt's worried expression, "Can I ring Kurt?" He finally looks at Burt, desperate and pleading, suddenly very glad that they don't have to rely on letter writing for all their modes of communication.

"Of course," Burt said, "But only when you explain to me what's happened."

xXx

"Dad!" Kurt exclaimed into the phone as soon as his home number came up on his phone, "I've tried ringing Blaine for our planned skype date but he's not answering."

"It's me Kurt," Blaine whispers into the phone, almost on the verge of tears at the worry in Kurt's voice.

"Blaine!" he said, checking his phone screen to check where the call was coming from. "Why are you at my dad's? What's happened?"

Blaine couldn't talk for the sob that threatened to come out but he furiously swallowed.

"I had to go Kurt," he said, swallowing again, "I found out what my dad's been hiding this week and I knew I couldn't stay on my own there."

"Blaine, you're driving me crazy here!" Kurt practically shouted, "What is it? What's happened?"

Blaine swallowed. "My dad started locking my mum's bedroom door a couple of days ago, saying she was still ill and that she didn't want any visitors until she was better. I knocked on her door yesterday to no

avail and I started to get worried. My dad left to get some groceries today which was suspicious on its own – my mum always does the shopping – and I took the key to her bedroom, seeing where he had hidden it yesterday. I don't know what I assumed was going on but I knew it wasn't right and when I unlocked the door there was just darkness and her figure in the bed. I called to her with no answer so kept going until I was at her bedside. I shook her shoulder gently to find it wasn't a shoulder. It was just a big pillow Kurt." Kurt gasped then felt a little silly.

"But where is she?"

"My dad found me in her room when he returned and I confronted him. He looked so pathetic Kurt. He said she's left a few days ago and he hadn't wanted to tell me or even admit it to himself so he'd pretended she was ill. I mean how long did he think that could go on for? How stupid does he think I am?"

"Where's she gone?"

"I don't know," Blaine said, sudden realisation hitting him that his mum had left without him, that she didn't care what happened to him.

"Can you contact her any other way?"

"No," Blaine said after he realised Kurt couldn't see him shake his head. "I need to ring Cooper and tell him I think. I mean he'll be home for thanksgiving and maybe he can help find mum."

"Yeah, that's a good idea. Are you going to stay at my dad's tonight?"

"Yeah I hope so, I'll have to ask but I don't want to go back there. Your dad knows."

"Good, can you pass him on to me before you hang up?"

Blaine did so and Burt occasionally looked at Blaine while Kurt spoke to him and he smiled. Blaine couldn't hear what was being said but he knew that Kurt was asking him to look after Blaine and it felt good to be cared for even if Kurt was miles away.

Blaine and Kurt said their goodbyes after Blaine assured him he would ring him tomorrow. Carole offered dinner to Blaine who declined but accepted a soda as they all settled in front of the television. There was a comfortable silence as they watched some kind of game show and Carole eventually said she was going to

bed, leaving Blaine and Burt to watch in comfortable silence. After a while, the television still on, Burt started talking, although he avoided Blaine's gaze.

"I need to tell Kurt something important but I don't know how he'll take it. He's been through a lot that kid." Blaine looked at Burt in curiosity but didn't say anything, only allowing him to continue at his own speed. "I have prostate cancer," he said simply and Blaine felt the air come out of his lungs again. "They've caught it early," Burt continued, sitting upright and trying to assure Blaine that he was ok, his eyes wide. "Local stage, surgery should fix it but I know Kurt worries about my health as it is and I didn't know how to tell him. I guess I'll tell him when he returns at thanksgiving."

Blaine didn't know what to say. Burt had quickly become like a dad to Blaine over the last few months, a better father in many ways than his own and he knew how much Kurt loved him. The thought of Kurt worrying, not knowing about this, made a nervous lump settle in Blaine's stomach. It made his worries about his mum pale in comparison.

"I think it would be best to tell him to his face but I know it will crush him."

"He'll need you there definitely," Burt said nodding, "Are you coming to thanksgiving dinner?"

"I think my dad will need me there this year, especially as Cooper is coming to visit too but I'd love to come for the rest of the holiday."

Burt smiled. "That'll be good kid, we'd love to have you here."

xXx

Richard avoided talking to Blaine much more than usual and they rarely found themselves in the house at the same time. Richard decided suddenly to complete much more work at the office so to avoid spending hours at home moping or worrying, Blaine decided to go out for coffee most evenings with Sebastian or Ellie. Sebastian was more than happy to be there for Blaine and was regaling Blaine with tales of when he lived in Europe. Blaine looked incredulous.

"What?" Sebastian asked, noticing his change in expression.

"You're just a little out there," Blaine said, smiling, "I can't believe you've done all these things and been to all these places."

"And your whole bashful school boy thing? Super hot?"

"Look Sebastian," Blaine said slowly in case he wasn't understood. "I have a boyfriend."

"Doesn't bother me, if it doesn't bother you," he said smirking.

"No, I mean I really care about him," Blaine said, his face softening at the thought of seeing him again in a few days.

"He doesn't need to know," Sebastian continued.

"I just never want to mess my thing with him in any way. He's really great."

Sebastian looked at Blaine carefully and nodded. He would have to try other means he realised, so he gave up temporarily as he listened to Blaine explain the wonders of one Kurt Hummel.

xXx

Blaine deliberately limited phone conversation with Kurt in the ten days before thanksgiving, hoping that Kurt wouldn't notice. He knew he would find it difficult to speak to Kurt, to answer questions about Burt when he knew the truth but Kurt was hurt nonetheless at Blaine's withdrawal. Blaine and Burt were there at the airport to pick him, Blaine already planning to spend most of the holiday with Kurt in Lima. He would return home for dinner the following day but he was just looking forward to finally seeing Kurt, he didn't care about the cost of travel. As soon as Kurt landed and started walking through the airport to meet them, Blaine ran to him and wrapped his arms around him.

