

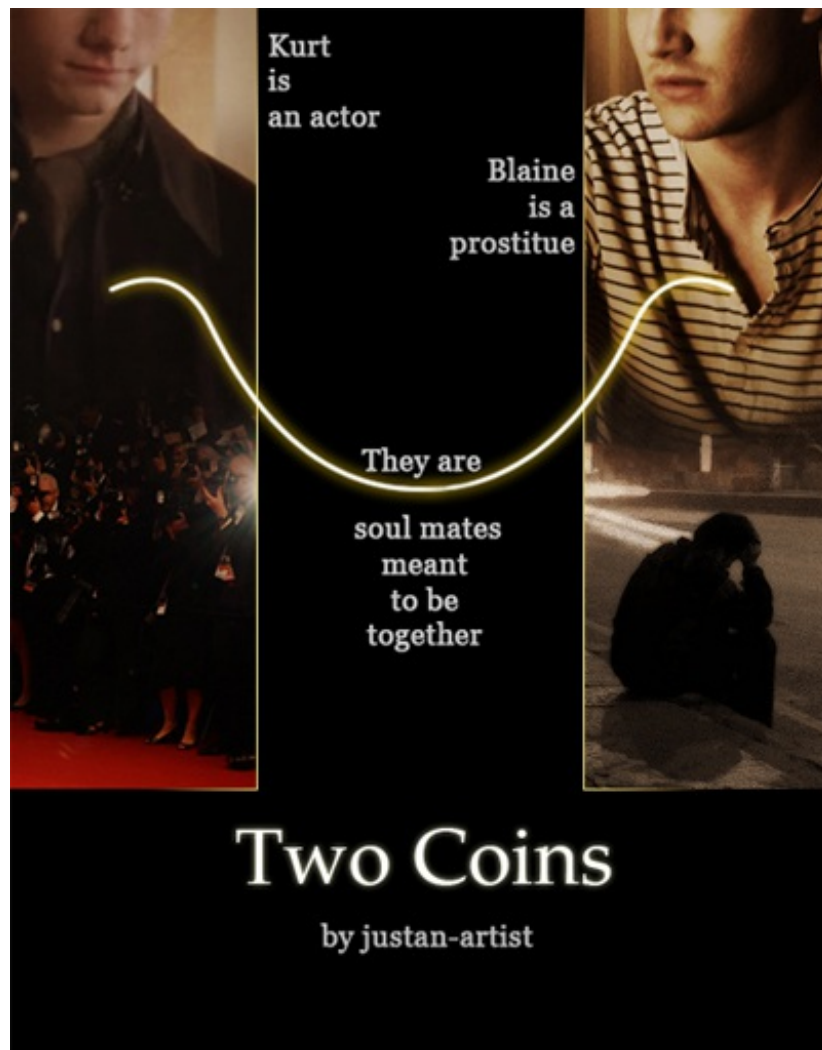
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## Two Coins

by [justanartist](#)

### Summary



## **Soulmate + Age Gap AU**

**prostitute!Blaine / Famous!Kurt**

[Trailer for that fic!](#)

Kurt knows those people who are soulmates. His friends are soul mates and happy about that. Soul mates have a very deep connection. Some connections are so deep that people are able to feel every emotion and physical pain from their soul mate. He never understood why it was good to feel what your soul mate felt or to not even have a choice with who you want to spent the rest of your life with. Until he meets his soulmate and is not happy about it.

## **Notes**

Thanks to [Mino](#) for being my beta and to [Oksana](#) for creating a plot.

# Pain

## Chapter 1. Pain

It had always been his dream, becoming an actor no matter what. Broadway, movies, tv shows, whatever. He just wanted to perform, to do things he usually wouldn't do in his own life and experience life through the eyes of others. But Kurt Hummel was also a man who couldn't just hang out with anyone. Being famous meant giving up his private life at one point and it was hard to figure out how to hide things and how to talk to the press. His friend Rachel warned him about that, because she had things to hide but Kurt? He didn't. From day one he had promised himself to be honest. No lies, but silence. No fake words, but paraphrasing. It was easy for him, because he had nothing to hide. He never took drugs, never broke laws. He was just a normal person, loving the same sex and living his dream.

Former model Kurt Hummel got his first leading role in a movie drama. After high school he went to NYADA, graduated and became a model for three years while playing some smaller roles in tv shows or other movies. Of course this wasn't how he had imagined his life to be, but he told himself he needed to take small steps, make experiences and work hard, always work hard, so that one day his dream would come true. Finally his time had come.

"To my friend Kurt Hummel, who will soon shine like a star on every screen in New York!" Elliot, one of his friends he got to know when he moved to New York cheered through the bar, standing on a chair and raising his glass. His black hair was wild and his eyes were shining down at the people around him. All the familiar faces cheered with him, raising their glasses and Kurt laughed at the sight, while Mercedes wrapped her arm around his shoulder and kissed his cheek.

"You all should ask him for autographs before he forgets us!" Elliot jumped down, sitting next to Kurt and smirking at him.

"Just because I'll be in a movie doesn't mean I'll forget my friends," Kurt waved him off, slowly sipping his cocktail.

"You say that now, but soon you'll be rich, men and women will throw themselves at you and all the producers and writers will call for you," Elliot said in awe, moving his hand as if he'd be showing him a picture, which made Kurt laugh and smack his arm playfully.

"Shut up. I will not become one of those people."

"Don't forget all the paparazzi following you around and the rumors people will spread about you," Rachel said, wearing her diva face.

Mercedes rolled her eyes and Kurt tried to ignore her statement.

"Be happy for your friend, Princess. He doesn't have anything to hide or to be blamed for like you do," Santana said and smiled like she just won something, because Rachel glared at her.

"First, it isn't my fault when people are just too stupid to work with me and, second, it's not my fault when people think I'm better than all other actresses."

Now it was Santana who rolled her eyes. They all knew this wasn't true, but no one said a word

just to avoid any more bitch fights. After all, this evening was about Kurt and luckily Mercedes kept this in mind.

"I'm so proud of you, Boo. When will you start to film?"

"Well, I've read the script, or rather the first version of it and they are re-writing it right now. They said it will take at least a month and then we'll meet for the first time. So I guess I'll give it two months or maybe three before we'll start filming."

"Then let's make the best of it before you get swallowed down by Hollywood," Mercedes said and raised her glass.

"Are you quitting modeling for the next three months?" Jesse asked, one of his co-workers he didn't really consider a friend. He was one of those models who literally bitched around whenever they could, smoked more than they ate and only did things for their own benefit. He could be fun to hang around, but Kurt usually avoided him whenever he could.

"Yes. I want to have some free time before it get's too crazy. Who knows when will be the next time I can do what I want without being recognized and asked for autographs."

"Aha! So you do think this will be your big chance! I'm proud of you, Hummel," Elliot exclaimed and pointed his finger at Kurt.

"I didn't say that, but it's possible. I'm just being realistic."

"You can be so humble."

"I am humble, Elliot, thank you very much."

"And you should find a nice boyfriend before you become famous," Mercedes said.

"Otherwise he will take advantage of you because you'll be rich and know people," nodded Elliot.

Kurt rolled his eyes over his friends talking about his love life and took another sip when he heard Santana complaining about Chandler, his boyfriend back in high school.

"He was nice, don't say that. He was emotional, yes, but he was nice," Mercedes nodded to herself.

"Please. If Kurt would still be with him he wouldn't be here. Chandler was a little bitch, crying over nothing and always wanting all the attention. He was like Rachel, just with a dick."

Elliot snorted into his drink and Rachel began to have a heated discussion with Santana, while the others tried not to laugh.

"How's Martin? Too bad he couldn't be with us tonight," asked Kurt Elliot after a while.

"He is fine but work is eating his time. He has this big new case, which I don't even know what it is about. Whoever thought that my soulmate is a lawyer got bumped on his head."

"Having trouble?"

"What? Nah, we are more than fine. He is perfect for me, though whenever when we talk about work I feel like a fish out of the water. Well, he is the same when I talk about music and theater. Still, he is my soulmate and not many people have a soulmate. Believe me, never, not in a thousand years did I imagine to be one of those people and whenever I think, nope, it's not

working it suddenly does like... it's natural, you know?"

No, Kurt didn't know, but he nodded anyway. He had heard about people with soulmates and read articles about them, because he was simply curious and maybe, one day, he would have to play such a role. He read about their incredible connection, how a soulmates were able to feel it when their soulmate was physically hurt – he even heard that the person who wasn't actually hurt could get a wound too – or when their soulmate was very happy, angry, sad they could also feel it. But how you knew that you had a soulmate or who it was wasn't that easy to find out. Luck played a very important part in it or even fate. Kurt was 25 years old now, and he met a bunch of people and not one of them moved him in a strange way. Not that he wanted to have a soulmate, he knew it was a rare thing so he didn't even hope.

"I can cook for the three of us next weekend," Kurt suggested, sipping his cocktail.

"I wouldn't miss that. You'll stop cooking for yourself soon enough."

Some more drinks were emptied, more laughs shared and soon it was 2 in the morning and they decided to go home because it was still a workday.

He hugged his friends good bye and left together with Elliot, because they had to walk the same way back home. A bit tipsy they sang some songs together, or pieces of songs and laughed when one got the lyrics wrong.

When their ways parted they hugged and Kurt tied his scarf a bit tighter around his neck. With quick steps he walked to the building where his loft was, still a new place for him and he wasn't used to live alone, especially not with so much space for himself. Two months ago he was still living with Elliot and Mercedes, having the time of his life with them. Fights, laughs, movie nights with tears and screaming. Sometimes one of them brought someone home, people they liked and people they didn't like. One-night-stands, old friends, new friends, but all in all it was a very good time he would never forget.

Now he was living alone, because Elliot met his soulmate and Mercedes hers. Two people in his life were one of those special people. Still he wondered what was so amazing about having a soulmate. Why would it be so amazing to feel what their soulmate felt and even get injured, too? Maybe there was something else about this whole soulmate thing which no book, no article wrote about. Despite the fact that Elliot and Martin or Mercedes and Sam were different like night and day, they were perfect for each other. Elliot, the Rockstar and Martin the lawyer. Mercedes the singer and Sam the high school coach. Two different worlds working together perfectly. But he also remembered how it all began, the troubles, the fights, the nights filled with tears, because it was so hard and then, somehow it stopped.

He shook his head when he reached his building, walking inside and taking the elevator to the top floor. He opened the door and sighed deeply, walking into the huge space only for himself. He walked right into the living room leaving his jacket and scarf on the gray couch and walking to the right side of the loft where his kitchen was. The floor wooden and dark, the furniture mainly golden brown – like the ceiling – and opened his refrigerator to get some water for the next morning. Then he took the spiral stairs to his bedroom. Exhausted and a bit lonely he wrapped the blanket tight around his body and wrapped his arms around his pillow. He was sure that soon he would get used to living alone.

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His last day at work and he wasn't even working. He said good bye to his boss and the people he used to see everyday. He walked from room to room, office to office, making small talk here and there and after that went to his room where all his stuff was. The room was small, one side a pure white wall, the other made of glass. It was fun when one of his model friends was in the other room and they made funny faces and gestures through the glass to kill some time. Sometimes, though, it was a huge disadvantage. Sometimes things happened not meant for his eyes, like Jesse fighting with someone or throwing stuff around. Not that he heard anything anyway, but seeing his angry face was usually enough. Luckily he wouldn't see this ever again.

He turned away from the glass and opened his small closet, taking his clothes out and folding them neatly in his small suitcase. Done that he grabbed the box and put it down on his desk and began to put all the small things on his desk inside. He smiled at the picture of him, Mercedes and Elliot, taken two years ago.

“Are you fucking crazy!?” Jesse yelled through the corridor and Kurt could hear it because the glass door was open. Turning around he saw Jesse storming into his room. Well, so much about not seeing this again. Kurt was just about to turn away and go back to what he was doing before when he saw someone following Jesse who wasn't familiar to him. A small figure, curly dark hair and wearing casual clothes. No, this was no model – he was too small – and – wow – when Kurt could see the stranger's face he noticed how young this boy was. Maybe seventeen, but not more.

“Close the fucking door!” Jesse yelled and shut them both out for the world to hear. Kurt waited, watching the boy say something and his mouth was small but his body tense, eyebrows moving dangerously together. Jesse yelled again, throwing his hands in the air and standing behind his desk, probably too keep some safe distance. Though it would be surprising why, because the boy didn't look like he was dangerous.

First Kurt considered that this boy was maybe Jesse's brother but they didn't look alike, not even a bit. Maybe it was some crazy fan stalking Jesse like he always talked about, but Kurt never saw it happen or believed in it. He raised an eyebrow when he saw the other boy counting something down on his fingers, slowly becoming angry himself and Jesse ran a hand down his face, breathing fast and heavy.

No matter how much he disliked Jesse he really thought about going there and asking if he was fine. Though who knew in what kind of trouble Kurt would drag himself in and Jesse being part of it? No, thank you very much. Also whatever they were fighting about Kurt was sure it was Jesse's fault. Like it had always been.

He watched Jesse pull his wallet out, fumble with it furiously and then throw some coins and dollars over the head of the boy and opened the door, yelling: “If I ever see you here again, you'll regret it!” And then he stormed down the corridor.

Kurt stood still, eyebrows raised and watched the boy kneeling down and picking up the money. This was weird, really weird and he had no idea what just happened. But he felt sorry for the boy who obviously came here, because Jesse owed him money for whatever reason. Just the way he did it, how he let the money fall down over the boys head and yelled at him was humiliating and exactly this was written all over the boys face when he stood again. A sigh fell from those pink lips while he counted the money and shoved it into the pockets of his jacket ready to go but then their eyes met and Kurt's mind screamed to look away, pretend like he hadn't seen anything. He couldn't. His body wasn't listening and for probably five second they both were just staring at each other.

Golden eyes met blue and he opened his mouth, but nothing but hot breath came out. He felt

anger, deep anger mixed with sadness? What? He had no idea where this came from but it was strange. Really strange to feel all that and not knowing why. But this anger, so dark and thick he could almost see it and cut it into pieces. And then the boy was gone. The feeling however was not.

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He easily forgot about the scene he saw between Jesse and the boy, because his new script came way sooner than he expected. He was worried about the things he felt after their fight. Worried that he suddenly cared about Jesse, because this was something he really didn't want to do. So he called Elliot, someone who would distract him and help him. Because Elliot was not only a good friend, his wisdom was something Kurt needed far too often. Together with Elliot, sitting in his living room they were reading the script together, laughing at the funny parts but also gasping at the tense parts of the drama.

"I can totally see your angry face when you meet the guy who killed your sister. You are so good at that," Elliot said, sipping his tea.

"I'm a bit worried about the scene with his girlfriend though. I've never been in love and he wants to marry her," Kurt said, sinking deeper into the cushions.

"Maybe you should read a bunch of romantic novels. Like those really cheesy ones," Elliot suggested with a grin.

"I've read a bunch of books about love, but I seriously want to feel it and show it."

"Well," his friend sighed and stood up walking to the kitchen after he finished the script. Kurt moved his head, watching Elliot walking through his kitchen.

"Telling you to find someone and fall in love in what? Three months? That's unrealistic. So I guess you have to stick to the things you hear from other people. Or read about."

Kurt huffed and pouted into the pillow he was holding.

"I know you are pouting like a little boy, don't hide it," Elliot smirked at him as he opened the refrigerator to get another coke.

"I'm just afraid I won't be convincing, you know? I want all of this to be perfect and realistic."

"Don't get worked up, Kurt. You are talented and you, of all the people I know, are the one who can be convincing. Remember the one time when you convinced us all that you wanted to stop being an actor? You fooled us for weeks, and though we knew it's your dream we slowly began to believe you. And then you laughed when you told us the truth. I'll never forgive you that like everyone else did. We were all shocked."

He smiled and looked like he was impressed with himself and remembered that time.

"You were able to fool the people who know you best," he spoke on and sat back down: "So I think there is no need to be worried to 'fool' people who don't know you."

"But it doesn't change the fact that I have no idea what it feels like."

“And it's not like you never had a boyfriend or that you are a virgin.”

“Sex and liking someone are not the same as loving someone.”

“True, but, don't work yourself up. Your dream is right here,” Elliot said, his fingers tapping on the script on the coffee table: “And you should just focus on that.”

For a while he just stared at Elliot earning a quizzical look from his friend who was busy drinking his coke and then he narrowed his eyes, lips pursed: “That sounded like something Martin would have said to me.”

The musician snorted into his drink and cleaned his face while Kurt bit his lip to stop the smirk on his face.

“You can't say stuff like that while I drink.”

“It's the truth. I totally heard the lawyer voice coming out from of mouth.”

Elliot eyed him for a while, playfully not amused but then there came this lovely smile back, the one he wore since he fell in love with his soulmate. Kurt always liked to see this smile on his face, because then his friend looked the happiest.

“Okay Hummel, it's Friday night and we should go out and dance and sing for some hours. Or what do you think?”

“Who is with us?” Kurt asked standing up and taking the script to his workspace in the left corner of the loft.

“Mercedes, Sam, Martin will be there later and Santana with Brittany. Rachel's out of town anyway. “

“Okay, I'll just take a quick shower.”

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They entered the club, music and voices filling the huge room and both dancing like silly boys into the direction of their friends when they saw them. Mercedes laughed about Kurt's and Elliot's silly faces and hugged them, Sam did the same. Santana started dancing as well when she saw them, but stopped when they hugged her and Brittany. Elliot ordered them two drinks and smiled at their friends.

“Congrats, Kurt! Mercedes told me about the movie,” said Sam and Kurt thanked him with a smirk.

“We should enjoy the night before he slips out of our hands.”

“Not gonna happen!” Kurt said over the music and took the drink from Elliot: “I won't forget my friends just because I might become famous.”

“Not might, you will. The golden gay star of America,” Santana grinned and sucked on her straw while Brittany stole the cherry from the glass.



"I'm not only gay, you know."

"Of course not. You are also a little bitch if you want to be."

Kurt shoot her a deadpan look and got the reaction from her he hoped to get. Insecurity.

"Don't use your acting skills on me, Hummel. You know I always fall for that and I don't want you to be mad at me."

Kurt gave her that look a while longer while Elliot pretended he wasn't aware of what Kurt did and Mercedes hid her smile. Sam looked like he wanted to run away. But then Kurt smirked and pulled her out of her misery and she groaned, pulling him to her side.

"Don't ever do that again."

"I can't promise that," he smiled as she kissed his cheek and they cheered on their friendship and took a long sip.

They talked about their week, mainly about work and Santana groaned over the dancers she was teaching together with Brittany. More over the parents from the children they were teaching.

"They expect too much from their children. Like, raise your children so they become good people, but don't expect some miracle from us. Sometimes I feel a bit sorry for the kids who have those parents. Crazy people pushing their kids under some pressure which is completely unnecessary."

"I know what you mean. At least once a week someone from my football team comes to me and tells me about his parents and how they want him to change his position or get extra hours of training so he'll become better. Like High School isn't hard enough already," said Sam.

"Exactly," Santana nodded and both began to talk about parenting while Kurt turned around to Elliot and Mercedes who both gave him the same look which said 'not this again'.

"We should join Brittany and dance. That's what we are here for, right?"

They nodded at Elliot's words and joined Brittany on the dance floor. Kurt enjoyed this a lot, just dancing with his friends and it didn't matter how they danced they were just friends, close friends having a good time. He danced with Elliot, silly dances they invented together when they were roommates. He never had a gay best friend in High School, but he had him now and he was more than happy about that. They could talk about all the things only gay guys knew and understood, though he of course also talked to his other friends. His awesome friends he would never ever forget or leave if his dream came true. He promised himself over and over again that he wouldn't become one of those obnoxious famous people forgetting their roots and friends.

He felt someone patting his shoulder and when he turned his head around he was greeted by Martin's charming smile.

"Hey!"

"Hey Kurt! Congratulations!" the brown haired man said and hugged him tight. Martin's hugs were his favorite aside from the ones from his father.

"Thank you," Kurt said, giving a quick look at Martin's outfit which was simple compared to Elliot's rocker look.

"Baby!" he heard Elliot shrieking like a girl and Martin rolled his eyes. Yes, this were Elliot and Martin and Kurt flashed them a smile turning back to Mercedes who said she needed a break.

They probably were dancing for an hour by now and he nodded, giving her an understanding smile. Soon it was just Kurt dancing around all the people. He was sweating, but didn't care. It felt way too good to just let go and dance with anyone who was close. Just dancing and nothing else. The beat crawled into his ear, into his body and he almost felt like he was floating.

But the good feeling changed into something else, something cold and then he suddenly winced, pressing his hand against his shoulder. There was a burning pain, crawling from his shoulder through his arm and he needed to leave the dance floor. Maybe he danced a bit too hard, he thought to himself, but the pain wouldn't go away. One deep breath, another and then slowly it stopped. Leaning against the wall he waited, swallowed and breathed again until the pain was completely gone.

He moved his arm, nothing, he opened his shirt and checked his shoulder, nothing. Okay, this was strange because Kurt never got injured while dancing. NYADA taught him how to stretch and make sure something like this never happened and he practiced at least three times a week. And he was only 25 so, no, this had nothing to do with his age. But maybe it was just happening because of the pressure he was under. Yes, this was it and he pushed himself off the wall and walked back to his friends.

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Kurt left early to the surprise of his friends. He said he was tired and needed to go on set tomorrow to a pre-meeting because of the script. He didn't want to lie, but he also didn't want to worry his friends over nothing. Kurt wanted to say nothing about the shooting pain which ran through his whole body. Wincing and hissing, he literally crawled into his bed, taking two painkillers and clutching his hand over his chest. This was not normal, this was bad and he couldn't even think straight because of the pain. Sweating, silently screaming into his pillow he was only able to fall asleep when the pain stopped.

# Found

## Chapter 2. Found

When Kurt woke up the next morning all the pain was gone. He felt nothing, no, he felt normal, but when he slowly sat up and looked around his bedroom he found his pillows on the floor, together with his lamp and blanket. Kurt sighed and pulled his damp shirt off, climbed off the bed and walked to his mirror, staring at his reflection. His hair was a mess, but his chest looked just fine. No bruise, no cut and even when he touched it there was no pain or anything feeling wrong.

Instead of relief flooding his body Kurt was even more confused and worried. This was the first time he ever had had felt so much pain that he almost passed out. How his heart was shooting pain through his muscles with each pound, how it came out of nowhere. The last time he had visited a doctor was only a month ago and everything was just fine. Kurt usually didn't freak out when something hurt him, but this had been tense and scary. Maybe he almost had a heart attack? Or maybe he really pulled a muscle?

“Stop,” he whispered to himself. It was gone now, he looked fine and felt normal so maybe he just drank something with who knows what was inside his drink. It's not like this could never happen, some people were assholes and could have put something in his drink. No, not his friends but they weren't there alone.

Sighing he began to pick up his pillows and blanket and made his bed and went down the stairs. First thing on his mind was to take a long hot shower, eat breakfast and just spend a day alone with his TV and food.

Two weeks later Kurt was much calmer. The pain inside his chest never came back, but his friends always asked him if he was okay because of his pale face and how often he was in his own mind and not with them. The script was always a good excuse and his meetings with his co-workers were also a perfect distraction. All in all they were nice people and he looked forward to working with them. Especially with Linda who would be his girlfriend in the movie. She was a lovely young woman experiencing her first role in a movie and though she seemed a bit insecure she was working hard and made Kurt laugh with her charm, blue eyes and blond hair. Yes she looked innocent, naïve someone might say, but she was a smart woman. And she could cook, it was amazing. She brought some biscuit and pasta to work the other day and Kurt groaned loudly over how good everything tasted. He invited her over, for the sake of not being alone and to get to know her a bit better. Cooking together and learning something from her seemed to be a good idea.

“Where did you learn to cook like that?” Kurt asked when they were standing in his kitchen, preparing the vegetables for a casserole.

“My fiancé is a cook. Before we met I couldn't even go into the kitchen without turning it into a battlefield.”

“Fiancé, huh? I imagine it's hard to be in a relationship and have such a job. Not to mention what happens when you become famous, which you will become because you are amazing.”

Linda laughed and shook her head: “It's not a problem, not at all. He is my soulmate so we are meant to be. I mean, the first time we met I wasn't so sure about this whole soulmate stuff because I hated him. Because of my not existing cooking skills I went to a cooking course and he was the teacher. So, whenever he could he made fun of me and I got pretty angry. But after some time we noticed how, whenever I cut my finger or almost burned my hand he felt my pain too. First I thought I was imagining stuff,” she spoke while she rinsed the carrots: “Some weeks later he asked me if I was mad at him, because he could feel it whenever he was around me. So we went to the Soulmate Department and made a few tests and found out that we were indeed soulmates.”

'All these soulmates popped out of nowhere' was Kurt's first thought when he peeled the potatoes.

“Two of my friends are also soulmates. It's crazy how two completely different people can be so perfect for each other.”

“It is. But I couldn't be happier. It was crazy being there and getting tested whether we are soulmates or not. It's not a thing you can find out by giving some blood and make some tests. They test your soul, physical pain. Like, when Ronald hit his head with a book, which was pretty funny and he looked silly by the way, I felt it too. Then I was watching Lion King, which makes me cry like a baby when Mufasa dies and he cried with me though he didn't want to. Only because I was crying, he cried too.”

“You feel anything he feels?”

Linda shook her head taking the tomatos: “No. Only things that move him deeply. In the beginning it's really confusing to feel what someone else feels, so I'm glad I only feel all this deep stuff. Ronald laughs a lot and it would be a huge disadvantage for me to start laughing when I play a sad role.”

Kurt snorted imagining that because they had a scene together when he got hurt by his sister's killer and Linda thought he was about to die.

“But they've told us we can break those connections when we need to. It's still new and they still delve deeply about this whole soulmate stuff. But it's possible to break the connection when needed, but only when you created the last bond.”

They gathered all the vegetables together in a glass bowl and Linda began to prepare the sauce.

“Last bond?”

“It's creating the connection soulmates ache for after they've met their soulmate. But it's... a bit creepy for people who aren't soulmates.”

Kurt raised an eyebrow trying to remember if Elliot ever talked about it but no, there was nothing in his memories.

“I... I would like to tell you about it but Ronald and I decided to not do that.”

“Oh, don't worry,” Kurt said waving it off: “I'm not a soulmate so it's fine. I don't need to know that.”

She smiled gratefully and both went back to their cooking, chatting about their co-workers and the annoying cameraman they got to know yesterday.

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In January, two months before they wanted to start filming, the pain came back. He was sitting in a coffee shop, sipping some coffee and watching the busy life. People running from one point to the other, cars honking, while the snow was still falling. And then, out of nowhere his arm began to hurt. Not the numbing kind of pain but like someone was grabbing him and pulling him somewhere he didn't want to go. Of course he tried to ignore it, but it was impossible. Rolling up his sleeves he made sure to check for any bruises or cuts, but again, nothing. So he waited an hour and then the pain was gone and left was cold sweat under his clothes and on his forehead.

Kurt decided it was better to go home just in case the pain came back. He grabbed his stuff and left the coffee shop not even thinking about taking a cab because his loft wasn't that far away. With fast steps he walked through the mass of people, hoping it wouldn't happen again. Honestly, he didn't want to fall on his knees in the middle of the city and clutch his chest or tremble in pain and maybe even scream. But what was he thinking, of course the pain came back and this time it came right from his belly, like someone was punching him. Kurt gasped, tried to breathe and pressed his hand against his belly, taking a hold of a streetlamp so he wouldn't fall. He waited and waited, breathed in and out and after a while the pain faded.

Wiping the sweat away he noticed the odd looks from people around him, said 'thank you I'm fine' to an old lady who came to help him and walked on, straight home. This time though it didn't stop. Each morning when he woke up he could feel a sting in his hand, or arm, chest and even in his foot. He seriously considered if he was sick. Maybe he had something bad, because this couldn't be about his age or that he pulled his muscles. No way this was possible.

A week later Elliot visited him, together with Mercedes, clearly worried because he'd been avoiding them and he couldn't blame his friends when they saw his exhausted and pale face. He seriously looked like a mess with his hair, not styled at all but completely mussed up and the dark rings under his eyes.

"I have a flu," he said, the first explanation he came up with when they asked him what was wrong. Mercedes basically ran to his kitchen, which was also a mess and Elliot forced him to lay on the couch and wrapped a blanket around his body to keep him warm. Kurt only mumbled under his breath something like he wasn't a child.

"You could have called me, Kurt. Living alone and having a flu is not smart," she said from the kitchen.

"I'm fine. I just can't sleep."

"And properly eat. You don't look good," Elliot huffed and stared at Kurt since he sat down next to him.

"I just need some rest before we start filming."

This timing totally sucked. But he was just too scared and stubborn to visit the doctor and find out what he had. What if this was the end of his career before it even began? And also this stinging

feeling came once and went and it would do that again. This time it took just a bit longer he told himself over and over again. And it was true, it was not like he was in pain 24/7, usually it happened at night when he just wanted to sleep and during the day it was always around 2pm or something.

“Here,” Mercedes said and handed him a cup filled with chicken soup: “And drink it. All of it.”

“Thanks,” sighing he took the cup holding it carefully and blew some air on the surface to cool it down.

“Did you see a doctor?”

Kurt only nodded not wanting to worry them but he could feel Elliot's eyes on him like he wasn't believing it. Sometimes he just couldn't fool his friends and right now he didn't have the strength to do that. But they nodded.

“We'll prepare you some food so you have something to eat and aren't just living off fast food. You always do that when you are sick and it won't help.”

Kurt nodded to her words.

“And maybe we should stay over. Just in case,” Elliot suggested.

“I'm not a child. I just have the flu and I won't die from it.”

But they stayed anyway and this night, when Mercedes fell asleep on the other side of the couch and Elliot in the armchair, he didn't feel any pain.

Maybe he really had the flu or something else, he didn't know, but the pain stopped and after two days of sleeping without waking up and food made by Linda and Mercedes he looked almost like he used to. It took another three days and Kurt Hummel was back, ready to practice with his co-workers. The day started just fine. They met up in the NYADA theater sitting together on the stage in a circle and going through the script, giving each other advices and trying facial

expressions and scenes together. He was just practicing with Robert, he played the murderer, a fighting scene and then it came back, right from his chest. Kurt gasped and took two steps back, Robert staring at Kurt in shock.

“Did I hit you?” he asked though he knew he didn't.

“No I'm o-”

He groaned and fell to his knees, pressing his hand against his chest and gasping for air. He clutched his shirt, falling on his side and saw Linda and the other rushing over to him.

“Kurt!” Robert was above him not sure where to put his hands while Kurt tried to swallow, anything so the shooting pain, the feeling like a cold knife was cutting over his chest, deeper and deeper to reach his heart.

“Call an ambulance!” Linda shrieked after Kurt screamed and groaned again and again. There were steps, fast steps, voices and then everything was silent.

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It was dark and a strange smell filled the air. A smell Kurt knew mixed with something else. It smelled like iron, tasted like iron. But this wasn't iron. It was too warm, liquid. It was right in his mouth and when he pressed his fingers against his lips he saw the red color. Blood. He expected to panic, to scream but nothing like that happened. He blinked and the blood was gone from his fingers, also the taste but something else came and then he heard a noise which made him alerted. First it sounded like someone was breathing, then like someone was crying followed by a groan. But he couldn't see anything. It was too dark and he had no idea where he was. Was he dead? Hearing the last sounds he'd made before he died?

Because the last thing he remembered was screaming, screaming like someone ripped his heart out of his chest.



*Kurt.*

Huh? He tried to open his eyes? But his eyes were open.

*Kurt!*

He knew this voice. This was his friends voice.

“Kurt!”

His eyes were heavy, so heavy he wasn't sure if he even wanted to open them because it took too much strength. If it weren't for the annoying beep sounds around him and the familiar and upsetting smell of a hospital he would have slept some more. He never liked hospitals.

“He is waking up,” he heard Santana speaking and when he opened his eyes everything was just blurry. Two faces were over him and there were voices whispering. Elliot and Mercedes.

“Hey,” he said when he could see and they sighed in relief with smiles on their faces.

“Still having the flu?” Santana snapped, only a sign that she was worried.

“I guess not.”

God, his mouth was dry and he ached for something too drink. Moving his head he made sure to not be connected to any tubes or something.

“Hey, don't move,” Elliot gently pushed him back down when Kurt tried to sit up.

“I'm fine. Really.” And he was. Nothing hurt, really nothing. He was just tired, but nothing hurt.

“Landing in a hospital is not a sign of you being fine,” Elliot said and gave him a warning look

while Mercedes filled a plastic cup with water and helped Kurt to drink it. Yes, this was good.

“What happened?” he asked after swallowing.

“Linda told us that you started screaming like someone was trying to kill you, clutching your chest and then you passed out,” Elliot explained.

There were memories flooding his brain, memories of the theater of Robert and Linda and then he slowly remembered. This killing pain came back with full force and by total surprise. This time he couldn't even stand on his own feet, couldn't ignore or hide it and now everyone knew. What if his manager found out? The producers? What if this would ruin everything?

“Hey, calm down,” Mercedes said and only then he heard the fast beeping sound signaling how fast his heart was beating. She was right, he needed to calm down and ask the doctor what had happened. What was happening with him.

“Can you go for the doctor?”

“I'll do it,” Santana said and left the room while Kurt slowly sat up, this time his friends letting him and noticed that his hand was wrapped up in bandages.

“What is this? I don't remember hurting myself.”

“They said you have a wound there like someone tried to shove a knife through your hand.”

“What?!” Kurt exclaimed and unwrapped his hand hearing his friends yelling not to but he did it anyway. And there it was on the back of his hand a wound looking like from a knife. He turned his hand but the inside was unharmed.

“I don't understand...”

His friends shrugged and at that moment Santana came back, the doctor right after her. He didn't look worried or anything that made Kurt worried but he asked his friends to leave the room. They did it with some hesitation and when it was just Kurt and the doctor, an old but nice looking man, he saw the small smile on his face.

“Feeling good? I guess you do since you've been sleeping for almost a day.”

A day? Kurt's eyes grew wide, but then he just nodded like telling himself he needed this rest.

“Actually, yes. But I don't understand what happened and I don't understand this?” he showed him his hand. The doctor stepped closer, pulling a chair next to the bed and still smiled. Now Kurt was getting nervous. Why was he smiling when he obviously had a big wound on his hand, really looking like someone tried to shove a knife through it and then this constant pain he felt.

“I can tell you that you are completely fine. Your heart is fine and blood results are completely normal .”

Kurt nodded, feeling a bit better knowing that he had nothing serious, but still. He was worried sick that those attacks could cause him to lose his role and he didn't want that. He was too close to making his dream come true and nothing would stop him. Not after years of working, practicing and hoping.

“Your friends told me you were screaming like you were in pain.”

“I was and... not for the first time. It's been like this for over a month now. It happened one day, then nothing and then it came back for days and stopped.”

“And yesterday it was stronger than before?”

“It... it felt like someone was trying to cut my heart out.”

The old man nodded slowly, eying the floor and then looking back up again, still this small smile on his face.

“Have you met new people in the past months? People who made you feel different?”

Kurt blinked in confusion but shook his head. Seriously, he was way too focused on why the

doctor was smiling to consider if he'd met someone new.

“Maybe. I don't know. I'm just worried about what is happening to me.”

“Like I said, you are fine. Really fine, and because of that I think it's not actually you who is in pain but someone else.”

“Someone else?” Realization was crawling through his mind but not reaching any sense. Not now, only when the doctor said the words.

“I think you've met your soulmate and you two have a pretty deep connection. Which is not unusual, but you have a pretty deep one.”

“So... soulmate? But... I...” But it made sense, so much sense why he was in pain. Though, his hand? He stared down on his hand, watching the wound which was closed by now but still looking pretty awful. Small, there will be no problem with the healing progress but still.

“There isn't much I can do but tell you to meet the people you've met in the last weeks and see if you have any special connection. Then you two should go to the soulmate department and get yourself tested, just to be sure.”

Kurt only nodded still eying his hand and wondering what his soulmate had to go through that something like this happened. Who was he? What was he doing and who did something like that to a person? He may not know his soulmate at that moment, no face, no voice, but he was worried. Worried about this unknown person, but also about himself, because this pain stuff was a bad thing and not good for his work.

“That's all? I can leave now?”

“That's all I can do. You are fine, there is seriously nothing to be worried about.”

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For some reason Kurt didn't tell his friends that he had a soulmate. A soulmate who got hurt so bad that he could feel it and he wondered if this pain he felt was exactly the same his soulmate felt. Of course this would happen to him. If Kurt Hummel had a soulmate he wouldn't have a normal connection. Because usually when you met your soulmate, you could feel small things, little waves of emotions or pain and only with time the connection grew stronger and deeper. But Kurt? No, he of course had such a deep connection that he passed out and woke up in a hospital. Unsure if this was a good or bad thing the first thing he did was going back home and trying to remember who he had met. There was Robert, but Robert was with him when it happened, like all the other male co-workers. So no, they were out of his list. Then he thought about the models he'd met before he left. There was this one guy he couldn't even remember his name and if Kurt Hummel didn't even remember a name this person couldn't be his soulmate. He thought and thought, ignoring the calls and texts from his friends.

But there was nothing, no face, no voice, absolutely nothing. How on earth should he find his soulmate when he had no hint? In a city like New York? The world was kidding him and someone thought it was super funny to let him go through this. He really didn't need that and didn't want that. He had a role, a leading role and was so close to finally living his dream, but no, he needed to be one of those soulmates and have a very deep connection and a soulmate who either got hurt or whatever. All the positive aspects people told him, all the benefits he knew didn't even cross his mind, because all he could think of was the endless pain he felt for days.

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A week later Kurt still was without a clue and without a soulmate. He figured it was pointless to get worked up, because if this was his soulmate then he would find him anyway, right? This was the only thing keeping him sane. Not that he wanted to have a soulmate, or needed to, but it would be better if he was able to make sure he was fine. The thought that he now had someone who was perfect for him, someone to love and live with, was so absurd to him that it made him upset.

Elliot was happy, Mercedes was happy and Linda too. They all were happy and swooning when they talked about their soulmates and told him that it was the best thing that had ever happened to them.

And Kurt was just annoyed and exhausted. Fuck it, he thought, fuck it that I might have a partner, future husband, whatever.

He didn't even know who it was and he wasn't sure if he wanted it to know. But he had to to make the pain stop, for his own sake and maybe even to save someone. Despite all the dark thoughts he was still worried about what was happening to his soulmate. So much pain was not normal. Maybe he got beaten up? Maybe he was a bad guy? Who the hell went through so much pain?

Groaning he closed his laptop and left his apartment, jacket, scarf and out into the rush of the city to clear his head. All these romantic stories, the people talking about their soulmates like they were some sort of saints, all of this was part of his dreams too. He had liked to dream about having a soulmate about two years ago and how awesome it would be to have such a deep connection and love with someone. How without words your soulmate could feel what you felt. How awesome it would be to have someone who knew you so much better. Those romantic dreams turned into nightmares of sleepless nights in pain and silent screams. Without a doubt, finding his soulmate meant trouble. What kind of trouble he wasn't sure, but it was trouble nevertheless.

Kurt stopped at a coffee shop, staring at his right hand with the wound on the back of it and waited for his coffee. He wondered how many people would have the same wound and who of them was someone he knew or at least someone he could remember. Maybe it would be a good idea to visit his old workplace. Maybe he'd met someone there and just forgot it. Paying his coffee he took the cup and walked to a bench wanting to sit down when he saw someone already sitting there. A small figure looking exhausted and beaten up while rubbing his right hand.

Raising both eyebrows his eyes moved up to the face. A face he saw so many weeks ago. A boy with golden eyes looking like he went through hell. Curls sticking out, dark rings under his eyes and cuts over his upper lip and on his hands and a wound. One that looked like his.

And when their eyes met he knew it. It was obvious, clear in his mind like his own name. This was his soulmate. A young boy, maybe a bad boy, maybe even homeless by the way he looked.

Great.

# Two Worlds

## Chapter 3. Two worlds

A soulmate was the perfect person for you. A soulmate was someone who understood you without words. A soulmate was someone who loved your flaws, who loved you without conditions, who let you be who you are and knew how to treat you so you always felt loved and at home. A soulmate was so much, words could never describe the whole meaning, the whole world which opened up for you when you found him or her.

Those were things Kurt once read, things running through his head. But when he and the young boy made eye contact he couldn't believe in it for one second. Not only was this boy younger than him he was also not part of the world Kurt was living in. He looked like he could be one of those troublesome kids, one of those kids who ran away from home.

Whenever he thought about his soulmate he thought about someone older, already working, anything but this boy. Still he couldn't deny that he felt something building, some kind of connection perhaps. And when the boy spoke his voice reached places of his soul, his body no one before did.

“What? Do you want something?”

Kurt only blinked, remembering something he almost forgot. This was the boy Jesse had yelled at. The boy who looked so humiliated, who was so angry and sad and Kurt understood now that what he had felt back then were not his emotions. Those were the things the boy felt and this scared him somehow. He always controlled his feelings, he needed to because of experience. In certain situations it was a high disadvantage to show that you were sad or angry. And while he was able to control all of his feelings the boy was more like a hurricane, not even considering to hide how he felt. Even now he could feel the bubble of insecurity which grew bigger and bigger inside the boy's soul.

“Hello?” the boy said when Kurt still didn't give an answer.

“I... I don't want anything from you. Calm down,” he said risking a look at the hand with the wound and then looking at his own. Yes, definitely the same wound but it would heal just fine without leaving a mark. Okay, and now? How to tell someone that he was, maybe, your soulmate? He never really thought about that. Perhaps the best thing was just to say it.

“I'm Kurt and I think that we are soulmates.”

“Nice try,” the boy huffed with a mocking smile: “You are, let me think, the ninth person who tries to convince me we are soulmates.”

He watched the boy for a while, his tense shoulders, hands finding their way into the pockets of his jacket and the insecurity he felt changed into discomfort. This was exhausting and Kurt felt his head beginning to ache.

“Look, I wouldn't tell you this just to make fun of you, okay? You see this?” he said and showed the boy his hand: “You have the same wound, don't you?”

The golden eyes were eyeing his hand, moving back up to meet Kurt's and then the discomfort changed into something else Kurt couldn't really describe.

“Blaine Anderson.”

“What?”

“My name. My name is Blaine Anderson.”

“Kurt Hummel.”

“So I guess you are gay and not just one of those homophobic guys finding out they are gay because their soulmate is a man?”

Kurt almost laughed but whenever he looked at Blaine, how exhausted, small and beaten up he didn't do it.

“Yes, I'm gay and I guess you are too?”

Blaine only nodded.

“Okay, good. Then, I don't know, we should exchange numbers and maybe meet tomorrow and talk about this?”

“Sure,” Blaine said and pulled his phone out handing it to Kurt who typed his number in: “I'll call you later.” And with those words Blaine put his phone back in his pocket, stood up and left.

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Back home Kurt took a deep breath he didn't know he needed. It was a good decision to exchange numbers and meet tomorrow. Yes, because he was not a rational person right now and it would be unfair to act like an idiot just because Blaine wasn't who he imagined his soulmate to be. He went straight to his laptop, taking off his jacket and shoes along the way. All he knew about soulmates was about their connection, but he had no clue whether it meant they had to be together. Linda told him about being able to break the connection for a while and he really needed this.

Blaine might be cute and adorable – seriously those eyes were unreal – but the way he spoke and looked like spoke volumes. So while waiting for his laptop to start he took pen paper and began to draw a pro and con list, being pretty sure he had an option as to be with Blaine or not. Frankly, who said that soulmates had to be together?

Kurt began with the cons which were obvious. Blaine was younger than him, a lot younger, maybe even illegal? He groaned about that and wrote 17 years old down just to make himself feel a bit better and not like a pedophile. Bad boy, troublesome kid were written down, immature, ran away from home, homeless? No, Kurt was sure Blaine was not homeless because which homeless kid had a phone? No. He probably had a job and maybe he was even 18? Too many emotions, rude, big mouth... the cons were so many he wasn't sure if he wanted to think of more points.

Placing the pen under pro it was way harder to think of pros which weren't 'beautiful eyes' or 'adorable' also he had no idea who Blaine really was. The pros were facts and the cons only assumptions, nothing legit. However he took the list and placed it into the drawer under the table – he would need it later anyway - and pulled his laptop closer. He opened google and typed 'soulmates' clicking on the first link which was the main website about soulmates. This was not



unfamiliar, he already visited this website, but never too deep. He just read some general information. Clicking in the search bar he typed 'disconnecting' in hoping to get some results and he got one. Only one.

*It's possible to break the connection when needed, but it's impossible to break it completely.*

Only this, one sentence and Kurt thought; *I'm doomed*. That was it? He was forever connected to this boy who obviously was not a part of or even familiar with his world? Would he turn into a babysitter? A parent, so that when Blaine was in trouble he had to pick him up and make sure this never happened again? Of course this was only his mind going crazy and maybe Blaine was nothing of that, but just one of the gay kids getting beaten up for being gay? Like, New York was pretty open to homosexuals, but idiots were everywhere.

Then he thought about his friends who were also soulmates and how their partners were completely different from them. Still Kurt couldn't imagine Elliot and Martin or Mercedes and Sam not to be together. They made each other happy, knew the other better than themselves and sometimes they did those scary things like finishing each other's sentence or say the right thing, making the right look and touch so the other literally melted down. These were only things Kurt saw, but what would it feel like to be like Elliot, who sometimes couldn't stop talking about Martin with so much love, being so proud as if he had found the perfect human being.

But his friends and their soulmates were all around 25 years old, adults, working and understood things a young person just couldn't.

“Stop,” he groaned again knowing he was anything but sane right now. If he was honest to himself there were only two things bothering him. Not being free to decide if he even wanted to have a soulmate or anyone close to him and that this connection had a huge impact on his work. He didn't need the pain or emotions from Blaine, in fact, they were ruining everything and he anxiously waited for his manager to call him and tell him it was over, his role was taken away from him.

That's why Kurt made a list: calling his manager – who was a woman thank god - and tell her what happened, meeting Blaine and going to the soulmate department, and after finding out the truth in the department he would decide whether he wanted to know Blaine or not.

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“I'm fine, Linda. I talked to Nina, my manager, and she said there is no need to be worried. I still have the role. Uh... no, really you don't have to come over,” he smiled over her worried voice while he fixed some coffee in his kitchen, phone between his ear and shoulder.

“I'm busy today but I'll be back next week. You know, take some rest like the doctor said,” he was such a good liar he should get an Oscar: “And we all know the script and our characters. I think we are fine.” He laughed when she said that he was always right.

“Okay. I call you next week. Say hi to Ronald.”

He ended the call, shoved his phone back into the pocket of his jeans and went to his living room with his cup. Blaine didn't call, he only texted asking when and where they wanted to meet. Of

course Kurt thought about taking Blaine to his place but he wasn't sure if this was a smart idea. He couldn't be sure Blaine wouldn't bring trouble with him as soon as he knew where Kurt was living. Actually, he didn't want anyone to know where he was living except the people he trusted and Blaine was not a person he trusted. If this whole movie thing worked out he wanted to keep his life as private as possible. But this was him thinking way too far into the future.

Emptying his coffee he left his loft and took a cab to the place where he wanted to meet Blaine. A part of New York he knew wasn't as crowded as other parts. A part he never visited. As he arrived there it was really empty, people walking down the street in casual clothes. He almost felt like he had left New York. Looking around he found the small Diner Blaine texted him about called Lucy's and Blaine was waiting in front of it. He looked better, clean and put together in his jeans, black beanie and shoes and a dark red winter jacket. Kurt sighed and walked towards Blaine forcing a smile when they made eye contact.

“Hey.”

“Yeah, let's get over with this” Blaine said and walked inside and Kurt hesitated. Well, he already thought this wouldn't be easy and it seemed like Blaine thought the same. Maybe he was just as thrilled as Kurt was about that, not at all. Following him he heard the woman behind the bar greeting Blaine. She looked like one of those Diner woman he saw in movies, the crazy ones being a mother for everyone. Her hair was tied into a knot on her head, dirty blond and she was big, not fat, but just big. Lovely big someone might say.

“The usual sweetie?” she asked leaning over the bar, while the old guy next to her chewed on his sandwich.

“Just coffee, two, I guess,” said Blaine and looked over his shoulder while Kurt only nodded and caught her green eyes. Her eyes ran over him, from head to toe not even trying to hide it and nodded slowly.

Blaine pointed to a table and sat down so Kurt could sit across him. The seats were red, like this whole Diner was a cliché, but he liked it for some reason. Taking off his jacket and scarf he took a closer look at Blaine. He still had the bruises, of course he did, they wouldn't heal within a day and his hand was wrapped up in a bandage, keeping it safe from dirt. But he looked better, much better. His eyes weren't as tired and dark as they were yesterday and his skin had the usual tan color he remembered.

“I want to be clear about something,” Blaine began and Kurt blinked then nodded slowly.

“I only agreed on this because this seems to be real. Not that I'm happy about it, because a soulmate is the last thing I wanted, but I can't ignore the fact that I feel something. Your moods are pretty exhausting, you know.”

“My- my moods?”

“You are annoyed several times a day and it's not really helping when I have to work.”

“Well, it's not helping me when you get yourself into fights,” Kurt almost snapped and gained a warning look from Blaine. Well, this wasn't going well, so he decided to be the mature one.

“Let's not start this with fighting, okay? We are both not happy about this, so let's figure out how we can, I don't know, stop this.”

“What is there to stop? We are bound until the day we die. Once you've found your soulmate you can't just break the connection.”

“We can't break it completely, no. But we can disconnect if we need to. Like for work I guess.”

“You guess?”

“Hey, look. I don't know much about this whole soulmate stuff and, to be honest, it scares me how deep this connection is. I have friends who are soulmates and not even they have such a deep connection like getting hurt when their soulmate gets hurt,” Kurt explained, clearly annoyed that he had to be the one having the answer for everything and showed Blaine his hand with the healing wound, which now just looked like simple cut. Perhaps his hand was healing faster because it wasn't him who got hurt.

“It's not my fault. I didn't decide to be your soulmate.”

“That's, God, that's not what I've been saying.”

Blaine crossed his arms like stubborn child and pressed his lips together trying to hide whatever he was feeling and Kurt felt it. It was like one half of his soul were his emotions and the other half were Blaine's and it was super exhausting.

The woman, Lucy came with the coffee, smiling like there was nothing to worry and kissed Blaine's temple: “Don't make this face, sweetie. And you,” she glared at Kurt: “Be nice to him.”

his mouth hung open while she walked away and then he looked back at Blaine who only shrugged.

“She knows.”

“Is she your mother?” Kurt asked, wanting to finally start with what they actually wanted to do. Get to know each other. He took one cup, added some cream just to make himself busy.

“Not really.”

“Not really?”

“I live alone,” Blaine said clearly not wanting to spill any details, but Kurt needed to know. Okay, maybe not now but later.

“How old are you?”

“Seventeen, you?”

“Twenty five.”

Blaine snorted and a small smirk stretched over his lips: “You are lucky I'm legal, old man.”

“And you are lucky I don't hate kids.”

“I'm not a kid. I'm almost eighteen and experienced.”

“Are you, huh?”

Not for one second Kurt thought about this, being physically close to his soulmate. Not to mention with someone who was younger than him, exactly seven years younger. He was just a kid, experienced or not – though Kurt had his doubts – and imagining he would... no. Never. It felt wrong and it was wrong, for him.

“What's your job?” asked Blaine and sipped his coffee.

"I'm an actor. I was a model, but I got a leading role in a movie."

"So you are rich? Probably living in a pretty expensive apartment? Maybe even a loft?"

His eyes were shining like a magpie and Kurt wasn't sure why. He couldn't even guess what Blaine was feeling, but he didn't like that.

"Money is the last thing I'm worried about," was all he said about that and quickly changed the topic: "What is your job?"

"I work here. And before you ask why I look like a bad boy let me tell you that not everyone likes gay people and this part of the city is not actually safe."

"Yeah, well, we either do something against that or we learn to break our connection when necessary."

"Fine by me," Blaine said, emptied his coffee and leaned back: "Is there anything else you want to know? Otherwise I would say we should go to the soulmate department and get tested though I have no doubt we are soulmates."

Kurt nodded still trying to figure out what this look meant, but this was something he could think about later. Now he really wanted to visit the soulmate department, know their options and find a way to handle all of this in a way so they both can go on with their usual life.

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"What!?" Kurt blurted out when he and Blaine were sitting in an office with an older lady in a suit, huge glasses resting on her nose and her eyes staring back at him. They signed in for getting tested and it took only 30 minutes and they went to a huge room which looked like a living room. They showed the guy the wound they both had and he squeezed Blaine's hand when they told him it was Blaine who got hurt. Kurt winced just like Blaine and no more tests about that were needed. Then Kurt had to choose a movie which made him cry and he said *Moulin Rouge*, to Blaine's protest. But at the end of the movie they both were sobbing and Blaine complaining. Now they were sitting in an office and while Kurt was still fighting against the realization that Blaine was his soulmate, Blaine only smiled satisfied.

"What does that mean I'm responsible for him?" Kurt asked, leaning closer to the desk and staring at the woman who apparently was the chef of the soulmate department. The one who knew everything, who talked to each soulmate and was leading woman in research about soulmates.

"Mister Anderson doesn't have any parents or other relatives we know about. And he is still seventeen which means he needs someone who takes care of him until he is eighteen. It's written down in the laws of soulmates."

"We have laws?"

"Yes you have to keep him safe," she said pulling a little book out of her drawer and handing it to Kurt and he read *The rights of Soulmates*: "If a soulmate is under eighteen years old and doesn't have anyone who takes care of him or her, like parents, older siblings and so on, his soulmate needs to take care of him or her. In your case, Mister Hummel, you live in a good environment,

have a good job and can easily take care of the two of you.”

“But he has been on his own for... what?”

Kurt gave Blaine a warning look but his soulmate – god his soulmate – only smiled back.

“Six months. But I had no idea I was a soulmate before yesterday.”

The woman nodded slowly and Kurt scoffed, this wasn't happening.

“I don't understand why I have to take care of him. Of someone I don't even know. He could be anyone as far as I know.”

“I understand your concern, Mister Hummel but it's the best for him to be with you. Usually it's enough to live with the family but Mister Anderson has no one and it's dangerous for him to live with this connection without having someone blood related or his soulmate around him. It's not that we are worried he can't take care of himself it's only about the connection. Tests have shown that a soulmate who is younger than eighteen can get seriously injured or even killed without someone around him to keep him grounded and help him with this connection. I'm talking about controlling your emotions and not getting hurt. And in your case, with this deep connection it can be dangerous for the both of you.”

Oh, great, now he seriously became a babysitter? Awesome, really.

“Is there any way we can just... not be soulmates? I mean he is seven years younger than I am and I seriously can't see how we are... perfect for each other.”

He looked at Blaine for a second, seeing how his smile was gone and a serious expression was all he gave. The woman only shook her head.

“There is none. You can break the connection for a while if necessary but that's all. Even when you break your connection for a while you have to keep in mind that, each time you do this it will make you feel empty and it can be pretty heavy and painful. Especially in your situation. Before you try to break it you need to build it and learn about and from each other.”

Kurt seriously didn't want to die or be in pain so he probably had no choice but to accept this and work it out. They were soulmates and soulmates were perfect for each other, right? So maybe they were. But also, maybe they weren't and they would be the first soulmates not meant to be? But Kurt doubted that and Blaine, judging by his smile, was totally fine with the situation. Of course he was, Kurt had to take care of him.

“I know at first it may not seem like you two belong together. You two are not the first soulmates thinking that. But judging by the results of your tests and by how deep your connection is you are special soulmates.”

Her smile was so lovely, warm almost dreamy and for one second, just for really one second Kurt believed that.

“I want you two to come back for further tests when Blaine turns eighteen. And because it's law that you have to take care of Blaine, one of our workers will visit you two just to be sure. So, that's all for now. If you have any questions or problems you can call me any time.”

Kurt hid all his disagreement, everything and forced a smile, shook the woman's hand like Blaine and left the office together. He could feel Blaine's happiness all the way out of the building. What was his life? It was so perfect, everything was there. His leading role, his friends, the loft, his dream. And now he became a babysitter, a fucking soulmate with someone who had no parents,

got into trouble and probably enjoyed the prospect to live in a loft, get everything he needed and wanted without working for it. Someone who couldn't control himself and Kurt hated to lose control.

“We should go for your stuff and go to my place. There are still things we need to talk about.”

“We actually don't need to talk about anything. I'll just stay at your place until I turn eighteen and leave you anyway.”

“Perfect.”

Kurt said nothing, didn't even look at Blaine waiting for the moment when the two of them were alone to make some boundaries. They took a cab back to the Diner and Blaine asked him to wait inside the cab. Kurt watched him talking to Lucy who smiled, really smiled and saw her wiping her eyes because she was so happy which was... odd to be honest. Blaine though made a strange face and disappeared. 30 Minutes later he came back with two bags and they drove to Kurt's place.

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“Oh.My.God!” Blaine breathed and both bags slid off his shoulders to the floor: “This is amazing. And you live here? Alone?”

Kurt nodded as he locked the door and watched Blaine gently touching the couch, walking through the living room and eying the stairs, the door to the bathroom and he rushed to the kitchen opening the refrigerator.

“Yeah, make yourself home,” Kurt muttered under his breath and took his jacket and shoes off, leaving them on the left side of the door where his other Jackets and coats were hanging. His shoes were placed next to his others, some expensive, some not.

“I'm so hungry! Woah, hey!? Why aren't there any cheeseburgers or pizza?”

“Because I have to take care of myself,” Kurt sighed and joined Blaine in the kitchen who closed the refrigerator with a pout.

“We can order something if you want to,” Oh, yes, there he was already throwing his money out for someone he knew for what? 12 hours? Pretty awesome.

“Can we order some pizza?” Blaine gave him a hopeful look and if his eyes weren't so adorable Kurt would snap right back because he was so annoyed. But he couldn't. This boy may be trouble, but he was still cute.

“Sure. I'll order something and you can take a shower if you want to. After dinner I want to talk about some boundaries. This is still my home and I won't let you do whatever you want to do.”

“I have to go to work later,” said Blaine and looked suddenly pretty small with his hands in his pockets and his head ducked to his chest. Work? He didn't have to work. Kurt was responsible for him now so... but no. Of course he had to work. He could save the money and when he moved out he at least had something to work with.

“And until what time?”

“Depends on how many customers come. Could be five in the morning, maybe six.”

Which seventeen year old boy was working in a Diner all night long? Lucy didn't seem to be a woman letting him work in those late hours, in this part of the city which was anything but safe. It was almost rundown, at least for Kurt. Also what if Blaine got into trouble again? Kurt wasn't up to another night in pain.

“I think you should stay here for tonight.”

“I can't. I have to work otherwise I won't have any money when I move out.”

Well, this point was also Kurt's reason why he didn't want to stop Blaine.

“Fine. Then we'll talk tomorrow.”

# Fights

## Chapter 4. Fights

When Kurt woke up and walked down the stairs he was at first surprised before he remembered why a young, slightly homeless-looking boy with a mop of brown curls was sleeping on his couch. The young boy, Blaine Anderson, was his soulmate. His soulmate who was still such a secret to him. Luckily he had apparently stayed out of trouble, because Kurt hadn't even woken up once during the night.

Silently, he went to his kitchen, started the coffee machine and decided to take quick shower. Clean and feeling much better he went back to his kitchen, pouring coffee into his mug and opening the drawer to take the list with the pros and cons out.

He added that Blaine had a job and that he would be eighteen in three months. That was all he could come up with. List back in the drawer, he sat down and started his laptop, checking his mails and then went to the living room to watch Blaine sleeping. When he ignored the cuts and bruises he could tell that this boy was incredibly beautiful, especially when he was sleeping – and looked so much younger. Also, he was still wearing his clothes from yesterday and his bags were where he left them. Sighing he put his mug down on the coffee table and made his way to pick up the two bags placing them by the window so they wouldn't stay in the way.

Deciding it was too early for Blaine to wake up, he finished his coffee and checked his refrigerator. What on earth did a seventeen year old boy eat? He remembered how Blaine asked for hamburgers and pizza, but if he was living here Kurt thought it'd be better to give him some healthy food. Oh no, he was not one of those crazy people only focused on that, even he couldn't say no to some ice cream. So he made a list of things Blaine told him and another with some fresh food so maybe they could... cook together today. Cooking and eating was always a good opportunity to talk and he needed to talk to Blaine.

And to his friends. God, he really didn't want his friends to know about that, but then again it was impossible to keep them away from him or to keep Blaine a secret. Not for three whole months, and in less than two months he would be busy with filming. Grocery list ready and shoes and jacket on he took one last look at Blaine who mumbled something and grabbed the pillow. Okay, he would sleep for at least two more hours and Kurt would be back in that time. Even if Blaine stole something or did something silly, Kurt knew it could only be him.

Outside he climbed into his car and drove to the supermarket he usually visited, hoping to meet no one he knew, because he wasn't ready to lie again. Making sure to be quick he was back in his car after 45 minutes, climbing inside after he put the bags on the backseat and drove back home, needing much more time because of the horrible traffic.

Back home he unlocked the door and the first thing he made sure was Blaine still sleeping on his couch. Luckily he was and Kurt quietly made his way into the kitchen, bags on the table and began to sort the shopping out. That been done, he started to read the little book the woman from the Soulemate Department gave him to know his and Blaine's laws.



The first page was general information about what a soulmate was and what it meant to have a connection, bla bla, Kurt already knew this. He turned three pages and finally read the laws. Each law was summed up in a sentence and then explained in a small paragraph. The first one was about how a soulmate under eighteen needed to have an adult who took care of him. His family, or his own soulmate (must be older) or the soulmates family. If both were without a family they needed to live in a Soulmate Department in their city.

There was more about the underage soulmates. They were allowed to go wherever their older soulmate went, which also meant they could go into bars or clubs before they turned 21.

Well, Kurt wasn't sure if he wanted that, because it could still mean trouble.

Soulmates need to go to their soulmate when he is in pain. It's dangerous to keep them apart when they need each other. Mental aberration or death could happen.

Soulmates need a day off to maintain their connection. It is important for their own well being.

That was all. Only five laws followed by another five page long chapter about their connection and then he found what was really interesting. The 'Last Bond' Linda was talking about. It was the last thing they needed to do to complete their connection and they needed to do it after two years of knowing each other. But what he had to do almost scared Kurt. Blaine had to hurt him or vice versa so that they both would have a scar together. Soulmates can not hurt each other physically only once to create the 'Last Bond'. After this their connection is complete and they can break it when needed. Before that it's not possible. The 'Last Bond' is needed to prevent further damage psychologically, because the soul aches for this bond, otherwise mental aberration or death can happen.

Kurt didn't even groan after reading all of this. There was no point, because he couldn't change it and it was better to accept all of this and find a way to... live with it. Still, he didn't really want to. There was so much he needed and wanted to do and Blaine was just no part of it.

After a second mug of coffee at around noon, a groggy Blaine woke up and blinked the sleep out of his eyes.

“Oh... hello,” Blaine yawned and Kurt couldn't stop the smile on his face. His soulmate looked really adorable with his curls sticking out everywhere and his soft, still sleepy face.

“Hey. Want some coffee?”

“That would be great.”

While Blaine stood up and scratched his head Kurt poured him some coffee into a mug and placed the cream he had next to it. He sat back down, watching from the corner of his eye how he fixed some breakfast for himself – egg and bacon – and after he finished it he sat down, across from Kurt, clutching his mug and looking much more awake than before.

“Do you have to work each night? I mean, are you even done with school?”

“I am. I'm super smart you know? I graduated a year earlier than I should have. And no I don't work each night. I have at least two days free a week.”

Smart, huh? The only question Kurt had was if Blaine was really so smart, why didn't he visit a college? Okay, maybe he didn't want to and without parents it must be a pretty hard life.

“Can I ask you what happened to your parents?”

“They are dead. Car accident,” it came out of Blaine's mouth like it meant nothing, like this was just some story he went through. No sadness, nothing. Kurt couldn't even feel anything coming from him. Was this normal? Kurt didn't think so but he said nothing.

“I'm sorry.”

“It's okay. Let's talk about your boundaries.”

“Yeah, right.” He counted to three to sort his thoughts and then he spoke.

“First I'll give you a key to my loft so I don't have to wake up when you are coming back from work. But, I don't want your friends here or anyone I don't know. Then you'll clean up after yourself, we'll take turns going grocery shopping. My bedroom belongs to me, but if you want I'll buy a bed-”

“The couch is fine.”

“Okay. Then if you need anything ask me or make a list and I'll give you the money. I have enough so don't worry about that.” God he could actually hear it. New clothes, video games and stuff like that. He knew how 17 year old people could be.

“I also want to know where you are and staying away from trouble when you can. I'm an actor and I'll be soon filming so I don't need that.”

Blaine nodded slowly, sipping silently his coffee.

“And since we are together forever,” Kurt groaned and handed Blaine the small book: “I want you to read this and know what you are allowed to do and what not. Now.”

Blaine took the book into his hands and read it while Kurt waited and after 20 minutes he was done, both eyebrows raised.

“Last Bond? You want to do that?”

“Not now, though. But we need to do this. I need to be disconnected from you when I'm at work and I guess for you it would be also good to just feel yourself.”

“It would be less confusing, that's true. What about the day off to maintain our connection?”

Kurt honestly had no idea what that meant. Maintain their connection, like cuddling? Like being a couple? Ugh, he slowly realized that he needed to talk to his friends and ask because this was something he wouldn't want to read on forums. He was sure he would feel like a creep stalking other peoples private life.

“I'll ask my friends about that. I guess you have to meet them anyway, otherwise they'll go crazy if I break down again and they find me in a hospital.”

“You've been in a hospital? Because of our connection?”

Kurt nodded: “That's where this comes from.” He showed Blaine his hand and saw him biting his lower lip. But he ignored it and spoke on: “I also want us to be honest and call each other anytime when needed. Our connection is deep, we both know that and I don't want to die anytime soon.”

“Same here.”

“Good.”

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Kurt waited before he decided to call his friends and tell them that he had, and was, a soulmate. He waited a little bit longer until he was fine with it and had at some point accepted what his life had become since he met Blaine. He went out with Blaine, bought him some clothes and shoes he wanted, a pillow and blanket and thought that was it. But Blaine was seventeen, a teenager, so he ended up buying him a Playstation, so he could play when Kurt was busy with something else. He only left his loft when he had to work. Which was always at night.

Didn't he have some friends to visit? Wasn't it exhausting to only work at night in such a place and being a young boy? Kurt was sure Lucy had an eye on Blaine, but he couldn't deny the fact that he was worried sometimes. Kurt wasn't heartless and he didn't know Blaine much, but a young boy shouldn't work all night long for five days a week. Though he didn't need to open the door anymore he still woke up, feeling how exhausted Blaine was. And something else he couldn't describe. It made him feel strange, almost sick, like he was doing something he didn't want to do. This being connected thing was really confusing, though he read that it helped to understand your soulmate. He read it and saw it around his friends but they knew their partners and Blaine was still a stranger to him, sometimes even a burden.

He may have accepted that he was a soulmate, but not that his soulmate was seven years younger than him and stubborn, rude at times and a little brat.

“I need some money, Kurt.”

He looked up from his laptop and turned his head so he was looking at Blaine, curls still damp from the shower and looking pretty exhausted. They were living together for two weeks now and everyday was the same. Blaine needed money and Kurt gave it to him. But not today.

“The amount of money you need is unreal. Blaine, seriously. I bought you clothes and stuff you need. The refrigerator is not empty, it's almost exploding. So, tell me, where does all the money go?”

“For stuff.”

“What stuff?”

“God, it's none of your business, okay? You are responsible for me and my well being or not?”

“Actually it is my business, Blaine. It's my money and I would like to know what you are doing with it.”

Of course Blaine said nothing, only acted like the stubborn teenager he still was. Teenagers, ugh. During his time with Blaine he wondered if he had been so stubborn too. If yes, he considered to call his dad and apologize.

“Tell me, Blaine. What is it you need so much money for? Because I can tell that you are doing something that has nothing to do with the Diner.”

“And what is that?” he glared at Kurt and crossed his arms before his chest.

“You should tell me because I can't read your mind, only feel what you feel, because you aren't able to fucking control your feelings!”

Oh great, now he was yelling. Now they were fighting.

“Oh, is that so? Maybe you should think before you speak and blame me for shit I don't fucking do! What is it, huh? Do you think I do drugs?”

Kurt stood up, walking through the living room and running a hand down his face: “I didn't say that!”

“, why do you care, Kurt? I'll leave you in less than three months and you can live your fucking, glorious life like you used to. And after we've made the Last Bond we only need to break our connection when needed and spent a day together to keep it stable. You can live your life and I can live mine.”

“You think it will be this easy? Really Blaine?”

“You don't want me here and you never will.”

That was not true, not really. He cared, because he knew what it felt like to be gay, young and deal with haters. Also the fact that Blaine had no one made him sad, so if he could, he would help him to have a better life. He was not heartless, he was just trying to deal with this.

“No,” Blaine breathed and Kurt snapped out of his thoughts, turning around to face Blaine.

“You are doing this, because you feel sorry for me? You know what, keep your pity to yourself I don't need that!”

Blaine grabbed his jacket, beanie and shoes and left the loft. That was their first fight and he was ready to feel the burning rage from Blaine. There was none. Only deep sadness and hurt. The kind of hurt you felt when you felt sad and hopeless, alone, together with your own feelings. And Kurt felt sorry that he made Blaine feel this way.

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Kurt waited and waited. Waited for Blaine to come back, but he didn't for hours. He lost the connection to him, not feeling anything but empty and maybe Blaine found out how to control his feelings or just felt as empty as Kurt.

Why was it so hard? Why couldn't they just get along? Blaine was his soulmate and he should be the perfect partner for him, but it just didn't fucking feel like that. His last free months were imagined as peaceful and fun and now he was literally helpless and hopeless. So he began to question if he was even able to love or be loveable. Maybe he and Blaine were perfect for each other not as partners, but as something else. Yeah, they were special soulmates so maybe this special didn't mean falling in love, but something else. Friends, enemies, who knew. But then again he knew this was not what being and having a soulmate was about. Kurt decided to not be stubborn or whatever was keeping him from calling his friends and took his phone.

While he waited for Elliot to pick up – it was almost 9pm so he was probably at home already- Kurt tried to ignore the guilt. He had been ignoring his friends for a while now but he needed this time alone, this time alone with Blaine – not to mention that it didn't help.

*“Kurt! You're alive!”*

“Ha ha. I'm sorry though,” he sighed but felt much better after hearing Elliot's cheering voice which always made him feel a bit better.

*“Don't worry about it. Feeling better?”*

“Not really. I need to talk to you. Are you free?”

*“Not really, we have a movie night, Martin and I that is. But tell me what happened.”*

“I... I'm a soulmate.”

*“You... WHAT!? OH MY GOD! MARTIN KURT'S A SOULMATE!”*

He held the phone away from his ear and only when Elliot stopped yelling he pressed it back, hearing his friend laugh and his boyfriend giggling. They probably had a smug smile on their faces and soon would ask Kurt all these obnoxious things.

*“Oh, wow! So that's why you've been ignoring us. I get it.”*

“It's not like that. Really. We... we do not get along. Most of the time we just fight and... Elliot, he is seventeen. Seventeen, Elliot!”

There was silence coming from the other end – He heard Elliot repeating what he said so Martin knew it - and Kurt wanted to say something but then Elliot spoke.

*“Okay, that's young. But you are allowed to be with him. They can't do anything against it.”*

“I know that. I know. But I don't know how to... this is all so confusing and exhausting. How did you make it?”

Elliot laughed, not mocking, not mean but just about the fact that he knew how hard it was for him.

“I'm serious. He is such a kid sometimes and he needs money like, I'm not poor, but still. And he is stubborn and eating so much and did I mention he can be rude?”

*“He is a teenager, Kurt,”* Elliot still laughed: *“Give him some time. He's probably just overextended. I mean, come on, he is seventeen, he is young and didn't dream to be a soulmate. He probably thought he could fool around for a while and then settle down. But now he has you.”*

“He still can fool around though.”

Elliot laughed again: *“Martin, haha, please talk to him I can't.”*

Kurt huffed and heard Elliot's laugh in the background while Martin greeted him: *“What did you tell him? He is basically crying because of laughter.”*

Kurt sighed: “That my soulmate could fool around if he wanted to.”

Martin, the sane and mature person he usually was hummed slowly and Elliot laughed again.

*“This won't work out. I mean he can try to do that but it won't really work. Your connection*

wouldn't allow it.”

“And what should I do now? All we do is fighting and he is basically using me. Asking for money each damn day and I have no idea what for. And he is seven years younger.”

*“I understand you, Kurt. We both do. Remember how it was when Elliot and I met? We couldn't be more different, but we also couldn't do anything against it.”*

Oh Kurt remembered those months of drama and fights and gossip and how both tried to avoid each other or at least were rude to each other in a pretty smooth way. But then they stopped, and the tables turned that suddenly both couldn't be without each other. When or how it happened he had no idea. All he knew was it was a soulmate thing, because there were things you didn't share with anyone other than your soulmate.

*“Since Elliot died from laughter, because he is laying on the floor and not moving – oh wait he laughs again – I'll give you my advice.”*

“Please,” Kurt groaned.

*“Let it happen. Don't think too much just let it happen. If you two are soulmates, it will work out and make sense sooner or later. Believe me. Is he with you now?”*

“No he is... oh, he is coming back. Thanks and I'll call you tomorrow,” Kurt said in a rush and hung up while he turned around to face the living room where Blaine was standing. He looked tired, cold and so small that everything in Kurt screamed to go over there and warm him up. With a hug, with a blanket, anything. Kurt, though, was basically frozen on the spot in the kitchen, busy with sorting his emotions out. Relief was the first thing he noticed, because Blaine had been gone for hours and Kurt couldn't feel anything from Blaine. Then he was angry about Blaine's stupid behavior. But this was nothing compared to the small sparkle of happiness he felt when he saw Blaine.

“You were right,” Blaine said and Kurt felt how sorry he was: “This isn't easy. But I still want to leave this place as soon as I turn eighteen.”

He nodded slowly, but reminded himself that this was still something they couldn't say for sure.

“You were hiding your emotions, Blaine.”

“I wasn't sure if it worked.”

“Well it did. Which is kind of okay, you know? For me and for you. And... I'm sorry, too. It's not like I can't give you money. I can. I guess I was just... worried.”

Blaine huffed out a laugh, no honest one, no happy one. It was just an action he needed to do so he could have some more seconds to think.

“You don't need to be worried about me, Kurt. I'm a big boy and have been alone for six months now. I'll just make sure to stay out of trouble so we both are fine.”

Kurt nodded slowly, watching Blaine carefully as he took his jacket off, followed by shoes and beanie and made his way to the kitchen. Like always Blaine wanted to make his own dinner, like a boy in his age should. But also, this seemed a bit wrong. Martin's words were echoing in his head. Let it happen, just go with it. Maybe this was the key, to go with it and at least become friends or something. Soulmates could be just friends too, right? And Blaine, despite all the mystery around him he likes to make, was well mannered and if he changed his wardrobe – Kurt could literally see it – he would not just be adorable but also handsome.

“We could... cook something together? It's your day off, right?” he asked, leaning against the kitchen table. The young boy turned around, eyes confused and wide like he wasn't sure if he heard him correctly.

“You mean, together? Not afraid that I might ruin something?”

“If you don't want to just say it.”

“That's... that's not what I've been saying. Do whatever you want as long as it's pizza.”

Kurt groaned, because he was sure when Blaine moved out he wouldn't want to eat or even see any pizza for a year.

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A week later, he figured out that he and Blaine at least stopped fighting over nothing. Blaine was still rude and still a bit messy as always, but he tried, just like Kurt. So they agreed on cooking together at least every second day and watching something together. No need to talk or feel obliged to do anything. Just them, being who they were as individuals, sharing a room together. Sometimes Kurt asked stuff like, where Blaine used to live and he answered Westerville, Ohio and that he had been a student at Dalton Academy. He also found out that Blaine's favorite color was purple, judging by the way his eyes were shining when he folded his shirt's – and many of them were purple.

Basically, they were two roommates, only that Kurt had to pay for everything. Still it was good, better than living alone and when he ignored Blaine's rude attitude at times or when Kurt stopped one of his moods they were doing fine. Well, as fine as two silent people could.

But things changed when February came.

Blaine got sick and like, it was no flu, or cold or fever. It was something else and Kurt just called it sick. The young man was just sitting on the couch, for hours, not eating nor talking, doing nothing like he was somewhere else with his head. Even when Kurt talked to him all Blaine did was wince and then shrug, like he had no idea either. He didn't call a doctor – which was a secret for him – but Elliot. Maybe this was a soulmate thing or something. So he explained what was wrong with Blaine and Elliot asked: *“How long do you know each other?”*

“Um... two weeks now.”

*“And you take care of each other?”*

“What do you mean? I cook for him and buy stuff for him-”

*“Oh my God, no. I mean... Kurt, seriously? He is your soulmate.”*

“Well,” he snapped and looked at Blaine who was clutching the pillow and pressed it against his chest. This didn't feel good, Kurt could feel that something was not right and it affected him too.

*“Listen, you have to keep some physical contact. I mean not always but at least once a week. You've read the laws, don't ya?”*

“Of course but I had no idea that... this?”

*“Well, if you want to be okay and Blaine to be okay you should at least, cuddle?”*

“What!?” Blaine whimpered and Kurt almost did the same. Okay, this was... weird. He could basically feel their connection getting colder and colder and slowly it began to hurt, like really bad.

But cuddle? He was seventeen!

“Kurt, just do it, okay? You know about the mental aberration? Want that?”

“Oh my God, fine!”

He didn't want that. Both, the mental aberration and cuddling with Blaine.



# Human

## Chapter 5. Human

Kurt just stood there for several minutes and stared at Blaine. Blaine who was still hugging the pillow and looking sick, eyes unfocused and like he wasn't even here with his mind. Was it really because of the connection? Because they didn't do what they... should? On one side Kurt wanted him to help and also himself because he could feel it how even he began to feel sick, empty. But then again his mind was fighting with the fact that Blaine was seventeen. A boy, just about to turn 18 while Kurt was 25. How on earth should it be right, even feel right to cuddle with him? Okay, maybe if he tried to imagine Blaine was... his younger brother or something – god that was creepy because he was his soulmate – it would be easier?

Ruffling his hair he walked up and down the living room not really knowing why because Elliot was right, even the woman in the Soulmate Department said it. Blaine needed someone to keep him grounded, safe and loved – but he didn't love Blaine, he wasn't even sure if he liked him yet – and Kurt was the one who needed to be this person. He needed to be the adult here.

Turning around he kept on telling himself that this was not wrong, that he was not creepy, that his soulmate was still legal and soon turning 18. He told himself that this was important for them, for their well being and their connection. Moreover he needed to be okay and keep Blaine safe so he wouldn't fuck up at work.

Slowly walking towards Blaine, watching how the boy didn't move only holding the pillow close to his chest Kurt sat down next to him on the couch. Yeah, okay, now what? Not like this was the first time he would touch someone but this was his soulmate so, yeah, it was something else.

“Blaine?”

No answer, no movement. He said his name again, waited and waited but nothing came back. Be an adult, he told himself and slowly rested his hand on Blaine's shoulder and pulled it back with a gasp. The moment he touched him something weird was happening inside of him. First he thought it was a electric shock, but then he noticed it was something else. It felt like warm, hot liquid running through his body, no, his soul. It was so warm that it hurt but at the same time this cold feeling grew less. Almost like the warm feeling was melting the ice inside him.

And perhaps the same happened to Blaine because he was looking at Kurt, eyes clearly more alive than seconds before.

“I guess, this helps our connection,” Kurt said not even sure if Blaine was listening but he saw the boys hand moving to his own and resting it on the back of his hand. The feeling came back, flowing slowly like water through him. He breathed in trying to get used to this and he stopped staring at their hands but needed to see Blaine. If he was okay, if this was really what they needed. And yes, when he saw his face, eyes becoming the gold they used to be and his body clearly more relaxed Kurt relaxed to. This seemed to be more work than he thought and he really didn't like that. Like he had no chance as to do this so he was fine. Just like Blaine.

“Feeling better?”

“Mhm,” Blaine hummed eyes still looking at their hands: “This connection thing is kind of fragile, huh?”

"I guess it has something to do with you still being seventeen," Kurt shrugged: "I'm not sure if this is normal." Like, Kurt had no idea what was normal and not or what was needed to be done and what not. All he could do was remembering what his friends told him about but he never heard them saying something like that. Elliot never told him that his and Martin's connection needed something like this and they weren't even together. After four months they finally decided to become a couple. Mercedes and Sam know each other for years so Kurt probably never noticed if something like this happened.

Now it was Kurt, too, who looked down, seeing how Blaine's hand rested on his and how good it looked there. He may be a boy but his hand was not the one of a boy anymore. Also, since Blaine was living here and wearing different clothes – not that his weren't okay but for Kurt they looked old and made him think Blaine was homeless – he looked a bit older than seventeen.

Also when he smoothed his hair down with some gel.

He truly wondered what Blaine was doing with all the money, his money and the money Blaine was working for. Even without his money Blaine must had enough money to buy himself some clothes, right? The part of New York – so Kurt assumed – Blaine was living in wasn't that expensive. But he didn't ask. For some reason he didn't ask. Maybe because Blaine was still somewhere in his mind, sucking in the warmth through their touch.

An hour later Blaine looked like Blaine again and moved his hand away from Kurt's. They both rubbed their own wrist and Kurt slowly stood up but not before he made sure to take one last look at Blaine's face.

"I guess we should do this when needed and at least once a week."

Blaine only hummed his answer, Kurt not anything coming from Blaine. Maybe he really figured out how to control his feelings or how to work with this connection although they didn't know each other that long and didn't even make the Last Bond.

"When is your free day?"

"This weekend I'm all free," Blaine said while he rummaged around his bag.

"Good," Kurt said opening the refrigerator to get something to drink: "Because I needed to call my friend because you were, well, sick and I told him that we are soulmates. So I guess they'll want to meet you."

He turned around and found Blaine staring at him. Again he couldn't tell what he felt and maybe it was not because Blaine tried to hide it, maybe it was because the other boy didn't know himself.

"I doubt this is necessary. It's not like we want to be together, right? And I'll move out anyway."

"We both already figured out it's not that easy. We are connected until the day we die and I doubt it will be that easy," Kurt explained tried to be reasonable though he still had trouble to accept this as reality.

"You don't want that Kurt. You don't want an us so I think... no. You know what, nevermind. Invite them if you want to."

And then Blaine stood up getting dressed, bag on his back: "I'm out to work."

"Blaine, wait-"

But he shut the door and Kurt pressed his lips together.

Saying he didn't want Blaine here sounded rude and also... not true. Having Blaine here with him was actually good but only the part where he wasn't alone. He wasn't used to live alone and have no one around him. Mercedes and Elliot were living with their soulmates and wouldn't come back. The time they had together wouldn't happen again. Rachel was too annoying with her 'I'm a superstar' attitude and Santana was living with Brittany. He loved them both but he really preferred to live alone as listening to two lesbians doing what they did. Their stories were enough for him so he really didn't want to see the real thing.

And Blaine, thought he was messy and rude and not the talking guy, was a good roommate. Eager to learn cooking and trying to not be such a burden.

But actually being together like a couple? Because they were soulmates? Kurt didn't see that happen. But he also knew he could be very wrong because he never had heard about soulmates not being together or ending up together. Seriously, he couldn't tell much about Blaine after what? Three weeks? Okay he could say some things but that was not what he needed to know. He needed to know the person Blaine and not the Blaine who wasn't talking about himself.

Groaning and telling himself he had no time for this because first, it was creepy to be together with a seventeen year old and second, if this movie turned out to be something amazing he could become famous. What would the media do? He and a 17 year old together? Well, by the time Blaine would be 18 but... oh, yes and when they knew they were soulmates no one would give a fuck.

Shaking his head he texted Elliot that he would come over to the music shop – Elliot was there anyway – and left the loft.

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“My friend! The Soulmate!” Elliot smirked with arms wide open and Kurt rolled his eyes as his friend hugged him tightly. At least one of them was happy about that. They went to the backroom a cosy room they used to spend time together, Kurt, Elliot and Mercedes. They sat down on the huge leather couch and Elliot couldn't stop smiling and Kurt wondered if his face already hurt.

“Jesus, Kurt! Be happy! It's amazing to have a soulmate.”

“I haven't figured out what is so amazing about that yet.”

Elliot groaned and leaned back, giving Kurt this look whenever he knew that he was right. There was no doubt in Kurt's head that Elliot was not right, but he just couldn't see it right now.

“What is it? Is it because he is seventeen? Or because he is still a kid?”

“And he is rude, leaves chaos and we basically fight all the time or say nothing.”

His friend hummed only to show Kurt he was listening while his blue eyes were focused somewhere else, like always when he was thinking. Kurt though, he wanted to crawl into his bed and forget everything. Like he would if he weren't an adult or at least he thought he was behaving mature.

“He is a teenager and we all were messy little brats.”

“I was not.”

“You, Kurt, are an exception about everything, seriously.”

Kurt smiled, pleased with himself but only to try to ease his mind. It worked just a little bit.

“Anyway. What's his name?”

“Blaine.”

“Oooh, what a beautiful name,” Elliot grinned while Kurt knew he tried everything so Kurt would change his thoughts about this and stop seeing everything so dark. Well, yes, Blaine was a beautiful name but he only connected rude Blaine with this name.

“He is a teenager, so give him a break. And this is also new for him. I honestly can't remember how it was without Martin because I'm so used to have a soulmate. It's really amazing and you know how much we hated each other. But it worked out. So, tell me, does it really bother you that he is seventeen?”

Kurt sighed: “It's... I don't know, kind of creepy? I almost feel like a pedophile.”

“Kurt, he is seventeen! Not thirteen.”

“And I am twenty five, Elliot. I'm almost eight years ahead and I just... I have this role, my job and if it works out I'll be busy as fuck. I doubt he'll understand.”

“Well, you don't know that Kurt. I mean, what do you know about him? You said you both don't talk?”

“He is from Ohio, smart, said he graduated a year earlier than any other. He likes pizza and works at a Diner. And his parents are dead.” This parents stuff hurt Kurt a lot. He knew what it felt like to be without a mother. But losing his dad was something he never wanted to happen. So he felt sympathy for Blaine and yes, maybe even pity but... when he ignored all these annoying things Blaine did he could see this boy. Alone, in a big city and working in a Diner to have some money for himself. This broke his heart.

Oh, he thought, that wasn't much and Elliot's huff told him that he thought the same.

“I guess you are on your 'I need to help him he is all alone' mood, huh?”

“It's not only that. I.. this is all confusing. This connection, all these feelings. He learned how to control them or hide them,” which was the evidence for Kurt that Blaine's story about how smart he is was no lie: “but sometimes I feel like my soul is about to explode.”

“You two have a pretty deep connection.”

Kurt turned his head staring at his friend: “What makes you think that?”

“Well, I felt basically small things from Martin, nothing like you describe. I've heard about those connections. Each connection is different and the deeper it is, the stronger it is you can be pretty sure that this is something special.”

Like a kid he only pouted and crossed his arms over his chest. Great.

“Look, Kurt. You need to talk, like seriously, talk about anything and don't be stubborn. I know

you can be stubborn. But, I'm speaking from the perspective of a soulmate here, it will make sense, it will work out. This soulmate thing is not just happening to ruin your life. Have you touched him yet?"

"He is seventeen, Elliot. He is probably still a virgin from what I know."

His friend groaned, trying not to laugh after that and shook his head: "I'm not talking about that, Kurt. I mean, when he was sick did you touch him?"

"Oh, uhm, yeah we held hands."

"And what did you feel?"

Kurt sighed, remembering the feeling which first scared him but then, somehow felt good and made even sense in some way he couldn't understand.

"It was like... warm water? I don't know but it was not bad."

"Good. This is important, Kurt. I mean you've read the laws and he is not eighteen so he needs. And like Marting said I'll tell you the same now, let it happen. You'll only hurt yourself and him if you don't do it."

"I know that. I understand all of that but I just feel like... my job and his age and this is not what I wanted, Elliot. This is not the plan I had."

Elliot only laughed and squeezed Kurt's shoulder.

"I didn't plan that either. But, does his age really bother you that much?"

Honestly? He may have dreamed about someone around his age or older but actually? It didn't really matter when the feelings were right. Blaine would turn eighteen soon and in some years it wouldn't matter how old he was or Blaine. And because they were soulmates no one could say something against it or do something against. Yes, if he became famous the media would still talk but in the end it was not their decision. Something, someone else made them soulmates.

"I take your silence as a no."

Kurt mumbled something inaudible and Elliot smirked.

"Look. Take your time but don't avoid him. Talk, try to cuddle or something because of your deep connection and you'll see, soon, things will make sense. Also, imagine falling in love, Kurt."

Kurt stood up, holding his hands up like he tried to block those words out: "Wow, that is a bit too fast."

"I wanted to say, imagine this happening and playing your role. Then you'll find out what it really feels like."

Kurt remembered their conversation and how worried he was to not be able to portray those feelings on camera. Yet, this was not the solution he was looking for. And he definitely didn't see Blaine as his boyfriend or something close to that. God, they weren't even friends only... using each other.

"I hate you sometimes, you know that?"

"Because I'm such a positive guys?"

“Stop that smirking already. God, my friends are all crazy. I guess you told Mercedes?”

Elliot's smirk only grew wider and Kurt rolled his eyes.

“Fine. Since you two are so happy for me and Blaine is part of my life like, for forever I want you two at my place, with your soulmates. I... We'll make dinner.”

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Kurt was nervous for some reason and he usually never got nervous when his friends were visiting him. He was so nervous that Blaine made the pizza almost alone. He made the dough while Kurt prepared the meat and vegetables but soon Blaine took the things away from Kurt giving him a questioning look.

“You are nervous, I can feel it.”

“I am, but I don't know why. They are my friends.”

“I'll behave. Don't worry.”

Now it was Kurt who gave Blaine a look like he wondered if this boy was serious. But he was, he could even feel something like, he was sorry? Maybe he was aware of the mess he made and how rude he was at times despite being so young and still confused by hormones? Smart, Blaine was smart, Kurt thought, and smart could be good but also dangerous.

“I'm not worried about that. It's just... they are all soulmates and they will talk about what it feels like to be a soulmate, how awesome it is and shit.”

Blaine was still busy with cutting the meat and shrugged while doing this: “We aren't them though. We are we and just because we are soulmates doesn't mean anything. Our minds don't want what we should be or do.”

For the first time Kurt wondered if Blaine was really not believing in this soulmate thing or just against the idea of being together with him. Because this, his voice, his words sounded more like he truly questioned all this soulmate stuff while being very well aware of what it did to, to the both of them, when they touched. And Kurt believed in this but still trying to figure out how to deal with it and accept that it was Blaine. Blaine Anderson, smart but still a total stranger.

They prepared everything in silence until Kurt's friends came. He cleaned his hands and went to the door seeing for stupid grinning faces – seriously, they looked like kids on Christmas – and he rolled his eyes letting them inside. First Mercedes, Sam, Elliot and Martin was the only one giving him an apologizing smile in which Kurt answered with a shake of his head.

But before they could run over Blaine like some crazy hyenas he made sure to be in the kitchen before them. This was probably more nerve-racking and scary for Blaine than for anyone in his loft. Walking up to Blaine and catching his pleading look he couldn't help himself but smile reassuringly. Despite the troubles they have Kurt would never leave him alone here with his crazy fans. Not when he could feel how scared Blaine was. The reason though, he couldn't tell why but it didn't matter right now.

His hand on Blaine's shoulder he could feel their connection again, the warm flowing feeling and how it calmed Blaine down.

He told them Blaine's name and one after the other shook Blaine's hand gently and sitting down at the table for six people. They talked about work and ate pizza laughing about Elliot's and

Mercedes spontaneously singing some lyrics and they all had to guess what song it was. Martin chuckled but Kurt could see how he also rolled his eyes in a loving way at Elliot. God, he really missed this. All of this. The singing, silly faces and dirty mouths or full mouths because they couldn't eat properly and never would. But he didn't mind. Still he made sure to check on Blaine who was sitting next to him, watching them in silence and eating.

At some point Elliot leaned closer to Martin, giving him some big eyes and sang *'I belong to you, you belong to me you are my-'*

“No! Stop it!” Mercedes and Kurt groaned in unison and Elliot glared at them.

“What? I love this song.”

Kurt wiped his mouth clean while Mercedes raised her eyebrows and said in a playful annoyed voice: “Yeah, we know. You've been singing this song for weeks when you two got together.” “It was awful and annoying,” Kurt said, trying to hide his laugh: “He just wouldn't shut up. Then he tried to hum it and thought we wouldn't recognize it.”

“I hate you both,” Elliot pouted and Martin patted his shoulder. Mercedes began to explain why he didn't and Kurt turned his head back to Blaine, his smile gone when he noticed how Blaine was staring at him like he wasn't sure if this was real what he saw. Or maybe it was something else? He couldn't really tell because he couldn't feel what the younger boy was feeling. So, without even thinking about it he placed his hand on Blaine's, under the table for no one to see and asked: “Everything's okay?”

Blaine nodded, not moving but looking finally back to the people sitting with them. When Kurt thought he could take his hand back now he felt Blaine grabbing for it and holding it tight. Okay, maybe something was not okay.

“Are you singing too, Blaine?” Elliot asked, holding his glass with beer against his lips.

“Um, I used to. But not anymore. I even play guitar but I don't have one anymore.”

“You should totally come to the music shop I'm working at. Well, not really just part time. But I have a band and if you like to Kurt will show you where we are,” Elliot said clearly excited that Blaine was interested in music. Then he gave Kurt a look like, *see it's easy*, and Kurt almost stuck his tongue out but was able to stop himself.

“Thank you,” said Blaine with a small smile.

This was new but also interesting for Kurt to see Blaine this nervous and polite. Like, he wondered if he tried to impress his friends or if he was just shy? Which didn't make much sense considering that he was working in a Diner at night.

“Kurt said you graduated a year earlier?” asked Mercedes.

“I did. I'm... pretty smart. Well that's what people tell me and it was actually good so I was able to leave Ohio earlier and start a new life.”

“I'm sorry about your loss,” she said, trying not to give him this pity look because Kurt told her Blaine was freaking out when he felt what Kurt felt about that.

“It's okay. I have to focus on my future and not on my past. And I have a job and now I have this for a while.”

“For a while?” asked Sam and gave Kurt a confused look like anybody else did. Oh crap.

“What does that mean for a while, Kurt?”

“Blaine will move out as soon as he turns eighteen. In two months,” Kurt answered but he wasn't so sure about that anymore, not while feeling how hard Blaine held his hand. Was it the connection again or why was he holding his hand like his life depended on it?

“You are kidding, right? This won't work even if you try,” said Mercedes and gave them both a worried look: “You met each other and you are here together now. Being away from each other will hurt you both and you'll be looking for each other anyway.”

Kurt blinked, not remembering that he read something about that and he also wasn't sure if this was good or bad. He understood that their connection needed some physical contact to work and not hurt them and that was all. Well, no one could blame that he wasn't able to think much further in the current state their 'relationship' was.

“What do you mean? I'm only responsible for Blaine until he is eighteen.”

Blaine nodded.

“This connection between soulmates is fragile and keeping you two apart won't help you, it will hurt you. It's your soul that is connected and it's normal to struggle at the beginning when you don't know each other, but it will work out in the end. But keeping you two apart is like trying to stretch your soul and it can only go so far until it breaks,” Martin explained.

“Believe me, it will hurt you badly,” Sam said and nodded to himself with wide eyes while taking a sip of his beer.

“How do you know that though? You are always together,” Kurt said, trying not to sound annoyed.

“Kurt, sweetie,” Mercedes laughed and then gave him a warm look: “Just because you are a soulmate doesn't mean you are some superhero. You are still human having the pleasure to share a beautiful connection with someone. One not many people will enjoy.”

“The sex is amazing,” Elliot said in a whisper but everyone could hear it and Martin smacked his arm playfully while Kurt almost jumped and Blaine was squeezing his hand again and shaking a little bit.

“You have no filter, seriously,” Kurt warned him but Elliot acted like he was innocent.

“It's not only that. It's everything. But, how do we know that it will hurt you when you two are not together? Sam and I had this big fight about, what was it?”

“About the stinky clothes from my football kids,” he said.

“And we've been fighting over this because he left in the middle of the living room. I know it sounds silly, but you know just because we are soulmates doesn't mean we can't use our mind or aren't ourselves anymore. So we were fighting and I threw him out of the apartment. He was at Santana's place for two days and it hurt so bad that he wasn't around me though we were used to this. It's always like this when we fight and one of us goes away.”

“Wait so, you fight?”

“Of course. Elliot always needs to play on his guitar when I'm working and sometimes he is so loud I can't hear my own voice,” Martin said and Elliot pouted.



“We are still humans, Kurt. Just because we have a soulmate doesn't mean we accept everything. We have a relationship like anybody else but with this beautiful connection. It's hard to describe because it's individual but you'll know what I mean when you two get there.”

Kurt only nodded suddenly feeling a bit better knowing that he won't be just some, yeah, some working human being to make another person happy and accept everything Blaine does. Yes, this was good, he could live with that, still being who he was.

Taking a look at Blaine he couldn't read his face but he was looking down like, he wasn't sure what to think about that. Maybe he was too young to understand that, or too inexperienced because Kurt had been in relationships and knew about the ups and downs.

“I would really think about that. If you two don't stay together after living together it's like you'll be living with just on half of your soul and that, I promise you, hurts.”

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After they left Kurt and Blaine cleaned everything up and went to the couch while Kurt turned the TV on, seeing that Jumanji was on. Wow, that was some old movie he thought while Blaine sat next to him looking at the TV but not watching. Like, Blaine was a bit off during the last hour with his friends and Kurt couldn't really tell why but he was worried if this was maybe too much for him. A room full with adults, with his friends and he in the middle of it.

“You okay?”

Blaine almost jumped, snapping out of his thoughts and his honey eyes found Kurt's – the first time they were really looking at him. And god they were beautiful and probably betraying other people about how old Blaine was. Because this gold, though it was shining and clear it was also a bit old.

“Yeah. Your friends are nice. I just, all this stuff about moving out and what it means.”

“Don't worry about it now. We'll see what will happen when the time comes, okay?”

Seriously, no one could really tell what would happen in the next two months and it was just a waste of energy to think about it now.

“You are right,” said Blaine and adjusted the pillows and blanket, crawling under it.

“You want to watch this? Because I'm tired and I need some sleep.”

“Yeah, I would like to.”

Kurt gave him the remote and went to the bathroom, brushing his teeth, changing into his pajamas and walking up the spiral stairs but stood still to take a last look at Blaine, laying there and watching the movie.

“Good night.”

“Good night.”

Kurt woke up in the middle of the night feeling sad, so sad he had no idea why. He listened, trying to hear some noise coming from Blaine, but he wasn't sure because he tried to muffle his

own sobs into his pillow. This came out of nowhere, confusing him while he tried to stop crying and figuring out if it was him feeling like this or Blaine. But he really couldn't tell.

# Mess

## Chapter 6. Mess

“Long night, sweetie?” Lucy asked while Blaine was sitting at the table in her Diner and his head leaning against the window, trying to not fall asleep.

Blaine moved in the seat to sit straight and hummed sleepily but gave Lucy a smile as she handed him two mugs with coffee.

“It was okay. But it's getting harder since I know I'm a soulmate and have this connection with Kurt.”

She sat down, across from him and took his hand into hers, warm and soft like the one from a mother though Lucy had no children. The sky was still not blue, more orange, dark blue and the sun slowly raising. Whenever Blaine saw the sun rising he wished he could wake up to it everyday instead of falling asleep to it almost every night. If he could he would do that but he had to work and couldn't just stop.

“Of course it's harder with the connection. Your soul doesn't want you to do that.”

Blaine nodded slowly and took his mug after he squeezed her hands and gave her a small smile.

“I'll look if Charlie is done so I can go back to Kurt's.”

Lucy nodded, while Blaine left the Diner and walked into the building right next to it, dark red and old but the place he used to work. With a sigh he saw the car was still standing there. The one in which Charlie and his customer arrived. He opened the door and walked through the clean, dark brown floor, taking the stairs to his and Charlie's apartment. They were living here since Blaine came to New York and though it didn't look pretty from the outside they made it cosy inside.

Which was a huge change for him. In Ohio he was living in a beautiful house had room for himself and always warm water. But this was okay, he got used to living here.

Anything was better than living with his mother.

Reaching the first floor he walked to their door, opening it and heard the noises from his roommate. Nothing new, nothing he hadn't heard for the first time. While Charlie moaned – something he was proud of or pretended to be proud of – the other guy groaned in pleasure and Blaine made his way to the small kitchen, sitting down on the chair next to the window.

The door to Charlie's room opened, some words were exchanged Blaine didn't understand and then the front door was opened, closed and locked.

“Fucking hell,” Charlie groaned from the corridor and Blaine heard shuffling, knowing his roommate put his clothes on and soon after that he joined him in the kitchen. His golden hair was a mess, his skin damp from sweat and brown eyes exhausted.

“Hey handsome,” but Charlie never not smiled. He gave Blaine this huge smile, smoothing his

black sweatshirt down with a v-neck.

“Hey slut,” said Blaine and couldn't stop the smirk on his face.

“Ha ha, don't think that's funny,” he groaned and took the second mug from Blaine, sitting down on the chair next to his friends: “Some kinky bastards tonight. Like, I don't have anything against kinks but I wished they were more talented with their words. Oh, fuck.”

Charlie hissed and Blaine tried not to laugh while his friend rubbed his ass.

“I need a break. Seriously. Or at least no fucking for some days.”

Blaine nodded slowly, humming because Lucy's coffee was still the best and looked out, seeing the sky becoming brighter.

“I need to go soon. Just wanted to make sure you are okay.”

“Yeah, I'm fine. I gave Paul the money and he won't bother us again until March.”

“I'm sorry, you know that?” Blaine said remembering the days when those three guys came, out of nowhere and began to threaten them. Guys who worked for Paul, the guy Blaine once trusted and soon figured out how naïve he had been.

“I know that, Blaine. Don't worry. It's not your fault that you are a soulmate and you can't... do what you usually do, though if you ask me I think it's pretty amazing. You can go out of this shithole.”

“He is my soulmate, Charlie, and he is only responsible for me until I turn eighteen, which will happen in two months.”

But he didn't want to talk about it with Charlie. Not about their job, not about Kurt. He wanted to go back to Kurt and sleep.

“Here,” he said and pulled several dollars out of his pocket. It was always like that. They met at night, went to work on the streets and took their customers to their apartment and then Charlie kept the money, his and Blaine's and at the end of the month they hoped to have enough to give it to Paul.

“Blaine, you should tell him about your job. You two are soulmates and it's supposed to work out anyway,” Charlie sighed and shoved the money into the pockets of his jeans.

But the younger boy said nothing. He didn't believe in this soulmate thing and found no reason to change his mind. He was a prostitute and Kurt was an actor, probably becoming famous soon and who on earth would wanted a prostitute? Even though they were soulmates it didn't mean that Kurt would accept that or even want people to know what he did.

“I have to go. See you later, buddy.”

“Sure.”

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Back in Kurt's loft Blaine took a long hot shower, like every morning. He made sure to clean each

part, to get rid off the smell of other men and brushed his teeth longer than necessary to make the taste of cocks and semen go away. It wasn't like he hated his job. He got used to his job after five months and found a way to deal with it in his mind. Probably the thought, *it won't be like this forever*, repeating it like mantra was the main reason he didn't freak out and ran away. He had Lucy and Charlie who helped him and comforted him when things were tough. Now he had Kurt who gave him a small taste of what his life could become one day and Blaine enjoyed it as long as he could. Things were okay and he slowly figured this weird and powerful connection out.

When he left Ohio and came to New York he dreamed about how awesome his life would be from now on. He dreamed about a nice job, nice apartment and slowly working himself up to a better life. There was some money his father had left for him and it was enough to pay for the ticket to New York and live in a hotel for at least two weeks. Yes, things were awesome and he was so positive about everything. Then he met Paul and if someone had told him who Paul was, warned him about the cruel guys he could be, Blaine had had never said yes to him and his offer.

He sighed, shaking his head and rummaged in his bag. He shoved the several condoms to the corner of the bag and pulled three cockrings out, all of them black and began to clean them, mind dead not wanting to think about what they were used for. Then he washed the leather cuffs, blindfold and put everything back in a new plastic bag and back into his bag.

After that Blaine pulled his clothes out. Two back t-shirts, a pair of jeans and some underwear throwing it into the washing machine and waited the 15 minutes, sitting on the surface of the toilette and waiting. Kurt really had everything and he was happy about that. Here he was able to lock the door and clean everything with hot water. In his and Charlie`s apartment they had no washing machine and he really didn't like to go to the public places and wash his clothes and the other stuff he carried with him. No one needed to know what he was doing or smell the scent of sex.

Clothes washed he put them into the dryer and started it while checking his phone. There was a message from Charlie about that they didn't need to be worried for this month because they had enough money for the rent and for Paul already.

Thank god, Blaine breathed and looked down on himself. All the bruises and cuts were finally gone, even those on his face which was important. His customers didn't want to be with one who looked like a homeless guy. And since Kurt gave him money he made sure to have enough new clothes until he could buy some with his money. Now he needed to save it for a while.

Clothes dry he folded them and left the bathroom bag and clothes with him. On the couch he took his other bag, pulling the clean clothes inside and a new pair out. Black underwear, a dark red sweatshirt and dark jeans, next to the sex toys and condoms. Both bags closed, so Kurt didn't get the chance to peek inside he placed them next to the couch and immediately fell asleep. Yes, this couch was much better than his used bed.

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Like everyday when he slept until midday and woke up he pretended to sleep, listening to Kurt walking through the apartment, doing something in the kitchen or working at his laptop. Sometimes he talked with his friends or manager over the phone and Blaine just lay there, listening and remembering the day he met Kurt.

He didn't know his name then but he felt something, not only this connection but more. So much more when he met those blue eyes for the first time. They weren't even close, a room apart but he

could tell they were breath taking. Not only his eyes were taking Blaine's breath away, it was everything. His long legs, his soft hair so perfectly styled, the cheekbones, lips just everything and slowly he knew, felt it that this was something special. Something he didn't label as a soulmate then. Only because he remembered what happened, how Jesse humiliated him in front of Kurt he left quickly. As if Kurt would remember him or like him or even want to know him, Blaine thought back then when he left the building.

It was love at first sight for him. It hit him so hard, right there where his heart was.

Even then, months ago he knew Kurt was probably older, a model or something – something that was not as bad like being a prostitute – and maybe even had someone already. Thinking this and searching for excuses didn't mean he forgot Kurt. He couldn't and until they met again he could feel the change inside him.

When he met him again, not even knowing him he still believed it was love at first sight. At least for him.

So when it was official that they were soulmates he felt happy, really happy but knew he couldn't show this feeling. He learned to hide his happiness and show something else or nothing slowly and Kurt never asked so he probably succeeded doing this.

Kurt's phone was buzzing and Blaine listened to his voice – not caring what he said but only the sound- , hiding his face in the pillows and feeling what this voice did to him. It was not like any other voice, not deep not too high. It was a melody in his ears and reaching parts of his soul he hoped it was not only because of the connection. He never felt like this before, how could he even? No guys made him feel the way Kurt did with just his voice. Eyes closed he let the voice inside his whole being, waiting until Kurt stopped his call and then rolled over staring at the ceiling and pretending that he just woke up. Reminding himself to sort out his feelings and act the way he did for the last days. Silent, unhappy and distant though it became harder and harder to pretend with each passing day.

“Morning,” he mumbled and stood up seeing how Kurt stopped with his mumbled morning but gave him a smile and a different good morning. It changed after the older man invited his friends over. They didn't talk about it after they left and they didn't talk about it the next day. Monday Kurt was out meeting his co-workers and Blaine was already gone when Kurt came back.

“Hey, Elliot called me asking when you'll visit him,” Kurt rolled his eyes and Blaine tried not to smile about that.

“He is super excited about the fact that you like music.”

“Maybe tomorrow,” Blaine said and went to the counter, taking the mug Kurt left for him every morning and pouring some coffee in it.

“Are you okay, Blaine? I know I probably annoy you with asking this but, since my friends were here you've been acting strange.”

Oh, was he? He took some cream and while he was busy with his hands he sorted his feelings out, hiding the insecurity, the sadness from Kurt. It was like, finding a part of his soul that Kurt couldn't reach so he could hide things until they stopped. But it was so much to hide that Blaine got easily exhausted and felt how their connection suffered because of this. He figured this out when he met Elliot and the other. While trying to hide his feelings he couldn't focus on what had been said and only when Kurt touched his hand Blaine could hide it from his soulmate.

“Did you feel anything strange coming from me?” he asked.

Actually he thought that through Kurt touching him he would feel it, everything but something else happened. All the calmness the older man felt flooded right into his soul and hid everything else. Which was perfect and not as exhausting as hiding his feelings.

“No, but I also know that we can hide things from each other. I just try to work this out Blaine.”

