

Give Me Everything

by

whatwasthatbob

Blaine/Sebastian, Blaine/Kurt || AU || NC-17

Quick Summary: sub!Blaine wants to belong to Dom!Sebastian who doesn't realize that's what he wants too until Blaine belongs to Dom!Kurt. Fill for [this](#) prompt on the GKM.

WIP 13/?

glee-kink-meme.livejournal.com/26585.html?thread=29566425

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Chapter One

It didn't take long for Blaine to completely fall in love with New York. He'd visited once or twice in his childhood, but he could never remember much about the city, except for the constant excitement and the way that the city seemed alive in the way nothing else could ever compare. But other than that, all he remembered was being forced into a stuffy suit, a tie being pulled too tight around his neck, and his hair hard as a rock from a mountain of gel. *"That curly mess you have will make your father look bad."* is what his mother had always said. All Blaine knew was that he didn't feel like himself, just a doll that his parent's used when they had to make appearances, and a well-behaved child always goes a long way in the society his parents come from.

Blaine scoffed, earning several glares from the other people in the library, but he couldn't bring himself to care. He didn't live by his parents rules anymore. He was at NYU and was free to study what he wanted, not business or pre-law like his dad has always pushed for and despite the constant lectures and looks of disgust and disappointment, Blaine was focusing on his passion: music.

He turned back to what he was studying, shaking the thoughts of his parents as he tried to study for his next test in music theory. His brain was so full of chords and progressions and notes that Blaine was quickly becoming overwhelmed. It was only two months into his first year of college, and he was already starting to feel like he was in over his head at times.

Blaine rolled his shoulders again and brought his arm up to knead his shoulder, where he was continuously feeling tense. Everyone had told him that he needed to find a way to de-stress and calm down before he went prematurely bald, but Blaine just laughed them off. *"I'm just getting used to it is all guys, really, stop worrying."*

But Blaine knew they were right. He really did need to relax, but he just didn't know how to. He constantly felt on edge, knowing that even though he wasn't back in Ohio, he still felt the pressure from his father to be the best. *"Anderson men are not weak Blaine."* were the words that were constantly playing through his head. Anderson men were always in control, they weren't allowed to be out of control. Giving up control meant being weak in Blaine's fathers eyes. Blaine didn't think it was weak to simply take a break from everything, it was freeing at times, but even his normal "break from everything" of playing his guitar wasn't doing a good job of calming him recently.

With a heavy sigh Blaine closed his notebook and started putting everything away. He couldn't concentrate anymore, and he had to leave soon if he wanted to get to work on time.

He served coffee. Or at least, he made it and then put it on a counter for whoever was next in line. But Blaine didn't mind. He liked the interaction with people, having small conversations, getting to know the regulars, it was all something he loved. And then there was the singing of course. The owner of the shop had expressed interest in having live music in the shop, but could never find anyone before Blaine. He now spent half of his shift serving coffee and then other half serenading everyone that was there.

It was refreshing for Blaine, to be able to sing for the hell of it, being able to just let go. Sure, he was involved with Choirs and Theatre at school, but it just wasn't the same. It was more liberating to be allowed to simply perform whatever he wanted. And besides, it allowed him to do something he loved, instead of constantly going to nasty auditions. Blaine sighed as he thought of his last audition and stepped onto the subway, pulling out his phone when he felt it buzz.

From Nick

Hey cutie ;) What are you wearing?

From Blaine

Does Jeff know you're flirting with other guys?

From Nick

Flirting, who's flirting?

Blaine sighed. Normally he'd laugh and joke around with Nick more, but he was just so *tired* from not going any sleep last night and his stress over his upcoming tests, that he just didn't have it in him.

From Blaine

What do you want?

From Nick

I wanted to know how you're audition went.

From Blaine

Like hell.

From Nick

Aw, Blaine man, I'm sorry. If they can't see you're one of the most talented people, then they don't know what they're talking about.

From Blaine

Oh they think I'm talented.

From Nick

But, then, why -

From Blaine

Talented at giving blowjobs. Not that they'd actually know. But you know...

From Nick

Blaine! That's terrible, I'm so sorry. I hope you told them where to shove it.

From Blaine

Look, I have to go, work. We'll talk later.

Blaine took a deep breath, trying to calm the gnawing feeling of disappointment that was creeping up his chest.

Blaine still couldn't shake the feeling that something was missing from his life, and not just the idea having auditions that didn't go like crap. He had friends, he performed at open mics, he wore bowties and

suspenders, he could be *gay* without the judgmental eyes of his parents, but when he laid in his bed at night, there's was always an emptiness, but Blaine couldn't figure out what exactly he was searching for.

He shook his head to clear his thoughts as he stepped into the coffee shop and started taking everyone's orders. He sighed with relief, feeling like at least some part of his day wouldn't turn out to be crappy.

"Hey hun, how you doing today?"

Blaine turned around from where he was sweeping the floor to come face to face with one of his favorite people. "I'm doing alright Betsy, and yourself?"

She stared at him, almost as though she wanted to see if he was truthful, but Blaine didn't notice as he started sweeping again. "Old hips been giving me some trouble, but otherwise I'm good."

Blaine laughed. Betsy was in here everyday (or at least everyday Blaine worked) and she was always complaining about her hip. "I'm sorry about that."

Betsy waved her hand at him. "Oh don't worry your curly little head. Just give me my usual."

"Of course." said Blaine as he started to mix her coffee. Betsy leaned against the counter, staring at him again. Blaine loved Betsy, she was always sweet and kind and reminded him of his late grandmother, but he could never appreciated the way she would just stare sometimes.

"You singing today?"

"Yeah, as soon as Laurie gets in and takes over for me."

"That better be soon boy. I don't want to leave without having at least one song dedicated to me."

Blaine laughed, his hazel eyes crinkling in amusement. "Well we couldn't have that, now could we?"

It was almost midnight by the time Blaine left the café, and he was ready to go back to his apartment and collapse on top of his bed and sleep forever. He found himself rolling his shoulders again, trying to loosen the knots that had formed from a long day, but he never got anywhere. Laurie had suggested he go get a back massage to help loosen him up, let someone take care of the back problem and get rid of it, but Blaine knew his back would be in knots again in a matter of no time, so he found it pointless.

Blaine debated between taking the subway or walking home, but as dead as he felt on his feet, he had an urge to walk home. It was a nice night, the fall weather cool and soothing, and it'd been a while since he'd just gone for a walk and appreciated the city.

Blaine wasn't sure how long he'd been walking for, but he found himself taking random turns as he walked through the city. He realized he'd veered far off the normal path for his way home, and looked up at the street signs to get his bearings, before he headed back in the opposite direction.

It wasn't long before he found himself in front of an unfamiliar club. He heard the bang of a door open across the narrow street and turned to see a couple walking out of the bar, laughing and smiling at each other. One of them was a blonde girl, who was leaning against the brunette girl, her face nuzzled into her neck. The brunette smiled down at her, tapping her nose, and bringing a finger underneath her chin to kiss her.

Blaine smiled at the display, a warm feeling filling him at seeing a couple so clearly in love. As he was about to turn away and keep walking, he glanced at the blonde's neck and saw a choker there. Blaine could never understand how woman wore them; he imagined it would be uncomfortable. Anything for the sake of fashion Blaine figured.

Blaine turned his eyes away but a small shriek made him turn back. He saw the brunette girl leading the blonde away, but it looked more like she was pulling her away. But that didn't make sense to Blaine. Both the brunette's hands were down by her sides.

The blonde girl brought her hands up to her neck, probably fixing her choker, Blaine thought, and that's when Blaine noticed that there was something attached to the necklace. It looked like some kind of chain that weaved it's way downwards towards...the brunette's hand.

Oh my god Blaine thought, *it's a collar. A collar with a leash.* Blaine watched them walk away in fascination, both still laughing and seemingly in love. Blaine turned back towards the club, looking up at the sign, trying to figure out what club a girl would bring her girlfriend to on a leash.

Chill. Envy. Pulse.

Blaine stared at the name for what felt like forever and a shiver went down his spine. He walked away quickly, found the closest subway station, and all but ran back to his apartment. He showered, changed,

and got into bed, pushing the thoughts of the club and the two woman from his mind, even though it was gnawing away. It wasn't until he was about to fall asleep that he realized his shiver had been one of excitement, not fear and that he needed to call Jeff in the morning.

"Hellooooo." Blaine smiled, Jeff was always so ridiculous.

"Hey Jeff"

"Blainey boy! About time I got a call from you."

Blaine laughed, rubbing his hand across his forehead and pulling at a few curls. "Sorry. School's been hectic settling into."

"I know what you mean, man. Nick and I have both been going crazy here." From that statement, Blaine figured Nick hadn't told Jeff about the audition he had the other day.

"I can imagine. Look, I - uh - I..." Blaine trailed off, nerves beginning to seep through his body.

"C'mon Blainers. Spit it out."

"Don't call me that." He mumbled, taking a deep breath, not even sure what he was trying to ask anyway.

"Jeff, have you ever seen someone wearing a - uhm - a, I guess, collar?"

"You mean a choker?"

"No. No. Not like a necklace. An actual collar..." He trailed off.

Silence. Blaine found himself biting his lip, hard. He was practically drawing blood. He heard Jeff let out a loud sigh and then an exasperated, *"Yes. Why?"*

"Today. Well, last night I guess. I, uh, I saw this couple going into a club. And one of them had this - well what looked like a choker at first, around their neck, but then I noticed it was attached to a leash, and realized it was a collar. And, I don't know. I was intrigued by it I guess. I mean, I've never seen someone wear a collar before. And then I started thinking about what it might feel like to wear a collar and then I remembered a conversation I overheard between you and Nick once -" he heard a gasp on the other line and hurried to clarify "I - I wasn't eavesdropping. I only heard part while I was walking through. And Nick

was asking you what you thought of wearing a collar. And at the time I laughed it off, cause it was so weird to me, y'know? But then a few days later you had that silver bracelet around your wrist, and I've never seen you without it. And I don't even know why that came to my mind last night, but that did, you know? I mean, I don't know what I was expecting or anything, I just, I mean, It intrigued me? But I don't know why. I mean you see a lot of crazy things, especially here, it's fucking New York, but it just...I don't even know Jeff, it was like --"

"Blaine! Calm down man! Breathe." Blaine took a deep breath, trying to calm his nerves and taking a sip from the water bottle that was sitting next to his bed to smooth his dry throat. And then he heard a laugh from the other line, *"I think it's time I told you a little something about my relationship with Nick..."*

Chapter Two

Dominant. Submissive. Collaring. Submission. Trust. Control. BDSM. Clubs. *"Nick gives me what I need."* Dominant. Submissive... and so the cycle continued. Blaine couldn't stop thinking about the conversation that he'd just had with Jeff. It kept playing over and over in his mind.

It's not as though the words are completely new to him. He's heard things in passing, but he'd never given it any thought before.

Blaine was silent, lost in his thoughts as Jeff talked about his relationship with Nick. It wasn't until he heard Jeff asking "Blaine...are you still with me dude?" that he shook himself out of his mind and focused back on the conversation.

"Yeah. Sorry. Just uhm, a lot to take in." Blaine ran a shaking hand through his curls, trying to figure out why this conversation felt so overwhelming for him.

"It's not for everyone." Jeff responded, and Blaine frowned.

"NO! No, that's not what I was saying – "

"Oh?"

"Yeah...uhm...just -" Blaine cut himself off, looking for the words that he wanted. Jeff was silent on the other line, which he was thankful for." Jeff?" he finally asked after a few long minutes of silence.

"Yeah?"

"What's it like?"

"Being in my type of relationship?"

"Sort of." Blaine started picking lint off his shirt, trying to settle his mind. "But, I mean, what's it like being a sub?" Blaine was shocked by his own question, not sure where his desire to know came from, but he felt something, some need to just understand.

Jeff had explained it at length to Blaine, how it was centered around a level of complete trust and comfort with the other person. It actually sounded nice to Blaine, and it made Jeff and Nick's relationship clearer to Blaine. They'd always seemed to have this connection that Blaine could never quite put his finger on.

He'd explained to Jeff that he saw nothing wrong with it after realizing that a few of his comment came out the wrong way, but something had still been nagging at his mind the whole time.

"How did you know?" Blaine finally asked.

"Know what?"

"That you're a sub? How did you figure it out?" Blaine needed to understand. He wasn't freaked out anymore - or at least, for now he'd managed to settle his mind. He'd simply never thought of a relationship in that way, let alone heard the details of it. But he couldn't stop the intrigue, the wonder at how completely Jeff appeared to trust Nick to just...take care of him. That must be nice, Blaine found himself thinking. And he just wanted to know how. How did Jeff know this is what was right for him, how did he just fall into being a sub. "How'd you know you weren't a Dom?" Blaine wondered aloud.

He heard Jeff laugh on the other line before it went silent. Jeff didn't respond for so long that at one point Blaine had pulled the phone away from his ear to see if he'd been hung up on. After what felt like forever for Blaine, but was only a few minutes, Jeff responded. "I want to ask you something Blaine."

"But..."

"Blaine." Jeff interrupted, soundly oddly serious compared to the guy Blaine knew, so he shut up.

...okay?"

"What's the one thing you always told me that you wanted from your dad?"

Blaine shifted uncomfortably on the bed. He clenched his jaw shut and his hands curled into familiar balls every time his parents were mentioned. "Why?" Blaine gritted out, sure that Jeff heard the reluctance in his tone.

Jeff let out a sigh. "Blaine, just, come on man. Answer the question."

Blaine huffed in reply and spit out the first thing that came to mind. "I wanted to feel loved."

"And...?" Jeff prompted.

Blaine knew what Jeff was searching for, he'd ranted enough times about his parents when he was at Dalton that he wouldn't be surprised if everyone in the Warblers had been clued into what was going on when he went home. "To not have to do everything on my own. To be...taken care of I guess." Blaine shrugged, pulled at a curl that had fallen over his eyes, trying to get his thoughts off his father and instantly decided that he needed to get a haircut.

"Exactly." And Blaine could practically see Jeff nodding in that way he does, like he just understands something that Blaine doesn't.

"Exactly what?" Blaine wondered. "Jeff?" His only response was hearing a door shut and whispered voices. "Hello? Jeff?"

"Sorry. I have to go Blaine. But just...just think about what you just said."

"Think about what?" But Jeff had already hung up and Blaine was left feeling even more confused than before.

Blaine had spent the rest of the morning reliving his conversation with Jeff, but he put his thoughts on the backburner as he got ready for his afternoon class.

It was a week later and Blaine still found himself constantly dissecting his conversation with Jeff. It was what Jeff had said about trust that Blaine kept coming back to, instead of trying to decipher what Jeff had meant when he ended the phone call.

"Well I trust Nick Blaine." Jeff let out what sounded like an exasperated sigh.

"Of course you do. I trust him too --"

"Oh Blainey Blainey Blainey." Jeff cooed at him.

Blaine scowled. "Will you stop it with the little kid nicknames?"

"Now where's the fun in that?" Blaine was about to retort, but Jeff plowed on. "Now Blaine. I trust Jeff. And before you respond annoyingly again, there's something you're just not understanding. I trust Nick, Blaine. With everything. I trust him to take care of me, to know when I need to be alone and when I need to be around him. I trust him to know what my comfort levels are, and to push me, but never far enough that I'm uncomfortable. I trust him to take care of my problems, to help me through what's going on in my life. I trust him to take care of me Blaine."

Blaine had never really understood how deep Jeff's connection with Nick ran until after that conversation. It was nice, he thought, being able to trust someone like that. Know that they would never hurt you. Blaine found himself wishing he could find someone, anyone, like that. But trust hadn't always suited him in the past, so he often found himself putting up a wall between everyone and himself, although he never let that show. He was energetic in classes, made friends easily, but he always kept some level of distance. It was easy to slip back into the cool façade of the prep school boy his parents had tried to mold him into when it was needed.

"...wanted from your dad?" Jeff's words echoed in his head, but he shook the thoughts away. He didn't know why that part of the conversation irked him so much. Jeff had been so cryptic to him, and he just didn't understand it. What person wouldn't want to be comforted and loved? Blaine just couldn't understand why Jeff was singling that out in him.

Blaine was shaken from his thoughts at the feeling of someone tapping against his shoulder incessantly. He turned around to see Laurie looking at him curiously, one eyebrow raised, hidden behind her bangs, and a piercing green stare trained on him.

"You've been standing there for the past ten minutes, and call me crazy, but I didn't realize it was that difficult to fill a napkin dispenser."

Blaine scoffed, filling the dispenser and then walking away. He looked at the clock, seeing that it was time for him to start his set, and hung up his apron and grabbed the guitar from the back.

He sat down on stage, letting the familiar sense of performance washing over him, and started to tune his guitar. He began his first song and let the music take him out of the thoughts that had been plaguing his mind for the past week.

It was once again close to midnight by the time Blaine finally left the café that night, and he decided to take a walk home instead of hopping on the subway. He left his mind wander as he walked, thinking of what he'd have to go over in the morning for his rehearsal the next night for the show he was doing at school.

After ten minutes, Blaine found himself standing in front of a familiar place; the club from a week ago. Blaine looked up at the sign again, getting transfixed by the lights and, not for the first time that week, found himself wondering what happens inside.

"Nick and I don't go to clubs that often." had been Jeff's response to the Blaine telling him about what happened the night before.

Blaine scoffed. "And yet you're the one who got me an impeccable fake ID."

"What kind of friend would I be if I deprived you of that beauty? And besides, that was for the bar Scandals. Not a place like you're talking about."

Blaine rolled his eyes. "Why not?"

"Why don't we go?"

"Yeah."

"I don't like them, so we don't." Jeff stated, offering nothing else.

Blaine couldn't imagine that they'd never gone to one before. Jeff and Nick had been the party animals of Dalton. Blaine probably would've never stepped into a bar if it wasn't for those two. "You've never gone to one?"

"Once. I didn't like it. Hence, why we don't go now." Blaine sensed there was something more there, but didn't pry. Jeff continued talking anyway. "But Blaine, if it intrigues you that much, maybe you should go one day."

"I wouldn't know what to do."

"Who says you have to do anything?"

"You're telling me to just go in and sit at the bar and what...stare at people?" Blaine laughed, trying to picture it, and feeling a blush creep up the sides of his neck.

"I guess. Or talk to people. Maybe find that couple you told me about." Jeff suggested.

"Why?"

"Because." Jeff paused, seeming to gather his thoughts. "I think it would be good for you. Maybe you'll find what you're looking for." The last sentence had been said so quietly that Blaine almost missed it.

Blaine stared at the sign for another few minutes, debating whether it would be a good idea to go inside. He heard a loud car horn in the background, shaking him out of his trance, and he turned away, walking briskly back to his apartment.

The next night, Blaine was lounging with friends after a rehearsal when his phone rang and he picked up without looking at the caller ID.

"Hello?" Blaine managed to choke out between laughs, throwing a pencil at one of his friends.

"Blaine." And Blaine sobered up right away, standing up and motioning that he was going to take the call outside.

"Hello mother." Blaine said after stepping into the fresh late October air.

"I'm calling to tell you that your father and I are going away over Thanksgiving."

Blaine rolled his eyes and muttered 'what a surprise' under his breathe. "Okay. Is that all?"