"Wow," Kurt said as he parted from Blaine's tight embrace, "I wasn't expecting that sort of reaction." He smiled and Blaine's cheeks tinged pink.

After Kurt spent the journey back telling them both tales of New York and NYADA, Blaine went upstairs as soon as they got home, deliberately giving Kurt and Burt time to speak to each other properly. He was reading a book he had brought when Kurt opened the door, swiftly leaning his back on the wood when it closed and looking at Blaine. It was obvious from his red rimmed eyes that Kurt had been crying and Blaine got up, attempting to come closer until Kurt spoke.

"You knew?" Kurt whispered accusatory.

"Yes, when I stayed before but Burt wanted to tell you himself, it wasn't my place."

"Is that why you've been cold on the phone?"

"I didn't mean to Kurt, I just knew I couldn't tell you everything. I thought you'd understand."

"I do," he said as he sat on his own bed, looking defeated and so low.

"Come here," Blaine said soothingly, leading him to the bed so Kurt could rest his head in the nook between Blaine's neck and shoulders. He stroked his hair and lower back until Kurt practically mewled. He had missed this contact; missed Blaine's touch so much. Letters were beautiful, conversations on skype or over the phone were amazing but nothing beat being held like this. Kurt couldn't help but let out a low groan and Blaine smiled that his fingers could still do that to him.

"God I missed you," Blaine murmured in his ear as he lowered Kurt beneath him, slowly removing his shirt to reveal the gorgeous skin beneath.

"You're so beautiful Kurt," he whispered as he kissed the soft skin of his neck, causing Kurt to moan in pleasure and close his eyes. It had been so long since he had touched Kurt, his fingers itched near the waistband of Kurt's jeans and Kurt nodded his permission, too far gone already to speak. Blaine removed Kurt's trousers, snuck his hand beneath his boxers to touch and stroke his hardness and Kurt bit his lip to remain a little quiet for his dad downstairs. Blaine stroked slowly, gently until Kurt started writhing in pleasure and grabbed his arm to encourage him to go quicker, so desperate for release as Blaine started to rub against his thigh. Kurt soon came with a shout and he pounced on Blaine, stripping him of his pants, licking his way down his chest and sucking gently on Blaine's exposed hipbone.

"This is going to be embarrassingly quick," Blaine said, almost huffing out his breath in response to Kurt's gentle licking. Kurt laughed. He sucked him gently, licking the head causing Blaine to buck his hips in desperation. Taking him wholly into his mouth, Kurt soon brought Blaine to his climax and he lay plonked by his side, feeling satisfied. There were just some things that you couldn't do via letter.

xXx

The dinner the following day was awkward for Blaine. Cooper had come home the previous day and had attempted to cook with little help from Richard which resulted in an undercooked turkey but plenty of

roast potatoes and vegetables. Luckily the desserts had been shop bought so the three men found themselves eating their fill of other food.

Conversation was limited and Cooper seemed to suddenly have enough. He snapped as dinner was finally finished, plates cleaned as quickly as possible, his father about to retreat to his office.

"Dad aren't you going to talk about the huge elephant in the room?" Cooper said exasperated.

He was on the stairs as Cooper had called him and he turned reluctantly, clearly hoping that he could avoid this conversation.

"There's nothing to discuss, your mother has decided she would rather not see us, what else can I do?"

"Try to win her back!" Cooper shouted, "Do something, don't just give up!"

"No I refuse to beg, she can come back when she wants to but I'm not begging." He retreated upstairs and Cooper was left with Blaine to find some way of getting in touch with his mum.

*Dear Kurt,*

*This weekend was amazing but I find myself just living for these times together now and I get a bit sad when I realise I've got a whole month until I see you again for Christmas.*

*I think my dad doesn't want to see me at Christmas which is why he was so quick to say I could visit you, with his money and apparent blessing. Cooper will be busy with his new film role, though he hasn't given me the details, which makes me think it's not fully paid for. I think it might be one of those jobs that you get paid for after the film has made loads of money and the production company obviously preys on actors like Cooper, so desperate for notoriety and fame. I would never tell him that though.*

*He must have enough saved for this private detective that he's hired to find my mum. It all seems so pointless really and I've tried telling him that but he won't listen. I think he wants answers at all costs and I know something must have happened between my parents. I didn't think my mum would ever leave despite how unhappy she was. I guess I'm more disappointed that she didn't let me know, offer to take me with her but maybe she just wanted to escape and I would remind her of my dad.*

*I have sectionals soon and Sebastian has been driving me a little insane with all his rehearsals. He is determined to win, even talking about sabotaging the other teams somehow with blackmail. I think sometimes he thinks he's in a dodgy movie but I just humour him.*

*How's Adam's Apples going? Do they compete like high school show choirs? Adam's version of 'Baby Got Back' sounds funny!*

*I miss you but looking forward to our skype date tonight,*

*Love you most, love you only,*

*Love Blaine xx*

*Dear Blaine,*

*Thanks for your video of sectionals. Sebastian was much better than I remembered, though you of course were the best! Your solo was breathtaking Blaine, I always love you singing new wave 80s classics like 'Everyone Wants to Rule the World'. I'm glad you won.*

*Don't say that about yourself Blaine – if your dad doesn't want to spend Christmas with you it probably because you remind him of what he's missing. Please don't let him get you down. I hate the thought of you sad at home without me to hug you close. If you ever need anything and it's not enough over the phone, please see my dad. I know he'd love to see you more often.*

*Adam's Apples are still going strong though we decided not to compete so we could concentrate on our studies. We perform regularly to college students though and generally don't take ourselves too seriously. We try to perform classic songs in different ways, a challenge to push ourselves and become more versatile artists. Adam has been helping me to sound more 'pop-like' but I don't think I'll ever have a voice like yours that appeals to the masses, mine's more unique.*

*Adam will be staying in New York for Christmas as he can't afford the plane home to England, so you'll meet him then. He's been a really good friend and I think you'll really like him. He does great impressions of the characters in Downton Abbey!*

*I can't wait to see you over Christmas, not long now, counting down the days.*

*Never forget,*

*Love Kurt xx*

Blaine was reading the letter as he got coffee a few days later and Sebastian suddenly appeared behind him, reading over his shoulder as he waited in line.

