

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](http://archiveofourown.org/works/2560901) at
<http://download.archiveofourown.org/works/2560901>.

Rating:	Mature
Archive Warning:	Choose Not To Use Archive Warnings
Category:	M/M
Fandom:	Glee , klaine fandom
Relationship:	Blaine Anderson/Kurt Hummel
Character:	Elliott "Starchild" Gilbert , Mercedes Jones , Sam Evans , Original Characters , Sebastian Smythe , Blaine Anderson , Kurt Hummel
Additional Tags:	Love , Humor , Angst , Hurt/Comfort , Drama , AU
Stats:	Published: 2014-11-03 Completed: 2015-12-25 Chapters: 19/19 Words: 82444

One Vow

by [justanartist](#)

Summary



This is the sequel to ['Two Coins'](#).

Soul mate/Age Gap AU

Kurt Hummel thinks his life is pretty perfect. He is a successful actor, he has amazing friends and lives together with his soul mate Blaine Anderson, the love of his life. But is it as perfect as it seems when there are too many cracks to heal?

Notes

This is only a little sneak peek I've posted on tumblr. I'll start posting in December but now you guys already know where to find the sequel! Hope to see lots of you joining me through this journey :)

Bachelor Party

Chapter 1. Bachelor Party

It all began with Sebastian saying that he liked Kurt's ass. It was something Kurt was already used to and although he tried to explain to his assistant that he should be careful, Sebastian probably wouldn't listen, or, couldn't help himself. Though Kurt knew, like everyone else, that this was just the way Sebastian was, however that didn't mean that it would get simply ignored or laughed off.

When Blaine heard this, he would definitely not ignore it. Being famous meant not only getting critiqued and occasional hate, but also tons of compliments. Compliments didn't bother Blaine at all, only when they were coming from Sebastian Smythe. That made Blaine jealous, like extremely jealous, and Kurt hated liking this jealous side of his boyfriend.

Perhaps he enjoyed the jealousy because the result was always a pretty intense make out session followed by incredible sex. But, he never dreamed of having sex in a restroom stall. It was just hard when Blaine plundered his mouth with his tongue and squeezed his ass so hard that he couldn't help himself but moan into his boyfriend's mouth. Of course he needed to tease Blaine some more and pulled away, both breathing hard before he asked. Teased. Blaming his drunk mind.

"What's gotten into you, honey?"

"You know exactly what," Blaine groaned and pressed himself against Kurt's body, letting him feel just how hard he already was. "Sebastian and his stupid mouth. He knows I hate that."

4 hours earlier

"Look at my hot boyfriend," smirked Elliott, as he and Martin left their bedroom, dressed in a leather jacket and black tight jeans. The dark green shirt under it was a good match for his brown eyes which had lines of green in them. However, Martin didn't look very comfortable and scowled at Elliott who was totally in love with his outfit. Kurt smiled at them and Blaine pressed his hand against his mouth, trying not to giggle.

"Why does it have to be leather themed? They are going to get married," asked the lawyer and glared at the sleeves of his jacket while judging his outfit hard. But, Kurt had to admit to himself that Martin did look good. His brown hair was styled and not just flat and neat, the outfit rather loose than strict – after all he was a lawyer so he had his classic style that he preferred.

"It's their bachelor party and it's supposed to be crazy," explained Elliott, and fixed his boyfriend's collar.

"You just love to dress like a rockstar because you are one," narrowed Martin and Elliott rolled his eyes dramatically.

"You should be happy they agreed on leather and not Rocky Horror Picture Show," Kurt commented because that had been their first idea. Dressing like Dr. Frank N. Furter or Riff Raff. It would have been crazy, and they all agreed it would have been a bit too crazy.

Martin made a face and looked like he was okay with anything but RHPS.

"It's just for one night and as soon as you two dance you'll lose the jacket anyway," said Blaine. The four of them agreed on wearing leather jackets and black jeans. Their shirts had different

colors and their shoes as well. It was a really good idea to use the the leather and rock because seeing Blaine in those tight jeans and his leather jacket with his hair more loose than usual, did things to him.

It took all his strength to keep his boyfriend at home and do things other than drink and dance with their friends. They could do that later.

"Okay guys, we need to go like now," Kurt stood up and and Blaine got up with him. "We have two hours to get the club ready and get everyone inside. Sebastian is already there and making sure everything is set. We just need to put our stuff on."

They had three boxes filled with personal items. Photos from the years Kurt and Mercedes went to high school together, then some later pictures with Sam. Photos of their time at college. Also, small things like the lamp Elliott once broke because they were super drunk on the first night in their apartment. But, mainly they had stuff that would bring up all of the memories about Mercedes and Sam. Like a card from the restaurant where they had their first date, the broken umbrella Sam had with him to keep Mercedes safe from the rain just prior to her first job interview, and many, many photos with just the two of them. They wanted to stick them into a big photo album so that everyone could write personal messages inside.

Besides preparing all of this, he recalled his own memories, as he was getting all that stuff together. He remembered always watching his friends fall in love as he just stood there, on his own, chasing his dreams and never finding someone special. He remembered that time so clearly, how cold and alone he felt.

Of course Blaine noticed, and when they were filling the boxes, he made sure that Kurt felt his love. He always felt it through their connection, and he and Blaine laughed about the photos, and he finally told him all the stories about his time in Lima, his stories from college, and they both agreed to collect their photos and special memories, too.

"I'm still curious how Sebastian made it. I mean we have a whole club just for us for one night. You know how expensive and impossible that is? Especially in New York?" asked Elliott as he put his leather west on.

Kurt knew exactly why it was possible and how Sebastian pulled it off. He fucked the guy who owned the club and apparently, Sebastian was such a good lover that the guy immediately said yes when he asked.

"The owner and Sebastian are friends," said Kurt and noticed Blaine's look because he knew the truth, too. As he opened the front door and they left the building, his soul mate finally said. "That was the understatement of the year."

"His sex life is none of my concern, honey. But, you know what?" he smirked at him and took Blaine's hand, pulled him closer so their bodies were flushed together, and Blaine gave him a smug look.

"Our sex life has all of my attention and passion. Especially since you put this jacket on."

Blaine smiled at that, wrapped his arms around Kurt's neck, and just kept him close.

"Hey! No making out, you can do that later," Elliott warned them.

"We were hugging, calm down," Kurt moaned as he let go of Blaine.

They climbed into Kurt's car and drove to the club. They took the boxes out of the trunk and went into the club, using the backdoor. Inside, everything was already set. On the right side was a huge

bar with several chairs, tables and stools. On the left side were the speakers, the DJ and his equipment. Above him, written in gold, and glued to a white wall, were Mercedes' and Sam's names. He looked around and found the table he asked for, already decorated super cheesy. Hearts, fake candles and the photo album were also there.

"Hey guys!" greeted Sebastian, as he stepped off the stage and walked up to them, also wearing leather pants and a red shirt under his vest.

Yes, Sebastian was invited too, since he was also friends with Kurt's friends. When he officially became his PA, Blaine was definitely not pleased at all. Still, he saw that Sebastian did do a great job, and took a lot of pressure off of Kurt, so he had far more time to focus on personal things. Well, he still had three months off, but this didn't mean that he didn't have anything to do.

There were thousands of calls about changing locations, changes in the script. The change of locations was the most exhausting thing because he needed to re-plan everything, and had to accept that he wouldn't see Blaine for a whole month because he'd be staying in Los Angeles. It was something he wasn't happy about, but it was part of his work.

"So, what do you think? We thought it would be good to keep everything black, white and gold and only keep this spot," he pointed at the table with the hearts and boxes filled with memories: "rather red. You know, the color of love and desire."

Kurt felt Blaine's hand take his, squeezing it, and gave Sebastian his usual warning, and disapproving look.

"I like it and I'm sure Mercedes will like it as well. What about the alcohol? And food?"

"Everything's already done. You just need to finish the love wall, as I like to call it, and I hope everyone will be here on time. I'll pick them up when everything is set and everyone is here."

"Great, thank you," Kurt smiled, knowing that he could always count on Sebastian. But, he could never trust Sebastian with his behavior, or the words coming out of his mouth. This time he said nothing, but his eyes still ran up and down Kurt's body.

"Sebastian, please, stop," warned Kurt him.

"Right, sorry."

Never, not in the recent past, did he find a reason to question Sebastian's behavior. The lines he crossed weren't that big, and Kurt was not the only one he stared at. But, Sebastian tried to behave and promised Kurt he didn't want to cause any drama between him and Blaine. There was no reason to not trust him because Kurt could see that he was truly sorry, and that this was just the way he was.

It took more to convince Blaine, though. He was so sure that Sebastian wanted more in those early weeks. Even after three months, he still doubted that Sebastian was just joking. They only exchanged a hello and goodbye, and very rarely actually talked. Well, it wasn't even really talking, it was Blaine reminding Sebastian of his place, and Sebastian defending himself and apologizing for his big mouth.

Kurt stood in the middle, ignoring Sebastian's compliments, while worrying about Blaine and sometimes he felt really bad about that, how he enjoyed Blaine's jealousy. It led to heated moments between them. Yet, he wondered if Blaine was just naturally jealous, or perhaps he didn't trust him. Even after a year and a half, Blaine didn't believe in the soulmate connection. They couldn't forget that the crack still existed and that was his primary concern.

After three months, the crack was still there, and he promised to not be worried, promised to wait and hope. Doctor Stephens warned them, told them what to do, and though both were going crazy, nothing changed inside. In fact they were doing great, the only issue was Blaine and Sebastian sharing a room. He felt closer to Blaine, more in love – if that was even possible – and their sex life was also amazing. The rumors were gone, Blaine had fun at school, and Kurt's future looked so promising. Really, there was nothing to be worried about, and he didn't want to worry at his friend's bachelor party.

"Come on, let's get the wall of love ready," Kurt said and squeezed Blaine's hand who was watching Sebastian go behind the bar and talk to the bartender. Maybe he underestimated what it did to Blaine when Sebastian was around? Usually, it was just enough talk to his boyfriend, and then Blaine would give Kurt all of his attention.

"Hey," he spoke gently, and finally Blaine looked at him. "I love you, honey."

"I know. I love you, too," smiled the younger, and smiled even more when Kurt kissed him.

It took them almost two hours to get the wall done. Blaine and Martin helped as much as they could, but they weren't a part of their college years. So, it ended up with Kurt and Elliott doing that part, and laughing about all the memories they shared. Martin and Blaine welcomed the guests instead, and told them about what would happen during the bachelor party. Although Mercedes didn't want a stripper – still something Kurt and Elliott whined about – they came up with other ideas. Exactly three ideas. The first event for the party was to ask the couple questions about each other, and test how well they knew the other. Every guest would get a question to ask so Mercedes and Sam would get the chance to meet everyone at least once. They knew too well how easy you miss someone during a large party. The second idea was to share embarrassing and funny stories about the couple. The third idea was to drink shots and guess what drink it was. It was something Kurt and his friends did during college – which usually ended up with them being drunk, extremely drunk.

Soon the club was filled with people, all wearing something made of leather, and an hour later the couple finally arrived, and everything went down as planned. Around midnight, most of the people were dancing, drinking or simply talking. Sebastian had his own small group of people around him, telling them some funny stories. He also volunteered to not drink so he could drive them home. Sebastian didn't really need alcohol, he talked and spoke so openly, that the people who didn't know him thought he was drunk anyway.

The leather jackets were already gone, Blaine was dancing with Charlie and Elliott, so Kurt joined Sebastian and Martin. He talked with some old friend from college and at some point Sebastian began to throw compliments towards Kurt. About his clothes, his ass that's what Blaine heard. He listened for a few minutes, even when Sebastian was no longer talking about Kurt but about some guy he met once, and Blaine still looked like he wanted to kill him.

So they ended up in the restroom, locked inside one of the stalls, making out, both slightly drunk.

"You know he doesn't have a chance. No one has."

Fans and Stalkers

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Chapter 2. Fans and Stalkers

"I hope so," breathed Blaine, and his lips were back on Kurt's, kissing him deep and just right, that he had to moan. Kurt pulled him closer, kissing his boyfriend right back and grinding his hips against Blaine's, letting him feel that, yes, he was also ready and wanted more. But not here, not now.

"Blaine," he said, pulling back but gasping when Blaine began to mouth at his neck, sucking at the point right under his ear which always made Kurt go crazy. Kurt leaned back, and tilted his head so that he found Blaine's lips and kissed him for a while.

"I know," Blaine breathed and their eyes met. "We have to go back, this can wait til we get home, just one more hour."

Blaine nodded, then giggled, when Kurt kissed his nose and they left the restroom together and went back to the party. They held hands as they saw Mercedes on the stage, dancing with the girls. Kurt joined his old friends along with Blaine, and smirked when some of them squealed about how handsome and adorable he was. Then they made their rounds to say goodbye to their close friends, explaining they had some stuff to do the next day. The hug Mercedes gave him made it hard to breath, but he smiled and nodded his head and kissed her cheek, and then they left.

Though they both were exhausted, Kurt still felt horny from their make out in the restroom. Blaine obviously was too, because it was he who dragged Kurt to their bedroom and undressed them. He sighed when the leather was off, grinned at his boyfriend who pulled him down on top and kissed him deep and dirty, still tasting like sweet alcohol.

"Kurt, please," Blaine whimpered, opening his legs and pulling him down, right where he wanted him.

"Okay," Kurt whispered, and reached out for the lube and a condom, not wanting to be messy tonight. He made it a quick task because he knew was impatient himself. His cock had been half hard for the past two hours and he just wanted to feel his boyfriend around him.

Pouring the lube on his fingers, he felt for Blaine's entrance, ran it over his pucker two, three times and then slipped one inside, slowly as to not hurt his boyfriend. Sex became an important activity for them. It was not only their way to connect and an addiction – because having sex with a soul mate was so much better – it was also something they thought they needed. After all, the crack still existed and just refused to heal. Kurt didn't want to worry about it, and fortunately he didn't. Not yet, at least.

With three fingers inside his boyfriend, Blaine was moaning and begging for more, which was still new for Kurt, but he was happy and proud that sex was no longer an issue for them. Blaine trusted him, and he trusted Blaine. Slowly he pulled his fingers out, rolled the condom over his hard cock, and positioned himself between Blaine's legs. Letting the head of his cock rest against Blaine's hole, he watched his boyfriend, saw the small nod, and slowly pushed inside. It was always like coming home. Blaine accepted him, opened up for him, and wanted Kurt deeper and deeper, wanted to feel him everywhere, and Kurt wanted the same. He never wanted to feel anyone else inside him, or around him.

"I swear... fuck... you are bigger than usual. Or I'm just drunk and think it's so."

"I guess second," Kurt breathed, and stilled when he was completely inside Blaine.

They waited, breathed in sync, and then Kurt began to move in and out, first slowly, then faster because he knew this wouldn't take long. They'd been waiting for hours to finally have sex with each other and the anticipation had been too much. Of course that didn't mean they were less loving towards each other. He still smiled, still bent down to kiss Blaine while they moved together, faster, deeper and eventually they came together, as their orgasm ran through their bodies.

Panting, waiting to come down from their high, he kept his lips against Blaine's, kissing him lazily and listening to their hearts slow down.

"God... I thought I was gonna come before we got home," Blaine whispered against Kurt's cheek, and made him giggle while he rolled the condom off and threw it into the trash.

"That would have been gross for you, running around in sticky pants," Kurt smirked, kissed Blaine's cheek and then stood up to get something to clean them up. Once they were clean and feeling sated and sleepy, he rested his head on Blaine's chest, wrapped his arms and legs around his boyfriend and sighed happily.

"You can be such a kid sometimes."

"I'm a cuddle whore, not a kid, and I demand my post-sex cuddles."

Blaine chuckled softly, making Kurt feeling warm and happy whenever he made that adorable noise. At times like these he didn't even feel the crack, or thought about it. Kurt just enjoyed the way Blaine fit so perfectly against his body, and in his arms. Blaine fit so perfectly with everything that Kurt was.

After their lazy Sunday, came Monday, which was the beginning of Blaine's second year at college and the end of their summer break. Well, at least for Blaine, but not for Kurt. Blaine left early in the morning, kissed Kurt good morning and also goodbye. He didn't like that, being all alone in their bed, but reality called his boyfriend back. An hour later, Kurt stood up, took a shower and made himself some coffee, while watching the news. Usual drama, the usual lies, and then he listened closely when the celebrity news came on. Luckily there was nothing about him, just as expected. People stopped talking about them after a month and left them alone. Kurt also made sure to not be recognized in public, and he and Blaine preferred to just be lazy little fucks at home.

This was over now, he knew it, and he wished he was with Blaine to make sure he was doing okay. His story was out, people knew they were boyfriends and they both knew how rude some people were and how some could use Blaine or Kurt. He didn't want that, but he trusted Blaine to say something if this ever happened. Blaine was smart, old enough to know what was right and what was wrong, and if he didn't, Kurt hoped Blaine would ask him. He truly needed to stop treating him like a little boy, and more like an adult, but he couldn't help himself for being worried about his love.

Blaine went through so much in the past three years. He had lost his mother when he was born, lost his father when he needed him the most, and met the wrong people who treated him like he was nothing. Jesse tried to rape Blaine, his stepmother tried to blackmail them, and of course Kurt himself, who treated Blaine so badly and then worried him sick. He still felt all of this deep in his bones, but thankfully they were doing better with each passing day.

That's why he was not worried about their crack. Maybe they needed to get over all of the stuff that had happened, and then their crack would start to heal. At least, that was the explanation Kurt came up with. The past several weeks were like a honeymoon, filled with love and cuddles, with sex and conversation. With each passing day they became closer and closer, so he figured that it had to be something else that prevented the crack from healing. Doctor Stephens agreed with Kurt's theory although they had no evidence to its validity. But, it was the only explanation they had.

Around midday he met Mercedes and Elliott, and felt super excited. Mercedes was ready to look for her wedding dress as their wedding was only two months away, and Kurt and Elliott both wanted her to wear the most beautiful dress ever. Smiling bright and happy like a Christmas tree, he greeted Mercedes when she and Elliott arrived at his place to pick him up.

"He looks more excited than I am," Mercedes remarked, and Elliott wiggled his eyebrows.

"You know how he feels about weddings and clothes. But, you're right, he looks like he is going to shop for his own wedding."

Kurt rolled his eyes playfully and climbed into the backseat.

"You think he'd be happy and calm, but I already see him freaking out and yelling at every person around him," smirked Mercedes, and both of his friends ended up snickering about that. It was not even far from the truth, Kurt saw himself acting exactly like that.

"And you'll help me, so the chances are high that I'll yell at you guys."

"You love us way too much to actually yell at us," said Mercedes as Elliott drove. Kurt grinned at her and then leaned back.

An hour later, they arrived at a shop for wedding gowns and climbed out of the car. He noticed how excited Mercedes was, how she breathed in and out to calm her nerves and they both squeezed her shoulder, trying to reassure her. Inside, they were greeted by a young woman who asked if they needed her help. Mercedes said yes, and followed the lady around, wanting to make the first round on her own. Elliott and Kurt sat down on the seats next to the dressing rooms, and waited. Kurt pulled his phone out, sent Blaine a text to make sure he was doing okay, and let him know where he was.

They agreed to break their connection when Blaine went back to college, so he didn't feel how Blaine felt, and even though Kurt didn't like that, he knew it would become a necessity when he went back to work. Feeling what the other felt was distracting, and sometimes exhausting but, more over, not helpful when Kurt worked. Whenever he got into a character he suppressed his own feelings to really focus on his role, and he needed Blaine to do the same.

"Martin proposed to me," Elliott exclaimed, and Kurt needed several seconds to comprehend what his friend had just said.

"Martin... wait. What?!"

His phone was forgotten, he forgot his boyfriend for that moment, and his mouth hung open, eyes wide open, and stared at his friend. What was this about all of his friends getting engaged, married, God, probably even planning a family.

"Martin proposed. He asked me yesterday but I didn't want to say anything about it just yet. It's Mercedes' day, her wedding is happening in two months. I really don't want to... you know, ruin it or something," explained Elliott, but Kurt could tell there was more.

Usually his friend would have been smirking, blushing, being so happy that other people got sick of it. He was not that kind of happy.

"I would say congrats but I see that something is... not exactly right?"

Elliott sighed, looked around to make sure Mercedes was far away enough to not hear them talking. She wouldn't even if she was right next to them. Kurt saw how all her focus was on the dresses and her hands feeling the fabric and looking at the cut and details.

"I'm not sure if he was serious. We were still a bit drunk and then he went down on one knee, almost fell and then he asked me, showed me the ring and I said yes because I was drunk."

"Oh," breathed Kurt, and understood why Elliott was not happy about that. Any drunk action most likely happened on impulse, a need, inhibition broken. Kurt knew what stupid things people could do when they were drunk, he did some himself and watched his friends do it as well.

"Did you guys talk about it?"

"Not yet. After he proposed we had sex and were all in love and making promises. When I woke up he was already gone. I didn't text him and he didn't text me. Everything feels just... I don't even know."

"But... you want to, right?" Kurt asked and rested his hand on Elliott's shoulder, not wanting to see his friend so worried and helpless.

"Of course. We are soul mates after all, meant to be together, but it's more than that. I love him with my whole being, so, of course I want to. The proposal was just... it was not the right time to do it."

No, when Kurt thought about a proposal he imagined something romantic, something meaningful, something that had been thought over and planned many times. A little speech, a little something special and from or for the person he loved deeply. A drunken proposal, yeah, this would have left him insecure as well.

"I understand you, Elliott. I'd feel the same way."

"Right?" Kurt saw the hope in Elliott's eyes, mixed with relief that someone understood him. "I just... needed to get this out. I know we'll have to talk about it, but I couldn't keep this to myself any longer."

"As if I never come to you and cry over my life."

Kurt smiled and pulled Elliott into a hug, saying that it will be alright. He knew it would be because they were in love, they were perfect for each, and they were soulmates. Sooner or later they would figure things out, just like he and Blaine did.

"Boys!" Mercedes called out for them and they both stood up, passed the dressing rooms and saw their friend holding three dresses in her arms.

"What do you think?"

They didn't find the perfect dress so they went to two other shops, but still nothing. It was not like Mercedes was picky. She just wanted to have this 'wow' moment, and Kurt didn't like any of the dresses they found either. It was either too long, too much or not enough. They agreed to meet again in two days, Kurt was more than happy when he was back home. His feet hurt from all the

walking, his mind presenting him a horror show of ugly dresses, and his mouth dry and stomach empty.

He send a text to Blaine to see if he was up for take out, and asked Blaine if he could bring some Thai home. The answer was yes, and Kurt smiled over that, looking forward to an evening with his soulmate and Thai food. He changed into his pajamas, made himself some tea, and smiled when he heard the door being pushed open.

"Welcome home!" he cheered, and smiled even more when their eyes met. Both men looked equally exhausted.

"Hey," beamed Blaine, and put the plastic bag with their food on the coffee table. "Did you guys find a dress?"

"Not yet. They weren't perfect so we'll go again on Thursday," Kurt replied, and walked into the living room, watched Blaine take his shoes off, leaving his bag next to the door of Kurt's former office. He put his cup down next to their food, and wrapped his arms around Blaine's neck and stood right in front of him, asking for a kiss.

"How was your day?" Kurt asked, although he couldn't find a reason to be worried or any sign that Blaine's day had been hell. He just looked exhausted.

"Good, I guess," sighed Blaine. "But, let me change and eat before we talk about that."

Kurt nodded and kissed Blaine one more time before he went to their bedroom to change. Kurt pulled the boxes out of the bag, placed the chopsticks next to each, and sat down, turning the TV on to have some noise in the background. When Blaine came back, he was also in his pajamas and his hair was a mess of curls. He let himself fall on the couch right next to Kurt, accepted his box of food. They ate for a while, listened to the woman on TV talking about hair styles.

"So, tell me. I'm dying to know," Kurt said after he swallowed.

"It was okay. They mainly asked me if it's true that you're my soulmate and boyfriend, and some even asked for an autograph. Like, I didn't even know what to say."

Kurt stopped eating, taken aback by Blaine's words. His famous status never was an issue for them and Blaine already told him that he would support Kurt no matter what. Although he knew it was almost impossible, Kurt didn't want people to disturb Blaine who was simply a music student, and still recovering from all the things that had happened.

"It made me proud-"

"What?" Kurt interrupted, and didn't catch what Blaine said as he was busy with his own thoughts.

"I said it made me pretty proud but it was still... weird."

"Proud?"

Blaine made a funny face and nudged Kurt's knee with his own.

"Are you even listening?"

"Sorry, I was just... worried. I don't want people to bother you because of me."

Blaine smiled, warm and soft and Kurt wondered – like many many times – how he got so lucky to have such a supportive boyfriend. Although he was young, still in college, still figuring out

what he wanted to do and be, Blaine understood. Simply understood.

"I said I'm proud of you. People love you and see your talent and some asked me questions about your future plans and about your movie which I couldn't even answer, but they knew. I mean, yeah, it's not really helpful when you want to focus on what your teacher is saying. But, it doesn't make me feel less proud of you."

His heart swelled with love, almost burst in his chest, and he leaned over, kissed Blaine's nose because he couldn't reach his lips. The younger giggled, even blushed, and it was a good sign that they still could make each other blush like teenagers.

"If you want to I can ask Nina to find a bodyguard or something for you."

"They were just asking stuff. It's not like they were, you know, calling me stuff or anything. That was surprising to be honest. I was almost sure they'd say something about my past."

"Well, I made it clear why and how so they should back off," Kurt said and was surprised himself. People like to call other people out and point out their mistakes. That this could happen to Blaine was one of the worries he had when he thought about their summer break being over. He also knew, that just because today no one said anything to Blaine, didn't mean it couldn't happen in the future.

"I'm a big boy, Kurt. I'll handle it."

Kurt looked up, stared at the wide eyes Blaine made.

"Huh? I didn't say anything."

"You don't need to. I see it when you're worried. You either walk around like mad man and mutter things under your breath, or you simply stare down, lost in your thoughts."

Then Blaine smirked, and Kurt made a funny face. Still, knowing that Blaine could read his face without feeling what Kurt felt was a huge sign for him. They were different than other soulmates. Their connection was deeper and let them both feel not only intense happiness, but also the intense pain, also small things that didn't control their soul and body. So, it made Kurt so happy to know that Blaine could also read him and he could also read Blaine. Not always, but he became better and better.

"Martin called me today. He said he proposed to Elliott while they were drunk."

"Yeah, Elliott told me that, too. Then they had amazing sex and didn't see each other after that. Some adults we are."

Blaine chuckled around his mouthful of chicken, swallowed and said: "They're going to be fine. I think all this Mercedes and Sam getting married stuff influences us all."

Kurt nodded and they both fell into a comfortable silence and finished their food. After that they cleaned up together and cuddled on the couch, pretending to watch some reality TV show. Blaine's head was resting on his chest, while Kurt thought about his friends. One was going to be married soon, and the other two were probably engaged at this point. It was not surprising that all of this was happening. They were all in their twenties, working, living with their partners, and he knew this day would come sooner or later.

Almost two years ago he often imagined attending his friend's wedding – while, of course, planning his own just for fun. He imagined him being all happy, smiling so hard that his cheeks hurt, and probably even crying at some point. But, he never imagined himself being there with a

partner. Back then he was sure he would take some guy with him, or just go alone. Now, everything has changed and he was a soulmate, together with his soulmate, and loved him more than anything. They were going to be together at Mercedes' wedding, drinking and dancing and probably thinking about their own wedding.

Kurt did that a lot in the past few weeks. He wanted to get married, exchange vows of love and promises with Blaine, but he didn't say that out loud. There was still so much to do, to figure out and Blaine, he was just nineteen, a college student, and still getting used to his new life. With a partner, with a home, enough money and his brother was back. Kurt wanted to wait for him, wait for the right moment. Because he was ready, he wanted to spend the rest of his life together with Blaine.

"How's Blaine?" Cooper asked while he sat in Kurt's kitchen, holding a cup in his hands and their script resting on the table. Kurt invited him over to get through their script. First, because he had nothing else to do, but some interviews and second, because his birthday was coming, and after that Mercedes' wedding.

"Some of his classmates know me and ask him questions. Nothing private, not yet. But he enjoys studying and is pretty damn good. Have you heard him sing?"

Cooper grinned, a proud look on his face: "When he was little, yeah. He used to play the piano and sing whenever he felt like it. His dad was a horrible musician, we always laughed with him about that."

Kurt smiled and imagined a little Blaine with a bow tie, tiny fingers dancing over the keys of a piano, and singing all the songs he knew. Cooper, younger than he was now, teasing his brother, but smiling proudly. He had no idea what Blaine's father looked like, but a proud smile was a proud smile. The one only a father could give his child.

"Blaine said his dad was amazing," said Kurt, and joined Cooper at the table, holding his own cup in his hands and drinking the coffee slowly.

"He was," Cooper sighed, and looked into the distance, probably chasing memories, good ones if his smile was anything to go by. "Patrick was such a good guy and always told me how much Blaine looked like his mother. He has her hair and eyes, but his nose is totally from him. He also dresses and talks like his father. It's such a loss that he's no longer alive."

"Blaine said it was a car accident."

"It was. I wasn't there when it happened, and I only know what Blaine told me. You know, I always thought my mother was behind this. But, to be honest, I was just an angry young man who hated his mother."

Kurt nodded slowly pushing the thought of Cooper's mother far away and focusing on something else.

"Do you have any old photos? From Blaine and his mother and father?"

"Doesn't Blaine?" asked Cooper with raised eyebrows.

"No. When he left he only took what he needed and nothing else. I don't know if he ever wants to go back there, and I don't know where he used to live. I just... I think it would be good for him to have something here."

Kurt told Cooper about Blaine's 18th birthday and how he lit up two candles and said he needed

that so it felt like his parents were there with them. He remembered that moment so clearly, and it still made his heart feel all these sad things, tugging at it, and making it hard to breath.

"Maybe, I'm not sure. But I can go back to our old house, my mother still lives there. I'm sure I'll find something."

Kurt smiled and nodded. He'd noticed this when they visited his dad, how Blaine stared at the pictures of little Kurt with his mother and always made this sad face, but didn't let Kurt feel anything. He didn't need to, Kurt would have never asked for Blaine to open up about that or let him feel what he felt. This was something private, dear to him and he knew it way too well. All the things he felt for his mother, how he missed her, he didn't let Blaine feel that, too. Some things were only just for Kurt to feel.

"Thank you."

"You're welcome. Now, let's focus on-"

A knock on Kurt's door cut Cooper off, and Kurt stood up, not remembering if he was expecting someone to come over. It was also highly impossible that it was Blaine, he had his own key. As he opened the door he was greeted by Sebastian's smirk, the one Blaine described as a weasel-smirk.

"Sebastian, hey. What-"

"You've got a stalker, Mister Hummel."

Kurt's jaw dropped, mouth open, but then he shook his head to get the control back over his face.

"I've what?"

"A stalker and a pretty smart one," said Sebastian and walked inside.

Chapter End Notes

Hey guys! It's December! Which means, I'll start posting and writing on One Vow. I've almost finishes my other fic 'Keeping Warm' so 'One Vow' will take its place from now on. I try to post as many times as possible (I have another fic I'm writing rn, too, it's called 'Fragile Dream' and it's really a fic I enjoyed planning and enjoy writing - my heart always breaks when I think about it.) However, welcome and let the journey begin :)

Theories

Chapter Notes

Hey there! Glad to see some of you guys back! And thank you for reviews and support, I really hope to not disappoint you guys here. If you have wishes, ideas, want something to know about them or whatever, let me know!

Chapter 3. Theories

Kurt stepped aside and made room for Sebastian to walk inside, a folder under his arm, and a smirk on his face. He stopped asking himself why Sebastian smirked at moments that were not really funny at all. That was just typical Sebastian, and though he seemed rude, too honest and even weird, he did an amazing job for Kurt. Throughout the whole Jesse story, Sebastian supported them and that was enough to convince Kurt that he could trust him. Blaine, however, still had his doubts about Sebastian.

"Hey, Cooper," grinned Sebastian, as he walked into the kitchen.

"Hello Seb. Did I hear this correctly? Kurt has a stalker?" asked Cooper, and grinned as he and Sebastian shook hands.

"I don't know what there is to smile about, Cooper," Kurt said as he joined them, pointing to the coffee machine as he looked at Sebastian who nodded. He took another mug, filled it with coffee, and still processed what Sebastian said. A stalker? Like, a bad one? He didn't question Sebastian, he had been right in the past, so he wondered what kind of stalker this was.

"Come on, Kurt. It's like, when you have a stalker, that means you made it to the big time," sighed Sebastian as he sat down next to Cooper.

"You do know that they can be dangerous? I'm not really excited about being scared about my life or Blaine's," he complained, and handed Sebastian his cup.

"Don't worry. He doesn't know where you live nor does he plan to visit you."

"How do you know that?" Kurt exclaimed and questioned how he could possibly know that. One, because he never had a stalker, two, because he had no idea how Sebastian even found him, and three, he wanted to have a silent, private life with his adorable soulmate, and not worry about some crazy person ruining it.

"He...well, I know he's a man because he also talks a lot about his gay life, and he isn't out and proud - he has a tumblr blog where he posts about you. Says how much he enjoys your movie, and your talent. I said stalker because he has private pictures of you and Blaine in a restaurant," Sebastian explained, and handed Kurt his phone with snap shots from that blog. "You and Blaine at his College, and walking through the street. It's actually harmless, and you two have nothing to hide. But still, I thought you should know this."

Kurt read a few sentences, filled with compliments about how he supported Blaine, how good he was at his first movie, that the person couldn't wait to see more of him. It sounded like a casual fan, nothing to be really worried about. However, knowing that someone took pictures of him and

posted them on a blog with his name tagged, well, that was nothing too unusual, but it was weird. He used to do the same thing, do research about his favorite musicians or actors, but he never took private pictures of them and posted them.

"Do I need to be worried?" Kurt asked, and gave Cooper the phone so he could see it for himself.

"Nah, not really. You and Blaine are his idols and he is rather one of those good stalkers."

"Stalkers?" asked Kurt, eyes wide.

"Fans, stalkers, it's the same, right?"

He exchanged a look with Cooper, both knew it wasn't the same, but Sebastian could be, well, weird sometimes, and tended to downplay things. For the first few weeks it was confusing, but then once he got to know him better, saw how well he worked, he just couldn't say no any longer. Blaine wasn't happy about it, but he accepted that Sebastian was an amazing PA.

"However, I think you should be aware that people notice you, take photos and post them. You two should be careful. I'm not saying don't kiss in public or anything, but just be careful. I know you're crazy soulmates who are probably never tired of touching each-"

"Seb, please, you are talking about my baby brother, I don't need those images," Cooper shuddered and made a worried face. No, no one wanted to imagine his sibling having sex. Even Kurt almost blushed.

"Right, sorry. Anyway, keep that in mind. This guy is a simple fan or so it seems, but not every person is. Some might get weird ideas and try to do something bad. That's why I'm here, actually. Yesterday I was checking your tag, and besides some homophobes and idiots, you have really lovely fans. Still, those who are kind of suspicious made me think about a bodyguard."

Kurt expected to be surprised or find this thought silly and unnecessary, but it did make sense. It was just the logical step when someone became famous, and even more famous with time. It was part of his job, and though he never wanted to lose his privacy or be famous and recognized on the street, it was expected. Just like becoming a father meant to take responsibility, like going to school meant to deal with other people and do homework. He loved his fans, he loved his job, but some parts of it he didn't like.

"Seb is right, though," said Cooper and broke the silence while they were waiting for Kurt to say something. "It's better to have someone around you when you're out. Some people can be pretty crazy and follow you around everywhere. I once had a fan who was pregnant and said the baby was mine. It was crazy and scary. Then another who was following me around and got pretty mad at me for not paying enough attention."

Kurt listened, nodded, and read some stories about crazy fans – or stalkers – but the media loved to make things up, and PR was also pretty powerful. So, whatever he read, he took it with a grain of salt. Cooper was his friend and Blaine's brother, and he knew he certainly wouldn't lie to him

"I've dealt with stalkers, too. You know I was once an intern PA for a celebrity and believe me, they can come up with some pretty crazy shit."

"So you think a bodyguard would not be... like, too much?"

"No, not at all. Nina also suggested it, and you know her. She doesn't just do things without thinking through all of the details and considering all the options."

The thought of a bodyguard, of stalkers and crazy fans... this didn't sit well to Kurt. He really just

wanted to be an actor and do his job. But, he needed his fans, he loved his fans so, if this was something he needed to do, then he had no real choice. Also, he wanted to be safe and more than anything, he wanted to keep Blaine safe. His soulmate was the one who went to college, dealt with people there, with fans, friends and haters. Kurt on the other hand, didn't have to do that anymore.

"What about Blaine? Can we get a bodyguard for him, too?"

"Does he need one? Did something happen?" Cooper asked and the worry slowly crept over his face.

"No... but you know how people are, and he still is a college student and always outside around people. I just want him to be safe, too, when I'm not around."

"That's no problem," smiled Sebastian.

"A bodyguard?" asked Mercedes, when they were sitting in her kitchen and eating dinner. Blaine sat right next to Kurt, and stared at him because he was just as surprised as Mercedes was.

"I think it's good. Kurt's famous after all," Sam said, and shoved another spoonful of food into his mouth. That distracted Kurt for a moment, but then he looked back to Mercedes.

"Yeah. I mean, people are crazy, right? You know all the stories about celebrities dealing with stalkers and stuff."

"Do you have a stalker?" asked Blaine. They hadn't had a chance to talk about that because they just met up right there at Mercedes place after Blaine's long day. Thursday was Kurt's least favorite day of the week because Blaine was gone for so long and he had too much free time. But, he was not going to complain about that. November would be crazy and he already hated the thought of leaving Blaine for a whole month.

"Not really. Sebastian came over today and showed me some photos some guy took. Not that he was stalking me or anything. He was just at the right place at the right time. However, Nina and Sebastian think it's the right time to do that before something happens."

He felt Blaine's hand wrap around his, holding it tight, as if to show that he was worried, but also here for Kurt. He smiled at his soulmate, his beautiful, brave soulmate. One look into those golden eyes, and he just wanted to lean over and kiss him for hours.

"I think the sooner the better," said Sam.

"Yeah, of course but... wow. This is getting real," said Mercedes, and wore an melancholic expression. "You are becoming famous and successful. Sam and I are getting married. Elliott and Martin are also on their way to being engaged. Blaine is one of the best students at his school, and finally has a home and someone who loves him and he loves."

Blaine blushed just slightly, and pressed his face against Kurt's arm, being the adorable person he was. Kurt used this chance to drop a kiss onto Blaine's head and squeeze his soulmate's hand under the table before he looked back to Mercedes and Sam.

"I guess I'll do it then. Which doesn't mean I like the idea but... my privacy is gone, huh?"

Kurt knew that this would happen anyway. He knew what it meant to be an actor and be in the public eye. He had thought about it, read interviews with other celebrities, and tried to prepare himself for this. Little did he know how true it would be. He loved his fans, he needed his fans

to keep this job, but he loved his privacy and Blaine more.

"You still have your home, and you still have places to go where no one will find you two," assured Mercedes and Kurt just nodded, not wanting to talk about this anymore. Well, not with Mercedes and Sam, because he needed to talk about it with Blaine.

After dinner and some small talk, they hugged their friends good bye and welcomed the chilly atmosphere of a September night in New York. The usual city life surrounded them. People walking home, going out to eat with friends, cars trying to navigate through traffic. Kurt's eyes fell on a couple across the street, smiling stupidly at each other, while the guy clung to the arm of his boyfriend. Two simple people in love not worrying about strangers taking pictures of them, making up stories, starting rumors. No one who would invade their privacy.

He wished he could just do the same. Walk around this city with Blaine's hand in his without being worried. He wished no one would just take pictures of them and think it was okay just because Kurt was famous. More over, he wanted Blaine to have a normal life. He wanted him to go to school, have his college experience, and not have crazy people following him around.

"Kurt?" it was Blaine's voice and hand that dragged him out of his thoughts. He looked at him, smiled and took Blaine's hand into his. This was a part of New York where he felt comfortable and wasn't afraid of people following them around and he really, really wanted to give Blaine some simplicity. People knew they were together, knew some of the things Blaine went through, so even if someone took pictures it wouldn't be a big deal. They were no secret.

"Tell me about your day," he said, and felt how Blaine's worries decreased, if just for that moment. It was a silent conversation between them, between soulmates. Without saying it his boyfriend understood that here, outside, and not in the safety of their home was not the right place to talk about stalkers, fans, his job. They walked together for a while, Blaine told Kurt about his day and how he was invited to a party – which Blaine never went to not even after a year. If Blaine went somewhere, it was with Kurt and their friends, or alone with Charlie.

But, he always talked about his friends at school, how they supported and helped him and, apparently, wanted him to party with them. Yet, Blaine always said no, came back home to Kurt and never let Kurt think that he was unhappy about that. Maybe he was hiding those feelings, maybe he wanted to go out and have a college life. Kurt didn't know and he was a bit scared to ask, because all he wanted was to give Blaine everything he needed and wanted.

Once they got back home, he was so exhausted that he considered just falling on the couch and sleeping. He would have done that if their bed hadn't been so comfortable. But the evening wasn't over yet, he knew that.

"So, what about this stalker stuff. Is it true? Is someone following you around?" Blaine asked as he changed into his pajamas just as Kurt did.

"I can't really say I have a stalker. It's just a person who was, well, at the right place at the right time and just recognized me and took some pictures. It didn't happen once, but more times. Which is not really surprising when I think about it. We've been out a lot and I do walk around the city because of work so... I'm not really worried."

Blaine climbed on the bed, onto the right side which was his, and Kurt followed when he was done changing.

"How did you find that out?"

"Sebastian did. He came over today and showed me what fans write on Tumblr and Facebook

and other social media sites. It's his job, too, and that's why he and Nina came up with the bodyguard idea."

There it was again, the frown on Blaine's face whenever Sebastian's name came up, and Kurt just smiled, kissed Blaine's cheek as he lay down and waited for Blaine to do the same.

"Maybe he's the stalker, you know?" said Blaine, and looked serious which made the older snort.

"Blaine, please... I know you don't like him and I understand why. But he is not interested and neither am I. I love you and I'm your soulmate. No one can come between us."

"I know he can't," and Kurt knew that just because Blaine said it didn't mean he believed in what being a soulmate meant – he never did, and maybe never would: "I just... I don't even know. There are probably tons of people like Sebastian. You know... like fans, people who dream about you. So, I don't even know. It shouldn't bother me."

"Well," Kurt began, and pulled Blaine closer as he lay down: "Just trust me, Blaine. We are soulmates, meant to be together, and no one can come between us. You know that no one can, my body won't allow it."

"I know," sighed Blaine, the old long sigh because he knew what Kurt was talking about. He knew it better than Kurt and he probably always would. The many, many nights strangers tried to kiss him, do more with him, but his body fought against them. The many nights Blaine did things he didn't like, but had to do although it hurt him and their connection. Kurt didn't need to convince Blaine about that, only that they were meant to be and would always find a way back to each other. Just like Elliott and Martin did. Just like Sam and Mercedes.

"Maybe, you could try to believe in all of this?" asked Kurt after moments of silence.

"Kurt," Blaine breathed, and his eyes never left Kurt's when he said: "I can't do that. This is not me. One day I'll do something wrong, you'll do something wrong, and it won't be something we can forgive."

"You really think that?"

Blaine just stared, silent and then said: "I don't know, Kurt. I know I love you and that I want to be with you. But... we both know we can't control everything, right?"

Of course he was right, just like Kurt didn't choose to have a stalker or crazy fans, and yet he had them. Many things had happened that they both never wanted to happen. However, Kurt was sure that they could handle everything. Soulmates or not, although, knowing they were soulmates gave him even more reasons to believe they would.

"I know we can't. But I still believe we can handle everything. We've been through so much already, that's why I know it."

Blaine then only smiled and Kurt knew what this meant. A smile to end this conversation and with a promise of 'let's wait and see'.

It never really bothered Kurt that Blaine didn't believe in soulmates. He didn't want to act like some obnoxious religious person and force him to agree with him and believe in the same thing. After everything Blaine went through it was just normal to have doubts, even some walls built up inside himself so Blaine could keep himself together and safe. Kurt knew how important walls were and that he had some as well, but not towards Blaine. He was open for him, and trusted him without a single doubt. It was easy for him, but not for his boyfriend. That's why he decided to

give Blaine the time so he could see for himself that Kurt had no intentions of ever leaving him.

That didn't mean that it hurt him at some point. Yes, Blaine had been through so much, but Kurt had also been there for him and helped him. Whatever he did after their fight, he made sure to make Blaine feel safe and loved. He even made a public statement about everything, punched Jesse, paid for Blaine's school before he got the money his father had left for him. No, Blaine didn't owe him anything, and he never would. But, didn't he understand why Kurt did it? He cared and loved him so much, he did everything to show Blaine that, and make it clear that he would never leave him.

Blaine understood that, Kurt was sure he knew that and saw it. His boyfriend was smart, understanding and taught Kurt so much about people. He still couldn't manage to show Blaine that he was serious about them, and had no plans to ever leave him. Time, Kurt thought, time.

He used his day off to read something, not wanting to talk about stalkers and bodyguards just yet. He promised Nina he'd come over tomorrow and talk about it, even meet some guys who may be right for that job, or perhaps even women. Yes, he'd prefer to have a woman as a bodyguard. At some point he fell asleep and woke up to sweet lips kissing him awake. He hummed before he even opened his eyes. Their connection was humming its melody, filling with warmth and light. Opening his eyes, he met the golden orbs, shining with so much and then he felt something coming from Blaine. It was excitement, but not the kind he felt when they made out or before they had sex.

"I have news for you," he smiled, pulling back so Kurt could sit up.

"Something good I suppose?"

The smile on Blaine's lips, wide eyes shining with some disbelief, and his breath was a bit faster, probably holding the words back before he blurted them out.

"You know I've been working on some songs."

Kurt nodded.

"And Jack said he really likes them and asked me to accompany him on his little tour and play with his orchestra, but also play my own songs."

Kurt's mouth hung open. Yes, he knew Blaine was working on something and he heard some of the melodies he had been composing for the past few weeks. He never heard the whole thing, but some parts, and he really loved what he had heard. Not because he loved Blaine, but because what he created was amazing.

"Oh my God! Blaine!" Kurt smiled, eyes wide open, and saw his boyfriend blushing.

"You want that? I mean, I know how much you enjoy writing music so, this will be good for you."