"No. Your father wants to talk to you." Blaine sighed, rubbing his hand across his forehead as his eyebrows knit in confusion. He hadn't spoken to his father since their last screaming match over his decision to study music.

"Blaine." He heard the harsh tone of his father's voice, sounding as condescending as ever.

"Father." Blaine responded coldly.

"Don't take that tone with me young man." Blaine rolled his eyes; it was always the same shit with his dad. "How is your silly major treating you?"

"It's not silly." Blaine retorted, trying to calm the anger that was steadily growing.

His father laughed, actually laughed, on the other line as though Blaine had just told the greatest joke in history. "It is Blaine. The sooner you realize that the less trouble you'll find yourself in."

Blaine scoffed. "What is that supposed to me? I'm doing perfectly fine."

"I hope so, son." Blaine felt bile rise up in his throat at the endearment. "Don't want to be a disappointment, now do we?"

And with that, Blaine's father ended the phone call, leaving Blaine standing there with his mouth hanging open. Jeff's question from earlier popped into his head. What did he want from his father anyway? Blaine still couldn't understand, but even those last words brought a feeling of shame to rise up in Blaine. *"I wanted to feel loved...cared for."*

When Blaine got home that later that night he dug out the fake ID Jeff had gotten him back in high school and decided that he'd pay a visit to the club that had plagued his mind since the moment he'd seen it. *"Maybe you'll find what you're looking for."*

Chapter Three

The first time Blaine arrived at the club, he walked towards the entrance, glanced about, and turned right back around, breathing hard. *Maybe this won't be as simple as I thought.*

Blaine crossed the street and stood on the sidewalk staring at the entrance as though in a daze. He couldn't understand why, but a sudden feeling of fear had washed over him. He'd never been in a club, hell, he barely counted the time that he went to Scandals with a bunch of the Warbler's. He was surrounded by friends there. Nick and Jeff were making out on the dance floor, David and Wes were busy fending off guys, Trent had decided to get wasted, and Blaine and Thad were sitting on their stools laughing their asses off at the sights before them. Blaine remembered that time, how fun it had felt to be free for the night and just have *fun*. Even if they hadn't been at Scandals, Blaine was sure that still would've been one of the best nights of his life. But that was different. That was with friends, with people who knew him and understood him. That was calm and harmless fun. This, this *thing* that he was doing now was unexplainable even to Blaine.

His hands found themselves gripping tightly to his curls, and his eyes were screwed shut as he tried to remember how to breathe properly. *Why?* Blaine kept asking himself. Why was he here? Why couldn't he just go in? What was he so freaked out about?

"Pull yourself together Blaine, Anderson men are not weak. We don't let our emotions control us, we control them." Blaine repeated the words like a mantra in his head, flashing back to all the times his father had said those words to him: when he was five and fell off his bike, scraping his knee, and had started to cry; when he cried in his room after he told his parents he was gay; when he'd been on the ground, bruised and bleeding; when he gushed on the phone about getting his first solo with the Warblers; when he screamed so loud he swore the neighbors heard him after he got his acceptance letter to NYU. All those times Blaine had remembered his father telling him to stop letting his emotions control him. It was in those times that Blaine dawned his mask of indifference. He'd pull his mouth into a thin line, biting the inside of his cheek, and pull his shoulders back, only letting his emotions spark in his eyes. It was that mask he was trying to find now. Blaine needed to fucking calm down, but he just couldn't; he couldn't find his mask. He couldn't even figure out why he needed to find it in the first place.

"This is all fucking Jeff's fault." Blaine huffed out, leaning back against the wall and crossing his arms, his breathing still heavy but more manageable. *"Maybe you'll find what you're looking for."* "Well, aren't you

just so fucking helpful Jeff? Sitting on the phone with your stupid blonde hair and talking in your stupid riddles and going out for your stupid date with stupid Nick. Stupid, stupid, stupid."

Blaine felt as though everything that had been on his mind for the past week had just spilled out and he was losing control of it all so quickly. He hadn't called Jeff again that week, just answering a few quick texts, and yet everything Jeff said made him start to question everything he thought about relationships. It's not like Blaine had never had a boyfriend before. There'd been one for most of his junior year at Dalton, but they'd always been cautious with each other. They'd been each other's first boyfriends, and neither wanted to take anything too far too quickly, so their relationship stayed fairly chaste throughout, except for the one night they'd lost their virginity to each other. But when Blaine listened to Jeff talk about his relationship with Nick, there was something that Blaine couldn't quite put his finger on that resonated. Their relationship ran so deep, and Blaine just wanted to find something like that. The way Jeff talked about always being cared for, about always having Nick there when he needed him, about the trust the two of them shared.

God, did Blaine want that. Blaine wanted to be in Jeff's shoes, to know what it was like to have someone like Nick in his life, to be able to actually feel even half of what Jeff and Nick had is what Blaine was searching for.

Opening his eyes, Blaine stared blankly at the door across the street. *Is that what's on the other side of that door?* Blaine asked himself. *Is that where I find it all?* Once again, his breathing picked up, but this time it was slightly more under control. *Jesus Blaine. Calm down. It's just a club. You have no reason to --*

"Hey curly head, calm the fuck down." Blaine's thoughts were interrupted by a woman's voice that seemed eerily close to him.

His head shot up, hazel eyes wide and searching for the location of the voice. He noticed that at some point, his body had collapsed against the brick wall behind him and he was scrunched up on the sidewalk. He shook his head, trying to regain control of himself, and flinched violently when he felt a hand land on his shoulder.

"Are you going to start breathing now?" He heard the voice ask, in what seemed to be a bored tone. After searching, Blaine's eyes finally landed on a woman standing to the left of him. Her body was turned away from him, facing down the sidewalk, and she wasn't even looking at him anymore, but her hand was still there on his shoulder, a firm grasp, something for Blaine to anchor to. "Take a deep breath through your

nose and breathe out through your mouth." Blaine did as she said. After a few more times, Blaine's breathing wasn't as erratic. He put his hands down on the cold concrete and pushed himself up so that he was eye-level with the woman who'd let her hand fall down to her side after he stood.

Blaine stared at the woman in front of him. She looked familiar to him, but he wasn't sure why. Her black hair was pulled back into a tight ponytail, a silver necklace dangled from her neck, and her eyes flashed as they met his. She let out a small laugh - Blaine couldn't help but feel it was directed at him - and turned her head to the side, narrowing her eyes as she looked down the street. Blaine followed where she was looking, noticing someone on the phone farther down the street. He shook his head and looked back at the woman in front of him. She looked so strong to him. And how had she been able to get him to calm down like that?

"I...I..." Blaine was at a loss for words. Was he supposed to thank her or something?

She turned back to him, giving him her full attention as a smile graced her lips. "I hope you know more words than that hobbit, otherwise we're going to have a problem." She crossed her arms, staring him down as she raised an eyebrow, as though daring him to speak. Blaine's mouth fell open as he stared at her, and her smile seemed to grow wider. "So how about that story?"

"I...what?"

"Oh come on. I want to hear why the hobbit standing in front of me just had a panic attack across the street from this club." She finished her statement by pointing at the sign. Chill. Envy. Pulse. Once again, Blaine felt his heart rate speed up, but he shook his head violently, determined to stop freaking out over absolutely nothing. And then he heard the woman standing across from him all out laughing. Her shoulders were shaking and her eyes were alight with a fire Blaine hadn't seen there before. "Oh my god. You're a virgin."

Blaine blanched, staring right at her, eyes going wide. "I...I'm not..."

"Oh stop blushing like a little school boy. Virgin to the club." She rolled her eyes.

Before Blaine got a chance to respond, a blonde girl walked up from behind the woman, saying "I'm sorry! That was K, he wants to get coffee tomorrow morning. He's not coming tonight." The brunette wrapped her arms protectively around the blonde, rolling her eyes at what she said.

"Fine. Whatever. Curly meet Britt. Britt meet Curly."

The brunette woman turned to face her, her eyes seeming to soften as Blaine watched her nod her head. He took the chance to look at the girl named Britt. She was smiling lightly at the brunette, her hand clasped with the woman's tightly. Britt's eyes were soft, and there was a slight smile on her lips, and then Blaine noticed it. *She's wearing a collar.*

Blaine openly stared at the couple, as he remembered all too clearly the first time he'd passed by here. The couple he'd seen going into the club. The blonde girl who he'd been so intrigued by because she was wearing a *collar*. This was them. "Oh my god..." Blaine whispered, catching the attention of both women who turned to face him.

"Curly?" came a soft voice, and Blaine noticed that Britt's innocent eyes had turned to stare at him. He cleared his throat, shaking his head at the same time. *I can't believe it's them.*

"My name's Blaine actually."

The brunette scoffed at him. "Whatever you say Curly."

Blaine was about to ask what the brunette's name was when Britt spoke up. "Sometimes I try to curl Lord Tubbington's hair, but he always seems to run away every time I try."

He stared at her, trying to figure out whether she was joking or not, but she seemed completely serious. He opened his mouth to say something, but snapped it closed, no words coming to mind.

The brunette glanced at her, shaking her head and smiling, before turning back to Blaine. "Alright Curly, come with Brittany and me. We'll get you sorted out."

Blaine wasn't sure how comfortable he felt with the devilish tone in this woman's voice, but he followed her anyway.

Ten minutes later, Blaine found himself sitting at a table with the brunette across from him, and Brittany kneeling at her feet. Blaine hadn't missed the way the brunette had whispered "good girl" to Brittany when she immediately kneeled, and Blaine noticed her smile at the praise as he had felt a shiver run down his spine at the exchange.

Blaine wasn't entirely sure how he'd managed to get inside without freaking out, but he supposed he had the brunette to thank for that.

"Santana." The brunette stated, interrupting his thoughts. Blaine shook his head and stared at her as though she was letting him in on one big secret.

"W-what?" And why was he so nervous? Blaine swallowed, trying to compose himself so that he didn't stutter through the *entire* night.

Santana rolled her eyes at him, her left hand falling to rest on Brittany's head as she played with her hair. "My name dumbass."

"Oh. Right. Of course." Blaine nodded his head, letting his eyes drift down to where he was wringing his hands in his lap. When he looked up again, Santana was staring at him with amusement on her face, and Blaine tried to smile, but it ended up looking like he was in pain.

He unclasped his hands, letting his fingers dance across his thigh for a few minutes with nerves.

Brittany looked so comfortable and at ease leaning against Santana. She let out a heavy sigh and nuzzled her head further into Santana's lap, and Blaine found himself blushing and looking away at the sheer intimacy of it all.

After a few minutes of watching people go in and out of the club, Blaine finally asked Santana the one question that had been nagging at the back of his mind. "Why...why did you, uhm, stop outside when you s-saw me?"

"You should get rid of that stutter. It isn't the least bit attractive." Blaine just stared at her, choosing to not answer until Santana did. He couldn't help that he was nervous and that maybe it caused his voice to be slightly higher and breathy and that he tripped over his words a bit more than normal. "I have a thing for wounded animals. I couldn't let a puppy just sit there dying on the street, now could I?"

Blaine wasn't sure whether he was supposed to feel offended or not.

"I wasn't - I wasn't *dying* -"

"Fine. You were *drowning in emotion*. Which, curly fries, meant you were dying. And I didn't have the number to call the Animal Shelter, *Blainers*."

Blaine gaped at her. He hated that nickname and could never seem to escape, no matter where he was or whom he was with. He chose to ignore Santana and the way she was openly staring at him and instead diverted his attention to looking around the club.

He hadn't had a chance to really look when Santana had dragged him inside and all but threw him into his seat. There were tables lining the walls of the club, and Blaine noticed that of most of the couples that were sitting had one of them kneeling. The dance floor was crowded, but not so much that you wouldn't be able to breathe. He saw a big group of people standing or sitting at tables at the far end of the club, all seeming to be waiting for something.

But it was the people there that intrigued him the most. Some were sitting like Santana and Brittany, and Brittany was definitely not the only one wearing a collar. There were people on the dance floor, some more into it than others. A lot of them had on some form of leather. He saw a man who was completely shirtless except for what looked like a leather 'x' attached around his chest which had a silver chain hooked to it, the end of which was in the man's hand who was dancing behind him, arms wrapped protectively around the other's chest.

Blaine's eyes finally landed on Brittany's collar, and he noticed that the leash was attached to it like before, just like the man on the dance floor.

"Doesn't that hurt her?" He blurted out loud, staring pointedly at her collar. Santana didn't bother to look at where he was staring.

"I would never hurt her."

Blaine didn't respond, the ice in Santana's voice and the glare he threw him would've been enough to shut him up for the rest of his life. He took a quick sip of his drink, bringing his shaking hand up to wipe off where some of it spilled, before looking back down at his lap and furrowing his brow. He hadn't meant to imply that Santana would ever intentionally hurt Brittany, but he didn't fully understand how a collar wouldn't be uncomfortable at some point. He found himself scratching at his neck absentmindedly, thinking about what it would feel like to have leather wrapped around his neck, the constant reminder there that

someone else had put it on him, the idea that he wasn't in control of it but instead let someone else have it. Blaine took a deep, shuddering breath.

"What are you so scared of?" Santana interrupted his thoughts, voice still hard, and it was then that Blaine noticed he'd started trembling, but he still couldn't stop the pull he felt to answer her demanding tone.

"My friend Jeff came to a club like this once. He didn't say anything, but I got the feeling that something happened." Even as Blaine spoke the words he knew it was a lie. How was he supposed to tell this woman that he'd just met that he honestly didn't know what he was scared of exactly or that he almost *liked* the feelings that were starting to creep up on him?

"No. That may be part of it." Santana rolled her eyes, knowing that it really wasn't, but Blaine was too wrapped up in his mind to tell. "But there's...something else." A devilish smirk appeared on her face as she glanced at Brittany next to her. "Something I think you don't even know yet."

Blaine's back went rigid, and he furrowed his eyebrows, confused and annoyed with how Santana seemed to be able to read him easily, when Blaine had actually barely said anything.

"Oh calm down caterpillar face."

Blaine took a deep breathe, calming himself, before asking Santana the next question that had been bugging him since they'd sat down.

"Why does she kneel?"

"Why do you think?"

"It can't be comfortable."

"Oh *Blainers*, how stupidly naïve you are. But I'll be saying I told you so soon enough."

Blaine ignored the comment, not quite sure what Santana was hinting at, and he'd all but given up trying to dissect her cryptic remarks. *She's no better than Jeff.*

"How often do you come here?" Blaine asked, watching curiously as Santana tapped Brittany on the head. She grabbed the third drink on the table and brought it down to Brittany's mouth, who tipped her head

back as Santana poured the drink into her mouth. She pulled the drink away, placing a soft kiss on Brittany's forehead – who smiled warmly at the attention – before looking back to Blaine.

"Once a week or so. Sometimes more actually. We prefer to sit and enjoy and watch, but once in a while we'll do a scene..." Santana pointed to the far side of the club. "...depending." Blaine didn't miss the way her gaze shifted down to Brittany, who had put her head back in Santana's lap, and but was staring openly at Santana, with love shining in her blue eyes. Santana smiled softly at her.

"I'm sorry. A scene?" Blaine asked after watching the two together for a few minutes. He wouldn't have been surprised if they'd forgotten he was sitting there.

"Yeah." Santana remarked offhandedly.

"What...what's a scene?"

Santana turned her eyes away from Brittany and stared at him; then started laughing for what seemed like the millionth time to Blaine. "You are such a virgin Blaine."

"I don't..." *I'm going to kill Jeff next time I see him*, thought Blaine, realizing there was a lot that Jeff had left out that he wasn't prepared for. "Why are you laughing?" Blaine finally yelled, feeling more frustrated by the second.

"Oh, just, just hold on Curly. You'll find out what a scene is."

Blaine opened his mouth to ask another question, but all that came out was an "...okay?"

Thirty minutes later, Blaine was staring blankly at the place Santana had pointed to before. "It was...." Blaine swallowed deeply, trying to wet his dry mouth. "That was *amazing*." Santana smirked at him knowingly, but Blaine was still staring at the place where the couple had left the stage.

Santana hadn't explained much earlier, just told him to watch and learn what a scene was. Blaine had been captivated by the entire thing. It was like the most precarious ballet to Blaine. The way the two people on stage had seemed to move around each other, seemingly knowing each other better than they knew themselves. Blaine was able to see the trust in the person's eyes who was kneeling, even when the end was coming and there was clearly distress in their eyes at being so turned on, Blaine could see the trust and comfort that was practically sparking in the air between the two of them.

Blaine felt a sense of longing as he stared at the stage, imagining the couple was still there. He couldn't imagine what it must feel like to have someone like that in your life, to have that kind of bond with another person.

Blaine sat there, allowing it to replay in his mind before Santana decided to interrupt his thoughts again. "Dom or sub little Blainey?"

Blaine ignored the stupid nickname. "Huh?"

Santana rolled her eyes at him again, and Blaine was starting to get the impression that she thought Blaine was the dumbest person she'd ever met. "...Dom or sub?" She repeated, speaking the words slowly as though Blaine was a child being told what he did wrong.

"s-sub?" And where did that come from? Blaine looked at Santana and realized that she wasn't surprised by his answer in the slightest. But Blaine still wasn't sure why he'd just blurted that out. Sure, Jeff had explained it all to him, how he was a sub and that Nick didn't just dominate him, but that he was his Dom. But he'd never sat down and thought about it pertaining to him. Sure, he'd been able to understand everything Jeff was saying, even feeling a little jealous at everything he described, but he didn't think he was either, didn't even think that this type of thing was for him, that he was just intrigued by it because it was new and something he'd never experienced and it was all just so damn *confusing* for him.

"That's the first time you've ever said that aloud, isn't it?"

"Uh, uhm, yeah." Santana's eyes noticeably softened. If Blaine didn't know any better, he would say that it almost looked as though she cared. But that wasn't what he was concerned about. He realized that he might need to call Jeff again when he got home.

"Thought so. Come back next week. Meet Britt and I outside at the same time."

Blaine stared at her, biting his bottom lip and only letting go when he felt the disgusting taste of blood. His tongue darted out to wipe it off, and he stared at Santana, eyes confused and searching as he tilted his head to the side, letting a few curls fall over his eyes, which he swept away quickly. "Why?"

"Do you not want to?" This time Blaine rolled his eyes. Was it impossible for Santana to ever give a straight answer? She confused him even more than Jeff had earlier that week.

"That...that wasn't what I meant."

Santana smirked. "Good. Just come hobbit."

"....Okay."

Blaine's mind was reeling from everything that had happened to him that night. He felt like going home and just screaming and crying until his felt his emotions calm down, but he felt torn because he wanted to stay

"Sexy." Santana snorted, and Blaine's hazel eyes sparked with confusion when he looked up to see a man staring down at him, eyes smoldering.

"I'm...I'm sorry?" Blaine didn't mean for it to come out as a question, but this guy was just openly staring at him, not a shame in the world. Blaine shifted in his seat, feeling slightly uncomfortable, his hands pulled mindlessly at one of his curls before he tucked his hands back in his lap, and couldn't stop his gaze from falling back on to the man stood before him before he looked away again, feeling the familiar blush creep up the side of his neck.

