



**Klaine || AU || M**

*Kurt is desperate for a job. No one is willing to hire him. After weeks of being poor, he's convinced to join an agency that will help him find a job as a babysitter. But when college sophomore Kurt shows up at the Anderson residence, he learns that they're looking for a live-in nanny. The Andersons are loaded. How bad could it be? nerd!Kurt. Age difference!Klaine.*

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## Chapter One

Kurt desperately needed a job. At this point, anything but stripping and selling drugs would do. The NYU sophomore had been in New York City for over a year now, and he'd been coasting without a part-time job. His dad would send money when he was able to, and on top of that Kurt had a bit saved up from all the summers he'd slaved at the Lima Bean back in Ohio. But now things were changing. He was barely hanging on by a thread, and earning some money of his own would be necessary.

Unfortunately, his father made a little too much money for him to be eligible for financial aid, but not enough to actually be able to cover his tuition, rooming, *and* cost of textbooks—not to mention having to pay to feed himself. New York—as beautiful as it was, and as *at-home* as it felt—was expensive as shit. The scholarship that Kurt had received didn't help as much as he'd hoped.

Last month, there was a job fair that Kurt's friend Sebastian dragged him to. Friends were hard to come by for Kurt, and needing the money, he decided to attend as well. As great a guy that Sebastian was, attending a job fair with him probably wasn't the best idea Kurt had ever had. They were complete opposites; while Kurt was the nerdy, dweeby kid who barely spoke above a whisper and tended to keep his head sheltered between the pages of a book, Sebastian was the type to dominate a room. He had personality and could get along with just about anybody. No one walked all over Sebastian. Kurt left the fair feeling extremely small that day. Though he gave out his resume to tons of places, he knew that none of them would call. They wouldn't even remember who he was. Sebastian on the other hand did amazing. He spent his evenings and the weekends working at a recording company.

That was just the way things went in Kurt Hummel's life.

There were very few places hiring. All of the jobs Kurt thought he'd be successful at were taken. Barnes & Nobles wasn't hiring. Starbucks wasn't hiring. His stint as a customer service worker in Macy's didn't last long. It had only been a week before asshole customers were demeaning him, saying horrible things without even thinking twice. His supervisor wasn't helpful at all. He only got 15 hours a week. It wasn't worth the stress.

It was actually when Kurt had gone to a small Indie bookstore tucked somewhere in Midtown Manhattan that the teenager received some helpful advice. Though the manager of the family owned business wasn't in the position to hire anyone right now, she handed Kurt a small card and smiled sweetly as she spoke.

"This is the agency that I used when I was looking for a nanny. They are looking for babysitters as well. I don't know if you've ever worked with children, but I think you'd enjoy it Kurt."

Kurt was unsure. He'd babysat before but it was for an hour or two at a time, giving his neighbors back in Lima a chance to go out for date night. The experience wasn't the best because little George was an asshole, but he had to admit that it paid.

"It's one of the most sought out agencies in the city," she continued. "And even if this isn't what you want to do, at least give it a shot until something else opens up, you know?"

Kurt looked at the *Absolute Best Care* business card. It couldn't hurt to try. "Thank you," he said with a smile, nodding to the woman. Juggling his textbooks and the card she'd given him, Kurt slowly turned to exit the store. He decided that if the Science Museum he applied for didn't get back to him, then he'd give the agency a try.

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The Science Museum did get back to him, but only to say that they wanted to thank him for applying but another candidate was chosen. Kurt didn't know what he expected. He sucked at interviews. He was much too shy, much too *book nerdy* and not quite the outgoing personality many companies looked for.

The Absolute Best Care Agency seemed to like him, though. The woman who interviewed him was named Ms. Copper, and she admired how intelligent Kurt was. It went without saying that he had a good head on his shoulders. They discussed babysitting "etiquette" and what parents were looking for, and before Kurt knew what was going on, he was in orientation with a bunch of women ages 25-55. It wasn't exactly what he thought would become of NYC Kurt Hummel, but money was money.

A few days later, Ms. Copper called to let him know that he'd been placed. A family in uptown Manhattan needed a babysitter from Monday – Friday, and it was perfect because it wouldn't interfere with Kurt's NYU classes. He told her that he was interested. Like the manager of the bookstore said, you gotta start somewhere. This little gig couldn't hurt too badly, could it?

The interview was for Monday morning. Kurt fixed his glasses as he rushed down Fifth Avenue. The sun was hiding behind clouds as rain threatened to fall on the windy, April day. After checking his leather band watch, Kurt realized he had two minutes to be at the Anderson residence for his interview, and as he stood

on the corner of 100th Street and 5th Avenue waiting for the traffic light to change in his favor, the teenager acknowledged that he already failed at the *punctual* part of the interview.

This was just his luck.

By the time he reached 102nd street, rain started to pour. Kurt hadn't bought a new umbrella after the last one he owned was destroyed by the wind and abandoned on Broadway, so needless to say he did get a little soaked. As he entered the building, he got an odd, distasteful look from the doorman.

"Can I help you?" he asked. The doorman was a big, burly man who seemed to not want to be there.

Kurt groaned at how wet he was, lowering his jacket from over his hair where he'd been using it as a shield from the rain. He was late. It probably made no sense to go to the family's condo now. Kurt surveyed the lobby of the building. They were loaded. They wouldn't have the patience for someone who didn't show up on time for a job interview.

"Can I help you?" he repeated. This time, there was a hint of annoyance in the older man's voice. Kurt gave a small smile before replying.

"I'm sorry. I'm here to see Sarah Anderson. I have an interview."

The doorman watched him for a moment before picking up the telephone on his desk. He had a hushed conversation before hanging up and gesturing to the elevator. "The floor is 15. It'll be the only condominium on that floor."

Kurt nodded to him and walked over to the elevators. He did so slowly to observe the leather couches and marble floor of the lobby in the luxury building. Everything told him to leave—he didn't belong here. He just couldn't see a rich and more than likely *snobby* family hiring the likes of him.

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"She's late. I'm calling the agency."

Blaine hardly had a chance to enter the room before his wife had *begun*. He rarely got a 'good morning' from her nowadays. "Anything could've happened, Sarah. Give her a chance to get here."

"Daddy!" a head full of dark curls bounced as Blaine's daughter hopped up over the couch. Blaine smiled, allowing the little girl to jump into his arms.

"Well if this nanny doesn't know any better than to leave a little early in case something was to happen, then she clearly lacks common sense. I don't know if she'd be the right choice to care for our daughter, Blaine, or to even be trusted in our home."

Blaine didn't know if he should answer his wife or let her continue to talk over him. It wasn't like she was going to let him win anyway, even if she was wrong and lacking a bit of compassion at the moment. A couple minutes late wasn't the end of the world.

The phone rang and Sarah stalked over to answer it. As she held the receiver to her ear, she played at the expensive pearls around her neck. "Yes, we are expecting someone. Send them right up. Thank you, Pernell."

Madison played at her father's tie as per usual. The six year-old was without a doubt daddy's girl, and the way he rocked her in his arms and blew raspberries into her cheeks was a testament to that. After hearing her laughter, Blaine pulled back to look into the beautiful blue eyes.

"Are you ready to meet your new nanny?"

Madison shrugged at that, and her father could understand. The last one the agency sent was about 50 and not much fun.

Sarah hung up the phone and looked at her husband. "Aren't you going to be late for work?"

"I'll be fine," Blaine responded. He let Madison down and sat her on the sofa, and she picked up the book she'd been reading. "If it's fine with you, I'd like to hang around to see the person the agency sent. They'll be spending a lot of time here with Maddie, after all."

The doorbell rang and Sarah took a deep breath, fixing her Armani blouse. Blaine looked away from the woman as she pulled back her long blonde hair, shaking his head and going to answer the door. He was about to say hello and introduce himself when the person standing there wasn't the person he expected to be there at all. "Um... can I help you?"

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Kurt stepped off the elevator once it reached the 15th floor. He didn't have any money to tip the attendant who pressed the button for him, so he shyly smiled and walked off without a word. Pushing his wide rimmed glasses up the bridge of his nose, he looked around the beautiful halls and approached the front door of the Anderson residence, tapping the doorbell twice.

It was quiet inside, and he waited patiently for the door to be answered. The top of his Henley shirt was damp and the bottoms of his pants were as well, and he didn't know if he wanted to enter their condo with his wet shoes. This was shaping out to be a trying day. He should've stayed in his dorm room and faked the flu.

After a moment, a man dressed in what was without doubt a designer suit opened the door. He looked to be in his late 20s or early 30s when Kurt got a good look at him. But when Kurt got a good look at him, he damn near fainted.

He was handsome beyond words.

The man with the curly hair stared at him dubiously at first. Dark curls covered his head but were styled neatly into place with a bit of gel. His shirt fit him perfectly; just enough to make out the lines of his pectoral muscles beneath the soft green fabric, and Kurt really liked his black skinny tie. Before he could examine the man any further, he spoke.

"Um... can I help you?"

Kurt stood there with his lips parted. *Answer him, idiot!*

A blonde woman with blue eyes and a beautiful floral dress stepped up behind him. She was a bit shorter but her presence definitely dominated the room. "Can we help you?" she repeated.

"Uh, I..." Kurt shook his head to gather his thoughts. "I-I'm sorry. My name is Kurt. Kurt Hummel," he rushed out. "I'm with Absolute Best Care and I was sent here for an interview with the Andersons?"

The man looked him up and down and then a smile crossed his face. That was the last thing Kurt expected to happen. The woman however only rolled her eyes.

"They sent a boy? How old are you? 15? I thought the agency was more reliable than that—"

Kurt watched as the man he assumed was her husband shushed her. "Please come in... it was Kurt, right?"

Kurt nodded, otherwise silent. "I um, it's raining out there."

The man with the dark curly hair smiled at him, and Kurt felt weak. Staying at the dorm would've been a great decision. "I can see that. You can leave your shoes here if you'd like," the man told him, gesturing to the mat inside. "I'll take your jacket for you."

So Kurt did as he was told. He handed his jacket over to the man in the suit and smiled at the little girl he saw curiously watching him from the living room.

This place was enormous.

The living room itself was like four of the dorm rooms at NYU. The kitchen was massive, and covered in marble and stainless steel and sheer beauty. Kurt couldn't imagine the rest of the place.

"My name is Sarah Anderson and this is my husband, Blaine," the woman told him. Gorgeous wasn't good enough a word to describe her. Kurt forced a smile as he offered his hand. He'd need to take a class on how to be sociable because he'd never quite mastered that. Kurt didn't master a lot of things. After the intimidating Sarah shook his hand, doing what Kurt was sure was covering up her disdain, Kurt turned to Blaine and shook hands with him. He blushed at how Blaine looked at him and then faced the woman again.

"They didn't tell me they were sending a boy. I've never heard of a boy live-in nanny and I don't know how good an idea that is."

Kurt had his hands at his side as an eyebrow went up over the teen's glasses. "L-Live-in nanny? The agency said you needed a babysitter."

Sarah laughed. "A babysitter? I'm an editor of a fashion magazine, married to the partner in a law firm. We have a six year old. A babysitter won't cut it. Can't they get anything right?"

Kurt didn't know what to say to that. He closed his mouth though and nervously played at his suspenders. Live-in nanny? No way. Not with this lady.



"How about we take a seat?" the husband asked. He smiled at Kurt, placing a hand on the small of his back and urging him towards the living room. "I'll get you some coffee so you can warm up. Darling." He turned to his wife and gave her this smile that covered an expression Kurt couldn't quite decipher. "Would you like anything?"

Sarah shook her head no as she glared back at him. "I'm fine, honey. I just don't know if Keith would be the best choice for what we need and I'd hate to waste his time like the Absolute Best Care Agency has wasted mine."

Kurt took a deep breath. "I-If you're uninterested I can tell my boss and she can get someone better suited—"

"Please have a seat, Kurt. Sarah," Blaine said. "We can't have *Kurt* travel all the way here in the rain and then write him off before he gets a chance."

Kurt looked between the both of them before staring down at his feet.

"Get out of those shoes and I'll get you some coffee," Blaine told him. The man walked off; his expensive Salvatore Ferragamo's sounding against the gorgeous parquet floors as he went.

Sarah smiled at Kurt, though it was incredibly forced. The blue eyed teen bent down and untied his laces before pulling off the shoes. He cupped the bottom of his brown corduroys and stood up, forcing a smile back.

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Blaine peeked into the living room as he poured a cup of coffee for their guest. He listened to the conversation between his wife and Kurt, which seemed to be a bit one-sided. Most conversations that involved Sarah tended to be one-sided.

It was a bit of a shock that their agency sent a male to be their potential nanny but if they sent him, they must've thought he was right for the job. Blaine watched as the young man nodded at whatever his wife was saying, and watched as his daughter looked at Kurt curiously. He smiled, grabbing a few sugars and the cream and heading into the living room.

"That's why I explained to the agency that we were looking for someone who could work Monday through Fridays and live in our home. The weekends would be theirs. Blaine and I do have some late days at work, and even bring work to home. We need someone to get Madison ready for school and take her to her dance lessons and help with homework, light housekeeping when the maid isn't in. Things like that."

Blaine nodded to Kurt when he said thank you and accepted the coffee. He then picked up his daughter and sat on the sofa beside Sarah.

"Where do you go to school, Kurt?"

"I go to NYU," he said, playing at his glasses. He seemed nervous and like he wanted to be anywhere but here. "My major is journalism and I'm usually in class between 9:30 and 2 from Monday to Thursday."

Blaine nodded and looked down at his daughter who pulled at his tie. "Have you ever babysat before?"

Sarah looked at Kurt, curious as to his experience. He shook his head a little, fingering the rim of the cup.

"I've only done so around the neighborhood when I was in high school but the responsibilities you all need," Kurt said and then trailed off. "Your daughter is beautiful and I can tell she's a priority of yours. I don't want you to have to settle for someone like me."

Sarah watched her daughter blush at the 'beautiful' part. "Someone like you? Meaning?"

Kurt swallowed hard and sighed. "I'm 19 years old. The only full-time job I've ever had was at a coffee shop in Ohio. I don't have any siblings so the whole being responsible for someone's daughter throughout the whole week is definitely a foreign concept to me." He fiddled with the cup. "I'm not saying that I couldn't do it if you wanted me to. I'd do an amazing job. But I'm only looking for something because I need a job. You both are probably looking for someone who has been in the field forever and is passionate about it."

Sarah turned to her husband. Blaine lifted his eyebrows and smiled a little. He liked the kid, and he knew Madison did too.

"This is probably the most I've spoken since Thursday," Kurt said with a blush, looking down at his hands.

Blaine smiled at him. Kurt seemed like the bookish type, but there was nothing wrong with that. Bookish was a good type to be around his daughter. "You're from Ohio? I'm from Westerville."

That got the timid teenager to smile a little. "Lima. A couple hours away."

"Ah." Blaine nodded. He then looked at his wife. "I know he isn't exactly what we expected..."

"He isn't," Sarah said quickly. "No offense, Kurt. But I have a six year old daughter. I don't think I could trust a boy around her."

Kurt nodded his agreement. "I completely understand that."

"I trust him," Madison said. Blaine looked down at her and Kurt smiled a little. "And I like your suspenders."

"I like your shoes. I used to have shoes that lit up, too."

Madison smiled at him as she moved into her father's side.

Sarah resumed. "Someone your age... I don't want to seem like I'm being discriminatory but I can just imagine a teenage boy bringing girls back to my home and I can't have that. Not around Maddie."

Blaine watched Kurt swallow the coffee and shake his head, looking around condo for the umpteenth time. "I suppose that's true too. If I were in your position I would make the same assumption. But, I'm not interested in girls at all, Mrs. Anderson. If I were, I doubt a guy like me could get a girlfriend."

"So you're gay?" she asked.

"Darling," Blaine said.

"I am," Kurt told them. "Even if I wasn't, I wouldn't disrespect your home by bringing other people here while I was taking care of Madison. I know I'm young, but I'm not irresponsible."

Sarah stared at him. "So you have no interest in live-in?"

Kurt almost dropped the cup and silently cursed himself. He couldn't even hold a cup correctly. "If—Are you really interested in me working for you?"

Blaine was still stuck on the *gay* part. He looked Kurt over once more before he heard the tail end of what his wife was saying.

"...the agency. You're majoring in journalism. I work in the journalism field. I can get you at the very least a desk job at a magazine company *if* you work for us the next two weeks. You don't have to live-in, but Blaine and I do need help getting Maddie to school and back home and getting homework done too. You'll be free to go as soon as one of us gets in from work."

Kurt looked like he was thinking about it, and he seemed to be very unsure.

"Two weeks is the max. Maybe this shamble of an agency can find us someone to live-in before then."

Kurt looked at Blaine and the man smiled at him, though Blaine wasn't sure if his wife was serious. Maybe Kurt being gay made everything alright. She was extremely stereotypical about gay people. She thought they made fabulous friends and they were great at decorating. There was definitely a reason she was suddenly interested in hiring him now.

"I... I guess I can help out. I really do need this."

"Excellent," Sarah clapped her hands together and then looked at Madison. "You can start today. Our driver will drop you off at NYU after you get Maddie to school. I've also prepared this packet for you with her schedule, allergies, hobbies, bed time information, everything. You also have contact information for me and for Blaine."

As the woman went on and on, Kurt nodded, taking it all in. He looked through the book and then back at Sarah, and then eventually to Madison as he smiled and shook her hand. Blaine watched the three of them before acknowledging that he needed to get to work. He stood and kissed his daughter goodbye, followed by his wife, and then shook Kurt's hand.

"It was lovely meeting you. Thanks for helping us out with this, Kurt. I'll be home at 5 today." He handed him a copy of the keys and a couple hundred bucks. "Call if you need anything."

Kurt's eyes went wide and he nodded. "I will. I can give you both my cell number now."

Blaine nodded, pulling out his phone. The group exchanged numbers.

"Now," Sarah said, smiling at how Madison took Kurt's hand. "We're going to do a quick tour of the place. We'll start with Maddie's room."

Blaine smiled at them all before leaving. He nodded to Kurt as the teenager locked the door behind him and then went on his way. It shocked him that his wife seemed ok with such a young kid taking on the responsibilities of a nanny. The last one had they had was substantially older than both him and his wife, and she spent more time with Madison than they had. It was unfortunate. Blaine swore he'd change that.

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Kurt had one hell of a morning. For one thing, he spent an hour with Sarah Anderson. They talked about virtually everything under the sun. Kurt was nervous, but he believed he could do the job. She even showed him his bedroom if he were to decide to move in and take the job permanently. Kurt didn't know about that.

But then he got to hang out with Madison as the Anderson's driver took them to her school. Madison was brilliant. She was only six but he swore that she was smarter than him. After making him promise to read her *five* stories when she got home from school and watch Nickelodeon shows, the girl joined her class in line at school. Kurt smiled and instructed the driver on where he was going, thanking the elderly man when he let him out at the NYU campus half an hour later.

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"So do you like it?"

"It's too early to tell," Kurt whispered to Sebastian as they sat in class. "The family seems nice... well I thought the mom hated me but I don't know. She seems ok."

Sebastian scribbled in his notebook. "Well those condos on Fifth Ave are worth millions so I'm guessing they're fucking loaded. You better hold on to this gig. And if they want you to move in, I'm sure living in a Fifth Avenue condominium is better than living in an NYU dorm room with Jesse."

"Jesse is a great roommate. He can be a little loud, but he's cool. I like him."

Sebastian nodded. "Uh huh. That's the problem. You like watching him bang other guys when he thinks you're asleep."

Kurt checked his phone and read the text that caused it to vibrate.

**From Mr. Anderson:**

*Hey, Kurt. How'd everything go this morning? Did you find your way ok?*

"Who's that?"

"Mr. Anderson," Kurt told him. He typed out a response. "I should've asked the driver to pick me up after classes today but I didn't want to push my luck."

Sebastian scoffed. "You're a dumb ass."

Kurt cleaned his glasses, shrugging. "This is five hundred bucks a week. I don't want to screw it up."

His friend hummed acknowledgment.

**To Mr. Anderson:**

*Everything went great. Thank you.*

**From Mr. Anderson:**

*I'll bring home dinner so you don't have to worry about cooking tonight. What would you like?*

Kurt smiled at the message. Madison's dad seemed really cool.

**To Mr. Anderson:**

*Whatever Madison likes to have is fine with me. :)*

**From Mr. Anderson:**

*So you want a happy meal? Whatever floats your boat. :P*

Sebastian tried to sneak a peek at the phone when Kurt started to smile. "Are you banging the dad, Kurt? It's been one day. I respect you, bro."

Kurt rolled his eyes. "I'm not dignifying that with a response."

**To Mr. Anderson:**

*On second thought, I'll take a salad. From Chipotle if it isn't too inconvenient.*

**From Mr. Anderson:**

*That's more like it.*

"You're totally banging him."

Kurt gathered his things as the class ended. He didn't know what to with Sebastian sometimes.

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When Blaine arrived home that evening, he struggled through the door with dinner and his brief case. He hated to work from home because Sarah often made that difficult, as did Madison with her constant desire to play. Blaine really couldn't say no to his little girl. But it seemed that tonight, saying no wouldn't even be necessary.

Kurt was at the dining room table, laptop open and textbooks surrounding him. He fixed his glasses on his face and laughed at Madison; the curly haired girl singing along passionately to the Sponge Bob Square Pants theme song. Blaine smiled, closing the door behind him.

Kurt looked over to him and rushed to help out. Blaine nodded, allowing the kid to take the bags of food. "Thank you."

"Yeah," Kurt said, carrying everything to the table. He smiled when Maddie realized her dad was home and ran to attack, getting kissed dozens of times by the man.

"How's daddy's Princess doing?"

"Great! Kurt helped me with my homework and we read a bunch of stories. I helped him with his essay too."

Blaine smiled at her. "Did you, now?"

Kurt turned around after clearing his things from the table. "My professor would love her. She should apply for a TA position."

Blaine laughed, running his hands through the little girl's long hair. "Go get washed up for dinner."

"Ok!"

She ran off, and Kurt was about to go to follow her when Blaine called out to him. Kurt stopped and about-faced, watching as the man pulled off his coat. Mr. Anderson was way too handsome. Even taking off his coat was sexy. "Yes sir?"

"No *sir*," Blaine told him with a smile. "I'm Blaine. Ok?"

Kurt nodded, ducking his head a bit. "Blaine. Got it."

Blaine looked at him for a while, only looking away when the teen cleared his throat. "I was wondering if you considered the whole live-in thing. I know you weren't looking to be a nanny but I'd be willing to work with you, and I know Sarah will as well. You have a good head on your shoulder and I can tell my little girl is already getting attached. I don't think Maddie has ever warmed up to someone so quickly."

Kurt looked up at him and then smiled, glancing away. "I wasn't planning on it to be honest, but I don't know. You and your wife are really helpful and Madison is incredible. I think I'd be kind of stupid to reject a position as sweet as this."

Blaine nodded. "Yeah, you would."

Kurt laughed and Blaine saw him blush, smiling at the look of it. He raised an eyebrow when Kurt took his coat and gestured to the hook, going to hang it up for him.



"Thank you."

Kurt nodded. "No problem."

"So." Blaine folded his arms over his chest as he heard his daughter singing aloud. "You don't have a boyfriend?"

Kurt was taken aback by the question, but only shook his head no as he nervously fidgeted at his glasses. "I don't. I'm not exactly looking right now."

"Oh," Blaine said. He then smiled. "You can go wash your hands too. I'll get the food ready."

Kurt smiled too, but walked off without looking at his boss's face. He headed back to the bathroom and smiled at Madison as she came prancing out, sticking their tongues out at each other. Blaine smiled at them as he undid his tie.

After eating dinner, Kurt cleaned up a bit and went into the living room with his new friend so that they could watch TV together. Blaine focused on the case he was working on. He had to be in court early the next morning, so getting this done early would be great. Yet he couldn't stop watching Kurt; the teen smiling as Maddie ran her mouth, the both of them discussing their favorite shows. Blaine smiled and went back to his work. The agency made a pretty good choice.

## Chapter Two

Two weeks had passed since Kurt took the job as Nanny for the Anderson family. So far, things had gone smoothly for the teen at his new place of employment. Things were actually going a lot better than he expected. It was probably an insult to the Andersons that Kurt expected his tenure as their nanny to go horribly, mainly because of their differences in socioeconomic statuses, but he was grateful that at the end of the day he was yet to be belittled for having less and knowing less about their lifestyle. Some days, it almost felt as if Kurt Hummel belonged.

Some days.

The best thing about being employed by the Andersons had to be Madison. Madison was the sweetest little girl on earth; Kurt was certain. Of course, like any six year-old, she did have her moments where she got a little cranky— around bedtime, around wake-up-and-get-ready-for-school time, around your-parents-are-home-now-so-Kurt-has-to-leave-now time. It was expected. Some days she flat out refused dinner in hopes that her mom would bring her home some of the baby cupcakes she loved so much from the bakery in downtown Manhattan, and it took some work to compromise with the first grader. *At least eat half of your ravioli. Chef Boyardee worked hard on that.* Despite all of these things, Kurt adored how this little person could have such a huge personality. She loved asking questions and learning more about any and everything. She loved to keep busy, and there was never a dull moment. Kurt really liked how Madison didn't judge him like other people did, mainly his peers. He felt like he could be himself around her—four eyed with the large, burgundy frames and less than fashionable clothing, tons of *Doctor Who* episodes on his laptop, his obsession with Neil Gaiman's Twitter account—she didn't care. Madison was basically the coolest new friend he could ask for.

Kurt had to admit that he was rather surprised when the two weeks had ended and Sarah and Blaine didn't approach him about having found a new nanny from the agency. The teenager was certain that Sarah would've made good on her initial plan to get him a desk job with some magazine company and find herself a nanny that was more experienced—one that she'd maybe feel safer leaving Madison with. Surprisingly though, that didn't happen. Last Friday, Mr. Anderson got home while Kurt was making himself and Madison peanut butter and jelly sandwiches. Before he could even greet the man hello or ask how his current case was going, Blaine had handed him his paycheck and asked Kurt when he'd be moving in.

It wasn't like he didn't have an option. Kurt could've told the family no if he wanted to. They knew where he stood on the whole live-in thing initially. But, Kurt's outlook on the situation had changed. He enjoyed spending time with the little Anderson, and Blaine and Sarah were really nice bosses. Well, Sarah was pleasant for the most part. Sometimes. He could deal. The pay would go up if he were to move in, he would get free room and board, *and* he'd have weekends off. It wasn't a gig at the Science Museum but he wasn't going to complain.

He moved his belongings in on Sunday evening. It wasn't much—more books than anything— and his collection of plaid button up shirts and suspenders did add up over his first couple years in college. Besides that, he was a light mover. One of the Andersons' drivers picked him up from his dorm room and drove him uptown to the 1212 Fifth Avenue condominiums, and when he arrived, the Andersons welcomed him with a little ice cream party. It was the most at home Kurt had felt since leaving his father back in Ohio and starting afresh in the big city.

Blaine Anderson gave him a tour of the building and all of the amenities that were offered. Kurt tried his best to ignore how the man would touch him as he spoke. Mr. Anderson did a lot of talking, which was fine. Kurt didn't have much to say too often, but he was a good listener. It worked well for their 'relationship'. Mr. Anderson was a hands-on guy as well. When they reached the basement, Blaine stepped off of the elevator first; his hand on Kurt's back. He showed Kurt the gym and though Kurt doubted he'd be spending *any* time in there, he nodded and smiled when his boss looked at him and went on and on about how amazing the treadmills and elliptical bikes were, and how they have Yoga and Zumba instructors come in on certain nights of the week. Next, they went to the indoor pool on floor 3. Blaine told him that there was one on the roof as well that opened during the summer. Kurt nodded, fixing his glasses over his face as they walked close enough through the halls that Mr. Anderson's arm brushed against Kurt's.

Kurt most certainly wasn't crushing on his straight, married boss, Blaine Anderson who he just so happened to live with now if that's what you're thinking. Not one bit.

The fifth floor had a Starbucks and one of those Au Bon Pain restaurants that you'd find in airports or Amtrak stations. Residents were sat in the cafés eating or working on their laptops. Blaine explained that he wasn't much for Starbucks so he didn't frequent here too often, but there was a place on West 20th called Café Grumpy that he and Maddie would take him to one day. She loved their cookies and he loved the coffee. Kurt smiled at the idea and stuttered out that he'd love to, internally kicking himself for stuttering in the first place.

His first week living with the Andersons went decently. The first couple nights it had been hard falling asleep. His bedroom was large, he had a king sized bed with a duvet and a walk-in closet. It was incredibly empty because he barely had any clothes—Kurt was an outfit repeater for the most part—and this being his new sanctuary Mondays through Fridays took some getting used to. Eventually, he got the hang of it though.

It was very convenient being able to wake up and go down the hall to get Maddie ready for school. Traveling uptown to the Anderson residence every day did get old fast, and expensive. Now, he didn't have to worry about that.

Kurt was also thankful he couldn't hear anything from Blaine and Sarah's bedroom. He had this huge fear before moving in that he'd be able to hear the things they did at night, but it was pleasantly silent.

A week had taught him that he probably couldn't have gotten a better job. He was chauffeured to and from school for starters. Madison was a pleasure to work with. She was smart and needed very little guidance with her homework. She sometimes let him try out new recipes on her at dinner time. Not always, but their experimenting had been fun so far. She wasn't messy, so the light housekeeping he had to do wasn't terrible. The maid handled the laundry, including his. Life was pretty sweet.

His alarm clock went off at 7 o'clock on Friday morning and Kurt found himself groaning. This wasn't so sweet. If there had to be a downside to his new gig as Anderson Family Nanny, it was definitely this. Before he had a job, Kurt got two extra hours of sleep a morning on Mondays through Thursdays, and on Fridays he could sleep as late as he wanted to. There were no Friday classes on his schedule, but there were definitely Friday classes on Madison's schedule. Adios to sleeping late. Though to be fair, Kurt tried to remind himself that before he had a job, he was also as broke as a joke. He could sleep when he was dead.

Kurt put on his glasses and then a shirt before exiting his brand new bedroom. It was his fifth time waking up in the condo but he still hadn't quite gotten used to the glamour of it all. After sleeping on a twin sized bed in a dorm room that you shared with someone else, waking up in a king sized bed in a home that was easily worth 1.5 million dollars could throw you a bit. Kurt shook it off though and focused on what he was supposed to be doing. Yes, living in the Anderson home was amazing but getting caught up in a lifestyle Kurt knew nothing about could easily become detrimental.

Kurt knocked twice on Madison's bedroom door before entering the pink on *even more pink* decorated room. Naturally, it was a struggle to get her up, but Kurt succeeded when he promised bacon pancakes with scrambled eggs and strawberry syrup. He drove a hard bargain.

Rubbing at his eyes beneath his glasses, Kurt went straight into the kitchen and after yawning, began to prepare breakfast. As the water ran and the teen looked for an appropriate skillet, Sarah Anderson entered with her purse in hand and trench coat thrown over her arm. "Don't forget she has ballet lessons after school and to make sure she doesn't forget her reading response when it's homework time."

Kurt nodded. He learned very quickly that she wasn't the 'Good morning!' type of person.

"The maid should arrive while you're taking Maddie to school and you'll be back here before Blaine and me, so just make sure she does a decent job. I swear she's stealing. I should have cameras installed," Sarah mumbled the latter as she put on her Louboutins. "How'd you sleep?"

Kurt turned the stove on and looked at her. "Well," he answered.

"I'm going to be in the office in and out of meetings all day, so I'll be in late. I'll see you tonight."

Kurt pushed his glasses up his face and forced a smile. He couldn't explain it but he always felt a bit of anxiety when he was around Mrs. Anderson. It was odd how she could be so intimidating without even trying. "Have a great day."

The woman answered a phone call and exited the condo without another word. Kurt took a deep breath and closed his eyes. Sarah was like a whirlwind. A very powerful whirlwind.

He loosened up a bit. The morning news was turned on in the living room, *Good Morning America* playing on the 96 inch screen. He listened to the weather report as he prepared breakfast and opened the cap on the mouthwash for Maddie when she came out of the bathroom unable to open it. Blaine was a lot stronger than he realized. About 15 minutes later, he had breakfast prepared and could start to get himself ready.

Blaine Anderson walked in the kitchen dressed in business casual attire. He had a grey sweater thrown over a blue collared shirt and dark denim jeans. He smiled when he saw Kurt and then smiled harder when he saw the breakfast. "Well good morning, Mr. Hummel. Is that food?"

Kurt blushed at the sight of him. A lot of guys caused Kurt to blush from time to time, but none of them had children he watched over or wives that he worked for. *Get it together, Kurt.* "I'm actually working on a jigsaw puzzle here in the kitchen at the stove."

Blaine stopped what he was doing—halfway through putting on his watch—and stared at Kurt. The boy's cheeks were scarlet and he looked down at the dishes he washed as he tried to stumble his way out of it.

"I-I'm sorry, Mr. Anderson. I—Just, sorry—"

"Your sarcasm is refreshing." Blaine was beaming as he said it; the smile bright enough to light up the room. Kurt chanced a glance at him and sort of smiled back. He was honestly afraid that his boss would get upset at him for the quip. God only knows what Sarah would say if he pulled that with her. Blaine took a seat on the bar stool and watched Kurt. "I didn't know you had it in you, but I like it."

Kurt tried his hardest not to color any redder than he knew he already was. "So you're not mad?"

Blaine smiled and shook his head no. "I know that you work for my wife and me, Kurt, but that doesn't mean that I'm against you having a little fun. You can feel comfortable around us, I promise."

Kurt placed the dishes in the washer and then smiled at his boss. "I-I'll keep that in mind."

"Great," Blaine said, looking at his daughter's plate. "Do you think she'd mind if I ate that?"

Kurt laughed as he dried off his hands. "I'd mind if you ate it. I promised her bacon pancakes and eggs if she woke up and she woke up. I have to make good on my promise."

"Ah." Blaine grinned as he pocketed his cell phone. "Bribery. You'll make a great dad one day."

Kurt smiled, feeling his cheeks heat up once more.

"I can't remember the last time I had breakfast at home. I usually pick something up on my way to the office. I've been a fan of the really greasy stuff as of late. My wife threatened to take my bank card away if she saw '*Remedy Diner*' printed on our bank statements going forward."

"Well if you're in a rush I can put some egg and cheese on a bagel for you. I wouldn't want you to be on punishment, and that stuff's no good for you anyway."

Blaine watched Kurt until he looked up at him and smiled, nodding a bit. "That would be great. Maybe one day I'll work my way up to bacon pancake status."

The nanny rolled his eyes playfully, making his boss laugh. "Maybe so."

They were quiet while Kurt worked. Blaine glanced into the living room and listened to the entertainment news. Sometimes he'd sneak a peek at Kurt but not for too long because it was evident the teen didn't feel comfortable with him watching. Then he realized that he was watching and quickly looked away. After a while he got wrapped up in the television programming. He could hear his daughter singing to herself as she got ready for school and he smiled, turning back to Kurt who smiled as well. Maybe some light conversation would be nice. "So what does one Kurt Hummel do on his Friday off from NYU? Oh, thank you."

Kurt placed the cup of coffee down in front of Blaine and nodded as a 'you're welcome'. "He hangs out with his friend Sebastian and hopefully doesn't let Sebastian get him into any trouble."

Blaine swallowed a taste of the coffee and then added a couple spoonfuls of sugar. "Sebastian, huh? Is he cute?"

Kurt laughed a bit as he went back to scrambling eggs. "Um. People certainly think so but he's my friend. Sebastian also has a plethora of boyfriends and I'm not one of them, nor do I have any intention on being. Not that he'd want me to be."

Blaine watched as the seriously shy kid finally loosened up a bit and looked comfortable talking to him. It felt like an achievement of sorts. It'd been three weeks and up until this moment, Kurt usually laughed politely and went back to being quiet when Blaine had said anything to him. The man was almost jealous of his daughter for being able to have a decent conversation with Kurt. He liked this more forward side of Kurt and hoped to see more of him. "There's nothing wrong with being single."

Kurt toasted the bagel and looked up at Blaine; his blue eyes a bit brighter through the lenses of his wide-framed glasses. "That's easy for the happily married man to say."

Kurt found it weird when the small smile Blaine had slowly began to fade away. He didn't push the conversation any further, instead grabbing a bit of foil to hold his boss's egg and cheese sandwich in. Once he was done, he handed it over and forced a smile. "Here you go."

Blaine perked up and smiled back, accepting it. "This looks amazing, Kurt. Thank you."

"Certainly," Kurt replied, noticing Madison run out from the hall with her long, dark hair swinging. She jumped into her dad's arms and kissed him goodbye.

"Oh, thank you Princess! I love you."

Madison squeezed him tightly before hopping down and going to her breakfast. "I love you too Dad. Have a great day."

"You too sweetheart. Goodbye Kurt."

Kurt waved a bit as he watched Blaine walk over to his briefcase, already eating the bagel. "Have a good day."

"I'll try." He looked back and tipped his coffee cup. "Stay out of trouble with Sebastian."

Kurt smiled and nodded.

Madison squirted strawberry syrup over her food after her father closed the door behind himself. "So when am I going to meet this Sebastian kid?"

"Hopefully never," the teen said, brushing his hair back with his fingers. "I like you the way you are without being influenced in any way by Sebastian Smythe."

She smiled a little and grabbed her fork. "Did my mommy leave?"

"Yes." Kurt looked at her. "She didn't say goodbye to you this morning?"

"No," Madison told him, a bit more ok with that than Kurt thought she should be. "Sometimes she forgets."

Kurt frowned a little before catching himself and looking around the kitchen. He began to pack her lunchbox, trying not to think about what was just said.

"You should get dressed. I have like twenty minutes to be at school."



Kurt checked the time and his eyes went wide. "Oh shucks! I'll be right back."

Madison laughed at her silly nanny before focusing on her bacon pancakes.

...

"So are you excited to hear about this double date?"

Kurt stared down at the menu of the diner his friend brought him to. Sebastian had this big grin on his face that Kurt ignored, only studying the brunch specials.

Basically, Sebastian had been trying to get Kurt to double date with him since freshman year, only he'd been unsuccessful.

Until now.

Since Kurt lost a bet that Sebastian could convince a girl he was straight, he had to agree to go on a stupid double date. Kurt didn't get the point of it. As he told his friend time and time again, he was perfectly fine not dating. He knew he wouldn't be any good at it and to be frank he didn't want to try.

Sebastian never listened, though.

"Kurt?"

"No. I'm not excited. In fact, I'm dreading it with every fiber of my being."

Sebastian rolled his eyes and sat back as they awaited the waitress. "He's cute. He's British! With an accent."

Kurt looked up at him while taking a drink from his water.

"Kurt," the boy sang with a smile. "You won't be upset with me for long. Not when you meet him."

Kurt placed the cup down and looked around the quiet restaurant. Most people were in school or at work at this time. "You're so busy trying to convince me that I'll like him but who's convincing him that he'll like

me? Does he have his own personal Sebastian saying 'Oh, he's a bit of a geek and he rarely talks but he's ok company!'? Because if not, you should get him one."

Sebastian rolled his eyes. He had the most difficult guy in all of NYC for a best friend. He was just as difficult as he was stubborn. "Kurt. You're hot. You have that whole hipster nerdy thing going on that people really dig; you just don't want to work it to your advantage. This is *you*, Kurt. You're not trying to be that guy, you are that guy. These other dudes out here are posers."

Kurt ignored him.

"You don't believe me for whatever reason but a lot of guys ask me what's up with you. A lot of guys are interested, Kurt. You're just so comfortable being in your shell that you can't see it."

Kurt still didn't say anything. His friend sighed.

"I just want to help you get out there, Kurt. One date. You're missing a lot of enjoyable things out in the world. We're attending a university in the city of New York. You should relax and take advantage of it."

"I guess."

After the waitress took their orders, Kurt fiddled at his bowtie and tried his hardest to avoid Sebastian's eyes. If it wasn't for that dumb bet, he wouldn't be doing this.

"What would help you feel more confident, Kurt?"

This earned Sebastian a snort and then laughter. Kurt looked out the window the two were sat by and shook his head. "A whole new personality, to be honest. I've gotten used to the fact that I'm not a people person, and that's fine by me. I don't really want to be. I like things the way they are."

Sebastian nodded. "Ok. That's fair. And to be honest, I like you the way you are as well. But how about you do something for me?" The older teen laughed softly as his friend pulled his glasses off, and Kurt gave him an uncertain look as he cleaned them on his white polo shirt.

"That all depends on what you need done."

"Fair enough." Sebastian cleared his throat. "Let's go shopping—"

"I absolutely hate shopping—"

"I know," Sebastian said. "But this is a onetime thing only. I'll pay for everything."

Kurt took a deep breath. "I'm listening."

"I'll take you to one of my favorite places in the heart of SoHo. We'll get you some nice clothes that actually fit you. I won't change your overall style, just..." Sebastian made a face as he tipped his head to the side, observing Kurt's current outfit. The bowtie was cute. The suspenders were like his trademark. "I'll just introduce you to something new."

Kurt rubbed at the nape of his neck as he considered all of this. It made him feel uneasy. "I think that if you want me to change the way I dress for some guy then you want me to be someone else. If you're afraid I'll embarrass you then maybe I shouldn't attend this double date. Maybe you should take your guy out by yourself."

"Kurt," Sebastian began, shaking his head and rubbing at his temple. "I just asked you to step out of your comfort zone and try something new for *once* because I care for you. You've been wearing the same style of clothing since before you could dress yourself. Change is weird for you Kurt, I get that. But maybe if we can introduce you to something new you'll see that there's so much out there to offer. I don't want to change you. I'm just hoping to help."

Kurt watched his friend for a moment before looking away. He did believe Sebastian. He'd been one of the only friends he had since moving to New York, though there were a few he was close to back in Lima. Sebastian only wanted to help, and if Kurt wasn't comfortable at least it was only the one time.

"Kurt?" Sebastian was smiling now. "Please?"

"Fine."

His friend grinned again and placed both his hands on the table. "Really? I promise you won't hate me after this!"

Kurt smiled softly, looking down at his hands. "I hope you're good at keeping promises."

...

Kurt ended up taking a taxi back uptown after the little shopping spree with his friend. They'd gotten a ton of new clothing that Kurt wasn't particularly fond of, but they weren't terrible. He didn't normally wear denim jeans but Sebastian said his ass and legs looked incredible in them.

*"I didn't know you had such an amazing shape. British guy is going to eat you up."*

Kurt decided that when he picked Maddie up from school, they'd go get her mini cupcakes and then head back to the condo so that he could show her his new outfits. There was still a couple hours before her day was over though, so Kurt figured he could get back 'home' and start working on assignments and maybe prep for dinner before getting her from school.

The doorman Pernel was actually nice to Kurt now that he'd moved in. He offered to get Kurt help carrying his bags up to the 15th floor, but the boy told him he was fine, regardless of the fact he tripped over his own foot juggling all of the new clothes. A man exiting the elevator as Kurt entered smirked at his clumsiness.

"Careful, kid."

When he got to the Anderson front door and unlocked it, Kurt was surprised to see Sarah in the living room. She was reapplying her lipstick and stepping into her designer heels when she realized that Kurt had entered the apartment.

"Oh? Kurt...?" The woman looked around quickly and reached for her coat. "What are you doing here? Aren't you supposed to be in class?"

One of Kurt's bags slipped out of his hand and he struggled to hold onto the others as he nudged the front door closed behind him. "Oh... n-no this is my day off. I don't have class on F-Fridays."