“You've been holding my hand,” Blaine said and turned around, looking at this beautiful face: “I bet you would have felt something, right?”

Kurt only looked at him, eyebrows moving together: “I don't know, Blaine. Because this whole connection stuff is still a mess for me.”

“Then, just believe me when I say things are fine. I was just nervous because I didn't know your friends and we are bound for life, okay? Whatever happens to us it has impact on the other. So forgive me to be a bit nervous if those people will treat me right.”

Friends Blaine wanted to impress and make them to like him but also knew they wouldn't. Their lives were far from his, far better, brighter and not as dark and wrong as his was. Fuck the fact that they were soulmates. It wouldn't change the other fact that Blaine was a prostitute, sucking cock to earn money.

He wanted them to like him, but more over he wanted Kurt to like him. Beautiful, talented Kurt who was everything Blaine wanted but perhaps never could have in the way he wished it would be. Honest, from his heart and not because of some stupid connection. So he ended up crying the night after Kurt's friends left. This connection, this soulmate stuff, Blaine didn't believe in it, at least he didn't believe that those were real feelings. Maybe between Elliot and Martin or Mercedes and Sam. But it would never be like that between him and Kurt.

Sure, Kurt had no idea what he was doing and maybe he never would, but Blaine also knew that he could meet those guys again. They only needed to go to a restaurant or do grocery and each damn guy could have been his customer. A model, like Jesse, a closeted man with a wife and kids, a lawyer, anyone. They only needed to see them and say something and Kurt would know.

Of course it wasn't like this ever happened to Blaine – honestly New York was far too big to meet someone again but Kurt – yet he couldn't ignore that possibility.

“They like you, don't worry.”

If they did, fine. But Blaine wanted Kurt to like him, wanted him because even if he didn't believe in this connection stuff to be something real, he was still grateful and felt very lucky to be allowed to spent this time with Kurt. And he wished, he wished so badly that Kurt would look at him, even if he found it out one day, the way he looked at Kurt. The beautiful, talented man who made him feel so many things with just his voice, with just one look.

He knew, this was not pretty woman and that in reality prostitutes were treated bad, some people even felt disgust so why would Kurt not be one of them? He feared that day.

“When will you start filming?” Blaine asked sitting down while Kurt read his e-mails.

“From March until the end of May. You are interested in movies?”

“Kind of? I actually wanted to study music but I had no money for college.”

Oh, shit, he didn't want to say that.

“Is that the reason why you want money from me? Beause I don't see any stuff here from you.”

“No. I keep the stuff in my apartment because I'll move out anyway, right?”

The older only nodded and Blaine could feel how conflicted Kurt was over this. What? Did he change his mind now? Because of the stuff Mercedes said? Biting his lip he didn't like that idea. He didn't like it when he heard it because this meant he had to lie for a longer time than planned.

“Look, I know I use you, okay? But I don't earn that much money in the Diner so don't blame me to take care of myself and use a chance when I get it.”

“I didn't say anything, Blaine. Do whatever you want. Though I think you should really go to a college. I mean, I can pay for it since we are responsible for each other any way. Or there is also the possibility to take out a loan?”

“Nope. Not gonna happen. I don't want any debts,” he tried not to laugh about that because he knew he already had some. Fucking Paul, he thought.

“And I'm not sure if I'm fine with you working over there,” Kurt said, clearly annoyed, no, worried and Blaine felt his own heart breaking but didn't show it. He didn't deserve this from Kurt because it was his choice being a prostitute. So, like days before he played the other card, the annoyed and hurt part that Kurt would feel pity for him.

“Whenever you go to work I can feel how uncomfortable you are. Or I think you feel that way, I don't really know but it's exhausting and, believe it or not, I'm worried.”

“It's not my fault that I have no problem with people knowing I'm gay. They call me names and sometimes they go further but nothing happened since the last time, right?”

Laptop closed Kurt turned around, facing Blaine.

“I know that. But I'm worried here, about you and about me. You have to understand that this role is really important for me and I want to do my best. I can't do that when I get no sleep. Either you change your work schedule or you stop working there.”

Stop working there sounded like heaven. No more disgusting men who tried to convince him they were his soulmate, who tried to do things with Blaine he didn't want to do. Yes, this was heaven imagining doing this no more. But it was not reality.

“You don't control my life, Kurt. If I want to work there I'll stay there. You aren't the only one here who needs to take care of himself,” Blaine said with a calm, cold voice and sipped his coffee, while Kurt looked like he was about to freak out.

“I don't get you. I give you the chance to stay here and pay for your college. This is your dream, right? Studying music and work with that?”

Blaine only shrugged like the seventeen year old he wished he could be, and here he could.

“Talk to me, Blaine. We need to work this out, together.”

“Together,” Blaine sneered: “There is no real together, Kurt. All we have is this connection and that's it. Our mind nor our hearts are accepting the other.”

“You really think that?”

“Tell me what should I think. Whenever you look at me I can see how you don't want me to be here because I'm young? Because I'm not who you want? Sorry but I can't change my age or my



inexperience.”

No, he wasn't stupid he knew all Kurt's insecurities and how worked up he was over the fact that Blaine was so young and even thought he was too young to understand things. It would be so easy to convince him that he was wrong because of what Blaine had been through but this meant to tell Kurt the truth and ruin everything.

“Blaine, I'm sorry. I really am.” And he really was, Blaine could feel it coming from Kurt and he didn't get to feel much from Kurt but his moods and annoyance. This was different and while the older looked him deep in the eyes they both knew they felt the honesty behind Kurt's words.

“Our start was rough and, yes, I didn't imagine this and yes I was also mean. But don't think I don't like you or don't care. Because that's not true.”

He looked at Kurt's hand while his heart began to beat faster and faster and hope was filling his body. So he reached out, needed Kurt's maturity and calmness to hide his own feelings. Hopefully this would always work and was not just a thing because he wasn't eighteen yet. Maybe even when he turned eighteen he could use Kurt's touch to hide how he was feeling as long as needed.

“Okay. I believe you.”

And Kurt smiled and Blaine wanted to lean over and kiss this smile because it was so beautiful it couldn't be real. He didn't though but Kurt responded to his hand, holding it gently.

“Look. I try to stay out of trouble and maybe take a break until I turn eighteen and we can make the Last Bond, okay? Then whenever we are working we can break the connection.”

“But you know that... you have to stay here? You know we need to touch to keep the connection safe, right?”

He wanted to make those kicky feet children did when they were happy, but he didn't. There were still things he needed to talk about now before he could be happy about that.

“I live with a friend of mine together, so I can't pay two rents.”

“You don't have to pay for living here. I told you, I have enough money but I won't spoil you as soon as you turn eighteen. I only have one condition.”

“And that is?”

“The boundaries still stand, obviously. But I also want you to think about college, okay? I mean it when I say I'll pay for you.”

Why Kurt would do that or when he changed his mind Blaine hadn't figured out yet but he still thought it was suspicious.

“Are you doing this because you feel responsible or because you want to?”

“Because I want to,” the answer came without any hesitation and Blaine looked down to their joined hands. Did Kurt actually begin to like him or was he just imagining stuff? And should he be happy about it or run away – though he couldn't run away even if he wanted to. He was sure this happened only because of the connection and not because Kurt wanted to like him.

Blaine nodded slowly without being aware that he was doing it.

“Good,” Kurt said and stood up, taking his hand away and Blaine sorted his feelings out, hiding

them from Kurt.

“I'm going to meet Linda, my co-worker. I'll be back before you'll be gone.”

“Okay.”

---

With his bag hanging down on his shoulder he walked inside the building he used to live in, wishing he didn't have to work because it was cold, there was still snow on the streets and it was dark. He used to like winter but he didn't like walking around the streets and look for customers. For willing men he could give some pleasure. Seriously, winter sucked when you were a prostitute.

He jumped up the stairs, unlocked the door and heard Charlie singing from the kitchen.

*Singing oah*  
I love you Moa  
You're way too young for me  
But I don't mind

“Charlie? What the fuck?” Blaine yelled over the super happy song and watched his friend dance in front of the stove, while heating some milk. His friend smirked at him and sang louder.

*So tell me what I want to hear*  
No wait - let's just leave it there  
You know I'm not good for you  
God - I don't know what to do!

“Oh my God! You are impossible!” Blaine couldn't help himself but laugh and left his bag on the floor while Charlie took his hands and pushed him down on a chair still singing dramatically.

*I liked you from the start*  
You melt my icy heart  
And now it's burning out

Finally his friend turned the music down, coming from the speakers plugged into his laptop and grinned at Blaine while taking two mugs and filling them with the hot milk.

“Don't say you didn't like my little show, Blainers. I sang it only for you and your future boyfriend.”

“Charlie, you know it won't work out. No one wants a prostitute and especially not Kurt.”

Charlie only licked his lips, staring at the two mugs with hot chocolate and then rolled his eyes at Blaine, sitting down.

“It will work out. You maybe don't believe in this soulmate stuff but I do.”

He scrunched his nose and took the mug into his hands, enjoying the warmth coming from it and slowly feeling his fingers coming back to life, while crinkling his nose as Charlie spoke on.

“You are cute and you are smart. And you are in love with him and he'll be soon, too.”

“You know what people say about us.”

“People talk a lot and most of the stuff they say is bullshit. Also, it's not like you are fucking around. I fuck around, Blaine. You don't. You can't even because you are a soulmate.”

“Like someone would believe me when I say this.”

Charlie blew over the surface of his steaming drink, taking a testing sip and then another when he was sure it wasn't that hot anymore.

“Blainers, change your attitude, that's not you being all whiny about how he won't like you. You are smart, strong and handsome. *And*, you are almost out of here.”

“Well, I have to say I'll probably will be living with him longer than planned.”

“Mmmhm, tell me more,” his friend smirked over his mug, eyes shining with curiosity. Seriously, how did Charlie do this? Being all positive and happy while he was in the same situation like Blaine? He really wished he had a bit of his friend attitude inside him.

“It's our connection. We will create the Last Bond when I turn eighteen so we can break our connection when he is working, you know because he is an actor. But we need to take care of it, like touching hands so it won't hurt us or make us mentally ill. And I probably will stop working for a while. I mean, only when I have enough money to take a break, that is.”

“Well, that's good? I mean it will be hard to pay the rent alone-”

“I'll still pay half of the rent. He doesn't want money from me. Honestly, I think he doesn't even want to be alone because he shines like the sun around his friends. So he wants me to stay, because of this I guess but also because of the connection.”

Charlie squeaked like a little girl and made those kicky feet Blaine wanted to do earlier this day.

“Someone likes you, huh?”

“I don't know. Even if, he will stop liking me when-”

“No, don't start with this again. Just, be honest as soon as you feel like and figure it out. You will because-”

“We are soulmates, yes I know. But I don't believe. I mean, I want him, yes, he is amazing but I want him not because of this connection. He says I can live with him, he even wanted to pay for college for me, because he wants to and not because of the connection, which I believe is true. But like, it won't change the fact that I have to pay Paul.”

Charlie almost choked on his chocolate and stared at Blaine: “He wanted what?”

“I didn't say yes, though. I want to get out of my debts and maybe then. You understand? I need to get out of here and then I can, maybe, consider this.”

“I understand, but, wow Blaine. That's generous. Seriously. Maybe he would even pay for your debts?”

Blaine shook his head violently, clutching his mug: “No, nope. Not gonna happen. It's my burden and my business and I'll figure it out. Also, as soon as I'm done with it I can stop being a prostitute and he'll never find out.”

“Blaine, he'll find out anyway. Something like this can't be hidden forever. And you don't fuck around. If you explain to him why you do this he will be angry, yes, maybe even feel disgust but you'll work it out.”

“It doesn't matter if I fuck around or not. I still do things I shouldn't do with anyone and get money for it.”

Charlie sighed: “Let's just drop it before we fight over nothing.”

Both knew it was senseless to talk about that. Charlie knew it because Blaine didn't believe in this soulmate thing and Blaine knew it because Charlie would always come with the argument *'but you are soulmates'*. He really didn't need an endless conversation about that, again.

“What about you?”

“What about me?” Charlie asked and sipped his hot chocolate, checking the time on his phone.

“What will you do when we are out of here.”

Charlie only hummed, thinking and then shrugged: “You know, I don't mind this job. But I won't do it forever. Maybe I'll stay here and work for Lucy and when she becomes old and gray I'll become the new owner of her Diner.”

Blaine chuckled but this was not what he meant to ask: “I mean, don't you have a dream?”

“Oh, I did. I wanted to become a Kindergartener. Imagine that, a prostitute becoming a kindergartener. Creepy.”

Blaine wanted to laugh but he didn't. He knew very well, just like Charlie that they could try to hide it but it would never be like it didn't happen. This was a part of their life and all they could do was being quiet and hoping no one would figure it out. Their customers for sure wouldn't talk about it, they were far too ashamed. Seriously? They were two young boys servicing older men, many in the closet so they were at least a bit safe on this side.

“But I guess the Diner or a tattoo shop is also good. You know I love to draw and I like tattoos.”

Oh yes, he did. Charlie had several on his arms.

“Anyway handsome. Time for work before they steal the customers from us.”

---

Blaine hated it. Standing on the pavement watching the cars driving pass them and hoping one

would stop and want them. It was cold, it was late and he already missed Kurt's couch. But this was his job and he got used to it. Especially with Charlie at his side he knew he was safe. They never let the other alone for too long during their work. Which was good, otherwise Blaine wasn't sure if he would be alive still. Sometimes, on a very bad day he met the wrong guy because he couldn't give him what he wanted and it ended up bad for him, if it weren't for Charlie being right next door.

He maybe was a prostitute and he maybe sucked cocks and did other things, but he still had one thing no one could take away from him yet. One thing too precious to him that he wouldn't give it away to any person, any men.

"Hey, there are two," Charlie nudged Blaine with his elbow and they walked across the street, Blaine to the black car and Charlie to the green one, both bending down to look through the open window. He heard his friends flirty voice, trying to convince the men to take him over the other boys. Blaine did the same, but with a different strategy.

With a forced smile he looked at the man who, considered to the other man he had, looked okay, maybe around thirty.

"How much?" the man asked and Blaine licked his lips, keeping his voice low.

"Depends on what you want. For example sucking your cock fifty bucks. Sucking my cock one hundred."

The man laughed and gave Blaine a disbelieving look, like any other when he said that.

"You are crazy. Why would sucking you cost so much?"

And for some reason he didn't understand men went crazy when he said those words.

"Because I'm still a virgin."

"You are not."

Blaine only smiled, knowing how to convince them and it didn't take much because it was the truth.

"It's true. No one's ever been in this tight hole." He could see it, how the man imagined it, everything Blaine said, how he swallowed because, yes, for some reason they loved to touch virgin boys and dream about to be the one who took this away from them. For some reason being a virgin while being a prostitute was very appealing to them.

For Blaine it was only good because he kept something very precious to him and he got more money for being a virgin.

"Fine," the man said and Blaine looked over to Charlie who nodded and both climbed inside the car they were standing at.



# Believe

## Chapter 7. Believe

Kurt had no idea how he found himself here. Here in his own loft and feeling like he should be running away, far away. It was February the last month he still had enough time for himself and for his friends – while meeting the crew for his movie called 'False Remorse' – and actually wanted to enjoy each minute of it. He even thought about to finally break the wall between him and Blaine and get to know each other through real talking. Because he knew they needed a strong connection now so the Last Bond would work out even better. Also, as soon as the filming began he knew their time would be limited. But this realization came a bit late.

“Hello, Mister Hummel,” said the woman with dark red hair sitting in his living room in the armchair. Blaine sat across her on the couch and gave Kurt a warning look while he could feel how conflicted Blaine was.

“Hello, Misses?”

“Miss Shanon, I'm from the Soulmate Department,” she said and Kurt took his jacket off, left his bag next to the shoes and joined Blaine on the couch, shooting a confused look at his soulmate.

“And you are here because?” asked Kurt both staring at the woman in the black suit.

“Just a small interview to see how you two are doing together. I'll ask you some questions and you'll just answer it. First you Mister Hummel and then you Mister Anderson.”

Kurt didn't know why or what those questions were about but he became nervous, really nervous. Still they both nodded slowly and the woman bent over, a small book clipboard on her lap and read whatever was written on the paper.

“So, what's the favorite color of your soulmate?”

Kurt sat there motionless while inside him he felt sick. What kind of question was that? And why was it important to know that? Blinking he thought and thought knowing he should give a quick answer otherwise she would know that he had no idea.

“Purple,” he said and glanced at Blaine, how just slightly moved his head to a nod.

“Blue,” was Blaine's answer and the woman smiled at both of them: “Is that true?” Both nodded not even knowing why they knew it. Well, Kurt could tell it because Blaine had a lot of purple things but he wasn't quite sure it was just coincidence or if he really liked this color. Apparently he was right and also Blaine. Maybe he underestimated them both and how aware they were about the other.

“Your soulmates favorite food?”

“Pizza.”

“Cheesecake.”

She asked again if they were right and both nodded slowly. Kurt wanted to relax but he couldn't. Those things were obvious because they cooked together and the color thing was easy to figure out. "Favorite movie?"

And there it was, the question Kurt couldn't answer because he and Blaine wouldn't talk about stuff like that, or stuff at all. Their discussions were mainly about how to avoid each other but also work on their connection, or simple fights. But then he thought about how Blaine told him he was smart, how he graduated a year earlier and maybe he would get the hint. Hopefully because he slowly understood what those questions were about. About them and how well they knew each other by now. About him the adult who has to take care of Blaine. He couldn't fail because he wasn't ready for more responsibilities. Not with the filming only a month away.

"Jumanji."

"Moulin Rouge." Kurt almost turned his head to look at Blaine in surprise but knew this would be wrong and the woman would figure it out. So he sat there, calm from the outside.

Again she asked if it was true and both nodded.

"The birthday and age of your soulmate."

Oh fuck.

"The second of April," Kurt guessed and apparently the woman had their dates written down because she said it was correct and Kurt couldn't believe how much luck he had. Like really, there are 365 days and he picked the right one? Luckily he knew that Blaine's birthday because when they met it was January and he said he would turn eighteen in three months. So there was not much math needed but more luck.

"September twenty second," Blaine said and now Kurt had to look at him because that was right. They never talked about that but for some reason Blaine knew and the older wondered how. Maybe he looked into his stuff when Kurt wasn't home? No, he knew Blaine wouldn't do that. But still he was curious.

"Good. Now, Mister Hummel, you are an actor, right?" Kurt nodded. "Are you planning to take your soulmate with you? Because your connection is still new and he won't turn eighteen before April?"

"Yes," he said because it was the only logical answer considering Blaine's age and their connection. He knew that he couldn't say no and leave for days, maybe.

"Good. I'll be checking that. Your manager and the crew already know that, so it's no big deal."

Oh, well, great. It felt like they wanted to rule his life, like they tried to force him to have Blaine around him, all the time until he was eighteen. But then he really couldn't blame Blaine for it because it was not his fault that he had no one. So he swallowed the anger he felt down.

"And you are okay, Mister Anderson? Feeling home here?"

"Getting there," was his answer and the woman smiled, probably being a sane person and knowing it took a little time to get used to a new life.

She wrote some things down, both watching her and then she smiled and closed the clipboard.

"Seems like you two are good. I'll see you two in March then. And good luck with your movie Mister Hummel. And you, Mister Anderson, should think about attending a college. We know



you are incredibly smart and it would really be a waste to not study.”

They both nodded again, shook hands with Miss Shanon and Kurt opened the door for her, closed it and took a deep breath which he needed right after he saw her but couldn't do it.

“That was close,” Blaine sighed and fell back on the couch.

“Too close. I already forgot that they wanted to check on us,” Kurt said walking through the living room to the kitchen: “And we should finally work on that so next time I don't have to guess when your birthday is.” Kurt started the coffee machine, opened the drawer with the pro and con list and made sure to hide it in the corner while he pulled two blank pages out of it and placed them on the table.

“What's that for?” asked Blaine when he joined him in the kitchen, hands deep in the pockets of his jeans.

“We make a profile about us. You know like in school.”

“Seriously?”

“Yup. Now come here and we'll cook something before we start that. I'm starving and you have to work later, right?”

He heard Blaine sigh but he joined him anyway.

“But no pizza today,” Kurt said opening the refrigerator and looking for the chicken he bought this morning and something for a salad.

“Okay,” the younger boy sighed and took the vegetables from Kurt and reached out for the chopping board under the window and a knife from the knife block. While chopping the tomatoes and carrots Kurt prepared the chicken.

“You are good with that whole cooking stuff, you know?”

“Um,” he started making eye contact with Blaine but then shrugged: “My dad taught me some stuff but mainly I learned it by myself. When I was younger my dad had a heart attack and I had to take care of him. He usually ate all this unhealthy stuff so it was good I knew how to cook.”

“Your dad's fine now?”

“Yeah, now. My mom died when I was eight and then came the bullies in school, me coming out but my dad always supported me, and then the heart attack and, yeah, it's been a rough time. But he has a new wife now and is doing much better.”

“Sorry about your loss.”

Kurt shook his head, chopping the meat into small pieces and the bones into the bin under the counter.

“I still have my dad and we are fine now. More than fine actually.”

They were silent for a while, Kurt not sure if he should ask Blaine about his parents because this was a different story than his. Blaine had no one and Kurt still had his dad and a new mom which he really liked. So he didn't even want to imagine what it would be like to live without both, mom and dad.

“You know, my dad was awesome too. Always supportive and doing anything so we were happy. Mom just sucked.”

Nodding and humming so Blaine knew he was listening Kurt didn't ask anything, not wanting to say something and Blaine would just shut down about that topic. He figured that the younger boy like to do that or avoid his parents completely.

“I have a brother though. Well, technically he is not my brother but stepbrother. I couldn't find him and we are not blood related. He left us when he turned eighteen. I was only eight then.”

For a second Kurt wanted to stop what he was doing and ask him why he never mentioned to have a brother. But then he saw Blaine's look, which was empty. No sadness, no anger just nothing and he wasn't sure what this meant. He also wasn't sure if this was the truth because he felt something coming from Blaine he tried to hide.

“Are you angry I never told you about my brother?”

“No. It's okay. Like you said you two are not blood related so he wouldn't even be considered to take care of you.”

Though Kurt wondered about the constellation of this family. So he asked taking the risk that Blaine maybe shut down or freaked out.

“So your dad was your dad?”

“Yup. My real mother died when I was born and then he met a new one and she already had a kid. But then things just didn't work out and my brother left us. And then there was the car accident.”

That was it. Blaine said nothing else and Kurt stood there, wondering who took care of him and why he came to New York. However, he was torn if he could trust Blaine or not. Like, he didn't believe that someone would lie about his parents death but then there was something with the way Blaine looked while talking about it.

“Can I say something and you promise me not to feel offended?”

“Go on,” Blaine said letting the carrots and tomatoes fall into a plastic bowl.

“I told you that I want us to be honest when we were talking about the boundaries. I just want to remind you about that.”

Nothing, silence and Kurt knew Blaine was hiding something from him. Something he wasn't ready to talk about or didn't want to and the younger knew that Kurt knew it. But both said nothing, only exchanging a look and prepared their food in silence.

After lunch they both sat down facing the blank pages Kurt left for them and he gave Blaine a pen to write it down. Crossing his legs Kurt leaned closer and wrote Blaine's name down on the top bottom of the page while Blaine had one leg close to his chest and did the same but with Kurt's name.

“How do you know about my birthday?” asked Kurt after he wrote down the word birthday and the 2nd April next to it.

“You left your ID card on the table. I'm not looking through your stuff.”

“I didn't say that,” Kurt mumbled and Blaine gave him a look like he tried to say 'yeah, right'.

“Whatever, so favorite color? Blue, right?”

Kurt nodded: “Purple?”

“Yes. And my favorite movie is not Jumanji. It's Star Wars, like all of them.”

They both wrote the things down.

“Moulin Rouge was correct but you knew that from the beginning. Okay, cats or dogs?”

“Dogs. Let me guess, you like cats?”

“I'm fine with both.”

Blaine hummed, writing everything down and asking: “Favorite music? Band?”

“I'd say musicals. You?”

“Good lyrics. But I like musicals too.”

Kurt raised an eyebrow. He liked musicals? Well, that was something he could work with and he couldn't stop the smile on his face.

“Let's see, favorite food and drink is not that hard, we figured that out already. What about hobbies?”

“Music and video games.”

“Watching TV shows.”

“Oh, that too!” Blaine said with wide eyes.

“Really? What TV shows?” Kurt asked slowly liking where this was going.

“Everything as long as it's good written,” Blaine smiled.

Kurt smiled too and this was probably the first time they truly smiled at each other and he liked it. He liked this a lot.

“I have some here on DVD. We could... watch it together? I just bought Hannibal and Downton Abbey.”

“What about some fantasy stuff? Like, I don't know. Supernatural? Game of Thrones?”

“We can start with all of them if you want to. I mean, I won't be working until March so, there is enough time.”

Blaine smiled happily writing everything down and it felt good to feel his own happiness and also the one from his soulmate. For once his feelings had some balance and weren't a chaos of everything.

“How does it feel for you to be a soulmate?”

Blaine thought about it staring at his pen and then he looked up, meeting Kurt's eyes and said:  
“Why would you ask that?”

“I just want to know what it feels like for you,” Kurt shrugged: “For me it's like one half is me and the other is you but when I don't feel anything from you it's... not really empty just there, waiting.”

After some seconds Blaine slowly nodded.

“Do you feel a lot of my feelings?”

“Since you learned to control them it depends, I guess,” Kurt spoke, looking up while thinking and then back to Blaine: “When you are working I can feel your discomfort? Or something. I'm not sure what it is but it's not a pleasant feeling.”

“Probably because of some customers I don't like. But I get more money for the night shift.”

“Yeah, well. We can work on that as soon as we made the Last Bond. Anyway, despite work I usually feel it when you are nervous or angry. Maybe not angry, more like grumpy. But right now I feel it that you are happy and this is good for me, you know?”

Again a small nod: “It's the same for me. I mean feeling like one half is me and the other is you. And, since we are honest here I wonder if this is how it should feel. Like, one half is bitching or something-”

“I'm not bitching, I'm-”

“You have moods, Kurt, don't deny it.”

“Fine, maybe I have moods,” he sighed because, yeah, Blaine was right. Kurt was never really angry or something he just had his moods: “But I know what you mean. I guess we have to wait until you turn eighteen. I know my friends don't feel that way. They say it's like you are you or two people together and they love it.”

It was hard for him to imagine or feel that because, how? They didn't feel like that and maybe it had something to do with Blaine being 17 or because they weren't there. That meant if they ever get *there*.

“Okay, so. Anything else you want to share? Because I don't know what to write down anymore.”

“No. I guess the other stuff comes with time,” said Blaine and placed the pen down but still looked like he was thinking about something. Kurt waited, taking the two pages and stuck them on the surface of the refrigerator until Blaine asked.

“Are you really taking me to your work?”

“Of course. I mean, you wanted to take a break until you turn eighteen, right?”

“Yeah. I talked with Lucy and I can do that, my roommate is also fine with that.”

“Good. And since Nina, that's my manager, already talked with the producers it won't be a big deal. I mean, you are my soulmate they can't say no because of our connection.”

He really hoped it wouldn't be a big deal. For Blaine this all would be new, he was sure. As a model he had to film stuff so he was a bit familiar with all of this. The only worry Kurt had was that Blaine could be bored or maybe that he would be rude to the others. However, he probably was worried over nothing. Blaine was smart, had manners – like he saw it when his friends were

there – and maybe this was good for them.

“Help me clean up?” Kurt asked filling the sink with warm water.

“Sure.”

Blaine jumped off the chair and stood next to Kurt, already holding the towel. He figured, though everything else wasn't working out yet they worked together when it came to cooking and cleaning in the kitchen.

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On Blaine's free day they both went together to meet Kurt's co-workers. Which Kurt soon regretted.

“He is so cute and handsome. Oh my God, you are so lucky, Kurt,” said Linda and Kurt stopped counting how often she had said that. They were on the stage of the theater they used for rehearsal and all were literally blown away by how handsome Blaine looked. Even Kurt had to admit that he looked good with this new look he didn't know Blaine was able to put on.

His curls were smoothly gelled, not to much but enough so they wouldn't stick out – okay this wasn't new – but his outfit definitely was. Not some lazy jeans and a simple t-shirt. Nope. He wore black jeans tighter than his usual jeans, dark blue shirt with long sleeves and a bow tie. Yup, he was really cute and handsome but: “He is seventeen, Linda.”

“He is your soulmate. And seventeen is not that young, Kurt. You are only twenty five.”

He gave up talking about that after Elliot hammered it inside his head that age didn't matter. Maybe it didn't but society cared way too much and he was worried what would happen if this movie became a success. Something he shouldn't be worried about now.

“I'll bake him some cookies, or muffins the next time you'll bring him with you.”

She said sitting next to Kurt on a chair and watching the others talking to Blaine. Clara – a brown haired girl, small, maybe around Blaine's age who would play his sister - was also smitten, even Robert – his long dark hair knotted to a silly pigtail or something – couldn't stop smirking at Blaine.

“You'll see him almost everyday in March. Then you can bake him whatever you want.”

Kurt watched them laughing about something and the happiness coming from Blaine made him happy. He couldn't remember seeing him so carefree, like ever. Or maybe he was just imagining stuff because he wasn't happy about this situation for a long time. But he really liked his smile, when Blaine smiled.

“How are things going between you two?” Linda asked, sipping her tea the script laying on her lap.

“Better, I think. We talk a bit more, less fights. But it still feels like he is just some roommate.”

“Don't worry about that. It's normal. My friend from Chicago and her soulmate literally screamed at each other for three months. She always moved out but the connection brought them back together. Even when they tried to date someone else or go further it wouldn't work out.”

“Because of the connection, huh? Elliot told me we can't fool around when we have a soulmate.”

“Basically. I mean some stuff is possible but still.”

“Stuff?”

“I'm talking about sex, Kurt,” she smirked and Kurt's eyes widened. Sex? Like how did they come from cookies to sex? He looked over to Blaine who looked back probably feeling how troubled Kurt was and the older wasn't even able to hide it from Blaine. Before the younger boy could see him blushing Kurt turned back to Linda who still smiled.

“I can't even be with him in a room for a whole day without fighting and weekly hand holding is also, unfamiliar and he is seventeen.”

“Jesus, Kurt. Calm down.”

He didn't want to think about it or even worse imagine it. Not because he found Blaine unattractive but because it was... he wasn't feeling that way for him and he was young. He didn't even know if Blaine ever had a boyfriend or sex. He groaned, hiding his face in his hands while Linda ran a hand down his arm to calm him down.

“I just... I don't see it working out.”

“Of course not,” she gave him a warm smile when he looked back at her: “But it will. Just wait and let it happen. And you said your connection is pretty deep so I'm sure it will be awesome. I'm almost jealous.”

Kurt only made a face like, who would be jealous about two people trying to get out of this but couldn't? Maybe they were all right and he was just thinking too much? It wasn't like he didn't believe in this soulmate stuff, because he did. But nothing was like he imagined it to be.

“You are right. I should stop thinking too much because we can't change it.”

“Exactly. But it will be great, believe me.”

when Kurt thought about his friends, how happy they were with their soulmates and how on earth they were, sure about everything and especially about each other. Yes, he wanted that and maybe he should really start to focus on the positive things laying somewhere in the future?

“But-”

“Kurt, no.”

“Just listen. What if we aren't meant to be? What if we are those special soulmates who shouldn't be?”

Linda gave him that look she could do so well. The 'are you serious right now' look.

“Nonsense. Kurt, you know that is nonsense. This is not the definition of soulmate.”

He gave up and nodded only. Honestly, he really didn't hear anything close to that, soulmates found each other but weren't the perfect match. It sounded silly, it was silly and he felt silly thinking this.

“Have you asked him what happened? You that time when you were in the hospital.”

“He said some homophobic idiots attacked him,” the older explained while rubbing the back of his hand where once was a wound but now nothing but clean skin: “He works in a Diner in a part of New York which isn't really safe.”

“Poor boy.”

“Yeah. Well, he wants to work there and I won't stop him. He has an apartment with a friend and pays half of the rent, so that's why he is working there and probably he saves some of the money he got from me. I guess he does that for college.”

Linda blinked quizzically: “But you could pay for his college. Actually you should.”

“I told him that but he doesn't want to. He also knows we have to live together anyway because of the connection. So I don't really understand why he bothers himself with working there and paying rent for an apartment he doesn't even live in. But I won't force him to stop that as long as we keep our connection safe.”

“Maybe he has a boyfriend?”

“What?” Kurt stared at her, really shocked about her words.

“What, what? You don't know?”

“No? I mean, he is my soulmate?”

Linda shook her head: “He is your soulmate since you two met. He was not your soulmate before that moment. Maybe he has someone. You had boyfriends too.”

Kurt looked over to Blaine who was singing with his co-workers something from Sweeney Todd and tried deal with this idea. What if Blaine's roommate was really his boyfriend? Or what if he had a boyfriend in general and that's why he kept the money to make them both a good time? But then Kurt thought about how Blaine was all day in his loft and only going to work at night? Also, if he had a boyfriend wouldn't he feel it? Some kind of pleasure or happiness coming from Blaine?

“I don't think he has one. I'd felt that. I guess it has something to do with his pride or something. Anyway, he wants to work there and I can't stop him only tell him what his options are. But he will stop working there until he turns eighteen so we can break the connection when needed.”

“Why would you do that? Breaking the connections?”

Kurt sighed: “He is always so... I don't know uneasy? Uncomfortable at work? I asked him why but he said it's because of some idiots or because he is tired but nothing happened again after that one time.”

Linda smacked Kurt on the back of his head and he hissed, rubbing it with one eye closed and with the other looking at her.

“What if something happens and he needs you, Kurt? Your soulmate is always priority one.”

“He has a phone he can call me or just open the connection.”

“Seriously? You know what it does to soulmates when they break their connection, right?”

“I know.”

“And you also know the place he is working at.”

“Okay, fine. I talk to him.”

Well, in his head this all sounded perfect but seeing Linda this upset and well knowing how fragile his and Blaine's connection is he knew it for a while, that, this wouldn't be so easy. But he wanted to try it because who knew what happened when Blaine turned eighteen and who knew what happened with them during this months. Many things could happen. He even had fun with Blaine creating that profile while he thought he would only fight with him.

“Kurt?” suddenly Blaine's voice was right next to him. Looking up he saw the worry in Blaine's face and could also feel a bit of it. Then the golden eyes went to Linda, quizzically.

“You okay?” Blaine asked, looking at the back of Kurt's head and touched his hand to take it away so he could have a better look.

“I'm fine. Linda and I were just being silly,” he said, taking Blaine's hand and feeling how the warmth came back, putting everything in order and making them both calm. Okay, this was new but he really liked the way it felt. Like his soul was no longer in two parts but one part, mixed with something else, something good. Then Blaine's hand was gone and the old feeling came back, the one Kurt didn't like. Still, one look at Blaine was enough to see that he had felt the same.

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Exhausted and a bit hungry Kurt opened the door to his loft and stumbled inside followed by Blaine who locked the door while Kurt took his jacket and shoes off, like Blaine did.

“Still up for Downton Abbey?” Kurt asked wanting nothing more than to just relax and not move.

“Yes. I can warm up what is left in the oven and you take a shower?”

“Sounds great. Thanks.”

Blaine warmed up the lasagne they made that day and Kurt took a shower then Blaine and together they ate dinner, talking about Kurt's co-workers and Blaine told him that he had real fun with them. Of course, the older thought to himself, Blaine was singing with them Sweeney Todd songs and he really enjoyed singing, from what Kurt saw. But sadly he couldn't hear his voice. Maybe, if they were more comfortable he would ask him to sing a song.

After their dinner they cleaned up together and while Blaine climbed on the pile of pillows and blankets he created in the last month Kurt started the TV and put the DVD inside the player. He still had Linda's words echoing in his head about this boyfriend stuff and though he didn't want to ask he couldn't help himself. This silence made him nervous that maybe someone could hear his thoughts so he said it instead: “Do you have a boyfriend, Blaine?”

“What?” Blaine asked while he adjusted the pillows and his blanket, giving Kurt a confused look over his shoulder. Shrugging he said down on the shorter part of the couch Blaine next to him while taking after he was done adjusting his stuff on the longer part of the couch along the wall.

“Why would you ask that?”

“I'm just wondering what you are doing with the money. I mean you can do with it whatever you want but I... I'm also worried.”

“I save the money for just in case, Kurt. And no I don't have a boyfriend.”



Relief flooded his body and he did everything to hide it from Blaine and asked something else to distract himself and Blaine.

“You know I'll take care of you. Not only because of this connection also because I want to.”

“You say that now but I'm not naïve. If it won't work out I'll be on my own again.”

Kurt blinked, watched Blaine grabbing the blanket and covering his legs with it, the pillow to his left side. Why would Blaine do that or even think that? They were soulmates and though both couldn't see it it was meant to work out. Unless...

“Do you really think that?”

“I'm just realistic. That's all.”

The music from the menu of the DVD began and Blaine stared at the TV waiting for Kurt to start the show but he couldn't keep his eyes away from Blaine, wondering and trying to figure out what he was feeling. It was only that Blaine became better and better by hiding his feelings with each passing day. Not for long though but he could do it when needed.

“You don't believe in this soulmate stuff, aren't you?”

Slowly the younger boy turned his head to look at Kurt, expression unreadable.

“I don't know. Do you?”

“I do.”

“Good. Now can we start?”

“Sure.”

Kurt pressed play but couldn't really focus on the first episode, which was okay he knew it anyway. What bothered him was that Blaine didn't believe in all of this and he wondered why. There were so many people around the world, so much about this soulmate stuff and he saw it happening to his friends, saw that it was true so of course he believed in it. But he had a different life compared to Blaine's and maybe it was easier for him to believe in something like this.

Something greater, something that could be beautiful when the time was right. He wanted to ask more, what Blaine truly thought, what made him have all these doubts. However, Kurt didn't ask and only looked down at his hand, then to Blaine's and remembered what it felt like when they touched in the theater. How his soul suddenly felt different, better and not cut into half. Slowly turning his head he tried to get Blaine's attention and this was easy through their connection. The younger boy raised his eyebrows and Kurt looked back down to their hands, Blaine doing the same and got the hint.

Yes, he definitely felt the same when they touched and maybe this was it what they all were talking about. The things they would do anyway because they were curious, because Kurt felt how his hand ached for Blaine's. Right now it didn't matter what his mind told him or what his idea of his soulmate was. Right now it was his soul wanting the missing piece, knowing it needed this piece while his mind didn't understand. And maybe Blaine felt the same or thought the same because he turned his hand so that the back of it was resting on the couch.

Kurt slowly placed his hand on Blaine's feeling the warmth as soon as their skin touched, feeling his soul becoming one and building a different connection. One where he had his soul, his own

feelings but still connected to Blaine's. It was warm, it felt good just like it always did – the familiar flowing warmth – but sorting everything out. Everything that made no sense, that made it so hard to feel what the other felt. This simple touch stopped the mess Kurt didn't even know he was feeling and all that was left was sense. Everything made sense but he couldn't really say what made sense.

Maybe them, maybe this connection. But he wasn't sure.

# Mature

## Chapter 8. Mature

### A month later

Filming a movie didn't mean that you started with the first scene to the last one. The first month they filmed everything that happened outside and it was still cold and sometimes so late that Kurt had no idea how he should get back to his old sleep schedule. He only auditioned for this role because he liked the idea of two best friends, knowing each other since the day they were born and both working for the FBI. But one – Robert's character – would kill Kurt's characters sister and fool his best friend but, eventually, Kurt's character would find it out.

He really liked this idea and how much emotion he could bring in this role. Friendship was something very familiar to him, very precious. That's why it was easier for him to work with Robert than with Linda.

But Linda was not the one he was worried about. More over he was worried about Blaine who had to spent the cold nights with them. Though Blaine did a great job.

His worries never became true that Blaine would turn into a burden or get bored or something. In fact they all were blown away by him because he was cute, handsome and had manners. Not to forget that he was smart and learned a lot from the camera people and listened closely to what the director was saying.

Of course Kurt didn't focus all the time on Blaine, just between takes and in the end he was happy about him being there. They worked on their connection and on their relationship and he could say that they were at least friends. The weekly hand holding and watching something wasn't awkward anymore and sometimes they just held hands when they could.

It wasn't because he felt something special for Blaine it was more that it helped them both. They were calmer, their feelings sorted out and found better control over them too. Still, Kurt could feel when something happened in Blaine. May it be because he was happy or sad or something else. Only that he could really tell it came from Blaine was the thing he figured out.

Why it happened was still a secret for him. Perhaps because of their regular hand holding or because Blaine was almost eighteen were Kurt's theories but that he would figure out in a week.

“Cut!” the director yelled and they all walked away from the old house and went to the people who gave them something warm to drink. Usually it would have been someone else but since Blaine was there he made it his mission to take care of Kurt. He handed him everything he needed, something to drink or eat or his phone. Whatever it was Blaine gave it to Kurt. When he started doing this the older tried to tell he that was not necessary but gave up when Blaine did it anyway.

To be honest, it was a nice feeling to take something from Blaine and not only give him things. Also it was fun for him, Kurt could tell.

Linda went to her assistant and Kurt took the cup with hot tea from Blaine and mouthed a thank you.

“You were good,” said Blaine.

“I do my best. But I'm slowly getting tired and it's super cold. What time is it anyway?”

“Almost one in the morning.”

Kurt groaned and turned around, seeing Robert standing at the front door of the old building. Linda laughed about something not far from them and the rest of the crew was busy with the script. He saw the director, Noah, standing on the pavement and moving his arms explaining something to the camera man and then walking to Robert showing him the same.

“I guess we'll be here for another hour,” Kurt said to Blaine and turned back to his soulmate: “If you want to you can go back to the loft.”

“I'm fine here. I want to see you killing Robert though.”

“Kurt! Linda!” Noah called for them and they walked back to him, listening to his instructions and took their positions. Kurt stood together with Linda on the pavement, staring at Robert and both slipped back into their characters. It was the final scene of the movie they were filming when Kurt's character finally found out that his best friend – Robert's character – was the one who killed his sister. They yelled at each other for a while and then Kurt pulled a fake gun and a fake shoot came out of it and Robert fell down on a mattress.

“Cut!” the director yelled and the people for the make up ran to Robert and painted blood on his clothes.

He had a second chance to do the same, shoot again and yell again. A deep breath and he saw the make up people running back behind the camera and Robert was standing again, looking really like he was bleeding.

“Action!”

Kurt warned him again, pulled his gun like Robert would have done it and shoot. He watched his friend stand, then fall and again the director yelled cut after some seconds which Robert motionless spent on the mattress. They did this over and over again, filming, pause, make up, filming pause make up and after two hours they were done.

“Good job guys,” Noah said and slapped them on their shoulders one after the other a bit too strong. But that was Noah, doing his job with passion and always giving 100%. Kurt didn't mind because it was good to hear he did a good job and gave the director what he wanted from him.

“I can't wait for our day off,” Linda said as they walked back to Blaine who sat next to Nina, Kurt's dark haired manager who always looked good. She was a natural beauty and a sweetheart.

“Yeah, it has its benefits to be a soulmate.”

While Kurt worked everyday around 8 to 12 hours he was happy when they had their day off on Sunday. And it was Friday so only tomorrow and he could finally sleep for as long as he wanted to. And not to forget Blaine's birthday was close. He talked with Nina and the crew if it was possible for him to get another day free because Blaine's birthday was a Saturday and he had no idea what this Last Bond would do to them so he wanted to be safe and stay at home.

“See you guys tomorrow,” Linda said and walked to her assistant while Kurt turned back to

Blaine and Nina.

“You were so amazing, Kurt!”

“Thanks, Nina. So what's up for tomorrow?” he asked while taking his bag searching for the keys for his car.

“We have some interviews with three magazines in the morning and then we'll go to the studios for more filming. Noah said the outside stuff is done for now. They'll check the stuff they'd filmed so far and then, if needed, you'll be shooting again. But I doubt that. You guys were amazing.”

“When in the morning?”

“I'll pick you two up at eight.”

Kurt groaned and finally found his keys: “I should hurry so I can at least sleep for three hours.”

“Don't worry. The interviews won't take long so you'll find enough time to sleep before you start filming again. Drive safe!”

Kurt and Blaine waved at her and climbed into Kurt's car. 30 minutes later they were back in the loft and while Kurt went to the bathroom to shower now Blaine changed his clothes in the living room. He showered quickly, brushed his teeth and left the bathroom to find Blaine already laying on the couch.

“Feeling okay?”

“I'm not sure. It's exhausting to feel all this stuff while you are filming though.”

Kurt walked over to him, knowing too well what he meant. Their Sundays off weren't enough to maintain their connection and that was all they did. Only holding hands, well, touching at all on Sundays. Sighing he sat down next to him and concern in his eyes.

“If it gets too much you have to tell me Blaine. I'm sure this will change when you turn eighteen and your body or soul gets... used to it. But if you feel sick or weird, tell me.”

“And then?”

“Well,” Kurt said keeping eye contact and shrugged slowly: “We can take care of our connection between takes.”

“They'll think we are boyfriends or something.”

“They know you are my soulmate, they know we need to do this. Also, let them think what they want. We know the truth, isn't that more important?”

Blaine only stared at him and Kurt waited for his answer, slowly taking Blaine's hand into his and feeling it all over again, growing stronger with each passing day. He had his soul and Blaine his own but there was an obvious, strong connection between them and when he closed his eyes he was almost sure he could see it, a shining thread connected to Blaine.

“Right,” was all Blaine said and breathed in.

“Feeling better now?”

The younger nodded slowly and Kurt took his hand away, knowing this was probably not enough but he really needed to sleep. And taking Blaine to his bed? No, this... no. They were just friends.

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“You are lucky to have him, Kurt. Really,” Nina said as she drove through the city and Kurt still groaned because he was still tired but at least looking presentable. He almost overslept and if it weren't for Blaine waking him up he would still be in his bed.

“Thank you, Blaine,” Nina said looking at him through the driving mirror.

“It's no big deal, really.”

They arrived at the building and soon Kurt was sitting in a room with a guy answering questions about the movie at first and later some personal stuff. And like from the start he promised himself to be honest with each answer or giving no answer at all when Nina said it. Blaine waited outside and Kurt could feel that for some reason he was super nervous, which was distracting but also worried him because he couldn't see his soulmate.

“So you are a soulmate?” the man asked who looked like one of those hipster people. Not that Kurt had something against them. Actually he would have been more calm if it wasn't for Blaine.

“Yes.”

“And you are also gay.”

Nina gave him a look and Kurt understood it.

“Does this have something to do with my skills?”

“Oh no,” the man said: “We are supportive, no worries.”

He waited for Nina to nod or give him a look. She nodded and smiled and he trusted her because it was her job to be familiar with the magazines.

“I prefer men, that's true.”

He waited for questions about his soulmate but they didn't come and after an hour he was done with the first interview, two still to go. The guy left the room and Kurt looked outside, seeing Blaine sitting on the chair where he had left him looking back at Kurt. He seemed to be okay but still the older felt something was not okay but before he could go to him and ask his soulmate the next person walked inside, closing the door.

Kurt tried to focus on the questions and for the first 30 minutes he succeeded but then he suddenly felt sick and he just knew it wasn't him. It was Blaine.

“You okay, Mister Hummel?” the woman across from him asked and he nodded. His hand was resting on his belly trying to ignore the unpleasant feeling and focusing on the questions. But inside he was conflicted like never before in his life. There was Blaine obviously something was wrong and then there was his job which was also his dream and he sat there not sure what to do. Blaine was his soulmate, his 'friend' but he wouldn't get from Blaine what he got from his job.

But also Kurt was not heartless. He gave Nina a look and she stopped the interview, saying they were running out of time. Kurt shook hands with the woman from whatever magazine and left the room quickly. Blaine wasn't there only the uneasy feeling he had.

“Where is Blaine?” Nina asked while they both looked to the left and right if he was somewhere

in the corridor. Nothing.

"I go there and you there, okay?" Nina pointed to the right and Kurt nodded walking down the corridor and looking for the washrooms. If Blaine felt sick maybe he was there, throwing up or something judging by what Kurt felt. But then the feeling changed into something else. It was no sadness but it was close, pretty close because he could tell Blaine was crying.

"What are you doing here?" a familiar voice spoke. One he didn't expect or wanted to hear.

"Jesse?" Kurt turned around and saw his ex co-worker.

"Aren't you supposed to film a movie?"

Kurt only huffed not having any of this jealousy or whatever Jesse's problem was. Wordlessly he walked further down the corridor and finally found the sign for the washrooms. Without hesitation he opened the door and listened, hearing silent sobs.

"Blaine?" he asked and walked to the two cabinets, seeing that one was locked.

"Blaine? Are you in there?"

Before Blaine answered Kurt could feel how he closed their connection so he wasn't feeling anything from Blaine. Obviously, he didn't want Kurt to know what he was feeling which worried him even more, it almost made him angry.

Unlocking the door Blaine opened it and it was written all over his face that he had been crying. Eyes red, still shiny from the tears and hair a mess from running his fingers through it. Yelling was a bad idea but asking also, he knew Blaine so far that he didn't like to open up about his feelings and he had every right to that. It was just a huge problem for their connection and for them when Blaine did that. And then it hit him. Jesse. The first time he saw Blaine was with Jesse and how Jesse yelled at him and humiliated him by throwing money over his head.

Why this happened, or what their connection was was a secret for Kurt but asking this now would be so wrong, he could smell it.

That's why he smiled because a smile was always the best way to deal with something. Blaine looked at him and as soon as he saw Kurt's smile he relaxed and wordlessly went to the sink to wash his face. Despite the questions he had Kurt was glad that his soulmate was fine, or as fine as he could be. Obviously the younger boy needed Kurt right now for some reason and Kurt needed to be the adult here. Needed and wanted to help Blaine to calm down because arguing didn't take them anywhere also pushing his soulmate.

Waiting he watched Blaine cleaning his face, trying to get the red off his face but well knowing this wouldn't work out so he dried his face and turned back to Kurt who still smiled and took Blaine's hand into his. Maybe he needed this, not only now but any moment and it made sense judging by the time they spent to maintain their connection and how much it suffered with Kurt shutting it down at times or making Blaine feel what he felt and vice versa.

Kurt squeezed his hand gently and their eyes met again. When this happened Kurt had no idea but apparently Blaine was able to understand him without words because all he did was nodding and holding on Kurt's hand like his life depended on it.

They left the washroom together and soon Kurt found Nina giving her a warning look so she wouldn't ask or say something that might upset Blaine. He couldn't feel what Blaine was feeling, but he felt how it was good for them both to keep this contact. It calmed Kurt down but also Blaine and he could ask him later, or tomorrow or maybe Blaine would open up and tell him what

happened.

Together they left the building and climbed into Nina's car. This time Kurt joined Blaine on the backseat not wanting to let go of his hand and Blaine was probably thinking the same. Sitting close to Blaine who closed his eyes, clearly exhausted Nina started the car and asked: "Should I call them and tell them you can't today?"

Kurt thought about that but saw Blaine shaking his head and he decided to trust him with this decision.

"It's okay. We won't start filming before one and it's ten now. We'll take a nap in my trailer."

"Okay."

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He let Blaine sleep on the small bed in his trailer and sat right next to him, holding his hand while his soulmate slept. 2 hours later they went to the studio, make up, costume and then filming. Luckily Blaine was calm during their scenes and whenever they yelled cut Kurt rushed over to Blaine, holding his hand and keeping them both calm. And Kurt didn't mind at all doing this. Maybe Blaine was smart and also able to take care of himself if he wasn't a soulmate. This still didn't mean that he had the maturity a person only got with time. With moving out, with dating, with working, things a 17 year old simply couldn't know but a 25 year old could. Kurt understood that now and also what they meant about Blaine needing someone to keep him grounded. While Kurt's soul and his part of the connection was becoming more and more calm and controllable, Blaine's had its struggles when – like on that day – things happened like meeting Jesse out of nowhere. Then he was anxious, maybe even confused just like any other 17 year old. And being his soulmate Kurt could feel that. He figured that out during the hours of filming but also knew, this would change soon.

Nina drove them back home around 1 in the morning. They both were silent most of the day and if they talked it was mainly about what happened on set. Inside he let go off Blaine's hand who said he needed a shower and while his soulmate left Kurt looked around, staring at the spot on the couch on which Blaine had been sleeping for over two months now. Never did Blaine complain about that, never asked for a bed or anything and some nights he cried himself into sleep. It took Kurt a long time to find an answer for this and now, when he thought about today and about how hard it must be for Blaine to deal with this connection which was like a hurricane because he wasn't eighteen he figured that maybe it was this.

Elliot told him, Blaine must be overextended with everything. Just like Kurt. But it was different for Blaine. Looking at his life Kurt knew he had everything he wanted – almost – and finding a partner would just be a plus. Blaine, though, he lost his parents, came to New York and started to work. Not enough money for college and maybe didn't even get the chance to really live his life. Kurt did it. He graduated, came here and studied, went into clubs, had fights, got drunk, all of the things a young person did and needs to do.

So of course Blaine was overextended. His life was bond with Kurt's from now on and he couldn't do what he wanted. He couldn't simply have a boyfriend or fool around, like Elliot told him. Their connection wouldn't allow it. People always talked about the benefits of being a soulmate, the beautiful parts but no one talked about this. The part when you had to give up your



life at some point and make room for a person you don't know but are meant to be together?

The only thing that didn't make Kurt a complete pessimist was, that he truly believed in all this soulmate stuff and he even accepted Blaine. Blaming Blaine for being so young was stupid also blaming him for not working with Kurt together when it was about their connection. Because he believed and Blaine couldn't change his age nor believe in the same things Kurt did.

He walked through the living room to the stairs and up to his bedroom, changing into his pajamas and taking a pillow and his own blanket with him, going back down.

No, he wasn't ready or even feeling like he wanted to do... other things with Blaine. But he decided he could be his friend, a soulmate friend and help him. Maybe then Blaine could change his mind because he wanted to and saw the same thing Kurt dreamed of. Perhaps Blaine already began to change his view on this soulmate stuff because he felt himself what a simple touch of fingertips did to him. This though was only speculation because all Kurt could do was feeling those strong emotions Blaine felt. Only them and when he got physically hurt. Their minds belonged to them alone.

He placed his pillow next to Blaine's and eyed the shorter part of the couch. One night wouldn't hurt to sleep here instead in his bed. Sitting down he took his phone checking if he got any new mails or texts. Exactly five, two from Elliot, one from Linda and the other two from Nina.

"What are you doing there?" Blaine asked and Kurt was too distracted reading the messages that he didn't hear him leaving the bathroom.

"I'm going to sleep here," Kurt said like it wasn't obvious and turned his phone off. Tomorrow was their day off so he kept his phone also off.

"Why? I'm okay if you do this because of me."

Blaine walked over to the couch, eyes never leaving Kurt's face.

"We, Blaine, are not okay. Our connection is not stable so we need to fix this before you turn eighteen." Kurt knew it was his fault because he was the adult here and didn't do what he should have been doing. "It's my fault and I don't want you to get mentally ill."

"Because you'll get hurt too," Blaine said and climbed on the couch, crawling under the covers.

"This is not just about me. It's about you. About us."

Blaine almost rolled his eyes, huffing a laugh while he got comfortable: "Us. Yeah."

He tried, he understood and he tried to change it, to fix everything but Blaine wasn't cooperating and this made everything just harder. Maybe Blaine really didn't like him? But they were meant to be, they were soulmates for fucks sake. Feeling sad, maybe even helpless he kept staring at Blaine until their eyes met, letting the younger feel how he felt and observed the change in Blaine's eyes. Annoyance turned into guilt and then Blaine looked down before he found his words and said: "I'm sorry, okay? I just... I don't believe in this whole soulmate stuff."

"Is it because of me?"

"No," Blaine said, almost too fast, too eager: "It's not because of you. I just don't believe in it."

"But you feel everything, Blaine."

"I do. But this doesn't mean that I believe in it like the way you do. And... can we talk about this

tomorrow? I'm really... tired.”

Kurt nodded weighting that Blaine was right. Pushing him was a bad idea and it was indeed a very long day. Especially for his soulmate.

“But I'll stay here.”

Adjusting his pillow he lay down, covering his body with the blanket and looking over to Blaine who was on his back, eyes closed but his arm outstretched so Kurt could hold his hand. He sighed, reached out for the familiar hand and closed his eyes not wanting to think about anything for a while but just be happy that Blaine at least understood how important this was.

# Unsure

## Chapter 9. Unsure

### 1 month ago

When Blaine began to work as a prostitute he only had one thought. Make fast money and get as soon as possible out of your debts. Only that, nothing else. He had his own rules and followed them. No kissing, no real sex because he never had kissed someone and was still a virgin. Luckily most of the men he met weren't interested in those kind of things, like kissing. And luckily, many of them were so turned on by the idea that Blaine was a virgin that they never asked for sex.

They all wanted an untouched boy and touch him. Blaine never understood that logic because he was anything but untouched. Countless hands had been on his body, mouths on his skin, around his cock. He himself had done the same and most of the people he couldn't even remember and they probably couldn't remember him. But how could they think he was untouched when Blaine himself showered longer than usually to get everything off of his skin but still, at bad days, could feel it after that.

One day he stopped thinking about that, stopped asking question but just followed his own rules and did his job. What mattered was that he earned more money for the fact that he was a virgin. It happened, just like that. His job became his job and Charlie and Lucy became his friends. Especially Charlie because they knew the stories about young boys found dead in a corner and they didn't want to be one of those boys.

Then he met Kurt and he couldn't do his job like he used to. His body wouldn't let it happen and it took Blaine weeks until he figured out how to deal with all of this. At that time he didn't know he was a soulmate but he only felt how his body worked against him. Which was detrimental for his situation.

He needed the money and when he couldn't pay Paul sent his guys over and hit Blaine, punched him, kicked him and the wound on his hand was an accident. When those grown up guys came over and began to hurt him Charlie jumped between them not giving much thought into it just reacting. And the knife he had in his hand found its way to Blaine's.

Lucy took care of Blaine, forced him to rest for a while but Blaine couldn't just lay around and walked downtown. There was no real place he had to go because he knew no one in New York, not really and he didn't have much money to do something special. All he needed was just some space and time, time alone to think what was wrong with him. That was also the day when he met Kurt and understood it was because of him.

Still, even after having the proof that he was a soulmate he didn't believe in it. He simply didn't believe that someone could like him, love him because of what he was doing. No one could do that who didn't understand this job. Still, he couldn't help himself but feel exactly this for Kurt.

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Blaine wiped his mouth clean, feeling how the hands from the guy he didn't even know his name left his hair. He heard how the breathing slowed down and watched him pulling up his pants, throwing money on his bed and left. This was his fourth customer that night, the last one and he was glad that he only had to suck a cock. The customers before wanted more. Touching, kissing his skin, sucking him which was fine because Blaine earned more money not only for the service but also for the time. Only the feeling he had to deal with was hard to handle. His body didn't want that and it made Blaine uncomfortable but he got used to it. He was able to ignore the rebellion from his soul but after that, each time after he finished his job he felt dirty, used and couldn't even like himself for a while. Standing up he put his clothes on leaving his room and walking to the bathroom to brush his teeth.

Charlie was already sitting in the kitchen, two mugs of tea with him from Lucy.

“Hey,” he smiled at Blaine who gave him an exhausted smile in return.

“Tonight was good, huh? Excited for your break?”

Blaine shrugged taking his mug and sitting down next to his friend. It was indeed his last night and then he would be living with Kurt, follow Kurt around and watch him doing his job. He was excited but also scared something might go wrong.

“I'm more worried about to meet someone I shouldn't meet.”

“You didn't tell him?”

“No. And I won't and probably will never need to. Like you said, it was a good night and spring comes which means more customers. If it goes on like now we'll be out of our debts in June.”

Charlie only nodded slowly looking out of the window and watching the sun slowly rising.

“You'll be okay without me?” said Blaine and broke the silence.

“Yeah, don't worry. Enjoy your month off and don't worry too much. You know it's possible to meet them again but you also know most of them wouldn't even dare to talk to you.”

Blaine huffed a laugh: “I know. They are all in the closet or just having some kinks.”

“And it's not like someone remembers a prostitute. We fuck in the dark and they don't even want to see our faces, well some of them.”

“And it would ruin them if someone knew they were with a prostitute.”

Both began to laugh about that because they found the humor in their job. Being bitter, hurt and hopeless wasn't helping them and they both figured it out over the months of working as a prostitute.

“I left some more money, for you. Just in case something happens.”

He earned enough money to pay the rent and Paul, enough to not be worried over a whole month. He had even packed his stuff and was ready to leave for the next four weeks. Still, Charlie was his friend, almost like a brother and he couldn't just go and leave him here with nothing.

“The money from Kurt?”

“Yeah, I don't need it there. Just use it when you need it, okay? No matter what.”

He remembered how Charlie had this terrible, cruel customer and he never found out if Charlie got raped or not because he didn't want to talk about it. But when they went to the hospital and wanted to get tested, they didn't have enough money. It was the second time in Blaine's life when he felt completely hopeless and cursed the world for being so heartless and cruel. Later they were able to get tested because they had enough money.

“Don't worry about me.”

“But I do. I know how dangerous it can be all alone with someone.”

Charlie gave him a look and Blaine huffed. This was his friend sometimes acting like he didn't care about himself but then again being this boy who dreamed so much and even believed in this whole soulmate thing.

“You don't even need to work. There is enough for this month and even enough so we can get out of here in June.”

“And then, Blaine?” his smile was gone, all the easiness was gone and Blaine sat still, staring at his friend.

“You know, don't get me wrong. I'm usually not like this, but the closer we get out of this the more it scares me, to be honest.”

Blaine blinked, not knowing where this was going. His friend sighed, smile back on his lips and said.

“You have Kurt, Blaine. You have a soulmate and you'll be happy and safe. I don't have that. I'll be judged for what I did.”

It was pointless to say that Blaine didn't believe in this soulmate thing because Charlie knew that. Right now, seeing his friend like this hurt and he wished he wouldn't be a soulmate so they were equal. Which they were in his head but not for Charlie who believed in all this stuff.

“I won't just walk away, Charlie. I'll help you and I'll take care of you. Just like we always do.”

Charlie smiled into his mug and Blaine groaned, knowing this expression too well.

“You should go, Blaine.”

“Promise me, you'll call me when something happens.”

“Promise me the same?”

Blaine nodded and felt a bit better. Charlie never broke his promises so he was sure, if something happened he would know it.

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His first day with Kurt on set was exhausting. Blaine felt like he was about to explode any minute or see someone he didn't want to see. He was nervous, his nerves were burning and he cursed himself for agreeing on this. So he made sure he didn't look like when he was working. He made sure to look like someone who was equal with Kurt but having his own style. Curls smoothed down with gel, a bow tie attached to his shirts – just like his father used to. Clean, mannered and quiet, that was what he did. This wasn't hard for him because his dad wasn't poor or anything. He taught Blaine manners, how to dress and how to speak until he died. But inside he was a mess and made sure Kurt wouldn't feel it.

Kurt... he was living with Kurt for two months now and it was okay. No, it was amazing because he got to see him everyday. And then again it was painful to see what he wanted but couldn't have. Maybe when June came, when he stopped being a prostitute. Maybe then. But those thoughts were so far in the future and the present was exhausting enough.

First there was this change with their connection. He still could take Kurt's hand and hide most of the stuff he felt and he himself found out how to hide his feelings when needed. It was still exhausting but he felt, the closer his birthday came the more everything changed. Holding Kurt's hand each Sunday showed him how calm Kurt's soul was. It had its place and a straight line to his soul, while his soul was still a mess but he was still able to sort them out and hide what he didn't want to show. Yet there was a change and he was sure it had something to do with him turning 18. There were days when everything was such a mess, then days when he felt empty and days all he wanted was to sleep. It got better when Kurt touched him, his soul literally sucking all the calm from Kurt's. But once a week felt not enough very often.

Nevertheless, watching Kurt working, seeing over and over again how talented he was and amazing was a good distraction. Sure he could feel some stuff coming from Kurt, intense emotions but they were easy to handle. Only at the end of the week he felt literally worn out and ached for Kurt's hand. Sometimes he just wanted to lean against him, breathing him in and make give his soul what it needed. Sometimes it was such a horrible feeling. Yet he didn't do it. Sure, he knew he had every right to ask for more but this was no good for his heart which fell in love with Kurt more and more.

He could cook, he knew all this stuff Blaine didn't. Not stuff you learn in school, stuff about life. When Kurt's friends called him or came over they were talking about the time when they were living together, or about work or about the people they knew.

All this stuff Blaine never did, never could. But he listened and learned from them. He heard which club was Kurt's favorite. Which bar, which coffee, some gossip about a woman named Rachel. She was their friend but she sounded like a person that could be exhausting. There was so much stuff they talked about and it reminded Blaine how young he truly was. He was smart, yes, and he had been through a lot of things but nothing compared to this. There were no friends but Charlie and Lucy or work he could freely talk about. He never went to a club or danced around like Kurt and his friends.

The age gap never really bothered Blaine only when he heard those things and felt the need to catch up but knew it was impossible. So he didn't try. Also, those were things he could learn, he could change and Kurt could still like him. His job though, that was something he couldn't change or undo.

On set he easily found people he could talk to. There was Nina who was a bit crazy but did a great job being Kurt's manager. Then there was Linda who brought cookies or muffins or

something else on set for him. She literally spoiled him and Blaine became shy around her. He wasn't used to this. The only people who were truly nice to him were Lucy and Charlie, and Kurt, but this was a different story. Beside Linda there were Robert and Clara which were fun to have around. Between filming and breaks they would laugh about musicals and sing songs together and Blaine needed some time to open up. But when he did he was really enjoying it.

This was a life he dreamed of. Not the actor part or doing stuff like that but just not being worried about what people might think. It was fun to sing with them and be silly people. He really enjoyed this and when he looked at Kurt, just to make sure he knew who he was he saw him smiling. It wasn't huge or utterly happy. It was just this small smile like he was glad that Blaine had fun.

Yet, Blaine wanted to have fun with Kurt. He wanted to sing with him too, dance, be silly. Which meant to create a relationship, friendship, maybe even more. Now was not the time.

After a week Blaine stopped being rude, or at least a bit. They worked together on their connection and their relationship and the weekly hand holding changed into whenever needed. Though, Blaine made sure it didn't happen that often. They watched series together, talked about it on their free Sundays and held hands to maintain their connection. Sundays were usually enough for Blaine to deal with the mess inside him, but after two days – sometimes three – of no contact at all he couldn't bear it anymore. Luckily it was never him who had to initiate this, Kurt felt it. He let Kurt feel it and he reacted.

But he began to be nice, to tell Kurt how amazing he was and good. Blaine began to help Kurt because he couldn't handle this growing feeling inside his body. This mess, this pure chaos was so strong and exhausting that he needed to change his behavior, even for a little bit. No, he wasn't ready to open up to Kurt, not entirely but he understood how much strength it took to deal with this connection. Kurt didn't though. Kurt was fine and he was sure it had something to do with his age. It was a good idea to stop working because he was sure he wouldn't been able to suck any cock.

“I won't move out,” said Blaine on their second free Sunday. They were watching Downton Abbey, hands holding each other. No fingers were entwined, nothing couple like, just resting together. The older was sitting next to him, Blaine could feel his sky blue eyes on him and then he heard the beautiful voice speaking.

“Are you sure?”

Blaine nodded not looking at Kurt.

“I am, for now that is. But I still want to work.”

“Okay.”

Moving out was pointless, he felt that. Mercedes was right about this whole connection thing. Being apart would hurt him more and make it impossible to work. It already hurt, kind of, when they didn't touch for days. So he didn't want to know what it would feel like to be really apart and his other life? He was able to hide it in the past two months and he was sure he could hide it for the next months.

But then Nina talked about interviews and how they had to go places Blaine was not sure if this was smart. Only the conversation between him and Charlie made him a bit more positive. No one

of their customers would speak to them or even recognize them. Being connected with a prostitute was nothing good and would ruin far too much. Besides prostitutes weren't even worth it, right?

Still Blaine was nervous when he sat on a chair in the hallway and waited for Kurt to be done with his interview. His soul was a mess, more than usually and his eyes always looking to the left or right when someone came.

Blaine never went to those crowded places of New York and he for sure never visited places like this. Places with potential customers. This place was close to it and it made him so nervous he wasn't sure on what to focus on. Hiding his nervousness or make sure no one he knew was around. Blaine chose second and wished his nervousness was not too strong so Kurt wouldn't feel it.

He heard the door going open and made immediately eye contact with Kurt and knew that he felt how Blaine was feeling. Shit, he thought but then the door was closed again and he thought about an explanation if Kurt would ask what was wrong with him.

There were plenty. Like he had never been inside such a building or never in this part of New York. Or that he imagined to see some famous people. Something like that would work and he was glad that he could tell what he was feeling right now. Sometimes he couldn't tell. Well, how? Love, yes he was sure he loved Kurt and he also knew what grief felt like for him, sadness. But there were so many things he wasn't sure if he truly had felt them. At least he knew what it felt like to be nervous and then, when he looked to his left he knew what it felt like to be sick. To want to puke. To want to run away, far away.

There was Jesse talking to someone and Blaine jumped off his seat and down the hallway away from Jesse, far away. But where should he go? There was no place where he could easily go and he had no idea in which part of New York he even was. Not to forget how sick he felt, so sick that Kurt could see him and Blaine together. That Jesse would do the things again he did. He wasn't ready for this. This shouldn't even be happening. What if this was the moment when Kurt figured it out? Knew what Blaine was doing when he went to his work. What if this was it before he turned eighteen? Blaine would break into a million pieces, his soul becoming something unable to fix and he didn't want that. The small sparkle of hope of a better life fought against it.

Finding the washroom he rushed inside, opened the the door to the first cabin and emptied his stomach. There wasn't much but it still burned and hurt. Grabbing the toilet paper he cleaned his mouth, his nose threw it into the water and flushed the toilet. Closing the surface he sat down breathing in and out not able to stop his tears.

He cried over more things than the fact that he almost met Jesse again and his secret would be out. He also cried about what Jesse did to him.

They met when Blaine slowly got used to his job and Jesse was the first customer people had warned him about. The one who weren't nice. At that time Blaine was no soulmate and so everything was possible. Sobbing he shook his head trying not to think about it, not to remember and tried to focus on how he didn't meet him again, that Kurt had no idea and move on. The door went open and he heard steps and then Kurt's voice. Oh fuck, Blaine thought and took all his strength to hide what he was feeling.

“Blaine? Are you in there?”

Kurt was right before the cabin and Blaine wiped the tears away, trying to calm down and unlocked the door. Eyes focused on the floor he wasn't ready to look at him show him his red, watery eyes, show him this fragile side. Instead he tried to figure out what Kurt was feeling but nothing was coming from him. No intense emotion so he decided to look at him and saw a smile.



A simple smile and Blaine relaxed. This meant Kurt wouldn't ask, wouldn't say anything. This meant he understood that Blaine had things he didn't want to talk about or couldn't.

Feeling how his soul calmed down he went to the sink, washed his face in hopes of the red would just go away. In hopes of that his cheeks weren't that puffy anymore like his eyes. Though it didn't really help. Taking the paper he wiped his face dry, took a deep breath and then looked back at Kurt who took Blaine's hand into his which... surprised Blaine. As soon as he felt Kurt's skin his soul calmed down, the chaos stopped running through him and the calm from Kurt ran through the connection they had. Slowly looking up he saw the smile, it was still there and this look he saw Kurt doing sometimes. The look that said it's okay, I won't push you and Blaine nodded.

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During that day Blaine was in a different place inside his mind. The nap in Kurt's trailer was necessary, yes but Kurt was acting weird? Maybe it wasn't weird at all but for Blaine it was something new. Whenever Kurt could he was next to him, holding his hand and took care of their connection. Really, each moment he could do that he did it and Blaine was just sitting there or standing and accepting it, wondering what this meant. Wondering what Kurt was doing, what this meant.

Back in Kurt's loft he took a quick shower, the one when he imagined to wash everything off and searching for answers what was going on with Kurt. It was just that Blaine was so tired he couldn't even think straight. Clean and in his pajamas he left the bathroom and walked to the couch but stopped, his heart almost stopping with his tracks and saw Kurt sitting on the other end. Kurt, with a pillow and a blanket and in his pajamas and doing something with his phone.

"What are you doing there?" Blaine asked though he wanted to be happy he couldn't.

"I'm going to sleep here," Kurt said.

"Why? I'm okay if you do this because of me."

Blaine walked over to the couch, eyes never leaving Kurt's face. What was happening to Kurt? He usually wouldn't do that and Blaine was still, no one to him.

"We, Blaine, are not okay. Our connection is not stable so we need to fix this before you turn eighteen. It's my fault and I don't want you to get mentally ill."

"Because you'll get hurt too," Blaine said and climbed on the couch, crawling under the covers. He had enough of this. Enough of this fake concern and sympathy. If it weren't for the connection Kurt wouldn't even look at him, right?

"This is not just about me. It's about you. About us."

Blaine almost rolled his eyes, huffing a laugh while he got comfortable: "Us. Yeah."

He wondered when the us had happened. It was only him or Kurt but never them. Yes, they got along and yes things worked in their way but he was not sure about this whole friendship stuff, if this was even happening. Well, maybe it was and he only pushed everything aside that was real? He looked back to Kurt and saw it, sadness, helplessness and it hurt him deep down. This was not what he wanted to make Kurt feel. The person he loved shouldn't make such a face because of him. Sighing he swallowed down the pain and felt sorry, really sorry for saying what he said: "I'm sorry, okay? I just... I don't believe in this whole soulmate stuff."

“Is it because of me?”

“No,” Blaine said, almost too fast, too eager: “It's not because of you. I just don't believe in it.”

How could Kurt even think that? How could he think that Blaine didn't believe in it because of him? Hell if someone could make him believe in it then it was Kurt and only Kurt. He wanted Kurt, he really wanted him but this connection would never make him change his mind. The mind each soulmate owned alone. So Blaine was more than sure his mind would never be able to accept what Blaine did.

“But you feel everything, Blaine.”

“I do. But this doesn't mean that I believe in it like the way you do. And... can we talk about this tomorrow? I'm really... tired.”

He couldn't say it. Not now, maybe not ever. Because saying that he didn't believe in this connection meant to explain why. Meant to tell Kurt what he was doing and he just couldn't bear the idea that Kurt would hate him or be disgusted. Only till June, when he was lucky and he would be out of it. Away from his old life, away from Paul. And he was not able to think right now. So he lay down, listening to Kurt's voice once more.

“But I'll stay here.”

He heard Kurt fumbling with his pillow and blanket, felt how he lay down but kept his own eyes closed, arm outstretched so Kurt could hold his hand. This connection, that he understood. This hand holding? He knew it helped them and that they both needed it. But everything else? Blaine wasn't so sure about what that meant and he was too tired to think about it.

# Eighteen

## Chapter 10. Eighteen

The second he opened his eyes and consciousness replaced the sleepy feeling Kurt felt fingers around his own. He felt his soul, his entire soul filled with life and strength and also the connection to Blaine. It wasn't simple or stable it was still confused, still a place of chaos probably like Blaine felt inside but it was okay. He could feel his feelings, nothing coming from Blaine but only knowing he was there without seeing him.

Turning around so he was lying on his stomach he looked over to Blaine, seeing the young boy on his side, face to Kurt and arm outstretched so their fingers never lost contact. Fingers still connected with Blaine he reached out for his phone to see what time it was and blinked in surprise. It was almost 11 and he couldn't remember the last time he slept for so long. He couldn't even remember the last time he felt so calm, good. Was it because he slept here and held Blaine's hand through the night? Maybe his soul really needed that. Then again he remembered that he was older than Blaine and it could mean nothing. Yawning he squeezed the younger boy hand and then stood up to start the coffee machine. In the bathroom he washed his face, brushed his teeth and took care of his hair but not even considering to change into something else. It was their day off and wearing pajamas all day long became a rule.

Back in his kitchen he filled his cup with coffee and walked back to the couch, sitting down and pulling the blanket over his cold legs. Six days were left and Blaine would turn eighteen. Six days in which Kurt had to take care of their connection. Six days were left and they could create the Last Bond. Leaning over he opened the drawer under the coffee table and picked the small book out with the laws of a soulmate. He turned the pages until he found an explanation about the Last Bond in detail and read it once again.

“The Last Bond is only possible between two soulmates who were 18 or older. If both are over 18 and meet each other they have two years to create this bond. If it doesn't happen within those two years mental aberration or death can happen.

Soulmates can't hurt each other. They can do this only once to create the Last Bond and complete their connection. To create this connection the soulmates need to hurt each other so that a scar is left.”

A scar, Kurt thought and closed the book. They never talked about this only that they wanted to do this as soon as Blaine turned eighteen. So he ended up thinking where he wanted that scar and who should do it. It would hurt them both he knew that but still, doing this was kind of intimate? Doing this meant trusting the other at some point and Kurt was not sure if they trusted each other that much or at all.

He knew he could leave Blaine alone here and he wouldn't steal anything or destroy anything. He also knew that Blaine tried to behave and he did really good in the past weeks – especially when the woman from the Soulmate Department visited them. His soulmate was smart, no doubt, but was he trusting Blaine? Was Blaine trusting him?

At some point they had to trust each other, right? All the hand holding and all the things they shared. Mainly small things but still. He reached out for his cup deciding his mind wasn't working

yet to think about that and took a sip, humming because this coffee was just incredible.

“Morning,” Blaine mumbled and Kurt almost winced because he didn't notice how Blaine woke up.

“Morning,” yet he smiled: “How are you feeling?”

Blaine hummed, turning around so he was on his stomach.

“Better. I feel like I've slept for days.”

“Maybe because of the hand holding while we slept.”

“Maybe,” Blaine mumbled and looked down, yawning and then back up to Kurt who took another sip and stood up, leaving the mug on the table.

“Coffee?”

“Yeah, thanks.”

He heard Blaine sitting up while he filled another mug added some cream, the one Blaine always used and went back, finding the younger boy looking at him, eye brows raised and curls a mess. He was too adorable, Kurt thought and wanted to smack himself for thinking this.

“You aren't asking anything?” Blaine said as he took the mug, knees close to his chest and arms resting on them.

“Ask what?” asked Kurt and sat down. Sure, he had some questions but he decided it was too early but Blaine didn't.

“You felt it, Kurt. I know you did.”

“Do you want to talk about it? I know pushing you won't help so I thought I wait.”

Blaine looked at his mug, took a sip and shrugged.

“You can ask.”

Kurt waited for a while, sorting his thought out and wasn't really sure where to begin. He wanted to say he met Jesse, he wanted to say how he felt but it all seemed so wrong to start with.

“I remember the day when we first met.”

“You do?” Blaine sounded surprised and Kurt could tell he was when the exchanged a look.

“I remember what Jesse did to you.”

And just so he noticed how Blaine became stiff though he tried to hide it by acting cool. He could see it by the way his shoulders moved forward like he felt uncomfortable.

“So you know him?”

“We were working together. We never were friends because he is a total jerk.”

“That he is.”

Again silence and then Kurt asked what both knew would come anyway.

“I also saw him yesterday. I guess it was because of him that you felt that way?”

Blaine nodded slowly taking another sip and Kurt tried to feel what he felt but Blaine didn't let it happen. His memory was alive, seeing how Jesse let the money fall down on Blaine's head and how bad Blaine felt. He remembered this feeling and it made him sick.

“He owed you money, I guess?”

Blaine nodded again and before Kurt could ask why he said: “It doesn't matter. It's in the past.”

“It does matter. You were crying and-”

“It doesn't matter, Kurt,” he said it in a way so there was no room for an argument. Kurt understood that and accepted it. Jesse was known to fool people, to go ways he shouldn't so he found his own answer. Maybe Jesse went to the Diner and didn't pay because that was totally something Jesse would do. Or maybe he stole it from Blaine who – before he and Kurt met – usually looked a bit lost and homeless. There were many ways why Jesse had owed Blaine money and Kurt understood if Blaine didn't want to talk about it.

“Okay. But if you ever feel like you want to talk about it, I'll listen, okay?”

Blaine shrugged again, making himself smaller and Kurt almost groaned in frustration. Okay, he wasn't sure about this whole trust thing between them but he knew they had to work on that. Honesty was the best policy, right?

“Listen, Blaine. I just want you to know that you can trust me. I do not hate you or something and I'm not judging you for your age. I think you are smart and you can be really nice if you want to. And I prefer you smiling then being so, I don't know, down sometimes. I like it when you are just, you.”

Okay, he had no idea where this came from but it was out and Blaine's huge eyes told him that they had reached him. Well, at least a bit Kurt hoped.

They had emptied their mugs they both fixed something to eat and ate in silence. After that Blaine took a shower and Kurt cleaned the dishes still thinking about this whole Jesse thing. Someone who made Blaine cry but just being around, someone who scared him so much must done something bad, really bad. Jesse was an idiot, Kurt knew that and his friends knew that too.

Once they went to a party all together and Jesse drank so much that he started a fight with anyone. If it weren't for Kurt and Elliot to drag him out of the club he for sure wouldn't be a model anymore. Once they even saw him doing drugs but Kurt was sure Blaine had nothing to do with drugs. Blaine said that himself and he trusted, or tried to trust him. Also, Blaine never looked like he did those things and he was always with Kurt, for almost a month now. If he was really addicted or something he would have noticed that.

Maybe there were things Blaine wasn't ready to share with Kurt and that was okay. He had also things he couldn't share with Blaine but after what he had said to him he felt like there was an open door. A new one with something good behind it.

Done with the dishes he shoved those thoughts away, knowing it was pointless to worry about this now.

“Kurt,” he heard Blaine saying and before he saw him he felt his warm hand, still a bit damp from

the shower around his. The younger boy's voice was small, almost begging and when Kurt turned around he noticed how Blaine looked just small, exhausted and almost a bit lost.

Taking a deep look into his eyes he saw that they were clear, that Blaine knew what he was doing but still, something was wrong.

“What is it? You feeling sick?”

“I... I don't know. It feels like... like I'm empty?”

Empty? Kurt looked down to their holding hands, trying to feel something but he couldn't. And he didn't like it. It wasn't supposed to feel like this, right? Whenever Blaine felt something intense Kurt would feel it too, right?

“Does this help?” he asked, breathing a bit faster voice only a bit higher. What if their weekly hand holding had not been enough and now Blaine had to pay for it? What if he failed a young boy because he was too stubborn to accept it and believe in the thing he sometimes wished to have? Usually he wasn't one of those people who easily panicked. This, though, was not only about him it was also about a boy who didn't choose this life but needed someone to guide him.

“Yes,” Blaine answered and Kurt almost missed it and nodded but not feeling better or even convinced that this was over by a simple touch. Holding Blaine's hand tightly he walked back into the living room and pulled the book with their laws written in it out of the drawer. Flipping the pages he found the number for the 24/7 service and reached for his phone dialing the number.

They sat down while Kurt waited and watched Blaine pressing his hand against his face like he tried to prevent a head ache. And his hand was shaking and getting cold. No he didn't like it.

Finally a woman spoke and asked what she could do for them.

“My soulmate is sick or I think he is – he is seventeen – Blaine Anderson and Kurt Hummel,” he answered the question how old Blaine was and what their names were and waited while trying to stay calm.

“*Mister Hummel?*”

“Yes?”

“*No need to be worried. Your soulmate will turn eighteen in six days, right?*”

“Yes.”

“*His soul is just adjusting to the new connection that will happen in six days. Also his body needs to get used to this. It takes a lot of strength.*”

“How long?”

“*Two to three days. But your soulmate needs as much contact as possible.*”

“But he'll be okay, right?”

“*Of course,*” he could hear the smile in the voice and said his thanks and hung up, letting out the breath he was holding for a while now. The guilt he felt slowly faded away and he was glad, happy even that this was not his fault or Blaine's. That this was just something happening because of Blaine's age. No need to be worried but to take care of him. Which he didn't really do in the past weeks.

“What did they say?” the voice was so small it almost hurt Kurt to hear Blaine like this.

“You are okay. You feel like this because the connection is changing. You'll be okay in two or three days.”

Kurt stood up and took his hand away only getting a whimpering no from Blaine.

“Don't worry,” he turned around smiling down at Blaine. With fast steps he walked to his TV changed the DVD and walked back to his soulmate who looked even more lost than before. His eyes were unfocused and his hands holding his arms like he was cold.

“Come on.”

Holding Blaine's hand again he saw the change in his body language, noticed how he was focused again and obviously he needed this. Their souls were reaching out for each other like hands Kurt couldn't see. Blaine stood up watching Kurt taking his blanket and placing the pillows away so there was space for his body to lay down.

“I'll hold you, okay?”

Like the small boy he could be at times Blaine nodded and climbed on the couch, never letting go of Kurt. Sitting and legs outstretched Kurt bend over taking the blanket so it was covering half of Blaine's body and then sat down feeling suddenly a bit nervous. Cuddling was nothing new or holding someone, he had done that many times before. Just, never with Blaine.

“You can... rest your head on my lap, okay?”

“I'm sorry,” Blaine whispered and did just that head landing on Kurt's lap like it was too heavy for Blaine to hold it up.

“It's... it's not your fault. Don't worry.”

Why would he be sorry? Maybe for being such a burden? Maybe he really didn't want to be here because he thought he was a burden? This never really crossed Kurt's mind. All he thought was that Blaine enjoyed this. Living in a loft, having money for everything, food, clothes and being a smart teenager and taking this chance. Never did he think his soulmate thought about this situation in such a way. But this small sorry and his eyes avoiding Kurt's.

“It's not your fault, okay?” he said and Blaine nodded, holding Kurt's arm which was wrapped around his chest, keeping him close. The older reached for the remote, turned the TV on and started the DVD while looking down at Blaine and seeing his small smile as he noticed what movie Kurt put in the DVD player. The intro of Star Wars filled silently the room and the small smile on this beautiful face made also Kurt smile. Taking his phone he texted Nina and explained the situation as a soulmate emergency and that he needed two days off. He knew it was not a good idea to ask for this because he already had free on Saturday and Sunday because of Blaine's birthday but he needed to be there for him.

One benefit to be a soulmate, they couldn't say no.

She texted him back two hours later and said that it was fine. Sighing in relief he turned his phone off for the day and looked down seeing Blaine was sleeping but still holding his arms tightly.

When he stretched out his hand, right over Blaine's chest he could feel it. The connection was there but it was reaching out for small pieces or nothing, like a rope hanging and swinging. This was the worst feeling he ever had. It didn't hurt, it didn't burn or anything. He just felt those dark marks on their connection, crawling to his soul but not succeeding. And if he only felt this what

did Blaine feel? A boy without family and a soulmate who simply sucked because he refused to be responsible.

Yes, they both were stubborn and not okay with this, but Blaine was also polite and maybe even too polite to ask for something like this.

Kurt told himself he would change this from now on. Work on it, really work on it. Holding Blaine closer and placing the other hand on his curls, feeling how soft and thick they were he ran his fingers through them.

“I’m sorry,” he whispered to the sleeping boy.

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Blaine was doing way better on the second day. They were doing way much better after two days of just cuddling and melting the ice which was always between them. This perhaps showed Blaine that he could trust Kurt and that he really mattered to Kurt in a way both maybe still didn't understand. But they were slowly getting comfortable. The younger still a bit reserved and Kurt trying to show him there was no reason to. On Tuesday Kurt put his jacket and shoes on while Blaine lay on the couch and watched another Star Wars movie.

He looked better was able to sit on his own without whimpering when Kurt couldn't hold him because he needed to pee or prepare something to eat.

“You'll be doing okay without me? I'll only be gone for an hour or two.”

“Yeah, don't worry.”

Kurt only smiled and walked over to Blaine, who was surrounded by pillows and wrapped tightly around a blanket. Only his head and one arm were looking out. And just like this was something natural – although Kurt did that in the past two days – he placed his hand on Blaine's head their eyes meeting.

“But I worry. If you need me just call, I'll come right back.”

“Okay,” mumbled Blaine and Kurt's eyes moved down staring at Blaine's lips. They were pink and full and kissable like – wow! He pulled back and left the loft. Yeah, okay, this shouldn't even wander through his mind. Not at all.

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“Why do you want a guitar though? It's not like you are going back to music,” said Elliot as they walked into the music shop he was working in. This was not only his workplace it was also the place where Kurt spent a lot of his college time together with his two best friends.

“It's not for me. It's for Blaine,” Kurt said and felt his cheeks beginning to burn not sure if it was because he had to admit this or because of something else. And he also wasn't sure if he should feel annoyed or not.

“Ah, right! Blaine's birthday,” Elliot grinned like always when they were talking about Blaine



because he was totally blown away by the boy and his guitar skills. Not to mention his voice which was silk, deep but also too mature for a seventeen year old. Yet it did things to Kurt he wasn't ready to accept and today was also not the day.

"I can bake a cake for him? I guess you'll be busy until Friday?" said Mercedes walking next to Kurt through the shop while Elliot observed the guitars, hanging on the wall.

"I totally forgot about a cake. I was too worried about Blaine and how this connection is taking all his strength."

"But he is doing better, right?"

"Yeah. Otherwise I wouldn't be here. But we spent the last days basically cuddling," Kurt spoke checking the guitars and not really paying attention to what he was saying: "Well not really cuddling, just, you know keeping contact."

Mercedes slow hum, the one she always used when Kurt met some guy reached through his ears to his consciousness and he realized what he said. Great, he knew his friends and he almost groaned when he heard Mercedes's next words.

"Sounds like you two are getting closer."

Now there was no way to stop the blush creeping over his cheeks and then he heard Elliot making this sound like a little girl when he noticed it. Double great.

"He is blushing! Oh my God, looks like the age is no longer a problem."

They both exchanged a look, this one look telling they knew it and couldn't wait for it to happen. Kurt only groaned, not trying to hide the blush on his cheeks because he knew this would only give them more reasons to mock him.

"He is my soulmate. Like it's not a big thing?"

"Nah, Kurt don't say that. You blushing is a big thing. And this connection has nothing to do with you falling in love with him-"

"I'm not falling in love with him," he protested before Elliot could say more. His friend held his hands up in defense and Mercedes pressed her hand against her mouth to hide the smile.

"Whatever. I'm just saying this has nothing to do with the connection. You fall in love with him because your heart wants to. This connection makes it just tens time better."

"You mean ten times more pain?"

Elliot rolled his eyes groaned and turned away from Kurt.

"Kurt, we already told you how this works. You have found your person, you share a deep connection and soon you'll get there and you'll understand what this soulmate stuff truly means."

"Why can't you tell me what it means?"

"He is a hopeless case, Cedes." Elliot said without turning around but taking a dark brown guitar from the wall. Kurt gave Elliot his best bitch glare waiting for him to see it and when he saw it he just smiled innocently.

"It feels different for all of us. You two get there."

Well, there was nothing Kurt could say against it. It was probably just like any other thing. Like he liked strawberries and Mercedes just didn't. And so he felt love or hate or anger in a different way than his friends.

“What do you think about this one? I remember he was staring at it when we were here.”

Elliot showed him the guitar and Kurt took it from him, eyeing it for a while and deciding, yes, it would totally fit Blaine. The dark wood, polished reminded him of the dark curls and he was sure when Blaine played on it his eyes would shine even more. Two pools of gold in the middle of dark brown wood and – okay this was getting creepy and Kurt blushed again.

“Okay, this one,” he said and handed his friend the instrument back.

“Don't fight it, Kurt. It's okay,” Mercedes said, rubbing his arm to calm him down. Of course it was okay, of fucking course it was okay. Blaine was his soulmate and he was handsome and smart and everything. But he hated that something like this was unpredictable. Falling for someone was always unpredictable and he just didn't want it to happen now. There was too much to figure out, to work out with his soulmate and he needed a clear mind and not some emotions flooding his heart.

“I just... I don't know. I actually don't know what is happening.”

“You are worried and you like him.”

“I am and do. But... I just don't want that now. Maybe it's not even that.”

“By *that* you mean falling in love?”

Kurt shrugged because he honestly had no idea what it was. Why he was blushing, why he was thinking that Blaine was beautiful and handsome and that his eyes would look incredible with this guitar. He had no idea why he stared at his lips and why he didn't care anymore how old Blaine was. It didn't feel like falling in love for him. Well, actually, he had no idea how it felt at all.

He paid for the guitar and Elliot took it into the backroom.

“When will you be home on Friday? And what cake should I bake?”

“You don't have to bake one you-”

“No, Kurt. We'll bake one for Blaine it's our gift for him,” said Mercedes and waved her finger.

“Fine. And we'll be back before midnight. I want to surprise him when his birthday starts.”

Elliot came back and shoved his hand into his pockets, looking at his friends.

“Okay. I have the key to your apartment so don't worry about that everything will be there,” Mercedes said her smile far more excited than Kurt's who felt like he was going to be sick. He always wanted things to be perfect and Blaine's birthday was one of those things. More over, he wanted to convince Blaine that he really liked him and that Kurt wasn't doing this because he believed and Blaine not.

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“Cut! That's it guys!” Noah yelled and Kurt literally jumped away from his co-workers. Linda knew what day it was and that he was late so she only waved and held the others away from Kurt

who changed his clothes and walked to Blaine, waiting next to the exit door.

“Why are you in such a hurry and nervous?” his soulmate asked as they hurried over the set to Kurt’s car.

“You’ll see it when we get home.” There was no explanation in his head. At least not now because he didn’t think they would be late. Kurt cursed the huge parking lot, cursed that he needed to drive through the security. All of this was just eating his time. There were twenty minutes left till midnight and he was not sure if he would make it. It was also freaking Friday and many people would use the traffic to go to clubs and bars. He climbed into his car, Blaine too and both closed the door and he started the engine, not really paying attention if someone was around. Driving off the parking lot he drove through the security and showed them his card and then on the main street. He could make it, with enough luck he knew he would be home just in time.

“Seriously, what is it that you need to hurry?”

“A TV show.”

It was the best he could come up with.

“A TV show? You know you can watch it tomorrow? Internet?”

“I know but live watching is different. It’s better.”

He wasn’t sure if Blaine believed him or not but he couldn’t care about that. In just some minutes Blaine would see it for himself but of fucking course there were cars blocking his way. Some people obviously not from New York. Kurt groaned, pressed the car horn. People jumped away and cars drove to the side and a mumbling Kurt could finally get out of this mess.

“Tourists, seriously,” he mumbled and drove faster while taking a look at Blaine who was silent. The actor expected giggles or some comment but there was nothing, only smiling boy looking out of the window hands resting in his lap.

When they arrived it was exactly two minutes before midnight. Kurt jumped out of the car and took Blaine’s hand running inside and unlocking the door into his apartment. He was excited, nervous and Blaine could feel that. So Kurt wasn’t really surprised to see the questioning look on Blaine’s face.

“I need you to close your eyes.”

“Why?” asked Blaine.

“Just do it, okay?”

“Because of a TV show? Kurt, I’m almost eighteen.”

Was he really that oblivious? Or just not thinking Kurt would do something for him? The last thought literally tighten his heart in a way that made it hard to breath.

“Just do it okay?”

The younger boy gave in with a sigh and pressed his hands on his eyes. Opening the door Kurt walked inside and turned the light on. There was the cake with a huge purple 18 on it and the guitar in a black guitar case with a purple ribbon around it just like he asked them to do. Closing

the door: "Wait here and keep your eyes closed," he went to the kitchen for the lighter to lit up the 18 candles on the cake.

"Kurt, seriously, you aren't watching anything, are you?"

He couldn't stop the smirk on his face because he really liked what he was seeing. Going back to Blaine he dimmed the light, took his hands, reminding him to keep his eyes closed and leaded him closer to the coffee table. Seriously, he needed to buy Mercedes some flowers for this.

"Okay," he checked the time waited and then it was midnight: "Open."

He watched Blaine over the whole time. First he opened his eyes, blinked because of the light coming from the candles. Then when his eyes got used to it Blaine just stared for a long time down at the cake, seeing the purple 18 in the middle, the 'Happy Birthday Blaine' above it and the eighteen little candles stuck into the cake. His soulmates mouth dropped open but when he noticed the guitar case Kurt thought his mouth would fall off. While he watched Blaine, his eyes shining, his mouth moving but making no sound he couldn't help himself but just let his thoughts happen.

This boy there was really beautiful and so sweet when he stopped building his walls up. This boy could look so much older but sometimes his youth was just obvious. Which wasn't bad, it was good. It was a good reminder about who Kurt once was and what he shouldn't forget.

"Kurt," Blaine breathed and dragged the older back to reality.

"Happy Birthday," he smiled at him and when the honey eyes met his he could see how watery they were. Blaine kept on staring at Kurt, fighting against the tears and succeeded but his voice was something he couldn't control.

"Can... can I hug you?"

"Of course you can," Kurt almost laughed and opened his arms while Blaine slowly walked to him, closing the distance and breathing in deeply when his arms wrapped around Kurt's body, his face pressed against Kurt's shoulder. Blaine was shaking, for some reason he was shaking and it was not because of their connection. He couldn't tell what their connection felt like right now because Blaine felt too much to really describe it.

"Is it too much?" Kurt asked, worried that he maybe did something wrong.

"No," Blaine pulled back, finally smiling: "It's just... it's been a while. That someone did this for me."

Of course, this boy had no one to celebrate his Birthday with him. No father, no mother and apparently no friends. Kurt knew he had one friend but Blaine didn't even ask if he could be with them on his birthday. Not even Lucy and he didn't even want to look for Cooper though he could through Kurt.

"Thank you. This is really amazing," said Blaine before Kurt could think further and saw the honest, widest smile from his soulmate since the day they met. It was huge, happy, like he had all the sunshine inside his body waiting to burst out and make other people smile too. And it touched Kurt in a place that hadn't been touched for a while.

"You should make a wish," he suggested needing some distraction from this strange feeling. Perhaps it was just the connection changing or something. Blaine nodded slowly, kneeling down and just staring at the candles, eyes sucking the light in and Kurt was too distracted with those big eyes and long lashes. Seriously, who had such long lashes? Who thought eyelashes could be beautiful? Blaine blew the candles out, all at once and Kurt grinned at him like it was his own

birthday.

“Thank you, really. I didn't expect that.”

“Why, though?”

Blaine stood up, giving Kurt an insecure look and then shrugged: “I just thought you didn't like me.”

“You didn't believe me, hm?”

His soulmate made no move, said no word but that was okay. Blaine had his reasons why he couldn't believe him that easily. Considering how hard he reacted when he saw Jesse, that his parents weren't alive, his brother somewhere doing something. It wasn't surprising for Kurt when he thought about all of that.

“I care about you and I like you, okay? I'm not just saying this and it has nothing to do with the connection. It's real.”

Kurt looked hopeful, trying to make Blaine feel what he felt but the boy just didn't answer not with his mouth nor his body. There was nothing the older felt from Blaine. No happiness, no sadness, nothing and maybe he was really feeling nothing or not sure how to feel.

“Can we... sit here for a while and eat the cake?”

“Of course we can,” Kurt said and finally they shared a smile and finally he was feeling the happiness he hoped his soulmate would feel through this. Walking to the kitchen he picked two forks, a knife and two plates out of the drawers and walked back to Blaine who took his jacket and shoes off, only sitting there in his shirt, pants and cute bow tie. Kurt placed the things down and also got out of his shoes and jacket sitting down next to Blaine who already cut two the cake and placed one slice on each plate. Then Kurt watched him taking the lighter and lit two candles up again.

“Um... for mom and dad so... so it feels like they are here, you know?”

His parents, right. His mother who died when he was born and his father who died in an accident. But nothing for the other mother, thought Kurt wouldn't ask. Maybe Blaine never considered her as a mother or who knew what happened between them. If something happened between them. All he could do was smile, squeezing Blaine's hand in sympathy and get a small smile in return.

“Oh my God, this cheesecake is amazing,” Blaine said before he even swallowed.

“Mercedes baked it.”

“Oh my God, I thought it's from Linda.”

Kurt laughed, like really laughed for the first time since he was living with Blaine and his soulmate laughed with him while their hands didn't let go from each other.

# Jealousy

## Chapter 11. Jealousy

There was a song playing Kurt could hear it but he wasn't sure where he was or where the music came from. Everything felt strange like he wasn't really awake and maybe he was even sleeping? Forcing himself to wake up he forgot what he dreamed about but found himself on his bed. He blinked, yawned and stretched his arms and legs while taking a look at the clock on his nightstand. 9 in the morning he could sleep some more because it was his day off. Actually today was an important day.

Holding himself up he listened and heard the sound of a guitar. A quiet song and a beautiful voice singing.

*Today I heard that someone left this earth  
That someone disappeared, left no mark here*

First Kurt smiled but when he went closer and leaned against the handrail to look down into his living room he noticed the song was not happy, not sad. Melancholic maybe. And Blaine was sitting there on a chair and looking out of the window, playing and singing.

*Today I heard that someone just got up and left himself  
Lying on the ground*

*Today is, today is  
Today is quiet in my town  
Today is, today is  
Today is quiet in my town*

Kurt walked down the spiral stairs, quietly not wanting to disturb Blaine but hear a little bit more of his voice. The voice that was so deep but could also go so high. That voice that sounded so much older that it couldn't be from an 18 years old boy. It had been a while since he enjoyed a voice so much and he really wondered why Blaine didn't want to go to college and study music. He knew how to sing, he could sing and he gave this song so much more meaning.

*Today two boys disappeared without noise  
And I wish that I was them flying somewhere overhead*

Reaching the last step Kurt stood still and leaned against the handrail, watching Blaine who looked so young but sounded so tired and old. There was no feeling coming from him, perhaps he wasn't feeling something intense or just hiding it. But this Kurt doubted.

*And tonight in silence, two lovers hate and find*  
One is bored, one is angry  
But neither one of them is right, oh

His blue eyes looked out of the window, seeing the gray blue sky and rain drops falling down. They had no plans for today so it was actually okay that the weather was not all sunshine and blue sky. In fact this sky was kind of refreshing Kurt thought when he looked back to his soulmate who wore a white t-shirt and gray sweatpants. He somehow fitted beautifully into this picture.

*Today is, today is*  
Today is quiet in my town  
Today is, today is  
Today is quiet in my town

He stood up walking to the kitchen and seeing that the coffee machine was already on and two mugs next to it. Sighing all he thought was that it was Blaine's birthday and Kurt should serve him something and not the other way around. Especially after last night. They were just sitting there and eating cake, laughing about their friends and the filming. And when they said nothing Blaine was watching the two candles burning and smiling softly like he truly saw his parents there.

Kurt wondered then if Blaine blamed himself for his mothers death but then reminded himself that Blaine was not like that. He knew better than Kurt that this was nothing he could be blamed for. Only one thing was for sure, he missed his parents, a lot. Blaine maybe never met his real mom but he knew his dad and he died what? Two years ago? Who knew if this was enough time for Blaine to just accept this and move on. His soulmate left this impression so Kurt decided to trust him.

Taking the two mugs he poured some coffee into them, cream and turned around to see Blaine wasn't playing anymore but just staring out of the window.

"You sounded good," said Kurt walking over to Blaine.

Slowly his soulmate turned around giving Kurt a slightly surprised look and then a small smile.

"Thanks. I hope I didn't wake you?"

"No, don't worry," he said and handed Blaine his mug who slowly stood up and they both walked over to the couch.

"How are you feeling?"

Blaine shrugged, looked down like he always did when he was thinking and searching for words.

"I guess, calmer? I'm not sure but the chaos is gone and I don't feel like I'm having just one half of a soul. More like... there is my soul and the connection to yours."

"I feel the same."

Reaching out his hand he waited for Blaine to take it and wanted to figure out what or if something changed. His soulmate took his hand and both gasped at the same time. There was the connection, clearer, more intense but the warmth that followed was no longer slow and quiet. It ran from their fingertips through their body, touching parts deep inside Kurt didn't even know he had. It was no bad feeling or something he was scared of. It was just new and strong but good, really good.

Blaine pulled back, staring at his hand with wide eyes and then back to Kurt as if to make sure he wasn't the only one who felt that.

"What was that?"

"I don't know... maybe this has something to do with our connection being pretty deep?"

"Maybe," Blaine mumbled.

"Have you thought about the Last Bond?"

There was no perfect moment to ask this and it wasn't like Blaine was against it. He was also for the Last Bond so they both could break the connection when they were working.

"Yeah, I want you to do it. On my shoulder. I just wonder how we have to do this?"

Before Kurt could even think about it the door bell rang and he stood up being sure his friends are behind the door but there was only the mailman.

"Package for Mister Hummel and Mister Anderson?"

"I'm Mister Hummel."

He handed Kurt a clipboard where he had to sign something and he checked the address. Soulmate Department. Surprised he signed it anyway and took the small package from the mailman, both wishing each other a good day and closed the door.

"From the Soulmate Department," he said and sat down next to Blaine, opening the package and inside was a letter and a thing in a plastic bag, he couldn't tell what it was. One end was small and probably iron or something and triangular shape and the other end was a black plastic grip. Blaine took the letter and read what this thing was about and explained to Kurt when he was done.

"This is for the Last Bond. We have to hold the metallic part over a fire and then burn something into my skin."

Kurt jaw was tight imagining that he had to hurt Blaine in this way. It would hurt like so bad and he wasn't sure if he could do it.

"It will hurt but it will heal within minutes and only a scar will be left. I guess this has something to do with the fact that you are my soulmate. And this," he handed Kurt a card with their names on it and picture with Kurt and one with Blaine: "Is our soulmate ID."

"I guess. Are you sure you want this? You can also do this to me, Blaine."



The younger boy only shook his head and put the letter back into the box and taking his mug back into his hands.

“I want you to do it. You are older and who knows what will happen. I trust you more in this case than myself.”

“You trust me?”

“I do... at some point.”

Well, this was good Kurt thought and smiled finally. Maybe from now on things would be better? Now when Blaine's soul was no longer young and a mess and trusting Kurt? It felt good to know that he trusted him at some point and this was definitely something they both could work on. Building the trust, showing that he could trust Kurt completely and vice versa.

“When do you want to do it?”

“Do we have any plans for today?”

“It's your birthday, we do whatever you want to do.”

“Okay,” Blaine said slowly and then smirked at Kurt: “I want to go to a club and dance. I've never been in a club since I came here.”

“Alright. Someone you want to have with you?”

His soulmate nodded again: “Your friends and my friend Charlie. I promised him that we would see each other on my birthday.”

Charlie, huh? Kurt never heard Blaine saying his name but he knew that Blaine was living with someone together and he was curious to see him. Also to make sure it was someone good for Blaine and not some of those 'friends'.

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They walked into the club Kurt used to visit many times with his friends when they were still studying. And now they went there at least once a month or in their favorite bar. Both bars for people like them, gay, straight or whatever. It didn't matter because all the people where there to have fun. He showed his ID at the door together with the soulmate ID so that Blaine could walk inside though he was only eighteen.

“You know that he is your responsibility?” the tall man said and it was hard to hear him with all the voices and music around them.

“Of course.”

Kurt took Blaine's hand and they walked inside. There were already some people dancing and they weren't even truly inside.

“Your friend is already here?” Kurt asked and turning around, eyes wandering down and damn Blaine for wearing those pants, also for wearing this sweatshirt with a v neck and his hair just a little bit product in it. But the fact that he noticed all this things was even more annoying because it just happened and didn't want it now.

“He'll be here in thirty minutes.”

The music grew louder together with the voices and soon they were in the main room. A huge room with a bar on the right side and everything else was just a huge dance floor. Tables, stairs, lights on the floor and along the wall and ceiling. Kurt remembered how he and Elliot always danced on those tables and sang with the crowd. Good times, really good times.

“Birthday boy!” they heard the unmistakable voice of Elliot calling through the crowd and soon they did not only see Elliot and Martin also Mercedes, Sam and Santana with Brittany. Kurt was glad that it wasn't Rachel because she still was in one of her bad moods and he needed no one to ruin Blaine birthday.

“Happy Birthday Blainey!” Elliot smiled always the happiest between them but also the one who had a lot of wisdom. He hugged Blaine and Kurt let go of his hand, rolling his eyes when he saw the looks from Santana and Mercedes. Of course they thought that, his friends were idiots.

“Happy Birthday Blaine,” Mercedes grinned and hugged him.

“Thank you for the cake,” said Blaine and hugged the others.

“You aren't allowed to drink, but I guess your soulmate is fine with you drinking on your birthday?” said Santana after she hugged him and smiled at Kurt in a way that gave him no real choice. Blaine only waited for Kurt to say something probably okay with both.

“It's his birthday. I said we do what he wants and if he wants to drink that's fine.”

“Great. Elliot, come here!” smiled Santana and the three of them stood eagerly at the bar.

They drank three shoots together all cheering 'to Blaine' and after some laughs and everyone with their own drink Blaine went on the dance floor with Santana and Brittany while the others stood together and talked about Kurt's filming and what happened while they hadn't seen each other. Sam told them some funny stories about his football team and they all ended up laughing, Mercedes – who was a vocal coach – talked about this little girl she met and has an incredible talent. Martin groaned over his case and Elliot talked about that he was writing with other artists a song, who were a bit exhausting.