"Yeah, it would be," his smile became weaker and Kurt felt the conflict inside of Blaine: "But I'm not sure yet. I'd really like to, but I don't want to become famous or anything. *I just...* want to write music for movies or TV shows. Anything."

"Well, you can stay in the background if you want to. No one will force you to become a public person."

"But if I say yes I'll be away from you. You'll go back to work in November. This time in L.A. and you'll be there until before Christmas. Then you'll go back again and suddenly it'll be March

and I'll be gone for weeks."

Oh, that was why Blaine felt conflicted, and Kurt completely understood why. Being away from Blaine was torture and since the mental breakdown he had, they never were separated again. However, they had to meet each other regardless. The laws for soulmates said that they had to see each other when necessary, and once a month at the very least.

"Don't worry about that. You know we'll see each other at least once a month, and whenever we need to. We both won't make the same mistake again. I mean it, Blaine," he added, because he already felt Blaine wanting to say something against it. Probably something along the lines that this was Kurt's job and he didn't want to be a burden to Kurt.

"Look, think about it, and then you'll tell me what you want to do, okay? Just know that I'll support you whatever you decide to do. But, let me tell you this. I love you, and I know you love me, but you also love what you do. Doing what you love is the best thing that can happen to you so, keep that in mind. I support you no matter what."

Blaine was smiling again, moving closer to press a kiss against Kurt's lips and let the little spark of happiness run through their connection. Yes, this was good, thought Kurt. At least Blaine believed in that.

"What... about the crack?" whispered Blaine, and looked out from under his eyelashes as he ducked his head.

"Let's hope it heals until then, hmm? I think we just need... more time and let the past rest."

That was their only hope. The only clue they had.

Wedding Part 1

Chapter Notes

Hey guys! For those who enjoy Christmas: Merry Christmas (bc it's still the 26th here) for all the people who don't enjoy Christmas (like me) I hope this chapter will give you a reason to be happy. This is the first part of the wedding. Well not exactly, but it ends with the wedding. The next part will be the party and we'll see what will happen there :)

Chapter 4. Wedding Part 1

On his 27th birthday, Kurt Hummel woke up to the most amazing blow job. Not that all the other blow jobs Blaine gave him were bad, not at all. But that morning it was different. He woke up feeling kisses covering his hard growing cock, to Blaine's tongue leaving kitten licks everywhere, and then he swallowed him down, like he had never done anything else in his life. Kurt kept his eyes closed, moaned shamelessly, and pulled the covers away to see his beautiful soulmate. Curls a mess, lips red, cheeks burning, and eyes meeting his. They were so dark, burning with arousal and love, and it didn't take much for Kurt to come.

But, the blow job was not everything he got that morning. After that they shared a heated kiss, tongues meeting in a teasing game, and when Kurt became hard again, Blaine rode him, with a smirk on his face. Beside the amazing feeling of having Blaine so hot and tight around him that he almost saw stars behind his eyelids, it was good to see him enjoying this as well. Sex became an act of love for Blaine and he no longer felt any shame when they had sex.

After an amazing second orgasm and stroking his boyfriend to one of his own, they took a shower together and ate breakfast. His family came over for one day which was spent at Kurt's place, and later in a restaurant.

Over the next three days he was busy unwrapping gifts from his fans and had no idea where to put all of it. They knew him all way too well, he thought. There were at least 10 bags with his favorite coffee, 20 stuffed animals – mainly puppies – because he had once said that he wanted a puppy but didn't have the time for one, and endless birthday cards with bracelets, drawings or simply sweet words. His fans found it easy to find wonderful gifts for him, while his father told him he had a hard time finding something for his rich son who seemed to have everything.

That did not mean Burt Hummel came empty handed. He and Carole prepared a basket for him with all of the things he loved to eat and drink, along with a pair of pajamas, and a photo album which Blaine and Burt created together. It was filled with pictures from the day Kurt was born, until the last time he and Blaine were together in Lima.

On the first day of October Jack Wendil, Blaine's mentor, held a little concert and chose Blaine as the lead musician for the piano and violin. Kurt was sitting in the first row, smiling proudly and not even trying to hide that or his excitement. Why should he? His boyfriend was on the stage, playing the piano like he had never done anything else in his life, and looking so good in his suit, his bow tie, and curls smoothed down, but not too much. He liked it when Blaine didn't use too much gel.

Beside this, Kurt saw a new side of his boyfriend. Music had always been Blaine's passion, the

thing he loved to do the most – as was acting for Kurt. So he was stunned to see how good Blaine became, how lost he was in every song he played, as he forgot the people around him. Only when the song ended, Kurt noticed how nervous Blaine was as he searched for Kurt's eyes to calm him down. It always worked, and he loved to see what impact he had on Blaine and to feel their connection hum its beautiful melody. He ignored the crack. Whenever he felt it, he just ignored it and focused on them.

The first week of October Blaine was busy with midterms, and Kurt spent a lot of time with Cooper and Elena. Elena was thirty years old, and was playing Kurt's mother in Hilary's movie. She did remind him of his own mother – because she looked a lot like her – and she was insanely talented. When they practiced a specific scene together, Kurt literally saw a different person than who he knew Elena to be. Her whole face changed, her body-language, her voice. It was incredible and he asked her tons of questions about how she was able to do that. Elena just waved it off, her brown eyes sparkling when she said that Kurt was already amazing.

His life became exactly this, learning his scripts with Cooper and Elena, and Blaine studying for his midterms. He was a bit sad about that because he wished he could have more time with his friends and Blaine before he had to leave in November, but this was his job and Blaine needed to learn. Just like his friends needed to work, too. So Kurt focused on that and looked forward to the wedding and slow dancing with his soulmate.

A week before the wedding, Blaine came home and was anything but happy. He was not even angry, just... taken aback. His first thought was that it had to do with Blaine's midterms – but Blaine was smart and always had the best grades. Then he thought that it had something to do with Sebastian, but even that seemed impossible.

"What's wrong?" Kurt asked, when Blaine took his jacket and shoes off. He gave Kurt a wide look and then pressed his lips together and looked away. Oh no, he knew that look, knew that expression. This was what Blaine did when he didn't want to say what was bothering him and tried to pretend that nothing was wrong. Thankfully, their connection let him know the truth.

"I... I wanted to buy a new suit for the winter concert I told you about. But... they didn't want to sell me anything."

"Huh? Why not?" Kurt asked and was confused, but also worried. Usually something like this wouldn't get Blaine so down like it did. He sat up from his comfortable spot on the couch and watched Blaine sit down next to him, head hanging between his shoulders.

"Because they don't sell stuff to prostitutes because we don't need it."

Silence filled the room while Kurt stared at him and comprehended the words.

What the fuck?

"What!?"

Blaine just nodded, looking small and hurt and Kurt had not seen him like this for months. He didn't want to see him like this ever again and he was succeeding to keep him happy and comfortable. Now some people thought it was okay to hurt him?

"Where did that happen?"

"It doesn't matter." Blaine said and Kurt huffed, rolling his eyes as he did so.

"Of course it matters. They can't do that to you or to anyone. This is wrong and I won't let them

get away with it."

"Kurt... you can't change the way some people think. It's impossible. Also, I don't want you to go there because I know you will if I tell you where it happened."

"Of course I will. I'm done with shitty people and I'll call them out when they do something wrong." Kurt said with a scandalized tone in his voice.

"That's why I'm not telling you."

This was Blaine, his soulmate who never wanted to draw any attention to him. Who never wanted to be the center of attention. Blaine who was brave and did what was right, but refused to fight against anyone who did something wrong. Kurt was different, but he understood his boyfriend. However, he didn't understand the people who hurt him.

"If you don't tell people where the line is, they'll cross it over and over again, Blaine."

He huffed again when Blaine stood up and shook his head. With a frown on his face, he turned around to face Kurt again as he spoke.

"I understand that Kurt. But, if you go there it will find its way into some gossip magazine and then more magazines and people will read it, talk about it, maybe some will believe it was the right thing to refuse to sell to me. Some will agree with you, yes. But, in the end, it will cause another gossip storm. I really don't need another one, because then I have to deal with people. I'm a student, I have to go to college, which means they see me and think it's okay to ask me personal things, or judge me all over again. I really don't need that."

"Wait," Kurt exclaimed when Blaine went into the kitchen: "People were actually judging you? You said they didn't when I asked you about college."

Blaine didn't answer right away, he opened the refrigerator and searched for something to eat and drink and when he found something, he waited before looking over his shoulder. His eyes were sad and sorry.

"I didn't want to worry you. It was nothing, actually. Just some stupid people saying stupid stuff. No big deal."

Kurt's heart almost broke when he heard what Blaine said. Once again how he always made sure to not worry Kurt or hurt him. How he'd rather deal with all this shit alone instead of worrying Kurt. It hurt him and made him sad, but this was just Blaine's way to deal with those things. This was Blaine's way to keep Kurt's life as simple as possible. Which it rarely ever was, being a famous actor. However, Kurt was not sure how to feel about that. Should he be moved that Blaine always cared about him, or mad because it felt like Blaine didn't trust him or want his help. Still, yelling was not an option, and neither was fighting about it. Especially because it was bad for their connection.

"Blaine, honey," he said resting his hands on Blaine's shoulder, and placing a kiss behind his ear. "We said we'd handle everything together. I wasn't just saying that, I meant it."

He felt how Blaine's body relaxed under his fingers, but also how he closed their connection so Kurt couldn't feel what he felt. That was okay. He would never say something about that because he knew Blaine needed some privacy. He was his boyfriend, his soulmate and he wanted to treat him with love and acceptance, and not control him and force him to do things.

"Kurt... it will never change. There will always be people who will judge me. You can't... *we can't* fight against them all."

"I know, and we don't have to. But most importantly, we can't allow them to touch us. If they don't understand why, it's not your problem. You're amazing and not what they think you are or what they call you."

Blaine turned around, eyes glassy, meeting Kurt's as he leaned closer and rested his body against his. He opened their connection, let Kurt feel how sorry he was about lying – well, not exactly lying, but hiding things.

"I'm sorry. I just-"

"Don't want to be the reason I get into trouble. I know. But you'll never be responsible for what other people say or do. We are soulmates, boyfriend, in love and happy together, and we'll stay together. Just focus on that."

He had said the exact same words many times. Whenever he thought Blaine needed to hear them or thought it was the right thing to do. It was his way to constantly remind Blaine that there was nothing he had to hide, nothing he had to deal with alone. Kurt would stay right next to him, no matter what.

"I love you, Blaine. That won't change just because of some stupid people or gossip magazines."

"I love you, too."

One day before the wedding, Kurt found himself back in the same exact situation. In the past few days they didn't talk about that incident again, and Blaine was his happy self again, studying and enjoying their time together. But, it all came back one day before Mercedes' wedding. It was late, and they already had gone to bed as Blaine said he didn't want to go, and crushed all Kurt's ideas about slow dancing with Blaine, enjoying this day together with the people he loved, and even dream a little about their own wedding day.

"Why not?" Kurt asked, and sat on the bed across from Blaine who didn't say anything and just looked at Kurt.

"They are our friends, Blaine. It will be awesome and beautiful and fun. We haven't seen them for weeks and we won't be together until after Christmas."

"I know, Kurt. Don't think this is easy for me because it's not."

"Then why? I can't think of a reason why you wouldn't go."

Blaine gave him a look, like as if to say 'isn't it obvious', but Kurt couldn't figure it out and it frustrated him. He let Blaine feel his frustration instead of saying something, scared that he used the wrong tone and made Blaine upset or hurt him.

"There will be people I don't know and who don't know me. What if they'll say something or worse, what if I know one of them because he was my customer?"

"Blaine, they won't. Mercedes' and Sam's friends are good people and they won't judge you or us. Even if they do, you're not alone."

"And what about Sebastian? I really don't need him and his big mouth. Even if there is no one I know or no one who will judge me, *he* will be there."

"Look, as hot as your jealousy is, this is getting ridiculous."

"Ridiculous?!" Blaine exclaimed and his mouth hung open after the words left it.

Yes, Kurt thought it was getting ridiculous. It was still hot and the sex they had afterwards was, too. However, after months Kurt slowly began to think it was completely unnecessary. He loved Blaine, he only wanted Blaine, and Sebastian was just a friend who helped him a lot and did an amazing job. All the comments about his looks – especially his ass, which was Sebastian's favorite thing to mention – got ignored because it didn't matter to him.

"Maybe you can ignore all the stuff he says, but I can't. He knows I hate it and yet, he never stops. In fact, whenever he sees me he acts like this is a game and doesn't shut up."

"Blaine... he is not interested and never will be. I know he can be annoying, but he does an incredible job and if it really bothers you so much then I'll tell him to back off."

"As if he would listen. He probably already has plans for how to steal you away from me."

Kurt couldn't believe what he just said. He couldn't believe they were even having this conversation about something that would never and could never happen. Blaine's lack of belief in what it meant to be a soulmate was slowly becoming a thing that made everything so hard for Kurt. He told Blaine that he loved him every day, he told him he wanted to be with him every day. Yet they were here and still having this conversation.

"Blaine, we are soulmates," he tried again. "Nothing and no one can come between us. There are other soulmates, Mercedes and Elliott are soulmates and even they've had hard times and yet they are together, getting married. There are other soulmates who also went through terrible times but worked it out. Why can't you believe in that when there is so much proof?"

"So, what you're saying is that I should just accept it because we'll be fine after all?"

"That's not what I'm saying, Blaine. But, think about it. I can't be with anyone but you, I can't kiss anyone or have sex with anyone but you. Even if he tries, even if someone tries, they won't be able to do it. My body will fight against it."

"Would you let it happen?"

"What?" Kurt gasped, already knowing what Blaine was asking about.

"Would you let it happen if we weren't soulmates."

"What?! Of course not!"

"Really? Because from what I hear it sounds like you would. You just... rely on our connection, on the fact that we are soulmates, like... it's some guarantee for you. You just smile when he says those things to you and don't do anything, because we'll be okay after all? Sorry but I won't believe in that and I never will."

"Maybe that is the problem, Blaine. Maybe if you'd start to believe me, we wouldn't even have this conversation. Because yes, I do believe and it gives me the strength and the assurance that, whatever happens, we'll figure it out."

"So what? I should lean back and just let everything happen and wait for the moment until we just... figure things out? No matter what will happen?"

This, all of this felt so unreal. How could Blaine accuse him of things he never thought nor wanted to do. How they blamed each other for things they thought were figured out. This was... not them. This was weird and felt weird and he wanted it to stop. As he realized what actually

happened something new happened inside him. Something new happened inside Blaine and they both stared at each other like... they both couldn't believe it. They couldn't.

"Fuck... sorry. I... I don't know what got into me," Blaine said, and let Kurt feel the mess inside him. He rubbed his forehead, clutched his knee and took in a deep breath. "I... I didn't mean that. I know you... you love me and you'd never- I guess I'm just... scared that, because of me something will be ruined. Just like... like in the shop."

"Honey, hey," Kurt whispered when he felt the sadness and saw the tears running down Blaine's cheeks. He moved closer and pulled Blaine into a hug and sighed inwardly when his boyfriend hugged him back, kept him close and tight. "I'm sorry, too and it's okay if you don't believe. I understand why you can't, and I'm sorry for what I've said."

Blaine sobbed against Kurt's shoulder, whispering how sorry he was over and over again.

"It's okay. I'm not mad."

When Blaine calmed down, he pulled back to look into Kurt's eyes and he smiled when Kurt did.

The next morning Kurt was happy to wake up with Blaine in his arms, happy for the little kisses they shared each and every morning. It felt like everything was okay, like last night had never happened. But, he remembered everything and it still felt weird. Really weird. This was the exact thing they shouldn't do. Fight and make each other feel horrible. It was not good for them and not good for their connection. Especially the crack. That morning, when Kurt showered and got ready for the wedding of one of his best friends, he felt for it for the first time.

He felt for the crack, found it in the middle of their connection and it was like touching the sharp side of a knife. Cold, smooth and if he'd dig deeper he was sure it would hurt him. So he stopped, shook the feeling off, and fixed his tie. It would be fine, everything would be fine. One last look into the mirror, and then he turned around to see Blaine, only dressed in his white button up and black suit jacket, boxers and socks, fumbling with his bow tie.

Kurt smiled and went over to Blaine, still feeling the fight from last night in his bones. He didn't like that feeling and wanted it to disappear already.

"Let me help you," he said as he stood in front of Blaine and held the ends of the bow tie in his fingers. They just stared at each other with soft smiles and loving looks. Kurt wished it would always be like this. All sweet and peaceful and no stupid fights. Of course that was not possible, but last night felt terrible and he, just like Blaine, had no idea where all of this came from. He thought they were done with those things. He *hoped* they were done with those things. They obviously weren't and he was more than ready to figure everything out until there were no doubts, no worries left.

"Kiss me," Blaine whispered before Kurt was even done tying the bow tie.

He didn't even think, but just kissed Blaine and not sweet and short. He held Blaine's face as their lips touched, and signaled that he wanted more than just a simple kiss. So he hummed happily when Blaine's tongue found its way into his mouth, and Kurt gave him the same back.

They kissed deeply and passionately until they were both breathless but neither of them were ready to stop. His arousal was growing along with the need for more, and maybe that was a result from last night. The fight made him feel like he was drifting away from Blaine, like they were creating more distance instead of growing together. Which was probably not true because fights were normal for any relationship. Still, it seemed like their bodies and souls needed more than just

kissing.

Kurt was the one who pulled back, panting as he checked the time. They still had an hour, maybe an hour and a half, if the traffic had mercy on them.

"Oh," he moaned when Blaine sucked under his ear and then moaned Kurt's name as he pulled back to see what Kurt was doing.

"We have an hour. Maybe an hour and a half."

That being said, they undressed each other faster than ever before, kissing in between clothes flying, and just being them. Just like it should be.

"I want to feel you inside me," Kurt said, still folding the clothes together because he didn't want to appear like he just had sex, and he didn't want Blaine to appear like that either.

"Okay," Blaine panted, and pulled Kurt back into a kiss while his hand felt for the nightstand to open the drawer.

Usually it was Blaine who bottomed just because he liked it, enjoyed it more than being the top. But only because he still felt uncomfortable with this role of taking control. Control had always been something Blaine disliked, because far too many people had had control over him and his life. Kurt on the other hand, loved it when Blaine gave and he took it. He loved feeling him inside and accepted and wanted everything Blaine decided to give him. He did it in a way no one else did before. There was no need for him to be worried or scared, Kurt thought, because Blaine did everything right. How could he not when all he gave Kurt was love.

He leaned against the wall, moaning as two fingers opened him up, followed by a third and soon it was Blaine's cock, thrusting inside him in the best way possible. He was so thick, filling him up and hitting all the right places so that Kurt always ended up a moaning mess, begging for more. Blaine obeyed, held his hips and pressed him with each thrust closer against the wall. It was fast, it was them being horny idiots, but it was not less perfect. The orgasm was just as amazing as any other, shared through their connection, and when they came down from their high, they both giggled. Kurt against the wall, and Blaine against Kurt's shoulder.

"Shit... you came a lot," Kurt murmured as he felt the come leaking out of his hole.

"Sorry, forgot a condom."

"Mmmh, it's alright. Let's shower again, get dressed and then leave," Kurt said, a blissful smile on his lips as he turned around to kiss Blaine.

When Kurt arrived, Mercedes was going crazy because he was indeed, ten minutes late, and he promised to meet her before everything took place. After a long speech smirking like he had the greatest sex in his life, they finally went to the church and Kurt took his place next to Blaine, smirking at him, and giving him a peck. Elliott whispered 'Oh my God' and rolled his eyes at them.

Then there she stood, his best friend in the most beautiful dress ever, and Kurt, of course, cried. They were happy tears because he had known her for so long and knew what she went through. Now she was marrying the love of her life and looked so happy that he needed to take several pictures of it. She deserved it, Sam did, all his friends and of course Blaine deserved this happiness. He could see it right in front of his eyes. Elliott and Martin getting married, both looking fabulous and equally happy like Mercedes did. Then he saw him and Blaine, all their

worries and troubles behind them, all their doubts and demons no longer existing, and their connection, shining and fixed.

He couldn't wait for this day to come.

Wedding Part 2

Chapter Notes

Hey guys! I'm really really sorry that it took me so LONG to update. The thing is (as some of you know who read my fic People Error) I had some issues with the plot and needed to re-plan everything otherwise I can't write. I need some kind of beginning, middle and end to keep on writing. Stuff had changed for this fic so I needed to exactly create a new plot basically. However, I'm back now and I hope I can keep it up with updating once a week (at least). But I can't promise that. I still need to figure some stuff out. Thank you for your patience and understanding.

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Chapter 5. Wedding Part 2

He listened to their vows, noticed how Mercedes and Sam were both moved by the promises they made for each other. God, he hated crying but this was a good cry and he wasn't crying as badly as he thought he would. Next to him Blaine held his hand, a smile stretching over his lips, but changing into a little smirk when their eyes met, reminding Kurt of what they did before they arrived. So he just squeezed Blaine's hand, and looked back to his friends.

An hour later they all arrived at the reception – a wonderful white hall and beautifully decorated - and stood in a queue to congratulate the couple and give their gifts. Kurt stood in front of Elliott and Martin and Blaine was the one wiping his eyes dry. Kurt smiled and leaned closer to place a kiss on Blaine's temple while people around them laughed and chatted about whatever.

"What took you two so long, though? You've been going crazy about this wedding more than any of us did and then you were late? Mercedes was going crazy." Elliott asked.

"Um... we had some differences to... talk about," Kurt answered and tried his best not to blush.

"Differences, huh? I see," his friend smirked and Kurt turned away not wanting to see his stupid face.

"I hope you won't come late for our wedding, Kurt." Martin spoke and then Kurt did turn back, eyes wide. Their wedding? Since when did they have a date for their wedding? Even Blaine turned around, looking down to their hands and gasped when he noticed the two silver rings on their fingers.

"What? When did this happen?" Kurt exclaimed but snapped his mouth shut before the last word fell out. Unnecessary attention was the last thing any of them wanted at their friends wedding.

"A week ago. I proposed again, sober this time."

"It was really nice," Elliott said, voice dreamy and eyes full of love for his soulmate.

Kurt wanted to ask more, wanted to know the details, where it happened, how it happened, but Blaine tugged at his hand and handed him the bouquet because they were the next to congratulate Mercedes and Sam.

"I want details, later," he warned Elliott and turned back. He was happy to hear the news, really. But it felt so weird to stay in front of his married friends and his newly engaged friends behind him. It felt like he was trapped between a future that had just began, and a future that would begin at some point in the next few months. In between was he, not engaged, not even close to that.

In between, it was him and Blaine, still trying to figure things out and he wondered when this would happen. But, instead of worrying too much and making himself crazy, he decided to not do this today. Today was the time to celebrate love and friendship and he wanted to enjoy every second of it.

They gathered together, took their seats and began to eat because after three hours of sitting, staying and congratulating, Kurt was damn hungry, but not as hungry as Blaine was. They ate until they couldn't anymore, and a bit more just because it was so delicious. With a full belly and his friends around – except for Mercedes and Sam who were busy with their families and other guests – Kurt finally heard the story about how Martin proposed.

"I proposed on a stage, during a concert we both went to. A friend of mine is part of a band and he called me, said he'd be in New York so I asked him if I could do that," Martin told.

"I bet you were suspicious because Martin doesn't like concerts," Blaine said, still rubbing his adorable tummy and Kurt needed to stare at it for a while.

"I was. But I was more surprised about the fact that he had a friend who is part of a band to be honest. You know how boring he can be with all his lawyer stuff," Elliott smirked and Martin rolled his eyes while their fingers rested on the table, entwined.

"So before they played the last song I climbed on the stage and dragged Elliott with me and proposed. It was the first time I saw him blush and cry like a baby. But he deserved a big proposal and I thought on a stage, at a concert, was totally his world."

"You're part of mine. Better get used to it," Elliott said and Kurt saw the love, the one that made a person stupid in their eyes. The kind only soulmates felt for each other and he wondered for a second, if he and Blaine had the same look. He hoped so.

"I felt pretty bad about the way I proposed the first time. We didn't talk much after that but, eventually, figured it out and I needed to make it right this time," Martin explained, eyes fixed on the rings they wore.

"And you did and I'm really happy for you two," Kurt said and smiled at his two friends, gaining a happy and thankful smile in return. "Although I'd have loved to see Elliott becoming a sobbing mess and squealing with happiness."

"It was gross, he didn't stop crying after I proposed. He didn't stop kissing me either," Martin smirked, teased and made Kurt and Blaine chuckle and Elliott groan.

"You're an idiot," was Elliott's answer followed by a quick kiss and a whisper of love.

Kurt just felt his heart ache again. He wanted the same thing, he wanted it now and he knew it was only because his friends were already there. Ready to start a new beginning as an engaged or married couple. But it was not exactly that, what he wanted. More than anything he wanted he and Blaine to be okay and then everything else would just come.

"What about you guys? Excited for your new movie, Kurt?" asked Martin as the music began to play.

Yes, his movie. Another thing that made Kurt feel a bit sick. He didn't want to leave while things were still a bit broken between them, not to forget that the crack still existed and didn't seem to be healing anytime soon. But this was something between him and Blaine.

"I am. It will be something new and challenging. I mean, a mother who is mentally ill and a father searching for his son, who's with his mother. I really can't wait to start filming."

Blaine's smile, proud and happy, made Kurt feel proud and happy. It was not only hard for Kurt, but more for Blaine and yet he smiled and supported Kurt without hesitation. Just like Kurt did the same for Blaine and probably even more. Kurt's way already began and was just running smoothly so far. Blaine's was about to begin and he wanted to show just how proud and happy he was for him.

"And Blaine here is part of Jack Wendill's orchestra and will join him on his tour starting March next year. Lead pianist and violinist."

"What!?" both exclaimed and gave Blaine two wide, happy smiles.

"It's nothing, really," Blaine blushed, waved it off and moved closer to Kurt as if he tried to hide himself under Kurt's arm.

"That's amazing, Blaine! Really! People will hear your talent and ask you to write the music for their movies. Oh my God!" Elliott babbled with excitement. It always made Kurt even prouder to see that his friends were just as happy for Blaine as he was and that he got support not only from him, but also from them.

"Don't play it down, Blaine. It is amazing and we're all proud of you." Martin said.

"Thanks. But I don't want to become... famous, you know? I don't want to run away from cameras and people."

Kurt felt bad because that was something he couldn't keep Blaine away from. Some people just didn't know where the line was, and he refused to go to places just because they were camera free. He wanted to enjoy the same things, together with Blaine, like any other person. This world was so big and he didn't want limited places, just because he was famous.

"You don't have to. I write songs for a lot of famous people and I'm not in the public eye. You'll get a manager and publicist and if you don't want to be in the public eye, they'll help you."

"I think it's too soon for that. I still have two years of college left and I want to get a degree and not quit just because I get a chance and have no time to study."

"That's very mature from you, Blaine. But I think you should talk to Nina and see if she knows people. Better plan it now, you know? This tour will, if you like it or not, make people aware of you and many will see your potential. Better make it clear what you want and what you don't," Martin explained.

Blaine was silent, looked down like he always did when he was thinking about something and then looked at Kurt, who nodded.

"He's right. We can talk to her before I leave and see what we can do now." Kurt said and pressed a gentle kiss against Blaine's cheek.

The party had just begun after dinner. The usual wedding games took place, filled with laughter and unforgettable moments. Kurt and Elliott sang a duet for the freshly married couple and shared

three stories about their college time. None of them were embarrassing, but rather funny and some of their favorites. They already embarrassed her enough at the bachelor party. Soon the guests were all mixed up and Kurt, of course, found himself in a conversation about his movie almost everyone had seen. He listened for a while, spoke with them politely for five minutes, but then made sure to draw a line what was okay and what not.

This wedding was not about him and he decided it'd be better to stay with Blaine and Martin. All in all it was an amazing wedding and Kurt expected nothing less as amazing and incredible. Even Sebastian kept his mouth shut and no one ever dared to judge Blaine. Which was a good thing because he had been worried to fight with Blaine again.

Around 2 am they were all on the dance floor, swooning to a slow song and Blaine leaned against Kurt, face tugged between his shoulder and neck where he fit so perfectly.

"Tired?" Kurt asked, his cheek rested in Blaine's hair as he held him close and they moved slowly together to the music.

"Mmh... kind of. But I love it here in your arms. It makes me feel safe and loved and sleepy."

"Sleepy, huh? Am I that boring?" Kurt commented playfully.

"I'd call it calming though," Blaine chuckled and leaned back to press a gentle kiss against Kurt's lips.

"We can go if you want to," Kurt suggested and looked over to Mercedes and Sam, then to Elliott and Martin and the other guests, all clearly ready to slowly wrap it up.

"You think we can? Isn't it too early? I mean, I've never been at a wedding, but I thought it's something like, we dance until the sun rises?"

Kurt chuckled and kissed Blaine's cheek because he was too adorable at this moment.

"We can go whenever we want to. I feel how exhausted you are and when you look around you can see that you're not the only one."

Blaine did look around and felt less guilty when he noticed how Elliott was literally leaning against Martin and not really moving any longer. With a final nod they danced until the song was over. Blaine walked to their seats to get their stuff while Kurt called for a cab and together they said good bye to their friends.

Back home they went straight to bed and fell asleep in their underwear, Kurt sleeping half on top of Blaine. When he woke up it was to find Blaine on top of him, snoring gently against his naked chest. A sleepy smile appeared on his face when he saw the mess Blaine's hair was, a mix of gel and curls. His fingers ran gently up and down Blaine's side, feeling his soft warm skin and Kurt closed his eyes for a while, enjoying the feeling and the feel of their connection. He enjoyed it until he felt the crack and his mood fell. It was still there, still bothering their connection and he had no idea why.

Yes, they had a fight, but every couple had fights and yet they were doing well. More than well if someone asked him. So why was it still there? Kurt sighed and wrapped his arms around Blaine. *It's going to be fine*, he thought.

Blaine woke up an hour later and smiled when his and Kurt's eyes met.

"Hey," he said sleepily and Kurt almost made an aww noise. His boyfriend was too adorable and

his heart ached because he had never seen anything more adorable, sexy and beautiful at the same time.

"Hey. Get enough sleep?"

"Yeah. But I'd say yes to more if that means you'll stay here with me."

"Hmm," Kurt hummed and smiled when Blaine moved further up his body so that they could kiss. "I need a shower and something to eat, but then I'm all yours."

"We have a week left though. Then you have to leave."

Kurt remembered that and it was like a punch into his heart. Right, he had to leave Blaine for a whole month and a little more. He would be back a week before Christmas and then have to leave after New Years Eve again for two more months. They would see each other, at least once a month, but it was nothing compared to living together. Kurt was going to miss everything just like Blaine would.

"I know," Kurt sighed and let his head fall back on the pillow, his fingers running through Blaine's curls. "But we've learned from our mistakes and the past. Whatever happens we'll call each other and I'll come right back to you or you'll come to visit me."

"We're also stronger, right? Despite the crack we're... doing good."

"We're doing great," Kurt said and felt how Blaine relaxed under his fingers.

"Do you think it will go away? The crack I mean. It's been months and I'm just... I'm worried. I don't want to be but I am." Blaine said quietly and rested his head on Kurt's collarbone.

"I'm sure we'll find a way," Kurt mumbled against Blaine's forehead. They never said it out loud, both too insecure to speak about it when they heard about this crack. In the past months it had been more of a dance around this topic. The fear of the unknown.

"We'll see doctor Stephens on Friday. Maybe we'll be lucky and he found something out."

"I hope so. I may not believe in this whole soulmate thing but I like our connection fixed instead of... half broken."

"Me too." Kurt sighed and both were silent for a while. He didn't want to be worried and he didn't want to think about bad things that could happen because he had to leave. They learned from it and although he was a workaholic, he wouldn't hesitate when he needed Blaine or Blaine needed him. Just like Blaine had promised him to call no matter what was going to happen.

The following week Kurt was busy with packing and planning. While Blaine was at college he spent his time in Nina's office together or at home with either Cooper or Sebastian. He was excited to see LA and the Paramount Studios – Cooper was a funny person to have around and he loved to hear stories about Blaine when he was younger. Sebastian was also fun, but the reason Blaine always became a little grumpy when they met.

That's why they both went out on a date on Tuesday and Thursday. Fortunately without any paparazzi around, or so Kurt thought because he couldn't be always sure about that and it didn't really matter. People knew he was together with Blaine and that they were soulmates, no kiss or hand holding would have been a shocker.

Every day was actually nice and lovely, only until Friday. Kurt couldn't deny that he was nervous and maybe even a bit scared to see doctor Stephens. What if he did find something out but it

wasn't good news? His usual composed self broke a little that day and it was not really surprising. They both ran away from this problem and then faced it, realizing that it still was a problem. Denying was no longer an option and he decided to rather be honest and get the answers he needed instead of sugarcoating their situation regarding their crack.

"Nothing changed, I'm sorry guys," Stephens said when he entered his room, where Kurt and Blaine had been waiting for the past 20 minutes.

"Is this good or bad?" Kurt asked, squeezing Blaine's hand.

"Neither."

Kurt wasn't really surprised that doctor Stephens didn't have any news for them. The crack was not smaller or bigger and he also didn't find out how to fix it. In fact, even doctor Stephens seemed worried and he never had been worried before.

"It's been months and I won't lie to you because I am worried. Usually cracks heal pretty fast, but not this one for some reason. Are you guys okay?"

"We are," Blaine said and Kurt nodded.

"I'm not talking about if you're sick or anything, you know?" the doctor said, giving them both a telling look. "I mean, do you trust each other? Do you fight? Is there something you both feel uncomfortable with?"

"Well, we've been fighting over a guy but Blaine knows there is nothing. Even if we weren't soulmates I'd always chose Blaine," Kurt said while Blaine looked down.

"Blaine... still doesn't believe, huh?"

"No," the younger said without hesitation. "I trust Kurt, I do that. But I do not believe in that whole soulmate thing, like, whatever I do or say that Kurt will always be with me. We're still human beings and if we hurt each other too much, I doubt that it will last."

"But that's not going to happen, right? You love each other."

"We do," they said in unison and smiled at each other. Yes, about that neither of them had a doubt.

"Okay, listen... I know a guy who lives in England and he is kind of a specialist when it comes to cracks. I need your permission to send him the data I have about you two. I'm sure he knows more about it than I do."

"Of course," Kurt said as Blaine nodded.

"Good. That's all, guys. Let's hope it's really just some weird crack and that it needs more time than usually. You love each other, I can see that and you know that your connection is stronger than the general connection soulmates have. Maybe it's just that."

That evening sleep was the last thing on their minds. They walked inside their home, took care of their grocery shopping and showered together after that. Both didn't even bother to put clothes back on and walked hand in hand to their bedroom. Through the whole night they made love, shared whispers of love, smiles, giggles and fell into their own little perfect world. Eventually they did fall asleep after, their bodies close, legs entwined both sated and happy.

Then Saturday came and everything went too fast. Kurt was suddenly confronted with his suitcase and Cooper who hugged his little brother tight and told him to study hard but also have some fun. Blaine did have friends, friends Kurt never met and wasn't even sure if they existed, but he also knew Blaine didn't lie to him. Kurt wondered if it had something to do with him or that Blaine had been a prostitute. Probably both.

Cooper pulled back smirked as Blaine rolled his eyes over something his brother said. Kurt smiled and loved to see the brothers getting along. It was not much but Cooper was the last family member Blaine had even if not bond by blood.

"I take our stuff and see you outside, okay?" Cooper suggested. "Give you some time alone."

"Thanks," Kurt said and waited until the front door was closed before he walked to his boyfriend and both held each other tight and close. His arms pressed Blaine close, his hands squeezed Blaine's shoulders, his arms, framed his face when Kurt pulled back and smiled when he noticed the tears in Blaine's eyes. They both knew it wouldn't be easy but also that this was Kurt's job, their future. Kurt needed to go to film a movie and Blaine to compose songs with people.

"Whatever happens, whenever we need each other, we'll call the other. No matter what it is. You need to promise me that."

"Of course, I promise," Blaine said with a small voice. "I'll see you in two weeks anyway, right?"

"Yes. Two weeks, it's not that long but I'm sure it will feel like forever."

Blaine chuckled and let his hands rest on Kurt's chest.

"Can you promise me something else?" Kurt asked carefully.

"What?"

"Have fun, okay? Go out with Elliott and Martin, or with Charlie. But also go have fun with your friends at college. Look-" Kurt said when he heard Blaine breathing in and wanting to protest. "I understand that you're scared but you don't know if it'll be fun or not if you don't try. You're young, you're a student in New York and I think it's only fair to you that you have those experiences."

"Kurt, I... I'll try, okay?"

"Okay."

That was all Kurt said because he felt that if he started to push Blaine they would end up fighting, probably. So he let it go, said what he wanted to say and looked at his beautiful and brave boyfriend for many long seconds.

"I love you, Blaine. Only you."

"I love you too. And don't be worried about me. I'll be fine."

Chapter End Notes

Wishes? Ideas? Leave me a review =) and thanks to Lynne for the beta and for you still being here with me! And don't forget to vote for Klaine!!!

Sleep

Chapter Notes

Hey guys! I know, I know... it's been weeks (months) since I've updated. Somehow I can't really focus on the fic and I guess it has something to do with, of course, my real life, and the other fics I've been planning and 'People Error' which has my main focus rn. However, the plot for 'One Vow' is done, and I hope I find more time to focus on this fic, but I won't promise anything! Thanks for still reading and for your patience and let's hope my muse for One Vow will kiss me hard so I can write and write and write :) This chapter is Blaine's POV!

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Chapter 6. Sleep

The bed was too big for Blaine alone. The whole loft was too big for him alone. He missed Kurt terribly, but the worst part was being in their home all alone. No one to lean on, no one to share a bed with, or breakfast or dinner. Being alone was never was a big deal for him. After his father died Blaine had been alone most of the time until he met Charlie who became his best friend.

But Charlie was not Kurt and no one could give him the kisses he needed or make him feel wanted and loved like Kurt did. Before Kurt, Blaine always had a problem with feeling horny and having a hard on. It reminded him of all his prior clients and what he had to do or what they did to him. Kurt helped him to no longer feel guilty, but normal about that. Now with Kurt being somewhere in LA, Blaine was left alone with his young body which ached with frustration.

The first few days Blaine was either grumpy or silent while he focused on his studies. He was grateful for the company of his friends, but they didn't understand this whole soulmate thing. Blaine didn't either, but he couldn't deny the fact that the crack was bothering him and that he ached for Kurt. Alone with this crack... it was kind of scary.

He counted the days until he would meet Kurt. During the day he found enough things to keep his mind busy. His friends were helpful as well. Usually he hung out with Kira, a black girl with beautiful big eyes who was an incredible pianist. Her hair was short and wild and she always looked like she just jumped out of her bed. He liked that about her, how uncomplicated and natural she was with a big, good heart.

Then there was Oliver, who looked like a band member from Mumford and Sons with his beard and brown hair, poorly tied into a knot. He studied music and history because he wanted to become a teacher. He was also a huge Star Wars fan and movies and TV shows in general, Kira too. Blaine knew more people, but he only considered these two his real friends. They both supported him throughout when people knew he had been a prostitute. They defended him, showed people that it wasn't anything bad and they didn't treat him any differently. Not to forget that his teacher and mentor, Jack Wendill, thought highly of him so many people didn't even dare to say anything.

He knew the truth and that he had no choice back then. That was in the past, and now people asked him things about Kurt or how it was living with a celebrity. Blaine kept his answers short or shrugged or didn't say anything. Kira and Oliver always made sure that people left him alone and soon he became Blaine, the music student. Luckily.

"The Christmas party takes place earlier this year," Kira said when they were sitting in her dorm room and eating lunch – Chinese take out. They sat on the floor, on a blanket because there was no table in the small room, and they didn't want to make her bed dirty. "It's in three weeks."

"You wanna go?" Oliver asked while he chewed on a piece of chicken.

"Last year was fun, so why not? What about you, Blaine?"

Blaine avoided parties for a reason. He had feared that someone would figure out what he used to do or that he would meet someone he'd rather not meet at all. But that worry was no longer an excuse and yet he felt uncomfortable thinking about attending a party. What if someone put something in his drink? What if someone tried to hit on him – because he knew he wasn't ugly or stupid, Blaine knew how attractive he was. What if they would make fun of him?

No, parties were not his thing, only with Kurt around.

"I don't know... I think I won't go."

"Blaine, we've never gone out together. I understand why you didn't... in the past. But we know it, we still love you and we still want to hang out with you. You're an incredible, cute guy," Oliver said in a calm voice, not trying to put any pressure on Blaine. "You're young, go out, get drunk, have some fun."

"Oliver's right. Soon, we'll have our degrees and work our asses off and then we won't have time for anything," Kira added pointing with her chopsticks at Blaine. "Also, if someone thinks they can say shit about you, we'll have your back."

"I know you would. I'm not worried about that. I'm just... not that kind of person, I guess."

"Exactly, you guess, but you don't know," Oliver grinned.

Blaine sighed. He really liked his friends and he loved spending time with them. But he just knew he'd feel like an outsider.

"Look, Blainers. I know your life wasn't all rainbows and sunshine. I understand that it probably makes you uneasy being around a lot of people and just having fun. I mean, who can blame you. You've been through so much and whenever it seemed good, it went downhill. Still, I think it would be good for you. Live a little, do some – and don't get me wrong – normal stuff. You're young, we're supposed to be stupid and try things out," Kira explained.

The thing was, Blaine didn't feel young. He felt old, tired and only happy with Kurt around him. Maybe Kira was right, maybe he was simply scared to have some fun and too fearful something bad would happen to take away his happiness. He remembered, before his father died he loved going out with his friends from Dalton. He loved being around people and making memories, sharing laughs and having a good time. They sang and danced together and his dad would walk into his room and think he was the most amazing dad because he had a beer for each of them.

Those times were over when his father died and only when he met Kurt, he found the light and happiness back in his life. Maybe they were right. Maybe Blaine simply forgot how amazing those times were.

He certainly didn't imagine his college years to be like this. Studying all the time, walking straight back home, and basically hiding from the world whenever he could. Years ago he was sure he'd make many friends, do all the stupid things college kids did and then find his one true love, a job and live his life happily. He even thought about all the stupid hook ups he would have, but that

was no longer an option. He had a soulmate and was very happy about that, thank you very much.

"I'll think about it, okay?" he said eventually.

"Sounds good to me," Kira smiled.

"But really think about it, Blainers. We only want you to be happy."

Throughout the week Blaine received one call from Kurt and plenty of texts. He was a little sad that Kurt didn't have more time to talk, but he understood that Kurt was simply busy. He had watched him filming a movie once so he clearly knew just how busy Kurt was. However, it was better than nothing. The last time when Kurt was gone because of work, it ended very badly. It almost broke their connection and what remained was the crack – which Blaine ignored.

Sunday and Wednesday became the days they talked over Skype and Blaine was so excited to finally see Kurt's face that he almost fell off the chair in the kitchen, as he wanted to accept Kurt's call.

He clicked on the green button and a wide, happy smile stretched over his lips when he finally saw Kurt. He looked tired, his hair still damp from the shower he took moments before, but he looked equally as happy as Blaine did.

"Hey honey," he said.

"Hey," Blaine said breathlessly and the first thing he came up with was, "I miss you."

"I miss you, too. I wish I could hug you and kiss you. You have no idea."

"I think I might have," Blaine grinned and tried to keep their conversation light. He would see Kurt in a week, he could handle another week without him.

"I'm sure you do. Now, tell me how it's going. You look good and relaxed so I suppose nothing bad happened?"

"No," Blaine said. "I mean, I have to study and practice a lot. But I make sure to eat properly and get enough sleep. You know, nothing special. What about you?"

He didn't feel the need to tell Kurt about the party because he still wasn't planning to go there. No, he was more interested in what happened in LA.

"I miss you and New York, it's not the same here. But it's still fun. Cooper took us all out the first day we came here and showed us his favorite restaurants and hotels and places. God, had he always been like a child, living in the body of an adult?" Kurt almost groaned.

"Sounds like Cooper," Blaine chuckled.

"He's fun, don't get me wrong. He's charming and everything, the girls love him. But he can be exhausting and... a bit too much. He knows it which makes it almost adorable. However, he's an amazing actor though. I was blown away how convincing he can be as a father. Elena too, they are both so good and it's fun to work with them. Which is a good thing. The movie is not funny or bright. Many scenes are very difficult."

"Elena plays a mother with a mental disorder, right?"

"Exactly, and I need to know everything about her role as well. Which can be... hard, sometimes."

So I'm really grateful to have them around me and that we can still joke and keep each other distracted."

Kurt told Blaine a bit more about the set, the scenes, the people he worked with and Blaine absorbed everything he said, but he was more focused on simply watching Kurt talk and hear his voice. It was not the same as having him close when he could feel his breath on his skin, hear his voice high and low close to his ear. The speakers didn't do Kurt's voice any justice.

"When will you be here?" Kurt asked and Blaine felt a warmth growing inside him when he noticed how excited Kurt was.

"Friday evening. I'll text you the exact time. Do you need anything? Forget anything?"

"Well, you, of course," Kurt said with a wink and then laughed while Blaine rolled his eyes, but blushed still. No matter how cheesy or silly romantic they were, he would never complain. "No, I have everything here. I just want you here. But we need to spend some time with Cooper otherwise he'll annoy us."

"I know. He texts me, too, and already told me where he wants to go with us."

"Let's do this Friday evening when you arrive and then we have Saturday and Sunday all to us."

"Sounds good to me. I know he can be annoying but I miss him, too."

Friday couldn't come fast enough for Blaine who basically did anything he could to distract himself and forget the time. Kira and Oliver teased him a little because they had never seen him so excited and so happy. They were right, though. In the past two years Blaine didn't get the chance to be openly happy about his relationship. First, because they weren't out as a couple, second, because whenever something good happened, something bad followed. This time seemed to be different and Blaine enjoyed being happy.

This happiness gave him the strength and patience he needed until finally Friday came. His suitcase was ready since Wednesday, so he had some time left to shower, eat and then Martin arrived to drive him to the airport. His heart was beating with excitement and the smile on his lips didn't quiver for one second, not when he arrived at the airport, and not when he finally was on the plane to LA.

Patience was usually Blaine's second name. He knew that with patience he'd accomplish more than doing everything in a rush with less concentration. But the last time he kissed Kurt, held him and saw him for real was two weeks ago. No one could blame him for trying to leave the plane, get his stuff, and meet Kurt at the exit as soon as possible. Twenty minutes later, with his suitcase in one hand and five people before him he made his way through and grinned, wide and happy when his eyes found Kurt.