Sarah looked down at the bags in Kurt's arms as the teen attempted to push his glasses up with his tricep. "I do remember you saying something like that. Hm. I'll make note of it."

Kurt placed everything down around the coatrack and took off his jacket. "Is everything ok? I know you had to work late."

"Oh, everything is great." Sarah smiled, though it wasn't hard to see how fake it was. "I came back for lunch. I'm on my way out right now."

Kurt nodded.

"If you can pick up Blaine's dry cleaning after you take Madison to her ballet class, that'd be great."

"Sure." Kurt watched the woman shrug into her coat and then sway sexily as she walked to the door. "No problem."

"If you head out for the weekend before I get home tonight, have a great weekend and I'll see you Monday."

"You too."

The door closed and Kurt let go of a breath he wasn't even aware was locked inside his chest. The teen stood there for a moment trying to get his head on straight, and once he calmed down, he carried the shopping bags of clothes into his bedroom and lay down for a while.

...

The day flew by after Kurt's run in with Sarah. There was dance class and homework (Kurt liked getting Maddie's homework out of the way and giving her parents the weekend to relax) and going to the dry cleaners and cooking dinner. Kurt didn't get a chance to model his clothes for Maddie because they were both beat from the busy day, and chilling in front of the TV to watch a Disney movie was much more appealing.

Blaine got in a bit after six and literally went on about how good the egg and cheese on a bagel was for four and a half minutes. After they had a quick chat about how the day went for Madison, Blaine allowed the teenager to go home for the weekend. He let Kurt know that he was going to do any work he had from home on Monday, so he'd see him then.

The weekend went by slowly. Kurt spent it in Barnes & Nobles spending the money he budgeted for new books there, and also in his dorm room reading those new books. On Sunday, he got text-yelled at by Blaine who found out he picked up his dry cleaning for him. Kurt didn't bother telling Blaine that Sarah instructed him to do so, he was sure that Blaine knew anyway. Besides, it was a cute conversation where Kurt tried to convince his boss that it wasn't a big deal, but the man promised he was capable of picking up dry cleaning on his own. As Kurt sat in Central Park, enjoying the lovely spring afternoon in May, he and Blaine texted back and forth about the book he was reading and the man gave him a couple

recommendations before having to go to dinner with his in-laws. Kurt thought Blaine was kind to chat with him outside of work. It was almost like they were friends, and it was nice to actually like your boss.

Well, not *in that way*, but Mr. Anderson was a cool guy.

The next morning when Kurt arrived back at the Anderson condo to get Maddie for school, Sarah already had the girl in her uniform and ready. Kurt greeted them both before the woman was leaving the apartment, on her way to Boston to attend a business meeting. Kurt was surprised that Blaine wasn't around since the man said he wasn't going into the office that day, but he was partner in the law firm. Anything could've happened and he could've been called into work.

Kurt checked himself in the mirror and made sure he had everything as Madison walked up behind him. "I'm ready!"

"You look super pretty, Maddie. Shall we?"

"We shall!" She took his hand and they headed out the door.

Although Madison was a super fun first grader to be around, her friends weren't. Maybe that was an unfair generalization of the boy to make but he didn't care. Not after one of them had gotten chocolate milk all over his khaki pants and blue New Balance sneakers. That was probably going to be the first and last time he stayed with her while the class ate breakfast.

Kurt checked the time as the driver dropped him back at the condo. He was definitely going to be late for class at this rate because there was no way he was going to school without showering the stickiness off of his legs.

Kurt picked out a new outfit and then grabbed his towel and body wash, rushing into the bathroom at the end of the hall. The condo was as quiet as it always was and he tried to shower quickly, wondering just how bad his professor's sarcastic comments when he showed up late would make him feel, as well as the judgmental eyes of the other people in his classroom.

The teen sighed softly as he forced himself out of the bathroom. The water pressure was fantastic and he definitely wanted to stay longer. As he headed back to his room—slippers on and towel wrapped around his waist, still wet from the hot shower—his heart just about stopped as he saw Blaine walking down the hallway. Blaine was dressed as if he was coming from the gym and the sweat covering his body and

drenching his curls alluded to the fact that he'd definitely been working out. He had his earphones in and was singing along to a song Kurt was unfamiliar with when they caught eyes.

Blaine felt himself freeze in his spot.

Kurt, their nanny, was standing at the end of the hall by his bedroom door. Blaine's eyes dropped from the boy's red face, down to his shirtless body. He looked at his wet torso and focused specifically on his abs before finding his eyes glued to the V line of his hips—a slim waist wrapped tightly in a towel.

Blaine closed his eyes when he realized he was staring. He swallowed hard, and shook his head. After picking up the music player that had dropped and wrapping his earphones around them, Blaine licked his dry lips and spoke.

"Kurt. H-Hey. Good morning."

Kurt hadn't moved at all. Blaine wasn't sure if he was even breathing. The man tried to smile as he thought about how weird it was that he stared at this guy for as long as he had, but he weirded himself out probably just as much as he weirded Kurt out. Smiling was kind of hard. Other things were getting hard too. Other things that didn't get hard when Blaine looked at males. He swallowed hard again and tried to speak clearer this time.

"I just got back from the gym... I didn't expect you to be here... I'm um, I'm sorry—"

*Fail.*

"Madison's friend got chocolate milk all over me," Kurt blurted out at once. His eyes moved up and down Blaine's body before he turned away, staring at his bedroom door. "Um... I'm... I had to come back and take a shower and now I may be late for school so I need to get ready."

"I'll get showered really quickly and then I'll take you."

Kurt looked back at Blaine and both of their cheeks were red at this point. Blaine smiled a little and then gestured to his room. "I'll drive you there. Cool?"

Kurt realized he was still in front of his boss—his incredibly gorgeous, muscular boss—and that he'd be entirely naked if this towel were to fall off right now. He nodded his head before disappearing into his bedroom without a word.

Blaine licked his lips and stared at the spot Kurt stood previously. He hadn't moved for quite some time, but eventually convinced himself to get rid of the images going through his head so that he could get in the shower.

It was a very, very cold shower.



## Chapter Three

The car ride was awkward, but that wasn't a surprise. Blaine expected it to be awkward, and there wasn't a doubt that Kurt anticipated the tension as well. They both had just experienced an intense stare down in the hallway of the condo. But it wasn't just any intense stare down—one of them was still wet from a shower and had only a burgundy towel wrapped around his waist, and the other had on the tightest sleeveless workout shirt while sweat covered his arms and made his hair damp and curly, and wore shorts that hugged his muscular thighs. It was the King of All Stare Downs.

Kurt couldn't remember the last time his mind took him to a place where he wanted to be pinned against the wall by someone, but it had been quite some time since that wet dream happened. He was pretty sure the guy in said dream was faceless and nameless—he was sure that his imagination was running wild with the idea of someone driving him crazy, and the thought alone made him blush.

But this time, he knew exactly who it was in his fantasies. Seeing his boss standing there and staring back sent Kurt to a place no other had sent him.

A floral delivery truck stopped short at a red light Blaine thought the driver definitely could have beaten. Blaine placed his foot on the brakes and said a couple curses for the driver ahead of him as he drummed his fingers against the steering wheel. A Justin Timberlake song was playing, something from his recent album, Kurt remembered. They hadn't spoken since they said goodbye to the doorman Pernel and the teenager wasn't sure if he was grateful for that or concerned by it. Blaine always had something to say; something interesting to fill the quiet void, even if it was what most people considered small talk. It probably wasn't cause for concern though. Hopefully. After all, the two of them did have one hell of a morning.

As he adjusted his glasses, Kurt felt his phone vibrate from inside his backpack. He reached for it while wondering what Sebastian wanted now, knowing the only other person who ever texted him was right by his side behind the steering wheel.

Even after the light turned green, the pair barely inched down 5th Avenue in Blaine's white BMW. Traffic had been pretty bad. Kurt was really late, and part of him had to acknowledge that his professor wouldn't even allow him into class. The text he read pretty much confirmed that.

**From Sebastian:**

*Where are you? Last we spoke you'd dropped off baby Anderson and was on your way. You're usually here before Professor Duffy and earlier he refused to let that Marissa chick in when she showed up 5 minutes late. There's no way he'd let you in even though the guy thinks you're the greatest thing since Einstein. I'm a little concerned so please text me back, Kurt.*

Kurt didn't know he sighed until Blaine had commented on it, and when he heard the man's voice, he jumped a little.

"Everything okay?"

"Hm? Oh," Kurt smiled shyly and nodded, looking back down at his phone. Blaine didn't press him after that, only focusing on the road once more and cursing when a taxi tried to cut him off. They went back to being quiet as Kurt replied to his friend.

#### **To Sebastian:**

*Srry, Bas. I had a very long morning. I'm trying to get to campus but the traffic is a bit alarming right now. It's one of those times where I maybe should've gotten on the train.*

Blaine stared out the window, humming along to the song. His main focus that morning had been trying his best not to think about seeing Kurt the way he found him earlier in their hallway, because every time he did think about it, he got very, very excited. The type of excited he hadn't gotten in a while. The type of excited he didn't think he'd ever get over a guy. Well... at least not since college. College didn't count, though. Everyone was a little curious in college and he probably had a few beers in his system at the time. Back to the topic at hand; there was so much wrong with this, and he couldn't come up with an excuse as to why it happened, so he just chose to force himself not to remember the way Kurt's skin looked so creamy and kissable, or the way he could easily run his tongue along the dips in his abdomen muscles and give the teen something he'd never felt befo—ok this was not working.

"Fuck."

As he stopped at another traffic light, Kurt turned to look at him. "Is everything okay?" he asked.

Did I say that out loud? Blaine wondered. "Oh! Um, nothing, sorry. I just, I was thinking that maybe I should go down 6th Avenue. It would make more sense, right?"

Kurt shrugged a bit and smiled. His cheeks were turning pink as he forced himself to look down at his cell phone.

The awkward wouldn't end for a while, Blaine was sure of that. The few times that he and Kurt made eye contact after what the attorney had branded 'The Incident,' Kurt would quickly blush and look away. Part of Blaine wondered if it was because Kurt found him attractive, but the rest of Blaine told him not to entertain that idea. What would he even do with that information? Of course besides try to keep his distance so that he didn't make the family's employee any more nervous or maybe even make him want to find a new job. Blaine didn't want to mess up a good thing. He wanted Kurt to stay around and in no way wanted him uncomfortable while under his roof, working for the Andersons.

He wanted Kurt to stay for Madison, of course. Madison needed someone she trusted and admired around, and someone that her family respected. His wife needed someone that could be trusted too, and they definitely found that in Kurt. Blaine... Blaine just needed to stop watching Kurt's long fingers as they tapped at the screen of his cell phone. He was the one to sigh this time as he shook his head, signaling right on 57th street and driving over to 6th Avenue.

**From Sebastian:**

*Well can you get your driver (I can't believe you have a driver, I'm so fucking jealous of you you asshole) to drop you off by a train station? I mean, not that it really matters because you're going to miss this class but at least you'll be around for your second one.*

Kurt looked out the window and saw a tourist family smiling as they posed for pictures. He looked up at the red light as he thought and then replied.

**To Sebastian:**

*I guess, but I'm with Mr. Anderson right now. I probably should let him off the hook because today is his day off and he rarely gets any of those, but I don't know if he'll even go along with me telling him that I can get there on my own. He said he'd drive me and he's pretty stubborn, but in a good way.*

"Sixth Avenue looks a lot better."

Kurt peeked up and nodded. "It does."

"I..." Blaine trailed off. He took a deep breath, hoping that he could phrase what he wanted to say in a way that would make things better between the two of them going forward, as opposed to upping the awkward. "I'm sorry about earlier. I didn't know you were there and I definitely didn't know you'd be—"

"How could you?" Kurt rushed the words out louder than he'd spoken all morning, succeeding in interrupting his boss before Blaine could say the word 'naked'. "It's not your fault at all. It's nobody's fault."

Blaine nodded. "I know but I just don't want things to be weird. I don't want you to feel uncomfortable."

**From Sebastian:**

*So you're with Mr. Anderson? Dude, don't bother coming to class. Take the day off. Didn't you say he was hot?*

Kurt felt his cheeks heating up as he put his phone back into his backpack. "It was a little weird I guess but I'm not uncomfortable. I'll just try... not to wander around in my towel." He smiled and Blaine laughed a bit as he drove a little more freely now, this road less populated. Kurt fidgeted with his glasses. "We can talk about something else if you'd like. Don't worry about earlier. I promise I'm fine."

Blaine turned the radio's volume down a bit. "I'm happy to hear it. And alright, that sounds like a plan. So tell me more about yourself."

Kurt ignored his vibrating phone as he thought about where to start. "There isn't much for me to tell. You're going to get bored easily like most people do when I'm asked this question."

Blaine smiled. "I bet you I won't, Kurt."

Kurt shrugged in response. He knew that his boss would probably pretend to be interested in attempts to spare the nerdy teen's feelings, but he didn't want to put him through the pain of sitting through *The Life and Times of Kurt Hummel* to begin with.

"Are you going to answer that?"

Kurt noticed his phone started to vibrate more incessantly this time. He sighed and dug for it. "It's only Sebastian."

Blaine didn't reply. Was this Sebastian kid more than a friend? Kurt could tell him if Sebastian was his boyfriend. "I don't mind if you take the call, you know."

Kurt looked at the curly haired man for a moment and then accepted the call. "Yes?"

"Why'd you stop replying? Are you two messing around?"

"Good morning to you too, Sebastian." Kurt stared out the window to hide his blushing face from Blaine. "How are you calling me from the lecture hall?"

"I stepped out of the lecture hall. Listen, I know he's married and all but he'd be great preparation for our double date on Friday. Skip the day and stay with him."

Kurt closed his eyes, rubbing at his temple. What part of 'Blaine Anderson is married to a woman' didn't Sebastian understand? "I'm not entirely sure I have the patience for this conversation, Bas. Can I call you back later? Or I'll just... we'll see each other soon."

"No we won't. As a matter of fact, if you come here, I'm going to be waiting outside the building for you, and I'll even introduce myself to Mr. Anderson—"

"Oh my god, Sebastian."

Blaine glanced over at the young man in the passenger side as he drove, wondering what the conversation was about. He started to hum along to the melody playing as they approached lower Manhattan, eventually singing when the song started.

"What would I do without your smart mouth? Drawing me in and you kicking me out. You've got my head spinning, no kidding, I can't pin you down."

Sebastian obviously heard the voice based on his response. "IS that HIM singing? Shit. He sounds beautiful. Can you imagine him singing around your cock?"

"I'm going to go. Talk to you later."

"I'll be waiting in front of the building."

Kurt hung up and threw his head back against the seat's rest, taking a slow, deep breath. Blaine smiled at him even though he was a tad bit concerned at the stress lines on Kurt's forehead.

"So I take it that this is what conversations with Sebastian reduce you to?"

"He's so annoying," Kurt added with a smile. Blaine smiled too.

"I want to meet him. I bet I'll get a lot more out of him about you than you're willing to spill, Kurt."

Kurt opened his eyes at that. That sounded absolutely terrible. No. Fucking. Way. "Um, Mr. Anderson?"

"Mr. Hummel?" Blaine teased, looking at him as they stopped for traffic. "What's up?"

"You're p-probably going to think I'm crazy after we spent so much time in the car trying to get to NYU, but, I don't know if I want to go to school today. I think a day off would be great."

Blaine lifted an eyebrow as he looked at Kurt suspiciously. "You don't exactly seem like the type to skip class. Excuse me for making judgments on your behalf, but..."

"I don't usually," Kurt said. "I know finals are coming up soon and all, but I'm going to ace them anyway. I'd just rather relax. I've made every other class all semester long and a day wouldn't hurt me. This morning was crazy... you know?"

Blaine glanced over at him before looking back at the road. "So where would you like to go? We can go to Barnes & Noble if you'd like. I'll show you that book I was talking about. You'd love it." Blaine pulled over in front of a diner and looked at Kurt. "We can go to the one by Union Square. It's my favorite. There are also some smaller bookstores in Brooklyn that I'm crazy about—"

"You don't have to feel obligated to take me anywhere, Blaine." Kurt fixed his bowtie out of his nervousness, needing something to do with his hands. "I um... it's your day off. I don't want to impose or make you take me anywhere—"

"You don't want to hang out with me? Am I too old?" Blaine was teasing but Kurt wasn't so sure. "Are you gonna go meet up with Sebastian or something? I can take the heart break."

Kurt rolled his eyes and looked at his boss. "I doubt I'd ditch you to go hang out with Sebastian. He'd probably just talk about this double date for the whole entire time and I am not looking forward to it. It's a blind date on my half."

Blaine looked at Kurt for a moment before replying. "A blind date? ... That sounds like fun."

"Ha. If you say so."

His boss licked his dry lips. "Well I met Sarah like that, believe it or not. A mutual friend invited each of us to this party on campus and promised we'd love each other. At first, we didn't get along at all but look at us now. A blind date got us Madison."

Kurt smiled at that. Maybe all blind dates weren't from hell, but that didn't change the fact that he wasn't looking forward to Friday. "I suppose that's true. What if I don't really care about the whole dating thing? At least not now. One day, no doubt about it. And I don't know; things were probably different for you two. You're both successful and you're both attractive people. That's a no brainer. "

Blaine was quiet at first, only shrugging in response. He thought about it and turned to Kurt. "About the dating thing...about what you said, that's fair. I don't think you'll have a lot of fun if you feel pressured to go. But at the same time, you won't know for sure until after your date, right? It could be the opposite of what you expected it to be."

Kurt shrugged. "That's what Bas says but I'm pretty sure. I don't know though. You both could be right."

They fell quiet again and Blaine continued when he'd formulated a cohered thought. "When I met Sarah, we weren't all that successful by the way. We were still in college—our junior years at that. I wasn't even sure of what I wanted to do... well that's not entirely true." Blaine ran his fingers along the leather steering wheel and Kurt watched the action, not wanting to look at the man's face. "I knew what I wanted to do but my mother and father would never be on board with it. I respected the fact that they were paying for my education. That's where law school came in. But, back to the story... we were young and she was a good girl with a good head on her shoulders. We began dating. It was cool. After a few months, we'd broken up, gotten back together, and broke up again. She thought I wasn't ready for commitment and I doubted that I was, too. Well not with Sarah because... we had our differences. I didn't know if I liked the person I was when I was with her, but eventually we worked through all of it and focused on each other."

Kurt smiled, albeit sadly. "People can change for the ones they love."

Blaine nodded. "I wouldn't say I did a whole 180 but I did grow up. I think I had to, though. We didn't plan on getting pregnant with Maddie in our senior year at Princeton but we did, and I did what I thought was best for the both of us and proposed."

The radio continued to play at a low volume. Kurt frowned at that. It sounded like the only reason Blaine and Sarah were together was because of their little girl, and while it was probably for the best, he didn't know if settling was what either Blaine or Sarah wanted. He'd probably do the same if he had a little girl or boy as well. Growing up with your parents separated must be hard and he'd hate to put his kid through that. The Andersons must have felt the same way. "So you two worked through it for Madison, but are you happy?"

Blaine turned to look at Kurt and was surprised when he locked eyes with the blue ones hiding behind the large framed glasses. It was odd having Kurt not turn away or blush, but this was a nice difference. Kurt's eyes were beautiful. What did he ask again?

Oh yeah.

"Well...", Blaine began. "I'm happy that I have Madison. I love my daughter and I do love my wife. Things aren't great between us. They probably aren't even good between us but what marriage is perfect? We're 29 and have been married for six years. You'd think I'd have an understanding of some things but it's still like I'm new at this."

Kurt nodded.

"We could do better in our communication and I know we're busy and all but, I would love it if there was more of an effort put forth. A majority of the time I feel like I'm in a relationship by myself, or that I'm pulling all of the weight. I feel like whenever we organize a date night, something comes up. Something work related. Except for last month, but the date was like... so forced that it was almost painful. I think that Madison notices these things too and it's the last thing I'd want."

Kurt gave him a sad smile. "She's too smart for her own good. I'm pretty sure she gets that from the both of you."



Blaine laughed and looked away, back down at the steering wheel. "The girl is brilliant. And I'm sorry for dumping all of this on you. I feel like I deterred you from blind dates instead of encouraging you to go on one."

Kurt smiled, looking down at his hands. "Don't worry about it. No relationship is perfect but I have faith you both will pull through."

Blaine stared out the window.

"I promised my friend I'd go anyway. He even bought me new outfits and everything. I have to admit though, I feel like changing anything about myself to impress someone is a cop out. Sebastian thinks it's just trying something new but..." Kurt shrugged. "Honestly, I feel like he wants to create a new Kurt just so that I'll have a boyfriend but everything will be based on a lie."

Blaine looked over at Kurt. "You're amazing the way you are."

He blushed, shrugging again. "I'm glad you think so. But I'm not exactly boyfriend material. There's a competitive market here in NYC."

"I suppose," Blaine said with a smile. "But my thing is, you can change your outfit and still stay true to yourself. Just be honest and be Kurt Hummel; same interests and dislikes and things that make you you. If you do that, I doubt this date of yours will give a damn about the clothes. Hell, maybe he'll even try getting you out of them—"

"Oh. My. God." Kurt covered his face with both hands and laughed; his boss chuckling at his reaction.

"I mean, once that happens, trust me he'll like what he sees."

Kurt laughed again, reaching forward to turn on the AC. "It's a bit hot."

"Your cheeks are so red," Blaine said with a laugh. "Ok. I'll stop teasing. But ultimately Kurt, it's up to you. So..." Blaine turned forward in his seat and bit on his bottom lip as he checked his phone. "Where should I take you? It's almost noon."

Kurt checked the time and sighed. "Yeah, no sense in going to classes. We can hang around until it's time to get Maddie, I guess. She and I made plans to do a fashion show and a runway type of thing in the living room tonight. She wants to see all of my new outfits and help me pick one for Friday."

Blaine internally cheered at the 'we' part of Kurt's sentence. "That sounds great. I'm going to be a judge as well. No work for me tonight. But first, she and I will take you to Café Grumpy!" Blaine cheered and began to pull the car out of their spot. "So, are we off to Barnes and Noble or back to home?"

Kurt smiled. Mr. Anderson was honestly adorable. "Books first, home second."

"Sounds like a plan," Blaine said with a smile.

Kurt looked at his phone, typing a text.

**To Sebastian:**

*I'll see you tomorrow.*

...

The day went by much too quickly in Kurt's opinion. He and Blaine spent a couple hours, if not a little more, in Barnes & Noble at Union Square. They read *Zero at the Bone* in its entirety in the corner of the enormous book store, sitting on the carpeted floor with their sides pressed together. It probably would've been easier to buy the book and take it back to the condo but there was something about lounging in the book store and taking turns reading that both men found... more appealing. For Kurt, it may've been that his boss didn't see him strolling through Barnes and Nobles partially nude, but that was neither nor there.

After they finished, Blaine made no effort to get up. They sat there and talked about how amazing the story was for a while before Kurt stood up and started browsing the aisle again. Blaine watched him pick out a couple books before he stood as well, taking them from Kurt's hands when they got to the register and paying despite the teen's many protests.

They got takeout on the way back to the condo and ate once they arrived, mostly in silence. Being back in the condo reminded them of that morning, and Kurt felt his cheeks turning pink every time he looked in the direction of the hallway. He felt that Blaine must've sensed it because of the man's smirk when they

caught eyes, but eventually Blaine would look back down at his food and pretend that he was clueless to the things going on in Kurt's head.

After disappearing into their separate rooms for a while, Kurt came out first and ended up in the living room. He watched something on Sci-Fi before that bored him, and then he turned on Netflix. When Blaine came out, he was dressed in a dark track suit with a t-shirt underneath. Kurt smiled at his boss as Blaine took a seat next to him and looked up at the screen.

"So how much time is there before Maddie is out from school? I would love to take a quick nap before then."

Blaine stretched out a bit; his green-socked feet up on the coffee table. "There's about an hour and a half. I'll pick her up today though, so you can nap away if you'd like."

Kurt considered it as he looked up at the movie playing. "I guess I will. She'll be so excited to see you, you know."

Blaine smiled. "You can relax. I want to spend some more time with her so I'll help with homework and getting her ready for bed tonight and all." Blaine turned to look at the nanny who had his head propped on one of the sofa pillows; body folded into the side of the beige couch. "You're going to need all of your energy for the fashion show tonight."

Kurt smiled, rubbing at his temple above his glasses. "I'm nervous about that. What if Madison thinks I look ridiculous in the new clothes? I already know I'm going to look stupid."

"You'll look great," Blaine told him. "I'm certain the guy will like you regardless of what you're wearing, Kurt. That is if he has any good sense. And if he doesn't have any good sense then you shouldn't waste your time on him. "

Kurt played with the ends of the pillow as he listened. "You know he's British? He could probably get a ton of cute guys on his accent alone. People are into that."

Blaine stared at the television as he took in that statement. "Are you into British guys?"

Kurt blushed, not believing they were about to partake in this conversation. "I don't know if I have a type, per se, but if I did it would definitely be an intelligent, independent thinker—maybe someone who is

passionate in what his interests are and doesn't care what other people have to say about him because of what he likes. It doesn't necessarily matter where he's from or how he speaks."

Blaine listened to him and nodded, turning to face the teen with a small smile. "It sounds like you have a type, but that's a great answer. That says a lot about you. What are you interested in or passionate about?"

Kurt bit his lip and stared up at the high ceiling as he thought. "I'm definitely passionate about writing and reading. I also draw but not as often as I'd like."

Blaine hummed. "What do you write?"

"Mostly short stories for fun, but I really want to go into journalism more than anything. I used to write for my high school paper. I basically wrote the high school paper," he said with a smile that looked to be a bit forced. "I was teased but I didn't care too much. That was one thing I actually loved being a part of, and in high school, there wasn't a lot that made me happy. I think that if I met someone who was the same way, I'd be attracted to that."

Blaine laid down now. His head was by Kurt's chest and his feet were propped on the arm of the couch. Kurt moved aside a bit so that they could both be comfortable, but he couldn't deny how tense he felt being this close to his boss. No matter how much he wanted to forget what happened that morning, he knew for sure that the embarrassment he felt would be etched into his memory forever, along with the image of his boss standing there looking as sexy as he did. Blaine spoke and distracted him from his thoughts.

"I admire you for that, honestly. I kind of did the opposite of what you did, and I let people tell me that my passions weren't worth a damn and that I should make a life for myself doing something that would keep me and my family well off... financially and socially."

Kurt looked down at him. Blaine was still looking at the ceiling, but he could tell the man had a lot on his mind by the look on his face alone. And wow, he was gorgeous. Focus. "What is that you were passionate about?" Kurt asked instead.

"Not were," Blaine said. "I still am passionate about it. Music is everything to me. But, my parents thought that I'd be wasting my time pursuing that and I listened."

Kurt was quiet.

"It's mainly because they were the ones paying for my schooling. But also because I really respect my mother and father and going against their wishes... I just wouldn't do it." Blaine realized after a while that Kurt really wasn't saying anything. Kurt rarely spoke but, he knew why he was quiet this time. It had less to be about him being shy and more about him being disappointed. "I guess that means you wouldn't be interested in me, huh?"

Kurt smiled, placing a hand on Blaine's shoulder without thinking twice about it. "I heard you singing in the car and you're incredible."

Blaine moved closer into the teen, his eyes still focused on the ceiling. "Thank you."

"And I can understand your situation. But the thing is, you're almost 30 right? What's stopping you from doing what you want to now?"

Blaine shrugged, sighing a bit. "I do have a family and that's my priority."

"You can't convince me that Madison wouldn't support you 110 percent."

"But my wife?" Blaine said with a laugh, rolling onto his stomach to look at Kurt. Kurt blushed at their closeness and fidgeted with glasses. "Maddie isn't my question."

"Well Sarah is your wife. Why wouldn't she want you to do something you enjoy?"

"Maybe she thinks it's a waste of time as well," Blaine said. "And now that I say that out loud, I really do hope that you find someone who is not only passionate about their interests, but loves that you're passionate about yours as well."

Kurt nodded. They looked away from one another; Blaine down at his nails before he started to bite on a few of them and Kurt at the rug. "You won't know unless you try."

Blaine nodded. "Yeah. Would you support me though?"

"Without a doubt. Well... if you're any good." He smiled and Blaine chuckled. "Then definitely."

Blaine moved his arm and each man adjusted themselves so that they were face to face. Kurt ignored the fact that he was this close to his boss because he and Blaine were just friends. He liked this. Blaine was

easy to talk to and Kurt never considered himself someone that liked to engage in conversation. Maybe it was because Blaine was an older guy, and because he was really smart. Maybe it was because he was incredibly hot. Kurt didn't care the reason why, he just liked having someone he felt comfortable around who didn't judge him for being a nerdy kid or attracted to boys only. As he thought about all of this, he realized that Blaine's hand was on his bicep; the man's thumb rubbing over his smooth, pale skin.

"Remind me to send a thank you card to Best Care Agency for placing you with us."

Kurt was silent at first. He looked at Blaine and as the man gazed back at him through those long, dark lashes, Kurt fought his hardest not to blush. He didn't want to scare his boss away and make him think that he had a crush on him. Who knew what making Blaine uncomfortable would do? He'd probably lose a good job over a silly crush and that was really, really stupid. "W-Why would you do that?"

Blaine looked down at his fingers on Kurt's arm and answered. "I mean, why wouldn't I? You're an awesome caregiver. My daughter adores you. And out of all of this, I got a pretty good friend, at least I think."

Kurt smiled after a moment. "I think so too."

"It's like, not only are you important to this family for everything you do—despite not entirely wanting to be hired in the position they sent you here for—you are important to me as well. It's been a while since I had someone I could just chat with like this." The look on Blaine's face was so sincere and Kurt was happy that he could be the one this friend of his opened up to. "It's not that I have no friends," he said with a laugh. "But you listen to me and I can be honest with you and you always have something clever to say in return. The agency could've sent us a seventy year old woman who barely understands English unless it's to ask for her paycheck. They've done that once."

Kurt couldn't help but laugh and shake his head. Instead of asking what he really wanted to ask about whether or not it was easy to talk to Sarah, he opted on something else. "That must've been fun. No wonder you guys warmed up to me so quickly."

Mr. Anderson looked at Kurt smiling and did the same. "I think we warmed up to you because you're amazing."

Kurt blushed and looked down at Blaine's hand on his arm. "And you're not just saying that because you saw me mostly naked this morning?"

Blaine burst out laughing and Kurt joined in after a moment, smiling at how comfortable the two of them were. He was definitely grateful that the whole 'look back at it and laugh' mentality had been applied here. "Well, maybe it has something to do with it..."

Kurt dragged a hand down his face as he laughed. "You're too much."

Blaine licked his lips. "I just think—" His phone started to ring and Blaine sat up as he reached for it. Kurt watched him, and for some reason now more than ever before, the man's silver wedding band stood out. It was on the hand that had been touching Kurt's bicep but he paid it no attention. After Blaine answered the phone, it was even more of a reminder of why his dumb crush was the worst thing ever...

"Hey honey."

Sarah Anderson was a person that was real and who was married to Blaine Anderson. The smart, handsome, straight Blaine Anderson. The Blaine Anderson who was on the phone with Sarah Anderson right now.

Kurt fixed his The Big Bang Theory t-shirt as he sat up on the couch, not wanting to listen to the conversation. No matter how much he said for himself not to see Blaine as anything other than what he was—his boss—Kurt found himself maybe a little bit attracted to Blaine and how he treated him as a person. It was really, really bad.

"Ok. Well, just let me know when you're boarding your flight. I'll have a driver at the airport for you." Blaine rubbed at his temple and then scratched his jaw, mumbling his next sentence. "Nothing much. Just hanging out."

Kurt stood up and stretched, and when Blaine looked up at him he gestured to his bedroom, trying to imply that he'd go take a nap in there. Blaine shook his head no as he listened to whatever his wife was saying on the phone, so Kurt stayed there; standing frozen in his spot. "Alright. Well if anything changes just give me a call. Yeah. Bye, Sarah."

He hung up the phone and Blaine took Kurt's hand, pulling him back down to the sofa. "Don't go."

Kurt smiled as he plopped down on the couch. "Is everything ok?"

"She just finished her meeting in Boston but her flight isn't for another few hours for whatever reason so. Yeah. But she's fine," Blaine told him, yawning a bit afterwards. "You're stuck with me and Maddie. Sorry."

"That sounds terrible. Well, the you part."

Blaine smirked and nudged the teen. "You don't mean that. You always fix your glasses when you're lying."

Kurt laughed as he moved his hands away from the glasses on his face. "That is not true at all. I'm an honest person—stop that," Kurt said with a laugh, trying to bat Blaine's hands away. "Mr. Anderson—"

"I want to see them." Blaine took Kurt's glasses and smiled as the teen covered his face with both hands. "How bad is your eyesight?"

Kurt kept his hands over his face for a while before lowering them. "Terrible. Those are heavily prescribed so you shouldn't put them on."

Of course, Blaine put them on. "Jesus."

"I told you," Kurt said, rubbing at his eyes before kicking his feet up on the coffee table. "Seriously, you're going to ruin up your eyes. Don't wear them."

Blaine took them off and blinked a few times before facing the teen. "Have you ever worn contact lenses?"

"I actually have contact lenses. I've just grown very fond of the glasses."

The man smiled. "They are part of you, for sure. But I can see your eyes a lot better without them on."

Kurt raised an eyebrow as he felt his cheeks tint pink. "A-Are you insinuating that looking into your nanny's eyes is something you do often?"

Blaine smirked at the teasing nature of the question. "I'm not insinuating anything at all. Just making an observation is all."

"Uh huh," Kurt said with a smile. "You're also distracting me from my nap."



"Well, my bad." Blaine stood up and stretched. "I'm going to go run and errand or two before getting Princess. You better get some rest."

Kurt looked up at him and nodded. "Promise I will. Bye, Mr. Anderson."

"Bye, Mr. Hummel."

After putting on shoes, getting his keys and wallet, and throwing on a light jacket, Blaine had exited the apartment while humming something unfamiliar. Kurt stared at the TV screen for a while after he was gone, trying his best not to think about how incredible the time they'd spent together that day made him feel. They still had the rest of the afternoon and evening to go since Mrs. Anderson would be getting back to New York late, but with Maddie being there, hopefully Kurt would have less time to wonder if Blaine was being flirty with him and less time to crush on his boss. If Blaine was being flirty purposely, that wasn't nice of him. Kurt took a deep breath and closed his eyes, forcing himself to think of anything else. Maybe when he woke up, he'd Facebook people in his classes, or email his professors to find out if there were any homework assignments.

...

Madison really was excited when her father showed up at dismissal to take her home that afternoon. It was a while since he'd gotten her from school. Blaine decided that they would walk home together instead of drive, and on the entire way there, they chatted about different things that happened during the day.

Blaine didn't tell Madison about his day. She'd be jealous that he got to spend time with Kurt for sure and would probably never be quiet about it. Instead, he allowed his beautiful little girl to go on about her school day and all that she learned.

Her only homework was math, so it wasn't too much of a task for them to tackle. After they stopped for ice cream and arrived back home, they settled in at the dining room table and got started. Kurt was fast asleep but in his bedroom, though that was fine because Blaine didn't want his very loud and eager daughter to wake him.

"Are you sure that  $5+8$  is 13? I got 743."

Madison laughed at her father. "I am positive 5 plus 8 is 13, papa."

Blaine sighed. "I don't know."

"What time is mommy's plane?"

"I'm not too sure. I asked her to call me when she was boarding." The man pulled out his cell phone and looked down at it. "Do you want to call her and say hey? Make sure she's doing super?"

Madison nodded after writing down the last answer on her worksheet. After her father dialed the number, she went over to him and jumped in his lap. It rang a couple times as Blaine went over the homework to make sure Madison did everything correctly. When he signed his name to say that he'd helped her with it, he heard his wife answer even though the phone was pressed against the curly haired girl's ear. "I told you that I'd call before I got on, Blaine. You calling me isn't going to rush the process."

"Mom?"

"Sweetie? Oh, hi baby. Sorry. Hi, how are you?"

Blaine shook his head as he listened to the conversation. Her attitude was so uncalled for.

"I'm good mommy. Papa let me call you because I know you will be home late. I just wanted to say hi and that I miss you."

"I miss you too, baby. Was school good today? Are you finished with your homework?"

Maddie nodded. "School was fun and I'm all done with homework. I'm waiting for Kurt to wake up so that we can hang out. Daddy surprised me at school this afternoon."

There wasn't a response.

"Hello? Mom?"

"Sweetie, put your father on the phone."

"Ok. Love you."

"Love you too, baby."

Madison handed the phone back to her father. "Mommy wants to speak to you."

Blaine kissed her cheek and said thank you before holding the phone to his ear. He watched her hop down and run towards the bedrooms, knowing that she'd probably go and bother Kurt now that her dad was distracted. "Hello."

"Kurt's asleep and you're doing the job we pay him good money for? I understand it's your day off but that doesn't mean he doesn't have to do anything, Blaine. It's after 4 in the afternoon. He's still on duty—"

"I'm not paying Kurt to be a father to my daughter, Sarah. If I want to give him time to relax while I spend time with my little girl who I barely get to spend time with, then that's my decision, not yours."

His wife chuckled. "He behaves totally differently when I'm there. Kurt knows that I expect him to be a nanny during the week. Just because we moved him in doesn't mean that he gets to freeload and do nothing."

Blaine shook his head. "I'm not having this ridiculous conversation with you. Goodbye."

"Blaine."

"Bye, Sarah." Blaine hung up the phone and stood up. He looked around the rooms and shook his head seriously not believing the conversation he just took part in. Was Blaine not supposed to spend any quality time raising their daughter just because they hired someone to help out? What the hell?

"He's awake!" Madison said, running out of the back of the home. Blaine smiled as Kurt slowly strolled in behind her, rubbing at his eyes. He was clearly startled out of his sleep.

"Yeah 'm up," the teen said, easing his glasses higher on the bridge of his nose. "What did I miss?"

Blaine looked at Madison, not at all fooled by her innocent smile. "Did you wake up Kurt?"

Madison ignored the question. "Let's go to Café Grumpy so that we can come back in time for the fashion show!"

Kurt smiled at her enthusiasm even though he didn't feel any of it. He looked at Blaine and saw the man smiling at him. "She really is a mini-you, you know that?"

"Yup," Blaine told him. "Now go get ready."

...

Kurt was shunned the entire way home because he didn't think Café Grumpy was all that good. It was okay. Kurt happened to be fonder of Starbucks, which Blaine happened to dislike. Kurt didn't think their pastries were all that great either. There was a good twenty minute period where neither Blaine nor Madison would talk to him, despite his trying to start conversations. He broke Blaine first by saying "I think I'll get in the shower when we get back," which made the man laugh and eventually whisper "screw you."

Madison had to talk to her Nanny eventually because the whole silent treatment thing was torture. And it wasn't only because she was a motor mouth, but it was because she always had something fun to talk about with Kurt. It was like he knew everything. She really liked it when her dad was hanging out with them too, because her father and Kurt together were so much fun.

When they got back to the condo and Kurt reluctantly dragged himself to his room to prepare for this 'fashion show', Blaine received a call from his wife. He sighed as he answered it, not wanting to argue.

"I just wanted to let you know that I'm boarding. This flight lands at LaGuardia so please have a driver there in an hour and a half."

Blaine ran a hand through his hair as Maddie brought snacks over to the coffee table, almost dropping a bowl of chips. "Will do. What gate?"

"Terminal C."

"Alright."

She hung up and Blaine didn't think much of it. They both had their moods from time to time.

But are you happy?

Blaine could hear Kurt's voice clear as day as he remembered the question the boy asked him earlier that day in the car. He walked over to the couch and sat down next to his little girl.

"Pumpkin head."

"Broccoli head," Madison replied, sticking her tongue out at her father.

Blaine smiled. "Give me a kiss, Princess."

Madison swallowed her popcorn and knelt on the couch, landing a wet one on her father's cheek. "I love you, elephant butt."

"I love you more, monkey face." Blaine kissed her in the hair and then reached over into the bowl for some snacks.

"Are you guys ready?" Kurt called out from deep in the hallway.

Madison turned around with a smile. "Yes! We were born ready, Kurt Hummel!"

"No peeking," Kurt said. He couldn't believe he was doing this. Why did these jeans need to be so tight, Sebastian? "And definitely no laughing."

Blaine rolled his eyes, but smiled after he finished chewing. "Hurry it up back there."

"Fine," Kurt mumbled. He walked out slowly, not even pretending to be a model on a runway like Blaine and Madison told him to do while they were enjoying their mediocre pastries and coffees at Café Grumpy. Modeling required confidence and Kurt didn't exactly feel confident in the things he had on. The outfit was for guys who could pull this off. Kurt didn't think that he could.

Of course, Madison was peeking as he walked from out of the back, smiling widely when she saw him. Kurt still saw the back of his boss's head, so that meant that he wasn't going to sneak a look. "Maddie..."

"You look great! Come on, walk!"

Kurt laughed and his cheeks went red, he just knew it. He walked the path to the living room and knowing he was already making a fool of himself, he decided to play with it. He stopped in the center of the room when Blaine's eyes found his body and put both hands in his pockets (as best he could) leaning to his right side and posing like a high fashion runway model. Madison clapped loudly and tried her hardest to whistle. She made a loud squealing noise instead, but Kurt got the point.

Blaine had yet to move though. Well, anything other than his eyes had yet to move. Kurt didn't notice just how long they stayed glued to his navy blue denim jeans—the jeans that were glued to Kurt's long legs and hips. He did notice how Blaine licked his lips when he glanced up at the low-cut V neck shirt and how much of his chest and neck were exposed because of it. Madison jumped on her dad's lap and asked what he thought about it, and that seemed to knock the man out of his trance. Kurt watched his darkened hazel eyes brighten up a bit as he smiled at his little girl.

"Well, um it's definitely different." Blaine looked away from Maddie and at Kurt. "I mean, it's a good different though. How do you feel about it?"

Better now that I just caught you ogling me. "I'm not sure. I think maybe if I wear this cardigan I bought with it. But, everything is a little tighter than I am accustomed to."

"Tight is fine," Madison told him, waving her hand. "It's in now. You look fab."

Blaine looked at her and shook his head before facing Kurt again. "Her mother is in the fashion industry."

Kurt laughed.

"I think," Blaine licked his lips and Kurt swore that the man's ears were turning a little red. "Maybe you should go try on another and let us compare."

Kurt smiled at him as he fixed his glasses. "Sounds like a plan."

He walked off slowly, knowing that he'd be watched. He didn't know how or why, but he just knew Blaine would glance over his shoulder.

A little harmless fun, right? It wasn't like anything would come of it.

Kurt tried on his next outfit and did the skinny tie around his neck. He checked himself in the mirror and approved. This ensemble was a bit closer to what the stylish guys on campus wore—the ones everyone thought were cool. The teen decided that after he coiffed his hair a bit, he'd switch to his contacts. That would be a total makeover and he didn't know how he'd feel if they approved too much but, this was supposed to be him doing things differently. What the hell, right?

Kurt heard music playing when he walked out of his bedroom and he laughed when the lyrics registered. Fancy by Iggy Azalea played. Maddie was distracted by a tickle fight with her father when Kurt entered the living room, swaying over to the spot he occupied previously. Even if he looked like an idiot, he was having fun with it, and at the end of the day, that was what mattered.

"Ahem," Kurt bowed when he had their attention and did a little twirl. Madison smiled when she looked up and hopped up on the couch, pushing her father aside.