An hour later Santana and Brittany came back, both giggling and holding hands and Kurt caught her strange look, while wondering where Blaine was. He felt that his soulmate had obviously fun.

“Your boy is having fun with someone else, you know.”

“He is not my boy,” Kurt said because it was true, Blaine was not his boyfriend but he couldn't stop the strange feeling after hearing her words.

“Come on. He is your soulmate you end up together no matter what,” Elliot said with a little whine.

Kurt looked through the crowd, searching for Blaine while sipping his drink and telling himself it was fine for Blaine to dance with other guys. They weren't together or anything and as his soulmate he wouldn't even be able to fool around with someone else but Kurt. Right? But then Linda's words echoed in his head that there were things he could do. What things, though, Kurt had no idea.

His eyes went from left to right and then on the tables where he saw him. The boy with the sweaty hair, curls already breaking the gel and arms around another boys body. A blond haired boy who made Blaine grin and laugh and had his arms wrapped around Blaine's shoulders.

He was groaning, not even noticing that he actually did that.

“Someone's jealous,” Elliot and Mercedes singsonged and Santana wiggled her eyebrows.

Kurt ignored them and watched the blond guy smile, blissful, almost pleased with himself and Blaine just didn't even flinch. Okay, Blaine should have fun, Kurt wanted him to have fun but... what but? He sipped his drink and the song was over, both boys laughing and then hugging while the blond guy fucking kissed Blaine's cheek? Could he even do that? Well, he did but Blaine was his soulmate right? Kurt mumbled something and watched them both jump down from the table and walking over to them.

Everyone smiled at them. Kurt was just glaring at the other boy and pissed but tried to hide it. Elliot gave him a warning look but he ignored it.

“Guys! This is Charlie, my roommate,” said Blaine with a huge smile on his face and Charlie shook hands with everyone and Kurt watched him. Okay, this was his roommate and they knew each other so there was no reason to be... jealous? Fine, maybe he was jealous and maybe he really didn't like other people touching Blaine but he also had no right to stop Blaine being who he wanted to be. His soulmate was still his own person.

“And you must be Kurt,” said Charlie as he turned to Kurt and gave him an honest happy smile.

“Guilty. And you are Blaine's roommate,” Kurt shook his hand.

“Yup, but I miss him a lot.” Charlie pouted and wrapped his arms around Blaine who only giggled and shoved him away. Could he just stop touching him? Kurt thought.

“So what are you doing, Charlie?”

“Working in a tattoo shop,” he said proudly and Elliot grinned like it was Christmas. Martin only rolled his eyes and then they ended up talking about tattoos and Kurt took the chance to turn around ordering another drink and needed to look somewhere else. He listened to his friends talking, laughing and at some point Mercedes grabbed his hand and went with him to the dance floor.

While he smiled at her and danced with her he still needed to look over to the bar, watching Blaine laugh with the others and Charlie still touching him like, was that really necessary?

“Kurt, stop it,” Mercedes laughed.

“What?”

“Being jealous. It's your own fault how things are,” she said and kept on dancing just like he did.

“I'm not-” and she gave him a look: “Okay, maybe I am. But it's not like... that. I don't even know.”

“Just be his friend. Everything else will come.”

She was right though, but he still didn't want Charlie to be so clingy when he exactly knew who Kurt was. Rolling his eyes and deciding he was acting like a child he turned completely to her and smiled, dancing until the song was over.

Around midnight Kurt felt slowly tired and they still wanted to do the Last Bond but he didn't want to stop Blaine and drag him home while he had fun. And he had fun. They were all dancing and laughing and though Kurt wanted to dance with Blaine he didn't. First he wasn't really sober and still touched by the jealousy and Blaine wasn't sober either.

After three songs they left the club and hugged good bye, Kurt even hugged Charlie and then took Blaine's hand, maybe a bit too possessive and took a cab back home.

The next morning he was more than happy to have no hangover. He stopped drinking soon enough so that he had a clear head when they decided to do the Last Bond. Standing up and walking down the stairs Blaine was already up, pouring coffee into their mugs and wore just his sweatpants. It wasn't like Kurt had never seen a half naked man. It was just that he never had seen Blaine half naked. Trying not to blush and not to stare he couldn't help himself but exactly do that. Blaine's adorable belly and small nipples. Back and arms muscular, not too much but enough making the small body look strong and not so fragile like Kurt sometimes saw Blaine. Not to ignore the tan skin that made everything just more... hot. Ugh, he licked his lips but also warning himself to stop thinking all of this.

"Hangover?" Kurt asked to finally stopped staring.

"No. I'm fine. I already took a shower so that I'm clean for the burn."

"Oh." Kurt saw the candle burning on the coffee table in the living room and the thing they got from the Soulmate Department next to it, still in its plastic bag. There was also a bowl with water so Kurt could place it inside there to cool down.

Both mugs in his hands he gave Kurt his and they walked over to the couch, sitting down and Kurt took a long sip before he spoke again.

"I'll have the same scar though and it will hurt me probably just as much as it will hurt you."

"Probably," Blaine said and drank his coffee: "I'm fine with everything."

"Okay. Good. Then I'll just... hold it into the flame and press it against your shoulder."

"Alright," his soulmate said and turned his back to Kurt, watching him taking the triangular thing and holding the metal into the flame.

"Which shoulder?"

"Left please."

Kurt hummed his yes and moved closer, reaching out for Blaine's left hand with his left and held it. Maybe this would help and the pain wouldn't be so bad and stop even faster. Blaine reached out for a pillow, holding it close just in case. He waited, eyes fixed on the thing and no matter how much he disliked this he knew it was necessary. Without this there would be no Last Bond and no possibility to break their connection when needed. Only that he had to hurt Blaine was something he couldn't really accept. So it was more than fair that he would feel it too and he hoped it would hurt him just as much.

"Ready?"

"Yes," breathed Blaine and clutched Kurt's hand, breathing in and out and Kurt moved closer. His chest was almost touching Blaine's back but he knew he needed to keep some space between them and act fast. This was the only time they could do this, hurt each other physically and not ever again. So he became a bit nervous as in what this would do to them. Would hit hurt badly?

Would it do nothing? Change everything?

“Okay. Three... two... one,” and then he pressed the hot metal against Blaine's shoulder and heard him gasping, felt him clutching his hand stronger and soon Kurt took it away, letting it fall into the bowl with water and watched the burn on Blaine's skin becoming darker.

“Oh!” he breathed and felt it on his own shoulder, burning, digging into his skin but then fading, getting colder and as he opened his eyes that was all what was left. A scar looking like an arrowhead but not smooth. With cracks and old. He held Blaine closer, waiting for their breathing to calm down and felt how something changed. It was like there was a switch next to the connection, waiting to be used to break it for a while but then there was also his soul and their connection, trembling and adjusting to what had happened.

“You alright?”

“Getting there,” Blaine said and after some minutes of keeping some contact Kurt felt how his soul became silent and the connection stopped being out of control. It was an even shining thread keeping them connected with this new thing to break the connection.

“Can you take a look?” Kurt asked when he pulled back and took his shirt off.

“It's there, looking like the thing you pressed on my shoulder,” said his soulmate.

“Good. How are you feeling?” he asked putting his shirt back on.

Blaine thought pressing his hand against his chest and slowly said: “It's calm... calm and there is something to stop the connection?”

Blaine unwrapped himself from Kurt's arm and turned around giving him a questioning look.

“Yeah, I feel the same. So I guess it worked.”

He wasn't sure if he should smile or not so he made himself busy with putting the stuff from the coffee table away.

“You don't have to work today, right?”

“No,” his soulmate answered and put his t-shirt back on: “But I'm visiting Charlie later.”

Kurt bit the inside of his cheek to not groan or say anything at all. Charlie, his roommate, his friend made him feel all this stupid jealousy for no real reason. Okay, there was a reason. The fact that he could simply touch Blaine and no one would think something was up. His friends could do that too but those were his friends, all in a relationship and knew who Blaine was. Charlie knew that too and also who Kurt was and what connection they had. Still he acted around him a little bit too affectionate and he really didn't like that.

Maybe Blaine was too oblivious to notice that Charlie wanted more? Or maybe this was just how Charlie treated his friends? But Blaine being oblivious was close to the truth in Kurt's mind. Yet, what did he know about Blaine's friend? Nothing and asking? Well, maybe he could ask without being suspicious?

“You met him when you came to New York?”

“Yup,” Blaine said his voice normal: “It's hard to pay the rent alone even in that part of New York. And he is fun to have around and helped me a lot when I came here.”

“How old is he?” asked Kurt while opening the refrigerator to make some breakfast but also to

keep himself busy and not turn around.

“Twenty one.”

“Is he gay?”

“He doesn't really care about gender.”

Kurt was silent and thinking about what he just had heard. So Charlie didn't care which meant they could have been more than friends, right? The way he touched Blaine and how comfortable they were around each other said a lot. Though Kurt knew this was nothing to really go by because it could really just be Charlie's nature to do that. Be all feely touchy around people he knew and liked.

“Why do you ask?”

Kurt almost jumped when Blaine's voice was suddenly next to him. Trying to act calm and not like something was bothering him he only shrugged, focusing on the eggs and bacon.

“I just want to know who he is. He could also be your ex from what I know.”

Blaine hummed, leaning against the counter and still stared at Kurt like he was trying to read his mind. Well, fuck, he didn't like that.

“We are just friends. Don't worry.”

“I'm not worried,” his voice became a bit strained: “I'm just... curious but it's none of my business who you are with or were.”

“Well, I can't be with anyone since we met. Our connection won't allow it.”

“Well, me too.”

He needed to stop this feelings he felt for Blaine which just suddenly happened. He just made it clear, right? That he didn't want this but something else, right? And this hurt. It hurt to be rejected although it wasn't intended. Blaine told him that he didn't believe in this soulmate thing but Kurt wasn't sure what part he didn't believe in. Obviously, Blaine felt the connection so that was not what he didn't believe in. Eyes moving back to Blaine he saw the boy looking down, not smiling, nothing really showing. Kurt was sure he had the same look. He didn't like that.

# Secrets

## Chapter 12. Secrets

It was the middle of April and both found a regularity in their life. They saw each other every morning around 6. Blaine would start the coffee machine and take a shower and Kurt would come down to him drink a coffee while holding Blaine's hand to maintain their connection. He did it for as long as he could before he himself had to take a shower and drive to the set. Blaine already asleep.

On a good day Kurt met Blaine before he went to work, talking about the day and then he would go to the Diner.

And whenever one was working they broke the connection when necessary to not disturb the other. It worked for the first two weeks but then it became harder and harder.

For the first hours Kurt felt absolutely fine but with the passing hours it changed. First he was tired and took a nap and opened their connection again. This little break gave him strength to work for another two hours before he felt like he wasn't himself. It was a strange feeling and close to the emptiness he felt from time to time. It didn't hurt but it was scary and he felt like he was leaving his body. It felt like his soul wanted to escape and go somewhere. Probably to Blaine because that was the part that made him feel alive, good, not like someone who had nothing inside himself. Like his soul was covered in black empty marks.

The only moment he really felt good was with Blaine around him and holding his hand.

They were okay, really okay and they laughed more than before. On Saturdays they cooked together with their friends or just enjoyed their company with some drinks or coffee. Sundays were meant for them alone, sharing the couch hand holding and watching Hannibal, while making disgusted noises when something terrible happened. But all this was not enough and Kurt felt it after a week. The hand holding was not enough, the two days off Blaine had and Kurt didn't have to break their connection was not enough. Last Sunday he asked Blaine if he could rest his head on Kurt's lab just to find out if it helped more than the hand holding. Yes, it did for a while but he still couldn't stop the emptiness crawling over his soul and the screaming connection, searching, reaching out for Blaine.

After they were done shooting Linda drove Kurt home because he felt like he would pass out any minute. Falling into the seat he groaned and rubbed his eyes wanting nothing more but just to be home and sleep.

"You work too hard, Kurt," she said with concern and closed her door.

"It's not that. It's this... soulmate stuff."

"What about that? You are having trouble?"

The car started and she drove off the set while Kurt texted Nina.

“No. We are okay it's just... like hand holding isn't enough to fix the times when we break our connection because of work and I don't know what to do.”

Linda sighed and Kurt could see the worry in her face. They both knew if they didn't fix this it could lead to more than just being tired and feeling empty. It could turn into Kurt going crazy, losing his mind or whatever mental aberration could happen. He was fine with wounds, fine with sharing pain, happiness or sadness with Blaine. But he really didn't want to lose his mind over this.

“You like him, right?”

“I know what you want to say, Linda. But he doesn't like me.”

“Did he say that to you?”

Kurt took a deep breath and ran his fingers over his forehead.

“No. But I have a feeling like he regrets it. Being a soulmate, you know.”

He really had this feeling after Blaine told him that he couldn't fool around because of their connection. Kurt couldn't too but he didn't mind because he accepted Blaine, he liked Blaine. He got jealous for God's sake and he never got jealous over nothing. Not anymore. He left Lima, came to New York went to NYADA and became a model just to earn money and waiting for a leading role to play. He had boyfriends, got drunk, did everything a young man usually did. Blaine couldn't. He just finished school, came here and began to work. Maybe he had a boyfriend and maybe he made some experiences but he could never experience what Kurt had. No one-nightstand, no break-ups and tears, no endless crushes, nothing like that. He was bond to Kurt for life.

“He is eighteen and he probably didn't imagine his life to turn out like this. You know what we've been doing when we were younger and he can't. He won't be able to make experiences, share kisses with guys, nothing of the things you do when you are living alone and living your youth.”

Linda sighed knowing this was true but then she smiled slowly.

“But he will get something else, Kurt. When I think about all the things I did before Ronald came into my life, yes, they were experiences and taught me a lot. But I've got something better now. Something that I can't even describe with words only feel. And you two will get that too.”

If he wouldn't believe in all of this he would just deny everything. But Kurt believed. Two of his friends happened to be soulmates and now there was also Linda in his life, showing him how amazing it is to have a soulmate. And he liked Blaine, he really did. Not in a way a friend would do it. He was watching him, seeing things he didn't notice before because it felt so wrong to look at a boy younger than him in this way. Not to forget how jealous he was over Blaine's friend. Was he already in love? No, not yet. There were still things he didn't know and wanted to know but so far, yes, he was sure this way would lead to this point. Him, falling for this boy. However, this didn't change what he just said.

“I really like him. Really. But I can't force him to anything or to make him believe in this soulmate stuff.”

“He still doesn't?”

“No. I don't know what part of this though. He feels the connection but he says he doesn't believe.”



They stopped at a red light and then it began to rain. Kurt sighed and rubbed his eyes again trying to ignore this feeling inside and wishing he could just be home and that Blaine would be there too so they could make it go away.

“You know. Many people think being a soulmate means you fall in love as soon as you meet your soulmate. Which is not true. Maybe he thinks the same and it didn't happen so he doesn't believe.”

Kurt turned his head and just stared at her for a while. He never thought about this and suddenly it seemed like this could be it. When he heard about soulmates he thought the same but saw that it wasn't true and maybe Blaine didn't know that?

They said nothing more until they arrived at Kurt's home.

“Thank you, Linda. I just get some rest and we'll see each other tomorrow,” he leaned over hugging her while she squeezed him tight.

“And work on that hand holding, okay?”

“I try. But I don't want to push him.”

Then she smiled, a knowing smile and he raised both eyebrows before he opened the door.

“He likes you, don't worry.”

“Oh? Did he tell you?” Kurt joked but figured she wasn't.

“No. He doesn't need to. Good night, Kurt.”

Still confused he nodded and climbed out of the car and walked to the front door. What did she mean by Blaine doesn't have to? It was not like she spent more time with him than Kurt and also not like they were super close or anything. Also, Blaine didn't seem to be the kind of guy talking about his feelings. Well, not to Kurt so he wasn't sure if he liked him or not. But then, again, Kurt wasn't objective. He couldn't be when his life was so deeply connected to Blaine's.

Unlocking his door he walked inside and right into an empty, silent loft. The rain was still falling and the spot on the couch was empty. Of course, Blaine went to work and he wouldn't be back until at least 5 in the morning. This feeling he had before Blaine stepped into his life came back, crushing over him whenever he wasn't here. The feeling of being alone inside those walls. This place was nice, really and he liked living here. Only the part of living alone was something he couldn't accept that easily.

All his friends had someone to live with and he went through jealousy, loneliness and feeling like a child when he moved here. Not able to accept that his friends were soulmates, always having someone around. This part of himself was never ever something he liked and tried to hide really hard. Then there was Blaine and though he was stubborn and reaching for each excuse and reason why he couldn't be his soulmate and why he couldn't live with him, in the end, he was happy about the company. Now it was different, more and he really wished Blaine would just be here and hold his hand so that the black marks on his soul would just fade away and make it whole again, warm, alive just like each time when they touched.

Exhausted and feeling alone he took his shoes off, hung his jacket and went to the bathroom to brush his teeth and change into his pajamas. But he wasn't going to his bed when he was done. He walked over to the couch, lifting up the blanket and lay down into the pillows which smelled like Blaine. Maybe it was the connection, his soul aching for Blaine or something else, Kurt didn't even care. All that he wanted was his soulmate to be here.

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He felt warm, so warm and also how he slowly woke up. But he didn't want to. This warmth was familiar and what he needed.

“Kurt, come on. Wake up.”

His eyes were heavy, too heavy and it hurt to open them. If it weren't for the voice of Blaine he would sleep some more but, there was Blaine. Everything was a blurry for some seconds only after blinking the sleep away Kurt noticed that he wasn't in his bed. Those weren't his pillows but it was his couch.

“You have to wake up, it's almost six.”

Turning around and looking up he saw Blaine, hair still damp and eyes tired from work.

“Hey,” he mumbled and reached out for his arm, needed to feel the contact, the warmth so his soul would come back to life. It was a good feeling when Blaine squeezed his hand and sat down, holding Kurt's hand in both of his.

“Why are you sleeping here? Didn't make it to your bed?”

“Kind of,” he said not wanting to lie but also not to tell the truth. Closing his eyes again he just let it all in, all the warmth, all the things coming through their connection from Blaine to him.

“It's your soul, right?”

Of course, Blaine felt it too, who was he fooling here anyway. Still, it was not just his soul which needed Blaine. It was far more that wanted Blaine but he couldn't say it because he wasn't sure yet. Or maybe he was just afraid to hear the answer, to hear Blaine's thoughts.

“Yeah. This breaking the connection is far more exhausting than I thought.”

“Yeah. I feel it too.”

Kurt turned to his side, eyes focused on their hands.

“We need to work on that. I really don't want us to lose our minds.”

“How? You have to work and I have to work.”

His blue eyes moved up, finding Blaine's and he promised himself to not ask Blaine to stop working and he wouldn't start with that now. This soulmate stuff already took so much away from this boy that he just couldn't ask him to stop working.

“We'll figure something out, okay? Now,” he said and stood slowly up to give Blaine his space back so he could sleep: “It's your turn to sleep.”

He sat next to Blaine who immediately fell asleep as soon as his head hit the pillows and held the younger boy's hand for another hour. He left around 8 and felt a bit better but was more than convinced that this wouldn't be enough. During work he took the breaks to figure something out and how Linda told him about that breaking the connection was bad and how Elliot always said hand holding was not enough. What else should he do? Cuddling? Yeah, he totally saw Blaine

freaking out about that and not wanting that. But what else could help? Telling Blaine how he felt and scare him away but then admitting it wasn't like something serious because he wasn't sure? Because Kurt really wasn't. Which didn't matter if Blaine didn't like him.

Groaning he took his phone and texted Elliot.

**Kurt 01:34pm:**

*Does cuddling really help the connection?*

**Elliot 01:38pm:**

*I promise, it does. Are you together yet? ;)*

**Kurt 01:40pm:**

*No.*

**Elliot 01:43pm:**

*But?*

He took a deep breath and cursed himself already for asking this. God, he felt like he was back in High School.

**Kurt 01:46pm:**

*Do you think he likes me?*

**Elliot 01:49pm:**

*I'm pretty sure. ;) What, did Linda talk some sense into you? I'm hurt, I thought we were friends.*

**Kurt 01:52pm:**

*You are impossible. Have to work.*

---

Sleep was impossible. Really like whenever he closed his eyes he felt like he was falling into emptiness and it scared him. When he slept it was probably for just some minutes and then he woke up, turning to the left and right his bed feeling too big, too cold and he wasn't sure if he should stand up – if he even could stand up – and go down to the couch to have just a little bit of his soulmate. Hissing he turned to the left checking the time and it was not even 4 in the morning. Blaine wouldn't be back until – huh?

He heard the door or maybe he just imagined hearing the door. Maybe this was just his mind playing tricks on him while his soul tried not to turn into complete emptiness. But then he heard steps and felt the connection reaching out for its other half. Though it was too soon for Blaine to be back and maybe it was just Elliot or Mercedes. Listening he heard the shower or thought he heard it but wasn't sure. Then he just watched the stairs, waiting that someone would show up and he noticed someone but his sight was just blurry and his whole being just such a mess. Rolling the edge of the bed he blinked and then he realized that it was indeed Blaine standing there in a black t-shirt and pajama pants. There was the same feeling coming from Blaine who just stood there, looking lost and insecure and this was just too much, for the both of them.

“Kurt-”

“Come here,” he said voice weak but Blaine heard him. Without hesitation Blaine hurried to him and Kurt opened his arms and Blaine lay right into them. Like on instinct Kurt wrapped his arms tightly around Blaine, around his broad shoulders and felt Blaine's arm around his body. Rolling over so Blaine was on the right side they just held each other, clutching, shaking and letting their connection suck everything in. The warmth, the light, everything so that the dark, empty marks on their souls would vanish.

One hand found its way into Blaine's damp hair, his face pressed against Kurt's chest, his hands on Kurt's back, fingers digging into his shirt, trying reach the skin, like he tried to suck everything in through them. All Kurt could do was snuggling closer, as close as possible and drifted off to sleep, finally.

It felt like someone held him together but not just his body. It was like something held his whole being, his soul, his heart and mind together and everything made sense. Just sense and no words could describe what made sense. But being here and feeling those arms around him was everything he needed and he had no idea that he needed this. Almost like a natural thing. Also, holding Blaine, feeling his body and more, places inside his body. No it was deeper. Those places a person couldn't really see but name. Maybe they were seen on a persons face but they would never describe what happened inside. Kurt could feel it but not even tried to reach out and explore more.

Was it that what their friends talked about? How it felt to be with their soulmate? Explore places without a face, without a form but feel them and know the person? It scared Kurt and made him uncomfortable that he could reach those private places. His soul though, his soul and the connection were seeking for it. Not understanding, not at all, just reaching for it and combining it with Kurt's deepest places. The result was just sense, warmth and like their nature.

It was scary, so scary to have this power and to be able to reach out and understand. And it scared him that Blaine could do the same. They weren't there, not yet so he held himself back and trusted Blaine to do the same.

Slowly he opened his eyes, no longer able to dig deeper into Blaine's being. This surprised him to be honest. One second he was able to almost touch those places and now it was like always.

Them, their souls and the connection humming inside him because it got what it needed. His other half. He felt healed, alive and rested. The younger boy still had his arms tightly around Kurt and breathed evenly and calm. Not wanting to wake him up he turned his head to see what time it was. 8 he should stand up and get ready otherwise he would be late. But god he didn't want to. All he wanted was to just sleep and hold Blaine. Just for that day.

However, he had to work and he loved his work so he slowly but gently untangled himself from Blaine's grip but not without waking the boy.

"Sleep," he whispered squeezing Blaine's shoulder and meeting the big golden eyes. There were questions, followed by confusion and then Kurt felt how Blaine slowly began to panic. He could feel it right through their connection and took Blaine's hand into his getting all of his attention.

"Hey, it's okay." He pressed their hands against Blaine's chest: "I know. I felt it too."

The panic grew smaller and smaller and it was visible how Blaine relaxed sinking into the pillows and eyes constantly focused on Kurt's. This boy probably thought it was wrong to come to him and crawl into his bed. But Kurt asked to. He opened his arms and wanted him there and it was good that they both decided to do this.

"It was... scary. So scary. I thought I'd lose my mind," Blaine whispered and squeezed Kurt's hand back still resting on the younger boy's chest.

"I know. I felt the same."

They were just looking at each other, giving Kurt enough time to recognize Blaine's face and just fall into this moment. The moment when he could figure the colors out in Blaine's eyes, the long eyelashes, the young lines on his face and those lips.

"You," he began to stop staring finally: "You just lie here and sleep, okay? It will help you while I'm working."

"In your bed?"

Nodding Kurt took his hand back and the second they weren't touching anymore it didn't feel as bad as before but he felt how he wanted to go back. How his whole being just wanted to keep this connection alive until they were fine again. At least that's what he kept on telling himself.

The next three days were awkward. Really awkward. It wasn't like they had sex or something but apparently cuddling could make a life with someone else awkward. Holding hands was awkward because Kurt would stare on the joined hands, wishing he could slip his fingers between Blaine's and didn't even hear when Blaine said something. Then he would catch Blaine staring and sometimes they were even blushing or so be so tense before touching that it drove Kurt crazy. They were literally dancing around each other to avoid something. And it wasn't helping. They both felt better, yes, but it was not enough to go back to how things were.

On the fourth day Kurt felt just as miserable as before he and Blaine slept together for some hours. Again he couldn't sleep and just stared at the stairs, waiting to hear the door going open but it was just 3 in the morning. He woke up an hour later to hear the shower running and waited until Blaine came out of the bathroom. He listened, waited some more and hoped Blaine would come here, into his bed and not to that stupid couch. He wanted to ask him, he wanted to suggest this in the past days. But he wasn't sure if this was okay, if Blaine wanted this or if it would scare him away.

He really didn't want that or ruin everything.

Turning on his right side he gave up waiting and hoping and tried to tell himself that they just weren't there and Blaine still needed time. Closing his eyes he tried to fall asleep ignoring all the sounds, his soul and the connection just to open his eyes again when he felt someone climbing on his bed.

He opened his eyes to find an exhausted Blaine again with this lost and helpless look, almost like he was sorry for doing this, for asking to sleep here. But like some days ago Kurt only opened his eyes and as soon as he felt his soulmate against his body he fell into this zone they both ached for. The place where everything made sense, was right and where he belonged. And it was not only the connection, not at all. It was also his heart, his mind that wanted this and he gave up denying, gave up being stubborn and just accepting what his friends were telling him for weeks.

He was falling, falling pretty hard for this boy.

His arms pressed Blaine's back close to his chest, his curls were soft and smelling after the shampoo Blaine always used when they found Kurt's nose. They just lay there, Blaine's hands on Kurt's arms and Kurt holding him. Like it should be.

"Will you stay here from now on?" asked Kurt into Blaine's hair trying to not fall asleep because he needed to know.

"I guess... I have to?"

His words hurt Kurt. They really did because it was like telling him that Blaine didn't like touching him but otherwise they both would lose their minds.

"You don't... have to. But I'd be okay with it."

"You are?"

"I am."

The smaller body relaxed under his arms, squeezing them like he tried to tell Kurt something without words and it made also Kurt calmer. Maybe, just maybe Blaine was okay with this at some point.

"Okay then."

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They slept together in Kurt's bed from that day on which changed their behavior from being tense to relaxed and comfortable. Not like Kurt wanted it to be because Blaine still kept his walls up. He never slept so that he was facing Kurt. It was either Kurt being the big spoon or Blaine but never face to face. It kind of worried him because he wasn't sure what this meant or if Blaine only liked to sleep this way. The more he fell for this boy the more he wanted to make things right. And more important he didn't want to make him uncomfortable. It was just hard to tell what Blaine felt because he was either hiding it or felt nothing at all while he slept with Kurt.

Kurt couldn't blame him because he was hiding his feelings too. All the emotions which screamed how he wanted this boy, how he felt for him just to not scare him away.

But it was hard. So hard to have him so close and literally do nothing. Not that he wanted to do something at all like having sex but it was just so hard for him to resist. He wanted those small things. Like touching Blaine's cheek, run his hand through his hair, tickle him, all those small things which would show the affection he had for Blaine. He didn't.

The time passed by and it was May. Kurt just got the news that they'll be done filming a week earlier than planned and looked forward to this day. He would sleep whenever and how long he wanted to and he would talk with Blaine about his thoughts, about his feelings. There was more time for them when Kurt was done with work and he really didn't want to start a conversation about something like this and leave Blaine alone or be alone with it himself.

Well, Kurt believed in this soulmate stuff and in all this 'meant to be together' and just like his friends he was sure Blaine would fall in love with him. The question was only when.

But then he found himself doubting. Like, they had this deep connection, really deep. Not like Elliot's and Martin's or Mercedes and Sam. They had a different connection and even when he told his friends about the things that happened to him and his soul, they were more than surprised.

So he ended up there, having doubts about their connection and what it meant. Maybe they were soulmates but just not... those love soulmates? Maybe just friends? In his desperation he even called the Soulmate Department who only told him: *It needs time*.

Kurt hated waiting, really. Still he couldn't change or force Blaine to like him or open up to him. It was wrong and made him feel like a bad person.

Only one thing happened he wasn't counting with. Blaine was happier and hugged Kurt without a special reason or because they needed to do it. He even talked with Kurt about things that were private. It wasn't much though, but already this little bit gave Kurt hope that Blaine wasn't completely disgusted with the idea of being bond with him for life. Eager to hear and share it all.

And one night – one of Blaine's days off – they went together to Kurt's bed, Blaine being the little spoon and heard the words he ached to hear from his soulmate.

“I don't hate you or anything, Kurt.”

He tried to play cool but Blaine probably felt it in the past days. Even though they could hide things and break the connection it was hard to control every emotion. They weren't meant to be controlled and they sometimes came out of nowhere. That's why they were beautiful, unique but in their case also dangerous to show because they didn't know each other like they did now.

“And you don't force me to anything if you think that.”

“I did, though.”

“I wouldn't be here if I really didn't want to. Literally.”

And that was all Blaine said before they both fell asleep. Kurt with a smile on his face.

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"You look happy. Oh my God! You guys-"

"No. We are not," Kurt stopped Elliot before he even finished his sentence. They met in the morning in the music shop, sitting together in the backroom and drinking coffee before Kurt had to work again. But yes, he was happy and he couldn't stop his lips to curl into a stupid smile. He was sharing a bed with Blaine for almost a month now, could talk with him, laugh with him and things got easier, better. It was also a blessing for their connection.

"Tell me everything, come on."

"There isn't much to tell," Kurt began as Elliot sat down next to him on the old dark green couch, bouncing because he was excited. God, how could his friend who was even older than him still be such a child at times.

"You wouldn't smile like that if there was nothing."

"We just... we are doing fine. We.. we kind of share a bed now because of the connection."

"Yeah, of course," Elliot smirked and gave him a knowing look. Kurt ignored it.

"But he is finally talking to me and doesn't act and look like he doesn't want to live with me, you know."

"You really thought he hated you?"

"Not that. Just... you know. I had everything and he can't because of our connection. Linda already told me how he'll get something *better* but I still was sure Blaine felt sad about that."

"I think he is smart enough to realize it's not your fault or his. And yes, he will get something better."

Reaching out for his cup he nodded slowly, trying to convince himself, but still keeping in mind that he needed to talk about this with Blaine just to be sure.

"And he told me he doesn't hate me so... I don't know. Things are fine, really but-"

"You want more, huh?"

There was this part of him he already confessed to himself. Not with words, not entirely but he knew it was there, trying to break out. It was hard with Blaine so close to him and still sleeping with his back to Kurt so he did anything to hide it, keep it down. Otherwise he was sure he would do something stupid or go crazy. Blaine was still younger, experienced or not. Well, whatever that experience was because Kurt had no idea. Was he still a virgin? Did he ever have a boyfriend? Kurt wanted to know but didn't want to push Blaine and sent signals to him that could scare him away.

"I just... don't want to scare him. Things are so good and maybe he needs more time before we eventually get there."

"I think you should tell him, Kurt," suggested his friend and took a sip from his coffee.

"And then make a fool of myself?"

Elliot rolled his eyes and tried not to groan, Kurt could see it by the way he took another sip.

"I know you are scared too. God I've been scared too when I knew I liked Martin and he gave me



still those stupid looks like I was insane.”

“You kind of are, you know.”

“Ha! Don't try to change the subject, Hummel.”

Kurt smirked at him and felt pleased with himself that he still could do that.

“What I want to say is, that he really likes you. Really. Whenever you are not looking at him he just stares at you with so much affection. I swear, if I could I would vomit bow ties.”

“Really?”

“Really. And you said he doesn't believe in this soulmate stuff. Well, thinking about what he went through and where he is working, seriously. Kurt, he is probably just scared about this. That it's all fake and that someone like you, former model, actor, leading role in a movie would ever fall for him.”

“You think he doesn't believe that we are meant to be?”

“Stop thinking about this connection for a second, okay? And now imagine he likes you and just sees your life.”

Kurt tried that, imagining a life in which they were not connected but met either way and like each other. Yeah, he was sure that Blaine would be pretty pessimistic about his chances to be recognized or even loved by him. Blaine was not one of those crazy people who clung to someone who had money and would give them a good life. He was still working, taking care of himself as much as he could and though he used Kurt it was, perhaps, just a test? Maybe he'd been testing Kurt for a while just to see if this was true? It made sense but it was not the truth. Not yet, only a possibility.

“We don't know that, though.”

“No, we don't. But I know you are crazy about him and he about you. And I think you should just show him this. He can still say no, right?”

“Did you do that to Martin so you finally got together?”

Elliot laughed and a light blush crawled over his cheeks.

“I might have done something that I shouldn't have done. But in the end it worked out.”

“I don't even want to know.”

They laughed and emptied their cups talking about their summer plans and then Kurt had to go to work. But he felt better after talking with Elliot about that.

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He was nervous when he drove back home that night because it was not like he had some time to himself. Blaine was home, it was his day off and he probably sat on the couch and watched something or played on his guitar. Kurt would join him for a while and then they would go to sleep, together. And this made him really nervous because he could try as hard as he wanted to.

Emotions weren't that easy to control. The only thing holding him back and keeping him sane was that Blaine still didn't face Kurt when they slept together. Not once in the past weeks.

Walking inside he found Blaine on the couch but he was already sleeping and the Star Wars movie still playing on the TV. With a small smile he locked the door and changed into his pajamas and then he woke Blaine up. This was not the first time it happened. Whenever he woke up but still being in his sleepy state he just blinked disorientated and nodded to everything Kurt was saying. Turning off the TV he took Blaine by the hand and walked up the stairs. This sleepy state was yet nothing that kept Blaine from turning his back to Kurt or press himself against Kurt's back when they climbed on the bed. With a happy sigh he didn't mind that and wrapped his arms around Blaine's familiar body, feeling his hands on his arms and pressing his nose into the curls and falling asleep.

The annoying beeping sound of his clock woke him up and with a groan he slapped his clock and thought about calling in sick or something. Yet, there was only one week left and he could sleep whenever he wanted. Rubbing his eyes he felt Blaine moving next to him and hoped it didn't wake him up. Wrong, because when he turned his head to his right side he met the beautiful eyes with the slightly darker golden color they always had when he woke up. Blaine was facing him for the first time and they just looked into the others eyes for a while. One hand rested between them and the other was under Blaine's head, calm, not moving just looking without saying a word.

There he was doing the thing Kurt wondered why he didn't and slowly he rolled on his side, facing Blaine in the same way and resting his left hand on the one Blaine had between their bodies. There was not much space between them like it hadn't been in the last weeks but this was different. This here meant something and Kurt tried to figure out what. Should he say something? Do something? Was this the chance he should grab and use like Elliot said?

Shooting was almost done, soon he would have enough time to talk with Blaine about things. If only Blaine didn't have to work then he maybe had said something. Kurt was silent and still looking at Blaine, gold meeting blue and then his soulmate looked down to their hands and took Kurt's into his, letting them rest between them. Warm, soft skin that made his blood boil. Fingers which gave him so much with a simple touch and his fingers who gave Blaine the same in return. Not only because of the connection and because of their souls. It was more, so much more that still needed to be said in words. But now, with Blaine finally looking at him and allowing Kurt to see him from this angle, with bed hair, soft eyes and features he had to look down to those lips which made him curious. What would it feel like to kiss him? Were they warm and soft? Or maybe cold and waiting for him to kiss them warm? What would it feel like to kiss his soulmate? Would it give him something else, not only warmth and strength and heal their connection?

He wanted to know and he wanted to kiss him because his heart screamed to do so. Not this connection, his heart did so. Was it unfair if he let Blaine feel that? No, probably not. Because this feeling he tried to hide was good, honest and maybe this would help them? Maybe Blaine needed this honesty to understand? Squeezing Blaine's hand gently he let it out and watched Blaine's face. The softness broke just a little, eyes fixed on Kurt's and searching, reading and then Blaine closed his eyes, the long eyelashes more visible now as they rested on Blaine's cheeks and squeezed his hand back, keeping the tight grip but not hurting him. Fool, Kurt thought. He had been a fool that he thought this would never happen. He was a fool, believing that he would not fall for this boy. He was a fool, believing he could resist the longings coming right from his heart.

But he was no fool to ignore it now. This boy who probably thought he didn't deserve any of this. Who thought that this was nothing real. He wanted to show him that he deserved it and that this was real.

There were still things, so many he needed to know about Blaine. So many answers he needed to get before he let his heart fall into this entirely. But Kurt ignored this for now and decided he could deal with this later. Right now he needed permission from his soulmate. Wetting his lips he closed his eyes moving closer and feeling how his heart pounding faster and faster. No, he wouldn't just take what he wanted, that was not what he did or would ever do. All he did is leaning his forehead against Blaine's and listening, feeling. Not only was it his heart which pounded like crazy inside his chest, he could feel the same coming from Blaine. Feel how this connection gave him little signals Blaine couldn't hide. Yet he ignored the connection, not wanting to figure out what Blaine felt or how he felt through this right now. He wanted to feel in a way he used to before he was a soulmate, figure out if there was anything Blaine felt for him that was close to what he wanted.

And then the younger boy squeezed his hand again, nuzzling just a tiny bit against Kurt's cheek and Kurt smiled for a second, feeling dizzy from this little gesture and gave it in return just to feel Blaine's shaking breath falling on his lips, his skin and Kurt slowly closed the gap between their mouths. They both took a sharp breath through their noses as their lips touched, feeling so much Kurt was sure when he opened his eyes he would see freaking stars. His whole body was buzzing, emotions running through his body, veins, blood, like electricity. It was just a press of lips but it was like heaven so he wasn't even ashamed when a small whimper escaped from his throat.

And Blaine just did the same. A small whimper, body going still because of too much that was happening inside him. Then their hands let go from each other and when Kurt was sure this was okay he held Blaine's face in his hands, pulled back to take a breath, give his soulmate a moment to breath and then both went back to what they were doing. Tilting his head to get better access, he kept their lips together, then nipped at Blaine's bottom lip and sucked gently on it for a second before they found a rhythm together.

It was just lips, warm, soft, meeting each other, sliding gently over each other and trying to keep them attached, not wanting to stop and not ready to stop. He felt Blaine's hand on his arm, searching for something to hold on to but still kissing Kurt back. Gentle, not asking for too much or expecting something else. Just sweet gentle kisses but doing things to them that were too much but not enough. He knew he should stand up and get ready, he knew all of that but he was literally drunk from those kisses. Those simple kisses which were better than any kiss he had ever shared. Yet Kurt pulled back, breathing in and out and kissed the corner of Blaine's mouth, moved closer and kissed his cheek, eyebrow and forehead while wrapping his arms around Blaine's shoulders holding him close and feeling how his soulmate did the same. His arms slung around him, clutching Kurt's back and breathing against his neck. They stayed just like that, feeling, breathing and waiting.

Then the beeping sound of his clock happened again and Kurt tried to ignore it but he knew now he really had to stand up and get ready. Huffing he turned to the left side, slapping the clock again but still focused on Blaine's hands which one was under his back and the other not touching him.

Oh fuck, he forgot that he had to talk about this. He couldn't just kiss him and go and Kurt became nervous thinking about that. Talking seemed like an impossible task at this moment.

Yet he came so far, showed Blaine how he felt and running away now was not just stupid but also not Kurt. Closing his eyes he breathed in and out and then moved his head to the right side to look at Blaine who just lay there, face calm, soft, lips red from kissing and Kurt wanted to lean over and kiss him again.

"You have to go," Blaine whispered with the softest voice Kurt heard for the first time.

"I... I do." Sitting up he felt Blaine's hand on his right arm, just running his fingers up and down

the skin and saying nothing. Okay, maybe Blaine wasn't ready to talk about that and Kurt would give him the space. Though it made him feel bad. What if Blaine didn't want that to happen? But he kissed him back? Oh, now Kurt felt like he was about to panic. Was this too soon? Wrong? Did he push Blaine too far away? Again? Though everything felt so good, though their connection was smiling and burning in a good way, but, he couldn't be happy about that. But he wanted to, he wanted to have more of this.

Only then when he wanted to stand up and go Blaine moved, holding himself up on his elbows and still ran his hand up and down Kurt's arm, touching gently his wrist where his blood ran like crazy.

Still afraid too see something he couldn't handle Kurt turned his head back to Blaine and saw a soft smile on his face and eyes shining, gold swimming there in its purest state.

This smile said everything and when Kurt leaned down and Blaine up, smiling into the next kiss all his worries just melted away and the new space was filled with this thrilling feeling their kiss made him feel.

"I see you later, okay?" whispered the older, forehead leaning against Blaine's.

Blaine only nodded with this adorable shy look on his face.

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During the next week Kurt had the most stupid grin on his face and it surprised everyone. Not that he was a grumpy person, not at all. But he was someone who didn't show everything he was feeling. He was always controlled, always careful with what he wanted people to see and what not. But after this kiss he couldn't help himself and show it. He didn't even break the connection so Blaine could feel it, not everything but a little bit of course hoping this would show him that everything was real and that there was no reason to doubt this soulmate thing.

Linda smirked at him, not saying anything either waiting for Kurt to tell her about it but he made it clear that there was nothing to talk about. He had not talked with Blaine yet and he wasn't sure what this meant. Maybe it meant nothing but was just something to keep their connection stable or for Blaine to explore the things he couldn't do with others. But alone the fact that his soulmate kissed him back, smiled when they kissed again was enough to make those doubts go away. Underestimating would be stupid and naïve because he knew his soulmate could feel things coming from him and also that he understood that what they felt was real. At least Kurt hoped that.

When he arrived home he was buzzing with excitement and also feeling nervous again. Unlocking the door and walking inside he found Blaine in the kitchen and typing on his phone. Unsure if he should just walk over and kiss him hello he decided to take it slow.

"I'm back!"

"Hey," said Blaine and his voice was happier, clearer and not the mumble he used to give Kurt.

"How was work?"

"Good. Just this week and I'll be able to sleep for hours."

Walking to the kitchen he saw Blaine was still smiling and shoving his phone back into the pocket of his jeans. Also it wasn't unnoticed how the younger still kept his walls up. Maybe he himself trying to figure out what all of this meant. If it mean something.

Because for Kurt it did but he wouldn't push his soulmate.

“You already ate something?”

“Um, no. I was waiting for you.”

In any other situation Kurt would have thought that this was normal, like the times when Elliot and Mercedes waited for him. Blaine was a different story because he never waited for Kurt. They cooked together or not and when they couldn't eat together they weren't waiting. Perhaps this was a good sign?

They decided to order something and ate their Chinese food together on the couch while starting with Game of Thrones. It was not awkward or strange. Not really. It was more like Kurt wanted to cuddle and kiss some more but Blaine would try to act normal but then tensing up again because he was conflicted? There was no reason to though. At least in the morning he made it clear that he enjoyed kissing him. So Kurt ended up thinking that it didn't mean the same for Blaine as for him. Until Blaine finally, finally asked and stopped Kurt's rising panic.

“You, gave me my first real kiss this morning.”

Oh... oh great. He didn't even fall all over Blaine he also took something from him that he wasn't maybe ready for? Great.

“Calm down,” said Blaine and laughed just a little laugh and took Kurt's hand into his. He was shaking, like really shaking and Kurt forgot who was the teenager here. He kissed a lot of people, sweet, rough or dirty. But he had been kissing other people and Blaine maybe did not.

“I kissed before but this was... different. So, thank you.”

“I won't do it again if you are not okay with it.”

Again a small nervous laugh and Blaine squeezed his hand, looking down – Kurt could see it from the corner of his eye.

“I kissed you back, didn't I?”

“You did.”

Like reminding himself that he did so Blaine nodded again and then spoke quietly.

“I'm... I'm not there yet. I don't believe in this, yet. But I... I also don't want to stop what we did.”

“It's good for our connection, though,” and Kurt wanted to slap himself for saying this. It was like this kiss meant nothing but only that. Something they needed to do so their souls and the connection were fine and not breaking and giving them some mental aberration.

“I mean... I... I didn't do it because of that.”

“I know. I felt it and it helped our connection, no doubt. I just... I don't want to label this. I'm not there yet.”

“That's fine. I won't push you.”

But he wished he could label it. Label it with something significant. Though, when Blaine didn't want to he wouldn't force him to. He couldn't his heart would break and he would hate himself for this.

“I just want you to know that... it's real. Okay? It's not just the connection.”

Blaine said nothing which was answer enough for Kurt to truly understand what he didn't believe in. By the way Blaine was holding himself back, saying nothing, closing up Kurt thought that was just Blaine. But in the past days, weeks even, he showed Kurt that this was not really him. He opened up, smiled more, talked more – nothing that was really deep or touching – about simple things. And then, after the kiss how his soulmate just opened a little bit more and let Kurt know he was not completely against what happened. He understood it now.

Blaine didn't believe that this was real, that only some crazy connection made them feel like that. It was even more. Blaine knew how it felt to lose someone close, to have people close and because of their connection, because they were meant to be together he wasn't sure if he could let that happen again. No, Blaine never said if this was it and he had no real evidence if his thoughts were true. It was only his own experience with people, by what he saw and heard that he came up with this.

“That's it, right? You aren't sure if any of this is real?”

“I... I don't know. I just... I need more time.”

The conflict Blaine felt crushed over Kurt, ran through his body and he felt sorry for pushing Blaine. He didn't want to make him feel like that, not ever. This chaos inside him nothing clear only a scary mixture of everything. It made it hard to breath even for Kurt.

“Take your time. I understand.”

Finally Blaine looked at him, thankful and just the tiniest of smiles on his lips. As long as he could make him smile he was doing the right thing, right? He leaned closer just pressing his lips only brushing against Blaine's temple and then his soulmate rested his head on his shoulder. But the conflict inside him didn't stop.

Ignoring the kiss was impossible for them and Kurt didn't want to ignore it nor push Blaine anymore. They slept together in Kurt's bed from that day on and whenever Blaine faced him and squeezed his hand Kurt knew it was okay to share a kiss. Many of them were just sweet and gentle, some just a press of lips like a good morning kiss, yet, they all were a blessing for their connection which vibrated with happiness. The dark marks on his soul came back when they broke their connection for too long, but it was not as exhausting or scary as before. It was easier and this also had a huge impact on their moods. Things weren't perfect and not how Kurt wished they would be but they were good and he gave Blaine the time and space he needed. And as a reward he got a happy Blaine, a more carefree Blaine, the one Blaine, Kurt thought, he could never be. So he tried to give him all of this instead. Different kisses. Some not on his lips but on his fingers, forehead, shoulder, neck. But never trying to want more or kiss him in a way to seduce him.

Soon there were two weeks left to June and Kurt was done with shooting. They went to celebrate together but without Blaine who had to work. On one side he really wanted him to be there but they didn't show the kind of affection when their friends were around. They weren't boyfriends, so much was clear but they also weren't friends and they both decided to not let anyone put a label on them. It was nothing they talked about. It happened to be clear by the smiles and looks they gave each other when their friends were around.

On his first free day Kurt was okay. Really, he woke up to Blaine and they spent the day together. Then he went to work and Kurt was sleeping alone. Which was fine, this always happened when they both had to work. He would wake up with Blaine next to him and lie there for a while just feeling him close and then standing up. Breakfast, planning with Nina, watching something, visiting his friends, he had stuff to do instead of staying in bed – but he wished he could sometimes. Then when he came back home Blaine was already awake or they met in the city and did grocery together.

Then Blaine told him how he had to work everyday for a while and Kurt supported him. This work was important for Blaine and maybe the only thing he was really proud about so he wouldn't feel like he was just a small person with no real job, with nothing like Kurt had or his friends. He tried to tell Blaine it was okay, he didn't mind but Blaine minded and he let him. It wasn't like he could force him to stop working. Everything would just find its place, sooner or later.

But the nights alone were awful and the broken connection hard to handle. He wanted to feel how Blaine felt, wanted to know if he was okay. Sleep was okay but it still was different without Blaine.

Then, five days later for some reason Blaine didn't break the connection and Kurt felt how uneasy he was. Waiting for it to stop it didn't and sleep was impossible. Something was wrong and he had no idea what it was. Obviously Blaine didn't get physically hurt because Kurt would feel that. But something else was happening to him and he was sick with worry.

When Blaine came back home he stood up and rushed the stairs down, seeing that Blaine seemed to be okay. He didn't look different just like each time when he came back from work. So Kurt didn't ask but was just happy that he was there. The younger would take his usual shower and crawl into Kurt's bed, letting Kurt hold him and squeezing his arms. Stronger, closer and Kurt felt the conflict inside Blaine. It changed, something was different and it had to do with Blaine's work. The next two days he felt the same things coming from Blaine and he wasn't sure if he should cry or not because he hated to feel what Blaine was feeling. He hated that Blaine felt that way and wished it would just stop or that he would talk to him about that. Maybe it was no big deal, maybe Blaine felt like this whenever he was working and Kurt, of course had no idea with their broken connection.

So one night he decided to visit Blaine and make sure he was okay. The worries and the silence drove him insane and he could only do so much with holding him. It was around two in the morning when he felt it again, wondering if Blaine did this on purpose or if something was just wrong. Or maybe this was the result of their cuddling and kissing? What if he unconsciously reached those parts of Blaine he didn't want to touch and could feel things though his soulmate broke the connection? Or maybe Blaine was too exhausted to break it? Whatever it was, he wouldn't ask and wouldn't complain but was just glad that he could feel that and do something.

He arrived at the Diner and crossed the street, seeing the lights on and some people sitting there. They weren't suspicious, not all of them but still, Kurt wished Blaine wouldn't work there. Not a boy only eighteen years old who could have everything from Kurt. College, clothes, food until the day he could do the job he wanted to. Hell, if Blaine wanted Kurt would let him pay everything back to him. He opened the door and felt some eyes on him – obviously he was something else compared to the other people. Ignoring them he walked over to the bar, looking over the counter to his left and right side and then there was a guy, tall, skinny and fitted perfectly to the guests. No, he wasn't judging but it was just how things were.

He wore the same apron Lucy wore the first time he met her and so it was easy to tell that he was working here. So Blaine wasn't working alone at night? Or maybe this guy was the reason why he

felt uneasy? God he could already feel anger bubbling inside him but pleaded to his sanity to not turn him into a fool.

“What can I do for you?” the skinny guy asked and ran his hand through his brown hair giving Kurt a tired look.

“I’m here to see Blaine,” he said and still looked around hoping Blaine would come out of one of those doors behind the bar.

“Blaine?” the guy said with a frown.

“Yeah, Blaine. Tan skin, curly hair sometimes smoothed down with gel and a little smaller than I am.”

“I don’t know someone with the name Blaine or someone that looks like you’ve described it.”

Kurt blinked, stared and then shook his head.

“But he is working here.”

“Listen, dude, I don’t know a guy named Blaine. Go look somewhere else if you don’t want anything to eat or drink.”

He didn’t move though, he waited looked around but the guy made no sign of lying to Kurt. Well, maybe he really didn’t know Blaine? But he was working there so he had to know him. And Blaine was working, he could feel it. But, where was he? Was this the wrong Diner? No, this was the Diner, there was a picture with Lucy hanging next to the shelves with glasses.

No idea how to feel or what to think about this he went back to his car and tried to find an explanation. He waited, thirty minutes looking through the windows and waited for Blaine to appear but he wasn’t there. It was only the guy taking the orders and serving them.

For some reason he was even more worried. For some reason he had a really bad feeling and he tried everything to hide it and Kurt also tried to stop this terrible idea crawling closer and closer to his mind.

What if Blaine was lying? What if he never worked here? But why would he lie? It made no sense and Kurt really didn’t want to call him a liar or anything. He was just worried sick about his soulmate, feeling cold and alone and just wanted to know what made him feel so uneasy, so terrible while he was the happiest around Kurt. Yes, still reserved and keeping some distance but he was happier, alive and it was just such a contrast to everything he felt right now.

Something was wrong, really wrong and he tried not to cry because he felt so helpless and ached for Blaine to be around him. Safe, warm and away from whatever made him feel like this.



# Hope

## Chapter 13. Hope

### April

Blaine couldn't believe what he saw. There was a cake, candles burning and shining on the purple 18 and letters. This cake alone made his heart swell but he couldn't feel the happiness coming. He was literally overwhelmed with all of this and when he saw the guitar he thought he would wake up from a beautiful dream or pass out. This couldn't be real. Not that he got anything for his birthday, no, that was not important. The fact that all of this came from Kurt, was planned by Kurt and done for him, that was what really hit him.

He remembered how he laughed with Charlie about that Kurt would give him something for his birthday and how convinced Charlie was that Kurt would do such a thing.

Blaine only laughed it away and went to work.

Yet, he was standing there seeing the reality and hearing the happy birthday from Kurt. He wanted to thank him, really thank him and show him what was happening inside him. He would have done it but he forced himself not to. It was too soon, he was still not out of his job and also, who knew if this was just Kurt being nice or something else.

So he asked to hug him and Kurt said of course and he did so, hugging Kurt and just holding what he wanted for so long now. It wasn't long because he didn't want to be suspicious or anything. Still, those seconds of just holding Kurt close, feeling his body and arms was enough for Blaine to want more. Just not at that moment.

They sat on the floor together eating the cake and laughed about silly things. No big laughs or loud laughs. Just some small one which still had the same effect on Blaine. They made him happy and Kurt's hand resting on his was just a plus for his soul.

He already thought that the beginning of his birthday was amazing but then deciding what they would do together on his birthday was even more amazing. Blaine always wanted to go into the clubs and just dance and have fun. Away from his work away from this part of New York. Being eighteen though made this hard and with the money he couldn't spend for something like this it was impossible. So when they got their soulmate ID and went to the club Kurt and their friends liked – with gay people, straight, bi, with all of them – he really enjoyed this night.

Really, not only because he could forget about everything for some hours but also because Kurt's friend were his friends now too. Charlie's appearance made everything just better and Blaine really, really enjoyed this night.

It was not only him celebrating his birthday it was also him starting to hope. But Blaine Anderson stopped to hope a long time ago. And he didn't let Kurt see that he hoped so he still kept some distance and still acted like he wasn't happy to be here. Not as much as before because he knew,

soon, his job would end.

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The Last Bond and turning 18 made Blaine feel better. He felt the change inside him how his soul became calmer and the connection steady. It was like growing up but only his soul and it made things easier but at the same time more intense. It was easier to hide things when needed, especially when he broke they broke their connection. But whenever they connected again Blaine felt how exhausting it was and how much more physical closeness they both needed to keep their souls and connection alive and stable.

Breaking the connection felt like being alone. Like before he became a soulmate and he was surprised how much it scared him to just feel himself. Well, not entirely because there was always a part of his soul reaching out but touching nothing. This was scary but he got used to it. He needed to because it helped him when he was working. Without the connection he could focus on his job. Of course he couldn't kiss someone else – he didn't even want to – or have actual sex – which was also against his own rules. But he didn't need to focus on keeping his emotions hidden and on sucking a cock or whatever his customers wanted to do at the same time.

The first weeks in April were okay. They saw each other in the morning and sometimes in the evening and had their free day together to watch something and hold hands.

But soon he felt just how much energy this all took and how much it hurt his own soul. He could feel the black, empty marks covering his soul and it was even more scary then breaking the connection. So whenever he came home he ached for some connection but never asked. Not because Kurt wouldn't do it, he would, Blaine knew this because his soulmate felt the same. He didn't ask for it because he wasn't trusting himself and he didn't want to hope more and more.

It was just that one day that made him feel like on his birthday.

He came back from a long night – he had five customers and of course there were more since the weather became warmer – and only wanted to shower and go to sleep. Opening the door as silent as possible and closing it behind him he left his bag next to the couch and froze when his eyes fell on the spot he was sleeping on for three months now.

There was Kurt, between the pillows and holding the blanket tight around him. He wasn't sure what this meant or if it even meant something and he wasn't sure if this was a good sign or a bad one. Walking closer he made sure Kurt was okay and he was. Just sleeping but looking so peaceful and beautiful that Blaine wished he could just crawl under the blanket and cuddle with him.

But not without a shower and get the touches and marks off or ever. They were just friends, just soulmates. Kurt was just here because he was too exhausted to take the stairs, Blaine was sure about that and it was not like the couch was not comfortable. Turning around he walked to the bathroom and washed himself, the sex toys, cleaned his clothes and all the while doing this he fought against the idea that Kurt, maybe, slept there because he missed him. If he began to believe in this he knew he would hope even more and it was already hard not to. Running his hands through his curls he breathed in, deeply, then out and left the bathroom just to find Kurt still sleeping.

Gently he woke him up and needed to ask why he was sleeping there aware of the fact that his fragile hope might break. Yet, why should Kurt tell him the truth? So he said what was less hurtful

but also nothing he liked.

“It's your soul, right?”

“Yeah. This breaking the connection is far more exhausting than I thought.”

Of course it was because of the connection, what else? Kurt would never come down here and sleep here because he missed Blaine.

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“He said no!” Charlie yelled at Blaine's customer and dragged him out of his room, through the corridor and out of their apartment. He didn't see it he just heard it and wished he wouldn't even hear it. Sitting on his bed he pulled his pants back on and then just sat there, half naked and face buried into his palms. As if it was not enough to deal with those black marks on his soul and the suffering connection his body was also rebelling. The guy he took with him only wanted to touch him, just feel him for a while, basically worship his virgin body and then go. It was simple, really but he just couldn't.

Blaine soon began to whine, jerk away and the guy got upset, really upset and tried to force Blaine. He fought against him, tried to shove him away, kick him, anything while his voice became louder and louder and then Charlie came and dragged the guy away.

“Blaine? You okay?” his friend was back and hurried over to him, kneeling down and locking up trying to see his face. Breathing through his nose and rubbing his eyes he nodded.

“Yeah, he... he didn't do anything wrong.”

“You were screaming, Blaine,” said Charlie with concern in his voice.

“I know. But it's... it's the connection. God... it's eating my mind and soul.”

Charlie stood up and grabbed Blaine's sweater: “Come, put this on and we'll drink something and you'll talk, okay?”

Nodding he put the sweater on and followed his friend into the small kitchen, rubbing his chest and hoped this would stop his soul from feeling so empty, well knowing it was pointless.

“You've been like this for a while now. You and Kurt are okay?”

“Yes... yes we are,” Blaine sighed and sat down on a chair, still rubbing his chest: “I guess it's just the Last Bond and the deep connection we have.”

“Are you guys touching?” Charlie asked while he took the soda and filled two glasses and gave Blaine one sitting down across from him.

“We hold hands whenever we can, which is not enough of course. I felt it the day we created the Last Bond how strong and deep this connection is. But this is not the problem. The problem is the time we touch and the time we break our connection. There is no balance.”

“Or maybe it's not enough to just hold hands,” Charlie said and Blaine shook his head before he even said anything and before Charlie could say more. His friend rolled his eyes and the younger only sipped his soda just to have time to think.

"I won't ask for more. Not as long as I do this here. It would be unfair and wrong to ask for more while he has no idea what I really do."

"Tell him? Seriously, you two end up together anyway. It's not just the connection I'm talking about. I swear to God, and I told you this on your birthday, he was so jealous when we danced and, I mean, you know who I am. I like to hug people. But if looks could kill, Blaine, I wouldn't be here."

Blaine didn't believe this but he smiled anyway, knowing that Charlie was really this kind of a person. He liked to hug his friends, liked to show it when he liked someone and for his job it was good that he wasn't afraid to touch people. But Kurt being jealous? Blaine wasn't so sure about that. Yes, Kurt asked him out about Charlie but he didn't think that it was because of jealousy, although it made sense. A lot of sense which led to hope and Blaine was not ready to hope.

"You don't have many options here, you know that, right?"

"I know. I know that I should ask for more so I can focus on work and get out of here. But I can't, Charlie. The worst thing that could happen right now is for me to hope. I don't want to hope."

"What is so wrong about that? Hope is actually very important, Blaine. I know you love him, I can see that and I know he likes you too. It will work out because it's real. No, don't even start."

Charlie interrupted Blaine as soon as he opened his mouth to protest and, yes, it was pointless to bring this up again.

"Fact is, you need to work to earn money and if you can't do that you won't get out of here. Not to mention that it's dangerous for both of you to live with such an unstable connection."

"I know," Blaine groaned and hung his head, forehead resting in his hands: "This guy only wanted to touch me and nothing else and I... I couldn't."

He needed to fix this but he had no idea how. Opening the connection was not right because Kurt had to work and since Blaine always felt uneasy doing his job and their connection was rebelling Kurt could feel it. And Kurt broke it so Blaine could sleep which he needed or he couldn't work either.

"Blaine, you have to do something. We are almost out of here but if you can't work you'll be here for another month, or even two and it will get harder and harder."

He looked up again, seeing the worried expression on Charlie's face.

"I understand and accept your decision that you don't want to tell him what you are doing or that he ever knows about that. If you think this is the right thing for you, do it. But you need to fix this. Fuck that job for a second, fuck Paul. Think about you and what will happen to you or Kurt when you don't fix this. Do you want to lose your mind?"

Blaine shook his head. Of course he didn't want that. He wanted to be out of here and work things out with Kurt, be who he truly was and hope that Kurt would like that. No, not like, love that in a way so he wanted them to be together. Without his job, without his debts.

"I promised myself I wouldn't try anything or show him anything as long as I work here. Thinking that, maybe, we end up as more than friends now while I have to lie and do this... I can't. I feel like... whenever we hold hands it feels like those people who touch me also touch him. It is not right and it's... disgusting."

"But it won't change what you did, Blaine."

“But he wouldn't know. I wouldn't have to lie anymore. I know it's unrealistic to think he'll never find out and maybe I'll tell him about it one day. But not now, it would ruin everything.”

They were silent for a while, Charlie giving Blaine this look that told Blaine his friend was right and Blaine wrong in so many ways. This was okay, he had no problem with being wrong.

“If you would just believe, Blaine. Everything would be easier.”

“Believe that no matter what I do or who I am that he'll fall for me? That's silly. Really. This connection means nothing. It's only a burden.”

“Yes, Blaine, it is a burden if you don't take care of it. But it's special. Really special. Being a soulmate is special and I know many people who wished they could be a soulmate. To have someone who shares everything with us and knows and loves us without condition. But this has nothing to do with the connection that someone loves you. We still have our minds and heart.”

“That's it. Exactly this. What if we are those people, Charlie? What if we are those soulmates who aren't meant to be together? You said it yourself. It's not about the connection it's about his heart and mind and I doubt he will accept what I did.”

Charlie pressed his lips together just like Blaine because both felt the tension growing and they didn't want to fight over this again. Blaine didn't believe Charlie did. Easy as that.

“It doesn't change that you have to figure this out.”

“I know,” Blaine groaned again and rubbed his eyes. He was tired and those dark marks on his soul were no help at all.

“Go to Kurt and sleep, okay?” said Charlie and stood up, leaving his glass in the sink: “And stop being so pessimistic and better start to hope. I'd rather hope than hurt myself.”

“I want to hope but I can't see that it will work out, Charlie. All I know is that people label us and why shouldn't he? He has this glorious life, just like his friends.”

“We are no bad people, Blaine. Seriously.”

“Do you believe I can hide this forever?”

“No,” his friend answered without hesitation.

A deep sigh fell from his friends lips and he turned around, leaning against the counter and shrugged.

“I don't know how it will work out, Blaine. I can't tell you that but I'm pretty sure it will. You are soulmates, I believe in that and I have a good feeling about you two. I understand your motives why you don't want to open up to him or ask for something. But he likes you, you love him and you need to be close or you lose your mind.”

Blaine knew Charlie was right. Losing his mind was not an option because it wouldn't just happen to him. Kurt would feel it too or worse, lose his mind with him. It would be his fault, his own fault that the person he really cared about, loved in his own way would lose everything. Instead of feeling hope Blaine felt hopeless with each passing day and his soul, the connection suffered so much he couldn't even sleep. Work was torture, sleeping was, just everything but he tried to stay

strong, tried to get everything from their hand holding.

Then it was just too much and Blaine left to Kurt earlier by himself, leaving Charlie alone with a worried look. His friend looked just as miserable as Blaine did and this hurt him just more. He hurt himself, his friend and Kurt. His work sucked, Kurt's work sucked. Everything just sucked. Still he made it into the bathroom, followed his routine and then stood there in the living room eyes focused on the couch. Everything inside him screamed not to go there, everything was reaching out to the bed above him. He was scared, really scared and felt so alone in this moment that he wished he could just pass out and wake up to a new reality. One where he wasn't a prostitute and met Kurt in a way he dreamed about.

They way he dreamed about meeting your soulmate was. It was simple, silly romantic but one of the best things he had before his life became what it was. He dreamed about meeting his soulmate, fall in love at first sight and be one of those silly couples, deep in love that people got sick of it. This didn't happen to Kurt but it happened to Blaine. Though he couldn't show it. However, he needed Kurt right now. This feeling scared him, his mind was going somewhere it shouldn't and when he reached Kurt's bedroom and saw him lying at the edge of the bed eyes open he felt even more insecure, helpless and it was written all over his face.

"Kurt," he said not really realizing that he was speaking but he caught Kurt's words and stopped thinking, hurried over to those open arms which were his salvation. Falling into them he wrapped his arms tightly around Kurt's body, pressing his face against his chest and held him, letting Kurt roll them over and hold him in return. His body was shaking, his hands and arms probably hurting Kurt because he held him so strong but he couldn't care less right now.

This warmth, the healing process, Kurt's hand in his hair and sucking everything in that Kurt gave him through their connection mattered. Then, finally and slowly he found the sleep he was aching after for days.

He woke up before Kurt. But his eyes were too heavy to move and what he felt, everything that was running through his whole being made it impossible to move.

It felt like someone held him together but not just his body. It was like something held his whole being, his soul, his heart and mind together and everything made sense. Just sense and no words could describe what made sense. But being here and feeling those arms around him was everything he needed, like he knew it. It was like a natural thing. Also, holding Kurt, feeling his body so close to his was what he dreamed about since the day he met him. He wished so many times to exactly do this and believe that things would turn out to be fine from now on. But Blaine also felt more. Not just Kurt's body their connection reached places deep and hidden for any other humand being. Those places a person couldn't really see but name. Maybe they were seen on a persons face but they would never describe what happened inside. Blaine felt it, a place that Charlie was talking about.

A place inside Kurt that was only for him. And it scared Blaine. Explore places without a face, without a form but feel them and know the person? It scared Blaine that he even tried to reach those places and made him uncomfortable that he could reach those private places. His soul though, his soul and the connection were seeking for it. Not understanding, not at all, just reaching for it and combining it with his own. The result was just sense, warmth and like their nature.

It was scary, so scary to have this power and to be able to reach out and understand. And it scared him that Kurt probably could do the same. So he hid it, everything and didn't reach out again or let

Kurt dig deeper.

But he held Kurt just as strong as before he fell asleep, pretended to sleep and feeling Kurt waking up and moving. Yes, he felt better, so much better but he couldn't care less about their souls or the connection. Blaine just wanted to be here and hold Kurt a while longer and understand that this was real, that he was allowed to spend a night in his arms. This was the happiest Blaine felt after his birthday.

Eventually Kurt moved and Blaine opened his eyes, pretending that he just woke up and had no idea where he was. Gold met blue and he saw something there, the something he felt when he touched those places of Kurt's being and found this one place. The place he knew was for him and holding so much inside, something similar to what Blaine felt when he thought about Kurt.

Was it true? Did Kurt really like him in a way close to Blaine's? Far away from their connection? It took him a second to notice what grew inside his heart and thank to Kurt's voice and his hand on his shoulder Blaine found his way back to consciousness. No, he couldn't hope. He didn't want to hope because it would break him. Blaine Anderson stopped hoping years ago and he wasn't ready to start with it now. So he felt panic bubbling inside of him. It was stupid to crawl into his bed and do this and giving his hope even more reason to grow.

"Hey, it's okay," Kurt said and only then Blaine felt Kurt's hands holding his, pressed against his chest: "I know. I felt it too."

Oh? Blaine blinked and the panic grew smaller and smaller, reminding himself to blame everything on the connection and said that he was scared, that this all was scary. And it was, in many ways.

His heart, his mind and his soul were fighting against each other. His mind was the sane part telling him to ask for more physical connection so he was able to work, earn more money and finally get out of this shithole. His soul screamed for his other part, for the connection, for Kurt's soul because only together his soul felt good, stable and was white and pure and not covered in dark empty marks.

His heart, though, it yearned for everything. Not only for Kurt's body and the connection, for everything Kurt was. The way he smelt, the way he held Blaine, the way he looked at him when he opened his eyes or how sleepy his voice sounded so close to Blaine's ear. It yearned to pound alongside Kurt's heart in a steady rhythm and lull them together into sleep.

And how awkward it was to be around Kurt was just another thing that didn't help. He couldn't stop his hope, couldn't stop wanting more and couldn't even stop blushing whenever Kurt was around him. So after for days he felt as miserable as before and joined Kurt in his bed again. Feeling insecure and helpless like the last time but he couldn't handle it. Not again.

And his soulmate saying he was okay with Blaine being here, sleeping with him made him happy and from that day on he never left Kurt's bed.

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He dared to be happy, to let his walls just fall a little bit because, being honest, it felt so good to finally be close to him. It was still a fantasy calling Kurt his, but it was closer to reality than three months ago. But he made sure to never sleep face to face with Kurt. He forced his heart to stay calm, placed all the feelings he had for Kurt behind a wall he knew Kurt wouldn't reach – because he didn't feel him reaching out to those deep places. He did all of this because he wasn't trusting himself.

What if all the things he felt for Kurt would burst and leading only to something stupid Blaine would do? Like kiss him? God, he wanted to kiss him. He wanted to kiss it all, the tiny smiles, the warm smiles, the pouts, the sleepy lips. Soon, though, he stopped being worried about his thoughts or what he felt because something knew happened.

Kurt was conflicted like all the time. He was worried over things Blaine couldn't tell but he felt them. Maybe he was insecure if what he and Blaine were doing was okay for Blaine? He watched Kurt, tried to understand what he felt and then, when he was sure it was that he couldn't help but be happy. Kurt really liked him and Blaine wanted to show him he was so okay with everything.

Blaine began to hope.

He hugged Kurt whenever he could, always using the connection as an excuse when Kurt asked. It helped, a bit and then he told Kurt that he didn't hate him or anything. He felt the happiness coming from his soulmate and it made him happy too.

Work was easier from that moment on. It made him still feel uneasy but the hope grew day by day and he worked harder and harder and the result was that he really almost had enough money to get out of his job. Charlie noticed how Blaine changed but said nothing. His smile for Blaine said everything and Blaine only blushed, finally feeling better, alive after so many months.

He was floating, he was literally on cloud nine and he couldn't help himself but let it happen. Only a fool tried to control his feelings, like it was impossible to always hide them and with Kurt always around him and always sleeping in his arms or holding him Blaine couldn't feel any other way.

It was the middle of May when he sat on the couch he used to sleep in, thinking about how he almost was out of his job, thinking about how Kurt would be back soon and they would go to bed together. He smiled happily and fell asleep while watching Star Wars and only woke up when Kurt shook him gently awake.

His sleepy mind only disappeared when the beeping sound of Kurt's clock started and Blaine was still feeling the same things he felt before he fell asleep. Now, though, Kurt was next to him, to his back and the thought, the realization that Kurt liked him in a way beyond friendship was all he could think of. Maybe he was wrong, maybe not but he needed to know. He just needed to know and turned around, letting hope fill his soul letting all the doubts, all the reasons why he never faced Kurt not control him. Not now.

Slowly he rolled over, lying on his left side and watching Kurt not entirely awake. There they found him the blue eyes and he just looked into them, calm, not moving and waiting. They were so clear like the sky but sometimes they weren't just blue. Sometimes they were green or gray and driving Blaine crazy because he wanted to know each color. Wanted to know when they were green or gray or blue and why. Right now he wanted something else. Well he wasn't really sure what he wanted but he needed to know what it felt like to lay here with Kurt, face to face.

Kurt's hand was in his, just resting there and creating the connection. How he wished he could just



lean over and get a little taste from those pink lips. He would kiss them red, or try to because he never really kissed someone in a way that he meant it. But he would try, try to make Kurt gasp when he would kiss him, try to make him shiver and want more. Or, if kissing was not okay he wondered what it would feel like to touch Kurt's face, his hair and ears and find those spots which made him melt, whine or moan. He just wanted to show him how he felt and hoped it would reach his heart. Then Kurt squeezed his hand and let something out, emotions, so many that Blaine froze and stared at him but then needed to close his eyes, hold his hand a bit tighter and let it all wash over him.

There was so much, all of the things he once touched, once felt but was never sure if they were really for him. Now he felt it, pure, clear and couldn't think straight. And then Kurt moved closer, so close Blaine was sure he could feel his crazy heartbeat and he could feel Kurt's just as fast, just as loud. Oh God, oh God, he thought and their foreheads touched.

*I love you, I love you so much.*

Blaine thought nothing just felt, squeezed Kurt's hand back and nuzzled just a little bit closer to his face, telling him he was fine with that, that he wanted more and let out a shaking breath, touching Kurt's lips and he could tell Kurt was smiling, felt him nuzzling back and then there were lips on his. Before he even realized what happened he took a deep, sharp breath through his nose, reminding himself to breath, to keep on breathing and then they both whimpered.

His body was shaking, then going still trying desperately to deal with all the things he felt, trying to stay alive, and feel, just feel. There were hands, Kurt's hands holding his face, keeping him close.

Then Kurt gave them a moment to breath but soon they kissed again. Not deep, not special just lips exploring gently and finding a rhythm. This was so much, too much and yet he wanted more.

Blaine held his wrists just to have something to hold otherwise he was sure he would leave his body. The kiss broke but he felt Kurt's lips again, on the corner of his mouth, on his cheek and forehead all while Kurt moved closer and Blaine tried to get as much air as possible back into his lungs.

And then they just held each other, breathing feeling and waiting until he heard Kurt's clock.

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This kiss was not the last. Other kisses followed and it didn't happen because of the connection. It happened because they wanted to. Because Kurt wanted it as much as Blaine and who could blame him for beginning to hope? No one. Blaine began to hope because while his old life was almost over and his new one just developing. Yet he still tried to keep some distance, just in case but made it clear to Kurt that he was fine with what they were doing. God, he was more than fine but he couldn't let himself fall into this, not yet. So he hoped with all his heart and when he went to work to meet Charlie he wasn't even trying to hide his happiness.

“Oh my Gooooo!” Charlie grinned so hard that his cheeks hurt, Blaine was sure: “You are shining like the sun! You are together?!”

“No,” Blaine laughed and left his bag next to the door: “But we kissed.”

“Shut up! When!?”

An excited Charlie pushed him down on a chair and sat down on the other, staring at Blaine with wide shining eyes, blond hair a mess.

“Some days ago.”

“And you didn't tell me!? Oh my God! How was it.”

Blaine just blushed and couldn't stop the smile.

“Oh my God! That is good! Perfect! I'm so happy for you! But, wait, you didn't tell him, right?”

Blaine shook his head no.

“No. Actually I thought about working everyday from now on. We only need a little bit more and then we are out. Two weeks and we are out.”

He had everything planned. Everything. He would leave this apartment just like Charlie, leave everything and find a different job, a better one. And then he would work and apply for College and no one would ever know. No one would recognize him because he would wear different clothes, meet different people, be someone he wanted to be before his father died and all of this with Kurt at his side.

This was his dream, his hope and he was positive about that. There was hope, everywhere was hope for him for the first time since his father died.

# Reality

## Chapter 14. Reality

Kurt waited for Blaine. He couldn't sleep and the uneasy feeling only stopped around 5 in the morning. He wanted to tell him that he drove to the Diner and he wasn't there. He wanted to tell him where he was and what made him feel so uneasy. But when he heard Blaine coming back and taking his shower and then go up the stairs he couldn't. He was just happy that Blaine was here and saw that he was fine. Exhausted but fine.

"Kurt? Why aren't you sleeping?" he asked climbing on the bed. The older wasn't trusting his voice nor his words and only smiled at his soulmate feeling himself pretty exhausted. All his worries were still there, scratching at his heart and sanity to say something but he fought against it.

"You don't look good," Blaine's voice changed into a worried sound and he took Kurt's hand into his, probably thinking it was because of their connection and wanted to help. No, their connection was perfectly fine.

"Kiss me?" Kurt asked only for this and he did it for so many reasons. One was to feel Blaine, really feel him because kissing your soulmate was totally different, better than kissing someone who was not your soulmate. He wanted to feel the tingling feeling, the stream of life through his body. Another reason was that Blaine never initiated a kiss. Maybe once, but usually it was always Kurt starting the kisses. The final reason was because he wanted to. He wanted to tell Blaine everything through kisses because combining the right words was too difficult for him right now.

Blaine, of course, hesitated and studied Kurt's face, his eyes looking for something, but found nothing. Sitting he saw Blaine swallowing and then smiling, leaning closer and pressing his lips against Kurt's gently. The feeling came back, filling his whole being and making him addicted to it. It was so different, everytime, when he kissed Blaine, when he touched Blaine. This thrilling feeling, this sense that came with it, he never wanted to lose this feeling because whenever he came closer to Blaine, closer to his heart, he felt like the place, each person was looking for came closer and closer. A place no job, no success could give him.

He remembered about telling Elliot how worried he was about not knowing what love feels like and that he feared not being able to show this on camera. Maybe this was it.

He felt how Blaine wanted to pull back but he stopped him, placing his hand on the back of Blaine's head and keeping him close, sucking gently on his bottom lip and the moan coming from Blaine was such an arousing sound, he had to moan too. Not loud, almost too silent, but feeling it through the vibration of Blaine's lips. His soulmate moved a bit closer, pressing their lips back together and Kurt dared to nip against Blaine's lips with his tongue and let it slide inside the other mouth when Blaine gave him the permission to do so. Tongues met and then their moans were louder, they were not even ashamed to let them out and Blaine held Kurt's shoulders, his face and then stopped the kiss, leaning his forehead against Kurt, breathing in and out.

Yes, Kurt felt dizzy too and wanted more of it, but didn't ask for another kiss after Blaine whispered.

"I... I've never kissed like this."

He was too adorable for this world. Far too adorable.

"It's okay. Don't worry," whispered Kurt and opened his eyes just to see the same face Blaine gave him sometimes. A face like he regretted kissing him by not meeting his eyes and not smiling, like he didn't want to or made him uncomfortable. It made no sense for Kurt because Blaine always kissed him back with as much want as Kurt did.

"You okay?"

Blaine nodded slowly, hands leaving Kurt's face and saying: "Can we sleep now? I'm exhausted."

"Of course."

And whenever he made this face Blaine held Kurt a bit tighter, closer and buried his face into Kurt's chest. All Kurt could do was hold him and try to figure out what was wrong. Now he had a small hint, just one, and it could mean nothing or at least not what he thought it meant.

Kurt only slept for a few hours before he decided to visit Mercedes. She was in her studio coaching children and Kurt smiled at how good she looked with kids. Drinking his first coffee he sat in the corner of the room and watched her singing with a little asian girl, who always giggled when Mercedes praised her for hitting a note. An hour later she joined Kurt at the small table and sat down, drinking her water.

"You are either bored or something happened. I thought you wanted to spend the free time with Blaine whenever you two can? You said your connection is pretty deep and needs more contact?"

"We... actually sleep together so-"

"Wait!" she almost choked on her water and glanced at him with wide eyes: "You sleep together? Like-"

"No. Not like that. We just cuddle-"

"Alright," she said and relaxed wanting to take another sip until Kurt admitted.

"And kiss."

Her wide eyes came back and she gave up drinking, placing the bottle down on the table and was unsure if she should smile or not because, crap, he totally forgot to tell her about this. They hadn't seen each other for two weeks but Kurt was sure Elliot would tell her about it like usually. Not that Elliot couldn't keep things to himself, he did and Kurt trust him. But it was a common thing between the three of them to share almost everything between each other. Because they had told it each other anyway.

"I thought Elliot told you about it."

"No. I haven't heard from Elliot for a while. Busy with work and everything. Anyway, tell me about this cuddling and kissing. You two are finally together? Now I know why it felt so strange between you two when we came over."

Her eyes were shining, her smile stretching on her lips and they all were so hopeful, so sure about it and Kurt was too, but not as strong. Which was nothing to be blamed for because his friends

already had a soulmate and already went through the first months with them. They already reached the point where everything made sense, if this was even the point Kurt and Blaine had to reach yet.

“We are not. We don't want to label this for now. But I would like to.”

She gave him a smug smile and nodded slowly, a knowing look in her eyes.

“Got the taste of your soulmate, hm?”

Kurt sighed and nodded, not able to stop the smile on his face. Oh yes, kissing was amazing, really amazing and cuddling too, falling into a space where he could fall and fall forever.

“But that's not why I'm here,” he said before he would swoon over this: “I'm actually worried about him.”

“Aren't you always?”

“It's different this time. You know, whenever he is working he feels so uneasy. I felt it before, but after he figured out how to hide how he feels and when we finally were able to break our connection I haven't felt it again. But in the past days I could and I don't know if he did that in purpose or if he can't hide it anymore.”

“That is nothing to be worried about. Your souls need time to get used to the other. But you are close, so it won't take too long anymore.”

Kurt nodded slowly. Okay, that was something he hadn't known yet so maybe this was good but right now he was glad that he could feel what Blaine felt though he wanted to hide it. Otherwise he would have never found out that he still felt so uneasy at work.

“I just... I know this part of New York, where he works ain't a beautiful or safe part. He told me about the homophobes who have beaten him up. So I'm worried that this might happen again and yesterday I was so worried that I needed to make sure he was okay. And the guy who worked in the Diner told me he didn't know a Blaine.”

Mercedes raised an eyebrow in suspicion, waiting for Kurt to say more but he had nothing to add. That was it and he didn't want to tell her his thoughts because he was not objective when it was about Blaine. He couldn't because he liked him, was falling for him and it was his soulmate. He couldn't look at it like his friends probably did.

“You are sure it was the right place?”

“More than sure.”

“So,” she said slowly, eyes looking down while she sorted her thoughts out and then looked back at him: “You think he isn't working there?”

“I don't know. All I know is that he wasn't there but somewhere else and it made him feel uneasy.”

“Did you ask him?”

“No. I want to, but I think this will push him away again and if he doesn't want to share this with me I have to accept that. Actually I shouldn't know this. And maybe there are more Diners which belong to Lucy.”

“Possible. But... I think if you tell him that you are worried he'll understand. I know you, Kurt. You won't just let it go.”

She was right. He would always ask himself what happened and ask Blaine anyway. Only because he didn't like what he felt coming from Blaine when he was working. It could be anything and imagining that he could get hurt again was, now, a scary thought. Not because he would feel it too and get hurt too, but because his soulmate had to deal with this.

“I don't want him to work there. He doesn't have to. I can take care of him and me,” Kurt sighed: “But I know he would feel terrible about that. We all have our life, our jobs and do something and Blaine is not like... he just takes, you know? He did that in the beginning, but he stopped. I guess it was him being stubborn because he doesn't believe in this soulmate thing and thought I would never like him. Like me, you know? Not the connection.”

“Many people think it's because of the connection, but it's not,” Mercedes said: “Of course, this connection bonds us to a person but that doesn't mean we accept everything our soulmate does. We still have to figure things out, go through hard times, but it works out. Really. Our soulmates are the people who are meant for us even if it sometimes doesn't seem like it.”

“I believe in that. I saw it between you and Sam and Elliot and Martin. So, I'm not worried about that. And Blaine and I have known each other for only five months, almost six so there is still a lot to find out and learn.”

She smiled at him and checked the time on her phone.

“I have to work, though. But whatever happens call me, okay?”

Both stood up and Kurt nodded, hugging his friend tightly, saying a thank you and left. Before he went home he visited Nina and talked about what was planned for June. They were still cutting the movie and editing stuff and Kurt needed to go to the studio to do some dubbing because his voice wasn't clear enough in some scenes. He panicked a little over this, but Nina assured him that it had nothing to do with him but more with the noise around them. Then the crazy stuff would begin. Interviews, visiting events and promoting the movie. But not before July.

“Oh,” Nina said while she was chewing on her sandwich and Kurt tried not to laugh about how cute she looked. He really liked Nina. She did an awesome job, but she also was such a sweetheart and easy to have around. “Noah is throwing a party. Well, kind of party. You know, some popular and important people will be there so make sure you go there. June the thirtieth.”

“Can I take Blaine with me?” he asked from the armchair he was sitting in.

“Of course. He is your soulmate, you are free to take him wherever you want to. They can't say no. Just make sure to wear a suit, or maybe matching suits? You two would look so handsome together in a suit. Especially Blaine. He is too cute for his own good.”

“Nina,” Kurt warned her and she grinned.

“You know how much I like him.”

Indeed, Kurt knew how much she liked him. Sometimes he wondered – because she had no kids herself – if she considered him as her lost son. Whenever he was around them she would just gush over his bow ties, or his huge eyes and call him all kind of sweet things. It was okay, that was Nina, but she was also the one seeing how jealous he got over this. At that time he didn't even know he liked Blaine in such a way or that he felt jealous at all.

“You guys are okay, though? I haven't seen Blaine for weeks, but you seem alright?”

“Yeah, we are okay, better even,” and again he couldn't stop the smile on his face and Nina made this high noise when she saw something she liked.

“You are glowing. What happened? Oh, you know what, don't say it. It's none of my business. But it's good to see you this happy.”

He was happy. The happiest right now, but if he and Blaine would turn this into something else, something more official with labels he knew he would be even happier. A day ago he had said yes, but with the new knowledge he wanted to wait. Yes, it made him unsure after he found this out, but he also had to keep his work in mind. Soon he would turn into a public person, people would interview him, maybe stalk him, take photos while he was shopping and some would even want to know more about his private life. Blaine was his private life and whatever he kept from him could be bad for Kurt's image. This promise he made to himself months ago was still on. He still wanted to be honest about everything or paraphrase stuff or say nothing at all.

Though, even Kurt knew some things would come out sooner or later if he didn't keep a close look at everything.

“What about the soulmate thing? Are we going public?” Kurt asked eventually.

“You want to?” Nina was not just his manager she also took care of his PR stuff because she was the only one he trusted and the people who worked for her.

“I'm not sure. Blaine and I aren't together, but he is still my soulmate and if this movie becomes a success-”

“Nah, Kurt. It will become a success.”

He smiled, always loved her optimism and she was usually right: “Well, like I said we aren't together and I haven't talked to Blaine about that because there was no need to. But what do you think?”

Nina finished her sandwich, cleaned her mouth and hands with a napkin and looked at the ceiling, thinking before she said: “Fans can be crazy and find things out because everything is on the internet. But if you want to and Blaine too, we can pretend like he is part of your team. I know you didn't want to lie, but you wouldn't lie if he stays in the background. All you have to do is avoid any physical contact in public. Behind doors you both are safe.”

Slowly nodding he was okay with that to be honest. It was way better then letting the world run over Blaine who was no author and probably not ready for something like that. Maybe it would even make him feel worse because Kurt was successful and he still was just a boy, working in a Diner and not to forget the age gap between them. Yes, they were soulmates, so no one would mind, but gossip was always something people liked. He knew that way too well since he was friends with Rachel Berry. They loved this juicy stuff and running their mouths over things that weren't their business.

“What about college? Have you talked about this?”

Kurt shook his head and frankly, they didn't talk much about those things. They usually cuddled, sometimes kissed and watched something together and talked about that or about grocery shopping, domestic stuff which he really liked, but it was still not complete. Not like it should feel, or how he thought it should feel. This was fine, though.

“He still keeps his walls up. Not as much as he used to, but he is probably still figuring things out. But I'll talk to him about that because he needs to apply soon if he decides to do that.”

“Alright. You do that and we'll see each other tomorrow,” she smiled and they hugged goodbye.

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When he came back home a sweet scent filled the whole loft and curiosity hit him right away. Taking his shoes off he glanced directly into the kitchen and found Blaine there, standing in front of the counter and facing a chaos of flour, eggs, bowls, and spoons. The whole kitchen counter was covered in white and even some dough.

“What are you doing?” Kurt asked with an amused tone in his voice.

Blaine turned around, little surprise on his face along with some flour on his skin, dark red t-shirt and black sweatpants. It was just cute to see him trying to cook something or even bake. He was cute with those marks of flour and dough on him.

“I'm baking cookies,” he said but sounded like he wasn't sure himself: “Well, at least that's what I'm trying to do.”

His soulmate turned back to the counter sighing when he saw the mess and Kurt chuckled, not to mock him, but only because this was way too adorable. Looking to his right he saw a plate with cookies and that there were more inside the oven.

“I'll just change into something more comfortable and help you, okay?”

“Uh... okay.”

Soon Kurt was back in the kitchen wearing his own dark green sweatpants and black V-neck sweater. Blaine was already stirring and holding the bowl close to his chest. His face focused on the dough and his hand which held the whisk.

“Sorry for the mess,” Blaine said when Kurt began to clean the counter.

“Don't worry about it. Though I wonder what made you bake cookies. Someones birthday?”

“Um.. no. Not really,” he said a bit flustered.

He watched Blaine struggling with the whisk and smiled. He very soon found out that Blaine could cook simple things, like putting a pizza in the oven, but everything else was new for him.

“Let me show you, okay?”

Nodding he handed Kurt the bowl and watched him stirring the dough with the whisk like it was nothing special. Well, Kurt cooked a lot and had a lot of practice so this wasn't really surprising.

But Blaine's eyes were still huge and watching, learning and then he frowned.

“I want to try.”

Kurt gave him the bowl back and also this was something he figured out very soon. Blaine was a



quick learner which was maybe the reason why this boy was so smart. Soon the counter was clean and only the flour, chocolate and other utensils were neatly left under the window. Placing the bowl down, Blaine opened the oven and Kurt just stood there and watched him taking the cookies out, which were looking delicious by the way, and gathered them on another plate. He wanted to help him, really. It was only that Blaine wouldn't let that happen. He wanted to learn and do it himself so Kurt let him and only helped him when he asked. Soon the last bowl was empty and Blaine sighed, taking the plate with the first cooled down cookies.

"I don't know if they are any good but I tried."

He jumped on the counter, landing on his butt and sat there, dough and flour still on his face and Kurt giggled.

"What? Do you think they look funny?"

"No," Kurt said and pulled his phone out to take a picture of Blaine: "You look funny."

He gave him his phone and Blaine raised both eyebrows when he saw his face. Kurt laughed about his face and took a cookie and bit into it, humming when the sweet taste filled his mouth. He saved the picture making a mental note to maybe use it as his background.

"Good?"

"Yeah, really good."

Not convinced Blaine took a cookie himself and tasted it chewing for a while and then nodded slowly.

"They are. I'm surprised though Linda told me I couldn't do anything wrong."

Kurt saw him relax and then a small, warm, smile appeared on his lips. He ate the rest of his cookie, eyes still on Blaine and then asked: "Are they for Charlie?"

Blaine's eyes found his and he saw the light blush on his soulmates cheeks. Okay, maybe they were for someone special and he didn't want to tell him? It must be someone really special when Blaine was determined to bake something although he knew he wasn't a good cook.

"They are not... for Charlie. They... they are for you."

"For me?" Kurt tried to remember what day it was and it was not his birthday. Then he thought about other things but he couldn't find a reason why Blaine would do this. There was none and maybe there was no reason needed to do this? Eyes still focused on Blaine, who avoided to look back but blushed even harder, while Kurt waited for an answer. It came, after a while of just silence.

"I wanted to say 'thank you' through the cookies. And I... I just wanted to do something for you."

His heart swelled with so much warmth, so much he thought his chest would blow up. So much sweetness coming from Blaine was new, yes, but he loved it. Furthermore it told him so much about what Blaine thought about them, about what they were doing and what this, maybe, meant to him. There was a chance that it meant just as much to Blaine as to him.

"You are too cute," whispered Kurt and finally their eyes met for a moment before Blaine ducked his head. He forgot about the Diner, about what he wanted to tell Blaine and moved closer, standing between his soulmates legs and slowly leaning closer, taking the younger boys hands into his and holding them, forehead leaning against the other.

“Thank you,” he said before closing his eyes and feeling Blaine's breath against his lips, knowing he smiled more. This boy could be so rude and childish and the other second he turned into this adorable boy, or this smart guy when they were watching something or talking about general things. It was confusing and there was no clear picture of who Blaine Anderson actually was. But smart, talented and cute were definitely a part of his personality.

“It's nothing, really. I made a mess and those cookies will never give back what you gave me.”

Kurt tried to listen, to think and not just close the gap and kiss Blaine until they both were breathless. If only his heart would be a little calmer and their connection too, it would be easier to listen and focus on Blaine's words. Though he wondered how Blaine made it because he was obviously feeling the same. He could feel it through their connection.

“You gave me the chance for a better life and a place to sleep which is not cold or old. You also showed me what kind of life I could have if I attend college. That's why... why I'll quit my job.”

Kurt said nothing, he couldn't. There was a conflict inside of him but then he thought that if Blaine wanted to quit anyway and go away from this place that made him feel so uneasy, he wouldn't say anything about what he found out. It wouldn't matter anymore when Blaine decided it for himself that this place was bad for him. This made him even happier that Blaine figured this out for himself and not because Kurt told him so.

“You want to go to college?”

“If you still want to support me, yes.”

“Of course,” he pulled back and opened his eyes, meeting the shining gold: “But I need to know something.”

Blaine squeezed his hands and nodded slowly, honey meeting blue again.

“You don't feel bad around me or my friends, right? Because we are already out of college, working.”

“No. I understand that you guys are older than me. That is not bothering me. I'm more concerned about if I bother you guys.”

Kurt let go of Blaine's hands and wrapped his arms around his waist, pulling him closer and got a surprised expression in return from Blaine who placed his hands on Kurt's arms, almost unsure.

“You don't. Sometimes I feel your age but most of the time I forget about it. And my... our friends are the same.”

There was a deep exhale coming from Blaine and more tension leaving his body, more worries leaving his mind and Kurt really liked this. It felt really like they were moving forward, not too fast and not too slow. There was still one thing he needed to know and he already talked with Linda about this, also with his other friends. Something about them, about Blaine and it was also crossing lines he wasn't sure he was allowed to cross yet.

“What about us? Are you okay with this?”

“What do you mean?” asked Blaine and let his fingers run up and down Kurt's arm, skin hidden by the fabric.

“You said you made experiences and I don't question that. I'm sure you made some, but I know

what I did through college and living alone. I went through clubs and kisses and everything. I just want to know if you are okay with the fact that you can't, well, fool around. That you are bonded to me."

All of him was focused on Blaine, on his eyes, face, body, everything, but Blaine made it pretty hard to read his expression and he didn't let Kurt feel what he felt. He closed this door inside his soul or maybe he didn't feel anything. So he was left there waiting for words and had to believe them, no matter what Blaine would say. If he would say anything at all.

"What do you think?"

"You made it clear for me that you regret being a soulmate. Not my soulmate but one in general."

"I... don't regret it. Not really. I just don't believe in it. I don't believe that everything will work out just because we are soulmates, you know?"

The question why was screaming inside his head, over and over again because Kurt believed. Not because this was some wonderful dream, some fantasy he enjoyed. He believed, because he saw it happening and maybe Blaine did that too. See, that sometimes people are meant to be, even if it took time, even if there were hard times. And they would come, they were still just humans and not superheroes. But knowing that things would work out was scary because anything could happen and they would eventually figure it out? But then it was also a relieve for him. Whatever would happen, whatever fight they would have, in the end they would figure it out and grow stronger together. Right? Because he wanted this. No, he couldn't imagine a forever with Blaine yet, but he wanted him in his life, as a friend and he was ready to be boyfriends.

"But you are okay with this? With me?"

His soulmate only looked up and said nothing while his eyes were telling everything. So much Kurt couldn't read. Then, slowly Blaine leaned closer and pressed his lips against Kurt's, kissing him with something new. Not sweet, not careful, it was almost desperate. Kurt kissed him back, trying to turn the kiss into a sweet one, still deep but not desperate, not like Blaine was afraid Kurt would think he hated him. No, Kurt stopped thinking that a while ago. It was clear for him that Blaine felt something and maybe, this whole kissing and sleeping together was just too new for him.

He sighed into the kiss when Blaine relaxed and slung his arms around Kurt's neck to keep him there and opened his mouth and let their tongues touch. They kissed for a while just like that, slow but deep, tasting the chocolate and kept each other close while their hearts were racing, while their connection was burning and let Kurt fall into this place again. The place where everything just made sense, where his soul and heart wanted to go.

Blaine pulled slowly back, breathing a bit faster just like Kurt and leaned his forehead against Kurt's. If this kiss should tell Kurt anything then it was probably what he hoped for. Blaine was okay with him but still not ready to be more. More than whatever they were.

"I need to get ready for work."

"When will you stop working?" Kurt was surprised that he could even say anything coherent.

"June. So in a week."

Opening his eyes he expected to see a smile on Blaine's lips. There was none and his worries came back though he was sure they were gone. He wished they were gone. So he gave Blaine a smile instead and wiped his face clean, making the boy smile over this.

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Blaine still slept with his back to Kurt. Yes he was more comfortable around Kurt and they cuddled more, but kisses were still something that made Blaine look so... hurt? His expression didn't match with the way he responded to the kisses, to the noises he made and how he melted into each kiss. Kurt didn't want to worry about that, he really didn't want to. If it weren't for the uneasy feeling he still had to deal with each time Blaine was working he, maybe, had stopped worrying.

There were only two days left and Blaine would finally stop working, which didn't mean Kurt felt better. A lot could happen in two days, a lot could happen in one day and he wished Blaine would just stop now and never go back there. He was already awake when Blaine came back home but pretended to sleep and let Blaine take his arm when he lay down next to Kurt and placed the arm around his body. The younger always did that when Kurt was still sleeping, taking his arm and holding it around his body. Their connection was fine, their souls were fine. Only the uneasy feeling coming from Blaine and Kurt being worried sick bothered him so much he sometimes just pressed the smaller body close to his, kissing his hair and shoulder just to feel him close, to understand that he was next to him, real and unharmed.

He could handle two more days and then all of this would stop and they could focus on each other. It was safe to say that it was not Kurt who made Blaine feel like this after each kiss or made Blaine keep his walls up. It was something else and maybe when he stopped working there things would change. Kurt was always hopeful but expected nothing and he was also a dreamer and convinced about this soulmate stuff.

But even Kurt had to learn over and over again that life sometimes just sucked. Although he knew that. Standing up he called Nina confirming the interviews he had to give next week and fixed some breakfast. Then he called Linda because she invited him and Blaine over to her place for the weekend to also confirm this, went grocery shopping and came back totally wet and annoyed. They said the day would be full of sunshine but it wasn't. Unpacking the bags Kurt went to the bathroom and took a long hot shower. Feeling better he put his laundry into the machine and found Blaine's bag right next to it. Kurt never rummaged in other peoples stuff. The meaning of privacy was something he clearly understood. What he saw there made him forget all about this, made him stop thinking because he knew exactly what those things there were. Bowing down he put the bag down on the wash machine and saw cuffs, rings, obviously cockrings – god he had some himself he knew this stuff – and condoms. Why the fuck did Blaine have condoms? It wasn't like he could actually have sex with someone, that was impossible. But the other... toys? Obviously sex toys and Kurt felt anger, then confusion and maybe – it was a desperate thought – this stuff didn't belong to his soulmate?

But it was the bag he always took with him to work. Always, every evening. And he always made sure to keep the bag closed and away from Kurt. It never crossed his mind that Blaine wanted to hide something and he was never interested in what was inside his bag. But now, thinking... what was going on?

Two hours later which he spent sitting in the kitchen, trying to forget what he saw and drinking one tea after the other Blaine finally stood up and a cold feeling ran down Kurt's spine. He was angry, but he was also confused and maybe even jealous while figuring out why he had those things. Blaine was not able to fool around or have sex, he couldn't. Just, what if this was the answer to why he felt so uneasy? What if he actually tried that? Then why would he kiss Kurt?

Why would he sleep with him in the same bed and act the way he acted?

It made no sense and Kurt wasn't sure how to start and tell Blaine about it. Because he had to, he needed to. Something was fucked up and he needed to know.

"Hey," Blaine mumbled and Kurt mumbled a hey back. Not the happy one, no smile and he noticed how Blaine noticed this. His soulmate said nothing, fixed himself some coffee and changed his clothes. Back in the kitchen it was Blaine who asked.

"Something happened? You seem... upset?"

Collecting himself, breathing in and then out he didn't want to just snap at Blaine or worse. Maybe there was a good explanation, reason, whatever. But Kurt was not convinced about that.

"Do you have a boyfriend, Blaine?"

"What? No, I don't. I can't have one you know that."

Finally turning around on his chair he looked at Blaine and decided it was better to just come out with the truth. It was just fair, for him and for Blaine and the reason couldn't be so bad, right? They were soulmates, they would work this out whatever it was, right?

"Then, can you explain to me why you have all this stuff in your bag?"

"My... bag?"

"I wasn't going through your stuff if you think that. It was just... there and open and I.. why do you have all of this, Blaine?"

He was quiet and only stared at Kurt which didn't help. It made him just more confused and he felt jealousy mixed with anger. Not that he wanted to do those things with Blaine yet, not at all. But it felt like Blaine was lying. Lying when he said he never kissed the way they did. Lying when he acted so shy and insecure. Lies, lies, lies. Kurt was no friend of lies. Sure, Blaine didn't have to be honest with him or tell him everything, of fucking course not. But then he shouldn't have acted the way he did.

"You know, I've wondered what was wrong with you. I feel how uneasy you are when you are working. And maybe it's this?"

"I don't have a boyfriend," Blaine said voice strain like he tried to hold something back. For second Kurt saw something that made even less sense. Sadness. Something breaking slowly and Blaine tried to hold it together. It was clear, flying through their connection and he wanted to feel sorry but he couldn't.

"Then what is it? What are you doing that you feel this way?"

Kurt gripped the chair, keeping himself from standing up because he wasn't trusting his body.

Again Blaine said nothing just stared at Kurt. Well, truth time.

"I was worried. Worried sick, you know? I had no idea what was going on so I went to the Diner to make sure you are okay. Guess what they guy told me there. He doesn't know a Blaine working there."

Silence from Blaine.

“And I thought maybe he is new and doesn't know you and maybe I was just too worried and saw things. So, tell me, are you working there?”

Blaine looked down. He didn't work there. Kurt could tell it because Blaine always looked down when he was not ready to answer something, or, lying.

“Okay. So, you don't have a boyfriend, you can't fool around because of our connection and you are not working in the Diner. What are you doing, Blaine?”

No answer, no move, eyes still looking down. He wasn't working in a Diner, he couldn't fool around but Linda said there were things he could do. Blaine had all these sex toys which he took with him, each damn evening. He had no boyfriend but he was working, right?

“You have a job, right?”

Blaine looked up for a second. Truth. But what job included... no. Kurt's eyes grew wide and his head already had an answer before he truly understood what this answer was. This couldn't be true. It fucking couldn't. Then, what else could it be that Blaine was doing? Kurt heard stories, knew about this, saw this, he did his damn research and talked with people. But it couldn't be. Not Blaine, not a seventeen year old, now eighteen.

Not only would this mean that he was lying he was also fooling Kurt. All the damn time. Blaine was giving him hope, signals, everything and Kurt thought, he was sure this distance Blaine kept was just because he didn't believe. Because he didn't know those things.

But if he was working as what Kurt thought... it hurt. It hurt so much that when he said those words he wanted to vomit.

“Are you earning money through... are you a prostitute?”

Blaine winced, his hands turning into fist and looking away.

Truth.

# Silence

## Chapter 15. Silence

*It's a motherfucker*  
How much i understand  
The feeling that you need someone  
To take you by the hand  
And you won't ever be the same  
You won't ever be the same

*Eels – It's a motherfucker*

He just stared and stared. Maybe for second, maybe for minutes Kurt wasn't sure about that. But he couldn't stop staring and realizing what he just found out. And it changed everything. It just changed within seconds his whole idea about who Blaine Anderson was. It took him months to see Blaine as cute, shy, smart, adorable and handsome. It took him months to accept Blaine, his age, that he would be a part of him until the day he died. It took him months to believe that they were soulmates, that he could fall for this boy. That he could love this boy.

Within seconds all of this seemed like a dream, an illusion he created for himself, a lie he began to live. He stood up, both hands holding his head like he was afraid it would fall off his shoulders. He walked through the kitchen just up and down and waited for the moment to wake up. Wake up to Blaine in his arms and be the boy he was ready to love. Be the boy who could smile like sun, who had those incredible big golden eyes. The boy who missed his parents and was happy about simple things. The boy Kurt thought he were. This boy was gone and this was no dream.

He was facing reality and he had no idea how to deal with it.

He needed to get out. Just out of this apartment, away somewhere where he could breath and think. Somewhere without memories of kisses and hugs, of smiles and laughter because it all seemed fake. Everything just seemed like a lie. A terrible lie.

He walked out, past Blaine, not even looking at him and slipped into his shoes, took his jacket as he reached the front door. It was not like Blaine said anything, he stopped talking when Kurt came closer to the truth and even if he wanted to say something what would it change? Nothing. Not really, and Kurt wasn't ready to listen. Taking his keys he slammed the door shut as he left and hurried away from his home heading nowhere but right into the rain.

He just walked and walked, walked with the people of New York, through the crowds without paying attention, without thinking. All the faces, bodies, voices and sound of the city were a blurry picture for him. Moving like a fog around him. He just needed to walk and feel nothing, think nothing. His clothes were soaked but he didn't care. Everything was better than going back there and face his soulmate.

Soulmate.

Kurt stopped walking and looked around, not sure where he was but the river was close and so he walked over there and sat down on a bench, hands finding their way back around his head. He inhaled, exhaled and slowly let his mind speak to him. He was a soulmate, he had a soulmate and this soulmate was a prostitute and a liar. He was bonded to a person who sold his body for sex. And Kurt believed him when Blaine said he never kissed someone for real or with tongue. He almost was sure that Blaine was still a virgin. He was so sure that behind this rude and cold side was someone who only wanted someone to love him and help. A smart person who could have got a scholarship. But no, he decided to do something for whatever reason.

Maybe this was Blaine's experience? While Kurt walked the 'normal' road through college, bars, clubs and one-night-stands Blaine decided this to be his big city experience? And meanwhile fooling Kurt?

Kurt gasped when another thought crossed his mind. That interview, that one when he said he was a soulmate it was out and people knew it. Not many, no, but they would find it out and what if they found out that his soulmate was a prostitute? Which was impossible alone by the fact that they were soulmates. Blaine couldn't fuck someone or kiss someone not after they met. And yet he kept on working and doing it and giving Kurt these worries, these lies. Maybe even the story about that some people punched him was untrue. Maybe he spent the night with some kinky bastard and enjoyed it? What if people found out about that? Kurt would be ruined even before his career began. Everyone would ask him about that and judge him. Those people who didn't care if Blaine was his soulmate or not and it terrified him.

He didn't sign up for this. This was not what he wanted and Blaine should have known that. Blaine who was smart, he fucking was, kept on doing this well knowing what Kurt's job was. So he really didn't care? And Kurt kissed him, not once, not twice he kissed him and with it all the people Blaine kissed and touched and whatever he did with them. Yes, Kurt kissed people before, fucked guys, let guys fuck him and everything but he never got money for that. He did it because he wanted to or because it felt right or because he was simply horny.

Suddenly he felt sick, his stomach twisting in an unpleasant way and he tried not to vomit, not to scream. So he ended up crying, letting his connection open and let Blaine feel everything he felt. He should know that, feel it all and understand what he did to him.

He only came back home when he was sure Blaine wouldn't be there anymore. Or at least hoped Blaine wouldn't be there because he wasn't ready to see him. He was sure he would yell at him, fight with him, anything he didn't have the strength for. Walking to the bathroom he took a long hot shower, cleaning each part longer than necessary and brushed his teeth longer than necessary and changed into his pajamas. Done that he walked to his bedroom and changed the sheets, not trying to cry because his eyes still hurt from the crying he did hours ago. He even closed their connection because he thought Blaine didn't deserve to feel anything coming from him.

He took the old sheets with him and went back to the bathroom to wash them and get rid of Blaine's scent. He just did all of that without thinking about it. He wanted to feel better but it seemed like this wouldn't happen anytime soon. He wasn't even sure if Blaine would come back and also if he wanted that. However, if he wanted that or not didn't really matter because Blaine had to come back sooner or later. They had to touch, to care about their connection and it made Kurt sick. Not that he cared about those people or judged them, well, he didn't have to because no



one in his life did such a thing. But Blaine was his soulmate, the person he was supposed to live with, forever and now he just wanted to break this connection. He even wished he had never met Blaine because he could ruin everything. Rubbing his eyes he tried not to cry again and made himself something to eat and then went to sleep.