"Kurt!" he called his name and when the blue, beautiful eyes found him Blaine couldn't stop himself. He was so elated that he felt the happy tears gathering in his eyes, but he didn't care about that. All that mattered was making his way through the people and wrapping his arms around Kurt. His suitcase was forgotten and everything around them as well, when Blaine's arms finally found their way around Kurt's neck.

"Finally," Kurt breathed and Blaine sighed when he realized this was real. Kurt's arms around him were real, his body close, his breath on his skin. He was finally home.

Kurt pulled back far too soon and Blaine almost whined in protest, but he decided not to because

Kurt kissed him, not a simple peck, not light, but with love and desperation. Blaine melted into the kiss and responded in the same way Kurt did. God, he thought he knew how much he had missed Kurt, but he was so wrong. The kiss made him weak, drunk and if it weren't for Kurt holding him he was sure he would have fallen to the ground. They broke the kiss eventually, but neither of them stopped grinning like love sick fools.

"Welcome to sunny LA."

"Ugh, I prefer the cold November in New York. So we have even more reasons to cuddle."

"We can do that later," Kurt beamed and took Blaine's hand while putting his sunglasses on. "Cooper's waiting outside."

Blaine nodded happily and took his own sunglasses out of his bag – he knew better than that – reached out for his suitcase and followed Kurt with a little bounce in his steps. Outside Blaine needed a moment to get used to the sun, he took his jacket off and stuffed it into his suitcase. With a smile he took Kurt's hand again and both rolled their eyes when Cooper acted like a five year old.

"Blainey!"

Blaine blushed and gasped when Cooper pulled him into a bone crushing hug.

"It's so good to see you!"

"Good to see you, too," he still smiled and inhaled when Cooper let him go.

"How's college? Doing good, smartass?" Cooper asked as he took Blaine's suitcase and opened the trunk to put it inside. Kurt used that moment to wrap his arms around Blaine and squeeze him close to his body.

"Haha," Blaine faked a laugh and then shrugged. "It's okay, I guess. A lot to do but I enjoy it."

"Of course you do. You always were amazing when it came to music."

They climbed into the car, Kurt following Blaine to the backseat while Cooper drove them through the city, huge sunglasses on his nose to hide his face. Blaine didn't waste a second. He immediately snuggled close to Kurt, resting his head on his shoulder and smiled warmly while Kurt kissed his forehead, his temple and held Blaine in his arms.

It took them almost an hour to arrive at the house, a little outside of Los Angeles and far away from curious eyes. A quiet little place and Blaine was grateful for that. They climbed out of the car and Kurt took Blaine's stuff saying that he and Blaine would join Cooper and Elena in an hour to go out and eat something together, as promised. Cooper gave them a knowing smile and drove off. It was a white little house, even more beautiful from the inside, modern, golden floor, white furniture, but that wasn't really important.

Most important was to be back in Kurt's arms, feel Kurt's lips, breath him, hear him and feel him everywhere. So Blaine turned around and fell right back into Kurt's arms, sighing when his arms held him close and safe for a very long time.

"We have an hour to cuddle, make out, whatever you want," Kurt said right into his ear and kissed his temple.

"Cuddling sounds perfect to me."

He didn't need a huge make out session, he didn't need hot, frantic sex. Blaine just needed to be held and hold Kurt in return. He felt Kurt nodding and hand in hand they walked to the living room, where a huge white couch was waiting for them. They kicked their shoes off and soon their bodies were glued together, arms holding and breathing together for the next hour. No words were needed because their bodies said everything.

As promised they met Cooper and Elena an hour later and went out to eat together. Blaine really liked Elena and the way she and Cooper looked at each other and treated each other made him wonder if there was more. But he didn't ask because his focus was mainly on Kurt. His hand, his eyes, his everything. He needed to focus on Kurt just to be sure this was not a dream. After an early dinner Blaine actually thought they would go back to Kurt's place, but somehow they ended up taking a long walk. Blaine wasn't really listening to what they were saying, but he heard a lot of laughter, the happy kind as he leaned against Kurt and smiled to himself.

He was tired, really tired and didn't even realize when they were standing in front of Kurt's house.

"Let's get some sleep, hm?" Kurt said with his beautiful, caring smile on his lips and Blaine wanted to protest and say, no let's watch something together, let's talk some more, let's have hot sex. Instead, he nodded because he was tired. Two weeks without Kurt and he didn't even realize just how restless he had been. With Kurt back at his side he finally relaxed and felt like he could sleep for days.

Kurt locked the front door, slipped out of his shoes – just like Blaine who also took his suitcase and bag with him. They stopped at the bedroom, where Blaine immediately noticed the huge, comfy bed and his body almost moved on its own, but he stopped himself. He opened his suitcase, got his pajamas and 'Star Wars washbag' and walked together with Kurt into the bathroom – which was across the bedroom. They brushed their teeth together, washed their faces and Kurt chuckled because Blaine barely kept his eyes open.

"What?" Blaine asked around his toothbrush.

Kurt rinsed his mouth, washed his face and dried it before he pressed a kiss on Blaine's forehead.

"You're just really cute."

Blaine blushed and grinned stupidly. Clean and in their pajamas, Blaine was the first who fell on the bed and groaned because it was so comfortable and smelled more like Kurt just like their bed back home. The remaining strength he had Blaine used to open his arms and Kurt followed him, fell into Blaine's arms and pulled the covers over them. They both sighed as their arms wrapped around each other and Blaine wanted to stay awake a bit longer and just feel Kurt's weight on him, smell him and kiss him for a while longer. But he couldn't because he was so tired, and so happy to be back where he belonged.

The moment Blaine woke up he was clearly confused and disorientated because he didn't know the room or the bed he was lying on. All he knew were the lips that kept kissing his cheeks, his jaw, his neck and then, slowly as he awoke, he remembered that he was in LA. In LA with Kurt, the love of his life. Turning his head he gave Kurt a sleepy but happy smile and his heart pounded slightly faster when Kurt smiled back and then kissed him, all sweet and loving.

"Good morning, Blaine," he whispered and lazily rolled on top of Blaine, straddling him.

"Morning," Blaine mumbled and smiled again when Kurt leaned down to kiss him some more. Shamelessly he felt that he was growing hard, of course he was. His boyfriend was half naked, sitting in his lap and moving so beautifully that Blaine considered just staying in bed and

reconnecting until they couldn't anymore. Which seemed to be a really tempting idea and not even that far away from reality. After all, the way Kurt moved and pressed their hard cocks together, he probably had the same idea.

"Bathroom, breakfast and then bed all day long?"

"You can read my mind," Blaine said.

He had felt very horny during the days Kurt wasn't with him. Now, with Kurt so close, his mind was producing images of exactly that. Kurt naked, Kurt's lips on him, Kurt's hands touching his skin. But Blaine was also mannered and had a lot of patience, that's why he did what Kurt suggested. Bathroom, breakfast and soon he was naked, moaning into his pillow while Kurt stretched him with his fingers, kissed the back of his neck and then, finally, was inside Blaine.

It was so easy to fall back into their familiar rhythm, to respond and move together, share love through every touch and move as they did. It was one of the things Blaine had missed a lot and he didn't keep any wall up or let any dark thought cross his mind. It was just him and Kurt and showing their love through words or through their bodies. In between they, of course, joked around and just had the most amazing time together.

Around lunch they both were just a mess of sweaty limbs, kiss-swollen lips and humming happy together while ignoring how gross they both actually were. But they needed it and after a short nap in each others arms they took a shower together and went into the kitchen to cook something for lunch. They chose pizza and Blaine made the dough, he had become really good at that since he lived together with Kurt – Kurt cut the vegetables and ham.

"So, how is college? And I mean honestly," Kurt said and Blaine shrugged. He actually preferred the silence because it was comfortable and they basically shared everything via texts. But yes, he didn't tell Kurt much about his college life because he didn't think it was important. He studied, had his friends and that was all that mattered. No parties, no going out. If he wanted to have fun he visited Elliott and Martin, Mercedes and Sam, or Charlie, the people he trusted.

"I'm doing good, Kurt. I love what I study so there is no need to worry about that."

"And what about the people? Is someone bothering you?"

"No," Blaine said and kneaded the dough, glad to have something to do with his hands. "It's the opposite actually. I have a good time with my friends."

He thought about the conversation he had with them, about the parties and how they wanted to spend more time with Blaine outside classes. It was just... he didn't see the point in going to parties anymore and, yes, he was a bit scared something bad would happen if he did. Drunken people did stupid things and said stupid, hurtful things.

"So... you went out with them?"

Blaine stopped his kneading for a second because Kurt sounded so hopeful, almost happy and it just confused him. Why would Kurt be happy about that? Blaine going out, probably drinking and being all stupid?

"No, I didn't. I don't see the point in going out with them or to college parties," he said honestly. "I just want to focus on my studies." He didn't want to worry Kurt and tell him that he was actually scared something bad could happen. They already went through enough trouble in the past two years.

"I understand that, Blaine. But don't you feel like you're missing out on something?"

"Missing out on what?" came a voice from the door and when Blaine looked over his shoulder and found Sebastian, he almost yelled at him to leave. What the fuck was he doing here? His mood dropped immediately and he did his best to hide it from Kurt. Closing their connecting became an easy thing fortunately.

"Sebastian? What are you doing here?"

"How did he even get inside? You locked the door," Blaine mumbled but not quite enough.

"I have a spare key just in case something happens," Sebastian explained and sat down at the kitchen table.

Blaine just huffed annoyingly and went back to knead the dough, more forcefully. That was not what he had imagined their weekend together to be like and Blaine almost felt ridiculous and pathetic how much Sebastian bothered him. Kurt told him, over and over again that there was nothing and would never be between them. Not that there ever could be anything between his boyfriend and this idiot since they were soulmates – not that Blaine believed in all of that, but it was a fact.

"I know it's the weekend with your soulmate, but we need to talk about some meetings you'll have before and after Christmas."

"Can't it wait? We'll be here for another three weeks and Sundays are usually off."

"It can't, Kurt. You know how this goes, we talk and then I'll make the calls and I want to do them today and not tomorrow which is also my day off."

Blaine felt how annoyed Kurt was, too, but this wasn't helping him or soothing the anger he felt. All he wanted was Sebastian to leave so they could return into their own little world where everything should have been okay. Which it was before he entered the house.

"Fine," Kurt eventually sighed and Blaine bit his lip to not say anything that might have been inappropriate.

"Great," Sebastian said and left the kitchen, holding his briefcase in his hand.

Blaine was still focused on the dough, still kneading it although it was ready. That was the only thing he could let his anger out on.

"I'm sorry, honey," Kurt said and knew that touching Blaine was not an option right now. An angry Blaine meant to give him space and time. Time was what Blaine got because even after two hours Kurt was still talking with Sebastian about whatever. He was disappointed, angry and he felt the tears welling in his eyes for a reason, he didn't really understand. Usually he wasn't that upset about Sebastian's presence that he almost cried, but today he was.

Blaine felt like a kid, scowling, pouting and feeling small and weak... and alone. Although only a wall separated him from Kurt, Blaine felt more alone as he did when Kurt was here and he in New York. He hated feeling like that because it reminded him of the time when he had been a prostitute. Angrily he wiped his eyes dry and heard the front door open, close, and Kurt came back into the kitchen while Blaine still sat on the chair. The connection was closed, he didn't want Kurt to feel how he was feeling.

His eyes were focused on the floor and then there was Kurt, kneeling down and resting his hands on Blaine's thighs.

"I'm sorry, Blaine. I had no idea that there was still stuff I needed to talk about with Sebastian. But it's done now."

Blaine said nothing, he just nodded slowly and Kurt sighed, wrapping his arms around Blaine's thighs.

"Hey, I really had no idea."

"I believe you. I'm just... you know what I think about him."

Blaine was expecting a fight, another pointless fight about Sebastian. Because Kurt wouldn't fire him and Blaine wouldn't make Kurt to do that. It was not his place to tell Kurt anything about how he should do his work just like Kurt didn't tell him what to study, where to go or what to do with his life. Luckily the fight about Sebastian didn't happen because Kurt reached out for Blaine's face, cupping it gently and bringing him down for a kiss.

"I love you, Blaine."

"I love you, too. And sorry that I'm acting like a kid."

"Hey, no. I understand why you're reacting the way you do. But know that I love you, not him, not anyone else."

To his surprise Blaine did feel better and they both went back to finishing their pizza and enjoyed it when it was ready, while cuddling and watching TV. At some point they both fell asleep and woke up when it was already dark outside. While Kurt used the bathroom, Blaine reached out for his phone, which was showing that he had a new message. Unlocking his screen, he saw a text from Oliver and three from Kira, both of them asking if he made up his mind and Kira begging him to come because it would be fun.

"Did someone call you?" Kurt asked when he walked back into the living room and Blaine wrote a quick text back, that he still wasn't sure but probably wouldn't go.

"No. Just my college friends asking me if I'm going to the Christmas party or not."

"Oh, right! That's where we stopped talking," Kurt remembered and he sounded way too cheerful to Blaine.

"Can we not talk about it? I don't want to go and I'm not going to change my mind."

Silence and then Kurt sat down on the bed, looking at Blaine, but not meeting his eyes because Blaine didn't let him. This party, going out, drinking, this was just not his world and he was way too scared of something bad happening. He had been lucky, yes, he met Kurt and through him he got a second chance to not end up on the streets. But that was the only time luck had been on his side and he didn't want to take it for granted.

"Honey, listen. You're young, you're a college student and you should enjoy every aspect of that. You know I have nothing against you going to parties, right?"

Blaine said nothing.

"I don't want you to feel like you have to stay with me all the time. I understand that you are smart and very mature, but I also understand that you're young and that you maybe have needs and want to enjoy your youth."

"Needs? Kurt, please... I'm not that young, okay?"

Blaine felt more and more like a child. Didn't Kurt understand that he knew what he wanted? What he needed? He could say no to the parties, he didn't need them and he wasn't missing anything. He'd rather sit with his close friends and watch movies, go dancing, cook, something like that. He didn't need to go out and talk with people he didn't know.

"Blaine, believe me, I was a college student too and, yeah, I did some stupid things but I also enjoyed the time. It was like the best time of my life, too."

Blaine started to shake, feeling angry again because every word Kurt said made him feel even smaller, weaker, as if he had no experience at all. He had lost his mother, his father, he had been a prostitute and met guys, did things Kurt would never have to do. Why couldn't he understand that Blaine did not need these parties.

"Maybe just... try?"

"Fine!" Blaine finally snapped and left the living room before he said something he would regret.

Chapter End Notes

Yup, the not so good times are coming! Let me know what you think :) and thank you and big thanks to Lynne for the amazing beta work!

Gifts

Chapter Notes

Hey guys! Yes, I'm back and I can't even form into words how sorry I am that it took me so long to finish this chapter (some of you know I was on vacation because we all need a break from time to time). Now, I'm back and I'll focus on One Vow before I start posting/writing my new fic (for you who are interested, People Error is done so maybe you'd like to read that?) And there is something else I wanted to say and then I'll shut up.

First: I have a new beta for One Vow, it's onlymartix on tumblr who really saved me and does an amazing job. Thanks so much for this.

Second: this chapter was supposed to be much longer, but as some of you know, cliffhanger is my second name.

Third: I guess some of you heard/read about the drama considering reposting fanfictions. I'd like to remind people here, that, whatever you want to do with my fics, please ask for my permission. It doesn't matter what you want to do, but please let me know. And believe when I say, people are happy about that when you ask them, because it means you respect them and their work.

Here is the thing: We writers might not own the characters and we can't make any money through fanfictions. But, we're still spending our free time writing because we simply love to write and love these characters. The fanfiction we create belong to us writers. Not to anyone but us. We are happy to share our stories, ideas, drabbles, etc with you guys because we love the same thing and for many of us, this, reading fanfiction is the source of happiness. I understand that some writers 'don't care' if people repost their fics (because it is promotion either way, even for those who want to be asked for permission) but others care very deeply about whatever they create and hope that, whoever reads their fic (etc) treats their art with respect, as well as the author (creator). That's all a writer wants first, respect, reviews and support because it keeps them going. Please keep that in mind, okay? Thank you!

Okay, that was enough from me. I just felt like I needed to get this off my chest. Now, let's see where life will take our boys! So far, I have 15 chapters planned but we'll see about that :)

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Chapter 7. Gifts

Blaine arrived home totally exhausted and feeling guilty and angry at the same time. His suitcase was forgotten in the hallway, his shoes haphazardly left on the floor and his body ached for some rest. The couch was the closest thing, so he let himself fall on that and then he screamed into the pillow, letting out all the frustration accumulated over the weekend.

The first day had been, of course, amazing. He was so happy to be together with Kurt, to share a bed with him, to kiss and hold him. Blaine had been sure that the weekend would have been filled with all these lovely things. But instead they started fighting over this stupid party and then didn't

talk at all, until Blaine had to leave. They apologized, they kissed but Blaine still felt bad, and he still did as now that he was lying on the couch and hugging the pillow.

Right now he felt Small and weak and too young for Kurt's adult world, and that really bothered Blaine. He understood that there were some things he couldn't comprehend yet, but there were also things, that Blaine faced, that Kurt would never fully understand because he had never been in those situations. But This was normal. This was not what hurt him. The fact that Kurt apparently saw him as a young man, who didn't really knew what he needed and wanted? That hurt. Why didn't he believe Blaine when he told him he didn't want to go to this party?

Beside his anger and the pain he felt, Blaine did understand where Kurt was coming from. He wanted Blaine to have a normal life, one he once dreamed of, but one he didn't want anymore. If his dad were still alive, if he were single, if so many things hadn't happened in the first place.. then maybe yes. Maybe then Blaine would go to parties all the time and live the stereotypical life of a college student.

But things had changed and he was not interested in parties, dancing and getting drunk with people he barely knew. His life had been crazy enough and all he wanted was to... he wasn't sure that what he wanted. Yes, he loved music and he wanted to become a composer. He wanted to get his degree and then write movie and TV shows soundtracks or just write music in general and make money through that.

But Fame, a big house, fancy cars? That, he didn't want.

He just wanted a job he would love to do. But he knew that life was so much more than finding the right job. His life was also his friends, and Kurt. His soulmate, the person who was his perfect match, the person who would love him and who he would love in return for the rest of his life.

Blaine didn't believe that being a soulmate was a guarantee, but he did believe that his future was with Kurt.

Blaine wanted a future with Kurt. He loved Kurt and he wanted them to be happy. However, for some reason, they always ended up fighting. He didn't like that and it made Blaine question this whole soulmate thing even more.

The next day he found enough things to focus on so he wasn't thinking and replaying their fight in his head again and again. Of course Blaine knew they needed to talk about this and apologize. That was what two people in love did. Talk, love, even fight for stupid reasons but always get back to each other because their love was more important than anything else. At least that was what he knew about relationships, but he had no experience to compare to this one.

Kurt was his first everything and Blaine wanted Kurt to be his last.

But he wondered how.

Saturday – the day of the party - he woke up around 10am, took a shower, ate breakfast and then he got a text from Kira and Oliver, asking him if he made his decision.

Blaine didn't text them back right away.

Instead he kept himself busy with laundry and grocery shopping, but his answer was a clear *no* anyway.

This drinking and partying with people who were not Kurt or their friends... he didn't like that. More over, he didn't want to explain to strangers his whole story all over again and deal with people who simply judged him.

Many misunderstood the situation he was in and many others didn't know what happened in his life and he didn't want to deal with that.

No, he was not a coward, he was not afraid. Blaine just didn't see the point in looking for troubles. Besides most of them would want to be friends with him because of Kurt, his famous boyfriend. So it was also about keeping Kurt safe.

He was happy with the friends he had and with what he did. In short he couldn't be more grateful for what he had.

Because Blaine knew how fast and hard life could change.

With a sigh he picked up his phone from the kitchen table and texted his friends back. He apologized for texting back so late, told them that he wouldn't go and put his phone on silence. Blaine didn't feel like studying, especially because his mind was still wandering back to LA, to the person he loved. The anger was still there, but he also missed hearing Kurt's voice.

Maybe he shouldn't be the stubborn one and just call him. If it weren't Kurt who started this stupid argument, Blaine would have done it.

No.

This weekend was just for himself.

He would order some pizza, watch good movies and neglect studying. No worries, no bad thoughts. Blaine was about to enter the kitchen when the doorbell rang. With raised eyebrows he approached the door and looked through the spyhole to see a delivery man. He tried to recall if he ordered something, or if Kurt ordered something. But even if he did Blaine wouldn't know.

With a sigh he opened the door and forced a smile on his lips as the delivery guy smiled at him and held... a colorful bouquet, with beautifully arranged flowers, that Blaine couldn't even name.

"Blaine Anderson, is that right?"

"Yes," Blaine said and was still staring at the flowers.

"This is for you, and also this card," said the young man as he handed him the flowers and an red envelope. Blaine took it both, mumbled a thank you and heard the man wishing him a good weekend as he left. Closing the door behind him he needed a while before his mind could come up with the idea of putting the flowers into a vase and open the card. There was nothing written on the envelope, not on the front nor the back, but he had an idea of who would sent him flowers.

Maybe this was Kurt's apology.

He placed the vase with the flowers on the coffee table and sat down on the couch while opening the envelope, finding inside a card with words written in a beautiful handwriting. It looked like Kurt's and it probably was because not many people did know where he and Kurt were living. Only the people close to them, and that weren't many. He took one last deep breath and proceed to read the words... and smile.

I'm sorry that I couldn't give you the flowers in person. But know that I love you.

Of course he loved Kurt, too. He loved him so much that he didn't even understand how much, and sometimes Blaine wasn't sure if this love he felt was a good one or a bad one.

In the past days it hurt to love Kurt, but most of the time it didn't. Which was normal, yes, every couple had hard times and if he had to chose it would always be Kurt. His eyes went from the card to his phone and for some moments he considered calling Kurt or at least texting him.

But he didn't.

The following days Blaine received more gifts accompanied by a card filled with sweet words. Sunday he got cookies from his favorite bakery with a note that said: *I know these are your favorite. I hope you enjoy them with a smile.*

Monday, after his classes, he found a package with new Christmas themed bow ties and a another card: *I know you love to wear themed bow ties, and I think they'll look good on you.*

Tuesday Blaine received a CD by one of his favorite composers. A signed copy to be more specific. And it took his breath away because he liked a lot of composers, directors and screenwriters, and, before his life became a living hell, he used to dream about meeting those people, ask them for an autograph and tell them how much he enjoyed their work. But after his father died he forgot all these little dreams.

Now they came back, reminding him of a time when he was a different person.

A happy one with hopes and dreams and not so guarded and insecure at times.

The little card made him teary eyed. *Don't forget to take a break. I know the best way to relax for you is with music.*

There were more gifts and notes, all of them sweet and beautiful and Blaine thought about going back to LA and surprise Kurt. But maybe the distance was what they needed.

As long as they didn't feel anything bad happening to their souls or connection, everything would be fine this time.

Beside the fight, Blaine knew they were strong.

Kurt came back home the first weekend of December and Blaine was excited and anxious. He got spoiled with little gifts for a whole week, then they started to text each other again but both decided to not call the other. It was a silent agreement that they wanted to talk this out in person and not through phone calls or texts that could easily be misunderstood. Kurt would return for the weekend, go back to LA for another week and then come back to give some interviews and stay until after New Years Eve.

So, yes, he was excited to see Kurt again and anxious about the conversation they were going to have. But the gifts he got over the week - and all of them weren't just simple gifts - all had a special meaning and came from a place where Kurt kept all the love for Blaine.

Even if Blaine didn't expected Kurt to surprise him with something like that, the surprises and the sweet words, didn't make everything better.

But the wordless gesture and the little reminders that Kurt knew him and loved him, reminded Blaine of his love for Kurt.

He wanted to just embrace Kurt and love him for the next two days, but that wouldn't solve anything. He was sure they wouldn't have any sex this weekend and they wouldn't act all stupidly in love. Blaine felt it in his bones, and he wondered if all the things people said about love were just rumors. That love would heal everything and overcome anything.

No one ever talked about the other side of love. How blinding it could be, how distracting it could be and how love could become a burden, a problem. Like the one his father felt for his stepmother.

No, he was sure their love was not the bad kind. It was the love Blaine wanted to breathe and live. He just wondered if their love was enough to heal everything. No one could blame him for having doubts about it since he never experienced or saw a good kind of love before he met Kurt and his friends.

Blaine shook his head and tried not to think so negatively.

Kurt was coming back today and Blaine was no longer angry nor hurt. All they needed was to talk and understand each other.

So he cleaned the whole place, cooked something nice for them and, around six pm, he heard the door being opened and his heart soared with happiness. He smiled, turned away from the kitchen counter and went into the living room.

There he was, his beautiful Kurt in a pretty coat - which he was taking off - and hair perfectly styled, glistening from the snow. Their eyes met, both shining and warm, and without hesitation Blaine crossed the room to fall into Kurt's arms. He was cold and wet, but underneath all of that Blaine felt and smelled Kurt.

A deep sigh fell from their lips when Kurt's arms wrapped around Blaine's body and both just stood like that for a while. No matter how fine they were without the other, it never felt as good as being together. Only then their connection began to hum and warm up, their soul filling with light and happiness and their hearts slowing down because they were home.

"I'm sorry," were the first words Kurt said.

"I'm sorry too," Blaine mumbled against his neck.

They pulled back, just enough to look at each other. Although their smiles weren't their warm happy ones. They were filled with regret and guilt because they both had been stupid.

It was hard for Blaine to understand how they could still be this broken.

Yes, it was worse months ago but he thought they were over this.

"I made dinner so we can... eat and talk?" Blaine said.

"Sounds good to me," Kurt agreed and they went to the kitchen together.

There was no kiss, no big declaration of love, because they didn't need that. Saying they loved each other, making out, fixing everything through sex was not going to help them solve their issues.

Together they set the plates, sat across from each other and filled their plates with rice and chicken.

"This is really good," Kurt said and Blaine smiled proudly.

"I can't just live eating fast food's food so I cooked whenever I had the time to."

"You're definitely improving and now this is one more thing I don't need to be worried about."

Just like that the mood changed and Blaine felt like a kid again, although Kurt didn't mean it in that way. It was just... he was no kid, he didn't want to be seen as a kid. He was young but he didn't feel young with everything he had been through. They ate in silence, lost in their thoughts and Kurt was the one who broke the silence, and that was what Blaine had been waiting for.

"I'm sorry" Kurt said, "But you need to understand that I'm worried. I'm not here and I don't know what happens when we're not together. You said people judged you and, annoyed you and I know it has a lot to do with me and my job. And I can't control that or stop people. So I just worry, because I want you to be happy and safe."

Blaine understood that and that was not the issue, not for him.

"I told you I'm proud of you and that I don't really mind all of that. I can handle these people."

"What about the one time you went shopping and they didn't want to sell you anything because of your past."

"But that has nothing to do with you, Kurt. It's my past, not yours. You're not the issue, you're the knight in shining armor who saved me, that's how people see you. Yes, you were on TV and told them about us, but it would have been out either way. I was a prostitute for almost a year, I've... met people, many people, and one of them would have outed me anyway. Of course it affects me in some way when people are rude to me, but that's it. They are rude to me and some days I can ignore it, other days, I can't. And... I'm sorry for saying this, but you haven't been there, Kurt. I was living that life and I know how to handle the aftermath."

Blaine watched Kurt's face, waiting to see hurt or something else but Kurt was actually listening. That was good but it was also making him nervous because he couldn't feel what Kurt was feeling. Or maybe that was better because he already had his own feelings to deal with.

"I'm grateful for what you did and do for me. I am. And I will be for as long as I live. But that doesn't mean I'll do whatever you want me to do or think is good for me, when I know what I really want and what is truly good for me. I appreciate your help and suggestions but I don't like it when... when you treat me like a kid."

Then Kurt looked down, guilt on his face and it almost broke Blaine's heart because he didn't want his boyfriend to look like that. He wanted to stand up, to hug Kurt and say that he was sorry for making him look like that. But he had to stand his ground right now.

"I'm young, yes. And I know there are things I don't know yet because of my age. But I've been through so much and I've learned a lot about myself and what I want and what not. That's why... why I wish you would just believe me when I say I don't need certain things."

Kurt was still silent but he was looking back into Blaine's eyes and seemed to feel a bit better, if his calm expression was anything to go by. He said everything he needed to say – for now – and waited for Kurt to say something.

"I understand all of that, Blaine. And I'm sorry that I made you feel that way. I'm just trying to give you chances, you know? We already talked about how I had the opportunity to experience being young and stupid. If you say that you don't want nor need that, I will believe you. But you said it yourself. You're young and there are things you don't know yet. That's why I suggest things you could try out to make an experience. But it's more than that."

Blaine's eyes remained on Kurt and watched how he stood up and sat down on the other chair so they were facing each other. Kurt took Blaine's hands into his, breathing in and out before saying more.

"After our fight two weeks ago, I was thinking a lot. About us, about what happened and especially our crack."

For a moment Blaine thought that Kurt would break up with him. But then he remembered himself that Kurt believed in soulmates and what it meant to be one and that he was a hundred percent certain that they would figure it out sooner or later.

But Blaine didn't, so this was Kurt's way to show Blaine that he cared about Blaine's opinion as well.

"Maybe we need to try things out. Things we wouldn't usually do but maybe they could make us happy. Maybe we need something that makes us happy and that we can't give each other. What do you think?"

Blaine did think about their crack as well, but he didn't come up with a solution. They believed that it had something to do with them, that they weren't okay. But that was not true. They loved each other and fighting was normal for a couple. So maybe Kurt was right. Maybe they needed something else that they couldn't get from their partner.

"So we should just try things out? Things we usually don't do?"

"That's what I came up with. We fight, I know that. But considering that this crack is worrying us and that we don't know what to do to make it heal... we could try. I was thinking and, yes, I admit that me suggesting you to go out and have fun was because I thought you needed and wanted that. But I understand that you know yourself better. So, I don't know, but maybe this will help us? Life is not just about us, it's also about ourselves."

"I understand." Blaine said and let it all sink in before he shrugged and ran his thumbs over Kurt's knuckles. There was really nothing he could say against Kurt's suggestion.

"Can I think about it? And maybe we could talk to doctor Stephens before we decide to do something?"

"Okay, we can do that," Kurt smiled and Blaine relaxed.

Actually Blaine wasn't sure if this would help them and he wasn't really confident about Kurt's idea.

But, just like Kurt, he was tired of this crack.

"Can I get a kiss now?" Kurt asked with a pout, which made it impossible for Blaine to resist. He couldn't resist those lips for too long. So he leaned in, kissed his boyfriend long and sweet and loved the humming sound of their connection.

"What do you say about watching some TV and cuddles?" Blaine hummed against Kurt's lips.

"I'd love that. The past two weeks have been hard and I really need my boyfriend in my arms and many, many hours of sleep."

They cleaned the dishes, put the rest of the food into the fridge, changed into their pajamas and went back into their living room, where the couch became their new bed for that night. Blaine let Kurt decide what to watch and let Kurt be the one who held him giving the big spoon task to Kurt that night. Blaine needed that, to let go and let Kurt hold him for that night. Because no matter how angry or hurt he had been, the nights without Kurt were still cold and lonely.

So he snuggled close and nuzzled into his favorite spot of Kurt's body, where his neck and

shoulder met, and smiled when he felt Kurt's lips on his temple. For Blaine the simple act of cuddling was just as important as connecting through sex. He needed to be held, needed to hold someone and just be gentle and slow with every touch and every kiss. He needed the calm and the warmth because his life had been so cold, fast and painful for too long.

That's why he smiled into each kiss, hummed happily when Kurt kissed other parts of his face and enjoyed how perfect their hands fit.

"Thank you, though. For the gifts. They made me really happy," Blaine whispered when he felt sleep coming closer.

"Gifts?" Kurt asked and Blaine giggled. Was he really going to tease him now? But when he opened his eyes he noticed that Kurt was not teasing him. He actually looked confused.

"The flowers? The cookies? Bow ties? And the cards?"

"I... I've sent you flowers but no... nothing else," Kurt said and Blaine could see how his confused expression changed into something close to panic.

Chapter End Notes

Thanks to all of you who are still with me! Please leave me some reviews so I know people are still excited and interested in this story :)

Friends

Chapter Notes

Warnings for: Blangst and memories when Blaine worked as a prostitute.

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Chapter 8. Friends

Blaine remembered how Nina described Kurt's break down when he couldn't contact Blaine almost a year ago. Though he didn't want to imagine it, he had tried and it was one of the worst ideas he ever had. But seeing it in real life, how Kurt slowly understood that someone else gave Blaine gifts... he wasn't exactly panicking, but he was pretty close to it. Both sat up and Kurt looked around as if to find something that didn't belong into their apartment but the only thing that remained, were the bow ties, hung up in Blaine's closet.

"Where are the cards?" Kurt asked and Blaine didn't hesitate. He stood up, went to the drawers next to the TV and took the cards out. He turned around finding Kurt already standing right next to him.

Kurt took the cards and started to read them with shaking fingers. Blaine just swallowed nervously and waited for Kurt to say something, anything.

"I thought they were from you... the handwriting looks like yours." Blaine mumbled.

He felt sick.

The flowers were from Kurt, alright. But anything else seemed to be from someone else. Someone who knew where he was living and what he liked. Someone who knew things about him that only his friends or Kurt knew. For example That he loved cookies, who his favorite composer was and that he loved bow ties.

"This person knows you," Kurt said as he came to the same conclusion.

Blaine nodded, his mouth too dry to form words. Then Kurt turned away, walked back to the coffee table to get his phone and Blaine was so close to blame himself for all of this. He should have texted Kurt, told him about the gifts and they would have known right away that those things were not sent by his boyfriend. What if the cookies had been poisoned? What if any of the other gifts would have been something dangerous?

Oh no, Blaine was not being dramatic. He knew what people were capable of doing, thanks to his old job.

He felt sick to his stomach and he had no idea what to do. It was almost like, whenever he thought he did something right, whenever he thought things would just be good for once, life needed to remind him that he didn't deserve a happy life.

But this time things were different. This time he was not alone while trying to find a way out of the misery his life became again. This time Kurt was with him and Blaine was surprised that, although Kurt was talking over the phone, he walked back to Blaine and put his free arm around

his back and held him close. It was not about Blaine being younger or helpless. This was Kurt and Blaine being there for each other. Blaine never saw it like that before. Not like he did in that moment and yet, he was too surprised to truly understand all of this.

"Nina and Sebastian will be here in an hour," Kurt said and Blaine just nodded. He wasn't trusting his voice or his feelings. He just wanted to rest in Kurt's arms until he had to face all of this for real. Together they locked the door, the windows, checked every corner and every place that could be used as some spot to hide something – like a camera, Kurt said – and then they were back on the couch. Kurt read the cards again while Blaine was pressed against his side, his eyes closed.

He didn't want to think about who could have sent him all these things. But that was easier said than done because he had to wonder. Blaine had to consider every person possible, but he couldn't think of anyone. He didn't have a crazy ex and he didn't have anyone he talked to about this stuff except their friends and Kurt.

Charlie wouldn't do such a thing, not even as a joke and neither their other friends. There was no doubt these things were for him. Kurt did have tons of fans, some were even labeled as stalkers – just like Sebastian had told them – but Kurt didn't have an obsession with bow ties like Blaine did. Kurt didn't like the same composer Blaine liked. It was for him, not for Kurt and it scared Blaine that someone knew so much about him.

The only good thing about all of this? Kurt didn't even question if Blaine had an affair, if there was someone Blaine could've told all these things.

Kurt knew Blaine didn't, right?

An hour later Nina and Sebastian arrived and for the first time Blaine was not pissed to see Sebastian. In fact, he hoped Sebastian would come up with some kind of plan, solution, anything because, yes, he was good at his job.

"Hey guys," Nina said and didn't even hug them. She understood that it was not the right time to do that and Blaine was grateful that she wasn't blind when it came to how a person felt.

"What happened? You look like you've seen a ghost," Sebastian said, walking around the table to look into the kitchen, while Kurt handed Nina the cards.

Blaine watched her reading the cards while the confusion crawled over her face.

Of course Nina, always being with Kurt, would have known if Kurt sent him anything.

When she was done it was Sebastian's turn to read the cards.

"What is this?" Nina eventually asked.

"Someone sent these to Blaine. But we don't know who it is. Which doesn't really matter now because someone already knows all these things about Blaine and where we live." Kurt answered.

Nina nodded.

That was all she did before she pulled out her phone and walked around the living room talking to whoever was on the other end.

Meanwhile Sebastian was the one who asked questions and Blaine was too tired to snap at him when he asked: "Do you have an affair?"

"What the fuck? Seb!" It was Kurt who snapped instead. "Of course he doesn't. I'm his boyfriend, we love each other and we're soulmates."

"Hey, calm down. I'm just asking questions. If you'd call the cops they'd ask you the same. You know what people still think about gay guys. That some of us are simply sleeping around like sluts."

"Yeah, sorry," Kurt mumbled but for Blaine, hearing Kurt defending him meant a lot.

"So?" Sebastian asked again.

"No, I don't," Blaine answered.

"Alright. What about crazy ex boyfriends? Anyone?"

Blaine shook his head no but there was this small thought that became clearer and bigger. What if it was someone who didn't really liked him? What if it was someone who didn't like him and tried to scare them?

It seemed ridiculous to do that through nice gifts and cards, but Blaine knew people did weird and strange things.

"No. I don't have any." Blaine said.

Sebastian hummed and typed notes down on his phone. Kurt watched Nina who was still talking over the phone and Blaine still felt sick.

"What about the people when you still were a prostitute? Anyone from them?" continued Sebastian.

Blaine didn't want to tell Sebastian anything from his past. It was none of his business and Blaine didn't really wanted to talk about that. It had been hard enough to accept what he had to do in the past and then try to put himself back together after all of that. It took all his strength and so much growing up to confront who called him out, in order to silence them and their stupidity.

Tonight though, he just wanted to sleep and not think for one more second. But Kurt squeezed his arm, gave him an encouraging look and Blaine knew, the sooner he answered Sebastian's questions, the sooner he was allowed to go to sleep.

"Possible." Blaine said.

"Can you tell me any names?" Sebastian asked, still taking notes on his phone.

"Are you fucking kidding me?" Blaine snapped eventually.

He stood up, shook Kurt's hands off of his body and faced Sebastian with an angry, and yet, tired glare.

"Do you think one of them cared what my name was? Do you think introducing each other meant something? It didn't! I was just a fuck toy for them and nothing else!" Blaine yelled.

With that Blaine went into his study room and slammed the door shut.

He remained in his room for several hours but not because he was thinking and thinking and

trying to find a solution.

He was exhausted and, at some point, he fell asleep on the armchair because all his thoughts were too much to bear, but instead of enjoying some rest, he had to deal with nightmares.

No, more like memories from the time when he was a prostitute. Dreams of men who touched him, their grunts and moans clear in his ears, their hands large, strong, too strong for him to fight against. And In that nightmare Blaine was so weak and so broken.

He woke up with a gasp, soaked in sweat and with a massive headache. But he didn't get up right away although his body hurt from the uncomfortable position he fell asleep in.

After he calmed down and realized it had all been just a dream, he listened for voices, steps. Luckily the apartment was filled with the familiar noises of Kurt busy with something.

Slowly Blaine stood up, stretched, and approached the door, still listening and when he was certain that Sebastian and Nina were no longer there, he opened the door and sighed.

Kurt was sitting on the couch, doing something at his laptop while receiving text after text on his phone. He was probably taking care of the situation. Something Blaine didn't have the strength to yet.

He closed the door behind him, bit his lower lip and then opened his connection so Kurt could feel what he was feeling. It was no clear feeling, it was a mix of too much and he let Kurt feel the surface of it but not the whole thing. Which was enough, really. Kurt looked up, turned his head to Blaine and then sighed with his shoulders slumping down.

"Hey," Kurt spoke calmly as he walked towards Blaine. That was all he said and that was all Blaine could truly handle. He even took a step aside when Kurt tried to touch him. He just... he couldn't deal with that, with anyone touching him right now. His action, of course, confused Kurt and Blaine could only give him an apologetic look.

"I... I need a shower... sorry."

Blaine felt how his words hurt Kurt.

Not because he didn't want Kurt to touch him, but because Kurt knew what this meant.

Whenever Blaine showered he tried to wash off all the invisible marks each of his customers had left on his skin. He tried to clean his skin and his memories and love himself again. Because for a very long time, Blaine saw himself, and felt, dirty. Of course he knew a shower would never wash it all away and he actually did accept his past and started to like himself again.

However, this person who stalked him, knew things about him... Even if it was nothing compared to what Blaine went through, it made him feel the way he felt a year ago.

Vulnerable, alone, broken.

He undressed quickly, stepped under the warm water and focused on the sound of it. He hoped it would ban all the whispers, all the dirty words, all the promises his customers made. He hoped it would wash away all the hands who touched him, the lips who kissed him and the many other things that had touched his body, but never with love. He just wanted these old demons to leave him for good and to not come back ever again.

In that moment though, Blaine couldn't fight the demons. In that moment he couldn't even hold his own body. He found himself on his knees, soaping his body and rubbing his skin clean while the

tears fell. What had he done to deserve all of this? Was it because his mother died when he was born? Was it because he had been so mean to his stepmother? He was not a bad person, he knew that. Then why did all of this keep on happening to him? Would it ever stop?

Suddenly the water was gone and the coldness wrapped around his body for some seconds before he felt something soft and warm surrounding him from his back. He wiped the water off his eyes, blinked and turned around to find Kurt. Of course, Kurt felt everything Blaine felt, which explained his own glassy eyes, his weak smile and even why he was there with him.

"Come here," he whispered and Blaine stood up and stepped out of the shower. He took the towel and wrapped it around his body while Kurt dried his hair and then showed him that he had bought Blaine a fresh pair of boxer briefs and pajamas.

"I'll be waiting for you in the living room, okay? ."

Blaine just nodded and when Kurt left he dressed himself slowly.

Kurt, right.

Blaine was not alone, Kurt was with him and this, the stranger who send Blaine all these gifts, also involved Kurt.

Did he want Kurt to be involved? Did he want Kurt to be worried about that as well?

No, Blaine didn't.

To be more specific, he didn't want Kurt to get hurt. His experience screamed at him to handle all of this alone. But he knew this was not really an option. He was in love, he was in a relationship with the person he wanted to be with for the rest of his life.

Kurt wouldn't go away, Kurt was not fooling him. He would support Blaine and protect him. Just like Blaine did for Kurt. With one last deep breath he left the bathroom and found Kurt sitting on the couch, wearing his own pajamas, two cups with hot chocolate on the coffee table, a mountain of pillows and blankets rising on the couch, and the menu of the first Star Wars movie was playing on TV. Everything that Blaine loved was in this living room and waiting to embrace him so he could calm down, feel loved and, especially, safe.

Maybe he needed that. After all Kurt was the person he felt happy and safe with. But he had no idea what to say to Kurt. He had yelled at Sebastian, acted like a kid instead of handling it like Kurt did. God, he felt even worse. He had asked Kurt to not treat him like a child and yet Blaine behaved like one, right? Or maybe not. No one could blame him for being scared, for dealing with his old demons. Not even he could blame himself for that. He was just a human being after all and today was one of the days when he couldn't handle anything.

Blaine felt the tears coming back but he walked to Kurt nevertheless, not knowing what to say or do. The thing was, he didn't have to say anything or do anything. Kurt knew him regardless their fights and issues. Kurt just smiled, took Blaine's hand and said: "It's okay." All Blaine could do was nod and sit down next to Kurt.

His cold fingers took the cup from Kurt and he gratefully took a sip of the not too hot liquid. Blaine sipped slowly while Kurt sent a text and then proceed to turn his phone off.

"You want me here with you? I can go to the bedroom if you want to be alone." Kurt, proposed.

Although Blaine didn't like the idea of being close to someone, Kurt was not just someone. He was his boyfriend, soulmate and the person he loved. Of course he wanted Kurt to be with him,

hold him and just make him feel pure and loved. Something that should be stronger than any demon, any memory. Today it wasn't. But he knew it would help him through the night.

"I... I want you here with me," Blaine said, and although he drank the hot chocolate his mouth still felt dry. But Kurt's fingers, as they ran through his damp curls, felt warm and soft, calming and lovely, and when Kurt leaned closer to kiss Blaine briefly, he let it happen, even welcoming it.

"I love you, Blaine."

"Love you too," Blaine whispered and closed his eyes when their foreheads touched. Yes, Kurt understood him and knew what he needed, just like Blaine knew what Kurt needed.

Fortunately Blaine did sleep through the whole night without any nightmares. But he was clingy and didn't let go of Kurt even for one second. At some point in the morning he woke up, when Kurt started to move, and made a disapproving noise. Kurt explained to him that he needed to make some calls and that he would be there when Blaine woke up. Instead, he woke up to the smell of pancakes and coffee.

Blaine couldn't smile when he woke up, not for the smell, and not to Kurt who smiled at him as Blaine walked into the kitchen. He tried though, he tried to smile back and forget all the memories and demons. But it was so hard. So he tried to remember how he got out of this for the first time. Back then, he was still living with Charlie. Maybe he should visit him and talk to him because he was the only one who really understood Blaine.

"Feeling better?" Kurt asked after he set down two cups of coffee.

"Just tired," Blaine answered not letting Kurt feel anything. One of them needed to have a clear mind and that was Kurt this time.

"It'll be alright, Blaine. Okay?"

Blaine nodded slowly but he couldn't believe what Kurt said, not yet.

They ate in silence and Blaine used that moment to look around. There were notes at the other end of the table, other papers Blaine hadn't seen before, and Kurt's phone buzzed from time to time. After breakfast he got out of his pajamas and put on a t-shirt, a cardigan and a pair of jeans. He wasn't sure if he wanted to leave the apartment but he really wanted to see Charlie and just... something else. Hopefully without being noticed by whoever was stalking him.

With a clearer mind – it was true that sleeping a night over something helped to clear his mind - Blaine tried to remember if he met someone new, if someone had been acting suspicious towards him. But there was no one. Kira and Oliver were good friends, no one really asked him out at college and most of the time he was at home or with Kurt and their friends. Maybe he should pay more attention from now on. Yes, definitely.

"Are you ready to talk?" Kurt asked when Blaine came back into the living room.

On the coffee table there were the papers and the notes from the kitchen and Blaine knew that, sooner or later, he needed to face all of this.

So he nodded slowly and joined Kurt on the couch.

"We don't have to talk about the person who did that, or about your past. But we have to talk

about the future." Kurt said.