"Shy, too. How adorable." Blaine watched as a slight smile grew on the man's face, and before he could stop himself, Blaine felt the ghost of a smile pulling at his face too. The man walked closer to him, placing his hand on his shoulder and Blaine shivered at the contact, turning his head upwards again to stare into the man's eyes that are still smoldering.

"Sebastian." The man offered, gripping Blaine's shoulder as he said his name before letting his hand drop back down to his side.

"Blaine." He responded, feeling a trickle of *something* run through his arm from where Sebastian had touched him. Blaine looked up to see a smirk playing on Sebastian's lips as his eyes seemed to roam over Blaine's body. Blaine felt the familiar flush of heat rise at the back of his neck and spread across to his cheeks, and he looked away, biting his lip, hard. He couldn't stop the small gasp that escaped him when he felt the feather light touch of fingertips playing with the curls on the back of his neck.

"Well, well Blaine. It is *definitely* a pleasure to meet you..."

Chapter Four

Blaine was lost. Santana had left, with some comment about Blaine needing to "stop blushing like a virgin who just tried putting a finger up his ass." Blaine had gawked at that, stuttering while trying to tell Santana to stop calling him a virgin. But it was pointless, Santana had simply slipped away, pulling Brittany with her, who shot an excited glance and wink at Blaine, and now Blaine was left sitting with Sebastian, who in his opinion, was sitting much too close.

He jumped as he felt warm breath against his ear, squirming in his seat as he felt more than heard Sebastian say, "So glad we're alone now."

Blaine shivered at Sebastian's comment, turning to look at him, and immediately regretting it. Sebastian was extremely attractive in his opinion. Even though they were sitting, Blaine could tell Sebastian and him shared a bit of a height difference, the thought causing him to gulp audibly. He had on a white button up, rolled at the sleeves, showing the muscles of his forearm, which Blaine was positive extended to everywhere else on his body. His sandy brown hair looked completely un-styled, but Blaine could see the hints of gel that were used to make it look that way. And he got the impression that Sebastian's green eyes could pierce through him and see every little secret he had.

He took a deep breath, reaching his arm out to grasp his drink, and took a long sip, trying to calm down. He didn't even *know* Sebastian, and he was still completely overwhelmed by his surroundings. He wasn't sure that he was going to make it through the night at this point. And as Blaine felt Sebastian's fingers creeping along his shoulder, he become positive he would die there.

"What're you drinking?" Sebastian asked, the words wrapping around Blaine as he gasped again. He wasn't sure what was going on, he'd never felt so nervous around someone before.

"J-Just wat-water." Blaine responded, Sebastian's fingers still dancing along his arm.

Sebastian laughed, cocking an eyebrow at Blaine. "Underage, huh?"

"No! No..I mean - uhm -well yeah. But I...I don't like to drink." Blaine took another long drink, letting the cool water seep through his body and concentrating on that sensation instead of letting Sebastian get to him.

He glanced over to see Sebastian smirking at him, eyes sparking with laughter. "Hmmm." Blaine felt the hum against his neck and shivered, but also felt warmth spread through him. "Why not?"

"I'm a lightweight." Blaine laughed internally. Lightweight was putting it mildly. It didn't take much for alcohol to start affecting him. He remembers after one Warbler party, where he only had a few drinks, he woke up in the morning to find Jeff and Nick making humping motions at him every time he walked by. He later found out that he had tried to perform a striptease before passing out on the floor. After that, it took him a good month before he could look any of the Warbler's in the eye again.

Sebastian laughed at him, taking a sip of his own drink, before scooting over a seat. Blaine missed his warmth immediately.

"There's no need to be nervous babe."

"I'm not." Lies. Blaine was practically shaking with nerves.

Sebastian's eyes flashed at the words, looking like he was about to say something in response, but instead reached for his glass, staring at Blaine. Blaine watched the movement of his throat as he swallowed, noticing the way the muscles tensed and unconsciously biting his lip.

In a flash Sebastian was standing again, hands resting on Blaine's shoulders as he stood behind him. "You need to relax." He started kneading at his shoulder's, making Blaine let out an embarrassing moan and he could practically *feel* Sebastian's smirk at that. He leaned down next to Blaine's ear, letting out hot breath and making Blaine squirm in his seat before whispering, "You know what helps me relax?"

"N-No." Blaine stuttered, letting his eyes fall closed as he sank into the feeling of Sebastian's hands on his shoulders.

Blaine was so lost in the sensation that he almost missed Sebastian's breathy whisper of "Dancing."

In the next moment, Blaine found himself standing and being dragged over to the dance floor. Sebastian spun Blaine around so his back was against Sebastian's chest. Blaine felt hands grip at his waist, loose so that he could break away easily if he wanted to, but tight enough that Blaine was hyper aware of the way Sebastian's fingers seemed to burn into his skin.

Sebastian's hips were placed tightly against Blaine's so that he could feel every muscle of the man behind him. As the song changed, Sebastian started to move and Blaine tensed, unsure of what to do. He couldn't shake his nerves that he was going to do something wrong and Sebastian would leave, and despite him knowing practically nothing about the man holding him, Blaine didn't think he'd be able to stand it if Sebastian left. He felt one of Sebastian's hands move further up his chest, leaving a trail of warmth behind it. Blaine bit his lip again and didn't move. Sebastian leaned his head into the crook of Blaine's shoulder, bringing a finger up and pulling his lip from between his teeth. "You're going to ruin those lips if you keep doing that, and that won't make me happy."

Blaine shivered at the tone of Sebastian's voice. It was strong and demanding, but not so much he felt scared, just that he didn't want to disappoint this man.

"Just relax Blaine."

At those words, Blaine let out a breath he'd been holding since the moment he first met Sebastian and felt himself melt into the other man. His back was leaning against Sebastian's chest, and he could feel the muscles of Sebastian's stomach contracting as he breathed. Blaine leaned his head back, resting just slightly under Sebastian's shoulder due to their height difference, and felt hands grip tighter around his waist. Sebastian pushed one of his legs in between Blaine's and brought his lips down to Blaine's neck, so he could feel Sebastian's hot breath against his pulse point. Blaine closed his eyes at the sensation, letting his worries fall away and just be.

"Good boy." Sebastian whispered against his neck. Blaine shuddered at the words, a warm feeling spreading throughout his entire body and making him feel loose and happy. Sebastian was strong around him, engulfing Blaine in a way that he'd never felt before. He felt safe in Sebastian's arms, trusting the man already when all his instincts were screaming the contrary. Blaine ignored them, enjoying the feeling of Sebastian wrapped around him and relaxing further into his chest as he started to move against him.

Blaine lost himself in the feeling of Sebastian moving behind him. Sebastian was moving slowly against Blaine, hips going in small circles, an almost teasing tone to it all. His lips found purchases against Blaine's throat as he began to leave feather light kisses there. Blaine reached one of his hands up to curl around Sebastian's neck, becoming complacent in the other man's arms.

Blaine opened his eyes briefly, finding Santana and Brittany across the room. Santana locked eyes with him and smirked knowingly, causing Blaine to blush and tense slightly. He felt Sebastian pinch his hip

hard, a warning, and tried to relax again. He closed his eyes, nuzzling the back of his head against Sebastian's chest and breathing deeply, letting his muscles loosen. He felt Sebastian's grin against his neck and smiled back at making the other man happy.

Blaine felt overwhelmed at the sensation of Sebastian, not knowing where he ended and Sebastian began. They were wrapped so tightly together that Blaine never wanted the sensation to end.

After a few minutes, Blaine felt one of Sebastian's hands start to slide down his chest, pulling his shirt up a little and resting his hands below Blaine's navel. Sebastian nipped at Blaine's neck, letting his tongue dip out to sooth the sensation. Blaine tried to swallow his moan, but it came out anyway.

At that Sebastian spun Blaine around and crushed him against his chest, slipping one leg beneath Blaine's and sucking at his pulse point. Blaine buried his head into Sebastian's chest, arms curling around his waist and letting out a loud moan at what Sebastian was doing. Sebastian pushed his leg against Blaine, causing him to let out another whimper, flexing his arms against Sebastian's before going weak in the man's arms again.

Sebastian didn't stop sucking on Blaine's neck, and Blaine knew that he'd be wearing a scarf to work for the next few days, but he couldn't bring himself to care. Blaine felt himself getting hard against Sebastian's legs, feeling overwhelmed with the arousal the other man was shooting down his spine, and knew that Sebastian could feel it when he smirked against his neck.

Sebastian rested his hands in Blaine's back pockets, kneading the flesh there and pushing Blaine's hips into his own. Blaine groaned, rolling his hips against Sebastian's and nipping at the place where his tan chest was poking out from his button down. Sebastian rolled his hips harder against Blaine's, causing each man to release a moan, before tugging at the back of Blaine's neck and tilting his head up so he could stare into his eyes.

There was no mistaking the look in Sebastian's eyes. His pupils were blown wide, the green that was there turned completely dark, and Blaine found himself whimpering at the sight.

Sebastian brought his mouth down, resting his lips against Blaine's, but doing nothing more. Blaine closed his eyes, waiting for Sebastian's lips to move against his, but instead just feeling hot breath entwine with his own. As the song ended Blaine felt Sebastian whisper against his lips, "Come sit down." And all of a

sudden he was left alone on the dance floor, knowing that he looked completely disheveled and debauched, but feeling that he would follow Sebastian wherever he wanted.

Blaine closed his eyes, taking in a deep breath and rolling his shoulders, trying to find the ability to walk again. After a minute, Blaine had calmed down enough and walked back to the table. He felt his telltale blush snaking up the back of his neck as he got closer to the table, and he was positive that by the time he reached Sebastian his face was completely red.

Blaine slid into his seat, feeling his shoulders tense now that he wasn't lost in the feeling of Sebastian against him, and took a long drink, letting the cool water flow through him and calm his overheated body. Blaine felt Sebastian move next to him, resting one hand in the middle of his thigh and the other played with the curls on the back of his neck. Blaine leaned into the touch, loving the feeling of Sebastian's hands.

"Santana said you were a virgin." Blaine whimpered at the words that were whispered hot against his ear. He felt himself loosing himself again, but Sebastian's hand tightened on his thigh, and Blaine opened his mouth to answer, locking eyes with Sebastian before looking away quickly, blushing in embarrassment.

"I've never been here before." Blaine breathed out, turning to see Sebastian look at him with an unreadable look. Blaine swallowed, nervous about Sebastian's reaction. Blaine bit his lip, locking eyes with Sebastian before stuttering out "But I'm...I'm not a *virgin*." He put extra emphasis on the word, hoping Sebastian would understand because he really didn't want to have to explain further. Sebastian nodded, letting his hand that had paused at the back of Blaine's neck start to play with his curls again.

Blaine felt the hand that was resting against his thigh start to knead at the muscle, trailing further up his thigh until Sebastian's hand was dancing just below the place wanted it to be.

"Sebastian..." Blaine moaned out, sliding further down his seat and leaning his forehead against Sebastian's shoulder.

"God my name sounds so good coming from your mouth Blaine." And with that, Blaine felt Sebastian rest his hand against Blaine's aching erection, and he jerked forward at the touch, letting out a long moan. Sebastian didn't do anything more, just let his hand rest there, cupping Blaine who was already starting to feel the heat coil in his stomach.

Sebastian let his hand rest there for a minute, tightening his fingers slightly, before moving his hand away as Blaine whimpered at the loss of contact.

"Don't be so greedy Blaine." Blaine blushed at the words, feeling embarrassment wash over him, and looking around frantically at everyone in the room, feeling as though everyone was staring at him. Sebastian chuckled, pressing a soft kiss against his neck.

"*Relax*, Blaine."

Blaine absentmindedly nodded at the words, watching Sebastian finish his drink before he stood up. He dropped a hand to Blaine's shoulder, standing behind him and stopping Blaine from standing up. Sebastian leaned over, lips hot against Blaine's ear.

"I heard what Santana said. I'll see you next week, Blaine."

And with that, Sebastian was gone, leaving Blaine panting and completely lost. He took a deep breath, turning around to see where Sebastian was, but he was already lost to the crowd.

Blaine closed his eyes and sunk back into his seat, feeling cold now that Sebastian was no longer radiating heat against him. He tried to calm his mind down, feeling overwhelmed at the mere thought of Sebastian and how he'd affected him. He's never felt so completely lost and attracted to a person before, and he brought his hand down to palm himself, before snapping it away, feeling as though he wasn't supposed to be doing that.

"Well, well Curly."

Blaine looked up to see Santana smirking as she looked down at him. Brittany was tucked into her side, hair out of place and looking like Blaine felt.

"Oh I'll *definitely* be seeing you next week." Santana shot him a wink before pulling Brittany with her, leaving Blaine breathing hard with his mouth hanging open as he stared after them. This night had certainly not been what he expected.

When Blaine woke up the next morning, he was hard from the dream he'd had that was riddled with memories from the night before. He looked at his clock, groaning as he realized that he only had fifteen minutes until he had to be at work and tried to will his erection away.

He took a five-minute cold shower, shaking his head to get rid of the thoughts of the night before and dressed quickly in his all black uniform, throwing a scarf around his neck to hide the hickey on his neck. His fingers lingered there for a second to long as he relished in the memory.

He got to work just as his shift started, and began filling people's coffee orders, making one for himself and swallowing it quickly, savoring the burn he felt against his throat.

It was a busy Saturday morning, which was to be expected, but Blaine couldn't bring himself to concentrate. He got more than one order wrong and halfway through his shift had spilled a scalding cup of coffee on his arms. When Laurie finally arrived to take over his shift so he could sing, she took one look at him and started laughing.

"Rough night Blainey?"

Blaine scowled at her as he flipped her off, walking into the bathroom to wash off before going to the small stage in the corner of the café.

By the time he left work, he couldn't remember what songs he'd sang and could barely remember the looks that Laurie and Betsy had been shooting him the whole time, frowning at him and knowing something was up. Blaine couldn't bring himself to care, he was too lost in his own thoughts.

When he got home, Blaine collapsed in his living room, not even bothering to turn on the lights or even try to make it to his bed, instead choosing to pass out on his couch.

The rest of the week didn't fair much better for Blaine. Sunday passed in a similar fashion as Saturday, except this time he couldn't pass out on his couch because he had a mountain of schoolwork to do for Monday.

He felt as though he was living his life in a daze throughout the entire week, not quite listening to his professors, but being aware of the scowls of disapproval they were sending his way. Blaine had had two tests that week, and he was positive that he didn't do well on them, practically hearing his father's voice in his head yelling at him that he needed to work harder and live up to the Anderson name. It wasn't until Thursday night that Blaine's week changed.

When Blaine got off his Thursday afternoon shift, he decided to sit down in the coffee shop and study for a paper he'd have to write for next week. He was so engrossed by his work that he didn't notice a blonde woman plop down into the seat across from him with a broad smile on her face.

"Dolphin!"

Blaine jumped, almost knocking over his cup of coffee but catching it at the last minute, and held a hand up to his chest, trying to calm his heart from where he felt like it was trying to jump out of him. After he'd taken a few deep breaths and felt his breathing return to normal, Blaine looked up, surprised to see Brittany sitting across from him, head tilted to the sound and her eyes dancing with amusement.

"Brit-Brittany. Hi! You scared me." Blaine breathed out, feeling his nerves calm down and he sent a warm smile her way.

"Lord Tubbington's invisible friend lives under my bed and he scares me all the time."

Blaine stared at the girl, remembering her crazy comment from the night before and shaking his head, choosing to ignore the comment instead of trying to decipher it.

"It's good to see you."

Brittany smiled at his comment, leaning over to kiss him on the cheek before stealing a piece of the cookie Blaine had in front of him.

"I wanted to see you, so I came by." She curled a strand of hair around her finger, staring at Blaine expectantly. Blaine just stared back, confused.

"How...how did you know that I work here?" He asked apprehensively, raising an eyebrow at the girl.

"San told me." She rolled her eyes, as though it should've been obvious.

"I never told Santana I work here."

Brittany laughed, Blaine taking note that it sounded like bells, before shaking his head. "You told her on Friday silly." She tapped him on the nose and stole another piece of his cookie, smiling brightly at him.

"I did?"

"Yup. Someone's got a bad memory. But that's okay. I don't really remember things either, but Santana just remembers for me."

Blaine stared at Brittany, trying to remember when he'd told Santana where he worked, but if he was being honest with himself, whenever he thought about that night, his mind went back to one place; the feeling of Sebastian against him on the dance floor.

Blaine shook his head before he could get lost his memories for what would be the millionth time that week and looked back at Brittany, who was still smiling at him.

"Did you have fun?" She asked, her question catching him off guard.

Did he have fun? Blaine didn't know if 'fun' would be the correct word to use, but he definitely knew that something about that night wasn't going to leave him anytime soon. He could still feel Sebastian's breath against his neck and the shivers that Sebastian had sent up his spine by merely looking at him.

He looked at Brittany, smiling softly at her and nodding his head, "Yeah Britt, I had fun."

Brittany let out a squeal, causing the other people at the shop to turn their attentions towards the noise, and got up quickly to hug Blaine. "I'm so glad!"

Blaine laughed, squeezing his hands around her arms before she sat back down, bouncing in her seat.

"It's because of your Dolphin isn't it?" She nodded, seeming happy with herself to have figured out some great mystery.

Blaine choked on his coffee, coughing harshly, before wheezing out, "Dolphin?" and staring at Brittany in confusion.

"Yeah. He's a cute Dolphin."

"Britt, he's not a dolphin."

She rolled her eyes at him. "Of course he's a dolphin Blainey. You are too." She smiled at him, letting her teeth show, and Blaine could swear that her eyes became an even lighter shade of blue.

"Britt..." He began slowly, confused by the girl. "I'm not a dolphin..."

"Don't be silly. Of course you are, otherwise you wouldn't have been dancing with him." Blaine shook his head.

"Brittany, do you know what dolphins are?"

"They're gay sharks Blaine." She said it so seriously that Blaine stared openly at her, before laughing, finding her ridiculous and endearing all at once.

They talked for a half hour, Blaine getting more used to Brittany's odd comments as the time wore on, and finding his cheeks getting sore from laughing so much.

"So you're coming tomorrow?" Brittany asked, bouncing in her seat.

Blaine pursed his lips. "I'm...I haven't decided yet. Brittany, I have no idea what I'm doing."

Blaine was tempted to retract his statement after seeing Brittany's face. Her bottom lip stuck out in the most adorable pout. "But don't you want your dolphin to be your Dom?" She tilted her head, searching Blaine's eyes, before she started talking again.

But Blaine had tuned her out. Even though the other night had been on his mind all week, Blaine hadn't given much thought to Sebastian as his Dom. He didn't even know if that's what he wanted. *"It's about what you need Blaine, not necessarily what you want."* Jeff's voice rang clear in his mind. Would that mean he'd have a collar? Would he have to kneel the way Brittany does? How does one even enter into that kind of relationship? Blaine couldn't deny that something about being held tightly in Sebastian's arms the way he was on the dance floor was extremely comforting, but did that mean he wanted Sebastian to be his Dom? God, he felt so lost. He couldn't even figure out what he wanted, if he wanted anything from Sebastian. Sure he'd been attracted to Sebastian, but he didn't know how deep that ran. He still new next to nothing about the man. And, oh, Brittany was still talking.