"That's hot stuff! And wow, you're even more of a hunk without the spectacles!"

Kurt smiled and placed his hands in his pockets. That girl was going to be a huge flirt when she knew what she was capable of. She'd pretty much own all the boys.

Blaine had a small smirk on his lips as his eyes moved up and down Kurt's body. "Those jeans are tighter than the last pair. I didn't think that was possible. But I love the color red. You look incredible."

"Agreed," Madison said with a nod of finality. "Really, really incredible!"

"Thank you both."

Blaine smiled at him; their eyes locked on one another's as the man licked his lips. "And like I said earlier, being able to see your eyes is differently a good thing in my book. But, I am also a fan of the glasses."

Kurt nodded. "I'll c-consider that."

Blaine nodded back. "Are there any others?" His eyes had roamed back down to Kurt's thighs but only for a moment. He was then feigning indifference, glancing over at the TV.

Kurt nodded. "Just one more outfit but I think I'm going to go with this one. I am a fan of skinny ties, and this being a button-up shirt even though it's all white, it feels like home."

Blaine smiled at that. "Yeah, that one looks really good. But I think it may be a tie with the first one."

"We need to see the last one to be sure," Madison added, rubbing her chin. Kurt smiled at her.

"I can't tell you no, Maddie. I'll be right back then."

Blaine was looking at the TV again as Madison said ok, and Kurt jogged back to the room. He heard the 6 year old attempting to sing along with the rap lyrics and not do so well, but she was definitely doing better than her father.

Madison decided that she'd take a bathroom break a few minutes after Kurt had left. Blaine nodded and told her to hurry up as he took a drink of her apple juice. He nodded his head to the Usher song playing and stared at the TV, waiting for the final outfit.

Fucking gravy.

Kurt looked... shit. He looked incredibly fuckable in both of the outfits he came out in. Like, seriously. And Blaine was totally in a committed relationship with his beautiful wife but, like, shit. Kurt... he was a very attractive young man. There was nothing wrong with admitting that. It wasn't like Blaine didn't find guys handsome before. He just didn't automatically think 'let me take your virginity right here on my living room floor' when he saw a handsome guy. Like, seriously.

Kurt strolled into the living room and looked around for Maddie, adjusting the sleeves of the fitted floral shirt he wore. His abdomen muscles were clearly visible. It was great. Blaine smiled when he saw Kurt had hooked suspenders onto his pants and let them hang down by his sides. The pants he wore were white and tucked into shin-length Doc Marten boots. "She had to run to the bathroom... damn."

Kurt froze where he was in the center of the room and looked at his boss. He blushed, and then smiled. "Damn? Is everything ok, Mr. Anderson?"

Blaine licked his lips and looked away, nodding. Mr. Anderson. Kurt would be the death of him. "Everything is fantastic. Do you want to place bets that Sebastian will change his mind about this blind date if he ever sees you in those?"

Kurt walked closer to Blaine and watched the man's eyes focus on his bottom half. He slowly turned around and smiled at Blaine nodding his head. "So you like this one too?"

After a deep breath came his answer. "It's... yeah. I like, I like it. They're all great. Yeah."

Kurt licked his lips and blushed, looking away. He didn't think he could go through with... whatever this was. This could only end badly, this crush. And his boss's flirting was going to make things even worse.



"I'll consider it, then."

Blaine looked at the teen's face and saw it change. He cleared his throat and sat up straighter, hoping that the half hardness he felt right now wasn't visible. "Are you ok?"

Kurt still didn't give him any eye contact. "Sorry, yeah, I'm fine."

"I hope you don't think I think that your style is bad because I love it, it's you. But this... I guess you can wear anything well is what I'm saying. Yes."

Kurt nodded and glanced at him for only a moment. "Thank you but I'm not thinking that at all. I'm fine."

Blaine nodded at him.

"Wow," Madison clapped slowly as she walked over. "I think the suspenders are a nice touch, and those boots. Very nice, very nice."

Kurt smiled when he saw her and did another twirl. "So yes? Is there a clear winner?"

"I think the one with the tie." Madison thought, and then sat down next to her father and looked at him. "Maybe add the suspenders to that one?"

Blaine smiled at her and nodded. "Maybe."

Kurt smiled at the both of them. "Well, I have a good four days to worry about all of that. I'm going to get in my pajamas. Thanks for all your help."

"Glad we could help," Blaine told him. He took another look at Kurt and smiled as the teen hurried away. It was a few minutes of Madison going on about how perfect Kurt was going to look for his date while she ate her snacks before Blaine finally told her it was bath time.

Kurt didn't really come out of his room much after that.

...

At 10 o'clock that evening, Sarah walked into the condo. Blaine was at the table reading over some emails he neglected that day. He looked up at the blonde as she pulled off her coat and hung it up. To be honest, Blaine wasn't expecting her to say much being that they were having their little ridiculous argument, but she smiled when she saw him and walked over; her short black skirt tight around her thighs and more cleavage than necessary showing through her red top.

"Hello, handsome."

Blaine looked back to his laptop screen before facing his wife again. "Sarah. How were the meetings—" she sat in his lap and smiled at the shock on her husband's face.

"I'm sorry for being a shitty wife today. I was stressed out. Can I make it up to you?"

Blaine looked at her to see if she was being serious. Or maybe she wanted something. "If you really mean it, yeah."

"I mean it." She kissed his lips and stood up. "I'll go run the Jacuzzi. Meet me in 10?"

Blaine nodded as the woman walked away. He took a deep breath once he heard a door close and dragged a hand down his face.

But are you happy?

## Chapter Four

The week went by painstakingly slow, and while that should have been a *great* thing due to the fact that Kurt was in no rush to have his date that Friday, it wasn't all that great because he had one hell of an awkward week living with Blaine Anderson.

It was Thursday morning and Kurt tiredly walked into the bathroom, wiping the sleep from his eyes before reaching for his toothbrush. Only one more day of classes and then tomorrow was the big one—British Guy double date with Sebastian, who'd be bringing a guy he'd been seeing for a few weeks now. That made it very serious for Sebastian, but while Kurt had almost a week to mentally prepare himself for this, he still wasn't even a quarter of the way ready.

To be fair, a lot was on his plate right now. Besides the fact that finals were approaching before he was off for the summer, it'd been a hell of a week with the Andersons. Well, not all of them, but specifically Blaine. No matter how much Kurt wanted to do anything *but* think about how weird things were between him and Mr. Anderson, that was pretty much all he could do. Their relationship tended to go up and down between friends who hung out on the sofa talking about whatever would come to their minds, and then from there to weird acquaintances who only greeted each other hello or goodnight. Sometimes there was the occasional '*would you like another cup of coffee?*' but Kurt didn't count that because it was technically him doing his job. Things had just been so strained.

It wasn't only because Kurt had a mega crush on his boss, Mr. Anderson, or that the lawyer seemed to be showing interest back—whether or not it was serious or just his playful, teasing nature didn't matter. It wasn't only that things at the *pretend* fashion show got really weird because Blaine seriously looked like he wanted to help the nanny *out* of the clothing instead of into them. It wasn't only that whenever they happened to be alone, be it on the sofa watching TV or a movie or in the kitchen—Kurt starting dinner while Blaine looked through the fridge for an energy drink—somehow, some way the two would end up making contact. It was the type of contact that was completely unnecessary, like there would never be a need for Blaine to touch the small of Kurt's back as he ran a glass under the faucet, or for him to *allow* Kurt to not only fall asleep on him while they watched something together but to continue sleeping with not one attempt at waking him. Kurt shook his head as he brushed his teeth. Sure, it was his fault for falling asleep and ending up with his head in Blaine's lap, he'd take the blame for that part. But he wouldn't take the blame for Blaine not doing the right thing and nudging him awake. Sarah could've walked in, or Madison, and that wouldn't have looked good on either of their parts. Kurt didn't know why he was so

upset with Blaine but he knew he was seriously upset with him. He was mad at himself for being so affected by this as well, but mostly he was mad at Blaine.

It wasn't only all of that, though. It was the fact that some nights, Kurt could *hear them*. He could hear everything. Well, mostly Sarah. Sometimes it was like she wanted the building to know she was having sex—and their condominium was *huge* so him being able to hear was ridiculous. Kurt could only hope that Madison was as sound a sleeper as she was in the morning when the nanny went to wake her up for school. But that, that was what tipped Kurt over the edge. And no, it wasn't because he sort of liked his boss. No way. Kurt Hummel was smart. He knew there was no way he had a chance in hell, and he was *perfectly* fine with that. The less complication there was in his life, the absolute better his life was. What made Kurt upset was the fact that Blaine seemed to be going out of his way to...to... he couldn't explain it. What he could explain was he wanted nothing to do with being the butt of someone's joke; the gay kid that Blaine made feel the way he did for shits and giggles while he turned around and boned his wife at night. That's why Kurt made sure to keep his distance the past couple days... well except for the one slip up where he ended up sleeping on Blaine. But besides that time, Kurt stayed in his room. When Blaine texted him, he'd give short answers, and when the man asked if Kurt wanted to grab a bite to eat with him and Maddie since Sarah was late in the office last night, Kurt politely declined. Whenever Blaine was on the sofa watching a show, Kurt would go right to his room. Sometimes he'd even lock it. He could tell that the man knew he was being avoided, and he could tell that it bothered Blaine by the look on his face sometimes, but Kurt had to do what was best for his own self sometimes.

After washing his face, Kurt exited the bathroom, clicking the light off. He went to Madison's room, trekking in his navy blue slippers, and attempted to wake the girl up. He'd given her five extra minutes since Sarah and Madison happened to stay up a little later painting their toe nails and having 'Mother-Daughter' time. If Mother-Daughter time consisted of ten minutes of nail polish every few months, Kurt seriously felt bad for the little girl.

Surprisingly, Maddie didn't give him much of a struggle today. Kurt laid out her outfit and walked the girl to the bathroom, helping her with the toothpaste before he explained he'd go start breakfast. She smiled at that and Kurt laughed, heading to the front of the condo once more.

Apparently Mother-Daughter time also consisted of dirtying a ton of dishes and leaving them in the sink, because that's exactly what Kurt had to deal with when he stepped into the kitchen. He sighed and then looked into the living room, realizing someone left the ironing board out. But before he could internally complain about it, Blaine's voice could be heard coming out of a room in the hallway. Kurt quickly realized

he was having a conversation, and as the man surfaced, Kurt's eyes went wide beneath his glass; staring at what was a shirtless Blaine Anderson holding the small iPhone between his shoulder and ear and carrying a wrinkled blue button-down shirt over to the ironing board that was set up. He was already dressed from the waist down—grey pinstriped pants that were definitely designer and expensive (because Blaine only dressed in what you saw in store windows along 5th Avenue), dark Armani shoes that matched his leather belt, which fastened the pants tightly to his waist, hugging his hips. Blaine fixed the shirt on the ironing board and spoke loudly on the phone and Kurt had no doubt his boss had no idea he was there, despite the water running as he "washed" the dishes.

"We're expecting this to be a short trial. The defense doesn't have a chance in hell." Blaine moved the iron along his shirt; very much focused on the conversation. "I do have to deal with Judge Cranston though. I swear that guy always has a stick up his ass."

Kurt grabbed for a plate in the pile of dishes and ran the rag across it. He was actually moving on autopilot because his eyes had been glued to Blaine's body since the man got to the living room. *God*, he was gorgeous. He was tanned, had an amazing body, and that V-line...

*Shit.*

The plate Kurt was holding slipped from his hands as he went to put it in the dishwasher, causing a loud clatter as the glass split into several pieces. Kurt winced as he moved his feet out of the way just in time. This was exactly what he deserved for eye fucking his boss.

Blaine looked up, alarmed if not entirely frightened by the noise. He relaxed once he saw it was Kurt and not Madison trying to reach something and getting hurt in the process. "Jamison, I'll call you back. As a matter of fact, I'll see you in the office."

"It's fine," Kurt told him, bending down and assessing the damage as he gathered the larger pieces. Blaine put his phone down on the ironing board and rushed over into the kitchen, bending down beside him.

"Be careful," Blaine told him. "Here, just sweep it up. I don't want you to cut yourself."

Kurt flat out *refused* to look up because his shirtless boss was right there, inches away, helping him clean up the mess his horny nosiness had caused. "It's fine. You can go back to what you were doing. I got it."

Blaine was about to argue when he remembered that he wasn't wearing a shirt. Since Kurt had pretty much put him on time out since their whole fashion show thing, he knew it was best he got up. "Yeah. Just be careful."

Kurt nodded, fixing his glasses before getting up and going over to get the broom from where it stayed. Blaine watched him momentarily and when Kurt bent over to fix something that had fallen out of their supply closet, he had to force himself to look away from the boy's backside in those sweat pants he slept in. Instead of getting a nice view, he walked back over to what he was doing prior to the plate falling, putting on his tank top and then ironing the sleeves of his shirt. It was quiet as Kurt went back into the kitchen and started to sweep the glass plate from the tiled floor.

Sarah's heels sounded as she walked in, grabbing her purse from a table near the hall. "What was that I heard fall? Please say it wasn't the Italian vase your mother gave us as an anniversary—oh, Kurt." She smiled and Kurt couldn't tell whether or not it was genuine. If Sarah went into acting, she'd probably have the same number of Oscars as Meryl Streep at this point. "I didn't even know you were up yet. I must've thought it was earlier than it is. What did you break?"

*What did you break?* She made it sound like he was such a klutz. Ok, maybe he was. And maybe he was in a pissy mood because he broke a plate while staring down the one person he was mad at for doing the same to him. "A plate. I dropped it. I'm sorry."

Sarah smiled at him before looking at her husband. He'd just finished ironing his shirt and was putting it on, one sleeve in at the moment. As her eyes raked his body, she approached him. "Well if I wasn't in such a great mood, I'd take it from your paycheck. That's antique... hand-me-downs from my grandmother." She stopped to look at Kurt before smiling at Blaine, leaning up to kiss him.

Kurt looked away and back down at the dustpan he'd swept all the broken pieces into. "I'm sorry about this. It won't happen again."

"I hope it doesn't," she said when she pulled away, buttoning the top few buttons for Blaine who smiled at her. "You look handsome."

Blaine began to tuck the shirt into his pants. "I hope you aren't just saying that. Today is a very important day and I want to look my best when we win this case."

Sarah smiled and gave him another kiss. "You'll do great. I'll see you tonight."

"Have a good day," her husband told her.

Sarah started towards the door but then turned back to look at Kurt, her blonde hair swinging in the process. "Kurt, is today your day off?"

He turned to her from where he stood, returning the broom and dustpan to the closet. "Oh no. It's tomorrow. Friday."

"Ok." She looked around the condo, staying quiet at first. "So you'll be in classes all day?"

"Unfortunately," he tried to joke. It was just a lot harder to be casual with her than it was with... well, anyone. "I've got Finals prep in pretty much all my courses so it's an important day."

"Oh?" Sarah perked up, seeming much more chipper at the news. Kurt didn't know why. Who got excited at the thought of finals? Literally no one. But Sarah Anderson was a special breed, he told himself. "Well good luck with that!" she continued.

Kurt nodded, ignoring the way Blaine's eyes scanned him. He could feel the hazel eyes on him. It was like a super power he'd acquired since that Monday. "Thank you, Mrs. Anderson."

Sarah said goodbye to her husband once more before finally leaving the condo. At her exit, Kurt relaxed. Still feeling the man watching him, he shook it off and otherwise ignored it, returning to put the last few dishes in the washer and going to check on Madison.

She was dressed, now watching Sesame Street as she put on her Mary Jane shoes. Kurt poked his head inside the door and smiled.

"You always look so pretty. The boys must lose their minds over you."

"Ewww," Madison said, shaking her head. "Kurt, that's nasty. Boys have cooties."

Kurt feigned offense at the statement. "I don't have cooties!"

"Yes you do," she told him. "All boys do. I'm sorry. I don't make the rules."

Kurt laughed and opened the door more. "I'm sorry that I couldn't do a good breakfast. There were complications. But I can make you a bowl of Honey Nut Cheerios and put the banana slices in it if you'd like."

Madison clapped. "That would be awesome. But if we are running late, I don't mind eating at school."

Kurt shook his head no. "Don't forget the chocolate milk incident."

She laughed. "That was *hilarious*."

"I'm going to go—" he heard footsteps and turned to see Blaine walking into his and Sarah's bedroom, leaving the door open. The teen turned back to the little girl. "I'm sorry. I'm going to get that cereal and some orange juice ready. Come out when the show is over, ok?"

"Ok, Kurt." She nodded and turned back to watch TV.

Kurt turned back around to leave and Blaine was exiting the room now—a blue and grey striped tie around his neck, brief case in hand, and a dark jacket thrown over his arm. He smiled at Kurt and gestured into the room.

"Excuse me. Gotta say goodbye to the Princess."

Kurt stopped staring and nodded, walking into the kitchen. He heard laughter a few seconds later and assumed that they were having a tickle fight. It was adorable, the two of them, Blaine and his daughter Madison, and Kurt hoped that one day when the time was right, he'd have an amazing relationship with his kid as well. It reminded him that he needed to give his father a call since it had been about four days since he heard from the old man.

After he sliced up the bananas and added it to her cereal, Kurt poured a little orange juice and left it on Maddie's tray at the dining room table. He was about to walk into the back to get ready when he noticed that his boss was walking towards him.

"Well I'm off," Blaine said, smiling a little. "And since you didn't get the chance to cook, I can't steal off Maddie's plate. Remedy Diner, here I come!"

Kurt smiled at him. "You're so going to get in trouble."



"I'll hide the bank statements." Blaine gestured to the door. "Have a good day, Kurt. If I'm home early this afternoon, everything went well in court today. If not, that means the case was adjourned for whatever bullshit the defense comes up with this time and I probably pulled all my hair out. Get a fake ID from somewhere and buy lots of liquor."

The teen laughed and nodded his understanding. "I got it. Good luck."

"Thanks. See you tonight." Blaine smiled at him—it was that toothy smile that Kurt hated because it was hands down the most beautiful sight he'd ever seen, and luckily Blaine walked away before Kurt's knees could give out. As soon as the man exited the condo, Kurt closed his eyes and exhaled heavily. Madison ran past him to the dining table and he shook his head out of whatever trance he was in, running into his room to get ready.

It only took Kurt a few minutes to get himself together. He wasn't one of those pretty boys that spent over half an hour on their hair or in the mirror making sure every single thing was perfect. After checking to make sure he had everything, he gave himself another look in the mirror, fixed his bow tie a bit, grabbed his wallet, and then headed back into the living space.

The first thing he saw was Maddie rushing to clean up orange juice and he smiled, tossing his wallet onto the sofa and then his Jan Sport backpack and going to help the girl out.

"Better the table than my pants."

She laughed and he tossed everything into the sink to get to later before taking her hand and grabbing his bag.

"Are you ready for today?" Madison asked. She asked the same thing every morning. Kurt was never sure if he was actually ready for whatever his day would have in store, but he answered the same every time.

"I sure am."

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"So he was shirtless? And how close was he next to you? Did you look?"

Kurt rolled his eyes, but the coloring of his cheeks gave him away. "I wanted to but like I told you, I like this job. I don't want to get weird with my boss and lose it."

Sebastian scoffed as they walked. "But he wants to get weird with you. I'm pretty sure he likes you, man."

"He's married, Bas. To a very beautiful, powerful woman. Why the hell would Blaine Anderson want anything to do with me?"

"Because you're beautiful too and you're special in your own rights and Blaine sees that, Kurt. Married people can see. They don't say "I Do" and then lose their eyesight."

Kurt ignored him. He didn't want to talk about it. Sebastian realized by his silence that the conversation was over and didn't push it. Instead, he noticed a place to grab a bite to eat from and gestured with a head nod.

"Let's go in here."

Kurt looked up at the small deli. "Have you ever eaten from here? Didn't that guy you used to mess around with say he saw a mouse in here?"

Sebastian made a face as he opened the door for his friend. "I don't know which guy you're talking about but this place has an A rating," he said, looking at the large inspection grade A the city of New York gave the deli. "If they have an A, I'm guessing there aren't any rodents ruining people's day."

Kurt shrugged and walked inside, thumbing at the straps of his backpack. So far he was done with two classes and had two more to go, but there was an almost hour and fifteen minute break between his second and third classes every day. It was usually the time he spent with Sebastian and whoever else tagged along to get lunch or walk around NYC, killing time. "I'm not sure if I'm hungry to be honest with you."

Sebastian joined the line behind him and looked up at the menu. "Let me guess. Nervous bug about tomorrow night?"

Kurt looked back at him. "What's tomorrow night?"

"Our double date."

Kurt shook his head no. "I'm pretty sure it was around lunch. You do remember I work, right?"

"Well it is Friday night and I know you get those off. Besides, your British guy said he had to push it a bit later because of his own work schedule so instead of lunch, we'll find somewhere cool to go during the night time. We'll just chill. I'm going to work around your schedule for sure though, man."

Kurt sighed. "Thank you for that, I guess. But to answer your question, no, I'm not *not* hungry because I'm nervous about tomorrow. I just don't think I want anything. I did have that donut."

"The one the boy who spilled chocolate milk on you gave you?"

Kurt nodded. "He was super sorry about it."

Sebastian rolled his eyes. "You can't be full off of a donut. I'm certain that you have Professor Tilly in a couple hours so you better eat something. He's going to give you a fucking migraine."

Kurt smiled, playing at his glasses. "You're right."

"You can pay though, since you live on Fifth Avenue and work for a millionaire and his wife who I'm sure makes a 6 digit salary."

Kurt rubbed the nape of his neck as he reached for his wallet. "Alright. But don't break my bank— oh crap."

Sebastian looked away from the menu to Kurt who was going through his pockets. "What's wrong?"

"I'm like 100 percent sure I left my wallet on the sofa this morning."

Sebastian smirked. "Sure you did. If you want to be a cheapskate and not pay after Big Daddy Bas balled out and bought you all those clothes, then just say so—"

"Oh shut up," Kurt said, smiling. "Seriously. I don't have my wallet. I need to go back to condo."

"Cool. I'll just come with."

Kurt was already heading to the door as he shook his head no. "I promised Mrs. Anderson before she even hired me that I wouldn't have boys over."

Sebastian laughed as he watched his best friend pull out his cell phone. "Um, last I checked we weren't going over there to eat each other's dicks. You're getting your wallet and we're leaving for food, right?"

Kurt blushed at the crude words from his friend's mouth. "You are so disgusting. –Hello? Yes, hi Mr. George. This is Kurt. Yes, I need a lift back to the condo." He was quiet. "I'll be right in front of the building you dropped me off at. Thank you so much."

Sebastian slid his hands into his denim jeans pockets as he smiled. "I really hate you."

Kurt shrugged with a smile. "I guess it sucks to not be me. Ouch," he said with a laugh as Sebastian pushed him.

...

Sebastian was either easily impressed or had a hard time keeping quiet. Kurt thought it was mostly the latter as his best friend ran his mouth about how amazing the building was.

"Dude," he said as they went up in the elevator. "You live in a fucking palace."

Kurt smiled at him. "I wouldn't go *that* far, Bas."

They got off at the top floor and Kurt pulled out his key as they went to the door. As he unlocked it, Sebastian looked around the beautiful halls and shook his head.

"If I never had motivation to get rich before, this is it."

"Your parents are rolling in money."

"That's my parents, Kurt. And, they aren't rolling in 'Top Floor Condo on the Upper West Side' money. Ohio money isn't the same as this type of money."

Kurt opened the door and walked in, heading over to the living room. But, he stopped in his tracks, seeing clothes all over the carpeted floor. There was a '*what the...?*' from Sebastian as it registered to him, too. The bra lying by the kitchen and the men's underwear by the floor lamp pretty much sealed the deal.

Oh, and the loud as all hell moan did, too. Kurt *hated* that he could easily recognize Sarah's moan like he could recite the periodic table of elements. He. Hated. It.

"The Andersons are getting busy!"

Kurt grimaced. "Ew. We fucking walked in on it, though. I guess he did really good on his case, then."

Sebastian shook his head. "She sounds like she needs a fucking exorcist. Can we please get out of here? This is getting weird."

Kurt laughed and stepped over clothing, going to the couch. "The thought of straight sex is what weirds you out." He looked around and couldn't find his wallet. "Darn. Where is it?"

Sebastian looked around the condo and shook his head. "Dude. This is so sweet."

Kurt knelt onto the floor and found it under the sofa. "Yes!"

"Hurry up, Hummel," Sebastian said, starting to sing it melodically. "Hurry it up, Hummel. Wow. I sound pretty good. This place has nice acoustics, too."

Kurt had just reached it when his phone began to ring. Loudly. For some reason it sounded louder than it ever had, and it was probably because he didn't want to get caught being at the penthouse when the Andersons were getting it on. "Damn it."

"Dude!" Sebastian shout-whispered. "Turn it off."

Kurt reached and grabbed his wallet. Sarah's over dramatic shouting had stopped and the two friends looked at each other; eyes wide. Sebastian ran first, not even giving warning, and Kurt ran out the condo after him, closing the door as quietly as he could and then taking off.

They headed to the staircase instead of the elevator. Kurt's phone was still ringing and he answered it without checking who it was calling while the two of them flew down steps. "Hello?"

"H—Hello? Kurt?"

Kurt caught up to Sebastian who exited on the 9th floor. He stopped when he registered whose voice it was. "Blaine?" he looked at the caller ID and sure enough, it was Mr. Anderson's number.

What?

Sebastian's mouth dropped as he stared at his best friend, and when Kurt put the phone back up to his ear the man was speaking.

"...sound so out of breath," he said with a hearty laugh. "I didn't know you were taking track and field at NYU. I'll come to one of your meets."

Kurt didn't say anything. If Blaine was on the phone with him, and Sarah was in the penthouse moaning and screaming like she was on a conjugal visit, then who the *fuck* was she with?

"Kurt? Is this a bad time? I'm sorry... we're on a recess and I wanted to talk to you about something. About, man. I just wanted to apologize about everything, you know? Monday... well, is this an okay time for you to talk?"

Sebastian was going crazy, putting two and two together. He was jumping around and making air humping motions, and signing the letters A-F-F-A-I-R, making Kurt regret teaching him American Sign Language. "No, no, I can talk now." Kurt rubbed at his eyes beneath his glasses. This was such a shitty thing to know. Fuck. "Go ahead."

"Yeah," Blaine began. "Like I said, the defense asked for recess because I'm kicking their ass so," Kurt chuckled and even though it was forced, he could tell it made Blaine feel a bit at ease. "I was thinking about you, so I wanted to call. Well I was going to text but I wanted this to be said so that you could hear me. It's so hard to convey certain things through written word, you know?"

Kurt nodded, pulling his best friend towards the elevator. "I know. You've got my attention."

Sebastian pressed the button and looked at Kurt, waiting for him to get off the phone so that they could seriously talk about this.

"Well, I want to apologize because my behavior as of late is not fair to you at all. I don't know what's going on with ... this, but I know I'm super sorry because I never ever ever want to make you feel any discomfort because of my behavior and you deserve to feel the most comfort possible at work and I am really sorry."

Kurt stepped onto the elevator with his friend and nodded. "You know what, Mr. Anderson, I appreciate the apology. But don't be so hard on yourself—"

"We were becoming really close and I feel like I screwed that up."

"You didn't."

"What's he saying?"

Kurt put a finger to his lip and then held it up to say 'one second'. Sebastian rolled his eyes but nodded, waiting patiently. They hurried off the elevator and waved goodbye to Pernell as they got back into the town car.

"I mean," Blaine paused. "You may not want to tell me I did, but I know I did. And I said sorry but I'll say it again, because this sucks. I just want you to *want* to work for the Andersons and I think that for you, feeling comfortable will seal the deal."

Kurt closed his eyes. "You're right. I promise that we're good. Don't worry yourself to the point that you screw up your case."

Blaine laughed at that. "I won't. I'll see you tonight, then. We're good?"

Kurt looked out the window. "We're good."

There was quiet and Kurt knew Blaine more than likely had *that* smile on his face. "Good. Bye, Kurt."

Kurt took a deep breath. "Goodbye, Blaine."

They hung up the phone and Kurt shook his head, burying it in his hands. "Oh my god."

"Your boss is a grade A thot," Sebastian said. "Holy shit. She's fucking around." He then signed the letters T-H-OT with his right hand.

Kurt thanked the heavens that the driver had the partition rolled up, because Sebastian Smythe had like, zero filter. Even in American Sign Language.

"What are you going to do?"

Kurt shrugged, his head spinning. "I have no idea. I'll probably just keep my mouth closed because who would believe me? Sarah... you don't know her. But I am sure she can get herself out of anything. She seems like the type to have 9 lives."

Sebastian looked forward and then back to his best friend. "This is some crazy shit."

"I know," Kurt closed his eyes for a moment. "Now I'm most definitely am not going to be able to stomach any lunch."

"You can still pay for mine. So what did Mr. Anderson say?"

Kurt looked over at his best friend. "He was apologizing for I guess the shirtless thing this morning. Said he didn't want me to be uncomfortable."

It was only a partial lie. Sebastian didn't need to know everything. He already shipped them too much. The fact was, Mr. Anderson was apologizing for all of their run-ins, and there were a few, but that didn't matter.

"You know what, man?" the older teen said. He fixed Kurt's bow tie and smiled at him. "You need some great stress relief. Tomorrow night will be awesome. Don't worry. I might even get you laid."

Kurt rolled his eyes and pulled off his glasses to clean them. "Yeah, you're not helping me *de*-stress at all."

...

That afternoon, Kurt and Maddie each did their homework assignments, had snack, and then went right to the couch for nap time. Kurt wasn't sure what was so special about this sofa but good lord, it was amazing when it came time to nap. He didn't have to worry about making dinner since Blaine texted him saying Sarah promised to bring home something from this place in midtown the family loved, and just the thought of Sarah alone made Kurt feel like he was the one being deceitful. If he wasn't going to say anything, did that put him in the wrong as well? Or was his job to keep his mouth shut and act like he



didn't see or *hear* anything? If it was Blaine he found with another woman, would he feel as much loyalty to say something to Sarah?

Kurt didn't know. He got so tired of stressing himself out thinking about it that he and Maddie fell asleep in no time. It was only an hour or so for him, because once he heard the door close, he shot up.

Blaine walked in and hung up his jacket. He put his brief case down and undid his tie. It hung around his neck in a loose knot that Kurt of course found unbelievably sexy. He smiled hello and did a small wave, even though deep down inside he was wondering how much it would crush the man if he knew what was going on with his wife. That broad smile on his face would fall so hard.

"I'm in kinda early. I went out for drinks with a few of the guys. I'm sober, though." He smiled at Kurt and walked over to the couch, laughing at his daughter sprawled out. "How'd she do today? Any problems to report?"

Kurt sat up and smiled. "Well first off, congratulations on the win."

Blaine nodded with a smile of his own, their eyes meeting for the first time in what seemed like months to the older man. "Thank you, Mr. Hummel."

Kurt nodded too. "Her teacher says she put something in her folder for you or Mrs. Anderson to read and sign, but she had a great day. We just did homework and had celery and carrots with ranch before we fell asleep here."

Blaine looked at the two of them. "I think I'm going to take her to bed and unwind a bit myself. How was your day, though?"

Kurt refused to think about it. He had such a hard time focusing in his last two classes because all he could do was think about it. "My day was great. About that phone call of yours..."

Blaine walked around the sofa and picked up his daughter; the girl's arms instinctively moving around his neck. "About it? I meant everything I said," he spoke softly, not wanting to wake the beautiful little girl who he kissed in the hair.

"I know," Kurt told him. "And I want to apologize for my behavior too. I know that if I would've said something instead of just avoiding you, you would've listened. So I'm sorry."

Blaine nodded. "Don't worry about it. But, can you be honest with me?" He started to walk to the back and Kurt got up to follow, carrying her bag and things.

"I can be."

Blaine held his daughter in one arm and opened the door. "Is my behavior creeping you out? Because this is just who I am. I'm not purposely going out of my way to make you squirm. If it is best, and you really wanted to keep your distance," he laid her down and tossed a light blanket over her. "Then I would understand."

Kurt thought about how to answer that as he put her things in the corner. "I guess... I-I'm more concerned with you thinking that I, the gay kid, will want you in ways that would definitely get me fired. And I don't want that."

Blaine nodded, his eyes moving up and down Kurt's body. "Do you want me in those ways?"

Kurt turned to leave Madison's room because this was a conversation she did *not* need to wake up on. He stepped out and Blaine was close behind, closing her door shut. They looked at one another for a moment before the teen finally spoke.

"Honestly, Mr. Anderson, I do think you're a very handsome man and your wife is very gorgeous. This family is so beautiful." He stopped for a moment. "And—"

"It's alright if you have thought about me like that, Kurt," Blaine told him. For some reason, Kurt couldn't look away from his eyes. They were like golden magnets, and Blaine had no intentions of letting go. "I don't mind. I'm not one of those guys who will act like you're the spawn of Satan. I hate those guys. Besides, you're extremely attractive and with the two of us just being honest with one another, I thought about you like that. It doesn't mean anything, right?"

Kurt was quiet.

"Does it?"

Kurt shook his head. "No. Well I don't think so."

Blaine looked away. "Even if it does, it isn't like we're going to act on it."

Kurt leant against the wall and smiled. "Because you're straight?"

Blaine looked at him again. "Because I'm with someone."

"So are you not straight?"

Blaine smiled now, looking down at Kurt's shoes. "Who cares about a label right now?"

Kurt hummed, looking across the hall to his room. He bit his lip as Blaine stood there watching him. "Have you ever been with a guy?"

Blaine moved closer and leant back against the wall as well. "In college during Spin The Bottle, I made out with this guy and we got a little handsy. There was probably another guy I kissed that night. But I've never been in anything serious."

Kurt listened to him and Blaine was quiet afterwards, having no more to say. Kurt was quiet as well. Eventually, he fidgeted with his glasses and Blaine undid his tie the rest of the way.

"Are you going to finish your nap?"

Kurt shook his head no. "Doubt it. What do you want to do? We could watch something on TV to celebrate. I was going to start a new book that Sebastian gave me tonight but it can wait."

Blaine laughed, moving into his side. "You party so hard."

"Shut up."

Blaine thought for a moment. "We can listen to music and just mellow out. Maybe we can do TV later on. I don't know."

Kurt nodded. "Well you can get into something comfortable. I'm going to put my phone on the charger and you can meet me in the living room."

Blaine nodded, walking to his bedroom door. "Cool."

...

They were halfway through Sam Smith's album and the conversation was heavy. It was almost as if nothing changed, and to be honest, Kurt really missed this. Blaine was wearing his glasses again, but his eyes were closed. He just wanted to have them on. Kurt smiled, shaking his head at the man as he thought only about how much the two of them were enjoying one another's presence.

The teen folded his legs over the coffee table and grabbed a book, leaning back and starting to read it. Blaine handed him his glasses back and as Kurt went to take them, Blaine snatched the book away, tossing it onto the other chair.

"What're you doing? Why would you do that?"

Blaine smiled at him, watching Kurt put the glasses back on. "We're not really celebrating. We're just sitting here."

Kurt rubbed at his shoulder and yawned. "It's not like we can get too crazy with Princess here. And I'd hate for your wife to walk in while we're dancing on the furniture or something."

Blaine stood up and stretched. "I say we wake Princess up and hang in her room watching movies until Sarah shows up with the food."

Kurt shook his head at that. "Don't wake her up. She gets violent."

"But she'll mess up her sleep for tonight."

"But tomorrow is Friday so she'll have to entire weekend to rectify that."

"Let me be right at something."

Kurt smiled, shaking his head no. "Never."

Blaine sat down next to him. "Fine. Then we'll go in your room and watch something. Your date with Great Britain is tomorrow. How about we read up on prep?"

Kurt raised an eyebrow.

"Do you know about lube and stretching and all that—"

"Oh my god—"

"I can help you study, ow ow ow ow okay," Blaine said with a laugh, trying to get the boy to stop pinching him. "Shit that hurts."

"Stop being a little shit," Kurt said with a laugh, not expecting it when Blaine started to tickle him. So this is why Madison sounded like a hyena whenever her father would tickle attack her. "Blaine! Alright!"

Blaine smirked, climbing on top of him. "Say *Mercy*."

Kurt nodded, laughing still. "Mercy! Mercy! I said it."

Blaine stopped at once, smiling at Kurt and how the teen had to breathe heavily to catch breaths. "Don't mess with the—"

***Pow !***

Then, silence.

"...Really, Kurt?" Blaine smirked as boy laughed, having just hit his boss in the face with a sofa pillow. "Is that how it is?"

Kurt tried to slide from beneath Blaine but the man was strong. Not that it was a surprise. He did work out and his body was... *thank you lord*. Kurt tried pushing Blaine off his lap but the man grabbed both the sofa pillows and started whacking him with them.

Kurt was now a giggling mess as he slid away. His glasses fell off as the pillow hit him again, and he grabbed one, holding on tight as the resistance made them both tumble onto the floor.

Blaine laughed as his butt hit the coffee table, but then he was rolling back on top of Kurt. Kurt knocked Blaine's pillow away and tried tickling him back but Blaine rolled his eyes at that. "I'm not even *a little* ticklish, Hummel."

Of course he wasn't, because that would make this a fair fight. Kurt thrust up, trying to push Blaine off of him, but the action did nothing but put him in an even worse spot. His boss laughed, pinning his hands

down and rolling a little bit forward. They were pressed against the bottom of the couch and Kurt winced when he heard a *crack*.

"No. No way. Please say those weren't my glasses..."

Blaine cursed inwardly. "I'll get you new ones. My older brother is an ophthalmologist."

Kurt looked at him, still pinned by Blaine. He hooked his legs and rolled on top of the man, sending Blaine's hands above his head and pinning them there. When Blaine's eyes went up in shock, Kurt looked over at his broken glasses and sighed, looking back at Blaine. "Are you for real or are you just joshing me?"

"Who says 'joshing' anymore?"

Kurt rolled his eyes. "I do. Now can you really get me new glasses? Before the date tomorrow?"

Blaine rolled his eyes at the thought of the 'date', but he eventually smiled at the teen's worried look, nodding. "Tell me your prescription and I'll text Cooper right now. We'll go pick them up in the morning."

Kurt stared at him and the man laughed.

"I'm being honest! Why do you think I'm a liar?"

"A doctor and a lawyer? Your parents must be proud."

Blaine shrugged. "You could say that. They're both doctors so they definitely wanted the best from both of us."

"It's only you two?"

"Yup."

Kurt nodded. "That's amazing."

Blaine rolled them back over and there was another crack. They both laughed and Kurt shook his head. Eventually, Blaine pulled him back over the carpet so that Kurt was flat on the floor, away from the

glasses. Not that it mattered now. He lay his head on the teen's chest and settled in between his legs, listening to the music play.

Kurt wondered if what they were doing right now was as bad as what Sarah had done. No, he and his boss weren't in any type of relationship. They were just hanging out. Yeah. That's all this was. Tussling around and being boys. But if she were to walk in, it wouldn't look good. That was something to think about.

Blaine lifted his head and looked at Kurt with a smile. He went to slide up so that they were face to face but when he did so, the teen's lips parted and he inhaled sharply, eyes going a little wide. Blaine stared at him and Kurt quickly closed his mouth, swallowing hard.

"You ok?"

Kurt nodded quickly, forcing a smile. "Yeah. I ... you rubbed against me ... when you ... never mind," he finished lamely.

Blaine smiled. "Wait. What?"

"Nothing."

Blaine started to laugh. "I'm sorry. Shit... I didn't mean to—"

"No." Kurt was so embarrassed his cheeks were burning. "I promise it's ok. It was an accident."

Blaine licked his lips and looked at him. "If I did it again on purpose though, would you start avoiding me again?"

"Why would you want to do it again?"

"I want to do a lot of things to you that I don't have the answer for."

Kurt closed his eyes for a while before slowly opening them. He saw Blaine staring into his and the man's hazels were a little darker.

If Sarah got to play, then why couldn't Blaine? Right? So Kurt bit his lip as he thrust up, nice and slow. His boss seemed very turned on by this decision.

Maybe two wrongs didn't make a right, or in this case three, but right now he didn't care. "Blaine..."

The man watched Kurt's face carefully as he slowly grinded his hips down between Kurt's legs. This time he could feel every inch of it as Kurt took in a deep breath, slowly letting it out through his nose. Blaine had a voice in his head that was telling him to stop, telling him that this was wrong, that he was married, and that he knew better. Hell, his daughter was asleep in her room right now. That this wasn't right at all.

But he slid over so that his own cock was touching Kurt's. The teen's eyes opened again, and Blaine focused between them and the boy's pink parted lips as he slid up and down, the thin fabric of their pants not doing much to mask how amazing it felt.

"Is this your first time doing something like this?" Blaine whispered above his lips.

Kurt nodded, eyes falling closed as he thrust up. Blaine snapped his hips down and took his hands which were clutching into the carpet into his own; their fingers lacing together.

"It feels good, right?" Blaine asked, his own eyes closing as his toes curled. Kurt didn't answer, too busy trying not to shake as hard as his legs were, the two of them sliding against one another on the living room floor.

When Blaine began to kiss Kurt's neck, he heard the softest little moans that turned him on to no end. On top of those moans, he heard the sounds of keys jingling at the door.



## **Chapter Five**

"I'm about to get off the elevator now. I'll handle it, I promise."

"If you don't handle it Sarah, I will."

The elevator doors opened on the top floor and Sarah stepped off, her heels clicking against the floor of the hallway. In her left hand, she carried the dinner she bought for the family. With her right, she opened the flap of her Versace purse, digging around for her keys. "Like I said, you have nothing to worry about. If I can, I'll call you tomorrow." She tried to finish the conversation before getting to her front door, and as the blonde finally pulled out her keys, he responded.

"Are we still on for this weekend?"

Sarah smiled. "Yes, Timothy."

"And if I want to see you before then?"

The woman approached the door, going to stick the key in the hole before they slipped from her hands. "Shit." She bent down, picking them up. "Haven't you learned anything from today? You can wait."

He hesitated. "Yeah. You're right. I love you Sarah. Tell Blaine I said hello."

Sarah rolled her eyes as she stood back up. "Screw you."

He laughed and they disconnected the call. As the woman went to return her key to the lock, the door flew open and a frazzled Blaine stood there with a smile, blocking the doorway. His wife raised an eyebrow at him as she removed one of her ear pieces.

"You look... out of breath. Hi."

Blaine watched as she put her keys into her purse and went to take the bags from her. "Hey honey. How was your day? Let me take that."

She handed it over to him and smiled as she stepped in, removing her purse and jacket. "My day had its moments but I think it was good overall. You seem to be in a fantastic mood so I'm guessing you won?"

After locking the door, Blaine nodded and took everything into the dining area. "You guessed correctly. Kurt," he called out.

Sarah flinched at the sound of the shout, but specifically the sound of his name. She walked into the living room for the remote to turn off the stereo system. The music was low but it still annoyed her. As she picked it up, she rolled her eyes at the sofa pillows all over the floor. "Why does this place look like a pig sty?"

Kurt came out and froze at the sight of Sarah standing in the space where he was just being dry humped by her husband. Blaine noticed him and blatantly and obnoxiously cleared his throat to get the teen's attention.

"I'm sorry about that. Madison and I were playing earlier before she went to sleep." Blaine subtly adjusted his sweat pants and looked at Kurt. "Can you come help set up for dinner—wait, what happened to your glasses?"