"Okay?" That surprised Blaine. "What do you mean?"

Kurt sighed and reached for the papers Blaine didn't dare to look at yet. Now he had no other choice and his eyes widened while his eyebrows arched up. The papers were apartments. Many different apartments in New York. Some big, some smaller but all of them far away from their current apartment.

"Do you... want me to move out?" Blaine asked and now it was Kurt who widened his eyes.

"What? No! Blaine, why would I want that?"

Blaine shrugged and he hated how miserable he felt and what it made him think. Instead of trusting Kurt he questioned everything. Instead of believing in their love, Blaine wondered if this would finally break them. The thing was, Blaine kept having this kind of thoughts on his mind, while Kurt really believed the reality was another. A reality of soulmates who believed they'd never break apart and even if they did, they would always find a way back to each other.

"Maybe because I'm making troubles?" Blaine, answered.

"But this is not your fault, Blaine." Kurt said, and he looked so sad and so worried that Blaine felt sorry.

"Honey," Kurt began to speak again, touching Blaine's cheek gently. "I'm with you. We're in this together. You're no longer alone."

Blaine felt like crying, again. Instead he leaned against Kurt, whispered a thank you and then went through the papers. He felt the little kiss Kurt left in his hair, even smiled about that and then listened to what Kurt was saying.

"I was looking for a new place for us. Obviously, we need to leave this place and be more careful until we find who sent those things. But not just that. I think we need to be more careful in general. I really don't need any crazy people in front of our home. So, these are the apartments I've found for us and I want you to look through them and see what apartment you like. Then I'm going to call Nina and we're going to visit the apartments and see which one we like. What do you think?"

"I think it's the right thing to do."

They spent the next hour just going through apartments, discussing which one they could imagine as their new home crossing off the list the ones they didn't liked.

Kurt called Nina after that and Blaine sat there and watched Kurt, thinking about the next days.

He would be alone because Kurt had to go back to work. So maybe he shouldn't stay here but somewhere else. He really didn't need another gift or worse, the person visiting him. There were thousands of known stories about what a stalker was capable of doing. That's why leaving seemed the best idea for now. Or maybe not leaving but having someone there with him.

"Are you going back to work?" Blaine asked when Kurt ended the call.

"I should but I don't want to. Thinking that you'll be here alone is not exactly calming. But there's another thing I wanted to talk to you about. We talked about it before I left."

"You mean a bodyguard?"

Kurt nodded and Blaine leaned back against the backrest of the couch. He didn't like the idea then and he didn't like it now. This felt like having a babysitter, but he understood now, that the situation was serious and that he couldn't anticipate what this, stalker – god the word was so weird and he wanted to say admirer or something but it didn't fit and didn't change the way he felt about this stranger – was going to do next.

"Sebastian knows someone who wants to do the job. It's a girl and the best thing about her it's that she used to make music, so I'm sure you two will get along. Now she became a bodyguard. She might not look like one, Sebastian said, but she has some incredible skills when it comes to defending and taking care of people."

Okay, Blaine had to admit he liked that it was a girl and not some guy much bigger than him with huge muscles and rather silent than chatty. Also the fact that women worked as bodyguards made him slightly happy. Things changed and maybe things would change for the better for him too.

"And Sebastian wanted to apologize to you." Kurt continued.

"What?" Blaine breathed clearly surprised about that.

Kurt walked back to the couch and sat down, smiling as if he hoped this information would help Blaine to, finally, see Sebastian as a friend. Or at least as someone who was not a threat.

"He thought the stalker was after me. But he never mentioned my name, he just used the male pronouns. Also other people believed that the stalker was talking about me. Sebastian showed me the posts and pictures and they were all tagged with my name but the pictures were always pictures of us, together. So maybe the stalker isn't that stupid and tried not to be too obvious about his true intentions. Whatever it is, Sebastian is sorry for not seeing that."

Blaine thought for a while, remembered what had happened since Sebastian became a part of their life and then, to his own surprise, said: "It's not his fault though."

Then he felt Kurt's lips against his temple and Blaine was sure Kurt smiled. There was really nothing Blaine could say against Sebastian or this bodyguard thing. He didn't even want to because he still felt so tired and weak and maybe, having a bodyguard – a girl as a bodyguard – was the right thing to do. Something new, something that might help them healing the crack even. Who knew.

"I'm okay with a bodyguard and I think I'd feel better with one around me. I... I know what people can do and..." Blaine stopped for some seconds and then nodded to himself. "Yeah, it's the right thing to do."

"Thank you." Kurt whispered and Blaine turned his head towards Kurt so he could look at him, smile weakly and then he looked back down to the papers, while Kurt's phone buzzed with a new text.

"It's Nina. We can check the apartments tomorrow." Kurt announced.

"Tomorrow already? On a Sunday?"

"The benefits of being famous, I guess. But after that I have to leave to film the rest. Do you want me to tell Cooper what happened?"

"No. I'll text him later, but I'd like to visit Charlie today. Maybe he remembers someone who would stalk me, you know?"

"Of course. Charlie might help you more than any of us. I'm going to organize everything with Nina and Sebastian while you're gone."

"I'm going to call him." Blaine said and stood up to get his phone and call his friend. It was Saturday so it was possible that he was busy with work or something else. But Blaine knew that when he needed Charlie, or Charlie needed him, they would drop everything else. Luckily Charlie had the day off and Blaine told him he would leave his apartment in the next minutes.

"Do you want me to drive you there? I... I'm not treating you like a kid," Kurt spoke and Blaine saw that he was trying not to hurt him. "But this is serious and I don't like the idea of you walking around, alone... for now that is."

Blaine did not argue, Kurt was right after all. And he knew Kurt worried because he loved him and wanted him to be safe. He understood that and tried to accept that his life would be like this until they found the stalker.

"Okay" Blaine agreed, "but only when you have the time for that."

"So the gifts were not from Kurt?" Charlie asked when they were sitting in his small, yellow kitchen and drinking hot chocolate. It was a small apartment, enough for two people but very cosy and very nice, just like Charlie.

"The flowers were but the other gifts weren't." Blaine answered.

"Fuck, the cookies could have been poisoned, you know? But maybe this stalker is not a bad kind of stalker, you know?" Charlie said running his free hand through his blonde hair.

"I don't really care what kind of stalker that person is. It scares me and it reminds me of the time when we were prostitutes. I... I don't like that feeling and I don't want to be this weak person again."

Charlie nodded slowly and reached out to squeeze Blaine's shoulder. It was a good feeling to just be around his friend without explaining what happened and what he went through. There was a deep and simple understanding between them.

"I know that. I'm feeling the same way. Some days are easy other days are hard, but this is our life now, Blaine. We don't have to go back ever again."

"What makes you so sure about that? What if something does happen and we just... we do it again because we know how to handle that job. And we know that it's the fastest way to make money."

Blaine tried not to think about that and he tried not to admit this to himself. But he was worried about the aftermath of all of this. It could go well but it could also go completely wrong and he could lose everything. Life was so fragile, people were so fragile and cruel at the same time and everything could just break or turn into a direction he had no control over.

"Blainey, come on. Don't think that way. We have amazing friends who will help us, and we are both strong and smart and handling our life in an amazing way. You are also a soulmate, whatever happens you can count on Kurt being there with you."

Blaine just gave him a look and Charlie blinked and then groaned, smacking his own forehead.

"Don't tell me you're still not believing in the meaning of a soulmate."

"You know why I don't. And I'm not here to talk about that again, Charlie. I wanted to talk to you and see if we remember someone who could be this stalker."

Luckily Charlie never really pushed Blaine into anything or forced him to talk about things he was clearly not ready to, or, things they already talked about endless times. So Blaine watched Charlie, who leaned back in his chair and touched his chin with his fingers.

"Have you considered Jesse?" Charlie asked.

"I did but I doubt he would do that. I also think he would be the first person the police would go after when we'll report what happened," Blaine explained.

"What about the one guy... what was his name? Arthur? He was kind of obsessed with you and we needed to throw him out eventually."

Blaine remembered Arthur. It was a dark and old memory but he remembered how he was constantly talking about how beautiful Blaine was, and how he wanted him to say Arthur's name. He seemed to be one of the rather good guys, but then he just wouldn't stop visiting Blaine.

"Maybe. But he didn't threatened us when we told him to never come back. He also doesn't seems like the stalker guy. Not that I know what a stalker guy is like."

"And we don't know where he lives or what his full name is. But maybe you can tell Sebastian about him and he can observe him or something. Just to be sure."

"I can do that," Blaine agreed.

They kept on dropping names, overthinking and considering who could be a stalker, ending up with only three names on their list. It was weird, Blaine thought. They met so many guys, and yet just a few names and faces remained in their memories. Clear faces and names they were 100% sure were right. Other than that all Blaine remembered was the small room he used to live in, hands, lips, noises and nothing more. But that alone was so much and a shiver ran through his whole body, just like it happened yesterday.

"Do you still have moments when you're just... kind of freaking out? When you're just... scared and want to forget?" Blaine asked, focused on the cup between his hands.

"Sometimes, yes. Especially when people kind of remind me of what I used to do, you know? But then I usually text you or do something nice to remind myself that those times are over and I don't need to explain myself to anybody or feel any kind of shame for what we had to do."

"I freaked out... yesterday. I felt like I had to go back, you know? All the voices and...memories. It felt like it usually did, before things are about to break. I was so sure that Kurt would throw me out because I could ruin his life. I was sure that I'd wake up in my old bed, in my old life. It's..."

"Hard for you to believe and trust, huh?" Charlie finished the sentence for him and Blaine nodded slowly.

"Look, Blainers. I understand why you're thinking that way. I understand that you do that so you won't break if something bad happens. It's your way to protect yourself. But it's not a healthy way, and it won't make you happy because you don't let yourself embrace the whole thing."

"But how? How am I supposed to believe in this soulmate thing? All Kurt and I do is fighting lately and then kind of fixing things for a while, but we will fight again, I'm sure. Now we're helping each other but when this stalker situation becomes too much, we'll fight again. And... this

crack still hasn't healed."

Charlie was quiet for a while, drinking the rest of his hot chocolate and then sighed.

"But couples fight, Blaine. The situation right now sucks, yes. And I'm sure you have other issues to figure out still. I mean, you know each other for two years but in the past two years, you've been going through a lot and didn't really have the time to get to know each other. Like who you guys really are. You're doing that now and you're two different people, there is an age gap and you both have your own past."

"Like I would know how to do that"

Charlie smiled and then chuckled. "Of course you don't. You never had the time for a boyfriend or a serious relationship. Ergo, you have no experience to compare or to learn from."

"So what are you suggesting?" Blaine asked and turned around when Charlie stood up to put his cup into the sink.

"I suggest to just trust Kurt and to start believing. I'm not saying you should be like Kurt. But believe that things will work out because you love each other and you want to be, and belong, together."

Even believing in that was hard for Blaine and, yes, it was because he had no other experience. The only one he had was losing people he loved. Charlie noticed that Blaine probably did understand but still guarded himself to not get hurt at some point.

"We're friends, Blaine. We love each other as well and you simply trust me and believe me. It's so easy for you and me to do that. And I get why. We've been through a lot together, we protected each other. Kurt didn't. But he tried and is trying and I think he's doing an amazing job. So, maybe, start seeing him as a friend as well. Maybe that will make things easier for you. Yes, he is your boyfriend and your soulmate, but he should also be your friend."

"I'll try."

"And that's good enough, Blainers," Charlie smiled and sat down next to Blaine to nudge his shoulder with his.

"Speaking of friends. I was wondering if you could stay with me and maybe help me pack everything when Kurt leaves for work. I'm sure we'll find an apartment tomorrow and then we'll move out as soon as possible. But I also don't want to be alone. I'm going to have a bodyguard, but I'd like to have someone around me who I know and trust." Blaine said.

"Sure. As long as Kurt is okay with that I have no problem babysitting you."

"Ha ha, you're so funny," Blaine rolled his eyes sticking his tongue out.

Yes, it was a good idea visiting his friend because Blaine did feel better.

He came back home around seven, Charlie in tow so Blaine wouldn't be alone and Kurt wouldn't worry too much. Being with Charlie he didn't spend too much time thinking and wondering about the stranger. In fact, they were watching Vines, laughing and talking about everything and nothing, which was really nice. No studying, no serious thoughts, nothing but the simplicity of what life could be. Blaine wanted that with Kurt as well. He wanted them to be friends, lovers and

soulmates. That's why he tried to not frown, not look too worried when he opened the door and walked inside. Shoes and jacket off, he turned around and smelled food, which made his stomach grumble, signaling that he was indeed hungry.

With certain steps he crossed the living room and found Kurt leaning against the counter and typing on his phone with a frown on his face. Everything was set on the table, dinner still inside the oven and the feeling of home hit Blaine deep in his soul. This place was more than just the place he found a home in. This was the place he felt safe for the first time, where he had his first kiss, his first time and finally learned to love and got love in return. Thinking that they had to move out unsettled him a bit. But maybe it was for the best. Beside the good things these walls also held a lot of bad things. Maybe a new beginning was exactly what they needed.

"Blaine, you're back," Kurt exclaimed and forgot his phone on the counter. Something happened inside Blaine. Something that was pulling him closer to Kurt as if he needed his body and his soul to breath and feel good. Something that Blaine hadn't felt before. But he was tired of thinking and tired from everything that bothered him since yesterday. He closed the remaining distance and wrapped his arms around Kurt's body, sealing their lips together into a long gentle kiss.

All kisses they shared did something to Blaine. Some made him breathless, some giggle and smile stupidly, some made him simply feel happy. But the kisses that ran through his body and soul, even through his bones, were his favorite because they just made him feel everything.

That kiss did exactly that.

"I guess you had a good time with Charlie?" Kurt whispered against Blaine's lips.

"Yes, I did. And I feel better after talking to him."

"That's good." Kurt kissed him again and Blaine wished it could always be this peaceful. But he knew it wouldn't. Not until they found the stalker and figured everything out.

Chapter End Notes

Hey guys! Great to see so many of you are still here, thank you for that! And thank you for the reviews and all the love and support you give me. It means so much and helps me even more. Can't wait to hear from you guys again! And chapter 9 is almost done :)

New Home

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Chapter 9. New Home

Sunday was one of the busiest days Blaine ever had. The previous evening had been beautiful. They kissed until they fell asleep in each other arms and woke up in the same way. He liked that, the kisses and cuddles, because that was easy and it was helping them so much more than sex ever did. Of course he missed sleeping with Kurt but he wasn't in the mood for that. To be honest, Blaine was a bit scared that having sex with Kurt would scare him and freak him out. After all, the memories had just come back and it felt like he had stopped being a prostitute only yesterday. But he was able to think clearly, smile and face whatever they had to do.

The first task of the day was visiting apartments in order to find their new place. They had different ideas about how the new apartment should look like: which one would be Blaine's room – so he could study and have some privacy - and which one the bedroom? And did they want to see the sunrise or dawn from the living room's windows?.

Those were just little things, really, but everything escalated into yet another heated discussion followed, like always, by apologies and then by a visit to the next apartment.

The only thing they agreed on was the security system: they wanted cameras because they wanted to see who was at their door without opening it.

After the third one they decided to eat lunch somewhere and with a full belly they both felt better. There were three more apartments to visit and back home they went through them all, again.

"I like the one with three rooms. We'd have a bedroom, a huge open kitchen and a living room. Just like here, but bigger. And the brick wall is also nice. And I really liked the stairs along the wall leading to the bedroom;" Kurt said handing the pictures to Blaine.

"What are we going to do with three rooms? We only need two." Blaine countered.

"Well... that's true but we should think about the future, shouldn't we?" Kurt reasoned.

Blaine was clearly confused and showed Kurt that through his eyes.

He knew one of the rooms was for him and for Kurt to just have some privacy and a place to work and study. The second one would fulfill the same purpose and could even be used as a guestroom. But the third one? Blaine was a bit worried that it would just become storage room full of stuff no longer needed.

"No. You're right. We don't need a third room." Kurt said looking a bit flustered, something that didn't happen often. Haphazardly he took the papers wanting to put them aside but Blaine stopped him wrapping his fingers around his wrist.

"Kurt, talk to me. What is it?"

But Kurt didn't. Not right away and Blaine was sure that this was something huge. Maybe something he wouldn't like to hear?

"I thought we... we could already have a room for... a baby, you know?" Kurt mumbled.

"A baby? What baby?" Blaine countered, confused.

"Our baby?" Kurt said.

But Kurt's voice was so quiet Blaine almost didn't hear his words.

A baby?

He never thought about having a baby.

He wasn't even sure if he wanted kids. Apparently Kurt was, which was not surprising for Blaine when he thought about Kurt's age and how their friends were all getting engaged and married. Of course he wanted that too, but Blaine was sure he wasn't ready for any of that.

Babies...

Would he be a good dad? Would he even be able to help them become a good person? Would he always be there for them until they grew up and had a good and stable life?

"I'm sorry. We never talked about this." Kurt said, interrupting his thoughts.

"No, it's okay. It's fine. I just... I don't know if this is something we should think about now." Blaine reasoned.

Blaine didn't want to mention the issues they still had because things were tense enough already. So he just hoped that Kurt would understand that it was too early. Maybe not for Kurt, but for Blaine.

"You're right. Sorry. You still have college and I have some movies to do. Obviously now is not the time for that." Kurt agreed, sulking a little bit.

"But we can take this apartment," Blaine pointed out when Kurt began to get nervous again, calming him down visibly.

He turned his head towards Blaine and smiled.

Yes, Blaine was okay with this apartment, but he was not ready for kids. He would think about that only when it would become something that could really happen.

Which wouldn't be a thing in the next, at least, three years. He still had one year of college left and, after that, he wanted to work for a while so... three years sounded good to him. Then he would be 22 years old and Kurt would be 30. That was a good age, right?

"Are you sure? Because if you're saying yes I'm going to call Nina right now to set everything."

"Yes, I'm sure. We liked it from the beginning and it was also the one we didn't argue about. It seems perfect."

Then Kurt kissed Blaine's nose and of course he giggled for that. It was a habit he would never get rid of, he was sure of that. While Kurt called Nina, Blaine sorted the papers, keeping aside the one about their new home, and then checked the time. They were supposed to meet Sebastian and Blaine's new bodyguard. A girl, whose name he didn't know yet. He only knew that she was a musician. So they started to clean the place together even if Kurt was still on the phone.

"We can move in before Christmas." Kurt said closing the call, and Blaine could hear the disappointment in Kurt's voice.

Christmas was something Kurt enjoyed and he was sure that Kurt didn't want to set a whole apartment during the Christmas week.

"That's in a little more than two weeks. Fuck..."

With a groan Kurt let himself fall on the couch, like a small kind having a fit.

"I can't ask you to pack everything, you have final exams and you need to study."

"You could ask your team though" Blaine suggested.

"I could, but I don't like the idea of people doing things for me when I can do it myself. I don't want to become one of these celebrities who people talk badly about because I'm not that kind of person."

Blaine sat down next to Kurt and ran his fingers through his soft hair.

He knew how much Kurt cared about his hair so he still felt pretty happy about being allowed to do that.

"But you have to work, Kurt. I don't think your people have something against that. And if you're uncomfortable with strangers going through our stuff, we can always ask our friends to help us. I'm sure they would do it. Obviously we need people for all the furniture I can pack everything else with Charlie's help."

"Right. Charlie's going to be here. Ugh... I'm just happy we don't have any sex toys we need to hide."

That made Blaine laugh although things like that used to be something that would made him uncomfortable.

But not anymore.

He threw away all the toys he had and with them, many bad feelings went away.

"Would you like to have some though?" Kurt asked.

"Sex toys?" Blaine asked surprised.

"Yeah. We're doing better and you're comfortable with sex, right?"

"Yeah... yes, I am. But... why? Do you want to try things out?"

What surprised Blaine the most was that he was not against that. He wanted to try things out with Kurt. He wanted to try everything out with Kurt but not... now. Maybe when things will be calmer and this stalker thing solved out.

"But... can we discuss this another time? I'm not against it. I'm just not in the right head space for this discussion."

"Sure," Kurt said reaching out for Blaine's hand to squeeze it reassuringly.

When the door bell rang Blaine felt the nervousness crawling through his body. He thought he

was calm and ready for this, but now he began to understand what a change this was going to be. There would be a person who would follow him around wherever he went, a person who would stay by his side for most of the day and that would live across the street, as Kurt had told him. A person he didn't know. But the fact that it was going to be a girl was the only reason he didn't freak out. Women were less crazy and rude than men, or at least that was what he experienced.

Kurt opened the door and Sebastian – with his usual grin – and a blue haired girl walked inside.

The first impression of her?

Blaine thought she looked nice, sweet with her huge eyes and big smile, and yes totally like a musician. No one would guess that she was a bodyguard. She just seemed so warm and nice and Blaine couldn't help feeling hopeful.

"Hey guys, this is your new bodyguard," Sebastian said.

Kurt shook her hand first, then Blaine while they introduced themselves.

She smiled, all warm and nice while shaking Blaine's hand with a firm grip.

"Hi, I'm Danielle, but everyone calls me Dani. Nice to meet you Kurt, Blaine."

Kurt seemed just as surprised as Blaine was, but at the same time they both seemed very pleased about her.

Still, Blaine wanted to wait and get to know her better. They walked into the kitchen – Kurt baked some cookies the day before – and Blaine fixed tea and coffee.

"Sebastian told me you guys need a bodyguard but he didn't tell me who you guys are. I really enjoyed your movie. But I love what you did for Blaine. I'm sure it must be hard for you to deal with some people." Dani said her last words towards Blaine.

"It could be worse," Blaine said trying to play it down. But one look from Kurt and he knew there was really no need to. Dani would be, from now on, Blaine's bodyguard. This meant that he had to trust her and tell her everything she needed to know, just like Kurt had told him yesterday before they went to sleep.

"How do you know each other though?" Kurt asked looking at Sebastian and then at Dani.

"She was the bodyguard of a celebrity I once worked for. We didn't really like each other at the beginning but at some point we became friends and I can assure you, she's one of the best bodyguards you guys can find."

"Well, you don't really look like someone who could hurt a person." Kurt said.

"One of the pros to be honest. Most people think I'm just a friend and that's good because then I can do my job properly," Dani smiled. "Sebastian told me you guys have a stalker?"

They filled Dani in and told her everything that happened so far and answered all her questions about what their plans were.

Kurt would go back to work tomorrow, Blaine had school and they were about to move in a new place. Then they gave her a list of the people they usually met and trusted. Blaine also told her that Charlie wanted to stay with him until they'd move in the new apartment, so that he wasn't alone all the time.

Dani nodded while they explained and proceed to write everything down on a list.

"Where are you studying?" Dani asked.

"NYU, my major is music."

Her eyes began to shine and the smile she gave Blaine was so lovely and happy, he couldn't help himself but smile back.

"We'll be very good friends, I'm sure of that. I'm also a musician when I'm not protecting people. Now, I need a copy of your schedule and your phone numbers. I also need a key to this apartment and one to the other one. I'll be living across the street or, if you want me too, I can stay here from time to time. It will look like we're having a sleepover. Most importantly though, you both need to be honest with me. Whatever it is, whoever it is, you need to tell me about it. It also doesn't matter when. My job is a twenty-four-seven job."

They exchanged numbers, gave her all the information they had and after three hours, Dani and Sebastian left.

Finally, Blaine thought. His mind was not able to give or take any more information. He sighed, refilled his cup with tea and smiled tiredly at Kurt who rejoined him in the kitchen.

"She's nice, huh?" Kurt said.

"She is. It makes things easier to be honest."

Kurt hummed his agreement and took Blaine's hands pulling him gently off his chair while patting his lap to signal Blaine to sit down. He rolled his eyes playfully but was too tired to argue. So he sat down, facing Kurt, and rested his arms on his shoulders.

"I really don't want to leave tomorrow evening. I want to help you guys because I can't help be worried about my stuff being broken. These are designer clothes, and my shoes, Blaine. What if the ruin my shoes and scarves?" Kurt said, pouting.

"I'll protect your clothes, don't worry," he said laughing instantly noticing a spark in Kurt's eyes. It was always there when Kurt succeeded in making Blaine laugh.

"I'll pick you up tomorrow and then we'll go to doctor Stephens. Maybe he found something out. And if not, we'll tell him about our idea." Kurt said.

"Do you think it will help us? Doing something we don't usually do?" Blaine was still not convinced about that.

"You have Charlie here with you and Dani will protect you, if that's what you worry about. And no, I'm not sure it'll help us but we have to try. I just want this crack to be healed. It's really... bothering me."

"Yeah, I want it to be healed, too," Blaine whispered resting his head on Kurt's shoulder.

Doctor Stephens didn't have any news for them, yet he encouraged Kurt's idea, to Blaine's dislike. But he tried not to be moody about this or ruin the last hours they had together. He promised Kurt to be careful and try things out instead. Dani and Charlie drove Blaine home and having Charlie around clearly helped Blaine not to worry too much or wonder why this crack was not healing.

During the following week Blaine divided his days between studying and packing and waiting for Charlie to come back from work around 6 or 7 pm. Charlie not only helped him packing but he also cooked dinner for them. It was really nice to have Charlie here. It felt like two years ago, just without customers and crazy men.

The stalker became quiet and this made Blaine nervous. But he tried not to think too much about it, and keeping himself busy otherwise he would go crazy, he was sure of that. Eventually, Charlie noticed that and suggested that they should go out and have a few drinks together and shake it all off dancing.

"It will be amazing. We can ask our friends and Dani will be with us!" Charlie said with enough euphoria for the both of them.

"I have exams next week. I can't get drunk and do stupid things." Blaine tried to reason.

"Blainey, you're smart and talented. You skipped one class ever, for fucks sake. You'll be amazing anyway and one day off won't change that. In fact thinking about something else will help you. You're just making excuses because you don't want to face people or have some fun without Kurt."

Yeah, that was about right.

"And where do you want to go?" Blaine asked with a sigh.

"Since Dani is a lesbian and you're gay and I don't care, I'd say a gay bar? But not one of the crazy ones. A nice one where people talk and sing and not just hump."

With Charlie and Dani at his side, Blaine didn't really have any arguments against Charlie's idea. Dani would protect him if necessary, Charlie would be at his side and Blaine could also defend himself. He had learned to do that and he knew he was allowed to do that. There was nothing to be ashamed about, considering what he had to do in his past.

"Okay." Blaine agreed.

Dani and Charlie were both very excited and positive about going out and having some fun together. It was their nature to be all smiley and happy and have no worries. Blaine of course knew they all had their problems to figure out and their responsibilities, but they both new how to shake it off easily. Blaine used to be like that, all happy and alive and never saying no to anything that sounded like fun. But he eventually became very guarded and had a hard time enjoying his life.

Despite all of that, tonight was different and it felt really good. Blaine laughed, drank, and even joined the dance floor with Charlie and talked to people who knew who he was, but didn't ask anything. Not about his past nor about Kurt. Which felt amazing. He was not just Kurt's boyfriend or the prostitute, he was simply Blaine Anderson, charming, handsome and able to enjoy his life. He hadn't been Blaine Anderson since his father died.

In fact, he wasn't the Blaine he used to be, but laughing and talking and dancing felt better than being worried constantly.

Dani drank juice or water, while Charlie and Blaine enjoyed some drinks. It was such a nice place, cozy, with nice music and people Blaine enjoyed talking to. Dani told him to not give his number away or share too much private stuff. Which was okay and totally what Blaine had in

mind as well. Even when someone tried to get too close, which happened three times, he only needed to say he was a soulmate and people apologized and backed off.

Around midnight Blaine was all sweaty from the dancing, giggling for no reason – well he could blame the alcohol buzzing in his system - and leaning against Charlie just like they used to do. Whenever they needed someone, they had each other and sometimes they even shared a bed just not to be alone. It had always been so easy with him, platonic, honest and filled with trust.

"Hey, I'm not Kurt," Charlie said rolling his eyes playfully.

"Well, no. But Kurt is in LA so you need to cuddle with me instead since Kurt can't."

Dani chuckled, took pictures of the two of them and Blaine giggled to Charlie's groan.

"You guys are pretty good friends, huh?" Dani said.

"Yeah. We're platonic soulmates." Charlie joked and Dani laughed.

"But, yeah, we are. And we saved and protected each other throughout everything. I know that without Blaine I wouldn't have survived."

Blaine didn't want to go there with his mind, but he couldn't stop that memory from coming back. The one time when Charlie was so badly hurt that they had to go to the hospital but hadn't had enough money to get tested – something that they were able to do later. The world had been cold and cruel and the sharp fear of losing someone, again, was still in Blaine's bones. Despite his fear he still helped Charlie and, yes, he probably had saved him. But Charlie did the same for Blaine.

"I'm sure it can be dangerous. But I need you guys to tell me everything when we get out of here and, I don't know about you guys, but I could really use some sleep."

They paid for their drinks, left the bar and laughed as they walked back to Kurt's apartment. Blaine had never walked down the street and goofed around with Charlie. He had never laughed with his friend, or jumped on his back and pretended to be an astronaut. Blaine forgot how easy life could be, and how much it helped to laugh and just live. They took selfies, videos, talked about many things that made no sense and it just felt damn good to be the nineteen year old Blaine actually was.

But his happiness only lasted until they arrived at Kurt's apartment, where a package and a bouquet of red roses were on the floor, just outside the door. It was like someone burst his perfect bubble when his eyes found the package and flowers. The old fear came back and Blaine couldn't move. Dani was the first one who approached the package and flowers to make sure they weren't dangerous. Charlie took a step forward so he was standing between Blaine and Dani, watching the latter.

"It's okay. Just flowers and a bunch of bow ties," Dani explained picking up the stuff, her hands covered in gloves to leave no fingerprints.

"Are you going to throw that away?" Blaine asked.

"No. I'll keep it because that might help me to find this stalker. But don't worry, I'll keep it at my place."

That night Blaine couldn't sleep alone. He texted Kurt what happened and told him to not be worried because Dani and Charlie were there with him. But he still felt horrible so he slept on the couch with Charlie, which made him feel better, just like it always did. It wasn't the same feeling he got when he was with Kurt. It was a different kind of good that Kurt couldn't give him. Which

was okay, he thought.

"Are you alright?" Kurt asked over the phone the next day.

"Yeah, I'm good. Dani and Charlie are here with me. I'm just going to study today because I have my first exam tomorrow and three more coming this week. But we're almost done with packing so, when you come back, we can move out without worries."

Kurt was silent for a while and Blaine squirmed nervously on the couch. Charlie just raised an eyebrow.

"Maybe we should call the police, Blaine." Kurt finally spoke.

"No," Blaine disagreed without hesitation. "You know why I don't want that to happen."

Yes, he didn't want to talk about his past and name any people involved. He may be out of his debts, and he may be free, but he was scared that people from his past could come back and ruin his life again. Not just his but also Kurt's and their friends.

"Dani is amazing and Charlie knows all the people we met. I'm okay." Blaine tried.

"But we need to call the police at some point." Kurt remarked.

"I know, but only when we know who it is."

If it were a different life, a different situation, Blaine would have called the police himself. But it wasn't. And he hoped Kurt would understand that.

"Okay. I'll be back next week... Wednesday or Thursday. Friday I have several interviews but then I'm free until after New Years Eve. We can start moving Saturday. The sooner we move out the better, I guess."

Blaine smiled and agreed with Kurt.

"I'm just worried, Blaine. I don't want anything to happen to you."

"I know," Blaine answered softly, his heart beating a bit faster as he felt the love for Kurt growing inside him and filling his body with the beautiful warmth only Kurt gave him.

"Alright, I need to go now. Good luck with your exams and call me when something else happens, okay?"

"Yeah, I will." Blaine answered.

"Good. I love you," Kurt said and Blaine could hear the smile in Kurt's voice.

"I love you too," he said and ended the call.

For the next couple of days, Blaine began to simply function.

He studied and took his exams, packed his and Kurt's stuff with Charlie's help and, wherever he went, Dani was either with him or close by.

Some days he still felt like every person was watching him, some days Blaine forgot all about the

world around him – especially when he was studying or taking his exams.

Together with Charlie they managed to pack everything in time for Kurt to come back and find everything done. Just like last time, Blaine couldn't hold himself back. The moment Kurt walked inside their apartment Blaine was glued to him, breathing him in and letting the warmth of his body flow over his own body.

They ate dinner with Charlie and soon it was only him and Kurt, both exhausted from the past days. Blaine smiled all the way up to their bedroom, looking forward to cuddle and make out with Kurt until they would eventually fall asleep. Kurt however, didn't seem as happy as Blaine did.

He still smiled and gave Blaine heart eyes but he wasn't as excited and giddy as Blaine was.

Yet Kurt kissed him, told Blaine he loved him but still, he didn't seem happy.

Blaine let it slide, telling himself that Kurt was simply exhausted from work and still focused on that. After all Kurt still had interviews scheduled and they were also about to move out in the next couple of days. So Blaine didn't mention anything because Kurt still held him in the same way that made Blaine's heart almost burst with love.

"I've checked the environment and everyone is living here longer than you do. So it's unlikely that your stalker lives here. Which means you can move out without a worry," Dani explained when Blaine opened the door as he came back from his second exam.

His head hurt and he was hungry after hours of writing and thinking.

"Can we transport everything within a day?" Kurt asked and Blaine hurried into the kitchen before he could miss anything.

Dani and Kurt smiled at him and gave Blaine the chance to kiss Kurt hello and tell them about his exam.

"It was okay. I think I knew everything." Blaine explained taking a small bottle of water from the fridge before joining them at the table. "You guys were talking about the move?"

"Yes, we were. And yes, you can move everything within a day. Which I actually suggest. We've organized a company to move everything and I've checked the people backgrounds. There is really no need to be worried."

"Wow, that's great. I had no idea you needed to check people's background as well." Kurt admitted.

"It's part of the job. I've already checked the new neighborhood and the people living there are alright. But we still need to be careful." Dani explained. "What are your plans for Christmas?"

Blaine looked at Kurt, who looked back, and both realized they haven't talked about that. There were no plans. Burt wouldn't come because they were moving anyway.

"We'll just be home. I think we'll have enough to do with all the unpacking," Kurt said.

"Maybe that's for the best. I'm not saying to stay home all the time, but just over the Christmas days." Dani suggested and they both agreed.

"But... would it be okay to invite Charlie? He doesn't have anyone to celebrate Christmas with." Blaine asked Dani and Kurt.

"Sure. I'll organize everything if Kurt's okay with that."

"Of course," Kurt said smiling.

While Blaine focused on his exams and Kurt on his interviews, Blaine couldn't shake off this feeling of a growing distance between them. They hugged and cuddled and shared a bed, but for whatever reason Kurt wasn't really telling him anything work related, or anything at all. The only conversations they had were about Blaine's exams or the move.

That worried Blaine but also pissed him off a little bit. If it weren't for his exams and the move, he would have said something but he didn't, waiting for the perfect moment to come.

Probably when they'd be out of the stalkers eye and inside their new home.

It was a day before Christmas Eve when they moved out. Both woke up around 6 in the morning, let the movers inside and told them which furniture to take and which not. Kurt was watching and guiding them just to be sure they didn't break anything – and Blaine knew how bitchy Kurt could become. Luckily their friends, people they both trusted and knew they wouldn't break anything, helped them too. But it was more than that. It was like a reunion after weeks of not seeing each other, filled with laughter and stories from the time they haven't seen each other. Kurt didn't share anything new, he was mostly silent, listening to his friends or on his phone.

"Are you guys, okay? Are you okay? You're so quiet," Mercedes asked Kurt as Blaine carried one of the last boxes to the transporter. Kurt held a clipboard with a list of their stuff and he crossed off the list everything that was already inside the transporter.

"We're just busy. This stalker thing, work, Blaine's exams, now we're moving out because of a person who might be dangerous... it's just a lot."

Blaine didn't hear the rest of it, but he wanted to believe that this was the reason why Kurt was so silent and absent.

It was already dark outside when they finally settled in their new apartment. They fell asleep without even changing clothes because they were too exhausted.

The next morning – after breakfast – they started to unpack everything while Dani checked the whole place and environment again.

Sebastian came by later with a Christmas tree, groceries for them, and their mail.

Blaine had no idea where the time went, but in the evening they still weren't done unpacking the boxes and both agreed to stop for the day and eat something.

It was such a weird picture, Blaine thought.

It was Christmas Eve and they were in their new apartment between boxes, some full some half empty and a Christmas tree decorated with what they were able to find in the middle of all the chaos.

It was not bad, not at all. He was with Kurt and that was all he wanted. But the silence between them bothered him so Blaine decided to finally ask something while cooking with Kurt.

"Pizza? I know it's Christmas eve... but I don't feel like cooking something exquisite."

"With a lot of cheese?" Blaine asked and Kurt giggled which was a good sign.

"Yes, with a lot of cheese. It's Christmas after all, time to treat ourselves."

It was a bit chaotic to prepare everything because the kitchen was new, everything was somewhere else and some things they needed were still in one of the boxes. But it didn't frustrate them, nor did they fight. They laughed about the chaos and helped each other out. Blaine liked that and he didn't feel really nervous when he mentioned what was bothering him.

"You've been very quiet since you came back, Kurt. Usually you tell me all about your work and Cooper but not this time." Blaine started while Kurt rolled the dough. "And I understand that everything was just chaotic and that we both have been busy... but it was just... unusual and it's worrying me, you know?"

Kurt nodded slowly and placing the dough on the backing sheet as Blaine took the pizza sauce and spread it on the dough.

"I'm sorry that I worried you, but you'll understand why I've been so quiet... well, mostly stressed. I'll show you later." Kurt said, mysteriously.

Show him what?

Blaine gave Kurt a surprised look, suddenly curious about what awaited him.

Chapter End Notes

Hey guys! Hope you enjoyed this chapter. It was supposed to be longer but it didn't really fit here. It just felt wrong. So, next chapter will contain smut and fluff, but then we have to go through some chaotic drama. But I'm not sure if I'll manage to update at the end of the week, because tomorrow is my birthday and my friends will be here over the weekend, so there is a lot of stuff I need to do. Anyway, let me know what you think and what you maybe like to read or want to happen! Thank you! :)

Memories

Chapter Notes

Hey guys! Thank you all for the lovely birthday messages! You're all so lovely! And here is the new chapter which is mainly smut :) There are some crazy drama times ahead, so this chapter is kind of important. Hope you enjoy it!

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Chapter 10. Memories

With a full belly and a small smile on his lips, Kurt relaxed for the first time since they found out that Blaine had a stalker. Blaine wanted to relax too and not to think about anything but his mind was still imagining what was that Kurt would show him. He was certain that it was a gift for him, but usually Kurt was nervous to give Blaine something. Excited, too, but mainly nervous. What if it was one of these sex toys Kurt had mentioned before he left for work, weeks ago?

Oh no.

He was not against trying things out, but he was not exactly ready for this.

The memories of what he used to do with sex toys and, especially with whom, that Blaine still needed to process, accept and move on from, returned.

Maybe it would help to make new memories, better memories. But this was not the right moment for that. Not with what was going on.

Both agreed to re-watch Sherlock and things felt almost like they used to feel. He, resting in Kurt's arms and listening to his heartbeat, was waiting for midnight. It didn't bother Blaine that their apartment was a mess, that the Christmas tree was poorly decorated, that there was no big meal and no beautiful lights. It didn't bother him at all because they were together.

At least he had a gift for Kurt.

"Honey?" Kurt whispered against Blaine's ear who slowly woke up and needed some seconds to recognize where he was and what time it was. "It's midnight. Well, it's almost one in the morning."

"Why didn't you wake me?" Blaine mumbled taking Kurt's hand which was resting on his chest, while Blaine's head rested on Kurt's lap.

"I fell asleep myself," Kurt explained and kissed Blaine's forehead. "But we need to get up now because I have something for you."

Blaine sat up and followed Kurt to the tree where they had left their gifts. Although both didn't expect much, or anything for that matter, they still agreed to give something to each other. Buying gifts was not so easy for Blaine because Kurt basically had everything he needed. So he figured that to create something, would've been the best solution. Something no one could buy and something that had a special meaning.

They sat down on the floor both staring at the gifts for a while until Kurt broke the silence.

"I like to open mine first, okay? Because this gift for you is the reason why I've been so... stressed, basically."

Blaine nodded slowly and wondered what could stress Kurt so much. He never asked for much. He was happy with the things he had and if he ever needed something, Blaine would try to get it on his own. But first he focused on Kurt and watched him unwrap the little gift, opening the small box inside it and smiling when Kurt smiled and took the leather cuff out of it. It was a beautiful black slim cuff, not too big but not too small.

On it there was a silver pedant shaped like a curvy heart-line.

"There are engravings," Blaine mentioned and Kurt looked closer and read it out loud.

"You're my favorite voice, speaking the language of my soul. Like our heartline humming our favorite song... Blaine, that's beautiful," Kurt said with a soft smile and eyes, so blue and beautiful that they took Blaine's breath away. "You wrote these words?"

"Yes. They are... part of something that I'll show you when it's done," he admitted for the first time.

Kurt nodded slowly and didn't ask for more.

He was just genuinely moved and happy about the gift and that made Blaine happy.

"Thank you," Kurt said as he put the cuff on moving closer to Blaine to kiss him on the cheek. But he didn't move back. He remained a bit closer to Blaine who slowly unwrapped the gift and noticed a beautiful white picture frame, which could be closed and opened like a book.

But what was inside these two frames made Blaine freeze on the spot.

He hadn't seen their faces in years, not so clear and close like now. It was his mother and his father, two people he wished were still with him, but knew it was impossible.

But seeing them both, smiling, looking at him as if they were standing right before him... he had no idea how much he needed a picture of them. Blaine had the eyes and nose of his father, the hair and smile of his mother, and everything else was a mix of both. His last hope was that he, himself, was like them. A person who loved fully, who could comfort people and someone who could make good decisions, always doing his best.

He was lost in memories of his father's face and stories of his mother, and only Kurt's hand on his back pulled him back into reality. The reality where his parents weren't anymore, but a reality Kurt was part of.

Blaine could hold Kurt, love him and share life with him. That was what Blaine reminded himself of because it was pointless to chase something he couldn't bring back.

Still, having those pictures – having nothing else that reminded him of his parents – was just perfect because now he would never forget their faces and it would always feel like they were there with him.

"Thank you," was the only thing Blaine could say to Kurt, with big watery eyes.

"You're welcome, honey," Kurt said gently, holding Blaine as he longed for comfort and letting him cry for however long he needed to.

"How did you get the pictures though? Don't tell me you visited Cooper's mother," Blaine asked not liking the idea at all.

They were on their way upstairs to their bedroom. In that room there was Blaine's favorite spot of the entire house, if he was honest, because in that room there was a huge window that allowed them to look at the sky whenever they wished.

"I didn't, don't worry," Kurt chuckled and climbed on the bed as Blaine followed. "Cooper did. We've been talking about this back in October and he suggested to go to the place you used to live and see if he could find something."

Blaine watched Kurt adjusting the pillows and gave him a look he hadn't shown in a while. Gratefulness, love and longing for the love they hadn't shared for a while now. Because Blaine couldn't sleep with Kurt in that way when his old demons were still so fresh and scary. But now he just wanted to do that until they were both breathless, smiling stupidly and falling asleep together.

"Cooper took even more stuff with him. I'm not exactly sure how much he took with him, but he said we should come over when the situation is calmer so you can go through your old stuff. We both know that you couldn't take anything with you when you left your home. So we wanted to take back what is yours."

Blaine came closer, framing Kurt's face with his hands and looked deep into his eyes before saying: "You're my home, Kurt."

Kurt just smiled and his hands held Blaine's sides as they met in the middle for a kiss. The familiar warmth started to grow, coming from Blaine's heart and filling his whole body with this hunger he hadn't felt for a while but missed for sure. The kind of hunger that his soul needed, the hunger for the love he never wanted to let go. Kurt hummed happily, pulled Blaine closer and lay down on the bed so their bodies were flush together, lips and tongue meeting in a deep and needed kiss until they were both breathless, hearts beating fast and warm and aching for more. For a second he expected to feel embarrassment for how fast he became hard. But feeling Kurt equally hard against his thigh replaced the embarrassment with want and need for far more than kisses fully clothed.

"I want you, Blaine," Kurt whispered against Blaine's temple. "But I understand if you're not ready."

"I am!" he blurted out and his cheeks began to burn. But Kurt just kissed the red spot and ran his fingers through the curls on the back of Blaine's head. "I am. I just..."

"I know what you need," Kurt said and Blaine looked at him, trying to read his eyes but wasn't sure if Kurt knew what he wanted. Because Blaine himself wasn't sure what he wanted and what he could handle. He only knew that he wanted Kurt and now it was time to simply trust that Kurt would know what Blaine needed and wanted.

They slowly undressed each other, with warm smiles and gentle kisses. No shame, no hesitation from both sides. It was still new to Blaine but it was also something he couldn't live without anymore. No matter if their sex was hard and fast, or slow and teasing, it was always full of love. Because Blaine was sure he could never do this with another person he didn't love.

"Um... where are the lube and condoms though?" Kurt asked and Blaine stared at him for a while.

"I don't know. It was the first stuff I've packed" Blaine said.

Kurt looked around and found their bags on the floor, next to the nightstand. He climbed off the bed, completely naked and picked both bags up to open them and look inside. Blaine, not even trying not to stare, looked around but didn't find anything, just like Kurt.

"Maybe in one of the boxes?" Kurt suggested pointing the three boxes in the corner. Blaine nodded and wanted to climb off the bed too, but Kurt didn't let him. He walked towards the boxes, half hard and not even a little bit embarrassed but in fact, entirely comfortable, and Blaine couldn't stop the giggle from escaping his mouth.

"What's so funny?" Kurt asked with a little laugh in his voice, not interrupting what he was doing.

"Nothing, really. It's just you, walking in all your glory as if it's no big deal. And that makes me kind of happy that you're... that comfortable with me?"

"Well, I don't want to say it's your privilege since you're my boyfriend and I love you."

"What?" Blaine laughed rolling on his back while watching Kurt bend down and going through one of the boxes, laughing with Blaine.

"You can be happy we took care of the lamps first. Otherwise we would trip and stumble over all the boxes and stuff that is still on the floor."

"It was my idea," Blaine said with a smug smile.

"Don't be so smug, smartass," Kurt teased him and climbed back on the bed, holding the lube and condoms in his hand.

"But I am," Blaine said without really thinking and it left a bad taste on his tongue. He was ready to apologize or play it down but Kurt smiled down at him, proud and happy.

"Yes, you are," Kurt approved and kissed Blaine long and sweet. They made out for a while, the arousal coming back full force with the want for more and Blaine knew what to do to go further, what to say.