He was no adult right now, no sane person and before he did something really stupid he decided it was better to sleep and figure all this out tomorrow. Just, as soon as he lay in his bed, the scent of Blaine gone and Blaine not beside him he began to cry again. Not sure if it was his sadness or his soulmates tugging so terribly at his heart.

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When he woke up he reached out for Blaine, on instinct and when there was no one he sat quickly up and blinked the sleep away. The other side of the bed, Blaine's side, was not just empty it was also cold and unfamiliar. Sleeping alone was unfamiliar and he had no idea when he got used to sleep with someone next to him. Just slowly the memories came back and Kurt buried his face into his hands, just breathing. Blaine, cute, handsome, smart Blaine was a prostitute. He didn't say it himself but Kurt knew him and could tell when he was lying and when not. And the way he looked down, clenched his fist was answer enough. No protest, no words and people said, silence was sometimes the truth.

Leaving his bed he stared at his clock, 7 am and Blaine was either back or not but he wasn't working anymore. Turning around he faced the stairs, the handrail and couldn't move. What if Blaine was really back and sleeping on the couch? What if he was not back? What would Kurt do if he was not back? Obviously, his soulmate was alive and broke the connection because he knew if something had happened he had felt it. Everything.

Telling himself that he was no kid anymore, that he had to face this situation and deal with it he walked to the handrail and looked down, finding Blaine sleeping there. He felt relieve but also anger and then this cold emptiness. Seeing Blaine there in a fetal position, like he tried to hold himself together hurt but Kurt tried to ignore that because it was Blaine's fault. He decided to work as a prostitute. Right? Of course, it had to be like this because Blaine was not stupid, young, but not stupid and he wouldn't let anyone force him to do that.

Pressing his lips together he walked down, not even mad that Blaine came back but not sure how to treat him from now on and how to handle this. He forced himself to eat something and then left into his office, closing the door to not wake Blaine up and called Nina.

If Blaine could do something that could ruin Kurt than he had the right to fix things or put them so that it wouldn't hurt his career.

“Hey, sweetie!” her happy voice was a real blessing for his ears and mood.

“Hey. I just wanted to tell you that Blaine can be part of the team. We want to keep him in the background for now.”

“Alright,” she said and he heard her typing something down: “Don't forget the suit and be in the studio for the dubbing!”

“I won't,” he laughed, a fake laugh and ended the call.

The rest of the day Kurt spent in his office and waiting until he heard the door going shut when it

almost dark outside. He was really not ready to face Blaine yet. And either Blaine knew that or he didn't want to talk. Kurt was fine with that.

The next day he went to the studio for dubbing and was pleased with the scenes he saw so far. The only thing that made him really smile. Four hours later he and Linda took a break and went out together for lunch.

“You and Blaine still come over on Saturday?”

Oh fuck, he totally forgot about that. Biting his lip he wished their lunch would come right now so he had more time to think but it didn't happen.

“I guess not, sorry.”

Her smile disappeared and instead she looked at him with raised eyebrows, leaning her head slightly to the left side.

“Something happened? You seem a bit off today.”

Handling this alone was already too much but telling his friends? No matter how hurt and angry he was it would be unfair to share something that was Blaine's business. Okay, their business but he really didn't want to talk about it because he himself had no idea what this really meant for them or if he could ever accept that. So sharing was no option.

“We had a fight, a bad one. But we figure it out,” though he didn't believe in that: “Another time maybe.”

Giving her a forced smile he saw that Linda was worried but didn't ask. Instead she said what anyone else said and what Kurt believed in before the truth came out.

“Of course you'll figure it out.”

Their lunch came and both ate in silence and Kurt was grateful for that so he had time to think. Whenever he thought about the fights his friends talked about or the hard times that would come he didn't think about something like that. His thoughts were more about domestic things, college stuff, normal things but not this. Soulmates were meant to be and whatever happens they would handle it and be more happy. Yes, he believed in that but something like prostitution never crossed his mind as a problem that needed to be solved. Not to forget all the lies.

Sure, maybe he was totally wrong and maybe everything had an explanation, a reason why all of this even became an option for Blaine. Kurt was just not ready to hear it and get hurt even more. This, knowing this hurt so bad he was sure he couldn't take more right now.

“About Noah's party, are you two coming?” Linda asked after their lunch and Kurt nodded slowly. He promised himself to take Blaine with him and he had been excited about that. Excited to present them all his adorable boyfriend who now turned out to be a prostitute. Well, ex prostitute because his last day of work was already over. It would be smarter to not take Blaine with him but he wanted Blaine to see this world, to understand what it meant for him and what those people thought and who they were. He needed him to understand that no one of those people could know what he did. Because no matter how hard he wished to not be a soulmate, no matter how hard he wished that they'd never met each other, he couldn't change the way he felt for him.

And that was the reason why it hurt so bad.

He wanted to show Blaine all those things only couples did. The kisses, the cuddles, the sex. He wanted to explore this together with Blaine on a level that was so unique, so rare, because they were soulmates. And if they would love each other he was sure all the things he felt now would be so much more intense, so much bigger and more beautiful and better than before.

This idea was replaced by a new one, a picture Kurt saw whenever he thought of Blaine or saw him. He saw hands touching Blaine, lips kissing him, many hands and lips and some bodies hidden in the shadow while Blaine let it happen. It made him sick that he saw that and it made him even more sick that the uneasy feeling he always had was not because Blaine had been in trouble. No. It was Blaine who wanted to do more but couldn't. He was sure of it.

“Can I ask you something?”

“Of course,” she said while they walked back into the studio.

“You said we can't be together with other people but we are able to do certain things with them, right? I mean sexually?”

“Does Blaine have a boyfriend?”

“No. It's just... a part of our fight,” He really couldn't tell the truth.

“Well... we can't have sex with someone else or kiss someone else. Our body won't let that happen. But everything else is possible it's just not good for the connection. But it's possible. You know, like touching and certain things.”

He was always amazed how sweet, nice Linda never blushed about those things. And he really liked this about her because it was so easy to talk with someone about that. There were Elliot and Mercedes but they both knew him too well and would ask him what was wrong until Kurt spilled the truth.

Linda only smiled and he was thankful for that.

Back home he met eye contact for the first time with Blaine since he found it out. It was just a breath moment, Kurt walking inside and Blaine sitting on the couch. Turning back he took off his jacket and shoes and breathed in and out. No, talking was no option but he needed to set some rules for his own sanity. There was still too much burning inside of him. Too much anger, too much sadness and he needed more time while still maintaining their connection.

“Kurt-” Blaine began voice small and almost pleading but Kurt only held his hand up and Blaine closed his lips.

“No, Blaine,” said Kurt and turned around, eyes meeting Blaine's and tried to show an unreadable face: “I'm not talking to you. Not now and not tomorrow.”

His soulmate looked down, fingers tangled together and looking so small and lost and Kurt almost felt sorry. Almost.

“I want to set some rules and you'll follow them. I'm not ready to talk to you about anything and we still need to take care of this connection.” And he really, really disliked this fact. The younger nodded slowly still looking down and it made Kurt almost furious but he swallowed it down. Do not yell, do not yell.

“We'll hold hands everyday, pretend like nothing changed. You won't sleep in my bed again and you won't tell anyone about the Diner or your real job. If someone asks you you'll say that you moved in with me and that you start college in summer. Which you will do.”

He nodded and Kurt became a little bit calmer.

“Since you aren't working anymore I want you to be here around nine. You can go wherever you want but don't you dare talk about what you've been doing and ruin my career. No one can know, do you understand?”

Again a nod.

“And Noah throws a party at the end of June. Outside Nina will make sure people will believe that you work for her. Inside the house people will want to know who my soulmate is and that's what you'll be telling them. You are my soulmate and attending college in September.”

Then there was silence and their eyes met for a longer moment. Kurt's mixed with anger, with disgust and pain, Blaine's with sadness and also a bit anger but Kurt wasn't sure if it was meant for him or for Blaine himself.

“Can I say something?”

Kurt nodded. This was only fair.

“I'm sorry. I really am but I-”

“No, Blaine. I honestly don't care right now. I believe that you are sorry but I'm not sure for what. Also, I'm not ready to talk. I need time to think and when I want to talk I'll make sure you know.”

Then he walked through the living room and walked into the kitchen. He needed something to drink, something strong to handle this, to go through this.

“Put on a movie.” Was all he said before he sat down while Game of Thrones began and reached out for Blaine's hand. This was not easy, no, it was almost like torture holding this hand. His skin used to be so warm and soft, so calming and giving him what he needed. Now he couldn't stop imagining what this hand touched. How many bodies, what part of the bodies and he fought against the urge to snap his hand away. He couldn't he knew that. Their connection was too deep, needed more contact than other connections and he was bond to this for life. He fucking hated it at that moment.

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The next weeks were exactly spent like that. Kurt went to work and Blaine with him whenever their connection asked for it. It changed, the feeling when they touched. Usually Kurt felt a warm flow, a warm shining thread and this sense, this live running through him and healing his soul, making his soul happy. It was always like a nature thing. Like breathing. Now it changed. The thread connecting them was cold and dark, at least it felt like that. His soul was not aching it was just calm and accepting how things were. Maybe this was the phase when hard times came to prevent some damage? Maybe, but Kurt was sure it would change sooner or later and the connection, their souls would seek for more. For the good feelings. He really didn't like this feeling, he didn't like holding Blaine's hand and he wasn't sure what he wanted more. Not being his soulmate or not knowing what Blaine did. No, he wanted it to know but he wasn't ready to accept that Blaine actually did such a thing. Throwing himself around for money.

His father's words were echoing in his mind how Kurt mattered, how sex should be a way to connect and okay, his first time was beautiful, yes, but this boy was no part of his life anymore. And any other time? Some where his boyfriends some not but he did it not for money. There was a difference. Was this also Blaine's first time? Just someone from the street? It hurt Kurt to think that this was maybe true and there was also disgust he felt.

Two days before Noah's party they went out to buy suits for the party. Like any other time when he was outside with Blaine he waited for someone to talk to them, to remind him that his soulmate was a prostitute or someone who would ask Blaine to give him his service because this person knew Blaine. Of course this never happened but didn't change how Kurt felt. He picked three suits for Blaine and told him to try those on.

It was torture, pure torture. No matter how much he wanted to hate Blaine or not care about Blaine or just feel something that was stronger than the affection he felt for him, it didn't happen. And it hurt so bad he couldn't even look at Blaine for more than five seconds because he looked so good in those suits, so lost with his eyes which were reaching out for Kurt but he blocked it all out.

Was this how it felt when a heart was broken? Even before they were a couple? Maybe, he wasn't sure.

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While he getting ready for the party Kurt stared at his reflection, standing in his bedroom. It's been a month since he figured out what his soulmate was doing and it's been a month since he began to lie.

Lies.

Kurt remembered how he exactly never wanted this to happen. Right when Nina called him and told him he got the role he promised himself he would never lie. Not about his sexuality or about anything. Everything he didn't want to answer he wouldn't answer or simply paraphrase. He disliked lies, yes, but he also understood why people lied but he didn't want to do it. Rachel lied a lot during her career and everytime people figured that out it was backlash for her. Of course her PR and managers tried to fix things and most of the things got fixed but it was nerve-wracking. Many nights were filled with fights, many nights ended with tears and as soon as the camera was on she needed to smile nevertheless.

It was easy for Kurt to imagine he didn't have to this because there was nothing he had to hide. Literally nothing. And now everything changed and he there was nothing he could do against it. He couldn't change who is soulmate was or change to be a soulmate at all. Sighing he fixed his tie, checked his hair and walked down the stairs. Blaine stood up from the couch and stared at Kurt just like Kurt stared at Blaine because, damn, he looked too good in this black suit, curls just slightly gelled and this black bow tie was his weakness. He looked like a prince. Yeah, looked like a prince but underneath there was no prince. Still his heart yelled at him to smile, to tell Blaine how good he looked but Kurt ignored it and wished it would just shut up until he... until his thoughts were more clear. Now he needed to focus on this party and make himself a name.

They arrived together with Nina who kept Blaine close to her just like Kurt wanted it too. There

were cameras, a wave of voices and he felt slightly nervous though this was nothing new. Only that there were more people because Noah was pretty famous. Linda waved at Kurt from where she was standing and people took photos and he felt better seeing her happy smile. One flash light after the other and they both made sure to smile, just kept on smiling.

Nina walked told Kurt to say nothing, just to pose a bit and then join Linda and walk straight to the building. Luckily it was not only Nina with Blaine, Linda's manager was also there with three other people so it looked like they were a team. All of them wearing suits or dresses and Linda wore a beautiful cream colored dress.

"Hey sweetie," she smiled, hugged Kurt and went together straight to the building. At the front door they met Robert between many other people, all dressed in beautiful suits and dresses and as soon as he saw his co-workers he excused himself from the lady he was talking to and hugged them hello.

"Blainers!" he laughed and gave him a brother like hug. It was the first time in a month that Kurt saw Blaine smiling, like at all. And soon it was just Robert and Blaine talking and Kurt was glad for that moment. He really needed some to take this place and the people in and time to sort his thoughts out, which were mainly about Blaine.

Nina came closer to Kurt, waving to some people he didn't know and then whispered with a smile like she was telling him a joke: "You can talk here about anything. Whatever happens inside this house stays there, okay?"

"Thank you," he smiled back.

They walked inside the huge hall, bright hall. There was a band playing on a small stage, tables filled with food and drinks and men holding trays with food and drinks. It really looked like in those movies when people from the higher class threw a party. Kurt would never want such party but he enjoyed being here and see all of this with his own eyes.

"Where is Ronald?" Kurt asked and took two glasses with champagne from the tray and handed one to Linda.

"He is busy with work. He has this new group of people he teaches to cook and gives three of them some private lessons and he had to fire one of his employees because he was stealing stuff from them. So he is casting new people tonight."

"Ugh, sounds bad," said Kurt before taking a sip from the champagne.

"It was, though. Ronald is a good guy, he really trusts his employees and hopes they feel as comfortable and home as possible. This was a real shock for him because the employee seemed to be fine, really."

Linda was lucky, Kurt thought. Her soulmate was not doing things that could ruin her. She could focus on her career and Ronald on his. But he got easily distracted by Noah, who walked up to them with a huge smile on his lips. He was also wearing a black suit and his gray hair was smoothed down. He also had a small beard and both smiled back at him and hugged him hello.

"You look good," Linda said.

"Thank you, you look gorgeous and you like you jumped out of a fashion magazine." Kurt laughed and Linda giggled.

"Over there are some of my friends, they are also directors or writers. I suggest you two go over there and chat a little bit. They are so excited to see you guys."

Kurt looked over to a group with more men than women and found Robert and also Blaine, talking to a lady with black hair. His soulmate smiled, acting like the dapper guy he could be but Kurt couldn't stop this feeling inside him. He was alarmed and walked to the group just to make sure Blaine wouldn't slip anything that was not meant for strangers ears.

Linda joined him and they greeted several people, talked about the movie and about what they did before the movie. It was easy talk and very interesting to hear their ideas, about their projects and he wanted to pay more attention to what was said but one of part of his ears and mind always went back to Blaine, listening. It was mainly about music and college, just like Kurt told him. After an hour he became a bit calmer and decided to leave Blaine alone because, for once, he wouldn't do something stupid and ruin this for Kurt.

“Kurt, sweetie, Linda told me he is your soulmate?” said a woman he talked to 30 minutes ago – Hilary was her name – who wore a red dress and had brown long hair and amazing green eyes. She was probably around 40 years old but her face had wrinkles but only around her eyes and the corners of her mouth probably from laughing. She was really stunning and he enjoyed talking to her and about the movie she was writing.

“Um, yes. Yes he is,” said Kurt and looked at Blaine. They usually didn't make eye contact only when necessary so it made him feel all these things at once which was exhausting. First the eyes taking everything in and saw this handsome boy, being so dapper through the evening. Then his mind which remembered the kisses and cuddles, the laughs and little noises they made when they kissed. And then the truth about what Blaine was doing running over all these good things and hiding them and left was his heart crying, yelling but also reaching out, just like their connection and his soul.

However, he needed to act like things were okay, act like nothing was wrong so he took Blaine's hand and though he still felt the urge to pull it back and wipe it clean it got easier with each passing day.

“But we are still getting to know each other.”

Hilary nodded, her eyes running them up and down, sighed and pouted: “You look so good together, though. You really have a handsome soulmate, Kurt. And he is so smart and has manners.”

*And is a prostitute,* Kurt thought.

It was not only Hilary who said all those good things about Blaine, Linda and Robert did the same, how talented he was, how he could play several instruments, how he always said thank you and please. They described him like a saint, like the perfect boyfriend, like the perfect eighteen year old kid because any other 18 year old Kurt was still a child but not Blaine. And Kurt only nodded to whatever they said. Because it was true, yes, but there was also another truth which was so much stronger, so much darker that he couldn't focus on anything else that was Blaine Anderson.

And it made him angry, really angry. He was suppressing the bubble inside of him for a month now and now it was just growing and growing and about to explode. Blaine could feel it, the anger which was so deep inside him, hidden for so many ways and when their eyes met Kurt saw something new. No sorry, no hurt, he saw anger but not as strong as his own and also that Blaine was challenging him.

They left the party around one in the morning. Not talking, no hand holding. They drove in complete tense silence fighting with the thoughts inside their heads. There were so many Kurt tried to sort them out. The sane voices which told him to talk to Blaine and figure this out, the insane voices which said to kick him out and only meet when necessary. Voices that screamed he needed this boy in more than a soulmate boy. Voices that screamed he could ruin his whole life. Kurt got sick of those voices, of his thoughts running like crazy through his mind and turned the radio on until they arrived home. And when he closed the front door and faced Blaine he began to raise his voice.

“You're a liar!”

“Am I? Because I kept something from you? Which is none of your business?”

Kurt took his shoes off and loosened his tie eyes still locked at Blaine and trying to burn into his head.

“It is my business. Your whole fucking life is my business. You should have told me about your job so I could react. But you didn't! And now all I can do is hoping that people won't find it out.”

Blaine huffed a laugh: “So what? If I had told you about what I was doing you would have done what, Kurt? Lied? Lied about the fact that you are a soulmate? I guess this makes us both liars, right?”

“No, Blaine. It's not the same.”

“A lie is a lie.”

Blaine crossed his arms before his chest, giving Kurt this challenging look and this made him even more angry. What was that? Why was Blaine suddenly acting that way? In the past weeks he was acting like a kicked puppy, looking miserable, not saying anything not asking for anything and now this?

“You've been lying, Blaine. Over and over again. You've been lying about things and hurt me in a way no one ever did. You've been lying about kisses, about experiences, about where you are what you are doing and I was here, waiting, worried sick and believing each damn word coming out of your mouth.”

“Who said I've been lying about everything?”

Was he serious? Was he really serious? Kurt pressed his hand against his forehead and shook his head, trying to calm himself down.

“Are you serious? You want to tell me you haven't been lying about certain things while working as a prostitute? Seriously, Blaine? As far as I know this is what a prostitute does, right? Fucking around for money, right?”

Blaine's smile was gone for a second and he gave Kurt a warning look. Oh? That hurt? Good. He wanted Blaine to feel the same pain Kurt was feeling for weeks.

“No matter who as long as you get money, right? And no matter what and too bad you became a soulmate and needed to stop doing certain things.”

Blaine shook his head slowly, shrugging and said, the smile back on his face: “Well, I give awesome blowjobs now, that's for sure. And know how to please someone with just my hands.”

Kurt felt sick again.



“And you know what else I've learned? That you are just like anyone else. Judging me without knowing anything.” Blaine walked towards the front door: “You are just like anyone else. Not better not worse. Or maybe worse because instead of being a soulmate you are being an idiot and thinking you know who I am because of what I did. Guess what, you know shit Kurt. And I'm sick of sitting here and seeing your eyes like I've destroyed your whole world.”

“But you did. You did it with lying to me and acting all innocent and sweet and making me believe that this was you. How can a prostitute be sweet and innocent? Huh? Don't lie to me, I know what people like you do.”

“You must know it! You know everything! I would say, go, find someone else you can be with who isn't disgusting you! But you can't and neither can I!”

And Blaine slammed the door shut and left and Kurt grabbed the pillow and muffled his scream with it.

# Chance

## Chapter Notes

Hey guys! Here is chapter 16, Blaine's POV. If you have any wishes, ideas, whatever tell me about it :) I might use it in the following chapters. For now, I hope you enjoy this because the sun is slowly coming out. Very slowly. And once again, thank u for ur words and support!

## Chapter 16. Chance

### 7 days before the truth

Deciding to work everyday was a hard decision. It didn't only mean he couldn't have two days of sleep it also meant that he had to keep up with the number of customers or keep them as long as possible. Because they did not only pay for his service they also paid for the time they wanted to spent with Blaine.

A blow job given by Blaine cost 50 bucks. Letting others blow him 100. Each hour cost 100 and extra service like getting touched, being touched, using toys etc. cost 60 bucks extra. Only because he was a virgin and they went nuts because he was a virgin. Sometimes he even had two guys and sometimes he got some extra money just because of his look or because they felt pity for him. He didn't care as long as he got his money. He cared at the beginning, then got used to it and needed to get used to it again when he became a soulmate.

But with his hope and with Kurt being all lovely to him and giving him many of the things he wished he could do with Kurt – like kissing and cuddling – he closed his eyes and let everything just happen, well knowing they couldn't fuck him or kiss him because of the connection.

It was easy with all the hope. It was even easy to deal with his soul and the connection protesting at what he was doing.

There were only seven days left and Blaine would never have to do this again. Never ever. He would attend college, live with Kurt and work on their relationship. Then he could kiss and hold him without feeling guilty, kiss him without thinking what he was doing to him. Blaine could deal with his job and what it meant but this didn't mean Kurt could. But this was nothing he had to be worried about because only seven days and he would be out of here, forever.

With this hope and distracting himself he didn't even listen what the guy was whispering into his ear before he started to kiss and lick Blaine's chest again. Moans were the usual answer Blaine gave, faking his pleasure and though he wanted this guy to finish off his business he knew, the longer he would stay the more money it meant for him. Yet he needed to come and this cockring

wasn't helping. 30 minutes later he finally was allowed to come, moaned deep and long and felt the hot liquid falling on his stomach, followed by the guys grunting and moaning when he came on Blaine.

He watched the guy getting dressed and placing the money on Blaine's nightstand. Sitting up he reached out for it and began to count. Perfect, it was more than necessary and he only smiled at the guy before he left. Taking the tissues he cleaned himself and put his clothes back on. Gathering all the money he closed the door silently as he left his room and listened into the corridor.

Charlie was still doing his thing so Blaine went into the kitchen and drank some water.

He waited for his friend then, heard their voices and soon Charlie joined him hair and clothes a mess.

“Did you have sex with your clothes on?” asked Blaine.

“Yeah. I always get the kinky one and I don't know why,” sighed his friend, poured some water into a glass and sat slowly down on a chair.

“So, only seven days left, huh? Excited for your new life?”

“I guess. I'm not really thinking about it yet because of work. But I'm looking forward though.”

Only the thought of this life, no more nights with strangers, no more hiding and no more debts felt pretty amazing. Like he could breath for the first time in years. Beside all of this he has Kurt in it. His soulmate, the one he loves and who likes him back. Maybe not as much but he did still.

“You should. You have everything.”

“Come on, you'll have a good future too. I'm sure of it. And I'll be also at your side, Charlie. We are friends.”

Charlie only smiled and said nothing. Blaine's never been worried about his friend because he was always the positive guy. He always said things will be good in the end, that the world is changing, that not all people will judge them and their job. Charlie used to be such a strong person but in the past days he looked sad, hopeless and Blaine wanted this to stop. There was really no reason to because Charlie accepted his job in a different way than Blaine did. Or maybe he was just all this optimistic because Blaine was a soulmate? Yeah, this was a part of Charlie's optimism but not everything. It was his nature to stay positive.

“I don't know, Blaine. Of course I'll try but the closer we get out of here the more it scares me. I'm just so used to this life and this job and, yeah, it's nothing I wanted to do but it's okay, you know?”

Blaine shook his head slowly: “It's not, Charlie. You know that. This life won't make us happy. We'll be only a shadow for people and nothing else. No love, no hope, nothing. But there is so much more. Sharing your life with a person who loves you and go out with people who are your real friends, talk about usual stuff. I really want that, entirely. A normal life, college, love and not this.”

A month ago Blaine didn't even dare to think this. There was no hope in his heart and soul to even let this thought cross his mind. Kurt gave him this hope. So much that Blaine couldn't stop hoping, smiling and dreaming all along with a smile on his face.

“All those kisses and cuddles changed you.”

Blaine blushed.

“And I'm really happy to see you happy.”

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Blaine woke up to an empty bed and like every morning he rolled over to Kurt's side and hugged his pillow for a while, breathing in the familiar scent. He lay there a while longer and then stood up when he heard no noise. Usually Kurt was doing something but not today. Standing up he went down, changed his clothes and walked to the kitchen with an idea he had for a while now. Smiling he pulled his phone out and read the recipe Linda gave him. A recipe for cookies.

Blaine never really cooked, well never alone. When he was younger and his father still alive they used to cook together but Blaine was a hopeless case. But his father never yelled or told Blaine how bad he was at cooking. No, his father would smile, laugh and explain everything all over again. Once he was able to bake a cake without getting confused with sugar and salt and Blaine would smile and see the proud look in his father's eyes. Then he learned to cook simple things so he didn't live from fast food only. He smiled over those memories. His father was such a good person, a lovely dad and even when Blaine came out he accepted it, didn't treat him differently.

Sometimes he really missed his father. The man who would guide him and who would have guided him even now. Of course Blaine wondered what his father would say about his job and yes, he wouldn't be okay with it. But he would be so fine with Kurt, he would love Kurt because he was not only successful, no, because he was an awesome person. Witty, smart and had a big heart with enough space for all the people he loved. Blaine was sure even he had a special place there beyond the connection, beyond the fact that they were soulmates.

Did Kurt know that too? That he had a special place in Blaine's heart? Well, more like his whole heart but it was too soon to share this with him. Also, it was about time that Blaine needed to give something in return. He didn't have much money and frankly, Kurt had everything here so this would do it too, right? This was something made by him and for Kurt and nothing someone could buy. Blaine nodded slowly, feeling nervous because he never did such a thing. Not the cooking part but cooking for someone he loved. He had a boyfriend once, yes, but he didn't love him. What he felt for Kurt he never felt for anyone else and he wanted to show him this in little pieces.

Of course he kept his walls up but he let Kurt slowly inside because there were only 7 days left and then everything would be over. His job would be done and it was only okay to open up now and let him see slowly.

But cooking wasn't that easy as he thought. He made a mess and when Kurt came back he almost blushed over the chaos he left. But Kurt was the amazing person he was and helped Blaine. They baked together and tried the cookies which were really good, Blaine thought. And when he heard Kurt's laugh and how he thought he looked funny Blaine only blinked and stared at the photo Kurt took. There was dough and flour on his face and he wanted to hide his face in his hands. He didn't and listened to Kurt as he spoke.

“Are they for Charlie?”

Truth time, was what Blaine thought – as he sat down on the counter - and this time he couldn't stop the blush on his cheeks. There was something special about this. Baking something for someone and send them a clear message.

This was a clear message, right? They kissed and cuddled and shared a bed together and though Blaine wanted to enjoy it he still felt guilt for not telling Kurt and taking those sweet little things. But this was a message about how he felt for Kurt right?

“They are not... for Charlie. They... they are for you.”

And it surprised him that Kurt was surprised. Okay, he probably really thought Blaine didn't like – sometimes – what they were doing.

“I wanted to say 'thank you' through the cookies. And I... I just wanted to do something for you.”

And it was not a lie. He was really thankful that Kurt did so many things for him. But he couldn't look at him because his heart was going crazy and his blush turning into a deeper red. It got even worse when Kurt whispered he was too cute and came closer, taking Blaine's hands into his and leaned his forehead against Blaine's. So close, he was so close. Closer when they cuddled because it always felt more intimate, so much closer and he tried to listen, said something but it was so hard to focus on anything but his soulmate being this close to him. He just wanted to breathe all of this in and stay like this for as long as possible. He wanted more of those hands, more of this voice and more of those lips but it was not the right time. Not yet. But he could do something else. So he told Kurt that he would quit his job soon and attend college. Only if Kurt would support him.

“Of course,” said Kurt and pulled back, eyes meeting and Blaine almost whined because he wanted him to stay so close: “But I need to know something.”

Huh? Okay, Blaine thought and squeezed Kurt's hands as a sign to go on.

“You don't feel bad around me or my friends, right? Because we are already out of college, working.”

Was that the impression Kurt got from him? That he had troubles with their age and their life they lived? This was not true. In fact this was the thing that motivated him, gave him more hope that he could live such a life with Kurt.

“No. I understand that you guys are older than me. That is not bothering me. I'm more concerned about if I bother you guys.” This was not a lie.

Then Kurt wrapped his arms around Blaine's waist, pulling him closer and Blaine was really surprised about that. It was good, of course but sometimes it was still surprising how this man changed his behavior around Blaine. How he wanted them to be close and how he enjoyed it to be close to Blaine. He wished, with each passing day, that he could show him this in return, hug him in return and kiss him in a way without feeling this terrible guilt.

“You don't. Sometimes I feel your age but most of the time I forget about it. And my... our friends are the same.”

Relaxing he let his hands rest on Kurt's arms, feeling a bit better knowing that he was not a burden and that he was really welcomed. He could tell himself that he wasn't worried about this or other things over and over again. Yet, hearing there was no need to be worried was calming and a blessing for him. One less worry. But he wondered how baking cookies turned out into this. Kurt's arms around his waist and standing between his legs with this adorable look. Eyes blue and green, lips curled into a small smile and months ago he was sure this would never happen. That this man would feel anything for him but some kind of responsibility because they were soulmates.

“What about us? Are you okay with this?” asked Kurt and his smile was gone.

“What do you mean?” asked Blaine and let his fingers run up and down Kurt's arm, skin hidden by the fabric.

“You said you made experiences and I don't question that. I'm sure you made some, but I know what I did through college and living alone. I went through clubs and kisses and everything. I just want to know if you are okay with the fact that you can't, well, fool around. That you are bonded to me.”

He closed their connection and tried to show no feeling on his face but the guilt was so strong, burning from his heart through his whole body. If Kurt only knew he wouldn't even ask that. If Kurt only knew what his experience was he would be disgusted, he was sure of it. The countless guys he sucked and let him suck. The guys who touched him, asked for more but never would get that. Yes, Blaine made one loving experience but that was it. Anything else was just his job. Sure he could use this to please someone else, someone he loved but he didn't want Kurt to know that and he didn't want Kurt to believe he felt this way. In no way did he want to have someone else but Kurt.

He gave Blaine his first real kiss, first real cuddles and hugs. He gave him all these things Blaine never got and no customer could ever give him. Only Kurt. Only the man who had his heart since the day they met.

“What do you think?”

“You made it clear for me that you regret being a soulmate. Not my soulmate but one in general.”

“I... don't regret it. Not really. I just don't believe in it. I don't believe that everything will work out just because we are soulmates, you know?”

“But you are okay with this? With me?”

He looked back into Kurt's eyes so fast he almost hurt his neck. How could he think that? Just, how? Blaine was more than okay with Kurt, so much more than okay. Here in his arms was all he wanted and needed and wished he could call his forever. Yes, maybe it was to soon to think that but what could he do? He was so in love with him that he was unable to think something else, feel something else. His life was such a sad thing after his father died and it got even worse when he came to New York and only Kurt became the light, the thing that made him smile after such a long, sad time.

How he wished he could just say all of this and take everything. Take his hand and heart, his soul and body and keep and it safe and let Kurt do the same. Only seven days, he thought, only seven days and the guilt would stop, this bad feeling like he was covering Kurt with the dirty hands that touched him each night. But he couldn't say it because then he could never take it back and he was still in this mess. It would be unfair to say something, promise something while still hiding this from him because he had to.

One day, maybe one day when they were stronger, trusted each other more he would tell him everything. But not now, not today or tomorrow. So he only leaned closer and kissed him, deep, slow, and hoped this was answer enough. Yet, after the kiss he looked down and swallowed the guilt bubbling inside him.

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Blaine's hope grew more and more and two days before he was free he was more than sure that Kurt would never find out. He was so sure that when Kurt did find out he couldn't even deny it or say something. He was just standing there and hearing Kurt's voice, hearing how he put one and one together because of his stupid bag. How did he forget his bag? He never forgot his bag. Whenever he came back from work he cleaned himself, his stuff and kept it far away from Kurt to not see it. It was only one small mistake, one he never really thought about could turn out to be the thing that broke him. And it did. So bad that when Kurt left the apartment he needed to remind himself to breathe while his heart, his hope and everything he dreamed of shattered into a million pieces.

There was a reason why he never wanted to hope and never wanted to dream about a future with Kurt. And what he felt was the reason, his job was the reason and he needed to sit down because it was too much to handle and his knees were too weak to hold his body. Exactly what he thought would happen happened. Kurt stared at him like he was something disgusting. Like he was a criminal, like the worst human being on earth. Of course. Blaine sold his body for something that should be a special thing between two people. A pleasure shared by lovers or 'friends' and not something like work. It was dirty, it was wrong, it was 'throwing himself away'. This was what people said about his job and why would Kurt think differently about it?

Why would he want to be with someone who did such a thing? Kurt who had such a beautiful life, amazing friends and so much sunshine in it. How could Blaine think this would never come out and that Kurt would think different? It was stupid, so stupid that he was not sure what he hated more. The broken heart he needed to carry with him from now on or the fact that he would never get what he wanted. No one wanted a prostitute, no one. They were used, not worth it and Kurt knew this now. He felt what Kurt felt and this was the answer Blaine feared. Kurt was not only disgusted, he was also hurt as deep as Blaine was. And like a masochist he let the feelings coming from Kurt crush on his heart and soul. He deserved it, all of it.

He thought about not quitting his job for a while but then he shook his head no. This was not what he wanted to do and also something he didn't want to end for Kurt but for himself. He could do it now. His debts were paid, the money which was left was supposed to be for college. Something he still wanted to do but couldn't really think about right now. There was no real thought in his mind because he used all his energy to think about Kurt and how to fix this. There was no way to fix this or change it. And he realized that when he went back to his old apartment and saw Charlie.

“What happened to you?” his friend asked when Blaine entered the kitchen and just now he felt how cold he was, how truly broken he was inside and the sobs just began. The tears ran down his cheek and his whole body was shaking. Charlie hurried over to him, wrapped his arms tightly around Blaine's shaking body while he sobbed: “He knows it. He knows.”

He cried for a while without talking and Charlie didn't ask. He just held Blaine and was there for him which was really what he needed right now before going back to work. Charlie suggested to not work that night but Blaine shook his head, using the argument that he needed the money because he wasn't sure what Kurt would do. If he even wanted to see him or talk to him. During the night and letting one guy after the other into his room Blaine felt numb. Really numb. He let everything just happen, did what they asked for and said no to things he knew he couldn't do. It was the longest night in his life and his eyes hurt from all the crying.

When he was done he felt so exhausted and completely disgusted with himself while his mind tried desperately to find a solution for all of this. All he got in return was not just a broken heart

also a pounding head. Inside the kitchen he drank some water which felt good, the only thing that felt good that night and soon Charlie joined him and gave Blaine this look like he was sorry, worried and desperate to find a way to figure this out. But there was none. Exactly what they both feared would happen happened. First it was Blaine who was so pessimistic and then it was Charlie and now they both stood there, facing the truth. His friend, though, he wouldn't give up so easily. Giving up was nothing Charlie ever did.

“How did he find out?”

“He found my bag and figured it out himself.”

“Fuck,” Charlie whispered and leaned against the counter eyes resting on Blaine who only looked down.

“You should explain it, Blaine. I guess he gave you no chance to explain it, right?”

Blaine shook his head no: “He just stared at me and left and didn't come back until I had to go.”

“He was probably shocked.”

Yes, and so much more. Kurt let him feel everything, the pain, the sadness and the disgust. He opened their connection and let everything flow right to Blaine and he was not sure what hurt more. His own broken heart or what Kurt had to go through because of him. But this was something he wouldn't share with Charlie. Not because he didn't trust him but because it was something that was Kurt should share and not him.

“I don't know if it will change anything. The way he stared at me was just... I never wanted that to happen.”

Charlie wrapped his arm around Blaine's shoulder and kissed his head and this small gesture turned Blaine into a sobbing mess again. Of course Charlie could do that, he wasn't disgusted with what Blaine did and he understood why they worked here. Charlie would never be scared or feeling sick when he touched Blaine. But he wanted those touches from Kurt, the kisses and hugs which made his heart beat so pleasantly fast and made his soul so alive. He wanted this all back but was more than sure he would never get this back.

“Try it. Try it until he will listen. You are soulmates, you'll work this out no matter how long it takes”

Charlie still believed and never stopped. Blaine never even began and wouldn't. Not now not ever.

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Blaine went back to Kurt's place not sure why. It would hurt him more and more, he knew that, but since he began to hope he couldn't stop doing it. There were signs coming from Kurt and telling him that he liked him and that he wanted, maybe, just the same. And because he was a prostitute didn't mean he was a different person as the person he showed Kurt. At least the parts when they cuddled and kissed. He was not lying to Kurt, not when it was about them, not anymore. He only kept his job hidden and certain things in his life because he wasn't ready to talk about it while lying about his job.

He slept on the couch and when he woke up Kurt was gone. So he waited, made himself something to eat and watched TV until Kurt came back and they made eye contact for the first time since the truth came out. There, in those blue/green eyes was everything he felt before. Pain,



sadness and anger. Breathing in he needed to say something, explain and as soon as he spoke Kurt's name – which hurt in his mouth – Kurt stopped him and Blaine froze. Looking down he listened to the rules, that Kurt was not ready to talk and waited, nodding and being fine with everything as long as he could still stay here. It was a miracle for Blaine that Kurt didn't throw him out, really. Maybe, if he could stay here he would be able to show him he was nothing like that. Maybe he could talk with him one day. But not now, that was for sure.

And when Kurt sat down next to him, holding his hand it was different. It was painful, it was sad and he could feel how disgusting it was for Kurt, how much he hated to do this. He just wondered if Kurt hated him or only what he found out. Though... was there a difference?

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They didn't talk for a whole month. No smiles, no easy conversation, nothing but living together because they had to. It was just as much torture for Blaine as it was for Kurt because he didn't want to live like this. He constantly saw the disgust in Kurt's eyes and it made him feel naked, dirty. Like he was no human but just something that shouldn't be in this apartment. Someone, something Kurt wished he wouldn't know.

And this hurt in so many ways that Blaine soon stopped feeling sorry or sad. He felt angry. Angry about himself and angry about Kurt and the way he treated him. Wasn't Kurt supposed to be the adult here? The one who should force Blaine to talk about this and figure it out because Kurt believed in it? Well, maybe this truth crushed his believe and he was questioning this soulmate thing just as much as Blaine? If this was true he saw really no hope. But this didn't mean he could let Kurt treat him like this. He was no monster nor a bad guy. He did this because he had to because it was the only fast solution he found to get out of his debts. Yes, it was naïve from Blaine to believe a stranger but he really saw no catch in all of this. And if Kurt would listen, let him explain he would understand, right?

Yet Blaine never found the right moment to talk to him. Not while Kurt still gave him those looks, not while he could feel the disgust coming from him and how he forced himself to hold Blaine's hand. Their connection didn't suffer much but it didn't feel good either. What worried him was his broken heart and the anger he felt inside himself.

Until it all explode after Noah's party. Oh, he did a good job, he knew how to talk to people, knew what to talk about and it was really a refreshing evening seeing all these smiling people, hearing all these stories. He really had fun but Kurt, maybe, tried to ruin it for him and make him feel guilty. And then it happened, Kurt explode and though it was a fight it was the first real conversation they had.

“You're a liar!” Kurt almost yelled and Blaine tried not to laugh or shake his head.

He was anything but a liar. Yes, he lied about his job but exactly because of this. Because of those eyes burning with so much rage. Blaine was really tired of this. Feeling guilty and like bad person though Kurt knew nothing. He understood that even if he had told Kurt the truth he would lied anyway. Both of them and he knew Kurt never wanted to lie but had to do it now. Well, Blaine didn't decide to be a soulmate and make his life a mess, never and he never let that happen. So Blaine smiled, played it all down and didn't want to show how it hurt, how sad it made him. Now, he wanted to challenge Kurt and let him see that he couldn't just treat him like that.

“You've been lying, Blaine. Over and over again. You've been lying about things and hurt me in a way no one ever did. You've been lying about kisses, about experiences, about where you are

what you are doing and I was here, waiting, worried sick and believing each damn word coming out of your mouth.”

“Who said I've been lying about everything?” Was he serious, Blaine thought. He never lied about this. Not about the first kiss they shared, not about that he had no idea what it felt like to share this with a person he loved. Yes, he still loved Kurt and he couldn't stop it. But he wondered if this love was good for him.

“Are you serious? You want to tell me you haven't been lying about certain things while working as a prostitute? Seriously, Blaine? As far as I know this is what a prostitute does, right? Fucking around for money, right?”

His smile was gone and his heart was bleeding. This hurt. This hurt even more than the looks and the other things Kurt had said to him, called him. He wasn't fucking around. He never fucked around. No one took this away from him. This, the only thing still precious to Blaine and kept safe for the person he loved.

Kurt said more things, all the things any other person would blame Blaine for, call him. Kurt gave the same look each person gave Blaine when they knew what he was doing but had no idea what it actually meant or why he was doing it. This was not true, none of it and Blaine let his anger out through words and left. Of fucking course Kurt knew it better. Of course, they all knew it better and ignored him because he was a prostitute. An eyesore for society, a person which would never deserve something better. Was that the way Kurt really looked at him? Really?

Blaine shook his head, over and over again trying not to cry but couldn't stop it. He was more than that. So much more but no one would see it, right? No one ever.

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He went back to his old apartment, slept in his cold bed with so many unpleasant memories but found sleep nevertheless. For the first time in weeks he didn't have nightmares, didn't wake up with a pounding head. He just felt empty but knew he had to figure something out now. With or without Kurt. Leaving his room he went to the kitchen, like each morning and opened the window to welcome the morning sun, looking down on the streets he used to pick up his customers. No one would guess what happened there at night because this place was not rich but it was still nice when the sun came out.

For some reason he thought about his father and the times when he was just a kid and teenager. When he would play with his dad in the garden or on the streets and how they both laughed. How proud his dad was when Blaine came back from Dalton over the weekend. How he talked about college and his future. His father was really bad when it was about music. He couldn't play any instrument and when he sang Blaine made a funny face because he wouldn't hit one tone.

Blaine was talented and his father always told him how his real mother was also very talented. He did not only have her eyes also her talent and so music became an important part for him. A connection to his mother and his father at the same time. But it also became his passion and he really wanted to study music. Maybe become a music teacher or something but he was unsure about this prostitute thing. Would people even want him? If they knew? Well, in five years he wouldn't look like a small boy anymore and people he once met at night would be gone or already forgot about him. No one would remember him and no one would talk about him. It was too wrong, too dirty that they would share such a thing.

“Good morning, sunshine,” he heard Charlie's sleepy voice and turned around, seeing a huge grin on his face.

“Good morning,” he smiled because Charlie did. And Charlie didn't smile for days. He was looking for a job since they stopped working and with each passing day he got more and more frustrated. Not even a forced smile was on his face but today and Blaine wanted to hope that something good happened but he didn't even dare.

“Have you been sleeping here?”

“Yeah. Kurt and I had a bad fight and I was so angry I just couldn't look at him anymore.”

Charlie joined him at the window and nodded slowly: “But you are going back though?”

“I have to. He is still my soulmate.”

“What did he say?”

While Charlie fixed them some coffee Blaine told him all the things Kurt said and didn't even become angry again. It was exactly what he expected to happen and nothing he wasn't called before. Many people yelled at them when they were on the street looking for customers and knew way too well what they were doing. They said worse things, yes, but it was still the same message Kurt gave him.

“So, what I get from that you still haven't told him why, right?”

Blaine shook his head and took the cup from Charlie.

“He wouldn't even listen. He always says he doesn't want to talk about that.”

“Well, make him listen. He can't treat you like that,” Charlie said and took a sip while Blaine looked down and knew his friend was right. But then, no matter how angry or hurt he was, he couldn't force Kurt. He loved him, he really did. If you loved someone you want them to be happy, right? Even if Blaine was not the one who could make him happy. It would be easy if they weren't soulmates. Then they could find someone else, be close to someone else but they couldn't.

“Look. I know Kurt is not a bad person. You told me so much about him and I met him and I know he is not a bad person.”

“He is not. He just... he doesn't know people like me and he probably wished we never met.”

“But you met, became soulmates and are meant to be. You can't be with anyone but him and you both know that.”

This soulmate thing was really a burden. Really. Especially when you did not believe in it.

“I know. I know that. But he obviously doesn't want to anymore. Who would, though?”

Charlie smiled at him, his old smile so carefree and positive and Blaine gave him a curious look. Something happened. Something good?

“What is it? You know something!”

Charlie laughed and shook his head: “I know shit man, seriously. I know nothing about Kurt. But I know not all people are judging us. I went to a tattoo shop and asked for a job, showed them some drawings and talked for a while. So they asked me what I've been doing and I told them I

was a prostitute.”

Blaine's opened his mouth but said nothing.

“They were giving me this look, you know, and I thought it would be like any other time, a simple no. But then he asked me why and I explained him everything. About Paul, about the debts and that I really had no choice. I also told him I'm not the only one literally falling into this business without wanting to. I even cried.”

“What? You never cry.”

“I did,” Charlie laughed again: “They listened and understood and gave me the job.”

“What!? Oh my God!” Blaine smiled, really smiled and hugged his friend, almost spilling his coffee over Charlie.

“Congrats, oh my God! That is so amazing!”

“Thank you.”

Blaine was really happy, really. Charlie was his best friend and he was worried about him, a lot. Now he had nothing to be worried about because his friend could do what he wanted to do. This was good, really good.

“You see what I try to tell you with this?”

Pulling back Blaine gave him a confused look.

“If you explain it and tell him why and show him it's not what people think it is he will listen. You have to stand up, Blaine. For yourself. No one can treat you bad for what you did. No one has the right to walk over you because they think they are better and you are not. Don't let people judge you, judge them. Ask them why they are so ignorant and blind. Ask them why they won't help a person who needs help. Ask them why there are so many bad people who force us into this business because we want to survive, have a good life. Why judging us when all we did is trying to get a better life, to get out of a nightmare? This, what we did, is not our fault and we both know that.”

Blaine blinked closing his mouth and looked out again. This never crossed his mind, never. All he did is blaming himself and worrying about what people would think. Explaining, fighting, so people would see more in him was never an option he thought about. But his friend was right. Blaine was just not sure if he had the strength to do that. Not after everything.

“I'll help you, if you want to.”

“No. No... this is something I have to figure out. You focus on your job.”

But it was a chance, right?

# Guilt

## Chapter Notes

Hey guys! Sorry it took a bit longer this time! I wrote this with a half sleeping mind but I needed to write it down as long as I felt it. I'm kind of busy rn so I can't promise when I'll update but I try to do it each second or third day! Like I said this chapter happened with a half sleeping mind and I'll may change some stuff (but I doubt it). I hope u all enjoy this chapter and thank u once again for all the lovely messages and support and suggestions! You guys are so amazing and make my day with each shared thought from you!

## Chapter 17. Guilt

When Blaine left and Kurt stopped screaming into the pillow he went to the kitchen and needed a glass of water because his throat felt sore from the screaming. And then he felt miserable and hated himself. He didn't mean to be so hard on Blaine and he didn't want to say all those things to him. It was rude, cold, and maybe even unfair because he really didn't know anything.

But did it change the fact that Blaine lied? No. He lied about certain things and this made him angry and hurt him. And why would someone become a prostitute if not for pleasure and money? It was hard to imagine that Blaine did this for exactly those reasons. Not the Blaine he thought he knew, like the same Blaine he couldn't imagine to be a prostitute. But he was and it was too much for Kurt.

The next morning when he woke up and left his bed Blaine was not there. The spot on the couch was empty, untouched and he wasn't sure how he felt about that. When he ignored what Blaine's job was, yes, then he missed him, terribly. But he couldn't ignore it so he ended up feeling unsure about his own feelings. He walked to the kitchen and rubbed his head. He only spoke the truth, right? Sure, Blaine didn't have to tell him anything but this, he should have told him this. His soulmate was not stupid and he knew what people thought about this job. What it could mean for Kurt if people knew. He didn't want to become popular through gossip or that people only talked about that. People should talk about his movie, about his talent and not this and forget what he really wanted to do. It could be hard to get a new job if this ever came out.

Who wanted to have someone in their movie with a prostitute as a boyfriend? No one. He was sure of it. Groaning he took his phone and called Elliot. He couldn't deal with this alone, not anymore. And Elliot wouldn't tell a soul about that. Not when Kurt asked him to keep quiet. First he checked if he had any interviews to give or any work to do. Luckily not.

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Kurt was greeted by a smiling Martin as he opened the door to his and Elliot's apartment. But he was about to leave so that Kurt and Elliot could be alone. Walking inside and Martin out he looked for Elliot through the living room, which was pretty cozy.

“Hey!” Elliot smiled as he left the bedroom and closed the door walking up to Kurt and the closer he came the more his smile faded away. They still hugged hello and then Elliot pointed to the living room.

“Want something to drink? Something strong? You look like you need it.”

“Just water, thank you.”

Sitting down and waiting for Elliot he took the time to breath for a while and enjoy the moment to be in a room without memories of Blaine. No memories with him cuddling or kissing, nothing. Just other memories. He and his friends eating here, cooking together, drink together. Pleasant memories without Blaine.

“Let me guess. You two are together and have incredible sex so that's why you look like you haven't been sleeping for days, or, which I believe is true, you've been fighting again and you haven't slept because of that.”

Kurt took the glass from Elliot and said: “We had a fight, but it's more.”

His friend could see that Kurt was not joking and that is was not just a stupid fight. It changed everything, for Kurt. Sitting next to Kurt he just stared at him and waited for Kurt to say something but it was harder than he thought. What would his friend think? What would he think about Blaine? Kurt could imagine that his friends would support him and what he thought about that but he wasn't so sure. They weren't Blaine's soulmate, they didn't have to keep him in their lives. He had to, there was no way out of this.

“Blaine is... was a prostitute.”

There, it was out and Kurt saw Elliot blinking, hearing his words but then he looked confused.

“Sorry, what? What do you mean he is a prostitute?”

“He earns money through sex. Well, not since he met me but before.”

Elliot's lips weren't sure what to do, smile or not? He wasn't even sure if he could believe in those words or what they meant.

“Are you sure? Did he tell you that?”

“I figured it out and he didn't deny it. And our fight from yesterday was the confirmation.”

“And why? I mean, there must be a reason why he did that?”

“What why? Isn't it obvious? It's an easy way to earn money and maybe he even liked it? He is young, right? We do stupid things when we are young.”

Elliot almost laughed and this made Kurt almost angry, again.

“Did he say that?”

“No. He didn't. But he was lying about everything that we've shared. Cuddles, kisses. He acted all innocent while doing this. He probably just quit because he knew I would support him anyway.”

He wanted Elliot to be shocked, to be disgusted just like he was and call Blaine names but his friend didn't. Instead he shook his head, leaned against the backrest and gave Kurt this look like all of this was no big deal. Well, it was, for Kurt and he wouldn't accept this so easily. Not when his

job was the price to pay.

“Why aren't you mad?”

“Because I don't know why he decided to become a prostitute.”

“Does it matter?” It didn't, for Kurt it didn't. No one would ask him why his soulmate had been a prostitute. What mattered was that he once was one and everyone else would create their own stories about the two of them. Sure, some would think it was a nice love story, how Kurt saved Blaine from this life. Others would think that Kurt met him because he was looking for a prostitute and this would ruin him. Denying it could be considered as truth but saying nothing also. He didn't need to explain himself to other, of course not, but he also didn't want to live with lies.

“It does, Kurt. If you ask me for my opinion I doubt Blaine did that because he wanted to. I think he had a reason why he became a prostitute.”

“Are you serious?”

“I am. And you know why I'm able to see that? Because I'm not in love with him.”

Kurt closed his mouth and stared at Elliot. Yes, this was true, he was in love with Blaine but he also wished he wasn't. All this stuff that came out broke his heart and Kurt usually reacted in a cold way, he knew that. But this? Prostitution? This was nothing he ever had to deal with and he didn't know how to. Still, he thought he was on the right side and not Blaine who also made it very clear that he was proud of himself. About his blowjobs or whatever he was doing since he became a soulmate. Yes, Blaine didn't even deny it, didn't act like he didn't like it. So what should Kurt believe in?

“I know this was a shock for you and it's for me too, but not because he did it. More because I wonder why. You probably don't see it because you are hurt, which I totally understand.”

“It could ruin me, Elliot. If this ever comes out it will ruin me.”

“What about him? Don't you think it's hard for him too? People won't just look at you but also at Blaine. A young boy who will be judged by most of the people.”

“I don't care about that! God, I never asked to become a soulmate or become his soulmate!”

He had no idea where this came from but he was so pissed at Elliot for defending Blaine. Why couldn't he just be on his side and agree that this was not right and disgusting? Who cared about the reason? There are plenty of possibilities to earn money. And what about Blaine? He knew exactly what people would think about that and yet he chose to do it.

“Calm down, Kurt. Do you even hear yourself? Probably not, because you are hurt and don't want that to be true. I know you. Whenever you are hurt you become this insane and cold person and neither of you deserve that. Remember? You believe in this thing so why don't you just do that?”

It was true though. He believed and he knew there was a way out. But where was this way if there was one? Just because it was meant to be good in the end what was this good? Him losing his job and work for something else? A model again, maybe? He didn't want that.

“Talk to him, okay? If you are angry go running or something but don't yell at me or Blaine or anyone. I understand that this isn't easy for you, it's also not easy for me but I know Blaine would never do something like that just... without a good reason. I'm not in love with him, I don't see him the way you do. You have to understand that.”

Kurt said nothing, only listened because he was afraid to say something stupid while his sanity was screaming at him. Of course his friend was right but he was too scared to get hurt more, to find more out he couldn't deal with. Blaine made all of this even more difficult with his silence. Sure, Kurt told him he wasn't ready to talk about that but Blaine would have tried it, right? If Kurt was completely wrong Blaine would have said something, right?

But... what if not? What if he was hurt too? All his friends told him that Blaine liked him and what if that was the reason why he didn't try? Was he afraid to push Kurt and lose him completely? Because the Blaine he knew, or wanted to know always took care of Kurt in this special way. Yes, he noticed that Blaine always cared about him beneath his rude side, behind his walls. He felt it through the kisses, through the cuddles and the way Blaine clutched at Kurt sometimes. Why wasn't he seeing all of this before he called Blaine all these awful things? But Blaine also didn't show any sorry, any regret when they were fighting.

And the worst part of this was really that he loved him, so much, and he had no idea how to stop or how to love him. It just hurt right now, everything was just confusing and he felt his eyes stinging. Felt the hot tears coming, making everything a blurry picture and sobbed.

"Hey," Elliot spoke calmly and shuffled closer, wrapping his arms around Kurt who cried and cried. He had no idea how much he needed to cry.

"Talk, Kurt. Talk about that and you'll figure something out. I'm sure of it."

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Feeling exhausted and like he had been crying for days and not hours he arrived at home a bit later than planned. Today was not the day to talk, his head hurt from all the crying and he only wanted to sleep. Maybe hold hands with Blaine for an hour or two because he felt how their connection began to suffer again. Beside his job and what he feared could happen if this ever came out he was more scared about his mind and also Blaine's. If he was honest and stopped being stubborn for a while he knew this was more important. Healing a mental aberration was harder or impossible than figuring this out. And losing his mind was scary, really scary.

Opening the door he walked inside and there was no Blaine. That was okay, it was just seven and Blaine needed to be back at nine. But he also left yesterday and didn't come back since then. Where he went or what he was doing was a secret for Kurt because their connection was broken since yesterday but he was sure he went to Charlie. His good friend who probably knew what Blaine was doing. Sighing he let himself fall on the couch and pulled his phone out, opening his contacts and staring at Blaine's name.

When he ignored all the things he, probably, made up in his mind and remembered the time before he and Blaine lived together he found some cracks in his own logic. Blaine had been in pain and when he met him Blaine had been beaten up. If it really happened because of some homophobic idiots didn't matter right now. What mattered was that Blaine got himself into a dangerous situation and got hurt. So why would he continue his job if this was a part of it? Blaine was a lot but not a masochist. But it was hard to find the connection between his job and whoever hurt him.

Maybe there was a good reason why Blaine ended up there. Just maybe.

Around nine Kurt got worried. His soulmate was still gone and with this broken connection it was impossible to tell how he felt or if something happened. He walked from the kitchen to his living



room and back, eyes waiting for the door to go open but even after twenty minutes it didn't happen. Worried sick he grabbed his umbrella, shoes and jacket on and left his home. Kurt didn't get far. As soon as he was outside he found him leaning against the wall. He was soaked, his hair already broke the gel and his eyes small, tired, focused on the ground. How long was he standing there? Why didn't he come inside?

Of course, Kurt knew why. This was Blaine's way to show that he cared about Kurt and respected his personal space. Though, this was more. This was Blaine not wanting to make him feel uncomfortable, no disgust, not like he was touching something dirty. And Kurt felt sorry for showing Blaine all of this, that he said all those things which may or may not be true. No, he was no cold person. His heart was big, too big for his own good and it could break so easily. Especially when it was something about Blaine. There were boyfriends, some he loved some not. But there was no soulmate and no love like he felt it now.

Love, people said, should feel good, amazing, like flying into paradise with a fast heart and body trembling from all the things he felt. This love though, didn't feel like that and he wished he could stop feeling for just a moment.

Their eyes met and Kurt held the umbrella out, letting Blaine step under it and they walked inside without talking.

The next morning Kurt met Blaine, showered, dressed in jeans and a nice shirt and sitting in the kitchen, drinking coffee while reading something on his phone. There was no frown, no sad look, nothing. Blaine was calm, almost determined to do something but Kurt was not awake enough to deal with this now. He poured himself some coffee, ate something and then took a shower. Then he checked his mails, when he had to go back to the studios for some dubbing – which would be later that day – he looked up, finding Blaine standing there and staring at him.

Again, he looked determined and also a bit challenging but Kurt was not up to a fight. Not today. He already was on his way back to be a sane person and maybe even consider to apologize to Blaine so he looked down, back on his phone and hoped Blaine would just get tired and go or something. Well, he did not.

“I want you to hear me out,” he said with a serious voice and for a second Kurt looked up but then back down on his phone.

“I told you I don't want to-”

“You will listen. You said yourself no lies, right? Then let me tell you the truth.”

Kurt sighed and put his phone back into his pocket, glaring at his soulmate and crossing his arms over his chest. Point taken. Nodding slowly he watched Blaine, really watched him but he still looked at determined and serious as before, arms hanging beside his body and showing him, he had nothing to hide, no defense. He was open and speaking.

“It's true, I was a prostitute. I was one for seven months because I had to. I didn't want to, I had to. I came here with some money and looked for a job, but it wasn't that easy to find something when you are just out of high school. And since I have no one who can support me I met a guy who gave me enough money to live a while longer here. It was stupid, yes, I had no idea who he was but I needed it so I wouldn't end up on the streets. It was a lot, more than I ever had for myself and before I could even use it someone stole it from me. And guess what? The guy didn't care and threatened me if I couldn't give him his money back.”

Kurt didn't move, didn't say a word. He was just listening. Blaine spoke on.

"I wanted to get out of those debts as soon as possible and ended up there because I couldn't find a job. And yes, Charlie too and we took care of the other, kept each other safe while doing it because he also had to pay this guy back. And when I met you I obviously couldn't be as free as before. I couldn't work, couldn't pay and got beaten up by the guy and his 'friends'."

"Are you blaming me for all of this?"

Blaine groaned, shaking his head no and now he looked almost angry.

"Of course not. Are you even listening, Kurt? Are you hearing any word I'm saying? I didn't enjoy what I was doing but I got used to it. I had to do it to get out of my debts, to get out of this business and, guess what, I also did it for you."

"For me?" Kurt raised an eyebrow.

"Don't think I have no idea what this could mean for you. I knew it but I didn't want you to get in touch with my problems, with the people. I wanted to get out without you or anyone knowing. Yes, maybe I will meet someone who was once with but they are too ashamed to admit it or don't even remember me. And, yes, I would have told you about it. Not now, no, later when we were something else. When we would trust each other and know each other."

"So you wanted to keep on lying to me?" Fucking great. Like he would react any other way no matter when Blaine told him about it. And while trying to convince himself about this he also knew he wouldn't. He was ready to take the next step, ready to be more and build something new, something with trust and love but Blaine broke it. Kurt broke it with being stubborn but also hurt. Probably, just like Blaine.

"I don't see it as a lie but I won't fight with you about that again. But I want you to understand something and feel bad for what you said to me. Yes, I made a mistake, I made tons of mistakes but you did too for saying things to me that are not true. I'm not a whore, I am not someone who chose to do that."

Kurt saw how Blaine began to shake and felt their connection opening, feeling what Blaine felt. There was sadness, a lot of sadness mixed with anger and desperation. He felt how Blaine needed Kurt to understand all of this, each word, everything and it was almost too much. So raw, so strong that he needed to breathe in because it felt like there was not enough air in his lungs.

"All I wanted to do was to survive while the whole world shoved me around, judged me and saw nothing but a nobody in me. I had to do this because who knows where I would be today. I did this because people are mean, blind and ignorant. If only one of them would have been kind, gave me a job, a 'normal' job I never had to do this. If only people would stop looking for someone with a willing body for whatever reason, this business wouldn't even exist. You can't judge me for fighting to have a better life, Kurt. It's not my fault and I won't let anyone, not even you, judge me and treat me like I'm a criminal. Because I'm not."

Then, there was silence. Long, thick silence between them. Blaine stopped shaking, eyes still focused on Kurt, burning into his own and pleading but also serious. And Kurt just had a bad taste in his mouth. All the things Blaine felt crawled through his own soul and made him feel things he never felt before. Kurt never felt desperate to survive because he never had to. Yes, he was bullied for being gay but all in all his life was always good. He had friends, a loving family and he was always able to dream and later live his dreams. He never had to make such a decision like Blaine did. Standing in front of nothing with no one behind and make a quick decision to what was the best way to get out of a terrible situation. Fast.

Then he felt something beyond exhaustion. Something old, something that Blaine shouldn't feel because he was too young. But when he looked into those eyes he saw how old they were in this moment. How there was so much history like in his father's eyes when he talked about his youth. This what he saw in Blaine's eyes was the story about how rude life can be and how alone a person could be. A story about a young boy who was picking up the coins on his way and hoping he would get enough together to find something to eat for the day. A story about a boy who needed to become an adult without knowing how and maybe not even wanting to. A boy who went places he never wanted to go.

Kurt knew that each word was true, every single word of what Blaine said and this bad taste in his mouth could only mean one thing. Guilt and disgust for himself. Guilt because he was also one of those people Blaine just had described. The one who didn't ask but judge because society needed to label everything. He was one of those people he hoped would never think that way about him no matter how much gossip people would spread about him, or, if this prostitute thing ever came out. Guilt because he assumed before knowing the truth, hell, he didn't even consider anything else to be true but his own idea, his own knowledge about this matter. He felt so much guilt like never before in his life.

And disgust because of the words he said to Blaine. Disgust because he let that happen, thinking he was better than Blaine, thinking that he knew everything. Who was the kid here now? Kurt obviously. But he still tried to not show this because there was still one thing he couldn't understand. Something that hurt more than what Blaine had to do. Something that his heart was involved with.

"This doesn't change how you played with me. How you acted all innocent and said I was your first real kiss. I believed you, everything and now I just feel like--"

"But it was true!" Blaine said, voice desperate and eyes glistening: "It was true. Everything was true. You were my first real kiss. You are the first person who gave me my first real cuddle. Everything we have shared was nothing I experienced before."

It hurt again, everything hurt again because this couldn't be true. Before they were soulmates Blaine could do anything and he had to do anything to earn more money, right? Kiss, touche and Kurt didn't want to think further. He didn't want to imagine Blaine, his soulmate, the person he loved or liked or whatever. But he knew he felt so much for this boy that, even if he tried, he couldn't stop it. Couldn't escape.

"And the next thing you'll tell me is that you are still a virgin. Come on," said Kurt and stood up. He needed some time to think about it, about everything and then he would decide. Yes, he would start thinking as soon as his heart stopped bleeding. Before this prostitution thing came out he really wanted to be Blaine's first everything. Now it just felt like he was cleaning some dirty parts of his life with some new, real, emotions and touches. One Blaine didn't get money for. Almost groaning he tried to stop thinking that way.

However, their eyes met as Kurt walked closer and he could see hesitation and then something else. Like he opened a part of Blaine that was laying there, for him to see and he had to take care of it. A part Kurt once opened to someone when he was... no.

"Please, stop. No more lies. You are a pro--"

"I was. But... but this doesn't mean I..." and there it was again. This innocent side of Blaine. So pure and fragile that Kurt was always afraid to break him. Was this real? Was any of the things they shared real? All the shy looks and hesitation when they kissed or cuddled? Was Blaine really a virgin? No... no fucking way.

“Don't, Blaine. Don't lie to me about that.”

“I am not lying! I could never lie about that!”

The anger came back and Kurt gave him a cold look. So much about Blaine being honest about what they had shared. Fine, maybe it was true what he told him about why he became a prostitute – because this was something that could happen and some people were just assholes – but any other thing? Kurt could ask, yes, but he didn't want to know or hear the stories about what Blaine did with other guys. Hell, he didn't want those images in his head and feel jealous and disgusted at the same time.

“Stop it. Stop hurting me,” Kurt almost whispered. Blaine could really do anything, really but not playing with his heart which was the loudest part but also the most painful part in his body. It was screaming for his soulmate but Kurt refused. He couldn't just give in and take him back into his arms because Blaine was right about people judging him, while still lying about what he did and what not.

“Stop not trusting me. I can explain-”

“No!” Kurt almost yelled and Blaine froze, staring right into the blue eyes: “I don't want to hear what you were doing with... with whoever. Stop it, just stop.”

Kurt walked back into the living room, turning right and escaping into his office. There were pictures in his mind he didn't want to be there. Voices he didn't want to hear from people Blaine met. He wanted Blaine to stop lying about this and give him hope. Yes, Kurt hoped that this was true but it couldn't. It was impossible and he rather heard the truth - when he was ready - then letting his heart fall into those hands which could break it, easily.

That he made a mistake because he judged Blaine, he could accept that, apologize for that but everything else? No. He knew if he began to believe and it came out as a lie it would break him and he didn't understand how Blaine could not see that.

# Ghost

## Chapter Notes

Welcome to chapter 18! The song used in this chapter: Ingrid Michaelson - Ghost. Hope you guys enjoy this chapter because it's kind of... positive? I think it is. Thank you for the reviews, asks, questions, suggestions etc. it's amazing and so helpful to know what you think! :) <3

## Chapter 18. Ghost

It was not like Kurt didn't believe him. He believed the part about why Blaine ended up being a prostitute. With the open connection he could feel that Blaine told the truth about that and he really wanted to focus on only that part. But the other part occupied his whole mind more than he wanted it to. Their connection was still open and both didn't close it again. They had closed for too long and they knew what could happen then. But the part about their kisses and cuddles and how it was something Blaine never experienced didn't sound or felt like the truth.

It was more like desperation, more like he forced this to be true. Actually, everything coming from Blaine was such a mess that Kurt couldn't help himself but believe that it was a lie. How on earth could this be true? That Blaine never experienced what they had shared? That Blaine was still a virgin? Blaine who worked as a prostitute? The last time Kurt checked the definition of a prostitute it was written 'offer sexual activity for payment'. Sexual activity and who wouldn't exactly do that? Kurt knew that sexual activity didn't mean to actually fuck, of course he knew that. But it was too hard to imagine that Blaine was still a virgin. After 7 months of working as a prostitute? And they met in November and Blaine began to work there in October. There was a little more than a month when he was no soulmate and could be with anyone and do whatever he wanted to do. There were almost eighteen years when he could have done anything.

But then Kurt felt guilty again for judging him. It wasn't like Kurt was a virgin anymore and didn't have anyone before Blaine. It was just this terrible feeling that broke. Kurt felt special being Blaine's first real kiss, being all his firsts. He wanted to be the special one for Blaine. He wanted to give him everything he couldn't do anymore as a young man because he was a soulmate. All he wanted to do was love him and make him happy and now it just broke into million pieces and Blaine kept on lying? There was this little voice in his mind that told him Blaine was not lying. He knew exactly that lies wouldn't fix anything. But then there was this other part of his mind, keeping him safe and from more pain and from hope again. The truth was, Kurt was also stubborn. Stubborn, hurt and scared to be hurt again and again.

The next morning they ate breakfast together in silence. Something they didn't do for a while and whenever Blaine was not looking at him Kurt kept his eyes up, not even caring if Blaine noticed it or not. After some hours of sleep he was able to sort out his thoughts. Yes, he believed that Blaine didn't want to do this and also that someone threatened him. This was realistic – though he questioned what was real or logical when someone became a soulmate. He was also ready to apologize for what he had called Blaine and what he assumed was the reason why he became a

prostitute.

If apologizing just didn't mean moving on he would have done that. Apologizing meant to work anything else out, talk and hear more about what Blaine did and what not. He really wasn't ready to imagine this and, maybe, he didn't even understand what it meant for Blaine. Sleeping around and sell his own body to survive. No matter who it was. No, Kurt was really not ready to hear all of this and feel sorry for him. He was not ready to open up again and let this boy inside yet.

After breakfast they drove to the studio together where Kurt needed to do some dubbing and met Linda and Robert, both welcoming Blaine in this warm special way he couldn't do but should and wanted. He felt trapped inside his own maze of thoughts.

It hurt to see Blaine laughing with his two friends. Maybe he was even jealous because they could, because they didn't know. But even if they knew, would this change anything? Elliot was probably right. His feelings for Blaine made everything so difficult for him while anybody else was ready to listen and then decide. This made him feel even worse, like he was a criminal now.

Together they went out for lunch and why Linda asked him if he was okay Kurt only used the excuse that he didn't get enough sleep. They sat together and his eyes were glued on Robert and Blaine talking about college.

"You'll get in. Don't worry. You are so talented they have to let you in," said Robert while Blaine ate his hamburger. He chewed, swallowed and wiped his mouth clean with a napkin – always the boy with manners.

"I hope so. But if not I'll have to look for a job."

"I'm sure Kurt will take care of you," was Robert's answer and looked at Kurt who only nodded, not trusting his own mouth to let the right words out.

"Do you want to become a teacher for music or?" asked Linda.

"I'm not sure. I just want to study music and work with that. I guess I decide that when I get in."

They finished lunch and the three of them still talked about college and music and Blaine's future and Kurt just watched his smile, his eyes shining whenever he talked about that. He knew Blaine was talented, he heard him sing and play so there was no doubt about that.

What bothered him was how carefree Blaine seemed to be. How he laughed and talked and everything was authentic, even honest. Like nothing happened. Even their connection told him that this was how Blaine truly felt or maybe he was just too good at hiding everything, like he always was. His mind went back to Blaine's confession and how it affected his mood. After Kurt found out what Blaine was doing his soulmate looked miserable and sad, then he got angry and now, after everything was out all of this was just gone and Kurt wondered how he was able to do that.

Back in the studio it was hard to focus on the dubbing and when they went back to his apartment he almost fell asleep on the couch while holding Blaine's hand. He wondered when would the moment come when they were okay again. This soulmate thing was something he believed in because it was always such a romantic idea for him. Finding the person which was your perfect match, the only person who understood you in a special way, who would always make you happy and be there for you and he could do all of this in return. He also considered the hard times and was convinced they would make it anyway. But those hard times he dreamed about were never about that his soulmate could be a prostitute or worse.

Yes, Blaine was right that people judged them without asking why. It was true that prostitutes were labeled as something less than anyone else. Someone who was not a criminal or did something wrong or what society thought was wrong. Society even called an age gap as wrong. An adult could not be together with a teenager and this was his biggest worry at the beginning. He felt like a pervert, like a pedophile but he stopped that and understood that he was not a pervert or a pedophile. Blaine was legal, had been legal since the day they met and he was his soulmate. In a couple of years no one would point their finger at them. Because when Blaine turned twenty five Kurt would be thirty two and no one would think it was strange. Just in some weeks he accepted all of this and figured out that Blaine was not that young, especially not in his head. The way he spoke sometimes, the things he knew and how mannered the younger was surprised Kurt but also made it easier for him to just accept it.

Not to forget how adorable he could be and how handsome he could look when he stopped being rude or stubborn. All these things were the reasons why he began to like Blaine, why he began to be happy that he was a part of his life. Also the part about how soon he had to grow up because he lost his family was astonishing. He was sure it was not easy for him and on Blaine's birthday he really realized how much Blaine missed his parents but stood strong and kept on living and smiling. This was also a moment when he liked this boy more and more. He was brave, so brave while being all alone in this world. All alone with no one who worried about him or called him to ask where he was and if he was fine. With no one who talked about his future and helped him to plan his future.

When he forgot about Blaine's job and only looked at those parts of him there was this clear picture of a boy. A brave, smart and beautiful boy who didn't have much luck in his life but never gave up. Never. A boy who only tried to find a new home, a new family maybe but life was just unfair to him. And then they met and maybe Blaine hoped for a second but remembered how unfair his life was and didn't even begin to believe in this?

Kurt wondered, while his eyelids were too heavy to keep them open and sleep crawling closer and closer, if this was the reason why Blaine didn't believe in this soulmate thing. Maybe he was just so used to lose everything and never get lucky that he couldn't believe. It wouldn't be surprising, really not.

“Kurt?”

He felt something tugging at his hand and when he opened his eyes he saw Khaleesi walking through a sandy place. He looked down at his hand, still resting in Blaine's and then their eyes met.

“You should go to sleep. We can watch this episode again tomorrow.”

With a nod he stood up and left the living room, walking up the stairs and climbing under the covers of his bed. He waited until it was silent but like every night he had troubles falling asleep since Blaine was no longer sleeping with him. Not only their connection was reaching out for the contact it was also Kurt himself who missed Blaine's small body right next to him. He missed holding him, being held and the warmth coming from his body. Missed his curls tickling his skin, missed his breathing sound, his heartbeat and smell. He missed everything that out of desperation he took the pillow into his arms and held it close. Only at night, when his mind was too exhausted from his other thoughts and from the day he let those feelings happen. Even if he tried to choke those feelings down he couldn't. It would only be like he tried to hold his breath while he needed to breath to stay alive.

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A week later Blaine got his letter and didn't get in and with this message he stopped smiling. Not even Robert or Linda could cheer him up though they met him everyday at the studio. Again, life was unfair to Blaine, throwing more stones on his way and make him trip and stumble with each step. Kurt didn't want to see him fall but he wondered how much Blaine could handle. First his mother, then his brother running away, his father dead and his step mom and then he came to New York hoping for a better life. Kurt wanted him to smile but this meant to open up again and let him in and he was not sure if he could do that. He was not sure if holding him would be a good feeling without thinking who else touched him. Kissing him without imagining who kissed those lips before him. He was not sure if he could deal with this yet.

When they drove back home everything was just awkward and Kurt felt the guilt and disgust towards himself all over again. Blaine sat there and hung his head and Kurt pretended to ignore him while knowing he should be a grown up person and support his soulmate, tell him things would be fine. He just sat down, started Game Of Thrones again and held Blaine's hand before he went to sleep. The next day they went to the studio for the last dubbing and Linda brought a cake for Blaine to cheer him up. He gave her a tiny smile and together they ate the cake before going back to work. It was hard to focus on work while knowing Blaine sat somewhere and was, probably, doubting and questioning his life. And it was not only this it was also their connection which of course ached for the usual contact they shared.

Both already knew that their deep connection needed more than some hours of hand holding and slowly those black marks on his soul came back. This took so much strength from Kurt and from Blaine too that he wondered how his soulmate could still be so calm and not just freak out and yell at Kurt for being a child. Because he was. The younger boy was more mature than Kurt and this bothered him even more. Instead of accepting what Blaine did – because he couldn't change it anyway – and working things out he acted like a stubborn child, trying to not get hurt again. But he got hurt anyway, just like Blaine.

“You okay, Kurt?” asked Nina through the speaker when he didn't say anything into the microphone but the scene was already playing. Looking up he saw himself on the display. His eyes were brighter and his skin healthier. He looked far more alive than he did now and he remembered this scene. It was one of the last scenes they had shot and it was also at the time when he and Blaine were more than okay.

“I think... I need a break. It's... it's a soulmate thing.”

He had never used this excuse but Nina knew him and that this was serious.

“It's okay, sweetie. Take all the time you need.” Nodding he left the small room and knew Nina would explain anything to the people working there and they would understand. It was not like they could force him to work more if it had something to do with his soulmate. Walking out he expected to meet Blaine there, sitting on one of the chairs of the room. He was nowhere to be seen so Kurt got worried because he couldn't feel anything coming from him. He left the room and walked through the hallway looking for his soulmate but only meeting people he had no idea what their names were until he found Linda, looking through a window into another room.

“Linda, have you seen Blaine?”

He stood next to her and looked into a room with a piano where Blaine was talking to an older man. The first thought was that this guy was one of Blaine's customers but when he saw how Blaine smiled he had a feeling like this was not the case. Also the stranger didn't look like one of those people, but this was also nothing to go by because he wouldn't know if he did something bad or not.



“What is he doing there?”

“They were playing the music for our movie and Blaine listened to them and somehow he began to talk to the composer. His name is Jack Wendil. But what are you doing here?”

She turned to him while Kurt watched the two of them talking for some more seconds before he made eye contact with his friend.

“Taking a break. I don't feel good. Guess it's the connection because we are still fighting.”

Linda pouted at him and touched his shoulder in sympathy before she left, saying she needed to go back to work. He gave her a small smile and looked back through the glass, watching how Blaine nodded while Jack smiled – he looked more like a nice grandpa which calmed Kurt down – and they left the room together, using a different door. Kurt followed them quickly but silently and opened the first door into the room they just talked and then into a hall with several instruments. There was really no one but empty seats with instruments. Further down the hall he saw a piano and watched Blaine sitting at it and Jack sitting down on one of the empty seats in the first row. Kurt didn't move but just leaned against the wall and waited for something to happen until Blaine began to play. The sound of the piano filled the whole hall and somehow it ran through Kurt's veins and got even stronger when Blaine began to sing.

*Do you remember when the walls fell*

Do you remember the sound that the door made when you closed it on me

Do you know that I went down to the ground

Landed on both my broken-hearted knees

*I didn't even cry*

'Cause pieces of me had already died

I'm a ghost

Haunting these halls

Climbing up walls that I never knew were there

And I'm lost

Broken down the middle of my heart, heart

I'm broken down the middle of my heart, heart, heart

You know you make me a ghost

The way Blaine sang, so raw and open and his voice letting out the words he couldn't tell Kurt, they cut right through Kurt's walls. Crack after crack with Blaine's voice, with his performance, eyes showing how true those words were. And Kurt didn't even try to fight against it. He let it all in overwhelmed by all of that.

I'm an invisible disaster

I keep trying to walk but my feet don't find the solid ground

It's like living in a bad dream

I keep trying to scream but my tongue has finally lost its sound

I've got to say goodbye

To the pieces of me that have already died

I'm a ghost  
Haunting these halls  
Climbing these walls that I never knew were there  
And I'm lost  
Broken down the middle of my heart, heart  
I'm broken down the middle of my heart, heart, heart

You know you make me a ghost  
Oh, you make me a ghost  
You take the breath all away from me, you take it away  
You make me a ghost

I don't cry  
I don't try anymore

I'm a ghost  
I'm a ghost  
And I'm lost  
Broken down the middle of my heart, heart  
I'm broken down the middle

I'm a ghost  
Haunting these halls  
Climbing up walls that I never knew were there  
And I'm lost  
Broken down the middle of my heart, heart  
I'm broken down the middle of my heart, heart, heart

You know you make me a ghost  
You make me a ghost

The song found its end and Kurt needed to breath in and rubbed his arms because he felt cold. It was not cold but those words told him how cold he had been towards Blaine. There was not one single doubt in his mind that those words were meant for him or about him and it was a terrible feeling that he made Blaine feel this way. A broken heart hurt so bad that it made a person do strange things, sometimes horrible things just like Kurt did. But how must his soulmate feel with his broken heart and like he was a ghost? A ghost was something people couldn't see, a creature trying to reach out to the people they love but couldn't. Just a fog, just nothing but screaming, reaching out into nothing. This, together with a broken heart? How could Blaine still stay on his own feet and still smile while Kurt couldn't even handle his broken hard.

Yes, he was still mad and he was still not sure how to handle all of this or how what it would do to him when they went back to were they where. Back to cuddles and kissing and sleeping in the same bed. Back to become more than friends. Elliot said it. This was not only about him and his broken heart it was also about Blaine's heart. Kurt understood that now.

It felt like all the dark clouds slowly left his mind and made him understand this in a way he wished he did it a month ago.

Jack clapped and Blaine smiled at him, eyes shining with unshed tears and Kurt left the hall before

someone saw him or his own tears. He worked for two more hours and was finally done with the dubbing and met Blaine back in the hallway with smile on his face. He looked much better and this could only mean something good.

"I'm meeting Charlie. He wants to show me his new workplace," said Blaine as they took the elevator and Kurt nodded slowly. Maybe it was a good idea to get some space so he could calm down from the things he felt while Blaine sang and then, later, they could talk about it. Outside they met Charlie who greeted them with a wide grin and hugged Blaine like he always did. Tight, close – a bit too close – and gave Kurt a meaningful look. Of course, Charlie worked with Blaine and was his best friend. He knew what happened between them and Kurt was not even mad about that he knew it. Probably even what he said to Blaine. That was okay, Kurt did just the same by meeting Elliot.

Back home he decided to cook pizza for Blaine, his favorite food, which he hadn't done in weeks. In his mind this sounded like good idea and a good start to work things out. No, he was not ready to talk about Blaine's work or what he did. This would take a while for him but now he needed to be okay again. Okay with himself, with Blaine and hoped he would forgive him for what he had said. Forgive him that he judged Blaine and treated him so bad. It felt good to be a sane and mature person again. Something Blaine had been while he couldn't.

Everything that happened was so hard to handle for Kurt and for Blaine too, only that he did it in a better way than Kurt. Just, there was this one thing too clear and honest to be ignored. This one thing which told him he would fall for this boy anyway. Fall for all his flaws and love them. Fall for all his mistakes and help him. Fall for his whole being and just accept it. Or maybe he was completely wrong what love was about. Maybe Blaine wouldn't forgive him so easily and maybe he wanted to take a longer break from all of this. Or maybe he didn't even want to go back to this time they both enjoyed together. Because Blaine did enjoy the kisses and cuddles, Kurt felt it but maybe broke all of it. Slow down, small steps, this will work out, he told himself and began to make the pizza.

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He texted Blaine and asked him when he would be back so Kurt would be done with everything right on time. Usually they ate at the kitchen table but he wanted to apologize and show Blaine that he understood. Not everything because there were still things he didn't understand. But he believed and he wanted to trust Blaine. Each word, each look, he wanted to trust all of this and he wanted Blaine to trust him. Moreover, they said they wanted to be honest with each other and the truth was, he couldn't do this anymore.

Love hurt, yes, and Kurt thought he knew how much it could hurt. He was so wrong. This hurt he went through and still would was worse than any he felt before. All the broken hearts and all the fights with his exboyfriends, all the people he thought he liked but didn't get the same in return. He really thought he was through this. This love he felt was maybe not as strong, not yet, but he believed in this soulmate thing and was sure it would grow. And this hurt so bad, so deep it could only be something special, something worth fighting for. Like John Green wrote, *'Maybe there's something you're afraid to say, or someone you're afraid to love, or somewhere you're afraid to go. It's gonna hurt. It's gonna hurt because it matters.'*

Two plates and glasses, a bottle with soda and the pizza were on the coffee table, the episode of Game Of Thrones he had missed was almost over and then the door went open and Blaine stepped inside. It felt almost like a déjà vu. The way Blaine looked surprised and didn't know if he should smile or not and Kurt being a little bit nervous about what his soulmate would think about that. It was like the one time when Blaine made cookies for him.

“Someone's coming over?” he asked while taking his shoes off and staring at the pizza.

“No...” Kurt said, inhaled and breathed out to calm down: “It's for you.”

“For me?”

They just stared at each other, the first real eye contact in a while and Kurt just nodded and Blaine smiled. In the past weeks he never smiled and if he yes then it was always forced. Not this time. Sure, it was still not the same smile he used to give Kurt, this warm and soft smile only for him but it was close. This gave Kurt hope that Blaine would maybe forgive him and understand too. After all, he was the one not turning into some insane person but tried to be mature and handle this in a, probably, better way than Kurt did.

“Thank you,” said the younger and sat down on his part on the couch, between pillows and his blanket. They ate in silence but it was not the awkward silence or forced atmosphere they both never got used to. It was relaxed and nice to just sit there, eat and not think about each move or word they could do or say. Around eleven, when the dishes were clean and after two more episodes of Game of Thrones both became tired and Blaine had troubles keeping his eyes open. And Kurt had troubles to focus on the episode because he liked to look at Blaine. A sated and happy boy – he was still wondering what happened that he wasn't so downcast anymore – with his curls framing his face.

It was always scary to get a new picture of a person. Even when Kurt thought he knew someone he got surprised in the end and sometimes the things he found out changed his opinion and view at a person completely. Sometimes it was a good thing and sometimes not. But he always tried to accept things, to tolerate things people did or parts of who they were. Usually he succeeded because he wanted the same in return, respect and sympathy, tolerance and acceptance. As a gay man this was something important to him.

Blaine deserved the same after everything. No, he deserved it from the start but Kurt was still not sure if this was the right time now. His soulmate was almost sleeping and maybe he should wait until tomorrow. Then he would find the right words to say, at least he hoped that.

“I'll turn it off, okay? You are almost sleeping.”

“kay,” mumbled Blaine and rolled on his left side his back turned to Kurt. Turning everything off Kurt went to his bed and the closer he came to it the more he felt this cold feeling coming back. His bed was too big for him, too cold, and made him fall back into those sweet memories. The kisses and cuddles and the feeling of having Blaine close to him. Sleeping alone was like his own personal torture and for a while he let it happen. That night though it was too much to handle with his mind being back on track. Even as he climbed under the covers and reached out for Blaine's pillow it got harder and harder. The soft fabric didn't smell like Blaine anymore and couldn't satisfy his heart and soul which both screamed for his soulmate. Rolling on his left side and back to his right he hoped to fall asleep just out of exhaustion. Of course it didn't happen.

It was enough, everything was enough. The fights and silence. All his walls and excuses, all the pretending like he could stop feeling this way for Blaine. Standing up he walked down, into the living room and heard Blaine breathing, sleeping, and felt how their souls reached out for each other through the connection. But it was not just the connection, it was more than that screaming

for Blaine. The thing each person felt when they wanted someone, liked, loved, someone. Someone who made them feel good in a way no friend or family member could.

Slowly he walked closer to the couch and sat down, eyes still resting on Blaine. There was enough space for the two of them, not as much as in his bed but enough if he would just hold him close. He wanted that and needed that and maybe, just maybe his soulmate too. His soulmate who never complained that he had to sleep on the couch or didn't have his own room. The boy who was thankful for everything.

Moving closer he rested his hand on Blaine's shoulder and all the warmth came back, running through his body and its deepest places. It was not just the connection, not only, it was also the part that had nothing to do with them being soulmates. Blaine moved, his breathing stopped being even and then turned slowly to his right side, eyes half open and meeting Kurt's. A déjà vu, again. It was like the one time when Blaine came into his bedroom, standing there unsure and helpless while Kurt opened his arms. Blaine didn't open his arms, he shuffled to the left side of the couch making room for Kurt who lifted the blanket up and crawled under it, arms finding their way around the missed body. More warmth flooded his body, everything he had missed so terribly came back. No disgust, no hate, no sadness, no difference in what Blaine made him feel. He still smelled like the boy he began to love, still was as warm and still so gentle and shy in his response.

He nuzzled against the soft curls, arms tight around his body, Blaine's back pressed against his chest and then he whispered: "I'm sorry. I'm so sorry for what I said."

There was no prompt reply but he felt how air left Blaine's body and he began to tremble, just slightly and his shaking hands found their way on Kurt's arms.

"You should be," was the answer and it didn't make Kurt mad. No, Blaine was right, he really should.

"I'm not ready to... hear more. But I'm sorry for all the things I said, the things I made you feel, so terribly sorry and I understand if you won't forgive me."

Blaine shook his hand and squeezed Kurt's arms.

"Of course I forgive you. I understand that my job isn't easy to accept."

It was not easy, it was hard. But the reason why it was so hard changed. Not that Blaine did that and not that Blaine did it to survive. No one could blame him for trying to survive. The only thing that was hard to accept was how many people he touched and let him touched and what he did with them beyond touching and what he thought about it. Kurt was not ready to imagine that. But alone knowing that Blaine forgave him and, again, was the mature one

"I want us to be okay again and honest. If we can't talk about something we'll say that and take our time until we can. No more lies, no more secrets, okay?"

Blaine nodded slowly and heard him taking a shaking breath like he was about to cry. Yes, Kurt felt the same way. He wanted to cry because all the stress, all the tension between them was finally gone. Sure, there was still some left but that he could hold him again, lay here with him was so much more important than anything.

"Okay," answered Blaine and tried to keep his voice steady but failed. And this was okay, so okay because Kurt didn't hold back anymore too. He held Blaine closer, as close as he could and leaned his head against Blaine's shoulder.



# Music

## Chapter Notes

Hello you lovely people! I'm sorry that it took bit longer but like I said before I'm pretty busy. I promise I'll upload at least twice a week! So this is Blaine's POV and after that I can say they have more happy times but also hard times. But, let's hope they go through the hard times together :) thanks for the supporting and keep up the good work! Leave me thoughts, love, ideas, anything!

## Chapter 19. Music

He stayed in his old apartment over the night, thinking about Charlie's words which gave him hope again. Not much but at least there was a chance and one he really wanted to take. It couldn't get worse as it was now, with Kurt ignoring him or showing how much disgust he felt. Still, Charlie was right that Kurt was not a bad person and that it was just too much to handle for him. It was not like his friends ever had done that or that he was familiar with people like Blaine in general. But Blaine was not what people thought he was and he needed to tell Kurt this. He needed to make him understand and see the truth. Fighting for this was worth it. Not only because he loved Kurt but also because Kurt, clearly, was interested in him at some point.

Why would he kiss Blaine or cuddle with him if not? It was not the connection alone that made him do this, Blaine knew this.

It was just that the closer he came to Kurt's loft the more courage left him and when it began to rain he just stood in front of the building not ready to go inside. He had not seen Kurt for 24 hours which was weird for him. He got so used to this life, so used to live together with him but it never really felt like home. It almost did. Then Kurt found out the truth. Now it was just a place he wished could be his home and wished he could walk inside and get the kisses and cuddles back. But this wouldn't happen and those thoughts made him stay still and just stare at the building.

It began to rain and he leaned against the wall, trying to find a spot safe from the rain but he had no luck. Pulling his phone out there was no missed call from Kurt, not even a text, nothing. This was not really surprising because he knew it was too much to handle for Kurt. Too much to understand. Something new and also something he never thought he had to deal with. Yes, he thought about going away and leave him alone. He would have done that if they weren't soulmates but they were bond for life and both knew, there was no way Blaine or Kurt could avoid each other. Otherwise they would lose their minds or die. And he almost felt sorry that he pulled Kurt into this but he had no power over that.

Eyes focused on the ground he was too lost in his thoughts and didn't notice how soaked he was or how Kurt left the building and stood there. Only when he moved a second time Blaine noticed him and their eyes met. The small sign of Kurt being worried let his hope burn anew and he watched his soulmate holding the umbrella over his head. Was this a step forward? Was this

maybe the sign he needed so he could finally tell him the truth. But not today. He was too exhausted today.

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The next morning he felt better, hopeful and determined to do it today. He took a long shower, dressed in jeans and a nice shirt and fixed himself some coffee and something to eat. He texted Charlie that he would do it today, read some news and then Kurt was awake. Waiting until Kurt was done with breakfast and coffee and showering he stood between the kitchen and living room and told Kurt to hear him out. Determined, Blaine was so determined and found courage inside himself. This was important to him, this had hope and he would do anything to fix it. This could be fixed, he was sure of it because Kurt was not stupid, not a child. He was smart, kind and after a time he would understand that. He had to otherwise Blaine was sure his heart would break completely.

Of course this was not easy with Kurt being still hurt, still stubborn but the words fell out of his mouth, one after another and he was sure he reached him.

It was in Kurt's eyes, it came through the connection that told Blaine he understood why he became a prostitute, why he had to do this. It did not only something to Kurt, also to Blaine. He never told someone this, Charlie already knew it, he went with Blaine there. But now talking about it and reminding himself about this long journey made him feel old and tired. He remembered how his father died, how he struggled through high school and came here with the money his father left for him. And then it got less and less and he met Paul who promised him help, who promised him a future and Blaine said yes. Back then he already knew it was a stupid idea but the fastest solution he could find. No one wanted to give him a job, because he was too young, because he had no experience, because they didn't like him. He tried so hard and then took this chance which changed his life and made him walk a way he never even dreamed of, never thought this would be part of his life. Prostitution, selling his body to please someone. He had a boyfriend in high school but it was really nothing. Kisses, handjobs, yes, but he never felt the same things Kurt's kisses made him feel. He never had felt for a person the same way he felt for Kurt. Of course it scared him to share all of this, to show Kurt all of this because he was used to lose those people he loved and stay there, all alone. When he thought about his and Kurt's life there was this image inside his head.

Them being coins, Kurt shining in silver or gold, seen by people, loved by people and everyone wants to own this coin in one way or another. And he was the dirty one, lying in the shadows of the world or the dirt of the streets and only a handful of people would notice him, see that he was a coin two and special, important, shining. And his eyes showed all of this. His eyes were old, like an old coin touched by so many hands, thrown by so many hands and sometimes lost. So old, that he felt like he needed to sleep for years. But then Kurt said something Blaine was not expecting.

“This doesn't change how you played with me. How you acted all innocent and said I was your first real kiss. I believed you, everything and now I just feel like-”

“But it was true!” Blaine said, voice desperate and eyes glistening: “It was true. Everything was true. You were my first real kiss. You are the first person who gave me my first real cuddle. Everything we have shared was nothing I experienced before.”

He never lied about that, never. Blaine never wanted to lie at all so he tried to hide things if possible. But he never lied about the kisses, the cuddles or what this meant to him and he wanted to explain it, wanted to explain everything but that meant to say that he loved Kurt. Yes, he loved



him, but it was not the right time to say it and open himself more and more. It already hurt way too much and with his heart open, laying in front of Kurt with all its scars, vulnerable, Blaine knew he couldn't take more of it.

“And the next thing you'll tell me is that you are still a virgin. Come on,” said Kurt and Blaine froze. It was not surprising that Kurt thought that, that was not why he literally froze. The fact that he still had this, still was a virgin and could share this, something precious to him that he protected not only once. All the time he was protecting this part of him and even protecting from Kurt. But he felt so open, so vulnerable that Kurt knew this now. Well, of course he didn't believe.

“Please, stop. No more lies. You are a pro-”

“I was. But... but this doesn't mean I...” he stuttered, not wanting to share this, not yet. There were not much things precious to Blaine. But his virginity, his heart, himself, that was important to him but also the most fragile part of him. Himself, that was the only thing really left for him after everything and he couldn't let himself break.

“Don't, Blaine. Don't lie to me about that.”

“I am not lying! I could never lie about that!”

Why would he? Why would he keep on lying at all? Blaine understood that this would ruin everything even more, hurt him and Kurt even more. He didn't tell him the truth about everything and why he ended up working as a prostitute to hurt them more. Blaine wanted to fix things, fix them but Kurt wouldn't believe him and Blaine felt desperate. Did he really need to share this? The one thing important and keeping him sane? The one thing he wanted to share with someone he loved and finally find some love in his life?

“Stop it. Stop hurting me,” Kurt almost whispered. Maybe it was time to share this, to tell Kurt what his virginity meant to him and why he never shared this with some random guy. Maybe it was important to open up completely. Maybe then Kurt would finally trust him and feel, see, that he was not lying.

“Stop not trusting me. I can explain-” Blaine tried.

“No!” Kurt almost yelled and Blaine froze, staring right into the blues eyes: “I don't want to hear what you were doing with... with whoever. Stop it, just stop.”

Kurt escaped into his office and Blaine stood still, staring at the spot his soulmate just had left. The words echoed in his head; *I don't want to hear what you were doing with whoever*. Blaine didn't want the same, imagining how Kurt had other boyfriends and one of them took Kurt's virginity away. Of course he didn't want to imagine that but it was a fact and he could live with that. Kurt was 25, older, made more experiences and that was fine. Yet, knowing that Kurt didn't want to imagine what Blaine were doing gave him hope, again, but he also felt sorry. Hope because Kurt cared at some point. He did, right?

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After he told Kurt the reason why and how he became a prostitute Blaine felt much better. Lighter, a bit happier but not like he wanted to feel. Still, the pressure was gone and his heart could pound without hurting too much. He could breath without being afraid to swallow cold air and hurt his lungs. Cold air which was a common thing between him and Kurt. But more

importantly, Blaine was able to think and to focus on other things. After he told Kurt the reason why this happened he knew that now was the time to step back and give Kurt the time and space to think.

The stuff he shared with Kurt was a lot to swallow, he knew that. He was a lot to handle with everything his life had gave him. While it was something 'normal' for Blaine it was not the same for Kurt and so he decided to focus on other things. College, for example. He wanted to study music, one thing that he really enjoyed and loved. In what way was not important to him. If he ended up as a teacher – which would most likely never happen – or a composer or just song writer, he really didn't care. All Blaine wanted was to work with it and share this with people. Fame was not important to him, not at all. Only music and how he could make money through it.

Luckily he had some guitar and piano lessons and practice at home whenever he could. But he was also able to play the violin and drums, so this was a good start for his college application, Blaine was convinced.

He didn't tell Kurt that, didn't want to bother him with that but knew Kurt would keep his word anyway. And it felt good to focus on something 'normal' that was about his future. It felt good to fill out the papers and talk about that with Robert and Linda. This normal life, so close, he could almost taste it in his mouth. A life without random guys crawling on his bed and touch him. A life without feeling like a no one. He really wanted this life and since he stopped working this here, laughing with Robert and Linda and Kurt knowing the truth was a good thing. A really good thing.

Of course he couldn't ignore Kurt. This was not possible even if he wanted to. Everything he was was focused on Kurt and trying to figure out if he finally figured things out, for himself. But he gave him the space and time like he promised himself he would. Yet, the looks Kurt gave him, the times he just watched Blaine – he noticed almost all of them – were a good sign for Blaine but he kept his hope down. Though, at night, when Kurt slept in his bed and Blaine on the couch he couldn't stop his thoughts and his heart and soul from aching. Aching after the arms of his soulmate which held him so safe and warm. Aching for the lips which could kiss him and make him forget everything around him. Every single thing around but the person the lips belonged to.

He missed their soft movements, missed the little noises Kurt made and missed melting into all of this. Wanted, he missed to be wanted and loved at some point. The last time someone held him in such a way felt like ages ago. Charlie always hugged him, always gave him little encouraging touches and or just joked around with Blaine. But this love was not the one as deep like the one of a parent or from a person who needed you, loved you in this special way. He missed the smell, the body that fit to his own. He missed falling asleep and waking up to him. Only at night it really hurt to still live with Kurt but be so far away from him. And their connection suffered too, at least his suffered a lot and Blaine knew, soon, the hand holding wouldn't be enough anymore.

*Just a little more, he told himself, just a little more at least he doesn't feel disgusted by holding your hand.*

A week later things didn't change between them but the letter, telling him he didn't got into college hit him pretty deep and he wondered when his life would stop throwing stones on his way. He was tired of stumbling and falling and picking himself up over and over again. What had he done to deserve this? Was it too much to ask for just a little bit luck? A little bit happiness? To ask for something he truly wanted? Blaine really wanted and needed Kurt at this moment. The only person who was responsible for him at some point and the only person that could make him feel

good again. But he was still figuring things out for himself and still not talking about anything that Blaine had told him. What if it would never change? What if the truth didn't matter?

What if his job and what he had to do there was just something unacceptable? This wouldn't even surprise him, not really. His life sucked for years now why should it stop? What was a broken heart anyway, Blaine would go through it and over it. Like he did when his father died. It was hope, a stubborn hope that began to live inside him some weeks ago and never left. This hope kept him calm though he wanted to freak out so many times. Unless if there was any sense in freaking out, if it would help him in any way he maybe had done that.

But he was too exhausted to do that and their connection reached this critical point again. The black marks came back and left these empty places all over his soul. The result of not talking, no touching, acting like strangers around them. He could ask Kurt for more, he had the right to do it but Blaine promised himself to give Kurt space and time. He needed Kurt to make the first step now.

Standing up from the chair he walked through the hallway while Kurt was still dubbing the scenes. There was no real goal he just needed to move and be distracted for a while. Until he heard music coming from an empty room – he could see it through the window in the wall. There was an orchestra playing, a big one and getting curious he opened the door, walking through the room to the next one and opened it.

Blaine found himself in a huge hall, looking like a lecture hall from a college and people sitting row after row with one instrument. Trumpets, violins, cellos, everything and in the middle of the hall there was a piano and an older man playing it. He had never seen something like this, a real orchestra playing songs he didn't know but it was mind-blowing. The sound so raw and loud, so close and real. All the people playing their own part but together with others. But something was off, strange almost. There was a part in the melody he didn't like, a part that was too deep and too fast, a violin part. He was not the only one noticing it.

The pianist stopped and so did everyone else, eyes focused on him.

“Emily, we need to change your part. It doesn't fit with the rest of the melody,” said the older man: “Try it a little bit deeper and slower.”

The girl with the blond hair and the name Emily nodded and played the part. It still didn't fit. Blaine looked back to the older guy, humming the melody for everyone to hear and shook his head.

“No, that's not what we need. We need something-”

“Maybe higher and slower? Two notes higher?” said Blaine without even thinking about it and pressed his hands against his mouth before someone could hear him gasp. Everyone turned around, staring at Blaine who just hoped he didn't do anything wrong and put Kurt into any kind of trouble. This was not what he wanted.

“Emily?” the older man said as his eyes moved back from Blaine to her and she nodded, playing exactly that what Blaine suggested and some people gasped.

“Let's play it together,” said the man, walked back to the piano and they began to play again. It truly fitted better, sounded better, but Blaine still felt uncomfortable and almost like he would panic any minute.

“Okay!” the older guy stood up again, clapping his hands with a pleased smile: “Let's take a break for an hour!” There were noises, people moving and leaving the hall through the door Blaine used

or the other two, leading to whatever part of the building. Blaine wanted to join them, disappear between all the people like he always used to but noticed how the other man was still staring at him. For a second he was worried that this guy once had been his customer, that it was one of those people he feared to meet with Kurt together. His eyes told a different story, nothing what Blaine feared would be. That's why he waited, knowing the man wanted him to wait.

After everyone had left the older man walked up to him, stair after stair and smiled at Blaine, not the way Blaine used to see but a warm, kind and interested way. Interest that was not about his body and what he could give and do with it.

“What is your name, boy, and how old are you?”

“Blaine Anderson, and I'm eighteen,” he said and shook the other man's hand when he held it out.

“I'm Jack Wendil, the composer for the movie False Remorse.”

“Oh,” was the first thing he could get out before panic raised again. Well, that was Kurt's movie and he probably just ruined something?

“Your feeling for music is really good. Are you studying music?”

“No. I didn't get in,” said Blaine and followed the guy into the other room with the window.

“Really? What went wrong?”

“I'm not sure what it was but I guess it had something to do with the leak of instruments I have at the place I live in.”

“How many instruments do you play?”

“Five, but I prefer the piano, guitar and violin.”

He could see a sparkle in the man's eyes and how his lips curled up into an honest smile. This guy didn't look like one of the creepy old guys Blaine sometimes met at night. This guy was more like a nice grandpa and it was really a nice change for Blaine.

“I'm not just a composer. I'm also a teacher, a music teacher at college.”

“Really?” Blaine didn't understand what this meant for him but it was good to know someone like him, right? It could be helpful in the future.

“Yes. And I think you are pretty talented, Blaine Anderson. Hearing what was wrong with the melody like it is something natural for you. That is really something special.”

“Uh... thanks?”

“I want you to sing something for me, okay? I want to hear you playing and singing, I guess you sing?”

Blaine nodded, still confused about what this meant for him.

“Perfect. So I want you to sing something for me and play it. I want to see what it means to you.”

Blaine only nodded, wanting each distraction he could get and if this guy liked what he could do, well, it wouldn't hurt to have him around, right?

They left the room and walked down to the piano. It had been a while since the last time he sat in

front of one and touched the white and black keys, let his fingers fly over them, press down on them when he was feeling each note, each sound. Music had always been his way to express what he felt, what he couldn't say but sing because it was so much easier for him. Because it was not just his voice alone. It was his voice supported by the sound of a piano or a guitar. It was his voice sucking the strength out of the instruments and singing with them. Because music could never hurt him, never disappoint him.

So he sang and played. Sang what his soul and heart were going through, playing the sound supporting his words and wishing Kurt could hear it. All of this was about him, about them and what all of this truly did to Blaine. He felt like a ghost lost in the shadows, unseen by the people around him and like he was haunting for things he would never get. And he was hurt by the words Kurt said to him, the way he judged him and thought he knew what was the truth. Knew what everyone thought was the truth and it hurt to hear all the things said by someone who Blaine loved. By someone he wished could love him. Truly, without some stupid connection making him to – though he already knew the connection had nothing to do with it.

Taking his fingers off the keys he heard Jack clapping and smiled at him, wiping his eyes dry.

“That was really, really amazing and moving. I guess it was about someone who hurt you?”

Blaine blinked, nodded, not sure if it was such a good thing that this song was obviously showing everything.

“Your voice was raw and clear and singing it all out. Something I don't see everyday. Anyway, I think you need to study music. They need someone like you.”

Jack came closer, leaning against the piano and giving Blaine this warm smile, a smile his father used to give him.

“Thank you,” he said and Jack shook his head.

“No, thank you. I'll make sure you get in, don't worry. But in the meantime what do you think about helping me out here?”

“Here?” Blaine asked still trying to understand what those words meant. Trying to understand that someone noticed his talent, just his talent and didn't care what he was doing or who he was. Was this the chance? The turning point in his life?

“Yes,” nodded Jack: “Helping me to create an amazing soundtrack for this movie?”

“Really? I could do that?”

“Of course. I think you are talented and I'm curious what else you can do. Believe me, I've seen a lot of students, young people having a talent. But your talent? That is something new.”

Blaine almost blushed murmured a thank you again.

“You are working here or?”

“Uhm, no. My soulmate works here. I'm here too because we still need to figure things out.”

“Ah, troubles with the connection I guess?”

It was far more than just simple troubles, so much more but Jack didn't need to know that.

“Alright. I'll give you my number and you are free tomorrow?”

Blaine nodded slowly. It was not like he had a job or something else to do but he ignored by Kurt and wait for a change in his mind.

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The result of meeting Jack Wendil was, that he promised Blaine, he would do anything to get Blaine into college. Something that he never thought would happen to him and also something that made him really happy. For the first time in his life someone noticed his talent and wanted to support him, his talent and the thing he loved to do. Someone beside his father.

He didn't tell Kurt about that yet because he still wanted to give him the time and space he needed but when he met Charlie and told him about it he, like always, was going crazy. They went to the tattoo shop Charlie was working at and Blaine met his co-workers, which were all kind of crazy but nice and welcoming. They also talked about their old jobs and encouraged Blaine to not let people treat him less when they knew.

All in all the day which started so bad – like each day since he didn't get into college – was a pleasant surprise for him. He stood at the door, sighed and didn't want to feel sad again. It needed time, he thought, just time and while he waited he could focus on the new prospect of his life Jack gave him. Unlocking the door he walked inside and... stood still. There was pizza on the coffee table, soda, plates and a Kurt on the couch.

“Someone's coming over?” Blaine asked while taking his shoes off and staring at the pizza. Not sure if he should smile or not.

“No...” Kurt said, sounding a bit nervous: “It's for you.”

“For me?”

For him? Blaine just stared at Kurt, trying to read his look, his expression what this meant or if it meant something at all. And then he noticed how familiar this situation was. Like the one time when he baked cookies for Kurt to tell him all the things he couldn't through words. For the first time in a while he gave Kurt an honest smile, not the one he used to give him but it was a beginning. This, Kurt cooking for him, doing something for Blaine and spending his free time for Blaine. This was the first step, right?