Kurt still stood there like a deer caught in headlights. He wasn't good at lying, he didn't think. He never really had practice. He never had to lie to his dad about parties or lie about the cat eating his homework—wait, the dog eating his homework (see) and when he even thought about telling a fib to get out of something with Sebastian, his friend would say 'bullshit' before he could even think of something. The teen seriously wasn't made out for this life.

Sarah looked at him while waiting for an answer. "Well? Kurt..."

"I-I..." he stared down at the two pieces in his hand. "In the bathroom, I was going to change the bulb. But I..." He took a quick breath and swallowed hard. "It was a bit wet and I slipped a little, and then tripped over the rug. They fell off my face and I stepped on them."

Blaine nodded at what he was told. "Do you have backups or contacts? We'll replace those in the morning. You're squinting right now." As the man went to the sink to wash his hands, Kurt could only stare in awe at how amazingly Blaine was playing all of this. Were they both major liars? Had Blaine messed around on his wife before? There was no way they had an open marriage because they both seemed to be amazing at deception.

"I have contact lenses. I'll go put those on."

Sarah grabbed her purse and went to follow behind him. "I'm going to go change out of these clothes."

Blaine watched her for a while and nodded. Once they both left the room, the man sighed heavily, turning the water off and waving them dry.

What in the fuck was he thinking?

If he didn't hear her keys outside the door... if the music playing had been a tad bit louder... if anything else was slightly different, Sarah would've walked in on the two of them. She would've walked in on him and their teenaged male nanny, inches away from undressing on the floor. Blaine honestly had no clue what the hell was going through his mind, but he knew whatever it was wasn't him at all. He'd never been unfaithful in any relationship, and he wasn't the type to lie to his wife's face. He wasn't the type to lead someone on either, and the guilt about what was going on with Kurt was seriously starting to get to him.

He'd fucked up badly.

And it felt so, so fucking beautiful.

Blaine closed his eyes for a moment to regain control of his thoughts. Things weren't supposed to get so out of hand with Kurt. He wasn't supposed to think of the boy while he was fucking his wife and he definitely wasn't supposed to kiss his neck while they grinded together on the living room floor. Kurt wasn't supposed to be in his every thought, and Blaine had no idea how it even came to this.

He grabbed a few plates and walked over to the table, setting up while Kurt put in his contacts. The guilt came back and hard. It honestly felt like he'd taken advantage of the teen, and Blaine thought for sure that the kid would hate his boss even more now because of it. Those weren't his intentions but it definitely appeared that way.

"Fuck," Blaine said, dragging a hand down his face.

"What was that, daddy?" Madison asked as she wandered into the dining room, both hands rubbing at her eyes. Blaine felt even worse now, knowing that she could've come stumbling in ten minutes ago too.

"Oh, nothing. You didn't hear that. Let's get you cleaned up for dinner."

...

Kurt had a million and one thoughts going through his head that he literally wanted nothing to do with right now. He hated all of them, and he hated how he was now just as bad as Sarah Anderson, if not worse. For starters, he was keeping quiet about her affair from someone who he considered a friend. Well, someone he had considered a friend. Secondly, he then just about wrapped his legs around the married Blaine Anderson's waist a few minutes ago before the two of them jumped up and ran in different directions. Seriously, why wouldn't the Science Museum just fucking hire him?

He had his contacts in relatively quickly, and began to pack his things away. But he lingered in the bathroom next to his room a while longer. He looked at himself and shook his head. His father would be disappointed in him if he knew he was a piece in what could potentially destroy a marriage, and while Kurt told himself that their marriage wasn't exactly solid to begin with, that didn't matter. He was still doing the wrong thing and it seriously would stop.

"I really should call Sebastian," he whispered to himself. "I just need someone to talk some sense into my head."

He looked away from the mirror and fixed his t-shirt, walking to the bathroom door. The last thing he expected to see when he opened it was a smiling Sarah Anderson standing there, but that's exactly what met him.

"You're very lucky you broke your glasses and not something else. I didn't dock your paycheck for the plate this morning but, son, the clumsiness has to stop. Next time I won't be so lenient."

Kurt stared at her. She'd switched her clothes now, wearing something relatively fancy to have on just around the house. But Sarah wasn't the type to be casual.

She smiled wider when she saw how affected he was. "Can I talk to you in your room? I know it's dinner time but it'll only take a minute."

Kurt held his things tightly in his hand as he nodded. What was this about? "S-Sure."

Sarah stepped aside and gestured for the teenager to lead the way. She watched as he walked the distance to his room and turned the knob, walking in and going straight to his dresser. Sarah looked around to make sure her husband and daughter weren't near and then closed the door behind them, locking it. Kurt was about to ask why when she began to speak.

"You know, you're cute without the glasses. I like it."

Kurt stared at her.

"And I'm guessing there's no need to beat around the bush, right Kurt?" The woman smiled, looking around his room. "Although I must say I do like what you've done with the place."

"What's this about, Mrs. Anderson? I-I should be helping with dinner—"

"I know it was you earlier, Kurt." She put down one of Kurt's collectible Marvel action figures and looked at him.

"I don't—"

"Don't bother to deny it." Her eyes were a bright blue as she smiled at him, shrugging softly. "Pernell, the doorman, he told me you and a particularly handsome male friend of yours came back here and then left in a bit of a rush."

Kurt watched as his boss sat on the edge of his bed. She dug in the pocket of the beige sweater she wore.

"See, the thing is Kurt, I know you know what was going on. So I'll just come out and say. I'm fucking another man. Well it's so much more than that... I'm in love with another man." Sarah pushed her hair back and continued. "And I'm not dumb. I see the way you look at Blaine. I know your loyalties lie with him. After all," she paused, opening her checkbook. "He's the one who rallied to get you this job after you showed up and he's told me how amazing he thinks you are since you've been working here. Madison loves you. The family trusts you, Kurt."

He watched her start to write and he didn't know why, but his hands were shaking. "What are you doing?"

"I'm keeping your mouth shut."

Kurt took a deep breath and sat down at the computer desk, needing something to hold onto. Sarah smiled as she turned to him.

"It would be easy to fire you, you know? Tell the agency that I don't like the way you look at my husband, and if you try to blabber about my affair, I could just pin it on your futile crush. I know he's kind, but he'd never want you Kurt. He doesn't swing that way, so you should set your sights elsewhere."

"Why don't you fire me then?"

"Like I said," she stood up after speaking and approached him. "My family does admire you. I need you around whether I like it or not. And I talked to my... friend about it. He thinks it'd be smart to keep his enemies closer."

Kurt was quiet, looking down at the check that she handed him. "I'm not accepting that."

"But you are, Kurt." The woman leant on the desk beside him, placing it down. The amount totaled \$5,000. "You're going to take this, and here's what I need from you, Kurt. Keep your mouth shut about what you know, keep doing what I hired you for, and stop fantasizing about my husband. It is rather pathetic, and being married to Blaine for six years, I know pathetic."

"If I say no?"

"You won't. One, this is five grand. Two, you want in on the journalism field. I may be in fashion but I'm well known in this city, Kurt. I could blacklist you before you graduate and you wouldn't want that."

Kurt felt his heart break. A little for Blaine, and a little for Madison. He couldn't believe they had to deal with someone so crude, and until now he never actually despised a person.

"And I wouldn't want to do that to you. You're such a sweet, young man. You can go really far, son."

Kurt looked away. "Then, w-why don't you just divorce him?"

Sarah smiled, brushing Kurt's messy hair back. "Timothy asks the same question all the time, you know? And I wish it was that easy. But while I love Tim, I know he isn't ready for the commitment I'm ready for."

At that, Kurt smirked, the anger in his chest building up at the thought of what she'd been doing to Blaine. This man changed his entire life for her and was afraid to pursue a career he was passionate about because of what she'd say, and here she was, fucking another man the entire time. Maybe Kurt wasn't a

saint, but at least he wasn't a stone-hearted bitch. "And you're implying that you're ready for a commitment when you've been in a relationship with two different people for how long?"

"That's something you don't need to worry about, Kurt."

"Maybe this Timothy would be more open to commitment if you weren't married, Sarah."

She shrugged. "Maybe you're right. But I can't divorce Blaine. He made me sign a prenuptial agreement so he'd have his money, this condo, and the cars... all of his investments." The woman stood up and started to walk slowly over to the bed, sitting down again. "I'm lucky he's so concerned with staying together for our daughter. And I have assets of my own but the thought of him giving everything I had to another woman... I can't imagine that."

"Wow," Kurt laughed now and shook his head. "Wow."

"I know. I'm a bitch." She smiled at him. "But now, you're my bitch. So if you love Maddie and if you care for Blaine, I suggest you keep your mouth shut. Timothy would hate to have to help keep you quiet."

Kurt looked at her. "Is that a threat?"

"Yes." She stood up and headed to the door. "It's dinner time. Let's go."

...

And it was the most awkward dinner Kurt ever participated in. He watched as Sarah led the conversation, talking about her day and the new assistant she hired. She put up this façade like nothing was out of the norm—like she wasn't caught with another man in her and her husband's home or that she didn't just give her nanny five thousand dollars to keep quiet about it. Everything was all smiles and laughs with Sarah. Kurt shook his head. He then listened as Blaine fumbled through a conversation about the case he won that day, slipping over his words every time they'd catch eyes. It got to the point where Kurt decided he'd only look down at his food for the rest of dinner, but Madison would say something to him and make him look up and there would be Blaine; his eyes locked on Kurt in a way the teen hated. He was glad when it was over.

Blaine told the group that he was going to the gym and quickly left without another word. Sarah smiled politely at Kurt before kissing her daughter on the forehead, saying that it was a very long day and that she'd be turning in for the night. Kurt was amazed by how much he hated this woman.

He spent the rest of the evening with Madison, reading her stories and telling her a bit about when he was a kid back in Lima. They talked about his mom for a while, and about his dog Sparky who ran away when he was 11. Maddie told him how bad she'd always wanted a dog but how she had to wait until she was more responsible, her parents had told her. The conversation helped Kurt keep his mind off of other things and he was very grateful for that. But as soon as he started to forget how crazy things were, Blaine texted him.

It'd been over three hours since he left, and Blaine never spent that long in the gym. Kurt assumed the man was at a bar getting drunk and trying to forget he was doing very gay things earlier that afternoon with a very gay boy when he read the message.

**From Blaine:**

**We need to talk.**

And it was very possible that that was the case. Kurt sighed and rolled back over, looking up at the TV. Madison was making him watch The Powerpuff Girls. He smiled as she laughed at something and nodded at whatever she talk-giggled before answering the message.

**To Blaine:**

**I guess so.**

**From Blaine:**

**Yeah. I'll let you know when I'm home, then.**

His phone began to ring then, Sebastian's smiling face flashing up on the screen. Kurt looked at Maddie and stood up. "I'm going to my room to take this. Let me know if you need me, ok?"

She nodded and grabbed her stuffed animal before lying down in his spot.



Kurt accepted the call and softly closed the door behind him. "Hey Bas," he said, quickly walking up the hall to his room.

"Kurt. I got the 9-1-1 text. What's up? Everything ok with you?"

"Relax," Kurt said with a soft smile as he locked his bedroom door and walked over, plopping down on his king-sized mattress. He knew Sebastian would kick someone's ass for him and he loved that. Everyone needed a friend like that. "I'm ok. I just... it was a hell of a day after I got back to the Andersons' and I needed to talk."

Sebastian waited a while before answering. "Was she there? Did she say something to you?"

"Well, she wasn't here when I got in with Maddie. But she did walk in a while later while... Mr. Anderson and I... we were kinda..."

"Oh. My. GOD."

"Yeah," Kurt threw himself face first into a pillow before picking his head back up. "I'm so stupid, Bas."

"What? When? Oh fuck," the older teen sounded like he'd explode if he didn't get answers to the questions he couldn't even formulate. "How? Were you guys doing it?"

"No, no we weren't," Kurt said quickly, his cheeks redder than ever at the thought. "He... oh man do I have to talk about it?"

"Yes."

"We were, just kind of playing around at first. Pillow fighting and then tickling... and—"

"This is amazing."

"Stop interrupting," Kurt told him. "We ended up on the floor and he accidentally rubbed against me... god it felt amazing."

Sebastian wasn't answering but Kurt knew it was because his friend had a dopey smile on his face.

"Then, he saw my reaction and asked if he could do it again. I may've thrust up. I don't remember."

"You did. You wanted that grown man dick. Admit it."

"Sebastian."

"So you two started going at it?"

Kurt shook his head, embarrassed. "I wouldn't call it 'going at it' but we got a bit carried away. He was kissing my neck when he stopped and I realized by the look on his face that he heard something. So we got up and he went to the door, telling me to go hide. I just ran to the back."

"Dude." Sebastian took a long breath. "I told you he wanted you. What happened after that? Did the slut say something to you about earlier?"

"If she's a slut then what does that make me?"

Sebastian laughed. "You're hardly a slut, Kurt. Just tell me what happened."

The boy turned and looked at the check on his night table. "She offered me money and pretty much blackmailed me to keep quiet. She said she could make sure I never got a job in journalism, and that her boyfriend would make sure I kept quiet too if I got any ideas. I was threatened because she's fucking another guy. Can you believe that?"

Sebastian's laughter was far away now. He sounded pissed off. "That's bullshit."

"I seriously want to quit. I do. But I don't want to leave Maddie and... Blaine, I don't even know where he and I stand right now but I don't want to walk away from him either. He didn't have to speak up for me and get me this job—"

"I'm pretty sure he did it because he wanted to do you."

"I don't think so. He wasn't attracted to me until he saw me naked, Bas. And I—"

"HE WHAT?"

Fuck.

"I mean... oh goodness."

"What the FUCK has been going down at the Anderson residence?"

"I was in a towel, coming out of the shower," Kurt whispered into the phone, not knowing if Sarah was lurking around, or even Madison. "He was coming in from the gym. We saw each other and there was a few seconds of staring. That was chocolate milk morning."

"Now I know why you were late—"

"I swear nothing happened. But since then, he's been staring. Like... lusty stares."

"This is amazing. I told you so. You're fucking hot. I don't know why you don't believe me."

Kurt stayed quiet, his eyes closed. "What should I do?"

"Take the money Lady Anderson gave you, get a hotel room, maybe penthouse suite so Blaine feels right at home, then let him fuck your brains out."

Kurt opened his eyes and rolled them.

"Then, we go on our double date tomorrow night and you unwind, get to know Adam. That's the Brit's name."

"Adam. Ok."

"And we have a good time. We'll do something over the weekend to help you get away from all the crazy. On Monday though, I don't know."

Kurt took a deep breath. "I need some sleep, Bas."

"Yeah, you do. I love you brother. Call me in the morning so I know all is well, ok?"

Kurt nodded. "Alright. Goodnight."

They hung up and Kurt lay in bed, staring up at the ceiling. Worst case scenario, Blaine said that he was sorry but they needed to let him go, to find another nanny. This was a concern of Kurt's because he had just started to get acclimated here. He was used to this now and the money was very good—outside of the 5k. But Kurt remembered hearing that he was the first one they had actually moved in, and because of that, they probably weren't looking to replace him. Moving different people in and out wasn't good for Madison anyway. She needed stability. With that being said, Kurt hoped that they could come to some sort of agreement where they kept their distance and he was allowed to stay employed there.

His mind raced for the next hour before he decided to get up and check on the little girl. Madison was fast asleep. He turned off her television and tucked her in tightly. After stopping in the kitchen for something to drink, Kurt straightened up out there as well. He looked at the couch and shook his head. Way too many memories happened there and he hadn't even been living in the condo that long, honestly.

A few minutes later he'd returned to his room, removing his contacts and getting settled into bed. After getting comfortable underneath the covers and deciding to go to sleep. Tomorrow was his day off. He could talk to Blaine then. But as soon as he went to close his eyes, his phone vibrated from where it was on the charger.

**From Blaine:**

**Are you up?**

Kurt read the message; the bright light hurting his eyes in the dark.

**To Blaine:**

**I am. I was about to go to sleep though.**

He sent the message and lay back, taking a deep breath. When five minutes passed and he didn't get a reply, Kurt let his eyes close. There was a soft knock on the door and Kurt acknowledged that he'd be cock blocked from sleep for a while.

"Yes?"

The door crept open and Kurt made out the figure as Blaine's as the man closed the door behind himself and the lock clicked. Kurt sat up and tried to reach for his lamp, but Blaine made it easier by turning the light on.

Of course he looked absolutely gorgeous. Of course he did. Kurt's eyes left the man's arms in the tight shirt that hugged him and returned to his face.

"H-Hey. You um, wanted to talk." He straightened himself on the bed and Blaine watched him, nodding his head yes.

"Actually, can we go out for a drive? I only want an hour of your time."

Kurt looked at him. "Where are we going?"

"Wherever," Blaine said. "Just for a drive. I imagine you want answers, and I want to be alone. Just you and me."

Kurt nodded to him after a moment. "Ok."

"Alright." Blaine ran a hand through his curly hair. There was no gel holding it in place right now. "I guess I'll step out and let you get dressed. I'll be waiting outside."

"Alright." Kurt watched him leave before he stood up. He decided that since they'd be just driving around, and since it was after 11 o'clock at night, he didn't have to throw on anything too... nice. Kurt put on a red NYU hoodie, matching shorts, and a pair of slippers. He went to the bathroom to wash his hands and put the contacts in, and after a few minutes he had his cell phone in hand, joining his boss in front of the building.

Blaine smiled at him when he got outside and went to open the passenger side door for him. Kurt nodded his thanks and got inside. The music was turned on to a low volume, Imagine Dragons was playing, but no words were spoken between the two of them. Blaine drove along the Henry Hudson Parkway, and Kurt had never seen the city so quiet. Then again, he never actually drove through the city this late. It was calming. He looked out at the water and at all the piers they passed, loving the way the lights reflected off the river. Blaine chanced a few glances at him before focusing on the road, driving all the way downtown until they got to the Lincoln Tunnel.

It was evident to Kurt know that Blaine must've known where he was going. He remained quiet though, his eyes closed as he listened to the new song that came on the radio, letting Blaine navigate them through the tunnel and into New Jersey. They'd been in the car for quite some time but Kurt hardly minded at all. He knew in a while, the two of them would talk and things would be better between them.

Blaine got off at an exit and drove for a mile before parking on a hill somewhere. Kurt's mouth dropped at the view. They could see the city's skyline absolutely perfectly from here. Blaine undid his seatbelt and got out of the car, and as Kurt stared at the bright lights of New York City looking back at him, his door was opened as well. Blaine held his hand out for him to take, and though hesitant, Kurt gave it to him.

They walked around to the front of the BMW. Blaine let go of Kurt's hand and slid onto the hood of the car. He zipped up his sweater and then took in the view himself, exhaling at the beauty of it all. "Sit down."

Kurt was broken from his trance at the voice. It might've been the fact that neither of them had spoken since they were in his room back at the condo. Kurt took a seat on the car and slid back so that he was side by side with his boss. They both went back to looking at the view, and Kurt wrapped his arms around himself with a small smile. He found the city so gorgeous all the time, but especially at night, and he really needed to thank Blaine for this.

"This is Weehawken, New Jersey. My parents live here now."

Kurt looked around the hills. It seemed like they were in a pretty suburban community. "It's beautiful."

Blaine nodded. "It is."

They went back to being quiet and Blaine moved closer as the music from inside the car continued to play. He looked at Kurt, smiling a bit. "Do you hate me?"

Kurt rolled his eyes at that. "I hate that you made me break my glasses."

Blaine simply smiled, chuckling at him. "I'm sorry. Cooper has them. He said he'll give you a call when they're ready to be picked up. It'll probably be Saturday."

"Oh." Kurt turned to look at him. "So you didn't go to the gym..."

"I didn't." Blaine licked his lips, looking out at Manhattan. "I was going to but I went to my brother's place instead. I really needed to talk, you know?"

Kurt nodded. "I understand."

Blaine nodded too.

"So do you hate me, Blaine?"

"Never," he answered quickly. "I think I'm more upset with myself for everything. While I say that, I don't think I regret it. I don't think I ever would."

Kurt simply stared at him, not sure how to advance the conversation.

"The fact of the matter is—and you have full permission to hate me after I say this but—I really like you, Kurt. Maybe I'm not as straight as I thought I was, because I'm very much attracted to you. But with that being said, this... what we're doing, it's wrong."

Kurt looked at him and then away, back to the skyline. A plane flew by overhead, probably leaving Newark Airport. Kurt nodded his head softly. "You're right. And I know that. I may be young but, I know what you have, and that your family is important to you—"

"As are you."

"But I'm not your family."

Blaine shook his head no. "I'm not going to stop liking you. You know that."

Kurt shrugged, moving back on the car a bit. He closed his eyes. "What should we do? I know... you aren't the type to cheat on your wife and I wouldn't ask you to. That's just... I slipped up, Blaine. But this isn't who I am."

The older man was silent. They both didn't bother talking again after that for at least five minutes; each in their own world plagued with their own conflicting thoughts. But Blaine decided to speak after a moment, his hands in his pockets. He turned and looked at Kurt and smiled.

"Remember when you asked me if I was happy?"

Kurt looked at him, not speaking. Blaine turned away and continued.

"The answer is no. It's been no for years now. Since my little girl was just beginning pre-school. I felt... I don't know. Stuck."

Kurt sat up now, moving closer to Blaine.

"That's when things started to seriously change. We were living in a one bedroom apartment in Clinton Hills, out in Brooklyn. And I went from being an overlooked paralegal to a respected lawyer. I'd passed the New York State Bar Examination and my firm gave me a chance—let me prove that I was better than people thought I was. Since then, it was all uphill professionally. That didn't mean things at home were the same."

Kurt listened closely, giving the man his full attention. Something told him to reach out and take Blaine's hand and he did so, brushing his thumb along the man's fingers. Blaine smiled softly but didn't look up. "Up until that point, Sarah was the breadwinner. She'd gotten hired by her parents right out of college and worked with Elle Fashion Magazine. She never had to internship for anything, or interview. It was handed to her. But during those first few years of our marriage, she'd remind me that I barely made anything in comparison to her, and I was an asshole to make her sign a prenup when I had nothing."

Kurt rolled his eyes and looked away. Blaine looked at him and spoke. "I can tell you aren't very comfortable around her, and I don't know if me telling you all of this helps..."

"If I can be honest with you..."

Blaine nodded.

"I don't think very highly of her and you could do better. I don't want to be a rude person, Mr. Anderson, and it isn't in my nature to, but Madison deserves so much better if you don't think that you do."

Blaine nodded more.

"I'm sorry."



"Don't be." Blaine adjusted their hands so that they were holding each other's. "You're right."

Kurt shook his head and looked down at his legs.

"I climbed the ladder in my firm quickly. I give both of those girls whatever they ask me for. I think they're well taken care of. But am I happy?" Blaine rubbed at Kurt's hand and shrugged. "I don't think I have been."

"You aren't," Kurt said. "If you have to think about it, then the answer is no. And I'm not saying that because we did what we did, Mr. Anderson, I promise."

Blaine licked his lips at the 'Mr. Anderson'. Kurt killed him.

"I'm saying it because I know you really aren't."

"And now I feel bad because I've dragged you into our mess," Blaine told him. He looked up at the sky and took a deep breath. "You want to talk about who deserves better? It's definitely you. Great Britain better know how to fucking treat you."

Kurt smiled at that. "Jealous streak, huh?"

Blaine smirked. "Maybe I don't want his hands on you."

"Can't always get what you want, Blaine."

"Not always but..." he pulled Kurt closer to him and smiled. "Sometimes I can."

Kurt blushed, taking his hand back from Blaine's and ignoring it when the man laughed. "Maybe we should set rules?"

Blaine hummed. "We only make out when she's asleep or not home."

"Oh my goodness, that is not what I was going to say!" Kurt laughed, blushing harder as he nudged him. "Seriously, you don't want to cheat on your wife with a 19 year old boy, Blaine. Think about that for a minute."

Blaine smiled, lying back and stretching a little. His sweater slipped up and Kurt peeked as he could see the man's navel and happy trail. "I don't want to cheat on my wife with anyone. You're right. But I do want to be with you. I'm in a bit of a pickle."

Kurt rolled his eyes away. "You don't mean that."

"What don't I mean?"

"You don't want to be with me."

Blaine rolled his eyes now. "You can't speak for me, Kurt."

"Well I know that for starters, you're married to a very powerful woman. Two, you have a phenomenal daughter with said woman. Three, you're partner at a law firm that probably loves your wife. And lastly, your family probably does as well. Now Mr. Anderson, you can't convince me that you want to be with a 19 year old, nerdy, awkward, uncoordinated boy."

Blaine sat up again and smiled, turning to Kurt. "So that's how you see yourself, huh?"

"That's how the world sees me."

"Do you want to know how Blaine Anderson sees you, Kurt Hummel?"

Kurt looked at him, their eyes keeping each other's locked.

"I think you're beautiful. I think you're brilliant. I think you have the power to command a room, you're just too afraid to do so. You're 19, and yes, you're clumsy, but that's because I make you so hot you can't think straight," he paused when Kurt laughed, the boy's cheeks flushed. "And you are going to go so far you have no idea, Kurt. Personally, I can't wait to say I fucking told you so."

Kurt shook his head, trying to hide the smile. "You're really smooth. I'll give you that."

Blaine looked at his lips. "You really are beautiful."

The younger teen turned to him. "S-So are you."

"And no matter what you think, I would never be ashamed of you. I was ashamed of one thing I cared about, but I wouldn't neglect you like I neglected music."

Kurt shrugged. "It doesn't matter. You have a wife."

Blaine nodded. "I know."

"And I'm the Anderson family's Nanny. I'm not going to be a cliché and have an affair with my boss's husband."

Blaine smiled at that. "I know that too. It's a good thing one of us has a good bone left in our bodies. I think I'm all out."

Kurt raised an eyebrow. "I doubt that."

"If you were a shitty person and wanted to, do you think I could tell you no?" Blaine asked; his eyes moving down to Kurt's bare legs. Kurt smiled at him and crossed them.

"I do think your morals would factor in. I don't think that's who you are.... Unless you've cheated on her before."

"Never have."

"And you seriously wouldn't just divorce her?" Kurt asked, as if it is the most obvious choice here. "Or maybe ask for time apart? You obviously aren't happy. And it doesn't have to be so you can see other people but just... just so that you two can work it out." Even though he knew a separation wouldn't actually help because Sarah had this other guy, he had to ask anyway.

Blaine nodded. "You sound a lot like my brother right now. Cooper hates her and he thinks I should leave."

Kurt shook his head. "I doubt he hates her."

"No, he definitely does. But I keep thinking about how my parents, oh how they would say I failed as a husband. I guess a lot is factoring into it... like how I would hate to have to split Madison between the two of us, and for her to have to experience anything but a loving home."

Kurt sighed. "A lie."

Blaine looked at him.

"Forget I said anything."

Blaine took his hand again. "You're really amazing. I hope you know that."

"I do."

Blaine smiled.

They were quiet. Kurt watched the skyline for a moment as he enjoyed this time alone. This talk was going a little better than he expected. He did kind of wish that Blaine was more conflicted, though. This way, things would be easier on Kurt. Instead now, he had to deal with a man who actually had feelings for him. He had to live with that man, and his cheating wife, and their beautiful, innocent daughter who was in the middle of all of this.

"My friend Tim is a divorce lawyer at my firm. I spoke to him a couple times and—"

"Timothy?" Kurt asked, turning to him.

"Yeah," Blaine said, giving him a weird look. "Timothy O'Brien. Anyway, we both talked about this and he says that if I want to divorce her, I should go ahead and do it. We could come up with a schedule so that we each get Maddie, but the numbers he projected I pay in child support were horrendous. And I don't want you thinking I'm a deadbeat father because I'm far from it, but \$20,000 a month in child support? I already pay for Madison's schooling and pretty much everything. What the fuck is she gonna need \$20,000 for?"

For Timothy and Sarah to spend while they laugh at you. "And I'm guessing you don't want to file as custodial parent?"

Blaine shook his head. "I wanted to handle this the civil way. I wanted each of us to have her, you know? That was if things came to it and I needed to file for divorce. But I honestly don't want to deal with that."

Kurt nodded. "I'm sorry you're going through this, Blaine."

Blaine stared out over the water. "Me too." He went quiet and then looked at Kurt. "So you said earlier that what we were doing... you never did anything like it before. So are you a virgin?"

Kurt turned a hot scarlet. "Wow. Um, that took a jump."

Blaine smiled. "Sorry, Kurt. I should've warned you or something."

"That would've been nice." He was now refusing to look at Blaine. The man laughed a bit.

"I'm going to ask my brother if he can rush the glasses. I miss you in them."

Kurt smiled to himself, nodding as well. "I miss them too."

"And we want your stupid date to know the real Kurt, right?"

Kurt looked at him, trying not to smile too hard. "You're something else, Blaine."

Blaine placed a hand on the small of Kurt's back as they sat on top of the BMW. It heated Kurt's entire body up on the cool May night. "I guess so."

Kurt licked his lips and looked down at the ring on his boss's hand. "I am a virgin."

The man stared at his lips as they said the word. "Is that so?"

Kurt nodded.

"Have you ever been kissed?"

Kurt looked at him before facing the city again. "Not in a way that counted."

Blaine lifted an eyebrow at that. "What if your date later on tonight tries to kiss you? Will you let him?"

Kurt shrugged. "Should I?"

"No."

"And why not?"

"Because I think I should be your first kiss."

Kurt smiled at him, his entire body on fire now. "Is that so? Why should you be my first real kiss?"

Blaine moved closer to him. "Easy. You'll need a kiss to compare Britain's kiss to, and when he disappoints you'll know that you need something better in your life."

Kurt smirked. "I love the confidence, Mr. Anderson."

"There's nothing wrong with confidence, Mr. Hummel. Besides, not only do you want me to be your first kiss, because I can see it in your eyes, but I'd be the first kiss you always dreamed about."

"Oh really? What is it that I dream about, Blaine?"

Blaine leaned in, whispering in his ear. Kurt bit his lip as Blaine's hand slid over the side of his thigh. "You want your face to be cupped by strong hands, and soft lips to touch yours. You want him to take care of you and make you moan into it so that he can slide his tongue," Kurt inhaled sharply as Blaine's hand slide beneath his shirt, "slowly between your lips. Then, you dreamed about how it would taste when you suck on it and deepened it until he was moaning back; his hands moving lower until they were on your hips. You wondered what you'd do with yours," he whispered. "Would you put them on his thigh, or tangle them in his shirt? Would he have them laced with his own? And then," Blaine nosed at his earlobe, smiling when he felt Kurt shiver. "You slide your hand in your pants..."

"Blaine... Blaine," Kurt gasped as his boss's hand cupped him through the shorts he wore. "Oh fuck."

Blaine pulled back and smiled, looking down at his hand. "Oh... I'm sorry. I guess I got a little carried away." He removed his hands and brought both back to himself, folding them in his lap. Kurt looked out of it; his eyes dark and an obvious bulge down low. His lips were dry from being parted for so long. The boy sat back and turned forward.

"Now I hate you."

Blaine laughed, running a hand down his face. "Yes. I would hate me after that too. That was extremely rude. I apologize."

Kurt shook his head. "I don't know if you realize but you were touching my... me... with the hand your wedding band is on."

Blaine looked down.

"That has to make you feel something."

"Makes me a little upset I guess."

Kurt sighed. "You guess?"

Blaine shrugged.

"You know what gets me is... I'm not assuming that you want anything with me besides to mess around but, I actually like you. I'm not just a toy for you to experiment with... to try and see if you like it or if it was just a phase."

Blaine looked at him. "I don't know what you're talking about."

"You do."

"You're not a toy. I told you I kissed guys in college. If anything was an experiment it was that."

"But you didn't have them pinned to your living room floor."

"Because I didn't like them, smart ass," Blaine said with a laugh. "I like you. What I don't like right now is the entire United Kingdom. I blame all of the UK for your date later."

Kurt smiled, looking away. "Let's go home. You have to work in the morning and I have to get your Princess up."

Blaine moved closer to him. "You're not mad at me, right? Can we be friends?"

Kurt laughed, slapping Blaine away when he began to tickle him. "We can be friends. I was going to ask you to be my first kiss but then you started tickling me."

Blaine smiled, his hands taking Kurt's. "You're full of shit."

"I'm nothing if not honest."

Blaine looked down at his hand and removed the wedding band. Kurt watched him, the smile falling from his face as his boss slid it into his pocket. He retook Kurt's hands and kissed them both. "I would be your first kiss if you wanted me to. Down the line we can discuss other firsts."

Kurt licked his lips and smiled, ducking his head. "I'm going to hell for this."

"For making a man happy?" Blaine asked, lifting Kurt's chin with his hand. "For showing me how fucked up my situation is? Then I'll come with you. We can share the same hand basket."

Kurt smiled, trying to duck his head again, but then Blaine leaned in; their lips close to touching.

"I want you to know something."

Kurt nodded.

"You are not my toy. If I ever, ever make you feel that way, you say something to me, Kurt. Hell, get the heck away from me if I ever made you feel that way, because you deserve so much more."

The teen closed his eyes, nodding. "I will. I just want you to kiss me."

Blaine smiled, rubbing his chin. "Why?"

Kurt opened them, seconds away from rolling his eyes. The man smiled. "Because I want you to be my first, Mr. Anderson."

The words changed something in Blaine's eyes and Kurt licked his lips, leaning in slowly. Blaine closed the distance, and as their lips touched, he let his hand holding up Kurt's chin cup the man's face.

It was so much more than what Kurt imagined it to be. That first kiss was sweet, and gentle, and made goose bumps rise on his skin and his heart skip a beat or two. He felt a chill go down his spine and he chased it when Blaine pulled away. But Blaine pulled away only for a second, adjusting the way his head was turned and then leaning back in, his other hand grabbing Kurt's face and keeping him sheltered.



They kissed softly again. Kurt's toe curled in his slippers, and while he tried not to moan, it slipped, and at the beautiful sound, Blaine brushed his thumbs along Kurt's jaw and deepened the kiss.

His tongue swiped across Kurt's lips at first. He then focused on the bottom lip, sucking gently and nibbling his way across. Kurt inhaled, taking it in. Everything felt good right now. He parted his lips, allowing the older man to have his way, and Blaine ran his tongue across the bottom lip to the top, and then finally inside.

Kurt all but melted at the feeling; the taste. It was spearmint, and caramel from that coffee he loved, and something else sweet. Blaine groaned, wanting to be closer, his fingers spreading into Kurt's hair as his thumbs brushed the teen's red earlobes. Kurt really had no clue what to do with his hands. He settled one on Blaine's thigh and started to moan as he sucked on the man's tongue, the other moving up the fabric of his back.

The song changed on the radio to Thinkin' Bout You by Frank Ocean. They could hear it a little since the windows were rolled down. Kurt opened his eyes a little bit to take this all in—it was evident at this point that this was way more than what he bargained for when he imagined his first kiss—probably a peck on the lips after a date—but he wasn't mad at all. If this was how Blaine was going to deliver on a first of his, then hell, he would probably give the man them all.

But he shouldn't.

Blaine's eyes were still closed as they kissed, though it was beginning to slow down now; soft pecks and light nibbles and a gasp of frustration on Blaine's behalf because he definitely wanted to do more right now. Kurt closed his eyes again and smiled into the kisses, starting to pull back. This time, Blaine chased him—his hand resting on Kurt's waist. They looked each other in the eyes and Kurt allowed Blaine one more kiss, though neither man was interested in letting go.

Eventually, Kurt did. He dropped his hands from where they ended up on the man's shoulder and turned to look at the skyline again. Blaine continued to look at him, but Kurt was much too nervous to face him again. He wasn't sure why at this point—he definitely wasn't playing the shy card a minute ago, but after the deed was done; he didn't know how to... act.

Blaine licked his lips as he stared, trying to calm himself down. Deep breaths were needed. "You taste amazing, Kurt."

Kurt bit his lip into a small smile as his face somehow colored even darker. "S-So do you."

Blaine looked at him. "Why don't I feel bad?"

Maybe because your wife is a terrible human being who treats you like shit? "I don't know."

Blaine rubbed the nape of his neck, looking back out over the water. "Did you like it?"

Kurt laughed at that. "I loved it."

"Me too."

They remain perched on the edge of the BMW. Kurt allowed Blaine to take his hand and pull him forward, smiling when the man kissed his cheek. "I guess I can take you home now."

Kurt dug for his cell phone, looking down at it. "It's almost 1 in the morning. That sounds like a good idea."

Blaine smiled. "Yeah. You have a big date later on."

"His name is Adam so you don't have to call him Britain anymore."

"Adam..." Blaine walked hand in hand with Kurt to the passenger side. "Kurt and Adam. Adam and Kurt. I don't like it."

Kurt smiled, turning around and finding himself stumbling into Blaine's arms. They looked down and Kurt winced as he saw what he tripped over. "Ouch."

"Are you ok?" Blaine asked, smiling as his hands slid down to Kurt's waist.

"I'm fine." He removed them with a smirk. "And as I was about to say, you're not allowed to be mean to him before I meet him. He could be a great guy. Isn't that what you were saying?"

Blaine bit his lip and smiled. "I said that. You're right."

"Exactly."

"Get in the car," Blaine said, smiling as Kurt turned around. "It doesn't matter whether he's a great guy or not. He'll never make you feel the things I can."

"We'll see..."

Blaine closed the door after him and Kurt laughed to himself in the car, watching the man huff as he walked to the driver's side. Ok. This was going to be fun. He could probably make Blaine extremely jealous with this, screw over that wench Sarah Anderson like she'd been screwing Blaine over for years, and score five thousand dollars out of it.

"You have to look at the plus sides, Kurt," he told himself above the music.

Blaine got in the car and looked at him, pulling the teen over the center console into another kiss. Kurt breathed in when he was let go, and Blaine put the car in reverse, pulling out. The teen smiled to himself as he sat back in the car, licking his lips.

"You taste nice."

...

The morning went by in a blur. Sarah pretended to be friendly with him when he got up to get Madison ready. Blaine had already left for the morning, but there were a few texts on his phone from him. Two of them said 'don't kiss Adam tonight' and another had the address and time he could go to Cooper's office to pick up his brand new glasses. Blaine said his older brother was going to give him a spare pair, free of charge.

After Maddie was at school, Kurt wanted to kill time by going out somewhere. Being inside the condo only made him think of everything he didn't exactly want to think about. He had no idea what he and Blaine were doing. Being someone's sidepiece and helping them carryout an extramarital affair was not the man Kurt thought he would be, but he hated Sarah and he knew deep inside that Blaine really cared for him. Something told him he'd end up getting his heart broken or that he'd end up having Madison hate him if everything ever got out, and that was enough to make him think twice about it all, but it didn't stop him from wanting Blaine as much as he wanted him.

Especially after that kiss. Kurt sighed.

He ended up in Midtown with his friend Tina for a few hours before he went a bit further downtown towards the Barnes and Noble. He looked through comic books and then at new children's books, buying a couple for Maddie. He aimlessly walked up 8th Avenue and went into a music shop, buying a vinyl record he thought Blaine would like and then got on a bus towards Cooper Anderson's ophthalmology office. It dawned on Kurt how bad this was getting when he realized that he bought a gift for the boss he was messing around with. This was getting bad.

But then, a text.

**From Blaine:**

**You won't believe what book I just bought you.**

Then, another.

**From Blaine:**

**Alright, it's not like I was going out of my way to buy you something. I happened to walk into a bookstore with my assistant and she picked it up, and I remember you saying you wanted to read it but it was sold out at B&N. That's all.**

Kurt smiled as he took a seat next to an elderly woman on the bus.

**To Blaine:**

**I may've bought you something too. On impulse, because I knew you would love it.**

**From Blaine:**

**So we'll show each other when we see each other again? You'll probably be gone for the weekend when I get in tonight. It's a long Friday for me.**

**From Blaine:**

**But if you kiss Adam, you aren't getting my gift.**

Kurt laughed aloud, getting a few looks from the passengers. He apologized and went back to typing.

**To Blaine:**

**You're very mature.**

**From Blaine:**

**I'm stressing out over it.**

**To Blaine:**

**Don't.**

**From Blaine:**

**Because you're mine, right?**

Kurt rolled his eyes with a smile.

**To Blaine:**

**Not really. I just don't want you to give yourself a heart attack, old man. :P**

He waited a few minutes before a reply came through.

**From Blaine:**

**Ok, Kurt. You're paying for that one on Monday. Also, I'm giving your book to the first homeless man I see.**

Kurt smiled.

**To Blaine:**

**I'm at your brother's office. We'll talk later. Have a good day.**

**From Blaine:**

**Tell Cooper hello. I hope your date sucks tonight.**

**To Blaine:**

**I hope Adam sucks tonight.**

**From Blaine:**

**That isn't funny. Kurt.**

**From Blaine:**

**Kurt.**

**To Blaine:**

**I was joking! Sorry. Xo**

**From Blaine:**

**Xo. Behave yourself.**

Kurt stepped off the bus and crossed the street. The doctor's office was on the Upper West Side as well, but not entirely close to the condo. Kurt observed the lovely neighborhood as he walked along Riverside Drive, entering the building a couple minutes later.

The receptionist smiled at him and looked at the time. "You must be Mr. Hummel. Dr. Anderson is expecting you."

Kurt smiled back, nodding. "I am. Do I have to sign in or anything?"

"Just show me ID," the woman told him. "I'll let you right in."

He did as was asked of him and went into the back office. He just about stopped in his tracks because Cooper Anderson looked highly delicious. Wow. Were all the Anderson men this gorgeous?

"Oh," Cooper smiled at him as he stood up, stretching out his hand. He had on a white button up, dark pants, and his suede shoes were no less than five hundred dollars. "Blaine was right. You are very handsome."

Kurt took his hand, an eyebrow lifted. The man laughed.

"I'm sorry. That slipped. My brother came to my place last night, woke up my kids, and vented to my wife and I about how much he likes you. No big deal."

Kurt watched the man turn away and walk over to the new pairs of glasses.

"I have an appointment in a couple minutes but this shouldn't take long. Try them on."

Kurt accepted the cases and shook his head no. "Um. These... these are name brands. I can't afford them. I mean..." he thought about the five thousand dollars, "I probably could but I'm not much of a spendthrift."

"Sure?" Cooper asked. "I'm sure that's a vinyl record in your bag. Seems like you are a bit of a spendthrift."

Kurt looked down.

"And I'm not charging you, Kurt. Just try them on and let me know if they're good."

Kurt dropped his bags. "I need to take my contacts out."

Cooper smiled at him and nodded, gesturing to the sink. "Take a case and some solution and you're good to go."

Kurt went over and removed them, the older Anderson singing to the music playing in his office as he took a seat at his desk, moving equipment out of the way. "How's my Maddie doing?"

Kurt washed his hands again. "She's amazing."

Cooper nodded. "One weekend I'll take her so that you and Blaine can go out and do something fun."

"Excuse me?"

"Nothing." The man turned around. "Try them on."

They were burgundy much like his old ones, but these were Gucci brand. He looked around and sure enough, everything was clear.

"It's good."

"Next pair."

The next pair was great as well. They were black though, and Michael Kors. Kurt rolled his eyes. Normal glasses would've worked just as well.

"They're good. Thank you, Dr. Anderson."

Cooper smiled. "Don't sweat it. Have fun on your date tonight."

"How much has he told you?"

The man laughed. "Enough, Kurt. Enough."

...

"Damn. Damn baby... like DAMN. Maybe you should leave with me."

Kurt rolled his eyes at Sebastian as he walked up to the night club. "I really can't believe I'm here. I can't believe you convinced me to do this, Bas."

Sebastian had been drooling until Kurt pinched him. "Ow!"