"...safeword. Blainey's?"

"I'm sorry." Blaine shook his head, realizing he missed practically everything she'd just said.
"Wait...safeword?"

"Yeah."

Blaine had no idea what Brittany was talking about, and he felt embarrassed, but he still needed to know.
"What's a safeword?"

Brittany giggled, and Blaine felt his blush creep up his neck again. He felt completely lost by all of this, not knowing which was up or down.

"You're funny." Brittany rolled her eyes, patting his hand like she was talking to a five year, which Blaine felt odd considering Brittany was the one who said some very out there things. "It's a word I use when San's beginning to cross a boundary or limit I have. It's so she knows when I need her to stop."

"Wouldn't you just say stop?" Blaine asked, not really understanding. And what did Brittany mean by limits?

"Not really. It's like, if I said no or stop that wouldn't be the same as safewording. When I say no or stop in a scene, it's like pretending, I don't really mean it. But if I safeword, it means something is seriously wrong and I need everything to end completely." Blaine stared at Brittany, and realized that there was so much more to this than he'd ever thought of. And once again he was filled with the desire to hurt Jeff for being so damn cryptic. He was also in awe of the fact that Brittany had managed to say all that without adding something about her cat smoking a cigarette.

Brittany's phone beeped. "That's San. She want's me home." She through an apologetic look at Blaine, almost as if she knew how overwhelmed and confused Blaine felt. "I'll see you tomorrow Blainey!" She kissed his cheek briefly as she danced out the door, leaving Blaine in a daze. He'd nodded his head at her words, but at this point was still apprehensive about going back to the club.

Blaine had his answer the next night when he once again found himself walking into the club, this time without having a panic attack.

Chapter Five

When Blaine entered the club for the second time, he didn't feel like a two year old trying to understand what the big kids were saying anymore. After his talk with Brittany, he'd realized that there was so much he didn't know, and surprisingly, so much that he *wanted* to know.

"Jeff, come on, you were so annoying last time." Blaine whined into the phone. Maybe he was being a little childish, but he didn't want anymore ambiguous comments.

Jeff sighed on the phone, and Blaine could imagine his friend running his hand down his face and rolling his eyes, probably making a face at Nick. Blaine was sure he was in the room somewhere. "Blaine, I'm not sure what you're looking for here."

It was a minute before Blaine responded in a whisper. "I'm not exactly sure either..."

So maybe Blaine didn't completely understand everything, but he was starting to simply accept the fact that something about this place, these things, this lifestyle...it all intrigued him and more. He'd called Jeff after he got home, thinking about everything that Brittany had said, and found himself spending most of the night thinking.

Blaine was staring at his computer screen. He'd gotten home that night without finishing his work, all of Brittany's words racing through his mind and he was positive he would be failing any test he had in the next week.

Brittany had talked about safe-words, and mentioned something about limits, and Blaine definitely wasn't about to forget the collar or leash. And something about the way Brittany had said "San wants me home." To Blaine it had sounded like an order, but that's just being silly, isn't it?

But Blaine soon realized that he couldn't answer all the questions that were racing through his mind. He felt like an idiot, because here he was, trying to understand and figure everything out, when he knew nothing to go off of. He didn't count Jeff and his cryptic wording.

Blaine walked through the entrance of the club, a small smile playing on his lips as he realized he was happy to be here again. He'd been an idiot to think he wouldn't want to come back.

Blaine started to accept the fact that this was something he wanted. He wanted to be Dominated. And after talking with Jeff and Brittany, maybe, just maybe, he needed it too.

He made his way over to the table that he'd sat at last time, seeing Santana and Brittany already there, in the same position as last time. Santana reached down, lifting Brittany's chin to place a kiss on her lips and moved to whisper something in her ear. Brittany laughed quietly, before ducking her head and laying it back in Santana's lap. Blaine smiled at the sight, before going to sit down with them.

Santana looked up when Blaine sat down, tilting her head to the side, as a smirk played on her lips. "What a surprise," she drawled. And Blaine rolled his eyes, shrugging a little. Santana just continued to smirk.

"Sometimes you just have to figure things out for yourself Blaine." He could hear the smirk in Jeff's voice.

"Not really." Blaine replied, before taking a drink of the water he'd gotten before sitting down.

Santana let out a light snort and Brittany beamed up at him.

"You're not so bad Anderson."

Blaine smiled.

He quickly learned that blogs were the safest place. Some of the places the Internet had taken him too caused him to shudder, suddenly unsure. He'd called Jeff quickly after that.

Surprisingly, Jeff had laughed at him. "It's not about that Blaine. I mean, well, it is. But that's not the only reason why Nick and I have this relationship. Blaine...do you remember when you were applying to colleges and all the pressure your father was putting on you?"

Blaine was under the impression that Jeff remembered too much. He sighed, "Yeah. He wouldn't shut up about me going to law school."

"Do you remember how stressed you were?" Jeff asked, a little breathless, and Blaine had a strong suspicion that Nick was trying to distract him.

"Of course I do. I nearly had a break-down before winter break."

"Mhm. Now what if you had someone who could help you with that stress? Just...take it all away. So you could breathe again."

Blaine didn't have an answer.

"How did your panic attack go this time?" Santana asked, holding Brittany's drink to her lips for her.

"I didn't have one."

"You grew balls?" Santana asked, mock surprise lacing through her voice. "Can I see?"

Blaine didn't get a chance to respond, hearing a familiar voice answer for him from behind him.

"Oh I believe that that is my job."

"Do you like him Blaine?"

"Hmm?" Blaine asked, not paying much attention, instead reading about something called 'subspace' on someones blog. It sounded blissful to him.

"Sebastian. Do. You. Like. Him?"

"I don't need you to speak slowly. I'm not five. That'd be you."

"Just answer the question." Jeff huffed out.

".....yes."

Blaine felt a warm feeling spread through his body as Sebastian's voice wrapped around him. God, how did he manage to have such an effect on him after one meeting? He felt a rough hand at the base of his neck, tickling just underneath his curls. Blaine relaxed the back of his neck into the hand.

Blaine turned his head to the side, seeing Sebastian behind him out of the corner of his eyes. He was staring down at him, his green eyes trapping him with their intensity. He had on a black collared shirt, sleeves rolled up, and the buttons open, exposing the top half of his tanned upper body. Blaine felt himself getting aroused just at the sight of Sebastian. When he pulled his hand away, Blaine suddenly felt cold and

swallowed the whimper from escaping. He took a deep breath, trying to calm his mind. He'd only known Sebastian for a week, he couldn't let him affect him like this.

"Come dance." Sebastian said, walking away on to the dance floor. Blaine stood up, turning to say something to Santana before noticing she'd disappeared. He shrugged and went to Sebastian on the dance floor, feeling slightly nervous again.

"Oh Blaine. Looks like someone has a problem."

"Shut up. "

"It's like that time we had that sub in Chemistry. Remember Blainers? You were so red by the end of that lesson."

"I will castrate you."

Sebastian pulled Blaine flush against him, immediately slipping a leg between Blaine's and curling his arms around him tightly. Blaine rested his hands on Sebastian's biceps, squeezing the muscles there, and relishing in the feeling of them holding him.

"I wasn't joking Blaine." Sebastian purred, squeezing Blaine tighter.

Blaine looked up at him, confusion etched on his face. Sebastian's eyebrow raised and it took Blaine a moment to process what he'd said a moment ago. Blaine opened his mouth to answer, but nothing came out, and he found himself swallowing and trying to wet his extremely dry throat. He looked up at Sebastian, hazel eyes finding green and nodded his head. Sebastian's eyes turned a shade darker.

They stayed wrapped up in each for a few songs, before Blaine felt the hard press of Sebastian's thigh against him. He let out a groan, feeling himself start to grow hard as he laid his head against Sebastian's chest, breathing deeply. Unconsciously, he rubbed back against Sebastian, trying to gain any sort of friction.

He felt a finger underneath his jaw, strong and demanding, and when he lifted his head he felt the air leave him as Sebastian kissed him.

"Trust me. Go back tomorrow."

"Jeff...I..."

"Jesus Blaine, GO." Nick yelled in the background.

"You heard him Blaine."

"But I - "

"Blaine. Go. You won't regret it."

Sebastian's lips were hard against his. It took Blaine a moment to process what was happening before he leaned in and started kissing him back. Sebastian pried Blaine's mouth open with his own, slipping his tongue inside and wrapping it around Blaine. He whimpered into the kiss as Sebastian sucked his upper lip into his mouth. Blaine's knees buckled, Sebastian's arm wrapping around him tightly to keep him still as his lips moved roughly against Blaine's, nipping at his bottom lip and sucking the air out of Blaine, who had to pull away, gasping and shaking his foggy head.

Blaine relaxed into Sebastian, panting hard and curling his fists into the back of his shirt. Sebastian's thigh pressed up hard against him and Blaine let out a loud groan, pushing back against him. He gasped as he felt Sebastian bite down on his neck, soothing over it with his tongue before sucking harshly. Blaine moaned brokenly, tilting his head to the side to give Sebastian more access as he moved a hand down, slipping into Blaine's back pocket and squeezing hard, causing Blaine to grind against him again.

'You're so hot for it, aren't you?' Sebastian whispered, letting his tongue dart out to trace the shell of his ear.

Blaine whimpered, feeling a shock run through his body as Sebastian started sucking on the spot behind his ears. He felt Sebastian slap him sharply. "Answer me." He moved his head, taking Blaine's bottom lip into his mouth and biting it gently before pulling him in completely for a harsh kiss. Sebastian's tongue immediately found its way into Blaine's mouth, pushing against Blaine's as Blaine let him take control. Sebastian growled into his mouth and Blaine felt himself straining against his jeans.

Sebastian pulled away suddenly staring down at Blaine, eyes dark and piercing. "Answer. Me."

Blaine gasped at the demanding tone, letting out a breathless "yes."

Sebastian smirked at him, bringing a hand down to cup him and squeezing. Blaine keened, throwing his head back and starting to shake with the intensity of how turned on he was.

Sebastian chuckled a little, weaving his other hand through Blaine's hair and yanking his head back. Blaine closed his eyes as he felt Sebastian's lips suck a bruise into the other side of his neck then before, whining when he pulled his mouth away and brought it up to Blaine's ear.

"Good." Sebastian said, rubbing his hand roughly over where Blaine was aching hard before pulling away completely and walking away.

Blaine let out a whimper as he felt Sebastian leave.

"But I don't...don't want a relationship Santana. But I want Sebastian, so -"

Blaine was cut off by a harsh laugh from Santana, her body shaking with the force. His eyes traveled down to Brittany, who was looking at her Dom with a mixture of confusion and amusement on her face.

"Blaine, Sebastian doesn't have to be your Dom for him to dominate you."

Blaine just stared at her, running the words over in his head and letting out a gasp as he figured out what Santana was saying. She could be annoying as hell to him, but yet he felt the urge to constantly hug her for helping him.

Blaine had been meeting with Sebastian once or twice a week when he goes to the club. Sebastian is always able to find him in the crowd within the first five minutes. Blaine sometimes thinks that maybe he should find this disconcerting, but he preens under the attention, finding comfort in it.

But it always ends the same. Sebastian always leaves Blaine hard and panting and *wanting*, but always undeniably relaxed at the same time when the next day rolls around.

Finally, after a little over a month of going and dancing with Sebastian, Blaine gets what he's been aching for for weeks.

"Sebastian..."

"What do you want Blaine?"

"Oh god."

"What was that?"

"Oh, god, you...I want...I want you."

Blaine was on the dance floor once more, shirt unbuttoned, revealing the tank-top underneath. Sebastian's hand was toying with his nipples, pinching them in his hands as Blaine groaned against the feeling of the rough material of his shirt against his sensitive skin.

"Sebastian..." Blaine whimpered, drawing the name out as Sebastian tilted his head down to capture Blaine in a searing kiss.

He pulled away quickly, whispering against Blaine's mouth. "I want to dominate you Blaine, but I don't want to be your Dom."

Blaine nodded against Sebastian's chest, whispering an "I know" before sinking into the feeling of Sebastian's hands creeping underneath his shirt and stroking across his stomach. Blaine leaned into his touch, nipping at Sebastian's neck as a wave of arousal shot through him. Sebastian leaned his head down, breathing in Blaine's ear and making him squirm. Blaine's eyes fluttered closed as the sensation that was purely Sebastian washed over him, drowning him.

"Come home with me."

"You need to calm down."

"I can't Jeff. Every time he leaves I just want him that much more."

"Then leave with him next time."

It wasn't long before they were walking through Sebastian's front door. Blaine's mind was reeling, his body shaking with nerves, but he remained anchored by Sebastian's firm grip on his hand.

Sebastian spun around, effectively stopping Blaine in his tracks, and stared down at him.

"Blaine, are you sure this is what you want?"

Blaine nodded.

“I need to hear you, Blaine.”

Blaine sighed, feeling embarrassed at having to say it out loud, but sure all the same.

“Sebastian...I want you to dominate me...I-I need you to.”

Sebastian closed his eyes, breathing deeply through his nose before he nodded. He led Blaine to the bedroom and closed the door behind him swiftly. When he turned around to face Blaine, Blaine had to fight the overwhelming urge to fall to his knees.

Chapter Six

Blaine's knees buckled. His hands were clasped tightly in front of him and his breaths were coming out in short pants. Sebastian looked strong and demanding in front of him - fully in control. It was as though Blaine's admission and closing of door had brought Sebastian's dominance out full force. Blaine let out a soft whimper.

"Knees." Sebastian demanded. Blaine complied without hesitation, falling down and bowing his head.

"Good boy."

Blaine relaxed at the praise, feeling his breathing begin to even out. His hands stayed together, but the grip wasn't tight. His shoulders remained slightly tense and his eyes were glued to the floor.

Blaine listened to Sebastian move towards him, counting the steps and breathing with them even as his heart rate sped up. It wasn't long before Sebastian was standing directly in front of him. He had on black boots that wrapped around his calves and Blaine could practically see every muscle that was there. He gulped audibly, feeling his throat go dry.

On his chin, he felt the press of Sebastian's long finger and lifted his head to meet his eyes.

"Now Blaine, I know you've never done this before, given up control this way, but I need you to relax."

Blaine nodded his head the best he could with the firm grip Sebastian had on his jaw. Sebastian's other hand moved to the top of his head and started massaging the curls there. Blaine let out a long breath and felt all the tension seep out of his body; Sebastian would take care of him.

"Good." Blaine could hear the smile in his voice and felt a ghost of a smile grace his lips. "Safe-words, red-yellow-green. What do they mean Blaine?"

Blaine didn't answer, to content with the feeling of Sebastian's hands in his curls. He felt a slight pinch on his arm and his head shot up to meet Sebastian's eyes, which didn't look pleased.

"Do not make me ask again." Sebastian's tone was hard, fierce, determined. Blaine felt a swell of arousal pulse through his body and answered immediately.

"Green means keep going. Yellow means pause, I'm feeling overwhelmed. Red means stop, I don't want this anymore."

Sebastian smiled at Blaine and kneeled down to capture Blaine's mouth in a searing kiss. Blaine leaned into it, eyes fluttering closed at the feeling of Sebastian against him. He pushed forward, trying to gain the upper hand. Before feeling a warning bite on his bottom lip and letting Sebastian control the kiss. He sucked Blaine's tongue into his mouth, massaging it with his own. When he pulled away, Blaine was panting, mind clouded with arousal. Sebastian smirked at the sight.

"Stand up."

Blaine stood immediately, looking at Sebastian, hazel eyes turned near black from arousal.

Sebastian crowded around Blaine, one arm winding around his waist, palm resting flat against his lower back. The other hand grazed over Blaine's zipper, causing him to let out a soft moan and drop his head onto Sebastian's shoulder. Sebastian's fingers ghosted Blaine repeatedly, teasing him until he felt like he was going to lose his mind from how hard he was.

"Sebastian..." he moaned as he felt Sebastian pull away, a satisfied smirk playing on his lips.

"I want you kneeling on the bed in nothing but these -" Sebastian tugged on the waist band of his boxers "- when I come back." And with that, Sebastian walked into the joint bathroom and shut the door.

Blaine exhaled, shaking his head in an attempt to clear his mind. With fumbling fingers, he stripped off his clothes, letting them pool on the floor. He climbed onto the bed and kneeled, waiting for Sebastian.

Blaine couldn't help but begin to feel nervous. He knew that he'd been waiting for about ten minutes, but Sebastian still hadn't come out. He started to feel antsy, wondering if Sebastian had changed his mind? Was Blaine not good enough? Or was this just how Sebastian did things? The anticipation was beginning to bother Blaine, and just when he was about to call out, the door swung open and Blaine nearly fell over and choked on his own breath.

Sebastian was leaning against the doorway, arms crossed over his naked chest. A few drops of water were sliding down and Blaine wanted to follow the trail with his tongue, entranced by Sebastian's lean muscles. He was still wearing the tight dark pants from earlier and Blaine could make out the outline of his

erection. The pants needed to go in Blaine's opinion. His eyes trailed over the rest of Sebastian, taking in the sight before him, mouth starting to water.

"Sebastian - " Blaine began, only to be interrupted by him holding his hand up.

"You don't have permission to speak."

Blaine snapped his jaw shut and swallowed the words that had been on the tip of his tongue.

Sebastian chuckled, "You're such a good boy Blaine. You listen so *wonderfully* ." The words rolled off his tongue easily as he pushed off from the wall and walked towards Blaine with eyes that Blaine felt could pierce right through him.

As his eyes traced the way the muscles in Sebastian's arms rippled as he let them fall down to his sides, Blaine was frozen in his spot. Unconsciously, his tongue darted out to moisten his lips.

Sebastian stopped at the edge of the bed, motioning for Blaine to crawl towards him. He latched his mouth on to Blaine's pulse point, sucking hard and creating a bruise instantly before soothing it with his tongue. He nipped along the rest of Blaine's neck until their mouths were glued together. Sebastian's hands fisted in Blaine's curls, pulling them closer together as Blaine swallowed his own moans.

Sebastian pulled away, stroking a finger down Blaine's chest before circling around his navel. "I told you you couldn't talk, but not that you could deny me from hearing those *delicious* little sounds you make."

Blaine let out a whimper as Sebastian's fingers dipped below his waistband, only to be pulled back immediately.

"Hands and knees."

Blaine fell down to rest on his hands, his face inches away from Sebastian's groin. He looked up to Sebastian with questioning eyes and got an eyebrow raise in return. Taking that as permission, Blaine brought one of his hands up to unbutton Sebastian's jeans, but his hand was swatted away quickly.

"No hands. Let's see just how talented that mouth is."

Blaine's eyes widened, but under Sebastian's scrutinizing gaze, he dropped his hands and leaned his face forward. He could feel the heat radiating off of Sebastian and felt a rush of arousal swim through his body, making his arms shake.

Blaine made quick work of unbuttoning Sebastian's jeans before pulling the zipper down revealing Sebastian's lack of underwear. Blaine moaned at the sight, teeth latching onto the side of his pants to pull them down further until they were around his thighs. When Blaine lifted his head again, he was eye level with Sebastian's hard cock.