“Thank you,” was what he said and sat down on his part of the couch. They ate in silence but it was not the awkward silence or forced atmosphere they both never got used to. It was relaxed and nice to just sit there, eat and not think about each move or word they could do or say. Around eleven, when the dishes were clean and after two more episodes of Game of Thrones both became tired and Blaine had troubles keeping his eyes open. It was a long day, a good long day and his belly was full with a good pizza and a happy smile on his lips. At least his personal future seemed to turn out to be good. If Jack kept his word – of course Blaine doubted after the Paul story but he had hope – he could study music and work with that in the future. He was also pretty curious about what a composer did. Maybe this would be the thing he wanted to do with music.

Kurt noticed how tired he was and Blaine only mumbled an okay when he suggested to turn the TV off and go to sleep.

Soon he drifted off to a sleepy state not thinking about how he missed Kurt next to him and all the other things they shared in his bed. He almost fell asleep but felt a familiar hand on his shoulder and turned to his right side, his eyes meeting Kurt's. Forgotten was the sleep, forgotten that he had been tired after he finished the last piece of pizza and waited for Kurt to say something. Was something wrong? Did he forget something? No, it was nothing like that. There was something

else, something coming from their connection – which suffered a lot in the past days – and something coming just from Kurt. A longing look, a desperation to be close? Was it really that?

Slowly Blaine shuffled closer to the left side of the couch, making space for Kurt and when he crawled under the covers, wrapped his arms around Blaine and nuzzled against his curls like he used to Blaine stopped breathing. The warmth came back, washing away all the pain he kept inside him but never really felt. He got used to this pain and accepted it for what it was. Accepted it because thinking about this would hurt him more. Kurt's arms made the pain go away, their connection made his soul shine again. He felt alive, so alive and relieved that Kurt was no longer afraid to touch him, no longer showing the disgust, no longer treating Blaine like he was some kind of illness.

Arms tight around his body, Blaine's back pressed against his chest and then he heard Kurt whisper: "I'm sorry. I'm so sorry for what I said."

His body was trembling, feeling like he was falling and eyes began to burn from too much. He was sorry, he was sorry for what he said. Kurt understood that this was never something Blaine wanted to do. He wanted to shout, he wanted to jump, he wanted to turn around and kiss him and say that it was okay. But all he could do was holding Kurt's arms with his shaking hands and say something else instead. Something that should tell Kurt that he was no one who let people treat him like this again. Not even Kurt.

"You should be," and he felt it how Kurt understood his words. He felt it through their connection.

"I'm not ready to... hear more. But I'm sorry for all the things I said, the things I made you feel, so terribly sorry and I understand if you won't forgive me."

The words Kurt once said to him, how he didn't want to hear about what Blaine did came back. Telling him that this probably hurt Kurt for some reason. Something he needed to find out but not tonight. Slow down, he thought, step after step. Important was that Kurt was sorry, for what he said for what he made him feel and this, Kurt pleading Blaine to forgive him, it was everything he wanted, everything he was waiting for. Being allowed to lay in this arms and feel safe, feel loved at some point. He only wanted this, to be accepted and not treated like nothing.

He wanted this back in a way when he wouldn't feel guilty, when he wouldn't be sorry for each touch and kiss he asked for. He just wanted to be a person, the person, Kurt would love and share everything with.

"Of course I forgive you. I understand that my job isn't easy to accept."

"I want us to be okay again and honest. If we can't talk about something we'll say that and take our time until we can. No more lies, no more secrets, okay?"

Blaine nodded slowly and took a shaking breath before the tears fell. He cried because all the stress, all the tension between them was finally gone. Sure, there was still some left but Kurt held him, came to him and gave him all of this back he wanted for so long. Gave him back the only thing precious to Blaine beside himself. This was important, this was the beginning and he wouldn't screw this up again. Not ever.

"Okay," answered Blaine and tried to keep his voice steady but failed. And this was okay, so okay because Kurt didn't hold back anymore too. He held Blaine closer, as close as he could and leaned his head against Blaine's shoulder. Telling him without words that he was ready to go back and forward. Maybe his life, fate or whatever finally realized that he deserved to be happy.





# Boyfriend

## Chapter Notes

Sorry for the late update. I have a small writers block and was way too busy to finish anything. But I try to update at least two times a week but can't promise it will work out. So here is the new chapter! I hope you guys enjoy it and I hope my writers block will be gone soon.

## Chapter 20. Boyfriend

Sleeping was a blessing for Kurt and for many other people. When Kurt slept his mind stopped working and gave him the rest he needed, no worries, no questions, no endless thoughts about who had been touching Blaine and who not. Sleeping here, with Blaine in his arms and breathing together with him was the perfect way to sleep and he shamelessly nuzzled closer into the curls, arms holding the smaller body a bit closer and then he woke up to the annoying sound of his phone.

Blaine rolled on his stomach and Kurt too, letting one arm around Blaine's back while the other reached out for his phone to stop its alarm.

Groaning when he saw that it was 6 am he buried his face into the pillow and then remembered where he was and with him he was and his heart became warmer and warmer, especially when he met the golden eyes met by a soft smile at their corners, with curls framing his face so adorably.

“Hey,” whispered Blaine and closed his eyes for a second when Kurt let his hand gently run up and down Blaine's back. Their connection was humming, happily and shining and so were their souls and faces. Nothing felt really different, not worse not better. Touching him was still as calming and needed as before but with some responsibility connected. And it had nothing to do with them being soulmates. Telling what this responsibility was? Kurt had no idea yet but he didn't want to fight against it.

“Hey,” replied Kurt and his hand moved up, into Blaine's curls and his fingers began to play with them, lazily. His soulmate closed his eyes and rested his head completely into the pillow, melting into the gentle touch. Kurt smiled over that, watching how each frown, all the tension vanished from Blaine's face. That he was the one making him so comfortable and happy again felt really good.

“I'm really sorry. For everything.”

“I know,” mumbled Blaine and opened his heavy eyes slowly which were filled with utter bliss and forgiveness.

“I won't say it's okay because it's not,” Blaine explained slowly: “But I said I forgive you, like you

forgave me.”

It was true, he forgave Blaine though there was nothing to forgive when he thought about it. There were things Kurt knew he wouldn't share with anyone, not even Blaine. Every person had secrets and that was okay.

“We still need to talk though,” mumbled Kurt and took his hand from Blaine's curls and took his soulmates hand instead.

“But we are okay, for now?”

Nodding Kurt smiled and said: “We are and will be. I just need some time.”

For a while they just looked into the others eyes, reading what was behind those colors and then Blaine shuffled closer, arms slinging around Kurt's body and pressing his face against his chest. Something Blaine did very rarely, taking the initiative. Kurt smiled wider, accepting the hug and heard him whisper: “Thank you.”

Elliot was right, so right. Blaine suffered as much as Kurt did. They held each other until Kurt felt how his sleep came back and pulled slowly back.

“I have to get ready. I couldn't finish the dubbing yesterday.”

Nodding Blaine let him go and Kurt jumped first into the shower and then Blaine. They ate breakfast together and Kurt asked Blaine about what he had seen yesterday.

“I saw you yesterday with the composer.”

“You mean Jack Wendil?” asked Blaine as he sipped his coffee.

“Yeah and... I heard you sing which... helped me to understand what I did to you.”

The golden eyes looked down, head nodding slowly and Kurt reached out for his hand, squeezing it gently.

“It was really beautiful, it hurt but it was beautiful. I don't understand how they didn't let you in.”

The smile Blaine gave him made him happy. This shy smile and his cheeks turning into a light pink color. It was like the many blushes he gave Kurt when they kissed but with a smile Blaine looked even more adorable.

“Well, maybe I get in.”

“Really? Did they call you?”

Blaine shook his head and took his hand away from Kurt to hold his mug with both hands.

“Mister Wendil is not just the composer for your movie. He is also teaching at a college here in New York. He thinks I'm talented and asked me to help him composing the music for the movie. And, beyond that, he said he'll make sure that I get into college.”

“What?” Kurt smiled, Blaine nodded and he couldn't stop the grin, couldn't stop his body as he sat up and leaned over to hug him.

“That's amazing!” he said as Blaine shook his head in a cute way probably not believing in his own luck.

“I’ll wait and see. I don’t want to expect too much.”

Pulling back Kurt kept a close look to Blaine’s expression and though there was doubt in his eyes the happiness was bigger. He needed to meet this Jack Wendil and make sure for himself that this guy was serious about what he told Blaine. Not because he didn’t trust Blaine’s words but to make sure this guy was serious and wouldn’t crush his hope again.

“The fact that you get to help him composing the music is a big deal. Like, really.”

Blaine nodded slowly and after their breakfast they went to the studio by Kurt’s car. There Kurt went back to the small room for dubbing his scenes and Blaine went to meet Jack with the other musicians. Nina noticed how he changed and smiled at him, happy that whatever problem he had to deal with was solved. Almost though. After dubbing he went to the music hall but before he could even enter the room he got a call from Elliot.

“Hey!” answered Kurt and rolled his eyes when Elliot spoke.

*“Thank God you and Blaine are okay again. I can hear it in your voice.”* beside his voice Kurt also heard other voices, noise like he was between some a lot of people.

“We are, yes. Everything’s alright?”

*“It is but I got a mail from Eric, you too?”*

Kurt didn’t check his mails this morning so he shook his head but reminded himself that Elliot couldn’t see him: “No. What did he want?”

Eric was one of his co-workers when he was a model. He was a good guy, fun to have around and sometimes joined him, Elliot and Mercedes when they went to their favorite club.

*“We are invited to his birthday in two weeks. I just want to make sure you are free.”*

“We are, the weekend usually belongs to Blaine and me because of our connection until things change into better.”

*“But you are okay, right? You talked about that?”*

Kurt sighed but smiled: “We are and we did. Not about everything but we are okay.”

*“Good,”* he heard how relieved Elliot was: *“So, I’m calling you because Martin and I are shopping right now and – no honey, not the white one you have like a thousand white shirts – sorry about that. Anyway, what do you think we should buy for Eric? Mercedes told me I should ask you.”*

Kurt bit his lip to stop the smirk and thought about what Eric liked or what he needed but it wasn’t that easy because since he stopped working as a model he didn’t talk with Eric again. Well, his friend was busy with traveling and modeling and Kurt had Blaine.

“I think a gift basket with something to drink and chocolate will do it. He is very humble so I think everything will do it.”

*“Alright, should I send you a pic or are you free to come over later?”*

“What about Mercedes?”

*“She is free around seven pm.”*

“Alright,” Kurt said reached out for the doorhandle: “I’ll text you later and thank you. You were right about everything you said.”

*“It’s okay. I understand you. Text you later.”* he heard Elliot smiling.

He ended the call and opened the door, walked through the first room and then into the hall, greeted by music. Quietly he closed the door and walked along the last row and looked down, seeing Blaine sitting at the piano with Jack and played together with the other people. He smiled when he saw how much Blaine was into it and also how amazed Jack looked with each note Blaine played.

They stopped and he couldn’t hear what Jack and Blaine were talking about but he saw how they changed something on the notes for the song and talked with other musicians to tell them what they should change. Or so Kurt thought and he was right when he heard them playing again and the music was even better.

Elliot wasn’t lying whenever he talked about Blaine’s talent and Kurt could totally see him doing something like this. Composing and sinking into this world of notes, tones and several instruments to create something awesome. If that was what Blaine wanted to become.

After an hour they took a break and Kurt waited until all the musicians were gone so he could take the stairs down to the piano where Blaine was still standing and reading the notes, together with Jack. He heard them talking about violins and cellos and then Jack nodded and said: “I think that’s good, I’ll change it and give them the new notes. Awesome job, Blaine.”

Blaine smiled with pink cheeks and when he noticed Kurt his smile grew even wider.

“Oh, you are Kurt Hummel,” said Jack and they shook hands.

“That’s true and I want to thank you for helping Blaine, Mister Wendil.”

“No need to, he is very talented and it would be plain stupid to not support him.”

The older smiled at Blaine who blushed even more and Kurt placed his arm around Blaine’s shoulder and held him a bit closer. Since last night, when he overcame his fear of what it would feel to touch his soulmate again he wanted to do this as often as he could for several reasons. One because of their connection, which needed more physical contact because their connection was deeper than any other, second because he missed touching Blaine and third, there was something else beside his feelings for him and the connection. Something that had to do with the prostitute thing. But Kurt was not ready to explore this more.

“So your are his soulmate?”

“Yes, and I need you to know that we have a deep connection. It’s different from other connections which means weekends usually belong to us and that whenever needed he has to be with me or I with him.”

Jack smiled at them and nodded slowly: “I understand and this won’t be a problem. My daughter is a soulmate too so I know what you are talking about.”

Not that Jack had any options as to be fine with that. It was written down in the laws of a soulmate, their soulmate always came first, no matter what. When he read those words for the first time he was anything but happy about this law. Now it was something to be happy about. Something they could use when needed.

“Alright, boys. I’m hungry and there is still a lot to do. It was nice meeting you Mister Hummel

and I'll see you later, Blaine.”

Jack left the hall and Kurt took Blaine's hand leaving too to find a nice place so they could eat lunch together. They went to a small restaurant Blaine knew and only because he wanted one of those awesome hamburgers, which Kurt ordered too constantly amazed about how much Blaine could eat and still stay in shape. He was blessed with this too but yet he took care of himself because he was an actor. But also Kurt had his lazy days and there was no need to be ashamed of it.

“You are done with dubbing, right?” asked Blaine after he swallowed.

“Yes. I have some interviews left and some shootings but don't worry about that. I'll drive you to the studio and pick you up.”

“You don't have to though. I understand that you'll be famous and busy and that I have to take care of myself.”

Nothing Blaine didn't do before, Kurt thought. Yet, he was right about everything. Blaine wanted to study and Kurt was done with college. He would be the one going around parties and interviews and shows and Blaine couldn't always do that. He knew how much there was to study and do and it had been eating his soul at times. Again, two different worlds meeting each other and Kurt feared that this could ruin, damage, things between them again. Accepting their age difference was easy, accepting that Blaine was a prostitute harder, but the consequences, the compromises were probably the hardest to deal with.

“Are you okay with this? That I probably become famous, busy, me traveling around?”

Blaine stopped eating, exchanged a short glance with Kurt and placed the half eaten hamburger down on his plate.

“The question should be, are you okay with taking me with you? In case our connection still needs as much contact as it does now.”

“Of course I want you with me,” said Kurt and reached out with his hand to take Blaine's, squeezing it: “I told you I'm sorry and I understand why you did it. But also that I need time before I...can hear more. And only because I need more time doesn't mean I don't want you with me.”

The golden eyes were focused on their hands and his blue eyes watched Blaine's mouth moving, lips curling into a smile and back down before he said: “I really don't want to ruin anything, Kurt. I'm not jealous or anything. I'm pretty proud that my soulmate is someone like you and I'm also grateful.”

Before their fight Kurt already saw this side of Blaine. Only a glimpse from what Blaine truly felt and thought, only a small moment when all the walls weren't so strong. The one time when he baked the cookies for Kurt had been such a moment that he saw that there was more. So much more coming from this young soul with no solid ground under his feet until they met. And somehow, hearing this again, hearing how proud Blaine was of him made Kurt really happy. Just like Blaine wanted to be someone Kurt could like, live with, accept he also wanted to be this person for the younger. This broke after he realized what he did to Blaine and how he made him feel through his words.

“Thank you,” whispered Kurt when he leaned closer to pull Blaine into a hug, feeling him responding still insecure, still not sure if this was okay. Yes, not only Kurt needed time to get used to things and talk about things.

“Maybe we should go to the Soulmate Department and ask them about what rights we have if I get into college,” suggested Blaine when the older pulled back and nodded to the words from his soulmate.

“It won't be easy to be apart for too long. Maybe, if our connection becomes stronger then, maybe. But there is nothing planned until October. The movie comes out in November so we have some time to see how things work out. Now we just focus on each other and on your future, okay?”

There was this adorable small smile on his face again as he nodded, eyes telling Kurt that he couldn't really believe that they were on a way to be okay again. He could see it in the way they were sparkling and how this smile grew bigger and then less again. Kurt wanted to lean closer and just kiss this small smile, make him blush but was a bit insecure about doing that.

What if this would feel different? Not good? What if Blaine would look down again and not smile at all? He was almost convinced this wouldn't happen but just almost because this was something he needed to talk about with Blaine. Maybe next week, maybe not. But he was done with fighting and being someone he wasn't. This was his soulmate and Kurt believed and he wanted Blaine to feel that, show him that he was really understanding and okay with the reason why.

“Elliot called me and told me that our friend Eric invited us to his birthday in two weeks. If you want to we can go,” said Kurt before he ate the rest of his hamburger.

“I'm okay with that. Is he one of your model friends? Because you once were a model?”

Kurt nodded, took a sip of his diet coke and cleaned his hands in a napkin: “He is really nice compared to other people in this business. I'm really happy I don't have to work there anymore.”

Nodding Blaine ate the last bite of his hamburger before they had to go back to the studio.

After their lunch Blaine went back to the studio while Kurt drove with Nina to his interviews. Around 9 pm they arrived at Kurt's place and while Blaine took a shower Kurt made them something to eat before he himself took a shower and joined Blaine on the couch. They watched one episode of Breaking Bad – because they were done with Game of Thrones – and instead of holding hands Kurt sat closer so his soulmate could lean against him. Kurt didn't mind that Blaine hesitated after everything but definitely something they had to talk about as soon as possible.

When the episode was over Blaine already leaned away and wanted to climb under his covers.

Instead of asking Blaine to go with him he thought that showing his soulmate that he really didn't mind having him close was the better way.

He followed Blaine and when his soulmate turned around and gave Kurt a questioning look he just smiled.

“You don't have to sleep here,” said Blaine, eyes wandering down.

“I know,” said Kurt and let his hand rest on Blaine's shoulder, stroking it down his back and felt how he tensed up. Not sure why his soulmate reacted that way he said: “I want us to be okay again. That means I want to sleep next to you. I want us to go back to where we were before everything came out. If you don't want that I-”

“I want to,” said Blaine before Kurt could say more and sat down on his heels: “I'm just... scared I'll come to close and you will push me back because of what I did. I felt how... disgusting it was for you to hold my hand. I don't want to make you feel uncomfortable.”

"Is that the reason why you looked down when we kissed?" asked Kurt and knelt across him.

"I... I knew it was... wrong to kiss you and hug you because you didn't know what I was doing. And whenever we were close it felt like all the men who touched me and left their marks... it felt like I was... dirty and leaving the dirt on you too. I didn't want that but at the same time I wanted to hold and kiss you. And I felt guilty and sorry. And when you found it out you reacted the way I was scared of would happen I..."

His bottom lip trembled, eyes becoming watery and all the pain and guilt was open on his face, for Kurt to see and everything that went wrong between them. There was Blaine's life, a part he could never erase or undo and Kurt's behavior he couldn't erase or undo either. But there was also this new way, their new beginning to make it better from now on and not forget but forgive all. Actually, everything that Kurt understood was how much Blaine cared about him and even when he didn't know the truth. He cared so much that he felt guilty for kissing him and punished himself with all these worries.

Slowly he shuffled closer, pressing his lips on Blaine's cheek and hearing him inhaling sharply, freezing but not flinching. So Kurt stayed close resting his forehead against Blaine's temple and whispering: "You are not dirty. You are not disgusting. You are a beautiful, brave boy who walk a way he didn't want to but had to so he could survive."

Blaine sniffed but now tears were falling, not yet.

"It's not the connection making me do this, if you think that. It's me wanting this. Me wanting to hug and kiss you because I like you. I said I need time before we talk more but I meant the part what you did with... other men."

"You want to know that?"

"I want to know everything. Remember? I said we'll be honest and no more secrets. I'm just... not ready to hear all of that yet. I probably become jealous or angry hearing all of this now."

He felt Blaine turning his head, felt his forehead against his and the younger boy's breath so close to his lips. If he moved forward, just a little bit he could finally kiss him and make sure nothing felt different. But it was not Kurt alone who had to take the first steps Blaine had to take some too otherwise it wouldn't work out.

"What are we, Kurt? Is this us being soulmates and doing what we should do?"

"What do you want us to be?"

Blaine pulled back and both opened their eyes, blue meeting glistening gold mixed with hope. There was also a conflict Blaine had with himself, probably if he should believe his own luck or not.

"I... I want us to be boyfriends. I really like you and I want... that."

"Me too," smiled Kurt and saw Blaine's lips curling into this shy, adorable smile followed by tears. Tears of happiness and relieve, tears that let everything out Blaine was holding back for months and when Kurt held his face and wiped the tears away he felt how soft his soulmate was. His cheeks warm and lose, their connection humming with happiness and changing into something else. Something Kurt always thought would happen the first time someone touched his soulmate. Pure happiness, pure sense and the only person he wanted to touch, the only place he wanted to be. Like his whole being was waiting for this moment, for this person to cross his way and stay. And when Blaine melted into his touch he knew the younger boy felt the same way.

Then Blaine took his hands gently off his face and leaned forward, kissing Kurt gently who smiled into the kiss before their lips broke apart and both went to Kurt's bed.

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The next two weeks were probably the happiest Kurt spent together with Blaine since the day they met. They finally slept together in one bed again, cuddled when they could and kissed without Blaine looking down. Like his personal sun Blaine always smiled back at Kurt after each kiss and was happier in general which made Kurt happy too. He slept peacefully and deep, work was fun and something he could focus on because they were okay and his apartment turned soon into their apartment, their home.

But he knew there were still things to talk about before he could let himself fall into this completely. Before both could open their hearts and let everything happen, everything out. Things like if Blaine was truly a virgin or not because Kurt didn't believe in this and was not ready to hear more. This, what he had and what they shared was enough for though his heart asked for more. Sometimes he tried to kiss longer but it was Blaine who pulled back then.

Like an hour before they would leave for Eric's birthday party. They were both inside the bathroom, brushed their teeth together and somehow Blaine ended up sitting on the wash machine with Kurt's lips on his, just kissing and touching hands staying away from the lower area.

Kissing was awesome, amazing, each kiss. The silly kisses, good morning and good night kisses and those they shared because it just felt amazing were the best. Of course his body was betraying him, asking for more but one of them would stop – usually Blaine - and though Kurt wanted to take things slow a part of his body was frustrated. And so Kurt wondered if it was true what Blaine told him, that he really was a virgin or just still not over how he felt when they were close.

Because when it became too much Blaine pulled back and didn't smile or anything. In fact, he gave Kurt the expression before the truth came out.

“Blaine?” he asked this time, arms around the smaller boy's waist and feeling his hands on his neck.

“Too much,” was the answer: “I told you I've never did this before.”

“Okay,” was all Kurt said, gave him a simple peck on his lips and smiled. To get his answer he had to ask what Blaine did instead with all these men and he was, still, not ready for this. They were boyfriends, they were okay but he was still not ready to hear more and scared to find something that could ruin everything again. It had nothing to do with him being scared to lose Blaine, it was more about what he couldn't give Blaine and what it would do to him when he heard everything. Or so he thought.

Getting ready they took a cab to Eric's place – a huge apartment – and met Elliot and Mercedes with their soulmates at the parking lot. They hugged hello and went together inside with a pretty nervous Blaine. Kurt didn't ask what it was but tried to make him as comfortable as possible with holding his hand and whispering that they could go home whenever they wanted to. The word home made Blaine's eyes shine and the smile he got from his boyfriend – his boyfriend – was totally worth saying it out loud. Elliot made catcalls together with Mercedes and teased Kurt just for fun. He only rolled his eyes when they weren't looking and held Blaine's hand tighter.



Inside he met almost all of his co-workers, some got a hug from him – the one he liked – and others a simple hand shake. Soon he found Eric, a blond guy, as tall as Kurt and looking as good as always.

“Kurt!” he smiled, perfect white teeth showing and hugged him tightly.

“Happy Birthday,” he said and then Eric hugged his other friends before his eyes met with Blaine's.

“And you must be Kurt's soulmate.”

“Boyfriend. Not just soulmate. He is also my boyfriend.”

Their eyes met for a moment in a silent conversation and then Eric smiled at Blaine, shaking his hand.

“Well, I guess I won't have a chance again then.”

“A chance?” asked Blaine when Eric took the basket with many little things from Elliot and Kurt nodded.

“He wanted us to be boyfriends but I didn't want to,” explained Kurt, while everyone around them was drinking, looking good and laughing. Blaine only squeezed his hand, a short glance towards Eric and then back to Kurt. Was this jealousy in Blaine's eyes? Where they both some jealous fools thought they knew no one could come between them because they were soulmates?

“Luckily he can't do that anymore,” said Blaine and Kurt could hear how he was fighting against those words but needed to let them out, to let Kurt know.

They laughed and drunk together with their friends and the people they hadn't seen in a while. It was an easy evening to begin with and it was a change for him to see the people he had been working with for three years. Many of them still were modeling, some were engaged and some changed their jobs. A lot happened in the past 8 months and it was something else to hear all the other stories for Kurt. A nice distraction from his life and what he and Blaine had to go through.

Around midnight and after many laughs, conversations and drinks he was looking for Blaine who easily got along with most of the people. To be honest, it was easy to like Blaine and talk with him. Because of his smile and his manners and no one could resist those eyes, Kurt knew that so he began to look for him and make sure no one would get too close to his boyfriend. This jealousy thing they both apparently had inside them was really hard to ignore.

But between all these people was no Blaine so he walked over to Elliot asking him if he saw him.

“I think he went to the bathroom.”

“Okay,” said Kurt and looked over to the corridor where the bathroom was. He waited for some minutes, thinking about that as soon as Blaine came out they should drive back home and go to sleep but this thought got pushed away by a terrible feeling. Fear, sheer fear ran through his body, coming from his connection and without much thought he ran to the bathroom and met someone coming out from the bathroom he didn't expect to meet here.

Jesse.



# Together

## Chapter Notes

Hello you amazing people! My writers block is still there, but (!), you guys really helped me a lot with your reviews and support. Each review, each comment, everything coming from you helps a writer a lot. Writing is not an easy progress, it's hard and sometimes there is this dark cold hole when you can't form words but have ideas. Sometimes you even sit there and wonder 'is it good?', 'does this make sense?', 'I don't know what I'm doing I don't want to ruin this'. And getting so much support and knowing people care and enjoy a story is really, really the best support a writer can get. So thank you, really. And instead of drama let's have some happy things here (but the drama will come). :)

## Chapter 21. Together

When he felt this cold, sharp fear coming from Blaine everything became unimportant. His friends, the party, the people, everything. All he could think of was where Blaine was, what happened and who or what made him feel so much fear. Only when his eyes met Jesse's and he remembered the last time they met it was clear for him. Jesse had never been his friend just one of the people working with him he had to deal with. Jesse had never been a nice person but a smartass and his good body and good look gave him a lot of jobs.

It was easy to imagine Jesse did something terrible to Blaine but what was the connection between them?

“What are you doing here?” said Kurt not even caring about how rude he sounded.

“What? Already sitting on a throne and picking us simple people out, Hummel?”

Kurt said nothing about that, not giving Jesse this pleasure because that's what he wanted. To make Kurt upset and get a satisfying feeling from pissing people off.

“What have you done to Blaine?”

“Blaine?” asked Jesse and turned back to the bathroom where Kurt could still feel the fear but also how Blaine slowly calmed down: “Oh, is he your little boyfriend? Couldn't find someone more classy?”

“What have you done to him!?” yelled Kurt, grabbed Jesse by the collar and pushed him against the door, hearing how some people gasped, some stopped talking and Jesse stared at him until Kurt let go off his collar. Jesse knew, knew what Blaine was doing and there was only one explanation about the reason why he knew it. He had been his customer, he met Blaine because he was looking for someone to sleep with. Jesse was totally this kind of a person neither ashamed

nor caring what people thought about that.

“I’ve never imagined you would do such a thing, the perfect Kurt Hummel.”

“Fuck you, Jesse,” he hissed and went inside the bathroom before people would ask or see more, or worse, hear more. The huge bathroom had a smaller room where the toilette was and the door was half open, letting the breathing noises out and when he looked inside he found his soulmate, sitting there with his hands in his hair.

“Blaine? It’s me,” he said as calm as possible though he was still angry, still wanted to go back and call Jesse out. For what he had no idea but he was sure this fucker did something terrible. Something that scared Blaine so much that Kurt could feel it like it was his own fear. Very slowly, probably taking enough time as possible to collect himself, Blaine took his hands out of his hair, looking up and all the color in his face was gone. Like the last time when he and Jesse met.

“Did he do something to you?” asked Kurt when Blaine stood up, his legs trembling and his head shaking no. Was he lying? Would he lie about this? They said they wanted to be honest and have no more secrets and Kurt almost felt hurt but then realized he should ask him again, with different words, a better wording.

“Did he, *ever*, do something to you?”

When their eyes met Kurt saw the answer and didn’t even notice the small nod, followed by so much shame on Blaine’s face that it confused him. Why was there so much shame on Blaine’s face when it was obvious that Jesse scared him. This kind of shame was new to Kurt and before he could ask more Blaine said slowly.

“It’s something you aren’t ready to hear, yet.”

First he thought that this was a thing Blaine didn’t want to talk about, which was understandable considering the fear and shame coming from him. But it didn’t fit. Blaine, in comparison to Kurt, was ready to tell everything and fine with telling everything. All the lies and secrets made it clear for Blaine that this was the way of losing Kurt. So his words could only mean one thing.

Something between him and Jesse happened – which explained why Jesse gave Blaine money – and Kurt was not ready to hear those stories or imagine those stories. Alone knowing that something between Blaine and Jesse had happened made him angry. Not jealous but angry because Jesse was one of the biggest assholes Kurt knew.

There were many stories about Jesse and what he did with other men and how he treated them. Someone like Blaine, who was only seventeen when they had something, someone so nice and who only did this because so he could survive met him, the biggest idiot in this world. Jesse who cared only about himself stepped into Blaine’s life and Kurt was sure he did something bad. Really bad that it made Blaine feel scared though Jesse couldn’t really do anything here. Not with Kurt and their friends around.

Yet, whatever happened, it had to be bad, really bad. And Kurt wanted to know it so he could help, understand or whatever so that Blaine would stop looking like this. Broken, scared and almost lost in his own thoughts and memories and dealing with them alone.

“You can tell me that,” said Kurt, taking two steps closer so he could touch Blaine’s arm, let him feel that he was here: “I want to help you.”

But Blaine said nothing not ready or able to but he leaned closer, resting his head against Kurt’s chest and wrapping his trembling arms around the body. Kurt just held him for as long as Blaine

needed and felt how slowly, painfully slow the fear left his soul. It felt like an eternity when they just stood there, holding each other and Kurt let his hand run up and down Blaine's back with the hope that it would help him, that his presence would help his soulmate because Kurt himself felt pretty helpless. He wanted to know what happened, wanted to know the connection between Blaine and Jesse and do something to make it better.

"Do you want to go home?" asked Kurt and pulled back so he could see Blaine's face. It had some color back which was good, or so he thought.

"We... we can stay here. I don't want to be the reason so you have to leave your friends."

"They aren't my... real friends. Mercedes and Elliot are my real friends and you are too," he explained with a smile and gently ran his fingers through Blaine's gelled hair: "And you are my soulmate and boyfriend and that makes you one of the most important people in my life."

He hoped this would make Blaine smile and if he succeeded the smile was too small to be seen.

"I want to go home," said his soulmate so quiet that Kurt almost missed it. With a nod he had one arm around Blaine's shoulder and left the bathroom to meet Elliot and Mercedes who gave him a questioning look.

"Say Eric I don't feel well and went home, okay?"

"Call us," said Mercedes with a smile for Kurt and Blaine and together they left the apartment, the loud music and many voices and took a cab back home. Without running into Jesse. Home they changed into their pajamas and when Kurt left the bathroom he found Blaine sitting on the couch and looking down, watching his hands. His soulmate looked better, he really did but whatever happened rankled Blaine. Something he couldn't talk about and Kurt was conflicted with himself to force Jesse to tell him what happened or to wait for Blaine to say it. Either way he needed to know it so he could help Blaine.

Joining his boyfriend on the couch he was not sure what to do. When he held Blaine, held his hand or kissed his forehead he didn't react the same way he used to do in the past days. There was no smile on his face or a soft pink color on his cheeks. There was no response from his hand or fingers. It was almost like Kurt didn't exist for Blaine but whatever memory occupied his mind. Seeing him like this made Kurt feel helpless and though he was older than Blaine he understood that he was not more experienced than his soulmate. He just had different experiences than Blaine and none of them was helpful. None of them included the life of a former prostitute.

Careful and slow he leaned his forehead against Blaine's reaching out for their connection and trying to feel something, trying to understand what happened inside him but didn't dare to visit those places not meant for him. This only happened once, just for a second but he never would do this again. Still it was hard to tell what Blaine felt and he probably didn't know how to feel either.

"I want you to know, that, whatever happened and whatever will happen I'll protect you. I'll always stand right beside you."

The younger pulled back so their eyes met without a change in his unreadable expression. So Kurt only smiled, softly, and caressed Blaine's cheek while their eyes never broke contact. Smiling was always the best way to deal with a situation one had no words for, or, was afraid to say something wrong. Kurt was afraid to say something wrong because he had no idea what exactly happened. Maybe Blaine was scared to tell the truth and Jesse would do something to him? Maybe he thought that it would make him feel uncomfortable hearing what happened? But Kurt said he wanted to hear this, needed to hear this and find a way to help Blaine. His boyfriend who felt so much fear and shame when he met Jesse.

"I'll do the same for you," were the first words Blaine said since they had left Eric's apartment.

"I know. I know you will. You always focus on the people around you. But you need to know, to understand that there is someone who will do the same for you. And that's me."

Seeing, again, the Blaine Anderson he saw before the truth came out was a really good feeling and a missed one. This was Blaine, lovely and smart, who went through many bad things and Kurt wanted to know them all, understand them all. Sure, whatever happened between Blaine and other man was still a no go for him. But Jesse? No. He needed to know what this asshole did so he could do something. He needed Blaine to know that though he had no family he had Kurt now.

"You are my boyfriend not my dad."

"Luckily I am. Otherwise kissing you would be pretty weird," said Kurt and Blaine smiled about those words.

"Are you sure you want to hear it?"

"I am. But you have to be ready to talk about it. I've felt your fear and your shame. I remember the last time you met him and how you were feeling and I understand if you don't want to talk about it."

Blaine shook his head, moving closer so he could rest his head on Kurt's shoulder and rest his legs on Kurt's lap. The smaller body basically melted in Kurt's arms and that he had such an impact on Blaine was a good sign.

"He was a customer but I only met him once. I thought he was rich or something because he looked like that so I was... happy? A different kind of happy because it meant more money for me. We went to my apartment as soon as Charlie found someone and I told him my rules. No kissing, no real sex."

Resting his cheek on Blaine's head he said nothing letting the words sink for a while and realizing that Blaine probably told the truth. The truth about his kisses and that he was still a virgin. There was this need to believe him just trust his words but there was also his sanity telling him what was the point in being a prostitute if they had no sex with their customers?

"Jesse knew the rules like any other customer and he accepted them but then... he just broke them. And because I was no soulmate when I met him my body wouldn't just fight against him on its own. So when he kissed me I started to push him back, told him to stop but he wouldn't. He just wouldn't and went further, touching places he shouldn't touch and I could do nothing. I was in such a state of shock that I didn't even realize that I was screaming. Luckily Charlie heard it and threw him out."

While Blaine spoke he was calm, strangely calm but maybe this had something to do that he was safe here. Or, and this thought made Kurt angry so angry that he wanted to go to Jesse right now and just punch his stupid face, Blaine was used to those things. Something so wrong and horrible.

"It was the first time this happened and it was just... horrible but I needed the money so I went to his workplace out of desperation and you saw what happened. But he threatened me, said that I should act like a slut because I was one. And when I see him he just... I remember everything and he asks me if I became a real slut yet. I just... I'm not a slut."

"Of course you are not. You are not. He won't touch you ever again," whispered Kurt, kissing Blaine's hair: "Why didn't you go to the police?"

“I was seventeen and a prostitute. It would have put me into more trouble than him and Charlie and I took care of each other.”

Charlie, the only friend Blaine had and Kurt promised himself that he needed to thank him for keeping Blaine safe when no one else did.

“I want to get over it. It's really the only thing that just... won't get out of my mind.”

“It won't,” said Kurt and knew this truth was cruel but real: “It will always be a part of you but you can decide if it's something that will control you or not.”

His boyfriend leaned back while Kurt's arm held him, like a someone who sought for comfort from a person they trusted. He sought for comfort but also for Kurt's eyes and the deep blue orbs which held his soul.

“And you are here now, with me. You have Charlie, Elliot and Mercedes who will support you and help you. You are helping a famous composer to create music for a movie and you'll be soon studying music. You have a new life now and you'll make new memories, better memories. I know you can do it because you already stood up for yourself when I was the one judging you.”

The gold in Blaine's eyes changed into something Kurt had not seen before. There was a different warmth, a different shine and his eyes in general were softer in a way he had seen but never meant to him. However, he didn't want to label this, to name this and maybe be wrong or just too hopeful.

“This won't be the last time something like this happens. It's possible I'll meet more people who were my customers.”

“I know, and we'll go through this together.”

He saw the smile on Blaine's face before he nuzzled against Kurt's neck and exhaled, letting all the tension out, everything out and trusted Kurt to hold him together.

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The next day Kurt drove a much more happier Blaine to the studio, kissed him good bye and drove to meet Nina. Yet his mind was still going back to what Blaine had told him. Back to the night he never witnessed but couldn't stop his mind from imagining what happened. How Jesse forced Blaine, who had been just seventeen, to something he never wanted to do. Kurt wanted to ask more about those rules Blaine followed but decided it was better not to.

His boyfriend was too shaken up and too exhausted so Kurt was glad that Blaine fell asleep at all. Not knowing what exactly happened became a problem for Kurt. This missing piece made it hard to figure out how to help his soulmate but more over it was a barrier, a huge one, to understand Blaine and know him even more. Maybe it was better to just get over it and hear everything. There was really no difference if he heard it now or later it wouldn't change what happened.

Only, imagining all of this as soon as he knew what exactly he did... he was not sure if he would get jealous, angry or whatever. Jealousy was the last thing Kurt wanted to feel. Everything Blaine did in his job never happened because he liked someone or wanted to do this. He just had to do it to get money. Maybe the jealousy would be only about that someone took all of this from Blaine, all the firsts Kurt wanted to share with him. But then he reminded himself that he had nothing like that for Blaine. He was no virgin, he already had his first kiss and all the other little firsts. So he

tried to push this thought aside. Anger was more realistic and also feeling hurt together with Blaine.

That's what he wanted, feeling what Blaine felt when he told Kurt everything. He wanted their connection to be raw and open so he could feel everything and understand him better.

He arrived at the building and went straight to Nina's office. There was no interview or shooting to be done but he would get his schedule for the next months and hoped that there were enough weeks to just be lazy. But more important was to tell Nina about Blaine and his job. It was necessary that she knew that before the truth became public. If it ever became public, Kurt thought.

"Good morning," said Kurt when he opened the door and got a smile from Nina in return.

"My superstar!" she grinned, hugging him hello and Kurt almost blushed: "How are you? How is Blaine doing?"

"He is good, amazing actually. He really enjoys doing this composing stuff and Jack really supports him."

"And you two?" she asked sitting down behind her desk and Kurt in front of it.

"We are good but I need to tell you something. But you can't tell a soul and I feel pretty unsure to tell you this without Blaine."

"Okay?" said Nina and her smile was gone and gave him her face she always wore when it was about work.

Breathing in he sorted his thoughts, calmed himself down so his sanity wouldn't leave him.

"Blaine was a prostitute," he started and explained why, no details only how it happened and that he wasn't doing this anymore: "I just... I want you to know this. I don't know if it will ever come out but, just in case it will it's fair you know it before it does."

There was surprise in her face, then she was lost in her thoughts and nodded slowly, asking: "And you had no idea?"

"No. Really, I had no clue. I figured it out a month ago but I was... too shocked about that. I'm okay with it now, I understand why it happened so... I'm sorry I didn't tell you about it as I found it out."

"Who else knows about that?"

"Elliot and Mercedes and Blaine's friend and, well, the people he.. you know."

Nina nodded again, her eyes watching the ceiling like each time when she was thinking. Kurt just waited, not feeling nervous but determined. Whatever happened he would stand right beside Blaine, facing everything with him together.

"Do you want to hide it? I know you are against lies but I told you from the beginning that sometimes you have to lie to avoid damage."

"I don't want to lie about it but I also don't think I, or we, need to talk about it. Like you said, avoid. I want to avoid it. Not because I'm ashamed or that I'm worried what people think. When I decided to become an actor I knew what I was getting myself into. But I don't want Blaine to suffer through something he never wanted or agreed to."



“You two talked about that?”

Kurt shook his head no: “Not really. We had a hard time when I found it out and it took a while until I was able to accept and understand why he did that.”

“That explains what was wrong with you. I was really worried.”

“We are good now. More than good,” he said and couldn't stop the smile on his lips.

“Aww, does Kurt Hummel have a boyfriend now?”

A blush, slow but for everyone to see crawled over his cheeks and he just nodded. Yes, he had a boyfriend, not just a soulmate but also a boyfriend and though it was still new, still the beginning he couldn't remember a time when he was more devoted to someone.

“That's why I want him to be safe from all this craziness. I know it won't be easy and sometimes not possible but I want to try everything so he doesn't get hurt.”

“What I take from that is that he didn't decide to become a prostitute?”

“No. The circumstances made him do this. I mean, you probably understand this better than I do because you've been through a lot of dirty things.”

Groaning Nina nodded and Kurt remembered the story about her client who was anything but an angel. He drank a lot, had many one night stands and even drugs were involved.

“I'll take care of it, don't worry. But I need Blaine to sign a contract for me and it would be good if we could talk with him about it. I just want to make sure he understands everything. And this,” she said and handed him a piece of paper with his schedule.

“There is a shooting for Monday and Tuesday and some interviews for August and September. I suggest you take the rest of July off and have fun with Blaine. Maybe go and visit your dad. You are at the beginning of your career so enjoy this time. I promise you, after the movie is out people will literally fight for you to have you in their movie.”

Nodding Kurt stood up and hugged her good bye before he left to his old workplace.

It was stupid, he knew it was maybe the stupidest thing he ever did. He left his car and went inside the building he once used to work in. Here he changed his wardrobe, had photoshoots, meetings and a good time but also a bad time. And here was the person he wanted to see and alone the thought of Jesse made his blood boil. Taking the elevator he walked through the corridor with fast steps, was greeted by some people who even worked here on Sundays but ignored them. He came closer and closer to Jesse's room and when he saw him there, sitting at his laptop he pushed the door open, so hard, that it hit the wall.

“What are you doing here?”

“I came here to warn you.”

“Me?” Jesse said in a mocking voice and closed his laptop, running his hand through his blond hair and smirking satisfied.

“I know what you did. I know what an asshole you are and if you ever try something like this again or come near Blaine, I promise you, you'll regret it.”

Jesse rolled his eyes waving his hand like Kurt was overreacting, like it was nothing bad and this made Kurt even more angry.

“Before you judge me start judging yourself. What are you two, huh? Do you need a sweet little boy for your image? How much does he cost?”

It happened without him wanting it, fast, like he was blinking something away that his fist found Jesse's face and the other gasped, groaned and Kurt yelled.

“Shut the fuck up you piece of shit! He is my boyfriend, my soulmate and instead of judging him and treating him like shit I care about him and help him! You know shit, Jesse. Nothing. All you care about is you and how you get what you want! No matter what it takes!”

While Jesse groaned he felt his body bursting with anger, with so much rage towards this asshole, towards all the people who treated people like Blaine so badly, also towards himself because he thought the same way for while. He grabbed his collar, forced him to look into his eyes and hissed: “I warn you, Jesse. Leave him alone.”

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After meeting Elliot and Martin he went back to the studio to pick Blaine up. Walking inside he found him in the music hall, playing the violin this time and listened to the music until they were done. His eyes were only focused on Blaine, his sweaty hair, curls breaking the gel and the satisfied smile on his lips. Then everyone began to clap for him and Kurt felt so much pride for his boyfriend that he thought his heart would just burst from it.

Blaine bowed down with a watery smile clearly moved by the huge gesture from the other musicians. Jack was clapping too his smile wide and filled with pride too. It was such a good view and feeling to see that Blaine found a place far away from the streets, from beds with strangers. A life he probably dreamed about but never believed in. One after another they left the music hall and when Blaine's eyes found Kurt's his whole face changed into his personal sun. Lips curled up into the soft smile only meant for Kurt, eyes shining with the purest gold and body moving to him like it was natural. Kurt opened his arms, wrapped them around the smaller body into a tight hug and felt better.

Yes, it was a mistake to go to Jesse and yell at him, punch him but he had to do it. One needed to tell him what he was and what he did. Even if this meant trouble and bad consequences he didn't care. At least one person who hurt Blaine and made him feel like nothing, made him feel so scared and small needed to learn a lesson.

“You were amazing. I'm so proud of you,” whispered Kurt into Blaine's ear. In return he got a happy humming sound from his boyfriend who melted even more into the hug.

“Good work, Blaine,” said Jack as he stood behind Blaine and patted his shoulder: “Hello, Kurt.”

They created some space between their bodies and Blaine smiled thankfully at Jack who said: “Guess I see you in September then? You two should celebrate.”

The only thing Kurt could do was blink and stare at Jack with a confused look. Celebrate? What? His boyfriend nodded and then Jack left them alone and Kurt cocked his head waiting for an

explanation.

“I got in,” was all Blaine said and Kurt didn't need more words to understand where he got in. The answer was in Blaine's words and even clearer all over his face.

“Oh my God,” breathed Kurt and couldn't stop himself but kiss his soulmate before he said: “Indeed a reason to celebrate. We need to call our friends and celebrate. Oh, well not today but next weekend.”

He saw the small nod, saw the smile becoming smaller and how the amber eyes became more glassy, filling with the tears that, for once, meant something good. Something really good. The way to a future he stopped dreaming about but now it as here.

“Thank you,” were the only words Blaine was able to say before the tears fell and Kurt held him together. No, it was not only Kurt who helped him and opened this future for him. Blaine himself did this and something people liked to call fate.

# Family

## Chapter Notes

Hey guys! Sorry for the late update but I'm still suffering through my writers block. I also wanted to tell you that the plot is not over yet :) there are still ideas and things I want to happen. Anyway, if you have some ideas yourself share them with me, anything! It might help me through my writers block. Now I hope you guys enjoy this chapter :)

## Chapter 22. Family

There were many times when Kurt felt proud of someone. His dad, his friends, or some people he had never met. However, the way he felt proud for Blaine was different. Not more but in a special way. This was his soul mate, the person he would spend the rest of his life with. His boyfriend who he really liked, probably even loved without knowing it. A boy who never had much luck, in fact, something or someone thought it would be better to let him go through many terrible things. It began when he was born and his mother died. She never saw her kid growing up, never saw her son saying his first words or taking his first steps. Then his father died, his step mom and the brother was long gone, doing something somewhere.

Yes, Blaine never had much luck and even when they met it had been anything but good. For Kurt it was just a burden to have a young boy around him he needed to take care of and for Blaine it was to deal with something he probably never wanted.

Thinking about it now and looking at what he had Kurt never wanted to change this. Never wanted to get to know someone else. He was ready to walk this way and see where it would take him. Back home they drank a beer to, at least, celebrate a bit and went to bed together. Of course he already forgot about Jesse or Nina because Blaine, in such a simple but strong way, was everything he could and, maybe, wanted to see and think when his boyfriend was around him.

"You've been pretty upset today," said Blaine as he climbed on the bed, studying Kurt's face with his beautiful eyes: "I felt how angry you were."

Sitting Kurt waited until Blaine was kneeling next to him, head cocked to the side and waiting for an answer. There was really no need to hide it from Blaine and lying was not even an option.

"I punched Jesse."

"You... what?" asked Blaine and stared at Kurt not able to close his mouth.

"He deserved it," said Kurt and shrugged like it was really no big deal. For him it wasn't so he explained more: "He is an awful person, heartless and selfish and I usually ignored him. But what he did to you is something I can't ignore. This asshole treated you like shit, like any other person would do like I did."

“Kurt... you didn't-”

“I did, Blaine. I treated you like shit. I know you forgave me and I'm not running around and feeling sorry all the time. I just know what I did and what I'll never do again. It was wrong and I won't let something like this ever happen again. He needed to learn a lesson.”

He heard a sigh falling from Blaine's lips but also saw the tiniest smile on those.

“Aren't you worried that he might ruin your career?”

“Not really. I've talked with Nina today and I told her about your job. I hope that's okay with you,” he said carefully watching Blaine's reaction and saw the understanding.

“It's okay. I understand why.”

“I'm not ashamed or anything,” Kurt began to explain and reached out for Blaine's hand, wanting to feel what was happening inside his soulmate – if he let him and Blaine did: “We've never talked about what you want or think about if I become famous. I'll be in the public eye and there will be gossip, photos, articles. They will ask me anything, maybe even follow me around and I'm already okay with that but... what about you?”

Silence was the first thing coming from Blaine while he held Kurt's hand and let his fingers caress the back of Kurt's hand. Then he spoke.

“What did Nina say?”

“She is fine with everything we decide to do. But I already told her that I want you to be safe from all of this. You are going to college and you have to focus on that. Studying is stressful enough.”

“What about my job?”

“I won't lie about it but I also won't mention it. We want to avoid it. Not lie or hide it but just avoid it.”

“Isn't this the same thing?” he asked, his eyes meeting Kurt's.

“I don't think so. It's none of their business. We share what we want to share and if it ever comes out I won't lie.”

“It can come out. Jesse could do such a thing or anyone else. They could use it to blackmail you.”

He already thought about that. People could be cruel, mean, and desperate to win something out of this – probably money or fame because they know something. But Kurt promised himself he wouldn't lie and he wouldn't let anyone harm Blaine or them. He wouldn't let his soul mate go through this alone and he would never deny who his soul mate is.

“Even if,” he said and squeezed Blaine's hand: “We'll go through this together. You are not alone anymore, Blaine. We are boyfriends, soul mates, we are meant to be and I do not only believe in that, I also want this to work out.”

“I... I just don't want to be a problem for you. I don't want to be the reason your dream won't come true or get ruined.”

“And you, my adorable boyfriend,” Kurt began to speak and leaned closer to place a kiss on Blaine's lips: “Need to stop being so selfless. It's not only about me or you. Now, it's about us and I'm sure whatever happens, together, we'll get through it. And I know we can because you've

been so brave for standing up for yourself and fight for a better life.”

There was this light pink color on his cheeks as his lips curled into a smile before he kissed Kurt again.

“I’m fine with you being famous and I’m okay with avoiding things for now. This is still new for me and I don’t know what it will be like when I start to study music. But I think this is the best way to start everything.”

“Good. But you need to sign something so Nina can do that. She needs to have your okay so she can do a good job.”

“Alright,” said Blaine and both lay down on the bed safe under the covers as their arms found their way around the other body in this natural way. Also how calm and strong their connection was, their souls free from all the black marks was truly a blessing and a good feeling. Yes, this was the way how Kurt imagined to be with his soul mate. Each touch closer to home, to the place where his soul belonged and holding the other soul so close that no harm could touch it.

“What would you say if we take some weeks off? We both have nothing to do through July.”

“I’d love that,” mumbled Blaine into Kurt’s shoulder: “Where do you want to go?”

“I’d really like to visit my dad,” said the older and all the sleep was gone from the younger’s eyes. Kurt tried not to laugh and kissed Blaine’s forehead: “Don’t worry. He is a good guy and he’ll like you.”

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Three days later they left New York and took a flight to Lima, Ohio with a very nervous Blaine next to his side when they arrived. There was really no need to be this nervous but Kurt couldn’t blame his soul mate for feeling this way. In the past days he had been worried about what his father would think of Blaine if he ever found out what he did, or, if his father would judge the age difference. Kurt explained that his dad would understand and even if not his dad had to accept it because they were soul mates.

But even if they weren’t Kurt knew his father and that he would need time but, eventually, understand and accept their relationship. Of course he tried to calm Blaine down and he succeeded for some hours before Blaine turned into a nervous mess all over again. When they landed in Ohio Blaine was just silent and squeezing Kurt’s hand through the whole drive to the house in which Burt Hummel was living in.

Kurt didn’t call his father because he wanted to surprise him – which was only another reason for Blaine to be nervous as hell – and as soon as he saw the familiar building all the memories warmed his heart up. The Friday evenings with him, his dad, Carole and Finn. The conversations and support he had with his dad. But in the past two years he didn’t visit his dad as much as he wanted to. He came home for Christmas and called him from time to time. So it was about freaking time to visit him.

“Don’t worry,” he said when Blaine just wouldn’t stop shaking as they walked closer and closer to the front door.

“Did you tell him anything?”

“No. Nothing. I just found not time to tell him anything.”

Kurt felt guilty for not telling his father anything but this was nothing new. It became a thing in the past years when Kurt turned into an adult and was part of the adult life. There was a loud noise coming from the dark clouds above them, signaling thunder and rain.

“Come on, it will be fine.”

With a final nod he reached the front door and Kurt knocked against the dark wood, listening and hearing the familiar sound of his father's steps. The door went open and the familiar and missed face of his father showed.

“Kurt!” Burt exclaimed and a wide grin stretched over his lips. Taking a step back he let his son inside and pulled him into a tight hug so that Blaine's and his hand lost contact.

“Ha ha, it's so good to see you.”

Kurt smirked at his dad when he pulled back and felt his boyfriend's hand holding his own again, clutching.

“But I'm also mad with you,” said Burt and all the happiness was gone from his face but not from his eyes. Those found their way to Blaine who literally froze and held Kurt's hand so tight that it almost hurt. Kurt only cocked his head while the younger man probably thought about the worst things. That Burt Hummel knew what he did, or, how old he was and didn't approve.

“Knowing that my son is a soul mate through a magazine is not a nice way.”

Kurt wanted to role his eyes but his dad was right. Being a soul mate was rare and special and since he had been interviewed and some people already knew it he almost felt bad for not telling his dad. But he really had other things in his mind.

“Well, now you meet him,” said Kurt and squeezed Blaine's hand: “Dad, this is Blaine Anderson, my boyfriend and soul mate. Blaine, this is my dad, Burt Hummel.”

It was Blaine who lifted his right hand first and Burt took it, holding it tight and shaking. Of course this made his boyfriend even more nervous but he tried to keep an even voice.

“It's a pleasure to meet you, Mister Hummel.”

Burt nodded before his eyes went from Blaine's head down to his toes and back to his eyes: “You are younger than my son, huh?”

“Okay, let's take this to the living room,” suggested Kurt before his dad would go is usual way. Asking out the guys Kurt took home. But there weren't many. Chandler and Adam were the only people his father ever had met but it was always the same. Of course Burt wanted to scare them but he was also genuinely interested who the person was next to his son.

Giving his father a warning look the older man only smirked and went into the kitchen while Kurt left their suitcase in the hallway and guided Blaine to the living room. His soul mate sat down, still not relaxed or even close to it so Kurt framed his face with his hands gently and gave him an encouraging smile as their eyes met.

“Calm down, okay? He won't judge you or anything. He'll be happy for us.”

It was not only the side of Kurt speaking which believed in what a soul mate meant. Also the side that loved Blaine was speaking. A side he still needed to understand and say out loud.

“I just want him to like me.”

“Oh, honey,” he sighed, not even noticing what he had called Blaine, but his soul mate did. The golden eyes were shining and mouth slightly open. Even if Kurt thought about it, was it such a big deal? No, it wasn't.

“He'll understand. Believe me.”

The promise they made, to always be honest to each other, included to be honest to Burt and their friends. To the people they trusted and this for many reasons. One was to keep Blaine safe from people like Jesse, second to be prepared if it comes out through the media or other people. Kurt was not surprised but Blaine was that Burt did understand the reasons why Blaine became a prostitute and also believed him – different from Kurt – that he was a virgin. Maybe it was a thing people could see and his dad was one of those people. For Kurt it was harder and maybe because he didn't want to get hurt again and believe in something that had never been true. Though they promised to tell the truth and he saw no reason for Blaine to lie.

“You have a very brave soul mate,” were Burt's final words about that topic and Blaine became calmer, finally.

“I guess it's fate that you met or something. I don't understand what it means to be a soul mate but I see how happy soul mates are and I'm really happy for the both of you.”

His soul mate smiled, really smiled and exchanged a glance with Kurt who squeezed his hand. They talked about Kurt's movie, about their plans how to deal with the media if it ever came out and then they ordered pizza which Kurt didn't approve. After dinner they both went to Kurt's old room and Blaine was clearly surprised that Kurt still had his room. He was just standing in the middle of it, looking around and lingering at each furniture, each picture for some seconds. Kurt sat down on his bed, watching Blaine and tried to figure out if this meant something.

Maybe it was just Blaine wanting to know something about Kurt and his past.

“Your dad didn't change anything? Since you moved out?”

“No. I tried to tell him that it's okay but he can be pretty stubborn. All Hummels are stubborn. He decided to keep this place as it is, so, that, whenever I'd come back I have a place for myself and feel home.”

When the corners of Blaine's mouth curled up Kurt figured that it was no happy smile. It was the one people wore when they thought about good memories. But it was not radiant, not even close.

“Are you still worried?”

“No,” said Blaine and sat down next to Kurt, resting his head on Kurt's shoulder: “I just... it's kind of childish maybe but I don't have something like this anymore. I have no room with memories from my childhood.”

Sometimes words weren't necessary and sometimes they were wrong. Kurt knew that sometimes a hug or some closeness was all a person needed. That's why he slung his arm around Blaine's back and let his hand rub over his arm, giving him what he probably needed now. To feel that he was no longer alone and had someone else and a new place to create memories. Also, talking it better wouldn't change the truth.



“Kurt?”

“Yes?”

“Can we visit my dad? In Westerville?”

All Kurt could do was nod. Of course he wouldn't say no if this was Blaine's wish. However, when he understood what this meant and what place they would visit. There was such a deep sadness tugging at his heart mixed with despair. Despair to help his boyfriend, despair to fill this gaping empty place in his heart. Yet Kurt knew this was impossible. He was over the death of his mother, but the place she had in his heart would always be there an aching for something to fill it.

“Of course we can,” whispered Kurt and kissed Blaine's forehead. The lump in his throat hurt, signaling the bitter sadness trying to find its way on his face. But he wanted to be strong for his soul mate.

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They stood up pretty early because it was hard for Blaine to find any rest. Though Kurt succeeded to calm him down Blaine still woke up from whatever nightmare. The connection let Kurt feel the mess his boyfriend's soul was, lost in whirlwind of the aching feeling when a person missed someone. Lost in the desperate wish to have this person back. Kurt knew this feeling. Maybe, for him, it was just a blurry memory and as a child he was constantly wandering where his mother was. As a child he was still dreaming she would come back some day.

Blaine lost his father two years ago – almost three – in a time when he fully understood what it meant when someone died.

Kurt asked Blaine if he wanted some breakfast and he was happy to hear that at least his appetite wasn't gone. Honestly, Blaine didn't look bad or very sad more like he was not sure how to feel. Only when he lay in Kurt's arms he could feel what truly happened inside this chaos of his soul. Still, Kurt said nothing and he didn't have to.

The thing with a connection like they had was, that, as soon as they weren't trying to hide things or break it they could feel everything. Things Kurt usually hid from others, things he never talked about. It had nothing to do with him not trusting his friends, not at all. This was probably a soul mate thing and without giving it a thought he let it happen. But he was glad that he couldn't reach those parts of Blaine's soul which he once almost touched. The places even private for soul mates. Or maybe it needed time before they could do that without sleeping. And this made Kurt uncomfortable for some reason. No, not because he was scared or anything. More likely because this was without a doubt a high responsibility to take. Knowing the depths of someone's soul and having no way to deny anything or lie about it. A place that held so many secrets people would never share.

All he hoped was, if the day ever came, he would be ready to do it right.

On their way to Westerville they weren't speaking much, letting Kurt's iPod do the entertain part. This was fine for him if this was what Blaine needed. After two hours of their rainy travel they arrived in Westerville and Kurt listened to the quiet voice, seeing the golden eyes swimming in a fog of memories but said nothing. Soon they reached the graveyard and when he found a place to

park both just sat there for a while, staring at the many stones between the trees. The rain was still falling, still showing how they both probably felt inside and then he heard Blaine sigh.

“I haven't been here for such a long time.”

“Do you want me to go with you?”

Their eyes met for the first time since they left Lima and it only took some seconds for Blaine to finally nod.

“I want him to meet you too. And... I want you there with me.”

Despite all the chaos inside Blaine he didn't notice this what Blaine said through his words. The small flame that guided Blaine through the hard times and never stopped shining. Not for one second since the day they had met. A flame maybe in red or blue like Kurt's eyes only for him. The string which connected them and always, always would lead them right back to the other. Kurt smiled, warm and grateful that he had such a place in Blaine's heart. And this, all of this made him love this boy even more because there was someone, maybe not believing in this soul mate thing but believing in them. Here he found someone who felt something special for him so he could get kisses, give kisses and find the place he never knew he was looking for.

“I'll be right next to you,” said Kurt and Blaine leaned over to him to give Kurt a kiss. Climbing out of the car Blaine took the flowers from the backseat and Kurt the umbrella, opening it so both could stand under it. Holding hands they walked through the gate to the graveyard, passing by the gray stones, the angels made of stone, the graves covered in flowers. After five minutes Blaine stopped walking and stood in front of the grave. The names of Patrick Anderson and Elina Anderson carved in the gray surface and showing that they left this life way too soon. A mother who never got the chance to see her son grow up and a father who loved his son but had to leave him.

Blaine was silent since they left the car and didn't move or made a sound when they stared at the two names. Slowly he let go of Kurt's hand and placed the flowers right under the names of his parents.

“Sometimes I really miss them especially dad. He was a good father and taught me so much. But sometimes I wish I wouldn't miss him. It hurts so bad that all I want is to stop existing.”

Kurt listened to his quiet voice, noticed the rain somewhere in the back of his head but mainly it was Blaine who was his focus.

“It's this empty place inside of me that I can't fill. I doubt it ever will but sometimes it's just so raw and open. But I know that time will heal it and maybe I need more time than I thought.”

“And that's fine. I'm sure they are proud of you and happy that you are fine now.”

“I just... wish you could have met my dad,” said Blaine and turned back to Kurt coming closer and wrapping his arms around the slim body, pressing himself against it. The older held him with his free arm, pressing a kiss on his damp curls and was sure that Blaine had a lot from his father. The good heart, the radiant smile, and maybe his eyes were a gift from his mother. He didn't say that because he was not sure if this was the truth. It was only a guess from his side when he recalled all the things Blaine told him about his parents.

For now he just held him and let the silence take over. Let his soul mate speak to his parents in a language for no one to hear.

The next two weeks they spent with laughter, with Blaine getting to know Burt and Carole and finding a lot of things in common with Kurt's dad. Stuff like football and food. It not only was he is soul mate and meant to be together with Kurt. Blaine also fit perfectly fine into his family. Which made his boyfriend calm and soon he was comfortable to be around his family. He was scared about this being a bad idea but in on their last day he was happy that they both decided to do this.

Back home Kurt let out a sigh of relieve. Thought he loved his family and really enjoyed being around them he was more than happy to be back in his own place. Blaine felt the same way judging by the smile on his lips. The suitcase was forgotten and the couch was more important, like cuddling. They weren't even hungry, not even Blaine, because Carole cooked enough for a whole football team during the two weeks. Changing into something more comfortable and putting on a movie they snuggled together on the couch.

However, he couldn't really focus on the movie. His mind was circling around the past two weeks, how he with each passing day fell more and more in love with his soul mate and how he wanted to tell him this. In the past weeks Kurt saw Blaine around his dad, one of the most important people in his life. Saw how they came along, how they became friends in a short matter of time.

It was like there had always been a place for Blaine in his family and now it was hard to imagine him not being a part of it. But there was also the part how his soul mate let Kurt through his walls, let him be a part of the things precious to him. There was no doubt that this was painful but also very personal for Blaine and yet he wanted Kurt to be a part of it.

All of this, every moment, every glance and smile touched him, moved him in a way words could not describe. The answer was in everything they shared, in Blaine's arms, in their connection and their hearts. Kurt wanted to share all of this, say all of this.

What he felt, what he thought and that he wanted to show Blaine all this. Not just through kisses and cuddles. He wanted everything. He wanted to know everything and then start all of this. Start the love he saw between other soul mates.

"Blaine?" mumbled Kurt against his temple, arms holding the familiar body closer.

"Yes?"

"I'm ready. I want to know everything."

# Love

## Chapter Notes

Hey guys! I hope you'll love this chapter because I really enjoyed it. There is fluff and so much I tried to tell through words and a song. Also, the song for me is like the perfect soul mate song. The next chapters will be a mix of drama, fluff and angst I guess. Drama for sure! And we'll meet Cooper ;) so any ideas or wishes? Tell me! And thank you for your patience and for your support, you are amazing, lovely people!

## Chapter 23. Love

Blaine blinked from his position in Kurt's arms and shifted so that there was some space between them, only to be able to make proper eye contact.

“Are you sure? Now?”

“If you don't want to talk now we can do that tomorrow. But, yes. I want to know everything. From the day you were born until now.”

Blaine hesitated but never broke eye contact and let his hand rub up and down Kurt's arms, like he was searching for something in their connection, waiting for something coming that told him it was not the right time. For Kurt it was the right moment. The time to open all cards and be prepared for the future but more importantly he wanted to know his soul mate.

“Will you tell me about your life too? I mean, I know a lot because of Carole and your dad. But I want to hear everything too, from you.”

“Of course. So tomorrow then?”

Nodding Blaine leaned closer again, kissing Kurt sweetly and resting his forehead against his cheek.

The next morning they woke up together and went to do some grocery shopping because there was nothing to eat. Back home they put the shopping in its place and ate breakfast together. Kurt had no interviews or anything else to do and Blaine would start his college life in five weeks. One week free was left for them. A week away from everything and just them in their home.

That's why they went to bed though it was 1 pm. With some cold soda – because it was pretty hot outside – they sat together on the bed and Kurt felt Blaine's eyes watching him carefully and searching for doubt, for something that told him it was not the right time.

"I'm ready, Blaine. Really. Whatever you'll tell me I'll handle it."

"You are saying that now. I'm not so sure about it."

Blaine didn't look like he was sad. More like he was leery to Kurt and if he was really ready to hear everything. Then he explained.

"I'm not ashamed of what I did. I just... I'm not sure what it will do to you, to us. I've never been intimate with someone I really liked. Everything was just part of my job and nothing special."

"Do you think I'll judge you again?"

"No. I know you won't," said Blaine and showed a small smile: "It's more about what impact it will have on us. It will change something between us."

"We will know each other better," smiled Kurt but his soul mate did not. He watched Blaine while they were silent, how his eyes went down to his hands which were holding the soda can. A small frown was all he could give mixed with the distrust he had.

"Do you trust me, Blaine? I mean really trust me?"

Maybe he didn't. Maybe he was still not over the things Kurt had said to him and hurt his boyfriend in a way he never wanted and never would do again. However, when Blaine told him he forgave him Kurt trusted Blaine without a doubt.

"I trust you. You've done so much for me in the past weeks that I don't have a reason to distrust you. I just don't believe in this soul mate thing. That, whatever happens we'll be okay, you know?"

"Why not?"

"Because we are still just two people. Humans with a heart and mind listening to those parts of us and deciding if we can be okay with something or not. And one day we'll just fuck up. You or I and I doubt we can forgive everything the other is doing or even tolerate it."

"But it worked out. I was sure I could never accept what you were doing and look at us now. I do accept it and I don't judge you. And it's not the connection making me think and do this."

"I know," smiled Blaine but it was soon gone, again: "I really thought you would never tolerate or accept what I did. I was pretty sure no one could do that. But you do and I do understand and see that it has nothing to do with our connection. Yet, it's hard for me to believe in this. That we are meant to be, that we will always be together no matter what will happen. That's not me because I'm used to let the things go I... that are precious to me."

"Do you want this, us, to work out?" He wondered if it was really about Blaine not wanting this or him really not able to believe in something like what they shared. The connection, deep and clear for them both. The moments when they felt something pretty intense, happiness, sadness, anger, bleeding through their very being and the other could feel it. The kisses, which were all amazing and a way to reconnect their souls, make this bond deeper and stronger combined with their cuddles, strong arms holding them together and calming the buzzing connection.

Blaine felt that, the part that made them soul mates and still question its meaning. But then, Kurt thought, it was like someone trying to convince him that god is real and he knew he could never believe in this.

"I want us to work out. I really do. I'm just so used to lose everything when it's good."

“Don't think that,” whispered Kurt and kissed him: “I won't go anywhere. I believe in all of this and you don't which is okay. I always liked the idea of a soul mate but it's so much more. A burden and a blessing.”

“But it's real, right? It's not some crazy connection making us want and like a person?”

“It's not the connection. This connection is more like a hint? Yeah, it's a hint but it's also something special, don't you think? Having someone who can truly share your feelings, understand them and know you in a way no one else ever will? Also... I kind of like the thought to be sure to have found the one and only, you know?”

Blaine shakes his head and maybe this was something a young man like Blaine couldn't understand because he had probably one boyfriend ever but was never truly in love with someone? Kurt knew what it felt to live with a broken heart or to fight with a partner. How it felt to desperately try to fix what was broken and how it just couldn't be fixed. The countless one night stands or nights at a club with the hope to find the person – more subconsciously than consciously – to spent rest of his life with.

It was such an old wish every person had to find someone to love and get love in return. Kurt never truly loved, liked yes, but never loved. He never met someone who made him feel this way or think this way. About a wedding, about a family, about a future until his dying day. Not even Blaine made him think that, yet. But he was someone special, something more and the closer he came the more it felt right. He formed this thought, this wish into a vivid dream without knowing it. And if Kurt was able to dream about this, a future with Blaine, than he was pretty sure this was right. So right that Kurt still couldn't believe he got this lucky and how he was ever able to fight against this luck.

“I don't understand or know how it feels like to be in a relationship and thinking, maybe that's it. I never had that, not really. But I have you and that is more than I ever have dreamed of. Actually, I never dreamed about something like this but I'm more than happy to be here and be with you.”

Blaine was rambling, blushing, making himself so vulnerable with his heart on his sleeves and letting them flow right through the connection to Kurt's soul. It made them both breathless all the things coming from Blaine's mouth and all the things they felt.

*I love you*, was Kurt's thought as he closed his eyes and rested his head against Blaine's temple, hearing his boyfriend breathing in and out. This was love, the love that made him breathless, crazy and dizzy. A love so big that he was drowning but not scared to suffocate because with Blaine by his side he knew he could breath. It really felt like he had never really breathed before.

“No more secrets?” asked Kurt as his mind slowly began to work again.

“No more secrets,” said Blaine and smiled at when he saw Kurt smiling.

Gently taking Blaine's free hand he moved a bit closer but keeping enough space so he could look at Blaine's face, into his eyes to not just hear the words but also see what they were doing to his boyfriend.

“Well, you already know what happened to my family.”

“You never blamed yourself for your mother's death, right?”

“No. Dad told me when I was born she knew it. She knew she would die but she smiled anyway when she held me. He said she looked so happy to see me, to know I was okay. So instead of blaming myself I did this. Live until I lost everything. I guess I never truly realized and still don't

that my father is dead. I was focused on school, I wanted to graduate and go to New York. Everything there hurt and I just needed to leave my old home.”

This thought even crossed Kurt's mind that Blaine still wasn't over the fact that he had no family. He accepted it when it was necessary, like when they found out they were soul mates. He used it as the truth whenever he needed to, but for him? For him it was still some kind of dream he was waiting to wake up from.

“But it's not like I expect him to be there, somewhere. I do know he won't come back but it just doesn't feel like he is gone, you know?”

“I guess I understand you at some point. I know my mother won't come back but it always feels like she is there, right next to me. Maybe she is. I like to believe she is but I know I can't go there and dream about that.”

Blaine nods, a warm smile on his lips: “It's the same for me but I miss some kind of closure. Something like breaking down and cry about this loss. I didn't do it when he died.”

Kurt squeezed his hand, shaking his head slowly: “There is no right or wrong way how to grief. It's okay if you don't cry.”

Now the smile he gave Kurt was the one only for Kurt and he kissed his cheek sweetly as a small thank you for understanding me.

“How was school?” asked Kurt to change the subject a little bit.

“It was okay. Though I'm super smart apparently and skipped a class. I had friends. I was even in a Glee Club because I just wanted to sing and play whenever I could,” his eyes and face changed into something brighter, not melancholic, not at all. From this Kurt could tell that he really enjoyed school. “But we lost contact after my father died because all I could do was focus on final exams and leave my home. Then I came here, with some money and you know how I met this guy, Paul is his name.” Silence and then Blaine asked: “You really want to know everything?”

Kurt nodded, squeezing Blaine's hand again and waiting for him to find the right words to begin with.

“Well, I never really had a boyfriend. There were some gay guys at my school but I never was interested in them. We just hung out and talked about what only gay guys can talk about. So I never had my first real kiss. I never kissed someone I liked. Not even when I was a prostitute. I mean it. There was really no one, not one single man I liked or felt something special for.”

A smile came from Kurt and he let Blaine know through his eyes that he believed him.

“When I began to work as a prostitute I promised myself to never have real sex. To never kiss someone and many of them don't come for kissing. They come to simply fuck but that was nothing I could give any of them. But I was scared someone would force me to sex so I couldn't really do my job. But I had to, I just had to.”

Silence and Kurt watched Blaine's eyes, focused on the can with soda in his hand and chasing the old memories of a time that once was his life. No dream, no idea, it had been real for him and he accepted it, just like Blaine.

“For some reason they liked the idea of me being a virgin. They liked the idea of being the first one ever who could touch me. But they also liked to get touched by a young virgin man. Many of them were older than me, almost as old as my father would be. Some were rich and some simple husbands. It was easy with them because they have kid themselves for, probably, they felt some

sympathy and didn't force me to have sex with them.”

Their eyes met. Gold searching in blue and green for the answer, for the *I believe you*. And Kurt did give him that look, showing him that he was trusting Blaine jumping into the cold water and let it happen. Without trust, he knew, their relationship would never work out. It would just take longer and longer and he wanted them to be honest, to be a couple without secrets, without distrust. He wanted to be family and friends, and more.

Blaine let out a sigh and leaned closer, resting his forehead against Kurt's cheek and whispering a thank you. The older just kissed his cheek. There was really no need to not trust Blaine's words. Not anymore. To be honest, he was happy that Blaine's virginity was important to him and he didn't throw himself away. And he also felt pride swelling inside his heart to be the person Blaine made this experience with. Not today, not tomorrow but maybe one day. For a second he even wished he could experience the same together with his soul mate. But life was not always perfect and since their age gap it was normal that Kurt experienced things Blaine didn't know yet.

“What did you do instead? I mean I saw the condoms and sex toys,” asked Kurt.

“Usually I let them touch me. Many of them got off by simply touching me and... do you really want the details?”

For some crazy reason, yes, Kurt wanted to know the details. Not because he wanted to know what Blaine could do but because he wanted to know what happened and what was okay and what not. He wanted to understand, to see what Blaine once had seen. He wanted to share all of his feelings and understand them and not just feel a fog of emotions.

“I do, Blaine. Though, when you feel uncomfortable talking about this I won't force you.”

“I'm okay with that I just want to be sure you are, still.”

His selfless boyfriend, always thinking about Kurt first before he thinks about himself. He sighed and nuzzled against Blaine's cheek before he spoke on.

“Well... like I said. I usually let them touch me or touched them and some liked to use toys. The condoms were for plays or for blow jobs. It was something I could live with though I really didn't want that. I wanted to explore those things with someone I love and my virginity and my first real kiss were the only important things left. Until I met Jesse.”

Taking the cans with soda and placing them on his nightstand Kurt opened his arms when he was sitting and his back resting against the headboard. Blaine immediately crawled to Kurt, right into his arms and their bodies slotted together like they were made for each other. Blaine had grown a bit but he was still smaller than Kurt which was another thing he loved about this boy. The tiny, yet strong body that was absolutely made for his to keep each other warm and safe.

His hand found its way to Blaine's soft curls, letting his fingers run gently and slowly through them and hoped he could make those memories of Jesse go away. Or, at least, show Blaine that this would never ever happen again.

“And then I met you. Because of Jesse I met you and it changed. Everything just changed,” mumbled Blaine against his chest.

“What changed?”

“My body was fighting against every customer. Whenever they came close, my body would do things I couldn't control and this meant I couldn't earn any money. Paul was angry and his guys came, beating the shit out of me and, I mean, you felt it. I had no idea what was wrong with me



until we met again. And when we found out that we were soul mates I was worried. I didn't want to ruin anything and I didn't want anyone to deal with me and my job. But I also didn't believe in this soul mate thing and acted... rude and cruel.”

“Testing the waters?”

“Something like that. And I'm sorry about that but I just had to.”

“It's okay. I think I understand.”

But Blaine's smile when he looked up to Kurt and shook his head before he nuzzled back against Kurt chest, told him that he probably didn't understand.

“It took me a lot of strength to be able to do anything but I made it somehow. Of course this was bad for our connection and I really didn't want to hurt you. And when... when we came closer I felt even more guilt and more dirty. I always made sure to take a shower before we talked or saw each other because I didn't want to make you dirty too. It felt unfair, wrong to not tell you the truth but I couldn't. It was my burden not yours.”

Holding Blaine closer he kissed his curls, letting the words sink in and closed his eyes, trying to push the pictures away. Pictures with Blaine and faceless men who wanted something from him he didn't want to do. A Blaine didn't know how beautiful being intimate could be. How a simple touch sent shivers down a spine, how lips could feel warm and soft on each inch of skin and make a person fall in love more and more. How good it could feel to just lie together and feel the heartbeat from the other. How the world just stopped for two people and all that mattered was them, breathing the other in and be one.

“Kurt?”

“Hm?”

“You... don't think I'm dirty or disgusting, right?”

How could he? It was impossible to see his soul mate as dirty or disgusting. He saw Blaine as his friend, his boyfriend and the person wanted to give all his love. It was not complicated, it was not hard to explain. He simply loved this boy who made his heart swell and fill his chest that he was almost unable to breath, scared that he might lose his mind.

“Of course not. I'm really happy that you didn't throw yourself away, you know? You kept something very precious to yourself and not many people do that. But I want you to know something,” said Kurt and let his arms slip from Blaine's body to held his face gently so they were looking into each others eyes.

“You are a beautiful, brave and good person. And any person who thinks you are not is a jerk.”

“So,” said Blaine and held himself up so that he was on his knees and straddled Kurt's lab. Not in a sensual way, not in a seductive way, just because he could. Though, for Kurt it was hard to force his hands to stay away from Blaine's thighs, away from parts he knew he shouldn't touch yet.

“You would do more, with me?”

“If you are scared that I would push you away I can assure you, I won't. I'm more worried about you not wanting me.”

The golden eyes looked down, staring at nothing while he chased his thoughts and Kurt watched

his face, saw the struggles Blaine had with himself but no idea what they were about. Leaning closer he ducked his head to look up into Blaine's eyes and felt a conflict coming from him, flowing through their connection and shining in his eyes.

“Honey?”

Finally their eyes met but no words were leaving Blaine's mouth.

“I mean it. I don't care how old you are or what you did. But I'm worried that you care and that you are worried about something.”

Blaine shook his head and gave Kurt a small smile still showing the conflict in his eyes and through their connection.

“It's not... I do believe you. There is just... there is something I have to tell you. Something I wanted to tell you since the day we met. But I never found the right words.”

Kurt watched Blaine pulling his phone out of his pocket, searching for something and then he looked back into the blue eyes: “I've heard it some days ago and it describes what I felt since the day we met.”

Kurt couldn't get a glimpse from the display and watched Blaine placing it next to them on the bed, the backside of it facing them and listened to the calm guitar as the first words were sung.

*The first time, ever I saw your face*  
I thought the sun rose in your eyes  
And the moon and the stars  
Were the gifts you gave  
To the dark, and the endless skies  
My Love.

His eyes looked back to Blaine's, seeing the hope and gold swimming in those, glowing with each sung word and screaming exactly all the things that were sung. All the things Blaine couldn't say with his own words. He didn't have to. Their connection, Blaine opening his feelings, his soul to him was enough, everything so Kurt would understand.

*And the first time, ever I kissed your mouth*  
I felt the earth move in my hands  
Like the trembling heart  
Of a captive bird  
That was there, at my command  
My Love.

It felt like he couldn't breath, like before, when he thought he would suffocate because of too much coming from them both, too many feelings, too much love he needed to kiss Blaine and share this, needed to give him a part of what he felt through a kiss. He needed Blaine so he would survive all the things he was feeling and also the things he felt coming from Blaine. Their lips met, Blaine leaning down and Kurt stretching his neck until they found the perfect angle. Chest flush against the other he let the memories flood his mind and heart. Memories of their first kiss, first cuddle, first time he held Blaine's hand and truly felt their connection.

And the first time, ever I lay with you  
I felt your heart so close to mine  
And I knew our joy  
Would fill the earth  
And last, til the end of time  
My Love.

The first time, ever I saw  
Your face  
Your face  
Your face  
Your face.

At the end of the song, when their lips parted he held Blaine in his arms, sitting on his lap and caressing Kurt's face. The touch from his soul mate, the kiss from his soul mate, nothing and no one could make him feel this way. No one could dig so deep into his soul and make him feel alive for the first time. Just his fingers on his cheek, his breath against his skin, everything was clearer, more tense, intimate in a way that couldn't be human.

Opening his heavy eyes he met Blaine's, just as heavy as his, darker, burning with an orange and yellow and some green. A darker hazel than before and it was not lust, it was not his boyfriend being horny. It was deeper, beyond the simple instinct when a person was attracted to someone. Beyond everything he had ever felt for someone and felt from someone.

His hands were resting on Blaine's shoulder, his head held my his soul mate's hands and melting into the touch forehead resting against the other and saw how Blaine licked his lips. Lips he wanted to kiss some more, kiss and seal the words that had been sung because yes, he felt the same. He didn't feel it when they met but he did it now.

"I love you, Kurt. I loved you since the first time I saw you. But I was sure no one would ever want me in a boyfriend way. And when we knew we were soul mates I was the happiest person ever but I couldn't show it. I was too scared and it felt so wrong to feel this way for you. Now I don't feel this way anymore. Now I simply love you and can't stop."

He felt it before, this big, strong feelings and wondered if it was that, if he could label those feelings as love or as something else. Deep down, in the parts of his being only Blaine could touch and only he himself could feel, he knew that it was love. The one he thought would never cross his way. A love between soul mates.

Swallowing and trying to smile he closed his eyes for a second, breathing in and then whispering the words back: "And I love you, Blaine. Everything you were and everything you are."

Maybe those were the words they needed to get out. Maybe exactly this was the thing that held Blaine and Kurt back and filled their minds with too many doubts, too many questions. But now it was out, everything that happened, everything they felt and he could see it in Blaine's face. Weeks ago he thought he knew his soul mates true smile, the soft and radiant smile. The one that melted his heart and made him fall in love with him more and more.

He was so wrong because this smile, how every tension just fell from his face, how the lips became a beautiful red and the skin softer, a beautiful tan color. And his eyes, god his eyes. Blaine wrapped his arms around Kurt's neck, nuzzling against his neck and Kurt held him, melting into the embrace.

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November

“How do I look?” asked Kurt who had been pacing through their bedroom for the last three hours.

“You look always amazing, Kurt. Don't worry,” answered Blaine already wearing his suit, hair perfectly smoothed down and smiling like he did for the last three hours. And he said the same over the last three hours. It was charming, of course, but it was not helping. Which was of course not Blaine's fault because this was Kurt, always wanting to look perfect. He tried five different suits and not one made him feel comfortable.

“I don't want to look boring or too freaky. It's the premiere. It's the first real time I'll be in public as an actor,” he said, nervous and fast and stared into the mirror, fixing his suit and rolling down his sleeves.

“Kurt,” sighed Blaine and stood up, pulling Kurt gently closer to him by his jacket and fixed it, smoothing down the black fabric: “You look amazing, beautiful and amazing. Your hair is perfect, you, are perfect. Now stop freaking out and let's get outside because they'll be here soon.”

In the last months Blaine's voice always was enough to calm him down and convince him that everything was okay. Now it was something he needed to hear to stay calm.

“You really want to go with me?”

“Don't worry about me. I'll be in the background together with Nina, so I'll be right behind you.”

“Mmh, I love you,” smiled the older and kissed Blaine. A small peck which changed into a full kiss, sensual and then deeper like it happened in the past weeks. Through August and September they were too busy and too exhausted to try anything. Blaine with his new college life and Kurt with planning and meetings. October turned out to be a bit quiet, gave them more time for each other and more time for kissing and going further but never there. Of course Kurt didn't push Blaine, accepted when he wanted to stop but his body was asking for more. He felt like a high school boy, not knowing when to stop and Blaine was the adult then, pulling back when it was just too much. Like he did now.

“Love you too,” whispered the younger and kissed him one last time before they went down the stairs and into the car which was waiting outside. Sitting in the back seat they greeted Nina who was sitting in the passenger seat and told them the details about how she would tell Kurt to whom to talk and who not and that Blaine should stay right behind her. But Kurt wasn't really listening because he already knew how this should work and what would happen.

All he could do was clench Blaine's hand. For some reason he was nervous, really nervous.



# Call

## Chapter Notes

I need to get this out though I wanted to ignore the comments that had been left on two of my fics:

It's called fanfiction and AU for a reason. It doesn't mean I have to stick to the character from the series. The amazing thing about fanfictions AND AUs IS that we can re-write characters and see them in different roles. We can read about our favorite characters and imagine them in different roles, in a different lives, in different times and different places.

It's a freedom we can enjoy and let our fantasy, our artistic side give some life through words. IDK how people start to judge others (or me) for changing a character when it's an AU. Seriously, that's THE most amazing thing about writing fics. If u don't like a genre or whatever version of a character a writer uses don't read it. We spend our free time to entertain other people and also do something we love to do. You can leave constructive critic, of course you can, but don't start to judge a fic or a person when you have no idea who the person is AND how the fic ends. I want this to be a happy place, to give people something to enjoy, something they can only feel through words. If you don't like Badboy!Blaine or innocent!Kurt or whatever version of these characters or other characters just leave this fic and the writers alone. You do nothing but hurt people instead of making people happy and help them with some constructive critic.

And now I hope those people who enjoy this fic are going to enjoy this new chapter.

## Chapter 24. Call

Being famous was never a part of Kurt's dream. His personal dream. But it was a part of his job, being an actor, a performer. His goal was to play roles, pretend to be someone he would never be and entertain people, make them smile, cry, move them in a way only a good performer could. He never wanted fame, people screaming his name or going all crazy when they saw him. It was just a part of his job and though it was flattering and nice to hear that people liked him, liked what he did and let him know that he did good, he really wasn't expecting this. Nor wanting this.

When he and Linda walked over the red carpet and expected to freeze or shiver they did this because of other things. There were people, young people, old people, cheering, screaming. Flashlights almost blinding them both and microphones stretched towards them while the people from whatever magazine or channel waved them over. But it was not the right time, not yet. Nina told him to pose, let the people take some pictures, sign some autographs after that they would give some interviews. He looked behind his shoulder, Nina mouthing wait and Blaine giving him an encouraging smile while his own eyes were wide and a little bit scared. Kurt wanted to go to him, take his hand and tell him that it was fine, no one knew the truth but he couldn't. So he decided to focus on the flashlights from the cameras and smiled at Linda who was wearing a

gorgeous white dress.

It was so loud that he had to lean closer to her to even hear what she was saying and then there were Robert, Clara, and the rest from their crew. Noah was in the middle, grinning from ear to ear and soon they were all together and let the lights blind them for some seconds. They separated after that and gave the interviews, Nina right behind Kurt and Blaine behind her, holding some papers.

Every interview began with the same words, congratulations to the movie and his first leading role and then what it felt like to play his first leading role. They avoided the questions about his personal life, about him being a soul mate like Nina said it would happen. His trust in her grew bigger and bigger.

But on the other side he wanted them to know. He wanted everyone to know that he had someone, a soul mate, a boyfriend who he loved so much that it sometimes hurt. Not in a painful way, more in a way that he had no idea what to do with himself. And thought this was something they agreed on, Blaine being in the background and Kurt the focus he really wished more people would see what a beautiful, brave and amazing human being his boyfriend was. He just wanted to shout it out and show how proud he was. Not just for the world to hear it but also for Blaine to hear it.

Yup, Kurt Hummel could be such a romantic person if he wanted to but all of this would be just over the top. Knowing that he focused on the questions, signed some more autographs and soon they were all inside the theater and presenting their movie.

Three hours later they went to the party to celebrate together and meet other actors, directors, musicians. Anyone who was interested in their movie, in the actors or was just a good friend. A good opportunity to get a new job, make new connections and – more important – finally be with his soul mate like he wanted them to be. He wanted to hold his hand, share every second of this happiness about his dream coming true with Blaine. But he also wanted to show how sorry he was for dragging Blaine along and stay in the background – of course Blaine was fine with that but Kurt still felt bad about it.

It felt like how Blaine once described it to him. That Kurt was the shining coin that everyone wanted and Blaine the dirty one, somewhere in the shadows. Of course he never saw it like Blaine described it but it just felt like that. Inside the car he kept Blaine close to his body, just nuzzling against his temple and sharing some sweet, short kisses without saying a word. There was no need to thanks to their connection.

And his boyfriend smiled at him, wide and proud and melted into each touch, each kiss like he needed it to be sure that everything was still okay. Kurt let his hand move up and down Blaine's back, slowly, gently and with his free hand he held Blaine's, telling him that everything was okay. This felt amazing, sharing something that made Kurt incredibly happy with a person close to him. With a person he loved deeply.

“As soon as you two are inside the building you don't have to be apart anymore,” said Nina with a warm smile on her lips as she turned around and looked over her shoulder to them.

“That's good,” murmured Kurt against Blaine's forehead and looked through the darken windows, already seeing the people gathering together and walking into the building. Nina and Blaine left the car first and Blaine opened the door for him, waiting until Kurt walked forward and the other two right behind him.

Like some hours before there were flashlights, voices and Kurt waved at them but kept on walking until he met his co-workers and together they entered the building. There was music, food, people in suits and dresses and soon they found their friends who, of course, Kurt invited too. He wanted this night to be special and celebrate this night with all the people close to him.

But the first thing he did before he could greet anyone was taking Blaine's hand when the door behind them closed.

Pride was growing inside him, filling each part of his being and he made sure Blaine could feel that, feel all of this so he wouldn't be worried for even a second. He was proud about what he achieved, proud about never losing his focus, and proud to have a soul mate, to be with Blaine.

Feeling the younger squeezing his hand and nuzzled against Kurt's arm he still could see the blush reaching the tips of Blaine's ears.

It was too adorable and he was happy but also a bit disappointed when their moment alone had been stolen by Elliot being an obnoxious fangirl. Martin rolled his eyes because of his boyfriend, Mercedes almost reacting the same way Elliot did and Sam smirked.

Elliot pulled Kurt into a tight hug, making him gasp and did the same to Blaine.

"I have no idea what makes me more happy. You two or what a successful evening this is for my friend."

"It's both of course," said Mercedes and squeezed Kurt and then his boyfriend.

"You two are idiots," groaned Kurt but kept his smile and was glad to hug a sane person when it was Martin's turn to congratulate Kurt and then Sam's turn.

"Now," said Elliot and handed them all a glass of champagne: "let's raise our glass to Kurt and also to Kurt and Blaine. And then you'll go and meet all the important people so you'll be back with us and we can celebrate together."

He really wanted to role his eyes but Kurt couldn't. Seeing how proud their friends were, seeing how they were really, really happy about his dream coming true he was almost teary-eyed. Blaine felt it and gave Kurt's hand an encouraging squeeze.

"You want to come with me?" asked Kurt Blaine after they took a sip of their champagne.

"This is your night and I want it to be about you. I'll be okay here with our friends."

And Kurt would have been okay with Blaine around him. He would have been okay with people seeing them together, here, knowing they were boyfriends and in love. But maybe this was something Blaine didn't want so Kurt nodded, leaned closer and kissed him sweetly, whispering an 'I love you' and getting one in return.

Elliot made a sound that was not human and when Kurt saw his smirk and sparkling eyes – Mercedes did the same – he almost blushed. In the past months they both weren't able to see their friends that often so there was also no chance to act like a couple around them. It was something new for them all and he knew, as soon as they found more time for their friends there was no way he would be safe from the catcalls and stupid grins of his stupid friends who he loved deeply.

"They are so cute I think I'll vomit rainbows," said Elliot with a high and excited voice.

"Have fun with our crazy friends," Kurt whispered into Blaine's ear and got that adorable giggling sound from his boyfriend before he walked through the crowd of people to find Linda and Robert.



Clara was laughing about something, holding her belly – her laugh was infectious.

“Kurt!” exclaimed Linda, Ronald right next to her with a smile on his face.

“Come here super star!” said Robert and handed him another glass of champagne: “Noah just told us about the reviews and literally everyone loved the movie!”

Robert's eyes were so wide and shining it made Kurt's smile grow and grow that his cheeks almost hurt. Like on instinct he reached out for Blaine's hand but it wasn't there. Yes, of course, he was with Elliot.

“It's not official yet but Noah already knows,” added Clara with just as much excitement.

They stared at each other, excited, still trying to understand that this was real and when Noah came, chest out, head high and such a proud look on his face Kurt knew it was real. This was real. He made it, he was the star in a movie, a successful movie and everything else would just come. It would happen and he already thought about the roles he could play, roles which were hard or fun, roles which were complicated or easy. He wanted them all, he wanted to perform and act and see life through different eyes.

Soon they were talking with producers, directors and even Hilary was there, the woman with the brown long hair and amazing green eyes. The woman who had been so in love with Blaine.

Kurt remembered the movie she talked about to him but felt almost sorry that he didn't pay as much attention as he wanted to back then. He had been too angry and too hurt to focus on anything.

“Kurt! My congratulations to you and your co-workers!” she said with her soft voice and came closer looking even more beautiful and then they hugged. It took Kurt a second or two to relax and then he grinned back.

“Thank you, Hilary.”

“Oh no, thank you for your amazing performance. Really, you are amazing, just amazing and I would do anything to have you in my next movie.”

Kurt smiled, politely, though he felt the pride swelling inside of him. Hilary wanted him because she saw his talent and not because he was topic number one together with his co-workers.

“It would be an honor, really. But I'd like to know what it is about.”

The look and smile, how pleased she was but also happy alarmed Kurt. He mattered, he wouldn't say yes to any job. But he kept his polite face and listened when Hilary explained.

“It's about a father looking for his son who disappeared together with his mother. She has a mental disorder but no one believed him when him. It's drama, pure drama.”

And Kurt loved drama. So he tried something he never dared to do before.

“I tell you what, send me the script and I'll think about it?”

Hilary stared at him, studying his face and then – probably when she saw that there was no need to distrust Kurt – and nodded slowly, the warmth he missed coming back.

“Alright. But, where is your soul mate?”

His soul mate, yes. Most of the people here knew Blaine as his soul mate. But he became more than that and Kurt was even more proud to finally announce this, though, it was only within a small group. But at least a group he knew he could trust at some point. Well, he trusted Nina and when she said it was okay to be who they were then he would show it.

“My boyfriend is with our friends over there.”

“Boyfriend? Aww, so you two figured it out?”

Kurt nodded, blushing, proud and without any hesitation.

“I’ve never worked with a soul mate but I know there are some things you can’t do with others, right? Like when you play in a romance?”

He remembered what Blaine told him, how he was able to do certain things and some he couldn’t do. Kissing and having real sex was impossible. Anything else was possible but it took some time but still left an unpleasant feeling. What Blaine had felt came straight to Kurt and he didn’t want to experience that, ever.

“That’s true and I know it’s a huge disadvantage but I’m also not the type of guy who wants to play in a romance.”

“Well, I have no idea how it feels like to be a soul mate but I guess it’s also a good thing, hm?”

Kurt nodded, only nodded because it was the thing soul mates didn’t share with other people. Things that were hard to tell, hard to describe through words and things touching him so deeply he felt even vulnerable feeling them. Vulnerable but also safe, loved and good. So good. Whatever happened between him and Blaine, whatever they shared it was only for the two of them. It was precious to him, anything between them and sharing this with strangers was impossible. No one would understand, no one could feel it. Only he and Blaine.

He talked with other people, about his role, about the movie and Hilary was not the only one offering him or his co-workers a job. But whatever role they offered Kurt or his co-workers they decided to think about it and not just jump into the cold water.

Still he made a memo to himself to call the Department of Soul Mates. They needed to visit them anyway because they were soul mates for a year now and also to show them that they had already made The Last Bond. Kurt only wondered when. Tomorrow he needed to get ready for Chicago and LA and wouldn’t be back for almost two weeks. Two weeks without Blaine for the first time. He wanted to take Blaine with him but he also knew how hard college could be. They both could do that, of course, they were soul mates but he it felt wrong to get special treatment than any other couple. Also, they were fine, they were doing good and he was sure that their connection would not suffer.

Two weeks. Two weeks were nothing, right?

Walking back to his friends he found them laughing, talking but there was no Blaine with them. He looked around trying to find him but he was nowhere. Walking a bit faster he soon stood next to the table of his friends, worry written over his face though he was sure Blaine was still here.

“Where is Blaine?”

“He is talking to some old man right next to the small stage,” said Mercedes.

Kurt stood on his tip toes, looking over the heads and found Blaine, talking with Jack about something. The urge to go over there was big – he had not been around Blaine for the past two hours – and it took him a lot to stay right where he was. Luckily after ten minutes Blaine came back with a smile on his lips which grew wider and warmer when he noticed that Kurt was also back.

The older gave him a happy smile in return and squeezed his hand when they found each other.

He felt Blaine's cold hands and something else coming from him. Not fear, no anger, it was more like a shock? Something shocked him?

“Are you okay? Something happened?”

But Blaine kept his smile, shaking his head and Kurt was not sure if it meant exactly 'no' or 'I'll tell you later'. After two more hours and more laughs and drinks they left the party.

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Blaine was already lying in their bed, scrolling through his phone but his eyes went directly to Kurt as he walked up the stairs. Watching his boyfriend turning the phone off and playing it on the nightstand he smiled softly as Kurt climbed on the bed, giving him a kiss and asking – finally – what was bothering him for hours now.

“Something happened when I was gone? I mean at the party?”

The hazel eyes looked down, his hand resting on Kurt's and then he spoke, slowly, calmly.

“There was just a guy... an ex costumer.”

Instead of being surprised that someone in his business did that, looking for young boys who sell their body he was angry. Someone who asked for something Blaine couldn't give him, someone who touched him and knew places Kurt even didn't know made him angry. Maybe even jealous but mainly angry. Deep inside him he wished he could erase all these memories from Blaine's mind just so he would make his first intimate experiences with someone he loved.

“Did he say something?”

“He didn't recognize me but it was strange and I also was scared that I would ruin the party.”

Kurt scooted closer, one arm around Blaine's shoulder and shook his head.

“If anything had happened then it wouldn't have been your fault, Blaine. All the people you met were looking for you and your service.”

“I know that. I also know that many of them don't even remember me. But when I see them and know what could happen I get worried.”

“It won't happen and you will never have to be a prostitute again,” whispered Kurt and kissed his temple.

“You are here, with me and we love each other.”

Blaine's face lit up and a small giggle escaped his mouth.

“That we do,” said the younger, his eyes finding Kurt's and his lips accepting the kiss. A sweet kiss like all the kisses were when they went to sleep. This time though Kurt wanted more, something else and of course only when Blaine was fine with that. Tomorrow he would leave him and not come back for two weeks and he wasn't sure what it would do to him missing Blaine.

So he slowly deepened the kiss and hummed when Blaine responded, letting Kurt's tongue inside his mouth. Yes, this was good, this was right and he was the only one allowed to share this with his soul mate. Feeling Blaine's hands capturing his face he moved closer, not breaking the kiss while he climbed between Blaine's legs and hovering above the smaller body. Kissing was always amazing, always. The soft lips, warm and responding in a different way and he wondered if he ever got used to this incredible feeling.

It was like each brush of lips shoot waves of warmth through his body, down his spine and into the deepest places of his whole being. It was almost like an addiction. Kurt shuffled closer, moving so he was almost sitting on Blaine's lap and grinding down. They both broke the kiss to moan, feeling the other half hard and for Kurt this was a good sign. Though Blaine loved him he was still not sure if Kurt gave him what he needed, what he wanted. Honestly, he had no idea what turned him on and it was also a topic he was scared to ask.

Blaine had made experiences he didn't. And who knew what he expected from Kurt. Or if he expected something at all. So, there was nothing else left but to figure it out. And that Blaine wasn't stopping them was a good sign for him.

“Love you,” murmured the older against those beautiful lips and felt Blaine's smiling. He took this as an okay to do more, try more. His hands moved down to the collar, finding he buttons and slowly opening the first one while moving his hips down, giving them both the needed friction. Everything became warmer, hotter and he wanted Blaine to enjoy this, experience this new kind of closeness but then the other hands found his and stopped him from opening more than two buttons.

“Kurt...”

“Yes?”

He was so lost in his pleasure, so lost in wanting more and letting Blaine know that this could be something good, something wonderful.

“Can we... can we stop, please?”

And like that all his pleasure, all the lust and the want for more was gone replaced with concern instead of frustration. For Blaine he had a lot of patience really, still he couldn't stop the concern, couldn't stop worrying if he wasn't good enough. But they were soul mates, meant to be together and make each other happy. It was what he believed in and yet, after months this didn't work out.

“Of course we can,” said Kurt with a forced smile. Rolling off of Blaine's body he closed his eyes and took a deep breath, trying to ignore his half hard cock. Desperately he held on the thought that he believed in their fate and Blaine's body was reacting to him, he felt him getting hard too. But there was something, something that was not right.

“I'm sorry, Kurt. I know you... you want more but-”

“No, it's okay,” Kurt said feeling Blaine's hand on his arm and his lips close to his cheek so he

turned to his side, facing Blaine and giving him an honest smile: “We can talk about this when I come back, okay?”

Maybe Blaine wasn't just ready to loose his virginity or maybe he was ashamed? Whatever it was Kurt wanted to know it and help him, help them but not today. He wanted them to be okay, happy before he left for two weeks. Letting their connection open so Blaine could feel it that he was honest and that he really was not angry he kissed his cheek, just to be sure that there was no doubt left. But there was some left in Blaine's golden eyes.

“I mean it. I'm not angry or anything. If you are not ready that's more than okay and if you want to talk about this we can do that when I come back. Now you have your final exams and I want you to succeed so everyone will see your incredible talent.”

And the doubt faded from his eyes made space for a happy shine.

“I love you,” murmured Blaine against his neck.

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It was crazy, each passing day was crazy. He spent a week in Chicago and was even more busy then in New York. First there was the premiere with fans wanting autographs, and photos, photos for magazines, blogs and interviews for different channels and magazines. Not to forget the after party with all other people from Hollywood. It was fun, yes, and with Linda and his other co-workers he really had a good time unless there weren't some people trying to talk him into something. Without Nina he knew he would have been lost and also without his other co-workers.

But Kurt was talented and so he knew how to put on a fake smile which looked real enough. The perfect poker face and he needed to show everyone around him that he was okay. Especially at the end of the week when he lay on the bed in his hotel-room, missing Blaine more and more. Calling each other was not an option because there was no tie for that. The only time they had talked was when Kurt landed in Chicago and after that he was just too busy and it was too late to call Blaine who, probably, was lost between books and notes for his final exams.

So the only way to communicate happened via texting each other.

It was not enough. It was never enough. He missed his voice and his warm body. Missed his scent and his lips which could curl up into this beautiful form and make his heart melt. Two weeks, he thought, two weeks would be easy but he already missed Blaine after three days. Especially when he had nothing to do or no one around him. Nothing that made him focus on something else than the aching feeling inside his heart.

In LA at the after party of their premiere he couldn't hold it back anymore and opened up to Linda, the only soul mate with him.

“How do you do it? Being away from Ronald and not go crazy?” asked Kurt and took a long sip from his drink.

“Well, Ronald and I don't have such a deep connection like you and Blaine have but it get's easier after some time. Maybe it will take a bit longer for you two but you get there.”

“I really miss him,” he knew he sounded like a kid but it was the truth.

“I know you do. It was the same for me when I couldn't see Ronald for weeks. Luckily our connection was pretty strong at that time and now it's still a challenge but it's easier to handle.”

She was right, so right. Without their stable connection and them being finally a couple Kurt wouldn't even be here and got to meet all the people, all the job offers. Exactly this that meant so much to him, that he wanted for years meant so little since Blaine stepped into his life and caught his heart.

Two days later he was sitting in a radio station, talking about his movie together with Robert. They answered questions, made jokes and it was really fun doing that. But later he felt his phone vibrating. Once, twice, even a third time and he was sure this was just Elliot texting him and being the silly, annoying friends he could turn into. But then there was a feeling coming, crawling through his connection and letting him feel alarmed, almost panicked. His phone vibrated again, this time longer and he knew it was an incoming call.

It was a call coming from Blaine who was anything but okay. Kurt turned around, giving Nina that look and she nodded, making a gesture so everyone knew Kurt needed to leave. Saying a breathy goodbye into the microphone he pulled his phone out as they left the building. Hands two sweaty, shaking and ears waiting to hear Blaine's voice, heart and soul aching even more because he had no idea what was happening.

“Blaine!?” he exclaimed when the beeping sound stopped.

“Kurt...” the voice shaky, high and making the panic Kurt felt even more real. His own and Blaine's mixed together.

“I'm sorry but.. I need you. Something happened and... I need you here.”

# Brother

## Chapter Notes

Hey guys! Sorry for the late update but my life is a bit crazy right now. It calms down slowly so I hope I find more time and strength to give u more updates during the week. For now I hope you'll enjoy this one since I left you guys with a bad cliffhanger. And just like my life, crazy things are going to happen to our boys.

## Chapter 25. Brother

Kurt hurried to the airport while Nina stayed in L.A. to handle and cancel everything that had been planned. Whatever had been planned was no longer important to him. He left more than enough money in for the cab and jumped out of the car while the driver gave him his suitcase. Running towards the airport he couldn't really focus on anything, didn't hear some people calling his name. All he could hear was Blaine's voice, shaking, high and pleading him to come home.

Not exactly home but to Elliot. For some reason Blaine was not in their home, he was at Elliot's and Kurt was almost sure that it had been Elliot's idea to call him. Because Blaine always cared about Kurt more than about himself and knowing that he wouldn't have called him though something happened... no. He couldn't think about that and go totally crazy.

He texted Blaine that he would be back soon but his flight felt longer than it actually was and it took a lot to not let his thoughts take over. He needed to stay calm, needed to let Blaine feel that he was calm otherwise he knew his soul mate would get worried and blame himself even more.

Back in New York he texted Elliot to ask about how Blaine looked like. *Nervous as fuck*, was Elliot's answer and Kurt felt that too but also more.

Taking a cab and being recognized by the driver he almost rolled his eyes and really, he appreciated his fans or people who noticed him but it was the last thing he needed now. Finally at Elliot's place he pressed the doorbell several times and when Elliot opened the door he quickly walked pass him and found Blaine sitting in the living room.

The difference between feeling what Blaine felt and seeing him hit Kurt pretty deep. While feeling he could only guess what his boyfriend looked like. Was he hurt? Was he crying? There were enough possibilities. But Blaine was not hurt, his eyes weren't red. He looked like he was sick, all the color gone from his face and body stiff. The moment their eyes met Blaine relaxed, just a bit, and stood up, both meeting in the middle.

"I'm sorry," was the first thing his soul mate said as their arms held each other close.

"Don't be. You had to call Kurt," said Elliot when he came back into the living room, Kurt's suitcase in his hand rolling behind him.

Kurt needed a moment to collect his thoughts and to realize that he was finally back here, in those arms he belonged and felt better, so much better than in the last days. After that he remembered why he even came back, that Blaine had called him and pulled back to look into his eyes. No, he was not hurt, not from the outside.

“Hey,” he smiled while thinking that he had never imagined their reunion to be like this. He actually hoped he would come home to a happy Blaine, being as giddy with happiness as Kurt would be and kiss each other senseless. Unfortunately this was not the case so Kurt decided to do what was the best thing for now. Staying calm and stay close to Blaine. They had been apart for almost two weeks and it was more important to give their souls what they needed before Blaine explained or Kurt asked anything.

“Hey,” breathed Blaine and melted into Kurt's hands which were holding his face.

“Can you leave us alone for a while?”

“Sure. I'll be in the kitchen,” smiled Elliot and as soon as he left Kurt took Blaine by his hands and both sat down on the couch. Just then he noticed he still had his black coat on and took it off, letting it rest on the backrest of the couch before he turned back to face Blaine who's eyes never left his face. Big, golden and still figuring out if Kurt was really here or not.