"Ooh who's Adam?" Sebastian said smirking as he stood next to Blaine in the line, ignoring the bitch glare from the people behind him.

"Just one of Kurt's friends in New York, I'm meeting him over Christmas actually," Blaine said, determined not to let Sebastian bother him.

"Oh it's like that is it?" Sebastian laughed and winked, causing Blaine to groan in annoyance.

"You turn everything into an innuendo," Blaine said.

"Hey," Sebastian said holding his hands up in surrender, "If he wants to play while he's away who's to stop him."

"He's not 'playing away'," Blaine said, using his fingers to indicate the quotation marks, "I trust Kurt, I know he would never do anything like that."

"I'm just saying, if he's playing away, maybe you should do the same. Have you ever had the 'we're exclusive' chat? I mean you're young, you don't have to settle down just yet."

"We've always been exclusive. Most people aren't like you Sebastian. I love Kurt and that means something."

"Maybe it does to you but does it mean the same to Kurt?"

Blaine shook his head at Sebastian's idiocy but secretly started to wonder how close Adam and Kurt actually were. He couldn't wait until Christmas, suspicions and worries would just disappear as soon as he could hold Kurt again, he just knew it.



## **Chapter Twenty-Two**

Blaine got off his plane to walk across the terminals in New York and was bowled over by Kurt running towards him in excitement.

"Blaine!" he said excitedly, "I'm so happy to see you, I've missed you so much."

"I've missed you too," Blaine said quietly, brushing Kurt's cheek tenderly when they parted, though he fiercely kept Kurt close with his arm around his waist.

They got back to the apartment in record time, hastily discarding Blaine's suitcase and nearly tripping over Kurt's shirt as it was taken off on the way to his makeshift bedroom. Blaine had never undressed so quickly and was very grateful that Rachel had agreed to go out for the night so he could be as loud as possible. They lay there afterwards, Kurt stroking nonsensical patterns over Blaine's arm while he snuggled on his chest.

"What happened to my little wallflower?" Kurt whispered near Blaine's ear, sending shivers down his spine.

"Oh I'm still here," Blaine said smiling, "But someone has corrupted me." He winked and leant upwards for a kiss.

"I love you."

"I love you too."

The day before Christmas Eve was spent with Adam, Rachel and Santana watching movies and Blaine watched carefully. Rachel and Santana were spending the holidays with their families, both returning the following day, so today was for lounging and relaxing. Santana was quickly voted out as everyone wanted to watch Moulin Rouge and apart from Santana everyone assembled on the sofa, snuggled together. Kurt was in the middle, between Blaine and Adam and although Kurt eagerly came closer to Blaine, their arms linked together, Blaine kept worrying about what Adam was doing on the other side. Kurt seemed oblivious, completely absorbed in the film especially when problems started arising between Christian

and Satine and they started singing. Blaine noticed that Adam had got closer and closer and it didn't seem to bother Kurt at all. Blaine felt his stomach start to twist in worry but Kurt was soon broken out of his reverie by a comment from Adam.

"Are you crying Kurt?"

Blaine instantly retracted his body, moving to inspect Kurt and could indeed see tears in his eyes and almost wanted to punch himself that he hadn't noticed first.

"What's wrong Kurt?" Blaine said. Kurt tried to blink but it only caused a single tear to fall and Blaine tried to cuddle him closer.

"It's nothing, just my contact lenses," Kurt started.

"You wear contact lenses?" Blaine asked, confused.

"Yeah I have a stigmatism," Kurt muttered, a slight blush rising on his cheek and Blaine could tell he was lying.

"I would have thought it was for a different reason," Santana suddenly said, looking like she'd caught Kurt in his lie too.

Kurt looked at Blaine, like he couldn't avoid it any longer and he smiled.

"I wanted to sing that at my wedding and it's just such a sad song," Kurt said, smiling sadly at Blaine. Adam looked taken aback at their closeness and sat further away from the couple.

"I want to sing that at my wedding too," Blaine said, a smile spread over his face at the thought.

"Urgh, get a room," Santana said, getting up to make herself a drink. Rachel just laughed.

Christmas Eve was finally a day for just Blaine and Kurt. After waving goodbye to Santana and Rachel off on their holidays, they set off to walk the city to see its Christmas decorations and wonders.

"I can't wait to live here too," Blaine said as they walked by Times Square. He was looking upwards, nearly bumping into people as he saw the massive structures and posters for Broadway. He dreamt of one day seeing either his face or Kurt's on such a poster and he smiled at the thought.

"Oh that'll be great," Kurt said as he steered Blaine away from an elderly couple before he bumped into them.

They ate breakfast outside Tiffany's in the morning, walked the river and skated on the rink. It was a perfect day and Blaine couldn't believe he was here with Kurt, the love of his life and with the whole of their lives in front of them.

The next day they got up early to open presents that they had received through the post or Blaine had brought with him and started preparing dinner. Adam would be joining them later as he had nowhere else to go.

"Do you think Adam will spend the whole day with us?" Blaine asked quietly while Kurt's back was turned to chop vegetables.

"I don't know," Kurt said, sensing the tone and turning to face Blaine. "Is that ok?"