But he couldn't and in the end he didn't need to. Kurt guided him to the pillows, so Blaine was half sitting and leaning against them and sealed their lips back together into a heated kiss.

Yes, both were definitely hungry for more after so many weeks of no sex at all.

But it was also more. They needed to love each other, so the crack could heal – or that was what they hoped. Blaine needed to make new memories and recall the good ones so the bad memories would never win.

Spurred by all of that Blaine took control over the situation and Kurt let it happen, happily. He let Blaine roll them over, running his hands down Blaine's back when he was still kissing him and then found his way into Blaine's curls, making him groan before he kissed down Kurt's jaw, neck, chest and went down, down, down.

Sucking Kurt's dick was still something that wasn't easy for Blaine. Not because he didn't like doing that, but because he loved it. He loved the way Kurt tasted, the weight of his cock on his tongue and in his mouth, he loved making him moan and shiver because he did something particular with his tongue or because he hummed. He loved to tease him or swallow him whole, but he was not ready to admit that or show that without feeling ashamed.

He sucked Kurt still, but not how he really wanted to.

"Fuck. Blaine, I..." Kurt moaned and Blaine could tell that he was close. Nothing surprising considering the last time they had sex and the fact that while he was gone, Kurt never jerked off, judging by the feelings he had felt coming from him. He sucked one last time, made Kurt tremble and gasp and then let go of his dick to hover over Kurt and place a kiss on his lips.

"I have to admit I missed that," Kurt whispered and smiled up to Blaine who smiled in return.

"Me too. Ready for more?"

"Oh yeah," Kurt grinned and Blaine laughed as he reached for the lube. Kurt used that moment to roll around so he was lying on his front and presented himself to Blaine without any sign of shame. Blaine remembered how he used to hate this position because it was almost impossible to defend himself or see what the other person was doing. He had told his customers that they weren't allowed to fuck him, but not every customer listened. That's why Blaine avoided this position, so he could defend himself if things turned bad.

Still, he ached to try this out because judging by Kurt's whimpers and please for more, while Blaine stretched him with one finger, followed by a second, it could be really good. He was kneeling next to Kurt, kissing his shoulder while prepping him. He was tight, hot and moving with Blaine's fingers and he did it so easily, so shamelessly, enjoying something he liked and Blaine wished he could do the same. Just take whatever Kurt would give him with as much pleasure and abandon as his boyfriend did.

Because he wanted to, so much.

"Blaine, please!" Kurt cried out when Blaine found his prostate.

"Okay," Blaine mumbled against Kurt's shoulder taking the condom into his hand.

"With or without?" Blaine asked.

"Without please... hurry. I need to feel you."

Kurt was bending his knees, lifting his ass into the air and Blaine couldn't help himself but groan and stand up to position himself behind his soulmate. He poured a generous amount of lube on his hard cock and some more on Kurt's hole. He stroked himself to full hardness with one hand, squeezing Kurt's hand with the other to make him moan again and then he positioned himself.

"Wait, hold still," Kurt said and Blaine did that, holding his dick as Kurt pushed his ass slowly back, his hole welcoming Blaine's cock.

"Oh shit," Blaine hissed as his whole body started to burn while he watched Kurt fuck himself on his dick. He did it slowly, moaned whenever Blaine's dick went deeper inside, threw his head back when his prostate was touched and just, gave himself to Blaine, his whole being. This was so hot, making him so hard that it hurt and he wished, deep down, that he could give himself to Kurt in the same way.

"Blaine," Kurt moaned which snapped Blaine out of his burning thoughts and his hands finally moved, holding Kurt by his hips, as he started to thrust inside. He moved slowly, enjoying the feeling of Kurt hot and tight and around him followed by his voice and the arousing noises he made. He loved feeling Kurt's skin against his own, under his fingers. He loved that he knew how to move, so Kurt became louder, or shivered. It was not about control, or about anything bad – he needed to remind himself – he just wanted to give Kurt everything. Pleasure, trust and love.

"More, Blaine... please harder," Kurt begged and Blaine followed his words, knowing they wouldn't last for long. He held Kurt's hips harder, moving faster and deeper, just like Kurt begged him to. But Blaine didn't want to finish this in that position. He wanted to kiss Kurt and see him come together with him.

"Kurt, can we..." Blaine said and both stopped moving, knowing what Blaine had in mind. He pulled out, watched Kurt rolling on his back and, like on instinct, he was back on Kurt, their lips lost in a sweet kiss. Kurt held Blaine's face gently, opening his legs for Blaine and wrapping them around him as Blaine pushed back inside.

They gasped, breathed and started to move together again.

Blaine needed this, he needed the kisses and the looks, especially after the past weeks. And Kurt apparently did too. He whined, moved faster with Blaine and then threw his head back.

That was it, Blaine thought.

With each thrust he hit all the right places making Kurt roll his eyes back. With each thrust he was getting closer and closer to his orgasm and when Kurt begged for Blaine to come inside him, he knew it was over.

With a shaking hand he reached for Kurt's cock, jerked him off, and both let go, coming together so hard that they saw stars.

Their bodies relaxed, limp arms and legs tangled together. Blaine could smell sweat and Kurt's scent beside the smell of sex. He could hear Kurt's heart beating with his and then the humming of their connection, filling his body with the safety he had missed for the past weeks. He closed his eyes with a warm smile and snuggled closer, slipped out of Kurt's body hearing him hiss.

"Sorry," Blaine mumbled, his throat too dry.

Kurt's fingers ran through Blaine's sweaty curls, his lips kissing Blaine's forehead and then he said gently. "I'm okay. Great even."

"Me too. I feel much better," Blaine figured sliding his arms around Kurt's shoulders.

He knew this only happened because of Kurt. Because his boyfriend knew what Blaine needed even if Blaine had no idea sometimes.

"We should find something to clean up and go to sleep, huh?" Kurt suggested.

"Can't we just be gross and sleep in these sheets?"

Kurt chuckled and Blaine smiled into his neck.

"No. I really don't want to sleep with my ass full of your semen."

"You asked for it," Blaine chuckled, sighing when Kurt wrapped his arms around Blaine's body to hold him close, chuckling with him.

For a long time they just held each other, smiling while feeling perfect. Not even the crack in their connection could ruin this moment for them.

"Thank you, though," Kurt whispered.

"For what? I should thank you, Kurt. For the gift, this night and especially for knowing me and

what I need."

Kurt smiled and pressed a gentle kiss on Blaine's lips. "For letting me do it. For trusting me:"

Maybe, Blaine thought, maybe he did trust Kurt more than he thought he would. Maybe he did trust him without a doubt, with all his life. But if this was the truth, then why wasn't their crack healing? What else did they need to do so their crack would finally heal?

He wondered about that when he woke up, Kurt sleeping half on top of him, while the snow was falling and covering the city like a white blanket. He continued thinking about it until Kurt woke up and seeing his smile pushed all his worries aside.

After all, Kurt's lips were a much better thing to think about.

They were still naked, growing hard again and Blaine didn't argue or stop Kurt, when he straddled him and began to roll his hips. Blaine just hummed, moved with Kurt and didn't stop kissing until they came together. But Kurt didn't stop kissing him. He placed one gentle kiss after another on Blaine's face, as if he wanted to shower him with all his love and when he kissed his nose, Blaine, of course, giggled.

"We need to shower, Kurt. Dani and... Charlie will be here soon and there is... food that needs to be done and boxes... that need to be unpacked," Blaine said between kisses.

"I know," Kurt sighed intertwining their fingers, proceeding with stretching his body like a cat putting both their arms up over Blaine's head. "But I deserve my Blaine time as well. But you're right, we need to shower." Kurt said, climbing reluctantly off the bed.

After their shower Blaine unpacked the boxes while Kurt cooked something for lunch. Whenever he didn't know where to place certain things he asked Kurt, because he knew where he wanted everything to be. And even when Blaine disagreed they didn't fight. To his surprise it was peaceful and they were simply working together.

Blaine liked that a lot.

Maybe the reason was that they had sex last night - which was a way to relieve stress as well – and re-connected after weeks of no sex at all.

Blaine knew that Kurt liked sex and with Kurt he liked it as well, so maybe they needed to work on that as well.

Especially Blaine needed to work on that.

But he had no idea how to win against the multitude of demons he had in his head. He won against some of them, yes, but whenever one of the bad memories surfaced, he felt too weak and too scared to actually fight.

Maybe he didn't trust Kurt that much, because if he did, wouldn't he be less scared? Not scared at all?

Blaine didn't know if this was something that could be 'cured' or something he could ever get over.

Charlie did, somehow...or at least it looked like he did.

Dani and Charlie eventually arrived and Blaine was fidgeting like a puppy because he really needed to ask Charlie the questions that still filled his head.

But Kurt still had his issues with the security system, just like Blaine did. He watched Dani and Charlie through the small screen, and they were both laughing at the camera while Kurt, in the end, managed to unlock the security system and let them both inside.

"Wow, you guys are almost done with unpacking. I'm surprised. I was sure you wouldn't leave the bed at all," Charlie remarked with a huge smile on his lips.

Blaine blushed and Kurt seemed kind of happy about the idea of exactly doing that.

Dani, trying not to laugh, changed the subject saying:

"I have good news for you guys. Well, no, that was bad wording. Anyway, the stalker came back and left a gift for Blaine during the night or maybe today in the morning. But he left it at your old place, so I'm sure he doesn't know where you guys live now."

Blaine did feel better, a lot better, and he felt how a huge part of the stress left his body, suddenly feeling like he could sleep for the rest of the day. Kurt probably felt the same way judging by his body language.

Yet, both knew it was not over yet.

Just because the stalker had no idea where they were now, it didn't mean he couldn't find out, again.

"But it's not over, right?" Kurt asked.

"No. I still don't know who it is, but I'm positive I will. If he can't find out where you guys live now, he'll try other things. But don't worry, I'm constantly around Blaine," she added hastily when both noticed how Kurt tensed and reached out for Blaine's hand.

"What will you do when you'll get him though? You're not a cop so you can't arrest him," Charlie asked.

"That's true, I can't. But from my experience, many stalkers back off when they are exposed. Some of them don't and if this person turns to be out to be dangerous, I can't do much other than call the police. I hope that is okay with you guys."

Kurt nodded, but Blaine didn't seem convinced. The police was not an option for him and even Dani could tell that he was against that idea.

"Listen, Blaine. I understand that you don't want the police to be involved. But they won't do anything to you or anything you're against." Dani tried eventually.

"How can you be so sure? Paul has more boys. Charlie and I aren't the only people who worked for him to pay their debt. It was illegal what we did and maybe they are after him. I can't say nothing because it would be obstruction of justice."

"It wouldn't, Blaine. They don't know if you worked for anyone or not. We never said that" Kurt explained trying to calm Blaine down.

"It's true, though. If they were really after us or after Paul, they would have found us a long time ago, Blaine. The cops won't do anything about that, don't worry," Charlie tried.

Blaine didn't say anything because he wasn't sure in what to believe in. All he wanted was not to cause any kind of trouble, especially for Kurt, but also for himself. Still, he understood that if things became more dangerous they needed to call the cops. He couldn't just arrest or hurt the person because that would be against the law as well.

Realizing that Blaine sighed and nodded slowly.

"Okay, I agree with that, but only when it's necessary." Blaine finally conceded.

"Of course. And thank you for trusting me," Dani smiled at him.

Kurt squeezed Blaine's shoulder and smiled at him, proud and happy. Blaine just hoped he wouldn't disappoint any of them. Dani did her best, Kurt took control when Blaine couldn't and Charlie gave him a look that held all the understanding he had inside him.

With these people around him – and their other friends – he could hope for a happy ending, right?

Chapter End Notes

Wishes? Thoughts? I'm all ears! And thank you for all the reviews!

Cracks

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Chapter 11. Cracks

Charlie and Dani left when it was almost time for dinner. While Kurt got to know Dani – Blaine already had the time and chance to do that – Charlie and Blaine ended up playing video games. It was a really nice afternoon with them and Charlie gave Blaine a USB flash drive with videos and photos of their evening together when Kurt was gone. Pictures became Blaine's new favorite thing because they captured the past so he would never forget. Kurt unpacked the last boxes with their clothes inside and Blaine decorated the living room with framed pictures. Several with only him and Kurt, some with their friends. The family pictures got a place together on the shelf above the TV.

The next day they were still busy with unpacking and, in the evening, once everything found his placement in the house, they fell on the couch, both tired and hungry.

"Are you going to make dinner?" Kurt mumbled into Blaine's arm, where his head was resting.

"You're the master chief. I'll just make a mess or set the kitchen on fire because I'm too tired"

"Bullshit," Kurt snorted. "You're pretty good at cooking now, don't lie."

"Let's order in? I'm too tired to function," Blaine admitted tiredly before pressing a kiss on Kurt's forehead.

"On a Christmas day? Can we be that cruel? I'm not sure if I want to be responsible for ruining someone's Christmas. What if we order in and they poison us because we pissed them off?" Kurt reasoned.

"Oh my God," Blaine laughed. "Okay, I'll cook something because you're talking nonsense."

Kurt whispered a 'yes', as if he had won something, and Blaine got off the couch and went into the kitchen.

While Blaine tried to fix something for Dinner with what was left, he heard Kurt's phone ringing and then his cheerful hello, which was only meant for Elliott or Mercedes. Blaine didn't really listen to what Kurt was saying because he respected Kurt's privacy and he was also too busy with cutting the vegetables and cooking rice.

"What!? Are you sure!?" Kurt suddenly exclaimed, getting Blaine's full attention.

He saw Kurt sitting on the couch, mouth open, eyes wide and after a while he started to grin. A huge, beautiful grin, followed by a sense of happiness that flowed through their connection arriving right to Blaine.

"Since when?" Kurt asked proceeding talking once he got an answer. It was twenty minutes later, when Blaine was done, that Kurt ended the call as well.

"Blaine!" Kurt called his name and hurried, breathless and happy, into the kitchen where Blaine was setting the rice with vegetables and a mushroom sauce on the table.

Blaine was just glad that Kurt only grabbed his hands when they were free.

"Mercedes is pregnant!" Kurt, exclaimed.

"What!?" Blaine uttered, although he didn't really understand Kurt's words for at first.

"We're going to be uncles, Blaine! Oh my god!"

Uncle? Yeah... yes, he could be an uncle. Not a dad. Uncle was fine because it meant he didn't have to take care of a little human being for, at least, the next 18 years.

Not in the way a parent needed to. Kurt smiled, wide and happy – Blaine was sure his cheeks hurt – and he couldn't keep himself from smiling back because seeing Kurt so euphoric, made him really happy.

Even if 'kids' was still an alien topic for him.

"That's good for them." Blaine said because it sounded like the right thing to say in his mind.

"Right? Their baby will be so cute. Oh my God!"

Kurt kept on saying that they would become uncles, amazing uncles, the best uncles. Then he called Elliott and they talked about the unborn baby for an hour. But it didn't stop after that phone call. Kurt kept talking about the baby on and on, as if it was his own baby. Their own baby. Obviously, he, tried not to be too obvious about what he was thinking, but Blaine wasn't stupid. He knew that Kurt was ready for a kid, or he was at least thinking about becoming a father.

Kurt had every right to do that and Blaine waited for the moment to pass. Luckily Blaine had still enough to study to keep him distracted and friends to text that had no baby plans.

On New Years Eve Blaine was just frustrated and wished he could be anywhere but at Mercedes' and Sam's place.

There they were: five adults constantly talking about the baby. About names, about what they wanted to buy, the responsibilities that came with becoming a parent, how the future parents were feeling... it was all about that and Blaine just wanted to stand up and go and do something else, or, at least, talk about something else. It hurt him to see Kurt this happy and enthusiastic about something Blaine was not ready for.

For the first time Blaine truly wished he had a normal life. No issues with sex, no dead parents, and a boyfriend his age, who wanted to go out and party together or study together. Someone who didn't talk about children, but how rude their professor was, which subject annoyed them the most, which one they enjoyed.

But deep inside he knew he didn't really want nor needed that. He just didn't want to think or talk about babies and, most of all, he didn't want to hurt Kurt.

"So, we wanted to share some news as well," Elliott started to say and they all listened.

Even Blaine who almost said it out loud himself because he knew what was coming now.

"We're getting married in April!" Elliott and Martin announced in unison and Blaine watched three adults squeal and jump, while he just pretended to be as happy as they were.

No, he was happy for them.

But there was also a bitter taste on his tongue.

Engagement, wedding, babies. He felt out of place, he felt like there was too much weight on his shoulders and while they were all talking and asking each other questions, Blaine excused himself, took his scarf and coat and went out on the balcony.

He breathed in, then out and pulled his phone out of the pocket of his coat, dialing Charlie's number.

On the third beep Charlie picked up, with a worried and questioning: "Blaine? You're okay?"

Right, it was New Years Eve, Charlie was probably busy, celebrating with someone and having a good time. Blaine felt bad now.

"Fuck... sorry. You're busy, right?"

"Hey, no. I mean, yes, but you calling me today out of all days tells me something is up. So, no. I'm listening because I know you'll end the call to get your kiss when the time comes" Charlie said and Blaine smiled because Charlie knew him.

Yes, Blaine looked forward to the kiss that would supposedly hold hope and promises in it.

Also, kissing Kurt was one of his favorite things to do.

"That's true" Blaine sighed.

"Alright, what's up? The stalker came back?" Charlie asked and Blaine could hear a voice in the background.

What if Charlie was with someone special? Oh God, he should have known that.

"Nothing, really. It's just... this baby stuff. And Elliott and Martin are getting married in April. It's just... too much, I think."

"What's too much, Blaine? Dealing with the adults?"

"Sometimes? I understand that they want to get married and have families and all of that. But... I can't give Kurt that yet." Blaine confessed. "We're at Mercedes' place and all they do is talk about the baby or the wedding. And I... I just feel like I don't belong here."

Charlie hummed to signal Blaine that he was listening and thinking. "But you want to marry Kurt, right?"

"I do. I want to, really. But there are other things I want to do first."

"I know. You want your degree and a job and be an adult yourself, basically."

"Yes," Blaine said, glad that he didn't need to say everything out loud.

"You did talk about the baby thing with Kurt, right?"

"We did and Kurt understands that I'm not ready yet. And I understand that he is happy for Mercedes and Elliott and also, that maybe he is more than ready for a baby and marriage too. I know it's not just a phase, he thought about a baby before we knew Mercedes was pregnant. I also know that he won't force the baby thing on me... but I want him to be happy, you know?"

Blaine wrapped one arm around himself, listening to the background noises coming from the

house.

They were still laughing and talking

Charlie hummed to himself, bringing Blaine's attention back to their conversation, before he spoke again.

"I think you should stop focusing on other's lives and on the current situation for a while, and think about yourself. I know you're not going to like this, but... maybe you should visit someone."

"What do you mean?" Blaine asked, not really sure what Charlie was talking about.

"A therapist, Blaine. Someone who can help you deal with your past and the influence it has on you today. I know, you're going to say you're fine, and I don't disagree on that. But you also can't deny that you still struggle with some things."

Blaine said nothing, just breathed and eventually sighed, nodding to himself.

"I know. I... I did think about seeing a therapist but I'm... I thought maybe it would be enough to be with you guys and with Kurt. My life is good now... right?" Blaine said, doubtfully.

"It is better, of course it is," Charlie said with determination in his voice, having heard the little doubt Blaine had in his voice.

"It's just... love, sometimes, is not enough. Some things don't need love to heal, you know? You don't have to tell anyone that you want to visit a therapist, it can be something you just do for yourself. I think you need that, too. Something you just do for yourself."

"Are you... visiting one?" Blaine asked because it suddenly made sense. It would explain why Charlie was handling everything better than Blaine did when it came to their past.

"I do, and it does help me. Believe me, if I wasn't seeing one I'm not sure what I would do. It helps me, a lot. I... I think we should meet tomorrow or whenever you're free. I really don't want to talk about this over the phone."

"Yeah, of course. Sorry, I didn't want to keep you away from whatever you're doing."

"Shut up, Blaine. I told you it's fine," Charlie laughed. "Listen, I know you don't want to be alone tonight and this baby stuff is scary. Just talk to Kurt about that whenever you're ready and be happy for your friends, okay?"

Blaine was about to say something when he heard Kurt's voice from the door.

"Blaine? Are you okay?"

"Ah, yes" He said to Kurt.

"Sorry Charlie, I have to go" Blaine said to Charlie, immediately hanging up.

"Is Charlie okay?" Kurt asked, stepping outside and closing the door behind him.

"Yeah. I just needed to talk to him," Blaine admitted because he didn't want to lie.

They were facing each other, Blaine not really sure what he should say and Kurt opening his arms to wrap them around Blaine's body under his coat. With a little smile Blaine opened his arms as well to pull Kurt closer so they could share his coat.

"And you, though? Okay, I mean. I can't feel what you're feeling because you closed the connection. But I've noticed you're kind of uncomfortable?" Kurt, guessed.

Blaine wondered if he forgot how to hide his feelings, or if Kurt just knew him too well.

Blaine also wondered if Kurt had noticed how frustrating all of this baby talk was for him. Because Kurt didn't stop talking and smiling about a baby for days, without showing any reaction to how Blaine was feeling. Or maybe Kurt didn't notice until today.

"It's just... this baby talk. I understand that you guys are ready for becoming parents and that this is something to be happy about. But, for me... I'm not there yet."

"And that's okay, Blaine. I won't force a baby on you. I don't have the time for that anyway. But, yes, I do like the idea of us being daddies, becoming a family with a little kid."

Okay, this idea of them being a family... Blaine liked that. Just... not now.

"I want that, too. But not now. And you're just talking about it all the time and I... I can't give you that yet. But I don't want you to be unhappy just because of me."

Kurt then smiled, all warm and sweet and hugged Blaine close, resting his head on Blaine's shoulder.

"Don't worry about that. I am happy."

Kurt did stop talking about babies the next day and Blaine was more than grateful for that. Otherwise he wasn't sure for how long he could deal with this uncomfortable feeling, this fear he felt when Kurt mentioned something along those lines.

He himself didn't feel like an adult yet and, a baby? It was clearly not the right time.

That night Blaine was able to sleep peacefully in Kurt's arms for the first in days and he enjoyed the sex they had that night as well. It was just about them and not one word about babies, which freaked Blaine out when Kurt mentioned them the other night when they were having sex.

On the second day of the new year Kurt had an appointment with Nina and dropped Blaine off at Charlie's place. It was their last day together before Kurt had to leave again, but it felt good to just be somewhere else, and, especially, not together.

Blaine, for once, really needed some distance. Not because he and Kurt weren't okay.

He just needed to re-focus on college, on what mattered now and shake this baby topic off. He had no issues with helping Mercedes or Elliott. It was something he enjoyed to do because it had nothing to do with him and Kurt. They weren't having a baby, they weren't getting married. Their friends were and that happiness, that, Blaine could feel and share.

But Charlie's words came back and reminded him that he should do something for himself. A therapist had always been in the back of his mind, because it wasn't healthy that the demons that came back were trying to control him.

He had the money for a therapist and maybe his health insurance would cover that too – which wouldn't be surprising since it was something very important to Kurt considering what had happened to his dad.

That was one thing he didn't need to worry about.

Now he just needed some answers.

Blaine smiled when Charlie opened the door for him.

"Come in! I just need a minute to change. I just got out of the shower," Charlie said gesturing to the towel around his waist. "I made some coffee!"

Charlie disappeared behind the bathroom door and Blaine walked inside with a chuckle. He took his coat and shoes off, walked into the kitchen and poured himself some coffee.

"I overslept a little bit. It's my day off after all so you sleep whenever I can, you know?"

"No worries, Charlie. I understand!" Blaine called back sitting down at the kitchen table, adding some milk and sugar to his coffee.

Charlie started talking about his job, how much he liked it and that he worked more than he should because he loved it. Blaine was just listening and smiling, while sipping his coffee. Then he heard a buzz sound, noticed Charlie's phone on the table and stood up because it didn't stop vibrating. He really didn't want to peek but when he saw the name, Blaine was more than confused.

"Who's Sebastian?" Blaine asked when Charlie – fully dressed - walked into the kitchen.

"Oh, well... it's Sebastian Smythe."

"You guys are friends?" Blaine asked not being really sure how to feel about that.

"Uh, not exactly. I mean yes, we are but... it's kind of more?"

"You're boyfriends!?" Blaine exclaimed and instead of being angry, he was honestly surprised.

He knew that Charlie didn't care about what gender a person had, but he never saw any signs for him and Sebastian to be more... or to be anything at all.

"Not really. Ugh, it's complicated."

Blaine just waited for an explanation because his mind wasn't producing any logical thoughts.

He just stared at his friend and tried to connect the dots but it seemed impossible for now.

The only thing Blaine could say was: "Just... since when and... how?"

"Okay," Charlie sighed, reached out for his own cup and sat down across from Blaine.

"I met Sebastian at the Bachelor Party for real. We talked and got along and exchanged numbers. We didn't meet again and we just texted occasionally and... well... that's how we got to know each other. We didn't talk about you or Kurt, just about stuff. And, he was here on New Years Eve and we... you know."

"I know what?" Blaine still couldn't think.

"We had sex, Blaine."

"Oh my God," Blaine whined and covered his eyes as if he tried to not see the images in his head. "Charlie... he's-"

"He's not horrible, Blaine. And he's not after Kurt. He just likes to piss people off a little bit and I know that's not exactly a good characteristic, but he's a good person."

"I'm not so sure about that." Blaine said.

"Of course not, and I understand why. But trust me, he's really not that bad."

Blaine nodded slowly because he really didn't want to hear more about Sebastian and, more over, Sebastian and Charlie.

"Okay. It's your decision not mine. So, do whatever you want to do but just be careful."

"Aww, no worries Blainey. I will be. What about you? Isn't it Kurt's last day before he has to leave?"

"It is. But he has an appointment with Nina and Sebastian. But we're okay. We talked after I ended the call and Kurt stopped talking about babies too. But... I thought about the other thing you said."

"You mean the therapist?" Charlie said after he took a sip from his coffee.

"Yes. I thought about that for the past days and I do like the idea. I just have some questions before I decide to do that."

"Okay. Go on," Charlie said leaning back.

"How did you know you needed to see a therapist?"

Charlie thought for a while before he answered, which was understandable. Even Blaine couldn't really say why he wanted to see one. Was it because of the demons? Because of his parents? Because of what he couldn't give Kurt? He didn't know why exactly, but he knew one thing: he didn't want to feel so weak and lost ever again.

"I'm not exactly sure how I knew it. But I was tired of the nightmares and bad memories. Especially that night when I got raped."

Blaine didn't gasp, didn't react. He knew that this had happened even without Charlie saying it out loud. That night was a nightmare. Today Blaine could still hear Charlie screaming, fighting for his life, and could still remember how, only together, they managed to stop the guy who had raped him. Somehow they managed to throw him out but the damage had already been done and would be with them for the rest of their lives.

"It was not easy to talk about everything over and over again. But after a while it got easier and I did start to feel better."

"So you talk about everything?" Blaine asked.

"Yes, everything from the past, at first, to the progress I made. The Important thing is to tell your therapist everything so they know how to help you. But even more important is to find the right person. I've visited five therapists and only the fifth was the right one." Charlie revealed.

The 'talking about everything' part? That was something Blaine didn't like. But understood why it could be important, because you can only help a person when you really know what you're working with.

Which meant you should be honest in order to be treated in the right way and not being hurt.

Some people still didn't get that concept.

"You think I'd get along with your therapist as well?" Blaine eventually asked.

Everything sounded scary and also like a very long and hard journey. Between Remembering everything and saying it out loud to a stranger there where no doubts this would be an exhausting and nerve wrecking progress. But Blaine wanted to live in the present and he wanted to have a future with any demons in it.

"I think you would. Do you want her number? I can give you two more just in case you don't get along with her. The other two weren't for me but they were okay though."

"That would be great. Thank you." Blaine smiled.

Blaine thought a lot about the therapist, especially if he had the time for that, and if he had the strength to endure it and, above all, if he was ready.

No one needed to know about that. No one but Kurt, who would support him in what would be his chance to feel like a human being again. No demons, no issues, no holding back when he wanted to love and live.

It surprised him that there was not one single negative thought in his head about it. He actually felt good, happy even, that there was a way to heal. He would never forget what happened or how he felt, but he would know how to handle it.

With a smile on his lips he greeted Dani, who picked him up so they could drive back to Kurt. They talked about college and how excited Dani was to go back to it. Both knew she wouldn't be an official student but she loved music so Blaine understood her excitement. They sang together while Dani drove and Blaine loved the sound of her voice her voice wasso clear and so real, and he couldn't deny that their voices sounded good together.

But his voice fitted perfectly only with Kurt's.

When they arrived at his place, Blaine climbed out of the car, thanked her, and run to unlock the door, excited to see Kurt. He was anxious to talk about therapy and what Charlie told him, but the chance to win against his demons was reason enough to make him smile.

"I'm home!" Blaine called and raised both eyebrows when he couldn't find Kurt neither in the living room nor the kitchen.

"Kurt?" Blaine called his name while taking of his coat and shoes. Maybe he wasn't home yet? The door to the bathroom opened and there was Kurt, giving Blaine a look he had never seen before. Blaine also couldn't feel what Kurt felt which wasn't exactly helping.

"Hey," Kurt said.

"Hey, are you alright?"

Kurt wanted to shrug but stopped himself. Kurt wanted to smile but couldn't do it. Instead his face was empty, eyes watching Blaine as if he was trying to figure something out.

Blaine didn't like that expression.

It was new, foreign, and he couldn't say if it was good or bad. And the silence between them wasn't helping. He wanted to hug Kurt, to kiss him and tell him about his plan. He wanted them to be happy and stupidly in love but there was no room for these feelings and actions. Instead Blaine felt like he was missing something big so he looked around but couldn't find anything.

"Dani was here," Kurt eventually said. "And she showed me... pictures and videos."

Blaine waited, just breathing and trying to make sense out of the words Kurt had said. Where the videos and pictures of the stalker? Did he find them? Blackmail them?

Blaine was breathing a bit faster but when Kurt said the next words, all the fear and the panic left his body and confusion pushed every other feeling aside.

"Are you cheating on me, Blaine?"

Chapter End Notes

Get ready for the drama because it'll last for the next chapters, sorry! Thank you for the reviews :)

Insanity

Chapter Notes

Hi guys! I know the end of the last chapter was confusing, but that was what I wanted. I promise things will make sense soon enough :) and sorry for the rather late update (I wanted to update way sooner but I got a cold and couldn't do anything).

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Chapter 12. Insanity

Blaine stood there, astonished, Kurt's words echoing in his ears.

Instead of being shocked or hurt, he was confused and even a bit angry. First, he couldn't cheat on Kurt. He couldn't kiss anyone else or have sex with anyone but Kurt, anymore. Not that he wanted to. Second, he would never do something like that to Kurt. He loved him more than anything and anyone and yet he stood there, trying to process what Kurt had just said. What Kurt accused him of.

It was insane and not even true.

Furthermore, what exactly made Kurt think that this could be even remotely true? The same Kurt who believed in soulmates and everything that comes with being one.

"I'm not cheating on you. I can't cheat on you and I would never do that." Blaine said keeping his anger low.

He only wished he could feel what Kurt was feeling but Kurt wouldn't let him.

"Of course you can cheat on me, Blaine. There are things you can do with other people. We both know that, don't we?" Kurt threw in.

The mention of his past and what he used to do didn't hurt Blaine. It made his anger just grow and it became a challenge to keep his anger down.

"I'm not cheating on you! I would never do that! What makes you even think I would do that?!"

They were struggling for so long now. Blaine trying to trust Kurt, and Kurt trying to trust that Blaine knew what he wanted and what not. And both of them dealing with the age gap, which wasn't really a problem most of the times, but when it was, it was huge. Then there was the stalker, Kurt's work and Blaine's studies.

And all of that was eating their time.

Blaine didn't know how to fix any of this right now. He knew they needed time, they needed to talk and simply trust and believe each other.

This, though, could destroy everything they both had been working on.

"Then please explain this!" Kurt said pointing to his laptop, which was on the coffee table.

Blaine sighed, trying not to roll his eyes and tell Kurt the same things Kurt used to tell Blaine: that they were soulmates, that they were in love, that it was fate. But Kurt really believed all of that and, since Blaine didn't, saying those words would make him sound like a hypocrite.

He walked over to the laptop and what he saw were pictures of him, Charlie and Dani on their night out. Just of them.

Blaine blinked several times, completely confused. But Kurt still looked pissed.

"I don't know what you mean, Kurt. That's just Charlie, Dani and me." Blaine replied, confused.

"That's not just you, Charlie and Dani. Look at you and Charlie. You've never been that clingy or happy around him. Never!"

Blaine arched an eyebrow, his heartbeat slowing down and his breathing along with it. Did Kurt think he was cheating on him with Charlie? Charlie who had been the only person he could trust and talk to when he came to New York?

Kurt never treated Charlie any less than his friends. He welcomed him like an old friend and was grateful that he took care of Blaine when Kurt couldn't. Now he thought they had a thing? Blaine couldn't believe this.

This was... insane.

"He's my friend, Kurt. We never were something and never will be."

"Then why do you look like some freaking couple?!" Kurt exclaimed, with sharp blue eyes and a gaze that seemed trying to pierce through Blaine's head.

"We don't! We were just having fun with Dani and goofing around. Come on, Kurt. He's my friend, not more not less."

"I don't believe you," Kurt said and Blaine was expecting the pain to come, but it never came.

He felt that something was definitely wrong because he knew Kurt would never think that or say something like that.

He knew and trusted Charlie.

"Is this supposed to be some kind of joke? Because I'm not laughing if you haven't noticed," Blaine said because it made more sense than anything else right now.

Maybe that was one of Kurt's pranks. And Usually they made Blaine laugh.

But not this time.

Being accused of something like cheating was never funny.

"I'm serious, Blaine. Are you cheating on me?"

"I'M NOT!" Blaine eventually yelled because he had no idea what else to say or what the hell happened to Kurt in the past hours.

Something was wrong, terribly wrong, and he had a feeling it didn't matter what he was going to say. Kurt was convinced of what he was saying. So Kurt only crossed his arms over his chest and watched Blaine for a long time.

"This is fucking insane," Blaine huffed and walked pass Kurt, going to his room.

"Where are you going? We're not done here!" Kurt yelled.

"Away from your insanity!" Blaine screamed back.

With that Blaine closed the door, locked it and grabbed his pillow to muffle his scream.

The next morning Blaine woke up with a massive headache and questioning if what had happened was just a dream or reality. But when he realized he wasn't sleeping in their bed, but in the one in his room, he knew it had been real.

Kurt had accused him of cheating on him... with Charlie.

His best friend who he loved like a brother. No romantic feelings.

How was it possible that Kurt, out of nowhere, suddenly started to believe in something like that? Charlie and Kurt were friends, and they talked, laughed and, sometimes, celebrate together. It bothered Blaine so much that he couldn't find an explanation to Kurt's behavior.

Blaine was smart. He knew a lot of things, he was able to learn things very quickly, and got tons of answers to different things. Not this time.

Not having an answer made him feel young and stupid, although he knew it was not true. He knew that there were things he hadn't experienced yet or learned yet, and some he'd never learn or have an answer for. But this situation still sucked.

Blaine closed his eyes and just breathed for several moments, listening. There was no sound of Kurt moving or talking, just the noises an empty apartment made. He reached out for his phone to check the time and there were no missed calls nor texts.

7:35am.

He needed to get ready for class. He needed something else on his mind, something that had nothing to do with Kurt and his insanity. And, speaking of Kurt, sadly, or maybe fortunately, he wasn't home anymore.

Blaine walked around the apartment, searching for something – a note or anything – and only figured that Kurt's suitcase was missing. His closet was empty, and phone, charger and laptop were missing too.

Kurt had left without a word and Blaine... he couldn't bring himself to care right now.

He got ready for class and Dani picked him up, a warm smile on her lips as he climbed into the car. As if she had no idea what had happened last night. He was sure she had no clue and he wasn't even angry at her. All of this was not her fault because, obviously, she wouldn't tell Kurt that Charlie and him were something.

She knew they weren't.

"You look tired. Long night?" Dani asked with a knowing smirk, that made clear to Blaine what she was thinking about.

"Not really... but I don't want to talk about it right now. Sorry." Blaine said as they drove off.

"That's alright," Dani answered and the rest of the ride they were silent.

It felt good to be back in class, to see Oliver and Kira who never asked about Kurt or their relationship. They respected Blaine's privacy and focused on the things they had in common or the stuff they had to learn. He was also looking forward to his hours with Jack and the orchestra. March wasn't that far away and this meant the concert was pretty close. Blaine couldn't be a part of the winter concert considering what had happened because of the stalker. But he was still part of the orchestra, and looked forward to the tour.

Music was his thing, his way to calm down and handle life when things became too much. Maybe this one month long tour would help them. Blaine would do something with other people and experience life and Kurt could take a break from filming and from the stalker drama.

But that still didn't explain why he'd accuse Blaine for cheating.

Of course everything was stressful and exhausting but it made no sense why he'd say such a thing.

At the end of the week Blaine still hadn't called Kurt and Kurt still hadn't called Blaine. The only phone call Blaine received was from Charlie, who asked if he was alright because Sebastian said something about Kurt being in super bitch mode. Blaine didn't say anything about what happened between them. Instead he blamed the stalker situation for how Kurt behaved.

Blaine also refused to sleep in their bed because he wasn't ready for sweet memories that would most likely hurt him.

On Saturday he slept longer than usual, which wasn't surprising.

During the past days he either studied or practiced for the concert and then he constantly repeated the fight in his head. He was just glad that he decided to do this tour with Jack, although he had many doubts about it when he first heard of it.

It was around 10 when Blaine woke up to the ringing of his phone. His eyes snapped open and the hope that it was Kurt vanished when he saw Mercedes picture on his display.

You fool, he thought.

Blaine knew that Kurt always needed his time before he could speak to Blaine. A week or two, that was nothing unusual. And Blaine was not the only one who had to accept Kurt's ignorance when he was pissed or hurt. Even Burt had to deal with that.

He accepted the call and smiled when he heard Mercedes voice. There was some small talk and then she asked him if he could help her with work. Which meant playing music and singing with people younger than Blaine. It was fun, but not what he wanted to do forever and, especially, not something he wanted to do right now.

Kids just made him feel uncomfortable.

Instead he used his free time to practice and work on the songs he had written.

They all meant something, but one was really important to him and he actually planned to play and sing this song at the end of the concert. He imagined it all, clear and vivid in his head. Him on stage and Kurt in the audience, first row, looking up to Blaine with a proud smile and love in his eyes.

But it seemed so unreal now, so far away, as if it could never happen. Yet, Blaine was convinced

that this was just some huge misunderstanding. Because Kurt's behavior had been so unlike Kurt. As if the person in front of him was a stranger inside Kurt's body and Blaine still tried to figure out why. There needed to be a reason and an answer.

Sunday evening Blaine sat in the living room and stared at his phone, not sure if it was the right time to contact Kurt or if he should wait. His soul felt good, their connection normal so he knew they didn't need to see each other to fix something soulmate related. He didn't even consider that this might mean something bad – after all too much distance usually meant that their souls were going to suffer. This time everything was different and Blaine couldn't even explain why or how.

Instead of texting Kurt or calling him, he took his laptop and opened Google. He had never done this before for many reasons. One: He didn't want to read rumors about Kurt or what his fans thought because he didn't want to mix reality with fantasy and lies.

Reason two: He didn't want to know what people wrote about him or what crazy things they could come up with.

Blaine knew that people wrote fanfictions – he read some himself but only about his favorite movies, series or games – and he didn't want to 'stumble' over a fanfiction that was about Kurt and someone else... or him. It would feel weird. So he kept himself far away from that.

Live and let live, right?

However, something inside him told Blaine to just do that. Google Kurt and see what was happening when Blaine was not around. It just felt fair and after convincing himself of it, he typed in Kurt's name.

The first things were some general information about Kurt – he even had his own Wikipedia site – a Facebook account, Twitter and a Tumblr tag, followed by websites from well known celebrity websites and magazines. Blaine avoided the Tumblr tag and clicked on a celebrity website with the headline

'Watch Kurt Hummel reuniting with Linda...'

He liked Linda, she had always been nice and a good friend even after they finished their movie. She was also a huge help when they were both figuring out how to be a soulmate, once created the Last Bond. She was also the one who told them about the possibility to break their connection for a while.

Blaine was smiling while he thought about Linda but that smile fell abruptly when he saw the pictures.

There was Kurt with Linda and people he didn't know, standing around a table laughing, drinking. Some pictures were even without Linda and just Kurt and some guys Blaine didn't know. But they were smiling, and the guy was looking at Kurt in a way that pissed Blaine off.

Blaine found more pictures. Backstage when Kurt had some interview or events in New York and LA. Some even before they knew each other.

But those pictures had nothing to do with Kurt the actor. Those were from the time when Kurt had been a model.

Blaine ignored those pictures and, instead, read one article with a picture he didn't like at all. It was Kurt, sitting on a couch while a guy – a good looking guy if Blaine might add – was whispering into Kurt's ear. There were also Cooper and Elena, laughing about something. And that should've been the reason for Blaine to calm down. He trusted Cooper and he knew he

wouldn't let anyone close to Kurt.

But there were more pictures, different pictures and they all showed the same thing in Blaine's eyes: Kurt being too close to some guys he didn't know.

And it made him feel insecure about himself.

He wasn't tall like most of the guys around Kurt. He didn't have perfect teeth like they did, or hair that didn't become a mess without gel. His tummy was not flat and his butt not small.

Kurt always said that he loved that about him, that Blaine was perfect for him.

Handsome, cute and all of that. Yet, seeing those pictures of men around Kurt whispering things in his ear that made him blush and smile – okay, some pictures were just funny but Blaine couldn't focus on that – he had no idea what to think.

Blaine wished he hadn't done that, because that was one of the reasons why they both decided to never google themselves. For all Blaine knew, the pictures could be fake and so could be the articles.

But certainly not all of them, right?

Monday morning Blaine received a text from Kurt saying that he was going to be done filming sooner. He texted back with a simple 'okay', then texted Charlie and Dani asking if they could visit him and tried not to be angry, again. It was just so unfair how Kurt blamed him for doing something he never did and then going out and having a good time with random guys. For all Blaine knew Kurt could be the one cheating on him.

He never really felt insecure about himself. He liked himself. He liked his butt, his tummy, his curls – although he also liked to smooth them down – but seeing all these 'perfect' men around his boyfriend made him feel insecure. Of course Kurt could think of other guys as attractive and he could watch as much as he wanted to.

Still, it didn't change the way all of that made Blaine feel or the fact that he was mainly angry beside feeling insecure about himself.

When Dani and Charlie arrived Blaine's anger was still nagging in the back of his mind. He tried to hide and ignore it but Charlie noticed Blaine's mood anyway.

"Don't say anything, I'm going to explain," Blaine said and felt quiet proud that his voice remained even.

"You've been in a bad mood since Kurt left," Dani remarked after closing the door behind her.

"Yeah... well, something happened," Blaine started to explain as they walked into the kitchen. "Kurt thinks that I'm cheating on him."

"What?" Charlie huffed and sat down while Dani made a surprised expression as well.

"With you," Blaine added and looked at his friend who's mouth hung open and silence filled the room.

"You're kidding me, right?" Charlie eventually said.

"No. I came home after we met and he started to accuse me for cheating on him."

"That's insane... Are you sure he wasn't joking?" Charlie asked.

"I am sure. We had a huge fight and haven't talk since then." Blaine said, trying not to sound too angry.

"Was it because of the pictures that he came up with this idea?" Dani asked.

"Yes. But that's not your fault, Dani. I would have shown him the pictures anyway but we didn't have the time for that yet. I just... don't understand how he could come up with this. He believes in soulmates, he loves me and I love him and yet, for whatever reason he thinks I'm cheating."

"I can tell him that it's not true, Blaine. Maybe Sebastian already told him that he's insane and what is going on between Seb and me." Charlie suggested.

"No. Thank you, but no. We need to figure this out together. And I'm sure if Sebastian had said anything Kurt would have called me already and apologize. But he didn't."

Charlie crossed his arms over his chest and Dani looked at Blaine with a mix of worry and confusion. Of course, she didn't know them for that long so for her all of this sounded even more insane. That's why Blaine explained to her that fights between them weren't unusual.

"In fact, I googled Kurt's name."

"Blaine, no!" Charlie groaned and smacked his hand against his forehead.

"And guess what I've found! Kurt, having the time of his life with random guys. And do I think he's cheating on me? No, of course not. But maybe that's what's happening. Maybe he wants to blame me for something he's actually doing," Blaine said and it made a lot of sense to him. People did that - blaming other people for things they did themselves - and why shouldn't Kurt do that too?

"Blainey, come on. You don't really believe that, right?" Charlie asked.

"Well, it's the only thing that makes sense to me as in why Kurt would believe that I'd cheat on him."

The confused and lost expressions of his friends made no sense to Blaine. He was sure it has to be that.

"Blaine, I don't know you guys for that long. But I'm more than sure that neither you nor Kurt are cheating on each other. Knowing people is my job, so I'm sure there is nothing going on," Dani tried to reason.

But Blaine didn't like that.

He wanted to be angry, he wanted to be right and it was hard to not be unfair or rude towards his friends.

So he only shrugged.

After Dani and Charlie left, Blaine spent some days studying and playing songs, and he realized that what he said and thought about Kurt was probably just as insane as what Kurt had said to him.

He recalled what he did and it made him feel so uncomfortable, as if there was another person

inside him, coming out and showing a side Blaine didn't know he had. In fact, he was sure that wasn't him. For a second he believed that maybe he was sick, that maybe he did have another personality. But then he wouldn't know, right? People didn't know that usually, so he kicked that thought out of his mind.

But what was it then? What made him think and say those things?

What made Kurt think and say something like that? Was it maybe because of all the stress they had to go through?

No, that made no sense.

They became stronger and closer after the stalker and the move.

They were doing good, they were in love, they were happy and the next day it was all gone.

He was angry towards himself, sick of the things he had said and sorry that he thought those things about Kurt.

But... did Kurt feel the same way? Did he think the same things?

Blaine had no idea because he couldn't feel what Kurt felt since he was gone - and even before - and he hadn't received a call or a text either. It was a miracle for Blaine that their connection and his soul didn't suffer because of this long break. Last year, Kurt fell in a coma and Blaine thought he had lost him forever.