Blaine let out a low groan at the sight, tongue darting out to taste the pre-cum that had pooled at the head, savoring the taste his mouth. He felt hands weave through his curls.

"Open."

His jaw dropped open, and Sebastian pushed his hips forward so the head of his cock was in Blaine's mouth. He closed his lips around it, sucking hard and letting his tongue flick against the slit repeatedly. Sebastian moaned above him, pushing in further. Blaine relaxed his jaw a little, taking Sebastian in deeper, tongue circling along the length and tracing the long vein underneath.

"Fuck Blaine..." Sebastian moaned as Blaine pulled back, pressing his tongue hard against the dick in his mouth as he teased around the head again. Blaine pulled off with a pop, tongue dancing down Sebastian's cock before swallowing him again.

Sebastian tightened his fingers in Blaine's hair, pushing his head forward to take more.

"Relax your throat. Breathe through your nose."

Blaine listened, taking in a deep breath as he felt Sebastian hit the back of his throat. *"Fuck, you would not have a gag reflex."* His eyes began to water a little as he swallowed around the cock in his mouth, letting out a moan that shot through Sebastian and Blaine felt the hands in his hair pull so hard that it hurt, but Blaine was too turned on to notice or care. He focused on the feeling of the cock that was hot and heavy in his mouth. Sebastian pulled back and snapped his hips forward again, causing Blaine to let out a long groan.

Sebastian pulled out quickly, almost causing Blaine to fall flat onto the bed before catching himself.

“Turn around,” Sebastian said, voice laced with arousal.

Turning around on the bed, Blaine’s ass was on full display to Sebastian as he pulled his boxers off and threw them somewhere in the room. The familiar blush crept up the sides of Blaine’s neck as Sebastian stared at him.

Sebastian brought his hand around, touching Blaine’s cock with featherlight fingers, and Blaine jerked forward into the touch, seeking out any friction he could find.

He felt Sebastian lean forward, breath hot in his ear. “Do you want me to fuck you Blaine?” Blaine whimpered, jerking his ass backwards to rub against Sebastian’s cock. He felt hands grip his hips tightly, making him incapable of moving.

“Only good boy’s get fucked Blaine. Have you been a good boy?”

Blaine opened his mouth to answer, but bit his lip hard after remembering what Sebastian had said earlier. He nodded his head frantically instead.

Sebastian chuckled behind him. “You can speak Blaine. Actually no. You can *beg*.”

He moaned, twisting his hips against the hands holding him, before letting the words spill from his mouth. “Sebastian – god – please *please...*”

“Please what?” Blaine could hear the smirk in his voice.

“Please...*fuck me*. Please, I need it!” Blaine could feel Sebastian’s eyes on him, but what he really craved was the other man’s *touch*. He felt like he would go crazy if he didn’t have it soon, his whole body beginning to shake with want.

“Lay down on your stomach.” Blaine did as he was told. His body was on fire; the light touch of the sheets on his skin was already too much.

Behind him, he felt the bed dip before Sebastian’s body was covering his. At some point, Sebastian had taken off his pants and boxers and was now naked around Blaine, who shuddered at the feeling of skin against skin. Blaine felt warm as Sebastian completely covered him with his body. Their height difference

meant that he was practically smothering Blaine, every inch of his body covered. Blaine moaned at the feeling of Sebastian all around him, loving the feeling of being trapped, thrilling him.

Sebastian nipped at the back of his neck, letting his tongue dart out to swipe at the sweat that had gathered there before rolling to the side and capturing Blaine's mouth. Sebastian's lips were insistent against his, opening his mouth easily and tracing the inside.

Blaine heard the click of a lid and nearly sobbed with relief as he pulled away from the kiss, chest heaving as he tried to remember how to breathe.

"Please..." he moaned, turning pleading eyes to Sebastian before opening his legs.

Sebastian smirked at him.

"Eager, aren't we?"

"Sebas-as-tian...please."

"What do you want Blaine?" Sebastian teased, bringing his mouth to Blaine's ear and tracing the outside of it with his tongue, before pulling away and simply breathing into his ears. Blaine couldn't help the tiny whimpers that were pouring out of him.

"Ugh. – you – I need – fuck..."

"But I'm right here baby."

Blaine nearly started crying, he felt like he's body was slowly burning from the inside out. His cock was rock hard, and he spread his legs wider, jerking down against the bed to try to get some sort of friction and relief.

Sebastian's hand landed hard on the top of his ass before it started to trail down. Blaine feels a slick finger against circling against his entrance, jerking back against the touch, before feeling it push into him. Blaine's hands curled into fists, grasping the sheets tightly, as he bore down against the intrusion. He gasped as Sebastian drew his finger back out slowly before twisted his hand and pushing back in.

"Fuck, you're so tight."

Blaine blushed before his mind went blank with pleasure, body jerking off the bed as Sebastian curled his finger against his prostrate.

“Oh god yes. More, pleasepleaseplease.” Blaine rambled as Sebastian slid two fingers into him and he pushed backwards, clenching around the fingers inside him. He felt a slight burn as Sebastian stretched him, but it was soon overtaken as he moaned brokenly from the sheer pleasure of having Sebastian inside him. But it still wasn’t enough.

“Sebast – more – god – please I need – oh FUCK” Blaine screamed as Sebastian continuously teased against his prostate. Blaine was nearly in tears from the amount of pleasure that was pulsing through his body and he could feel the heat already beginning to coil in his stomach.

Blaine turned his head, eyes locking with Sebastian’s and he gasped at the fierce way Sebastian was staring at him, lust swimming in his eyes. He latched his mouth against Sebastian’s neck, soaking in the taste of Sebastian as he moved against his fingers. Sebastian growled in his ear before pulling his hand away only to push back in with three fingers this time, not taking time to allow Blaine to adjust before forcibly pushing into him. Blaine ignored the painful stretch he felt, fucking back on Sebastian, legs beginning to shake as Sebastian hit against his prostrate with every thrust.

Sebastian pulled away quickly, Blaine whining at the loss of contact and lifting a weak arm, grasping around air to try to get Sebastian to come back.

“Nonono, come back, pleaseeee.”

Sebastian chuckled against his back, tongue swirling against his skin where his shoulder meets his neck before leaning down to whisper into Blaine’s ear, voice rough and laced with arousal. “Turn over.”

Blaine flipped over immediately, eyes locking on Sebastian’s hand that was rolling a condom onto his cock. His mouth watered, and he bucked upwards, eager to have Sebastian inside of him, filling him, controlling him, fucking him.

Unconsciously, Blaine’s hand started to trail down his body, about to grasp onto his neglected cock before Sebastian slapped his hands away, hard. His eyes were burning as he climbed on top of Blaine, green met hazel as Sebastian all but growled at him.

“No touching what’s mine.”

Blaine gulped, body beginning to shake as sheer want and need pulsed through him, taking over his mind.

“please Sebastian – fuck..fuck me.” Sebastian’s hand came down, fingertips dancing up the side of Blaine’s cock before he rubbed his thumb against the slit before sucking the digit into his mouth, tasting Blaine. Blaine keened, throwing his head back as his eyes clenched shut at the sight in front of him. “oh god – I can’t – please sir – Sebastian – i need – “

Sebastian silenced him with a messy kiss, teeth hitting teeth and tongues swirling together. Blaine felt pressure against his entrance and his hands gripped harshly onto the fabric beneath him as Sebastian pushed inside, not stopping until his was fully sheathed.

“Fuck Blaine. You’re so – ah – god damn tight.” Sebastian ground out, resting inside Blaine and giving him a moment to adjust. “Are you – are you sure you’re not a virgin?”

Blaine shook his head, mind lost for words as he cried out brokenly, feeling completely full. “Move. Sebsebseb move, please!” Blaine all but screamed out. Sebastian pulled out, resting the tip of his cock against Blaine’s entrance, as Blaine let out a long whine at the loss, hating how empty he felt before Sebastian snapped his hips forward into Blaine.

Sebastian grabbed both of Blaine’s wrists, forcing his arms above his head and holding him down. Blaine gasped at the feeling of helplessness that washed over him, sinking further into the bed as Sebastian kept up a harsh pace and relished in the feeling of being held down. He felt completely weightless as he felt Sebastian’s hands grip tighter against his wrists, trapped, but being trapped by Sebastian was something that he would gladly do any day if it meant that he got this feeling of letting go completely.

Blaine felt the heat boiling in his stomach, body aching with need. Sebastian took one of his hands away, holding his wrists with one hand as the other grasped Blaine’s cock. Blaine let out a needy moan, hips bucking up into the touch. Sebastian stroked him in time with his thrusts.

“Do you want to come Blaine?”

Blaine screamed as Sebastian hit his prostate repeatedly. Pleasure overtook his body and Blaine couldn’t move.

A low “yes” escaped Blaine’s mouth, pre-cum leaking from the head as Sebastian circled it with his thumb.

"Don't."

"but I can't – ah – sebsebseb"

"I didn't give you permission to come. I'm not sure you deserve it yet." Sebastian gripped the base of Blaine, trapping him even further.

Tears of need stung Blaine's eyes, he wasn't sure how much longer he could hold on.

"pleasepleaseplease – I need to come – oh fuck – Sebastian~" Blaine continued rambling, streams of "moremoremore" and "pleaseohgodPLEASE" shooting out of his mouth.

"Have you been a good boy Blaine?"

Blaine moaned, locking eyes with Sebastian, whose hips stuttered for a brief moment before pounding back into insistently. "I've been a good boy sir. pleasepleaseplease let me come, I need, I can't hold on – I'm going to – ah!"

Sebastian moaned at Blaine's words, "You beg so perfectly," gripping onto his wrists tightly as he forced him to take him in deeper. Leaning down, Sebastian gave Blaine his permission.

"Come for me."

Blaine gasped at the words and then the heat inside of him snapped, and he was coming, hard. His body shook with the force of his orgasm as the pleasure bled into his veins and overtook him.

Sebastian fucked into him at a brutal force, trapping a limp and motionless Blaine in his orgasm before his hips stilled inside Blaine, moaning loudly at his release before pulling Blaine in for a sloppy kiss, neither one paying much mind, still too wrapped up in the aftershocks.

Sebastian flipped over so he was lying next to Blaine on his back. Blaine felt boneless next to him, muscles completely relaxed as he melted into the bed. His eyes fluttered open and he lolled his head to the side to look at Sebastian.

He raised an eyebrow before looking down, and Blaine blushed and twisted onto his side, leaning his head down and cleaning the come off of Sebastian's chest, letting his tongue dip out to trace his abs.

When he was done, Blaine laid his head on Sebastian's stomach, body still shaking with aftershocks. Sebastian grabbed a glass of water, that Blaine didn't notice him bring into the room earlier, and held it down for Blaine.

"Drink. Slowly, don't gulp it."

Blaine nodded weakly, sipping at the drink before closing his eyes and relaxing into Sebastian. His body was still shivering, but he felt a warmth spreading through him as well.

"You were so good Blaine. So natural. Such a good boy."

Blaine smiled.

Chapter Seven

"...fuck....Sebastian!" Blaine screamed. Sebastian was hovering over Blaine, hands ghosting over his sides as the trailed down, getting closer with each travel downwards to Blaine's erection, but never close enough.

Blaine was sprawled out underneath Sebastian. Legs spread but held down as Sebastian straddled him. His hands were tied to together and to the bed above his head. Blaine tried to relax into the feeling of the cuffs against his skin, loving the pull and the sensation of being trapped under Sebastian's heavy weight, but his body felt like it was on fire. His head was thrashing back and forth as he tried to thrust up into Sebastian, seeking friction, or just anything at all to give him some relief.

Sebastian's fingers finally, finally, trailed up the side of Blaine's cock, but the touch was so light it offered almost no relief for Blaine.

"Seb.." Blaine gasped, "I can't - I need - please."

Sebastian smirked, leaning his head down to bite at Blaine's jaw. The rough material of his shirt rubbed against Blaine's chest and Blaine let out a moan at the sensation. Sebastian was still fully clothed, dressed in a pair of tight jeans and a black t-shirt that clung to his skin and showed off every muscle, and Blaine got lost in the feeling of the rough fabric against his already heated skin. He was so open and vulnerable to Sebastian, completely naked and tied up. Blaine thought he'd be more apprehensive about it, but he'd never felt more comfortable in his life. This was good. This was right.

"Oh I don't know if you deserve it Blaine. What do you think?"

Blaine's answer was cut off by a moan as Sebastian wrapped his hand tight around Blaine's cock. Blaine shuddered out a breath at the heat of Sebastian's hand against him. "I've been good." is all Blaine managed to whisper out.

Sebastian tsked at him, trailing his left hand down Blaine's chest and letting a finger twirl around his nipple almost absentmindedly.

"I think you're lying."

Blaine shook his head fervently, mouth opening and closing as he tried to form words.

"Oh, so you're saying you weren't thinking about dancing with other guys at the club tonight?"

Sebastian's voice had a cutting edge to it, and Blaine nearly sobbed when he pulled away, still straddling Blaine but being careful not to touch him in anyway. Small tremors started to shoot through Blaine as he pulled at the cuffs around his wrist, ignoring the slight burn that had started, anxious for Sebastian to be on top of him again.

"I wasn't - no." Blaine shook his head again, eyes open and wide as he stared into Sebastian's eyes, and harsh green compared to the lust that was flowing through them not a moment before. "God Sebastian I don't want anyone else. I just want you. Want you to fuck me. To dominate me. pleasegodplease." Blaine babbled.

Sebastian smirked at that, reaching up to the nightstand next to Blaine's head to grab the lube and condoms.

Letting out a whimper, Blaine melted back into the sheets below him, whining as Sebastian climbed off completely. He felt a rush of insecurity flow through him at being on display when Sebastian was fully dressed, but those thoughts soon flew out the window when Sebastian pulled his shirt over his head and snapped open the button on his jeans, sliding them off tantalizingly slowly. Blaine's mouth started to water when he noticed Sebastian wasn't wearing underwear, eyes fixed on his cock and he licked his lips subconsciously. Sebastian noticed the movement.

"Like what you see babe?" Blaine could hear the smirk in his voice, and he swallowed loudly, trying to add some moisture to his extremely dry throat. He settled for nodding his head, seeming to be the only thing he was capable of doing at the moment.

Sebastian's hand trailed down his chest, Blaine's eyes following the movement hungrily, before wrapping around his cock and fisting it slowly. Blaine flexed his hands wanting nothing more than to touchtouchtouch. He squirmed on the bed, feeling his dick throb harshly, reminding him of the fact that he'd been hard for at least an hour at this point. Sebastian had reduced him to whimpers on the dance floor that night, and now Blaine was sure he was trying to kill him.

Sebastian noticed the look in Blaine's eyes. He pulled something out of the dresser, but Blaine didn't notice since he had his eyes shut closed as he tried to calm his breathing. His entire body was on fire and he had a feeling Sebastian could make him come without even touching him. Blaine's eyes opened as he felt Sebastian's weight on his thighs, but he immediately let out a low whine, as he was staring right out Sebastian's cock, watching as he stroked himself.

"Seb-"

"Only good boys get to touch." Sebastian said harshly, raising an eyebrow and glaring at Blaine, as if daring him to talk back. Blaine's eyes widened, before he nodded his head slightly, mouth still watering at Sebastian displayed in front of him.

"Although you look so hot like this Blaine, all tied up for me." Sebastian brought both hands up to Blaine's head, fingers twisting into the curls there as he tugged Blaine's neck backwards, baring his neck to him. Sebastian latched on to his pulse point, sucking a harsh bruise there as Blaine writhed underneath him, eyes drifting closed as he moaned with pleasure.

He trailed the vein in Blaine's neck with his tongue, stopping to suck just below his jaw, before moving up again and circling the shell of his ear with his tongue before stopping to whisper, "What do you want?" Blaine let out a gasp, not ready for the heat of Sebastian's mouth in his ear as it sent all the blood from his brain and down to his cock. He let his tongue dart out, wetting his lips and letting out a soft moan as he saw Sebastian's eyes on him, trailing the movement of his tongue. "Do you want my cock in your pretty little mouth? You look so good like that, lips stretched around me. Hmmm, is that what you want Blaine?"

Blaine's hips jerked up without meaning to as he let out a low moan at Sebastian's words, nodding his head eagerly. Sebastian chuckled at him, playing with his nipple with one hand as he moved up his chest until his cock was in front of Blaine's mouth. Blaine's tongue darted out, lapping at the precum that had pooled there before sucking the head into his mouth, twirling his tongue around it and sucking harshly.

Sebastian let out soft growl, eyes turning impossibly darker with arousal. One of his hands snaked through Blaine's hair, tugging at the curls in the back and holding it immobile.

"Open your mouth."

Blaine's jaw dropped easily, and Sebastian wasted no time in sliding his cock into Blaine's mouth. The hand in Blaine's curls tightened as his tongue traced the underneath of Sebastian's cock, tongue circling around the head before trailing back down.

Sebastian pulled out and stared down at Blaine. "Stay still."

Blaine gulped audibly, nodding his head a little before Sebastian slipped back between Blaine's wet lips. He went slow, easing himself in before he hit the back of Blaine's throat, before pulling back and thrusting back

in. Writhing on the bed, Blaine let Sebastian fuck his mouth as his hips thrust up into air, trying to find some type of relief for his aching erection. He swallowed around Sebastian when he hit the back of his throat, humming when Sebastian let out a low moan.

“Fuck, Blaine. You like that huh? You like taking my cock into your pretty mouth, don’t you? God, it’s like you were made just for sucking my cock.”

Blaine whimpered at the words, causing arousal to shoot through Sebastian’s spine. His hands tugged at the restraints, wanting to reach out and just touch Sebastian. Instead he focused on the sensations of Sebastian’s dick pulsing hot in his mouth, tasting the pre-cum, and he relaxed into the indescribable feeling of simply letting Sebastian take whatever he wanted from him. He’d never felt so turned on his life.

Sebastian pulled out, sliding down Blaine’s body before latching their lips together. His thigh rubbed against Blaine’s cock, causing him to break the kiss, panting, as his hips jerked into the sensation a few times, before Sebastian pulled away.

The sound of a click and the feel of cool metal against his cock made Blaine gasp in surprise. As Sebastian slid off of him, Blaine’s eyes travelled down to see he’d slipped a cock ring on him. He let out a shaky breath, tugged at the cuffs around his wrists again, as Sebastian started trailing fingers on his chest, purposely teasing around his nipples, and hand never travelling down as far as Blaine wanted it to.

“I’ve never – “ Blaine was cut off from Sebastian’s mouth being pressed against his. He pried his mouth open, sucking Blaine’s tongue into his mouth

Sebastian pulled away, mouth resting over Blaine’s as his tongue darted out to trace the inside. “You don’t get to come until I say so.” he whispered as he opened the bedside drawer, pulling out the bottle of lube and a condom. Letting out a sigh of relief, Blaine relaxed into the bed, anticipation thrumming through his body.

“Sebastian...” Blaine moaned, as he felt the press of a cool finger circling around his entrance, before pushing in tantalizingly slow. He continued to thrust his finger in and out slowly, relishing in Blaine’s pleas for him to go faster. He added a second finger, thrusting them in quickly and burying them in Blaine, curling until he found his prostate. Blaine jerked off the bed as a spasm of pleasure rushed through him, knocking away any coherent thoughts.