“I'm here Blaine,” smiled Kurt, leaning closer to press a kiss, a missed and needed kiss on Blaine's lips. Blaine kissed him back just the way Kurt hoped it would happen. Desperate, missed and needed like air. The connection began to warm up and filled their souls with the missed half. Light, warmth and love was flooding their bodies so that Kurt couldn't help but sigh. Right after the kiss Blaine did something he hasn't done in months. He looked down, guilt and shame all over his face and Kurt felt his own panic trying to touch the surface of his soul.

“I've lied to you,” Blaine said, eyes meeting Kurt's and that was something else. The hazel was fixed on the blue eyes, letting him see that he was sorry about whatever lie he had told Kurt.

“What lie?” asked Kurt, still staying calm but feeling the hurt growing. They said ‘no more lies’ and he was sure Blaine didn't lie to him after they made this promise. The phase when he simply judged Blaine for whatever mistake he made was long over and he decided to first listen.

“It's... it's about my family.”

Kurt blinked and squeezed Blaine's hand well knowing that when they got tested they told him, even had evidence that no one from Blaine's family was alive. If even one person had been alive Blaine would have lived with that person. This was not the case so Kurt felt rather confused than hurt. Also, he and Blaine visited the grave of his parents so Kurt had really no idea what he was talking about. His boyfriend felt the confusion and took a deep breath, hazel meeting blue to show him what the younger meant.

“The woman my father married, the mother of Cooper... she is alive.”

While Blaine looked worried, almost scared to hear what Kurt thought about that all he could do was blink and process what his soul mate just told him. His parents were dead but his stepmother was still alive? And Blaine said that she died together with his father?

“Why didn't you tell me?” his voice was calm, not angry, not upset just calm.

“I... we... we never came along, you know? We basically hated each other. So... after my father died I focused on school and as soon as I graduated I came here to be far away from her. So I didn't tell you about her.”



The memories of Blaine's past were things he couldn't see but Kurt felt that it was the truth. Deep inside his soul mate lived a conflict. One that could have been considered as hate for this woman so he nodded slowly, still trying to figure out what made her so scary. So much that Blaine even called Kurt.

“Why are you so scared, though? It's not like she can take you away from me,” lips curled up into a small smile to calm Blaine down and he smiled in return for some seconds.

“She is scary, really. When dad died and we were living together she... constantly told me how wrong it was to be gay and shit. You know what people think about gay guys in Ohio and whenever someone knew I was and gave me these looks she simply agreed... to a total stranger. She even took the money my father had left for me for college.”

The question Kurt had been asking himself sometimes found its answer. Blaine always spoke of his father with so much pride and so much love that he asked himself if his father saved some money for his son's future. The answer was out and Kurt couldn't even stop the anger bubbling inside of him. He wasn't even sure if he should hide it or not because Blaine was still a mess, still worried and so scared that he wondered if there was more between him and his stepmother.

“That's why Cooper left. He knew she only wanted my fathers money and when he died she only needed to get rid of me. I just... ran away. It was too much for me. And now she is here and I... I don't want her near us. I don't want her to hurt you.”

“And I don't want you to get hurt, Blaine,” he spoke quietly and let it all sink. There were even more answers about his soul mate. That bad things happened to him was not a secret but knowing this explained even more why Blaine didn't believe in soul mates. He was so used to lose everything that promised a bright and happy future. First his mother, then his father and then there was this woman stealing what was Blaine's and a man who threatened him and Blaine had no choice but to walk a road that let people think even less about him than they already did in Ohio.

“How do you know she is here though?”

Blaine swallowed, closed his eyes and Kurt felt how tense he became again. Gently he let his fingers run through the gelled hair and watched him relaxing, just a little bit.

“I've seen her on the campus. Of course she found me because she knew I wanted to study music. I didn't talk to her, I was hiding, waiting until she was gone but she kept on showing up over and over again. Today she was following me and I couldn't take the risk for her to find out where I live, where we live and came here to Elliot.”

“But how did she know you are here? In New York?”

“I have no idea. I never said I wanted to go to New York. I could have been anywhere. But she is here, she knows where I study and I don't know what to do to keep her away from you.”

Kurt was not sure if it was okay to smile because of Blaine and how much he cared about his safety. He told Blaine once that it was not only about keeping him safe and Blaine not. It was about the two of them and he wanted to remind Blaine about that but then, seeing how worried he was stopped Kurt from doing that.

“I'm sorry, though. I know I should be able to deal with this but-”

“No, you did the right thing. And no, you don't have to be able to deal with everything,” stopped Kurt him with a smile and let his hand run up and down his arm, the other holding his hand, knees touching and those big eyes still looking into his.

“You are still young. You are smart, yes. You are young and there will always be things you don't know how to deal with. And you, calling me was the right thing to do. I love you, Blaine, and whatever scares you, whenever you need me, you just have to call.”

a heavy sigh fell from the younger lips, head resting on the backrest of the couch and clearly relaxing, finally relaxing.

“You know that Elliot made me call you?”

“I know,” whispered Kurt leaning closer so he could kiss his boyfriend. Not shortly or just to calm him down. They kept on kissing in the sweetest way possible. Lips finding each other in this perfect way, the feeling of Blaine's thumb caressing the back of his left hand, his own fingers entwined with Blaine's. He loved them all, the sweet moments and the moments when they wanted more.

“I missed you,” whispered Kurt against Blaine's lips, eyes still closed.

“Me too,” mumbled the younger and nuzzled into Kurt's neck. He wanted this, a moment to be close and relax. A moment to get the strength back he was sure they needed.

“We better get Elliot back here. It's not nice to occupy his living room for a make out season.”

Blaine giggled then nodded and pulled back giving Kurt a warm smile but his eyes were still filled with worry.

“We'll figure this out, honey. She won't come near you or me.”

But Blaine said nothing and this was not surprising at all. This boy stopped believing that life had anything good for him in store and Kurt really wanted to change this. He didn't want to change Blaine because he was perfect as he was but he wanted him to hope, to enjoy and believe in their love.

“I love you,” those words came out with a small hint of desperation. Like all Blaine wanted was to believe and never lose this love. Kurt felt it, this small, stinging feeling of desperation from his boyfriend and wished he could take it away. But that, he knew, needed time and Blaine needed to convince himself that this, them, would last.

“I love you, too,” said Kurt with a calm voice and saw the boy who could be brave, so brave. He had been brave when he called Kurt out on what he did and said to Blaine. And if he could be brave and fight for who Blaine loved and what he wanted, then, Kurt was sure, he could also be brave and stand up for himself in front of anyone.

Kissing his cheek he slowly stood up, feeling how his soul and their connection didn't want to break the contact yet. They could cuddle more and kiss more at his place. Right now he needed to talk to Elliot.

He found Elliot standing at the window, which gave the perfect view down on the street. Usually his friend never stood there and spied people that's why Kurt raised one eyebrow. Until it hit him probably why he looked outside.

“You can come back if you want to.”

Elliot turned around, lips formed into a smile and hugged Kurt hello when he approached him.

“You guys okay?”

“Yes. Thank you for taking care of Blaine and that you convinced him to call me. I'm sure he would have waited.”

Pulling back Elliot nodded slowly.

“Did Blaine tell you anything about her?”

“He said she is his stepmom and that they don't come along.”

Kurt huffed and folded his arms over his chest.

“She is a homophobic bitch.”

“You know her?” asked Elliot not even surprised about how Kurt called her.

“No. But Blaine told me what she did. I wonder why she is even here. She doesn't even like him.”

“Obviously not. Blaine was pretty nervous and stressed and saying how she could ruin everything and I told him to call you but he refused. You know he cares about others more than about himself.”

Kurt sighed and nodded knowing way too well how selfless his boyfriend was. This was not a bad characteristic. But Kurt saw that Blaine only hurt himself with being so selfless.

“Thank you for taking care of him.”

“Nah, it's okay. That's what friends are for, right?”

Nodding Kurt felt the old familiar feeling of being thankful and happy that he had amazing friends like Elliot and Mercedes.

“Was she here?”

“Yes. Blaine called me and told me that someone was following him. So I picked him up and she followed us but waited outside. We waited and after an hour she was gone. I can't say she looked suspicious but when I think about Blaine and how upset he was and how you just called her. Well, it's clear that this woman should better leave, huh?”

“Yeah. We don't know why she is here but I'll figure it out.”

Elliot hummed and nodded: “But be careful. You are famous now.”

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When they arrived at Kurt's home there was really no strength left to talk. All he wanted and what Blaine also wanted was to be together and hold each other. Exactly doing that what was impossible in the last 10 days. It was good to be back in his own bed and it was perfect when he held Blaine close and felt the younger arms around his body. Though they were more than fine he felt how their connection sucked everything in and began to grow, glow and hum with happiness.

After all these months it really felt like Kurt was only one half without Blaine. A half that could be without his other half for a while until they were looking for the other, calling for the other eventually. Being only one half was an uneasy feeling but something that he had to get used to.

The next morning when they woke up all the worries were gone for the time they kissed good morning. Kurt had missed those kisses, the sleepy kisses after a wonderful sleep with his soul mate.

After breakfast they went out to go grocery shopping. While Kurt was super calm Blaine was worried that someone might recognize him but this didn't happen. Kurt knew he was famous now but he still was not as famous as other actors. Later he called Nina and told her what happened and she told him that he should enjoy his break. Yes, he had a break for three weeks and then some interviews – to several Christmas Special Shows – and then he was free for a whole month.

“How were your final exams?” asked Kurt and left his phone on the table, entering the living room where Blaine was sitting surrounded by books, notes and empty pages.

“Good, I guess. There is still one left and it's hard to focus on knowing that she is here.”

Well, his try to distract Blaine failed. Through the whole drive from Elliot's home to his and even when they were lying in bed he could feel that Blaine was anything but not worried.

“Do you want me to come with you? Tomorrow? Or pick you up from school?”

“No. I don't want her to see you. Maybe she knows who you are and will blackmail you or whatever stupid shit she comes up with.”

Sighing Kurt sat down next to Blaine, knowing his boyfriend should study but this was a conversation they needed to have anyway.

“Then confront her.”

Blaine huffed a laugh and shook his head.

“You confronted me though.”

Blaine put his pen down and faced Kurt.

“I did. But I did it because I want to be with you. She does not and I rather ignore her then let her close in anyway. She doesn't know where you live and I want to keep it that way.”

He remembered what Blaine told him about this woman. That she had been a bully and never loving him or his dad. That she stole from Blaine the last thing his father left for him. Usually people felt anger and wanted revenge but he wasn't feeling that coming from Blaine. There was just panic and stress inside him and Kurt was almost sure that there was more.

“What if she keeps on following you around? If you don't want to talk to her I will.”

“And tell her that I'm your boyfriend? Yeah, right. And then she'll stay forever.”

“Blaine-”

“No, Kurt. I really need to learn all of this,” stopped Blaine him and pointed to the papers and books on the coffee table.

Blaine was studying through the whole weekend and left Kurt slightly confused. In his mind she deserved to be called out on the stuff she did to Blaine. No one deserved to be discriminated and those people who exactly did that need to learn a lesson. This was his idea of how the world

should function. Not always but Blaine's stepmother was not a stranger but someone who belonged to his family, even if not blood related. So he had every right to call her out because he knew her but Blaine refused.

And became distant. There were less kisses, less conversations and Kurt told himself that it happened because Blaine was busy with his last final exam. It was not even a lie because he really studied through the whole day. Smart Blaine who skipped a class and came here but he kept the fact that Blaine was that smart far away from his consciousness. It was better to use this as an excuse that he became distant. At least Blaine slept in the same bed with him still.

But the fact that Blaine didn't want Kurt to pick him up from school or drop him there and that he wanted to deal with his stepmother alone, this, made everything feel like there was some big distance between them.

A week before Christmas and after his last interview in whatever show he came home totally exhausted and went straight to his bedroom, seeking for the sleep he missed. He didn't even bother to change into something more comfortable and was fast asleep when his body found the soft surface of his bed.

He woke up to the feeling of someone moving next to him. He woke up to the feeling of familiar hands and familiar lips on his cheek. Kurt woke up with a smile on his face when his eyes opened and he found the hazel eyes.

"Hey," he breathed, still half asleep.

"I'm done with my exams," smiled Blaine and snuggled closer. "I'm sorry for not having more time for you."

"I thought you were angry because of what I said."

"No," whispered Blaine and kissed Kurt: "I understand what you meant but it's better to not give her any attention. And... I haven't seen her for a while so I guess she left."

"That's good, hm?"

"Perfect," sighed Blaine and Kurt accepted it. She was gone for now and if Blaine really didn't want her in his life, in their life, then he wouldn't push him.

"It's Christmas soon," began Kurt and fully opened his eyes: "And we have a tradition. Elliot, Mercedes and I."

"What's that?"

"We are going dancing and drinking and have a little pre-christmas party," singsonged Kurt and wrapped his arms around Blaine's body to keep him close, still a bit cold from the December wind.

"Do you think this is a good idea? Us dancing and drinking? In public?"

"And kissing and making out?"

"Kuurrtrt... I'm serious. You are not just someone on the street anymore. People might recognize

you.”

Kurt really didn't care about that. If people knew, fine, he had no reason to be ashamed of Blaine and no one had the right to judge him. Not to forget that they were soul mates and whoever blamed him or Blaine for being together because someone knew what Blaine had been doing, well, it was not like they had a choice. Blaine never had a choice and Kurt either.

“I really don't care who sees us. We are soul mates, boyfriends, in love. But I do understand your concern so we aren't going to a place that is... well, it is public but not that kind of public.”

“You mean it's a place with other famous people?”

“It's a place where whatever happens doesn't get out.”

And Blaine relaxed, giving Kurt a nod to signal that he was okay with that.

“So it will be us, Elliot and Mercedes plus their partners. Can Charlie go with us?”

“Of course,” said Kurt and nuzzled into Blaine's chest. He smelled like winter, fresh, cold but under it there was just Blaine. The Blaine he had missed, got back and then missed again. Luckily he wasn't angry anymore and Kurt knew, thought they were soul mates and boyfriends, he maybe went to far. Blaine knew his stepmother better than anyone and when he said it was better this way then Kurt wanted to trust him.

“What about Christmas?” asked Blaine and massaged the back of Kurt's neck, making him hum with consent.

“We'll spend it together? Just the two of us?”

“No big Christmas dinner with our friends?”

“No. Just you and me and home made food.”

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It felt good, amazing, incredible to finally dance with Blaine in a way he always wanted. In a boyfriend way. He could hold him as close as he wanted, kiss him whenever he wanted and it was a thrilling feeling. And he could feel that Blaine just felt the same way. Instead of being worried he just let himself fall into the music and into their embrace, even into the kisses, which were anything but sweet. This was another thing that made Kurt happy. This was a step forward for them. This was almost like being a teenager again and visiting Scandals just to make some experiences. For Blaine it probably was exactly this.

Going out and having fun with his boyfriend. And Kurt wanted to give him all of that. All the things a teenager did. The song found its end and both went back to their friends, Elliot smiling like a proud parent about his friend and partner finally being the couple he always wanted them to be.

“You guys need to get a room, seriously,” said Charlie and handed them both a drink.

“Shut up,” laughed Blaine smacked his friend's head before he sat down next to him and Kurt sat down between Blaine and Mercedes. They were sitting on a couch in one corner of the club, watching others dance and waitress walking around with drinks, through the moving bodies and lights. But there were also many people not dancing but talking, laughing and enjoying their Christmas break. Some of them were people Kurt had seen at Noah's party and the premiere but

didn't feel the need to have a long conversation with them. A polite 'Hello, how are you? I wish you a Merry Christmas' and he went back to his friends and boyfriend.

“Why wasn't Blaine in the credits of your movie? Wasn't he working on the score too?” asked Mercedes.

“He didn't want to be mentioned,” answered Kurt and asked himself the same thing when Jack had asked Blaine if he wanted to be mentioned. Now that he knew about his stepmother it made more sense for Kurt.

“Too bad, he is so talented. I actually wanted to ask him if he wants to work for me. Part time of course because I know how busy the college life is.”

Kurt turned back, watching Blaine, Charlie and Elliot talking about something – probably tattoos because Charlie and Elliot showed their arms – and didn't want to interrupt them. He only gave Martin a look to join him, Mercedes and Sam.

“I'll tell him about that after Christmas.”

“Going back to Ohio?” asked Martin as he sat down on the chair across the three of them.

“No just the two of us. After this drama with his stepmom and Blaine's final exams we didn't have much time to really talk about it. Anyway, what about you guys?”

He really didn't want to talk about Blaine's personal stuff. It was Blaine's story not his and he hadn't seen his friend for a while so he really wanted to catch up.

“We are expecting our families,” smiled Sam.

“Yeah. I still wonder where they should sleep. Our place is not big enough for our families.”

“They'll go to a hotel, don't worry about that,” said Sam and kissed her cheek. Kurt knew Sam since high school and he could tell when something was up. And by the way he spoke something was up. Actually Mercedes should have been the one noticing that but she was completely oblivious.

“Elliot and I are staying home too. Taking things slow because he'd been a bit crazy in the past weeks with his band.”

“Success or just the usual 'break into a song' at his shop?”

“Break into a song,” laughed Martin: “And he will be busy enough with writing songs together with someone super famous. He wouldn't even tell me who it is.”

“I hope you won't let him cook though,” said Kurt and they laughed, remembering the one time Elliot cooked for them and it was anything but good.

“No. We are going out and on the second day I'll be cooking.”

Kurt smiled, taking a sip from his drink and then felt Blaine's hand on his shoulder.

“I'll be right back.”

“Where are you going?” asked Kurt as he faced Blaine and also noticed Elliot's shining eyes when Charlie showed him a tattoo on his arm he couldn't see.

“Restroom,” laughed Blaine and kissed Kurt's cheek before he stood up and left. Watching his

boyfriend go he remembered what it meant when someone went to the restroom when he was younger. It usually meant to make out with some stranger or boyfriend. A moment of just lust but this was not happening with Blaine. They weren't there yet and Kurt probably would never do that with Blaine in a restroom. Blaine was someone else, someone special, someone more important to him than any guy had ever been.

*I ain't got time for you baby, either you're mine or you're not  
Make up your mind sweet baby, right here, right now's all we got*

"Guys!" yelled Elliot and jumped up: "We are here to dance and this song is amazing."

Mercedes grabbed Kurt's hand and soon they were all on the dance floor, dancing to the song.

*A little party never killed nobody, so we gon' dance until we drop  
A little party never killed nobody, right here, right now's all we got*

Like in their old times Kurt danced with Mercedes and Elliot for a while, making their funny faces, dancing like they used to do it and singing along. It was not the same, not exactly how it used to be because there was Martin and Charlie too. It was different, a different kind of good and he really enjoyed this. Enjoyed this moment of being surrounded by his friends and just be, for a second, the young man he who was not famous. Just a young man with an incredible soul mate.

He laughed with Mercedes when Elliot danced up to Martin, hips moving in a way that was not exactly PG and causing the lawyer to role his eyes and hide his face inside his hand. Elliot pouted, knowing this was Martin's weakness and gave eventually in to dance with Elliot. They were smiling, Charlie was smiling and Kurt only wanted Blaine here with them so everything would have been perfect. But something made him stop smiling. Something deep inside him. His friends were still celebrating, still dancing with those happy smiles but he slowly walked away from them, making his way through the crowd and soon found Blaine. A pretty upset Blaine followed by a tall guy with dark hair and blue eyes.

"Blaine, wait!" the stranger called and grabbed Blaine's arm.

"I said leave me alone!"

And just seeing this, how someone forced Blaine to something, how some stranger wanted something Blaine clearly didn't want made Kurt almost go insane. He knew how Blaine used to do things he didn't want to do. How old man, strangers were looking for his service and weren't worried at all that this was a young boy, giving himself away because he had no other choice. And thinking this guy was one of them made Kurt so angry that he was not able to control his body.

Taking fast steps he pulled Blaine behind him and with all his strength he shoved the guy away from them so hard, that the taller man fell to the ground.

"Back the fuck off! He said to leave him alone, didn't he?"

Some people gasped, some people stared but Kurt didn't care at all. No one had the right to come



near Blaine and force him to anything. No one of those fucked up people would ever get the chance to do that again.

“Wow, man, calm down!” said the stranger and stood up and Kurt had to admit, he didn't look like one of those people. However, like he had an idea how those people even looked like.

“I said fuck off you-”

“Kurt!” it was Blaine's voice which stopped him from saying more. Slowly he turned around, facing his boyfriend and feeling relieved that he was not hurt or scared. No, what he felt coming from Blaine was maybe a mix of so much he couldn't say what was stronger.

“That's Cooper,” explained Blaine and Kurt didn't even understand who Cooper was and he let Blaine feel his confusion.

“I'm his brother,” said Cooper and then Kurt remembered but didn't feel happy or surprised.

# Nightmares

## Chapter Notes

Hello guys! Here is the new chapter. There is not much to say but 'things will get better' :) we all have some old demons to deal with and so do Kurt and Blaine.

### Chapter 26. Nightmares

Some people turned away, some still stared, some didn't notice anything at all. The music was still loud, filling the whole club and buzzing through Kurt's body. Together with the anger he felt. His eyes stared at Cooper who slowly stood up and his left hand was curled around Blaine's waist to feel him close. Usually he would have felt sorry for being so harsh on Blaine's brother because he accused him – in his mind – for things he never did. He didn't feel sorry because there were other things he could blame Cooper for.

Like how he ran away from Blaine and left him alone with his mother. He probably knew what kind of person his mother was and this was the reason why he left them. An irresponsible behavior no matter how old Cooper had been back then. Also another thought crossed his mind. Cooper was either invited to this club or famous himself and this made Kurt crunch his teeth. Yes, they were not blood related but they were still a family and while Cooper had a good life his younger brother suffered through so much.

Maybe he was wrong, yes. He was judging someone he didn't know but he couldn't help himself.

“Let's go back,” said Kurt and turned away from Cooper so he could finally examine the expression of his soul mate. There was surprise on Blaine's face mixed with some confusion – probably for Cooper – and a small nod from his head to Kurt's words.

“Blaine, wait. I need to talk to you,” said Cooper, suddenly standing closer to them and Kurt was feeling the conflict and anger coming from his boyfriend. Of course he was angry that Cooper left them, him, though it was his mother. Of course he was conflicted because Cooper didn't look like a bad guy and Blaine never talked bad about him. He was, if he was something at all, a small living part of his family he liked, at some point. Yes, beside the anger and the conflict there was still something like hope coming from Blaine. Eventually the younger turned away and they both went back to their friends.

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The next day Blaine stood up early saying that he needed something from the library. Obviously he avoided the topic Cooper and Kurt accepted that. For now. It was also a bit too much for them. First Meeting each other, then getting used to each other, falling for each other and the whole prostitute thing. And now Blaine's stepmother and stepbrother showed up. They really needed a

break from all this drama and Kurt had a feeling this was not everything. But he tried to shove this thought away and just focus on their break and on Christmas.

That's why he decided to buy a tree with Elliot. However, not even this distracted him. They walked through the green trees, eying them but not paying much attention. The frown on Kurt's face just wouldn't go away and Elliot, of course, noticed it.

"Do you actually want to buy a tree? Because I'm counting down to the moment you explode."

Kurt sighed, rubbing his cold nose free from the falling snow and shoved his hands into the pockets of his coat.

"I don't even know what to say. I'm just tired of all the drama we have to go through. I don't need a third party giving us another reason to be worried."

"Another reason? I thought you two were fine? Actually awesome judging by the way you can't keep your hands off of each other."

There was this rule, unspoken, not really existing on any piece of paper. A rule that just lived when you became a soul mate and that was not to talk about those things. The deep connection soul mates shared, the connection he and Blaine shared was special, deep and so fragile and kind of supernatural that Kurt never really found the words to describe it entirely. He didn't even want to talk about it but Elliot was his friend, a soul mate too and he knew Blaine. And this topic, well, it was not really about their connection but more a thing that many people had to figure out.

"We are fine, I think. It's just that... whenever I want to do more Blaine doesn't want to. Which is fine but I'm still worried. We agreed to talk about this some weeks ago but we never found time to talk about this. Not with his crazy mother and his brother showing up."

They stopped at a tree Kurt pretending that this was more interesting than anything. Both knew though that he was avoiding eye contact.

"Worried about what exactly? It's normal that he maybe is not ready for more."

"I know that. But when I think about the things he did with strangers I just get worried that he expects something."

"Or maybe he is afraid to share this with you?"

Kurt turned back and met the blue eyes of his friend. He didn't look surprised.

"What do you mean?"

Elliot rubbed his own nose free from the cold snow, their cheeks red from the cold and breathed out his breath forming into a small cloud.

"He did stuff with others. Stuff he didn't want to do but had to, right? So maybe he is just as worried as you are. About what he can do, you know?"

"You think I'll judge him?"

"I know you won't but maybe he is afraid you will. He's been a prostitute for months and when you do the same things over and over again you become better at it, right? And maybe he is ashamed of showing you this. It doesn't even matter if he knows you won't judge him or not. It probably has something to do with his self esteem. Like maybe he feels dirty doing this stuff because he never enjoyed it and doesn't want to be good at it?"

It was hard to tell what was the truth and what not or if Blaine even felt that way. Maybe it had nothing to do with this and he really just didn't want to go those places with Kurt. But he loved him, they loved each other and for Kurt, sex, was always a way to connect – sometimes not, yes – something special and he wanted to show Blaine through this what he felt and couldn't say.

He also wanted to give him new memories, better memories about love and how incredible it was to be close with someone a person liked. And then there was also the fact that Blaine was still a virgin. A virgin who made experiences without being fucked or fuck someone. And in between the virgin and the experiences he made was a Blaine who was not ready to do more with Kurt.

“I don't care what he can do or not. I just... I just want to love him but it feels like I'm not good enough. I don't feel anything bad coming from him when we... do more. Actually I feel nothing coming from him so I guess he just closes the connection.”

“You should talk with Blaine about this. No matter how many times he tries to avoid you and this topic. I can't really help you there but listen. Now is the perfect time if you ask me. No work, no school. And those crazy family members don't know where you live.”

He knew he had to do this, talk with Blaine about this because it was about them. But it felt good to let it out and clear his mind before he did that.

“I know. I just needed to get this out.”

Elliot smiled and slung his arm around Kurt's shoulder.

“Don't worry about that. You two will be fine. If I were you I'd focus more on his family. It's kind of weird that they show up now. But whatever happens you two have us, don't forget that. And if you need a lawyer I'm pretty sure Martin will be the best lawyer you two can get.”

His lips stretched into a smile but inside he wasn't smiling. This whole family thing was confusing and both of them had no idea why Cooper or his stepmother showed up. The only thing he knew was that Blaine didn't want to have any contact with them and if this was the right thing for Blaine Kurt would support him. Yet he ached to know more, the reason why. It was something necessary since he became famous.

“So which tree do you want?” asked Elliot and looked around.

“I take this one. It has a beautiful green color and it ain't too big.”

They took the tree together and went to the old man, shivering on his seat while drinking something hot and Kurt paid for the tree. Leaving the maze of trees he opened the trunk of his car and pushed the tree inside and before they could leave there were some girls squealing his name.

“You are Kurt Hummel, right!” the blond girl said, a huge grin on her face with shining eyes and the other one, the red haired looked like she would pass out any minute.

“Um, yeah.”

“We saw your movie and it was amazing! So amazing!”

Kurt smiled while they praised him and how awesome the movie and his role was not wanting to be rude but also not having time for this. Elliot gave him a look and already climbed into the car, making sure to be ready to leave.

“Can you sign this for us?”

They both handed him a magazine, his face on the cover of it and took the pen to scribble his name on it. Then he excused himself and joined Elliot inside the car groaning not because he had fans but because he was not in the mood for this.

“Better get used to this, mister Hummel,” joked Elliot.

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When he came home and the tree was standing – Elliot helped him – he went out again because Blaine was still not back from the library. That this was just an excuse to have some space for himself was clear for Kurt so he wanted to give Blaine this space. Or maybe he really had to study though his final exams were over. Going out was actually a good idea. He sent the package for his family, made some last minute Christmas shopping and bought a desk for Blaine. The idea to create a spot only for Blaine in his loft had been in his mind for weeks and he wanted to give him this as a gift – along with other gifts – for Christmas. And like before people noticed him and asked for autographs, asked him questions about what next movie he'll be in and some people even dared to ask him out about his private life. Kurt only smiled or shrugged about the questions about his love life because this was really not their business.

Back home he hid the gifts in his spare room and locked the door. Then he went to the kitchen feeling a bit hungry and made himself a sandwich. Blaine was still not back so he prepared some food for tomorrow and for Christmas because he didn't plan to cook much through their Christmas days. This break was for them and for them to talk about everything. Something that made Kurt nervous. He wasn't so sure if he was ready for the truth about why Blaine didn't want to have sex with him. It really felt like he was not good enough for him. Or, if Elliot was right, he wanted to make sure that Blaine didn't feel ashamed or anything about what he did.

Even if he was amazing at giving a blow job or amazing at something else that didn't include fucking, Kurt would have never thought less about his soul mate. There was really no reason to feel ashamed about something like that. For Kurt there was no reason to feel ashamed because skill comes with practice but this didn't mean that Blaine thought the same way. And he certainly was not thinking like that or something else was bothering him.

On one side he hoped it had something to do with this and not with him because it was easier to help Blaine change his mind, that, whatever he did and could do was nothing to be ashamed of. But if it was Kurt himself who Blaine didn't see as attractive or someone he could have sex with... this hurt him pretty deep though he believed that they were meant to be.

When he heard the door being pushed open and the familiar steps of Blaine's feet he collected himself, blaming himself for being so careless with his thoughts and feelings and giving Blaine even more reasons to be worried. He didn't want to worry Blaine especially no reason to be worried about him, which was – probably – Blaine's weak point. But sometimes he forgot that Blaine could feel almost everything he felt. It was different between them just like anyone said. Their connection was deeper, sensible but also strong.

“I'm home!” called Blaine and Kurt left the kitchen to watch his soul mate taking his gloves, scarf and beanie off, followed by his coat and shoes. The smile on his lips when he saw Blaine's curls breaking the gel was no smile he had any control over. His boyfriend had the tendency to look adorable and beautiful whatever he did.

“Something happened?” asked Blaine as he approached Kurt and eyed him from head to toe: “I felt how worried you were some seconds ago.”

He took Kurt's hands gently into his still searching for something that was not right. Of course Blaine found nothing and their eyes met his worried just as Kurt's but for a whole different reason as Kurt figured out.

"They were here, right? Cooper and his mother?"

"No, they weren't here and it's not about them," smiled Kurt and Blaine blinked with confusion.

"Then what is it?"

"Let's eat something and then we talk, okay?"

They were still looking into each other eyes until Blaine nodded but Kurt felt how worried he was. Of course Blaine couldn't eat but he tried and as soon as they were done with dinner they climbed on Kurt's bed already wearing their pajamas. The golden eyes were still staring at him almost terrified to hear what worried Kurt so much and he still kept this smile on his face, ready to face whatever answer he made up in his mind.

He took Blaine's hand into his, holding it gently and trying to show through this touch that things were actually okay between them. That there was really nothing to be worried about that might crush Blaine's hope again.

"Am I attractive to you?"

The hesitation from his soul mate was not something bad for Kurt. This question came out of the blue, without any sign that this could have been a problem for him. But he wondered and smiled a little bit when Blaine answered.

"Of course you are."

"And do you remember where we stopped before I left for, almost, two weeks?"

"I do. And I know we wanted to talk about this."

They both looked down to watch their hands, their fingers entwined and caressing the skin from the other.

"I won't force you to anything. I never will. But I know that you are familiar with some... things. And I just wondered if you are uncomfortable with sex in general or if it was because of me, you know."

Blaine looked away his expression empty and his connection closed to Kurt couldn't feel anything coming from him. Some months ago this would have worried him. Now, after knowing more about Blaine, after admitting how they felt about the other he knew why Blaine did that. Being a soul mate was amazing. Having someone who felt what you were going through was amazing. Being together and loving someone in such a way was incredible.

But it was also a huge burden to not only deal with his own feelings but also with the feelings from someone else. It was burden to always make sure not to hurt the other by cutting the connection down or feeling something horrible but not knowing why the other felt that way. Especially when they were apart.

But the good things always won, always and Kurt wanted to share all the good things with Blaine because he knew, the closer they came their connection grew deeper, stronger together with their feelings.

"It's not you. It's... god, Kurt. Do I really make the impression I don't want to have sex with you?"

"I don't know. I just know that you are a virgin and that you did stuff with others. You said you never wanted to do those things but... skill comes with practice, right?"

Blaine laughed briefly: "That's true. But it's also the reason why I... stop when we go further. Because it's... new. I never did this because I wanted to do it or with someone I like. And maybe I'm even afraid that it will change something because, yeah, skill comes with practice."

It was hard to deal with Blaine's pessimism sometimes. Not because it made Kurt upset that he thought that way more because he had no idea how to convince Blaine, show Blaine that he wouldn't just walk away from him. Especially not since they were soul mates. But in any other situation Kurt would have thought the same way. No one could be sure with their current relationship would last or not so people kept themselves safe, only not to break when the moment came everything was over. Kurt didn't want this. He wanted them to love fully, without a doubt and without fear.

"I know I'm repeating myself but what we have is still too good to be true, for me. And I just... like... wait for the wrong move and we'll be done."

"I understand that, Blaine. It's no wonder you think that way but I can only repeat myself too. I don't care about what you did or what you can do. I love you for who you are and I'll love whatever you'll show me. And I really won't judge you whatever you can do or not."

There was this thought, pulling at his heart painfully, that Blaine maybe didn't trust him as much as he wished his soul mate would. Because if Blaine did trust him there would have been not one single doubt, right?

Or maybe he was wrong.

"I trust you, Kurt. I really do. It's just... maybe something like my inner demon?"

"Does it feel good when we get closer though?"

Blaine stopped breathing, his body filling with something Kurt didn't feel before from Blaine. Okay, he felt it but it had never been so clear like at that moment. Lust, just small but it was there crawling through their connection. He was almost sure Blaine didn't want to feel that way but then he reminded himself that Blaine was still young, eighteen, dealing with a still confused body but tried to handle it like an adult. Because lust was never something he enjoyed. He understood it now.

"It does... I guess. Actually it's confusing. I want to but at the same time I just... don't want to make a wrong impression."

"Loving someone is not wrong and that's what we do. Aren't we? Loving each other and doing things we both want to do."

Kurt moved closer and kissed Blaine's cheek just to see how his cheeks turned red and his eyes became darker.

"I'm not your customer. I'm not someone who will use you and leave you. I'm your boyfriend, your soul mate and it's okay if you want more. It's okay to feel the way you do now. It's okay to let yourself fall because I'll hold you or fall with you."

Blaine exhaled and closed his eyes, leaning his forehead against Kurt's shoulder. The conflict inside his boyfriend was still there, bothering him so much that he really had no idea how to help

him. All he could do was telling the truth and letting him feel how he felt. Wrapping his arm around Blaine's shoulders he kept him close.

“Who cares if you give fabulous blow jobs just because you had practice. I don't care about that. I don't think it's something to be ashamed of or something to judge you for.”

He could feel the happiness rising inside Blaine and he was sure that there was also a smile on his lips. Then he heard Blaine laugh and felt how his body vibrated with his voice.

“Some months ago you were worried about kissing a boy younger than you are because it felt so wrong.”

“Well, he is still younger than me but it feels just right to have him here. And he is more mature than I am. He, at least, can control his hormones while they drive me crazy.”

Blaine laughed again and Kurt sighed, holding him tighter and closer.

“I care about us. I care about what we do. And I just want you to feel comfortable around me and know, really know and understand that I will never think less about you or judge you when we are going further. And also that I will never, never let you down ever again.”

Time, Kurt thought, they needed more time. Blaine needed more time and after a while he would see, understand for himself that this time he wouldn't lose what he loved. Also that Kurt truly, deeply loved him no matter what he did in the past. And slowly, not really expecting this to happen he watched Blaine pulling back and leaning in for a kiss.

Almost convinced that this was just a short kiss Blaine surprised him as he didn't pull back. Instead he kept on kissing Kurt, deepening the kiss and Kurt responded with just as much as Blaine gave him. This kiss was definitely different and when Blaine was kneeling on the bed, holding Kurt's face gently but breaking the kiss he found something new in those hazel eyes.

It was a look that could have screamed love but something was missing. Maybe it was love, a desperate love Blaine wanted to share and a look that told Kurt 'I wish I could do that'. The things they just had talked about. And then, when Blaine pressed another kiss on Kurt's lips he understood that though Blaine had his doubts he wanted to try it. He wanted to walk this path with him and see what would happen. There was really no word needed. Because behind the doubts was the love Blaine wanted to share fearless. There was a love screaming for freedom.

Kurt knew this feeling of falling down, falling and hoping and he was ready to hold Blaine, to keep him safe.

And maybe Blaine needed this to kneel and feel taller, braver and Kurt didn't mind at all. Still kissing, still tasting he let his fingers slip gently under Blaine's pajama top and this time he was allowed to take it off. The light from the small lamp was not much but it was enough to show Kurt what he already knew. His boyfriend was the most beautiful living being in this world.

He was not very tall but his chest broad like his shoulders, tummy not flat but not very big, just looking like it could turn into his favorite pillow. Even his small nipples were something Kurt could only describe as cute and he almost thought how silly it was to think that.

When his fingers touched the uncovered skin he sighed, feeling how warm and soft his chest was and how his heart was beating against his ribcage, so fast and strong that each pounding reached his own heart. This felt so different, so much more than anything else. Like the first time he held Blaine's hand, the first time he cuddled with him, the first time they kissed. Every time when they touched new places, new skin Kurt felt how their bond grew, how their connection was shining



and humming and how their souls created new strings so nothing could keep them apart. It was amazing, this feeling that made him almost drunk, breathless and pushed every thought away until everything was just Blaine. It was too much to describe, too big and also terrifying.

Because not only was this all good, strong and the best feeling in the world. It was also fragile, too much sometimes and terrifying. Kurt really needed to scream inwardly after his mind and burn everything into his memory.

Their eyes met and when he felt Blaine's trembling fingers reaching for his pajama top he raised his arms and then they both were half naked, hands exploring skin and eyes never breaking contact. Kurt could only guess what this meant for Blaine. What it meant to touch the person he loved and not because it was his job. For Kurt this all felt incredible. Every simple touch from Blaine's hands on his skin just felt right. Thrilling and so right. Yet he hoped, he almost prayed that this helped his boyfriend to finally let the past rest and see what a beautiful future was waiting for him.

Blaine gave him a smile, a small kiss and crawled next to Kurt, lying down and the older followed him, facing his boyfriend as soon as their heads were resting on the same pillow. He waited for some seconds, still touching the skin, still looking into those big eyes and feeling the breath from Blaine falling on his lips before he closed the gap and pulled him gently closer.

He really wasn't expecting to do anything with Blaine. He wasn't expecting to have sex with him that night but he wanted, like any other time, to test the waters and see what Blaine was comfortable with. That's why he gently and slowly let his right hand wander down, over Blaine's chest and let it rest right above his heart while his lips moved down, kissing the chin, his neck and gently sucking on Blaine's collarbone, making him moan. A moan deep and enjoying.

One last gentle suck and he was back to kissing Blaine, humming with pleasure when he felt his soul mate kissing him eagerly back. This was good, he wanted Blaine to be focused on the kissing, on the one thing that made him feel good while his hand kept sliding down, down, down and soon found the clothed, half hard cock there. His breathing stopped for a second because this, just this simple touch was so much he thought he would pass out and Blaine stopped kissing him too so that he could take a breath.

"You okay?" asked Kurt because it was hard to tell how Blaine felt. Damn, it was even hard to tell how he felt himself. Everything was just arousal or simply nothing but the other. Yes, his whole mind was just Blaine, Blaine, Blaine.

"Yeah," breathed Blaine, resting his forehead against Kurt's cheek and his hand moved further down, stopping at Kurt's hipbone before he also let his hand rest on Kurt's dick, making him moan and fully hard, just like Blaine. Closing his eyes he pressed lips against Blaine's forehead, swallowing because his mouth felt so dry and just rubbing the bulge like his soul mate did to him. It was so hard to focus on anything but to make this right for Blaine that he blinked in confusion when his boyfriend took his hand away from his erection and rolled on his stomach.

He stared down, watching Blaine's dark eyes and his back rising and falling before he felt him guiding Kurt's hand back down. He got the clue and kissed him again before sliding the soft fabric off Blaine so that he was completely naked. He did the same with his pajama bottoms so they both were equal and when his eyes found Blaine's again he saw him staring at his cock.

The insecurity almost hit him again, wondering if he was long enough, thick enough but all of this flew out of his mind when Blaine rolled again, just a little bit but enough so that Kurt could see him, all of him and think, again, just how beautiful his boyfriend was. Smiling he shuffled closer to be on eye level with Blaine and got a small smile in return followed by a whisper: "You are... everything."

And he kissed Blaine, kissing the same words on his lips and letting his hand caress the skin from the shoulder, down Blaine's side to his ass.

“What do you want?”

There was silence, long silence and just breathing to handle all of the things they were feeling.

“Just... touching. I just want to... get to know this. All of this.”

“Okay.”

They went back to kissing and touching, back to get closer and closer. Hands jerking the other off, gently, not fast. Slowly to drag it out and let all of the new feelings sink in. because this was not only new for Blaine, for Kurt it was the same. Yes, doing this with your soul mate was definitely a whole different, better world than with anyone else. The reason why no one really spoke about those things, not even his friends, it was clear to Kurt. Being this close was nothing a person could describe. The words for everything he felt and shared with Blaine was indescribable.

He needed new words, create words to describe this but he knew no word, no letter would make this feeling justice.

“Do you... do you have lube?”

Blaine's voice pulled him out of all the lust and pleasure. Of everything and for Kurt was this a good sign. He was almost worried that, the deeper he fell into this incredible feeling the harder it would have been to get out of it. But just a word from Blaine and he had all of his attention.

“Are you sure? We really don't have to.”

“I really want to try.”

One last look into those golden eyes and he saw no reason to stop.

“Okay.”

Blaine was lying on his stomach when Kurt opened the drawer of his nightstand to get the lube. He bought it some time ago just in case and felt pretty good, almost proud the it was still unopened. Turning back he watched Blaine, eyes yet again focused on the from the younger and saw the small smile resting on those lips. His adult mind told him that Blaine was anything but ready, but the connection told him nothing. Only that Blaine was still turned on and wanting to know more. Sometimes, like now, when they both almost felt the same way it was hard for Kurt to tell what was his emotion and what was Blaine's.

But he trusted him and when Blaine said he was okay with that, that he wanted this Kurt trusted him. He really, really really wanted to do the right thing and what Blaine wanted. What Blaine thought was the best way to understand he never had to go back to his old job. That he never had to do this with someone he didn't like. And, that Kurt really didn't care what he could do and what not. All he wanted was to love Blaine in any way possible.

Pouring the lube on his fingers he warmed it up between them before he knelt next to Blaine, eyes focused on his face and fingers felt for Blaine's entrance. When he found it the younger closed his eyes, mouth dropping open and letting a weak, small moan out. He waited before he slipped the first finger inside and his whole body trembled for a second. This... this was too much, too hot, too good. He only had his finger inside Blaine but it almost melted his brain and made him stop thinking completely.

But then there was something else crawling through him. A feeling that didn't belong here and dragged him back to reality where his finger was still slipping in and out of Blaine. A reality where Blaine's eyes were wide open and his body trembling. A reality where Blaine began to whisper and tremble and making Kurt feel fear, panic, and the unpleasant feeling he always felt when his boyfriend had been working. But this time it was bigger and so terrible. It was sheer fear.

“Stop, please...”

Before those words even left Blaine's mouth Kurt already stopped what he was doing.

“No... I don't want to...” murmured Blaine, voice rising higher, body fighting against something, someone.

“Blaine,” said Kurt, panic in his voice and eyes, helplessness filling his body and soul alongside the terrible feeling that he hurt him, did something wrong.

“No! Please!” Blaine almost screamed into the pillow, winding from left to right and shaking, his whole body was just shaking.

“Blaine,” said Kurt again and rested his hand on Blaine's back, right under the scar that told them who they were, what they were for each other. But his boyfriend didn't stop shaking, didn't stop murmuring things and fighting against... against Kurt.

“Blaine!” he yelled and then, like he pressed the right button Blaine stopped writhing against the mattress. His back was covered in cold sweat, still rising and falling from his breathing and when he turned his head so Kurt could see his face he saw tears and still some of the panic.

“I'm... I'm sorry,” Blaine sobbed and Kurt didn't understand what happened or if he did something wrong. But this expression, seeing Blaine so broken and vulnerable broke his heart.

“I'm so sorry,” sobbed the younger and moved closer, wrapping his arms around Kurt's body and seeking for comfort.

“It's okay,” whispered Kurt and lay down so he could hold him safe and warm. Just hold him while he hoped that this would help him, give him whatever he needed while the guilt was eating his heart.

# Fears

## Chapter Notes

Hey guys! I've made a video for this fic! You can find it on my Tumblr blog under the tag 'about two coins' :) hope you like it!

And here is the [link](#).

## Chapter 27. Fears

It was hard to fall asleep. Even when sleep found him he woke up after an hour or so to make sure Blaine was still in his arms. At least he was able to sleep after his freak out which still made Kurt sick. Sick because he blamed himself. It happened because of him, right? Because he didn't stop when he knew he should. Because he was more focused on going further and further with his boyfriend. Focused on breaking every wall that was still between them. And the result was his boyfriend turning into a sobbing mess. Trembling, scared but still seeking for comfort from Kurt.

This was the only good thing he could find in all of this. The only explanation why this was not his fault. However, his guilt was bigger than this.

In one of his sleepless minutes he noticed how they still had been naked. Usually it should have been a good feeling to lay naked with the person you loved and felt their body so close to yours. But for Kurt it felt like he was not allowed to see Blaine like this. Not when he was sleeping. And he also wasn't sure if his panic had something to do with himself or with Blaine's past. However, it was easy to imagine that his customers used him, left him, and didn't care if he was clean or wearing something.

This image made him angry and sad so that he picked up their clothes and dressed Blaine first before he put his own pajamas back on. After that he felt just a little bit better and under the soft covers of his bed he caressed Blaine's face and watched him sleep. Just some hours ago this beautiful face was not soft or peaceful. It was covered in so much Kurt never wanted to see again. So much fear and helplessness. So much shock and panic. So much that it made Blaine numb inside. He had felt it through their connection how numb Blaine was but also how he tried to cling to Kurt, to what they felt for each other.

Sighing he looked over Blaine's shoulder and saw that it was already 9 in the morning. Christmas Eve and he was not happy that it was Christmas. His original plan was not to scare Blaine away. He actually imagined them having a very good time, lovely, with kisses and cuddles and testing the waters. Not this. Deciding to stand up he kissed Blaine's cheek, let his fingers run through his curls and then left the bed and took a long shower.

After that he still didn't feel better. Actually, he felt dirty and almost like a criminal though he had no idea if he did something wrong. And waiting for Blaine to wake up felt like torture. That's why he decided to call Charlie, Blaine's best friend who knew all the stuff that had happened before they met. Charlie who probably knew how to handle Blaine, what to say and do so he would feel

better. This hurt Kurt. He was not jealous or anything, it was normal for Charlie to know how to talk and treat Blaine. But Kurt was his soul mate, his boyfriend and he wanted to be the one who should find the answers, no, know the answers for how to treat his boyfriend.

He knew that they still needed time and that they would get to know each other better and better with time. But he hated to feel so helpless that morning that he needed to call Charlie. Yes, he could have waited for Blaine to wake up and ask him – which would have been fair – but he really didn't want to hear how Blaine blamed himself and not Kurt. Or, how Blaine would just not talk about it. He was unsure what Blaine would do though they promised to be honest. But this? This was something else. Something that had never touched the surface of Blaine's mind since they lived together.

Sitting in his kitchen he dialed Charlie's number and rubbed his forehead. But all he heard was the voice mail. He tried it again, two times an hour later. Nothing and maybe this was a sign? Maybe it was time to ask Blaine directly whatever happened. Maybe it was time to figure it out together and not just through their friends. Nodding to himself he turned his phone off keeping the promise he made. This Christmas should be about them and them alone.

Kurt waited for Blaine to wake up though he was sleepy himself he began to prepare the home made food he had talked about. Somehow cooking made him busy enough that he stopped worrying or blaming himself for two hours. Cooking had always been his therapy. One his friends knew too well. Sometimes they met in their apartment and Kurt had baked cookies or cheesecake for more than three people. That was usually the sign that he needed distraction.

He prepared whatever they needed for this day and everything else went straight into the freezer. Then he just stared into the oven, fumbling with his phone until he felt how Blaine woke up. Felt how confused he was and then he closed their connection. Turning around he waited for Blaine to come down which he did after a while and when Kurt saw him he just noticed how small, defeated Blaine almost looked. His eyes were red, glassy and the color in his face was almost gone when their eyes met.

“Hey, honey,” said Kurt as he stood up, putting a smile on his own face to show Blaine that he was not angry or anything close to that.

“I'm sorry,” Blaine almost choked when he stumbled into Kurt and wrapped his arms tightly around the body. “I'm so... so sorry.”

“But,” said Kurt slowly as he held Blaine and hoped this would calm him down: “there is no need to be sorry, honey. I'm sorry. It was me who pushed you.”

The younger only shook his head a bit too hard and held Kurt tighter. They stood like this for a while just holding each other and trying to make each other feel better.

“It's okay, Blaine. We will talk about this and work it out.”

“It's not you, Kurt. It's really not you.”

Pulling back he looked into Blaine's eyes and saw the tears falling again. It felt wrong to think how pretty he looked considering why those tears were falling but he smiled, wiping them away and kissed his nose.

“Let's sit? Or do you want to take a shower first?”

He asked because he remembered how Blaine always took a shower first when he came back from his job. A habit, a needed habit so he didn't feel dirty or disgusting within his own skin. Of

course he didn't want for Blaine to feel this way around him but he never made a new experience when it came to sex. No, last night was just a disaster he never wanted to happen.

“Shower... I guess,” sobbed Blaine and he relaxed a little bit when he figured that Kurt was really not disappointed or angry.

“Alright. In the meantime I'll make you some coffee, okay?”

Blaine nodded again, rubbing his eyes free from the tears and he shouldn't look so young and innocent. But he did and this did things to Kurt. His protective instinct was taking over him and the usual guilt he had felt when he noticed how young Blaine still was didn't even touch him. It had been a scary thing some months ago but now it just became a fact for him that, though Blaine went through a lot he could only take so much.

“I love you,” said Kurt and kissed him sweetly, feeling how Blaine slowly but surely melted into the kiss and believed him. Kurt was even more convinced that this was what his soul mate needed to beat his inner demons. Love and time and he was more than willing to give him plenty of this.

Blaine nodded, kissed him again and went to the bathroom.

Like promised Kurt waited for some minutes before he started the coffee machine and took the cookies out of the oven and put them on a plate to cool down. Not sure if Blaine was hungry or not he decided to wait for him to come out. Maybe his appetite was gone which was understandable. Then he just sat down on the couch, waiting for Blaine to come out and when he heard the water being turned off he hurried back to the kitchen and filled Blaine's cup with coffee plus some of Blaine's favorite cream. Later he would convince him to drink some hot chocolate with him because it was still Christmas Eve and the snow was falling. Maybe they could even go out for a walk because he doubted to meet any fans today.

Back in the living room he placed the cup down on the coffee table and smiled, again, when Blaine walked out of the bathroom. Hair wet, wearing just a sweater and sweatpants but looking much better than 20 minutes ago. Finally Blaine gave him a smile in return and joined Kurt on the couch, taking the cup and breathing a thank you.

“Feeling better?” asked Kurt and massaged the back of Blaine's head gently, knowing he loved it when Kurt did that.

“I think so. I'm just... exhausted and kind of shocked about last night.”

“I didn't push you too far, right?”

“No,” began Blaine but drank his coffee first before he held it in his hands, running his finger around the rim: “I really wanted it but... when we got there I just... it reminded me of the time Jesse tried to... rape me.”

Kurt stopped his movement and felt the anger growing and growing. Jesse already had ruined so much and when he punched him he thought this was it. He thought they were done with him. Apparently he was still there and Kurt already thought about going back to him and punch him again.

“I know you are not him and I know you would never hurt me. But when we got there all I could think about was what he did. All I could think about were the times when other people tried to force me or Charlie into something. I just... couldn't stop thinking about it. About everything that Charlie and I had been through. And how hard it was to fix each other.”

“I... actually tried to call Charlie because I had no idea what happened or what to do.”

Blaine smiled: "I wanted to tell you about it anyway. But I understand. Charlie just knows it and it's okay if you don't. I guess when you're a part of the world I was in you just... learn how to deal with stuff like that."

Only because he felt that Blaine had nothing against him touching his back he let his hand rest there.

"Was Jesse the only one?"

The younger boy nodded and gave Kurt hope that he really was able to handle all of this because he could speak about it.

"Jesse was the only one who really crossed the lines I made clear. Charlie though... he was no virgin or had any rules for himself so he got into more trouble than I did. It happened... one time to him the other times we were able to protect each other."

Some people were able to hide what they had been through. Many people actually and Kurt never thought something like had happened to Blaine's friend. Charlie always smiled, always enjoyed each second and maybe, because of this experience he did that.

"I don't know how he did it though. He just got over it and moved on."

"And so will you," said Kurt and it was not just something he said. He really believed in it.

"I hope so," whispered Blaine and turned his head to the left so he could look into Kurt's eyes: "I really, really want to share everything with you but and I know it's hard to understand that I probably can't yet."

"I think it's actually simple, you know. You've been hurt in a way that should be wonderful when you decide to share this with a person. And I know, now, that it's not me."

Blaine shook his head and leaned against Kurt, literally falling into his arms to show him that he felt comfortable, that this was really the place he felt no fear. Not really.

"It's not you. It's, like you said, an experience I made and just guard myself to not get hurt again."

Kurt nodded slowly, letting his hand run up and down Blaine's arm as he still avoided the anger inside him toward Jesse. Not because he couldn't sleep with his boyfriend but because someone ruined this for Blaine. First he thought about calling the police and tell them what had happened, but this was something Blaine would never agree on. Second he thought about confronting Jesse, again. This was a good thought to be honest.

"You should confront him."

"What!?" exclaimed Blaine and pulled back, staring into Kurt's eyes who was totally serious.

"Confront him. Tell him what you think and draw a clear line between you and your past."

"No... no, I can't... I," Blaine began to babble and stood up walking up and down the living room. "Of course you can. You are brave, Blaine. You stood up for yourself and even convinced me to see what was really going on."

"We already talked about this. I love you and that's why I did it. Jesse... Jesse doesn't mean anything to me and I rather ignore him than have to face him again."

“But you also said you won’t let people treat you like you are nothing, right? I know you can be brave and I’m almost facing him and calling him out will help you.”

Blaine said nothing but kept on walking up and down the room. His fingers lost in his curls and his face showing the conflict and fear Kurt felt clear and cold shooting through their connection. This feeling was familiar to him. The fear of facing what a person feared the most and after he confronted those people he became stronger, braver and harder. And he had his Dad, his friends and Blaine had all these things too. He had Kurt, their friends who would support him and take care of him. But this... this was something Blaine was not used to.

“Honey,” said Kurt and stood up stopping his soul mate from his mindless movements. He held his hands and tried to look into Blaine’s eyes but he refused to let Kurt see them.

“You are not alone, Blaine. You need to understand this. Whatever you decide to do you have people who will stand beside you.”

“And then I hurt people like last night.”

“You think you hurt me?”

The small nod made Kurt almost cry. This boy was more broken than he thought. Used to lose everything he loved, used to have people around him who left him alone in the end.

“You did not hurt me. Just because you couldn’t... Blaine. Really, even if we never have sex I won’t leave you.”

Now he was looking at Kurt almost like he tried to say through his eyes ‘are you serious?’.

“I have needs, yes. We all have needs. But even if we never have sex there is still other stuff we can do or I can do.”

His cheeks turned red thinking about what he just said. It was a strange feeling. Strange to feel like he felt when he was just a teenager. Blaine just stared, sighed and leaned his head against Kurt’s chest.

“I... want to, really. But about Jesse? I need time to think about it.”

“Of course, baby. No one will push you. You gave me time to figure out everything and I’ll do just the same for you.”

He just held Blaine, pressed a warm kiss into his curls and felt much better. It was not him who scared Blaine away but something much deeper. A fear no one of them knew existed. Maybe he needed a therapy or something. Someone who knew how to help him through this but Kurt didn’t say that out loud. He just believed that their love was enough.

“Let’s try to focus on something else. It’s Christmas and it’s our first Christmas together. So let’s make it special?”

“Okay,” said a relaxed and happier Blaine. This made Kurt happy because Blaine did what he always said he would do. Trusting him.

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They spent the day with cooking food for the next three days, decorating the tree and at the evening they ended up on the couch, belly filled with cookies and Kurt still couldn't stop groaning about that.

"I hate myself. I ate so much I probably won't be able to eat cookies ever again."

He heard and felt Blaine giggling against his side.

"You love them too much to stop eating them."

"I love cheesecake more though."

Blaine laughed again while some old Christmas movie was playing on TV. This simple, domestic life was all he wanted. Usually he had spent Christmas with Elliot and Mercedes or with his Dad. Christmas with a boyfriend though, that was even new to Kurt and he really enjoyed that. Exploring all the new things he never considered as something new. With Blaine though... everything was just new and so much better and his eyes were exactly showing that. The love and happiness he felt since they became a couple. The time when he was against Blaine, even afraid to date a boy younger than him seemed so silly and unreal to him.

Kurt didn't regret that time because without their troubles he would have missed an important experience. Now he truly understood how precious this boy was, how he didn't deserve anything bad. Just love and luck and a successful life and not the one he was used to. Each person deserved that, of course, but for him Blaine was the one who deserved it more than any person he knew.

"You're staring," said the younger and made Kurt leave his thoughts.

"I like to stare at you," smiled Kurt and held Blaine tighter, snuggling closer and melted into the heat of Blaine's body. Though it was not cold inside he still felt the coldness of the winter in his bones and ached for something warm. Most of the time it had been him and his blanket or some cuddle with his friends. But with Blaine it was so much better to keep the coldness far away and sink into his body heat while snuggling against the body which fit just perfect against his own.

"You're creepy, old man."

"I'm twenty six. That's not old."

"Still almost eight years older than I am. And when you turn thirty you'll be sleepy all day long while I beg you to go out with me because I'll be twenty four and still full of energy."

"I've heard that life starts when people turn thirty years old."

"Rumors," hummed Blaine with a happy glint in his eyes and Kurt just couldn't stop staring. He always liked it when Blaine smiled, when all he felt was happiness. People always said that the best thing is to share happiness with other people and Kurt had to admit that, whenever they were both happy – especially at that moment – their connection was almost visible for him. Shining in this golden color and enveloping them so nothing and no one could break into their world. He loved that humming sound, their own melody though he was not sure if it was real or not but he couldn't care less.

It was true. A truth he never understood but just felt. So clear, so wonderful and only a soul mate understood that. Blaine tried to get closer pretty much feeling the same way Kurt did and when his nose bumped against Kurt's cheek they both shivered. It was not just lust and arousal fluttering inside him. It was just everything that he felt when he pressed a soft kiss on Blaine's cheek and felt

Blaine smiling and then kissing his jaw.

Sighing he drowned into this feeling, into those arms and closed his eyes to just feel and listen. Feel Blaine's skin, feel his breath and how he tilted his head just to be able to kiss him. And between those pillows, safe under a blanket he only wanted to do this. Kiss his boyfriend for the rest of his life and taste the hot chocolate but also the familiar and loved taste that was just Blaine.

The movie was forgotten, time and space either way. All his senses were focused on his soul mate in the softest way possible. While they kissed, not deep, not demanding, just as soft as possible – which was just wow for Kurt – he let his hand rest on Blaine's chest and the other was still around his soul mate's back. It was not just kissing and holding. The way they held each other was like holding their connection together, taking care of it and their souls. It was like they gave a part of themselves to the other in little pieces, knowing they were safe there.

Then the kissing stopped but their arms never stopped holding. Instead they let out a happy sigh and listened to the beautiful melody of their connection.

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*Thumb! Thumb! Thumb!*

It felt like something tapped against his head. Not painfully but more like someone or something tried to wake him up.

*Thumb! Thumb! Thumb!*

Kurt tried not to open his eyes and waited for the annoying sound to end. Or maybe it was just a dream he couldn't see?

*Thumb! Thumb! Thumb!*

A groan came from his throat and he pulled Blaine closer, seeking the comfort and sleep. But the sound just didn't stop. It became louder and louder and when he woke up, eyes open he found out where the sound was coming from.

“Coming!” he called and felt how Blaine woke up, too.

“Huh? Visitors?” murmured Blaine and rubbed his eyes.

“It's probably just Elliot. He loves Christmas.”

Blaine's lips formed into a sleepy smile while Kurt stood up and to open the door. He didn't even bother fixing his hair or change into something else but his pajamas. It was just Elliot and he had seen Kurt in worse situations. But when he saw who was behind the door he literally froze on the

spot.

There was Cooper with a suitcase next to him and smiled, wide and with perfect teeth.

“Merry Christmas!” he cheered like nothing ever happened between them. His first thought was to close the door and lock it but his body did something else. As Cooper walked inside Kurt stepped back still staring at him.

“What the-” he heard Blaine and watched him leaving the couch which was just a mess of pillows and blankets.

“What the fuck? Cooper? I told you to leave me alone!”

He was surprised how fast awake Blaine was while he still tried to process what was happening.

“And I need you to hear me out. I'm not here to cause troubles, you know. I'm here to help you.”

“Help me? With what? The last time I needed you you ran away.”

Cooper sighed and Kurt saw the guilt in his eyes, saw that he was really sorry for what he had done. His boyfriend didn't see that. Of course not. Kurt had learned to wait and see and he usually did that. A thing that became a skill when someone grew older and spent a lot of time with people. Blaine on the other hand saw all the things that happened in the past. All the memories and feelings from that time made him blind, like any other person who was facing their past.

“I know and I'm sorry. I really am and I came here to... well, I know I can't fix what I did but I want to be there for you, this time.”

“I don't need you. I really don't need you or your mother in my life.”

Yesterday he told Blaine to be brave and stand up for himself because he was strong enough but also not alone anymore. Seeing this made him proud but also wonder if how he stood up in front of Cooper but feared to do that in front of Jesse. Probably because Jesse did something that was just terrible. So terrible that Blaine lost the strength and courage to stand up for himself. While Cooper, he did it in front of Cooper.

“Oh... so she found you.”

Silence filled the room and Kurt looked back to Blaine, watching how he tried to understand what Cooper just had said. Obviously his brother knew that the woman looked for Blaine and if not even more. For some reason Kurt didn't have a bad feeling about Cooper anymore. This expression was one he also didn't see when he was as old as Blaine. Regret.

“Blaine,” only saying his name was enough to get all his attention. “Can we talk?”

His boyfriend hesitated but eventually nodded and walked up to Kurt with a questioning look. Cooper said nothing but kept his eyes on them. He opened the front door and stepped into the corridor Blaine right behind him.

“I think you should hear him out.”

“What? No, Kurt. No. He-”

“I know he hurt you but I also see how much he regrets what he did.”

This made Blaine snap his mouth shut and take a look back inside to see if Kurt was really seeing

this or just wanting to see this. The fact that Blaine was smart and more mature than other people his age probably helped him to see something beyond the hurt and anger he felt. Still, he huffed and frowned.

“You don't have to though. But he doesn't seem like a bad guy.”

“He is not a bad guys.”

“See? And I think giving him the chance to speak is smart. I mean, you want people to give you a chance too if you ever get in such a situation like he is, right?”

“But... it's Christmas. We wanted it to be about us.”

“And it still can be about us. Hear him out and then we tell him to go because you need time to think about whatever he says.”

Waiting for Blaine to answer he saw the small nod and smiled. This was a good thing, he thought for himself. Maybe facing Cooper would be the beginning to face even more. All the demons that were still chasing Blaine.

# Suggestion

## Chapter Notes

Hey there! Sorry for the late update but, like some of you know, I've been focusing on my other fic which is finished now. Yes, that means I'll be focusing on Two Coins now (and my other mini fics I have). So I hope I'll be able to post regularly from now on but THAT I can't promise though. I've reached the point where my plot has some holes and I need to fix them (which I'll do over the weekend).

But for now, I hope you guys enjoy this chapter :)

## Chapter 28. Suggestion

They walked back inside, Blaine still unsure and Kurt more than sure that this was a good idea. Hearing Cooper out was the possibility to maybe find some answers about why Blaine's stepmother suddenly showed up again. As well for Blaine to learn that it was better to face problems, the past, anything instead of running away. Sometimes it helped to move on and sometimes it was necessary to find peace with his past. But it was also important to give a person the chance to make things right.

Kurt saw it in Cooper's eyes that he wanted to make things right while knowing that, whatever happened, he couldn't undo the past. Just like Kurt. But Blaine forgave him and it helped them both to move on and focus on what was important.

Closing the door he watched Blaine sitting down on the couch and stare at Cooper who stared right back at his younger brother.

“So, Cooper. I'm Kurt, Blaine's boyfriend,” said Kurt as he approached Cooper and stretched his hand out to shake Cooper's. Manners were important and if this guy became a part of Blaine's life he didn't want to start it the wrong way – though he already left a good impression.

“Sorry that I attacked you. I thought you were someone else.”

“It's okay. I guess you wanted to protect Blaine from someone?”

Kurt heard Blaine huff and just nodded slowly while knowing it was not his story to tell. It was Blaine's story and if he decided to share it then he would do it.

“Want something to drink?”

“Some coffee would be great.”

“Sure,” said Kurt and went to the kitchen while Cooper sat down on the armchair and tried to talk to Blaine. Which was not easy because he felt how Blaine was still angry and still unhappy about this whole situation. But he tried.

“Are you and your mother working together or how does it come that you two show up, suddenly?”

“No, we are not. I'm here because she called me, asking if I knew where you are. So I figured out you weren't living there anymore and I also found out what happened to your father.”

Kurt listened, felt what this did to his soul mate and cursed the damn coffee machine for taking so long. This conversation didn't go how Kurt imagined it and he wanted, needed to sit next to Blaine and stay right beside him. Just like he promised.

“I'm sorry about that. I really am. Your Dad was amazing. I never understood how he fell for my mother.”

“Me neither. And I wish he never did. I'm sure without her he would still be alive.”

Kurt came back, a tray with three cups of coffee in his hands and sat down right next to Blaine. Handing Cooper his mug he took his own and Blaine's and took a long sip so his mind finally left the sleepy state.

“It was her fault?”

“Not really,” mumbled Blaine and Cooper already opened his mouth to ask more, say something else about this topic but Kurt stopped him.

“Why are you here? You said you wanted to help Blaine.”

“Yeah, right,” Cooper said, making himself busy with adding some sugar and milk to his coffee: “Like I said, she called me and asked me if I knew where you are. I said no and she told me to turn the TV on where I saw you two.”

Blaine froze, then Kurt and both wondered if they had missed something if there was any gossip going around about them. If someone found out that they were soul mates and together. People who weren't a part of the circle they felt safe within. But it was impossible, thought Kurt, Nina would have called him and told them about it. He trusted Nina to do her job and she never did something to disappoint Kurt.

“When?,” asked Kurt eventually.

“The premiere of your movie. I saw him behind you and I thought he was a part of your team. I had no idea you two are boyfriends.”

“Soul mates, actually,” added Blaine and Cooper's eyes almost fell out of his head.

“Really? Well, that explains a lot.”

While Kurt didn't give much credit to Cooper's words and smirk Blaine did it instead.

“What's so funny?”

“Nothing. It's not my place to judge you two.”

“Damn right it's not your place,” hissed the younger but pressed his lips together, swallowing the other words that were waiting on his tongue. No nice words, that was for sure.

“I know you are angry, I get that. And if you don't want me to be a part of your life, fine. I'll go but I want you to hear me out.”

It was hard for Kurt to figure out what was right and wrong at that moment. Cooper didn't seem to be a bad guy. Yet, if Blaine wanted him out of his life then it was not his place to convince his soul mate otherwise.

“I really don't know why I should, Cooper. You know your mother, I bet you knew it all along what she wanted and all you were able to do was running away and leave me alone.”

“I was young, okay? I was young and stupid and she... you know her, too, and you ran also ran away, right?”

“Yeah, because she thought it would be a great idea to treat me like shit for whatever reason. And you knew that and left. You never cared about me and now you come here and want to convince me otherwise, yeah. Good luck with that.”

The expression on Cooper's face made Kurt to feel a lot of sympathy for him. Head hung and regret was what the other man showed but Blaine didn't see it. Just some months ago it was Blaine who looked exactly the same, hurt and hopeless about the words Kurt had thrown at him but still wished to fix everything. So Kurt took Blaine's hand and caught his attention. He made a gesture with his head towards Cooper and tried to calm Blaine down through their connection.

He succeeded but only enough to make Blaine see what he saw.

“I'm... I'm sorry, okay? I'm just so angry about everything that had happened.”

The older looked up, blue eyes even more blue – probably a sign that he was hoping – and then a small nod.

“I'm really sorry, Blaine. That's why I'm here. I know I'm late but I'm older, wiser and I won't let you down again.”

Still conflicted Blaine accepted it and Kurt squeezed his hand, smiling proudly at his soul mate who sighed.

“You said she called you and saw us on TV,” began Kurt.

“Yes. She wondered if I knew anything and I told her I do not and even if I did I would never tell her about it. Then she began to tell me how your father died and that you need someone. Of course I knew this was bullshit because I thought you were working for Kurt, so, I was sure you were doing fine.”

“She probably googled me and found out that I live in New York and that Blaine must be living here too.”

“Yeah. And from what Blaine said you two already met her?”

“She was stalking me. She found out where I study and began to stalk me.”

There was a slight sparkle of anger in Cooper's eyes but he was able to ignore that for now.

“She wants money.”

“Money?” asked Kurt and Blaine laughed bitterly.

“She has enough money. She kept everything my father had left for me.”

“Crazy bitch,” hissed Cooper and it wasn't surprising at all how he had called her. Kurt called her

the same things, maybe even worse things than that.

“How do you know that she wants money from Blaine? It's not like he owes her anything.”

Cooper laughed just as bitter as Blaine did before.

“She is crazy, Kurt. She is totally insane. I never met my real father, you know? I only met those guys she was with until they had nothing left for her. No money, no gifts, nothing. She is like a leech. First she acts all sweet and lovely and when she got bored or there was nothing left for her she broke up, pretending that she didn't love the guy anymore. With your Dad though, that was a different story. He was smart enough to not give her everything she asked for but rich enough for her so she decided to marry him. For a while I thought she was serious, you know? Because your father was so amazing and I hoped things would change. But when I asked her and she told me the truth I couldn't stay any longer. So I left when I turned eighteen.”

He listened to the story of a woman who was crazy about money and didn't care about what she did to other people. He heard the story of a woman who had a handsome and nice son who knew, right from the beginning, that what she had been doing was wrong. There was really nothing to blame Cooper for because he would have done the same. Like Blaine did the same. Escaping from something that had been pure toxic and now, she was back for more money?

“And now she is here for more money?” asked Blaine who was calmer.

“She saw you with Kurt and probably tried to get in touch with him. I bet she'd tell you some crazy story about how she knows Kurt or whatever crazy shit she comes up with.”

This was something Kurt and Blaine never wanted to happen. Someone spreading rumors about them and threatening their private life. Kurt took good care that no one knew where he was living and what connection he and Blaine had. Only the people inside this business and his friends knew the truth and he wanted to keep it that way. Which led to a question that made Kurt stare at Cooper and think that this was suspicious.

“How do you know where we live though?”

He felt Blaine squeezing his hand and then the panic rising inside him. Yes, he made sure that no one knew where he was living but somehow Cooper knew it and Kurt didn't like it. Was there a website knowing it? Was there some information outside and anyone could read about it?

“Nina hasn't called you?”

“No?” said Kurt as he was looking for his phone but remembered that he turned it off so no one could call him.

“We are friends. She was my first manager but then she moved to New York. And when I saw her at the premiere right behind you I knew she must be working for you. So I called her and explained what happened.”

The thing was he trusted Nina and if she gave Cooper his address then there was probably no need to not trust him too. For some reason Nina just knew who was okay and who not. He had witnessed it many times when he auditioned for other roles and she told him to not say yes to this or this project. After some months he found out that those projects were canceled for whatever reason.

“And I came here to support and help you and warn you. I'm sure she'll find you sooner or later and if she does you know why. I hope it will be enough to tell her to go away but if not you can count on me. I'll make statements, I'll do anything so she will leave you two alone.”



Silence filled the room. Even their connection was silent until Kurt turned his head to look at Blaine and saw his face. He looked frustrated, irritated and was – maybe – even blaming himself for this. The priority of Blaine Anderson was to not drag Kurt Hummel into any kind of trouble. But this was something no one had any control over and he hoped, needed Blaine to understand that.

“You think she'll... go this far? Like spreading rumors and stuff?” asked the younger.

“I honestly don't know. She never had anything to do with a famous person and maybe she'll have enough respect to back off. But just in case I think we should stick together and wait.”

“But what if she does something? What if she'll... ruin his career?”

Now the panic Blaine felt was not only shooting through their connection, it was also clearly in his voice.

“It takes more than some rumors to ruin someone,” said Cooper: “I'm an actor too and I guess I did more stupid things than Kurt and I'm still here. Believe me I might not be famous internationally but there were enough rumors about me here. Drugs, fights and they were not true. Thanks to my new manager.”

He kept the information about Cooper somewhere in his mind because being there for Blaine and tell him that there was no need to freak out was his priority.

“He is right. Nina will make sure nothing like that happens. Even if I'll make sure people will know what the truth is.”

But Blaine's look told him that he was worried about more than that. He was worried about the one thing that almost broke them. The thing that made it impossible for them to be intimate. The demon Blaine accepted, got rid off but still controlled him in certain situations.

“We'll call you, okay? I guess we both need some time to think about this,” said Kurt showed that he was sorry but that he really meant it. A look people learned with the years and Cooper knew it. Nodding he stood slowly up and Kurt doing the same.

“I mean it, Blaine. I really want to help and I'm really sorry.”

“Yeah... I know,” said Blaine and forced a small smile which immediately disappeared when Cooper turned back to the door and Kurt followed him. Opening the door he gave Cooper his number typed it down on his phone.

“I guess she made his life a living hell after his father died?”

“It's... it's more than that,” hesitated Kurt.

“Is he sick?” asked Cooper and the raw concern was written all over his face.

“No. He is healthy it's something else. But... it's his story to tell.”

Cooper nodded and gave Kurt his phone back: “I mean it. If you need any kind of help call me. I really want to be there for him.”

Kurt smiled over those words. This was exactly what he wanted for his soul mate, too. He wanted the best for him, friends, success and if it was meant to be even a part from his family back. And Cooper really seemed to be a nice guy.

“Give him some time,” was all Kurt said and then they said good bye.

Closing the door he went back to the couch where Blaine never left his place and was still lost in his thoughts. What he was thinking about was no secret for Kurt. The worry that someone might spill that he had been working as a prostitute. A fact that led to people judging him, judging them and adding – perhaps – even more 'facts'. Not to forget that Blaine was still a student, still around people who were young and maybe not as understanding as others.

They were soul mates, meant to be and no one had the right to, no one even could break them apart. Not their relationship but mentally? That was possible. However, Kurt was determined to go through this and tell the truth. He was determined to show anyone that he loved this boy no matter what he once did.

“I'm so proud of you,” he whispered when he was sitting next to Blaine: “So proud that you heard him out. I know it was hard for you.”

The smile his boyfriend gave him was honest. Smiling was a good sign, thought Kurt.

“We'll work this out, right? No matter what happens?” the younger asked not even hiding the insecurity within his voice.

“Of course we will. It's something we are good at by now, don't you think?”

An adorable snort escaped from Blaine and then he laughed. Light laughter like he was shaking off all the tension he was feeling. Usually his soul mate began to blame himself and talk about how Kurt would have stopped loving him and wanting to be with him. He did not. For some reason Blaine didn't say those things and for a moment he liked to believe that Blaine changed his mind about them. About what it meant to be a soul mate. However, he didn't ask.

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Christmas was over and New Years Eve was around the corner. Their first New Years Eve together just like Christmas. His first idea was to spend this alone with Blaine as well but they both agreed to not neglect their friends any longer. Kurt even thought about to invite Cooper but Blaine had not talked about his stepbrother since he came over and told them what happened. And he was not sure if it was okay to mention him again. So he didn't ask and focused on planning with their friends.

They met at Mercedes' place because Blaine's stepmother knew where Elliot lived and after days of not leaving their home they needed to get out and see something else. Kurt knocked against the door and smiled when Mercedes opened the door. A smile that was a bit different from any other.

“You are glowing,” he said and hugged her hello just like Blaine did right after him.

“There is a good reason to,” she singsonged and showed Kurt her finger. A finger that had a ring on it and his eyes grew wide though it was not really surprising. Actually, it had been about time this happened but this didn't mean to not freak out and be happy.

“Oh my God! You are engaged!”

She nodded and laughed as he hugged her again and heard Elliot cheering from the living room.

“Why didn't you call me?” he asked, totally excited while Blaine pulled back as he, too, hugged her again and said his congratulations.

“I was too busy to be honest and I knew you two wanted to be alone over Christmas.”

“But... you are engaged!” said Kurt again and his friend laughed as they followed her into the living room to greet the others. Elliot just as excited as Kurt was.

“You knew?”

“I had no idea man. But I saw the ring before she could say anything.”

“He was actually crying,” added Martin as Kurt hugged a proud smiling Sam.

“But when did it happen?” asked Kurt not able to stop his excitement as he and Blaine joined Elliot and his soul mate on the couch.

“On Christmas,” began Mercedes to explain and handed them two cups with hot chocolate.

“That's why I invited our families. It was so hard to hide it from her because she kept on saying, *something suspicious is going on or you did something*,” said Sam and tried to mimic his fiancé.

“Stop that. I do not talk like that.”

Kurt and Elliot bit their lips to not say anything.

“Anyway,” began Mercedes again and sat down on the chair next to Sam's: “It was crazy. Really. They were all here and we let my family sleep in our bedroom and Sam's in the guest room. But still, there were just too many people walking around this apartment and too many people wanting different things. But, guess what, they all knew what was going to happen.”

Elliot tried to stay silent, while Kurt and Blaine smirked shamelessly.

“But you liked it,” said Martin also smiling.

“Of course after I knew why this craziness happened.”

“Do you have a date already?” asked Kurt.

“No. Not yet. We want to wait another year before we decide anything. I'll be busy with my vocal coaching because I'll travel with the kids a lot next year. But after that as soon as possible.”

And there it was, the dreamy and totally in love look Kurt was waiting for. He liked weddings, really. They were always so beautiful and a reason to be truly happy. And it was the first wedding of a friend of his he was going to attend. Another reason to be even more excited.

“I suggest we spent New Years Eve here with you two and celebrate your engagement,” spoke Elliot.

“Oh no, nope. Not gonna happen. I've been cleaning for days after our families had left and I know how hard we can celebrate.”

“What about a club? Or maybe Kurt's place?”

Kurt exchanged a look with Blaine knowing that celebrating in public was not really an option

since his crazy stepmother was, apparently, still around. But in his own loft? He wasn't so sure if he wanted to have the escalation – Mercedes just talked about – in their own four walls.

“I don't know if attending a public event is a smart idea to be honest. Blaine's mother is still stalking him as far as we know.”

“What? Still? Do you at least know why?” asked Elliot who was genuinely shocked about that.

“You know that you can denounce her?” spoke the lawyer out of Martin.

He expected for Blaine to freeze but he did not. Not even flinch. Only his hand reached out for Kurt's still seeking the comfort his young soul needed.

“Right now there is no need to. Cooper visited us. Blaine's stepbrother.”

“You mean the guy you shoved to the ground?” asked Sam.

“Um, yeah. But we are good with him. Actually he came to us and told us what was going on with his mother. He also wants to help us.”

“What does she want?” Mercedes asked.

“Money. Like always,” answered Blaine and Elliot snorted.

“She can't ask for money from you. She is not your mother and you don't owe her anything, right?” asked Martin and Blaine nodded slowly.

“I don't owe her anything. She is just crazy.”

“Then I wouldn't be worried, guys. If something happens you can come to me and we'll figure it out. There are laws she can't break.”

Kurt wasn't really worried about what this woman could do and what she wanted to do or try. He was more worried about the impact her actions had on his boyfriend. He seemed to be okay and not going crazy that Kurt might leave him because of that. Not like he used to do some weeks ago. But he was not sure if this was a good thing or the truth. All he could do was trusting Blaine that he talked to him if something was bothering him.

“Martin's right. Don't let her ruin anything for you. Frankly, we all should go out and let the world see how happy we are and what good friends we are,” suggested Elliot and Mercedes nodded with a grin.

“Yeah. We are with you, Blaine. She won't get even close to you or Kurt. And if she does I have a whole football team that will run over her.”

“Sam! Don't say stuff like that,” warned Mercedes him and he gave her a dumbfounded look.

“What? It's the truth. My boys would do it.”

“It's not about that, Sam. It's about-”

Elliot laughed while they kept on arguing and Martin smiled to himself after he gave Blaine an encouraging glance. But the youngest? He was just sitting there and staring at the people who once were Kurt's friends but now, also his. Kurt saw it, the slow realization in his soul mates eyes that he was, truly, not alone. He had more friends than just Charlie. More people who cared about him unconditionally and liked him for who he was. Kurt felt it, the old feeling everyone got to know with time. Finding friends who did anything for you. His friends were those kind of

people.

Squeezing Blaine's hand his boyfriend slowly turned it so he could look into Kurt's eyes and saw the happiness there, the endless calm Kurt got so good at. It was important, it became important. He learned that, if he stayed calm Blaine sucked it in and learned to do the same. This and trust Kurt when he promised Blaine something.

He watched Blaine who ducked his head and let his lips form into a small smile. Yes, this was good, this was what he hoped for. For his soul mate to understand that he was not alone anymore. That he was safe and loved in many ways but one. So he pressed a short kiss on Blaine's temple and then laughed about the cat calls his friends made.

# Intimate

## Chapter Notes

Hello! This is chapter 29 that was not really easy to write but I hope you get what I tried to tell. Anyway, the drama is slowly coming back, so be prepared :)

### Chapter 29. Intimate

They were all outside, standing on the streets of New York between strangers, many strangers. They didn't tell anyone where they were going – expect Nina - , didn't care if someone noticed them or not. Before they left their home to celebrate into the new year he called Nina and told her what their plan was. Told her that he wanted to celebrate in public and, of course, with Blaine at his side. His soul mate and boyfriend who he wanted to share everything with like any other couple could. And Blaine agreed on that though he was still more worried than Kurt was.

The thing was, if someone didn't want to be seen no one saw them. And together they chose a part of New York away from the famous places but still crowded. Away from their homes, away from cameras and curious eyes. A place Nina and Elliot knew and after two hours Blaine calmed down, realizing that they were safe here.

It was a huge house, from someone Kurt didn't know but he didn't care. He was just glad that they could celebrate without being disturbed or photographed by strangers. Because that was forbidden. Hour after a hour passed with a lots of laughs and lots of drinks and then they were all outside between the strangers, counting down to the new year.

Zero and the crowd cheered, laughed, fireworks began but he was only focused on his boyfriend, especially his boyfriend's lips which he could finally kiss in public. Not within a house hidden for anyone but between all these people they didn't know. His arms were around Blaine's shoulder, lips warm and gentle while the rest of them was cold. And he hummed when Blaine held his face to keep him there for a while.

It was so easy to forget the people around them or even where they were. It was so easy to just focus on kissing him and let all these incredible and warm things he felt control his body. Easier than breathing even. Slowly they stopped kissing and pulled slightly back so their eyes could meet. Kurt smirked at Blaine: “I'm pretty sure you've grown a bit. Some months ago I could kiss you on your head without any troubles.”

“I thought people say Happy New Year after midnight,” smirked Blaine and seemed to be pretty proud about his cheeky comment.

“Someone's in a good mood, huh? Good,” he smiled, kissed Blaine again and then the people around them cheered again as a huge firework explode and covered the sky in gold.

Holding each other they looked up and watched the little show. This was the new year, the new year and a new beginning for him and Blaine. Which began pretty amazing. The first kiss in

public without being worried who saw them. That night they were just two people in love and doing what other people could do every day. Kiss, hold hands and walk through a crowd without fans, without people knowing who Kurt was.

He enjoyed his job, he loved his job only the part of being famous and giving up a part of his privacy was the price he had to pay. Not that night though and Kurt enjoyed each second of it, each touch, each shared glance.

After some minutes Elliot and Martin joined them, wishing each other a happy New Year. Right after them Kurt spotted Mercedes and Sam and together they went back inside before they left an hour later, knowing that the traffic was crazy and it took some more time to get home than usually.

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They stumbled into their home with giggles and a more sober mind. Kurt made sure to not get drunk because he didn't want to forget or have a blurry memory of that night, just like Blaine but they still joked about getting drunk one day and feel sorry for each other the following day. Door closed their lips couldn't stop kissing. Silly kisses on each other's lips, cheek and some kisses missed the other entirely. Scarf, gloves and coat were off followed by their shoes and used the bathroom – one after the other – before they went to their bed.

It was around 3 am but Kurt didn't feel tired. Everything in his mind and soul wanted to stay awake and share more gentle gestures. He wanted to kiss and touch Blaine but not in the way that freaked him out. Actually, Kurt had no idea what would freak Blaine out after the last time. Yes, he went too far and he should have been the one to say stop when Blaine had asked for more. It was so clear that his boyfriend was not ready for more after what Jesse did to him.

“What are you thinking?” asked Blaine when Kurt didn't kiss him back as much as before. He was distracted by his thoughts and didn't even notice that they were already in their bedroom, standing right beside the bed. The memories from the night when Blaine cried and panicked came back, clear and fast as his eyes stared at the bed where it happened.

“I...” he began but the words he needed weren't on his tongue. Instead he looked into Blaine's eyes, watching the gold changing into green and brown in such a warm way that he felt bad, really bad for how he felt. For what he wanted.

“I want you. I want you so bad but I don't want the same thing to happen again. And I don't know how to help you or... what to do so you don't feel scared.”

His hands rested on Blaine's waist keeping him there and trying to make him feel safe and loved. He wanted him to feel safe and loved but he also thought that this was what Blaine needed more than anything right now.

Intimacy was something positive for Kurt, sometimes even fun. Whenever he thought about that he imagined all these wonderful moments of falling into pure bliss together with someone else. He thought about the gentle touch of a hand on his skin, about lips exploring his body or his own lips exploring another body. Whenever he thought about that he imagined exactly that, all these wonderful things.

With Blaine, he knew, it was more because they loved each other, because they were soul mates.

If things were different he would have shown Blaine everything. He wanted to show Blaine everything and give him all the love he had inside his heart. He wanted to kiss each part of his skin, touche each part in the most gentle way possible. Wanted to hear him moan and say his name. Yes, he even wanted to be inside him and watch him fall apart and through the whole act he wanted to hold Blaine. Hold him together forever.

Because he knew Blaine would do the same.

“And I want to punch each person who ruined this for you.”

Blaine snorted and leaned his forehead against Kurt's chest while his hands took a hold on Kurt's arms.

“I sound like a horny, silly, teenager, don't I?”

“I prefer you being horny and silly instead of you being an adult and not wanting me at all.”

He smiled remembering what a long way they both had come. From meeting but not knowing who they were for each other to meeting again and having a pretty hard time. A probably needed lesson that took longer than necessary. However, he was here with the person he loved more than anything and needed to figure out how he could show Blaine his love without scaring him.

“I... feel how much you want us to take the next step,” spoke Blaine slowly and pulled back to look into Kurt's eyes: “And what I feel makes me happy and not scared. And I really want to share this with you but I don't know... I don't know how or where my limit is.”

Kurt nodded, more to himself than to Blaine and moved his hands away from Blaine's waist to take his hands and sat down with him on their bed. Maybe talking would help. Talking about what Blaine thought he was comfortable with or just... talk about it all. Again and again and figure it out together. Because he didn't want to hold Blaine together during sex. He wanted to hold him together in any situation. Even in those which were sad, terrible.

“How was it for you? What did you feel when you were working?”

For a while Blaine just looked at Kurt like he was not sure if he heard him right. Then he looked down to their hands and he saw how his soul mate understood what Kurt tried to do. It was not just helping, talking and processing. Whatever Blaine felt while he remembered Kurt felt it too. Not as strong, not with the same memories but he felt it anyway and he was sure it helped them. Him to understand and Blaine to process.

He noticed the change, again. Usually Blaine would have asked him if he was sure, if he really wanted to hear all these things but he did not. He spoke about it and trusted Kurt.

“At the beginning it was just disgusting. Like any other person I imagined my first time to be special or at least... with someone I liked. So all I felt was disgust until I got used to it and the rules I set for myself helped me. Keeping my first kiss and my virginity was really important to me.”

He felt it. The fear and disgust Blaine felt as he remembered. Kurt knew those feelings but those were much bigger than his own. A fear that could fill the whole room, disgust that made him sick.

“And when you got used to it?”

“It was... like... I was just a working machine. Not thinking just doing and waking up from this... mental place when I was done. But I never enjoyed it because I never felt anything for those guys.”



He listened, felt and the first thing he noticed in the little storm that was happening inside Blaine was a dull feeling. No fear, no hate just nothing. Feeling nothing probably helped Blaine through this time.

“You know,” Blaine began after a pause and mindlessly caressed Kurt's hand with his fingers: “We never really had a choice about who we had to spent the night with. Whoever was ready to pay, or pay more than we asked for, was our costumer. And I... I really don't care how people look like but I care about who touches me in a way I... I only wanted someone I love to touch me.”

He stopped and then spoke on.

“Some were just focused on getting an orgasm or trying some kinks. That's why I had all these toys. I even had some nice costumers, but it didn't matter how nice some of them were. For me, sex, never became something I enjoyed or something beautiful. It was just me giving them blow jobs, hand jobs, getting those in return for money because I needed it more than an orgasm.”

“Because it was never done with love, huh?”

“Yes. I mean, orgasms are great but they were great for me because I knew, then, it was usually over. But I still told myself this is not what sex is about or being intimate at all. I told myself that there is a different kind of intimacy. I know that, I knew it then but I learned to protect myself still. After Jesse I did anything so no one would even come close to my virginity. I wanted to keep it for the person I would love.”

Kurt moved closer, slowly, and gently put his arm around Blaine's back to show him that he had someone who loved him. That his desperate wish was finally true and he didn't need to wait and wish anymore. He felt it in his bones, all the desperation and the fear and just wished he knew how to take those demons away from Blaine.

“Eventually I gave up wishing for love. People who knew what I was doing of course judged me and that was my idea of the world. That anyone would judge me and never love me and see me as a slut.”

“You are no slut, honey. You never were and you never will.”

He felt Blaine smiling against his neck and thought it was astonishing that even now Blaine found some humor.

“I don't mind dirty talk. There are thinks I want to try though. And... it's so easy for me to imagine doing all this with you that, when we get close I just... I just see Jesse and hear his voice and remember what he tried to do. I just feel how my body wants to fight against it and it's frustrating. I... I really had no idea about the influence this experience has on me.”

“Because you never tried it again, I guess.”

Kurt thought about the kinks, about the things he and Blaine could try because he made experiences. Though it seemed kind of weird to look at it this way but then it did not. Blaine said it himself that he wanted to try things with Kurt and why not taking those seven months as an experience? Turning the bad into something good?

“I'm excited to try things out with you,” he whispered and kissed Blaine's hair.

“I thought it would freak you out.”

“No. I think you should look at it as an experience. It was your job, it is your past and now you

have someone who loves you and who you love. I don't think it's something to judge you for or anything bad at all. You know, we all made experiences with other people. That's what they are after all, experiences. It's okay, too, if you enjoyed some things. That is nothing to be ashamed about."

Blaine sighed.

"I don't know if I enjoyed anything at all. I just... want to try stuff with you. I really want to but it feels just... not good when we go further. All I think about, then, is what Jesse did."

He wished they could do something else. Call the police and tell them what happened but Blaine never wanted that. It had nothing to with shame it was more about that he didn't want to cause any trouble. It happened, it was done and all that was left was to fix this.

And Kurt focused on this to make his soul mate feel good no matter how close they came. So he leaned back and smiled at him before he pressed a lovely kiss on Blaine's mouth.

"Does this feel good?"

"Of course," said Blaine and was slightly confused.

"And this?" asked Kurt and kissed Blaine's cheek, knowing the younger would understand what he tried to do.

"This too."

Pulling back Kurt smiled at him and whispered: "Tell me when it stops feeling good."

There were questions in Blaine's eyes, confusion even but he understood it soon enough. Kurt knew he would. He leaned closer again, placing a kiss on Blaine's jaw, down to his neck – slowly and gently – and then on his collarbone.

His fingers opened the first button of Blaine's shirt, revealing more skin and covering it with long, sweet kisses but always being focused on what Blaine's answer was, what he felt. Kurt noticed his heart pounding against his chest, felt it under his lips. Heard the sharp inhale, felt Blaine's fingers running through his hair. This was all he focused on for the first seconds, trusting his ears and senses before he opened their connection to actually feel.

There was excitement coming from his boyfriend along with something else. It was not fear it was more like a battle with himself. A battle between wanting to love and not. A battle with the demon inside his heart and Kurt kissed right above it, hoping to calm the demon down.

Button after button he opened and then more kisses traveled down, but never close to Blaine's pants. The older didn't want that. Not tonight, not tomorrow. All he wanted was to show his soul mate that this could feel good. That this could be more than just sharing an orgasm.

He wanted to worship Blaine's body in a way no one did before. With love and gentleness. He let Blaine feel that. All the love and calmness because there was no lust or arousal, not the kind of like a week ago. No, he wanted to place his love with each kiss and touch on Blaine's skin and draw new lines. Warm lines, kind lines, so many that all the black lines from the past, from the hands and lips that once touched Blaine just disappeared and never came back. This body was too beautiful, the skin too soft and too warm to let it be covered with all these bad memories. All that should have been there was love, thought Kurt. And he hoped that he was able to leave it there with each press of his lips.

Still being perceptive about what his boyfriend felt and showed he looked up, needed to see his

face just to be sure and smiled. His hazel eyes were half closed, shining with surprise but also with love for him.

“Still good?”

Blaine only nodded.

“Good,” smiled Kurt and buttoned his shirt back.

“That's all?” asked the younger more surprised than disappointed.

“Yeah. I think small steps are important now. So you get new memories. You are eighteen and shouldn't be dealing with those demons. Any other person makes out whenever they can and just enjoy it. I hope you can do that too, you know? Be the eighteen year old you have the right to be. And I think taking small steps is the right thing to do.”

To be honest, deep down Kurt was just scared to ruin more for Blaine. He thought that also after Blaine's freak out and blamed himself for not noticing. He had been too focused on his lust and want but not if it was the right thing for his soul mate.

Now he was not only feeling the excitement and the love, also the trust Blaine put into him. A trust so strong that didn't exist before and he felt honored and lucky that his boyfriend trusted him.

Of course there was more he wanted to try but he decided it was way too late for that and they both needed some sleep after this thrilling night of public kisses and hand holding.

Skin hidden by the soft fabric he climbed on his side of the bed and noticed how his boyfriend didn't move but sat where he left him, his hand running up and down his upper body as if he tried to feel if everything was okay.

“Kurt?”

“Yes?”

“Will you... tell me how you lost your virginity?”

This kind of surprised Kurt until he remembered how he never had told Blaine about his experiences. Not in detail but if Blaine wanted to hear all of this he saw no reason not to talk about it.

“Of course.”

Finally Blaine moved and climbed under the covers, facing Kurt as he took his left hand into his own, ready to listen.

“I was... eighteen and came here to New York to study at NYADA. And I met this guy, Taylor was his name and he was a friend of Elliot, actually he was his roommate. I was living together with Rachel back then.”

“Rachel?”

“Yeah,” Kurt chuckled and explained: “She used to be a good friend but she changed. Anyway. I met Taylor and Elliot and we became friends pretty fast. We studied together, went to parties together and it was really amazing for me because I never had a gay friend. Gay people weren't exactly popular in Ohio.”

There was a guy named Chandler who got my first kiss but... he was not the right person. In High School I still dreamed about all this romantic stuff. Kisses and sex. Well, I didn't lost my virginity in a romantic way."

"No?"

Kurt shook his head and moved a bit closer and took his hand away from Blaine's to let it run through his curls.

"We were at Elliot's place together with some other people from NYADA and Mercedes was also there with us. She studied in L.A. but came here to us because it didn't make her happy. So I let her live with me and Rachel which was my rescue rope."

Blaine hummed and said: "Sounds like this Rachel girl is really exhausting."

Kurt laughed: "You have no idea. But I'm sure you'll meet her soon enough. Anyway, back to Taylor. So, Elliot had this big party at their place and I got drunk pretty bad. And somehow everyone was gone or sleeping and it was only me and Taylor being still awake. I don't know how but we began to make out and went to his bedroom and had sex."

"You weren't even a couple?"

"No. We just were horny idiots."

Silence and Kurt watched Blaine's face, saw how he was thinking and wanting to ask something but unsure if he could do that.

"You can ask whatever you want."

His soul mate looked at him and groaned slightly: "I thought you can only feel what I feel and not read my mind."

Kurt only giggled: "I've spent a lot of time watching you, didn't I?"

"Yeah, like a creepy old man if I remember correctly."

They both smiled, enjoying how easy their conversations became and then Blaine was lost in his thoughts again, letting his fingers rest on Kurt's chest.

"Did you top?"

"The first time I didn't. I had no idea what to do but Taylor did. And I trusted him, I guess. He didn't force me into anything he was actually gentle but it just... didn't mean anything. We only wanted to fuck."

"So you prefer to top?"

Kurt thought for some seconds before he answered.

"No. I guess... I like both? It depends."

"Depends on what?"

"Well... what you need, I guess. When I top I want to take care of the other person. For me topping is taking control over the situation and the other person is trusting me, you know? I mean, when it's sex that means something. Topping is like making the other person fall apart and hold together after that. It's... of course it's not always like that but... for me it's like that. Because you

literally invade a person's body and they trust you to be careful and do it right. And it's a huge thing for me and also scary. And I was scared when I did this to you."

He breathed in and smiled as he felt how Blaine wanted to apologize again.

"While bottoming is... I mean there is power bottom but actually, for me, it's really trusting and taking everything. But at the same time you make sure to signal the other person they aren't hurting you. And sometimes I just need to give or fall apart. And sometimes you just fuck."

"But... being the top you also fall, right?"

"Of course you do. I mean, you know how an orgasm feels. It's supposed to feel good and mind blowing."

"Mine... felt good but never... mind blowing."

"And that's okay," whispered Kurt and felt how hard it was for Blaine to admit that, even if he hated his job he still enjoyed some parts of it. And that was nothing to be blamed for. So he smiled and let his fingers run soothingly through his curls, still.

"But... the most important thing for me is to feel. Feel the person I have sex with. Because it's always better with feelings."

"And with Taylor you didn't have that."

"No. We never were a couple and a month later he left New York and never came back. Which was good because then I began to live together with Elliot and Mercedes. After Taylor I had two boyfriend and some one night stands. But I was never in love with them, you know? I thought I was but I was wrong."

"So, you never had the kind of sex you wanted to have?"

"No. I thought I did, but no. But this I figured out just some weeks ago."

Blaine blinked and Kurt saw how adorably confused he was.

"I don't understand," confessed his soul mate and so he gently wrapped his arms around Blaine's body, pulling him a bit closer and did some more explaining.

"I've never been in love with someone like I'm in love with you."

"Oh," breathed Blaine, blushed and the older did not only feel how his boyfriend's heart began to pound like crazy but also how their connection was comfortably burning.

"There are many things I don't know and are new to me when I'm with you. So we are both exploring new things here."

"Well, that's... good to know," Blaine finally smiled back: "So... does it hurt when you are... the bottom?"

"When it's done right it doesn't hurt that much. It's more like... it feels weird having something inside you but after a while it feels good when you just... let go."

He watched Blaine nodding slowly, then a small frown on his face and bumped his nose against Blaine's.

“What is it?”

“I'm just not sure if I can do anything of this. Top or bottom.”

“Of course not. You aren't there yet and even if you'll never-”

“But I want to be there,” said Blaine before Kurt even finished his sentence.

“Then you'll get there. But give yourself some time. I'll wait and try to help you in any way possible.”

Blaine sighed and pressed his face deeper into the pillow so only half of his face was visible for Kurt.

“Tired?”

“Yeah. And thank you for telling me all of this and being honest.”

Smiling he kissed his cheek and turned the lights off. Then, like every night Blaine wrapped his arms around Kurt's body, clinging to him and the older held him safe and sound.

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“Wow, that's... wow, you are serious?” he asked Nina who was on the other end of the phone.

“Of course I am. Kurt, why would I joke about that,” she laughed and Kurt pressed his hand against his head still trying to process what she just said.

“When?” was all he could ask before his lips stretched into a happy smile.

“At the end of January. Probably the first or second of February.”

“That's in two weeks.”

“I know. Noah got a little bit confused with his own schedule and forgot to tell us about it. But, Kurt, this is Europe. You guys have the chance to become famous not only nationally but also internationally.”

Europe, he thought. Their movie was even a success outside of the US. This was a part of his dream and he was really happy about that. Really, he couldn't believe it but it was just the wrong timing. The talk with Blaine helped them both to move on and try things out, to work this out – and Blaine's stepmother not showing up again was also helpful. He did the same thing over and over again, worshipping Blaine's body whenever they found the time to do it. Which was not that much with Blaine being back at his college and busy with studying and doing his assignments, term papers and stuff.

“For how long?”

“Well, you won't like that but it's for a month.”

“A month!?”

He stood still, clutching the phone in his hand and counting the weeks, days he couldn't see Blaine. A whole month without his soul mate sounded like torture and his first thought was to say

no. However, this was his job and he was not only responsible for Blaine but also for himself. Not to forget that he loved his job.

“You know how important this is, I don't need to explain it to you. But you have to decide if you can be away from him for a whole month.”

She was right. He knew what this meant for his career and he really wanted that. Not the famous part, never that, but he wanted to see places and he wanted to meet new people and do more movies. He wanted all of this before he became a soul mate because it was easy when he was free. No, he didn't see it as a burden that he was no longer as free as he used to be, but it was something he needed to think about and talk about with Blaine.

“Yeah... I know. And you know I would say yes but I need to talk with Blaine about.”

Because he was almost sure there was no way for Blaine to travel with him. Not when he was studying and literally drowning in paperwork.

“You do that. Call me later?”

“I will,” he answered and ended the call just to let himself fall on his couch and feel the frustration growing but reminded himself to hide this from Blaine. Otherwise he would have been running home just to make sure everything was okay. But nothing was really okay, at least not for Kurt.

# Photos

## Chapter Notes

Hello my beauties! Welcome to another, rather, happy chapter :) Yeah, we need a lot of happiness to be strong for the next chapters. I hope you guys enjoy it and thank you for your reviews. Lots of love back at you guys!

## Chapter 30. Photos

“A whole month. I can't just go for a whole month and leave him alone,” said Kurt as he walked through a shop with cards for any situation. Birthday card, cards to congratulate for passing an exam, cards for no real reason, and, of course, wedding cards. Mercedes hummed, signaling that she was still listening but also looked at the wedding cards.

“I mean, we are good, really good and our connection is stable. But I'm so used to have him around me and that we take care of each other. It scares me that, maybe, if I'm gone something happens. Like, his crazy stepmother showing up or that our connection won't make it.”

He sighed, picking out a dark red card and inspected it just to have something else to do but his mind was way too busy with the worries.

“Well, he is not really alone. He still has us.”

“I know he does and I know you'll take care of him.”

But he didn't want to leave while they were still exploring things. Blaine let him closer and closer and Kurt felt how much strength and overcoming it cost him.

“He can stay at our place if you are worried. Because I doubt you won't take this chance.”

“I really want to. It's not just important for my career but it's also something I want.”

She nodded slowly and picked a pale golden wedding card out. It was a really beautiful card with black letters and folded three times.

“What do you think about this?”

“I think it's beautiful and classy,” he answered honestly and smiled when he saw her satisfied smile.

They picked three other cards out, too, and left the shop to grab some coffee on their way back home. Kurt wore sunglasses and a hat with the hope people would not notice who he was. That day seemed to be a success.

“When will you leave?”



“February the first or second.”

“Well, that's still enough time to think about it and talk with Blaine, right?”

Kurt shrugged because he knew Nina needed to hear from him the same day so they could announce that he was going to attend this event.

“I have to give Nina my call, preferably today.”

He let his friend think as they walked through the town, people, cars, noises never letting the silence win.

“Maybe you should try it. And if something happens you can always come back. You are a soul mate you have the right to.”

Kurt only nodded knowing what was were his rights and what not. He wished he could take Blaine with him so they both saw the same things he was going to see. France, Germany, Spain and England.

“Maybe... I don't know. If Blaine wants me to stay I stay.”

“You know he won't let you stay here,” she smiled at him.

And that was the problem. Kurt knew Blaine was going to say that he needed to be part of this event. It was his movie, his job and his soul mate was his biggest supporter.

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He was nervous through the whole day. Nervous and worried. A year ago he wouldn't have been nervous or worried. He would have been excited and already packing his stuff for Europe. A year ago he was still single, without a soul mate and free. Okay, he still was free but it was a different kind of being free. And he just tried to find a solution for this. A way so he could be a part of the Europe trip and not leave Blaine alone for a whole month without knowing where his stepmother was or if she still tried to do something to get money.

But he knew there was only one solution. Taking Blaine with him and this was not going to happen because he was busy with studying.

And their connection? Was their connection strong enough to handle this distance? Everything was okay between them, it really was. Since their conversation about how Kurt lost his virginity and how Blaine truly felt while he had been working as a prostitute they came closer. No, they didn't have sex but they were working on it. When they found the time and strength Blaine let Kurt kiss his bare skin, let him draw the lines of his love and though he enjoyed it Kurt also felt how it took Blaine some time to really let himself fall into this.

Why was it that, when good times came something bad had to follow? It was not exactly bad but... he didn't want to be thousands of miles away from Blaine and leave him here all alone. What if he needed him? What if something happened? He needed hours to come back and be here for his soul mate. Hours in which he was going to freak out probably.

“I'm home!” he heard Blaine's voice and snapped out of his thoughts, checking the time on his phone and it was, indeed, already around 7pm.

He jumped off his bed and hurried to the stairs, down and met Blaine in the middle of the living room, seeing an exhausted smile on his boyfriend's lips.

“Welcome,” he smiled back, or at least tried to and the good evening kiss from Blaine was more than welcomed.

“How was your day?” asked Kurt and wrapped his arms around Blaine's shoulder after he let his bag slump next to the coffee table.

“Better than yesterday. My term paper for music history was good and I feel almost ready for my final exams.”

“Good. I'm happy for you.”

“What about you? I felt how you became excited but then you closed the connection.”

Well, of course Blaine noticed that. His main focus was Kurt and no matter how flattering and precious this was for Kurt, that day he wished Blaine would have been more focused on himself.

“Nina called me and told what my schedule is for the next month.”

“Okay? And this is bad or?”

Kurt sighed and shrugged but then decided it was better to sit down and talk about it instead of standing in the middle of the room. Blaine followed him as Kurt didn't let go of his hand and joined him on the couch, concern written all over his young and beautiful face.

“It's not exactly bad. Well, it's not bad for my career but maybe for us.”

“For us?”

“Our movie is not only a success in the US. It's also in Europe and there are four premiers Noah wants us to attend. And... if I decide to do this I'll be gone for a month.”

Blaine didn't move or said anything. He just listened.

“I know you can't come with me with your finals being so close. It just feels cruel to leave you alone for a whole month while we are doing good right now.”

His boyfriend nodded, eyes moving down and he let him think for as long as needed.

“You know I'd say you should go.”

“I know. But what about you?”

Blaine shook his head and smiled, a forced smile so much Kurt could tell.

“This is your job and I'm sure this won't be the first time one of us has to go somewhere without the other. And our connection is strong because we've spent so much time together and got so much closer so, I guess, a month won't hurt us.”

Kurt sighed and wanted to feel how Blaine truly felt but he didn't let him feel anything at all. Well, maybe he didn't even need to feel what the younger felt. He knew it.

“What about your stepmom? What if she shows up and I'm not here?”

“What about your career? This is your dream, Kurt. And I don't want to be the reason you stay

here. You said it yourself. I'm brave, right?"

"Of course you are," he said without any hesitation because he didn't mean to indicate that Blaine was weak or not able to take care of himself. He was just simply worried and wanted to be there for him whenever needed.

"Then... we should try. I'll be busy with studying anyway and time will just fly by."

"Okay," said Kurt which caused Blaine to raise his eyebrows. Usually it was always like that, Kurt taking care of him and doing anything so he was fine, even if Blaine said he didn't need it. Or Blaine being the supporter and saying no to what he wants but yes to everything Kurt asked for. That moment was not like the others. This time he was the one trusting Blaine just like he trusted Kurt and it felt good. Really good.