That memory was shaking him to his core, painful and too real so he didn't want to go to his bed but to theirs. No matter how angry he was, or hurt, or sad, Kurt was still his home, the place he found absolute comfort in.

Tired from holding his tears back he fell on their bed, took Kurt's pillow and held it close until he fell asleep.

Blaine didn't dream about anything, but he woke up to soft, familiar fingers running through his curls. Blaine slowly opened his eyes, relaxing even before he truly understood that it was indeed Kurt. It was dark so Blaine assumed it was late and Kurt still had a cold vibe coming from him so he probably came back a couple of minutes ago.

But it didn't feel good to see Kurt, it didn't make him smile and warm.

Blaine felt nothing and that worried him.

So he took Kurt's hand and squeezed it, just to feel something.

"I'm sorry," Kurt whispered.

And that was the only thing he said before they both lay down, held each other and fell asleep.

The silence didn't bother Blaine. Not when they woke up and not when they got ready for their appointment with doctor Stephens. He didn't feel like talking in the first place so he prepared himself mentally for the conversation they'd have with the soulmate doctor. As they drove he let Kurt hold his hand, but it still didn't feel the same way it used to.

It made Blaine sick with worry because something was wrong, terribly wrong and maybe Kurt's silence was his way to agree with Blaine.

His way to say: "I know".

After they arrived they got tested, the same way they always were, and soon found themselves sitting in doctor Stephens office, in front of his desk, waiting. Blaine couldn't sit still as nervous as he was, and the fact that he couldn't feel what Kurt was feeling made him even more nervous and restless.

But Blaine wasn't ready to ask why Kurt didn't let him feel anything. Because he was afraid to hear the answer.

"Hey guys," doctor Stephens smiled after he opened the door to Blaine's left. They greeted him in unison but both could tell that he didn't have any news for them. Blaine looked down and Kurt tried not to sigh or make another noise. Stephens did that instead.

"You already can guess, I see. Sorry guys, I don't have any news regarding your crack. It's still the same since your connection broke."

They both could tell that he was genuinely sorry and even frustrated because he couldn't find a solution. Blaine wondered if this stupid crack would ever heal. He wondered what else they needed to do to be okay again.

Because he missed it.

He missed the humming, the soothing sound, the warmth and the beauty, so deep and only meant for them to explore. He missed all of that, how Kurt could heal him from the inside and how he could do the same for Kurt.

"What about the other doctor you talked about? Does he have any news?" Kurt asked.

Doctor Stephens sighed and nodded.

"He found some things out but he still needs to run some tests and compare the results. He gave me some advice for you guys but, before that I'd like to know how you've been. I have to say you don't look happy to me."

Silence filled the room because Blaine wasn't sure if what he had to say would hurt Kurt or not. If it was wrong or right. They hadn't talked about that yet and Blaine wasn't sure when they would do that. But he and Kurt also knew that they had to be honest with Stephens if they wanted this crack to heal.

Blaine turned his head to look at Kurt and hopefully find an answer but Kurt just looked as lost as Blaine felt.

"We... we aren't doing good," Kurt started. "We fight over things that are not true and it just-"

"It just happens. We get mad over things that aren't real or pointless and blame each other for things we never did," Blaine continued.

"Yeah. I mean, we don't always fight. But when we do, we always reconnect and come stronger out of it. But then the next fight just gets worse..." Kurt finished it for them and Blaine had nothing to add or change. It was a good summary and it also clarified to Blaine that Kurt thought the same things he did about the cheating thing: It wasn't true and it was insane to even think that.

Doctor Stephens nodded slowly, looked at Kurt then at Blaine and folded his hands together on his desk. Blaine didn't like the expression on the doctor's face. He almost looked like he was terribly sorry but not for the fights they had. Not for that.

"I talked to doctor Taucher and he told me that this happened to other soulmates with a crack in their connection as well. For most of them it was enough to talk and reconnect after one fight and their crack was healed. Some weren't that lucky and are still struggling. But his studies only include people who dealt with a crack in their connection for one to four months. You guys are dealing with it for a year now and that is not just new, but highly unusual."

"Does he have any advice or... suggestions for us?" Blaine asked.

"He said the same things I told you guys. Respect and love each other. Believe in your connection and in each other. Trust each other. But I understand that this needs time and that all of this isn't always easy, especially for you Blaine. However, Taucher also has the theory that... maybe you guys aren't meant to be anymore."

Blaine stopped breathing and the only thing he felt was Kurt's hand holding his too strong, almost painfully.

What did the doctor say? They weren't meant to be soulmates?

Blaine didn't believe in soulmates, yes, that was true. But he knew there was no one more perfect for him than Kurt.

This couldn't be true, it was nonsense.

He loved Kurt, Kurt was his home and no one could take that away from him. No matter what.

"That's impossible." Kurt said.

"I know. Taucher knows that too. But he has this theory that... when a connection almost breaks it could change, you know? Maybe you guys don't fit anymore. Maybe your connection needs someone else and not each other."

"If this were true, why isn't the connection entirely broken? It makes no sense that, if we don't match, we're still connected." Blaine asked because the logical part of him tried to find something reasonable in all this mess.

"When your connection breaks entirely you know what can happen. Mental aberration or even death. That's why your connection isn't broken completely. It's protecting you guys and itself. But I agree with you that it makes no sense that you guys aren't meant to be. I don't agree with that. Soulmates go through hard times, like every other couple does, but they always found their way back to each other and their connection heals. Still, it never took as long as it's doing with you guys."

"So, what are your thoughts?" Kurt asked and Blaine heard in his voice that he didn't like the news.

But when he thought about Kurt and how he tried to fix them with good and bad ideas... Blaine hoped this time Kurt wouldn't agree with any insane idea.

"I think that this crack can manipulate you guys. Which would explain the fights and especially the ones that make no sense. It's a lot of stress even if you ignore it. Soulmates aren't supposed to go through something like that for so long. But beside the things I've already told you that should help to heal a crack, I'd say you should talk about it. Meeting new people, I mean. Maybe you really have a new soulmate. I don't believe in that, but I also have no evidence for it to not be true."

Blaine felt sick, and his mind was repeating the same word over and over again.

No.

Chapter End Notes

Good news though, chapter 13 is done I'm just waiting for my beta. So it should be up soon! Let me know what you think, ahre some love, because I'm sure we all need it!

Dates

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Chapter 13. Dates

Blaine didn't say anything after they left Stephens office and, instead, he tried to recall everything the doctor said. He was trying to understand with what he could agree and in what he could believe in.

The first thing that made sense to Blaine was that the crack could be manipulating them. There was no evidence, okay, but it did make sense. Maybe this crack was even responsible for the way they behaved, especially recently. For example the fact that Blaine ended up googling Kurt. Or the fact that Kurt believed Blaine was cheating on him with Charlie.

Because those behaviors were too uncharacteristics.

He had no doubt that that was the truth.

Now they only needed to find a way to heal the Crack.

He was sure that this wasn't going to happen until they both trusted each other without a single doubt. When they'll both let themselves became vulnerable, talk about everything, always being honest.

And that wouldn't be easy for Blaine.

He was still convinced that Kurt would leave him one day, because that was how it used to be in Blaine's life. People came, captured his heart and then they left him. It happened with his mom, Cooper, his father and, eventually, his friends from Dalton.

He constantly lost the people he loved and, in the end, he found himself all alone in New York.

Charlie somehow managed to gain Blaine's trust and remain the only person close to him. For some reason he wasn't afraid of losing Charlie because Blaine was sure that that would never happen. But he didn't love Charlie the way he loved Kurt.

And losing Kurt would destroy him. It would hurt him more than anything.

He wished he knew how to turn that worry off. He wished he could just simply believe and trust without any hesitation and any doubt. He wished that those stupid voices in his head that always told him to stay guarded, would just went away. Because when Blaine thought about the future, Kurt was always with him. Back home Blaine followed Kurt silently and couldn't ignore the tension filling the room. He just wished he could feel what Kurt felt.

But he still wouldn't let Blaine in.

It made Blaine nervous and lost because feeling what Kurt felt - and vice versa- became vital to him.

"Please don't tell me you consider what Taucher or Stephens said. About us not being soulmates." Blaine eventually said.

Kurt turned around, gave Blaine a pained look and shrugged as he sat down on the couch.

He looked tired, old, and Blaine had no idea how to fix this or how to make Kurt smile.

He didn't feel like smiling himself.

"To be honest, Blaine. I don't know."

"You don't know if we're still soulmates? Or, you don't know if we should meet other people?"

"I just don't know, Blaine. Do you?"

"I've been thinking about what Stephens said regarding the crack. Because to me it makes sense that it kind of manipulates us. And...I'm not sure if you do this on purpose but...I can't feel what you're feeling. And it's been going on for a while now..."

Kurt raised one eyebrow in confusion: "I'm not closing anything. You are."

"No?"

It didn't take Blaine much to understand what was really happening.

Kurt didn't reply but his face said everything and, adding the past days' signs, everything seems suddenly clear. They both knew closing the connection for too long was not good, especially not with this crack.

Yet, nothing happened.

No dark marks on their souls, no bad feeling at all. It was like... they weren't even connected anymore.

"We... we can't feel each others feelings anymore," Blaine said out loud and Kurt didn't even gasp.

He probably came to that conclusion as well because he wasn't stupid.

"Then... maybe it is true. Maybe we are not soulmates anymore. "

Kurt had just said the thing Blaine feared to hear the most. Of course, if they were no longer soulmates, then Kurt would just break up with him and look for his new soulmate. But this couldn't be the case. They were soulmates, no doubt about that in his mind, and it hurt that Kurt said that.

He, the one who believed in all of this suddenly had doubts?

Blaine wanted to blame the crack for that.

"Kurt, I-" Blaine started.

"I'm not breaking up with you." Kurt interrupted, reassuring him "I love you. That hasn't changed and won't change. I want to be with you and no one else."

Blaine almost sighed in relieve but he knew there was more Kurt wanted to say. He saw it in the way Kurt entwined his fingers and stared at them, trying to find a way to elaborate his thoughts. But he said nothing for several seconds and Blaine decided to say something he needed Kurt to hear again.

"I love you too, Kurt. And I don't want anyone else as well. And I'm sure we are soulmates, I have no doubt about that."

"Then why aren't we connected anymore? Why are we fighting over stupid things? Why isn't this stupid crack healing?" Kurt asked and Blaine could hear the frustration, desperation and fear in his voice.

All things they both tried to hide, spell out, mention or simply take into their reality. They both were running away from this crack and now everything seemed twisted, bent in a way that didn't fit anymore. In a way that made it feel like they didn't fit together anymore.

"I don't know, Kurt. I know we're trying. But maybe we need to try more and one day it'll heal" Blaine suggested, and he knew he sounded frustrated as well.

"But we did and we aren't doing better. Maybe we should just... meet other people, just to see if it's true." Kurt said and Blaine shook his head no.

"No. No way. I won't do that." Blaine promptly argued.

"Blaine-"

"No, Kurt!" Blaine exclaimed and walked around for a few seconds, trying to calm down and sort his thoughts out. "We say we love each other and that we want to be together. Then why would we go and find someone else? That's just idiotic and not us. For me it doesn't matter if we are real soulmates or not. For me, we are real, with connection or not. I loved you before I even knew we were soulmates, Kurt. Why would I do something like that? Meeting other people to... find someone else? That's insane. I don't want someone else. Ever."

It was easy for Blaine.

There would be no future without Kurt. He wanted to be with him for the rest of his life. It was no new realization, but, in a way, it suddenly felt different. It went deeper, it was more solid, it was something that wasn't surrounded by doubts or questions, or 'what if'. He wanted to marry him, he wanted a family with him and maybe he realized that, without any fear, because he was so close to lose Kurt.

"Blaine. I don't want anyone else as well. I don't like the idea of seeing someone else. But I don't want us to fight anymore. We suffer, we do things we usually wouldn't do, we blame each other for things that are ridiculous. And I don't want that. I don't want us to be hurt all the time. To hurt each other all the time. Yes, maybe it is the crack. Maybe it makes us do these things. But I really don't know what else to do to make it heal. Obviously, it has become a burden we have no control over anymore."

"But we love each other, Kurt. Isn't that what should help us? Keep us safe?" Blaine tried to reason, even if he knew how stubborn Kurt could be.

He knew that, if Kurt decided to do something, he would.

Kurt sighed, stood up and went to Blaine, taking his hands into his. Blaine felt nothing, and he wanted to cry because, usually, whenever Kurt touched him his heart would jump, he would smile and melt.

Not this time.

"I want us to be okay. No more fights, no hate. Because that's what I'm scared of. That we'll hate each other one day. I believe in what it means to be a soulmate and... if we are no soulmates

anymore..." Kurt stopped, trying to collect himself a little.

Blaine noticed the tears in Kurt's eyes, but he blinked them away quickly:

"We have to be sure about that." Kurt continued "It's for the best, Blaine. Sometimes we just have to do things, try things, we don't like or agree with."

"I don't believe in that. I'm sure we don't need that. We need to work harder, together, Kurt. You're here now, we can do that." Blaine tried desperately to convince Kurt.

"We'll try it out. Together. We can go out and just... see if something changes." Kurt countered, by now too lost in his stubbornness to even consider what Blaine was saying.

Blaine blinked and wanted to shake his head no again because the thought of going out with Kurt and talking to random guys to see if one of them would be their soulmate?

That was insane and made no sense to Blaine. There was no one else for them, he was sure of that. And it surprised Blaine that Kurt, of all people, didn't believe in that anymore.

Was it more important to Kurt to be a real soulmate than being with Blaine? Because that was what Blaine felt in that moment. That he wasn't as important as he thought.

"I don't like that. I think it's stupid. But I don't want to fight so, yeah, let's try." Blaine eventually said because he really didn't want to fight. He also wasn't worried. Nothing would happen, absolutely nothing.

Kurt would see it himself.

"I love you," Kurt said and Blaine cut him off with an: "I love you, too."

This made Kurt smile and Blaine stared at that smile, trying to save it in between his memories because he wasn't sure if he'd see that smile again soon.

It was weird sleeping with Kurt in one bed, holding him or being held, while knowing that they would go out and basically look for their other soulmate. It pissed Blaine off and it made Kurt miserable. But they didn't fight. In fact they avoided each other whenever they could and Blaine got enough time to study and think.

Just because Blaine didn't believe that being a soulmate was like having a first class ticket to happiness and love, he knew what it meant to be a soulmate. It meant that he couldn't have sex with anyone else, kiss anyone else, or feel anyone else but Kurt.

Despite the crack, he was sure that that would still be the same.

For the first time he really counted on the fact that they were soulmates and this would prove to Kurt that they didn't need anyone else. That they were not connected to anyone else but each other.

Besides, he hated the idea of Kurt kissing or even flirting with another men.

But he was sure that this insane experiment wouldn't even go that far. They loved each other, they only had eyes for each other. But their love was, apparently, not enough to heal their crack.

It was Friday evening when Dani arrived with Elliott and Martin – because Kurt didn't want to see Charlie, which lead to a fight with Blaine – and they decided to go out to a bar to just... have fun.

Blaine thought it was the worst description of an evening ever, but he didn't say anything. Fighting with Kurt was not an option and especially not about something as ridiculous as him and Charlie having a thing, again. Because Kurt still kind of believed in the 'cheating' story, although he already apologized and blamed the crack for it.

Probably that was why Blaine wasn't even pissed anymore.

He was convinced what this crack could do anything.

Kurt was busy talking to Dani and Martin about something law related and Blaine was grateful when Elliott took him to the counter so they could talk while ordering drinks.

"I've heard about your visit with Stephens. Sorry about that," Elliott said and Blaine could see that he really was sorry and that he understood them both.

Lose their soulmate was probably one of the scariest things to imagine.

Blaine knew what it felt like. It happened almost once – when Kurt panicked and fell in a coma - and it seemed like to happen a second time.

"Well, it's our fault. I'm sure we are doing something wrong so this crack is not healing," Blaine admitted leaning against the counter, Elliott across from him.

He didn't say anything and Blaine was glad for that because he didn't need advice. He just needed someone to listen and Elliott seemed to be the right person. He knew Kurt longer than Blaine did, he was a soulmate himself and he went through hard times as well with Martin.

So Blaine simply spoke.

"And Kurt came up with this crazy idea of meeting other people because we might not be soulmates anymore. I don't believe that, I think it's stupid. But I know he won't shut up until we try and I just know we'll fight again. I don't know why he's not listening to what I say. Sometimes I feel like this age gap is too big, especially when Kurt tells me I can't understand certain things yet. Directly or indirectly it doesn't matter. But I'm not too young or totally oblivious."

"No, you're not," Elliott said with a smile squeezing Blaine's shoulder.

"I know I have issues," Blaine said encouraged by Elliott's words. "I know I can't commit myself to Kurt the way I want to. I also know why and I'm trying to work on that. I'm sure when I get over that, we'll be fine."

Elliott nodded slowly and their drinks arrived.

"But you're not the only one, Blaine. Kurt has issues as well." Elliott tried to reassure him.

"I know. He... I don't think he sees me as young and inexperienced. I think he just wants me to be happy and safe. He wants me to have the life I couldn't have after my father died. But he ignores what I say when I tell him I don't need and don't want certain things. I don't know why he thinks I'd cheat on him. But... maybe he has demons, too. Just like me."

He looked at Elliott, right into his eyes, and tried to see if he was right or not, since Kurt maybe talked to him about all this mess.

Elliott just shrugged slowly. "I do know he has his own demons to deal with. But, as you said, that is something you need to talk about and figure out together. No one of us can heal your crack, Blaine."

"No, I know. I just hope after tonight Kurt will stop with this 'going out and find another soulmate' mission."

Elliott couldn't help but snort. "That's the worst idea Kurt ever had. Really, I'm sure this crack is getting unto you guys."

"But what should I do? I can't stop this crack from manipulating us but I also don't want to fight with Kurt. I just... I just want to love him and be with him. I want us to be equals in every way."

"And that's the right way. I'm sure Kurt wants that too. And I think you should just play along, Blaine. Go out, let him figure out that there is no other soulmate for you guys and he'll come around. Believe me, after the third time he'll stop. Kurt is like that. He needs to try and see for himself."

Blaine nodded and understood what Elliott meant. Telling a person what to do and what not was like taking an important experience away. So Blaine decided to just wait and see and if things seemed to become dangerous he would jump in, just like anyone else would.

The rest of the evening he remained quiet and simply listened to his friends talking and laughed with them. He didn't sit next to Kurt but between Dani and Elliott because he felt like he needed their support. Especially when Kurt was off at the bar, talking to guys.

That was all he did, small talk and then came back.

Back to Blaine.

He took his hand with a smile. But he didn't kiss him, he didn't treat Blaine with the same love. And Blaine thought that was okay because it would have felt like a lie.

During the week Kurt had a lot of meetings with Nina and Sebastian, interviews and photoshoots and Blaine had his studies.

He was glad that they both were busy enough to stay immersed in themselves. Kurt knew what he thought so Blaine made no attempts to talk or explain anything.

Blaine decided to sleep in the bed in his room, while Kurt slept on the couch. Both were not able to sleep in the bed that usually was their place to love each other.

The next weekend they went out again and Blaine didn't even ask if Charlie could join them. So he either texted his friend, talked with his friends or watched Kurt going off and having small talk with whoever person he would find. Of course it made Blaine jealous, and it hurt, but he strongly believed all this pain would be worth at the end when this crack finally healed.

After their second night out Kurt was seemingly frustrated and Blaine couldn't tell why. Was it because he didn't meet someone who might be his soulmate? Was it because he knew this was ridiculous but still needed to try it out? Whatever it was, Blaine didn't ask and let Kurt be.

On their third night out, Blaine waited for the moment for Kurt to realize that this was all ridiculous and pointless and that they were meant to be together.

That evening Kurt didn't talk to as many guys as he used to and remained close to Elliott and Martin. There were maybe three guys Kurt had talked to but his face showed how annoyed and conflicted he was whenever a guy seemed to want to go further. Whenever one touched his arm, Kurt took a step back. Whenever someone said something with a smug smile Kurt turned away to roll his eyes and Blaine realized Elliott had been right.

Kurt was tired of this and Blaine had all his hopes up for this night to be different.

Better for them.

When his glass was empty and Dani's too, they both walked to the bar to get new drinks for them all. Blaine, obviously in a better mood moved a little to the music and thought about asking Kurt to dance with him. Maybe he would say yes and maybe that would be their way to reconnect. He really hoped that.

"Excited for the concert?" Dani asked while they waited for their drinks.

"I am, to be honest. Jack is a really good teacher and person. He knows so much about music and how to play an instrument in the right way. I really hope I can move some people when we'll be on tour," Blaine said blushing.

"Right, you have solos at the end of each concert. Can't wait to hear you play. Are you going to sing too?"

"I will. But... only one song. I don't want to become a singer so there is really no point in singing that much. Jack tried to talk me into it, but I really just want to play wonderful music." Blaine admitted and he felt good about the fact that Dani would be with him.

Kurt couldn't join him, that he understood, but being all alone while this stalker was still outside? Blaine knew he couldn't handle that alone.

"Excuse me," he heard a male voice behind him speaking and Blaine turned around to see a guy, a bit older than him but with a nice face. Still, Blaine looked at Dani to be sure he was safe and she just nodded, smiling all warm and sweet. But he knew she'd be watching the guy closely.

"Yes?" Blaine said.

"Sorry, I've heard you guys talking about music and I was wondering if you guys were talking about Jack Wendil." Blond haired guy said.

"We were. He's my teacher." Blaine said because he saw no harm in revealing that.

"Ha! You must be good then when he chooses you for solos at his concerts."

Blaine felt a bit nervous and unsure and he was glad when Dani asked the question he couldn't bring himself to ask.

"Sorry, but, who are you?"

"Oh, sorry. I'm Matt Wendil. I'm his nephew, actually. And I'm going to join him on his tour." Matt said with a smile on his lips that reminded Blaine of Jack. He immediately relaxed and smiled honestly in return. "I guess you must be Blaine then. And you?" he asked, addressing Dani.

"I'm Danielle, a friend of Blaine."

"Nice to meet you," Matt said politely and shook their hands. "I'm here with my wife and her friends. Women night out, they call it. And I'm the driver. It can get dangerous at night and I don't want a group of drunk women out and alone."

"Very noble of you. Most men wouldn't do that" Dani said and Blaine wasn't surprised at all. Jack was a man with values and morals and he treated people equally and with respect and politeness.

"Now I understand why people are freaking out a little. You're here with Kurt Hummel, right? People are whispering. And my wife, Alex, she wouldn't stop talking about him."

Blaine didn't notice that anymore, he learned to ignore the people around them, which was not that hard since his whole focus was always on Kurt when they were together.

"Anyway, I can't wait to hear you play, Blaine. I hope you'll show me the best you've got." Matt said with such a huge smile and something in his eyes that showed excitement.

"Uh... yeah? Why's that?" Blaine asked.

"I'm part of the music industry, specifically for soundtracks for movies, commercials and series. So, whenever my uncle goes on a tour I go with him, keep an eye on the students and if I see someone who's really talented and really into this music, I talk to them and offer them a job. It's a project I started when I graduated."

Blaine's excitement grew and he leaned closer, listening to every word Matt said because, yes, he wanted to do that. Write music for movies and give every moment a special feeling. He wanted people to enjoy his music and connect with it. So, yes, he really was interested in what Matt had to say.

"I leave you guys alone," Dani whispered in his ear and off she went with the drinks.

Blaine was so fascinated by what Matt did. He started a project for students who studied music and made sure that there were jobs open for them. He told Blaine about how hard it was for him to find a job when he graduated and although his uncle wanted to help him out, Matt refused. He wanted to build his life with his own money and work, and eventually he succeeded.

They talked about music, movies and instruments. Musicians, lyrics, Everything. And it was the first night out, in this madness, that Blaine enjoyed.

At some point though, Kurt came over and excused Blaine because apparently they had to leave. Blaine wasn't pissed when that happened because he was going to see Matt anyway.

On the contrary, he was hopeful that, now, Kurt would finally say how stupid this idea was and that they still were soulmates.

Then they would go home, apologize for their insane behavior and be themselves again. Kiss, because Blaine hadn't kissed Kurt for almost a month now. Hug and hold each other, because he hadn't done that either.

But when the front door closed, Blaine knew this was not going to happen.

Kurt huffed, dropped his keys on the coffee table and stormed into the kitchen to get a glass of water. Blaine just sighed, feeling himself getting angry for unknown reason.

Kurt didn't wait for long until he gave Blaine the explanation for this mood that he was expecting.

"Had fun tonight, huh? Found your new soulmate?" Kurt said, trying to not sound too annoyed.

"No, Kurt. I found my soulmate two years ago." Blaine didn't even try to hide his annoyance.

"You know what I'm talking about. You obviously forgot about me and enjoyed listening to blondy as if he was some knight in shining armor."

"This is all your fault! You came up with this stupid idea! And now you're blaming me for going out, *with you*, and having a good time? What do you want, Kurt? You were the one saying we should go out and now you don't like it?" Blaine almost yelled.

"Going out, Blaine, talking with people. Not flirting or whatever you can do to seduce any guy." Kurt explained.

"What the fuck? I'm not seducing anyone!" Blaine did yell then because Kurt didn't say it flat out, but he understood the meaning behind Kurt's words.

It was insane.

Somewhere in the back of his mind was a voice, whispering, that Kurt would never say that.

Not his Kurt.

They were over this, weren't they?

"I'm not blind, Blaine. Instead of telling this guy to back the fuck off, you were all smiling and charming."

"I've been nice and polite. He didn't do anything. He just wanted to talk. And wait. I'm not allowed to do that, but you can, right?"

"What?" Kurt blurted out, clearly confused.

"Do you think I don't know how to use the internet? Of course I see what people write about you. Tell me, Kurt. How many men tried to seduce you when you weren't here? I'm sure thousands, huh? Being famous makes it easier to meet all the pretty guys, right? Must suck to be a soulmate since you can't do anything but talk with another person."

Silence filled the room and Blaine wanted to regret his words but he didn't. He was so angry that his hands were shaking.

"I was working, Blaine. Work, you know? It's my job to be nice and to keep some connections alive. That doesn't mean I plan to sleep with anyone. And I don't want that. I want you, but I'm not sure if YOU really want me."

"Of course I want you. I love you, you know that."

"Do you, Blaine? How can you know? You never had a boyfriend before me. You are eight years younger than I am. How can I know that you really mean it? That I'm not just another customer for you?"

"Are you even listening to yourself?!"

Blaine couldn't believe any of this.

"Oh yeah, I am listening. Because after all this time you still don't believe in us. You still question what it means to be a soulmate and I'm wondering if you just don't want it to be me, since you don't have a problem flirting around like it's your job. What about Charlie? You seem to be pretty close or at least happier with him than with me."

"Charlie is my friend. We've already been through this! Maybe, if you'd stop being so paranoid and insane this crack wouldn't exist anymore!"

"Oh? So it's my fault now? You're the one who doesn't believe in soulmates! So maybe it's all YOUR fault!" Kurt said, raising his voice.

"Fuck this!"

Blaine almost screamed and went into his room. He took his bag, threw some clothes inside it, his laptop and charger. He couldn't stay here with Kurt and fight again.

This was pointless, this was not them. And he needed to leave and breath.

When he left his room he found Kurt on the same spot, standing next to the couch with his arms crossed over his chest.

"Yeah, you're running away again. Just like you always do when we fight."

"I'm not running away," Blaine said through gritted teeth. "I won't listen to you or myself anymore, because all we are saying is insane. Either you believe me and I believe you, or this won't work out." Blaine said, exiting their house, leaving Kurt in the same spot.

"You must know it!" Kurt yelled after Blaine closed the door and quickly made his way through the rain to the subway.

He knew it was stupid to simply pack a bag and take off like that. He knew that they still hadn't found the stalker and that he could meet him all alone.

But this was Blaine's smallest worry at that moment.

He had a broken heart to deal with and the thought that, maybe, he had just lost the love of his life.

Chapter End Notes

I'm sorry? I know it's not easy right now, but we're slowly getting there! Thank you all for the amazing respond to the last chapter, it kept me motivated that's why chapter 14 should be done tomorrow! Btw, on my blog is a little vote about which fic I should write next. Maybe check it out when you have the time!

Call

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

*Loneliness and all
I was stuck to the spot without a friend
Alone again*

*And I hunger and I thirst
For some shiver
For some whispered words
And the promise to come*

*And you saw me low
Alone again
Didn't they say that only love will win in the end*

Mumford & Sons – Only Love

Chapter 14. Call

The door closed and Kurt winced when the ultimate sound filled the apartment.

Blaine left.

And Kurt couldn't bring himself to run after him.

Once again, he had no idea where all the words that had left his mouth, were coming from.

He knew, deep down, that they were not true and that Blaine would never cheat on him. Yet, something inside him, made him say those things. He was slowly starting to believe that, perhaps, this crack was influencing him and his thoughts.

The problem was that Kurt never did what other people told him to do, especially when he thought it was not right for the situation or for him. He was stubborn, yes, but he was not ignorant and he listened to other opinions. But he also had his own morals and values and his own view on right and wrong. He was a strong person, with a big heart full of love for his friends and for himself.

But especially for Blaine.

But knowing that something inside him might take over who he really was?

Kurt didn't like that.

And it scared and angered him at the same time.

So, no, he didn't believe this crack could control him, his mind and his mouth, but apparently that was what was happening.

He hated to lose control.

He sighed and sat down on the couch, pulling at his hair as he slowly but surely began to

understand the damage he had done. Sure, Blaine did and said things that weren't okay as well, but Kurt was the one who started this a month ago and he had no idea how to fix it.

He never stopped believing in soulmates. In fact, being a soulmate was like a fairytale coming to life for Kurt.

When he saw his friends becoming soulmates, he was happy for them, but also felt alone.

Then, when he became a soulmate he wasn't the happiest, because Blaine didn't fit in the fairytale Kurt created for himself. But eventually he did, and Kurt fell in love with him deeply and strongly.

When that crack appeared, Kurt never thought it would take this long for it to heal. He was sure it was just a little thing, an accident that could have been fixed in no time, because they loved and trusted each other.

But trust and love were so much more, so much bigger and complicated.

And sometimes love wasn't enough. He understood that now.

But what else did they need to do in order to make the crack heal?

He had no doubt that they were soulmates.

This theory that they might have another soulmate was just impossible and made no sense. But if love couldn't heal their crack, what was missing in their relationship that could help them?

Maybe he shouldn't have gone filming?

Maybe that was it.

When he had left for work, he knew they weren't exactly okay, but they were doing good. As a soulmate, he had the right to say no or take a break and no one could really fire him for that. But he wanted this role, he wanted to be part of this movie and he had so much fun doing it.

Especially with Cooper and Elena.

They both were funny, smart – Cooper sometimes a bit too much, but it was still charming – and they just got along so well. Cooper was also the person who told Kurt a bit about Blaine's past and Kurt could talk freely about Blaine with him. Not that they shared any details or much, because Kurt would never disrespect Blaine's privacy like that.

He learned so much while filming, became a better actor, and just enjoyed the time he spent there.

Kurt knew from the beginning that it would have been amazing.

And it was.

But maybe it had been selfish from his side to just leave Blaine while things were broken.

Then the stalker happened and of course he came back to take care of everything, but then he left again. Back to the place where he had fun and learned, while Blaine was alone, dealing with the things they should have dealt with together.

Not to forget that he blamed Blaine for cheating.

Something, of course, he never did.

Charlie was a good friend and if anything, Kurt should be grateful for what he had done, and was still doing, for Blaine. Both worked in the same business and only they could understand and know what truly happened. They protected each other and Kurt knew that and he liked Charlie.

But, when he saw the pictures, something took control over him. An hour later Blaine still hasn't come back, and he didn't text Kurt either, and Kurt started to worry. He was about to call Blaine when his phone vibrated with a new text from Dani, saying that Blaine was at her place and safe.

Kurt texted her back with a thank you and asking her if she could call him later. She said she would.

Knowing that Blaine was safe, Kurt decided to do some research about soulmates with cracks – which they both avoided for a long time because they were scared to find out something they wouldn't like.

But even his research told him the same thing Stephens said: love, trust and time would heal the crack.

So maybe Kurt wasn't trusting Blaine, or vice versa?

He spent hours thinking and thinking but eventually he realized that it was pointless. His mind was tired, *he* was tired, so he fell asleep on the couch.

He just couldn't sleep in their bed without Blaine.

"You're an idiot, Kurt. Really." Sebastian said the next day.

Kurt had canceled all his appointments and called it a soulmate emergency. He woke up angry because Blaine had simply left, all alone, knowing that there was a person outside looking for him.

Stalkers could be dangerous, Blaine knew that. Yet, he simply left.

But his anger quickly vanished and he felt horrible again.

Because of his call to Nina to cancel all his appointments, Sebastian decided to come over and make sure Kurt was alright. After Kurt told him what happened, Sebastian only rolled his eyes and called him an idiot. And Kurt couldn't even argue.

He did act like an idiot.

"I know. This, looking for another soulmate, was stupid and accusing Blaine that he cheated was just all kinds of wrong. I know he would never do that to me. It's this crack... it's destroying us."

His eyes hurt from all the crying he had done throughout the night and he wasn't even surprised that no more tears came. His body, his soul... they were dry and numb and he ached for the love only Blaine could give him.

Sebastian sighed and sat down next to Kurt who kept pulling at his hair. Which showed how miserable he felt. Because Kurt Hummel would never ruin his hair like that.

"I have no idea what it feels like to be a soulmate," Sebastian said "but I can tell you this: Charlie and Blaine are friends, and if Charlie is something to Blaine, then he's his best friend."

"I know that," Kurt groaned.

"Good, so what are you going to do now?"

Kurt shrugged and let go of his hair to lean back and stare up at the ceiling.

He knew he needed to apologize and tell Blaine that he now believed this crack manipulated them. That he was sorry and that he wanted no other soulmate but Blaine. Because even if they were not soulmates, Kurt would only want to be with Blaine. He wanted to marry him, to have a family with him and go through the rest of his life with Blaine by his side. And he wanted to be at Blaine's side. There was no doubt in his mind.

"I will talk to him and tell him that I've been an idiot and that I'm sorry. But I don't know what to do to repair this crack. We love each other, I see my future with him and yet..."

Kurt had no idea why he was saying all this to Sebastian since usually, he shared this stuff with Elliott or Mercedes. Or his father. But somehow, he didn't want to hear their advice.

"You know, I don't want to say I know you guys, because I don't. I've only been around for about a year. But the issues you guys have, are pretty clear to me."

Sebastian said and Kurt could hear the sympathy in his voice. Sebastian honestly cared about them, just like his other friends did.

"Enlighten me, please," Kurt said looking at Sebastian.

"Usually... I don't do that. From my experience it's better to figure things out on our own and make our own experience. But I guess, you guys and this crack, it won't be that easy. So yeah, here is what I think."

Kurt nodded and saw the change in Sebastian's face, he became serious and all the teasing, all the smugness, was gone from his face.

"You need to stop treating Blaine like some kid. Because, yes Kurt, you're doing that. Instead of trusting him when he says he doesn't need or want to do certain things, you try to push him. Blaine's not a kid. He may be young, yes, but he's been through so much I doubt he feels young himself, but rather old, and just wants to find his place in this world, with you."

Kurt was astonished by Sebastian's words.

Sebastian became his friend over the past months and Kurt got to know the side of him that was not exclusively teasing, malice or smugness. Still, hearing him say those words – even if he knew they were true – was weird. But they were helping Kurt to open his eyes and truly understand what he had done.

"But it's not just you. It's also Blaine. He doesn't believe in soulmates, and that's okay. But he obviously doesn't trust you. Or he doesn't believe that you guys will be forever together and have a happily ever after kind of story. No one can blame him for this, really. But it won't help you guys, I'm sure of that."

"I can't force Blaine to believe in soulmates," Kurt pointed out.

"He doesn't have to believe in soulmates. He has to believe in you guys. Do you believe in you two or you only believe in the general meaning of a soulmate?"

Kurt couldn't answer that question because he never thought there was a difference.

For him it was the same thing. If he believed in soulmates it meant that he also believed in Blaine and himself. Just now he realized that this wasn't the case. If he truly believed in the two of them, he would have never come up with the idea, or agreed to the idea, to meet other guys and find a possible new soulmate.

Kurt felt even more shitty, shameful and guilty inside and he just wanted to stand up and go to Dani's to apologize to Blaine.

"I'm such an idiot," Kurt groaned covering his face with his hands.

"Yes. But Blaine too. And I know what you're thinking. But don't go running after him. Take the time to think and give him the time to think as well," Sebastian suggested.

"Yeah, I think you're right." Kurt agreed.

Kurt didn't feel better but at least he was hopeful, because there was always hope.

So he looked back at Sebastian and smiled, although it felt wrong to smile.

"Thank you."

"Don't mention it. I may be a dick but I'm not heartless. Also, Charlie and I fuck."

Sebastian added and Kurt looked at him like an owl, his mouth hanged open and his eyes big and surprised. Sebastian just laughed as he squeezed Kurt's shoulder.

Dani visited that evening and, although she smiled at Kurt when he opened the door, he saw how sorry she was for him as well. Obviously when he saw Dani through the little screen next to the front door, he was hopeful that Blaine would be with her.

But he wasn't.

Dani only came to pick up some stuff for Blaine and Kurt didn't need any explanation. He understood that Blaine didn't plan to come back for the next couple of days. He accepted that and thanked Dani for taking care of Blaine. He had no idea what else to say because it felt impersonal to share a message through another person. But he promised her to fix this.

For the next two weeks Kurt spent a lot of time thinking about his job, about his future and how he could fix everything that had happened. Sure, he had no control over the things he had said, but the other things, like not trusting Blaine with his decisions, that didn't come from the crack.

That had always been a part of how he treated Blaine and a bigger obstacle than he realized.

Not to forget how he used Blaine's past as an argument during a fight. That was just horrible from his side. He needed to apologize for that as well, no matter if it came from the crack or not. But also Blaine, who constantly thought that Kurt would leave him sooner or later. That something would happen, that they just wouldn't be together anymore, and Blaine would be all alone again.

It was not surprising that he thought that, Kurt thought to himself. Blaine was used to lose the people he loved and why should Kurt be an exception?

The reason why Blaine lost his parents was something no one had control over and Kurt didn't plan to die anytime soon. But it was not just about Blaine's parents. It was also about how Blaine

lost his friends because he had to escape, how Cooper left him, how he had no one who wanted to help him and, instead, he became a prostitute because he met the wrong people. Kurt understood why Blaine would think that way but he had no idea how to convince Blaine that he wouldn't leave him.

Ever.

He loved Blaine and he was willing to wait for him. Yes, Kurt wanted a baby, he wanted to be a dad, but he didn't plan to be one yet. Maybe in a year or two, when he was done with more projects. But what if Blaine wouldn't be ready even then? Or maybe ever? Kurt hadn't thought about that because they hadn't really talked about it yet.

They haven't talked about a lot of things and it shocked him to his core how ignorant they both were when it came to their future. Okay, he had never asked Blaine because of his age, but Blaine probably never asked because he simply waited for the moment when Kurt would dump him for some reason.

He made a list of all the things he needed to tell Blaine. What he wanted from the future and how sorry he was for the things he had said. He pinned it on the fridge and hoped that soon he would get the chance to tell Blaine all of this.

When the two weeks came to an end, Kurt decided to text Blaine, asking if he was ready to talk to him. But Blaine replied with a simple 'no' and Kurt accepted that, although his heart was breaking. It felt like he had lost Blaine just because he had been so stupid and relied on their connection, as if it would handle everything on its own.

He couldn't just sit and wait and do nothing. He needed to see Blaine and be sure that he was okay. Maybe, if they just saw each other, everything would break between them and Blaine would decide, then, to talk. But that would feel like the same old again. That he treated Blaine as if his decisions weren't valid.

Kurt sighed and left the apartment to visit Mercedes – who was helping Elliott to plan his wedding. Kurt obviously was not in the mood to do something like that, but being home alone with his broken heart was worse.

When he arrived he almost expected Blaine to be there too, but it was only him and his two friends – Sam and Martin were working. It just didn't feel as good as it used to be, without Blaine. He still smiled, hugged his friends hello and did his best to come up with good ideas and suggestions when Elliott asked him. But the shame and the guilt were still destroying him and the hole in his heart wouldn't stop hurting.

"I hope you and Blaine will be okay when Martin and I get married. I really don't want drama on my wedding day," Elliott said with a small smile trying to cheer Kurt up.

It didn't work.

"He doesn't want to talk to me," Kurt said as his throat became dry.

"Well, what you did was pretty stupid, I hope you know that," Mercedes said and Kurt couldn't even blame her for calling him out on that. In fact, he felt like he deserved that.

He had been too blind to see all the wrongs he did and now Karma came and he embraced it, hoping that after that, things would start to improve.

"I know." Kurt sighed.

"But I understand that you had no control over that. However, you need to stop treating Blaine like a kid and start to trust him, Kurt." Mercedes said and Kurt could hear the concern in her voice.

"She's right," Elliott said. "But it's also Blaine who needs to trust you. But you need to show him that he can trust you first, Kurt."

"I want to show him that. I want him to see him and let him know that I value him and his decisions, that I support him and trust him. But he doesn't want to see me and I won't force myself on him. That... that's not right. If he says no then I have to accept that," Kurt tried to stay calm but his voice cracked when he stopped talking.

God, why did it hurt so much?

"Blaine's part of Jack's orchestra and they start their tour next Thursday. Go there and support him," Mercedes said.

"You think? I don't want to ruin this for him."

"You won't," Elliott argued. "Music is Blaine's way to let it all go. But it's also his way to say what he can't say with simple words. I think, if you go, he'll be proud and happy. I'm almost sure he's expecting you."

Kurt looked down at his wrist where the leather cuff that Blaine gave him on Christmas was. He read the words and felt his heart breaking all over again.

'You're my favorite voice, speaking the language of my soul. Like our heartline humming our favorite song.'

Yes, Kurt needed to go there and show Blaine his support. They needed to fix this together because he couldn't stand this situation anymore. And he didn't even want to think about the possibility of losing each other and never find their way back. It wasn't good for them, for their souls, and it wasn't even something they wanted.

A future without the other?

No way.

Kurt knew this was not possible. He wouldn't survive a life without Blaine in it.

It was an hour before the show that Kurt stood in his bathroom and stared at his own reflection. He was relieved that his eyes weren't red anymore and that he didn't look like he hadn't slept for days. Even if Blaine would see it anyway, any line of worry, any line of sadness. But the general audience didn't need to see that and he was glad that Nina and Dani would be there to help him keep his fans away from him.

This evening was not about him, it was about Blaine and only about him.

When they arrived Nina climbed out of the car first, followed by Kurt, and Dani was waiting at the entrance to the hall. Obviously, they couldn't stop every person with a phone, but Kurt was able to go through the crowd without being stopped. Nina made sure that the press left him alone and that if they wanted to write an article or publish a picture they had to ask for her permission. Kurt had always been grateful for Nina and how strong and determined she was, and he was even

more grateful for the job she was doing at the moment.

"Do you have the flowers?" Kurt asked Nina as they walked down the stairs to the third row, where he would have the perfect view on Blaine.

"I do, don't worry. And yes, Blaine is safe. Just sit down and enjoy the show, Kurt. The difficult part has yet to come." Nina said and smiled at him.

But Kurt couldn't calm down. He just sat there, in his black tight pants, dark blue Blazer - because he knew that Blaine liked blue on him because it gave his eyes a beautiful shine - and white shirt under it. He hoped that it would make Blaine happy to see that he wore the blazer he had chosen for him once. It were the little things that mattered, right?

Kurt sighed, his hands sweaty, and he waited for all the people to sit down, hearing Nina warning people to leave him alone, if they came too close, and then she sat down next to Kurt as the lights were going off and people began to walk on the stage. He recognized some of them, because he had seen these people practicing with Blaine. Then there was Jack, proudly smiling and waving to the crowd, who began to cheer and clap even louder.

Then there he was, waving and following Jack with a breathless smile. But Kurt noticed immediately that Blaine wasn't as okay as he was pretending to be. He could see the little circles under his eyes and the smile that didn't reach his eyes quiet as much as usual. He was moving slower, but he kept his head high, eyes still shining in their perfect golden color, and the suit he was wearing – a dark red one with a black bow tie – just fit so beautifully that it warmed Kurt's heart. Blaine always dressed in such an handsome way, and with his smile and his curls – which he didn't gel that much tonight - he was perfect.

Seeing him like that, on a stage and taking his place as the first violin... it felt like he was falling in love all over again with Blaine.

It happened for the next two hours while Kurt listened to the beautiful music they were playing but his eyes were always on Blaine. How he played the violin, how he played the guitar and how he was shining with his whole face during every song they played. He had seen Blaine play many times, even heard him sing, and each time he noticed how music just belonged to Blaine. How he fell into his own little world and let Kurt be a part of it.

Tonight it didn't feel much different and Kurt was happy about that. So happy that he was close to tears. People were clapping and cheering, while the musicians got ready for their last number and Kurt saw Jack and Blaine talking. Saw how Blaine wiped the sweat off his forehead and nodded to something Jack said. Then his face became nervous, his body less relaxed and the microphone was handed over to him.

Kurt's heart was beating so fast because he hadn't heard Blaine's voice in so long. He had missed it. The giggle when he kissed Blaine's nose, the whispers of love, the simple moments when Blaine shared a story with him. He missed every tone of his voice and hearing it was like someone knocked the air out of his lungs.

"Good evening. Um... I want to thank you for coming tonight and for being such an amazing audience. I'm," Blaine breathed in, then out, and suddenly his eyes found Kurt's. As if he knew where to find Kurt... and maybe he did. They were soulmates after all.

"...This last song is one I wrote in the past months. It's about life, how painful and beautiful it can be. About hope and love, which I've learned a lot about in the past two years." Blaine looked around again, watching some people smile, teary eyed, and some simply waiting for him to start playing.

But first he looked back to Kurt and said.

"It's called 'Our'"

Kurt was sure he stopped breathing but he wasn't sure. All his senses were focused on Blaine, watching him walking to the piano and begin to play. Then he heard the first notes of a song foreign to him. Only when Blaine began to sing it felt like he knew that melody. One, that had been silent for far too long: the humming of their connection.