"Oh yeah, it's fine," Blaine said, shrugging his shoulders, trying to sound nonchalant.

"Blaine, do you like Adam?" Kurt asked after a pause.

"Oh yeah, he seems nice," Blaine said quickly, "I didn't mean anything by the comment, honestly."

"Blaine?" Kurt only needed to raise one eyebrow for Blaine to collapse under pressure.

"Well I just thought he was a bit close to you yesterday, a bit touchy-feely, I just thought you might be getting closer while I was away and now I'm rambling," he said, his voice getting quicker and higher as he progressed. Kurt's face seemed to change from slightly amused to annoyed in under three seconds.

"You don't trust me while I'm away?"

"Of course I do, Kurt, it was just Sebastian said..."

"Oh Sebastian said did he?" Kurt interrupted, "I could have guessed he might be behind this." Kurt seemed disgusted and turned his back to return to cutting the vegetables.

"What's that supposed to mean?" Blaine said, wandering to the other side of Kurt so he could see his face.

"It *means* you've been seeing an awful lot of him too. He's all you ever talk about when you mention Glee and rehearsals and I know you see him outside of school. What am I supposed to think?"

"You're supposed to trust me?" Blaine said his eyes wide and his hands raised in annoyance.

"Like you trust me?" Kurt said, sneering.

"I do trust you," Blaine shouted, "You don't seem to trust me."

He went back to the sport on television while Kurt returned to his cooking. Adam knocked on the door to enter an apartment full of a stony and awkward atmosphere, like a cloud hovering. He took one look at Kurt then Blaine and seemed to realise he had stepped into a war zone.

"So what's happened here?" he asked a little too jovially, with a little smile on his face. It seemed to irk Blaine more so he walked to Kurt's bedroom without a word. Kurt filled Adam in on the little argument and after a while they started serving dinner. Kurt, upon lifting the turkey out of the oven burnt the top of his hand on the oven and dropped the turkey dish back on the shelf of the oven.

"Ouch!"

"Quick, get it on some water," Adam said. He gently took Kurt's wrist and led him to the sink where he started the tap and poured water on top.

"Oh god that feels good," Kurt moaned, not realising Blaine had started to come into the kitchen after hearing the commotion. He watched them interact for a while and realised Kurt was slipping away and that he could do nothing all the way in Ohio. He coughed to indicate his presence and Kurt jumped.

"Blaine..."

"He burnt his hand," Adam said lamely, knowing what it must look like but not removing his hand from Kurt's wrist.

"Are you ok?" Blaine said quietly, "I heard the noise."

"Yeah should be ok," Kurt said, slowly removing his hand from the water, "It's only a little burn."

Adam and Blaine continued to serve dinner in silence as Kurt sat with a bag of peas on his hand by the kitchen table. He knew the atmosphere could be cut with the knife that Blaine happened to have in his hand but he didn't know how to solve the problem. He realised his time with Blaine was already coming to an end.

They ate their dinner in awkward silence for a while until Adam insisted on talking, mentioning things that Blaine had no idea about so he was instantly excluded from the conversation. He looked at Kurt, who seemed to notice Blaine's pain at first, then at the mention of Carmen Tibideaux or another fierce mentor at NYADA, Kurt would laugh or pull a face of understanding. All of a sudden he seemed to forget Blaine was there and Blaine could only watch and push his food around the plate.

Adam left after pudding, seeming to realise that Kurt and Blaine wanted to be alone but silence reigned again as they cleaned up and washed the dishes.

"How is your hand?" Blaine asked after they had finished.

"It's ok thanks," he said.

"That's good," Blaine said as he settled on the sofa with a cup of coffee.

"Look this is ridiculous Blaine," Kurt suddenly said, exasperated, "There is nothing going on between Adam and I, I promise." He sat facing Blaine on the sofa, one of his legs tucked under, his face so earnest that Blaine wanted this to all go away. If this was what growing up entailed, Blaine wasn't so sure he wanted it all.

"But you want there to be something going on?" Blaine asked. Kurt was taken back. He had never thought about it, never wondered whether he found Adam attractive or had spent too much time with him. Only one guy had ever been interested, he just assumed that Adam wanted friendship too.

"No of course I don't want something to be going on," Kurt said, "I love you Blaine, only you."

"But while I'm away," Blaine continued determined to be understood, to finally say his piece, "Do you find yourself forgetting me, and spending time with Adam is the next best thing?"

Kurt paused. Maybe he had been spending too much time with Adam. Was it too complicated to be a friend with a gay guy if your boyfriend was so far away? The pause was enough.

"I see," Blaine said, getting up and walking to their bedroom.

"Blaine wait!" Kurt said following him.

"No Kurt," Blaine said turning suddenly, "I get it, I'm not hurt, I get it." He continued on his way to the bedroom, got his pyjamas to change in the bathroom.

"No you don't," Kurt said, taking his arm so he was forced to face him. "You don't get it. Adam means nothing to me, nothing is going on."

"I know that Kurt," he said quietly, "I completely trust you but what I know is that, if things were different, if I wasn't here, Adam would be. Adam would spend more time with you, he would get closer on the sofa and you would get coffee together. Maybe if you're honest with yourself, that's what you want too."

"Can you honestly tell me Sebastian means nothing to you?" Kurt asked.

"Yes, I can," Blaine said confidently. "I know he wants more but I will never like Sebastian in that way. He's reptilian Kurt."

Kurt believed him but knew he would never be trusted in the same way by Blaine and he felt his stomach sink. Blaine looked so hurt, with his eyes so brown that Kurt knew he could say nothing to make a difference. He turned, let go of Blaine's arm and let him get changed in the bathroom. By the time Blaine returned Kurt had changed and got into bed, deciding to skip his moisturising routine. The light had been turned off, only the little light by Blaine's side remained and Blaine soon plunged them into complete darkness, leaving only the white's of Kurt's eyes visible as he cried himself to sleep.