"When?" asked Blaine and stood slowly up, Kurt following him into the kitchen and watched Blaine opening the refrigerator.

"In two weeks and I have to call Nina today to tell her if I go or not."

"Well, then tell her you will," Blaine smiled and began to prepare everything for Dinner.

Kurt called her and helped him preparing Dinner – some chicken and a salad – and after that his soul mate went into Kurt's former office – it was now Blaine's room so he could study and Kurt went into their bedroom to start looking through his stuff and make a list what he needed and what not. And as he was writing down all the things he needed a memory crossed his mind.

Rushing down and back into the kitchen he found the pro and con list he had created when he met Blaine. Sitting down he began to read the many cons and less pros and shook his head over the cons and what he had been thinking just a year ago.

Blaine being too young for him and rude and messy. How he took money from him without giving a good reason what for. Blaine was still younger but he was anything but rude or a kid. He was, for his age, way too mature and dealt, and still did, with things he shouldn't. Feeling melancholic he stood up and took a black marker to cross all the cons from that list and wrote something else down.

I love him.

Smiling and pleased with himself he sat there for a while longer, just staring at the piece of paper and thinking about how it all began and where they were now. So that he didn't notice Blaine leaving his room.

"What's that?" asked Blaine when he stood behind Kurt and wrapped his arms around the older's shoulders.

"Just a silly list."

He turned his head so he could see Blaine's face and heard him humming: "You love him? Who?"

"You, silly."

"So that list is about me?"

"It was about you. I made it when we met."

Blaine pulled back and sat down on the chair next to Kurt, trying to read the words that had been crossed with a black line.

“You never told me about that.”

“It's something I do when I have to decide something important, or, when my life changes dramatically. And you stepping into my life was a huge change, just like it was for you.”

His soul mate nodded slowly and smiled when he read the three words they said to each other whenever they wanted to, and, whenever needed.

“It has a lot of cons, huh? Let me guess, too young, rude, trouble?”

“Something like that. But it doesn't matter anymore. I've learned my lesson.”

He stood up and placed the list back into the drawer.

“Are you done with studying?” he asked and checked the time. It was two hours later and he was surprised how much time he spent actually with planning what he needed and swim in old memories.

“Yeah. Well, no, but I'm done for today.”

“So, another episode of Shameless? Or maybe a movie?”

“Can we go to bed? I'm pretty exhausted and probably fall asleep while watching something.”

“Of course,” smiled Kurt.

---

For the next week Kurt was entirely busy with being a guest on several shows and talk about his role and the success of it. Some where live some filmed but it was fun to meet all these people he knew from TV and talk about his work. But they agreed on not talking about his soul mate though he still wished he could.

But Kurt was way too worried that this was the wrong thing to do. Not without knowing what Blaine's stepmother wanted to do, or, if she still wanted to do anything. Some people knew it already, he said it in other interviews. Now it was all about damage control. For now. Because, honestly, he couldn't wait for the day to finally say it and show all of them how proud and happy he was. He had no idea where this need came from because his privacy was important to him.

Blaine was important to him and their relationship. There was it, the dark side of his job. Being a public person meant to not have as much privacy as he was used to. Being in public meant to be careful what he did and say. Public meant to be a role model for people, especially young people. He understood, after all these interviews and people wanting autographs, wanting to ask him things, take photos with him, that he had to be careful.

So he decided to wait, push this thought aside and see how things worked out and talk with Blaine about that.

Because it was not only Kurt who had no choice when he found out what Blaine had been doing. He had to accept it, work it out with his soul mate and it was not easy. Not at all. Blaine had also

no choice as to accept Kurt's job and learn to deal with it. But, he wanted to make it as easy for him, and them, as he could.

He came home late and found Blaine already asleep in their bed. There was a week left for them but it felt like he hadn't seen his boyfriend for months. With all these interviews and Blaine busy with studying, he wondered how he was going to survive a month without his soul mate. And this was something that made him smile and think about the past, again.

He loved this boy so deeply that, imagining he couldn't see him for a while almost broke his heart. Never in his life did he miss someone like he knew he was going to miss Blaine. When his previous boyfriend's were gone for a week because for whatever reason he enjoyed his time alone. When his one night stand left he felt satisfied and also happy about his alone time. Maybe it was because they were soul mates or maybe because he really, truly, and deeply loved this boy.

So much that he wondered if he ever was able to describe it through words. Or, if he could love him even more. However, he just never wanted to stop feeling like this for Blaine.

Making himself a cup of tea he pulled his phone out and scrolled through the photos he had. There were a lot from Elliot and Mercedes when they were still living together. Some of the set, some of the people he gave interviews. But there was only one from Blaine. Only one and he felt bad about it that there was only one photo of Blaine. But it was one that he loved.

Blaine when he was sitting on the counter with dough in his face when he baked cookies for Kurt. He remembered how happy he was and how hard Blaine tried to do it right. It was the first and only photo he took and he asked himself how this was possible. They were together for so many months and he only had one photo.

“Kurt?”

He heard the sleepy voice and turned around and saw a half asleep boy who looked so much younger than he was.

“Why are you still awake? It's almost two in the morning.”

“I know. I just wanted to drink some tea,” he explained and smiled when Blaine came closer and gestured with his hand that Blaine could sit down on his lap. Wrapping his arms lazily around Kurt's body he watched Blaine closing his eyes for a second, sucking the feeling in. He was warm from the sleep and so soft that Kurt just closed his eyes and melted into the embrace.

“That's me on your phone,” noticed Blaine.

“Right and it's going to be my background picture,” said Kurt and just did that. He felt Blaine smiling against his neck and wrapped his free arm around the warm body to keep him close.

“And I noticed that I only have one picture of you. Not to mention none of us together which makes me feel like a really bad boyfriend.”

Blaine huffed a laugh and snuggled closer as he mumbled into Kurt's neck, still in his sleepy state: “You need some sleep because you are being silly now.”

“We should take one now. You in my lap with your adorable curls sticking out because you've been sleeping.”

“*Kuuurrrt.*”

He switched the camera on selfie-mode and Blaine knew he had no other choice as to smile into the camera. A beautiful, sleepy smile and a more awake Kurt were the result. Then he kissed Blaine's nose and made him giggle and took another photo. And one when their lips found each other and he smiled proudly at the three new pictures he just took.

“We make a pretty couple, don't you think?”

“Oh my God, who are you sending those pics?” said Blaine and watched Kurt playing with his phone.

“Elliot. I bet he'll finally be able to puke rainbows and cry happy tears and then he'll wake Martin up to show him those and he'll role his eyes and complain the next time we'll meet.”

“Oh my God, you really need some sleep,” groaned Blaine but laughed.

“I do though. But I want to take those whenever I can. Because I won't survive a month without you if I don't have, at least, some pictures.”

They were silent, holding each other and the realization was sinking in. There was only one week left for them before Kurt had to leave to promote his movie in Europe. Only one week left for them to sleep in the same bed and spend some time together, physically together. Yes, he was still excited but not happy about the separation that was so close.

“We should... do that tomorrow. Taking pictures of us and have something to smile when we feel lonely,” suggested Blaine and leaned back to meet Kurt's eyes.

“I like the idea,” smiled Kurt and didn't say what he was also thinking. That he was going to miss Blaine even more with all these photos on his phone. However, his soul mate was right. Taking pictures together was a really good idea.

“I'll take a day off tomorrow so we can have some more time together. Actually, I thought about coming home earlier this week. It was your last interview today, right?”

“I have on tomorrow in the morning but after that no more interviews. Though I have to go through some scripts. But that I can some other day too.”

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The first thing Kurt did was calling the Department for Soul Mates to tell them what was going to happen – that he needed to leave Blaine for a whole month – and if this was okay. He needed to know if their connection could survive this because they knew their laws. Those said that they needed to maintain their connection at least once a week – when their soul mate was underage which Blaine wasn't anymore but he needed to be sure. It was like the last straw, the last hope that, maybe, he could take Blaine with him. But no. They said if they were feeling alright Kurt could leave for a month but he when needed he had to go back.

They were fine. More than that and he accepted that Blaine couldn't go with him.

They kept their promise and, when Kurt was done with his interview, he went back home to change into something else and together they thought about the places they wanted to go. But the places were limited because he needed to make sure to not go to those crowded places. There was the chance that someone could notice him and he, really, didn't want to take pictures with a half

hidden face. Kurt wanted to see their eyes when he was going to look at those pictures. He wanted to see their smiles and silly expressions.

Yet, when they went outside, he kept his sunglasses on and a scarf close to his mouth as they entered the central park. It was snowing and of course some people enjoyed this weather to take a walk through the park. So they kept on walking, holding hands nevertheless.

As they found a place less crowded Kurt took his sunglasses off and grinned at Blaine, being super excited about this small trip. Fishing his phone out of his pockets he began to take pictures of Blaine in his adorable beanie. He smiled over his surprised look and how the curls just were sticking out under the beanie.

“My boyfriend looks very adorable today,” he grinned and Blaine fixed his coat but soon took his own phone out and snapped some pictures. At some point the younger began to throw snowballs at Kurt who tried to duck while giggling and telling Blaine to stop. But he didn't and then Kurt accepted the challenge and soon they were throwing snowballs at each other.

He hadn't done this in years. Once with Elliot but it ended in a disaster with Kurt being grumpy all day because his clothes were soaked. That day he didn't mind that at all. It was fun to run through the snow and try to hit his soul mate with a snowball. His soul mate who laughed through the whole time and really enjoyed what they were doing. Sometimes, when his smile was so big and his cheeks pink he saw the young boy he actually was. Just having fun and not worrying. It felt good that he could share this and give Blaine this though he was older. But what was age? It was just a number and told nothing about a person. Not even about himself. Hell, he even loved Disney movies and was sure he would never stop loving them.

Blaine threw another snowball and as Kurt tried to avoid it he slipped out and fell into the snow, hearing Blaine laughing wholeheartedly.

“Are you okay?” asked his boyfriend while Kurt opened his eyes, feeling the cold ground under his back and waited. No, nothing hurt thanks to the snow catching him up. And then he saw Blaine taking a picture and heard him laughing and thought that he had way too much fun.

“I don't know,” he groaned and all the happiness left Blaine's face and he knelt down, concern replacing everything else on his face.

“Did you h-”

He pressed a handful of snow in Blaine's face before he could finish his sentence and pressed his other hand against his mouth to stop giggling. A thought shot through his head and he fished his phone out, taking some pictures and then laughed even more, when Blaine tried to cover Kurt's face with snow. Instead, somehow, they ended up kissing, cold lips warming the other up.

“We should go home before we catch a cold,” suggested Kurt.

They took a cab back home both happy to finally be out of their cold clothes when they stepped into their warm loft. Kurt took their wet clothes and put them all together into the dryer, Blaine watching him while he leaned against the door frame of the bathroom.

“You want to take a shower first?” asked Kurt as he washed his hands.

“Can we... maybe... together?”

Kurt froze, the water still running and his eyes staring at Blaine. Did he hear it right? Or was it just

his mind telling him things because he still dreamed of those things? He hoped not because he was not here to make the same mistake again. The mistake to scare Blaine again. However, when he saw the cheeks turning into a soft red color he knew those words were true. Shutting the water down he dried his hands and tilted his head.

“Are you sure?”

“I don't know, to be honest. But we are getting closer, right?”

That was true, they got closer, so much closer. Worshiping Blaine's body with kisses helped to move on and they even reached the point where they both could sleep in just their underwear. But this? Kurt was not so sure if this was the right thing to do. Well, the right time to do this.

“We can try but, as soon as you feel uncomfortable you'll tell me, okay?”

“Okay. And... can you go first?”

“Of course,” he smiled but he was nervous, and worried. So worried that when Blaine closed the door and Kurt began to undress he almost felt sick. Beside him wanting to go further with Blaine there was this much bigger part fighting against it. The fear to hurt him and scare him. The fear that he might ruin and damage Blaine even more than he already was. Only one thing made him undress, turn the water on and just do this. And that was his love for him.

Maybe it was too romantic and maybe it was even cheesy, but he believed that love could cure a lot of things, if not everything. And love was never wrong. He inhaled, exhaled, knocked against the door to signal Blaine that he was ready and stepped under the warm water.

His first instinct was to hide himself, how naked he was but remembered that Blaine had already seen him naked. And he had seen him naked. For the next seconds he tried to find a reason to not do this, to stop Blaine and just don't risk it. But when he heard the door going open and felt Blaine stepping inside he knew, it was too late. He waited and waited, waited for something but not knowing what, until he felt Blaine's hand on his, right where his own scar was.

“It's okay. Don't be scared,” mumbled Blaine and then he felt it. His soul mate was calm, excited, yes, but he was calm. So Kurt turned around, facing his naked soul mate and smiled because he did the same. Things were good, things were calm and all his worries melted away when he felt Blaine's hands on his chest.

“I love you,” whispered Kurt, feeling the need to tell Blaine this and smiled into the small kiss he gave him.

“Love you too.”

His eyes were always focused on Blaine's even when he took the shampoo and squirted some into his hands. Even when he began to wash Blaine's hair all he was focused on were his eyes to see how he felt. And Blaine kept on smiling. A happy smile, even brighter than the one he gave him in the park. Small steps, he thought, small steps.

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It was four in the morning. His suitcase was waiting in the living room, his cup of coffee already empty and his heart already missing the person sleeping in their bed. Blaine had asked him to wake him up so he could help Kurt but, the truth was, it would have hurt him. It would have hurt



him to see Blaine walking around, trying to be happy and helping him. It would have hurt to see what he was not going to see for a whole month. His brave, beautiful and lovely soul mate.

Kurt figured that, even if Blaine would have been helping him the pain never had been less than it was when he sat alone. Pounding from his heart and shooting through his body. All he could hope for was to be busy, so busy that time would just fly by and he would be back here. Back in their bed and in those arms he belonged to.

God, he felt like crying but he tried not to. This love, so deep and so beautiful was also so painful when it didn't find its place. Didn't have its place to bloom and live. So he stood up, up the stairs and saw the small figure, still sleeping. He thought about leaving and letting Blaine sleep, maybe leave a note but that was just heartless. Walking closer he sat down, next to Blaine and let his fingers run through the curls, smiling when the golden orbs slowly opened.

"Hey,"

"Kurt, what time is it?" mumbled Blaine and looked to his right side, seeing the time for himself and huffed: "Why didn't you wake me up?"

"Because it hurts," he said, keeping their promise to be honest.

Blaine blinked, nodded to himself and sat slowly up to be closer to Kurt. Their connection let him feel it, the same pain he was feeling. The realization that they had to be apart for a whole month in some minutes. The realization that the next nights his bed was going to be empty and cold. That he was not going to touch or kiss Blaine. This was their last time for four weeks and, no, he didn't want to take Blaine with him to the airport. It was way too early for him, the college student who had to study in some hours.

"Have fun and don't worry about me. I'll be okay."

"I know you will. I told our friends to make sure you are okay."

"I'm too old for a babysitter, you know?"

Kurt laughed and Blaine smiled, his hand resting on Kurt's and running mindless patterns over his skin.

"But you are right. It hurts."

"I know," sighed the older and pressed a kiss on Blaine's lips, burning their taste and how they felt into his head.

"Call me, text me, anything. I'll do the same and forgive me if I'll be too busy to pick up or text you right back."

"You better do your job, old man."

They tried to joke, to lighten the mood but Kurt couldn't stop his eyes from burning and neither could Blaine. They were just burning and filling with tears and he was too weak to stop them.

"Oh God. We are acting like we won't see each other again. Or, maybe, you are right. I'm old and getting sentimental."

The sob from Blaine turned into a wet giggle as the first tear fell and he wiped it away, rolling his eyes almost as good as Kurt always did.

“It's okay, though. This is the first time we'll be apart for so long.”

“Yeah. But you are feeling good, right? No trouble with our connection?”

Blaine shook his head: “Everything is fine. I'll just keep your clothes too me and it will feel like you are here.”

Ah, yes, Kurt remembered how they exchanged some clothes to not feel so lonely and have something from the other with them. He even bought Blaine's cologne so he could smell him when needed. It was silly, maybe, but he really couldn't help himself.

“I don't want to go,” he admitted in a whisper, after thick silence, after just looking at each other.

“And I don't want you to leave,” whispered Blaine back and kissed Kurt: “But we'll be okay.”

All he could do was nod and kiss Blaine again, and again and lost himself in a deep, desperate kiss. He held Blaine's face, a bit too strong, a bit too close but never enough. He kissed him with all he had, with all his love and Blaine gave the same back, clutching at Kurt's shirt. It was such a weird situation for him because it felt like he was losing something. It felt like half of himself left him minute after minute. But he kept on kissing Blaine, ended up above him and stopped plundering his mouth with his tongue to press the sweet, lovely kisses on his mouth. Then, as his body began to tremble, he wrapped his arms tightly around the body and nuzzled against Blaine's neck.

“I love you, so much.”

“I love you,” whispered Blaine, voice rough from trying to stop his tears.

Pulling back he pressed another kiss to those lips, let his fingers run through the curls and another kiss to Blaine's cheek, getting just the same in return.

In any other situation he would have thought his behavior was stupid, dramatic even. In any other situation, yes, not here. This was his soul mate, the person who could hurt him in so many ways, who Kurt could hurt in so many ways. This was the person that understood him, felt what he felt and held his heart and soul safe. The person he loved more than anything and he had to leave it. Leave the other half of his being, his soul and that's why he didn't feel any shame.

“I'll call you as soon as we land.”

“Okay.”

And then Kurt left not able to stop the tears as he closed the front door behind him.

# Panic

## Chapter Notes

Hello guys! Sorry for the late update. I was almost done with this chapter but a friend of mine died and, yeah. It's been a strange and hard time. But I'm fine and moving on. So, I've finished the plot for this fic and I'm planning to write a sequel but I'm not sure if I will do that. There is an idea for a sequel but I need to work the plot still out. And here is the new chapter and, yes, the drama begins. I hope you still enjoy it :)

## Chapter 31. Panic

Kurt's eyes went wide as he stared at the photo of something, that was supposed to be a lasagne. One made by his friend Elliot. And whatever Elliot cooked never looked like it should. Just like the picture of the lasagne Blaine had sent him via Skype. They were apart for a week and it wasn't easy, not at all. The first two days Kurt cried silently into the cold pillow, missing the warm body. Only Blaine's pajama top that smelled like Blaine calmed him down a little bit.

And the first two days he was way too busy to call Blaine. He had missed his voice and his face so much, it was harder than he thought.

It was okay when he was busy. Only then he found some time to not forget, but to stop thinking about Blaine. He was then focused on the questions in whatever interview he found himself. He listened when his co-workers spoke and gave his fans his full attention. Only the moment when he had to do nothing, focus on nothing he found himself back in this sad place in his soul. The half that only Blaine was able to fill. So he literally ached for their Skype conversations, for each text, for everything coming from his soul mate. And whenever they were in touch he tried to sound happy but make sure Blaine yet knew how much he misses him. And his boyfriend did the same.

That's why he laughed wholeheartedly over the picture and smiled at the younger boy still in his pajamas because he just stood up. For Kurt it was already after 3pm, for Blaine around 9am.

“Did you eat it?”

“We did, after Martin scratched the black parts off the surface. It was good though.”

“You helped him, right?”

“I've learned from the best,” grinned Blaine through the camera and Kurt almost 'awwed' when he saw the smile on his display. It was a typical camera picture, not in high definition but clear enough so he could see Blaine perfectly. Still not as good as having him right before him and real but this was better than nothing.

“Tomorrow France then?”

“Yeah,” sighed Kurt and leaned back against the headboard of his bed. It was time to leave this

hotel with its yellow walls: “Germany was fun though. But I'm excited about France and England. Spain will be hot.”

Blaine hummed and lay down on his stomach, hands holding his head.

“Here it's raining and it's still cold. I wouldn't mind some sun. Or you back here.”

Kurt smiled over those words and though he felt how much Blaine missed him, they both tried to hide it. Things were already hard enough. Checking the time he sighed, seeing that there were only 30 minutes left before he had to go.

“I miss you too. How are you feeling?”

It was not even strange to ask Blaine how he was feeling. Because when they were calm Kurt and Blaine could hide what they were feeling. They were able to close the connection and it made him really feel like a human being, that he still had to ask Blaine how he was feeling. They didn't talk about it but both agreed, silently, to close their connection whenever they could. So that Blaine could sleep or Kurt and so that they were focused on other things. But it was strange, really strange to not have him around.

“I'm fine. It's weird to... not have my other half here and basically feed our connection with what it needs. But I'm doing fine.”

“How is school?”

“Hard because it's so much but I enjoy when we are just playing some songs. It calms me down and I need that a lot. My fellow students drive me crazy.”

Kurt raised both eyebrows and tilted his head: “Why's that?”

“They are all going to those college parties and telling me about it and wanting me to go with them. But there is so much to do... I have no idea how they do it.”

Kurt remembered his college life and especially all these crazy parties. They were fun, an experience, and totally something a student needs to attend – at least once. But Kurt was no soul mate when he was just 18 year old. He could kiss, touch and fuck whoever he wanted to. Blaine did not.

“Do they know that you're a soul mate?”

Blaine shook his head no.

“No. I don't want them to ask me out and we agreed to not be public.”

They did indeed. They did it because Kurt was famous and all eyes on him. He needed to be careful but Blaine? Blaine too, yes, but it was still unfair, thought Kurt. He chose this life, he knew what he was getting himself into.

“Hey, I'm fine. And I love *you*, Kurt.”

“I know” smiled the older. “You are still okay with this?”

“As long as I get to be with you in return I'm fine with everything. And it's not like I can't dance and get drunk with you. Or fool around with you.”

Yeah. Kurt really missed this. Kissing, touching, feeling his soul mate. He missed them being little

kids or an old married couple. He missed going out with their friends and celebrate just for fun.

“I just want you to enjoy your college time.”

“Kurt” sighed Blaine and gave him one of those smiles. Not the wide smile, not the sad smile, more like an exhausted but still lovely smile. “I do that. I enjoy what I have and that's more than I hoped for.”

Now it was Kurt who sighed, feeling how his heart began to ache again and touched the cold surface of his display. Like he hoped he could fall through it and right into Blaine's arms where he belonged. But all he got in touch with was the surface and pretended to touch Blaine's cheek. He just wanted to be home and there for the boy he loved so much. The boy had to give up on so many things Kurt had not to. But he got other things in return Kurt never had, the only thought that made the guilt shrink.

However, Kurt just couldn't stop the whine that escaped from his mouth. It was unfair to see his soul mate but not able to touch him.

“I love you and I miss you and I wish you were here with me.”

Blaine smiled, a forced smile.

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It was fun to talk in French. He wasn't as good as he used to be, but being busy in this country made it easier to remember. And people were more than ready to help him. Kurt talked to his fans from France and they all stared at him with huge eyes. Then they screamed, happy and surprised that he, in fact, could speak their language. It was really fun to answer their questions about when he learned their language and how much he liked to be in France.

But what he loved most was to finally be able to walk in public without people following him around and blinding him with their flashlights. At public events, yes, when it was allowed but not outside of those. The law forbid paparazzi to do this and he enjoyed every second of it. Just like his co-workers. They walked around and visited places Kurt needed to visit with Blaine one day. Especially his romantic side was taking the best of him as he told Linda, how he imagined him and Blaine walking up there and kiss under the moon light. Linda giggled and Kurt giggled when he watched her asking for recipes for each food they enjoyed. He was sure, as soon as they were back, she would cook something for them and it would taste just as good.

Beside the fun he had there was also the fact that he literally found no time to be on Skype. There was too much they wanted to see and too much walking that, when he was back in his hotel room he hadn't had much strength but just to send a text to Blaine. Like he did through the whole week. Kurt felt bad about that, really, and he promised himself to make it up to Blaine.

He had packed his stuff and joined Linda and Robert on the balcony of his room, both sipping some sweat wine as they read their scripts. He and Linda got one from Hilary and one from Noah and one from a guy Kurt met after an interview he had. His name was Arthur, if he remembered right.

“I like Noah's script but I can't see myself playing a nurse. Hilary's.. well. No. But I do like Arthur's. Playing a murderer is really a challenge for me.”

“Well, he loved your role in Noah's movie so I guess you'll be more than welcomed there,” said Robert and focused back on the four scripts he had.

“I like the script from Richard.”

“Who's Richard?” asked Kurt as he flipped through Hilary's script.

“I met him when we were in Germany. It's a drama taking place in World War Two about two brothers. I really like those kind of movies with some, well, true background. And I'd like to stay here for a while.”

“You just like to play with guns,” said Linda and Robert stuck his tongue out.

“I do not. I just like those kind of movies and crawl through dirt and all these things you do when you're a soldier. But I do not like guns. Actually, I wish the US would have the same law like Germany did. No guns allowed.”

“That's true,” said Linda and then looked to Kurt who was still reading Hilary's script. “You are going to say yes to Hilary?”

Kurt shrugged though his eyes were shining: “I do like the script but I won't be able to play the love part. I can't kiss someone since I'm a soul mate.”

Luckily he was not interested in playing in a romance. He was more interested in those roles that were not about that. He liked to play in a drama about family and friendship or even a thriller.

“Isn't it kind of annoying?” asked Robert who was no soul mate and made Linda and Kurt chuckle. It was not annoying, not at all. There was no other person they wanted to kiss or be with. All they wanted was their soul mate so not being able to play everything wasn't really bothering them.

“It can be frustrating for the director, that's true. But not for us.” explained Linda and Kurt was sure he had the same dreamy smile she showed.

“Okay. Stop that.” complained Robert and made a face like he ate something that didn't taste good.

“Anyway. I'm sure Hilary wanted me to play the other leading part.”

Two hours later they went together to the airport with Nina and the other two managers. Kurt made sure to text Blaine that he was now leaving France and aiming for Spain and promised to call him as soon as he found time to do that. Luckily Kurt found some time to exactly do that.

Feeling excited but also sorry he started his laptop and drank some water before he jumped back on his bed. It was 3 in the morning at his place which meant it was something around 9pm at Blaine's. Time zones sucked, thought Kurt and wondered how he even survived two weeks without Blaine. Especially the week in France just flew by and he hadn't skyped with Blaine during the whole week. Germany though, the first week, it was just horrible to be apart from him.

“The famous Kurt Hummel.” he heard Blaine speaking but didn't see him. All he saw was his kitchen, well part of his kitchen. He couldn't see the refrigerator but he heard it being closed and soon Blaine appeared, a can with soda in his hand. He wore Kurt's pajama which was a little bit too big for him still.

“Hey honey. I'm so sorry for not calling you. France was just crazy.”

Blaine hummed, drinking his soda and Kurt couldn't really tell if he was angry or not. At least he didn't feel any anger coming from Blaine.

“You aren't angry, are you?”

He watched his boyfriend, watched him closely and there was no smile, no anger, nothing and this made him even more worried. The closed connection wasn't helping either. Biting his lower lip he fumbled with the hem of his shirt and searched for the words to say. But then he saw Blaine smiling and groaned when he opened the connection and let Kurt feel how happy he was. Happy to finally see him again.

“Don't tell me I have no acting skills.”

“You almost gave me a heart attack.”

Blaine laughed but then pouted and apologized for being so mean. That pout, Kurt never saw him pouting in such an adorable way and he wished he could just lean over and kiss this pout. But he couldn't and the camera never did justice to how adorable and beautiful his boyfriend really looked.

“Kurt, I told you I'm fine and this is your job. It makes you happy and you love what you are doing. I will never be angry about that.”

“Yeah but... I love you more.”

“Then I know you'll come back to me as soon as you can.”

He liked that. He liked how it always changed between them about who was the adult one and who not. It was a balance Kurt never knew could be a balance. He was the older one, yes, but he was more mature in other situations than Blaine was. Like, when he was worried about their future, about them Kurt was the one assuring him that they were fine and always would be fine.

And then, when he almost felt bad for his job and leaving Blaine it was Blaine who kept him grounded and told him, that, there was no reason to feel that way. That he still loved Kurt though he was busy and traveling. For Kurt Blaine was almost too calm, too okay with this. He couldn't stop thinking that he was hiding something just not to worry Kurt.

“How was France? I guess it was incredible?”

Kurt sighed and couldn't stop the smile stretching over his lips.

“It was, really. It was fun to finally use my French and it's really beautiful here. We need to come here together one day and be silly romantic.”

“Kiss on the Eiffel Tower under the moonlight?”

Hearing that Blaine had the same idea made him giggle and happy.

“And the best thing is, Paparazzi are forbidden unless we want them to take photos of us.”

Blaine hummed and let his chin rest in his hands, looking even more adorable. His curls were wet and the pajama made Kurt's heart do something funny. A warm, fluttering feeling. Seeing someone, someone he loved wearing his clothes was new to him. But what it did to him... it was not just this warm feeling, not only the love he had for Blaine constantly rising and filling his heart

and soul. No. It was also arousing but he swallowed, tried to ignore that feeling and didn't let Blaine feel what he felt.

“What about your week? You texted me that you were fine but busy.”

“I am fine but less busy. I've studied everything I need to know and I'll do a revision a week before each exam.”

He didn't question how Blaine studied and he didn't feel like giving him any advice how to. His soul mate skipped a class and though he never saw his grade he was sure they were good. Very good. Not to forget that Blaine was studying exactly what he wanted.

“Jack came to me yesterday and asked me if I want to be a part of his orchestra.”

“Really?!” Kurt exclaimed and smiled from ear to ear.

“Yes but... I'm not so sure about that. I thought a lot about what I want to do after I'm done with studying. And... I'd like to become a composer.”

Talking about this, Blaine's future and what he wanted to do was doing something to him. It made Kurt proud, so proud that this boy began to plan his future, to focus on what he wanted to do and what would make him happy. When Blaine talked about something it was not his future. It was about his past and their present. Things he knew were a fact while the future was uncertain. Blaine didn't like uncertainty.

“If that's what you want to do.” smiled Kurt but felt how nervous and unnerved Blaine was.

“I don't know if that's it. But I think I... I want to try.”

“And I'll be right next to you.”

Their eyes met. Kurt's shining with certainty and his boyfriend's with trust. Trust he put into Kurt without a second thought. It had been a long way to this point. The point when they both trusted each other regardless.

Blaine smiled, the shy but still happy smile. Then he talked about how he helped Mercedes, who had asked him to work for him – part time – and he told Kurt about those kids who were talented and how sorry he felt for those who were simply pushed by their parents. The older was surprised about that information because that was new to him.

“You are working for her? Since when?”

“She asked me four days ago and I thought it would be nice to earn some money through something I enjoy.”

He wanted to say that Blaine didn't need to work because he had enough money. He wanted to say that he shouldn't feel obligated to do that, just because he had no money. Or maybe he did it in case something could happen? Like his stepmother showing up and asking for money and Blaine would pay up so she would leave?

His own thoughts sounded ridiculous and Kurt shoved them out of his mind.

“If you think you can do that and study then I won't stop you. But I want you to know that you don't need to earn any money. You don't need to pay me anything back.”

“I know that. And I'm not doing this because of that. I actually enjoy it.”



Kurt smiled though he couldn't stop being worried. It was just so typical Blaine to do things on his own because he was used to it. But, as long as he wasn't going back to working as a prostitute he saw no reason to stop him. Not to mention that it would have been unfair and probably hurting Blaine and his self-esteem.

They talked some more. Kurt told Blaine about Linda and the mission she made for herself, which was collecting recipes. Then they talked about how amazing it would taste to have some French food cooked by her. There was a bit more about France that left Kurt's mouth, but then he heard something he wasn't believing at first. Blaine talked about Elliot and Martin having a fight and Kurt literally gasped when he heard that. Elliot and Martin were never fighting. Actually they were love sick people whenever they met Kurt and sometimes it was even too much for him. Blaine told him he had no idea why because it happened that day.

He made a mental note to himself to call Elliot and ask what happened. Sure he knew they were going to be fine but they were still humans, with a heart and mind. Around 4am Kurt yawned and Blaine told him to go to sleep. He didn't want to though but he knew how long the next three days would be. Making silly kissy faces and Blaine giggle they said their I love yous and ended the call.

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Spain was, to Kurt's surprise, amazing. It was hot, yes, but the air was light, refreshing different from the hot summer days in New York. Traffic though was crazy. Red lights were ignored, people took their Siesta serious and kind. One evening they visited a bar, an old one and danced and laughed with the people there. It was not that easy to communicate with them but smiles and hugs meant the same in every part of the world.

It was, just like Germany and France, such a different world compared to the US. Not better, not worse but different. Exciting different.

Between working and enjoying Spain – which had never been one of the countries he wanted to visit but soon changed his mind about that – he texted his friends. He made sure Blaine knew he was doing okay, texted Mercedes that he was happy Blaine was working with her and asked Elliot what the hell happened between him and Martin. His friend didn't text back and Kurt asked Blaine to tell him if he found something out. It was really strange get no answer from Elliot. Just as strange as him fighting with Martin.

On his last day in Spain he decided to sleep until he had to leave with his co-workers to the airport. And he really needed some sleep because that was what he missed, almost as much as he missed Blaine in the past weeks. Changing into his pajamas he snuggled into the soft pillow and dragged the blanket over his body, falling asleep when he closed his eyes.

He didn't dream about anything, or at least he didn't remember. But when he woke up he felt strange. No, he knew this feeling but he wondered where this came from. Huffing he felt his hard cock against his stomach, felt arousal running through his body and the familiar warm feeling bubbling right down there. Closing his eyes he noticed something was different. The feeling was familiar but it was... not him feeling that way.

Turning around so he was on his back he reached out for his phone and saw that it was just around 6am, midnight in New York. A small moan escaped fell from his lips as he felt his cock

twitching because more and more blood ran down south. He expected to feel panic, to feel worried that Blaine, maybe, did something he shouldn't do. He expected it and some months ago he would have thought it was the truth. But he did not. Instead he moaned again, pressing his hand against his abdomen and the hand, holding his phone dialed Blaine's number.

Unlikely Blaine waited to pick up the call, Kurt felt how surprised he was and then how ashamed he felt put he picked up, breathing.

*"Kurt?"*

"Enjoying yourself?" Kurt couldn't help but smile before he heard Blaine moaning into the phone but he was not sure if it was because of pleasure or because Kurt, basically, caught him in the act.

*"Oh my God... I... I thought you were sleeping."*

"I was."

Blaine groaned and he heard him shuffling between the pillows.

*"Oh my God, I'm so-"*

"No." Kurt cut in and felt his cock twitch again. "Don't be sorry. It's normal."

His boyfriend said nothing but Kurt heard him breathing and imagined his thinking expression.

"I can hang up if you want to?"

*"N... no. I think we could um... try? Maybe it will help us?"*

He remembered how Blaine said he didn't mind dirty talk, how he kept on telling Kurt that he really wanted to have sex with him. He also remembered how not ready he was and how, only being naked, made him nervous. Maybe this would help them. Maybe not being around but just talk each other through this could help. Kurt swallowed and felt nervous himself because he never had phone sex. But his cock was hard, aching for friction, for anything.

"We can if you want to."

"Yes." breathed Blaine into the phone and alone this, his trembling but deep voice made Kurt whimper as he tucked his pants down. That was easy, nothing he didn't do before. When he was young he was also a victim of his hormones and jerked off whenever he could – preferably alone before he found out how amazing sex could be. It was easy to lay on his bed, half naked and stroke his cock slowly but it was hard to come up with words. What should he say? What was okay for Blaine? What could freak him out and scare him? All of this was running through his mind and he said, what was true and shared.

"I miss you."

He heard Blaine's breathing hitch like he was remembering something.

*"I miss you too."*

"All of you. I... I miss your body next to mine, your kisses, your arms."

*"I miss your kisses."* whispered Blaine and Kurt felt how another wave of arousal filled his body as Blaine spoke. *"I miss all your kisses and I miss trying things out with you."*

Closing his eyes he let his memories take over him. Memories of Blaine's face and the taste and

feeling of his lips. Of Blaine's warm, soft skin he used to kiss before he left. Of his hands running through his hair and over his skin and making him shiver, feeling loved and wanted. He missed the little noises right next to him and not over a phone speaker. He missed feeling Blaine's hot breath against his skin and the vibration of his voice.

*"I... I wish it was you touching me."* Blaine breathed. *"I wish it was you who would jerk me off."*

"Oh God." whispered Kurt voice trembling just like his body. He held his cock tighter, bucking his hips into his fist just a little bit.

*"Or... I could blow you. I.. I've never did... with someone I love. But I want to because..."*

Kurt bit his lip, trying not to moan too loud, trying not to miss any word Blaine said.

*"Then you would moan like you did once... and you did it because of me, because you love me."*

"Yes, yes I do. I love you."

He closed his eyes again, vivid images but unreal of Blaine doing what he just had said. Of his pink lips wrapped around his hard cock and sucking him, taking him into his hot wet mouth. He moaned deep and long when he imagined that and stroked himself faster, feeling the pre-come and sighing as everything became slick.

His boyfriend moaned too, he heard him licking his lips but couldn't handle the silence anymore. This dirty talk was really a turn on for him and something Blaine seemed to be comfortable with. All Kurt felt was pleasure and the desperate wish to be together. To do this together.

"I'm so hard for you. So, so hard. Are you too?"

*"Yeah."*

"I'd do the same. I'd blow you until my name is the only thing you can say, you can remember."

Blaine whimpered and his breathing became faster, labored.

"I'd do everything you ask me to do. And I'd give you everything. Oh fuck!"

He was close, so close he couldn't think straight.

*"Will you fuck me, Kurt? Can I-"*

"Yes! Everything!"

*"I'm close- oh... Oh God!"*

He heard Blaine doing many noises. He heard him snoring, giggling, laughing and crying. Kurt also heard him moan and whimper. But he had never heard him moaning like this. Loud, voice deep and long and if they were no soul mates he would have felt what Blaine felt through his voice alone. And this, hearing moaning his name, hearing Blaine letting go and coming made him come, hard.

He moaned Blaine's name as the come covered his stomach, his fingers and wished he could see Blaine. He wanted to see him come and all the pleasure and love sparkling in his eyes because they made each other feel all of this.

It was like, feeling Blaine orgasm and then his... he couldn't even describe how it felt but it was

nothing he expected. Jerking off had always felt good but nothing like this.

It took him longer to think again, to breath evenly and open his eyes. It took him longer to swallow because his mouth was dry. But damn did he feel good.

“You were right.” said Kurt, voice rough. “You really don't mind talking dirty.”

A laugh bubbled out of Blaine's mouth and Kurt smirked, wiping the cold sweat from his forehead as he reached out for a tissue to clean his stomach.

*“I can't believe we did this.”*

“Hmmm.” hummed Kurt and sat up, seeing the sun slowly rising. “But you are okay? Did you enjoy it?”

Again he laughed, an adorable laugh that made Kurt's heart beating and shooting soothing, warm waves through his body.

*“I did. But I need a shower now and some sleep.”*

“You do that. I need to get up anyway.”

*“Mmmhm, one week left. I can't wait.”*

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Kurt actually thought he would enjoy being in England. It was always one of the places he wanted to visit. And the first two days were amazing but the third day made him restless. It had nothing to do with London or with his work because all of that was fun and amazing and new. But he didn't heard from Blaine. He texted him when they landed in London and got a text back. That Blaine wished him fun and couldn't wait to see all the pictures Kurt took from the places he had been.

After that there was silence. Nothing. It was not the first time that he heard nothing from Blaine for some days but not feeling Blaine, that, made him restless.

He texted Mercedes and asked her if she knew anything, Elliot too, but they didn't text him back and he was sure he would freak out before he even was back home. He waited another day, concentrated on his interviews – because it was his damn job – but he couldn't wait anymore. He needed to be back because no one was answering him.

What if Baine told his friends not to? What if something happened and he didn't want to worry Kurt? Because that was so Blaine and though he loved him for this, at that moment, he wished his boyfriend wouldn't care so much and just spill everything.

After his last interview he talked with Nina about that and – of course – she agreed on flying back sooner than planned. It was about his soul mate and she knew what it meant if they didn't take care of each other.

“Are you sure? Maybe he is just busy with studying?”

“I’m not sure. But... I need to. I have to go back.”

He packed his stuff, tried to call Blaine again but no answer. No text. Nothing from no one. If something had happened, something bad Kurt was sure he had felt it. There were a lot of things they could hide from each other but not everything and not for long. And he already felt their connection suffering, felt the black marks on his soul coming back because he hadn't touched Blaine for almost a month.

Traveling for so long was a crazy idea and a stupid one. Going away and thinking he could leave his boyfriend alone was stupid. Not with everything that was still there. Like Jesse, or Cooper or his mother. Kurt felt sick when he thought about the possibilities though he tried, tried desperately not to think about those things. Maybe Nina was right, maybe Blaine was just busy with studying again because May was just two months away.

But he was smart, he just swallowed the things he learned and succeeded. Just like he did in December. He shifted in his seat, dreading the hours he still needed before he was home. Hours in which he knew he wouldn't sleep or calm down.

As soon as he left the plane he didn't focus on anything but taking his suitcase and going home. It was in the middle of the night, raining and this, only this gave him the safety that Blaine was at home. That he was sitting in their living room and watching something or studying or maybe he was sleeping. Kurt didn't care what he was doing, even if his kitchen looked like a battlefield or Blaine forgot to wash his dirty clothes, whatever, he just wanted him to be there. Safe and sound.

Taking a cab Nina insisted to drive with him, to make sure that they were okay. He didn't even think that something was strange about that. That it was unlike Nina or that her look seemed strange, unfamiliar. No, he didn't notice any of that because all he focused on was the distance between him and his home.

It felt like hours before the driver stopped and Kurt jumped out, seeing that all lights were turned off and he couldn't stop feeling panic rising inside him. Cold, terrifying panic. He unlocked the door and all that greeted him was silence and a dark living room.

“Blaine!?” he called out, turning the lights on but saw that obviously someone had been here but not anymore.

“Blaine!?” he called again and looked into the bathroom, Blaine's room and then he jumped up the stairs into their bedroom. Which was empty. He stood there, staring and the panic was growing and growing. Where the fuck was Blaine? What the hell happened? Why wasn't he feeling anything coming from him? For a second a horrific thought crossed his mind, cutting through his heart like cold iron and made him stop breathing. What if... what if he was dead? What if this was the reason no one talked to him? That he couldn't feel him anymore.

No, no no no. Kurt shook his head and tried to not think that because it was impossible. Someone would have told him about that and, he was sure, if this had been the case he would have felt something. Blaine was his soul mate, they were connected and if his soul suddenly... stopped existing it would have an impact on him. Yes, Blaine was alive, right?

“Kurt?” he heard Nina calling him and with wobbling legs he walked down, face even more pale, stomach sick and head throbbing like crazy. He was going crazy. It truly felt like he was losing his mind because he had no answers. No idea what happened or where Blaine was.

“He is not here.” he choked out, pressing his hand against his head and didn't even notice how Nina stood right in front of him. How her gentle hands held his shoulders, how her lips moved but he wasn't hearing anything. And then everything turned black.

# Empty

## Chapter Notes

Hello guys! So here is chapter 32 and it has also a really mean cliffhanger. But I try to post the next chapter as soon as possible so you won't have to wait, because, the drama is here. Let me know what you think and thank you, again and again, from the bottom of my heart, for all your support, reviews and love. :)

### Chapter 32. Empty

Blaine let himself fall on the bed with a long groan. He felt better after his shower but the memories of what he had just done with Kurt were still vivid. He still could hear his voice, the words they said to each other and smiled to himself. Doing this never crossed his mind. Actually, he was sure he couldn't even do such a thing with his boyfriend. But he did and for him this was a good sign. Another step forward and for the first time in three weeks he finally fell asleep, peacefully.

When he woke up it was already after 11am but luckily it was a Saturday. Standing up he made himself some breakfast and read Kurt's text, saying that he was already in England. He wished Kurt a lot of fun and couldn't wait to have him back here. And yes he really couldn't wait. Their connection was strong, stronger than ever but he felt how it slowly ached for Kurt. How it began to suffer and the dark marks on his soul were coming back.

But he didn't want to worry over nothing and it was only a week. A week left and he was going to be back in Kurt's arms and kiss him stupid for hours. That's why he made himself busy and went to the library to give the books back he needed to read for his final exams in May. Taking his umbrella and bag with the books he left the loft and took the subway to his school.

Though Kurt was not next to him and many many miles away it didn't feel like that. Through the week he saw two shows, that were recorded before Kurt left, and watched them with a happy smile. His boyfriend looked really good, but of course better in reality. Then there were still some posters about his movie, magazines talking about his success in Europe and, just because he saw his face almost everywhere he didn't feel that alone.

Only when he did he had all these amazing photos of Kurt. Taking photos before he left was a good idea Blaine told himself in the first week. He smiled over the pictures when they ate breakfast, laughed when he saw the pictures of Kurt lying in the snow and looking anything but happy. And sighed when he saw the pictures of them kissing, being in love. No picture did justice to his beauty, could give him the kisses and hugs. To the cuddles and conversations or laughs. Nothing of that could fill the gap since Kurt was in Europe.

For once he was thankful for the shitload of homework and studying he had to do and this kept him distracted enough to not cry himself into sleep. Not every day for the first week. Now there was only one week left and he felt giddy with happiness and so good about what they had done over the phone. There was this feeling, not hope, more like certainty that he was ready for more.

And he really, truly wanted more. Everything, yes. Blaine wanted everything with Kurt because he was the only person, the only one in this world, who held him, spoke to him and kissed him just in the way he needed it. Held him just right that he was never scared.

As he arrived at his school he jumped up the stairs, walking rather happily compared to the other days. Inside he showed his card and left the books on the counter, the older man taking them with a smile. He spent some more time in the library, looking for books he maybe wanted to read over his summer break. He enjoyed reading, his Dad used to read with him all the Harry Potter books but after he died Blaine didn't find any time to read what he wanted to read.

All he had read was school stuff and then he came to New York. Now, that his life was a life again he felt almost excited to finally read all the books he had missed.

Then he took his phone and texted Cooper that he wanted to come over to his place for some coffee. That was something he didn't tell Kurt. When Kurt left to Europe he thought a lot about what could happen and that Kurt needed hours before he could be back here. Luckily nothing like his stepmother showing up happened. But Cooper never really left his mind.

He the first time they met was, when Blaine was 8 years old. Cooper was already 17 but he enjoyed the time with him. He even enjoyed the time with Cooper's mother because he had no idea who she really was. They did a lot of things together like, playing baseball or football, watching movies and going on football plays with his father. But he always felt the tension between him and his mother. Once he heard them fighting and thought it was about a girl or something but he had no idea what it was really about. It was a short but beautiful year with Cooper and then, he left.

Blaine remembered that night like it happened yesterday. His father was working and Cooper was yelling at his mother. What he said? Blaine couldn't remember but Cooper's angry face and the annoyed look from his mother told Blaine everything.

After that he never saw Cooper again, not for the next seven years. But he remembered and he knew that Cooper cared. All this anger and pain made him blind, he knew that. That's why he called Cooper and met him at least once a week in the past three weeks. So he found out that Cooper moved to New York because he was an actor too and told him about how he tried but never really succeeded in a way Kurt did. And he told Cooper about what he did. Everything because he wanted him to be a part of his life. They were not blood related, no. But Cooper was the only person he ever considered as a brother and the only family member left.

That's why he texted Cooper and visited him after he left the library. His brother lived in a loft, too, and Blaine always wondered what one person wanted to do with so much space. Especially Cooper who had always been a bit messy. Unlike Kurt's loft Coopers was not mainly brown but bright and everywhere were books, papers and cups and plates.

"You need to clean up. You are what? Twenty seven years old?" he said as he closed the door behind him and his eyes immediately noticed the mess on the coffee table, on the left side of the huge living room.

"I'm single and twenty seven years old. It's not like I want to impress someone."

Blaine rolled his eyes and took his jacket off, followed by his wet shoes.

"And you as an artist should know that we aren't functioning without some chaos."

"Excuses, excuses." mumbled Blaine and began to sort the papers on the coffee table.



“Want something to eat? Drink? I wanted to order some pizza.”

“I want extra cheese.” said Blaine and sat down on the black couch. “And some apple juice.”

He waited for Cooper – who was cleaning the cups and plates – to join him and when he did Blaine accepted his glass with juice and eyed the amount of paper and books on the table.

“What's that though?”

Cooper looked down, a frown on his face and sat down, sipping his coffee before he answered.

“I'm making some research for my new role. A leading role in a movie.”

Blaine nodded slowly and then noticed the book with the title: Mental Disorder. Giving his brother a questioning look he placed the book back down and waited for an explanation.

“What kind of role is that?”

“It's about a father looking for his son who disappeared together with his mother. She has a mental disorder but no one believed him when him. And they asked me to play the father or the son. But I think I'd rather play the father because I'm looking too old for a twenty year old boy.”

Blaine nodded slowly but didn't ask for more information. He had no idea how good Cooper was or if he could play such a role but it was not his place to judge him. Sooner or later he would know it anyway.

“How's Kurt doing? Having fun in Europe?”

“He does. But I can't wait for him to be back. It's not easy to be apart because we are soul mates.”

Cooper nodded, taking another sip and leaning back.

“I've heard it hurts, right?”

“Yeah, something like that. We, er, need to be physically close so our connection doesn't... suffer. Otherwise we can get some mental disorder. But we are good, really good.”

“I can see that. You glow like the sun when you talk about him.”

Blaine smiled, a shy smile but Cooper was right. From the first day he laid eyes on Kurt all he wanted to do was love him and be his. Now that this was reality he wanted to do everything to keep it that way.

“What about College? Doing good? I remember that you've always been a smart ass.”

He laughed about that because it was nice to know that Cooper remembered just as much as Blaine did. That he also had missed Blaine but never dared to contact him. He had asked him why and Cooper said that it was mainly because he didn't want to talk or see his mother. His brother was so angry and hated her so much that he just didn't even try to call Blaine. He also told him how hard it was to get into the show business.

When Cooper left he moved to L.A. and worked in restaurants while he lived together with a friend. He told Blaine about how hard it was to work there but a place where he met a lot of people and made connections. While working he went from audition to audition and was part in some TV shows but only playing small roles. College was never an option for him at the beginning because he didn't have enough money. Three years later, when he turned 21 he went to

college and studied there for three years before he auditioned for bigger roles but never found the one role.

But then he met Nina who helped him and he didn't get a leading role but a small one. Though the movie was no success he met a woman some months ago who wanted to have him playing the leading role in her movie. So he said yes and Blaine was happy for him. Cooper was still family, still his brother.

“Yeah. I really enjoy what I'm doing and I think I'll focus on composing songs. I don't even want to sing that much but just make music. Jack showed me how amazing it can be to compose a whole soundtrack for a movie and he also thinks that this is the right thing for me.”

“You always liked to play on the piano we had back home. And though you were young you were insanely talented.”

Blaine almost blushed but he what made him even happier was not Cooper's compliment, but, that he remembered all of that. It told him that the short time they had spent together meant something to him. Obviously, otherwise Cooper would have never looked for Blaine to tell him what his crazy stepmother wanted to do.

The pizza came and they both ate while watching something funny on TV and this, just sitting there with his brother was new but missed. Blaine had no idea that he had missed this because it was still a blurry and old memory. It was fun to snap the remote away from him and change the channel while Cooper complained and pulled the, I'm your big brother, card. It was fun but also the perfect distraction for him. Otherwise he would be sitting on his couch in a loft without his soul mate and go almost crazy because he missed him.

But it was time to go when the sun went down. Like always Cooper insisted to drive him home just in case his stepmother showed up. That day it did happen and Blaine was shocked to see her but glad that Cooper was right next to him. They had left the building, closed the door and there she was standing. A woman with blue eyes like Cooper but dirty blond hair. No one, literally no one would think that such a beautiful and well dressed woman could be this crazy person, Blaine knew.

“Blaine? You are here?” she spoke, voice almost innocent but it was a farce. Everything about her was fake and people fell for it. Every damn time.

“Leave him alone, mom. Just go.” warned Cooper her and kept on walking, Blaine right behind him.

They had talked about this, too, and both agreed it was better to not listen to her. Attention was what she wanted and the last thing Blaine wanted to give her. Hell, he was almost convinced that she gave up and left to wherever she was living now. But of course she did not and this was not surprising at all. He remembered how she called his father, met him when they were shopping, on their way home. A plan, Cooper told him, so she knew the guys she wanted. Knew what they liked, where they went and what they did to become the perfect woman.

But then, just like Blaine, he thought that his mother was in love with Blaine's dad. It was so easy to believe in it because his father had been happy. He really was because he had the family he always wanted. And for a while they fell for her. Blaine for years but then his father died and the truth came out.

“I need to talk to you, Blaine.”

“No, Tania.” was all he said before he closed the door and Cooper drove away. Not directly back

to Kurt's place but taking a road around it, just to be sure.

However, Blaine had a bad feeling about that. A really bad one and it hit him pretty bad when he went to school the following Monday. He left the subway, walked up the stairs and when he reached the campus it was crowded. But differently crowded. There were cameras, people with microphones – at least five of them – and interviewing students. This didn't really bother him but, when he met the eyes of a woman, which went wide and then she waved her hand to a camera man, he felt alarmed. This was not a normal interview, when they came to ask students out about their school. This was not someone wanting to write an article about music students. He knew, for some reason he knew before they said anything that they were here for a different reason.

“Blaine Anderson?” the woman asked as she approached him, others following right behind her and already taking photos of him. He needed to blink when the light blinded him and more voices asked if he was Blaine Anderson. They probably had pictures of him, right? Or from someone who looked familiar.

“Is it true you are Kurt Hummel's boyfriend?”

He bit his lip, staring at the guy with the huge glasses and wild hair. They all held their microphones close to him, waiting for him to say something but when he remained silent they asked more.

About his connection to Kurt, about if it was true that he was seven years younger than Kurt, if he was living with Kurt. And then, one of the people asked the question that made him freeze on the spot.

“Is it true you were a prostitute?”

“Did you meet Kurt because he pays for sex?”

“Is he your sugar daddy?”

The first thing that hit his mind was to close the connection. His first thought was to not bother Kurt with this and let him enjoy his trip. His second thought was how to get away from here, fast. Anything else didn't matter, didn't reach his mind so he walked through the crowd, hiding his face with his bag and ran into the building. Knowing they were not allowed to follow him inside.

But this didn't stop them to follow him to the entrance, yell more questions, take more pictures. Blaine felt nothing, refused to let any feeling break through his wall he had build inside himself. He went into the bathroom and locked the door. His third thought was to call Charlie and tell him that he needed a place to stay. His fourth thought was to wait. He waited for minutes, heard the press still talking, calling his name. At some point someone even was looking for him. A familiar voice but no one important. Then came his fifth thought which was to take a cab and drive to Charlie's place. Nothing else found room in his mind. Only this, like a working machine.

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He stumbled into Charlie's small apartment luckily with no one following him. He still wasn't thinking just functioning. Taking his jacket off, his shoes, walking into the kitchen and drinking a glass of water before he left into Charlie's room. There was his bed his couch where Blaine had slept on one weekend while Kurt was away. There was also his TV and laptop but Blaine refused

to turn anything of that on. He refused to have any contact to anyone.

Because slowly, painfully he understood what happened. He didn't need any newspaper, didn't need to see it on TV or read it on the internet. The people at his school, the cameras, the questions. That was answer enough for him to understand what happened.

They knew it. Everyone knew it and his small, perfect world where he was happy with Kurt broke down. Shattered into a million pieces and hurting him.

They thought Kurt was his sugar daddy. They thought Kurt paid for sex. They probably wrote all these untrue articles and uploaded those on the internet. Printed them in whatever magazine. They destroyed everything because people loved that. Loved to judge, to call others out. They loved the juicy gossip.

He didn't leave Charlie's couch until his friend came back from work. He didn't move, didn't talk. All Blaine could do was staring into nowhere and trying to handle what he was feeling. But he had no idea what he was feeling. There was so much going on inside him but his skin felt numb, cold and he wished he could just disappear and be forgotten. He wished no one would have known him. He wished he wouldn't exist so his presence stopped ruining the life of others.

“Blaine.” Charlie spoke his name quietly, almost unsure. Blaine didn't answer but heard his friend coming closer, met his face when he sat down on the coffee table to face Blaine. There, in the eyes of his friend was also the certainty that he knew. And Charlie was there from the beginning, keeping Blaine safe, helping him and getting the same in return. Charlie understood him, his fears, his past and what this did to him. And Charlie knew what was out and how Blaine had no idea how to fix it. If there even was a chance to fix it.

“Hey, calm down.” he spoke gently and pressed his hand against Blaine chest. It was like he had pressed the right button and Blaine left the shell he kept himself in for the past hours. He breathed in, deep and fast like all the air had left his lungs. No, he wasn't breathing, gasping for air and hearing his pulse. Only his pulse while Charlie spoke. Then he felt how his hands were shaking, how his shirt was wet from the cold sweat and his curls had already broke the gel. He felt his stomach twisting in an unpleasant way and stood up, walking into the bathroom to puke.

He felt a hand on his back, knew that Charlie was right there but Blaine couldn't move, couldn't stop puking everything out.

All of this felt like he just met Jesse again. No, it was worse. Because Jesse was not the greatest fear Blaine had to deal with. It was losing Kurt.

“There, there.” spoke Charlie and gave Blaine a wet towel when he stopped and took it, almost dropping it because his hands didn't stop shaking. His friend noticed how Blaine had no real control over his body and cleaned his mouth, washed his face and dried it off before he wrapped an arm around his shoulders to guide him back into the living room.

Slumping down on the he wanted to say something, do something but he couldn't. Thinking that everything was ruined now, that Kurt's career was ruined that-

“Hey, stop that.” said Charlie and his voice made him stop thinking. “I saw it. But these are rumors, Blaine. Only rumors. They have no evidence for anything.”

Someone must have said something, thought Blaine.

“Calm down, okay? You and Kurt talked about that, right?”

Blaine nodded, not feeling better but relieved that he slowly got the control back over his body.

“Call him and tell him what happened.”

“No.” he said, his tongue felt heavy and he needed to breathe in through his nose. “No. I won't ruin his trip.”

It was so hard to speak, so hard to control his voice and his mouth that he decided to not talk. Not yet.

“Then text Elliot or Mercedes at least. Tell them you are here. If they know about you they probably also know who Kurt's friends are, right?”

He was too busy with focusing on himself that he didn't even think of that. If they knew what he had been doing there was a high chance they knew that too. Like crazy hyenas running after each bite they can get to figure out what is true and what not. To get people to read their magazines or blogs, watch their shows. The media was cruel and powerful and he felt even more panic rising inside him. And his eyes burning. Shaking his head he swallowed the sob, the lump in his throat.

“I do it, okay? I'll call Elliot and Mercedes to let them know, okay?”

“Not Kurt.” choked Blaine.

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Charlie's place was none famous place and probably the last people suspected Blaine to be. Or any famous person to be. Here he felt safe from the media but not from what was waiting for him when Kurt came back. His voice was still lost but Mercedes sitting next to him and holding him close was, a little bit, helping. God, he felt sick and tired, almost like someone sucked all the energy out of him and tried to reach his soul. Everything felt like it was slipping right through his fingers and he tried, desperately, to find a way to hold it together.

“Whoever spread those rumors will regret it. Some people are just sick when they get jealous or whatever was the reason they did that.” said Elliot, clearly upset about this whole situation.

“I bet it was his stepmom.” said Charlie who was sitting on the coffee table, holding Blaine's hand while Elliot stood, glaring out of the window.

“But how did she find that out?” asked Mercedes and held Blaine closer when he shook his head and began to shake again.

“I don't know. It's not like she and Blaine had any contact in the past two years... so I doubt that.”

“It was Jesse.” cut Elliot in. “I'm sure it was him because he is a total dick and he would do such a thing.”

They were silent for several seconds and silence was usually the truth. If anyone was cruel enough to do such a thing then, even for Blaine, it only could have been Jesse. Though the reason why was a mystery for him. Maybe because Kurt had punched him? Maybe because he wanted to ruin what they had? But what for? It was not like he got anything out of this. It didn't actually matter. It

was out, people knew it and he just... Blaine felt so helpless, so terribly helpless.

“We should focus on damage control, don't you think?” suggested Mercedes.

“Did anyone call Kurt?”

“No.” answered Charlie. “Blaine doesn't want him to know yet. Doesn't want to ruin his trip.”

“He probably knows about that already. It's not like he has no internet over there.” sighed Elliot and Blaine felt his eyes on him. To be honest he had no idea how Kurt felt. When he closed his connection he couldn't feel what Kurt was feeling. The mess inside him didn't let that happen and he was not sure if he liked it or not. Maybe it was better, he thought, better to not know what he feared to find out. It was the same old thing, the same old thought eating his heart and soul. There were things they couldn't work against. Things they couldn't work out and, eventually, it would break them apart. This was such a thing for Blaine and it didn't matter if they were soul mates or not. This, rumor or not, ruined everything for Kurt and his dream he was living.

“I suggest we figure out who did that and maybe talk with Martin about it? He is a lawyer he probably knows what we can do.”

“Yeah... yeah he knows.” said Elliot and made a annoyed face.

“Oh please. You two are still fighting?” groaned Mercedes and slapped her hand against her forehead. “I bet it's your fault.”

“It's not my fault.” protested Elliot and his voice was high and defensive. “He is just... ugh... sometimes he can be no fun.”

“So it is your fault.” there was no room to argue and Elliot rolled his eyes.

“This is not about Martin and me. I'll talk to him and we see what we can do. But I'd rather wait until Kurt comes back.”

“Please.” Blaine spoke and all eyes went to him. God, he hated how small his voice sounded but he needed to get this out. “Don't tell Kurt anything. I'll... I'll stay here until he comes back. I... I don't want the media to find me and do... more damage.”

Charlie squeezed his hand, Elliot sighed and Mercedes spoke quietly, reassuringly. “It's not your fault, sweetie. And we won't tell Kurt anything if you don't want us to.”

“And you are safe here. We won't let them get close to you.” said Charlie and smiled and Blaine wished he could smile too. Not only did he wonder how he got so lucky with Kurt but also how he got so lucky to have those friends. People who cared and listened.

“We won't tell them anything. We'll ignore them if they come to us.” stated Elliot and sat down next to Blaine, also giving him a smile and he could see the hope in Elliot's eyes. The hope that this would help him in some way to feel better. It did, just a little bit, but it did.

“Do you need anything?”

Blaine nodded, counting the days down until Kurt would be back and made a small list of the stuff he needed for the next days. Handing it to Mercedes they left him alone in the living room and he ignored their voices from the kitchen. Whatever they were talking about was no longer of his concern. All he needed and wanted was sleep. Sleep until Kurt was back and, hopefully, still wanting him.

For the next two days Blaine felt like he was back in his old job. Only that he was not giving himself away to random guys. He was just functioning and not really thinking. Just like he did after his father died. He stood up in the morning, ate something and focused entirely on his college stuff. No talking, no laughing. Just like a machine existing and doing what had to be done. Of course Charlie tried to cheer him up and laugh with him like they used to. It was making him feel even worse because he couldn't respond in the way he used to. That's why he apologizes over and over again but Charlie... he was just his amazing friend and always, always understanding him. Moreover, he gave him the space and time he needed.

Sleeping was horrible for him. As soon as he closed his eyes he fell right into a nightmare. One where the media was basically hunting him through New York and calling him all these awful things other people would do in reality. That he was a slut, a fag, a dirty creature not worth to stay alive and walk through this world. They were cornering him, blinding him with their lights, hurting him with their loud voices and he woke up in cold sweat, gasping for air.

Then there were nightmares even worse than those about the people who were hunting him. Nightmares about Kurt turning away from him and not wanting him. Nightmares when their connection broke and Blaine fell into a dark, cold place with no love, no warmth and he wished to die. The cold look, the words, Kurt's face filled with even more hate and disgust than it once used to... it broke his heart and soul into little pieces. Sharp pieces piercing into his skin, his bones and making him scream. He woke up from his own voice and had no idea how to stop feeling like this.

Usually Blaine would have hoped. Hoped for a happy end, for nothing of this coming true but he had hoped. He wanted to hope, to believe just like Kurt always did.

He believed in their connection, in them, what it meant to be a soul mate though there were enough times he could have stopped doing that. It always mesmerized him how Kurt found the strength to do that and never give up. It used to be the thing that kept them together, made them getting closer and trust each other. Kurt the believer and Blaine the one always trying to be realistic.

Groaning he stood up and went to the kitchen to drink something. They were doing good, even when Kurt left they were doing good. Their calls made him feel like he was getting closer too. Breaking the last wall between them so he could be and give everything to Kurt. Yes, he was hopeful, even confident that nothing could drag them down ever again. But all of this was destroyed by the doubts and rumors.

Was this what it felt like? What it would feel like? A broken heart? Because he thought he knew it when Kurt found out what he had been doing. But this... this was new. Stop, he thought. Stop thinking that. Charlie was right, Kurt was not even back, they didn't meet yet and all his thoughts were what they were. Thoughts, speculation but not the truth.

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There were two days left. Two days and Kurt would be back and Blaine threatened that day, though, he couldn't deny that it also made him excited. Seeing Kurt was all he wanted, alive, in real and not through a camera many miles away. He tried not to think about all the bad things that had been running through his head but he was also ready to go through the worst. Breaking up, that was. If it made Kurt happier to break up than he would accept that. But he wanted, needed,

one last moment with him before he decided to do that. If he decided to do that, corrected Blaine himself.

That night he couldn't sleep and Charlie joined him in the kitchen, drinking some hot chocolate like they used to when it was cold. Blaine sat next to the window, listening to the rain and Charlie's chatting happily about their past.

"I think we did pretty good, huh? A year ago we still were working in that dirty apartment. Selling our bodies and now, look at us. You at college and me in that tattoo shop."

Blaine nodded, taking the cup and trying to smile. He wasn't sure if he succeeded but the sparkling eyes from his friend told him, he apparently did.

"Feeling better?"

"I don't know. But... I know I can't change what happened. And what will happen."

"What will happen is..." began Charlie and sat down across from Blaine, his blond hair wild and eyes shining with so much confidence. "... that as soon as Kurt comes back you'll kiss each other stupid and figure this out together and with our help."

Blaine almost giggled but didn't find the strength to.

"Seriously. You two went through so much already you can also overcome this."

For a breath moment he believed. They already talked about this and Kurt told him, again and again, that he would never leave Blaine if it ever came out. He remembered all the times Kurt tried to convince him to trust him and Blaine did trust him. He really trusted him with all his heart and soul and maybe, just maybe it was okay to believe.

"I guess you are right."

"What was that?" smirked Charlie and became excited.

"I trust him and... it won't be easy but we'll be okay after all, right?"

Charlie jumped off his seat and hugged Blaine, almost spilling the hot chocolate over them. Blaine smiled, truly smiled and rolled his eyes when his friend sat back down his eyes ridiculously wide and sparkling.

"Of course you'll be. You are-"

"Soul mates. I know." he finished the sentence and stood up to re-fill his cup. But before he even reached the counter Blaine gasped, feeling how something changed. It didn't hurt, it didn't burn or anything. There was just this empty feeling growing from his chest and becoming bigger and bigger. The cup in his hands fell to the ground, his legs gave in and he fell, too, pressing his hand against his chest and trying to stop that feeling. It almost felt like those black marks tried to eat his soul. Almost but it was not that. It was something worse, stronger and scared him. More than Jesse, more than the media.

"No." he breathed, not feeling his legs, not feeling anything and even his blood seemed to turn cold.

"Blaine? What is it?"

He shook his head, pressing his hand painfully against his chest and trying to feel the missing part,



trying to feel Kurt but he was not there. He was just... not there. Their connection was just hanging, reaching out but touching emptiness. He waited for the pain, he waited to lose his mind but neither this happened.

“I don't know...” and he had really no idea but he didn't like that feeling. He hated to feel like... one side of him was just not existing.

“Maybe you closed your connection for too long?”

Maybe, yes. Maybe he should open it since he was a bit calmer and wouldn't scare Kurt anymore. But when he did the feeling inside him became worse. There was a gaping whole, black and cold. Painfully cold that he had trouble breathing. Then he heard Charlie's phone, watched him picking it up and after some seconds his friend's eyes almost fell out of his head.

“Yes, Blaine's here. And... he probably feels it.”

“What? What happened?”

“Yeah, we are waiting.”

Charlie hung up and for some reason Blaine felt even more panic. So much that he was almost sure he would lose his mind. But he needed to be calm, he needed to be, otherwise he was not going to hear anything coming from his friend's mouth.

“Elliot will be here soon to pick us up.”

“What... why?”

“Kurt's in a hospital. They tried to call you but your phone is off so they called Elliot.”

Kurt? Hospital?

He moved his mouth, he tried to say something but he lost control, again. Blaine and let Charlie help him, let his friend lead him to the front door. Why was Kurt in a hospital? He didn't feel any pain coming from him so there was no accident, right? But there was also... nothing. Only emptiness controlling the side that used to be filled with love and warmth from his soul mate. With life and trust and what he needed to stay sane, to stay alive himself. Now it was just gone. All of it was gone and he had no idea why.

And as his friend shook his head, he almost feared the worst.

Something worse than a break up or them fighting. Something he had no control over. But it couldn't be. It just couldn't.

# Sleep

## Chapter Notes

Hey guys! Welcome to chapter 33. This chapter is a mix of everything I guess. And I know I left a bad cliffhanger, again. (I'm sorry!) Now, let's see where this story goes and what all of this means for our boys. :) Thank you for reading!

### Chapter 33. Sleep

Blaine knew that Kurt was not hurt. If anything had happened that made his boyfriend feel pain, he, would have felt it too. Sudden pain, coming out of nowhere. That was something they couldn't hide. Not immediately. Pain meant that someone was still feeling and fighting. Pain meant that he was alive. Feeling nothing at all from Kurt was worse than feeling his pain. Nothing was the only thing left when someone died and he knew how it felt to lose someone he loved.

But only imagining that he might lose Kurt was just terrifying and killing himself. His love for Kurt was stronger, deeper, different from any love he had felt. So big and making him feel all these good things but also hurting when his love didn't have its destination.

Still gasping for air and trying to tell himself that, no, Kurt was not dead he ignored Charlie and Elliot talking as they drove to the hospital. It was not like Elliot knew anything because he was no family member and he didn't need some theories about what had happen. His friends were optimists, strong optimists, he was not.

All Blaine could do was keeping his connection open and waiting for something to come back. Anything, just a little sign of life. Instead all his connection found was the gaping emptiness, heard almost weeping for what it needed. He felt sick and lost. Everything inside him was plain empty and he hated this feeling, hated to be helpless and terrified of what awaited him there. Still, he needed to know, needed to see and then figure out what to do. If he could do anything at all.

They arrived and Blaine was the first who jumped out of the car and ran into the building. Even if there were people, even if someone had noticed him, he didn't care. It was in the middle of the night anyway and finding him at a hospital was, probably, also the last thought one of those crazy media people had. Inside he ran to the reception and grabbed the counter, needing something to hold himself up as he spoke to the red haired woman.

“Kurt Hummel.” he said and felt the bad taste in his mouth as he spoke his name. Speaking it out with so much worry and fear instead of love and adoration was horrible. Drawing in a deep breath he spoke again when he noticed the questioning look from the nurse.

“I’m here for Kurt Hummel. He... they called me and told me he is here. I’m Blaine Anderson, his soul mate.”

He heard Elliot and Charlie behind him, getting closer and closer as the nurse jumped up, off her chair and nodded.

“We’ve been waiting for you, please follow me.”

She walked around the counter and Blaine followed her to a corridor together with his friends. He stared at her, waiting for her to stop at a door, to finally let him inside but it felt like this corridor has no end. It felt like he had to walk this road forever. It was not like that but it felt like that and only, because he noticed Nina sitting next to a door he walked faster.

“Nina!” he called and the woman looked up, stood up and her expression was worried but not... not that bad worried. She looked almost hopeful when their eyes met.

“Oh my God, Blaine. Finally.” she said and hugged him tight. He heard the nurse saying that she was going for the doctor and then it was only him, his friends and Nina. No Kurt, no. Blaine was convinced that he was lying on one of those beds and probably behind the door Nina was sitting right next to.

“What happened? Where is Kurt?” asked Blaine and had no idea where all this strength and control over himself came from. Maybe it was the rising hope because Nina didn’t look like something terrible happened.

“We came back, earlier because he was worried about you. You kept your connection closed for several days.”

Her voice was not angry, she wasn’t blaming him. If he knew something about Nina then, that she always wanted to know why someone was doing something. After that she decided how to react. However, this didn’t mean that Blaine was not blaming himself. Because he was. He was probably responsible for whatever happened to Kurt because he closed their connection and caused what he tried to avoid. Worrying Kurt. He was sure that Kurt thought he was studying or something, he was sure that Kurt would not question why Blaine closed their connection. He was wrong, so wrong and underestimated how worried his boyfriend could be about him.

“And when we arrived you weren’t at home and Kurt just freaked out, panicked and lost consciousness.”

“I... I didn’t feel... anything.”

A freak out. A panic attack and Blaine hadn’t felt anything. Why hadn’t he felt it? A panic attack

was nothing Kurt could have hidden from him and yet it never reached Blaine. Was it because he kept their connection closed? But... that was not how their connection worked. None connection worked like that and when he saw Elliot's shocked but also surprised look he knew, this, was not normal.

"Is he alright though?" asked Charlie.

"He is... kind of. I honestly don't know they didn't tell me anything."

"Does Burt know?" asked Elliot and Blaine felt another cold shiver running down his spine. Kurt had a family, a father who loved his boy deeply. Oh God... what had he done?

"No. He-" but Nina stopped talking when the nurse came back, followed by a doctor with brown hair and huge glasses. Blaine stared at his face, reading what he could see and saw the concern there. No sadness, no pity, but concern.

"Blaine Anderson?" he asked and eyed the three of them.

"I'm Blaine."

"I'm Carl Stephens. Please, follow me." said the doctor and walked up to the door Nina was blocking. She stepped aside and let them both pass. The older man opened it and when they both were inside he closed it again. But Blaine didn't hear the door being closed, didn't hear anything because his eyes were staring at the beloved man, lying on a bed and looking like he was sleeping.

"Kurt." he whispered, hurried over to him and examined his face. There was nothing, no wound, no scratch. Absolutely nothing. He really looked like he was just sleeping, beautifully sleeping. There were even no machines attached to his body, no beeping sound signaling that his heart was beating.

"Is he-" Blaine swallowed. No machines, nothing... was he?

"No. He is sleeping. We made several tests but there is nothing wrong with his heart or brain. It's about your connection."

"Our connection?" asked Blaine but his eyes never left Kurt's beautiful face.

"Blaine." spoke the doctor and his voice made it clear that he wanted his attention, his full attention but it was hard to look away. He hadn't seen him for a month, hadn't had him close to his side. He wanted to look at this face until he opened his eyes and let Blaine see the beautiful blue and green orbs. He needed to see them, alive and sparkling with all the love he had for Blaine. He was alive, right? So... why wasn't he opening his eyes?

"Blaine, I need you to listen to me."

And he did turn away, giving the doctor his attention.

"I'm a doctor for soul mates. I take care of soul mates who have trouble with their connection or suffer through mental aberration. That's why I need to know how you are feeling."

How he was feeling? He was terrified, about to freak out too but that was not what the man asked after. He wanted to know how his connection felt.

"I... I don't know. I'm not feeling sick though."

"You feel mentally, focused on your connection, okay?"

Blaine swallowed audibly and the numbing fear came back, crawling through his soul and bones. Mental aberration? Did Kurt..?

“Does Kurt have...”

“No.” doctor Stephens shook his head. “He is fine but your connection is... well. I show you.”

Only then Blaine noticed the folder he was holding in his hands and watched him opening it. The first piece of paper was filled with personal information about Kurt. The second was filled with information about Blaine and the third was a picture of a black line. A thick line not straight, more looking like it was a thick thread that could bend and twirl in whatever form it wanted to.

“We are able to take a picture of the connection between soul mates. And this, is your connection.”

He handed Blaine the picture and he didn't even care how that was possible. What confused him was the end of the connection. There it was not thick and together. It looked like a frayed. Almost broken.

“You see this frayed end, right? And the smaller threads still connected to something else?”

Blaine nodded.

“Those are the threads connected to you. That's why he has no mental disorder.”

The expected relieve didn't came because this, seeing how their strong connection was no longer a strong line, but, holding on to some threads scared him all over again. It scared him to see what was left, though, both felt how strong their connection was just some weeks ago.

“Or that's what I assume.”

“A... assume?” stammered Blaine.

“Your connection is pretty deep and strong. But that makes it also very fragile. That's why it's frayed but not broken, not entirely. Still, it is possible that he has some mental disorder.”

“But... but we were... we were doing fine.” stammered Blaine again, trying to gain control over his body, his voice and not let the fear and panic control him. “I don't understand... our connection was strong and...”

“Because it's strong you two are still alive.”

Alive. Blaine gasped. So this meant it could have been worse? That his biggest fear could have happened? Loosing Kurt forever and never get him back?

“His manager told me that he had a panic attack because he couldn't find nor feel you. A panic attack can hurt your connection. And only because it's so deep and strong it didn't break.”

“It's my fault... I shouldn't have... I kept our connection closed, didn't let him feel anything.”

He felt the hot tears building behind his eyes, felt them gathering together and wanting to fall. They had talked about this. They said, that, whatever happened to call each other. Blaine knew that and he wanted to keep their promise but he cared so much about Kurt's job and how happy it made him. The last thing on his mind was to ruin or hurt his soul mate. And now he couldn't stop blaming himself.

“We will know more when he wakes up.”

“And when is that?”

“I can't tell. It depends on how long it takes for your connection to re-connect. That's why you need to stay here with him.”

“Of course I will.” there was no other place he wanted to be. He needed to be here and take care of Kurt, fix what he had broken though he never wanted to break anything. All Blaine tried to do was to keep Kurt happy and safe. The opposite was what he accomplished and he felt horrible. How was this happening? Why was life so mean to him? All Blaine did is taking care of other people, wanting to make others happy and cause no drama, no problem. But sometimes, just like at that moment, he questioned his whole existence. From the day he was born to that point where Kurt was sleeping, fighting to keep their connection together.

“It's not your fault, Blaine. You two aren't together for that long and anything could have been the trigger.”

“But he will wake up, right?”

“He will. It can take hours, days, weeks even. But he will wake up as long as you stay here with him.”

Blaine nodded, looking back to Kurt and it was such a bizarre picture. Any other person would have said that Kurt was simply sleeping. That he was okay and wake up in a couple of hours. Any person who had no idea what truly happened and all of this, because Blaine kept their connection closed and because Kurt tried to save him, too. He breathed in, trying to not cry yet and heard the doctor speak again.

“That's all I can do for now. You want us to contact his father? We did not because this is a soul mate thing and we don't know how open you two are about your connection.”

“Um... no. I guess we'll wait for now. I think about it tomorrow.”

To be honest, Blaine was just scared to meet Burt and get blamed for what he did. He was scared that Burt might lose his son because he closed their connection and worried Kurt, made him feel so much panic that he ended up in a hospital. What if he really had some mental aberration? Burt would never forgive him and, honestly, Blaine was too tired, too weak to deal with an angry father.

“And your friends?”

“They... they can come if they want to.”

They deserved and needed to know what happened.

“If you need anything just press the button under the bed and someone will come, okay?”

Blaine nodded, whispered a thank you and listened to him leaving the room, his friends stepping inside. His eyes though, they were focused on Kurt. He wanted to touch him, to talk to him but his mind was still processing. Still handling what the doctor had told him and he explained the same thing to their friends. And then they stood there, all next to Kurt's bed and just stared at him.

“I'm sorry.” said Blaine when the silence became just too much.

“It's not your fault. You were doing what you thought was the right thing to do.” said Nina. “I told Kurt to be calm and wait but he didn't listen.”

“Yeah. Because I gave him a reason to panic.”

Charlie stood next to him, squeezing Blaine's shoulder and saying nothing.

“She is right, Blaine. And this is Kurt. He'll hunt the media down as soon as he wakes up. And he is going to wake up. Just stay at his side and take care of your connection.”

He looked up, wondering if something like this was nothing unusual. If something like this even happened to other soul mates. On one side he wanted to know. On the other side he feared what the answer was, or, what happened to those who have been through the same thing. Still, he needed to ask, he needed to know.

“Do you know something about that?”

“Well-” he began but then the door went open and Mercedes hurried inside, anger written all over her face. Sam was right behind her.

“What did he do?” she asked, voice on the edge of anger. Blaine flinched and then she gave her a smile. “Not you, sweetie. That stubborn guy named Kurt Hummel.”

Elliot huffed a laugh, Nina shook her head but smiled too and suddenly the tension left the room. Blaine, like Charlie, didn't understand a thing.

“He came back earlier and panicked because he couldn't find Blaine. He should have told us that he was on his way back.”

“Damn right he should have done this.” she grumbled and her eyes went back to the sleeping Kurt.

“Well, to come back to your question.” spoke Elliot again as Sam nodded to them all. “Sometimes it happens that a soul mate passes out because of... well too much. For some people it's not that easy to accept they are soul mates and they do things that... aren't helping. And you two aren't together for that long so... it's not surprising.”

“He is right. All people talk about the good sides when they, eventually, fall in love with their soul mate and simply function. I wouldn't be worried, Blaine. He'll wake up sooner or later.”

This was not really something that made him less worried. Not when he remembered how their connection looked like. Frayed, almost broken but holding on to the last remaining threads.

“But the doctor said he... he doesn't know if Kurt is really okay. He said there is a possibility for... mental disorder.”

“Not Kurt. He is too stubborn to let that happen.” said Mercedes and Elliot nodded. How could the be so confident? Maybe because they knew Kurt longer than Blaine did. But maybe they just tried to make him feel better. Make him hopeful and Blaine tried, wanted to but it was hard. Hard when all he could remember was their frayed connection.

“Don't worry, Blaine. He'll be okay.” said Nina and kissed his head. “I suggest we go home and let them alone. Elliot told me what happened and I need to make some calls and damage control.”

All Blaine could do was nod and shake his head to their questions before they left, with the promise, to come back later. Then the door was closed and he as alone with Kurt. Alone in the middle of the night and wishing things were different. He wished they could go home and lay in their bed to kiss and cuddle. He wished for Kurt to open his eyes and smile and tell him that he was okay, that he was not leaving him.

But when he reached out for his hand and felt nothing but his skin Blaine couldn't stop the tears anymore. This was not the way it supposed to feel. He was not used to only feel Kurt's skin and nothing else. Where were the threads holding their connection? Where was the warmth filling him up and make this gaping emptiness disappear? Why wasn't it working?

“Kurt.” he sobbed his name and climbed on the bed, laying beside him and letting his head rest on Kurt's chest, close to his heart to hear it beating. He was alive, he was breathing but not in a way Blaine needed it. Usually he felt his heart beat, he was breathing with him, sharing everything and becoming one. Now he was not even himself anymore. He was just half of who he was and he hated it.

In the past months he had never felt like this. He had never missed Kurt though he was right in his arms. Never had he felt so empty and being afraid to fall asleep and never wake up himself. Fix it, he thought, be strong.

“I'm here. I won't leave until you wake up.”

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The next morning when Blaine woke up he found Kurt still sleeping. He was still in the same position and looking so peaceful and beautiful that it hurt Blaine even more. Gently he touched Kurt's face, his hair and just lay beside him, looking at his face for the next hour. Nothing changed and Blaine kissed his cheek, squeezing his eyes shut to prevent his tears from falling. Again, it felt not the same way it used to feel. In fact, it made him feel almost bad for doing something like this. For holding Kurt and kissing his cheek though he was still asleep and couldn't tell him to stop.

But Blaine couldn't help himself but stay close. There was his love, lying on this bed in this ugly hospital gown. It was easy to imagine Kurt going mad about what he was wearing. This thought made him smile, even if it hurt.

He texted his college friend to let them know that he was sick and wouldn't be back for the next week. They promised to give him their notes as soon as he was back again.

Elliot and Charlie came later to leave some of Blaine's and Kurt's stuff because he told them he didn't want to leave the hospital. For how long he had no idea but he wanted to keep his promise that he wouldn't leave before Kurt woke up. The little table under the window, close to Kurt's bed became his new place to study. This little room with his sleeping soul mate became his home. They even brought a second bed into the room so Blaine had some space for himself to sleep. But for the next three days Blaine kept sleeping next to Kurt, holding him close and praying that this was what he needed, that this would heal their connection and wake him up.

But nothing changed during the next seven days. He woke up, whispered to Kurt that he loved him, what he was going to do and did nothing else but studying and sleeping. When it was time to eat he made sure to not be away for too long. And he only ate something because Charlie and Elliot dragged him out of the room and down to the cafeteria. They didn't tell him what was happening outside, what people were writing and saying about them. Thanks to Nina and her skill for damage control. She couldn't take it back but told the media that Kurt would say something about that.

Blaine was not so sure if Kurt was going to do that. Or be able to do anything at all.



Doctor Stephens came three times a day. In the morning, afternoon and evening. But he told Blaine always the same. Kurt was sleeping and their connection holding to the last threads that were left.

And all alone, with his sleeping soul mate and not in the right head space to study anything, Blaine ended up crying and being angry. Angry at himself and this stupid connection.

He was his soul mate for fucks sake. He was the one who could make him feel good and safe. Who could heal their connection just like Kurt once did it when he was suffering. But he had no idea how to do that, when he felt nothing.

On day 10 he refused any visitors and any food. He just lay in Kurt's bed and held him close, eyes never leaving his face and whispering sweet nothings. It almost felt like he was the one going crazy and losing himself in a world he created for his own well being. A world where he was happy and Kurt was okay. Where all his wishes came true and life never ever dared to ruin the people he loved again. He dreamed of this world when he was sleeping and feeling Kurt's heart beat, hearing him breathing in his dream.

Only when he woke up reality hit him like a train and he wanted to sleep again. Every time he woke up Blaine leaned over, kissed Kurt's lips that didn't kiss back, and wrapped his arms back around Kurt's body.

"I'm here. I love you." was the last thing he said before he closed his eyes. It was always the last thing he had said before he fell asleep for the past 10 days.

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"Maybe you should go out, Blaine. Sitting here won't help you." said Charlie as they were sitting at the small table next to Kurt's bed.

"No. I want to be here when he wakes up. Besides, there are still people who could recognize me and I did enough damage."

He didn't see his friend rolling his eyes but he knew Charlie did that. Judging by the groan that fell from his lips.

"Yeah, the creepy media people. Nina told you that you can go out if you want to. Honestly, I see what all of this is doing to you and it hurts me, you know?"

"And it hurts me to imagine going out while he can't." countered Blaine. "Our connection is nothing but some threads holding it together. I can't leave. I won't."

"I understand, Blaine. Okay. Let's change the subject because I don't want to fight with you."

He gladly agreed to that and took a sip of his tea. The tea Kurt liked to drink but it was not as good when he made it.

"Elliot told me why he and Martin were fighting."

"Did he?"

Not that Blaine was not interested in his friend's life. He was, he always had been but not with his soul mate next to him, sleeping on a bed for 12 days straight. However, he understood what Charlie tried to do and he knew, he fucking knew, that he had to move on some day. Not that day.

“Yeah. Actually I literally draw the reason on his skin.”

He raised both of his eyebrows and leaned back, holding his cup and waiting for Charlie to say more. But his friend looked like he had troubles finding the words to say, or, if he should say anything at all.

“It's kind of embarrassing and you better not tell Elliot I told you about it.”

“Told me what?”

The blond haired sighed, rolling his eyes and shrugged before he told Blaine the story.

“You know, we have a lot of people who ask for tattoos and some are extravagant or just, well, unusual for society. But, you know, it's your skin and you can do whatever you want to do. And whatever you want me to put on your skin, I do it, without judging you.”

“Charlie.” Blaine said, warningly but still amused. He had never seen his friend being so, well, almost flustered. But he and Charlie never really had friends they cared about until Blaine met Kurt and Charlie got a job. So he understood that Charlie was careful with what he said about their friends. But this was Blaine, they were friends for a long time now and they had seen each other in situation no 'normal' friendship had to go through.

“I won't tell them. Beside, I think nothing can top the time when you told about the blow job that-”

“No, Blaine. We said we'll never talk about that again. Never.”

And he did laugh a little bit and saw that this was Charlie's goal, all along Charlie tried to make him smile.

“Okay. So Elliot was at our shop and asked me for a tattoo. And he wanted to have one on his ass.”

“His ass?” Blaine almost choked on his tea.

“Yup. Left and right cheek.”

The vivid images already began to form inside his mind and the younger was not sure if he liked it.

“Oh my God. But... what?”

Charlie made big eyes and shook his head. “I don't know, man. I asked him if he was serious and he was. He wanted Martin's name tattooed on his left cheek and the word property on his right cheek.”

Blaine's mouth fell open and he was not sure if he should laugh or shake that image out of his head. Because what he saw were two ass cheeks with exactly that tattoo on their skin. His friend's ass cheeks.

“Get out of my head, oh my God!” he groaned and shook his head, trying to think of something else while Charlie smirked and then laughed.

“You don't have to imagine it, Blainers.”

“Yeah, thank you for putting that image into my head. Oh God... I hate you. I won't even be able to look into Elliot's eyes after knowing this.”

Charlie laughed and of course for him this was no big deal. He had seen worse and he was far more open to things than Blaine was. Hence to the experience he already made and through the things he had to go through. One could say that Charlie was more shameless than Blaine.

“That's not the end of it. So, I made this tattoo and he couldn't sit straight which, of course, confused Martin. He came back to me, every day after work because he had no one to rub the soothing lotion on his skin and told me about, how Martin thought he was acting weird.”

“You've been rubbing his ass? No, don't fuck with me.” Blaine couldn't stop the giggles which escaped from his mouth.

“I'm not, I swear. And believe me when I say it was awkward for me too. Anyway. A week later he came back to me, again. But this time he was totally angry. First I thought about that tattoo but, apparently, he showed Martin his tattoo and didn't get the reaction he was expecting to get. He began to complain about his boyfriend and how much no fun he could be. To sum it up. Martin thinks Elliot didn't need to do that and is not really happy about it and Elliot is hurt because he did it for Martin. Crazy way to show his love but, live and let live, right?”

He let his head rest in hand, stared at Charlie and his smirk and waited for him to crack up, to tell him that this was a joke. Elliot was really, deeply and crazy in love with Martin but he was also pretty mature if he wanted to be. And this?

“I don't believe you.” giggled Blaine.

“I have a picture!” warned Charlie him and already pulled his phone out of his pocket and Blaine got a glimpse from something with skin color but then laughed, truly laughed and covered his eyes with his hands.

“NO! Stop! I believe you!”

“I swear, it was the weirdest and funniest thing ever. Though I feel sorry for them but... please. Martin is a lawyer and he is not as crazy as Elliot is.”

Blaine needed to press his hand against his belly because he was laughing so hard. He hadn't had laughed this much in a while. In years even. But this story was just hilarious. And exactly something he needed to stop worrying for a while and change his way of thinking. Even if just for some minutes. Even if he was thinking about some butt cheeks with a tattoo on them. Oh God, he was not ready to meet Elliot after knowing this.

“Alright.” said Charlie and stood up. “I need to get back to work. But I'll be back later.”

“Okay.” sighed Blaine and stood up, hugging his friend tightly and getting the same hug in return.

“He'll wake up. Don't worry.”

“Yeah.”

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It was after midnight, the beginning of day 13, and Blaine was still awake, thinking about the past 13 days Kurt had been sleeping and doing nothing else. Nuzzling closer he felt Kurt's heart beating against his cheek and remained there for some seconds, listening. A beating heart was a sign that someone was alive. A beating heart told Blaine that there was enough reason to hope, to wait.

If they were no soul mates than this beating heart would have been enough for him. But they were soul mates and his connection was still searching, weeping for its other half. Desperately did it hold the last threads together and waited for something to happen. His soul was waiting for the healing warmth and fighting against all these dark marks on its own. That made Blaine almost give up. Where was the sense in fighting when the person he needed to heal his soul was... sleeping. Was he really sleeping though? Maybe the doctor was wrong and Kurt was not sleeping but doing something else.

A Coma? Slowly dying?

"No." mumbled Blaine and held him closer, tighter and closed his eyes. Kurt was not going to die and he was in no coma. Mercedes said it herself, Kurt was too stubborn to let something like this happen or ruin his life. He needed to stay positive and believe in a happy end. His happy end where Kurt woke up, without any mental aberration and still loving him like he used to.

Eventually he fell asleep and welcomed the only happy place in those last days. His dreams.

He heard voices. Muffled voices speaking and dragging him out of this wonderful place he wanted to stay in. Here where the missed warmth was and where he heard Kurt's voice speaking to him. Reality was not like that so he tried to ignore the voices but they became clearer, closer.

"As soon as he wakes up you two can leave."

"Thank God. I really need to put something else on."

Blaine heard someone laughing but refused to move or leave his personal heaven. Whoever was laughing was not Kurt and, thus, not important. But the vibration under him, so familiar, so missed... he snuggled closer and needed more. Because this, right there under him was what he needed.

"He'll probably wake up soon. I leave you two alone for now."

Then he heard someone walking, a door being closed and a sigh, right next to his ear. He knew that sigh, he knew that hand that was running up and down his back. Only one person was so gentle to him and made him feel safe and loved. What a wonderful dream, he thought. One so real and making him feel like everything was alright again. Like their connection was no longer frayed but healing, becoming the strong thread it used to be. The shining light that always kept him connected to the person he loved.

"Wake up, sleepyhead." the voice spoke, Kurt's voice and Blaine did wake up.

His view was blurry but he recognized the table with his books, right under the window. He felt how he was still lying on his left side and his arm was still wrapped around Kurt's body. Though... something was different. It began with Blaine noticing how he felt different, that the black marks on his soul were almost gone and his connection holding onto it's other half. Strong, glowing and humming its melody, which he hadn't heard for 13 days.

For a while he wondered if he was still sleeping but when he felt the hand on his back, running soothingly up and down... that felt too real to be a dream. And then he heard this adorable little laugh only Kurt could make. Real, close and waking him up at once.

Slowly he leaned his head back, finding Kurt's face and meeting the blue eyes, open, shining and alive. This was real, right? He was no longer sleeping... right?

“Kurt?”

His boyfriend nodded, sliding his hand up and letting his fingers run through Blaine's curls, letting their connection flood his body with all he had missed.

“Time to wake up.” he spoke and Blaine pulled back, holding himself up with one hand and just staring. This was real, everything was real. Their connection humming and glowing, letting the warm waves wash those black marks away. Kurt's hand still running through his curls and his eyes open. And Blaine? His mouth was moving but not speaking before Kurt gave him his reassuring smile. He was awake. He was awake!

“Oh my- How... how are you feeling?”

“I'm fine.” he said and sat slowly up. “Really. I'm fine.”

“No... loss of memories? No change in your mind?”

“Blaine.” he said quietly and leaned closer to press a soft kiss on Blaine's lips. “I'm fine.”

He stared into Kurt's eyes, looking deep into the blue orbs and searching for something. A doubt, a flicker that something was wrong. There was nothing like that in his eyes. Not even in their connection. Everything seemed fine and Blaine accepted that for now. Accepted that, maybe, things were fine. Beside, he was too exhausted, too happy and so close to tears as to dig deeper into their connection or ask more. He was just relieved, happy and exhausted. Exhausted from the past 13 days which were the worst days he had ever to go through. So exhausted that his body began to shake and Kurt pulled him into his arms as the tears began to fall.

“I'm sorry!” he sobbed into Kurt's shoulder, wrapping his arms tightly around the body, that finally answered in the way it always did.

“I love you.” whispered Kurt like he knew Blaine needed to hear this. And he knew. Of course he did.

# Re-Connection

## Chapter Notes

Hey my beauties! We are getting closer to the end of this fic. But I said that there is a possible sequel I only want to wait till this fic is finished and read your reactions. Also, this chapter contains smut and I think smut. But for me it's such a hard job to write smut 1) because english is not my first language 2) because it's just so hard for me to find the right words, the pace, everything. Yet I do my best and hope you guys enjoy this chapter :)

## Chapter 34. Re-Connection

They left the hospital together and Kurt did feel good. He felt like he had been really just sleeping and when he woke up in that room he got really confused. Immediately his connection reacted to Blaine, his eyes had found Blaine and Kurt wondered how he ended up in a hospital. Kurt wondered how worried Blaine must have been.

Then the doctor came and explained him everything. Their connection, frayed, holding on to the last threads left because of his panic attack. He wasn't blaming Blaine for it, he could have been calm and sane, use his brain but he did not. Besides, he knew that his boyfriend was already blaming himself for closing his connection and making Kurt worried.

But he was awake, their connection re-connecting and back home, finally. He texted Nina and their friends that he was awake but that he needed some sleep for that day. Of course he promised to invite them over to their place as soon as he caught up on everything. So the only people in his loft were him, Blaine and Nina. Both staring at him with worried eyes.

“Are you sure you are feeling strong enough? Maybe you need some rest?” spoke Nina

“I was sleeping for thirteen days. I don't need any rest and I'm really fine.”

He was. Nothing felt strange or different beside their connection. But that was normal, said the doctor, because it was still re-connecting with Blaine and he was sure, after some days of kissing and cuddling everything was going to feel like it used to. Maybe even better. And it was not Nina's look that made him think of taking some days off. It was Blaine who looked like he hadn't slept in the past 13 days. His hair was a mess, face pale and tired and the dark lines under his eyes worried Kurt more than anything. So he held his hand, squeezed it, ran soothing circles with his thumb over Blaine's knuckles and smiled when their eyes met.

“Doctor Stephens said we need to take care of each other because our connection almost broke. So I guess I need a while off so we can do that.”

He felt Blaine leaning against him, then pressing closer and he felt the exhausting coming from his soul mate. His beautiful soul mate who went through hell for 13 days.

“Of course. Take all the time you two need. I really don't want to lose either of you.”

Kurt smiled, mouthing a thank you and pressing a light kiss into Blaine's hair.

“But I still want to know what happened.”

Nina looked conflicted, Blaine flinched and that was enough to tell Kurt something terrible happened. So he waited for them to speak, explain what happened and watched them both exchanging a look before Blaine whispered.

“I'm sorry. It's my fault.”

“Blaine, stop that. It's not your fault,” Nina tried to calm him down but Blaine shook his head, clutching at Kurt's arm.

“It was. I closed the connection and Kurt panicked because of that.”

There was no reason to deny that because it was the reason why Kurt was worried, at all. Not feeling Blaine was terrifying and the panic he felt was understandable. But it was not Blaine's fault that he had a panic attack. No one of them knew this could happen and no one wanted something like this to happen. Especially Blaine did not want that.

“It was not smart, that is true. But it's not your fault, honey,” spoke Kurt and hoped he would believe him. After all, he loved this boy way too much and was just happy to have him back, right beside him.

“So, what happened? I know you close the connection only to keep me safe.”

That been said the younger calmed down. Just a little bit but it was enough for Kurt, he could work with that. Anyway, this whole situation was weird for him. Everyone was worried, everyone looked exhausted – like they hadn't slept for days – while he felt brilliant. Of course he understood why his friends and boyfriend looked like that. Still, he was impatient to know what was the reason for all this. It was not only because he fell asleep for 13 days.

“They know about Blaine's job,” Nina finally spoke.

“They? You mean... the media?”

She nodded and for some reason, this was not surprising. Someone must have said something to a magazine, a journalist, whatever. He knew it was going to come out sooner or later and his mind immediately stopped by Jesse and Blaine's stepmother. The only two people he really disliked and knew, they were capable of doing such a thing.

“Rumors they came up with or did someone say something?”

“We are working on that. But it seems like someone was talking. And they... they know where Blaine is studying and... well, they were basically hunting him and asking him if it was true or not.”

His eyes went back to Blaine, seeing what the memory did to him. Kurt felt bad. Bad for leaving Blaine alone because of his job while knowing something like this could happen. But he had been naïve, thought that this would not happen just because he was gone for a month. The media was powerful, cruel and rude even and he knew that, also how to handle it.

Before he became an actor he was a model, a public person and learned everything through his first job. It was scary, sometimes too much but after two years he just... figured it out. Blaine never

made that experience and never saw himself becoming a famous person. He got just dragged into this all and Kurt failed in keeping him safe.

“Guys. It's not your fault what happened. Stop looking like that,” spoke Nina and Kurt nodded slowly, pulling his arm gently free and wrapping it around Blaine instead.

She was right, thought Kurt. It was not their fault nor was there a chance to stop this from happening.

“Do you have any magazines with you? Or links where I can read those rumors?”

Nina hesitated but then nodded eventually.

“I do, but... Kurt. Please... just. Take some days off and take care of you and Blaine. I have everything under control and I promise you to send those links and articles to you.”

“But we have to do something. Blaine still has classes and final exams and I won't let them rule my life.”

“I understand that, Kurt. I really do. But right now it's better to keep calm, wait and plan something. I'm not saying stay here and don't go out, I know he has classes. But this is not about your job or his college. It's about your connection. You need to take care of it and you two have the right, as soul mates, to take as much time off as you need.”

Kurt remembered how doctor Stephens told him exactly the same thing. He was feeling fine but this didn't mean that he was fine or that they were fine. That's why they had to go back in a week for another test just to be sure everything was okay. And he had been gone for a month – well longer than a month because of his panic attack – and he had missed Blaine, terribly.

“Okay. A week off. Then we have to go back to the hospital anyway.”

Blaine had been silent for the past twenty minutes and only then did he feel how his boyfriend exhaled. A breath of relieve that Kurt decided to take this break. Right, he should have asked Blaine about this and he felt bad that he did not.

“Good. Well, I'll leave you two alone now and I mean it, Kurt, don't do anything stupid. We'll figure this out together but for now I have everything under control.”

He nodded and stood up to hug her and saw how watery her eyes really were. It made him feel bad that he caused so much trouble and worried so many people.

“One thing you should do is calling your Dad. We didn't call him but he probably knows what happened. He has been calling me for days.”

“I'll do that. Thank you,” he smiled and kissed her cheek, watching the tension leaving her body and then she left. The first thing he did, sighing. The second thing he did, turning around and just then seeing how exhausted his soul mate really was. He just sat there, hair sticking to his forehead, clothes looking like he had slept in them – which he probably did – and way too pale for his own good. He walked back to him, sat down and placed a kiss on his lips, causing a small smile from his boyfriend.

“I'll just call my dad and then we'll go to bed, okay?”

Blaine nodded and went to the bathroom while Kurt called his dad. It was not surprising to hear his angry voice and a long speech about how worried he was. Then he explained what happened and explained that he was fine, that Blaine was fine and that there was no reason to be worried



about the media or his them. Really, he felt like he was only repeating himself and trying to convince people that he was fine. Or, maybe, he even tried to convince himself. This past 13 days were filled with events he probably knew only half of it. But that was fine. His main focus was not the outside world but Blaine. After all, he had been gone for so long and that time was still clear in his mind. He ended the call and waited for Blaine to come out.

But he did not. Instead Kurt felt relief coming from him. A deep, heart wracking relief and his own eyes burning. Slowly he walked towards the bathroom, knocked against the door and opened it. Blaine was sitting on the toilette lid, face buried in his hands and trembling, sobbing. This made Kurt's heart ache and his mind realize how scared Blaine really had been. Blaine who had already lost his mother and his father and knew this feeling better than Kurt did. The sudden gap in your life and nothing and no one could fill it.

Only because he felt good and was finally awake didn't mean that it was over for Blaine. And Kurt felt bad for forgetting this, that the younger boy knew how painful it can be to let go. To lose someone far too soon. Someone you loved, someone with a soul mate connection.

Slowly he walked closer to Blaine and wrapped his arms around the trembling body. He was so cold and felt so small and weak in his arms, it hurt even more when he felt the fear that was happening inside his soul mate. The fear he kept hidden from Kurt but always talked about. He had never really understood that. Never really saw a reason to be scared that he could lose Blaine, because he believed. Blaine did not and his nightmare almost came true.

"I'm okay, Blaine. I'm here. I won't leave you."

The relief that Blaine was feeling, too, was yet stronger than his fear. That was a good sign for him, or, he wanted it to be.

"Honey," he spoke, pulling back and knelt down to look up and see Blaine's face as he took his hands away. His boyfriend let it happen and their eyes met. Liquid gold and shining blue. "I'm here. I won't leave you."

It took Blaine some moments before he smiled, before he let those words inside his heart. But when he let that happen his smile was the warm and soft one Kurt loved so much.

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Though he had been sleeping for so many days, Kurt still managed to sleep longer than he planned. Waking up in his own bed, his home and with Blaine in his arms made him want to sleep even longer. Okay, maybe not sleep but at least lay there for a while longer and do what he had missed doing – when he was in Europe. And that was holding his love, kissing him, cuddling with him. Re-build their connection which was still not back on track.

Nothing to be worried about, said the doctor and Kurt didn't want to worry about that. They loved each other and they were back together. It just needed time. Eventually they stood up together and ate some late breakfast. Kurt was super hungry and ate even more than Blaine did and the coffee he enjoyed after so many days tasted like the best coffee he ever had. Then he checked his mails, unpacked his stuff and planned together with Blaine what they wanted to cook for their friends – which wanted to visit them later.

Blaine... he looked much better compared to the day before but... he was clingy. Really clingy and Kurt didn't mind. Not at all, but it worried him that his boyfriend was so clingy. Almost like a child and it made him feel bad all over again. So, instead of talking he gave Blaine what he asked for. He never left his side, or let go of his hand. When they were done with everything and just waited for their friend to arrive Kurt dragged Blaine with him on the couch and lay down, facing him.

His fingers were tangled in Blaine's curls, running soothingly through them while his other hand was splayed on his back, keeping him close. And Blaine caressed Kurt's cheek with his one hand, the other remained on his chest, feeling his heartbeat and smiling calmly. They didn't talk, didn't do anything but just look at each other and let their hands touch skin and hair. Sometimes words were not needed and that was such a moment. By just being close and awake while doing that, Kurt hoped this was what Blaine needed too.

To feel him and realize for himself that he was back, awake, and okay. Because Kurt needed it. Missing Blaine was a terrible experience and not feeling him close even worse. Their hours on Skype were good, helping him to hold on but it did no justice to how beautiful his boyfriend really was. No camera was able to capture his beauty and he smiled, making Blaine smile too.

“What are you thinking?”

“That I hate cameras.”

Blaine laughed but gave him a confused look.

“Why's that?”

“Because you are beautiful,” he said and suddenly it was hard to breathe because his heart pounding hard under Blaine's fingers. “And no camera does this justice.”

The younger breathed out through his nose, eyes softening and his lips leaving a short kiss on Kurt's.

“And I like to see your eyes. They tell me you are awake.”

“I don't know though. When people stare at me for minutes I think they are creepy.”

Blaine huffed a laugh and snuggled closer, nuzzling against Kurt's neck and wrapping his arms around him, just like Kurt did. Yes, he was definitely doing better than yesterday and their connection all the same. It was still not healed, there were still threads waiting to connect again, it just needed time.

“I don't want to wait anymore,” said Blaine against Kurt's shirt.

“For what?” spoke Kurt and looked down but only saw the mess of black curls.

“To have sex with you. I don't want to wait anymore.”

His boyfriend leaned back, meeting the blue eyes and Kurt let him see that he had his doubts about that.

“Because of what happened?”

“Because of what happened. But also because I feel ready.”

Kurt's lips were closed but his eyes said everything. He had doubts, many doubts and the reason

Blaine told him wasn't really convincing. Fortunately, Blaine knew him well enough to read his eyes and explained.

“When I heard that you were in a hospital and... knew what the reason was I... I felt scared. I thought I knew how it feels like to be scared because of what Jesse did. But... seeing you there and knowing what happened... *that* scared me. I've never been more scared in my entire life. I was scared that you, maybe, lost your memory, that you would never wake up, that you would leave me if you did. I was scared about so many things.... but... losing you scared me more than anything.”

Kurt moved his right hand back to Blaine's face, caressing his cheek, running his fingers through his hair because this always calmed him down. He had underestimated everything. The love Blaine felt for him, how much he meant to this boy and what all of this did to him. If it were the other way around, he knew, he would have felt the same way. Alone the thought, imagining Blaine would just be... gone. He didn't like that nor did he want that.

“And I just kept thinking about all the things we wanted to do but never did... never even got the chance to do. So... that's why. I'm sure, really and I don't want to wait anymore.”

After hearing that Kurt wanted to be as convinced as Blaine was. He remembered what they did before he left. How they got took step after step closer with kisses, with crossing lines and, perhaps, Blaine was ready. Still, he was not so sure about that.

“Of course we can try,” he smiled. “Whenever you want to.”

Blaine smiled too.

“Speaking of Jesse. Did something happen beside the media finding out? I mean, there must have been something, right?”

Blaine waited before he spoke.

“When you left I met Cooper. Several times, you know, working on our relationship.”

“You did?” smiled Kurt and he was really happy about that. Family was important and Blaine had no one left but Cooper, who was not a bad guy. He genuinely cared about Blaine and wanted to help him, so, hearing that Blaine tried that made him happy and proud.

“Yeah and we are doing good. But, three days before it came out I met Tania, his mother. I don't know what she wanted and we ignored her. And... I don't know but maybe it was her.”