"Oh god – more – please – I need –" Blaine writhed on the bed, head twisting back and forth and he clenched around Sebastian's fingers, giving into the sheer feeling as he continued to stroke his prostate. Blaine relished in the burn as Sebastian added another finger, thrusting in relentlessly, causing Blaine to let out a string of "yes" and "more".

"Sebastian – please – I"

"What do you want Blaine?"

Blaine didn't answer, too lost in the feeling of Sebastian all around him and in him.

"Do you want my cock? Is that the more you keep begging for?"

Blaine whimpered at the words, nodding quickly and staring at Sebastian, eyes pleading.

"Do you want me to fuck you?"

"Yes. God – yes."

Blaine whined at the loss of Sebastian's fingers until he felt the press of his cock against his entrance. He thrust in harshly, hands gripped Blaine's hips tightly enough to leave bruises. He stopped for a few seconds, letting Blaine adjust before fucking back into him, enjoying the way his tight muscles clenched around him.

Blaine had gone limp underneath him, just taking what Sebastian gave him, mind overcome with pleasure and arousal. As Sebastian's hand curled around his cock, Blaine whimpered, overwhelmed by the feeling as his body tried to let go over the tight coil in his stomach, but he couldn't fall over the edge because of the ring around him.

"I can't – Seb – I need to – gah" Blaine arched his back off the bed as Sebastian shifted his angle, hitting his prostate on every thrust as a steady stream of pre-cum leaked from the head of his cock.

"What do you need Blaine?" Sebastian asked through a strained voice as he brutally fucked into Blaine, hand on Blaine's cock matching his thrusts.

"Please! I need to come, I can't – "

Sebastian chuckled above him as Blaine kept trying to let go.

“Only good boys get to come.”

“I’ve been good!” Blaine all but screamed.

Sebastian’s hips stuttered inside him as his release rushed through his body. He latched his mouth around Blaine’s nipple, sucking hard as he pulled out. Blaine whined at the loss, but felt like crying as Sebastian hand continued around his cock.

Sebastian crawled up his body, tongue tracing the shell of his ear before whispering, “Are you sure?”

“Yes!” Blaine cried, tears in the corner of his eyes, the need to come overwhelmingly strong.

Sebastian unclipped the ring from around his cock, throwing it onto the ground. He trailed his hand up Blaine’s cock.

“Be a good boy and come for me then.”

Blaine gasped as the coil in him snapped as his orgasm ripped through his body. He blacked out from the force, body sinking into the bed as his muscles let go.

When he came to, his body was slightly shaking with aftershocks, and he looked up to see Sebastian rubbed his untied wrists.

“Are you alright?”

Blaine looked down at his wrists, remembering the feeling of the cuffs against his skin, the weightlessness he felt at being tied down, how open he felt it was safe to be for once in his life. He looked up at Sebastian, giving him a sleepy smile.

“I’ve never been better.”

Blaine ignored the small feeling that had started in the pit of his stomach earlier that night; the one saying that there was still something missing.

Blaine woke up suddenly, panting heavily and dick unbearably hard. It'd only be one day since he'd last seen Sebastian, and already his unconscious was racked with memories, and intent on making him relive every single one of them until he collapsed from exhaustion.

The night before had been intense for Blaine with Sebastian. He'd never been tied to the bed or worn a cock ring, or been so utterly helpless the way he was. But instead of it scaring him like he would expect, he relished the feeling.

Blaine had never liked feeling helpless in his entire life. It was a big reason of why he was so relieved to get out of his parent's house and move to New York, but just *letting go* the way he'd been doing with Sebastian was such an overwhelming relief for him that sometimes he felt he would drown in it.

The comfort of giving everything over in those moments flooded through his body, wiping away any worries and responsibilities that he'd had through the day or week, and just being in the moment, giving it over to someone else and just simply being *Blaine*.

He felt like *flying*.

"Are you sure Blaine?" Blaine was interrupted by Jeff on the other side of skype. They'd been talking about Sebastian, well, Blaine had been talking, Nick and Jeff had been listening patiently, little smirks on playing on their mouths at times.

Blaine raised an eyebrow, "Sure about...?"

"Sebastian."

"Jeff! You're the one who told me to make a move with him."

"Hey, don't yell at my boyfriend Blaine."

"Whatever Nick."

Jeff looked between Blaine and Nick, resting a hand on Nick's knee and squeezing before focusing back on Blaine. "Anyway, I know what I said Blaine. I just don't want to see you get hurt. This is your first time in having a Dom and – "

“He’s not my Dom.” Blaine interrupted. Nick and Jeff exchanged a look, sharing a silent conversation, but Blaine was feeling irrationally annoyed, “You’re not my fathers, I can take care of myself.”

Nick’s head snapped to the screen, eyes boring into Blaine’s as much as they could through a shitty connection. “Stop being a bitch Blaine. We’re your friends, we’re allowed to worry. How much do you even know about him?”

“It’s not like he’s my boyfriend or Dom or anything. He just dominates me. What else is there to know?” *Oh there’s a lot more to know.* Blaine ignored the voice in his head. He also ignored the voice that told him he knew exactly what Nick and Jeff’s silent conversation and worried were about. He liked Sebastian, he was happy with what they were doing together, what was the big deal?

“Blaine...”

He let out harsh breath, hands tugging at his girls a little before throwing a pleading look at the screen. “Can we drop this please? I promise I know what I’m doing.”

He heard a collective sigh from the other line.

Blaine had failed a test the next week after Sebastian first dominated him. In fact, he’s pretty sure he’d simply failed at all of his classes that week. And he blamed Sebastian for it, and every week since then when he’d been distracted somewhat in class.

And then Brittany had visited him at a little over a month later, giving him more on his mind. It’d become a habit of theirs, actually, on Thursday nights to sit in the coffee shop after Blaine had gotten off work and talk a bit.

“Don’t you want a Dom Blaineybear?”

“What do you mean?”

“Sebastian...he’s...just dominating you. Sure, San and I were like that at first, but - “

“Britt, I appreciate your concern.” *You sound just like Nick and Jeff.* “But trust me, Sebastian simply dominating me....it’s enough.”

I need it to be enough.

Chapter Eight

Blaine was lost. Being distracted all morning, he ended getting on the wrong Subway to get to his destination. He'd had a test that morning in theory, about key changes and modulation and some many other things he completely ignored when it came to his own writing. It's what the Warbler's always joked about during free time, you're forced to learn all these rules about how music is supposed to be, but really, you can do whatever the fuck you want, and as long as it's good, nobody gives a fuck.

Blaine had never been a stickler for the rules, even when he was a little child. Cooper had taught him early on how much fun it was to jump from couch to couch and jump up and down on them until you got yelled at. Of course, that was back when Mr. Anderson was nice to Blaine. Those times, before he came out and before Sadie Hawkins, when he could go into his Dad's study and have a conversation with him, instead of being talked at, the way he had been earlier today when his parents had called.

"We expect you home for Christmas, your grandparents will want to see you." That's all his dad said. There was no love in that statement, no desire for him to come home simple because he was their son. No. It was all because that's what the precious grandparents wanted. Of course, if they knew he was gay, he's pretty sure he'd be disowned by them in a heartbeat. Blaine had tried to tell them many times, but was always cut-off by one of his parents. Blaine figured his dad was too scared of being disowned as well for raising a "useless, faggot son." Of course, Blaine didn't give a shit about any of that anymore. There'd been numerous occasions when he considered just calling his grandparents and telling them, simply to spite his father. He never went through with it, but it was always an entertaining thought.

Blaine shook his head, switching Subway lines, and trying to block out the thoughts of his 'family.' This is why he hated it when they called, they would always plague his thoughts for hours afterwards. Blaine found himself wishing that he was going to see Sebastian right now instead of Santana. He needed to relax and get all this shit off his mind. But Sebastian wasn't going to be around for the next week or so.

"Are you alright?"

Blaine looked down at his wrists, remembering the feeling of the cuffs against his skin, the weightlessness he felt at being tied down, how open he felt it was safe to be for once in his life. He looked up at Sebastian, giving him a sleepy smile.

"I've never been better." Blaine ignored the small feeling that had started in the pit of his stomach earlier that night; the one saying that there was still something missing.

Sebastian smiled, one of his hands coming up to twist around Blaine's curls. They lay there in silence, both drifting off to sleep. Blaine's never felt so relaxed and loose in his life. Normally this is the point when he'd leave. Blaine never stayed too long afterwards, but he was to content to move, loosing himself in sleep.

When he woke up, it was to an empty room and a cold bed. He shook his head, trying to remember why he wasn't in his apartment, and a slow smile made it's way on to his face as he thought about the night before. He'd mentioned wondering what it would be like to be tied to the bed and just be forced to take it, and Sebastian had proved that it was like nothing he'd ever experienced. Normally he'd be scared at that level of helplessness and not having control over what was happening to his own body, but he'd gotten lost in the sensations, the overwhelming urge to just give in and let Sebastian take whatever he wanted, which he did. Sure Sebastian had surprised him with the cock ring, but he'd liked it, so it was okay.

Blaine got dressed quickly, shuffling into the living room, finding Sebastian sitting on the couch, laptop on the table as he yelled to someone on the phone about what an idiot they were. He was wearing black jeans and his white button down was undone, giving Blaine a full view of his abs. Blaine licked his lips subconsciously as Sebastian ran a hand through his hair, as Blaine imagined he'd been doing all morning. Sebastian looked up, his green eyes locking with hazel, before he winked and looked back at his computer, yelling something else into the phone.

When Sebastian had met his eyes, Blaine lost all sense of coherency and almost lost the ability to breathe. He'd never seen Sebastian like this. He knew he was in control (he was dominated him after all) but seeing him in his element like this after last night made Blaine have the urge to go over and kneel at his feet. And woah? Where did that come from?

He'd never thought of Sebastian as more than someone who dominates him twice a week or so. He didn't need to think about more than that. They weren't dating, they weren't in a relationship, Sebastian wasn't his Dom, they weren't even amazing friends. But Blaine couldn't help the nagging voice at the back of his head that was telling him he wanted more. Maybe he wasn't ready to be collared or anything, but he wasn't sure anymore how he felt at just being another fuck of Sebastian's. He liked to think he meant more.

But Sebastian had been clear from the beginning. "I want to dominate you Blaine, but I don't want to be your Dom." And Blaine wasn't sure if that was even what he wanted. He was just being clingy after an amazing night together and sleeping at Seb's afterwards instead of going home.

Sebastian snapped his phone shut, throwing it onto the table, before looking at Blaine, who was standing awkwardly in the doorway.

"Morning sexy."

"M-morning."

Sebastian laughed, throwing his head back. "No need to be shy around my babe. You've had my cock in your ass multiple times."

Blaine blushed at the words, rubbing at the back of his neck. "I - uhm - sorry?" Blaine didn't mean for it to be a question, but it came out that way anyway.

Sebastian waved his hand, standing up and beginning to button his shirt, smirking as Blaine made a muted sound of protest.

"Unfortunately, I have to be off to deal with this imbecil. Otherwise I'd tie you to my bed and fuck you until you forgot your name, but another time."

Blaine didn't think it was possible to blush any harder than he already was, and he bit back a moan as Sebastian's words went straight to his cock.

"Right. I'll just - uhm - " Sebastian watched Blaine with amusement dancing in his eyes, as Blaine stumbled over his words and turned around, going back into the bedroom to get the rest of his stuff.

When he came back, Sebastian was in the kitchen, completely put together as he scrolled through his phone, and sipped at a cup of coffee. Blaine felt like a mess in comparison.

"Here." Blaine looked up to see Sebastian pushing a to-go cup filled with coffee at him and a wrapped up bagel. "I made one for breakfast for myself, so I threw one in for you as well."

"Oh, th-thanks. You didn't have to - "

Sebastian cut him off with a wave of his hand.

Blaine nodded his head, standing there awkwardly before grabbing the offered items and turning towards the door. "I'll see you tomorrow?"

Sebastian looked up, frowning at him, and Blaine feared he may have crossed a line. They didn't normally mention seeing each other again, they just knew they would. But Sebastian shook his head, giving a small smile and said "Afraid not sexy. I'm flying to LA tonight for a week and a half."

Blaine just nodded his head, having no response.

"Don't look so down. I'm sure you'll find some other guy to dominate you in my absence." Sebastian laughed, shooting Blaine a teasing grin.

Blaine felt like throwing up at Sebastian's words, but instead let out a humorless chuckle before opening the door and motioning bye to Sebastian, getting a wink and a smirk in response.

Once the door shut, Blaine leaned against the wall, letting out the breath he'd been holding all morning.

Blaine had been steadily ignoring all of the things that morning had been making him think about. Especially any thoughts that he wanted Sebastian to be something more – something like his Dom. He was just being ridiculous. At least, that's what he told himself, as he stepped out of the elevator and knocked on Santana and Brittany's apartment door.

"About time." Santana shot out as she opened the door.

"I got lost."

Santana raised her eyebrow. "We live three blocks away from each other."

Blaine averted his eyes, not wanting to answer, and he didn't get a chance to answer anyway as Brittany flew into his arms and pulled him in for a hug.

Over Brittany's shoulder, Santana was still staring at Blaine, one eyebrow raised. "I'll let it go for now since I have to go pick up the food, but this conversation is not over Curly."

Blaine gulped as the door slammed behind her as she left. He thought he'd be used to how intense she could be sometimes, but she still took him by surprise sometimes. Blaine wasn't entirely sure why she cared.

"Blainey!" Blaine pulled back from the head when Brittany yelled in his ear. She pulled him over to the couch, flicking off the TV that had been playing in the background before turning to him expectantly, a broad smile on her face.

"Someone's in a good mood." Blaine acknowledged, smiling a little as Brittany bounced on the seat.

"That's because San got me a present silly." She bopped him on the nose before prancing into the bedroom and returning with a small box. She sat down on the couch, cuddling into Blaine's side as she handed the box to Blaine. Her head fell onto his shoulder when he opened it.

He let out a small gasp, before looking down at Brittany and giving her a gentle smile. "It's beautiful. It matches your eyes."

Brittany giggled. "That's what San said."

Inside the box was a new collar for Brittany. It was chained, very thin, with a dusty gray coloring. On the left side, the only place where there was a patch of leather instead of chains, the letters "S&B" were sewn into the fabric, in light blue like the clasp in the back and connecting the chains together. Blaine was tempted to reach out and touch it, but this collar wasn't for him. Yet he couldn't help feel somewhat entranced by it. Ever since the first night he'd seen Brittany and Santana together, Brittany with the collar on as they laughed together walking into the club, Blaine had wondered what it would be like to be Brittany. To have someone be *his* Dom, for someone to collar *him and take care of him*. Someone who could help take away all the stress and someone he could give all of himself to, and vice versa. For the first time, he felt jealous of Brittany and Santana. He wanted to be the one receiving a new collar.

He was brought out of his thoughts by Brittany sitting up and taking the box from him, closing it softly and placing it on the table in front of them. Blaine could see that her eyes had started to glisten, but he wasn't surprised. The collar was beautiful, and Blaine could only imagine how happy Brittany must have been when she was first presented with it.

"How come you're not wearing it?" Blaine asked.

"You know why Blainey." Brittany responded, bouncing off the couch to go get some water from the kitchen.

Blaine nodded his head absentmindedly, remembering the time that Santana had explained the dynamics of their relationship. She was her Dom, but Britt only wore the collar when they went to the club or select other times, or on days when she asked for it. Any other time, she wore a small band of leather around her left wrist.

Brittany came back into the room, handing Blaine a glass of water before leaning against the side of the couch. "Why were you late?"

"Got lost." Blaine took a long sip from the glass before turning to face Brittany.

Brittany cocked her head to the side. "Why'd you do that?"

Blaine laughed lightly, before furrowing his eyebrows. "Britt...?"

"Yeah?"

"When...When Santana first collared you, what was it like?"

A gentle smile crossed her face. "It was the happiest moment of my life." She said simply. "There was this overwhelming calm and I was just...happy. I think I my eyes started watering, but I'd had onions in my dinner, so it might've just been that."

Blaine laughed softly, eyes once again staring longingly on the box sitting on the table. "What's it like? Having one?"

Brittany stared at him, blue searching hazel, before answering. "It's...it's wonderful. I know that I'm San's, and so does everyone else. I know she's going to take care of me, give me what I need before I even have to ask.

"You want Sebastian to collar you?"

Blaine cursed internally, forgetting how perceptive Brittany could be at times.

“I – “

The slam of the front door cut him off as Santana walked in, carrying the bags with their dinner in them.

“Get your asses in here before I eat your dinner for you.”

Brittany jumped off the couch, taking the box into the bedroom, before coming back and pulling Blaine off the couch and into the kitchen with her.

*

“You’re coming Curls, end of story.”

Blaine rolled his eyes. They’d been going back and forth for the majority of dinner.

“I already told you, I’m not. I can survive not going to the club this week. Besides, Seb’s not around for like, two weeks, I’d just be a third wheel.”

Santana stared at him, eyes softening a little. “There’s other guys Blaine...” She said softly, trying to read him.

He let out a tight-lipped smile, which he was pretty sure looked more like a grimace than anything. “I – I know th-that.”

She raised an eyebrow at him, as Brittany glided back into the room and to the table, snapping her phone shut. “That was Kurtie. He’s going to come tonight.”

“Who’s Kurt?” asked Blaine.

“A friend from high school,” was all Santana offered of an explanation.

“He gives great dolphin kisses!” Brittany giggled.

Santana chuckled, shooting her a fond look, and turning back to Blaine. “You know Blainers, he is a Dom...” She trailed off as Blaine shook his head. He knew that there were other Dom’s out there, he’d been hit on by some in the club, but he just wanted Sebastian, even if Sebastian didn’t seem to want him.

Santana shot one last look at Blaine before turning to Brittany. “Good of Porcelain to finally join us again.”

“San...”

She shook her head, grabbing Brittany’s hand in hers before turning back to Blaine, voice hard. “You’re coming.”

“Look, Santana, I – “

Brittany interrupted him. “Blainey! You have to come!”

“Problem solved. And Hummel’s coming as well, so you won’t be a third wheel at all.’

“I don’t – “

“Stop arguing.”

*

Blaine was tempted to just hail a cab and leave when they were standing outside of the club. He’d do it to, if he was able to be sure Santana wouldn’t hurt him. She’d threatened him with bodily harm before, and he wasn’t about to take that risk.

Once they got inside, they went to their usual table, only this time it was occupied by one of the most beautiful men Blaine had laid his eyes on. He had chestnut brown hair, which was coiffed to perfection, Blaine was sure that his black jeans would be cutting off his circulation with how tight they looked and he was wearing a simple light blue buttoned shirt, with a gray vest over it.

“Nice of you to show your face Hummel.” Santana said, slipping into the booth as Brittany leaned down to kiss him on the cheek before getting on her knees and resting back on Santana’s legs.

“I figured I’d save you from the withdrawal Satan.” Kurt shot back, and if Blaine hadn’t already known he was a Dom, it would’ve been obvious already.

“Fucking sit down Anderson before you go blind from staring.”

Blaine blushed and shook his head, avoiding the piercing gaze from Kurt after Santana had spoke and sat down gingerly, still feeling the weight of Kurt's eyes on him.