"Can you focus and stop ogling me?"

Sebastian licked his lips and looked away. "Sorry. Shit. But damn..."

Kurt laughed, walking away. "I don't know why I bother."



Sebastian grinned, following after him. "You look amazing. White Henley shirt, white jeans, black boots, black suspenders. Those are new glasses too. If I didn't want you to ride Mr. Anderson into the sunset I'd totally say screw Adam and try to get your number right now."

"You have my number you idiot." Kurt smiled, pushing him away. "Let's not talk about Mr. Anderson tonight."

Sebastian smiled. "Well it worked. You're loosened up. And ok, we don't have to. Tomorrow though..."

Kurt nodded. "Tomorrow."

They waited on line and got into the club 15 minutes after. Sebastian led the way, smiling when he saw Hunter.

"Hey baby."

Hunter kissed him and then turned to face Kurt. "Wow. Hello, Kurt... you look... Well, I'm hard."

Sebastian smiled at his best friend. "You see?"

Kurt was nervous. He was about to see this blind date of his and didn't know what to do... how to act. God, he'd probably put his foot in his mouth.

"So this is the beautiful Kurt I've heard so much about?"

Kurt turned around at the voice and gave a small smile when he saw him. Adam was attractive, for sure. And ok, that accent wasn't half bad. The man looked at him and held out his hand.

"Everything I heard was absolutely correct. You are insanely beautiful. I'm Adam Crawford."

Kurt nodded, taking his hand. "Thank you, Adam. Kurt Hummel. It's lovely to meet you."

## Chapter Six

Blaine glanced at his watch before looking down at the paperwork in front of him. He shuffled through a few pages and tried to manage his time wisely. It was already pushing 7 o'clock and he was nowhere near done with what he wanted to have completed before the weekend. There was no way he wanted to take any assignments home with him, especially not after promising Madison that they'd spend the next couple days together. But to be fair, Blaine usually wasn't the type to slack off. That was how he earned his position of Managing Partner at his firm by the age of 28. However, this week in particular had its share of distractions; the major one being Kurt Hummel, and even as Blaine tried focusing on completing his work, *for real* now, his mind would still shift to the boy. Staying focused seemed impossible.

A couple knocks sounded at the door and Blaine looked up, smiling at the face he saw. "Hey. Why are you still here? Go and enjoy your weekend."

His assistant walked in and placed a few messages on the desk. "Brittany will be here soon to pick me up," Santana told him. "And I didn't want to leave you here all alone on a Friday night."

Blaine smirked at that. "You're lying."

"Ok I am." the 23 year old about faced and her heels clicked along the floor; Blaine smiling a bit and shaking his head. As he looked down at his paperwork she spoke. "I'll see you on Monday, Boss Man. I hope you actually go home before then. Don't let this place send you to the grave."

Blaine nodded to her as she went over to her desk. The wall separating their offices was entirely window, and he could see straight through when the blinds were open. "I'll try my best, Ms. Lopez." Once the woman went to packing things away in her purse, Blaine scanned through the messages and made note of everything, setting a reminder to get in contact with one of his clients. He loosened his tie a bit and returned to paperwork just as he heard a familiar voice.

"Ms. Lopez. You look absolutely gorgeous this evening. I *love* that dress on you." Timothy O'Brien put his hands in the pockets of his designer pants as his eyes went up and down the body of Blaine's assistant. "You make sure you have a spectacular weekend, you hear?"

Santana ignored him with the roll of her eyes and grabbed her things, turning to leave. Tim smiled as he watched her go before walking to Blaine's office door and knocking a couple times. It was open, but he did it to be polite. "Mr. Anderson! How are you, Mr. Partner Sir?"

Blaine shook his head at the divorce lawyer as Tim invited himself in. "Please don't make me have to fire one of my best men because of sexual harassment. You're a lawyer. You of all people should know better."

Timothy chuckled a little as he took a seat in the executive leather chair across from Blaine. He looked around the huge office and out the window behind the man's head. It was getting dark now and that caused the view from Blaine's corner office to be incredibly beautiful. There were so many reasons to be jealous of him. Too many. "I can't help myself. *Please* tell me that you screw her from time to time? There's had to be a couple late nights where you couldn't help yourself."

Blaine ignored him and looked down at his work. "Speaking of late night... I'm a little busy here. Why haven't you left yet?"

"Oh," Timothy sat up straighter and fixed the polka dotted tie Sarah had bought for him. "You know. I was going over some notes and time got away from me. What about you, Anderson? You've got a beautiful wife and that pretty little girl of yours, yet you're here." He gestured to the framed photo on Blaine's desk and looked back up at the curly-haired man.

Blaine penned his signature at the bottom of the page. "I'm swamped. I can't exactly take it home because it's hard to get anything done there." Blaine glanced up at the older man across from him. Timothy was 32 and extremely handsome. He was probably the firm's most eligible bachelor. He looked like a young Eric Dane and everyone adored him. Yet for some reason, he hadn't settled down yet. Timothy often joked that it was because he was a divorce lawyer that he knew better than to ever tie the knot, but Blaine knew he was the type to jump from woman to woman so that he wouldn't get bored. At least that was the vibe he gave off. He continued, "I have tons of numbers to go over and I still have to decide who to give the Vic Sampson case to. My first thought was Duval—"

"Wait," Timothy interrupted him. "Isn't that your case? That's a pretty big deal."

Blaine shrugged, not looking up as he read through the text. "I've decided to take a couple weeks off after this upcoming one, so I need someone I can trust."

Timothy tensed up and Blaine noticed, even though they were sitting across from one another. "Going somewhere with the family?"

If so, this was the first time Timothy was hearing anything about it. He hated when Sarah kept him out of the loop. The woman said that he and she were the real relationship, not her and Blaine, but he always felt like second best.

"No," Blaine began after a moment. "Maddie is still in school so we won't be having a vacation any time soon. I just need a break and I have some things I want to do." He thought of Kurt and looked at his cell phone, telling himself to stop checking it every five minutes. Kurt and Sebastian had that double date tonight and he probably wouldn't be hearing from his... Blaine didn't even know what to call him. He just knew he probably wouldn't hear from Kurt for a few hours. "Anyway, I'm just going to get back to this if you don't mind, man."

Tim nodded. "Sure. I'm going to head out anyway. Do you want anything before I leave? Food, drink, anything?"

Blaine thought for a moment. "I'm good. If push comes to shove, I'll order something."

"Alright," Timothy stood up and shook his boss's hand. "Have a goodnight. I'm going away for the weekend. Rented a nice cabin upstate. I'm going to take a beautiful lady and just relax. Get my mind off work. You should do the same with Sarah."

Blaine gave him a small smile. "Oh, yeah that sounds amazing. I hope you do get to relax. And Sarah's going to be visiting her parents in Connecticut this weekend."

Tim smiled. So that's the lie she told her husband. "The good ol' in-laws. You're not going?"

Blaine adamantly shook his head no, making Tim laugh. "She said it was a rehearsal dinner or something another and that I could take the time to spend with Maddie. Maddie and I weren't going to argue."

"I hear you." Timothy waved goodbye and winked. "Until Monday, Mr. Partner."

"Goodnight." Blaine watched him go and sat back in his seat. He considered talking to Tim about a few things regarding Sarah and himself but tonight didn't seem like the right time. He'd talk to Sarah first and

see where her head was at. They could probably settle on something reasonable if she wanted a divorce, too.

Unlikely, maybe. But it was worth a shot. She often complained about wanting *more* over the years, and Blaine had been wanting more for a while now too.

He turned around in his seat and stared out of his 34<sup>th</sup> floor window of the high rise building. The view of the city was perfect tonight—almost as perfect as it was when he and Kurt watched the skyline from New Jersey the night before. Though he told himself not to, he couldn't help but wonder what Kurt was doing right now. He wondered what he'd decide to wear to the date and if he'd think about him at all while he was with Adam. He'd been thinking about that kiss pretty much since his lips left Kurt's. To say that he liked the teen would be an understatement. But what did that mean for the both of them?

After a breathy sigh, Blaine told himself to focus on his work. He turned back to his desk and rubbed at his eyes, tiredly exhaling once more before resuming with what needed to be done.

...

It was 11 o'clock when Sebastian and Kurt decided to leave the club with their dates. The next stop was a place in Greenwich Village to get a bite to eat. Kurt smiled coyly as Adam grabbed his hand, the two of them walking together behind Sebastian and Hunter. This was weird for Kurt. The whole night had been weird for Kurt, but he continued to put on the show so that Sebastian wouldn't be able to say *you won't know unless you try* ever again in his adorable meerkat-faced life.

The date—though not over just yet—hadn't gone terrible like Kurt anticipated. He and Adam had a decent time. They talked a bit and learned about one another. Adam was a 21 year old senior at a performing arts school called NYADA that was tucked away somewhere in Midtown. He worked part time at Best Buy and hadn't been in a relationship for a year now. He also said that Kurt was the type of guy he was looking for—someone he could hang at home with and watch a movie, a guy that didn't like to bring attention to himself—the quiet type. Kurt thought he was a sweet guy. He didn't like his beanie, but he did like how Adam wanted him to be comfortable the whole night. The nerdy teen wasn't a fan of unreasonably loud noises or huge crowds, so they stayed tucked away in a corner for the night. While Adam did try to get a little hands-on a couple times, Kurt politely told him that he wasn't that type of guy—that he wanted to take things slowly. Adam respected that it seemed. Besides their hand holding now which wasn't so bad, they seemed to be on the same page.

After a few blocks, Kurt ended up walking with Sebastian while Adam talked with Hunter. The four weren't too far away from Joe's Pizzeria where they decided to go to eat. Sebastian smiled at Kurt; his arm around his best friend's shoulder.

"So besides the fact that I saw several guys hitting on you tonight, you and Adam looked pretty cozy. It seems like you're having a good time. How was it?"

Kurt smiled, falling in line with his friend. He pushed the glasses up his face and shrugged as best he could with Sebastian draped all over him. "So far it's been nice."

"Hm." Sebastian looked at him. "Nice enough to see if this could go to a second date nice or just plain nice?"

"A second date as friends, maybe. You know I'm not in the position to start dating right now, right?"

"Oh yeah," Sebastian nodded as he spoke. "I almost forgot about the affair you were having with that straight and married hottie boyfriend of yours."

Kurt shook his head. "We're hardly having an affair, Bas. He isn't my boyfriend either. We kissed once. Twice..." he trailed off and shook his head. Kurt didn't want to think of himself as 'the other man'. That title was reserved for people like Timothy. And did it even apply to him? He was probably 'the other person' because Sarah wasn't a man. She was a lot of other things, though. This whole situation was just not a good one to be in.

"Do I have to remind you that he grinded against you on his living room floor?"

"No," Kurt said. "But you should remind me never to tell you anything again." They reached the corner as Sebastian grinned, nudging the younger teen.

"My concern is that you're happy. That's really all I care about, Kurt. If Mr. Anderson does that, then great. If he doesn't, then there are other fish in the sea. Other fish that are not married, preferably."

Kurt smiled at him. "Leave me alone, Bas."

His friend smiled back, pulling him close by the suspenders. "You love me, Hummel. Now, we need to talk about what we're going to do on our sleepover this weekend."

Kurt opened his mouth to reply as the two of them started walking again but then his phone rang, cutting him off. He reached for it and was slightly shocked to see Mr. Anderson's name flashing across the screen. He didn't know why he was as shocked as he was—maybe it was because he hadn't heard from Blaine since earlier that day, or because he figured the man wouldn't want to talk to him when he was out with someone else. But while he pondered all the possibilities, Sebastian gave him an expectant look.

"Kurt. You should probably get that."

Kurt nodded and then stopped walking. "Sorry. Let me take this. I'll meet you there."

Sebastian shook his head no. It was late and they were in the middle of NYC. "I can wait. Join us when you're finished."

Kurt accepted it. "Hello?"

"Hey handsome."

Kurt turned his back to his friend and to Hunter and Adam as the pair faced them. "Mr. Anderson. How are you?"

Blaine sound relaxed and even more sexy than usual as he replied. "Better now. How was your date?"

"I'm actually still on it right now," he answered, glancing back at the three friends who stood in a circle talking a few feet away from him. "And I'm being a little rude..."

"Then text me. I want to see you afterwards."

"Texting would be rude too. And aren't you with your family?"

Blaine answered after a door closed. "I'm just leaving my office. Remember I told you it'd be a long night."

Kurt looked at the time on his phone before placing it back to his face. "It's ridiculous to just be leaving your work now, Blaine."

"Maybe," the man said. "But I had a lot to get done so that I'd have more time to spend with you and my baby girl."

Kurt didn't answer because he honestly wasn't sure what to say to that. There was so much wrong with what Blaine said, even if Kurt knew Sarah to be a vindictive, two-timing bitch. It just hurt him that people who fell in love with people of the same gender just like he would had to fight so hard to be able to get married, and people who were 'born with the right' didn't even know what it meant to be in a committed relationship. Kurt couldn't fault Blaine too much because he knew what the man had to put up for the last six years of his life. Nonetheless, there was so much more he could do.

"Beautiful...?"

"I-I'm here," Kurt said.

Blaine waited a moment. "Can I see you? I mean, if you want to finish your date, I'm sorry. Have fun. Just text me after, ok? I'm meeting a friend at a bar so I'll be there until I hear from you."

Kurt cleared his throat; Sebastian glancing back at him, a bit impatient now. "I'll text you really soon, ok? We're going to get a bite to eat at Joe's Pizza and after that I'm heading to Sebastian's for the weekend but, I want to see you too."

"Joe's Pizza in Greenwich Village?"

Kurt nodded then properly responded. "Yes."

"Text me, Kurt," the man said. He then said goodbye. Kurt smiled softly as he said it back before ending the call. If there was one thing the teen hated about Blaine it was how easily the man could give him butterflies even when Kurt *wanted* to feel like shit. At least he knew he was supposed to feel a little bad, but all he could do was be happy that Blaine wanted to see him of all people.

It was probably pathetic.

"You ready?" Adam asked with a smile, walking once Kurt joined them again. Kurt fixed his glasses and nodded before the British man took his hand again. "Good."

...



They sat and ate at a table together; Hunter telling stories about any and everything. Kurt loved that his friend looked genuinely happy with this one. Sebastian was known to be a bit of a rolling stone, but he'd changed his ways as of late. It was refreshing.

Adam took a sip of his fruit punch before looking at Kurt. "You know, you never did tell me what it was you did besides journalism."

Kurt placed his napkin down. "Well I only major in journalism. I work as a nanny for a family on the Upper West Side."

Adam raised his eyebrows at that. "Really now?"

Kurt nodded, his phone going off. He'd been texting the whole time they were in the pizzeria and he didn't want to seem rude, but he also *really* wanted to reply to Blaine. "The family is nice." *Save the mom. She's a total skank.* "I love the little girl I care for. I get paid to hang out with her which is awesome. I like it."

"I've just never heard of a man nanny before. A Manny?" Adam asked with a small chuckle. "That's very adorable."

Kurt looked at him. "Prior to me, I hadn't heard of one either. I'm sure they exist somewhere. I sort of stumbled into this position and I enjoy it."

Sebastian eavesdropped from across the table and smiled. "I'm sure your boss is very fond of the positions you can stumble into."

Kurt started coughing and reached for the cup. He took a few sips to try and recover but only continued to cough even after he drank the juice. Adam smiled as Sebastian grinned widely, and he started to rub his date's back.

"Are you ok, Kurt?"

Kurt nodded even though his eyes watered slightly. He kicked Sebastian underneath the table and his best friend winced. "I'm great. Thank you."

Adam continued to rub his back even after Kurt had relaxed. "You know you drank my juice, right?"

Kurt looked at the cup and sure enough, it belonged to his date. “Oh my gosh I’m so sorry—”

“Don’t worry about it,” Adam told him, smiling as Sebastian and Hunter laughed. “I’m glad you’re fine, gorgeous.”

Kurt was grateful when his stupid mistake triggered a story from Hunter. Sebastian wrapped his arm around him as the boy spoke, and Adam took his hand back to himself listening. Kurt took the opportunity to look down at his phone.

**From Blaine:**

**I swear I can’t stop thinking about your lips.**

Kurt’s face heated up as he licked his own. He quickly typed out a reply.

**To Blaine:**

**You’re very distracting right now.**

A few seconds later, his phone buzzed again.

**From Blaine:**

**I hope you don’t expect me to apologize...**

Kurt heard Sebastian say that it was getting late as he typed away.

**To Blaine:**

**Where are you taking me anyway? The guys and I are about done here. Should I meet you somewhere?**

“Tell your boyfriend that he has to wait until our date is officially over before he blows up your phone.” Adam whispered, smiling when his eyes found Kurt’s. “I’m an only child. I’ve never been good at sharing.”

Kurt forced a laugh as he got up with Adam, the two following behind the couple in front of them. “Well I don’t have a boyfriend so I can’t exactly do that.”

Adam seemed very thrilled to hear that. “Then you’ll give me your number?”

Kurt nodded, taking the older man’s phone. As they stepped outside the shop, he typed it in.

“I hope I’m allowed to text you about a follow-up date? Maybe just the two of us? No Hunter, no Sebastian, and no phones?”

Kurt smiled at that. “You’re allowed to text me. We’ll see what happens.”

Adam grinned, stepping a little closer. His hand found Kurt’s. “That’s—”

“Holy shit.”

A car pulled up and Hunter’s jaw dropped. As a car enthusiast, he rarely shut up about them. This one was no exception. “Look at that BMW! It’s an M6. 2014. White paint, tinted windows. Someone has a shitload of money.”

They all watched the car as the person parked in front of the pizzeria, and Sebastian smirked. He knew *exactly* who it was. He glanced back at his best friend and all 32 teeth were on display. Sebastian was *finally* going to get to see the man, the myth, the legend—Blaine Anderson. Adam stared at the car and smiled too.

“Woah. It is nice...”

Kurt pulled his hand out of Adam’s, making the Brit look back at him. He took a few steps forward. That was definitely Blaine’s car. What was he doing here?

The lawyer stepped out of the vehicle and Kurt heard Hunter say “*Daaamn*”. Blaine slowly walked around it, his Burberry plaid tie loosely hanging around his neck, blue Burberry pants fitted to his legs like they were made for him, white button down shirt doing nothing to hide the muscles of the man’s arms and chest. He used the car remote to lock it behind himself and headed towards the Deli next to the pizzeria. Sebastian watched the man walk—they all did— before turning to face his BFF. Kurt’s mouth had been

hanging open slightly at the sight of his boss. Sebastian didn't know if it was because Kurt was surprised to see him or because Blaine quite honestly looked like sex on a stick.

"May I have a word with you?"

Kurt was stuck on stupid so there was no response given. Sebastian smiled at Adam who looked more than a little confused and then at his boyfriend who pretty much mirrored Adam's look before finally dragging Kurt away by the elbow. Once they were a few feet away, Sebastian lined up with Kurt so that they were eye to eye.

"Dude?! Are you fucking kidding me?! *That's* Blaine Anderson?! Kurt... if you don't let that man do ungodly things to you whenever he fucking pleases then I don't even understand how the hell you...fuck... I can't even sentence correctly right now! Did you see that man's ass?!"

Kurt knew for a fact he was fire red. His entire body felt like it could be giving off heat. "Sebastian. Take a few breaths. Please."

His best friend started pacing and Hunter looked at him. "Are you sure everything's ok over there?"

Kurt nodded. "Bas. You're causing a scene..."

"Go talk to him!"

Kurt shook his head no. "What would I say to my date?! I'm being rude enough... Blaine wasn't even supposed to show up here!"

Sebastian ran a hand through his hair, but it stood right back up perfectly styled. "I can't believe—"

"Kurt." It was Blaine's voice. He had a small bag in his hand and smiled when he saw the teen. "Fancy running into you here," he said, wearing a devious smile that Kurt wanted to hit off his face and kiss off his face at the same time.

Sebastian smiled between the two of them as Kurt blushed, turning to face the other NYU student. "Mr. Anderson, this is my best friend Sebastian. Bas, my boss Mr. Anderson."

Sebastian took the extended hand after pretty much eye fucking the life out of Blaine. "I've heard lots about you. It's a pleasure."

"Likewise," Blaine said, that toothy smile on display as he took his hand back and looked to Kurt. Kurt's face was a mixture between *I'm going to kill you* and *I hate you*. Blaine smiled before his hand landed on the small of Kurt's back and he led them over to the other two, hoping he'd get introduced to them. Not surprisingly though, Kurt was quiet. Blaine smiled and took control himself.

"Hey. My name is Mr. Anderson and I'm a close friend of Kurt's."

"Hunter," the teen replied; his eyes on the man's lips. They were shaking hands for a long time before Blaine cleared his throat, snapping him out of it. "Oh! Um yes, this is my friend Adam Crawford."

Adam looked at Blaine. "You say you're a friend, huh?" They shook hands and Blaine's grip was a little firmer than it was with the others as he tried not to roll his eyes at the accent.

"Well, Kurt works for me but we do have a *close* relationship." Blaine dropped his hand and smirked a bit. "He really is amazing."

Adam nodded, sliding his hands into his pockets as Blaine stared at him. "I'd have to agree with you."

Blaine continued to look at him and Kurt stood there unsure of what to do. Sebastian smiled. This was awesome.

"Well," Blaine began, turning to look at Hunter and Sebastian. "I gotta get going but it was nice to meet all of you."

Hunter nodded to him as Sebastian grinned. "It was lovely to meet you as well, Mr. A."

Kurt wrapped his arms around himself as he tried to smile at the man backing away. "Goodnight."

Blaine nodded; the car beeping twice when he unlocked it. "I'll see you soon." He turned away and got in the BMW, Hunter still drooling over it. Or maybe he was drooling over Blaine. Probably both. After a few seconds, the car pulled off and sped down the block. The boys all stood there for a while before they stared at each other.

“Well, that was eventful.” Hunter wrapped an arm around Sebastian’s waist. “I wish my boss was hot and rich.”

Adam smiled. “You’re hot and rich. Be grateful and shut up.”

The two bickered and Sebastian laughed as Kurt looked down at his cell phone.

**From Blaine:**

**Meet me on the corner of Bleecker and 6<sup>th</sup> Avenue. 5 minutes.**

Kurt tucked the phone away and smiled at whatever the conversation was even though he didn’t have the slightest clue as to what was going on. Honestly, the boy was still stunned about whatever it was that had happened just now. He looked at Adam who seemed to be ok, but that run-in must’ve been a little weird for him too.

“Well, we’ll walk with you both to the train station,” Sebastian said, taking his boyfriend’s hand. Adam smiled at Kurt and followed behind the two of them.

Across the street, the group said their goodbyes. Hunter and Kurt hugged, and Sebastian shook hands with Adam, saying it was a pleasure to meet him. Kurt smiled at Adam when their time came and the two were relatively quiet.

“I’ll text you this weekend for sure.”

Kurt nodded. “I’ll answer for sure.”

“Great.” Adam smiled, looking around the city block. “So...”

They laughed a little and Kurt turned away before the man could get any ideas. Like kissing him, for example. “I’ll talk to you this weekend. Goodnight Adam.”

Adam smiled and took a few steps back. “Goodnight. It was lovely having your time this evening.”

Kurt waved goodnight. Sebastian smiled between the two of them and waved as well. As soon as Hunter and Adam disappeared into the subway, Sebastian ran over and jumped on Kurt. "Oh my fucking whiz you dry humped an ADONIS!"

Kurt pushed him off and looked around to make sure no one had heard that. Of course there was a group of girls glaring at them as they crossed the street. Kurt sighed.

"You do realize he basically showed up to mark his territory right?" Sebastian smiled, walking off in the direction of his place. "I swear Kurt, you seriously need to get with the program. The both of you are immensely sexy and he *wants* you. Like, look at me. He *wants* you."

Kurt turned left on Bleecker Street. "I'll be over in like 20 minutes, ok?"

Sebastian arched an eyebrow at him. "Um. Where are you going?"

His friend gestured over to 6<sup>th</sup> Avenue. The BMW was parked there. Sebastian smiled, placing one hand in his pocket. "And you say this isn't an affair?"

Kurt frowned.

"Dude." Sebastian smiled at him and started to cross the street in the opposite direction. He did his American Sign Language some more, signing the words 'Stretch' and 'Lubricate' before Kurt had enough. He turned to walk away and his best friend laughed. "Call me when you get to my place!"

"I will." Kurt shouted back before smoothing out his Henley top and adjusting the suspenders. He neared Blaine's BMW at the corner of Bleecker and 6<sup>th</sup> just like instructed, and he then knocked on the passenger door window before climbing into the car.

Music was playing quietly. Blaine hadn't looked up at him since he got in. He was staring down at his phone, scrolling through messages. It was a quarter past midnight now according to the time on the dash. Kurt got comfortable, about to put on his seatbelt when Blaine leant over the center console; his head an inch away. Kurt turned to look him in the eyes and licked his lips as Blaine's hand cupped his face, their mouths touching a second later. Kurt expected soft and gentle but got dominant, but he had no intentions of complaining. He parted his lips and moaned as he breathed in; Blaine holding his head in place and kissing him like Kurt was his life supply. When Blaine pulled away, Kurt realized his hand was clutching at the man's tie. He blushed and let go, sitting back in his seat. Blaine licked his lips and started up the car.

Kurt didn't know where they were going, but he didn't care either. He did know they were headed uptown on 6<sup>th</sup>, but they could end up anywhere. Blaine's hand landed on Kurt's thigh and rubbed up and down, making the boy bite his lip. He decided to kill the thick tension between them by saying something.

"I think Sebastian really likes you."

Blaine smiled; one hand on the steering wheel, the other on Kurt's knee. "I think Adam really likes you."

Kurt rolled his eyes.

"You two looked mighty comfortable when I pulled up."

"Nothing was going to happen, Blaine."

"Then why was he close?"

"Are we going to talk about how you still have sex with Sarah too?"

Blaine got quiet. He turned right on 59<sup>th</sup> Street and Kurt noticed they were going towards Central Park.

"I didn't think so."

"I haven't had sex with Sarah since we started... *this*, Kurt."

"It's only been 24 hours."

Blaine smiled. "You're behaving like a 19 year old."

Kurt turned to face him. "Does that surprise you? The last time I checked I *was* a 19 year old."

Blaine moved his hand from Kurt's lap and returned it to the steering wheel. Kurt folded his arms. The two of them remained quiet all until Blaine drove into the park and Kurt's eyes flew open.

"You're not supposed to come in here after 7 pm. It's well after midnight, Blaine."

The man continued to drive. "I'm a lawyer. You don't have to explain rules to me."



Kurt rolled his eyes, rubbing at the bridge of his nose beneath his glasses. Blaine smiled at him before he pulled over in the middle of the road. They were surrounded by trees. He turned the car off completely and looked at the teen beside him.

“Look at me.”

Kurt continued to stare out the window, though he did smile when the man began to tickle him. “Stop it.”

“Do you think it’s easy for me knowing you’re with another guy? I told you I had feelings for you. This isn’t fun.”

Kurt scoffed, turning to face him. “So it’s perfectly peachy hearing you and Sarah at night?”

Blaine looked down at the leather steering wheel. “You hear Sarah. You don’t hear me. The sex is mediocre if that.”

“I don’t even want to hear about it.”

Blaine nodded. “Fine. Tell me about your date.”

Kurt let the man take his hand. “We talked. We danced. We went to the pizzeria. He’s sweet. He did get touchy at times but I put him in his place.”

Blaine bit his lips, returning his hand to Kurt’s thigh. “Good boy.”

Kurt blushed, looking away. “I told him we’d talk about a second date.”

“Ok.” They were quiet for a while. Kurt watched as his boss’s hand moved higher up the tight white jeans he wore. As inexperienced as he was, it didn’t take much for Kurt to get turned on. He could feel himself getting hard just as Blaine’s phone rang. The man looked down at it as he dragged his hand down to Kurt’s knee. The call was from Sarah. He pressed ignore. “So you’re hanging out with Sebastian this weekend?”

Kurt nodded. “Yup.”

Blaine hummed. “The whole weekend?”

Kurt faced him now before his eyes focused on Blaine's hand in his lap. "We're studying f-for f-finals week and hanging out... a little bit. Maybe watch *Supernatural* reruns."

Blaine slid his hand between Kurt's thighs. He smiled when the boy let his eyes drift closed and bit his lower lip. He looked incredibly sexy like that. "Sarah's going away this weekend."

Kurt wondered if she'd be going with Tim. "Oh?"

"Yeah." Blaine moved his hand higher. "It'd be great if you went somewhere with Madison and me."

Kurt clutched at the dark leather seat as the man started to stroke him over his jeans. His eyes were shut tightly. "I-I don't know if that's a great idea. M-Maddie seeing me over the weekend, she'd probably... tell her m-mother."

Blaine was staring down at his hand. He licked his lips as he rubbed over Kurt's cock and the boy whispered his name; the tail end of it sounding like a song. "You're right."

"God," Kurt moaned, dropping his hands on top of Blaine's.

"Can I see it?"

Kurt was about to cum and he knew it. He could feel his face heating up as his lips parted and he clutched his boss's forearm. Blaine's eyes darkened to the color of coffee as he watched him. "I'm... *Blaine*."

Blaine moved his hand back down to Kurt's thigh and the teen whined. He smiled. "Let me see..."

Kurt closed his eyes and swallowed hard. "Tell me something..."

Blaine sat up straight and leant over, grabbing the zipper on Kurt's jeans and slowly lowering it. "You look amazing tonight."

Kurt ignored him but had to bite his lip when Blaine popped open the button on his pants. His toes curled in his boots once the man's hand moved into his pants. "Oh fuck..."

Blaine sighed, feeling Kurt's cock grow even harder against his palm. He was turned on too. "What is it that you want me to tell you?"

Kurt found his body rocking up on its own volition. His legs shook and he took a deep breath, trying to slow down as Blaine rubbed him over his briefs. “W-Will you still have sex with her?”

Blaine watched as the teen began to fall apart. “No. I won’t.”

Kurt gasped, eyes rolling back. “Fuck. D-Do you mean that?”

Blaine nodded, leaning over and kissing the shell of his ear. “I mean it, Kurt.” The teen began to moan as Blaine moved his hand around, pushing the briefs to the side and finally making contact with Kurt’s smooth cock. He licked his lips, breathing against his ear as Kurt gripped his thigh, trying his best not to climax before his boss pulled it out. When Blaine did, he looked down at it and groaned to himself. Kurt whimpered as the man’s hand began to freely move up and down the length of it. They both stared down and watched the sight; Kurt’s heart rate quickening with each passing second and Blaine’s lips finding Kurt’s long neck.

“I’m about to...” Kurt dug into Blaine’s thigh with the nails on one hand; the other placed against the passenger side window. He threw his head back and moaned out loud, Blaine smiling against his neck before sucking at a particular spot he found that drove the younger man crazy. “Yes.”

A second later, Kurt was shaking as he came, Blaine still stroking him as he helped him through it. The teen mumbled his name over and over before his voice faded away. Kurt forced his eyes open a moment later and stared down at the man’s hand wrapped his cock—cum covering his fingers, even on his wedding band. His toes continued to curl as Blaine continued kissing his neck; his tongue poking out and trailing paths up to his ear. “Blaine...”

The man placed a few more kisses before pulling back; their eyes locked. “Yeah...”

Kurt smiled at him, his cheeks a scarlet color. Blaine looked at the mark on his neck and his first instinct was to make it bigger, even though he was never into marking before. “I can...” Kurt trailed off. “Do you want—?”

“Not tonight,” Blaine told him. He pulled away and reached in the glove compartment, pulling out a few tissues. “Next time...” He and Kurt caught eyes before the boy looked down at the bulge in his boss’s pants. “We can take our time.”

Kurt nodded slowly.

"I'll take you to Sebastian's. Where does he live?"

Kurt looked down at himself and fixed himself up, zipping his jeans and doing the button. "Two blocks away from where we were."

Blaine started up the vehicle. "So I'm not seeing you this weekend?"

"I think I'm worth the wait until Monday," Kurt said softly, smiling as he fixed his glasses. Blaine smiled as the boy clicked his seatbelt once more. "Don't you?"

"You're more than worth it. That doesn't change the fact that I want to see you. I'm sure you know Madison will too."

Kurt looked around as Blaine drove them to the park's next exit. "I'd love to see the both of you but if we're going to do this, we can't be foolish."

Blaine nodded. "What is it that we're doing?"

Kurt blushed. "I don't know."

They got quiet again. Blaine safely made it out the park and turned onto 5<sup>th</sup> Avenue. Kurt read the ad on the taxi they pulled up next to at a red light. "Are you going to be seeing Adam?"

Kurt turned to him and took his boss's hand. "I wouldn't mind being his friend."

Blaine rolled his eyes at that as they laced their fingers together. His employee laughed a bit. "Why are you acting like that?"

"Because he likes you and I have a feeling I'll end up losing out to him. He's closer to your age and all. I doubt he has a wife and a kid."

Kurt smiled. "So you and I both are insecure. This should be fun."

Blaine drove off. "We need to go on a date soon."

Kurt smiled some more. "Ok, Mr. Anderson."

“Seriously. He’s already gotten to take you out. You guys had fun. I don’t want to feel like I’m just getting you off or you’re just getting me off. I like you, Kurt.”

The teen looked out at the stores they passed. “I know. I like you too.”

“Then I’m taking you out soon.”

Kurt smiled. “Good.”

Blaine sighed as his phone started to ring again. He reached for it and accepted the call this time.

“Hey.”

Kurt couldn’t make out what was being said on the other end. He folded his hands in his lap as the two spoke.

“I didn’t answer because I was driving and I’m still driving.” Silence. “I’ll be in soon.” More silence. Kurt fidgeted at his glasses out of nervousness. “Yeah. Alright. See you soon.” Blaine hung up the phone and put it between them, his hand returning to Kurt’s knee.

“Everything ok?”

“Everything’s great,” Blaine said with a slight hint of sarcasm. Kurt nodded, looking away. He thought about asking whether or not they were just going to mess around behind Sarah’s back for the time being or if he had any intention of leaving her, but he’d leave that discussion for another day. Today had been a long one for the both of them.

“Ok.”

...

“Are you going home for the summer? Or... wait you have to work. So how does it work over the summer? You just stay at the penthouse all day since there’s no school? ...On the weekends you can’t go back to the dorms with no summer sessions... are you going to get an apartment?”

Kurt hadn't even thought of any of these things for himself. He looked down at his notes and then up at Sebastian who was across the room taking shirtless selfies in the mirror. "I'm not sure."

Sebastian turned back to look at him. "You know that sophomore year is over in a matter of days, right?"

Kurt nodded obviously. "I am aware."

His friend leant against his dresser. "Well if you want you can stay here. Or we can find a 2 bedroom apartment. Or maybe Mr. Anderson will get you a place. You should milk him for as much as you can."

Kurt smiled. "You'd make an excellent 'other man' you know."

Sebastian laughed. "You'd know, Kurt. But I'm being serious. If he gets to have his cake and eat it too, you may as well make sure you're taken care of. And didn't you say his wife is out being a tramp somewhere? Why aren't you with him? I know my company is nice but..."

"We're supposed to be studying."

"We're going to ace it."

"You don't know that." Kurt sat up and dragged his books across the bed. "How's Hunter? We keep talking about Blaine."

"Well we've been talking about my boyfriends for years. It's your turn." Sebastian faced the mirror again and held his phone up. "I heard Adam thinks you're wonderful, not that I'm surprised."

Kurt rubbed the nape of his neck. "I don't want to lead him on. He's wonderful too."

Sebastian looked at him through the reflection. "You're right. Gotta do what you gotta do though."

Kurt went back to reading his notes. "I don't know. I like Blaine a lot, Bas. And I love Madison. I'm worried this is going to end terribly... like I'm making a huge mistake. Maybe he'll realize he's making a huge mistake."

Sebastian nodded.

“But I feel great when I’m with him. Even before everything started...”

“Can I say something?”

Kurt smiled a little, removing his glasses to rub his eyes. “You don’t usually ask permission.”

“Well, I just want to say that if he wanted you two to stay hidden, or if he wanted to keep *you* hidden, he probably wouldn’t have shown his face last night. Also, dude that hickey isn’t small. He has no shame.”

Kurt listened to him, rubbing at the spot on his neck. “I still can’t believe he did this.”

Sebastian smirked as his friend covered it with his hand. Like that would do something. He went to sit on the bed and grabbed his shirt. “Take your time if you aren’t sure, right? You’re a brilliant guy. The smartest man I know, Kurt. You’ll know if this is just him screwing around with you because his relationship is boring or if he genuinely wants to be with you like he says he does.”

“You’re right.”

Sebastian looked down at his books. “I don’t know. I think he’s being for real. Time will tell.”

Kurt nodded. He looked down at his phone when it lit up and reached for it, laughing at the message. “Oh my god. He sent me a pic.”

Sebastian’s eyes lit up. “A naughty one?”

“No idiot,” Kurt turned the phone to his friend. “It’s Blaine and Madison. They’re at the zoo. He’s trying to make me jealous since I refused to go.”

Sebastian laughed, looking down at the goofy faces the two made. “Wow. She’s adorable. And they’re in front of the tigers. You should’ve gone, man.”

Kurt shrugged. “I’m trying to play this smart.”

Sebastian sighed. “You’re right. Did you cash the \$5,000?”

“No way.” Kurt said. “I think that would kill Blaine even more than me keeping the truth from him in the first place. One day I’ll work up the courage to show him it and tell him to leave her.”

His friend smiled. “You totally should.”

...

**From Blaine:**

**Madison wanted me to send this picture to you, so here it is.**

Sarah stared down at the photo of her daughter holding a stuffed flamingo in the Bronx Zoo. She felt Tim walk up behind her and wrap his arms around her waist.

“She looks just like her stupid father,” he said in her ear. “And why’d he word it like that? Like sending you a text pains him.”

Sarah turned around in the man’s arms. “You dislike everything Blaine does, Timmy.”

The man smiled. “He has what I want.”

“You could’ve taken it from him a long time ago.”

Timothy dropped his hands from her waist and walked through the cabin, back into the living room. Sarah watched her lover walk away, her eyes glued to his shirtless body. “I’m serious.”

“I know,” he told her. “I wish you could tell him about me. It would break him. I’d make partner.”

She smiled. “There’s a lot wrong with that plan, baby. The main thing is Madison.” She walked into the living room and sat on his lap. “I don’t want him to use the affair as a means to get sole custody. I’d end up paying child support and he’d have everything. There’s no way I’m letting that happen.”

“You don’t think I could take care of you,” he stated it more than asked.

“Do you want to?” Sarah asked. “Say you do. I’d leave him in a heartbeat.”



Timothy held her waist. “You know I do.”

Sarah rubbed at the scruff on the man’s face. “You don’t mean that.”

He smiled and looked away. “Nothing I say will convince you, huh?”

“An engagement ring would.”

Timothy rolled his eyes and stood up; the woman sliding off his lap as a result. He walked toward the bedroom. “Let’s get dressed and go out to dinner.”

Sarah watched him walk away before pulling out her phone.

**To Blaine:**

**She looks beautiful. I wish I was with you both. Mom and Dad say hello.**

“Sarah... we have reservations.”

She stood up and walked to the bedroom, wearing only his t-shirt. “On my way, darling.”

## Chapter Seven

That Saturday continued to move slowly for Kurt. He was thankful that he managed to get a lot of studying in; him and a restless Sebastian quizzing one another until the evening. The pair went out and walked through the Greenwich Village neighborhood afterwards, looking for a spot to eat at. On the way they stopped to watch a few street performers do covers of 90's rock songs. That was the thing Kurt loved about NYC—everyone and everything was so vibrant, so full of life. There was always something to see and always something happening... always something to be a part of. He couldn't imagine himself anywhere else.

After deciding on a Japanese restaurant, they dined and chatted about class, boys, *men*, plans for the summer, and pretty much any randomness that came to mind. Sebastian was making arrangements to go back to Ohio for a couple weeks and Kurt considered it too, but maybe later in the season. Sarah would have something to say about him taking vacation when his 90-day probationary period wasn't even close to being over. Kurt assumed he had a probationary period. Who knows how it works in the Nanny industry?

It wasn't long before they were both back in Sebastian's small apartment. Kurt did share a few texts with Blaine throughout the evening. Most of them consisted of small talk. He didn't want to be a bother while Blaine had some down time with Madison. He could imagine how happy the little girl was to be spending the weekend with her father. By the time Sebastian and Kurt were settled in bed and enjoying the first episode of many in their *Supernatural* marathon, the teen received a few messages from Adam. The two texted for about an hour before the Brit said he needed to sleep for work the next morning.

They were about four episodes into season 4 when Sebastian said something about wanting to kiss Jensen Ackles from head to toe. After quickly and firmly replying that Bas definitely needed to back off of his man, Kurt smiled at his best friend's laughter and finally stopped fighting sleep. He drifted off slowly, thanking the older teen when he felt Sebastian remove his glasses. They said goodnight, and it was a great night. Kurt slept like a baby.

But, Sunday started earlier than Kurt would normally be ok with. There was an unwritten rule about Sundays, and everyone who was fortunate enough to have the day off knew that Sunday was the unofficial *Be Lazy* day. Waking up early on Sunday was definitely illegal, or at least it should've been. But today, he was ok with it.

When he opened his eyes, Sebastian's green and orange socked foot was in his face. Kurt rolled his eyes and pushed it away before rolling over and stretching. The clock read 8:13 am. Sebastian would be waking up at 10 for work, so Kurt tried very hard not to disturb him too much before then. He reached around on the dresser for his cell phone, yawning quietly to himself and then smiling when he saw the three messages that greeted him.

**From Blaine:**

**Good morning, Kurt. Sunday love from the Princess and I.**

Kurt laughed softly at the picture that was attached. Blaine had his lips pressed against his daughter's round cheek and she was wearing that 'Dad is giving me the Cooties' face—her gorgeous blue eyes practically rolled back into her head, even though she did have the slightest smirk on her lips. It was really adorable. Kurt looked back at Blaine in the photo after a while and admired how the man looked when he was in *Sunday with Maddie* mode. Those curls were insane, and Kurt definitely imagined himself running his fingers through them for a few seconds before moving onto the next message.

**From Blaine:**

**I hope you slept well. I had a dream that you were in. Before you think I'm a pervert – No it wasn't dirty. :P You were a writer for the New York Times. I just remember being really proud of you.**

**From Blaine:**

**P.S. – I could totally be a pervert if you're into that. Lol.**

Kurt laughed and rolled his eyes as he turned back over in bed, placing the phone on the pillow beside him. He decided that he'd give the two of them some more time together before texting a good morning message back. It was still rather early, and Kurt thought he had maybe another hour of sleep left in him. But as soon as he closed his eyes, he heard a familiar voice.

"...Hello?"

Kurt shot his head up and looked at the screen. He was really confused when he saw Blaine's face there in video form. "Um. Hi?"

Blaine smiled. "You do realize you just FaceTimed me, right?"

Kurt laughed and rubbed at his face tiredly. He probably looked like shit, not even having rubbed the sleep out of his eyes yet. "I'm sorry." He dropped his hand and picked up the phone, holding it at an appropriate level so his boss could see him and he could see his boss. Blaine was still in bed; curly hair awry, beautiful smile on his beautiful lips, no shirt in sight. Kurt looked at the screen as he felt the blood rushing to the tip of his ears. "I erm, I must've touched the button on accident."

Blaine waved him off, still smiling. "It's totally fine. You're really adorable when you're just waking up."