Blaine decided to make his visit shorter, no mention of their earlier argument, just a slight excuse about his father needing him. He flew home and Kurt was left to wonder what had happened and how it could be

rectified. He felt a little like he had died and it seemed, as Rachel returned a day later that he had been sitting in the big chair for the whole time. She demanded to know what had happened and he couldn't really say, didn't know how to explain it himself but as she made him tea, he cried again and suddenly started to panic that this was it. They were over.

Blaine remained in the same daze he had left in, not quite sure what to do with the time he suddenly had. He moped in his bedroom, listened to songs and watched films that reminded him of Kurt. He thought back to their conversations, what he had imagined between them. He did know that Kurt had been completely faithful, would never cheat but watching him with Adam, the fear that he would one day forget Blaine really scared him. He knew he didn't want to split up with him, was not entirely sure how he had left it between them but could see no way to get over this. His phone suddenly buzzed.

To: Blaine [5.09pm]

**Are you back from the old ball and chain at last? Wondered if you wanted to come out and play? ;) Fancy that bar I was talking about? I can get us fake IDs....**

Sebastian. The thought that he had never lived, never experienced anything, really got Blaine to thinking. How could he know if Kurt was the one? Surely he was young, they both were, how on earth could they know? Kurt had obviously gone out in New York, singing, dancing, laughing with other people - people just like him. He should get the same opportunities. He sent a reply to Sebastian before he regretted it and he went down to start dinner for his dad. He needed at least one night he could be spontaneous and fun. He was sure it would be fine. Sebastian knew what he was doing.

The night *was* fun. They got in easily, the bouncer only looking briefly at their IDs, well aware they were fake but too bored to care. It was a seedy place, dark with a juke box in the corner, but after a couple of beers Blaine loosened up and Sebastian commented that this new Blaine was much more interesting. They danced, Blaine seemingly oblivious to his surroundings, and Sebastian enjoyed the company. He chatted to a few guys but no one looked as enticing or as fun as Blaine on the dance floor so he kept returning. They finally made it to closing time, stumbling to the car and thinking it would be best to call for a taxi. As they waited, Blaine wobbled and Sebastian laughed, propping him up against the wall of the bar.

"Woah there," Sebastian said laughing, "Look at you."

"I just want to live here," Blaine started, "And make art and..."

"Don't start with all that crap," Sebastian laughed, looking out for a waiting car. Blaine suddenly seemed to realise who he was with and stopped talking, resting his hand on Sebastian's arm.

"You're not Kurt," he said and Sebastian turned to face him.

"I know, well done Sherlock," Sebastian said.

"No I mean Kurt would never say that, he would never make me feel stupid, even if I am a little tipsy."

"Well old Betty White does give good face, I'll give him that. I wonder who he's banging now," Sebastian smirked, starting to turn towards the road, looking out for the taxi. Something clicked in Blaine and he yanked Sebastian's arm back, causing Sebastian to nearly fall backwards.

"What..."

"Just listen to me," Blaine started, embarrassingly slurring his words, "Kurt would never do that to me and I let you persuade me, I let you worm your way in, I let you try to break us up – well that ain't happening." He started to walk off.

"Where are you going?"

"Home – I'm not getting in the car with you. I'll walk."

"Blaine, don't be an idiot," Sebastian started walking in his direction.

"No I'm done being an idiot," Blaine said, almost spitting the words out, "I need to tell Kurt."

*Dear Kurt,*

*I know we're not really talking, I know I've been an idiot and I'm really sorry. I did something really stupid tonight and I'm really sorry.*



*You see I forgot what you mean to me, I forgot how much we love each other and where we've come from. I know you would never do anything to hurt me, I know you would never let a friendship get too close. I did that tonight and I'm really stupid for believing him, for letting him cloud my judgement, when I know you so well.*

*I went to a gay bar tonight with Sebastian. I had images of you enjoying your time in New York, of laughing, dancing and singing with Adam and your friends, maybe drinking and I couldn't stand it. I wanted to do anything to erase that image of you enjoying yourself without me. I tried to enjoy myself without you.*

*I danced, I drank a few beers, I laughed but it wasn't half the fun it would be if I was with you. As I waited for the taxi with Sebastian and he said the rudest things, I realised. He didn't know you, he didn't know how much I love you, how much I know you love me. He can't shake us Kurt and what we have.*

*I know this is way too early but you're it for me, you're the one. I've often dreamt of us together forever, maybe making art, maybe on a lighthouse. We'll sing 'Come What May' to each other on our wedding day and have loads of great sex. We'd have a little family and so much love and music that everyone would be happy. I know I'm a little merry but I do mean this, I do want this. I want forever with you Kurt, if you'll let me. Please forgive me.*

*Love you most, love you only,*

*Love Blaine xx*

## Chapter Twenty-Three

This was the first time Kurt had received a letter from Blaine without wanting to instantly reply. He had been hurt at the suggestion that he had been inappropriate with Adam or too close, nothing had happened and even if Adam wanted something more, Blaine needed to trust Kurt absolutely otherwise their long distant relationship would never work. Kurt had worried at the mention of Sebastian in the letter, his attempts to lead Blaine astray, his disregard for their relationship. Kurt knew he needed to let Blaine know that he was loved and trusted completely but as he read the letter again, he also knew that Blaine would have to make decisions for himself, without Kurt's constant presence.

It was actually Cooper that brought the boys together again but for reasons completely unrelated to their recent trouble. Blaine hadn't forgotten his mother, often wondered where she was but was also very hurt that she hadn't contacted any of the family or taken care of her son. Blaine's relationship with his father was still silent and awkward, Blaine making sure he cooked his own dinner and looking after himself as Richard spent even more hours at the office. Blaine often looked at the ceiling of his room wishing that he had all this time when Kurt was still in Lima.