Blaine's stepmother? How did she know about that though? The only people who knew about Blaine's past were him, his friends and of course the people he had met. People who probably forgot about him pretty fast. He remembered what Blaine said to him. To those people he was nothing but someone they met on the street. Many of them didn't even know his name or how old he was. And many of them probably forgot him already.

“We'll figure this out. I won't let the person who did that get away this easily. No matter what they said.”

“Not today, though. You said you'll take a break and let Nina do the work.”

Kurt groaned because he was already planning to read those articles and exactly do what he just had said. So he stopped his thoughts, ignored the urge to do something and nodded.

“You are right. I said that and I'll keep my promise.”

“So, nap time before our friends come?”

“Sounds great.”

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“Why are you staring at Elliot? Did he do something?” asked Kurt when their friends were talking with each other and he and Blaine made themselves busy with putting the dirty dishes into the sink.

“Not really?” said Blaine but the questioning tone got not ignored by Kurt. So he raised his eyebrows and Blaine leaned closer, whispering. “I know why he and Martin are fighting.”

“You do?” asked Kurt and tried not to turn around and watch the couple pretending like everything was okay. He notices this before and remembered how Blaine had told him about it.

“Charlie told me because, well, he made it. A tattoo.”

Then Kurt did turn back and watched Charlie talking with Sam about something – probably football and he didn't understand how all of his friends loved football and he did not. Mercedes kept a close look to Elliot and Martin and pretended to listen to whatever Elliot was saying. It was a good thing that he knew her so well and could read her expression.

“What kind of tattoo?”

Blaine whispered what it was and Kurt's eyes went wide and then he pressed his hand against his mouth to prevent a laugh. Elliot did a lot of crazy things and he knew that he loved Martin deeply. But he had to admit that this was even too crazy for his friend.

“For real?”

“That's what Charlie told me and he never lied to me.”

Kurt grinned and turned around, back to the sink and placing the last plate inside. He really was no person to make fun of someone, but he thought that it was just hilarious. So, as they went back and sat down again he gave Elliot his best smirk, the one his friend knew.

And Mercedes knew it as well.

“You know something.”

“Indeed I do,” smiled Kurt and wiggled his eyebrows. Then Charlie stopped talking, giving Blaine a look and Sam Mercedes one. Martin looked like he had no idea what was going and Elliot was just confused. Blaine pressed his hand against his mouth and Charlie pressed his lips together, knowing what was going on.

“What?” asked Elliot eventually when Kurt didn't stop smirking. Seconds went by and then his friend probably understood what was going on. Coming to his answer by watching Blaine and seeing him and Charlie exchanging looks.

“What is it?” asked Mercedes her voice filled with impatience.

“Charlie did you-”

“Sorry. Blaine is my best friend and I thought this was a good distraction for him,” explained Charlie and lifted his hands up to his defense. Martin's face was red, just like Elliot's and he stared at Kurt who still smirked and Mercedes looked confused. Blaine began to giggle and Kurt explained Mercedes what Elliot did.

And though Elliot told him not to they all ended up laughing. Not in a mocking way, not being rude but just laughing because they hadn't had done that in such a long time.

An hour later their friends left and Kurt and Blaine cleaned the dishes and took a shower together. Beside the warm water that felt pretty amazing he also enjoyed his boyfriend rubbing his back and giving him the same in return. He also loved it that being naked together didn't feel awkward at all. Just like their connection it felt natural to him.

When Blaine was done with washing Kurt's back, the older turned around and kissed the back of Blaine's neck and began to wash him. His eyes found the triangular scar that showed, only them, that they were connected. Knowing he had the same scar on the same part of his skin made him shiver. Never, not in his 26 years of living had he thought to have such a connection, so deep and natural with someone. But he did and his lips found the scar and making Blaine shiver too. His boyfriend turned around, facing Kurt and he noticed the dark eyes, the honey swimming in his eyes and then felt the beloved lips on his own.

It was no sweet kiss, no short kiss. It was fierce, desperate and almost needy. It was Blaine showing him that he really wanted that, was done with waiting. The arousal from his soul mate flowed through their connection, through his body and mixed with his own. Without any words he shut the water down but needed to break the kiss to leave the shower. Otherwise he would have slipped and fell, probably hurt them both too. He dried himself, eyes never leaving Blaine and feeling how he grew harder and harder, just like the younger. Fuck that, thought Kurt and his impatience shot right to Blaine, leaving the towel on the ground and taking Blaine's hand.

Up the stairs he turned back, grabbing Blaine's face and finally kissing those lips again, while walking backwards and as soon as he felt the bed he let himself fall, Blaine following him. Kissing the scar was like he had pressed a specific button. One that made them both crazy after each other and, if Blaine were no virgin he knew he would have kept this pace. But this was going to be – perhaps – Blaine's first time and he didn't want to rush things. They could do that in the future. He told that not through words but through stopping the desperate kisses. Pulling back he smiled, meeting the golden orbs and let his hand run through his hair. He heard and felt Blaine's breath, hot and fast and also felt his heart, beating as fast as his own.

Waiting for him to calm down a bit he bent closer, kissing him sweetly and just doing this for several minutes. They rolled on their sides, lips moving together, tongues touching and hands exploring the free – still damp – skin. And he took his time touching Blaine, feeling his strong arms, the muscles that would surprise any other person because he was not the tallest guy. The broad shoulders, the little hair on his chest and his adorable belly. Well, there was really nothing he didn't find beautiful or adorable about his boyfriend. He was just perfect for Kurt.

Like his hands also Blaine's were wandering, exploring and leaving those beautiful warm lines, like his fingers had some magic power to him. And maybe they did. Maybe, as a soul mate, you had some strength and didn't even know it. But he knew that this was just their connection making everything feel so much better. Ten times better. Like the pain was ten times worse.

His hand found Blaine's hip, resting there and a small doubt came back, nagging at his heart.

Though they were closer and he had kissed and worshiped almost each part of Blaine in the past weeks, he avoided his cock. Now, all he wanted, was to touch him there, stroke him until he was hard. Then he remembered that one night when they jerked off together over the phone. How Blaine told him what he wanted to do, what he wanted to share with him and Kurt moaned because he really, really wanted to try that. To his surprise he wasn't making this decision. Blaine was the one who pulled back, whispered his love for him and gently pushed Kurt on his back.

Not saying a word he let Blaine kiss his neck, collarbone, chest and let him go down, down, down. Only because he trusted Blaine, only because he wanted them to be equals and let Blaine decide what was the right thing for him, he let it happen. But this didn't stop his breath going faster, the cold sweat covering his forehead and then he whimpered when he felt Blaine's tongue licking over the head of his dick. His mind almost stopped working and all his senses were focused on Blaine. On his lips kissing down his shaft, on his tongue leaving kitten licks, on his mouth taking Kurt inside.

"Fuck," he moaned, eyes closed and he almost felt guilty for thinking this, but, Blaine knew what he was doing. The way he didn't choke, didn't gasp or flinch but just did it... it was insane. But so good. Kurt wanted to tell him this, wanted to say that he wanted more, that he was good but he refused because, what if Blaine hated that? What if this was something that made him stop or summon the demons inside him? Only, when he hollowed his cheeks Kurt almost said the things he was thinking. Yet, he managed to moan, his fingers running through his own hair as he bent his head back.

Blaine didn't stop. He licked, sucked and wanted Kurt to feel good, wanted him to enjoy this and when he didn't stop moaning Blaine hummed. Probably enjoying this himself. Licking his lips he looked down, seeing this new view and the words were already on his tongue, wanting to come out but he refused. Again, his indecision was taken from him.

"Does it feel good?" he heard Blaine's rough voice, opened his eyes and met the gold, shining right to him. God, he looked so good that Kurt was glad he wasn't blowing him anymore. Otherwise this would have been over way too soon.

"You have no idea," he whispered and needed to kiss him. To show him what he couldn't say. Pulling Blaine closer he attacked his lips but immediately stopped kissing him as Blaine flinched. Holding his face the old fear came almost back, telling him to stop because he went too far. Blaine noticed Kurt's confused, almost scared look and explained.

"I... I thought that this is disgusting. Kissing someone who gave you a blow job."

"What?" exclaimed Kurt and his fear grew smaller as he slowly understood. "Who said that?"

"They... they told me that. My customers."

He didn't want to think about all these disgusting people who told Blaine all these awful things. He didn't want to ruin this moment. They were disgusting and not Blaine. Never Blaine.

"I'll always kiss you. No matter what."

And he did that, kissing the small smile on Blaine's lips and spread his legs to give the younger more room, to come closer. They kissed, moaned and while doing this he let his hand go down again. Let it rest on Blaine's belly to show him what he wanted to do and moved down, down, down and his fingers touched the slick thick head. Blaine whimpered against his lips, held his shoulders and then he wrapped his fingers around it.

Blaine was not as long as he was, but he was thick, really thick and Kurt's whole body was

burning just by stroking him. He felt what Blaine felt, his own arousal and when he heard the low moan close to his ear he almost moaned too. This was so much better than the phone sex they had had. This was them being able to touch the other and take him to the place of pure bliss together. This was Blaine letting Kurt closer, deeper and he gave the younger the same back.

“I want... I want you to top.”

“Okay.”

One last kiss and Blaine lay down on his stomach while Kurt opened the drawer and took the lube and a condom out. Which he eyed for several seconds and then looked to his right side, meeting Blaine's eyes. They never talked about this but they made sure to get tested back in September and it came out they both were clean. So, there was really no reason to use a condom but to not come inside Blaine and leave a mess. Blaine nodded, knowing what Kurt was wondering and he left it on the nightstand, kissing his soul mate when he knelt beside him.

Wordlessly but with his eyes on Blaine's face he poured the lube on his fingers, warmed it up a little bit and slicked his crack up, leaving more around his hole but not pushing inside yet. He wanted this to be as comfortable as possible for him. Blaine shivered, closed his eyes and clutched the pillow. No reason to be worried, he thought, Blaine was just excited. And he didn't want to tell him to say something if he felt, he couldn't do it. The younger knew this and he trusted him.

Again he poured some lube on his fingers and lay beside Blaine, letting his finger run over his hole, waited and then Blaine nodded and Kurt pushed one inside. Like the last time he almost fell into the space in his head, waiting to let go and just feel. The tightness, the hotness, the fact that he was inside his soul mate and connecting with him in this way. And this time Blaine did not freak out, did not flinch, instead, he pushed back to get Kurt deeper.

Back on his knees he pressed his lips against the scar, kissing it gently and hearing Blaine moan as he pushed his finger in and out again.

“Is it good?” he needed to ask, needed to be sure. Because he knew how weird it was for him when he made this experience. It felt weird to have something inside there and there had been this slight burn and pain. Not to forget that he was totally drunk when he had his first time. Back then he needed more than just some minutes to get used to this feeling, to actually feel any kind of pleasure but when he did, well, he couldn't get enough.

“God... yes, more,” moaned Blaine and Kurt did that, pushing a second finger inside. The difference was that he loved Blaine and Blaine loved him. This was not about two horny guys wanting to fuck their brains out. This was them exploring the body of the other, getting to know what was okay and what not. Hearing their voices making all these arousing and beautiful sounds. Sounds that made Kurt's heart beat like crazy and his breathing faster and faster.

He watched Blaine, watched his eyes rolling back, his mouth closing and opening while he was searching for the sweet spot that was there somewhere.

“Oh fuck!”

There it was.

He pumped his fingers in and out, twisting, stretching Blaine gently and listening to the sweet noises his soul mate made. A sound that went right down to his cock, making him almost come but that was not what they wanted to do just yet. Three fingers inside and his lips attached to Blaine's shoulder he kept on stretching him, listening to the moans and words *yes* and *more* and *fuck*. And he loved each second of it.

“Turn around,” whispered Kurt, slowly pulled his fingers out - hearing the whimper coming from his boyfriend – and made space for him to roll over. There he was, legs open, skin shining because of the cold sweat and curls a mess. But his eyes were soft, glowing with love. His whole face was calm, cheeks a beautiful pink and Kurt bend over, kissing Blaine sweetly before they took the next step. A kiss that made their connection buzzing happily, that made him feel so good and flowing through his veins, his nerves, right into the deepest places of his being.

“Okay?” he smiled, letting his hand run through the damp curls and Blaine nodded, giving Kurt a peck. Drawing in a deep breath he took the lube again, slicked his own hard cock up and knelt between Blaine's legs. His thighs were resting on Kurt's, not shaking, but soft and warm and Kurt used his free hand to rub soothingly Blaine's thigh up and down. Then he aligned himself, bending so that he was over Blaine and let the head of his cock nudge against Blaine's hole. Waiting, watching his soul mate and what this did to him. Waiting for something that spoke against this.

There was nothing, just Blaine's eyes looking into his own and waiting for Kurt to make a move.

“I love you,” he whispered and sunk slowly inside, hearing Blaine hissing and placing little kisses all over his face as he sunk deeper and deeper. The first time always hurt, was terrifying or making a person so vulnerable. He was there and he knew, without love, it was not the same. It was just fucking. He didn't want this to be just fucking for them. Not now not ever.

Blaine's shaking hands held Kurt's face, needing him close while his body was not fighting against him. He was relaxed, he let Kurt inside but it was much, a lot to take for the first time. So he whispered sweet nothings, let his hands do soothing movements while he sunk deeper and deeper and it was so hard for him to keep his mind clear. He was used to let go when he did that, used to just do it because the people he had sex with were all experienced. But those people were not Blaine.

“Oh fuck!” whined Blaine when Kurt was completely inside him. His voice was high and Kurt felt something hot on his stomach. He opened his eyes and watched his boyfriend's being half open, his breath leaving his mouth in short exhales but the bliss was there too. Blaine just came and he hadn't seen it.

“Don't stop... I can again. It just... it feels too good.”

He was too adorable and worried far too much. It was so not important when Blaine came and how long he could hold on. This was his first time doing this.

“I'm glad it feels good,” whispered the older and kissed Blaine while moving his legs to get more comfortable. Again, he waited for Blaine to signal him that he was ready, ready for more and he watched him licking his lips, felt him holding his hand tight and strong as he got used to it and down from his orgasm. Then he breathed.

“Okay.”

And Kurt slid slowly out, just a bit and back inside before he began to pull further out and back inside. Slowly, letting Blaine feel him and getting used to it while keeping his mind active. There was just too much going on. The tightness of Blaine, swallowing him and making sure that it felt also good for Kurt. More than good, it was perfect, thought Kurt. There was also their connection burning, singing and creating a different bond.

He was used to this feeling, to the place where everything was warm, home and made sense. This though, being inside Blaine was crazy, better and the arousal he felt was hard to control. His own and Blaine's running through his body, no matter that it was hard for him and for his boyfriend too. Something to work on, thought Kurt though he saw now reason why yet. It was just



incredible to not just feel the physical aspects but also those beyond.

How his soul and heart sucked everything in and gave Blaine the same back.

“Fuck,” moaned Kurt when he found a slow rhythm, his lips close to Blaine's ear. “You feel so good, honey.”

“You too,” whispered Blaine and a new sensation filled his heart. Something more meaningful, deep and making it even harder to breath. Pulling back his eyes found the golden ones and saw how watery they were. How happiness and relief flooded them because they made it. They both made it and the demons didn't win this time.

“You can... faster,” spoke the deeper voice and Kurt obeyed. Kurt let go and kissed Blaine, thrusting faster, deeper and holding his love close as he came closer to his own orgasm. It was like falling, falling together with his soul mate into their own world. A happy place where they could do what they wanted and be who they were. A sacred place where they were not afraid to open up and let the other see, hear everything. The little moans of his own name, his own lips forming the words of pleasure and the name of his boyfriend. He felt Blaine's legs wrapping around his hips, forcing him to go deeper, to do what Blaine had said. And Kurt did. Faster, deeper and closer and then it hit Kurt so hard that his mind literally stopped.

He came with Blaine's name on his lips, came so hard that he lost control over his body, over his trembling muscles while he filled Blaine with his come. That satisfied him even more that he was the one marking the younger more and more, making him his own and no one would ever get that what he got that night.

Somewhere in his endless pleasure and love he heard Blaine coming too, shouting his name and Kurt needed to see it, needed to see the bliss on his boyfriend's face. When he saw it he thought this was it, he would lose his mind and never come back to reality. So he kissed Blaine, deep and wanting him to be focused on Kurt. Wanting him to share the little noises he made with his mouth, wanted to taste what Blaine was tasting through those words.

They were panting, their hearts following a rhythm that sounded crazy but not scary. Blaine's legs gave in, falling flat on the mattress but his hands remained on Kurt's shoulders, keeping him down and closer. His arms were too weak, wobbling like they were made of jelly not able to keep him up so he lay on Blaine, waiting for his mind to work again. But he didn't want to. He wanted to stay inside this beloved body forever and never leave. He didn't want to stop with what they began.

However, he needed to. He needed to make sure Blaine was okay and take care of him.

“How are you feeling?” Kurt managed to ask as he slipped slowly out of Blaine.

“Empty,” joked his boyfriend and Kurt huffed a laugh.

“And I'm not sure I'll be able to move ever again.”

Kurt hummed happily, wrapping his arms lazily around Blaine's body and squeezed him tight before he decided to stand up and get them something to clean up. Before that he took the tissues on his nightstand, forcing himself to move and cleaned Blaine's hole where his come still was. He didn't look but he knew how sore Blaine felt and how much it burned there. No matter how gentle he was there was no chance to stop the hiss from his boyfriend. Done that he threw they tissues into the small bin.

“Where are you going?” asked Blaine when he noticed how Kurt wanted to leave the bed.

“Getting a towel so we can clean up,” explained the older and kissed Blaine's cheek before he left, down the stairs and got what he needed. Not even considering to put something on because it was only him and Blaine. Inside the bathroom he cleaned himself, quick. When he came back he found Blaine lying on his left side, eyes closed and lips formed into such a blissful smile, it made his heart do a jump.

Yes, this was definitely not just about Blaine's first time but also him being brave and fighting again the demons inside him. There had never been a doubt about how brave this small human being could be.

Back on the bed he began to clean the tired young man, his face – not letting the chance go to place more kisses and make him giggle – his stomach, his ass and stopped when he thought he did a good job and didn't forget anything. Instead of going right back on his side of the bed and cuddle with Blaine he did something else. He began to kiss his belly and make his boyfriend squirm and giggle and begging Kurt to stop what he was doing. It was hard though, because he really enjoyed doing that. Also to lighten the mood a little bit.

“Kurt! Please!”

“Okay, okay,” he said and rolled over to his side arms open to embrace a very naked Blaine, who hummed happily against Kurt's lips.

“Feeling good?”

“Yeah. Perfect, actually.”

“Mhhmm, me too. And sleepy.”

They exchanged a loving look, then Blaine yawned and Kurt dragged the blanket over their bodies. Yes, sleep was a good idea after all of the things they had felt. No matter how amazing and mind blowing all of this was, sharing mutual feelings it was, still, exhausting – but in the best way possible. They whispered words of love, snuggled closer, legs tangled together and the hum of their connection made them fall into a blissful sleep.

# Assistant

## Chapter Notes

Hey guys! Hope you are surprised about the end of this chapter :)

### Chapter 35. Assistant

He couldn't remember the last time he had slept this good. Actually, he had never slept this good. Last night, when they both connected in this special way and everything they had felt, it was still flowing through his body and leaving him half hard. The aftermath of their first time.

It was like he was out of this world and in a new one. Like all he wanted was to re-connect with Blaine and have sex with him over and over again. Although it was a really, really good feeling he was not sure if they were there now. It had been Blaine's first time and he understood if he didn't want to do it again after just some hours. He also felt a bit ridiculous that he already thought about doing it again. And felt like doing it again. Maybe it was not actually him wanting to do it again. Maybe it was their connection, them being soul mates that he felt that way.

Because feeling like this was new for him. Not even after his first time wanted he to just do it right again. Not with a sore ass and not able to walk but limp for two days. His first thought was to call Mercedes or Elliot and ask if this was the case. His second thought was to exactly not do that. They knew enough about their private life and he and Blaine were capable to figure this out on their own. If not, there was still the Department for Soul Mates.

Rubbing his eyes he felt Blaine moving on his chest, his arms tightening around Kurt's body and his head moving, their sleepy eyes meeting.

“Morning, love,” whispered Kurt and smiled into the sleepy kiss Blaine gave him.

“Mornin', beautiful.”

He kissed him again, again but then stopped as he felt how his dick was becoming harder and harder. That... was not normal. This arousal that grew and grew and forced him to kiss his boyfriend more, keep his naked body closer. So he tried to distract himself, maybe even Blaine who's eyes were dark, showing that he felt the same way Kurt did. At that moment it was really hard to tell which arousal he actually felt. But it was strong, too strong.

“Shower and breakfast?”

“Can I go first?”

“Of course,” whispered Kurt and couldn't look away from those eyes, those lips, the beautiful face that was so close and screaming to be covered in kisses. But he needed to kiss him and did that. It was so soft, so warm and doing things to him he didn't understand. Everything was just filled with Blaine and screaming for Blaine and he had no idea how long he could control himself.

“You think you can... walk?” he asked breathless and the younger nodded slowly. Blaine climbed slowly off the bed and the further away he was he wanted to stop him, keep him and just do it all over again. This was crazy, plain crazy and he forced himself to lay down. However, he couldn't help himself but watch Blaine's naked as, round and beautiful and so... he just wanted to squeeze it and hear the sweet, almost sinful moans again and again.

When the other was gone Kurt took a look down between his legs, noticing how hard he was just from kissing and felt like the young man he once was. Horny, needy and just wanting to do this as many times as possible. But he ignored it, stood up and put something on before he walked down to the kitchen. Making himself busy he tried to ignore his dick and all the hot feelings flooding his body.

Maybe this was a thing that happened when soul mates had sex? For the first time? Maybe this was just a reaction from their connection and asking for more until it got satisfied? Perhaps but asking someone was still so weird in his mind. For him it sounded like he wanted to ask if someone thought he was too horny or some sex-addict.

Coffee, eggs, and bacon ready he heard Blaine leaving the bathroom and smiled when he saw a happy young man walking over to him. Like magnets their bodies slotted together, arms sliding around the beloved body and kept each other close, not even caring that the other could feel how hard they were. For Kurt, feeling that Blaine was just as hard was a reason to relax. Perhaps this was not him just being crazy about this boy but they both were. Their connection was still filled and aching for more, he felt that now.

“Your butt doing okay?” and he couldn't stop the small grin on his lips.

Blaine nodded, letting a small whine out before his lips found Kurt's and again, this pink cloud was taking control over his mind. Pushing him closer he felt the hard member against his own, Blaine's tongue lazily touching his. He truly felt like a teenager, crazy for more and maybe they could do more. After all, his boyfriend felt the same way.

“Breakfast,” breathed Kurt, his eyes too heavy to open them because Blaine's hot breath on his lips made him forget everything else. Somehow they managed to sit down but it was not the same. Not when he watched Blaine's lips wrap around whatever he was eating. Not when he nudged against Blaine's calf with his foot like he needed to keep some kind of contact to him. It was almost like some torture for him that he couldn't do something else with Blaine without turning into an insane person. But he wanted. Wanted to just let go and have sex with him until he couldn't move.

After their breakfast Kurt took a shower, a cold one and hoped that this would calm his nerves down. It didn't happen. Instead he felt like he wanted jump out of his burning and vibrating skin. Back in the living room he found Blaine, sitting on the couch and breathing slightly faster, his cheeks pink and eyes dark, so dark.

“Kurt?” he breathed, voice low and filled with lust. “You feel the same way, don't you?”

He nodded not able to form any coherent words.

“Is it... is it supposed to feel like this?”

“I don't know. I-” he spoke but something else crossed his mind. When his friends found their soul mate and began to have sex they were absent. For days. And after that they always said how amazing it was to have a soul mate. But he was not sure if this constant lust inside him, burning

and screaming for more, was something amazing. It felt almost like some inner animal wanting to get out. And the last thing he wanted to do was hurt Blaine.

“I only know that... they say sex is amazing with a soul mate. But I-”

“Can we again? It's too much to-”

“Ofcourse,” blurted Kurt and found himself on the couch, his lips kissing Blaine's in such a rough way that he was sorry until the moment when Blaine kissed him back. With just as much force. They undressed each other, Kurt stumbling out of his sweatpants and grabbing Blaine's face to pull him closer and on his feet. The boy literally threw himself into Kurt's arms, wrapping his arms around Kurt's neck. Then, without much thought, Kurt grabbed Blaine's ass and lifted him up, holding him as the younger slung his legs around Kurt's body.

This was not only hot, how their cocks aligned and both moved their hips to get the friction they needed. This was also exactly what their connection needed, what they needed. Skin on skin, kiss after kiss and filling Blaine with his cock. Or let Blaine fill him. He didn't care he just needed to be close and love him.

“Do you have lube?” Blaine asked against Kurt's lips between moans and whimpers. “Please tell me you have some down here.”

He did not. He never planned on having sex outside of his bedroom because Blaine would have never let that happen. But here he was, clinging to his body while Kurt held him up and he hated himself for not having some down here.

“Wait. I get it.”

“No, take me with you.”

Breaking the contact, just for some seconds was not an option, not even for Kurt. So he held Blaine, who was not really heavy and trying to make it easier for Kurt as he used the stairs, feeling the kisses and licks on his neck. Back in his bedroom he had to squeeze the round, perfect ass in his hands as Blaine found the spot on his neck, which made him roll his eyes. Which made him shiver and moan wantonly while Blaine sucked and licked.

Opening the drawer he picked the lube, opened it with one hand – determined to keep Blaine where he was because he had an idea – and slicked his fingers up. Then he found Blaine's hole, pushed two inside and the other shivered, moaned and almost lost his balance. With quick steps he walked to the nearest wall and pushed Blaine gently against it, to give their muscles some rest.

“Shit, Kurt!” hissed Blaine, his fingers going deeper, out and deeper again. Soon he found a rhythm, added a third finger and was glad that his soul mate was still a bit open from the night before. This time they were not slow or especially lovely. This time Blaine begged for more and faster. For Kurt finally being inside him. Aligning his cock he pushed slowly inside as his fingers were out and cursed under his breath when he watched him sinking deeper and deeper.

Inside he moaned and looked back to Blaine, the dark gold in his eyes making him crazy and, perhaps, something snapped inside of his boyfriend when he saw Kurt's eyes.

Rolling his hips as best as he could Blaine pulled Kurt back into a heated kiss and soon both were lost. Lost because their bodies were on fire, because Blaine was tight and hot and, when he hit his prostate, making these beautiful noises which made Kurt moan instead.

“More, Kurt... please fuck me harder,” was stuff Blaine kept on saying like a mantra and spurting the older on. Faster, deeper and soon they came together, sweaty, breathless and no longer

moving.

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He felt no shame, no need to hide it, not in front of Blaine. His soul mate was feeling the same way. For 3 whole days. For 3 days they wore no clothes. All they did was eat, shower, watch something but mainly, they had sex.

They had sex for 3 whole days and it was impossible to resist. When he thought he had enough it was just a kiss who proved him wrong. Or a simple touch that made his whole body burn again and the need for more was just too much. The first day it was Kurt sinking into Blaine whenever he felt like he could take it. Which was more times than Kurt thought and he got worried about his boyfriend being too sore for moving, lying or sitting. So he ended up giving him something else instead. Like blow jobs or hand jobs.

The second day it was Kurt feeling Blaine inside him and only then did he understood what his soul mate had felt. As soon as the younger was inside him it felt like he was pressing several buttons and Kurt was spiral into a place in his soul he didn't know. There was arousal, there was love and their connection, holding Blaine so close and sucking everything in, just too shoot it through Kurt's body. It was crazy, it was almost insane but he loved it.

On the third day they fucked two times, only two and the rest was done by hands and lips.

The fourth day came and his mind was finally clear again. And he felt how sore his body truly was. Kurt still felt good, amazing but so, so sore that even when he rolled on his right side he couldn't help the hiss leaving his lips. Good that he still had three days off to recover from their, well, sex-marathon. An amazing sex-marathon in which he and Blaine got more than comfortable with each other. Maybe that was the reward soul mates got for a very hard beginning? As soon as they connected they had to connect until their connection was satisfied. Maybe, but whatever it was he was glad that this happened.

Opening his eyes he saw that Blaine was gone and then he heard the shower running and decided to join him. His new favorite thing, showering together with Blaine. Standing up was a challenge but after three tries he did it and limp down to the bathroom. With a dopey smile he joined Blaine inside the steaming shower and got a smile from him in return. But it was not as happy as Kurt expected it to be.

“Feeling sore, huh?” he said and there was no doubt in his mind that this was the reason.

“That too... but it's more.”

Kurt tilted his head, taking the shampoo into his hands and waiting for Blaine to explain more.

“You don't feel it?”

“I feel sore and amazing.”

Then the younger took his hand, placed it on Kurt's chest and said: “Just... feel the connection, okay?”

Nodding Kurt did that, looking down on their hands and felt it. The shining, strong connection to Blaine humming happily but then...

“Huh?” he breathed and felt again. Though it was strong and humming, there was something wrong. Like, a crack. A crack?

“You feel it, right?”

“Yeah,” said Kurt but saw no reason to be worried. “Maybe it needs more time to heal.”

However, even for him this was not really convincing. They had sex for three days, loved each other insanely for three days and, by now, it should have been healed. Everything was okay but this small crack in the middle of it.

“We have an appointment with doctor Stephens next week. He'll know what this is about.”

“I know. I just think... well, it's kind of surprising after the past days that this is still there.”

Kurt said nothing, didn't nod, nothing. But he tried to smile and take the worry off of Blaine's face. Going crazy because of this was not helping and also not something he wanted to do for the past three free days. It needed time, he thought for himself.

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“Hm, you two already had sex, right?” asked doctor Stephens as he and Kurt got the results from their test. Blaine was clutching Kurt's hand as if this question said something about the crack in their connection.

“Yes,” answered Kurt.

“Well,” sighed doctor Stephens and sat down behind his desk. “Usually it should be healed by now. But it's also possible that it needs more time to heal.”

“So it will go away, right?”

The doctor was silence and silence spoke, is known, as the truth. Kurt didn't like this truth. After everything they had been through why did bad things still happen to them? Just because they were worried but actually wanted to take care of each other? That was not fair.

“I'll be honest with you guys. I don't know. I've never heard of anything like this. For now, I suggest, you two be careful. Another panic attack could cause more trouble.”

With this information and the promise that he would call them as soon as he had news – because he wanted to make some research about that – Kurt and Blaine went back home. Both clearly not happy about what they found out and not understanding what this meant for them.

“It will need time, I'm sure of it.” spoke Kurt and tried to cheer himself and Blaine up.

“I hope so. I don't really feel it only when I dig... pretty deep.”

“Yeah, me too. Anyway, let's try not to be worried too much, okay? We still have to figure something else out.”

Blaine sighed, knowing what Kurt was talking about and shook his head.

“I don't think we should do anything, Kurt. I think we should just... wait till people stop talking. At some point they get bored and stop.”

“I know that. But I won't let, whoever is responsible for this, go away with this. Especially if it's Jesse or Cooper's mother. They ruined enough for you and us.”

He pulled his phone out and texted Nina to come over and tell him everything. His week off was over and she promised him to tell him everything about what had happened.

“Kurt. This will only cause more trouble and stress. Doctor Stephen's said we don't need that.”

Blaine was sitting on the couch watching Kurt who took his laptop and opened it, sitting next to Blaine.

“I know that but... it's not fair. It's not just about my career it's also about you. People think they can just walk over you and ruin your life. I won't let them go through with this.”

His phone buzzed and Nina answered that she'll be at his place in 30 minutes.

“And what do you want to do?”

“I'll make a statement.”

Blaine blinked confused and Kurt actually smirked at him.

“I'll make a statement about the truth.”

“What truth? You mean you want to tell them what I did?”

“Only if you are okay with this.”

Blaine shook his head, then shrugged and eventually said. “I don't know if I want that. People will know... the people at college will know and... it could ruin so much.”

“Blaine,” he said calmly, reassuringly and ran his fingers through his curls. “People already talk. It can't get worse.”

His boyfriend stared at the laptop screen, just stared but his eyes showed Kurt that he was thinking. Thinking about the impact those rumors actually had but he didn't have to face them yet. Since Kurt's panic attack he didn't go back to college, his friends gave him the homework and mailed him what he had missed – he was a soul mate so he had every right to leave college for the time his soul mate needed him. And there were the bad sides about being a soul mate, missing things, important things like college or work.

Some even protested against those laws because it was unfair that they could leave and come back whenever they wanted while, 'normal' people, didn't have the chance to do so. It happened some years ago but after that it was mainly calm. Only some rude articles from a magazine against soul mates that popped up weekly.

“Did your friend say something about that?”

“No. I... didn't ask. But they were treating me like always. Like nothing happened. But this doesn't mean others will.”

“See, one more thing to make things clear.”



“But,” Blaine whined. “How? How can we fix this? They won't care. They know what I did and they will judge me for it.”

“I tell them what you told me when you called me out.”

That made Blaine freeze on the spot and his eyes grew wider.

“I won't tell them the details but I will tell them how wrong they are. You see, I don't want to lie, I really don't and... more than that, I don't want to hide you. You are my soul mate, my boyfriend and I love you so much that, it makes me really sad I can't just go out with you and... be a couple.”

“Really?”

“Of course!” Kurt exclaimed and honestly surprised that this was news to his boyfriend. He leaned back and spoke on “I don't care who sees us or what they think. I just want us to be a normal couple. Go to restaurants, go to concerts, travel around and see all the beautiful things this world has. But this is my job, you know? I knew what I was getting myself into and I didn't want to put you under any kind of pressure so I said nothing.”

Blaine leaned also back, taking Kurt's hand and letting a long deep sigh out.

“I know it's a lot and you don't have to agree on-”

“But I do. I just thought... it's better to hide before someone finds out about my past. But it's out and you are still here so... we can do it, right?”

Kurt felt happy, deep down happy like he did when they confessed their love to each other. Beyond everything he wanted to be free with Blaine and just do what they were allowed to do. Not to forget that there were still ways to avoid the media and cameras. Other celebrities did the same and they could do it to and still be free.

“I love you, my brave boyfriend.” said Kurt and kissed his cheek, getting a relaxed smile in return.

Nina arrived and together they went to the kitchen. Blaine left into his room to study because he had to be back at school the next day and there was still enough to catch up on. Together with his manager they went through each article, each video and Kurt groaned, rolled his eyes and didn't even hide the anger he was feeling. Some people actually wrote that he paid for sex and that is how he met Blaine or that he was Blaine's sugar daddy. It made him furious that they knew where Blaine was studying, his name and age and that they threw so much dirt at their relationship.

It was like he imagined it to be. Assumptions, lies and not even one magazine or blog said that they were soul mates. This was weird for him and not that someone was actually writing lies about him.

“This is ridiculous and people believe that? Also, how do they know Blaine's name?”

“Well, someone who knows him.”

“You know who did that?”

Nina nodded, looking enthusiastic and pretty proud about herself.

“It's not really me doing anything. It was a guy who worked as an assistant for the magazine who

published the story. He came to me and told me what happened because.”

What? Some random guy just came to her and told her who it was?

“Why? Does he want money or something?”

“No. He is actually looking for a new job and he knew he would get fired anyway. But he didn't like the dirty games his boss played so, that's why.”

“A new job?” Kurt wondered but reminded himself what was more important. “No, wait. Tell me who it was.”

Nina sighed her enthusiasm less and said: “It was Jesse and Blaine's stepmother. I have no idea how they met but there you go. He knows that Blaine was working as a prostitute and she knows his age and where he is studying.”

Deep down he and Blaine knew that they were the only people able to do that. The only people who had the guts and enough knowledge to do such a thing. Jesse probably out of jealousy and because Kurt hit him and Blaine's stepmother because she wants money. Groaning he ran a hand down his face and shook those thoughts off, needing a clear mind to work this out.

“Did you call them or anything?”

“I did not. Instead I talked to Martin and he told me to better stay calm and not contact them. He is already collecting evidence and suggests that you and Blaine sue them for calumny.”

“We can do that? I mean, some of the stuff is true though.”

“It is, but, only what Blaine had been doing. Anything else is a lie. And I suggest you also make a statement about that so people stop, at least a bit, talking about that. I'm not worried about you because I know you'll handle this. But Blaine-”

“I know. Blaine never wanted that to happen and I'm sure, as soon as he goes back to college tomorrow, some people will talk to him and ask him out about that.”

He felt so much pressure because he had no idea how to keep Blaine away from this. He couldn't lock him up and never let him out again just because some people were lunatic. The truth was, he couldn't do anything and he knew it was impossible to always keep Blaine safe from the impact his work had. Brave, he thought, Blaine was brave and his only concern had always been Kurt. Not himself but what all of this would do to him and his view on Blaine.

Nothing, that was the answer. He loved his boyfriend and nothing else mattered. If that was what he needed to go through this than Kurt had more than enough love.

“About that statement. Blaine and I already talked about that and he is okay with it.”

“Great. I'll organize everything today so you can do that as soon as possible. Give me two days, no, one day and you can do that. Also, you should call Martin who will help you with the charge and explain all this law stuff. Oh, and, about the young man who told me that it was Jesse and, what's her name? Tania?”

Kurt nodded.

“I checked his personal data sheet and he is pretty amazing as an assistant. I don't want to say you need one because having an assistant means, that he'll be around you for many hours. But you want to work against these rumors. You have two possible jobs for the next year, which includes

traveling and planning. And he is really good at his work and it would make it easier for you. Blaine has to study, he can't help you always and you can't take care of everything."

"You think he is good?"

"Yeah. I mean, he can be pretty rude and speaks his mind out, but... he does a good job and all the people he worked for only told the best about him."

From personal experience Kurt knew damn well how hard it was to keep everything in mind and plan everything. He also remembers how much Linda's personal assistant helped her and that she also said what a big help it is to have one.

"I think you have a point there. When can I meet him?"

"Tomorrow."

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Kurt wanted to accompany Blaine on his first day back at college after a month of not being there. He refused though and told Kurt he wanted to do this alone. Agreeing with a heavy heart he made sure that Blaine, at least, wore some sunglasses so people outside of his school wouldn't notice him immediately. They kissed before Blaine left and it was not easy to let him go.

He considered to follow him without being noticed yet he stopped himself from doing that. His trust in Blaine was bigger and more important and whatever happened, he loved him and Blaine would not close their connection that easily anymore. Not for days. Being honest, was their policy.

Instead Kurt forced himself to drive to Nina and meet the young man she was talking about yesterday. He greeted the people he met as he walked to Nina's office and knocked against the door.

"Come in!" he heard her happy voice and then that she was talking to someone.

Opening the door he walked inside, giving her a smile and hugging her as she stood up.

"Good morning!"

"Hey," he breathed and his eyes fell on the man. He looked like he was his age, a smile on his face that was not so easy to forget. Almost cocky but he was not sure. The guy stood up, brown hair perfectly styled, a sense for fashion judging by his suit and maybe a bit taller than Kurt was.

"Kurt, this is Sebastian Smythe."

He shook his hand and heard him saying: "Nice to meet you, Kurt."

# Statement

## Chapter Notes

Hey guys! We are getting close to the end (2 chapters left) and I try to post one on Sunday (bc Monday the 15th is my birthday and idk if I'll find some time to write anything over the week bc my friends will visit me over the week) but I try because it will be like a gift to for me finsihing this fic and give u guys something. It will be also sad but, like I said, I'm planning a sequel. I just wait till I finish Two Coins and see how I feel after that. :) Hope you enjoy Sebastian because I did!

## Chapter 36. Statement

Trusting someone had never been an easy task for Kurt. Back in high school he refused to trust anyone because young people were rude, cruel and didn't understand the definition of trust. He had only five people in his life he trusted blindly. His father, Mercedes, Elliot, Blaine and Nina. Since Nina was his manager he trusted her with his life and she never did something to disappoint him or question his trust in her.

Not even when she recommend Sebastian Smythe as his PA. They talked about his experience as a PA and Kurt was really astonished about what he had done though he was only a year older than Kurt. Sebastian learned from his father, who himself was a Personal Assistant. He studied business management, worked as an intern PA for a celebrity and began to work for the magazine. There he learned how to write an article, find information about celebrities but was never happy about how they were so focused on gossip.

The next thing Kurt really liked about Sebastian was, his brutal honesty. He didn't even try to make a secret about his hopes to become Kurt's PA because he told Nina who sold this information. After all he needed a job. Honesty was something rare in this business. They also talked about Kurt's future and what recently had happened. Sebastian seemed to be the right person for this. He was not only brutally honest, he also didn't mind to call people out and fight for the right thing. No matter what it meant for him. After all, he lost his job because he did the right thing – not that it was such a big loss for him.

Kurt agreed to give Sebastian a probation period of 3 months to see if they worked together or not. That's why he took him home to show him where he lived – not without letting him sign a contract with Nina so they were both safe. Yes, Kurt had his doubts, Nina did not. Sebastian was genuinely happy about his new job. That's why he took him home to show him his schedule and talk about what he had in mind to work against those rumors. Nina also made it possible for him to appear on a well known TV show to give a statement.

“Wow, a lot of space for one person,” whistled Sebastian as they entered Kurt's loft.

“I'm not living alone though. My boyfriend lives with me.”

“A boyfriend? Too bad.”

His eyes grew wider when he heard that comment but it was not like Sebastian could do anything. He was a soul mate. But it made him question this whole thing entirely.

“Sorry, just joking. It's one of my bad habits.”

“Bad habits, huh?” asked Kurt and gestured Sebastian to follow him into his kitchen.

“Yeah. Back in high school I got into a lot of trouble for my big mouth. Hitting on guys no matter if they were single or not. Well, we all stop being those little brats and grow up sooner or later.”

Kurt was not so sure about that but Nina was and she knew more about Sebastian than he did. Though this new information was interesting and he needed to ask.

“So you are gay?”

“Yup. And I'm really not interested in you, no offense.”

“No offense taken.”

No more drama, he thought, just no more drama. Sebastian followed him and sat down at the table, while Kurt took his laptop and a folder with all the important stuff. A second one filled with all the gossip stuff Nina gave him.

“I broke up with my boyfriend a month ago. Cheated on me and I'm not really interested in a relationship right now. Though, I want to apologize for my big mouth in advance.”

“Okay,” he said and started the coffee machine. “Coffee?”

“Yes, please.”

“You can already open the red folder. It's filled with all the gossip that has happened in the past weeks.”

When the coffee was ready and Sebastian quietly reading what he didn't know yet, Kurt filled their cups and joined Sebastian at the table handing him his cup and asking if he needed something to add. He shook his head and went back to reading as Kurt checked the time and noticed that it was still an hour away before Blaine would be back.

He was still worried about him though he tried not to. His soul mate was brave, more mature than any other person his age and trusted him. He didn't feel anything coming from Blaine, nothing and he wondered if his soul mate had closed their connection. Back in London he felt it how Blaine refused to let Kurt feel anything – something he still wondered how Blaine managed to do that. The result of this had been terrifying and he was sure Blaine would not do that again.

Trust him, he is brave, thought Kurt and focused back on Sebastian who was done with reading what he had missed.

“Sugar daddy? Seriously?”

Kurt shrugged and rolled his eyes. That was one of the most ridiculous rumors he had read about him and Blaine.

“Not even original. Anyway, what rumors are actually true though? Or are they all lies?”

The only true rumor was, that Blaine had been a prostitute. Everything else was a lie. Him being his sugar daddy, him paying for sex. Nothing of that was true. Yet, Kurt hesitated to answer this

question what Blaine had been doing. He wanted his boyfriend to tell the truth and be okay with Sebastian knowing it who was not even officially his PA. Not yet, that was.

"I'd like Blaine to be here with us when we start discussing all of this. He is my soul mate, my boyfriend and he is a part of my life. Which means, he gets to know everything and has a say in everything."

"Okay. When will he be back?"

Kurt checked the time once again.

"In twenty minutes."

"Alright," said Sebastian and closed the folder, taking his cup and leaning back, eyes focused on Kurt.

"Tell me about this soul mate thing. Is it as amazing as people say it is?"

Amazing... amazing was not the right word to describe what it meant to be a soul mate. No word was strong enough to describe it and not even Kurt himself. It was so much he felt when he was with Blaine and so much more when they touched. But he tried though.

"It's like you live in your own perfect world with a person that knows you better than anyone."

"But you feel what he feels?"

"Not exactly. It depends on how strong it is whatever he feels." He didn't need to say that they had a deep, different connection and that he, indeed, felt even little things coming from Blaine. There was more, Kurt knew. That one time when they were sleeping and he was able to dig into Blaine's soul and its deepest places. The place where his secrets were, his vulnerable place but also the strongest. Kurt was curious about those places but didn't touch them. Just like Blaine.

"Sounds creepy but whatever. If you guys are happy."

Oh, he was more than happy. Sometimes he wondered if he did a ray of sunshine justice so happy was Kurt. And when he heard how Blaine unlocked the door and walked inside all the happiness was shining on his face. Sebastian turned around and watched Blaine who looked really exhausted.

"I'm back!" he called and took his shoes off, walking to the kitchen and stopped in his tracks when he noticed the stranger. His eyes widened when he noticed the folders and papers and the two cups.

"Hey you," said Kurt and stood up to greet Blaine with a kiss. His boyfriend kissed halfheartedly back, still confused what was going on.

"Damn boy, you are even more handsome in real life," said Sebastian and Kurt felt Blaine stiffen under his fingers. Yeah, Sebastian truly had a big mouth.

"Sorry. Forgive me. I'm Sebastian Smythe."

Blaine frowned moving his eyes away from the stranger and gave Kurt a questioning look instead.

"Blaine, this is Sebastian. He knows who is responsible for the gossip."

"Does he?" asked the younger and not even hiding the suspicion in his voice.

"I do and I'm here to help you guys. And I apologize for my big mouth in advance. I promise I'm a good PA."

"PA?" blurted Blaine out and now his eyes were almost comically big. Kurt felt the plain surprise from his boyfriend and then something else. The simple feeling of non-consent. Considering how Sebastian presented himself, without a wall, without even trying to act like he was some high class guy with manners and smearing honey around their mouths. He was just honest and said what he thought and made a person feel how they both felt. Alarmed, maybe even flustered. But them mainly alarmed.

"We'll see about that. Nothing is decided yet," said Kurt and hoped this would calm Blaine's nerves down. It did, even if just a little bit. "And he helps me to write my statement for tomorrow. I'll be a guest in a show and they gave me the chance to clear up everything."

Blaine nodded slowly, eyes back on Sebastian who just smirked.

"And we need you too, Blaine. I need to know what is true and what not and Kurt refused to tell me that without your blessing."

"Yeah, because we are in this together. You understand, together like, in love," Blaine almost snapped and the older couldn't help himself but think this was hot. Never, not in the past year had he seen Blaine being jealous and he never wanted to give him a reason to. But, he couldn't help himself but bite his lip and suppress the grin that wanted to force its way on his face.

Sebastian just smirked showing no sign of being impressed or anything.

"I'll just want to eat something and then I'm all yours."

"Okay," smiled Kurt and kissed him again. Back on his chair he started his writing program on his laptop and watched Sebastian flipping through the copies and magazines about him and Blaine.

"I have to say, you have a really good taste in fashion, Kurt."

"You are into fashion?"

"I enjoy it, yes. I like to wear something nice and present myself. But I do not look as good as you do."

He heard something shattering and was sure that Blaine dropped his knife or whatever he was using. So he turned around, making sure he was okay though he felt no pain coming from his soul mate. Just pure annoyance and jealousy.

"Thanks, I guess."

"No, I mean it. I never find something my ass looks good in. You just do it and probably make many gay guys crazy."

Sebastian had no filter, Kurt enjoyed the compliments and Blaine was almost burning from the inside. So he gave Sebastian a warning glance and Sebastian snapped his mouth shut, mouthing a sorry.

"We can talk about fashion some time later. Now we need to finish this statement."

Blaine sat down next to his soul mate and kept his body close. Well, this was really adorable and a new side from his boyfriend. How grumpy he looked while chewing the bite of his sandwich. How he made sure to signal Sebastian that Kurt belonged to him and that only he was allowed to

touch him. He never imagined Blaine to be like this. Hell, months ago he was sure that Blaine would have let it happen. Maybe even start a long speech about how he deserved better and that Sebastian was older and already working. Good that he was no longer that person.

So Kurt took his hand under the table and squeezed it which, like always, calmed his boyfriend down. Exchanging a loving look Blaine finished his sandwich and Sebastian took this as a sign to finally start.

“Okay, you guys ready?”

They nodded in unison and Sebastian awwed at that.

“No offense, but, why do we trust him?”

“Because Nina does,” said Kurt and the younger let an 'oh' out, needing no more explanation. Just like Kurt he knew they could trust each other.

“Okay, so what is true about these rumors?” started Sebastian and leaned back, crossing his legs as he did.

“Well...” began the older and exchanged a look with his soul mate who shrugged, his eyes no longer shining but he was still calm. Almost resigned. Yes, the aftermath of those rumors Blaine still felt in his bones and maybe it was not just that. He went back to college that day and Kurt wanted to ask him how it went, but not in front of Sebastian. However, judging by that look it was not the best day for Blaine.

“It's not like they don't know it anyway, right?”

“Hey, none of that. It's not your fault,” said Kurt, hopeful that if he said it over and over again that Blaine would believe in it some day. He knew that, of course his smart boyfriend did, but it was the one thing he never wanted to come out.

“So, you were a prostitute?” asked Sebastian.

“Yes,” breathed Blaine and clutched Kurt's hand, waiting for the judgment from the stranger. It didn't come though and it surprised not just Blaine, but also the actor. Especially because he expected something to leave the big mouth Sebastian had. And they both waited for that to happen while Sebastian scribbled something down and noticed their looks.

“What?”

“We are waiting for your big mouth to say something.”

Sebastian looked almost surprised but then smiled, an amused smile and shrugged.

“I think there are worse things a person can do than to earn some money. No, I know there are worse things a person can do. So, sorry to disappoint you. And, I don't know you guys but I doubt Blaine did this because he wanted to.”

This was even more surprising but Kurt clearly enjoyed that side of Sebastian. It seemed like he had an open mind and didn't just jump to a conclusion without knowing everything. Maybe Nina was right, again, about him becoming his PA.

“They said you met Blaine because you were looking for a prostitute?”

“That's not true. We met at my old workplace for the first time and had no idea we were soul



mates. Then, two months later I recognized him on the street and we figured out that we were soul mates.”

Again, Sebastian made some notes and asked about Jesse and Tania. Kurt let Blaine explain who Tania was, listening and hearing how Sebastian kept on writing whatever down. His eyes remained on Blaine's face, watching his face as he felt what happened inside him.

Tania was a topic that no longer scared him but made him angry. Angry because she dared to take this step and ruin Blaine and Kurt for money. Along the anger was a dark old place, filled with too much to tell what it was, but it nothing positive. How a person could be so cruel was a secret for Kurt and he didn't need to understand that, at all.

Then, when Sebastian was done with his notes about Tania he waited for Blaine to talk about Jesse. However, he did not do it right away. He watched his boyfriend taking a deep breath, licking his dry lips and could feel the fear he always felt coming back. So he squeezed the hand he was holding, placed the other on the back of Blaine's neck and caressed the skin and hair. Their eyes met, telling so much, showing so much that after some long moments something changed inside Blaine and he began to speak.

The first time he talked about Jesse Blaine was a mess. Stuttering, trembling like the man who almost raped him was with them in one room. Now he didn't do that. He spoke about it like it was some old story and Kurt remembered why this changed. Or rather assumed why. The day, when Blaine thought he had lost Kurt forever was the day he truly and deeply felt scared. The sheer, cold fear that made him want to die because he couldn't be without Kurt. A fear, stronger than the one he felt when they talked or even saw Jesse. This was no reason to be happy, thought Kurt, but he was.

He was proud and happy that his boyfriend won against his inner demons and promised to himself, that, he would never, never ever put himself into such a danger again.

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Sebastian didn't leave right before 10pm, working with Kurt on his statement and wanted it to be perfect and strong, just like Kurt wanted it to be. Again he found more reasons to keep Sebastian as his PA because he ached for perfection and for knowing each detail, just like Kurt. But his big mouth was really exhausting so he was more than glad when he finally left. Locking the door he went to the bathroom, washing, changing into his pajamas and going upstairs, where Blaine was – hopefully not sleeping yet. The younger went to bed two hours before Sebastian had left and Kurt found him, lying on his side and reading a book about music history. With a smirk he climbed on the bed and straddled Blaine's lap, snapping the book out of his hands.

“It's late and if your study a second longer you'll hurt your pretty head.”

But his joke didn't make his boyfriend laugh. He was confronted with raised eyebrows and a disapproving look.

“You need some rest, honey.”

“It's not about the book.”

“Bad day, huh?”

But this didn't stop Kurt from bending over and kissing Blaine's forehead.

“Not just that,” began Blaine to speak while Kurt kissed him some more. His eyebrow, his cheek his nose and hummed, signaling him to keep on talking.

“College was okay but it was still exhausting because, you know, some were judging but many asked if it was even true.”

“That's good, right?” whispered Kurt, clearly in the mood for something more but Blaine not.

“It's about Sebastian,” he finally admitted and Kurt pressed his lips on Blaine's neck, making his breath hitch.

“Kurt, I'm serious here.”

“And I'm listening.”

“Kurt, please.”

“Okay, fine,” he sighed and pulled back, letting his hands rest on Blaine's chest and feeling him holding those gently.

“I don't like him. Really. I don't like how he... says all of this stuff about you.”

“He was just making compliments. It doesn't mean anything. Beside, he can't do anything. We are soul mates.”

“You know what I think about this soul mate stuff. It's no guarantee that we'll be together forever for me.”

Yes, he knew that and he was not even mad at Blaine for not believing. It only meant that he had to try harder to convince him that he would never leave Blaine, not even if they were no soul mates. Did he imagine them becoming husbands? Not yet, because there was so much to figure out before he could settle down and seriously think about that. But it was hard to imagine someone else waking up next to him, kissing him, loving him.

“Is he your type though?”

“Blaine, please,” sighed Kurt.

“I'm just asking.”

“No, Blaine. You are jealous and if you weren't jealous you wouldn't ask that. You would trust me,” smiled Kurt when he saw how the younger felt caught. Yup, he had noticed it and wanted him to know this.

“I trust you, it's not that.”

“Okay, fine. He is not my type.”

And he thought that was it, that the topic was over and he could go back to what he was doing. For Blaine it was not over though.

“But you'd consider him being, let's say, a one night stand, right?”

“Blaine...”

“I mean. He is older than me, experienced and he speaks his mind out.”

“Honey, don't,” he said not wanting Blaine to think in that way. It didn't matter. No one else mattered to him more than Blaine did. This jealousy was hot, yes, but this made him almost sad.

“I love you, Blaine. Only you,” he kissed him. “And I don't want to have anyone else. Only you. You are perfect the way you are.”

“It's not about that. I just... don't like him. He looks at you like he wants to jump on you and take you away from me.”

“Oh my God,” Kurt giggled against his neck: “He can't, even if he tried.”

“And how he talks about your ass and your clothes. I don't like that.”

Well, now Blaine was speaking the truth and letting his jealousy out. Kurt still listened but didn't stop kissing Blaine's neck and slipping button after button of his pajama top out.

“And you really want him to become your PA?”

“I don't know yet. But I know something else.”

“What's that?”

“Your chest,” said Kurt and kissed said part of Blaine's body. “And your cute nipples.” He let his tongue run over Blaine's left nipple, making him gasp and felt his hands on his shoulders.

“I also love your belly.” Kiss. “And I love how I can make you feel.”

Blaine was breathing a bit faster, eyes blown dark and whimpered when Kurt's hand ghosted over his cock, half hard and waiting for Kurt to touch it. One last look at Blaine to make sure he was okay with that, though he felt it that Blaine wanted that he kissed right under his navel, down, down, and pulled his pants down.

Without hesitation the younger spread his legs, made room for Kurt and let out a shuttering breath when he felt Kurt's lips close to his cock. That was not his goal, not yet. His lips traveled around the hardening flesh and kissing where his thigh and crotch. Reaching his balls he licked them, feeling Blaine's legs already trembling slightly and sucked one into his mouth, rolling it with tongue and making Blaine moan.

Some people didn't like doing those things. Some thought it was disgusting even. But Kurt loved it, loved doing this and making Blaine fall apart with just his mouth. That's why he licked and sucked, moaning because he enjoyed that but also because the voice above him sounded so good. Sinful, almost. Nosing up he left small licks on Blaine's balls, licked further up to the underside of his still hardening cock and took his time to make Blaine crazy by licking the head of his cock.

“Kurt, please,” he begged, his voice already wrecked but he refused waiting for the come to leak. Only then, when Blaine trembled more, begged more he wrapped his lips around it and swallowed him done, at once.

“Fuck!”

He hummed when he heard his boyfriend shouting, hollowed his cheeks and then began to bob his head, slowly, savoring everything. How Blaine's hands found their way into his hair, how the thick vein felt on his tongue, how everything just tasted and smelled like Blaine. It was making him dizzy, lightheaded and feeling almost filthy. But this was him giving Blaine his love no matter what they were doing.

“Kurt, fuck... I'm gonna-”

“Fuck my mouth,” he rasped, not even noticing that he said that out loud but he wanted that. God he wanted this so bad and his soul mate just nodded, looking around like he tried to figure out how to do that. Right, they had never done this before. So Kurt made it easier for Blaine by climbing back up and lying beside him to steal a kiss before he rolled on his back.

“Come here,” he whispered and Blaine understood, his knees resting on either side of Kurt's head and his head cock close to Kurt's mouth. He reached out for the lube, pouring some on his fingers and grabbing his own dick, stroking lazily.

“Are you sure?” breathed his boyfriend, clearly close to coming and Kurt nodded, already sticking his tongue out. Then Blaine held onto the headboard, pushed slowly in and moaning together with Kurt. His movements were slow while Kurt tried to spurt Blaine on by rolling his tongue and moaning more, making the younger going crazy. Then, finally, he began to move faster, deeper and his hand was moving equally fast.

“Shit... Kurt! I'm-”

And Kurt did his best to nod and tell Blaine that he wanted that, wanted him to come inside his mouth. And he did, moaning Kurt's name and throwing his head back. The older sucked, swallowed everything and used his free hand to keep Blaine steady, because his orgasm was so hard that he almost lost his balance. When he came down from his orgasm he rolled off of Kurt, snuggling closer, clearly not having his strength back, but enough to kiss Kurt deep and dirty and moaning when he tasted himself on Kurt's tongue. That was enough to send the older over the edge and he came with a cry, panting as the orgasm washed over him.

God, feeling two orgasms was incredible, really, but so, so sucking at his strength.

“Fuck, baby,” whispered Blaine as he watched Kurt come and come. It took him a while to come down from it and a lot of strength to open his eyes just to meet a sated and pliant Blaine. He didn't even notice that Blaine was already cleaning him up. Stretching his arms lazily out and making grabby hands he watched the other rolling his eyes but eventually, settling into the embrace and kissing Kurt's neck.

“Your mouth should be illegal,” whispered Blaine.

“No. Your mouth should be,” joked Kurt and it felt good that he could joke about this stuff with Blaine. Despite his past and his experience he figured that Blaine was comfortable enough around him to actually make that kind of jokes with him. Only because they were trusting each other and knew, whatever they said, it was never an insult and would never be.

“I love you, Blaine. And I would never do this with anyone else but you. No matter if we were soul mates or not.”

He saw no doubt in Blaine's eyes when he said he loved him. But about anything else, there was a lot happening in his eyes, inside him that Kurt did not like.

“Blaine, I mean it.”

“Kurt-”

“No, listen. You think I would have never fallen for you if we weren't soul mates. I get that, I really do. But I would have. At some point we would have met again and again and found each other. And believe me when I say, that, when I saw you for the first time I didn't fall in love with you immediately. But I didn't forget you. Your eyes, your face. Do you think, otherwise, I would

have noticed you on the street when we really met?"

"I guess not."

"It was not love at first sight for me. That's true. It was climbing up a mountain and now I'm on the top of it. Happy, smiling and so in love with you that it hurts sometimes. And it's so much more than the stupid connection or the fact that we are soul mates. It's us, two people who belong together and complement each other, challenge each other and become better people. I love you for that, you know? That you called me out and opened my mind."

Blaine blushed, trying to hide his face against Kurt's neck.

"And I love you for believing in me and giving me the strength to be brave."

There was still this small wall Blaine kept up. Just a very small wall and maybe it was not one to shut Kurt out. Maybe he needed it just for himself to not fall apart when hard times came. Because right here in his arms was a boy opening himself up and letting Kurt be a part of his life, his soul and his heart. Trusting him blindly and loving him with his whole being.

This boy had always been brave, always and Kurt was only the support he had lost when his father died. So he his love a warm smile, letting him feel all his love and see it on his face. And Blaine accepted it all with a kiss.

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Sebastian and Nina were standing behind him backstage while Kurt waited for his name to be called. He knew his statement, knew each word and each rumor to work against. Yet he was nervous because this was the moment people would know it. Know the truth about him, Blaine and that they were together. He knew, this was the moment when his life stopped being private, that this was the moment where Blaine became a part of this, officially. They talked about this, talked and talked and made sure both were ready and okay. Ready? Maybe not. But they had friends, they had each other and, like always, they would get through this.

Kurt inhaled, exhaled and recalled Martin's words he had heard before he came here. There was no need to be worried. Thanks to Sebastian they had enough evidence to sue Jesse and Tania. Their chances looked amazing and he couldn't wait to fight against them. This was the first step and when he saw Sebastian's and Nina's encouraging smile he felt better. Though the root of his strength was not Martin or the people who worked for him. It was the face of his soul mate, he recalled before until he heard his name and entered the stage with loud applause.

# Justice

## Chapter Notes

Welcome to chapter 37! The next chapter will be the last chapter but I have no idea when I'll upload it (some day during this week I hope, bc tomorrow is my bday and like I said before, I'll probably be busy over the week :()Anyway! Justice is coming in this chapter :) let me know what you think or maybe what you wish to read before this fic ends with the next chapter.

## Chapter 37. Justice

It was live, a live show on Ellen. Nothing new to him but the reason why he was here made all of this more important than anything.

He smiled and waved at the people who stood up from their seats, clapping and cheering. That so many people were happy to him meant a lot to Kurt. But exactly those people who cared about his talent and not who he was fucking were important for him. Of course, each person liked to talk about stuff, gossip a little bit, but those who wanted to ruin him, he didn't need those people.

He was tired of those people, always had been and always would be and he wanted put an end to this today. When he walked over to Ellen and hugged her hello the people cheered even louder and Kurt waved on last time before he sat down and smiled at Ellen. They knew each other by now because it was the third time he was a guest on her show.

"It's good to see you, Kurt."

"It's good to see you too, thanks for having me."

"And congratulation on your movie being a international success. You were in Europe, right?"

"Yes, we were. It was amazing but I'm happy to be back."

He exchanged a look with her, Ellen smiling and maybe even trying to encourage him before she came to the core of his visit.

"You are here because you wanted to tell us something important."

Kurt nodded, feeling nervous again but he knew how to keep his composure. He was happy that he could do this here. This woman understood him and he loved her for who she was. So he smiled when she added.

"Some of you probably know and read what happened. While Kurt was on his Europe tour people spread rumors about him and his personal life. And Kurt is here today to give a statement about that."

There were nods, curious and also angry looks – probably from those fans who knew he was not

such a person. Kurt nodded again when he met Ellen's eyes, sitting calmly, looking more relaxed because he was. There was nothing he had to hide and he had Blaine's blessing to do that. To make them public but also make clear what is true and what not.

“Usually I ignore rumors. I think if I pay attention to every rumor about me people will think that they are true. But what happened now is just too much.”

“We talked before you came here and you said you were in a hospital. Basically in coma for thirteen days.”

Some people gasped, honestly moved and surprised and even worried but he placed his focus back on Ellen, nodding to her words.

“It's true and it happened because of those rumors. It's not really a secret that I'm a soul mate and as a soul mate I have a connection to someone very precious to me.”

Ellen smiled, a warm smile because she was one too and understood what he was talking about. That was just another reason why he felt comfortable here and talk to her about that. She was gay, a soul mate and understood Hollywood, the whole show business. It was also Sebastian's idea to start with something like this, saying he was in a 'coma' to make people feel sympathy and be concerned about his health.

“But you are doing better now?” asked Ellen.

“We do. Yes.”

“How did that happen?”

“Well, I never made it public who my soul mate is and we didn't want to. We just met and wanted to take things slow. He is not familiar with all this media stuff and I tried to protect him for reasons. But someone told them these, mainly, lies and he got worried and I panicked. That's why I ended up in a hospital.”

Ellen began to explain how the connection between soul mates worked and Kurt used this seconds to sort out his thoughts. Then she was looking back at him.

“Let's talk about these rumors. I suppose they are not true.”

“No,” he said firmly and added: “Many of them are made up. Lies someone sold to a certain magazine to ruin us. But it's true that he was a prostitute.”

Silence filled the studio and Kurt looked to the crowd, reading some faces but none of them was really disgusted, or, just good at hiding it.

“How do you two met? The rumors say you were looking for a prostitute to have sex with.”

Kurt couldn't stop the little laugh that escaped his mouth because this was just one of the rumors he could only laugh about and role his eyes.

“That's not true. We met, for the first time, at my old workplace but had no idea we were soul mates. Yet we connected of course and then I spent some weeks trying to find him, though I had no idea it was Blaine. We met in the city and we knew that something was there. I had no idea that he was a prostitute. I was more shocked about the fact alone that I was a soul mate and that he was younger than me.”

“Blaine's eighteen and you are twenty six.”

“Yeah. Believe me, it was just horrible for me when we met. It felt so wrong and all we were

doing was fighting because we didn't come along.”

She gave him a smile, a knowing smile that only a soul mate understood.

“And when I found it out, well-”

“That must have been hard for you two since you are meant to be together.”

“I won't lie. It was when I figured it out. We were doing horrible. I... was horrible because, like any other person, I was so angry and disgusted about that fact. I just couldn't accept it until Blaine told me why he ended up there.”

Ellen gave Kurt the moment to breath before he recalled everything, Sebastian's words, Blaine's words and spoke on.

“You know, when I decided to become an actor I promised myself to always say the truth or say nothing at all. And I want to say it again, that I'm not lying when I say this. It was not Blaine's choice, he really didn't have one. He came here to New York, met the wrong people and needed money to pay them back. So he ended up there because no one cared. No one wanted to give him a job or cared about a boy without parents, without any kind of support and he hated what he had to do instead. Because he was a prostitute, he got beaten up, almost raped but kept on fighting to get out of his debts.

I was the same. I judged Blaine for what he did like any other person would. But he opened my mind. That's what I want to do here to. Open the minds and listen. Judging people is such a horrible thing and not listening to people either. I hope I'll never do this again and listen before I judge anything.”

Ellen was clearly moved like almost everyone in the studio and Kurt let out a breath he had no idea he even held back.

“I guess he didn't tell you anything to protect you?”

Kurt nodded: “Yeah. He wanted to deal with this alone and it broke my heart when I figured all of this out. And we didn't say anything to protect him. But it's out and this, only this is the truth. I'm not his sugar daddy, I'm not paying him for sex. I love him because he is the bravest man I've ever met. And he is such a good person he doesn't deserve all of the bad things.”

Ellen smiled, warmly.

“Well, he found a new home with you. We even have a picture of you two.”

He turned around, looking at the big screen and smiled, his stupid, completely-in-love smile when he saw the picture of him and Blaine. It was the one he took when Blaine sat on his lap, half asleep and smiling because Kurt kissed his nose. Then it switched to the other picture where they both were smiling into the camera, Kurt more awake than Blaine was that night. The audience awwed when they saw the pictures and he got this feeling that he, perhaps, succeeded to kill those rumors.

“He is really adorable and you look so happy together.”

“We are,” sighed Kurt and almost blushed.

“I wish you both the best, you deserve it.”

“Thank you.”



Then she asked him about his future plans but Kurt only said that he has two roles in mind but couldn't say more yet. After that he hugged her, thanked her again and left the stage feeling burden after burden falling from his shoulders. Nina walked up to him, hugged him tight and Sebastian smirked, clearly satisfied and optimistic.

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After his statement he went to Elliot's place to talk with Martin about their next step. But when he arrived around 6pm and knocked against the door he didn't hear the familiar steps. In fact he knocked again, waited for a minute or two and met a pretty... well, sweaty Elliot. Right behind him was Martin, pulling his pants back on and trying to look innocent. But Kurt could smell the sex right from his friend.

"I'll give you some time to... get presentable," he smirked and walked back to the front door, waiting outside for Blaine who texted him that he would need some more minutes before he could join them. But he was happy that the fight between his friends seemed to be finally over.

When he visited Martin to talk about to sue Tania and Jesse it was hard to handle the tension between them. Nothing that didn't happen before but it was exhausting. Leaning against the house wall he checked the time and decided he looked up, expecting Blaine to appear any minute and then there he was, running and smiling when his eyes noticed Kurt.

His boyfriend began to ran faster and Kurt's cheek hurt from how hard he was smiling and wrapped his arms around Blaine when he jumped right into them.

"You were amazing," the younger breathed and pulled Kurt into a hard kiss.

"Thank you," whispered Kurt and kept Blaine close, leaning their foreheads together because he could. And, fuck, did it feel good to finally do this in public. Hold him, kiss him without being worried someone found out about their relationship. This was over, for good. They were free and every person knew that they were together and happy.

"Why are you standing outside though?"

Kurt laughed against Blaine's lips when he kissed him again and then smirked.

"I basically caught them having sex."

"You saw them?" Blaine pulled back, eyes wide but a smirk was also on his lips although he tried to stop it.

"Not exactly. But when they fuck that means they are fine."

"Thank God," groaned Blaine and both shared a laugh. Then they kept each other close again, just breathing the other in and closing their eyes. It was not just Kurt who almost burst with happiness about their freedom. His boyfriend felt equally happy about that and they shared this mutual feeling through their embrace and their connection.

Then they decided to go back inside, after giving their friends another 5 minutes.

"Sorry about that," said Martin and let them both inside.

"Stop that, baby. It's not like it's the first time this happens."

Well, that was true, thought Kurt but every time he couldn't stop the smirk on his lips. Seeing his friend almost embarrassed was a rare thing. Not that he enjoyed it – because he believed he was a good friend – but it was something else.

“I hope it was not the couch,” said Kurt when he walked into the living room, Blaine biting his lip as he held his hand.

“It was not,” mumbled Elliot and walked over to Martin, whispering something and kissed him quickly. “I’ll be right back.”

They both nodded and sat down in the living room, smiling at Martin who asked if they wanted something to drink. They nodded and said water would be fine. After that he left them alone, went into his office and came back with his folder and with two glasses of water.

“I have really good news for you, Blaine,” said Martin and Blaine gave him a questioning look.

“For me?” he asked as their friend sat down across from them and nodded, a winner smile on his face.

“Believe it or not but, when I called Tania and told her what would happen she became pretty small. I told her that we have evidence that she sold the rumors about you and I also told her that I know about what she did after your father died. That she kept the money that he left for you.”

Blaine clutched Kurt's hand and both waited for Martin to tell the rest.

“Then I talked like the lawyer I am and that probably scared her so much, because I know all this stuff and said, that there is no need to sue her. Hence, you'll get your money back.”

“I... what?” Blaine was speechless and Kurt smirked at Martin, knowing that he was an incredible lawyer and knew how to pull the right strings. No matter how hopeless a case looked, somehow, his friend found a way out and get the best out of each case he had. All they wanted was justice, yes, but Kurt didn't imagine that to happen either.

“Finally she has to pay for what she did,” he said and Blaine still didn't say a word. It took him more time to finally understand what actually happened and then he pressed his hands against his face, breathing in and out as his body relaxed and Kurt held him together. The money never meant much to Blaine but he needed it anyway and he never got it. In fact, because he never got it his life became a living hell and it was the last thing his father had left for him. Now he got it back, all of it and Kurt felt how something cracked inside Blaine. Something cracked and let everything out that he had been holding back after his father died.

Martin smiled at them, giving them the time they needed and Kurt pressed his lips against Blaine's temple, smiling at him when their eyes met and seeing the relieve in those golden orbs. No words were needed only that smile that soften his soul mates face and held him closer when he nuzzled against Kurt's neck.

“Sadly,” Martin spoke and they were listening again: “It's not that easy with Jesse. I called him but he laughed it off and ended the call. Thanks to Sebastian we have enough evidence so he sentenced to pay for the rumors he had sold. But it's not enough to put him into jail and, this is just my opinion, he deserves it. After what he did to you he deserves it.”

Kurt nodded, Blaine remained silent.

“It's not just that,” spoke Elliot when he came back and sat down on the armrest of Martin's armchair. “He did drugs, black mailed people and stuff so there is enough actually. But we need evidence for that.”

“Which we don't have,” spoke Kurt.

“Even if Blaine made a testimony in court our chances are small. He was a prostitute after all and they will say he should have known what he was getting himself into,” added Martin and they all sighed. They knew that this wouldn't be easy and that their chances weren't that high considering society was still not as gay friendly as it should be and prostitution was, simply put, something bad.

“I guess we'll wait. I made my statement today and we'll see what will happen. Luckily Tania chickened out,” said Kurt, clearly feeling how this small fact made Blaine feel better.

“Your statement was amazing, by the way,” said Elliot and the tension, which filled the room since Jesse's name fell, slowly faded away. Martin smiled proudly and Blaine snuggled closer they all making Kurt blush.

“Thank you. I hope it helped but more importantly, the truth is out and we don't have to hide anymore.”

They went back home an hour later and took a cab before they stopped five minutes before their home. Kurt paid the driver and smirked at Blaine when he gave him a questioning look. Climbing out of the car his boyfriend stood there, still staring at Kurt but then looking around, as if he tried to find the reason why they stopped here.

“Let's go home,” said Kurt and took Blaine's hand. It took him some moments before he understood what Kurt meant and then one of his beautiful smiles broke out. Yes, they were allowed to do this now because people knew they were together. It was also Kurt showing Blaine that he was not embarrassed or minding what people thought about him, or them. He was proud to be his partner and never going back to hiding their relationship.

Entwining their fingers they walked down the road, talking about nothing and everything. Just this, holding hands, walking together and talking about normal things felt so good that Kurt was sure he would have cried if he weren't in public. No one needed to see him cry. Not Blaine either because that would probably ruin this moment. But he could feel and see that his soul mate was just as happy about that. Something small, something that happened every day meant so much to them.

They stopped several times to share small kisses, giggles, making them both feel like they were flying and safe.

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A month later there was no progress about Jesse. He refused each call and the evidence they had was not enough to put him into jail. But that was Kurt's goal and though he wanted to focus on that he did not. Only because April was almost over and Blaine had his final exams. Which meant that he either locked himself up in his room or spent hours and hours in the library. The only time Kurt saw him was in bed, or dinner when he was able to dragged Blaine away from his books.

Not that Blaine really had to study that much, because he was smart, but he had missed a lot because of everything that had happened.

So Kurt began to focus on the scripts he had and called Nina to tell her that he wanted to be a part of Hilary's movie. He wanted to play a son who was living with a mother who suffered through a mental disorder. That would be a challenge for him. Then he also said yes to the movie Noah suggested to him, because he would play a villain and that appealed him very much. She made the necessary calls, telling them that he was interested and got those roles.

Two days later Sebastian visited him with his new schedules. Blaine was sitting in his room, studying because he had his first exam the next day.

"The filming for Hilary's movie starts in November and the one from, Christopher starts next year in May," he told Kurt and sipped his coffee.

"So I have five months off?" This made him excited because this meant he and Blaine had another summer break together. Enough time to work on that crack that was still in their connection.

"Well, after everything you went through I'd recommend taking this time off. There will probably enough to do anyway. The gossip is not over yet, right? Jesse's still walking around the streets."

Sebastian knew what Jesse had done to Blaine. Kurt didn't need to tell him, he came up with this on his own after Kurt's speech and when he met Martin who told him what they had planned. It still felt weird to have Sebastian around but he was trusting him. After this amazing statement he created for him Kurt really had no doubt about his abilities or loyalty. After all, it was Sebastian who made it possible for them to do all of this because he knew who sold those rumors.

"He does," sighed Kurt and put his schedule aside. "I'm not happy about that. Even if Blaine makes a testimony it won't change anything. He was a prostitute and he is gay and people will judge him for this."

"And you have nothing else against him?"

"No," Kurt shook his head. "I know that he does drugs and black mails people, well, he did that if he is still doing that, I honestly don't care. And I don't want to know. He'll probably drag me into more trouble if I even try."

"Drugs, huh?" asked Sebastian eyebrows raised.

"Yeah. We worked for the same agency when I was a model. We never were friends but it was impossible to miss all the shit he did. He didn't exactly make a secret about whatever he did in front of us. Probably wanting to impress us or something."

"What a hero," his voice was filled with mock and Kurt nodded, not even stopping the small laugh.

It was a Friday when Kurt drove to Blaine's school to pick him up when he noticed a familiar figure standing on the stairs to the huge building. Pulling his sunglasses down he took a closer look and immediately knew who that was. The way he stood, superior – or trying to appear superior – the expensive clothes and the dirty blond hair, styled perfectly...

One look he was immediately tired of seeing this excuse of a human being. With fast steps he approached him, taking two stairs at once and watched Jesse taking a last smoke of whatever he was smoking. But before he could say anything his eyes found someone else, standing in front of Jesse and clutching the strap of his bag.

Blaine. The older almost expected to see fear in his eyes, to see something that alarmed him and

woke the instinct to punch Jesse again. But Blaine didn't look like he was scared. He seemed to be just as tired of Jesse as Kurt was.

“You better stop your lawyer calling me all the fucking time. It's not like they'll believe you since you decided to become a slut.”

“I'm not a slut,” hissed Blaine, anger filling his voice and Kurt felt how much he needed to control himself.

“Shut the fuck up, Jesse,” he finally spoke and took his place next to Blaine, who gave him a relieved but also questioning look.

“Oh, Hummel. Coming to rescue your little princess?”

“Leave him alone.”

Not only did Kurt stare at Blaine. Jesse did the same because never had Blaine called him out on anything. No surprise because this guy scared his boyfriend for such a long time and treated him so horribly. This, though, Kurt liked this and stood – like he promised – right beside Blaine and let him do what he wanted to do. He was brave. So brave he just needed to realize it.

“What? Found your balls? I doubt they'll help you now.”

“You better look for a place to hide because you won't see the sunshine for a very long time.”

Jesse laughed and slowly people were stopping around them, whispering something and Kurt wanted to leave but also not. He sensed that Blaine was not done yet.

“Be careful, slut.”

“Stop calling me slut!” Blaine almost yelled and Jesse did shut his mouth, clearly surprised by how angry Blaine could be. Even for Kurt this was new but he felt pride swelling inside him more and more, equally to the love he felt for his soul mate.

“I'm not and I never was. But you know what you are? A coward and a pathetic excuse for a human being. Go and find some sorry ass who is as pathetic as you are. I'm done with you.”

He shoved Jesse to the side when he walked pass him, Kurt following Blaine and heard Jesse saying something but Blaine just yelled back: “Fuck you!”

And they made their way to Kurt's car together. Blaine climbed on the passenger seat and Kurt on the driver seat, eyes never leaving his boyfriend and when they were finally inside, doors closed and safe from the world around them Blaine hid his face inside his hands. He was trembling, breathing and Kurt could hear his voice but not what he was saying. Just, seeing him so small and – wait. Blaine leaned back, a small smile on his lips and blinking with wide eyes. He was surprised. Surprised by himself.

“Blaine?”

But all he needed to do was giving Kurt a wide smile, honest, right from his heart and soul. Yes, he did it. He was facing the person he feared so much for so long and Kurt couldn't help himself but lean over and kiss him silly. Kiss the smile, kiss the giggle Blaine made and ignored the people who saw them.

Back home he still kept on kissing his boyfriend. His beautiful, brace boyfriend who should have been studying at that moment but he didn't let him. He wanted to shower Blaine in kisses and love

and only stop when they were both exhausted and stupid from all the kissing. Eventually Kurt listened to Blaine and sighed dramatically when he let him go. So much about his plans for some awesome sex with this beautiful human being, who was his. His alone.

But Kurt quickly understood that this was not going to happen. At least not until the middle of May when Blaine's last final exam took place. Three weeks, he thought to himself and called himself stupid for groaning about this. Sex never had been important to him. If he was horny he had his own hand or met someone he could imagine to have sex with.

With Blaine sex was a total different experience and he wanted to do this as often as they could. He just loved being so close to him and feel his and Blaine's love melt into something wonderful, bigger, so much bigger than they were. So he told himself to stop acting like a horny teenager and focus on other things. Mercedes called him and dragged him out of his free time – which was wonderful but he really needed something to do that didn't include Blaine – and helped her planning the wedding. They finally had a date, the last weekend of October – because they wanted to have a fall wedding – and helped her with everything.

Kurt loved weddings and had planned his own since he was 8. marrying Blaine was still a blurry dream for him but he knew they would get there eventually. When, well, he was sure he would feel and know it when they both were ready for this. Probably when Blaine was done with college and working himself.

So he threw himself entirely into planning and enjoyed talking about her dress, drawing one together with her, visiting several shops. He also loved planning the details for the decoration with her. Flowers, candles, napkins, everything. It was something else and distracting him from everything else. And he enjoyed to spent all this time with her.

A week before Blaine's last exam Martin called him and told him that the money should be on Blaine's bank account. Those news relaxed his boyfriend a lot and the many zeros on his bank account made him almost dizzy. He knew his father was doing well, but not that well. They never talked about money but Kurt understood, that, Blaine was not comfortable with Kurt paying everything. Not comfortable but understanding that Kurt wanted to help him. That's why he agreed when Blaine suggested to pay for his college from now on.

The day of Blaine's last exam finally came and Kurt already planned the night for them. He brought everything to make the most delicious pizza, placed the Star Wars collection next to the TV and took their pillows and big blanket. The couch became the bed couch it always was to give them enough space to relax. Around 6 pm he began with the pizza, knowing that Blaine was with Mercedes, helping her and wouldn't be back until 7pm. Enough time so he put on his favorite music, singing along and excited to finally have his boyfriend back for himself. And that for months. All the while keeping their connection closed so Blaine wouldn't feel how excited he truly was.

The pizza was just inside the oven when Kurt's phone rang. Cleaning his hands he hoped it was not Blaine, telling him he would be back even later. No, it was worse. Sebastian's name was shining at him and he groaned and begged that nothing would ruin their evening.

“Hello,” he said, not even hiding that he was not in the mood to be dutiful.

*“Someone's in a bad mood, huh?”*

"I'm not in the mood for work though. I have plans."

Sebastian hummed and said making Kurt role his eyes: *"Popping your boyfriend's cherry, I guess?"*

"Sebastian, what do you want."

*"Okay, I won't waste your time any longer but you'll love me for this. I'm sure."*

To say he was not curious would have been a lie, but he ignored the love part. That was just Sebastian and his big mouth.

*"Let's say they caught Jesse doing drugs and found some in his apartment."*

"What?" Kurt stopped what he was doing and clutched his phone.

*"Mhm. And it looks like he won't see his fancy live style for a long time."*

"For real?"

Sebastian laughed: *"Yeah. For real. I already called Martin and he'll tell you about your new possibilities since they have some evidence that he is anything but a saint."*

At that moment the door went open and he heard Blaine's calling that he was back.

"I need to hang up. Thank you for telling me."

*"No need to. This asshole deserves it."*

It was unreal. Just unreal for him that Jesse apparently got caught on his shit that he had been doing for years. Well, it was not too unreal when he thought about it. One moment they met him, this confident Jesse shitting on them again and again and now the time came when he got what he truly deserved. Finally he realized what had happened, what this meant and the smirk on his lips almost hurt.

He made himself busy, turning the oven off – because the pizza was ready – and turned around, watching Blaine eying the couch and a soft smile on his lips.

"I don't even have my results yet," he said when his eyes met Kurt's.

"You are finally mine again, enough reason to make this evening special. But, I do have another reason why this evening is special," he said and hugged his exhausted boyfriend when he fell into Kurt's arms. Holding him for a moment he kissed Blaine's forehead and couldn't stop smiling. Pulling back his soul mate noticed that smile, that it meant more and when Kurt opened their connection he let Blaine feel his excitement and relieve.

"What is the other reason?"

"Jesse got arrested."

He could feel it under his hands, see it in his eyes and feel it shooting through their connection, pass the crack that was still there. Feel how the wall that Jesse action created crumbled down and shone through the golden eyes. Justice happened, something Blaine also never believed in and made his eyes watery, more beautiful and when realization found its way to Blaine's mind, the tears began to fall.

"It's true. They caught him doing drugs and some in his apartment. Which means he won't see the

sunlight for a long time. And tomorrow we'll go to Martin and see what we can do now.”

Blaine stared at him, inhaling each word but not able to say something. Not yet. Then he smiled and rested his whole body against Kurt's, holding him close and Kurt held him together, like he always would and wanted to do.



# Timr

## Chapter Notes

So this is the last chapter and I'm not sure how I feel about that. Maybe sad but also happy because this journey was really amazing with you guys. I can't find the right words to say how much your reviews, understanding, support and love means to me, but it does, a lot, and you guys helped me through many frustrating moments while writing this fic. (Also thanks for all the lovely birthday wishes!) It's like, each word you share with me you just press the right buttons so I keep moving on (I guess each writer finds strength through their readers comments). So thank you, thank you, thank you. I have no idea how I deserved all of this but I'm grateful. Now, this fic finds it's end and I've learned a lot through the writing process. You see, when you write about something you have no idea about you make some research and learn so much, it's incredible.

But a sequel is coming! This fic ends how I wanted it to end and you'll understand when you finish this chapter, that a sequel makes sense. IDK when I'll start to write the sequel but I hope I'll start soon. Right now I focus on a new fic (I have like three planned) and start posting that (maybe) next week. Hopefully some of you will join me through that journey as well :) Okay, enough talking. Thank you from the bottom of my heart and let's start the last chapter of Two Coins and hopefully, I see some of u guys on tumblr!

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

## Chapter 38. Time

When Kurt thought about his own life he knew it was not always sunshine and rainbows. But it was a good one with friends, with family, support and love. He never faced a situation when he had to decide what to do so he wouldn't end up on the streets. He never had to deal with someone who tried to rape him and a horrible stepmother. Compared to Blaine's life his was sunshine and rainbows. And now, the people who scared him so much and brought so much pain into his life finally got what they deserved. In return Kurt got a relieved Blaine, soft in his arms and letting all the weight he was carrying with him fall off his shoulders.

For the first hour his boyfriend couldn't help himself but to disbelieve what had happened. While eating he tried to convince Blaine and even suggested to call Martin, Sebastian, anyone so they would confirm it too. Eventually Blaine believed and they took the plates back into the kitchen so they could return to the couch and snuggled close.

They were watching Star Wars, the first episode. He knew many states of happiness from Blaine but this was totally new to him. It was that settling happiness. The one that happened when you really got over something, someone. When something simply didn't matter anymore or was no longer a concern of yours. And that he felt coming from Blaine. It made him warmer, softer in his arms and when realization hit him, Kurt felt the happiness his soul mate felt for him because of him, mixing with the other one.

He kissed his head, breaking the gel with his fingers as he ran them through it and leaned back, watching with Blaine. Star Wars was never something he enjoyed, not really. He never understood what it truly was about but his boyfriend talked about it like it was the most amazing thing when they had watched it together, for the first time. Now he could even call himself a Star Wars fan and truly enjoyed watching this together with Blaine.

And whenever he got the names wrong – because he did – Blaine would groan playfully and correct him. This made Kurt truly happy, finally having a moment with no worries. Yes, he was sure now even this crack in their connection would just go away and he would find a way to even climb over the last wall Blaine kept up.

Just them together and share their love for the other. That's what they did when the movie was over. Blaine snuggled closer, pressing his lips against Kurt's neck and smiling at him when their eyes met. This boy had always been beautiful, breathtaking but now, with the weight gone, he looked even more beautiful in the dim light of the small lamp. The soft orange light made his eyes shine in gold and green. The beautiful eyelashes, the curls breaking the gel, skin soft and tan, everything about him was even more beautiful and made Kurt fall in love again and again. He wished to fall in love everyday with him.

They kissed, simple press of lips on lips, hands and fingers caressing cheek, ear and letting the familiar warmth bloom inside them. Then Blaine opened his mouth, sucked gently on Kurt's lip and the press of lips changed into a deeper kiss, making both sigh happily. Yes, this was definitely different, better how Blaine just took and give and enjoyed. Soft, warm and in love. They made it through this, the rumors, the two people who wanted to ruin their life, Blaine's life. He was sure, when they were able to win this battle the crack in their connection would also heal. And the last wall Blaine kept up, that Kurt would also climb over that.

All he needed to do, all they needed to do was love and support each other. Through good and hard times.

Rolling over so he was half lying on Blaine he kept kissing him, letting his tongue gently lick inside Blaine's mouth and make him moan when his hand was pressed against his hardening cock. His boyfriend moved his hips closer to his hand, wanting more and gave Kurt the same back. His hand was firmly between Kurt's legs, rubbing and making him harder.

The missed flame grew in the pit of his stomach, crawling through his body, down to his cock and through their connection to meet with Blaine's and become this incredible feeling. Where their love and arousal mixed together and made them both ache for more. For everything.

Pulling back they began to undress, kissed in between and soon they were only dressed in their underwear. The younger moved further up the pillows so he could lean against them and Kurt was straddling Blaine's lap, smiling sweetly at him. Their fingers entwined he bend back down, kissing the warm and soft lips again and again. No matter how often they kissed Kurt simply couldn't get enough. Couldn't get enough in general.

Their hands let go caressing the free skin instead. Blaine was younger than him, but his hands weren't, so much about Blaine was not young and inexperienced. His hands knew how to touch him, knew what to do so a shiver went down his spine. His lips kissed him always in the right way, no matter where. But his eyes, his eyes told so many stories and their color looked old but so beautiful. Shining, swimming with everything he felt for Kurt. Yes, he forgot how old Blaine was when they shared their love. Because both let it just happen.

He kissed Blaine's nose, his forehead and leaned it against the other before grinding down, his cock meeting Blaine's and both moaned. A rhythm was easily found, the perfect friction making

them needy and wanting more, now. Kurt leaned to the coffee table, stopping their grinding and smiled when Blaine whined because of the loss. He opened the drawer and took a bottle of lube out showing it to his boyfriend with a proud smirk.

“Oh God, you've planned this,” laughed Blaine and Kurt sat down, making sure his ass kept Blaine's cock trapped between their bodies and moved slightly.

“I always plan to love you. And if you'd ask me I'd keep lube everywhere.”

Blaine let out a breathy laugh and his hands rested on Kurt's hip, signaling the older to not stop circling his hips.

“But I know our friends and they'll probably find it and know that we are fucking in the living room. Or in the kitchen.”

“Hopefully they'll never catch us when we are doing it.”

“No,” Kurt whispered, bending down to kiss Blaine: “No one, only you and I, are allowed to see each other like this.”

His words meant more, included more than just their friends. No one would ever come near them and get a taste of this. No one would ever touch Blaine again in this way.

“We need to be naked,” spoke Blaine slow and deep. Yes, naked sounded perfect and Kurt rose up, taking his underwear off and then Blaine's just to straddle his boyfriend again, lube still in his hands, the other running gently over his soul mate's chest.

“I want to ride you. Your fingers and then your cock.”

He saw how the gold in his eyes became darker, how his tongue darted out to lick his lips and then Blaine nodded and took the lube. Leaning down he kissed him again, then his cheek and gently sucked on his neck. On his knees he kept his hips up, making room for Blaine's hand and let out a shivering breath when he felt the slick fingers running up and down his crack. One finger slipped inside, working Kurt slowly open and when the second followed he began to move his hips, wanting those fingers deeper. Blaine kept on kissing Kurt's face, breathing against his skin and caressing his back with his free hand. Just seeing this, how his fingers disappeared inside Kurt, three finger now, made them both moan. A guttural moan because the pleasure that shot through their bodies met through their connection.

His dick was so hard he couldn't take it anymore and judging by Blaine's look, the way he breathed he was just as ready. His hands held the beautiful face, holding him so the he could kiss him and signaled Blaine so, that he was ready.

The fingers slipped out and Kurt hated that empty feeling. It was always better with Blaine inside his body and making him experience the deep space of their love and arousal. Connecting was their way to leave this world and fall into their own. And he wanted that, needed it.

Blaine already poured lube on his hard member, still kissing Kurt and then he whispered an 'okay' and held his dick in place. Kurt felt it, the big head nudging at his hole and slowly sunk down, feeling the thickness he loved so much and smiled against Blaine's neck. Yes, this was what he wanted. To be connected with this beautiful person in any way possible. The little noises and dirty words from Blaine fell right into his ear, making him crazy and wanting more, fast. But he waited for his body to be ready and when he was he rose up, hands on Blaine's chest and smiling down at him.

Kurt needed to moment to just look at Blaine. The softness his face was, his body relaxed but

buzzing with arousal, his old eyes burning with the love. He ignored the small wall, ignored the crack and began to move, slowly up and down. It drove him crazy, every touch drove him literally crazy. Blaine's hands on his thighs, Blaine's cock hitting the right spots over and over again, Blaine's voice so deep and wanton. No holding back but giving and taking.

“So good... fuck,” he moaned shamelessly, head thrown back and moving faster. His cock was painfully hard, aching for a hand and then there it was, like Blaine could read his mind. His still slick hand stroked him firm and slow.

“Come, baby. I know you need it.”

And Kurt did, covering Blaine's hand and stomach with his come while his orgasm washed over him, making everything white for a second. He waited, still moved because Blaine was still hard and when he could see again he bend back down, holding himself up.

“Don't stop. Please, don't stop,” he whispered into Blaine's ear, needing and wanting more. His boyfriend did that, holding Kurt's hip and fuck right up into him before he came himself.

His lips kissed Kurt hard, sucking on them and moaning Kurt's name as he let his orgasm ran through his and Kurt's body, making them both tremble.

Those sweet aftershocks made them both smile again, made them share lazy kisses and enjoy this together. Kurt kept his hands around Blaine's face, hummed happily when the other hands were on his back and slowly moved his hips so that Blaine slipped out of him. Oh no, he wanted to keep him there forever but he knew he couldn't. Reaching for the tissues he cleaned them both up and rolled back on his side, facing his pretty boyfriend.

Their fingers entwined and resting between them, he let his other hand run through the curls, smiling and getting a smile in return.

“How did you exam go? I haven't even asked,” admitted Kurt and blushed slightly.

“I think I did good. I know I've passed the practical part. But I'll know about the other exams in a week or two. College is not the same like school but... I studied so much so I think I did good.”

“I'm sure you did good,” whispered the older and pressed a kiss on Blaine's lips. The humming sound from Blaine shot right through his body, down to his cock and made it twitch with interested. God, alone his voice made him want to do it again. He groaned, feeling Blaine shiver under his hands and how he guided Kurt's hand to his ass. His perfect, round ass that was all his and Kurt squeezed it because he could and liked it.

“Will this turn into a night of us not sleeping at all?” asked the younger against Kurt's lips.

“We have to go to Martin tomorrow though. And I have a meeting with Hilary in three days. But, I guess, one more round won't hurt.”

Blaine snorted, too adorable, making Kurt smirk at him so that his cheeks hurt.

“Okay,” breathed Blaine and rolled over, straddling Kurt. “Because I really want to ride you.”

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The next morning Kurt's cellphone was filled with messages from the people he once worked

with. All of them asking the question if it was true that Jesse got arrested, or, if Kurt already knew about that, or, that it was about time that this happened. He didn't answer them all. He made sure to answer those who he was friends with. The other messages got deleted. After breakfast he and Blaine went to Martin's place, taking the road around their building because he already saw some people with cameras not wanting them to know where he was heading, together with Blaine.

Luckily no one noticed them.

Martin hugged them both with a huge smile on his face and surprise shining in his eyes. They all thought this wouldn't happen so soon, but it did and it was not just good news for Kurt and Blaine, it was also for Martin because he was able to help them. Really help them.

They sat down in the kitchen, drinking coffee together while Martin showed them the papers for what Jesse got accused. Blackmailing people, stealing, doing and owning drugs, and, also, attempted rape.

“Jesse is now untrustworthy. That means we have a good chance to sue him for trying to rape you. All we need is you making a testimony and, I suggest, to ask Charlie, too. He gets, at least, five years not only for doing drugs, but also selling and owning. Some people already accused him for other things, black mail, stealing stuff.”

“I guess they found a lot in his apartment, huh?”

Martin nodded, eyes big and this was answer enough.

“But, I won't get into any trouble? I mean, I was seventeen then,” asked Blaine.

“No. Don't worry. And if you want to, I'll accompany you when you decide to go to the police. They'll probably ask you some stuff you don't need to answer and I don't want them to trick you or something.”

“That would be great, thank you,” smiled Blaine and Kurt just loved how carefree he was. It really seemed like things were finally getting good for them. And it was about time because they both were tired of all this drama.

Two days later Blaine went with Martin to the Police and they believed Blaine. Charlie's testimony was also helpful and when Blaine came back home he was, again, so relaxed and happy about what they achieved.

The next day Kurt met Hilary to talk about the schedule for November and also thank her personally that she wanted him to play in her movie. The gossip was still going around but it was no longer as exhausting as before. The statement he had given on Ellen helped a lot, and he even got some positive fan mails about that, a lot to be honest. Nina called him and told him that there were letters for him and he promised to come over as soon as he found some time to do so.

His priority now was Hilary.

Knocking against the door of her office he walked inside and found her sitting at her desk, smiling like the sun at him. She looked stunning in her white dress her long brown hair open and her green eyes shining.

“Kurt! It's so good to see you!”

They hugged hello and he smiled back, just as bright.

“I just wanted to say thanks and that I'm really excited to work with you.”

She waved her hand and gestured to the chair in front of her desk.

“It's my pleasure, really. I guess you also want to have the schedule, right?”

“Yeah,” he said and sat down.

“We'll be filming in the Paramount studios for the first month. You'll be home for Christmas, so no worries,” she began to speak and handed him the schedule. Planned were four months of filming. The other three months they would stay in Chicago.

“I know you are a soul mate and of course Blaine can come to us whenever he feels like. Or you can go home, whatever you need.”

“Thank you. I know it's not that easy to work with soul mates. Especially when they just became soul mates.” He hoped that, with time, their connection would become strong enough so he could stay away for a month or two if his work schedule asked for that. He was positive that it was just a matter of time. The drama was over, well, the main drama – there were still rumors – but rumors were a part of his life.

“Oh, don't worry. I read the rumors and saw your statement. You have my full support. And I might have a weakness for your boyfriend. Especially since I know what he went through, poor boy.”

Kurt smiled not wanting to say anything about that and put the schedule aside.

“May I ask who my co-workers are?”

“Sure!” she smiled. “We are still looking for someone who will play the mother but we do have the father. You might know him-”

At that moment someone knocked against the door and Kurt was sure he heard Blaine's voice saying: “You are impossible. Forgetting your appointments, seriously?”

Hilary smiled and called them in and the first person Kurt saw was Cooper with his soul mate right behind him.

“Blaine?”

Kurt's eyes almost fell out of his head, his mouth hanging open and he was not sure if he should smile or not. But then he smiled because Blaine and Cooper were doing good, perfect actually and he liked to see them together. But, why here?”

“Kurt?” spoke his boyfriend and ignored Hilary and his brother, walking to him like they were magnets. He reached for Blaine's hand, smiled when he kissed his cheek and then Cooper made a coughing sound.

“Hey Cooper.”

“Hello Kurt, what are you doing here though? Blaine said you wanted to meet the director of your new movie.”

The brother looked really confused but Hilary kept on smiling, enjoying the scene right in front of her.

“Well... I am?”

“You... wait,” breathed Cooper and looked to Hilary, seeing her nodding, still the same wide smile on her face.

“He is playing the father. And Cooper, Kurt will be playing the son.”

Cooper was the first who smiled so hard that his eyes became small, Blaine clutched Kurt's hand and Kurt needed some more time to truly understand what Hilary just had said. He and Cooper, co-workers. Blaine's brother and him working together on a movie and getting to know each other. Slowly, he really liked that idea. It was, really, such an opportunity to break the ice between the three of them and become a family. Because family was important to Kurt and he wanted Blaine to have one too.

“Well then,” he said and stood up, shaking Cooper's hand. “I can't wait to work with you.”

“If he keeps up living in a mess and not taking care of himself, you might even look like you are old enough to be Kurt's dad,” said Blaine and jumped behind Kurt when Cooper gave him a look. Hilary chuckled and Kurt felt good. He simply felt good.

Cooper took his schedule as well and after some small talk they left her office and promised to meet in November. Outside Kurt kissed Blaine goodbye, again that day because it was his day with Cooper, and drove back home, to take a nap before he had to meet with Mercedes and Elliot.

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“What do you mean no bachelor party? Just because you knew this day would come doesn't mean you don't have to have your own bachelor party,” said Elliot, clearly not approving when Mercedes said she doesn't want a bachelor party with the girls.

They sat in her studio, while helping her to clean up the mess the children had left. Toys, empty bottles of water and forgotten socks or shirts.

“I didn't say I don't want a bachelor party at all. I said I don't want one with the girls alone. Sam and I talked and we want to have one together. Because you, two idiots, are my best friends and I want you at my bachelor party.”

“You mean with his football friends?” asked Kurt and was anything but thrilled. He hated football and he really didn't like to be around a bunch of football players and trainers. It was just not his topic.

“Don't make that face, Kurt. It's not like anyone will even try to talk to you, and if they will ask for an autograph. Believe me, they already asked me if we are still friends.”

“Why wouldn't we be friends?”

“Because you are famous and rich and, you know, many forget their true friends,” said Elliot when he threw the empty bottles into the bin.

“Fortunately I'm not such a person and I'd rather have they talk to me like I'm one of them. After

all, this is not about me but about Mercedes and Sam.”

He folded the shirts and Mercedes gave them both a serious look.

“And I don't want you two to come up with some crazy idea. Like a stripper or something.”

Elliot was already smirking and Kurt bit his lip because they had been talking about this when they knew Mercedes was going to be married. They even thought about kidnapping her and do something crazy in LA. But they were too busy to do that, especially Elliot who was helping writing songs for two albums.

“Leave it to us,” said Elliot.

“What about your dress? We still haven't found one for you,” asked Kurt and sat down on the floor when they were ready.

“I think we'll start with that in August. I'm not really picky about the dress I just want it to be beautiful and feel good in it.”

“No, Mercedes, we'll buy the most beautiful one. It's your wedding, girl! It's one of the most important days in your life,” said Kurt, not even considering to just pick some dress. He wanted a beautiful gown for her because she deserved it. He wanted her to be the prettiest woman on her own wedding.

“It's still crazy, you know? We talked about getting married in a year because of my schedule. And now it's September. I knew this day would come but now it's just... crazy. All this planning and not just the wedding but also, family planning.”

“Family? But.. you are not-” began Elliot and Mercedes shook her head.

Kurt remembered her plan, that she wanted to travel with the children and let them be part of competitions. Sadly it didn't work out this year because some parents didn't agree – their kids were too young they said – and now it was pushed into the next year.

“What about you and Martin though? You've been together for almost four years now,” asked she.

“I don't know, to be honest.”

“With that tattoo on your ass I wouldn't be sure either,” smirked Kurt and tried not to laugh, just like Mercedes.

“Shut up, Hummel.”

“Oh, come on, Gilbert. You have your fun, too, when I fuck up.”

Elliot nodded slowly and then smiled because they both knew it was true. This was just how their friendship worked and he rather had friends who were honest, then friends who lied.

“I think well do it, eventually. I feel ready but it's not the right time.”

They were silent for a while and then Mercedes looked at Kurt but he shook his head. Marrying Blaine now? No. He was too busy with his two movies and Blaine still had two years of college to attend. And there was still the crack in their connection.



He was 26 years old, just like his friends and they were close to get married. Mercedes closer than Elliot but they were there, only needing to take the last step. They had their jobs, their homes, an regular income and knew each other for a very long time.

He was happy for his friends, really, and he didn't feel any pressure on himself because he and Blaine weren't there. He would wait for Blaine forever and even if they never got married, Kurt didn't care. All he wanted and needed was his boyfriend. This wedding stuff was not important now. Important was something else he had been ignoring since he knew it was there.

The crack in their connection.

June came and so Blaine's summer break but also their appointment with doctor Stephens. They arrived early, got checked, let the doctor scan their connection and then they waited in his office, holding hands a bit too tight. For some reason Kurt was nervous and this made Blaine nervous. This crack was still there and they both only felt it when they were feeling for it. Usually, when they had sex or just kissed and cuddled he forgot about it. It was almost like it wasn't there when he was busy with other things. But both felt for it, needed to know if it was still there.

And it was, even after three months.

Doctor Stephens came back into his office, holding their folder in his hands and gave them a not much telling look. It was not worried nor sad. Just... like he wasn't sure himself what this crack meant, or, what their results meant.

"I guess, you both know that the crack is still there."

They nodded as he man sat down and began to rub his forehead.

"I made some research but I haven't found anything yet. Usually a crack heals but yours hasn't changed at all."

"Does that mean it can break or something?" asked Blaine because that was their greatest fear. That their connection would break and both could lose their minds.

"No. Not really. Your connection is strong, it holds the not broken part together. But for some reason this crack just, won't heal. Have you two been fighting or something?"

They shook their heads no.

"I really can't help you right now. I suggest you come to me as soon as you feel something changes. Even if nothing changes and the crack remains I need you two to come and get tested at least once a month. And... be careful. I don't know if this crack will change something between you two, but, it's not supposed to exist. And please, don't worry about it, okay? Stress is really the last thing you two need."

"But, you'll call us as soon as you find something out, right?" asked Kurt and wanted to be calm, wanted to believe that this didn't mean anything. That this crack just needed more time to heal' because their connection was different. Deeper, stronger and also fragile.

"Of course I will. It's not only that I want to help you, but it's also important for our own research. So we can help other soul mates too."

They left the hospital with doctor Stephens repeating his advice again and again to not be worried, to not stress about that crack and come to him if something changes. Both promised to do that and Kurt wanted them to not worry about that. There was really no reason to because they were doing fine. For once everything was just fine and he really wished nothing could ruin that. No stupid crack, no wall Blaine kept up. He understood that, it was Blaine's way to keep himself safe from getting hurt. Nothing to blame him for but he wanted to climb over that wall and show Blaine, that, he would never, not in a million years hurt him again.

Back home they went directly to their bed, holding the other tight. Just like that, holding and breathing for many minutes because it was not the time to sleep yet. They didn't even have dinner yet. But this was something they needed, something they hoped, would heal this crack. Like before, it was not really, there only when they both looked for it in their connection. But who knew how it would feel like in a month? Two months? No, it would go away, thought Kurt and Blaine thought probably the same too.

There was no fear, no sadness happening inside them. All they could feel was love, warm, bright love, too much for one body to handle. So Kurt smiled and Blaine smiled back, leaning their foreheads together, eyes closed.

“Why do you love me, Blaine?”

He was sure his boyfriend raised his eyebrows, questioning this but then understood and spoke, silently, only for Kurt to hear.

“Because of who you are. At the beginning I just loved your voice, your eyes but now it's everything. How you make me feel, good and safe and loved. How you... make me brave and give me the strength to be more than I am. And... that you always listen to me, always listen to whatever I say and help me. How you... simply love me back.”

He felt Blaine's smile when he kissed his lips and held him a bit closer, hearing the small question.

“And you?”

“Because of who your are. Because of how you changed my life and made me a better person. How you never gave up on me though I acted like a piece of shit.”

Blaine huffed a laugh.

“But you never stopped loving me, never stopped caring about me. Just like I won't stop loving you, or taking care of you. And I want us to remember this. I want us to exactly remember this whatever happens.”

“Do you think this crack will change something?”

“I don't know to be honest,” whispered Kurt and opened his eyes, meeting Blaine's and touching his cheek. “But I know that, whatever we feel is real and strong. So no, I'm not worried. We've been doing good and this crack is probably just there to force us to have more sex and love each other more.”

“Are you serious?” Blaine asked and tried not to grin but give Kurt a suspicious and playful look.

“Why not? Maybe this crack needs some special love to heal.”

He pulled Blaine closer, kissing his lips and then grinning with bright blue eyes, letting him see and not just feel what he felt for Blaine: “We have like 3 months to exactly do that, love each other every minute.”

“You mean fucking whenever we can.”

“No. Loving, not fucking. We don't just fuck, Blaine.”

“Oh my God,” giggled the younger and giggled some more even when he felt Kurt kissing his lips and smiling, too. Kurt was sure, really sure. All they needed to do was share their love, keep their love and eventually this crack would heal and never come back.

## Chapter End Notes

So, this is the end of this fic. I'm sure some of you can guess what the sequel will be about :). It feels weird to end this fic but I hope I did good. But it was such a nice time, an honor and pleasure to write this and have your support!

Let me know what you think! Let me know what you want to read in the sequel, what you wish to happen, ect. And luckily I have a beta for the sequel. I aslo have a new beta for Two Coins, but I'll post the beta chapters as soon as I get them all.

My next fic is called 'Fragile Dream' and I hope some of you will join me through this journey as well :)

Please [drop by the archive and comment](#) to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!