Kurt playfully rolled his eyes and blushed, enjoying the sound of Blaine's laughter. He turned around to make sure Sebastian was still asleep and sure enough, the boy's head was buried in his Reeboks hoodie. Kurt looked back down at the phone screen and spoke softly. "I miss you."

Blaine stared back. His eyes were bright as the tone of his voice became more serious as opposed to its usual hit of playfulness. "I miss you too."

Kurt smiled as he looked at the man's gorgeous eyes. "Hold on."

"Ok."

The Nanny placed the phone on the pillow and then reached down to the side of the bed, digging through his bag. He pulled out a pair of standard Apple earphones and plugged them into his phone, putting them in his ears next. Blaine folded one arm beneath his head on screen, and Kurt bit his lip at the sight of him. The lawyer was in *such* fantastic shape. His arms, his chest... those broad shoulders. Kurt closed his eyes for a moment before opening them again. *Stop it, Hummel.* "S-So, may I ask why you're up so early anyway? Especially on a Sunday when you should be relaxing..."

Blaine smiled again. "Well, my daughter thought it would be a great idea to wake up at 6 am for whatever reason, and of course that meant waking up her dad, and you know Madison always has a plan in motion and this morning's was to watch *Tangled* and have a sing-along. So, I woke up and we began watching it, but by the time 'Mother Knows Best' came on I was singing by myself because she started snoring." Kurt laughed at Blaine's face as he told the story; the man shaking his head. "But you know that I couldn't let a fantastic movie go to waste. I ended up staying awake and watching it by my lonesome. It started playing again a few minutes ago if you hear it in the background."

"*Tangled* is pretty incredible."

Blaine nodded as he brushed curls away from his forehead. "You're right about that. And I don't know. I can't really go back to sleep."

Kurt smiled at him as he tried to fix his own hair as subtly as possible. "That's unfortunate."

"What about you?"

"Oh, you know." Kurt glanced back at Sebastian's body, wondering if the teen was even breathing. At one moment, he'd be a heavy sleeper and the next he'd shoot up at the slightest sound. Maybe it was narcolepsy. "I opened my eyes and saw a foot in my face so I thought maybe I should do something about that."

Blaine laughed. His eyes had stayed glued to Kurt's neck when the younger man turned to look at his best friend, and *fuck* he couldn't help but feel a sense of pride when he saw the fading mark there. He bit his lip. Kurt turned back to the screen and smiled at him, and Blaine spoke softly. "Now *that's* unfortunate."

Kurt grinned. "Tell me about it."

They were both quiet for a while and both stared at their screens. Kurt felt a little self-conscious in the tank top he wore. He knew Blaine was staring. He smiled a little when Blaine started to smile and then raised an eyebrow. "What?"

Blaine shook his head, biting his lip in an adorable way. "Nothing. You're just. I like looking. You're beautiful."

Kurt blushed and buried his face in the pillow, listening through the earphones as his boss chuckled. The man only had a view of Sebastian's ceiling at the moment. "*Kuuurt*."

He slowly picked his head back up and was in front of the phone's camera again. Blaine smiled widely when he returned and Kurt laughed, looking at himself in the small picture at the top. His hair was a little wild and his eyes were squinty, but otherwise he was ok. He grabbed his glasses off the night stand and put them on. "What's your favorite thing about me?"

Blaine raised an eyebrow at that and as he scratched at the back of his neck, the muscles in his arms flexed. "Do you mean in terms of your looks?"

Kurt nodded. "When you say you like looking at me, what is it that you like looking at the most?"

Blaine's eyes moved over the screen and Kurt prepared for the answer. "I think I'd have to say your smile ultimately but your freckles are a close second. I love your dimple too. But as a final answer, I'll go with that beautiful smile of yours, Kurt."

Kurt couldn't help but smile. "Ok."

"Well you're going to have to answer it about me now," Blaine told him, a cheesy smile of his own. "Assuming you think I'm cute."

Kurt rolled his eyes and looked at the laughing Blaine Anderson on his phone screen. He could be such a dork sometimes. "I'd say your eyes. They're really... captivating. But if I had to choose a second, I love your eyebrows. They're triangles for crying out loud." He smiled. "What's not to adore about that?"

Blaine chuckled and rubbed at his scruff. Kurt wondered if he could convince him not to shave for a few days. "Cooper used to tease me. He said I was adopted because our parents don't have eyebrows like these."

Kurt laughed. "He's terrible."

"He was something else growing up," Blaine said, smiling though. "You know, Sarah won't be home until around 10 tonight."

Kurt looked back down at the screen—he'd turned away for a second because Sebastian rolled over. "Really?"

The man nodded. "And it would be ridiculous for us to waste a day together. Madison is still upset with you for not coming to the zoo with us."

Kurt smiled softly, listening.

"You could seriously make it up to her by showing face today. I think she'd be quicker to forgive you because it'd be a great surprise..."

"You're totally using Maddie to make me feel bad..."

"I am."

Kurt smiled, thinking for a moment. "I won't be any fun to either of you. I wanted to get some more studying in. Besides that, I would *really* hate to come between Maddie & Daddy time."

"You're going to pass anyway," Sebastian groaned into the blanket. Kurt looked back at him, not knowing his friend had awoken. Only Sebastian was still otherwise dead to the world—his face planted on the bed and his legs sprawled out. Blaine was speaking when Kurt tuned back in.

"...you what. I'll make breakfast. We'll all hang out and watch movies for a little while. It'll be a laid back, relaxed day. Then, I'll take Madison somewhere and let you get back to your studying. I promise."

Kurt adjusted one earpiece in his ear as he considered it; his eyes on the man's chest.

"I really want to kiss you."

He smiled. "So do I Mr. Anderson."

Blaine bit his lip. "Then what's the problem?"

His answer was quick. "She could show up at any given moment. Just because she gave you one time doesn't mean things couldn't change..."

The older man sighed. "You know you live here, right? It isn't like you aren't supposed to be here. I'll just say you came back a day early— it isn't like you're totally *banned* on Saturday and Sunday. And," Blaine smiled as Kurt fixed his glasses. "I love you in those... but anyway, it isn't like we'll be doing anything inappropriate with Princess here. We both just want to see you."

Kurt smiled at him and started to run his hand through his hair. This was a big deal. He really wanted to be smart about this—whatever it was they were doing—and Blaine seemed to be less worried about the whole *not being suspicious* thing.

"If you don't want to, I understand," Blaine said a bit later. "It's fine. I'm not going to pressure you about it."

Kurt began to smile and Blaine stared at the screen, arching one of his triangular eyebrows in curiosity. When Kurt looked down and didn't speak, Blaine smiled. "And you're still probably a little tired. Maybe you should go back to sleep anyway."

"I'm fine," Kurt told him.

Blaine hummed in response. "You sure?"

Kurt nodded, picking his head up. He smiled some more. "Can you send the driver for me? I prefer George if he works on Sunday."

Blaine stared to see if he was serious, but he couldn't stop the smile from spreading across his face. "Are you for real?"

Kurt nodded, grinning back. "I'm for real, Mr. Anderson. Do you remember Bas's address?"

Blaine reached for the house phone as he nodded to Kurt. He looked super excited as he began to dial numbers and Kurt tried not to laugh. "He'll be there in an hour," Blaine said. "So go get ready."

"Perfect. I'll see you in a bit, then."

Blaine smiled at the screen and nodded his head. "You will."

Kurt watched the man blow a kiss and he shook his head, blushing as he disconnected the FaceTime message. He pulled out his earphones and turned over in bed, smiling up at the ceiling. Sebastian rolled over so that they were facing one another, even though the lanky teen was at the foot of the bed. He sat up, rubbed tiredly at his face, and smiled at his best friend. Kurt tried to ignore him as he blushed.

"I really hate that I like him so freaking much, Bas."

Sebastian nodded, patting him on the leg. "Embrace that hatred. It's a beautiful thing, Kurt." He stood up and tiredly pulled off his hoodie. "I'm going to work and then I'm going to spend some time with my boyfriend. You should do the same."



Kurt sighed. "Boyfriend. He's 29 years-old."

Sebastian looked at him. "You'll be 20 in a little over a month."

"That's not even the point." Kurt sat up now. "What will my dad say? Carole? Finn?"

Sebastian stared. "Congratulations?"

Kurt shook his head no.

"Well if I showed up at home with a boyfriend who made a seven digit a year salary, my parents would be the proudest."

Kurt shook his head some more. "Even if he was pushing 30?"

Sebastian scoffed. "He could be close to pushing daisies and they wouldn't give a damn, Kurt."

"I guess that's the difference between my old man and yours," the boy said, wiping at his glasses.

Sebastian nodded. "True. But like I said, go spend time with him and Madison. And be sure to let me know if he makes any attempts to mess around. I'm curious as to how serious the two of you are for him."

Kurt nodded at that. He still wondered too. Blaine said on a couple occasions that he wanted to take him out on a date, like an official one, but Kurt wasn't sure. He wasn't sure of a lot of things as of late, though.

"Now go get in the shower, little bro."

...

"Fancy seeing you here on a Sunday, Mr. Hummel," Pernell, the doorman greeted. Kurt nodded at him as he unzipped his royal blue jacket.

"The bosses are busy so here I am," he answered. This whole lying thing wasn't as hard as he thought it would be.

Pernell nodded in return. "I understand. I don't usually work Sundays either. The weekend guy came down with something, and the per diem weekend guy is out of state. So here I am."

Kurt smiled softly. "I'm sorry to hear that."

Pernell went back behind his desk. "It happens, right? Have a good day, Mr. Hummel."

"You too, Mr. Pernell."

Kurt closed his eyes once in the elevator. The gentleman pressed the button for the top floor, and once they arrived, Kurt gave him a tip. He honestly didn't get the point in all of that. He could totally hit a button himself, but this was the life...

As the teen got his key out to open the door, Madison pulled it open before Kurt could even touch the key to the lock. She was smiling and excited and pretty much jumped on her nanny; a head full of dark curls everywhere. Kurt laughed as he squeezed her tight and took her inside. "Hi Maddie."

"Hi Kurt!" She hopped down. "Papa's making Belgian waffles and sausages!"

It smelled amazing. His mouth watered as they closed the door behind him and Madison dragged Kurt further inside after he'd removed his shoes and backpack. He laughed when they got to the kitchen and Blaine was wearing a ridiculous *Real Men aren't afraid to own Poodles* apron.

"What? Do you even *own* a poodle?"

Blaine smiled at him, shaking his head no. "I totally would though but Madison wants a Beagle."

Madison smiled. "About that Beagle..."

"Nope," Blaine stuck his tongue out at her before looking at Kurt. He bit his lip as the teen pulled off his jacket and was left in a plaid green, white, and blue long sleeved shirt that fit him tightly. Paired with them were skinny jeans and denim All-Star Converse. Blaine smiled before looking back down and focusing on the food he was preparing. "Hello, Kurt."

Kurt smiled back and he pushed at the frame of his glasses. "Hello, Mr. Anderson."

Blaine caught eyes with him and neither looked away. "Thank you for coming over on your weekend. Madison wouldn't be quiet about wanting to see you."

Kurt looked down at the little girl who folded her arms at that. "So only Madison wanted to see me, huh?"

Blaine nodded though he couldn't hide his smirk.

"He's lying." Madison went to the table and sat down, and Kurt laughed. "I wasn't going to pester him today until *he* suggested it."

"I thought this was supposed to be a surprise," Kurt said with a laugh, walking over to the kitchen. Blaine glared at his daughter before smiling at Kurt.

"She's a little rat. And I guess the cat's out the bag. I suck at keeping secrets. I almost texted you about the book I bought you four times yesterday."

"Ah..." Kurt leant against the counter with a grin. "Can I get it today?"

Blaine shrugged, playing nonchalant. "I'll consider it *after* you give me my gift."

Kurt laughed, ignoring how bad he wanted to peck Blaine's lips as a hello. He turned and walked away when the man's eyes on him got to be too much. "We'll see. I'll help the little lady set up the table."

...

The trio ate and Kurt had to compliment Blaine on breakfast. The man told him he owed him *bacon pancakes* and Kurt promised to repay him one day soon. Madison led the party to her room where she already had the first movie set up and ready to be watched. Kurt smiled when he saw what was on the girl's pink 42-inch screen.

"Awesome! I *love* Aladdin. It's probably my favorite."

Blaine plopped down on the full-sized mattress in the Disney's *The Little Mermaid* themed bedroom. It always took his eyes some time to adjust to the abundance of pink. Kurt smiled at the man before looking at an excited Maddie. "Can I go change into something comfortable?"

"Sure, Kurt!"

"Thank you," he replied, quickly leaving before the movie could get started. Madison went over to her bed and climbed on top of her dad, laughing when she got a wet kiss on the forehead.

"Quit it."

"Never, punk."

Kurt returned a couple minutes later in a NY Comic Con t-shirt and navy blue sweat pants. They always fit nicely, Blaine thought. He lay down next to Blaine; Madison's eyes glued to the TV from where she sat at the end of the bed in between them. Blaine subtly moved his head over so that he was sharing the same pillow as Kurt, but not enough so that they were touching. The younger man smiled to himself but stayed focus on the television.

It was when "A Whole New World" came on and Blaine sang a duet with his daughter that Kurt realized Blaine's singing voice was *amazing*. He ended up watching the two of them instead as Blaine held her closely, making the little girl laugh as he held out their arms and pretended they were soaring. She sounded amazing too—it must've been hereditary. Kurt was caught smiling at Blaine when the man glanced over at him after the song.

"Is there a reason you're not participating in this sing-along, Kurt?"

"He can sing," Madison said quickly, lying back down at the end of the bed. "I totally heard him one time."

"Oh?" Blaine smiled widely at that and moved in close to Kurt, the nanny laughing and shoving him away.

"I have no idea what she's talking about," Kurt replied, but of course Madison fell back into the movie. Blaine however had his full attention. "To be honest, I'd rather listen to you two. And we definitely need to do something about you getting back into music..."

Blaine smiled and rested his head on the pillow again. "You're right. We'll see."

Kurt smiled.

The next movie on schedule was *Toy Story 3*. Blaine requested it and after whispering something for about one whole minute with his daughter—a suspicious Kurt watching the scene unfold—the teen wasn't at all surprised when he was cornered and tickle attacked by the both of them. He had to say 'Mercy' seven times before the horrible Andersons finally relented—Blaine seeming very pleased with himself and Madison appearing just as sinister. Blaine was the worst influence ever.

"I can't believe you two."

Madison grinned, cuddling into her nanny's side. "It was definitely Dad's idea, so if anyone has to go without getting bacon pancakes it should be him."

"Wow." Blaine glared at her. "Wow, Madison. Just, wow."

Kurt laughed out loud as he got comfortable. "Relax. I won't withhold any food but I'll come up with awesome payback for that devious father of yours."

Madison smiled at her dad innocently. Blaine grinned as he lay down beside them, placing an arm over his daughter and the teen. Kurt did his best not to think about how good this made him feel, because when he did there was nothing but guilt. It should've been Madison's mom in this position with them, it shouldn't have been him, and he didn't want to think about how Madison would feel if she knew that her father was starting to like Kurt how her parents should've liked one another. He just didn't want her to get so attached to him in one way and then have her heartbroken, blaming him for splitting up her family. Maybe he wouldn't have been the sole reason but he definitely would've played a part. Kurt sighed as he brushed the hair from her face, the girl smiling at the contact. Blaine quietly watched the movie as he held his daughter between them—his fingers tracing lines along the small of Kurt's back beneath the t-shirt he wore.

It was close to 1 pm when Blaine's phone rang. Kurt and Madison looked up and the girl stretched as she rolled over, watching her dad answer the phone. Part of her worried it was his job. Every time she got to spend time with her parents, work interrupted. It made her sad though she tried not to let it show.

Blaine raised an eyebrow at the name on the screen before answering. "Blaine Anderson," he said.

"Mr. Anderson. Hi, this is Mr. Sheraton."

Blaine gathered that much from the contact but was still a little puzzled. "Good afternoon. I'm sorry but I'm drawing a blank, here..."

There was a laugh. "It's fine. I'm Sean Sheraton's father. He's in Madison's class."

A light bulb went off in Blaine's head and he sat up straighter. Sean and Madison had shared kindergarten together too, but they attended a small private school so they'd more than likely be together every year. "Oh yes, Mr. Sheraton! Hi. How can I help you?"

Madison turned and looked at Kurt who looked at her in return. "That's Chocolate Milk Boy's dad."

Kurt nodded. "Ooh right. That donut he gave me was really good."

Maddie smiled.

"I was wondering if it was ok if I took Madison to the Big Apple Circus with Sean and our neighbor. I bought an extra ticket because he really wanted to invite her. My wife and I will be chaperoning. It'll be fun!"

"Oh, that does sound great." Blaine turned to look at his daughter and smiled. "I'll ask her now."

"Sure thing."

Madison looked up at him with wide, bright blue eyes. "What's up, pops?"

Kurt smiled. Too adorable.

"Sean's dad wants to know if you'd like to go to the Big Apple Circus with them. We can always reschedule our movie date if you want to, I don't mind."

Madison smiled. The circus sounded like a lot of fun. But she didn't know if she wanted to ditch her dad. "Are you sure?"

Blaine nodded. "I'm sure. I'll have Mr. Kurt to keep me company."

Madison looked back at the nanny who smiled at her. "It sounds like a lot of fun..." Kurt sang.

Madison grinned. "Ok!"

Blaine laughed as she jumped up to go find an outfit. Kurt smiled and watched her before looking at his boss. "I think that's a yes, Mr. Sheraton."

"Awesome." He gave him his address and a time to be there. Blaine promised they'd arrive shortly.

"Well, it looks like it's just me and you, Kurt. Would you like to ride with Maddie and I across town to the Sheratons?"

Kurt sat up and pressed pause on the Blu-Ray remote. "I'd love to. I'll go get dressed."

Blaine grabbed his phone and quickly sent a message. Kurt felt his vibrate as soon as he'd stepped into the hallway.

**From Blaine:**

**Good, because we're going on our first date.**

...

An hour later, Kurt and Blaine were waving goodbye to Madison and wishing her, Chocolate Milk Boy and Co., a great time at the circus. Blaine knew he'd probably have to pick her up that evening in his SUV because of all of the souvenirs the girl would buy, but it was his own fault for sending her with the amount of money he did. They drove along 23rd street and Kurt smiled to himself, looking out the window.

"I'm happy I let you annoy me to the point that I had to say yes to spending the day with you."

Blaine laughed, shaking his head. "So that means you're having a good time?"

Kurt nodded and glanced over at him. "I am. Where is this *date* taking place?"

Blaine stopped at a red light and looked at him. "Where would you like to go? I think I'm going to return to car to the garage and have George drive us somewhere."

Kurt smiled as his fingers laced with Blaine's. "Surprise me."

Blaine lifted an eyebrow and smiled. "Ok."

...

The town car was already pulled up in front of 1212 Fifth Avenue when the two arrived back. Blaine stepped out of the vehicle; even when he was dressed casually in his black Alexander McQueen skull cable knit sweater and grey jeans with suede loafers on his feet, he still looked like a million bucks. Kurt wasn't sure if he could compare. It had gotten warm out so he neglected a jacket as well, instead wearing red form-fitting jeans, a black button up shirt, white suspenders and dark shoes. The valet had opened his door for him before he could even properly get untangled from the seatbelt and Kurt thanked him as he went to stand off to the side. Blaine tipped the man as he handed over his keys and gestured with a smile for Kurt to follow him. George was waiting with the backdoor open; looking as professional as he always did with his well kept uniform and a pleasant smile on his face.

"Mr. Anderson. Mr. Hummel."

Kurt nodded to him. He really liked George. He was one of the people that worked for the Andersons that Kurt had really taken a liking to. Most of the others looked down at him. Maybe being a nanny wasn't something to respect. Blaine had his hand on the small of Kurt's back as he led the boy to the vehicle.

"Mr. George," Blaine greeted with a smile. "We're going to Emack & Bolio's."

Kurt climbed into the car first as he listened to the conversation. *What in the heck is Emack & Bolio's?*

"Yes sir. Houston Street?"

Blaine shook his head no as he adjusted the diamond watch on his wrist. "I'd prefer the one on Amsterdam Avenue. We'll be in and out."

"Yes sir."

Blaine climbed into the backseat with Kurt and smiled at him as George closed the door behind them. He then rolled the partition up as his driver walked around the vehicle to get in and smiled at Kurt, reaching out to take his hand. Kurt noticed at some point, Blaine removed his wedding band. He felt a pang in his chest. "What's Emack & Bolio's?"



Blaine looked at him softly, their hands holding one another's. "I thought you wanted to be surprised?"

Kurt smiled. "I changed my mind."

"Well, I thought we'd stop for ice cream and then walk through Central Park while it was legal to," he said, making Kurt laugh. "And talk. I want to get to know you more."

That was fair. Kurt nodded. "Sounds like a plan."

Blaine smiled at him and moved a little closer. They were side by side for the rest of the ride, listening to the satellite radio play jazz and looking out at the city in late May. Kurt told the man about Burt, Carole, Finn, a little about his mother, but skimmed through and other discussion about high school. That could be discussed on a later date. Blaine respected that and was thankful for what he did get, even the part about Burt frequenting shooting ranges in Ohio, though that made him the slightest bit worried.

It turned out that Emack & Bolio's had some fantastic ice cream. Blaine got an ice cream cone with a bunch of different toppings, rainbow sprinkles *and* chocolate sprinkles included, but Kurt settled for something a little less loud; hot fudge, caramel, and banana. He liked it simple.

George didn't ask any questions as he escorted them to Central Park West. Blaine could tell the man wanted to ask, but he didn't. They got out and Blaine told him they'd be fine getting home, allowing his employee the rest of the day off. Kurt licked at his ice cream cone as he followed his boss into the park. They were in a populous area at first. People were doing yoga and playing with their dogs, picnicking too. After walking for about five minutes, they were a little deeper in the park and around less people. Blaine took Kurt's hand and started to climb a huge boulder, and though Kurt wanted to tell him that he was fine on the ground, he followed.

They sat close to the top and the view was gorgeous. Miles of green grass and city, of New Yorkers getting acclimated with the spring and of tourists taking in the sights. Kurt inhaled and looked out at it all. He turned to look at Blaine who had been watching him and smiled back.

"I catch you staring a lot, you know."

"Hm." Blaine licked at his topping heavy ice cream and then licked his lips. "Says the guy who broke a plate because he was drooling over me." Kurt blushed and Blaine laughed at him, looking out over the park. "But you know why I stare, Kurt." He turned to his right once again and smiled. "And I'm not saying sorry."

Kurt rolled his eyes as he nudged him. "You make me blush too much. I don't want to be permanently red so I'd appreciate it if you stopped."

Blaine grinned and moved closer.

They quietly enjoyed their ice cream a while longer. They also enjoyed finally being alone together at last at a time that wasn't past midnight. Kurt was worried someone that knew Blaine would pop up out of the blue and make this hard. He figured that would be a fear of his for a while. Of course if they got caught, he did have something against Sarah, but that wouldn't change how Blaine's life would more than likely spiral in result to having an affair with a teenage boy.

"I've been meaning to talk to you."

Kurt looked at him. "About?"

Blaine licked around the side of his cone and Kurt tried not to get turned on. There was a time and a place for everything. "Just things," Blaine answered. "I did want to run a few things by you. But, I think before I even begin, I should put a disclaimer out and say that I in no way want you to feel pressured by any of my decisions."

Kurt nodded at first before looking down and taking another lick from his ice cream. "What do you mean?"

Blaine turned to Kurt and watched him momentarily before his focus was back on a couple walking by. People seemed to be migrating towards the city streets. "I'm going to talk to Sarah about us agreeing on a divorce." He stopped for a moment before continuing, feeling Kurt's eyes on him. "I know that she isn't happy and I do think it's time to move on."

Kurt simply nodded. He wasn't sure what he was feeling in reaction to the news but he definitely hoped his boss wasn't bullshitting him.

"I was thinking about how I'm staying because of my daughter and how when Madison gets older, all of this may hurt her more. I don't want her to think that me staying in a situation that made me feel unhappy was all her fault... I don't want to tell her when she's older that I stayed because of her, and for her to feel any guilt or blame. You know?"

Kurt nodded some more.

"I just—I want her to know that it's possible for her mother and I to love her even if we aren't together and one day when she's old enough to find someone, I don't want her to think it's ok to put up with anything that makes her miserable when she could be living to her utmost potential. That's the kind of example I'm setting." He stopped again to lick at the melting part of his ice cream, Kurt mimicking him. "But at the same time, I don't want *you* to think just because I'm leaving her that you *have* to be with me. I still want to date you and to get to know you, Kurt. But, if it wasn't to work out for some reason, or maybe if you decided that another guy would be better for you, or that I have too much baggage, then that would be fine. I'm not leaving this marriage specifically because I want to be with you. I'm doing it for myself and for my daughter."

"But do you want to be with me?"

"Heavens yes," Blaine said with no hesitation. Kurt let his eyes rest on Blaine's.

"Even though it's going to be hard?"

Blaine looked at him.

"I don't think your family, besides Cooper maybe, would approve. I don't know about your colleagues either. My family would think I'm out of my mind, Blaine."

That much was true, but Blaine hated having to sacrifice what made him happy because of what everyone else thought. He'd been conforming to people's ideas of what his life was supposed to be since he was a little boy. How was any of it fair? He did have to take a minute to acknowledge this from Kurt's point of view. His family probably wouldn't think much of him, honestly. But Blaine knew how he felt. He knew what being around Kurt did for his sense of self-worth and his mood overall. He had yet to wonder if he was living up to some sort of standards when they were together.

"I don't know. This is about you and me, Kurt." He trailed off and shrugged. "If we decide that we want to be together then we should. I can't imagine denying myself of you because my parents had a problem with it or even someone at work. And it's 2014. They'll get over themselves. I just turned 29. I need to grow up at some point."

Kurt nodded at that as he looked at Blaine. He couldn't argue. Ultimately it would be their decision. That didn't mean it would be easy but, at least they had a decision. "You're right."

Blaine held the ice cream cone to his lips and took a long lick. Kurt stared. "And right now, I want to. I'd hate to spend another 30 years doing what other people pressure me to do."

Kurt smiled, staring at Blaine's lips. "Blaine... you have a little..." he gestured to the spot just over his upper lip.

Blaine licked them and raised an eyebrow questioningly as he looked at Kurt. "Did I get it?"

Kurt shook his head no. Blaine gave him a suspicious look like he thought he was being joked around with, and then the teen was leaning in, taking his top lip between his own and sucking sweetly. Blaine closed his eyes, opening them once a scarlet-faced Kurt pulled away. The older man watched him for a while before looking down at his ice cream with a smile.

"Wow."

Kurt adjusted his glasses on his face and laughed a little. "S-Sorry."

Blaine turned to him, still smiling. It was probably the dopiest smile ever but he didn't give a damn. "Why?"

Kurt licked his own lips. "Maybe I was too forward. A-And we're in public..."

Blaine stared at him until Kurt looked up, the two of them eye to eye. He smiled and dabbed a little bit of ice cream on his cheek, making Kurt laugh as the two of them lounged on top of the huge boulder. "Oops. I think I have some more." Kurt shook his head at the adorable look on Blaine's face before leaning in and kissing the dollop off of his cheek. Blaine couldn't help but blush himself.

They got quiet as they both tried to finish the dessert before it could melt all over their hands. They were successful and it didn't take that much longer. Kurt finished his first, eating the last of his cone and then sucking a bit of fudge from his fingers. Blaine didn't know he was staring until Kurt whispered, "*Perv*," and he laughed a bit and bit his lip. Maybe that was true. He finished his cone and shared his napkins with the younger man who spoke.

"So you're *genuinely* interested in me..."

Blaine smiled, rolling his eyes away. "If it isn't obvious by now then I'm doing something wrong."

Kurt stared at him. He smiled and looked down, wiping his fingers and dabbing at his mouth. Blaine tipped him by the chin and made the teen face him.

"Kurt, you're beautiful. That's inside *and* out. You make me feel absolutely amazing, and you make me want to accomplish feats I wouldn't dare *think* of attempting a year before."

Kurt nodded at that, his eyes on Blaine's. "You do the same for me."

Blaine's thumb brushed along his jaw line. "I've been lying dormant for years but I want to be better for myself and for *us*. All of us."

Kurt took a deep breath. This had to end now. Screw Timothy's threats, and screw Sarah's threats. She was probably full of shit anyway. She was definitely right about one thing, though, and Kurt's loyalties did lie with Blaine. "If I didn't want to be with you romantically or... physically... or in any way until after you and Sarah were separated, how would you react to that?"

Blaine smiled at him. "I would wait until you were ready. I have a lot of respect for you, Kurt."

Kurt nodded. I... I really need to tell you something."

"Cocoa!"

Blaine and Kurt looked away from one another and were reminded that there was a world outside their little bubble. Kurt noticed a couple kids that were maybe around 12 years old chasing a brown dog who were running towards the rock the two were on.

"COCOA COME BACK!"

Blaine smiled and climbed down from the rock, carefully navigating his way all the way down. He clapped his hands once his feet touched the ground and whistled for the dog. Cocoa ran right over and jumped on him; the poodle adoring the praise Blaine gave her.

The kids ran over, obviously out of breath. Blaine smiled at them as he grabbed her leash. "You guys gotta be more careful. That's why I'm a little reluctant to get my daughter a puppy."

The girl looked at her friend and he went to take the leash from Blaine. "Thank you sir. My dad would've let me have it."

"No problem," Blaine told him. He petted the dog behind the ears and smiled at her before waving goodbye, and they went on their way, being dragged by a very energetic Cocoa. Blaine turned and climbed his way back up the boulder wall, sitting next to a smiling Kurt who had forgotten the moment that passed. His boss smiled at him.

"You see? Poodles respect real men. ...What?"

Kurt shook his head, in awe. "I don't know. I just really like you, Mr. Anderson."

Blaine bit his lip and smirked. "You have *got* to stop calling me that. It gets me hard."

Kurt laughed and buried his face in both hands. Blaine leaned in and kissed his fingers, laughing a little himself.

"I was thinking we'd ride a horse and carriage back home. Have you ever done it before?"

Kurt looked at him now, shaking his head no. "I haven't done much of anything, Blaine."

The elder took his hand and smiled, carefully leading them back down to the grassy land of Central Park. Their hands stayed laced as they walked through the park, past the pond, to the horses and inside the carriage, all the way back to the penthouse. Blaine wasn't shy about being a big tipper. They had these telling smiles on their face as they walked separately back into the building. The smiles pretty much said that they were enjoying their time together a lot. The evening doorman was on post now and Blaine nodded to him before they got in the elevator. Surprisingly, there was no elevator man present to press the button. Kurt touched the top one himself and smiled at his boss making the most adorable kissy faces across from him.

"You're really such an idiot."

Blaine laughed as he moved closer. "You're dating an idiot so the joke is on you."

Kurt turned to look at him, his eyebrow high over the frame of his Gucci glasses teasingly. "Am I now?"

"You are." Blaine winked at him once they arrived on their floor and stepped off of the elevator. He led the way and Kurt allowed himself to enjoy the view of Blaine in those jeans, knowing the hotness of his face would totally give him away. Luckily, he had time to cool down as Blaine unlocked the door and stepped out of his shoes. It wasn't much time, because after Kurt undid his laces and Blaine locked the door behind him, he was picked up and carried over to the sofa. The teen made sure to take his glasses off so that there'd be no damage; his arms wrapped around Blaine's muscular shoulders as he laughed. Blaine smiled and slid the glasses from Kurt's hand, placing them onto the coffee table. He pulled the suspenders down the boy's arms and his lips went right back to the spot he'd made on Kurt's neck a couple nights prior—proceeding to darken it again—not stopping even when the boy's phone began to ring.

"Ah," Kurt moaned, maneuvering a bit so that he could reach into his back pocket. Blaine moved his lips to Kurt's throat as the teen gave a breathy sigh. "It's A-Adam."

That made the attorney stop. He looked at the phone, grabbed it, turned it off, and put it next to Kurt's glasses on the coffee table. As Kurt laughed, he covered the boy's soft, pink lips with his own and moved them methodically. Kurt felt more confident today for whatever reason, but he liked it. His hands were in Blaine's sweater as the man slid between his legs, and then they were tangled in curly hair. He parted his lips and breathed in, moaning deliciously when his tongue was teased by Blaine's.

"God," Blaine pulled back for a little air and smiled at Kurt's darkened eyes, the teen pinned down by him. "You taste like Emack & Boilio's and it's *so* hot."

Kurt laughed, leaning up and recapturing his boss in a heated kiss. They laughed as they struggled not to fall off of the sofa and Kurt's eyes threatened to roll back when the man began to kiss along his jaw. "Gosh I love it when you do that..."

Blaine sucked softly and breathed against the creamy skin. He felt Kurt tense as he moved his hips. "I'm taking a couple weeks off after this one."

"Oh," Kurt half moaned, half answered. "Going anywhere?"

Blaine shook his head. "Just getting things in order. Spending time with those I care about..." he trailed off. "What's up for you once school ends?"

Kurt moved his hands back down Blaine's back. "Um, well I have a week of finals and then I have no dorm to return to."

Blaine hummed, working on that hickey.

"So Bas suggested looking f-for a place together. His apartment is pretty cramped as it is. It's pretty much a s-studio."

Blaine thought for a moment as he peppered kisses all over the teen's neck and jaw. "Cooper owns a brownstone in Brooklyn he offered to sell me if you want to stay there."

Kurt stopped thrusting up so that he could participate in a serious conversation right now. "Really?"

Blaine nodded. "It's Downtown Brooklyn. Cobble Hill, actually. By the water. A lot of my college and music stuff that Sarah didn't want here is in there."

Kurt shook his head at that and stopped Blaine from grinding against him so that they could talk. "Have you thought about buying it from him before I came along?"

Blaine nodded. "All the time. Now I'd have a reason for the investment and I wouldn't feel like I'm being selfish."

Kurt rolled his eyes. "You're allowed to buy things for yourself."

"If you say so," he joked, kissing Kurt again. "But you're the only one who knows about it, and you'd be the only one if you wanted to move in. We could fix it up together while I'm on vacation... in terms of decorating I mean. It's already beautiful but I'm guessing you'd like to make it your own. There are three floors. It's huge."

Kurt nodded. "That's more space than I actually need. Have you considered renting it out?"

"Too much work," Blaine said, waving the idea off. "Move Sebastian in with you if he's interested. But Adam isn't allowed, though. I don't even want him walking on the block."

Kurt laughed, shaking his head. "You're ridiculous. Speaking of Adam... can I have my phone back?"



Blaine scoffed. "Nuh uh." He smiled at Kurt's adorable eye roll and kissed him again. And then again, a little deeper. Kurt hummed and his eyes rolled back for a different reason this time, getting back into a rhythm as their bodies moved together.

"I should... probably start s-studying," Kurt said in between kisses.

Blaine didn't answer, at least not verbally. His response was to kiss from Kurt's top lip to the bottom. The teen smiled and ran his tongue over Blaine's. "And thank you for even considering, *mm*— getting a place for me..."

Blaine nodded. He was undeniably hard in his jeans. "Don't mention it. I'll take care of you."

Kurt hummed. "You take care of everyone. You deserve to be taken care of..."

Blaine buried his face in Kurt's neck and rocked his hips down, rubbing against the teen. It felt amazing. "W-Well when I'm an old man, you'll have your turn."

Kurt snorted. "You are an old man—*ow*." He laughed at the pinch to the rib.

Teasing kisses definitely became long kisses along the way, and slow strokes became deeper ones as they each timed the way they moved their hips, thrusting against one another and letting out shaky breaths. Blaine's hands were digging into the sofa cushion as Kurt grinded up into him and he really wanted to go further.

*Patience*, he told himself.

Kurt wasn't on the same page, apparently. His hands slid down Blaine's back and grabbed for the man's ass, rubbing over the denim as Blaine moaned and squeezing when the man started moving faster. Blaine gasped, desperately moving his lips to Kurt's as he moaned; Kurt palming his ass. Only the teen pulled back and smiled; eyes barely open as he spoke.

"Go get my things. I need to study."

Blaine's dick had never been harder. He dropped his head and groaned. "Damn it, Kurt."

The boy smiled a little. "Please?"

"Fine," Blaine sat up and knelt in between his legs, reaching into his pants to adjust himself. Kurt watched and smiled, almost laughing at the pouty face from the older man. "Thank you, Mr. Anderson."

Blaine mumbled, getting up and going towards the back. "I bet you I can find the gift you got for me."

Kurt smiled. "I doubt it." He sat up to watch the man walk away before practically grinning to himself. He touched the butt. That was very awesome.

But a lot was awesome about today, specifically how Blaine was seriously considering leaving Sarah. It was something that definitely needed to happen. Hopefully the tramp would get nothing because that was exactly what she deserved. He'd tell Blaine to use any other divorce lawyer *but* Timothy O'Brien. But enough about Sarah, Blaine seemed to genuinely like him. No, he wasn't some fashion magazine editor with tons of money, and yes he was a bit of a nerd and a little socially awkward, but Blaine liked him regardless of those things.

He reached for his phone and turned it on, grabbing his glasses and returning them to his face.

***One missed call from Adam.***

***You have (1) new voicemail.***

Kurt went to his messaging app and went to Sebastian's name.

**To Sebastian:**

**I hope you're having a good time with Hunter. Tell him I said hey. :) My day has been pretty awesome too. I'm glad I took your advice.**

He sent the message and lay back, looking around the beautifully decorated living room. He heard footsteps a second or two later and then smiled as he sat up, turning to face Blaine. The man didn't have his books in his hands, though.

Instead, he was holding a check.

"Do you care to tell me why my wife wrote you a check for 5 grand, Kurt?"

## Chapter Eight

The way that Kurt froze and the look of fear on his face pretty much told Blaine everything that he needed to know. He looked down at the check and he tried his best not to rip it up in anger.

Not until he had answers.

The check was dated for that past Thursday— the 15<sup>th</sup> of May, and the 15<sup>th</sup> of May was an important day for the two of them. At least it was for Blaine. It appeared to be bullshit to the Nanny.

“I’m not doing this, Kurt. The whole quiet, shy guy thing isn’t going to work with me. Not now. Either you explain what the hell this is, or I’m going to assume it’s what it looks like and ask you to pack your things and leave.”

Kurt felt his heart breaking more and more with each word. For some reason, he couldn’t speak. He could barely move. Whatever it was going through Blaine’s head right now was seriously wrong, but for some reason Kurt couldn’t defend himself. He wanted to tell Blaine everything like he was going to earlier, but right now—seeing the man’s face like that—why was it so hard?

“Have it your way—”

“No,” Kurt barely spoke above a whisper. He couldn’t let this happen. He wasn’t going to walk away from Blaine or Madison and let Sarah continue to hurt them the way she’d been doing for years. He’d be just as in the wrong as she was if he did. As he closed his eyes, he could still feel Blaine’s amber ones on him. “I— Can you come sit? Please?”

Blaine smiled as he looked back down at the check. Kurt opened his eyes and watched him. He could tell his boss was angry and he hadn’t even heard everything yet. Anything, really. “You need to tell me what this is, Kurt, because it’s dated on the day that you and I started to mess around and the things going through my head because of that aren’t good things. Like I said, either you can explain yourself or you can leave.”

Kurt didn’t know how to comfort Blaine. He considered going to him, but his legs wouldn’t let him move. The last time he was *this* afraid had to be at the hands of his old bully Karofsky back in high school, and that was saying a lot. “C-Can you please come sit? Please... it’s a long story and—”

“Is she paying you to pretend to be interested in me?”

Kurt stopped midsentence, still stuck in his spot in the living room. “What?”

Blaine stepped closer. His eyes never left Kurt’s. “Is that what this \$5,000 is for?”

“No!” Kurt said emphatically. He hadn’t spoken so loudly since Blaine came out of his room with the paper. “I’d never do that. I care about you, Blaine, and you know that.”

Blaine stared to see how serious he was; his eyes never leaving the boy’s across the room. “But you’re lying about something. She is too. I had no idea she was giving you money for anything and you had no intentions on telling me obviously, so I’m questioning how much you really care.”

Kurt finally looked away from him and sat back down on the couch. His phone went off but he ignored it. He’d talk to Sebastian later. Blaine watched from behind him as the teen looked down at his feet. He took another couple steps forward, check still in hand.

“It all makes sense. You had been avoiding me all week. Then suddenly you were up to spending time together, just the two of us.” Blaine stopped and watched Kurt for any reaction. “All she has to do is tell a judge that I was with our family nanny and then she’ll get Madison for sure—”

“No, Mr. Ander—”

“You’ll get a nice payoff and—”

“She’s having an affair, Blaine.”

Blaine stopped as soon as the words left Kurt’s mouth, as clear as day. The boy took off his glasses and wiped at his face as if he was crying. After a moment of them both being silent, Kurt returned the frames to his eyes and turned to face Blaine. He’d never seen his boss so pale in the face—so out of focus. This was what he was dreading.

“She’s not paying me to show interest in you. She’s having an affair. I’d come back here on Thursday around noon with Sebastian. That morning I forgot my wallet so Mr. George came to pick us up. We got here and...” Kurt closed his eyes as he recounted the story. Blaine watched him. “It was obvious what was

going on. There were clothes everywhere—on the floor, an undershirt and tie in the kitchen. I ... I thought you and Mrs. Anderson had come back here to have sex during lunch or something. I don't know."

Blaine walked the rest of the distance to the couch and sat relatively far away from Kurt. The teen only continued. He knew that Blaine was pissed and he had every right to be. If the tables were turned, he'd be mad at him too.

"I came over here and began looking for the wallet. It ended up under the sofa when I tossed it, and as I was reaching for it my phone went off. I assume Sarah either heard that or me running out of the door, but she knew I was here." He shook his head, looking at his lap. "Later on, Pernell told her that I did come back with a friend of mine, so even if I did want to lie to her I couldn't. But I knew that it wasn't you and her because you were the one that called me, during your recess."

Blaine nodded.

"The 5 grand is hush money so that I wouldn't say anything to you about it. She's worried about you divorcing her and keeping the money and this place and your little girl..."

"And you were going to let her continue to lie to me, Kurt?"

"No," he said softly. Blaine looked over at him.

"You obviously weren't going to tell me."

"I was going to tell you. I almost told you today, I swear I did." Kurt inched a bit closer and he got a pang in his chest at the sight of Blaine shaking his head no. God, it hurt. "The problem was, she blackmailed me the night that you and I... when we were on the f-floor here. She got home and because she knew I was the one who came in, she blackmailed me—"

"How?"

Kurt took a deep breath. "She said that not only would she fire me but I'd be blacklisted in the journalism field. Blaine, I have been working towards this my whole life. I can't have her take this away from me."

Blaine rolled his eyes and looked away. He didn't know why he was surprised. "First of all, she doesn't have that much power—"

“She could have. She’s a magazine editor.”

“Second,” Blaine resumed. “Her little threat being enough for you to just let me go through this...”

“The guy she’s sleeping with threatened me too.”

Blaine stopped yet again. It was almost like the blood in his veins was at its boiling point. He looked to his left and saw Kurt there, shaking his head.

“I hate that I did this to you too, and yes I should’ve said something, but I was afraid. I was stupid, too. What if you and I weren’t serious? What if I said something to you and you decided that your family was more of a priority? What if she convinced you that I was a liar and I not only lost my job, but had nothing going for me after I graduated because she blacklisted me all over NY and on top of that, her psycho boyfriend wanted to hurt me?”

Blaine shook his head. “I would’ve believed you.”

“You’ve known me for a month, Mr. Anderson. I can’t be confident that you’d take my word over anyone else’s.”