Cooper rang the day after the gay bar escapade with Sebastian, while Blaine was desperately hoping for a call or something from Kurt. School had been dreadful as he text Kurt with no reply and he sat trying to distract himself with a movie while watching his phone. As soon as the ring could be heard, Blaine's desperate voice reached Cooper's ear.

"Blimey you're eager to hear from me," Cooper said, sounding surprised.

"Oh, Cooper," Blaine said quietly.

"Great to hear from you too Squirt," Cooper said.

"Sorry, I was just hoping to hear from Kurt."

"You had a row?"

Blaine proceeded to explain to Cooper what had happened, using the edited version.

"Well don't worry about that for the moment. I found mum."

There was a beat of silence until Blaine realised what he had said.

"Yeah she wasn't hard to find really," Cooper continued. "She almost made it too easy, so maybe she wanted to be found. It seems she's living with a man called Mike that she's been seeing for a few months. I have an address."

And just like that Blaine and Cooper were planning how they would approach her, deciding against mentioning it to their father. They made plans for after school the following day and Blaine was left to stare at his ceiling as the world went to sleep around him, wondering what he would say to his mum and how he could possibly make it up to Kurt.

*Dear Blaine,*

*I'm pretty sure this will be the hardest letter I will ever have to write to you and I think that's why I've hesitated for so long. I should have replied yesterday but I was still hurt I guess and I needed to think. After I've posted this letter I will reply to your message, so forgive me for ignoring you today.*

*I guess I need you to know first of all that I love you and only you. These past few months have been torture but only because I couldn't see you and reassure you like I was able to last year. My senior year was perfect because you were there and I loved coming to school to see you, to sing with you, to have all my special moments with you.*

*This year has been harder. Trying to make it on your own is tough and I never realised how strong I was until I went away. I had forgotten that I stood up to bullies before you came to McKinley, that I sang songs written for girls and wore fierce outfits, never scared to be who I am. I was happy to be part of a couple, happy to be with you because you complete me Blaine. If ever I thought that I was missing something, that hole was a Blaine shape in my heart. As sappy as that sounds you are my missing puzzle piece Blaine. I don't want to pull the pieces apart.*

*I know you were drunk when you wrote that letter and I hope you don't regret anything you wrote to me that night. You are the one for me too Blaine, I have never known anything more securely, but I know that relationships take work and our biggest test will be the distance we have to travel to see each other.*

*I know I can live out here on my own, I know that I can make it in New York because this is my dream and I will work really hard to achieve it. I need to know that you support me with my dream, I need to know that you trust me to stay here and fulfil it.*

*I want you to know that although I distrust Sebastian, I do trust you. I know you would never hurt me but I do fear the stupid things anyone can do when they are lonely or scared. I never want you to feel that way.*

*Know that you are loved and cherished. Know that you are trusted and admired. Know that you are perfectly imperfect and I love you most.*

*Never forget,*

*Love Kurt xx*

Kurt rang Blaine straight away after sending the letter but it rang with no answer. Suddenly worried he had no idea what was happening at the time in Lima between Cooper, Blaine and their mother.

"Cooper..." She said as soon as she opened the door, her eyes wide, her mouth almost comically open. Blaine came into view and his mother finally seemed to crumple, opening the door wide fully expecting them to follow her to the lounge.

It was a beautifully decorated house and she made no pretence of being the perfect hostess here.

"What are you doing here mum?" Cooper asked once they were seated.

"I had to leave," she whispered, avoiding their intent gazes searching for answers. "Mike treats me with respect and I know he loves me by his actions."

"Who's Mike?" Cooper sneered.

"My boyfriend," his mother said, her head low with shame.

"Wow," Blaine said and Cooper gave him a look as if to say he was handling this.

"So how long's this been going on for?"

"I never cheated on your father," she said, quite adamant she wanted to speak only the truth and be fully understood. "I met Mike at the farmer's market and he was charming, polite and he knew I was married but we would take walks, go shopping during the day, just spend time together." Her face suddenly reflected all kinds of light as she realised she still had that treatment and that it had never waned. "We've been meeting for nearly three months now but I suddenly knew that I wanted to spend the rest of my life with him and that the life I was living with your father was no life at all. Mike works hard but he takes me out, we have all the time in the world for each other and he makes me happy. Please understand."

"I do understand mum," Blaine said kindly, "But why didn't you tell anyone, why do I feel like the parent – being responsible, trying to find you. What about dad? He deserves to know the truth."

"I could never tell him Blaine," she said, "I tried so many times to improve things between us but he was never interested. To him I will always be the woman that cooks and cleans his house and brings up his sons. Well I hoped I would be able to come back and do that but I was worried he would be angry with me. He won't want anyone knowing that I left him for another man, even if I was completely faithful while we were together."

"And what about us? Were you never going to try to get in touch with us?" Blaine couldn't hide the hurt etched on his face and his mother's face softened.

"Oh Blaine, I'm sorry," she said, tears in her eyes, "I was going to come find you when things had calmed down, maybe try to contact you secretly. I don't know."

"You know we have to tell dad," Cooper said, suddenly the voice of reason. Madeline looked slightly scared at the thought but nodded in understanding.

Luckily for Blaine, Cooper explained everything and Richard seemed to take it all in. His eyes flickered from side to side as if trying to think of something to do, anything to win her back. Cooper agreed to stay the night but said he would need to leave for New York early the following morning as Blaine went to school. Blaine turned on his phone as he went to bed only for it to bleep incessantly with missed calls and messages from Kurt, who he rang back immediately.

"Blaine!" Kurt exclaimed on answering, "Where have you been? If this was your way of showing me you were pissed...."