*'Life has been cruel to me,
Dark and cold, dirtying my skin.
Shaped me into someone I didn't want to be.*

*I still dream of the times I smiled,
Though my soul forgot how.
But you crossed my path and I tried,
As my heart became warm.*

*I survived the whispers and demons,
All the walls life create.
Because of you I'm still breathing,
As you say, 'it is fate'.*

*You're my favorite voice
Speaking the language of my soul
Like our heartline humming our favorite song*

*Years between us, places and people
Fights and lies marking our path
Yet you believed in fate while I couldn't believe*

*I was scared of losing and breaking,
And you, of rumors and words.
But the heart was stronger than every demons,
As my hand held yours.*

*You pulled me into the light,
And I showed you a different world.
We held each other through the night,
And learned to care and to love.*

*You're my favorite voice,
Speaking the language of my soul.
Like our heartline humming our favorite song.*

*So listen to the truth our hearts sing,
Because this language our souls speak,
Understood only by you and me.*

*You're my favorite voice,
Speaking the language of my soul.
Like our heartline humming our favorite song.*

And you became my home.'

Kurt didn't know when he stopped crying.

But he must have at some point because he was suddenly backstage, Dani standing next to him with a concerned smile. He knew he looked horrible after crying but it had been a good cry for a change. Every word Blaine sung, every note he played, went straight into his heart, his soul, and it felt like he was healing from the inside.

No, the crack wasn't gone but he understood so many things so clearly now.

Still, every word Blaine had written, was simply everything Kurt thought too. Blaine understood him in a way no one else did. No one loved him like Blaine could and did.

And, yes, not only did Blaine change and learn, but Kurt also, and he wanted to keep doing that: learn and change together with Blaine and become stronger and better people.

He wanted their love to become stronger, unbreakable.

With a sigh he looked at the white door where Blaine's name was and waited for the door to open but it didn't happen. Shifting on his feet Dani took him out of his misery.

"I'm going to check on him, alright?"

"Yes, please," Kurt half-whispered looking down as Dani knocked on the door and he heard Blaine saying something that he couldn't understand.

"You can go inside"

Dani was suddenly back and Kurt swallowed, picking up the flowers from the chair – a mix of yellow and red roses – and walking inside. He had no idea how his legs held him, how his knees didn't just give in, but he was glad his body listened. The door behind him closed and he took in the room. It was a simple white dressing room: a couch, a vanity and a small bathroom.

Blaine, however, sat at the vanity, fresh from the shower and fixing his bow tie. He had changed into the usual clothes he wore, handsome as usual and just the adorable boyfriend Kurt loved so much.

Their eyes met through the mirror and both couldn't help but smile. A small smile but one nevertheless.

"You... you were amazing, Blaine," Kurt said and it felt so good to say his name and see him blush and smile more.

"Thank you. And thanks for coming," Blaine said and his voice sounded slightly sore. But he turned around, approached Kurt and with each step closer he made Kurt's heart beat faster.

He did fall in love all over again.

"These are for you," Kurt blurted out, handing the flowers to Blaine, who took them gratefully and smiled even more. It was the smile he only had for Kurt, warm, big and happy, so his eyes became small but were still shining.

"I guess you heard my song?" Blaine asked as he set the flowers into a vase.

"I did," Kurt breathed and his right hand found the cuff on his left wrist, wrapping his fingers

around it. "It was beautiful and I've cried through the whole song."

"I can see that. It was written for you," Blaine remarked and came back to Kurt, standing in front of him in silence. His words made Kurt almost cry again but he knew what this song meant. There was never a doubt about its meaning when he heard it.

For a second Kurt hesitated. He didn't want to get too close, didn't want to cross any lines, but at the same time he didn't want to lose Blaine again. He wanted to take him home, to their home, their bed and tell him how sorry he was and why. That's why he didn't wait for long and simply reached out for Blaine's hand.

Blaine let him and when their skin touched, both their breathes hitched.

It surely felt like reconnecting already.

"Blaine, I... I want you to come back home. I miss you and I have so much to say to you. I understand if you're not ready yet, but I thought a lot in the past weeks and I know what I want now and what went wrong."

Blaine looked at him, let his thumb run over Kurt's knuckles and then he nodded slowly.

"Me too. I mean, I miss you too and I have things to say. But I... I want to finish this tour first. And then... then I'll come back home, okay?"

Kurt simply smiled and nodded and it felt good to do that. No excuses, explanations or discussions on why Blaine shouldn't go. He just nodded and supported Blaine's decision and it felt good, right even.

"Okay."

Then Blaine's arms where around his body and he wrapped his around Blaine, holding him close and breathing him in. It truly felt like they both were coming home and he kept this feeling close to his heart and soul.

"We'll talk when I come back, okay? Because we'll be leaving tonight."

"Of course," Kurt said, knowing that, was all he would get for now. A hug and some words.

But also the promise from Blaine that he would come back to him.

It was only a month.

He could wait another month.

That night, when Kurt came back home, he climbed into their bed, grabbed Blaine's pillow and held it close to his chest.

That night it felt like he was allowed to do that, like it was right and not just him holding desperately to something he didn't deserve or couldn't handle. He felt good and he was happy and optimistic about the future because Blaine didn't hate him. He was going to come back home and then they could talk, work everything out together and love each other even more.

They'd go to Elliott's and Martin's wedding together, maybe go on a vacation together during

Blaine's summer break. There was so much they both could do and, when Kurt fell asleep, he dreamed about all these things. When his phone rang he opened his eyes and was disorientated. He blinked several times, smiled when he remembered the evening and some more when he realized that he was in their bed with Blaine's pillow in his arms.

But the ringing of his phone called for his attention and Kurt blinked again because the display was too bright for his eyes. He didn't know that number, nor had he an idea who would call him at three in the morning. Maybe it was Nina who called from the phone of her co-workers. It wouldn't be the first time she called him in the middle of the night.

"Hello?" Kurt said as he accepted the call.

"Mister Kurt Elizabeth Hummel?"

"Yes?" Kurt answered, not recognizing the male voice.

"Here's the New York Police Department. It's about Blaine Devon Anderson, your soulmate..."

Chapter End Notes

I'm sorry for all the tears and heartbreak and cliffhangers D: but we're getting there! Thank you for still being here with me although I've been super mean. Let me know what you think! The song Blaine sung in this chapter doesn't exist. I've written the lyrics and I wanted to create a melody to the lyrics, but I'm too busy and not experienced enough with my guitar to do that. Maybe, one day :)

Honesty

Chapter Notes

Hi guys! Sorry for the rather late update. My life, right now, is just chaotic and stressfull. Two weeks ago my grandfather died. We knew it would happen because he was sick, but it's still a shock when it happens. Today something else happened and my family, again, has to go through a hard time. Beside the family stuff I have other things to focus on. Which doesn't mean I'll stop writing, it just take a bit longer. I'm sure you all understand that. However, there are 3 chapters left and an epilogue. Well, that's my plan but I'll wait to hear from you guys and what you think because there is a nice cliffhanger ;) Now, I hope you enjoy this chapter!

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

[...]

*I didn't fool you but I failed you
In short, made a fool out of you
And a younger heart*

*And I rage and I rage
But perhaps I will come of age
And be ready for you*

*And you saw me low
Alone again
Didn't they say that only love will win in the end*

Mumford & Sons – Only Love

Chapter 15. Honesty

Kurt Hummel always paid attention to what he was wearing. He cared about his hair, his shoes, everything. He had always been like this, even before he became famous. He even had socks and shoes to match everyone of his many outfits. He had rings and necklaces, ties and bow ties, everything to create the perfect outfit. But sometimes Kurt didn't care about all of that, and those moments were usually moments when something else, or someone else, was more important.

When he heard who was on the other end of the phone he froze clutching his phone and pressing it closer to his ear.

He asked if Blaine was alright, and they said yes. But maybe the policeman only said it to calm him down?

Kurt stood up, opened his closet and picked out a pair of sweatpants, a t-shirt and a hoodie, all of them in a dark blue color. He scribbled down the address to the police department, hurried down the stairs and texted Dani on his way to his car.

He knew he had to text Nina, but he couldn't care less about that now. Blaine's safety was his priority.

Still, while driving, he wondered how Blaine could even be in any kind of danger. Dani was supposed to keep him safe and both trusted her. But then, Dani was also just human and she couldn't have her eyes everywhere, right?

But maybe Blaine was there for something else? Maybe Dani was with him after all and Blaine was safe?

Kurt knew how Blaine never wanted to be involved with the police because of his past, so he could only imagine how he felt. Sadly he couldn't feel it because their connection wasn't working.

Whatever happened fortunately Blaine was at the police department and not at the hospital.

Kurt drove as fast as he could, arriving at the police department in no time. He parked on the first free spot and hurried inside the building. He was breathing fast looking around and, once he spotted him, he hurried over to the man behind the counter.

"I'm Kurt Hummel. I've been called because of my soulmate, Blaine Anderson."

The cop nodded slowly, stood up from his seat and gestured Kurt to follow him. They went through a door, down the corridor and Kurt started to walk a bit faster when he saw Blaine.

Relieve flooded his body, but at the same time it hurt to see Blaine so small and scared.

He was just sitting there, holding his hands and staring at the floor. He was pale, breathing a bit faster, his hair a mess. Kurt noticed that Blaine's sleeve was cut up to his shoulder and a bandage was covering his biceps. What the fuck had happened?

"Blaine!" Kurt called his name - because he was sure Blaine still couldn't feel him, otherwise he would have reacted as Kurt tried to open their connection.

Blaine froze, looked up and when he recognized that it was, indeed, Kurt he slowly stood up. But Kurt was there before Blaine completely stood, before he could open his arms. He almost scooped Blaine from the chair he was sitting on and pressed his small frame against his body.

He was warm, he was breathing, alive, and Kurt wanted to cry out of sheer relive and happiness that his soulmate wasn't seriously hurt.

Or worse.

They held each other for a long time, strong and close and together their breathing calmed down and their bodies relaxed. Kurt's fingers touched Blaine's neck, his hair and then he held his face gently, to look into his eyes. Kurt saw tears but also the little spark Blaine only had for him. A warm, hopeful spark swimming together with the golden color.

"Kurt," Blaine half sobbed as his hands held Kurt's sides. "I..." Blaine stopped, not able to finish the phrase.

But Kurt understood that Blaine couldn't speak yet.

"It's okay," Kurt whispered leaning his forehead against Blaine's, both closing their eyes. "I'm here. You're safe."

He wrapped his arms around Blaine and just held him. At some point they both sat down on the chairs along the wall of the corridor. Kurt held Blaine's hand, his other arm around his shoulders while Blaine leaned against him, both seeking the comfort and safety they needed from the other. But eventually the policeman took them both back to reality.

"Mister Anderson, we still need your testimony. Mister Hummel is here now so we can do that."

Kurt blinked confused because that was kind of weird to him. Usually a testimony was taken right after the fact. But maybe they waited because Blaine was a soulmate? Kurt looked back to Blaine, meeting his eyes, and Blaine looked so young, lost and vulnerable.

"I... I didn't want to be alone. So I asked for my soulmate." Blaine whispered.

Kurt just smiled. A smile full of warmth and love and Blaine smiled back, gratefully.

They stood up and followed the policeman into a room where they both sat down in front of a desk and the man beside it. Kurt reached out for Blaine's hand and held it under the table. Not that he had a bad feeling about the cop, because he truly didn't seem to mind that they were gay.

"Please tell me what happened, right from the beginning. You already said you have a stalker," the man said.

Blaine breathed in, entwined his fingers with Kurt's and exchanged a look with Kurt before he started to speak spoke. Kurt just looked at Blaine, trying to catch every emotion he was feeling.

"Yes... I...we know about this stalker since November. There has never really been any kind of serious danger, apart the gifts sent to our house. But we still moved, just in case, since the stalker knew where we lived. We also hired a bodyguard. And since then nothing happened again. No more gifts, or nothing else. Tonight," Blaine stopped and licked his lips, trying to collect his thoughts. "I'm part of Jack Wendil's orchestra and we had a show today. Kurt and I met after the show, talked for a while and then he had to leave. Dani, my bodyguard told me to wait in my room but I didn't listen and went out anyway to wait for the car."

He saw that Blaine was checking if he was angry or not, but Kurt wasn't. Blaine shouldn't be forced to hide in the first place and usually he was more than careful. However, it was not the smartest decision Blaine made. But it was not the time to blame him - and Kurt never would anyway.

"He... the man, he just talked to me, said he liked the concert and the next moment I remember I'm sitting in his car and he's driving. He... he told me that he had been watching me since Kurt and I became a couple and that he... he wanted me."

Kurt squeezed Blaine's hand, leaning a bit closer, helping Blaine to relax. It helped Blaine to stay focused on the present and not get lost in some bad memory.

"We stopped somewhere and I tried to escape. He threatened me with a pocket knife, that's where I got this from." Blaine explained pointing at his arm. "Eventually I punched him hard enough that he lost consciousness and I immediately called the police."

The police man nodded while he took his notes and Kurt just looked down in anger after hearing what happened.

So, the stalker eventually found Blaine. But this time he was bold enough to act on his obsession and show himself. Which was good because now they knew who it was and this nightmare was going to be over. But it was bad because it put Blaine in danger.

"Why haven't you called us before?" the man asked.

"We didn't think it was necessary," Kurt explained so Blaine didn't have to talk anymore, since he was exhausted . "My team took care of it and found a bodyguard for Blaine. We were fine and

eventually the stalker just disappeared, until today."

The man nodded and Kurt let out a breath he didn't know he was holding.

"Do you want to report mister James Solvan? That's the name of the man who stalked mister Anderson, by the way. We have him here and it's his word against yours. He said that he and Blaine are old friends."

Kurt wanted to say yes, of course, but he needed to look at Blaine first and see if he was okay with that.

"He's lying. I don't know him and we never met before." Blaine affirmed.

"I'm not questioning you, mister Anderson." the policeman said, smiling.

"Oh... good. Um... then yes we'd like to?" Blaine ended the sentence with a question and watched Kurt nod slowly.

"Alright. We need to know how you found out that someone was stalking you."

They filled him in, told him everything they knew and Kurt called grumpy Sebastian out of his sleep to tell him they needed him to come to the police department. After all, Sebastian knew far more than he and Blaine did. When they shared everything they knew, Kurt asked if he was allowed to see the man who stalked Blaine for so long. The policeman agreed and both followed him out of the room.

"Kurt! Blaine!" Dani called their names, running towards them.

It was Blaine who got hugged first and then she held his face, relieve filling her but also slight anger.

"I'm sorry." Blaine said.

"I know you are. But it's okay, it was a learning experience for both of us. I'm just happy that you're okay." Dani said letting go off Blaine to hug Kurt.

Kurt filled her in shortly and then the cop asked her if she could testify. She agreed and then he called for his coworker who guided Kurt and Blaine to the room where the stalker was.

He couldn't see them. He was sitting in a small room, the one people usually saw in crime series when they questioned potential criminals. Kurt held Blaine's hand a bit tighter, pulling him slightly closer as they looked through the glass that separated them from the man.

Kurt did have a mental image of the stalker. He imagined him to be an older man, a bit creepy. But this man was maybe 30 years old, looking like he was working for a bank – maybe he was – and just like any random guy who wore a suit and walked through New York. He had sand blond hair, green eyes and tan skin. He saw the black eye and the little cut close to his temple. But all in all there was nothing unusual, nothing suspicious. Just some random stranger you forgot after a couple of seconds.

They arrived home when the sky changed from its dark color to a mix of purple and blue. Blaine texted from his phone during the ride and Kurt didn't ask what he was doing. They both knew that Blaine couldn't join Jack on his tour because there were other things they needed to take care of.

They needed a lawyer, probably go back to the police, court, all of that. Kurt wasn't familiar with the procedure but he had an idea thanks to all the crime shows he had seen. But, obviously, reality could be really different.

They walked inside, took off their shoes and jackets, and Kurt locked the door while Blaine slumped down on the couch, covering his face with his hands. Kurt just watched him for a couple of seconds, not sure what to do, but then decided to join Blaine on the couch. He reached out for him, touching his shoulder and Blaine let him, even leaning closer but keeping his face hidden behind his hands.

Both of them didn't say anything for a while.

Kurt recalled everything that happened in the past hours.

The call, the drive to the police department, how he found Blaine and, of course, the face of the man - James Solvan.

Blaine's stalker.

It was a good feeling to finally have a name and a face to associate with him. Now they could really fight against this person and then live without being afraid of going outside. Sure there were some crazy fans but Kurt could take care of them. Just like he always did.

But he was worried about Blaine because he wanted to go on tour with Jack to do what he loved.

"I'm sorry that you can't go with Jack. I know it means a lot to you," Kurt whispered and then Blaine began to shake, sobbing, and Kurt wrapped both arms around him.

"I... I don't really mind," Blaine started to say. "I'm just... glad that this seems to be over. It will be over soon, right?"

Blaine moved his hands away from his face and looked at Kurt with big, watery eyes, hopeful and yet a bit scared.

"I'm sure it will be. We have enough against him and Nina will do everything so he won't ever get close to you again. She's your manager too, remember?" Kurt smiled which made Blaine smile in return.

He started to relax slowly and wiped his eyes dry.

"I forgot. I'm still... shaken, I think."

"Understandable," Kurt mumbled running his fingers through Blaine's hair. "Maybe we should go to sleep. It's been a very long and exhausting day for you."

"These past months have been long and exhausting for both of us," Blaine added with a tired smile taking Kurt's hand into his. "Can we sleep together? Or-"

"No. It's not too much. I miss you and I'm sorry for the past months. But we can talk about that tomorrow, okay? I think sleep is what we both need right now."

"Okay," Blaine whispered leaning his forehead against Kurt's just to breathe together for a while. Kurt couldn't help himself but open his eyes soon after and look down to Blaine's lips, wishing he could just lean in and kiss him. But the moment didn't feel right.

Kurt was the one who slowly stood up holding Blaine's hand as he walked to the bedroom. They

stripped down until they were only in their underwear and Kurt handed Blaine a clean pajama.

Kurt was the first who climbed under the covers and watched Blaine join him. He hadn't been this nervous and unsure in a long time. The last time was when he and Blaine started to share a bed together. This time it felt almost like the first time, but slightly different. There was a history they shared together, feelings, experiences. There was a love, deep and strong and one both knew they'd never find again. It was time to start over, heal together and repair all the broken strings.

But Blaine made it easy for Kurt. He climbed under the covers and immediately snuggled closer fitting perfectly against Kurt's body. They were made for each other, soulmate or not.

"Thank you for coming and being there for me" Blaine whispered, his eyes already closed.

"Thank you for trusting me, Blaine."

Kurt was the first who woke up and when he realized that he was in their bed, with Blaine, he smiled and snuggled closer to him, just to feel his boyfriend's warm body against his, before he stood up. He took a shower, fixed himself some coffee and called Nina to fill her in on everything that had happened the night before.

"Don't worry about it, Kurt. Sebastian has enough evidence against him and he's telling and showing the police everything right now. Have you contacted Martin? You guys still need a lawyer." Nina said over the phone.

"No. Not yet. We came home around five in the morning and went to sleep. I just got up, Blaine's still sleeping." Kurt explained.

"How is he? He was so excited about this tour..." Nina asked with concern in her voice.

"I'm... not sure. I think he's relieved that we know who stalked him, but I'm sure he's also sad because he really looked forward to this tour."

Kurt felt so sorry for Blaine and it hurt him to see all of this. For some crazy reason, whenever something good happened to Blaine, something bad followed. All the time. And Kurt didn't understand why. Yes, sometimes life was just unfair but it was also filled with a constant stream of happy moments. But it seemed like Blaine never really got a break from the bad ones.

"I'm sorry. Really. But what about you guys? Are you okay?" Nina asked.

Kurt smiled. A little smile, but it was genuine and warm.

"Not yet, but I have a good feeling about us for once."

They talked about the appointments Kurt had, the interviews and events he wanted to attend. Kurt wasn't sure if he could do that, but he couldn't just stop working yet. Their movie would be out in a couple of months and that meant promotion, promotion and more promotion. Beside that he also got many offers for roles. But with the events of the last couple of months... Kurt just wanted to stay home, take a break for a year, maybe, and focus on him and Blaine.

"You can do that, Kurt," Nina said. "Money is not something you need to be worried about. And there are going to be more movies, more offers. You can give one or two interviews if you want and then take a break. You're a soulmate after all. You have the right to do that, just like Blaine."

"Maybe you're right."

Kurt wanted to say that there was more than being a soulmate. That there was Blaine and him and who they were as individuals. That, even if they weren't soulmates, Kurt would still choose Blaine over everyone and everything. Because Blaine had the most beautiful heart, he was the epitome of perfection and love for Kurt and he would never let him go just like that.

He ended the call eventually and started to fix something for lunch while he heard Blaine talking to someone over his phone, while he went upstairs.

"I'm fine, really. I just wanted to be with you guys. But I can't."

Blaine was silent and listened to the person talking while Kurt set two plates on the kitchen table.

"Thank you, sir. I'll call you soon."

When their eyes met, both began to smile. Blaine looked so young whenever he had just woke up. His curls were an adorable mess, his smile sleepy but not less beautiful, and his eyes were just breathtaking - they sparked with liquid gold and lines of green. And those lips... God. Kurt missed kissing Blaine so much that it literally hurt him. How much time had passed since their last kiss? Weeks, months? Kurt couldn't even remember and it hurt even more.

"That was Jack. He wanted to know if I'm okay and he said I shouldn't worry about the tour. I can join him in September." Blaine filled Kurt in, walking into the kitchen.

"That's amazing," Kurt smiled. "I made lunch for us. Let's eat and then we can talk, okay?"

"Sounds good."

After lunch Blaine took a shower and they met back on their bed where Kurt opened his arms and Blaine fell into them, sighing with content. Kurt rested against the pillows and headboard, holding Blaine with one arm, while running his fingers through his curls.

"I'm sorry, Blaine," he started without hesitation. It needed to be out, to be said. And he was no longer afraid or ashamed to admit all the things he did wrong. "I'm sorry for not trusting you and treating you like a kid. I'm also deeply sorry that I used your past against you. And for what I said about you and Charlie."

Blaine was silent, but his arms still were around Kurt's body as he listened.

"I don't want to blame the crack, although it might be the reason for some things I said. I pushed you even before the Crack thing happened, told you what might be good for you, and never respected your opinions on what would be good for you. I understand now that it was wrong and how much I hurt you."

"Kurt-" Blaine said but Kurt gently placed his fingers on Blaine's lips to stop him from talking.

"There is more."

Blaine nodded slowly and climbed off Kurt's body to sit down next to him. Their eyes met, gold and blue and Kurt breathed in, out and spoke again.

"You were right. I wasn't trusting in us, I wasn't believing in us. Who you and I are and what we feel for each other. And our love. I was so focused on the meaning of being a soulmate and what would've meant for our future, that I simply relied on that. I took it as a guarantee for us to always be together and love each other without obstacles. But I've learned my lesson."

Blaine said nothing. He just stared at Kurt and fumbled with the sheets absently.

"All I ever wanted and what I still want is to love you, to make you happy. As equals. I know, there is no doubt in my head, that we would be together even if we weren't soulmates. Remember how I told you that being a soulmate was a blessing and a burden?" Kurt asked as he reached for Blaine's hand to hold it gently.

Blaine nodded slowly.

"It is a blessing because we found each other and connected. It's a blessing because we both don't need to look for that person anymore. The person who loves us and who is perfect for us."

"But it is a burden because it gives us a fake idea about our future?" Blaine said before Kurt could say his next sentence.

"Yes. And also, it makes everything look like it's granted. A relationship, love, trust... it's work, it's something you need to take care of every day. It's something you have to respect and treasure and never take for granted. You were right. Something did happen that might break us apart. But you have to know that I don't want us to break up or be apart. Ever."

They both said nothing for a while, just holding hands and looking into each others eyes.

It was probably the first time both really saw the other without the connection, without the idea of soulmate. They were just two people, looking at each other with all they were and had. Just like any other couple. It wasn't new, it wasn't unfamiliar, it was just the first time both really felt the other, saw the other, with a different type of connection.

"I'm sorry, too." Blaine said slightly breathless. "I... I never believed in the meaning of a soulmate, you know that. But I... I never believed in us or trusted you with all my heart. And I'm also sorry for the things I said and did. I didn't meant to stalk you like that and call you out on something you never did. But I... we both know why it's so hard for me to trust, to believe in a future that has nothing but good things for me, for us. It doesn't happen to me. It never has."

Kurt said nothing, just listening like Blaine did when he talked.

"But... when this guy kidnapped me and... his knife. I knew it before it happened. Only when... I..."

Blaine started to cry and Kurt wrapped his arms around him, holding him close as he and felt his own tears coming because it hurt him to see Blaine like that. He looked exactly like when they had sex for the first time. When Blaine began to panic and cry, calming down after a long time.

"I'd rather love you, trust and live with you every day of my life. Each second, each moment to the fullest. Because I know, if I'd ever lose you, I'd regret that. Not living with you, loving you every day, with all my heart."

Blaine cried quietly and Kurt with him, and they just held each other until they both stopped crying. Eventually they pulled apart slowly, small smiles dancing on their lips and Kurt freed his hands to wipe Blaine's cheeks dry. He felt better, much better after saying it all out loud. And he could see that Blaine felt better too. Everything was out and now they both needed to work all this out, respecting and trusting each other.

Because their love? Was big, alive. But it was not what they needed to heal their crack. Kurt understood that now more than ever.

"Can you kiss me?" Blaine asked while Kurt held his face and their eyes connected. "I... I miss kissing you. I miss you."

"I miss you too," Kurt said and sealed their lips together in a kiss full of love, sincerity and apologies but also unspoken promises.

They kissed for the longest time, holding each others faces, deepening the kiss and then pulling back for sweet kisses.

It felt so good, so right.

And Kurt wanted to cry again because he was so happy and so relieved that they both were ready to forgive the other. To work all this out.

Eventually they both pulled back, enough to connect their foreheads as their hands still framed their faces.

"I love you, Blaine. This will never change."

"Me too. I love you too."

The next day they both met Dani, Nina and Sebastian to talk about the their next steps. Both wanted to keep Dani as their bodyguard and she sighed with relief because she didn't want to leave them either. After their meeting they drove to the police department to give another testimony and more information, but this time together with Martin who then drove back home with them to talk about the case. There was enough evidence but they still needed to go to court.

"Do I have to talk about my past?" Blaine asked when they were sitting in the living room.

"Possible. Salvon's lawyer will do anything to get him free but it's really a lost case for him. We have enough evidence against him. The police checked his computer and found enough pictures of you, his browser history speaks for itself. And then he tried to kidnap you. So, don't worry about that. But, yes, it is possible. But they could use it against you." Martin explained.

"What do you mean? How could they use his past against him?" Kurt asked.

"They could use Blaine's past job to make him look less like the victim and more like he seduced Solvan or something like that. Or they'll say that you guys know each other from the past. Which is not true, I know. But they could come up with tons of things."

"But... they can't just lie... can't they?" Blaine asked.

"They can. It depends if they get away with it. But, don't worry, Blaine. Nothing will happen to you or Kurt. I have a meeting with them in three days and maybe we can make a deal. So you don't even have to go to court. If Solvan's lawyer is smart enough, he'll accept the deal."

Blaine leaned back against the backrest and breathed out. Kurt also sighed in relief and reached out for Blaine's hand before his phone went off. He stood up when he noticed doctor Stephens' number and suddenly hope was rising inside him. Maybe this was it? Maybe they were finally allowed to have luck and happiness?

"Hello?"

"Kurt? It's doctor Stephens. Are you and Blaine free today? I have some news for you."

"Um..." Kurt hummed and looked over to Martin and Blaine mouthing Stephens name. Martin just nodded and gathered all the papers together while Blaine jumped off the couch and stood next to Kurt, eyes wide and hopeful.

"Yeah, sure," Kurt said with a small smile taking Blaine's hand.

The drive to Stephens was filled with hope, high expectations and excitement. It truly seemed like they finally were the lucky ones. Everything, somehow, was falling into place.

When they arrived they both rushed through the corridor to the elevator and held hands all along the way. They didn't say anything, but their eyes said more than words ever could.

"Yes?" the voice of the doctor came from behind the door after Kurt knocked against the wood. They walked inside, slower this time, and Kurt liked the smile on Stephens face.

"Please, sit down." Stephens said.

They did that, hands still clutching the other as their hearts were beating faster and their breathing was labored.

Stephens smiled, wide and confident but the words that left his mouth shocked Kurt and Blaine.

"You guys need to get married!"

Chapter End Notes

Let me know what you think! And thank you for taking the time to leave me a review! You're really lovely people, thank you.

Words

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Chapter 16. Words

"We need to get what?" both blurted out.

"Okay, that sounded wrong. Let me explain." Stephens said, still smiling, convinced that this could finally solve everything. But for Kurt, and Blaine too, this was the last thing they considered as a solution. They didn't even thought about it. There had been so many other things they needed to figure out and focus on, and they... never really talked about marriage.

"Doctor Taucher from England called me. You remember, my friend who focuses on cracks in the connections between soulmates?"

Both nodded.

"He called me and told me about a couple he took care of for a couple of months. They had been dealing with a crack for half a year. He expected their crack to heal after four months but it just didn't. Then they tried the same things you guys did, that is find another soulmate. Taucher told me to tell you guys that he's sorry. That theory was just insane."

Both nodded again, knowing all to well how insane that idea had been.

"The couple visited him yesterday morning and told him that their crack healed because they got married. It didn't happen right after the wedding, but a couple of days later. They said that after they got married everything just fell into place for them, and their crack healed. I'm not familiar with the problems of the other couple, but I thought knowing this could help you guys."

Kurt swallowed, not because he didn't want to marry Blaine, but because he felt excited.

He wanted that so bad. Just... not now.

Nervously he looked over to Blaine who seemed shocked and like he was still trying to understand what Stephens was actually saying.

"I know this sounds crazy," Stephen said when they didn't say anything. "But you guys are soulmates and more than that, you guys love each other so much. And you have this amazing chemistry that it's visible to anyone you meet. You guys have something special and I have no doubt that this will work out. But, obviously, you have to decide that. I'm no soulmate, I don't know how it feels like. Still, you tried various things without progress, and this theory seems pretty promising to me."

"We... we have to talk about it." Kurt said while checking on Blaine, who slowly nodded his agreement.

The whole drive back home was tense. Kurt, who was still excited, was also terribly insecure about what Blaine thought and wanted.

Blaine just looked... miserable? No, not exactly that. He looked conflicted. As if he didn't know if this would help them or if he even wanted that.

What if Blaine never wanted to get married? What if he didn't consider marriage as something important?

Kurt knew they needed to talk about that and find a compromise.

"Blaine...I-" Kurt said when they were back home.

"I want to marry you, Kurt," Blaine said before Kurt could say anything else and his words hit all the right places inside Kurt. He couldn't stop the corners of his mouth from rising slightly and he couldn't control the spark in his eyes and the feeling of pure happiness and comfort growing inside him.

Blaine wanted to marry him. And he just wanted to shout it from the rooftops.

But the time wasn't right.

"But?" Kurt asked.

"I need time to think about it. And you should too. Let's just... sleep over it and then... then we can talk about it, okay?"

"Okay, good."

Blaine nodded slowly, looked down and then nodded again as if to convince himself that this was exactly what he needed right now. Time to think and sleep over these news for one night.

Kurt let Blaine be – he told Kurt he wanted to practice a bit and disappeared in his room – while Kurt couldn't help himself and went to their bedroom. There, in their closet – which was just a small room – he kept some of his old stuff. And one was a box filled with wedding things. To be more specific, the wedding he had once planned as a teenager.

He had old magazines, notes, pictures of suits, flowers, ribbons and tables. Everything he considered as beautiful and wanted to have on his own wedding day. But his tastes changed during the past years. For example, Kurt didn't want to have a white suit anymore. He wanted something more personal. He wanted to get married in a small, beautiful place hidden from the public eye and maybe, one day, he and Blaine would be okay with sharing two or three pictures of their wedding with the public.

Kurt kept thinking, imagining, planning in his mind until he fell asleep in Blaine's arms.

The next morning Kurt made sure to check that Blaine's arm was healing well and, above all else, that he was okay mentally. He knew that something like being kidnapped could really affect Blaine. But so far he was doing good.

He hoped it would stay that way and, even if not, that Blaine would talk to him.

They met with Martin to hear what the other lawyer had told him and what would happen next. Apparently, the evidence against Solvan were too heavy and he admitted everything he had done. Which meant there would be no court, nothing. It would end quietly and quickly, just like Blaine and Kurt wished it would.

"Thank you," Blaine said, standing up to hug Martin.

"You're welcome, guys," Martin said, smiling when Kurt hugged him too.

"That means Blaine's safe, right?" Kurt asked just to be sure.

"Yes. Save from Solvan, that is. But next time I suggest you call the cops immediately. This isn't something you should have dealt with on your own. Dani is amazing, no doubt about that, but it's better to call a lawyer or the police. I understand that Blaine's not comfortable with them, so at least call me if something happens."

They agreed, thanked Martin again and then he was gone, leaving only the two of them.

Kurt knew they couldn't stay quiet anymore but it was so difficult to approach this topic. He didn't want to scare Blaine with all the thoughts he had. But he knew that, Blaine was not a kid anymore and he was probably able to handle this.

Kurt breathed in, turned away from the front door wanting to say something but Blaine was sitting there on the couch, fumbling with his fingers and staring at them.

"I'm seeing a therapist. " Blaine said before Kurt could ask him anything.

And Kurt wasn't even surprised by the news. It had been something he thought about too, something to suggest to Blaine. But he never said it out loud. He knew therapy was a very sensitive thing to suggest and no one should be forced or talked into that. It was a private and personal decision. But at the same time Kurt realized just how much he had missed when Blaine left and stayed at Dani's. It were only a couple of weeks, but Kurt knew a lot could happen even in just a couple of days.

"Does it help you?" Kurt simply asked, joining Blaine on the couch and resting an arm around his shoulders.

"It's rather... exhausting right now. I'm not sure if it'll help me, I need more time to figure that out. But... that is all I can handle right now, Kurt. I'm not sure if getting married is the right thing to do, for us. But especially for me right now."

Kurt forgot all his plans and wishes and just focused on Blaine. He let his hand run up and down his arm, nodding to show Blaine that he was listening.

"Do you want to get married, Kurt? Do you want to marry me?" Blaine asked and it was not a question asked with hope and big shining eyes. It was a question he needed to have answered to simply get an information he needed.

Kurt didn't hesitate.

"Of course I want to marry you, Blaine. I want to be with you forever."

He noticed how Blaine stilled for a moment, taking Kurt's words in and then relaxing but still chasing his thoughts and rambling.

"But... I don't want to just go somewhere and marry you without... without a plan. And I don't want to marry you right now. I want to get my degree, go to therapy for as long as I think I need to. And I'm... I'm sure our crack will heal without us getting married." Blaine said.

Kurt was not disappointed or sad, he respected Blaine's words and understood why. Or at least he hoped he did.

"I think you're right." Kurt said, after a few seconds.

Blaine blinked in surprise, eyes wide and hopeful.

Was it really that surprising that Kurt agreed with him? Or maybe it was something else that

Blaine felt? It was really hard to tell without the connection so Kurt trusted his instincts and how good he knew Blaine. By the way his eyes were shining and the way his face was completely soft and relaxed, Kurt realized Blaine was hopeful and grateful.

"You're right. We don't need to get married. I mean, we both want to, but we shouldn't do it because we hope this will heal our crack. I don't think it necessarily will. Our crack will heal if we both simply trust each other and believe in us. Love? We have enough of that for at least other four people. But we also need trust and to believe in us." Kurt explained with a smile.

Then Blaine nodded, a soft smile on his lips.

"I agree. And I have a good feeling about us. We know what scares us and what makes us unhappy and we apologized for what we did to each other. I just... I don't know what else there is to do, so this crack will heal." Blaine admitted because both had hoped that they'd be okay by now.

"Maybe we don't need to do anything," Kurt said leaning back, resting against the backrest. Blaine moved with Kurt, eyes still connected and hands caressing whatever part they could reach.

"You mean... we just need to be us?" Blaine asked.

"Yeah. I think we just need to be us. We're meant to be, Blaine. We both know and feel it. I think, if we both simply believe in us and trust each other, everything will be alright. You have to believe me when I tell you that I will never leave you and I will never treat you like a kid again or question your feelings and needs."

Blaine's hand ran up and down Kurt's chest, the soft smile back on his lips and his eyes softening as well, shining beautifully.

Because he was happy.

Kurt had missed that look on Blaine's beautiful face.

"I'd like that and I want that." Blaine said softly.

Then he leaned closer, pressing a loving kiss against Kurt's lips and wrapping his arms around Kurt's body while his head rested on his shoulder, close to his neck. Blaine's favorite spot. Kurt sighed happily, nuzzling his cheek on Blaine's hand. It had been such a long time since they cuddled and it was the first time Kurt wasn't focusing on their connection.

He noticed all the other things he never paid much attention too before. How warm Blaine was, how he breathed together with him, how large his hands actually were, resting on his sides and covering his body with warmth and comfort. Kurt noticed the familiar smell of Blaine and the softness of his skin. And all that just made him fall in love with Blaine even more, if that was even possible.

"You know what?" Kurt said after a while.

"Mmmh?" Blaine hummed.

"We should go out. Like... on a date. We haven't done that in a while. And now, with no stalker, we can go without worrying." Kurt suggested.

"What about the people who will recognize you?" Blaine asked.

"What about them? I tell them to fuck off," Kurt deadpanned.

"You wouldn't," Blaine said as he leaned back to look at Kurt's face waiting for and Kurt's inevitable smile.

"No, I wouldn't." Kurt said with a smile on his lips, "But other famous people go out without being seen as well. We can have that too. And I want us to have a normal life, Blaine. I want to go out with you just because we feel like it."

"I'd love to. And I want to take a walk through a park or go watch the sunset." Blaine admitted.

"Then we'll do that."

Blaine didn't go back to college. He wasn't supposed to be there anyway because he was supposed to be with Jack and the orchestra. So he called Jack and then the college itself to make sure it was okay if he took the next three weeks off. They couldn't say no since it was a soulmate emergency but, no matter what, Blaine was a good student, the best – and it filled Kurt with so much pride whenever people said that – so it wasn't really a big deal.

For Blaine it was, though.

He didn't feel good about that fact that he had this wild card and could just take three weeks off without any consequences, but others needed to study hard.

Kurt tried to tell Blaine that he didn't need to feel bad about that. Beside the fact that they were soulmates and had other rights, Blaine simply was a genius, especially when it came to music. And after everything that had happened in Blaine's life he deserved this. He deserved luck, love and support from all sides since those three things lacked in Blaine's life for a very long time. And now everything was simply back, shaking him to his core for the intensity and the fear that someone might take it away from him.

Kurt knew that feeling but he also knew that Blaine simply needed to embrace it and believe and trust for once. Kurt's job was not to convince him but to give him exactly all of that and, one day, Blaine would figure it out.

"Kurt?" Blaine asked when they were sitting in the kitchen, going through websites for a wedding gift - they still needed to find one for Martin and Elliott.

"Yeah?"

"I saw your wedding stuff." Blaine confessed.

Kurt stopped what he was doing and turned away from the laptop to look at Blaine. But he didn't see anything that worried him on Blaine's face.

"I got a bit excited when Stephens said we should get married. So I went through my old stuff and kind of... planned. But not in a serious way. I just... daydreamed a little."

Blaine nodded slowly and took Kurt's hand, placing it on his lap and playing with Kurt's fingers while he searched for the words he wanted to say. Kurt waited, smiling softly, enjoying the gentle and loving way Blaine treated him.

Although the world had been so cruel to Blaine, he was still filled with so much love and gentleness.

And he gave it all to Kurt.

"I thought about my mom and dad a lot. How I wished they'd be here now... to, you know, in the future, see us getting married. I know they'd love you just as much as I do. But it's not just that. When all of this happened I wished I had someone, older, wiser than me and who knew me since the day I was born. I wished... that my dad would still be here and help me."

Kurt said nothing. Instead he moved closer tucking Blaine's body on his side, because he saw the little change in Blaine's face. There was sadness he was trying to hide but Kurt didn't want Blaine to feel like he needed to do that. He was free to cry and scream and Kurt would still be there for him. He would go with him through anything and hold him if he needed that.

"I miss him. I even miss my mom although I can't remember her. But it's no longer this... hole inside me that makes me numb and hurts me. It's just..." Blaine said, leaving the phrase hanging.

"Sometimes it hurts and sometimes we simply like to remember and are grateful for the time we had with them?" Kurt said, trying to finish it for him, and Blaine nodded slowly.

"It's perfectly fine to feel that way, Blaine. I wish my mom would be here too. Watching us getting married one day, watching us being happy and with the person we love. It's okay to be sad about that."

Then Blaine leaned even closer, hiding his face on Kurt's chest, and started crying. It was the first time Blaine truly cried because of his parents.

Thursday was Blaine's therapy appointment, his fourth, and he wanted to have Kurt with him. Blaine's therapist was a lady around her forties, blond hair and warm green eyes. She really looked like someone who Kurt would trust too and he understood why Blaine felt so comfortable here. Her voice was also very calming and he liked to listen to her.

They talked about their relationship and then about the fears Blaine had. They talked about all the things that had happened and, at the end of the session, Kurt felt like his head was going to explode.

As soon as they arrived back home, they changed into their pajamas and took a nap together on the couch. They woke up in the middle of the night, both hungry and a little stiff, but... happy. It was the simple happiness of being together, of doing something that wasn't the norm but both didn't care.

They stood up and went to the kitchen where Blaine decided to make sandwiches for them while Kurt washed some fruits.

"I like your therapist. She seems really nice and I understand why you feel comfortable with her," Kurt said after he took a sip from his tea.

"She's kind of crazy though. Sometimes she has this weird smile on her face and says things to upset me. I think she tries to help me let all my anger and pain out." Blaine admitted.

"Is that a bad thing?" Kurt asked.

"It kind of scares me to be honest. I'm not the kind of person that yells and screams when angry. But I understand that it is important to let it out. I usually do that through music."

Kurt hummed his agreement and then came up with an idea and he was surprised he didn't think of that before.

"We should buy you a piano."

"What?" Blaine exclaimed. "And where do you want to place it?"

"We have a third free room. We could use it as a music room, if you'd like to." Kurt said reaching out for another strawberry.

"But... it was supposed to be for a baby, wasn't it?"

"Well, yeah. But it won't happen anytime soon so I don't see why we shouldn't use it for something else. And if music is what helps you, why not?"

Then Blaine, speechless, stepped closer after a while, taking Kurt's hand. And his eyes were so bright even if the only light in the house came from the living room.

"Thank you." Was all Blaine said and Kurt smiled before he kissed his soulmate sweetly.

"This is your home too, Blaine. I want you to feel free and comfortable here."

"I do, Kurt. I wouldn't be here if I didn't, believe me. I just thought about all the baby stuff when I was at Dani's place. Well, I thought a lot about us and what I want and what I want for us."

That was news to Kurt but he hadn't had one single doubt about that. Blaine wanted to be with him, just as much as Kurt wanted to be with Blaine. So, of course he thought about everything that happened between them and what they wanted to do. Just like Kurt did it.

Still, hearing it was a good thing for Kurt.

"I did that too," Kurt said so Blaine could have the same certainty.

Blaine was smiling at him and Kurt knew it was the right thing to say and something Blaine needed to hear.

"I like the idea of us starting a family one day. Not now, and not in the next two years, but one day I want that for us. I know I freaked out before because this, us, and me having my own family was never an option for me for so long. I lost all hope when my dad died and then I ended up here, working as a prostitute and we had so many problems to deal with." Blaine sighed, leaning his body against Kurt's and Kurt wrapped his arms around Blaine, holding him close and save.

"I thought about all of that and when you came to the concert, showing me that you'd fight for me and that you were proud of me... and with everything we said and confessed... I can hope now. I can see a the future I once dreamed of. So, yes, I do want to marry you, I want the babies and the sleepless nights. And, yes, I can hope and wish for that because I changed and I really love you. But it's also because you are here, Kurt. You came despite everything that happened. You came to the concert, to the police-"

"But I only did all of that because of you, Blaine. You changed me too. Remember when I figured out what you where doing? I was awful to you. But you told me why, and you made me a better person. And you do it again and again. I was blinded by the meaning of a soulmate, blinded by something that shouldn't be the first reason why I love you. And it's not. It never was the first reason why I love you. It has been always you, who you are, what's inside this heart." Kurt said resting his hand above Blaine's heart to emphasize his words. "I know my words never made that clear. And I'm sorry for that."

Blaine smiled, looking up through his long lashes and looking so beautiful that Kurt's heart soared. It was moments like this when Blaine just looked so beautiful that Kurt wondered how he was allowed to be with this young man.

So beautiful, so pure, so happy.

And all his.

Forever.

"You're so beautiful, Blaine. Everything about you is just beautiful." Kurt said because he couldn't help himself. He needed Blaine to know, needed Blaine to understand just how beautiful he was even if Blaine didn't see himself that way most of the time.

"Says mister super ex model Kurt Hummel," Blaine joked as he leaned back to rest their foreheads together.

"Very funny, Anderson."

"It's true though. But unlike the general audience I think you're beautiful inside and out, too."

With that, Kurt kissed Blaine with all the love he had and with everything Blaine's words made him feel. Happiness, love, and the hunger Kurt hadn't felt for a while now. But it was not just him who felt that way. Blaine did too. He was the one who deepened the kiss, letting his tongue run over Kurt's lips and pressing his body closer to Kurt's, letting Kurt feel what this kiss was doing to him.

The feeling of Blaine's cock against his tight, filling and growing, the feeling of Blaine's lips and tongue, made Kurt moan and his head spin with want for more.

He lifted his hands, framing Blaine's face gently to keep him close as he opened his legs so Blaine could slot between them.

"Oh," Blaine breathed, voice high and thick, when their cocks touched through the fabric of their pajamas. Although Blaine was trembling, breathing a bit faster and his face was not as much relaxed as Kurt wished it would have been, he still let his fingers slide under Kurt's pajama top. Still touched his skin with his warm fingers, still moved his body slowly with Kurt's to get the friction he needed. And then Kurt understood that Blaine was not scared or unsure: he was nervous and trembling with want.

"Let's go to the bedroom. I mean, if you want to. Because I do." Blaine whispered and licked his lips.

It wasn't an order and it wasn't a question. It was Blaine who simply told Kurt what he wanted and that he wanted to share it with Kurt.

Love through the way Blaine still wasn't entirely comfortable with.

Or maybe... that changed too?

"Of course I want to. I'll always want you, Blaine," Kurt smiled and by the way Blaine's eyes were shining, he understood that Kurt meant this in more than one way.