Blaine went back to being quiet.

“I had no intentions of cashing it. I...” Kurt sighed, rubbing at his face. His hands were still shaking a bit. “One day I was going to tell you. If I wanted to cash it I wouldn’t have held on to it for so long. If she was paying me to *bed* you or something, I would’ve cashed it, and I would’ve been trying to get you in bed. She’s been gone the whole weekend, Blaine. It could’ve definitely happened.”

Blaine stared at him. “Who’s the guy?”

Kurt looked away. His eyes landed on the grandfather clock and he really wished he wasn’t in this predicament. If only he had opened up more during that interview for the Science Museum.

“Kurt.”

“She said his name is Timothy, and that she isn’t only fucking him, but they’re in love.”

Blaine smiled, looking away. “Amazing.”

“I don’t know that it was the Timothy you mentioned for sure but—”

“It is. So she gave you the money and then that was it?”

Kurt licked at his dry lips and swallowed hard. “She said to shut my mouth and she wrote the check. If not I’d be out of a job but more importantly, I’d have no career.”

Blaine rubbed at his scruff and shook his head.

“I’m sorry.”

He wanted to say ‘*You should be sorry*’ but it sounded like Kurt had been through enough over the past few days. Blaine ran a hand through his hair. After each of them were quiet for a few minutes, the older man sat back. He wanted to blame Kurt and to be mad at him because this was the one person he’d been sharing everything with as of late. Kurt knew how he felt and what was going on with Sarah and yet, he kept his mouth shut just like *she* asked him to. If he’d hold this back from him, he’d probably hold back other secrets too. It didn’t sound like a good start to this... relationship. “I sleep in that bed and Tim is doing my wife in there. Sometimes my daughter sleeps in between us if she’s had a bad dream or doesn’t want to be alone or whatever. And Tim is banging my wife of six years in the bed I bought, in the home I paid for that *she* wanted.” He looked at Kurt, a small, sarcastic smile on his lips. “And the best part is that he’s been smiling in my face the whole time. He thinks I’m a joke. The office probably knows. This is fucking great.”

Kurt looked away from him as he tried not to cry.

The phone rang and Blaine realized it was Mr. Sheraton calling. He reached for it on the expensive coffee table and Kurt glanced over to see if it was Sarah. “I’m going to get Madison now. You can study or call Adam or do whatever Sarah needs of you.”

Kurt wondered if he deserved that as he listened to the quick phone call between his boss and Sean’s dad. He probably did. And he knew he was in the wrong for not saying anything a bit earlier but he wasn’t going to be treated badly by Blaine. The man hung up and Kurt looked away. “You should know that it wasn’t easy for me to just accept this. You don’t have to believe me but I wasn’t going to deposit that money.”

Blaine nodded. "You were just holding onto it."

"Maybe one day you'd actually leave her and you could show a judge that she was trying to keep me quiet. You know deep down inside I wasn't going to hurt you. I know you do." Kurt tried once more to move closer to Blaine. This time, the older man didn't move away, but he did reply.

"I feel like you're asking me all these questions about how serious I am about you when you can't even tell me the truth about my wife screwing another guy." Blaine stared down at his phone. "The fact of the matter is I'm... I really like you Kurt. And I would love for you to trust me and I was willing to move you into a place to show you that, yet I don't even know if I should trust you."

Kurt nodded and stood up. There wasn't much of anything else he could do. "You're right. Like I said, I'm sorry. I hope t-that you can accept my apology and I understand if you let me go. I don't want you doing anything that you feel would hurt Maddie or yourself. I'm... I'm just going to head to my room."

Blaine sat there until Kurt was gone. He looked down at the check and put it in his pocket before leaving to get Madison.

...

"It isn't that I don't love you, little brother, because you know that I am incredibly fond of you. You're definitely one of my top 3 people behind John Taylor and Dr. Oz."

Cooper's wife cleared her throat as she walked by the dining room.

"And my wife. So you're one of my top 4 people."

Blaine smiled and looked down at the salad and pasta on his plate. "It means a lot to me to come in behind the likes of a man who provides America with all the new juicing and dieting techniques."

Cooper shrugged. "Oz is amazing, man."

"I didn't want to go home just yet. I don't know what to do about Kurt or about Sarah. I want to believe him but it sucks that he'd keep this from me. It's 5 grand." Blaine took a bite and sat back, watching his daughter in the other room with her cousins. She could hold her own with Cooper's rambunctious little boys. His brother hummed before taking a sip of his wine.



“Can I ask a few things?”

Blaine nodded to him. “Yeah. Why not?”

“Ok.” Cooper placed the glass back down. “Let’s put ourselves in Kurt’s shoes. He’s approached by an evil wench who threatens him to keep quiet about her having been in affair. He himself has been with you. He probably feels guilty about his involvement in all of this too, right?”

Blaine didn’t answer. He continued to eat the meal that Cooper’s beautiful wife Carolina prepared.

“I know you think I’m about to take his side because I never really liked Sarah. It’s just that I know that she knew you were going to go far and that’s why she leached onto you the way she did.”

Blaine nodded. He always felt dumb for not arguing that they use a condom, but he always remembered that he did get Madison out of this regardless of how much the two of them didn’t really ...work.

“But if you look at this from where he’s been standing, it probably wasn’t just easy to run—Xavier, get off of the couch! — to run and tell you. Wasn’t that the night you came over here because you realized that it wasn’t just some weird attraction, but that you actually *liked* him?”

“Yeah.”

Cooper smiled. “Well think of how this looks. You and him start messing around and then the same night he tells you that she’s cheating. Would you even believe him? Wouldn’t it look like maybe he was trying to get you to leave her for his own selfish reasons? How could you even trust him just yet? It would seem fishy if he’d come right out and said anything.”

“But if she gave him this amount of money for something I would’ve definitely looked into it, Coop. Five thousand dollars? C’mon man.”

Cooper nodded. “I get that, Squirt.”

Blaine rolled his eyes at the nickname. “I guess I get what you’re saying.”

“Well what has he been doing the past few days?”

"We've been talking about the possibility of us being a thing after Sarah and I are officially divorced. Kurt's thing is he doesn't know how his family would react. But he also doesn't know how *my change* in lifestyle would be accepted not only with our family but at work. He says he has feelings for me too and I believe that he cares about me." Blaine stopped to take a breather, placing the fork down. His brother watched him with a small smile. "I care about him too. I wanted to buy the place from you—the brownstone in Cobble Hills. Just to—"

"For him," Cooper finished with a smile. His brother blushed.

"For him."

"Continue."

Blaine cleared his throat. "I can tell he's concerned about Madison and about me, and that he doesn't want to mess things up for either of us. He had that date Friday night and that guy would probably be a safer bet for him but I really, *really* want to see where this goes." He rubbed at his temple. "I'm pretty sure I've never felt this way about anyone Cooper. Guy or girl."

"Well, all of that is something to think about. If mom and dad almost had a heart attack when I came home with a mixed woman ten years ago, they'd most definitely have an aneurism if you were to bring home a male ten years your junior."

Blaine pushed his food around his plate. "I don't care if they don't approve, you know."

"Good for you," Cooper took off his glasses and placed them in his shirt pocket. "I didn't care either. Now I have a lovely wife who loves me and two bad ass little boys who drive us both crazy." His brother laughed and Cooper smiled at him. "And I met Kurt. He's shy and he's smart but he isn't vindictive. If the guy makes you feel anything like Carolina makes me feel, then you'd be mentally ill to let him walk away from you. You would need a different type of doctor because I wouldn't be able to help in that department."

Blaine laughed some more and shook his head. "I have to talk to him."

Cooper nodded. "Yeah. You probably should. But first," the elder stood up and Blaine shook his head.

"If you say 'let me take a selfie' I'm punching you in the nuts."

Cooper smirked. “I was going to say let me go kiss my niece and spoil her for an hour or two.”

Blaine smiled at him and went back to eating. “You have half an hour.”

His brother shrugged. “I guess that’ll work.” He began to walk away but stopped short when the younger Anderson called out to him. Blaine looked up and smiled a bit.

“Thanks for everything, man. I love you.”

Cooper walked over to him, ruffled the man’s curly hair, and then kissed him on the cheek. “I love you more, Blaine.”

...

It was just after one in the morning and Kurt was in the worst position possible.

For starters, he had a Publication final in the morning—in a matter of hours, really. Secondly, he didn’t even feel comfortable leaving his room. He could’ve been with Sebastian right now and they could’ve been watching *Supernatural*. Instead, he was here having had a really shitty end to what was a promising day. Did he have anyone to blame but himself? Maybe not. Well, he could blame Sarah for screwing another guy and thinking it was better to write him a check instead of fessing up to her husband, but that was history now. What’s done is done.

Kurt left his room only once maybe half an hour ago. The penthouse was relatively quiet but he knew everyone was home. Sarah showed face when she’d gotten in around 9:30 that evening. She poked her head in his room and winked at him before closing it back. Kurt locked the door and went back to trying to focus on his studying while in reality he was thinking about how crappy everything that was happening was. He felt like a child who wanted his father, but he didn’t care.

Later on, he heard Blaine and Madison get in, and he was sure it was Madison who turned his door knob hoping to come into his room, but because it was locked and because her father said it was bath and then bedtime, she’d walked away. Kurt went right back to his reading, not bothering to answer Sebastian because he didn’t really feel like talking. He did share a short conversation with Adam just to take his mind off of everything else, because Adam wouldn’t want to talk about affairs or older men, and it did help. They agreed to coffee *as friends* over the week. For now, at least.

But half an hour ago, Kurt left his room for a quick shower. He got into something comfortable and then went into the kitchen, happy that the condo was quiet. He wondered what Blaine's attitude with Sarah was right now. They were in the same room. There wasn't any loud banshee screaming so they probably weren't doing anything sexual. Kurt grabbed a large bowl for cereal and dumped some Cap'n Crunch in it, loading it with almond milk and retreating back to his room. He just wanted to eat and watch *Iron Man 2* until he fell asleep.

Now, he was in his bed eating and staring at the TV mounted on his bedroom wall. His books were still spread all over the bed. Kurt shook his head as his mind went back to earlier that day and how angry Blaine looked. He remembered how bad he felt for disappointing him, for lying pretty much. He came to the realization that he sucked at lying and he didn't want to ever do it again. A knock on the door pulled him out of his thoughts and he wondered if it was Maddie not being able to sleep. Kurt placed the bowl down on his night table and got up, walking over to the door. He turned the knob and his eyes went wide when he saw Blaine standing there.

"Can I come in?"

Kurt stared at him; taking the man in. He wore silk pajamas that were silver. The top wasn't buttoned all the way and his chest was showing. Black bandana house shoes were on his feet. But most importantly, Blaine's ring wasn't on.

"May I?" he repeated.

Kurt stepped aside after a small nod. Blaine looked him up and down and stepped in. He went straight over to the bed after moving his right hand from behind his back, and after Kurt locked the door he followed his boss over to the bed.

"I figured I'd give you the book I got as a gift," Blaine said, holding it in his hand. "Lee Goldberg's *The Walk*." He kicked off his house shoes.

Kurt picked up his bowl of cereal as he looked down at the book in Blaine's hand. In any other circumstance he'd be thrilled. It was hardcover and everything. Right now he couldn't really smile. "Thank you, Mr. Anderson."

Blaine watched as he walked around him over to the other side of the large bed. Kurt took a seat and held the cereal bowl in his lap. "I hid yours underneath my mattress," he said.

Instead of going to look for it, Blaine moved over in the bed and looked at all of the books. He put *The Walk* down in between them before closing all of Kurt's notes and everything. "You shouldn't cram like this. Over-studying can be bad."

"I'm finished." Kurt twirled the spoon in the pool of milk. "I just didn't put everything away yet."

Blaine gathered everything and stacked the books on the floor beside him. He then lay back and turned the volume on the television down a little bit. Kurt watched him curiously, and after a moment he had to ask.

"Why are you in here?"

Blaine got comfortable and smiled a little, turning his head in the boy's direction. "I wanted to apologize for earlier because I'm very sorry. I probably made you feel like shit—"

"You had every right to make me feel that way—"

"That's bullshit, Kurt." Blaine got more serious now and took a deep breath. Kurt watched him. "I don't ever want you to feel like that, and I'm sorry."

Kurt looked back down at the cereal. He didn't think he'd finish it now. "I'm sorry too."

Blaine watched him. "Do you feel like talking right now?"

Kurt thought about that for a while. He did need to get to sleep. The last thing he needed was to be sleepy during his final. He also needed to be alone, at least he thought. "It probably wouldn't look good for either of us if we're in here alone together at after 1 am."

Blaine went over to Kurt and took the bowl from him. "I love Cap'n Crunch and you obviously aren't going to finish this so, do you mind?"

Kurt smiled. "Go right ahead. I don't know how Madison deals with you."

Blaine laughed, taking a bite. "You let it get soggy."

Kurt looked down at his hands and cleared his throat. "Like I was saying... I don't want her to know we're in here together because it wouldn't look good."

"She's fast asleep. I guess Timothy kept her busy this weekend."

The teen shook his head. "I'm sorry."

"Don't be," Blaine said. He took another bite. "I need you to do something for me though."

"Anything," Kurt answered quickly. Blaine looked at him because of the answer, and Kurt felt himself blushing a deep red. "I-I mean, what do you n-need?"

The man smiled. "Tomorrow after your final, deposit the check. It's in the book."

Kurt didn't say anything. He simply gave him an odd look. Why on earth would he do something like that?

"After you do that," Blaine continued. "I want you to spend it. Maybe not all of it if you don't want to, but spend something. Go shopping. Buy a designer outfit. A new bag. I don't know. Then, I want you to come home tomorrow and make sure she sees you. I'm going to need you to go to her and demand more money. If she says that she'll fire you or threatens your career, say that you'll tell me everything and that she'll end up with nothing."

Kurt shook his head no. This was *not* him. "Blaine... I—You know that I am not confident enough to do that."

"Yes you are," Blaine told him. He put the bowl down beside them on the bookshelf and took the younger man's hands. "We can do this the easy way. I'm meeting with a new divorce lawyer this week. But I think it's only fair if we stick it to her because honestly she's a bitch and she deserves it."

Kurt's cheeks were red as he stared back at Blaine. "But what if she calls me out on my bluff?"

Blaine smiled. "You won't be bluffing. If she says no, you come and find me. She's not an idiot. There's no way she would want me to know any of what she's doing because if I did, like I do, Sarah knows she wouldn't get a damn thing."

Kurt sighed.

"You have to trust me, Kurt," Blaine said. "I'm going to handle this. And if you actually deposit the money, it'll look even better. The judge would know the lengths she went through to keep her affair quiet."

Kurt nudged him over a bit and lay back. He looked up at the ceiling as he propped the pillows beneath his head. "I'll do it. How much should I ask for?"

Blaine joined him, lying down beside him. He settled down on his stomach though, his eyes locked on Kurt's face. "Ask for another five grand. She'll give it to you. Don't back down. I know you've got it in you."

Kurt smiled and shook his head. He removed his glasses and placed them on the bookshelf beside his cereal. When Blaine asked whether or not he should turn off the lamp, Kurt nodded to him. He was going to ask his boss when he was going back to his room, because seriously this was a bad idea—they being locked in his bedroom like this—but then Blaine moved on top of him and began kissing his neck.

Nope.

"Blaine. B-Blaine, c'mon stop."

The man smiled against Kurt's neck and then rolled over. "I'm sorry."

Kurt licked his lips. "You should go to *your* room. If she realizes you're not there and then finds out you're in here, Blaine..."

"Sarah doesn't think I'm interested in you. She's mentioned several times that you look at me with heart eyes and says it's ridiculous because I'd never like you back."

Kurt nodded. "She told me that too."

Blaine smirked. "Well the joke's on her because I would like nothing more than to finish what I just started."

"If she catches us, or Madison goes to look for you and you're in here with me— Blaine, don't..."

"What am I doing?" Blaine asked with that idiotic toothy smile of his. Kurt looked down at the man's hand going down his abdomen and shuddered, shaking his head when Blaine's hand dipped beneath his t-shirt.

“You don’t listen and that’s not a good trait for a lawyer.”

Blaine smirked, biting his lip. The movie continued in the background as he trailed his hand over the boy’s torso. “I’m seriously sorry about everything. I’m sorry she brought you into this and that you were put in that predicament and I’m sorry that I reacted the way I did.”

Kurt’s eyes drifted back slowly as Blaine brushed over his nipples. One of his hands laced in the comforter on his king sized bed. “It’s fine...”

“And thank you for being honest when I did ask you about it. You could’ve protected her but you didn’t.”

Kurt nodded.

Blaine watched him react to every move his hand made. He gently circled the nub of the teen’s nipple with his thumb and the way Kurt’s breathing would hitch made Blaine wonder how he’d sound if they were doing... other things.

The blood was traveling to Kurt’s cock. He tried to fight it off because he didn’t want to do anything that would bring even more strife to Blaine and his situation, but then the man was whispering in his ear.

“Can I stay in here with you for a couple hours?”

*Fuck.*

“I promise I’ll set my alarm for four and go back to bed.” Blaine kissed his cheek as he trailed his hand lower. Kurt stared up at the ceiling as the man’s fingers played at his midriff, slightly above his briefs. “Don’t be afraid to tell me no.”

“You know that I can’t.” Kurt closed his eyes tightly. He hoped that he wouldn’t regret this in the morning. “Not when you’re d-doing t-that.” Blaine dragged his palm from one hip to the other, going over Kurt’s pants, *just* missing the base of his cock. Kurt exhaled shakily as he said plenty of curses in his head.

“Unbutton my shirt,” Blaine whispered to him. He turned onto his back and rested his head on the pillows, smiling at the dark look in the teen’s eyes. “C’mere.”



Kurt threw all caution to the wind as he rolled onto his side. His hands went to the fourth button and he undid it. Blaine encouraged him to take his time as he rubbed from the boy's shoulder to his wrist and back up again. "I want you to be mine, Kurt."

Kurt looked up at him and when Blaine held his gaze, he nodded. "I want to be yours."

Blaine watched as Kurt undid his last button. "Good."

The boy pushed the fabric apart and he took in the sight of Blaine's body; muscles and tanned skin yearning to be touched. He looked back up at hazel eyes and bit his lip. Blaine nodded at him, and though he wasn't sure what that nod meant, he assumed it to mean he had free reign. He placed his fingers at the man's navel and watched Blaine's abdomen shiver at the contact before moving them over the six-pack and to his pecs. He could feel his boss's... his *boyfriend's* eyes on him as he continued to caress him; fingers teasingly moving over his clavicle and over his jaw line before he trailed one finger back down to his abs. Blaine's lips were parted as he closed his eyes. After a few seconds of questioning whether he was bold enough to actually do it, Kurt told himself that he needed to be confident and get practice in for tomorrow. He moved his hands down to the waistband of Blaine's pants and pulled lightly, making the man's eyes fly open.

Kurt smiled a little as they stared at one another. "May I?"

Blaine licked his lips and nodded. "Y-Yes. You may. Go ahead."

Kurt looked down at his shaky hands and eased himself back, bringing the silk pants with him. The man lifted his lips lightly to help, and after a while, Kurt had successfully pulled them over his ankles. The light from the TV helped him to see the *wonderful* bulge in Blaine's boxers, and Kurt swallowed before lifting his shirt up and over his own head

To be honest, Kurt had never seen Blaine's eyes any darker. He didn't think it was possible for them to get any darker, either. He didn't think it was possible for anyone to want him as much as Blaine appeared to want him right now. He felt his cheeks getting hotter and smiled a little, looking up and down the man's body. After a moment, he got up on his knees and undid the drawstring of the sweats he wore. Blaine sat up quickly and moved his hands away.

"Let me."

Kurt nodded.

Blaine's lips were at his navel as the men slid the pants over his ass and down his thighs. He kissed a little lower and Kurt's fingers moved into his curls as he tried to steady himself; legs already threatening to go weak. Blaine lay back down and licked his lips, watching as Kurt took a deep breath and stepped out of the pants.

They were both in their underwear—Kurt in black briefs and Blaine in red boxers. They looked at one another from the top to the bottom, and Kurt felt incredibly self-conscious as Blaine stared. The man had gone from a beautiful woman to him—an inexperienced boy. How would he compare?

Blaine must've sensed the pressure Kurt felt because he spoke quickly and clearly. "You're beautiful."

Kurt blushed, still knelt on the bed beside Blaine. "Y-You are too. You're ..." he took a quick breath. "Incredible."

Blaine smiled and held out his hand, and when the boy took it he yanked, pulling Kurt down on top of him. They both laughed as Blaine rolled them over and Kurt literally *begged* him not to when the man's hands began to tickle his side. "Don't make me laugh, *please*."

Blaine grinned into his neck, kissing over the mark. His hands went to Kurt's leg and rubbed up to his knee as he settled between them.

"We need to talk about that hickey," Kurt said shakily, trying not to be the first to thrust. "It probably isn't the best spot to mark your concubine."

Blaine rolled his eyes at that. "Take that back."

Kurt smiled, tangling his hands into dark curls. "Fine. I'm not your concubine, but maybe you shouldn't give me a hickey where the world can see it."

Blaine kissed over it again before his lips moved to Kurt's. He moaned as Kurt nibbled on his bottom one. "Do you not like it?"

Kurt kissed him back and let his head fall to the pillow, looking up into Blaine's eyes. "I guess it's a little hot."

“Just a little?”

Kurt smiled. “Just a little.”

Blaine bit his lip into a smile and continued to look into Kurt’s eyes. He loved the color—how it wasn’t a solid blue but a combination of green and something a little darker. He placed both his hands on the bed besides Kurt’s hips and slid up, slowly moving his erection against the teen’s. Kurt’s mouth opened and he moaned beautifully, thrusting his hips towards the friction.

“So beautiful,” Blaine whispered; his toes curling as he moved down and back up again. “I need to buy lube... yeah?” They both moaned and Blaine dropped his forehead against Kurt’s. There was something about feeling the boy’s cock hard against his that made Blaine shake, that made him want to feel even more. Kurt’s hands moved down his slick back and over his ass and they both gasped into the next kiss as they grinded together.

“Too many clothes,” Kurt mumbled; his head thrown back as Blaine continued to grind slowly against him. “I w-want to see you.”

Blaine bit his lip as he watched him. “Are you sure?”

Kurt thought about his answer but nodded definitely. “I’m sure.”

They grinded together only for a minute more before Blaine rolled off of him. He took a long breath and watched as Kurt’s eyes moved down to his boxers, sitting up as he slid them off. Blaine closed his eyes as his cock was finally freed, and as it stood up, a little precome at the tip, he folded his arms beneath his head and curiously awaited Kurt’s next move.

Kurt really loved cock. He always had an idea that he’d like it when he realized he was gay at a very young age, and he had an idea that he’d like it when he spent some nights playing with himself while imagining being fucked, but he loved getting the confirmation that he loved cock as he looked at how beautiful Blaine’s was, long and thick in front of him, waiting for him to touch it.

And so he did.

And Blaine let go of a breath, his hands in his hair as he watched Kurt’s smooth hand wrap around the length of his cock and stroke up. Kurt watched the man for a moment before looking back down at his

work. He dragged his hand down to the base, just above the man's nuts, and he observed the pulsing vein at the underside of Blaine's cock as he moved his fist back up and smoothed his thumb over the head, rubbing the precome and sliding his hand over the erection again.

"Shit," Blaine breathed out, watching in awe as Kurt stroked him slowly. He knew Kurt wasn't aware of what he was doing as he moved his face in close to watch himself stroke Blaine's cock, but his lips were really fucking close to his dick. He could feel the warm breaths touching the tip of his cock as Kurt watched himself start to jerk him a little faster. "Oh god..."

Kurt smiled at him and slid to the top of the bed. He laid his head on Blaine's shoulder and looked down, starting to play with the man's balls as the muscles in Blaine's thighs and stomach clenched and unclenched. Cock was *so* beautiful.

"Kurt..."

The boy looked up at him and his eyes moved from Blaine's lips to the man's eyes. "Yes, Mr. Anderson?" he smiled.

Blaine thrust up into nothing; Kurt's hands still playing with his balls. "Oh my god..."

Kurt laughed a little and moved his hand back to the man's cock. "Is everything ok?"

Blaine nodded as his eyes drifted back. "I—I want to touch you too."

Kurt bit his lip. "I want you to touch me too, Mr. Anderson."

"Fuck." Blaine rolled him over and crashed his lips against Kurt's. It was messy—tongue, teeth, biting—but it was hot. Kurt gasped for air before smiling as Blaine's lips moved down his body. His underwear was pulled off shortly after and he couldn't help the strangled moaned that stumbled from his lips as Blaine placed their cocks together and started to stroke them both.

"Y-Yesss," Kurt spread his legs wider and reached out, pulling at the bed sheets. Blaine's eyes went wide at the moan. That was probably the hottest thing he'd ever heard in his entire fucking life. He stared at Kurt for as long as he could before his own body started to shake—his hand stroking the both of them as he rubbed himself against Kurt.

“It feels good, right baby?”

Kurt nodded hard, close to coming. “So—S-So good. I...”

Blaine leant forward. His hand held him up on the pillow Kurt’s head rested on as his other arm began to hurt from how fast he was stroking them. He groaned and shook his head as he tried to hold off his orgasm. “Y-You close?”

Kurt nodded harder, moaning and thrusting up.

“Fuck.” Blaine looked down at their cocks touching and Kurt lazily reached up to take over; his tight grasp moving over the both of them. Blaine let go and closed his eyes. “Gonna... come...”

Kurt threw his head back and then to the side, biting on Blaine’s arm as he came. Blaine watched him start to shake as the boy’s come shot all over his navel. “Shit, Kurt. Shit... shit... shit—oh *fuck*—”

Kurt continued to move his hand but slowly as Blaine shook on top of him, coming harder than he could ever remember coming. He swore he could literally see stars. Kurt dropped his hand and breathed heavily, and though it didn’t help when his boss collapsed on top of him, he smiled and bit his lip.

Cock was so fucking great.

Blaine buried his face in the pocket of Kurt’s neck and shoulder. He kissed softly as he struggled to get his breathing back on track. Kurt lie still beneath him but after a while, he rubbed up and down the man’s sweat slicked back.

“We should clean up,” Blaine whispered, still not moving. “I... you’re amazing.”

Kurt licked his lips and nodded. “You’re amazing too. I don’t know if I can move.”

Blaine smiled.

They listened to the movie play in the background for a few minutes. Eventually Blaine sat up and looked down at the both of them. He kissed Kurt long and hard before getting up. Kurt watched as he threw his pants on and ran a hand through his curls. “I’ll be back in a second.”

Kurt nodded.

As soon as the man left the room, Kurt fist pumped twice. He didn't think about how much he was missing by being a virgin. Sex was overrated in Kurt's eyes. The media played it up. His friends played it up. But Kurt admitted that maybe he was wrong over the past few years. Sex felt amazing. He didn't have intercourse just yet but with Blaine... there had yet to be a dull moment.

Kurt looked at the come covering his body and his curiosity got the best of him. He dipped his index finger in and took a little taste.

Not great but not bad. A little bitter. He could work with it.

Blaine came back in with a damp rag and crawled onto the bed. He smiled at Kurt, kissed him, and then began to wipe up the mess the two made. Kurt couldn't believe he was blushing as the man smiled at him, but of course he was, and Blaine laughed.

"Are you ready to get a little bit of sleep?"

Kurt nodded to him as Blaine leant over and kissed him once more. "I am, but you have to go to your room."

Blaine dropped his head. "Baby..."

Kurt smiled at the pet name. "We'll talk about this when you're single."

Blaine licked his lips and smiled. "One more kiss and then I'll leave."

Kurt leant up and kissed him softly. Their noses brushed together and Blaine smiled when the younger man pulled away. "Can you take my bowl for me when you go?"

Blaine smiled. "Yeah. You got it."

"Thank you."

After the loudest, most overdramatic sigh, Blaine sat up and threw the rag at Kurt's chest. He smiled at the boy's laughter and grabbed his shirt, sliding into it and buttoning it up as Kurt rubbed his thigh. Two more

kisses and a couple 'sleep tights' later, Blaine left with the bowl and the washcloth, and a huge smile on his face. Kurt smiled and threw the blanket over himself.

The day ended on a high note, for sure.

...

Sebastian shook his head as he watched his best friend swipe the credit card at the Armani Fifth Avenue they were in. "This is crazy."

Kurt nodded at him. "It is."

Sebastian checked his watch. They'd finished their finals for the day. It was still pretty early. Kurt wouldn't need to get Madison for a couple hours. He smiled to himself as he put his hands in the pockets of his hoodie. "What're you going to do for the rest of the afternoon?"

Kurt accepted the shopping bag from the clerk with a smile. He turned to his best friend and shrugged as they walked towards the exit. "I don't know. You want to do something?"

Sebastian wrapped his arm around his best friend. "I have a *great* idea. How about we get you dolled up in this new outfit and we test out your newfound confidence? You need some prep before you take on the Great Sarah Anderson, don't you think?"

Kurt wondered just where his friend was going with this. He fixed his glasses and turned to him once they were outside the store. "Well yeah, I think. But—"

"But nothing." Sebastian dragged him over a bit. "Where's Blaine's law office?"

Kurt raised an eyebrow at him. "On Broadway. Near Federal Plaza... why?"

"Because you're going there." Sebastian grinned as he all but gave an evil laughter as the gears in his head turned. "And you're going to be sexy and confident and ask him what he thinks."

Kurt started to laugh. "Oh my god."

"Right?"

“Bas... I can’t just show up and—”

“I don’t care. Are we going back to your place or to mine? Actually... my place would be closer to your boyfriend’s office so off we go!” Sebastian grabbed him and ran over to where Mr. George was parked. Kurt sighed.

...

“Care to tell me why a divorce lawyer left a message for you?” Santana asked as she put the notes on her boss’s desk. Blaine adjusted his tie and glanced over at her.

“Care to tell me why you’re so nosy?”

“I hope this means you’re leaving her.”

“Why would I do that?” Blaine questioned curiously. He seriously wondered if everyone at the office knew that Tim was doing his wife behind his back, but his assistant took a seat across from him and answered differently.

“I know for a fact that you’re happier when she goes away. I’ve seen you with her when the firm has dinners and you aren’t happy, Mr. A.”

Blaine looked at her. “Is it that obvious?”

“It is.” Santana stood back up. “Plus, she’s a major bitch. I’m not sure how that sweet little angel of yours came out of her but,” she shrugged and undid the button on her blazer. “I’m headed to lunch. Need anything while I’m out?”

The man smiled, looking back at his computer. “I’m good. I’ve got a 2pm so if you come back and the door’s closed, we’re having that meeting he’s been putting off.”

Santana nodded. “Is this the investment banker?”

Blaine nodded. “That’s the one.”

“Have fun,” she turned away and opened the door. “I’ll see you in an hour, boss man.”



Blaine saluted.

Santana's heels clicked against the tiled floor in her office as she went over to her desk. The girl reached over and grabbed her purse, singing a song to herself in Spanish as Kurt stepped off of the elevator and approached. He looked up and down the floor before knocking where it said *Law Offices of Blaine Anderson, J.D. – Partner*. Santana looked up at him and then at her watch.

"Hm. You're a bit early. And a little young to be an investment banker..."

Kurt stepped inside and looked around. He was dressed in black Giorgio Armani suit worth close to 3 grand with a brief case at his side. She watched him curiously as he tipped his glasses and then fixed his tie, and the teen went along with what she'd said.

"I've got a busy schedule today. Is Mr. Anderson ready?"

Santana stared at him a little longer. He looked super familiar. "I'll check. May I have your name?"

"Mr. Hummel."

She walked off and into the back, not bothering to knock as she walked in. Kurt glanced around the assistant's office and looked at the reception area. Brown leather couches, expensive paintings, a beautiful designed rug. He saw a portrait of Blaine and three other gentlemen on one of the walls and assumed they were the other partners—they were all a bit older than he was, but Blaine still held his own. Kurt smiled as he wondered if he could be married to a lawyer one day, and it was crazy to think, but somehow there was a possibility.

"Mr. Anderson will see you now, Mr. Hummel." The woman walked over to him. "Can I get you anything to drink? Coffee?"

Kurt shook his head no. He took a deep breath and recited the word *confidence* in his head. "I'll be fine, but thank you."

She nodded before leaving the office. Kurt watched her go and smiled to himself, walking back to where Blaine's corner office was. The man was staring at the door when Kurt walked in and he smiled at the way Blaine's mouth dropped.

“So you have a 2’oclock?”

Blaine’s eyes took in Kurt in the suit that was fitted perfectly. The boy locked the door and then went to close the blinds, putting his brief case down. “Yeah... wow, you look great. What’re you doing here?”

Kurt smiled as he turned around and walked over to Blaine. *Confidence*. He pushed the man back a little so that the chair rolled towards the window and sat down in his lap. “I guess I’ll have to make this quick then.”

Blaine grabbed his ass and pulled him closer. “What is *this*, exactly?”

Kurt smiled. “I’m going to *confidently* give you the best blow job you’ve ever had.”

“Oh my god,” Blaine squeezed when Kurt grinded on his lap and started to smile as the reality of what was happening sunk in. “Wow.”

A minute later, he had the teen on his knees in between his legs and for someone who had never done this before, Kurt was incredible. Maybe incredible wasn’t the word. What was the word that described how it felt to come in two minutes after someone starts blowing you? He was that.

And he swallowed. This probably wasn’t the time to play *Compare and Contrast*, but she never swallowed.

Later that afternoon when Blaine said goodbye to the actual investment banker and Santana, having returned from lunch, realized that it wasn’t the hottie that she let in his office earlier, she raised an eyebrow. Blaine quickly returned to his office and locked the door. The intercom on his phone came on and she spoke.

“You’re not slick, Mr. A.”

Blaine took a seat and smiled to himself. He wasn’t slick but he had the best day ever.

**To Kurt:**

**Thank you for stopping by. I wish you would’ve stayed longer.**

**From Kurt:**

**There wasn't much of a need to. ;)**

Blaine laughed though he rolled his eyes.

**To Kurt:**

**You're never going to let me live that down, huh? How's baby girl?**

**To Kurt:**

**And you could've stayed a bit longer so that I could've returned the favor.**

After a few minutes, he went back to researching for the next case. Kurt replied with a message.

**From Kurt:**

**It's ok. I think I was born to suck cock. The sounds you made in those two minutes pretty much confirmed that.**

**To Kurt:**

**Don't get cocky. I can't wait to put you in your place...**

**From Kurt:**

**:P Baby girl is working on her homework. Everything is going ok. And I'd love to see you put me in my place...**

Blaine licked his lips as he leant back in the seat.

**To Kurt:**

**I'm meeting with the divorce lawyer in a few days. I'm going to file and then serve her with the papers ASAP. In the meantime, I'm wondering if I'll move out and take Maddie... I honestly don't want to stay there. Not in that room. Who knows where else they were.**

Blaine tapped his pen against the stack of papers on his desk. He read the reply that came a couple minutes later.

**From Kurt:**

**I can understand that but she doesn't get to do what she's been doing to you and then keep the condo. That's not fair.**

**To Kurt:**

**True.**

**From Kurt:**

**You took care of her since you were in college pretty much, Blaine. She can handle herself now. Don't take care of her after the divorce too.**

Blaine read the message a few times. Kurt was right.

**To Kurt:**

**Are you going to tell your folks about me? Since you're done this week and I'm going on vacation, can we go to Ohio?**

As expected, Kurt didn't reply right away. Blaine smiled to himself as he imagined the man freaking out. He knew Kurt would probably say 'after the divorce' or something like that, but it'd take months to be finalized. He wanted to meet Kurt's family and hopefully have them like him before then.

Five minutes. Still no reply. Blaine smiled.

**To Kurt:**

**We're going. You're not saying no.**

**From Kurt:**

**I just want you to understand why I'm so nervous about this...**

**To Kurt:**

**I do. I am too. But we're together and those we love should know. Unless you want to hide an old man :( My heart wouldn't be able to take it, Kurt.**

He smiled as he sent the message and Santana came on the intercom again.

"So who's Mr. Hummel?"

Blaine ignored her and smiled at the next message.

**From Kurt:**

**Fine. You win.**

**From Kurt:**

**And I'm not ashamed of you at all. That would be stupid. I'm just afraid.**

**To Kurt:**

**We're taking this on together. I promise you that. If it ever gets to be too much—Sarah, your folks, my folks, anyone—just say the word. Ok?**

**From Kurt:**

**Ok.**

Blaine put his phone down beside him and got back to work. He had no doubt that this divorce would probably be the worst thing he ever experienced because Sarah and Timothy would love putting him through hell. Blaine knew his employee was jealous of him ever since he joined the firm. Yet still, he wasn't going to back down. He wanted sole custody and he wanted to be happy with his Princess and that was that.

**From Kurt:**

*Picture attached.*

And as he looked at the photo of Kurt kissing Madison on the cheek and his daughter not making an *icky* face like she did whenever he kissed her, maybe he realized he wanted something more. He realized that Kurt would always need to be in the picture, because when he thought of his happiness, he definitely imagined Kurt as well.

## Chapter Nine

The sound of Blaine's Maison Martin Margiela leather oxford shoes sounded against the floor as the man walked through the law office of Timothy O'Brien. He pushed open the double glass doors and smiled his million dollar smile at the receptionist as he entered. The woman's cheeks went hot as she watched him walk over to the desk.

"Good afternoon." Blaine's voice was as dreamy as it always was as he spoke to the redhead. "Is O'Brien around? I reckon I should've called first but I was... passing through on my way out for the afternoon."

She nodded, saying nothing. Blaine looked at her for a moment and it wasn't hard to notice how dreamy-eyed her expression had become. He tried not to sigh as he glanced down the hall to where Tim's office was located. After standing there a few seconds longer, the man faced the receptionist again and slowly arched an eyebrow. "Ok. Well can you let him know I'm coming in? It'll be a short visit."

"S-Sure!" She quickly picked up the phone and dialed his extension. After a quick '*Mr. Anderson is here to see you*', Blaine smiled at her again before making his way to the man's office. It had been quite some time since Blaine last frequented this floor. Anyone who he needed or who needed him usually came up to his office. Today though, he thought it best to pay Timothy a quick visit.

Blaine knocked twice before turning the knob on the wooden door.

"Boss man!" Tim smiled as he sat up straighter in his seat. His office was well kept as usual. "Welcome to my humble abode! To what do I owe the privilege?"

Blaine smiled at him, removing his hands from his pockets and glancing around the room. He noted the degrees on the wall and photos of Tim when he'd participated in marathons or other races around the city. "I thought I'd come check on you. See how you were doing and all."

Tim smiled. "Hm. Sure you did. What do you really want?"

"I'm serious," Blaine said with a short laugh, turning to look at him. He took a seat and stared at the man across the desk. Tim looked skeptical but that constant smirk was on his lips. "So tell me how your weekend went. I remember you mentioning going away?"

*With your wife. Yes.* “I did go away.” Tim put his pen down since it seemed evident that he’d be getting little work done over the next few minutes. “It was really incredible. I may rent out the cabin again soon.”

Blaine hated the smug smile on the man’s face, but he nodded anyway. “I’m glad to hear that you had a good time. My weekend wasn’t so bad either. I got to spoil my daughter, and *then* Sarah got home...” Blaine bit his lip as he *pretended* to reminisce. “I guess going around her parents makes her crazy. She really seemed to miss me. But that’s not something I came here to discuss.” He cleared his throat and sat forward, and it wasn’t hard to miss Tim’s reaction to the lie he’d just told. Tim looked more than pissed off. That was pretty much all the confirmation he needed. “As you know, I’m going away for a couple weeks. My last day is Friday. I’ve already assigned Duval to the trial we discussed, and he’s up to the task. I’m sure he can handle it. As for you, I need you to handle something for me too.”

Timothy seemed to get his emotions in check as he looked at his boss. “What is it?”

“If you can handle it, that is. I know you specialize in family law but we’ve got a big corporate case coming up that Jamison will need assistance on.”

“Mr. Jamison?” Timothy couldn’t believe what he was hearing. Harold Jamison was Partner in the firm for the past 25 years. “Wants my assistance?”

Blaine shook his head no. “He wants *my* assistance, and usually I’d be at his side. But since I’m going away, he wanted me to recommend someone else. I’m not sure if you’re comfortable, but everyone else is tied down with their own cases and—”

“I can handle it.”

Blaine raised an eyebrow and smirked. “Are you sure? This isn’t your simple ‘Husband gets the dog, Wife gets the cat’ case. This is corporate law. This is the shit that made me a millionaire, Tim. You wouldn’t want to let Jamison down either, because that’d meant I let him down by recommending you assist him—”

“You have nothing to worry about,” Timothy said clearly. “Trust me. I can handle it. You know me by now.”

*All too well*, Blaine thought. He smiled and nodded. “So I trust that when I return to work, things will be going smoothly?”

Tim smiled. “You go have the time of your life. You deserve it.”



Blaine stood up. “Ms. Lopez will make sure that you have all the notes and that you’re caught up to speed. I’ve got to get back to my office.”

“Thanks for this.”

“No problem,” Blaine smiled at him before leaving the office. He closed the door behind him. Timothy shook his head and laughed to himself as he spun in his chair.

“Dumb ass.”

Blaine said goodbye to the receptionist and when he got on the elevator, he couldn’t help but smile to himself. That was one thing taken care of. Once he informed Mr. Jamison that Timothy was on board to assist him in the case, everything would be official. Tim would be busier than he’d ever been in his life with this case. His girlfriend wouldn’t like that too much.

When Blaine got back down to the lobby, he read through his messages.

**From Kurt:**

**Do you think you’ll be finished in time to pick up Madison from her dance lessons? If not, I can do it. I’m just wondering because I still have a few grand to spend and all.**

Blaine smiled as he walked towards the exit.

**To Kurt:**

**I got her. Go make it rain. ;)**

**From Kurt:**

**Don’t say that, grandpa.**

The man laughed at that. “We’ll see if you call me grandpa later on,” he mumbled to himself. He couldn’t help but to smirk as he exited the building.

...

All eyes were on Blaine as he walked into the Café near his lower Manhattan Law Office. It wasn't anything he wasn't used to, and it wasn't that he was cocky or something of the sort, but he was often the type to draw attention when he entered the room. Maybe it was his 'dominating presence', or his 'welcoming personality'. At least that was the bullshit fed to him when he was growing up. Either way, he walked over to join the line in the small café and pulled at the lapel of his Canali blazer as he waited. A middle-aged woman smiled at him from her corner table and he looked away before she could get any ideas, sliding his free hand that didn't hold his Fendi brief case into his pocket.

The clock on the wall read 4:47. Blaine was thrilled to be out of the office for the day, and he couldn't wait to be out of the office for the *week*. The vacation coming up would be so necessary to his mental health. There was a lot going on in his life right now, and dealing with everyone else's problems wasn't really helping. His assistant was looking forward to it almost as much as he was, and he guessed that meant she was tiring of him, but working for Blaine had to be better than working for the other lawyers of Jones Day Law Firm.

It was scary to think about how much things would change in the next week. It was scary to think about how Madison would play into it, and how much she'd be affected. Blaine didn't know how he'd handle telling his daughter that he and Sarah weren't going to be together anymore. He didn't want to say that they'd fallen out of love, because he wasn't sure that it was ever really *love* to begin with. Blaine loved Sarah the way a man loved the woman who gave birth to his child, but that was the furthest it went. Unfortunately for him, that wasn't enough to keep him where he was—it wasn't enough to make him happy or to feel like maybe they could do this until Madison was a little older. This was going to be hard for her and Blaine hated that he had to do hurt his little girl. But once his lawyer had everything put in place, Blaine knew that he had to give Sarah the papers. And though Kurt said it wouldn't be fair for her to keep the penthouse, he'd let her stay there while it was on the market, but when someone bought, she was on her own.