"Made a new friend?" Kurt asked, turning back to Santana and raising an eyebrow at her.

She smirked. "Saved Curls from a panic attack outside here a couple months ago."

Kurt laughed softly, shaking his head, and Blaine blushed, embarrassed, but also smiled when he heard Kurt's laughter; it was beautiful.

Kurt shifted, turning to look at Blaine with pursed lips, but Blaine could still make out the laughter dancing in his eyes. "Please tell me your parents didn't *actually* name your Curls." Kurt chuckled, clearly joking, and Blaine smiled, shaking his head softly.

"My name's Blaine."

Kurt smiled. "Kurt."

"I know." Blaine blurted out before blushing harshly and ducking his head, fingers fiddling in his lap. But Kurt just smiled softly.

"Can't stop talking about me San?"

"Shut it Hummel. Anderson here would've met you much earlier if you hadn't stopped coming."

"You come here with them a lot?" Kurt asked Blaine, clearly ignoring the second part of what Santana said in favor of talking to Blaine.

Blaine nodded his head, "Since I met them months ago."

"I am so sorry." Blaine cocked his head, looking up at Kurt again, only to see him smirking slightly. "I wouldn't wish Satan on my worst enemy."

Blaine laughed, shoulders shaking, as he saw Kurt smile at him before started to laugh himself. Santana just looked bitter.

“Oh it’s not like he spends time with me and Britt anyway. He’s always fucking Sebastian on the dance floor.”

Kurt bristled, sitting up straight immediately, shooting a glance at Blaine before looking at Santana questioningly. She just shrugged her shoulders, before grabbing Brittany and taking her to the dance floor.

Blaine swallowed, feeling a lump in his throat at being alone with Kurt. He was never around many Doms, besides Santana and Sebastian, but he liked Kurt already. He was witty and funny, and Blaine felt relaxed around him for the most part.

A waitress came over to the table, asking what they wanted,

“I’ll have a Margarita.” Kurt said before looking at Blaine. “What do you want Blaine?”

Blaine felt a chill run through him at the phrase.

“What do you want Blaine?”

“You- fuck Seb- I just want you.”

“Oh, really?”

“Yes. Fuck. Just you, want you to be my Dom, to dominate me, please Seb.”

“Blaine...” Sebastian’s tone had turned warning and Blaine realized his mistake.

“Sorry.” He whispered. Sebastian shushed him before dragging him off the dance floor.

Blaine shook his head, washing away the memory, before turning to Kurt. “Just water.”

Kurt raised an eyebrow at that, but didn’t question Blaine further. It wasn’t until they both had their drinks in front of them that Kurt started talking again.

“So Sebastian’s your Dom?” Kurt asked, something sparking in the tone of his voice, but Blaine wasn’t able to figure out what it was.

“No. He – uhm – he dominates me, but he’s not my Dom. We’re not together, or anything like that.”

Kurt nodded his head at the answer, not looking surprised at all. “Sounds like him.”

“You know Sebastian?” Blaine asked, surprised.

“We’ve met a few times,” was all Kurt offered, and Blaine knew enough not to question it from the tone in his voice. Besides, he wanted to be friends with Kurt. He already liked talking to him.

“So Santana saved you from a panic attack, huh? That’s...” Kurt shook his head, “surprisingly nice of her.”

Blaine chuckled, taking a sip of water before answering. “I probably would never have come in here if it wasn’t for her.”

Kurt shot him a questioning look. Blaine sighed, feeling embarrassed still at just how new he was to everything...how inexperienced he felt at times.

“I’d never been – I mean, I didn’t even know I was...” Blaine trailed off, shaking his head as he turned away from Kurt, feeling the familiar blush creeping up the side of his neck.

“a sub?” Kurt finished for him.

“That obvious?” Blaine asked, locking eyes with Kurt again.

Kurt smiled gently at him, before taking his hand briefly in his. “It’s endearing.”

Blaine smiled, missing the warmth as Kurt drew his hand away again.

“I guess Sebastian’s the first person to dominate you then?” Kurt asked, voice strangely void of emotion, but Blaine didn’t question it.

“Y-yeah. He’s been really nice about it so far.”

Kurt nodded stiffly. “That’s good.”

"Sometimes I feel bad," Blaine blurted out. He wasn't sure why, but he just felt like he could talk to Kurt, about anything. "For how inexperienced I am. I mean, the other night was the first time we ever, well, used anything and I just wonder if he's holding back because of me or..."

"If it was a problem, he wouldn't be involved with you." Kurt said, cutting him off. "What'd he use?"

Blaine's eyes widened at the question, opening his mouth but no words coming out.

Kurt looked apologetic. "I'm sorry, we just met, I didn't mean to be rude or anything."

Blaine shook his head. "It's fine. I like talking to you, even if we did just meet, I still feel like I can talk to you about anything."

Kurt smiled softly, "Good."

Blaine smiled back, enjoying the sense of calm that washed over him from talking to Kurt, before answering his earlier questions.

"The other night was the first night he ever tied me up, and used a – a cockring on me." Blaine blushed at admitting it, he'd never been one to be very open about his sex life, even though Nick and Jeff teased him about it almost every time they talked.

"And I'm sure you two talked about it before, so clearly, Sebastian's okay with helping you. There's nothing wrong with it at all Blaine." Kurt said, curling his hand around Blaine's wrist and giving it a light squeeze.

Blaine smiled at the soft touch of Kurt's skin against his. His skin was impeccably smooth and Blaine loved the feeling of it.

"We didn't." Blaine whispered, finger tracing over the top of his drink slowly.

"Didn't what?"

"T-talk about it before. I mean we did for the-the, being tied up. But, uhm, he surprised me with the cockring." Blaine admitted. It was true Sebastian had used it without asking Blaine first, but Blaine wouldn't have said no if he had.

“Blaine!” Kurt yelled, anger in his voice, as he tightened his hand around his wrist. “That’s not...that’s not okay. You need to *talk* to him about these things. He shouldn’t be making you uncomfortable, that’s not – “

Blaine shook his head and cut Kurt off. “Seb didn’t make me uncomfortable. I was just surprised, but it was a good surprise. I-I liked it.”

Kurt stared at him, eyes hard, and Blaine felt nervous under his gaze, shifting slightly in his seat and taking a long drink of his water.

“It doesn’t matter. Blaine you need to communicate with him, even if he’s not your Dom. You need to be comfortable, always. Promise me that you will talk to him first before you jump into doing something new.”

Kurt’s eyes were hard as they stared into Blaine’s, and Blaine felt a warmth flood through him at the thought of how much Kurt seemed to care already. He nodded his head and whispered, “I promise, Kurt.”

Kurt nodded his head, before taking a sip of his drink, and Blaine could’ve sworn he heard him mutter the words “good boy” but he shook his head at the thought, instead asking him about how he knew Santana.

Chapter Nine

"So Blaine, when's the record coming out?"

Blaine laughed, blushing at Laurie's comment before resting the guitar on its stand and ducking behind the counter to make people's coffee.

"I'm serious Blaine. That set was beautiful." Laurie winked at him, before ringing up the last customer in line and then turning her attention back to Blaine.

"I'm practically drowning in finals work before break and you think I have time to release a record? Yeah right. Maybe in another universe where my father doesn't hate me and I'm not so stressed out in school that I feel like I can't breathe." Blaine let out a long breath, nearly spilling the drink he was making before popping the lid on and placing it on the counter.

Laurie raised her eyebrow at him, a small smirk playing on her face. "Feel better now?"

Blaine chuckled dryly, leaning against the counter and crossing his arms. "I wish."

She shot him a sympathetic look, ruffling his hair before stalking into the back to get more quarters. "What do you normally do for stress?" she called out.

Sebastian. But no, he couldn't exactly scream that out in front of the entire coffee shop, unless he wanted to lose his job. And Sebastian was still away anyway, so it's not like it really mattered. He'd have to figure something else out, maybe start going for runs or *something*.

"Just get more stressed." was what he called back to her.

"Well, that won't do," said a soft voice from behind him, causing him to drop the rag in his hands and spin around, coming face to face with gorgeous glasz eyes. "You should try chamomile tea instead, works wonders."

"Kurt!" Blaine exclaimed, a broad smile spreading across his face as he stared at the man in front of him. "I didn't - I didn't hear the bell ring when the door opened."

Kurt shrugged, crossing his arms and looking at the menu. "Guess I'm just stealthy like that."

Blaine chuckled, shaking his head, ignoring Laurie as she walked by and placed the roll of quarters in his hand and winked before walking off again.

"Coffee?" Blaine asked, and Kurt laughed.

"This *is* a coffee shop. Grande non-fat mocha," Kurt said.

Blaine began making it, expecting Kurt to go sit down until it was done, but he surprised him and started talking instead.

"How long have you worked here?"

"Since I moved out here." Blaine shrugged, before a thought hit him. "How did you know I worked here anyway?"

Kurt rolled his eyes. "You mentioned it briefly the other night."

Blaine furrowed his eyebrows, he didn't remember that. "I did?"

Kurt laughed, and Blaine smiled at the sound. "Yes, after we discovered we lived 2 hours from each other, you mentioned The Lima Bean, and said you worked at a place that was similar."

He nodded his head, remembering the conversation, before placing the lid on Kurt's drink and handing it to him.

"Thanks."

Blaine nodded in response, picking up the rag he'd dropped earlier and beginning to wipe down the coffee machine.

"Hey, Blaine?" Kurt asked, fiddling with the lid up his cup, and staring at Blaine nervously.

"Yeah?"

"Do you want to go to lunch with me tomorrow? I could seriously use a break from these final projects."

Blaine laughed softly, "I'd love to."

Kurt smiled widely, jumping up on his toes a little before composing himself. "I'll grab your number from Satan. I'd stay and talk, but I have to go to class in a few minutes."

"It's fine Kurt. I'll see you tomorrow?"

"Can't wait." Kurt said and turned to leave the coffee shop with a wave of his hand and a smile. Blaine just laughed to himself.

*

Blaine had come to the conclusion that professors just wanted to kill their students when finals came around. It's not that he didn't understand the material, he practically lived and breathed music, it was simply that there was just *so much work*. He had papers to finish, tests to study for, chords to dissect, and Blaine just wanted to throw all the work of the table and give it all up. College was stupid anyway.

Anderson's aren't weak, Blaine. He heard his father's voice in his head, yelling at him to man up and do what he was supposed to, but he literally felt as though the stress was going to drown him. Sure being at work, playing a set, running into Kurt had all been a nice distraction that day, but it was simply that, a distraction. He needed something to calm him down and take away all the stress he felt.

He was tempted to call Sebastian, but they'd never done anything like that. It was always in person, meeting at the club and going back to Sebastian's place, or going over every now and then when they actually talked on the phone beforehand, but Blaine couldn't just *call him*. Besides, what could Sebastian do anyway? He was in LA, on the other side of the country. Blaine looked at the clock *10:00pm*. Sebastian was probably out at dinner anyway, and Blaine did not want to interrupt that.

He thought of the last time he'd seen Sebastian, the first time he'd been tied up, and Blaine found himself getting aroused at the thought. It had felt so *good and right* to give up control like that, letting Sebastian take whatever he wanted from Blaine, until he was a sobbing mess beneath him.

Blaine rubbed his wrists, feeling the phantom pull of the cuffs against his skin, a moan escaping his lips as he imagined being tied up underneath Sebastian, arms bound above him, and legs spread open and tied to the ends of the bed.

Blaine's eyes fluttered shut, hand trailing down his chest before stopping to circle his nipple, letting out a moan as his cock grew hard in his sweatpants. He remembered the heat of Sebastian's mouth when he'd circled his nipple, teasing it with his tongue before pulling off and rolling it in his hand as he'd trailed further down Blaine's body, sucking harshly as he went.

Blaine dipped his hand below his waistband, grasping his hard cock in his hand before teasing the head with his thumb, letting out a low moan and jerking his hips off the bed. He spread the pre-cum that had begun leaking out of the tip and fisted his cock, letting out whimpers of pleasure. He imagined himself tied up beneath Sebastian, arms and legs completely helpless, a ball gag in his mouth and cockring around him, letting Sebastian take over complete control of him, using him and taking anything and everything Blaine had to give him.

His hand sped up on his cock, and if Blaine wasn't so turned on he might be embarrassed by how fast his orgasm was approaching, but the thought of Sebastian completely dominating him had his body going into overdrive. His hand sped up, hips jerking into his fist rapidly before he let out a scream as the coil in his stomach snapped, and he came hard into his fist.

Blaine rode out the wave, getting lost in the pleasure, and came back to himself slowly as he felt the stress being released from his body and a sense of calm washing over him instead.

*

When Blaine woke up late the next morning, his muscles felt much more relaxed than they'd been the day before, and he got up and showered quickly before leaving his apartment and walking to the restaurant Kurt had texted him and said he wanted to meet at.

When he got there, Kurt was already sitting in a booth, sipping a cup of coffee and texting someone. Blaine slid into the booth easily, smiling at Kurt when he looked up.

"Someone looks happier." Kurt said, snapping his finger for the waiter after taking in Blaine's appearance.

Blaine shrugged, picking up the menu in front of him and ordering a coffee for himself once the waiter came.

“Good night’s sleep I guess.”

Kurt hummed in response, staring at Blaine intently and cocking his head to the side.

“I’d say you had sex if I didn’t know any better.”

Blaine sputtered, choking on air and coughing as Kurt smirked at him, a devilish glint in his eyes. “Sorry, Santana seems to be rubbing off on me.”

“Sebastian’s in LA.” Blaine responded once he was able to breathe again. The waiter came over then, halting their conversation as the ordered, Kurt getting some type of salad and Blaine simply ordered a sandwich.

“Phone sex then.” Kurt shrugged as the waiter walked away, winking at Blaine, but his voice sounded slightly strained, “We’ve all done it.”

Blaine laughed lightly, shaking his head at Kurt. “It’s not like that.”

Kurt furrowed his eyebrows. “Not like...what?”

“I can’t just *call* Seb.”

“Why not?” Kurt asked, frownline growing deeper as he stared at Blaine, confusion evident in his features.

Blaine shrugged, trying to appear nonchalant, when really, he wasn’t so sure of the answer anyway. “We don’t see each other much outside of the club and his apartment, I don’t know if he’d want me to call him outside of that.”

Kurt rolled his eyes. “Ask him then.”

Blaine said nothing in response, taking in what Kurt had said. He couldn’t just ask Sebastian, or could he? They didn’t talk much, but that’d been bugging Blaine for a while now, maybe he should say something to Sebastian. But they’d started this as a strictly no strings thing, and Blaine didn’t want to start messing with

that and then lose Sebastian. There's a small part of him, that grows stronger daily, that wonders what would happen if Seb wasn't just dominating him, if there was something more. Did he want Sebastian to collar him?

"When I left the other morning," Blaine began, looking up at Kurt and noticed that at some point the waiter had brought their food out, "I just felt...I don't know, empty sort of, like there was something missing but I didn't know what."

You know what was missing, Blaine. You just don't want to admit it.

"Wait..." Kurt said, stopping mid-bite to stare at Blaine, "Sebastian only dominates you, yet you still stayed the night with him?"

"Yeah..." Blaine trailed off, confused by Kurt's response, "Why?"

Kurt shook his head, disbelief evident on his face. "Nothing."

Chapter Ten

Saturday

It'd been a month since Blaine's talk with Kurt and Sebastian's subsequent return to New York from LA and things hadn't much changed for Blaine since then. He'd gone home for Thanksgiving (as was ordered of him), fought with his father, declared he wouldn't be returning for Christmas, and flew home. He'd started having twice a week lunches or coffee dates with Kurt, finding him to be someone he could truly talk to. And his relationship with Sebastian remained the same. They'd tried new things, Blaine began to feel less inexperienced but still had his doubts, but he hadn't done what he'd promised Kurt. Something didn't sit right in the pit of his stomach about that, and every time Kurt asked about it Blaine felt his cheeks burn with some shame at not listening to him, but he just didn't know how to bring up the topic of Sebastian being his Dom with Sebastian.

And as Blaine leaned against the brick wall, cold air drying the tears on his face, he realized that after his week, he shouldn't be surprised that something had finally broke.

Monday (1 week earlier)

It wasn't the first time Blaine had been to Kurt's apartment, but it never failed to amaze him. It screamed Kurt for the most part. The place was pristine, everything in it's place, except for the hideous orange coat laid over the end of one of the couches. He hadn't met Kurt's roommate Rachel yet, she was always out or auditioning or singing in her room, but Kurt constantly told him he should count himself lucky to not have to sit and listen to her babble about her two gay dads and her aspirations to literally *become* Barbara Streisand.

Blaine hadn't seen Kurt since before Thanksgiving, Kurt had been busy designing for his classes at Parsons. But he'd finished the majority of his projects and invited Blaine over for lunch, and Blaine was quick to accept. He was sitting at the table, listening to Kurt babble on about when his family came to visit for Thanksgiving and taking them on a tour of the city as he made their sandwiches.

"How was your Thanksgiving?" Kurt asked, interrupting Blaine's thoughts.

"It was okay." Blaine was glad Kurt had his back to him, positive if that Kurt would've been able to read the discomfort on his face if he'd been looking. Blaine believed Kurt had a sixth sense when it came to things like that, always being able to read the things Blaine tried to hide.

Kurt chuckled and Blaine smiled at the sound. "That's all I get Blaine? Just an okay?" It was just a harmless question, but Blaine felt an inexplicable pull to tell Kurt everything.

Blaine shifted in his seat tracing patterns on the countertop with his point finger. "It's always just okay with my family." Blaine tried to keep the bitterness out of his voice, but when Kurt turned to face him and raised an eyebrow, he knew he hadn't succeeded.

"Blaine?" Kurt asked softly, moving around the counter so he was standing next to Blaine, rubbing an arm up and down his back comfortingly.

"It's just..." he sighed, feeling some of the tension leave his body at Kurt's touch, "you're so lucky Kurt." He smiled bitterly.

"What do you mean?"

Blaine let out a humorless chuckle. "Your dad. From everything you've told me, he seems like an amazing guy. An accepting guy." Kurt hummed in agreement, but didn't interrupt Blaine. "My parents...my dad...he's not exactly what you'd call accepting," Blaine scoffed, "Actually, he's the complete opposite. And we got into a huge argument at Thanksgiving, which really, isn't that surprising anymore."

Blaine looked up at Kurt, who was staring at him sympathetically, the hand resting on his back still resting there. "What was the fight about?" Kurt asked softly.

He rolled his eyes. "What it's always about. My 'disease.'"

*

"Blaine! Come into the living room please." Blaine closed the book he'd been reading on the porch, taking a deep breath to brace himself before going to talk to his parents. It'd been tense around the house since his arrival and he was glad he was leaving that night for New York.

Walking into the living room, he saw his parents sitting in one of the couches, making it clear that he was to take the seat across from them. He knew what was going to happen. All the 'serious conversations' took place in the living room.

"Take a seat Blaine." His father demanded.

He nodded, perching on the couch and staring at his parents, waiting for the inevitable. His mother was the first to speak.

"How have you been dear?"

Blaine raised an eyebrow, wishing to get past the pleasantries and to the real reason he was there.

"I've been fine." He answered shortly.