Chapter End Notes

Two more chapters left and an epilogue :)

Heritage

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Chapter 17. Heritage

Blaine had felt the change inside him and in his mind in the past weeks. Going away from Kurt hadn't been easy, but it was the right thing to do to clear his mind and just think. Think about what he wanted, what happened, everything. Then, when he met his stalker and got - almost - kidnapped, it was clear for him what he wanted.

People use to say that you don't realize how much something means to you until you lost it. The fact that he almost lost Kurt and the possible happy future reserved for them, had changed his way of thinking and made him realize so many things he had known before, but never really understood. Never really hoped and believed in.

As always, Blaine had been scared and worried sick, expecting the worst to happen. But It didn't. And it surprised him but also... calmed him down.

For some reason, luck was on his side. When Kurt came to the police station, when Martin helped them, when he heard he didn't need to go to court and go through an exhausting trial.

Luck, yes, but also love. And Blaine found the hope he always saw but never dared to grab and hold close.

Now, with Kurt above him - both naked and just kissing - everything suddenly made sense for Blaine. Why he had met Kurt, why they went through all of this, how they just fit together and were meant to be together. There were no words to describe something like that and Blaine didn't need any. Feeling it, like this, was everything, and only meant for him.

He wondered if Kurt felt the same way and he wished he could feel it through their connection. Feel what Kurt was feeling.

He didn't believe in soulmates, he didn't believe that no matter what would happen, two soulmates would end up together. But this connection, the luxury and burden of feeling what your partner felt, became a part of him, part of them. And Blaine missed it. He missed feeling Kurt's love in this special way, missed feeling them orgasm together and share it in that strong way. He also missed feeling when Kurt was sad or angry.

He simply missed everything.

Because it was something natural for them. Like sleeping with Kurt, living with Kurt.

Sometimes it made Blaine almost cry that he couldn't feel anything from Kurt.

Tonight though, everything felt more. Kurt's fingers in his hair, his lips kissing Blaine's, his tongue plundering his mouth in a way that made Blaine shiver and melt.

"I'm not even going to lie. I missed this." Kurt confessed against his lips, and Blaine just smiled because he had missed it too.

"Me too."

"You're feeling okay?"

Blaine smiled and nodded because, yes, he did. There was no whisper in his mind, nothing dark, nothing worrying.

His therapist always said that it was okay to feel good when he and Kurt had sex. There was nothing dirty, nothing wrong, just two people in love sharing their love through sex. Blaine couldn't tell why it suddenly became so easy to think that way. But maybe, finally, luck was really with him to stay for good.

"Amazing," he whispered, pulling pulled Kurt down into another kiss, as he opened his legs for him.

Kurt didn't question Blaine, didn't ask again.

He grind down, their cocks touching and rubbing together, their fingers entwined and lips connected for the longest time. Blaine just took it all in, moving with Kurt as good as he could, feeling the need for more growing, like a fire filling his body, as the arousal kept building. He wanted to feel Kurt inside him, around him, everywhere and he wined because of that.

Kurt understood that noise and it surprised Blaine a little. But it also made him ridiculously happy watch Kurt smile and reach for the lube. No condom, they didn't need one.

They'd never need one again because there would never be anyone else. No one Blaine would love and want other than Kurt.

"I love to see you so relaxed and wanting." Kurt said while pouring lube on his fingers.

"And I'd love to have your fingers inside me." Blaine groaned.

Kurt chuckled and circled one finger around Blaine's entrance before slowly pushing inside. It was suddenly so clear for Blaine to see, how Kurt wanted to say something, probably something dirty. Blaine wanted to hear it. He wanted to hear everything Kurt had to say and let it turn him on more and more.

"Please, say it. Whatever you are thinking."

Kurt looked up, studied Blaine's face and leaned closer while moving his finger in and out and adding another.

Blaine simply welcomed him with open arms, shivering after every dirty thing Kurt whispered in his ear. How tight he was, how the moans and whimpers turned Kurt on and then how hot and beautiful he was.

Blaine believed every single word because no matter how dirty it sounded, no matter how much he used to hate those words, Kurt said them with love and respect. He said them because they turned Blaine on, because it was something to heat everything up. Nothing felt degrading or like he was being used.

It was suddenly so easy to see it that way and be... normal. Yes, Blaine wanted to have a normal relationship with Kurt and try everything with him.

"Me too." Kurt said and Blaine realized that he said that out loud.

They kissed while Kurt added another finger, opening Blaine up gently but still in a teasing way. A third finger came and then Kurt found the spot that drove Blaine crazy.

"Kurt... please... Oh shit!"

"Ready?"

Blaine nodded, smiling when Kurt wiped the sweaty curls off Blaine's forehead. One last kiss and then Kurt leaned back, holding Blaine's hand and helping him on his lap. No hesitation, no doubts. Just smiles, deep and slow kisses while Kurt slicked up his cock and Blaine slowly sank down without suppressing his moans.

Nothing, no wall, just Blaine enjoying all of this together with Kurt.

His hands held Kurt's shoulders, his head thrown back as moan after moan fell from his lips. Blaine just loved the feeling of Kurt filling him up, stretching him and hitting the right spots. Or maybe it wasn't even about that. The fact that it was Kurt inside him was enough to drive Blaine crazy in a way he had never felt before.

"So good... you feel so good Blaine," Kurt moaned.

And his voice... it was Blaine's favorite sound.

When Kurt was fully inside they both stilled for a moment and breathed together, taking in the feeling and the moment. Then Kurt's hands were back on Blaine's face, holding it gently and guiding him into a kiss. Sweet, tender and filled with love, love that Blaine could never get enough of. It was like his soul and heart had immeasurable space for the love he had for Kurt and the love Kurt gave him in return. But he didn't mind, not one bit.

One last kiss, one last deep look into Kurt's eyes and Blaine leaned his head back, hands holding Kurt's shoulders as he started to move - up and down - together with Kurt. He loved how Kurt squeezed his ass and helped him rise up and down. He loved how Kurt kissed, licked and bit his neck, how hot his breath and his moans were. Blaine had never understood why it was so easy for Kurt to let go. To simply enjoy, give and take. Now he did could understand because Blaine let go too, simply enjoying the love they shared.

He asked for more, for harder and deeper, he moaned and whined Kurt's name and his cock was so hard, leaking. Begging for a touch, begging for release. Kurt sensed it, and started to stroke Blaine hard and fast - just like they were rocking - making them come together. Blaine trembled, letting the orgasm wash over him as his hands somehow managed to hold on Kurt until they both calmed down, sweaty and breathing faster.

Blaine was so grateful that Kurt was holding him too.

His hands were splayed out on Blaine's back, gently letting him down on the mattress. and Kurt followed suit, kissing Blaine's cheek and wiping at his eyes.

"Huh?" Blaine mumbled because he hadn't noticed the tears running down his cheek. "I'm crying." He stated to himself after touching his cheek.

"You let go, Blaine," Kurt whispered while cleaning him, and Blaine had no idea when he went to get a warm wet washcloth.

He was so far gone and he felt incredible. "I've never felt closer to you than moments ago." Blaine said.

Blaine licked his lips, breathed deeply in and out, smiling after Kurt kissed him before laying down next to him. His fingers ran random patterns over Kurt's bare chest, while Kurt massaged

Blaine's scalp.

"It's like we connected... more. Like... we connected before but this time, when we connected... I wasn't scared," Blaine whispered as fresh tears left his eyes. Although it was hard to see, he still noticed how Kurt's eyes filled with tears as well.

They were happy tears and with each one falling Blaine felt more and more walls crumble, more and more weight falling from his shoulders. He almost felt like he was born again, starting the new life he had wished for, for so long.

He wasn't even sure what it was, but it felt so damn good.

The next day both went out on the date they've been talking about and Blaine was surprised but also happy because he was neither scared nor worried. He was excited, giddy even, at the prospect to go out with his boyfriend and just be a normal couple.

Blaine didn't even ask where they were going. He was just so thrilled and excited to hold Kurt's hand in public and walk through the city. Of course there were people who recognized Kurt and some who whispered, but Kurt didn't care and Blaine didn't either.

He was so entranced everything. Holding Kurt's hand, kissing him whenever he wanted to was amazing. They ended up at an Italian restaurant where they shared food while Kurt told Blaine about the time he was in Italy for a model show.

All the while they laughed, talked and got to know each other.

Not that they didn't know each other, because they did. But it was not about the depths of their souls or the cruel things that happened in their lives. It was about the simple, silly, happy things. Stories Blaine didn't know about Kurt and stories about himself he didn't know he had to share as well.

Stories long forgotten and left in Ohio.

"Your birthday is soon. Any wishes?" Kurt asked as they shared an umbrella, walking over the bridge above the Hudson River.

Blaine thought about it for a while, his arm linked through Kurt's and his head resting on Kurt's shoulder, a constant peaceful smile on his lips.

There wasn't much he wished for. All he wanted was their crack to heal and good times to come - and stay - for them.

"Not really. I'm just... happy. Right here, right now."

"Me too," Kurt whispered before kissing Blaine's forehead. "Still, I have an idea about what we could do. It just has to wait after Elliot's and Martin's wedding."

"What's that?" Blaine asked as they stopped to look over the balustrade.

"I'd like to go to Ohio. I want to visit my dad because I feel like a shitty son for not going there that much. But I also think we should visit your old home and maybe your parents, too?"

Usually, when Blaine thought about doing that, he was filled with sadness and anxiousness. Anxiousness, because Cooper's mother still lived in that house, and sadness because seeing his parents' grave would...

Blaine didn't know what it would do to him.

The last time he went there was with Kurt and Blaine still remembered that day and how lost he had felt. This time, he didn't feel that lost anymore. He knew where his home was and what he wanted.

"I think I'd like that. Maybe Cooper would come with us?"

"I'm sure he would love to." Kurt nodded.

They spent Blaine's birthday in bed most of the day, loving each other as many times as possible and Blaine enjoyed his young and eager side, since he let go of all his worries and demons. Sex became a thing he enjoyed and Kurt never made him feel guilty for it. In fact, he gave Blaine the same want and need for more, back. In the afternoon their friends came with gifts and food and Blaine couldn't stop smiling. They talked and sang, danced and laughed

When it was late and dark he got to sleep in Kurt's arms. No worries, no doubt. No fights, no fears. It was just him and Kurt, loving each other, living a normal life together as if the crack didn't exist.

Blaine was so happy that he didn't know what to do with himself and Kurt was just the same.

The day of Elliott's wedding came and they arrived a little early – because Kurt promised to help Elliott with his outfit. Blaine was sitting across from them, watching Kurt with a dopey smile as he fixed Elliott's sleeves and collar. Kurt could sense Blaine's eyes on him and he turned around, from time to time, or simply smiled back when they were facing each other.

"I appreciate you guys being all in love but this is my wedding and I'd like to look good, Kurt." Elliott teased them.

"Shut up. You always look good, you're just nervous." Kurt said rolling his eyes. "See? All done." He announced stepping back so Elliott could see himself in the mirror.

"I feel sick. God, why do I feel sick?" He said while he rubbed his belly.

"You're just nervous." Kurt said again.

"Here, drink some water," Blaine said approaching Elliott with a bottle of water.

"I could use a drink with alcohol in it."

Kurt laughed and Blaine tried not to.

"It will be fine, Elliott. The moment you'll see Martin you'll forget everything and just focus on him."

"I hope you're right. I really don't want to throw up in front of everyone. " Elliott groaned.

Blaine realized that Kurt was right. The moment they saw each other, both were smiling, only having eyes the other one. Just like Mercedes and Sam had. He looked at the other pair, watched them both smile, holding hands while Mercedes' other hand rested on her belly, where their baby was growing.

Then he looked to his right side, where Kurt was sitting and holding his hand, while his eyes looked into Blaine's. Beautiful blue orbs with so much warmth and love only for him.

So much changed, Blaine thought.

So much changed, in a positive way.

They celebrated Elliott's and Martin's wedding all night long. They danced, drank, laughed, and Blaine remembered how he couldn't imagine to marry Kurt a couple of months ago. But that night it was so easy for him to imagine that. But it was not the right time. Not yet.

Mercedes and Sam left earlier, which everyone understood. They congratulated Elliott and Martin again and said that they were happy to see Kurt and Blaine happy too.

Three days later they flew to Ohio and Blaine watched his boyfriend fall into his father's arms as if he were six again.

"Hey buddy. It's so good to see you!" Burt laughed, squeezing his son close. "And you too Blaine." He said as he let go of Kurt and crushed Blaine against his chest.

"Hi Burt." he grinned before introducing his brother to Burt.

"Burt, this is Cooper, my brother. Cooper, this is Burt Hummel, Kurt's dad."

"Pleasure to meet you, mister Hummel. Thank you for taking care of Blaine. And for your son." Coopers said.

Burt nodded with a wide grin on his lips. They left the airport and settled into Burt's car. Kurt sitting in the front seat, sharing story after story with his dad. Blaine just smiled as he watched father and son interact.

"Hey," Cooper said, nudging his shoulder with Blaine's to get his attention. "You're okay?"

"Yeah? Why shouldn't I be?"

"Mom still lives there. You know?"

"I know. But... I don't really care. I just... want to see what's left and have the goodbye I deserve. I need this closure."

It was true, he needed it.

He had talked with his therapist about how he always felt like there wasn't enough closure - or none at all - with what he escaped from, leaving Westerville. There had always been something that bothered Blaine but he mastered the art of ignoring it. It had been too painful to recall those memories for a long time.

"How are you guys doing? Still dealing with the crack?" Burt asked over dinner.

"Well. The crack still exists, but we're better." Kurt answered but, as usual, his father sensed that there was more. So they filled him in about the stalker and everything that happened in the past months. Blaine saw on Burt's face how he didn't like to hear about all of that just then. But then his face softened and only the relieve and happiness that his boys were okay were visible.

"And you're going to Westerville tomorrow?" Burt asked when Kurt finished the story.

"Yeah. My therapist thinks I need that and I agree. I didn't have the time to say goodbye or find any kind of closure. I just... had to leave back then." Blaine explained.

"Closure is important. I know it takes a lot of strength and maturity to do that. And I have no

doubt you can do that, Blaine. Just call me if that crazy woman does something stupid, alright?"

Kurt tried not to grin, Cooper angrily stabbed his potatoes and Blaine nodded.

From that moment on the conversation was light and Blaine listened to Burt talking about the shop and eventually Carole came home from work, greeting Blaine and Kurt with her usual motherly warmth. Cooper though entranced her with his charm, and they started to talk about all the soap operas they were watching - Cooper's favorite thing to do, Blaine explained to Kurt.

It was close to midnight when they all decided to go to sleep. They used the bathroom together and climbed under the covers of Kurt's bed together. Kurt opened his arms for Blaine who gratefully fell into them, exhausted.

"I'm proud of you, Blaine. I remember how you were when we talked about Cooper's mother and everything that happened. You've changed. You've become so much stronger in the past months."

"I do feel stronger." Blaine confessed. "I also feel like... like something healed. Not the crack, since it's obviously still there. But... something changed. Something healed and I know it's not just because I've changed. It's more than that."

Kurt nodded, dropping a kiss into Blaine's hair and holding Blaine a bit tighter.

"We healed each other." Kurt whispered as if he could read Blaine's mind. As if he could feel what Blaine felt.

Blaine simply smiled and nodded slowly, kissing Kurt's neck.

"She's the biggest coward ever," Cooper mumbles as they stood in front of his and Blaine's old home.

It still looked the same.

Same garden, curtains, door, windows. Everything.

It was still the home in which Blaine had made so many good memories. He and his dad playing baseball and football in the garden. Or, always them, painting the house yellow instead of red. So many warm and beautiful memories.

And Blaine was so happy that he decided to come back.

"I'll be back around 7. I hope you'll be gone until then." Cooper read the note his mother left on the door. "She can't even face us without feeling any shame. Stupid cow."

"It's not worth it. We're better than that." Blaine said and used his old key to unlock the door. Luckily she hadn't changed that.

Inside, Blaine took Kurt's hand into his to hold it and feel him close to his side as he took everything in. Just like outside, everything was still the same.

He remembered how he used to run down the stairs, especially on Christmas, his birthday and his dad's. He also remembered how he once used an old mattress and pretended to be Aladdin on his flying carpet.

While he remembered all of that he shared it with Kurt, telling him all the stories that had been hidden somewhere inside his mind for a long time.

"Blaine? Do you want to take all the pictures with you?" Cooper asked from the living room.

When he walked inside the room he noticed that it had been changed entirely. Nothing was left of the stuff his father owned. New couch, new furniture, new everything. But in one of the drawers were old photos of him and his dad, and some with Cooper too - obviously without Cooper's mom.

"Sure. I'm going to dad's old room."

"I'll help Cooper." Kurt announced and Blaine smiled gratefully, kissing his boyfriend before going upstairs.

There were four doors. One was his dad's bedroom which also had new furniture in, and Blaine didn't go further inside. He also avoided his and Cooper's old rooms and went straight to his dad's work room.

He opened the door and sighed when he noticed that nothing has changed. There was his desk with a picture of Blaine's mother and him, right before she died. A picture of Blaine and his dad his first day at Dalton. The shelves were filled with books, notes and pictures and Blaine wished he could take the whole room with him.

He spent the next half hour just going through his father's old stuff and putting everything he wanted to keep into a box he found under the desk.

He took books, letters, his father's favorite pen, pictures and then he stopped at the shelf where he found a beautiful wooden box. He sat down on the floor, opened the box and smiled as tears filled his eyes. It was full to the brim with pictures of his parents, gifts and other stuff.

There was a picture of his dad and mom when they met in college in which they were smiling, sitting on a bench, during a sunny day. In another picture they were in a dorm room, studying and there was also one of them ice skating and so many he hasn't seen in years.

He remembered how his dad had told him the story behind each picture, how he cried freely over all the beautiful memories he had with Blaine's mother.

Beside the pictures he found letters, knick-knacks his parents gave to each other and eventually, at the bottom of the box, he found a small black box. Blaine took it out, opened it and stopped breathing. Inside there were his parents rings. He had always wondered what happened to the ring his father used to wear but he had never asked because when he was younger he avoided everything that could have made his father cry.

He closed the box, wiping at his eyes and putting it back inside.

He spent another hour going through his father's old stuff, filling the box with more items and carrying it out of the room when he was done. It had been smart from Cooper and Kurt to drive there in two cars and not just one, so Blaine could take more stuff with him.

"Hey, let me help you." Kurt said as he guided Blaine outside while closing the door.

"She didn't touch his room." Blaine said as he sat the box down, next to the door to his old room.

"That's good. And I see you found things you'd like to take with you. You're feeling okay?"

"I do. Really. I'm just a bit... melancholic. But I'm happy that we're here."

Kurt smiled and opened his arms for Blaine who immediately walked into them, melting against

Kurt's body and breathing him in. That, being in Kurt's arms, was just what he needed to move on before he'd leave this house forever.

"I'd like to show you my room. And I'll need your help to get some of my stuff out of there."

Blaine said, reluctantly untangling himself from Kurt's arms.

Chapter End Notes

Hey guys! I hope you're all doing okay! And I hoped you enjoyed this chapter! There is only one left and an epilogue. I'm surprised that although I had troubles planning the plot it turned out to be something I'm happy with. It feels good to reach the end of this fic. Let me know what you think and thank you all for reading and reviewing! I'm reading them all even if I can't answer you all :) but know it means the world to me!

Remedy

Chapter Notes

Merry Christmas! :) There is an epilogue after this chapter and that's where I'll leave some final words!

*No river is too wide or too deep for me to swim to you
Come whatever I'll be the shelter that won't let the rain come through
Your love, it is my truth
And I will always love you
Love you*

*When the pain cuts you deep
When the night keeps you from sleeping
Just look and you will see
That I will be your remedy
When the world seems so cruel
And your heart makes you feel like a fool
I promise you will see
That I will be, I will be your remedy*

Adele – Remedy

Chapter 18. Remedy

When Blaine opened the door to his room, he was clutching Kurt's hand, with his free hand, out of sheer fear. He hoped it was still his room, untouched, with everything he loved so much and had missed. To his relieve everything was just how he had left it. Maybe Cooper's mother expected him back so she didn't touch anything. But maybe she had some decency left and she just learned to respect Blaine at some point.

Blaine turned the light on, breathing in and out as he took in the blue walls, the bed he used to sleep in and the desk and furniture filled with stuff he used to collect.

Movies, CDs, posters, books, just everything that became a memory, was now in front of him. Real and touchable.

"Hey guys, I got some boxes for you." Cooper said as he appeared behind them.

"Thank you." Blaine said smiling when he turned around and his brother left again.

"Your room is so you." Kurt said squeezing Blaine's hand.

"I almost forgot what it looked like though. But it's so nice to have back something from my past that is just mine."

Blaine turned around to face Kurt, smiling warm and happy as he asked for a kiss which Kurt

obviously granted before Blaine could even finish his request.

"It's the first time I kiss someone in my room. I never had anyone here who could be labeled as boyfriend." Blaine confessed while his hand was touching Kurt's cheek and the happiest of smiles rested on his lips.

"Don't tell me you never made out with someone in your room."

"Nope."

"Oh my god. Now I'm horny as hell." Kurt groaned and Blaine chuckled.

"We'll have time for that later."

Together with Kurt he took the boxes Cooper had left before and placed them next to his bed while they both stood in front of Blaine's desk. There was still his notebook, a picture of Blaine and his dad, one of Blaine and his friends from Dalton. There was also his old laptop.

"Now I understand why you love movies and TV shows so much." Kurt said pointing at Blaine's collection on one shelf.

"Don't forget the books." Blaine said pointing at the shelf next to it.

"If I wouldn't know you, I'd say you're a nerd."

Blaine laughed and took the stuff from his desk to one of the boxes. "Is that supposed to be an insult?"

"Of course not. I love every side of you." Kurt smiled and Blaine smiled back.

They managed to fill three boxes and Blaine was surprised by how much he wanted to take with him. When he left his home and went to New York, he said goodbye to all those things and thought he'd never see his home again. He let everything go but being here now, brought everything back. And he wanted to take things back home. Not all of them, but the ones who meant something to him.

It was almost dark outside when they were done with packing and loading everything into their cars. Cooper left them alone for a while so Blaine could just look at his old home and finally say a proper goodbye because this... it was just a place he would visit in his memories. Memories of him and his dad and the good time they had together.

"I'm ready." he said to Kurt.

And they left and never came back to that place.

They visited his parent's grave and this time Blaine felt much better than the last time. This time he managed to talk to them, smile at them and not just break down and cry. He told them about everything that happened and everything he wished for and somehow he was sure they were hearing him, smiling too and always at his side.

Somehow he was sure that, from now on, things would work out the way he and Kurt wanted them to be.

Feeling happy and like all the weight he had been bearing for such a long time was gone, Blaine went through the things he got from his former home and dwelt, once again, with all the memories he could now freely recall without feeling broken or sad. Kurt let him be and Blaine was grateful for that because he wasn't ready to share too much with Kurt. It had nothing to do with keeping all to himself.

He was more than willing to share.

It wasn't the right moment, that was all.

"Burt?" Blaine said when he entered the living room. Kurt was showering and Blaine knew it would take him a while – as usual.

"What's up buddy?" Burt asked from his armchair while he waited for the game to start.

Blaine stepped inside and closed the door behind him.

"I wanted to talk to you while Kurt's busy. Well, actually I wanted to ask you something."

Burt nodded and Blaine sat down across from him, fumbling with his fingers and trying to find the right words.

"Kurt and I... we've been talking about marriage and all of that. And I do want that but I'm not sure if I want it now. We're good, better definitely, and I know that there is no one else I want to be with. I'm just... how do you know when the moment is right to propose or get married?"

Blaine wasn't asking for permission.

Burt was probably their biggest supporter anyway and Blaine didn't want to ask permission if he wasn't certain about something he didn't know yet. He just hoped he would be, sooner or later.

Burt hummed thoughtfully, placed his thumb under his own chin and said nothing for a while. Blaine took this moment to say something more.

"I... my father always talked about marriage. How he couldn't wait to see me getting married one day. I always agreed with him and thought about marriage in a positive way. But after everything I've been through it lost its meaning, I guess."

It was true. Many of the things he enjoyed and viewed as something positive and meaningful lost their meaning and positivity when Blaine started to work as a prostitute. He was so sure that love, marriage, family, happiness would never ever going to be a part of his reality. Now, accept it all back, was harder than he thought.

"That's what I've been thinking too." Burt began to say. "That things which mean the world to any other person, are just meaningless to you. But it's not about that, you know? When I married Kurt's mom I did it because I loved her and because I wanted to make a promise to her. Marriage shouldn't be about money or about what other people think you two should do after being together for a while. It's about making a promise to your partner and commit yourself to one person only. If you think that is what you two need, do it. There is no right or wrong time, just the feeling counts. But if you both decide to never get married, that's your decision and it would be totally fine."

"The feeling, huh?" - was what Blaine thought. But he understood what Burt meant.

"And I give you my permission to ask my son. If that's what you're wondering about too."

Blaine chuckled and smiled warmly. "Thank you. I just... dad isn't here anymore and there are

things I need to ask to someone who has more life experience than Kurt and I do. So I-

"It's alright kid." Burt cut him off with a smile, the kind only a father could show. "I'll never replace your father and I don't want. But I'm here whenever you need to talk. I'm sure it's not always easy to talk to Kurt."

"Sometimes." Blaine laughed and in that moment Kurt came back, eyeing Blaine and his father suspiciously.

"Are you laughing about me? I heard my name."

That made Burt and Blaine just laugh more.

"So," Kurt said when they were back in New York, in their apartment, exhausted on their bed. Blaine was lying on his back and Kurt on his side, holding him close with one arm, caressing his face and hair with his free hand. "What were you and my dad talking about? You haven't told me yet."

Blaine just grinned as if that was enough to answer but when Kurt huffed and slightly tucked at his hair he knew he wouldn't get away that easily.

"Would you be angry at me if I told you that it's a secret?"

"Is it about something I did? Or something I should be worried about?"

"No." Blaine said calmly, looking up into Kurt's eyes and touching his cheeks.

"Okay." Kurt simply said and Blaine felt the positive change again.

Kurt trusted him.

He didn't question his answer and it felt so good that they had reached that point. Going back to Ohio, find closure and be with the people who loved them the most had been a good idea.

"So, I have some interviews left during the next two weeks and then I'll be free. And your summer break isn't that far away. Wanna go somewhere?" Kurt asked and laying down again next to Blaine.

"You really don't want to start filming another movie?" Blaine asked.

"No. I'm fine. I'll be busy in November and then when the movie comes out. But then I want to take some time off. I want to be here, waiting for you with dinner ready. And when you're not here I'll follow my hobbies. I'll read, design stuff and watch movies and TV shows."

"No, you can't watch without me. It's our thing!" Blaine whined playfully and Kurt giggled.

"Okay, no watching without you. However... yes, I'm sure. I have enough money so we don't need to worry about that. But the things we went through... they really threw me off. I just want it to be us, and have some 'me time' when you're not here. I love acting, and I want to do it whenever I get the chance to, but I think take a break is the right thing to do now."

Blaine just nodded, trusting Kurt.

"And listen to me crying about my final exams."

"Ha! Says the genius."

They laughed, kissed and then changed into their pajamas before watching a movie on Blaine's laptop. As usual it was Kurt who fell asleep first and Blaine waited, watched him sleep for a while before he snuggled in close and fell asleep himself.

Happy.

"Wow! That's a lot of stuff!" Charlie exclaimed when he and Blaine entered his room where all the stuff he took back from his old home was. He had put it all into shelves or boxes, on his desk so it would be there for him to be seen and touched to bring back all the memories he didn't dare to recall for so long.

"I had no idea that you were such a nerd. Look at all the Star Wars stuff you have and the Lord of the Rings things. Blainers, who are you?"

Blaine laughed and sat down on the couch under the window, watching Charlie as he took in all the books and movies Blaine had and teased him a little.

"Lucky you Tania kept all these things and didn't sell them or anything."

"Believe me, I was surprised too. She even left stuff that belonged to my dad."

"Yeah?" Charlie asked and looked back to Blaine who stood up to get the beautiful wooden box. They sat down together on the couch - between them the box - and Blaine showed Charlie the pictures, letters, knick-knacks and the black box with the rings inside.

"Oh wow, your dad kept the rings. That's really moving and beautiful."

"It is. Dad didn't keep everything from mom. But he kept the things very dear to him."

They were silent for a while, just going through the stuff. Blaine told him little stories, explained what the pictures meant and not just to inform Charlie, but also to refresh the memories, so he would never forget them.

"I'm glad you got all these things back." Charlie smiled warmly.

"What about you though? Never thought about getting in touch with your family?"

"No. Really. They cared more about their drugs than me. And honestly, what we both went through was horrible, yes, but we're better now and I don't want to go back there. I found my closure when I closed the door, left, and never returned."

Blaine smiled at him and didn't push the topic. Charlie had told him everything and back then he sounded just as determined as he did now.

"So, what about these rings? Wanna keep them for your wedding?" Charlie asked with a knowing grin.

"You think I could do that? I'm not sure if my dad would have wanted that."

"I think your dad would have thrown his own party for you two to get super drunk and be the adorable idiot you can be."

Blaine laughed because that was the truth. His dad didn't drink much, but when he had some he was hilarious.

"What about the stalker? Elliott said you don't have to go to court."

"No, we don't. He confessed everything and he isn't allowed to get close to me or Kurt. I think Martin scared him."

"He can be quiet scary when he's in his element." Charlie said and they both laughed.

During May Blaine got lost in his studies, his therapy worked fine and Kurt started to decorate their home and got lost in reading fashion magazines and designing just for fun. Everything somehow became normal and it made Blaine uneasy. He wasn't used to normal. He wasn't used to walk around and not be worried about something.

His therapy worked. They met their friends on a regular basis. College was fine and Blaine even got a job offer - it came from Jack's nephew, Matt. They were so blown away by Blaine's performance and his talent that people called Matt and asked if they could work with Blaine. Which left Blaine shaking and crying and Kurt beaming because he was so proud and happy for Blaine.

Everything somehow fell into place.

Only their crack didn't heal and Blaine figured that this was maybe what made him so restless.

With his finals over and summer break starting, he was lying awake in the middle of the night while Kurt slept next to him, his arm thrown over Blaine's chest to keep him close. He wondered how it was possible for their crack to still exist when everything was perfect. He wondered what else they needed to do when they already tried everything. They were a normal couple, with little fights, kissing and cuddling, having sex, doing things together and spending time with their friends without the other.

Maybe doctor Stephens was right.

Maybe they did need to get married. But it still made no sense to Blaine. Yes, they both wanted to get married, no doubt about that. But not now, not next year. And what if the crack would hurt them again? What if they wouldn't last until they decided to get married?

Maybe that was it... his doubt that just wouldn't leave. A doubt he couldn't really name or point at, because there was no doubt when it came to Kurt.

Then a thought struck him and he slowly untangled himself from Kurt and hurried down the stairs to his room to get his parents' rings. He wasn't sure what he exactly wanted but maybe he'd find his answer after he tried that out.

Maybe something like fate existed after all?

Back in the bedroom he climbed on the bed, making sure to not wake Kurt and knelt beside him, holding the rings in one hand and reaching out for Kurt's left hand with the other. He took a closer look to the rings and Kurt's finger and then tried his father's ring out on Kurt's finger and it fit.

It fit perfectly.

And Blaine stopped breathing for a second when he tried his mother's ring on and it also fit on his finger. It was like the rings were made for them.

As if his father had left them for Blaine for this moment. Maybe this was what fate meant. His father and his mother never got the chance to be together and raise Blaine. But maybe it had been meant for Blaine all along?

It sounded crazy and Blaine didn't really understand what his thoughts were trying to tell him.

But everything felt right. And that was what mattered. Only that feeling that calmed him down, so he could lay down, hold Kurt in his arms and find the sleep he needed so desperately.

"Blaine."

It was Kurt's voice that woke him up the next day.

"Huh?" Blaine mumbled and rubbed his eyes to find Kurt above him, smiling down.

"Breakfast is ready. You need to get up."

"It's my summer break. I need sleep so I can grow." He groaned, rolling over so he was lying on his belly.

"You won't grow anymore." Kurt snorted and pressed his body against Blaine's, which made him just moan.

Not because he was horny or anything, it just felt good to feel Kurt against his body. "Come on, it's our day off and we wanted to go out and buy new clothes."

"No." Blaine groaned and tried to hide under the pillow but found himself – three hours later – in some shop, with several pants, shirts, and scarves on his lap while Kurt tried them all on. One after one, in any possible combination. And although Blaine wasn't really that kind of person, he enjoyed simply watching Kurt and giving him his opinion.

They bought clothes for Blaine too and handled all the people who wanted to take a picture with Kurt or asked for an autograph with much more ease than usual. It was truly a change that people asked for pictures and not just took them.

"Can we make pizza for dinner?" Blaine asked when they were loading everything into Kurt's car.

"Of course. Lazy evening while watching something?" Kurt suggested.

"Sounds perfect to me. What would you like to watch?" Blaine asked and closed the trunk.

"Hmm... I'm in the mood for some action movie. What about Die Hard? All parts?"

Blaine laughed and Kurt grinned when he said: "You'll fall asleep after the third part."

"Probably." Kurt smiled and pulled Blaine closer by his hand. "We can make our bed on the couch and sleep there. We spent many nights falling asleep while watching something. Remember that?"

"I do. Your couch is super comfy."

"Of course it is, I bought it." Kurt said and Blaine snorted.

They did the pizza and Blaine enjoyed that more than anything.

It was like two years ago, when he and Kurt just started to live together and he just learned how to cook, who Kurt was and what it meant to have a safe home again.

This time though it was slightly different.

Blaine knew how to make the pizza, knew where everything was and while preparing everything they chatted, laughed and teased each other.

When everything was set they opened the couch, took all the pillows they had and one big blanket to share. Blaine put the movie on while Kurt cut the pizza and then they settled down, content, enjoying their food and the movie.

Two years ago, sitting together would have been a big deal for them. Now it was normal, natural, and a ritual for them.

They ate in silence, laughed when something funny happened in the movie and when the third part started they were under the same blanket, sharing the pillows and Kurt – as Blaine foresaw – was trying to stay awake.

"Hey, no sleeping here. You said we'd watch all five parts."

"Sorry, I'm just so relaxed when we do this I can't help myself." Kurt explained.

"I could kiss you awake, like in Sleeping Beauty."

"Kissing sounds very tempting." Kurt grinned and Blaine's lips found his immediately. He held his face gently, moved his lips with Kurt's in their familiar dance, sometimes deep, sometimes sweetly, but he could never get enough of that. Beside cuddles and sex, kissing was one of his favorite things to do with Kurt.

Kissing could make him weak, horny, forget the world. And it could heal and say all the things Blaine needed to hear. There was no one else who could do that with a simple kiss. Only they could give each other exactly what the other needed.

And maybe that was the meaning of a soulmate.

Comforting each other, supporting each other, letting the other be themselves and just love them more for that. That they could calm the other down by a simple hug. That they accepted, trust, respect the other. But also being something together. An individual together. Maybe that was it. Not some connection, not some bond that they had to create.

Maybe it was the simple and yet so powerful, unconditional love they had for the other. A love for all the good sides, the flaws, the annoying parts. Because Blaine loved everything about Kurt and he knew, he felt, that Kurt loved him in the same exact way.

"I want to marry you, Kurt." Blaine whispered when they stopped kissing but their faces remained close, their lips barely touching. "I want to make a promise to you, for everyone to hear and I want you to know how much I love you and where I belong."

Kurt opened his eyes. They were blue, shining and making Blaine breathless as he fell in love with him even more.

"I want the same, honey. Just the same." Kurt whispered back and Blaine shifted slightly, holding himself up on his elbow so he could look down into Kurt's eyes.

"Do you? Will you marry me whenever we feel it's the right time to do it?"

Kurt blinked confused and Blaine couldn't blame him. He wasn't believing what he was doing but it felt just right. This was the moment he needed to propose because it didn't mean they would get married tomorrow. It just meant they would make the promise for one day.

"Are you okay?" Kurt asked as he sat up and touched Blaine's cheek. He simply nodded and smiled before he excused himself and went into his room just to come out with a black box in his hand. The box in which the rings of his parents were. But he made sure Kurt wouldn't see it right away. He only took the rings into his hands, climbed back on the couch and opened his hand to show them to Kurt.

"Blaine... a- are you... ?" Kurt stuttered.

"Proposing? I guess I'm doing that. I know it's not... super romantic or big. But it's us, you and me. And that is what makes us both happy. That's why it's the perfect time and... it just feels right." He admitted nervously and when he looked up he saw Kurt close to tears while his eyes still stared at the rings.

"And I... there is no one else for me. I love you for who you are, what you do for me and for yourself. Just everything. And I'm strong, I know that now but I need you, Kurt. From a complete selfish point I need you because you help me to be even stronger and face whatever life throws my way. And you help me heal whenever I feel like I might break. You make me happy and help me become a better person and that's why I want to make this promise you you whenever we're ready."

Blaine had no idea where all of this was coming from because he didn't prepare a speech or anything. He just poured his heart out and couldn't stop his fingers from trembling. But Kurt was there, like always, and took his hands into his, covering the rings together with Blaine's hand.

Then he smiled, tears vivid in his eyes.

"Then we're both selfish because I need and love you for the same reasons. We'll make one vow, the same."

Blaine looked up into Kurt's eyes and saw the raw and deep love Kurt felt for him. Finding this kind of love so soon was probably fate and Blaine was ready to accept and cherish it for the rest of his life.

"So?"

"So, I'd say yes." Kurt said with a hint of teasing in his voice.

Blaine laughed before taking his father's ring.

"Say it again."

"Yes, I want to marry you." Kurt whispered and when the ring found its way around his finger he literally squealed. Blaine just beamed and almost whimpered when Kurt took the other ring and put it on Blaine's finger before he pulled him close to kiss him with all the love he got for Blaine.

"I probably won't realize what just happened until tomorrow." He laughed against Blaine's lips.

"Fiances. That's what we are now." Blaine said.

And it felt so good to say it. Better than he expected. They lay back down, the movie still playing but long forgotten. What mattered was them, holding each other and being happy.

"When did you buy these rings? And it fits so perfectly." Kurt asked while looking at his ring.

"I didn't buy them. They are my parents' rings."

"What? Are you sure you want us to wear them?"

"I am sure. They fit perfectly, like you said, and I think... my dad left them for me."

Kurt didn't freak out or said something against it. He just hummed with a warm smile and kissed Blaine as if that was everything he needed to do to make Blaine understand what he was feeling and thinking. And it was enough.

"Then let's wear them proudly and make our families happy by being happy ourselves."

"Deal."

"And now I want fiance sex!" Kurt suddenly exclaimed and reached over Blaine to get the lube they still kept in the drawer under the table.

Blaine couldn't stop the giggles that escaped from his mouth but he was soon silent, his lips busy kissing Kurt and his hands undressing him.

Somehow, when they were both naked, Kurt behind him and slowly pushing inside his stretched hole, Blaine felt the change between them. A change that he couldn't really explain but it was pulling him closer and closer to the person he loved the most.

That was what he embraced, the love that Kurt gave him, the feeling of their rings on his skin – which was undoubtedly totally hot just as Kurt described it – and the promise they made to each other.

Everything made sense and Blaine had never felt more in peace with himself.

"So, can I call my dad and tell him we're engaged?" Kurt asked the next morning over breakfast.

"Of course. But make sure to tell him we're just engaged and not getting married right away."

"Of course. What about our friends?" Kurt asked and the excitement was all over his face.

"Kurt, just call them all and invite them over so we can celebrate."

Kurt jumped off his seat with a shriek and kissed Blaine all over his face. He stayed on the phone for over an hour and then they both started to prepare food for the evening – making sure to make out properly whenever they had some free time, which Blaine enjoyed shamelessly.

Being engaged was like a new door opened, and behind it, there was a place of pure bliss.

Charlie was the first one who arrived with the brightest smile both of them had ever seen. Right behind him was Sebastian who seemed, for a change, to be a little bit flustered.

"Blainers! You did it!" Charlie laughed and they hugged each other like the dorks they could be together. "And you said yes!" Charlie said to Kurt, hugging him just as fiercely. Sebastian tried to be the cocky guy he always was, but both noticed something was different - but didn't investigate any further. They got their answer when Charlie and Sebastian were sitting next to each other, holding hands, Charlie ridiculously proud and Sebastian blushing like a teenager.

"They are a couple." Blaine whispered to Kurt when they were fixing tea and coffee in the kitchen.

"I guessed. Sebastian acts all shy and it's kind of adorable."

It didn't take long for their other friends to arrive. Even Nina joined them and together they drank, ate, laughed and celebrated the engagement of Kurt and Blaine. They also teased Sebastian, talked about Mercedes baby - which would be part of their world soon - and some hours later, with tired feet, heavy and tired, both went to bed, slightly drunk and giggling until they fell asleep.

Blaine woke up to find Kurt looking at him, lips stretched into a warm smile and his fingers running random patterns over his naked chest. He blinked, smiled too and took Kurt's hand into his to bring it to his lips and kiss his fingers, before he rolled on his side to kiss Kurt properly.

"What time is it?"

"Almost ten."

"Hmm, luckily it's my summer break and you have no work."

Kurt nodded and Blaine snuggled closer, resting his head on Kurt's arm while he held his hand. One more hour of sleep wouldn't hurt and he needed the extra energy to clean their place and then they could be lazy again. Maybe start a new TV show which they had been talking about for the past days. Whatever they decided to do, Blaine just wanted to be alone with Kurt for today and feel him close. Feel his happiness running through... wait.

Blaine stiffened and opened his eyes. Something was different. Something he hadn't felt for a while.

"Can you feel it?" Kurt whispered into his ear and Blaine swallowed, feeling through the depths of his soul their connection. And there it was, everything Kurt felt, everything Blaine used to feel and had missed so terribly.

The crack was gone and instead there was light, warmth and Kurt, Kurt, Kurt.

"I do." Blaine sobbed as Kurt wrapped his arms around him and held him close.

There it was, all the love, all the beauty of it, all the warmth Blaine used to feel before the crack happened. It ran through their connection, right to the other and filled their empty soul with all the things it usually had held. He had no idea how empty his soul had been all the time. But now it was back, stronger, bigger. And this moment - how Kurt was holding him and how they let their connection open and free - was everything.

"Welcome back, soulmate." Kurt said, his voice raw with emotion and then he kissed Blaine's nose.

And as usual, Blaine giggled.

Epilogue

Chapter Notes

Here we are, the last chapter. I had a lot of plans for this fic and then I got in some trouble while writing and planning so it took me much longer than I expected. But the most important parts I wanted to have in this story fit in so I'm pretty happy. I hope some of you are too after reading the epilogue. And no, there won't be a third part. I'm working on my badboy!Blaine - College!AU fic which should be up in the next couple of days (I'm super busy right now and so is my beta).

Now, I'd like to thank my beta for her amazing work and help and for taking the time to do this. I'm really happy that we started as strangers and are friends now. Thank you!

All the people who listened to me and helped me with the plot, thank you!

And of course all you amazing readers for your patience, your reviews, your love, everything. It means so so much to me and I still can't believe that people do care about the stories I write and enjoy them. So, thank you for joining me on this journey and maybe we'll see each other in the next fic :)

Love,

Mon

Epilogue

Three years later

"We're going to be late – ah... for our own wedding."

"Less – oh – talking and more action." Kurt grinned down at Blaine, who was half naked on their bed, panting, while Kurt was bouncing on his cock. Blaine followed his words, moved his hips together with Kurt and reached out to take Kurt's cock into his hand, stroking him until they both came, their orgasms shooting through their body and making them see stars.

Kurt fell on top of him, trying to breath while Blaine kissed his cheek and held him close slowly coming down form their high.

"It's all your fault. You look too good in a suit that it turns me on and I can't help but jump on you." Kurt mumbled against Blaine's neck.

"Should I apologize?" Blaine chuckled.

"You better apologize to Elliott because he warned us that we'd be late for our wedding."

"He knows us. Okay, now shower and let's go. I really want to meet my future husband."

Kurt laughed and climbed off the bed, teasing Blaine. "I wonder who that is."

They showered together, dressed in casual clothes and then Kurt got picked up by his dad and Blaine by Charlie, both wanting to keep the tradition to not see each other before the wedding.

Three years ago, when Blaine thought about this day, he had been certain that he would be nervous and maybe even a bit scared. He had been ready for doubts, for second thoughts but somehow... nothing happened. When he thought about the past three years everything lead them to this moment.

To their wedding.

Blaine finishing college and writing music for movies. Kurt, winning an Oscar for his role in the movie he and Cooper were part of.

Kurt didn't stop acting, but he took less roles than he had planned when he decided to become an actor. Since he loved to design he was able to start his own little fashion label and earned his money through that, which gave him definitely more free time.

Not just their own success leaded to their marriage. It was everyone involved in their life. Cooper and Elena getting married before them and even having a son together. Even Charlie and Sebastian were still together. Elliott and Martin adopted a beautiful girl and Mercedes got pregnant again, a boy and a girl. Of course all the additions to their family made them both wonder when they would have kids and when they wanted to get married.

Now the day was here and Blaine was more than ready to finally say yes and become Kurt's husband. They agreed to get married somewhere outside, in spring, and they chose the Brooklyn Botanic Garden.

"You look really good. Not like you're about to freak out." Cooper pointed out when Blaine fixed his bow tie.

"There is no reason to. I've been ready to marry Kurt for longer than I thought."

"Oh yeah, we all know that. So... ready?"

Blaine beamed and together they left the room, the building and joined their family and friends outside. Blaine walked down the aisle, smiling at all the familiar faces and then his eyes were only focused on Kurt. His beautiful soulmate. Kurt smiled back at him and mouthed a thank you to Cooper, who handed Blaine over to Kurt. They breathed together when their eyes met, smiling, and then listened to Burt - who was going to pronounce them as husband and husband.

Instead of creating individual vows they agreed on one out together: the words Blaine had said when he proposed. The same exact words that never lost their meaning. And when Burt asked them if they wanted to marry the other and love their partner both answered with 'yes, I do'.

People started to clap, to cheer but all Blaine could focus on and wanted to focus on was Kurt's lips on his, Kurt's hands around his face and the feeling of pure bliss and happiness flowing through their connection. There was this change again. But Blaine realized then and there that it wasn't a change... it was their love growing bigger and stronger.

It had always been their love.

"I love you, my husband," Blaine whispered, his voice thick with emotions.

"I love you too, my husband. And I have to admit I like the sound of that. Husband."

Blaine couldn't do anything else but agree and when Kurt kissed his nose, he giggled and he

realized that some things would never changed.

Please [drop by the archive and comment](#) to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!