As Blaine stepped forward in line, he wondered if he was being cruel. He didn't want to be that guy; overreacting because he felt that he was betrayed, when there was so much that played into it. Blaine was unfaithful too, and he knew that. No, it didn't really compare to how much Sarah had done, but a wrong was still a wrong whether it was a huge one or a small one. Regardless of that, he was the one with the power now. Sarah would need to get her own place. Who knew, if she was lucky, maybe she could move into Tim's midtown apartment.

"Welcome to Café Exchange. What can I get for you?"

"Hey," Blaine said with a smile, making the girl blush. "I'll just have a medium tea with lemon and uh... a toasted poppy seed bagel with cream cheese." He took out a \$20 bill and told her to keep the change before walking over to the bar to wait for his order. It was there that he noticed a familiar face and the familiar face half-smiled when he saw him.

"Hi! Mr. ... Mr. Anderson, right?"

There was that *wonderful* British accent. Blaine nodded at him and forced a smile, holding out his hand. "Anthony? It's good to see you again. How's it going?"

"It's Adam," the man answered, chuckling softly as he greeted him with a handshake.

Blaine apologized. "Adam. Right. How've you been?" he asked again, making small talk.

"Well. No need to complain really. Everything is going okay."

Blaine nodded to him and switched the hand his brief case was in. "I'm happy to hear that. So," he paused to smile a little as he tried to read the Englishman's face. "How was your date Friday night?"

Adam almost answered but his order arrived. He thanked the barista and took the Styrofoam cup. "It went better than I expected any blind date to go. Kurt's a good man. Smart and cute too." He smiled. "We've got a coffee date on Wednesday, just the two of us."

Blaine raised an eyebrow at the news. "Oh? Well that's good."

"Yeah. I hope to make more progress then." Adam nodded and gestured over to an empty table. "Do you have a moment? You can join me if you wish. I reckon you know him well? He works for you and all. I'd hate to make an arse of myself, you know?"

Blaine nodded at him, but Adam was seriously stupid if he thought he'd be giving him any help with Kurt. "I hear you, but I have to pick up my daughter from her ballet class so I can't stay for long. I'm sorry."

"It's fine."

God. Did he smile all the time? And his beanie. Blaine didn't know why but he wanted to burn the thing.

“Um,” Adam paused and then waved goodbye. “It was good seeing you again, mate.”

“Likewise,” Blaine lied. He looked away when the barista handed him his tea and smiled, accepting the bag as well. Adam walked over to a table and Blaine nodded to him again when he walked by.

A coffee date wasn't that bad. Of course Kurt hadn't mentioned it, but it was more than likely Kurt trying to be polite by going out with Adam as friends. But Blaine knew Adam was really into him, so that could be a problem. Ignoring the thoughts in his head, Blaine walked down the busy city street and headed over to his BMW. He placed his briefcase and Café Exchange bag in the passenger side before getting in the car and placing his tea in the cup holder. His phone was littered with messages.

**From S. Lopez:**

**I totally remember Hummel! He was a freshman at McKinley high school when I was a senior! My, how he's grown. I mean, he's still a dorky little twerp, but I won't deny that he's attractive. Ok he's hot. He's also gay and probably like 20, so you have some explaining to do tomorrow morning. :D**

Blaine shook his head at the message before going to the next thread. He wasn't sure what to make of that, but he did want to ask Kurt to tell him more about when he was younger. That was for sure.

**From Sarah:**

**Two pairs of my red bottom heels are missing. Do you know how expensive Louboutins are? I'm firing the maid. Kurt will be able to clean and watch Maddie with summer coming and college being out so it isn't like we'll be at a loss. Plus, we'll save money.**

*We'll save money*, he thought, shaking his head. She paid for squat. Well, she probably was paying the building to keep quiet about her affair. And yes, he did know how expensive Louboutins were because he was the one who purchased them. She was ridiculous. He'd need to talk to Cooper some more about an asking price for the Brownstone. He didn't know if Kurt would feel comfortable moving in with him and his daughter but they'd have to go somewhere while he sold the condo.

**From Dad:**

**Firs p**

**From Dad:**

**I don't know why your mother bought me this. Phone. I can barely use**

**From Dad:**

**It.**

**From Dad:**

**When are you and your brother coming? We miss our grandchildren. It's been too long Baine.**

Blaine sighed and put the phone down. He'd probably give his folks a heart attack with the news of him and Sarah divorcing, not to mention him dating a man now. Blaine shook his head and started up the vehicle. There was no sense in stressing himself out over it. The lawyer drove to his daughter's dance studio and decided to watch her class until it was time for them to go home.

...

**From Sebastian:**

**Where are youuuuuu?**

Kurt looked away from himself in the mirror and down at his cell phone. There were five messages from Sebastian at this point, and none of them were helping the anxiety Kurt felt. He was *so* nervous about screwing this up, and Sarah exposing him for the not-so-confident boy he really was.

But then he looked at himself again. He remembered earlier that day, marching into Blaine's office and licking the man's navel as he undid his zipper. He could remember how easy it was to make the man fall apart, and how Blaine's eyes stayed glued on his body as he went to leave the room. That was the epitome of confidence. He even felt a tad bit arrogant, but at that moment he could afford to. At that moment, he had Blaine Anderson in the palm of his hand. This thing with Sarah was a totally different story.

**From Sebastian:**

**Well. You asked for it. I'm sending you a bunch of selfies I have saved on my phone until you reply.**

**From Sebastian:**



**From Sebastian:**



**From Sebastian:**



Kurt picked up the phone and quickly replied.

**To Sebastian:**

**Please. Please stop.**

**To Sebastian:**

**And is there a reason your hand is on your face in all of them?**

**From Sebastian:**

**I love you too. What are you doing? I called out of work so that I could accompany you wherever you wanted to drag me and now you won't answer me? I could kick your ass.**

**From Sebastian:**

**Because I look cute as shit like that.**

Kurt walked over to his bed. He knew he needed to go out. He knew that part of his plan was to show up after Sarah had gotten home for the evening. But, a great part of Kurt Hummel was concerned about all of this. He honestly believed he'd pussy out.

**To Sebastian:**

**I'm in my room, looking at this outfit in the mirror. Don't get me wrong, I'm sure I look good, but I don't feel very confident. I feel like Kurt Hummel. I need to feel like a Sebastian Smythe.**

He took a deep breath after sending it, and that's when it hit him. You know what would help right now? A quick call to Blaine would help. It wasn't that Sebastian wasn't awesome, because most days he was respectable, but Kurt knew if anyone could talk him up right now, it'd be the guy who'd designed this plan in the first place.

**From Sebastian:**



**Well Sebastian Smythe thinks that Kurt Hummel has every reason to feel good about himself, because Kurt Hummel is a beautiful man who just so happened to suck a nice, long cock today.**

**From Sebastian:**

**Send me a pic of this outfit. I want to approve it.**

Kurt was about to go and take a picture in the mirror but shook his head no. Instead, he sent a BRB text to his friend and clicked Blaine's contact, dialing the number. As it rang, the teen wondered what in the hell he was doing. Why couldn't he just get over himself and do this?!

"Hey handsome," Blaine answered. He cleared his throat. "Sorry if you hear chewing but this bagel is quite heavenly."

Kurt smiled and shook his head, walking back over to the mirror. "I needed to hear from you because I'm getting a little nervous I guess..."

"About?"

The sound of the ballerina music could be heard in the background. Kurt smiled as he imagined Blaine surrounded by a bunch of moms waiting for their daughters as well. "This.... This whole Sarah thing. She'll probably eat me alive."

Blaine hummed. "I can understand that. And you don't have to do anything you don't want to. But when you think about it, Kurt, you're the one in control. She spilled everything to you. Hell, she'll probably say even more to you tonight."

Kurt was quiet as that registered.

"And she doesn't want me to know about her and Tim. Tim doesn't want me to know about him and her. I have him in my palm now, but that's a different story. Anyway, she'd give you what you wanted. And he will be very busy for the next few weeks so he has very little time to harass you about anything."

"Thank you."

“Don’t,” Blaine said. He swallowed after chewing and spoke again. “If you don’t feel confident enough doing it for you, then do it for me.”

Kurt smiled and leant against the vanity. “What makes you think I want to do it for you, huh?”

There was a slight hesitation but Kurt knew his boss was smiling. “Because you like me and you really want to kiss me.”

“Hm...”

“And there was no lack in confidence when you were blowing me earlier; that was for sure.”

Kurt began to laugh. That was totally different, though. “I liked that.”

“Did you?”

Kurt smiled and then bit his lip. “I did.”

Blaine cleared his throat. “I’ll tell you what. If you don’t want to, you definitely don’t have to. I won’t look at you any differently. Besides, the first five thousand is enough.”

Kurt was quiet. He still wasn’t sure just what he’d do, but he wanted to give this confident!Kurt one more try.

“Later tonight,” Blaine continued. “I’ll *confidently* return the favor.”

Kurt bit his lip. “I’ll think about it.”

“Oh,” Blaine began. “You *will* let me, because you can’t stop thinking about it. My lips all over you—”

“I’m hanging up now,” Kurt rushed out, his cheeks burning red. Blaine laughed and said goodbye. They hung up and Kurt couldn’t believe he was still as shy as he was after everything he’d done in the past few days. But phone sex... he wasn’t ready for that. He’d make a fool of himself.

He went back to the messages between himself and Bas and stood in the middle of the room, took a picture, and then attached it.

**To Sebastian:**

**Here you go...**



**To Sebastian:**

**I've got quite a bit of money to blow. I definitely need to stop somewhere important though.**

**From Sebastian:**

**GODDDAMNNN**

**To Sebastian:**

**But we can go anywhere else after that. Maybe I'll treat you to something nice since you got me all of those tight jeans out of the kindness of your heart....**

**To Sebastian:**

**I guess that means you like my ensemble?**

**From Sebastian:**

**DAMMMNNNN THOUGH**

**To Sebastian:**

**Well, I'm just going to have George bring me to your place. Hopefully by the time I get there, you'll be able to have a conversation like an adult again.**

...

Kurt walked side by side with his best friend, but it was obvious that Sebastian was still sneaking peeks. He'd been sneaking peeks since Kurt got out of the Anderson vehicle. They weren't even subtle, either, but then again Sebastian wasn't the *subtle* type of guy. He was the go big or go home type of guy.

"Stop looking at me like that, Bas."

Sebastian looked away but only because his staring caused him to bump into a kid. He apologized and Kurt smirked, shaking his head. They'd walked another block up 9th Avenue when Sebastian started staring at him again.

"I'm going to tell Mr. Anderson that you're looking at what's his and he won't like it too much."

Sebastian's eyes went wide as his jaw dropped comically. He heard Kurt laughed as the younger teen walked up. "Well *there's* my little tiger!" He threw his arm around Kurt and swayed in time with him. "Can't have a guy that doesn't even reach my nipples beat me up."

Kurt laughed some more. "Well if you keep talking about him like that, *I'll* beat you up."

"Such a hot, violent couple. So what's on the agenda?"

Kurt thought about where they'd go first as he looked around the city. "I most *definitely* need to go to B&H Photo. After that, we can pretty much go anywhere you want."

Sebastian nodded as he put his hands in his pockets. “May I ask what’s at B&H Photo that you *most definitely* need to stop there? Wait—you’re making a naughty video for Mr. Anderson and you need a high-definition camera!”

“Don’t get your hopes up, Bas.” Kurt did his best not to blush. “That’s not even close.”

Sebastian pouted. “Well, what is it then?”

Kurt was about to respond when a gentleman walking by touched his hand. He looked back and the man smiled before winking at him. Sebastian rolled his eyes and stepped in the guy’s view. “Back off, ass wipe.”

The brown-eyed man put his hands in the air and retreated down the city sidewalk. Kurt smirked to himself as they prepared to cross the one-way street. “I guess I do look pretty hot, huh? Strangers can’t even keep their hands off of me.”

Sebastian caught up to him. “Where’s your boss in his sexy car and possessive rage when you need him?”

Kurt smiled. “To answer your *earlier* question, I’m going to be getting a little tech savvy. After that, maybe we can go to SoHo and I can buy a bunch of clothes and ‘look the part’ of a guy who lives in a upper Manhattan penthouse.” Kurt got quiet as they approached the B&H Photo store. “I don’t know.”

Sebastian nodded. “Personally, I think if you’re switching up your style, it doesn’t have to be anything drastic. More name brand, less New Balance sneakers. You don’t have to dress like Blaine but dress like a guy who’s dating Blaine. Think: Power Couple.”

Kurt smiled. “Good idea. Can we stop talking about clothes now though? I read this blog post from Neil DeGrasse Tyson and Felicia Day about Curiosity and how it’s now been two years on Mars! Isn’t that exciting?”

Sebastian smiled as he held the door open for his best friend. “You better not ever fucking change, Hummel.”

...

The pair ended up buying A PEN from B&H. Kurt dragged Sebastian to B&H for A PEN. It was a twenty buck PEN!

It took some time, but he was forgiven for—quote “wasting precious time buying stationary” by the time they got to SoHo. They bonded over talk about a book they’d start reading that week and purchased a few new outfits from the Jeremy Argyle boutique. From there, Kurt smiled as he made his best friend’s day even better.

“So your birthday is in a little over two weeks and since you’re going to be in Ohio, I figured that I could get you something tonight! Anything you want to do. Well, as long as I’m home by 8.”

Sebastian held some of his friend’s bags as well as his own. He looked at Kurt and smiled. “Anything?”

Kurt’s face changed. “Did I speak too soon?”

“Yes. We’re in SoHo. There are sex shops all over. You, my friend, are buying the kinkiest dildo I can find.”

Kurt went pale. “On second thought, fuck you and your birthday—” He was grabbed by the arm and dragged in the direction of *Simply Pleasure* on Brewer Street.

Kurt needed new friends.

...

The sound of Madison’s laugh made Blaine smile even though he was seated next to his wife on the sofa. He wanted to be anywhere but here, but he needed to keep up appearances, and Sarah seemed fine stroking his arm as she went over an article one of her journalists had written.

Blaine looked at the TV. The Nancy Drew movie was on. His daughter was literally quoting along with 75% of the lines due to the fact that she had seen it so much. Blaine looked down at his wife’s fingertips as they stroked along his wrist before the woman laced their fingers together. She smiled when she realized his hold was so tense. “I guess I need to give you a massage tonight. Everything ok?”

Blaine didn’t answer at first. He only continued staring at the large screen television. Sarah put her head on his shoulder.

“Did something happen at work, sweetie?”

“Work is fine,” he said shortly. Then he took a deep breath. “I’m thinking about taking a couple weeks off.”

His wife perked up, looking away from the computer on her lap. “Really?”

“Yeah.” Madison climbed onto the sofa and then onto his lap. She called him a pumpkin butt and then focused on the movie again, laughing when he tickled her side. “I’ve been working non-stop since the start of the year. I’m driving myself crazy.”

Sarah kissed her daughter on the cheek and the girl climbed over to her lap, looking at the movie once more. Blaine looked at the two of them. They were like night and day, basically because Madison was a spitting image of her father, but a lot of Sarah’s *positive* qualities had rubbed off on Maddie. She had the same determination to get what she wanted and that same curiosity. Sometimes it got her in trouble, but many times she’d learn something she didn’t know the day before.

“Maybe a couple weeks off will do you justice then, sweetie. I wish I could afford to take off some time with you but we have to get this June issue out and I have so many meetings pertaining to interviews for July and August. It’s hectic.”

Blaine nodded. “I understand. I need to be alone anyway. Think out loud and all.”

She looked at him and Blaine could tell she was a bit suspicious, but she nodded anyway. Madison mumbled about being hungry and Blaine took that as his opportunity to get away. “Go and get ready for your bath, Princess. We’ll make spaghetti when you’re all cleaned up.”

Madison hopped down with a wide smile. She skipped off to her room in her bunny slippers and Blaine stood up to stretch. Sarah watched him. She got a text on her phone and hid it until realizing it wasn’t from her lover. Blaine walked off and went towards the kitchen to prep for dinner.

Because the television was so loud, neither the husband nor wife heard the door open. They did however hear when it was kicked closed by Kurt. Blaine stared from across the condo.

He. Looked. Good.

Kurt wasn’t even showing any of this apparent trepidation he called his boyfriend about earlier. Right now, he looked sexy and he owned it. Sarah stared at him and then quirked an eyebrow when she saw the many shopping bags in his hand. She pushed her work off her lap and stood up; arms folded over her chest as she walked over to greet him.

“Wow. Look at you,” she said. Her eyes moved from his clear face down his body. She was impressed by the outfit—Kurt could *easily* pass for one of her models. The magazine would’ve loved to have a fresh face like his and a *body* like his. But then she saw the five or six bags from different stores, one of which being Alexander McQueen, and her entire demeanor changed. She smirked, though Kurt couldn’t exactly tell if this was a pleased smirk or a pissed off smirk and that did frighten him a little.

But it was now or never.

The answer was definitely now.

“Someone’s been on a shopping spree...” Sarah stared at him. That look was nothing short of intimidating, but Kurt stood his ground. All he had to do was remember how this woman made him feel like nothing countless times, and how this woman referred to him as her *bitch* the previous week, and wanting a little revenge was easy. Of course, it could be said that sucking her husband’s cock while he moaned like a virgin was revenge enough, but it wasn’t. Kurt deserved a little bit more.

“Well, I have been shopping,” Kurt said nonchalantly in the most obvious tone he could muster. “So that’s a great observation on your behalf.” He dropped the bags and undid his jacket, smiling at the woman as she watched him.

Nope. She wasn’t happy.

“The thing is, I kinda ran out,” Kurt told her. He gave a small smile when her face didn’t change. “I happened to pick up one of your magazines... well I picked up *Elle Man*, and it had a lot of fashion tips for guys like me. You know. *Normies*. And the crazy thing is, I had just come into a bit of money, so I figured why the hell not, you know?”

She glared at him.

“So I went to Armani. Then I went to Burberry. I stopped in SoHo. I bought a few things for my friend. You may remember—the guy who I came back here with the day we caught you boning someone else...” Kurt was shaking but he *refused* to let her notice. He was in control. Sarah was livid, and he was on a roll, and Blaine was watching the two of them from the kitchen so they both had to act casual, but this was *amazing*. “Anyway, as I was saying. The money ran out.”



Sarah started to smile and shook her head. “Good for you. Now you’ll look a little less like a fucking joke. You were a bit of an embarrassment, honestly.”

Kurt smiled now. “...I ran out.”

“How’s that my problem?”

“How *isn’t* it your problem?” Kurt asked. He looked at her as if she was crazy and picked up the bags. “I tell you what. I’m going to put all of my things away. You’re going to grab your check book and meet me in my room—”

“Like hell I am!” She kept her voice low so it was more of a whisper-shout, and Kurt brushed at his vest with a smirk before picking up the bags he hadn’t yet grabbed. “I can fire you in an instant, buddy!”

“Do it,” he said. “I can march over there and let your husband know about you and this Tim guy you blabbered about. We can handle things that way, *or*, you can bring your check book to my room and we can work something out. I’ll be waiting.” He walked off and left her standing there. Blaine’s eyes were dark as he watched Kurt walk towards the hall. Those jeans and that ass. Good lord.

“Good evening, Mr. Anderson. Thanks for giving me a few hours to handle things!”

Blaine snapped out of it and smiled. “Um yeah. No problem.”

Kurt headed off to his room and Blaine looked to his wife who was still standing by the doorway. She exhaled and then went back over to the sofa. Blaine tried his hardest not to smile but it was proving to be difficult. “Christ. How much are we paying that kid?” He allowed himself to smile now, but stopped when Sarah didn’t react. “...Are you okay, honey?”

“Hm?” She looked up. “Oh, yeah. I’m fine.”

Blaine smiled and went back to slicing sausages.

...

*Ring. Ring. Ring.*

Timothy looked away from the case files and rolled his eyes as he saw who the call was from. He answered anyway. "Yes, darling?"

Sarah sounded a mixture of frantic and pissed off beyond belief. "You need to fix this. Kurt's asking me for more money. Apparently he's blown through the 5 grand I gave him to keep his faggy little mouth shut, and now he wants more. You need to handle this."

Tim waited a moment. Then he laughed as he went back to his work. This wasn't his problem. He wasn't the one cheating on his spouse. "Listen, I have important work to handle. Your idiot husband assigned me to a case with the big man on campus and if I can outshine his dumb ass, I see a promotion in the very near future. So you go handle your twink. I've seen him. He looks like a tween. It can't be that hard to keep him in check."

Sarah huffed into the phone. "Are you sure that it's solely my problem? I'm sure it's *our* problem."

"He doesn't know me."

"He knows your name."

Tim sat up. "Why would he know my name?"

"I told him." She sounded like she was smiling. "There's no way I'm going down by myself. Now I'm not paying him another dime. It's your turn."

Timothy smiled and rubbed at his temple. "You're unbelievable. How much does the child want, Sarah? And what's to stop him from asking for more? Or telling? I'm not playing this game. You may as well tell Blaine and get it over with."

"That's not happening."

"Well I'm not giving some kid money so he can extort more out of me when he's run out."

Sarah took a deep breath. "I guess it's either you give him five thousand dollars or he ends up telling Blaine, and that case that you're so excited about getting promoted over is out of your hands like just like *that*."

“Five thousand dollars?” Tim smiled and tossed his pen onto the desk. “Five grand. Do you think I’m a millionaire like the man you’re married to? New flash: the answer is no.”

“I think you’re in deep shit,” Sarah told him. “And you are by no means poor, Timmy. Now what’s it going to be?”

Timothy dragged a hand down his face. He didn’t know why he dealt with this shit. “Ok. Fine. I’ll stop by your office tomorrow and drop it off, ok? But after this, you tell that cock sucker to go fuck himself. Are we clear?”

“Crystal.”

Tim sighed. “I love you, Sarah. Bye.”

“I love you too.”

He ended the call before picking up his water bottle and throwing it forcefully across the room. With the shake of his head he turned to look out the window.

This better be worth it.

...

Kurt had changed into a t-shirt and flannel pajama pants. Flannel Ralph Lauren pajama pants. He mussed his hair until it was going in different directions and left the contacts in, and he looked like one of those guys on campus who got a lot of chicks. He shook his head at the thought when there was a knock at the door. It was Sarah’s without a doubt, and the knowledge made Kurt’s heart beat faster. He clipped the pen he got from B&H Photo to his t-shirt pocket and opened the door.

“Oh,” he said, sounding a little disappointed. “I don’t see a check book.”

Sarah pushed him inside and closed the door, locking it behind them. She turned and faced the teen and he almost stumbled back before regaining his composure. “Listen here you piece of shit, I’m giving you five thousand dollars more tomorrow—”

“I don’t remember giving you a time frame other than tonight,” Kurt said thoughtfully.

"I don't care." Sarah stepped closer and Kurt stepped back, making sure the pen could pick up everything being said.

"Tomorrow, Timothy is going to give you another five thousand dollars. You're going to take that and you better fucking make it last, because you're getting *nothing* more."

Kurt nodded. "I won't need anything more. That's perfectly fine."

Sarah glared at him. "You know what, Kurt. You're a smart kid. I see a lot of good in you, and a lot of what makes a person successful. One day, you're going to have a husband of your own, and someone like you—someone so driven and focused on what you want... he probably won't be able to keep up. You're going to understand what I'm going through, Kurt. There'll be someone who can give you more."

Kurt only looked at her.

"And when he does turn out to be a disappointment, and your eyes do begin to wander, you'll find yourself with someone else. Someone like you, Kurt... you're going to want the best of the best, because you have the potential to be the best of the best. I cheated because I wanted better, and I know one day you'll understand where I'm coming from."

"I wouldn't cheat on my boyfriend or my husband. If things were as bad as you're saying they are with Blaine, you should've ended it."

"And I will end it one day." She shrugged and turned away, heading to the door. "But for right now, I'm going to have my cake and eat it too."

Kurt watched her open the door. She glanced into the hallway. "Tomorrow. Then that's it."

Kurt nodded and walked forward to close the door behind her. He locked it and smiled to himself, ending the recording and putting the pen in his drawer. He'd have to edit all of the bad parts out and leave it just so that his confession was kept, but that should be enough for Blaine to hand over to the lawyer. Kurt smiled and plopped down on the bed.

**From Sebastian:**

**Dude. I know I was supposed to wait until my birthday. But.**

**From Sebastian:**

**This dildo. Is awesome.**

...

It was 4 AM when Blaine snuck out of bed. His wife was draped over him so it was difficult, but he succeeded. He pulled on a red hoodie and black sweat pants, sliding his wedding band off and into his pocket before stepping into his Del Torro World Cup sneakers. This was one of those times he was grateful that Sarah was such a sound sleeper.

**To Kurt:**

**You up, baby?**

He looked at her and tip toed his way out of the dark room, closing the bedroom door behind him.

**From Kurt:**

**Getting dressed now.**

Blaine pocketed the phone and walked down the long hall. He remained quiet as he peeked into his daughter's room to make sure Madison was sound asleep. The girl's night light was on, and she had cuddled up with her stuffed teddy bear. He smiled at her before making his way to Kurt's room.

The door was opened. He stepped in just in time to see Kurt doing his zipper. The glasses were on, as was a long sleeved black t-shirt with a pair of those skinny jeans that made Blaine salivate because of the way they fit Kurt. Black Timberland boots were on his feet. Blaine walked over and smiled, picking him up and laying him on the bed. Kurt laughed into the kiss that met his lips.

"You're wasting precious time... I have a final in a few hours..."

Blaine kissed his cheek before pulling away; their eyes meeting. Kurt blushed, wrapping his arms around the man's shoulders. "I didn't even get to see all you bought and you didn't tell me anything about what happened. God, you looked *so* sexy sticking it to her like that. You have to tell me everything."

Kurt bit his lip. “Honest question first.”

“Anything, beautiful.”

Kurt looked in his eyes. “Do you like that Kurt better or me?”

Blaine smiled as he continued to keep eye contact with the boy beneath him. “I like Kurt Hummel the best. But you can’t convince me that the same Kurt I’m kissing now,” he leant in and kissed him, “is any different from the Kurt that dealt with Sarah Delfino earlier. I don’t even want to call her by my name anymore. She’s back to her maiden name with me.”

Kurt smiled and shook his head. “I don’t know. I felt like I was pretending to be someone. Real me would never have the balls to do that.”

Blaine smiled and kissed him again. “I don’t know. You get picked on enough and you change. Most times for the better. But if you weren’t comfortable earlier then I’ll be the big bad wolf in the relationship. Nothing will harm you while I’m around.”

Kurt smiled. “We should get out of here, Blaine.”

The man stood up and pulled Kurt with him. “We’re sneaking out the back exit to avoid the doorman. I’ll let you drive my baby if you want...”

Kurt was clearly taken aback by that if his raised eyebrow and slacked jaw was any indication. “Are—Are y-you for real?”

Blaine smiled and led the way. “C’mon, dummy.”

...

Of course, Kurt should’ve known there was a trick to Blaine letting him drive. He had a hand in his pants a quarter of the way back to *their spot*, and it felt *amazing*. Blaine wasn’t stroking him, or doing anything that’d make him lose focus on the road, or *come* in his pants. He’d only been fondling him a little and while they shared casual conversation, as if this was a normal thing to do.

They drove through the Lincoln Tunnel and Blaine moved his hand lower, wrapping it around Kurt's cock. The boy inhaled through his nose and let it out through his mouth. Blaine smiled.

"So can you tell me all that happened?"

Kurt licked his lips as he steered them through the dark tunnel. God, he was so nervous being behind the wheel of this expensive as shit car and he had this sexy, delicious man playing with his cock as he drove. Now he wanted to have a conversation?

"Babe," Blaine repeated, trailing a fingertip over the length. Kurt licked his lips.

"She got Tim to agree...agree to give me another five thousand."

Blaine smirked. "Wow. She's good. That asshole must really love her."

"Or he's trying to cover his ass."

"Maybe." Blaine licked his lips and looked at Kurt. They exited the tunnel and the man looked down at his hand buried in Kurt's pants. He wanted to blow Kurt but he was nervous. Anxious even. It wasn't like they both weren't newbies at this, but Kurt was new and he'd given Blaine hands down the best blow job he ever got in his life. Blaine wondered if he'd disappoint as a first timer. He didn't know anything about sucking a cock. But, he did at least know what he liked. And he really wanted to suck Kurt, too.

"Which exit do I take?"

"Hm?" Blaine asked. "Oh, my bad. You can get off at the Union City exit and I'll tell you how to drive down." He palmed Kurt and the boy thrust up, the car moving a little faster. Blaine smiled as Kurt stepped on the brakes lightly before driving back to his obeying-traffic-laws- speed limit. "So that check you can just deposit and do whatever with. But, it'll be nice to see money from each of them in your account. My lawyer will love to hear that. Oh, I got this guy named Wes Montgomery by the way. Best of the best. Always carries around a gavel, don't know what's up with that, but I'm lucky to get him on such short notice. Turns out we have the same Alma mater for high school so that helps."

It amazed Kurt how Blaine could carry out a normal conversation while practically giving a hand job. He focused ahead of him and drove behind an SUV. "Dalton, right?"

“That’s the one. He was a couple years ahead of me. Speaking of that, my—”

“I know. That was Santana Lopez that works for you. I was hoping she wouldn’t remember me because she knows *just* how much of a nerd I really am.”

Blaine pulled his hand back and smiled at Kurt’s soft whine as a reaction. He’d be fun to play with. “I don’t care. It won’t make me change my mind about you. And we’re grown men anyway. High school doesn’t factor into this.”

Kurt nodded. “Since you mentioned your divorce lawyer, it reminded me. I recorded a conversation I had with Sarah earlier. After dinner, I edited the footage so that she’s only telling me how cheating on her husband was necessary. There’s no me asking for more money or her mentioning giving me more because I asked for it.”

Blaine looked at him and slowly started to smile. “You did what? Oh, the exit’s right there. You’ll make a right at the first light you see.”

Kurt nodded and signaled. “I got this writing pen from B&H Photo that has an SD card reader and a few megapixel camera and voice recorder. I recorded my conversation with her.”

“You’re a genius,” Blaine said, shaking his head. “Wow. You’re really a genius.”

Kurt laughed. “I know that. Anyway, I have it saved and I emailed it to myself and to Bas in case anything were to happen...”

Blaine smiled and leant back in his seat. Kurt turned at the light as instructed and continued to drive straight. “I was thinking about moving into the Brownstone with Madison. And inviting you to live there as well.”

Kurt turned to face him to see how serious he was. It was dark on this road. Blaine didn’t recant though, so that must’ve meant something. “Living together? As in *together*?”

“If that’s okay with you...” Blaine told him to turn onto another road and Kurt followed his instruction. It wasn’t long before he could see the skyline of New York City. “Please don’t feel pressured to say yes, either. I mean, like I said, there are three floors. You won’t have to like... sleep in bed with me or anything if you don’t want to. You can have your own space.”



Kurt drove another few yard and then parked in the exact spot on that hill Blaine parked a few nights back. He looked at the view as he turned off the car and took off his seat belt. Blaine did the same. "I don't know. I think... I mean I'd love to, but it'd probably be too soon."

"Yeah." Blaine rubbed at his neck. "I mean we live together now."

"That's true, but we're sneaking around. If we moved into a place, just us and Maddie, we'd probably slip up, and she could be close by. I mean *especially* if we share a bed..."

"I have to tell her what's going on anyway... between her mother me."

Kurt made a face but nodded. "I know."

"Think about it."

"I will."

"Thank you." Blaine glanced over at him. "I saw Adam today."

Kurt was quiet for a while before what Blaine said registered. "British Adam?"

Blaine shook his head no. "Adam Levine."

"Shut up."

"He mentioned that you two have a date on Wednesday though..."

Kurt smiled as he adjusted his seat all the way back and lay down. Blaine looked at him. "I agreed to buy him coffee as friends first. I mean, you were pissed at me and I didn't want to sit around waiting so he asked and I said I'd buy. That's all there is to it."

Blaine bit his lip and moved his chair back as well. "Alright."

"Is that a bad thing?" Kurt asked him.

Blaine nodded. "It is a bad thing. I don't want you seeing other guys. I mean, you say it's a friend thing, but he let me know that he thinks you're great, which you are, but he intends on using this friendly date to advance it to something more, and I don't really want to give another man that opportunity."

Kurt licked his lips and looked up through the sun roof. The sky was clear. He turned his head to face Blaine. "It would be rude for me to cancel because you don't want me to go."

Blaine shrugged. "That's not changing the fact that I don't want you to go."

Kurt smiled and looked up again.

"Did you have fun with Sebastian?"

"I won't go, then," Kurt said. Then he nodded. "Sebastian is always a blast. He loves you."

Blaine smiled and moved a little closer. "Is it that you don't want to go or you just don't want me upset?"

Kurt thought about that. "I don't want to go because I don't want to lead him on if he does want more. I also don't want you upset."

Blaine nodded. "When I'm done meeting with the divorce lawyer or Wednesday, I'll take you and Sebastian out. How about that?"

Kurt laughed and rubbed his face. "Oh god. He may try to steal you from me. He and his boyfriend still talk about how sexy you were Friday night."

Blaine scoffed. "I'm sexy every night. What did you two do though?"

Kurt smiled as Blaine's fingers landed on his ribcage. "Do *not* tickle me."

"I won't, I won't."

"We went shopping as you know. I took him to a sex shop to buy him a birthday present since his is in a couple weeks. June 5<sup>th</sup> to be exact."

"So you guys are close," Blaine said. "Yours in July. That's awesome."

Kurt nodded. "What're you getting me?"

"Whatever you fucking want," Blaine told him. "I'll probably have an entire library built in one of the rooms of the Brownstone. TIME Magazines. Newspapers. It'll be journalism heaven, too."

Kurt stared at Blaine and was completely blown away by what he'd just heard. Nobody ever made him feel like Blaine Anderson did, and it wasn't because of the money, it was just because he knew him so well and wanted to give him the things that'd make him happy. Blaine bit his lip and smiled as he took Kurt's hand.

"So you went into a sex shop? That must've been a sight. Did you get anything for yourself?"

Kurt swallowed and licked his lips before nodding. "I did..."

Blaine stared into his eyes.

"I bought a toy to help me get used to... your size." Kurt was thankful for the mostly darkness as they lay in the BMW. He was blushing up a storm. "And then this guy that worked at the store recommended a vibrating cock ring and embarrassed me beyond belief."

Blaine laughed, though the thought of Kurt masturbating did things to him. He looked up at the roof and listened.

"Also, LifeStyles condoms. And lubricant too. I... not that I expect u-us to... right away b-but it's just to be prepared for when the time comes. I'm not ready yet."

Blaine nodded to him. He licked his lips. "I don't think I'm ready yet either. I've got a lot to learn about you and *it*, and a shit load to take care of."

Kurt smiled. "Yeah. I know."

"But when we are ready, you want me to be the one who does it?" Blaine asked. Kurt laughed softly and nodded.

"I want you to top. I've... shit I can't believe I'm s-saying this, but I've thought a lot about you. You fucking me. And I touched myself thinking about it too." Kurt went quiet, but he couldn't look away from the fire in Blaine's eyes. "I felt bad for it but it happened."

Blaine smiled. "I don't feel bad for it."

Kurt rolled his eyes and they laughed. "You wouldn't, you dirty old man."

"I'm thinking about sucking you right now." Blaine spoke the words clearly and without hesitation, as if it was something completely normal for a heterosexual man to say. But then again, he wasn't exactly heterosexual now, was he? "I've been thinking about it for the whole ride, and the entire day, and I'm a bit nervous but I do want to."

Kurt's cock stiffened in his jeans. They were still unzipped. Truth be told, he was hoping he'd get his cock sucked tonight. He was even hoping Blaine would let him suck his again.

*Once you start doing this stuff, you're not going to want to stop.*

"I mean, I don't think I'll be as good as you are," Blaine said with a smirk. "You fucking porn star."

Kurt began to laugh. Blaine moved a little closer and kissed his jaw. "But I do want to take my time and get used to it. Make you feel *really* good, beautiful."

Kurt nodded hard. "I'd like that too."

Blaine smiled at him. "Then let me. Should I suck you inside the car or on top of the car?"

Kurt raised an eyebrow as he sat up a little. Blaine moved back, and the teen looked out at the skyline. He also looked around to make sure they were alone, but this was the most deserted area ever. They were in the hills somewhere, surrounded by bushes. "There are no bears around here, right?"

Blaine laughed. "We can stay in the car if you want, but there are no bears. No mountain lions either. We're basically across the pond from New York City."

Kurt bit his lip as Blaine's hand moved back into his jeans. "Alright. I'll sit on the hood."

Blaine smiled and nodded. "That works for me, baby."

They kissed for five minutes or a little less before Blaine got out of the car first. Kurt's cock was hard from where his boyfriend had been playing with it, and he covered it by lowering his shirt as he got out the vehicle. There wasn't anyone to hide it from, he was just *classy*.

Getting your dick sucked in Weehawken, New Jersey on top of a BMW isn't classy, you say? Well you don't know class.

Blaine smiled at him; his hands in the pocket of his hoodie as he looked at Kurt. The teen slid onto the hood of the car and lifted his shirt a little. His abdomen was on display. Blaine looked him in the eyes though, and Kurt blushed before speaking.

"You look amazing in red. I thought I'd let you know."

The man smiled and it almost looked as if he was blushing. He moved forward and parted Kurt's legs before unbuttoning the jeans. "Thank you, Kurt. I'll be sure to wear it more often for you."

"I'd like that, Mr. Anderson."

Blaine bit his lip and looked at the teen. He smiled. "You know what you do to me when you call me *Mr. Anderson*. I know you do."

"Of course I do."

Blaine started stroking Kurt slowly as he looked at the boy's face. Kurt's eyes slowly started to drift closed. Blaine's hand on him felt amazing. It felt better than when he touched himself, which Kurt found strange because he knew exactly what he liked, but Blaine must've known a little better.

The drag of skin against skin was perfect. Kurt opened his eyes and watched as Blaine pushed the fabric of his shirt up further and started to kiss at each nipple. The teen bit his lip into a smile as he worked his hips up into Blaine's fist. When the man started biting across his chest and licking over freckles, Kurt couldn't help but shiver at the beautiful touch.

It was perfect out. Kurt's body was being handled with care and caressed. He was being taken care of and he knew that Blaine wouldn't ever let him be harmed. He didn't know how he knew that, but he believed it with his everything. The man kissed down his chest and his hands moved up his sides to hook into his

jeans and underwear, pulling them down. Kurt laughed as his bare ass touched the cold metal of the car. Blaine smiled against his navel before kissing the smooth skin.

And there was more kissing. A lot more kissing. So much kissing everywhere but where Kurt wanted Blaine's lips. Scratch that—where he *needed* Blaine's lips. His cock was begging to be touched. He'd thrust up into nothing so many times that he was starting to whine. Blaine smiled as he heard, and he rubbed the teen's inner thigh as if to say *be patient*. Kurt wasn't in the mood to hear any of that, however. Blaine was teasing him and it wasn't fair.

He stared up at the city and could see the sun peeking out from the horizon. His boyfriend bit down on his hip bone and worked on the hickey he'd been obviously trying to perfect. He brushed his fingertips over the tip and smiled at the way Kurt tensed at the feeling. But enough was enough. He'd been mean enough. Kurt was asking nicely.

Maybe just another lick across his waistband...

*"Please, Mr. Anderson..."*

That did it.

Blaine placed his head between Kurt's legs and smiled as he kissed his nuts first. The boy watched him; watched Blaine's lips touching his cock as he moved up, watched the way his tongue swiped across the head and the bit of precome that trailed from his cock to Blaine mouth. He trembled when Blaine sucked on the tip and spread his legs wider, fingers moving down to his ass.

Kurt couldn't do this.

"You're gonna make me come if you do that, Blaine. Oh my god," Kurt grabbed at the windshield. His eyes rolled back. Blaine did it anyway, massaging Kurt's hole as he tried to get used to the feeling of a dick in his mouth. It wasn't bad. Of course, he'd yet to get even half of it in, but apparently the part he sucked and licked was enough to drive his boyfriend crazy. "Fuck, fuck... oh yes," Kurt cried out, working his hips. He stared at the skyline and smiled. "Fuck..."

And as Blaine moved his finger slightly in and moved his mouth a little deeper, Kurt gave warning. He didn't have to, really. His legs were shaking. His moaning was turning from soft sounds to very blatant

singing of Blaine's name. And there was the way his hands were clutched into the man's black hair. Blaine tried his best to relax his throat and move even deeper, and the action sent Kurt tumbling over the edge.

He couldn't swallow it all, but that was fine. Kurt was more than willing to kiss and lick away what he'd missed. *That* alone almost made Blaine come in his pants.

"I would ask if I was bad but..."

Kurt laughed bashfully. He ducked his head and Blaine kissed him in the hair. "You were amazing."

Blaine bit his lip. "I'm glad you think so. Move in with me."

Kurt smiled, rolling his eyes. "I told you I'd think about it."

Blaine nodded at that. "Fine. I'll still be willing to set you up at another place if you'd want but I think you should move in with me."

The teen started to fix his clothes. Blaine stood up straight. "I'll drive back," he said.

Kurt nodded. "Alright. I'll give you an answer after we get back from Ohio."

Blaine nodded. "Fine by me."

"How long are we staying for anyway?"

"However long you'd like," Blaine answered. He walked to the passenger door to open it for Kurt. The teenager slid off the car and walked wobbly-kneed over to the vehicle. Blaine kissed him before pulling away and Kurt smiled, sliding into the seat.

The car ride back was quiet, but it wasn't because neither refused to talk. Blaine's hand was in Kurt's hair as the boy sucked him off. He was lasting a little longer than 2 minutes this time around, and it was probably because Kurt was opting for driving him crazy with kisses, licks, his hand, and blowing him for only seconds at a time. Blaine could make Kurt suck him when they stopped at red lights or stop signs by holding his head in place, and *oh* was it fucking amazing, but as soon as he had to drive again, Kurt was right back to being a tease.

The man pulled into the parking garage of his building twenty minutes later and Kurt had started to suck him seriously after he'd parked. Blaine leant back against the seat, hand rubbing Kurt's back as the boy's head moved up and down over his cock, his mouth making noises that you'd hear in the movies. Blaine was close, and though he didn't want it to stop, he let himself come in Kurt's mouth and cursed out loud as his body shook.

"Fuck."

Kurt smiled after pulling off and stroking his hair back. "I never thought I'd actually be doing this when you hired me but I can't say I mind one bit." He reached for his glasses and put them on. Blaine licked his lips, trying to catch his breath. "We need to put a move on it, though."

Blaine nodded his head. He lazily tucked himself back into the sweat pants. "Fuck."

Kurt laughed. He fanned his hot cheeks before getting out of the car. Blaine followed suit and they walked towards the exit together.

When Blaine opened the door to the penthouse, he checked to make sure the coast was clear. Kurt walked in after he was told it was fine. They quietly made their way towards the hallway when Madison stepped out from the bathroom. Kurt's eyes went wide.

"Dad? Kurt? Where are you coming from?"

Blaine stared at her before holding his finger to his lips. She gave him an odd, curious look before turning to Kurt who was frozen where he stood.

He wasn't about to lie to his little girl now too, was he?