"No Kurt, I found my mum," Blaine interrupted and he began the long story of where she was now and how his father had reacted.

"Oh gosh Blaine, I'm sorry. What happens now?"

"I think we'll keep in touch but I know she doesn't want to see my dad. I don't really know how he's taking it."

"Give him time, it must be quite a shock to know your wife left you."

"Yeah," Blaine murmured and then he realised this was the first time he had spoken to Kurt since his time in New York. "How are you?" he asked timidly.

"I'm ok thanks," Kurt said, understanding his true meaning. "I got your letter."

"Oh god Kurt I'm so sorry," he started babbling, "I mean I was drunk, really stupid but I meant everything I said, I'm really sorry I was such a doofus."

"Doofus hey?" Kurt said laughing, "You may be a doofus, but you're my doofus."

Conversation continued long into the night and as Blaine went to sleep he knew they would be ok and that a few months was all they had left before they could live together. They could manage, he knew they were strong together and this was just one of the challenges. Blaine didn't know as he drifted off to sleep with a smile on his face that Richard would never understand how much he truly loved Kurt because he didn't know love himself.

Cooper woke Blaine early the next morning to leave for New York, asking Blaine to promise to ring or contact him if he needed anything. He already knew that Richard would be hard to live with now, even more so because he would be so detached from Blaine. He looked worried as he waved at Blaine from the doorway but Blaine tried to reassure him with a confident smile, not quite reaching his eyes.

School dragged but as soon as Blaine got home he checked the mail and noticed the letter from Kurt which he read avidly in the hallway, dropping his satchel by the door. He didn't notice that his dad was already at home but Richard was by the kitchen door, watching his son read eagerly.

"What's that?" Richard asked.

"God dad, you made me jump!" Blaine exclaimed clutching his chest with the letter still in his hand. "It's a letter from Kurt," he said beaming, the letter containing all that he hoped Kurt would write and more. Something seemed to flicker over Richard's face as he took in Blaine's face, his body language one of a small excited child off to Disneyland. Richard couldn't understand how anyone could feel that for a boy, or anyone for that matter, so burned and hurt in his own relationship. He snapped, coming closer to Blaine, who moved back in surprise at the change in his father's expression.

"What are you doing?" Blaine's voice trembled which seemed to anger Richard even more.

"Give me that," Richard said snatching the letter from Blaine's hand. Completely taken aback Blaine didn't realise what he was going to do until it was too late. Richard started to manically rip the letter in half, then again and again until it was just little flutters of paper on the floor by the door.

Blaine looked at the paper littering the floor then at his father's face who looked like it hadn't been enough and Blaine was suddenly worried that he would hit him. Richard seemed to come up with an idea and took the stairs two at a time to reach Blaine's bedroom door.

"Dad what you are doing?" Blaine shouted and followed him, tears streaming down his face at what was happening.

"You need to know Blaine that love doesn't last and these letters," he was saying as he went into Blaine's room and saw a bunch of letters on his dresser, "These letters are a waste of time." He held them aloft threatening and manic, his eyes bulging and sweat appearing on his temple. He started to tear one on the top until Blaine grabbed his wrists in desperation.

"Please dad," he begged, "Don't do it, please don't..." He was full on sobbing now, desperate to stop what his dad was doing. As Richard finished ripping the letter in his hand, something clicked behind his eyes and he saw Blaine's face. He stopped and seemingly exhausted he sat on Blaine's bed.

Blaine couldn't speak and watching the flutters of paper of one of his most treasured possessions hitting the floor, he finally crumpled and slid to the carpet, hugging his knees to his chest and sobbing. After a while, Richard flushed red with dissipated anger and shame, left Blaine's room without a word and closed the door behind him. Blaine looked at the paper surrounding his feet and started to assemble it together and taking his time he stuck it together with cello tape until it slightly resembled the letter he had received from Kurt. Fresh tears came as he saw the pitiful letter in front of him and he went to the doorway to retrieve the paper there. He found it in the state he had left it in and he lovingly stuck it back together in his room and rang Kurt.

"Blaine?" Kurt said when he heard no greeting and suddenly a fresh sob left Blaine's lips as he tried to explain what had happened.

"You need to ring Cooper," Kurt said urgently, "Come to New York Blaine, you're not safe there, you shouldn't have to put up with that."

"I don't know Kurt," Blaine said quietly, not sure what he wanted anymore. Maybe he could ring his mum?

"Ring Cooper," Kurt said again firmly, "Please."

Blaine agreed and as soon as Cooper heard what had happened he booked Blaine's flight and asked him to pack a bag.

"You're staying with me squirt," Cooper said, "You can finish school here I'm sure and you've only got a few final exams now anyway and you'll be near Kurt. Please Blaine, write a letter to dad if it'll make you feel better but you need to leave."

Blaine agreed to pack that night and take an early flight to New York the following morning. He had no time to explain to people at school but he was hoping he would see them again maybe in the future. He rang his mum to inform her of his decision and she wired him some money, asking that he ring when he got into New York. His decision made, it seemed everything else seemed to fit into place and rush by him. He barely had time to sleep and he wrote a final letter to his dad explaining what he was doing. Managing to sneak out of the house after leaving the letter on the coffee table, he made his way to the airport, feeling lucky he had money of his own saved away.



The flight was tough as he worried his lip, thinking of what had happened and the decision he had had to make. He knew he couldn't stay with his dad anymore but the idea of leaving him on his own, with his obvious heartache felt unnatural to Blaine too. Cooper and Kurt met him at the airport, obviously meeting beforehand and Blaine sank into Kurt's arms, warm and so comforting after such a night. He was finally here and safe, right where he belonged.

## Epilogue

It seemed that Blaine had lived in New York for an age when he finally got his place at NYADA and started his freshman year. Although things were still strained with his father, Cooper and Blaine had met up with him a few times over the summer and his mother had visited him in New York. Blaine felt guilty for leaving his father all alone now but still obsessed with work, Richard seemed to have even less time for his family. Blaine knew he would come to realise their importance and he would still be there for his dad but he needed to live his life now and New York was always the place of his dreams.

Living with Kurt was just where he had belonged. They fit together so easily in the apartment that it seemed as if Blaine had always been there and he was eager to help with rent and chores. Rachel loved having him there and her constant social life and audition practice luckily kept her out of the apartment quite frequently which enabled Kurt and Blaine to have relations without worrying.

As they sat one late summer's evening watching a film, all tucked together on the sofa, Blaine suddenly looked over at Kurt next to him and realised that although he loved the intimacy now, he missed the romance of the letter writing and the long distance desperate need for each other. Blaine wouldn't trade in his situation for that one but he did reflect over how much he meant to him now after the terrible time apart. Blaine was sick of being insecure and he mentally cringed at his immature behaviour last year.

He hoped he might get chances to write letters to Kurt over the years, maybe if he went away on his own or went to stay with his dad. Just thinking about the years ahead with the man of his dreams made him sigh and Kurt looked at him quizzically as he realised it had been audible.

"You ok?" Kurt said, stroking his arm gently.

"Yeah just thinking how perfect life is, now you're in the world."

Rachel chuckled as Kurt gave him a sickened look.

"That was a bit gay, even for me," Kurt laughed.

"Hey!"

His first day at NYADA was interesting, already primed and preened by Kurt. He was warned about avoiding certain types of people and encouraged to join extra-curricular activities. As soon as he entered the dance studio he could see, just like Kurt, that this wasn't too different from high school. There were the obvious cliques and Blaine plastered on his charming smile and introduced himself to the new freshmen too.

It was in the first class of the day, an acting seminar where they were required to take notes about essays, where Blaine had the opportunity to write a letter. He knew they wouldn't be able to have their secret piano like at high school, knew it would be silly to do this regularly when they saw each other every day but he wanted to do this one letter almost as a last reminder of all that they had shared, all that Blaine loved.

*Dear Kurt,*

*I'm writing this in my first class as a freshman here at NYADA and I still can't believe I'm here. I see all the talent around me, know how you worked so hard to get in with your mind-blowing performances and I feel very lucky. I can't wait to really show that I belong here; with sheer hard-work and determination we can do anything.*

*I love living with you in Bushwick and can't believe how you've saved me over the last few months. I love watching you make pancakes in the morning, I love seeing you sleep next to me and feeling you close, I love discussing song choices with you and practicing whenever we can. I hope we have so many more intimate and loving moments together.*

*I think back to that letter I sent so long ago now, where I declared you were it for me and I know I still mean it. You really are everything to me Kurt – I hope you always know that.*

*I guess I look back over our time together, where I watched you from afar as a wallflower, stupid and shy and know that you've changed me for good. I believe in myself because you believe in me; I share my opinions with others because I know you value them too. You challenge me to be better Kurt and I will always love you for that.*

*I better stop writing this now, because the seminar tutor is looking suspiciously in my direction as I look up pretending to be listening when they're reading from a handout they've given us already. I know I will be seeing you tonight when I return home and knowing that you are my home is the most amazing feeling.*

*I love you so much,*

*Love you most, love you only,*

*Love Blaine xx*

When Blaine returned home that evening it was to see a bouncing Rachel, overexcited and incomprehensible as she seemed to be begging Kurt for something.

"Please Kurt," she said, grabbing his arms for emphasis, "Everyone will be there."

"Everyone will be where?" Blaine asked.

"Callbacks," Kurt said exasperated, "Rachel wants to sing again and make herself known to the new freshmen but I have a ton of assignments already."

"Oh come on it'll be fun," Blaine exclaimed.

"Oh not you as well," Kurt said, pulling a face.

"Come on it's my first time at Callbacks," Blaine said pouting and Kurt never could resist that face.

"Ok..."

Dressed in their best clobber Kurt and Blaine went out looking dashing with Rachel linking arms with them both, looking tiny between them. She eagerly ordered drinks and they found a table.

Rachel sang a solo and buoyed by the happy atmosphere Blaine was soon asking if he could sing too. Rachel signed him up with Pascal and led him to the piano where he sat and mentally prepared himself.

"Hi everyone," Blaine said into the microphone and Kurt smiled noticing that although Blaine was so much more confident now in his own abilities he would always have that shy charm and vulnerability too. "I'm new to NYADA and here with my boyfriend. I really want to sing to him now, the love of my life." The crowd awwed and Blaine beamed as he started the song, looking directly at Kurt, his eyes already shining.

*You light the skies up above me  
A star so bright you blind me, yeah, yeah  
Don't close your eyes  
Don't fade away; don't fade away, oh  
Yeah, you and me we can ride on a star  
If you stay with me, we can rule the world  
Yeah, you and me we can light up the sky  
If you stay by my side, we can rule the world  
If walls break down, I will comfort you  
If angels cry, oh, I'll be there for you  
You've saved my soul  
Don't leave me now; don't leave me now, oh  
Yeah, you and me we can ride on a star  
If you stay with me, we can rule the world  
Yeah, you and me we can light up the sky  
If you stay by my side, we can rule the world  
All the stars are coming out tonight  
They're lighting up the sky tonight for you, for you  
All the stars are coming out tonight  
They're lighting up the sky tonight for you, for you, oh*

Kurt blinked back tears and knew. They had their whole lives together, to rule the world, to make dreams and even just the mundane would be wonderful with Blaine by his side.

**A/N:** Thank you to everyone that followed, faved and reviewed – it means a lot, so thank you.

**Song quoted:**

'Rule the World' by Take That