His mother nodded and a tense silence followed, not being broken until his father spoke up 5 minutes later.

"We were surprised to see you come home alone Blaine." Mr. Anderson said, staring at Blaine with one eyebrow raised. A look of confusion passed over Blaine's face, but before he got a chance to question his dad, he was cut-off. "Your mother and I figured you would've brought home a nice girl from New York."

Blaine's mouth dropped in shock. He couldn't believe this, and at the same time, he wasn't truly surprised. It'd been the same way thing since he'd come out in 7th grade. It was like his parents had never heard him every time he'd told them he was gay, or chose to ignore him.

"Dad," blaine began, feeling exasperated; he did not want to have this fight again, "How many times do I have to tell you? I. Am. Gay."

Mr. Anderson dismissed that comment with a wave of his hand. "Oh Blaine please, it's time you get over that nonsense. I knew letting you go to New York and letting you study that stupid music was a terrible idea. Perhaps you should be back here where – "

"Are you fucking kidding me!?" Blaine exploded, standing up and nearly knocking the coffee table over as he started pacing and ranting. "Be back here? What the fuck does that even mean."

"Don't take that tone of voice with me boy. I'm paying for you to prance around out there, and I'll just as easily stop paying for it."

"You really think that would do anything? Other than make me hate you even more? I'm gay, father. That's not going to change whether I'm in New York or Ohio."

The Anderson man glared at each other for a long moment before Blaine walked out of the room, grabbed his bags, and stormed out of the house. But before the door could shut, he heard his father's voice.

"I expect you home for Christmas Blaine. With your girlfriend. That's not a request, it's an order, if you want to keep prancing around in New York."

Blaine drove for a few miles before it became too much for him, and he pulled over and let the sobs break free.

*

Blaine wasn't sure when it happened, but he was sitting on the couch, crying into Kurt's chest as he rubbed his back with one hand and played with his curls with the other. The sandwiches Kurt had been making were all but forgotten.

"You should've called me," said a soft voice when Blaine's sobs had died down, and he looked up to see Kurt staring him down at him intensely.

"Wha-" Blaine croaked, throat sore.

Kurt made a shushing noise and resumed rubbing at Blaine's back.

"When you're upset like that, I want you to call me, or if not me, then someone Blaine. I just, I don't want you to be alone at times like that."

Blaine stared at Kurt, eyes filling with tears and how much Kurt seemed to care. He barely heard himself whisper "Yes, Kurt" before ducking back into his arms as the rest of his tears subsided.

They sat there for a while, Blaine wasn't really sure how long, simply enjoying the feeling of Kurt holding him. He felt like a huge weight had been lifted off his chest, like Kurt was taking his problems away and

telling him everything was alright and not to worry. But, worry had been plaguing the back of his mind since he'd left his parents house.

"What am I go to do Kurt?" he asked in his chest, "I can't bring home a girl. But I can't not be in New York Kurt. I don't - I can't - I - I -" Blaine stuttered, feeling a panic attack starting as his throat closed up and he was faced with the horror of his dad pulling him out of NYU.

Kurt immediately slipped out of his hold of Blaine, making him hyperventilate even more before Kurt was kneeling in front of the couch, taking Blaine's hands in his own and placing them on his chest.

"Shh. Calm down sweetheart. Feel me breathing? I want you to match your breaths with mine. Can you do that for me, Blaine? Just breathe with me."

Blaine let Kurt's gentle words wash over him, locking eyes with him as he tried to copy Kurt's breathing. After a few minutes, Blaine had calmed significantly and Kurt pulled him into a hug, whispering softly into his ear.

"It's okay Blaine. You're okay. We'll figure it all out. I'm not letting you go anywhere."

Blaine closed his eyes, warmth washing over him, feeling safe in Kurt's arms and letting himself believe Kurt's words. He began to drift off at the soft feeling of Kurt running gentle hands through his curls. The last thing he remembers was Kurt laying him down on the couch and placing a soft kiss to his forehead.

"Shh. Just sleep sweetheart."

*

When Blaine woke up, it had gotten dark out and Kurt was missing from the room. He rubbed his eyes, wincing as they were still sore from his crying, before calling out for Kurt.

"In the kitchen!" was the reply he received.

He got up slowly, shaking his limbs out before walking into the kitchen, where he found Kurt cooking. He smiled at the sight before clearing his throat. Kurt turned around, staring at Blaine softly with a small smile.

“How are you feeling?”

Blaine shrugged.

Kurt narrowed his eyes, “Blaine.”

He sighed, rolling his shoulders and avoiding Kurt’s gaze. “Um. I’m...I’m better. I just kind of want to forget it and enjoy the rest of the night.”

Kurt nodded slowly, eyes still piercing Blaine’s skin. “If you’re sure sweetheart.”

Blaine nodded absentmindedly before something struck him. “You keep calling me sweetheart.” Blaine blurted.

Kurt flushed, running a hand through his hair, which Blaine had come to learn was a nervous habit. “I didn’t even notice. I can stop if you – “

“No!” Blaine cut him off, surprising himself and Kurt at his outburst. He swallowed loudly. “I just – I mean, I...I like it.”

Kurt smiled brightly at him, “Good. Now why don’t you sit down and tell me some stories about crazy customers from the coffee shop while I finish making dinner?”

It was a suggestion, but the tone Kurt said it in made Blaine feel as though it was an order, not something to be argued. And while normally he might’ve bristled at being told what to do, Blaine felt the last of the tension completely leave his body and relax as he did what Kurt said, not having to worry about anything.

*

It wasn’t until hours later, after Blaine had begun laughing again and the discussion of Thanksgiving was all but forgotten, as they were watching some stupid rom-com that Blaine remembered a question that had been burning in the back of his mind since he came over to Kurt’s that morning.

“Kurt?” Blaine asked quietly.

“Hmm?” He turned away from the TV, eyes focusing on Blaine instead.

“Did you always know you were a Dom? You just seem so in control all the time, I can’t imagine you not knowing.”

Kurt chuckled, rolling his eyes fondly at Blaine. “No, I didn’t always know. A lot of things happened in high school that were out of my control, and senior year, I’d just had enough of it that I started to control anything that happened in my life so there were no surprises. It wasn’t until my first week here when Santana took me to the club that I started to discover my true instincts.”

Kurt’s voice had taken on a sad tone, and while Blaine wanted to ask about it – what had been so out of control – he didn’t want to overstep. So he settled for smiling shyly and Kurt and saying , “I didn’t know about myself until I walked into the club either. Plus I met you, so I think it’s a pretty great place.”

Kurt smiled at him, eyes sparkling, before squeezing Blaine’s hand and turning back to the movie. And when Blaine got home that night, he realized Kurt had never let go of his hand, and that he hadn’t thought about Sebastian all day.

Chapter Eleven

Tuesday

"What're you doing here Blaine?" asked Sebastian as he opened the door to his apartment.

"Just thought we could hang out," Blaine shrugged, playing with the strings on his sweatshirt.

Sebastian smirked, opening the door wider. Blaine shuffled in, keeping his head down and biting his lip. He was nervous. There was a reason he'd come to see Sebastian; he couldn't do it anymore. He couldn't just be dominated at certain times, he needed a Dom. And he knew he had to bring it up with Sebastian, but he just didn't know how.

Blaine sat down on the couch, trying to calm his nerves when he felt Sebastian sit down next to him.

"I don't normally see you during the week"

Blaine shrugged and wrung his hands. "You said I could come over when I wanted."

Sebastian smiled, "I remember."

"How was LA?" Blaine asked, trying to avoid Sebastian's mouth.

Sebastian groaned, hands tightening on Blaine's waste before pulling away and letting his head fall on to the back of the couch. "Boring as fuck. There weren't even any hot guys. Total waste."

Blaine swallowed the sick feeling in the pit of his stomach. They weren't together, Sebastian wasn't his Dom. They were simply friends...wait, could Blaine even say they were friends"

"Hey Sebastian?"

"What's up babe?"

"Can I ask you something?"

"If it's if you can suck me off, the answers yes."

Blaine let out a frustrated huff. Why did he even care? Sebastian clearly didn't.

"Nevermind," Blaine mumbled, curling into himself on the couch. He felt Sebastian's eyes staring him down, almost as though they were trying to read his mind. Blaine closed his eyes, trying to settle the emotions swirling in his stomach. He'd heard Sebastian say many times that this wasn't anything, that there weren't any emotions, that Sebastian didn't do relationships. And blaine could be okay with that, he could be.

Sebastian huffed, moving to sit in front of Blaine on the coffee table and pulling his legs down to uncurl his body. Blaine opened his eyes and was met with surprisingly soft green ones staring at him. "What'd you want to ask Blaine?"

Blaine sucked in a breath. "I just, um, I was just wondering if you, if you consider us...friends?"

Sebastian let out a loud laugh and Blaine's face immediately fell as he tried to curl back up into a ball and escape. Sebastian stopped laughing at that, "hey, stop. I'm not laughing at you Blaine. Of course we're friends. you're welcome here anytime."

Blaine swallowed, feeling some lightness return to his heart. "Really?" He asked softly.

Sebastian rolled his eyes, "Yes, can I fuck you now?"

Blaine gulped and nodded his head, allowing Sebastian to pull him into the bedroom.

"So what's up then?" Sebastian asked, immediately latching his mouth on to Blaine's neck.

Blaine moaned, eyes slipping closed before remembering why he was here.

"Wait, wait," Blaine said, pushing Sebastian off of him, "I want to talk about something."

Sebastian pulled away, a wary look on his face as though he knew what was about to come.

"Talk." He licked his lips, "About what?"

Blaine felt the nerves in his stomach and moved away from Sebastian a little, trying to muster up the courage to mention what had been bothering him. But when he opened his mouth to speak his throat closed up. He didn't know how to do this, how to ask for more when he was almost positive Sebastian

wasn't going to give it. But Blaine knew he needed this. After the day before with Kurt, feeling taken care of and not having to worry about anything. And Sebastian was a Dom, he'd been dominating him already, surely he could give Blaine what he needs?

A glass of water was thrust in front of him. He looked up with surprised eyes, not having realized that Sebastian had even gotten up.

Blaine took the glass with shaky hands and muttered a soft 'thank you' before taking a sip.

"Good, just drink," murmured Sebastian as Blaine felt him sit down next to him. It was the moments like this, these soft moments that seemed to come out of nowhere, that Blaine gave a small amount of hope that Sebastian would become more than he was now. With that thought in mind, Blaine put the glass down and turned to Sebastian.

"Have you ever had a sub before?" Blaine blurted out, and okay, that's not what he wanted to say exactly, but it was a good enough place to start.

Sebastian looked taken aback and Blaine could see his eyes harden. He almost told Sebastian it didn't matter and he didn't have to answer, but Blaine needed to know and he couldn't back down from this the way he had every other time he even thought of bringing it up.

"Once." Sebastian responded tersely, lips pursed and shoulders tense. "He was an asshole."

Blaine let out a small breath. He thought the answer would be no, but he was oddly comforted by the yes. Sebastian had had a sub before, so surely he wouldn't be against it again.

"What...what happened?" Blaine asked, not sure if it was okay to go there or not.

"Some other Dom snatched him away," Blaine could hear the hardness in Sebastian's tone, "But whatever, I was getting tired of him anyway."

Blaine shook his head, knowing there was more but sensing that Sebastian wasn't going to give him anything else.

It took Blaine a few minutes of tense silence before he spoke again. "Did you love him?"

Sebastian laughed, a cold, bitter laugh and ran his hands through his hair. "Love doesn't exist Blaine."

"But surely you can't..."

"Can't what Blaine?!" Sebastian yelled and stood up, pacing the room. "Surely I can't believe that? Of course I fucking believe that. Love doesn't exist Blaine, it's a stupid concept that causes people to do things and hurt for no reason. No Blaine. I don't do love."

Blaine swallowed loudly, before asking a question he was fairly sure he knew the answer to already. "So if you don't 'do love', you'd never take a sub again?"

"No, I wouldn't."

And there was a finality in his tone that Blaine knew was directed toward, towards telling him to shut up and leave it.

"What's the reason for this anyway?" Sebastian narrowed his eyes. "Are you trying to tell me that you're in love with me? That you want to be my sub?"

"No!" Blaine yelled, and felt immediately guilty afterwards. But it was true, at least in part. He wasn't in love with Sebastian, at least not now, and he wasn't sure about being Sebastian's sub or not, but a small part of him wanted it, craved it.

Sebastian smirked, "Good, so are we done talking now? Because you look too delicious for me to not to fuck you."

Blaine felt his throat go dry, "Sebas..." He was cut off by the feel of Sebastian's mouth hard on his, and his protests got caught in his throat.

Sebastian tugged at the belt loops of Blaine's jeans, mouth never leaving his, as they stumbled into the bedroom.

Sebastian pulled away and attached his mouth to Blaine's neck, causing him to let out soft moans.

"Strip for me, Blaine." Sebastian whispered into his ear before stepping back.

Blaine nodded, pulled his sweatshirt and tshirt of together before undoing his belt and stripping his jeans off. It was at Sebastian's strict nod when he looked up that he pulled down his black boxer briefs.

"Gorgeous Blaine. You're body is so hot." Sebastian licked his lips and smiled, and his voice dropped into a lower register. "Knees for me."

Blaine knelt immediately, feeling the tension begin to leave his body as he did so. This is what he wanted, what his body needed. He didn't have to worry, the tension from the earlier conversation was seeping out of his body. All he had to worry about was pleasing his Dom.

"So good Blaine." Sebastian unzipped his jeans as he walked over to Blaine, stopping right in front of him.

"Suck me off." He ordered.

Blaine's hands immediately came up to the bulge in front of his face and he pulled out Sebastian's cock, already rock hard, and took it into his mouth.

Blaine closed his eyes, relishing in the feeling of Sebastian's dick hard in his mouth. It'd been so long since their last time, and Blaine felt he could breathe again. He knew how to do this, how to let someone take control and just listen and obey.

Blaine opened his mouth wider, taking Sebastian all the way in until he hit the back of his throat. Sebastian held his head there and Blaine began swallowed around his cock, humming as he did so.

"Fuck Blaine. You're so good at that."

Blaine moaned in appreciation as Sebastian pulled away, only to snap his hips forward again, fucking Blaine's mouth with abandon.

Blaine just held his mouth open, feeling his cock harden even more at the feeling of Sebastian using him like this. He traced the vein along the bottom of Seb's cock and swirled it over the head and sucked. Sebastian let out a deep groan and pulled away. Blaine stared up at him, eyes hungry and needy.

"On the bed," rasped Sebastian. "Lay down on your back, arms over your head and legs spread."

Blaine obeyed immediately, falling into the space of listening to Sebastian's orders with ease.

"I'm going to blindfold you, okay?"

Blaine nodded.

"Words, Blaine," demanded Sebastian.

Blaine swallowed thickly, "Yes Sebastian."

"Good."

Blaine felt the soft fabric come over his eyes, blocking his vision and heightening every other sense. He felt the familiar feel of the cuffs around his wrists as Sebastian attached his hands to the headboard.

"I'm not going to bind your legs, but I expect you to keep them open for me."

"Yes sir." Blaine whispered, relishing in the feeling of being tied down.

Sebastian leaned down, catching Blaine in surprise and capturing his mouth in a searing kiss. Blaine allowed his mouth to fall open easily when Sebastian ran his tongue along his bottom lip.

Blaine moaned into the kiss, Sebastian's tongue massaging his own. His hands flexed above him, itching to touch but loving the feeling of being denied.

Blaine whined as Sebastian pulled away. He chuckled, leaning up to whisper to Blaine, "I'm going to fuck you so hard. Would you like that Blaine? My cock in your ass? You won't even be able to touch me or see me, all you'll feel is my cock. Is that what you want?"

"Oh god," Blaine moaned, cock hard and leaking as he squirmed on the bed. "Please, please Sebastian."

"Please what?" Blaine couldn't see it, but he knew Sebastian was smirking.

"Fuck, oh shit!" Blaine yelled as Sebastian attached his mouth to Blaine's right nipple and sucked. All Blaine could focus on was the feeling of Sebastian's mouth on him.

"That wasn't an answer Blaine." Sebastian smacked his ass before latching onto his left nipple.

Blaine moaned, trying to remember how to string two words together. "Please, fuck me sir, please."

Sebastian chuckled and kissed Blaine hard. "You're so pretty when you beg."

Blaine whined, chasing Sebastian's mouth as he pulled away before letting out a soft gasp as he felt a finger circling his opening.

He heard the tell-tale sound of a lid popping open and shut and Sebastian's slick finger was back circling his hole.

He pressed in slowly and Blaine let out a sharp gasp. He could only focus on the feeling of the finger in his ass. Sebastian forced it all the way in and Blaine moaned as e pulled out, immediately slipping in a second one.

"Sebastian..." Blaine groaned and fucked back on to Sebastian's fingers. "Move, please, I need...I need you to move."

Sebastian smirked, latching onto Blaine's neck and sucking a hickey into his pulse point, his fingers moving at an unrelenting pace as he slipped a third in.

"Are you ready for my cock?"

Sebastian traced Balines ear with his tongue and breathed hotly on it, causing Blaine to squirm beneath him, arms flexing as he pulled on the cuffs holding him.

And then Sebastian was gone. Blaine felt cold as he heard a soft rip and Sebastian's groan as he rolled the condom on.

Sebastian laid down on top of Blaine and kissed him harshly, nipping at Blaine's bottom lip and sucking it into his mouth. "Gonna fuck you so hard."

"Yes, please sir."

"Don't worry, I'll give you what you want." And at that, Sebastian slipped into Blaine and bottomed out.

He started moving slow, but it wasn't enough for Blaine. He needed to be fucked hard, to be taken.

"Faster Sebastian. Fuck me harder."

He felt Sebastian's hip speed up, fucking into Blaine at a relenting pace. Blaine writhed on the bed, getting lost in the feeling of being fucked deep and hard. It felt so good, lettin Sebastian take him like this. Sebastian was hitting his prostrate on every thrust and Blaine felt like he was going to explode.

"Don't come," Sebastian ordered. Blaine nearly started crying, the need to come overwhelming, but focusing on the warm feeling that rushed through him at being denied.

Sebastian kept him on edge like that for what felt like hours, harshly fucking Blaine and hitting his prostrate on every stroke.

"Want to come gorgeous?"

"Yes! Please, oh god, please I need it. I can't-"

Sebastian cut him off with a kiss. "Then come."

Blaine felt his orgasm rush through him, overtaking his sensations as the pleasure seared his veins as he felt Sebastian start coming as well. He was lost in the pleasure of it.

When he came down, he was breathing hard. His hands had been untied and were resting at his sides and he felt a soft tug as Sebastian pulled the blind fold off his eyes, holding out a bottle of water.

"Thanks," Blaine whispered, sitting up slowly and taking a drink.

Sebastian nodded and laid down next to Blaine in the bed, eyes slipping closed. "You can stay if you want."

Blaine nodded to himself. He wanted to stay, to curl up next to Sebastian and let his mind rest and simply bask in the afterglow. God, he needed that. But he couldn't. Sebastian wasn't his Dom, wouldn't be his Dom.

"Thanks, but I think I'm going to go."

Sebastian nodded his head as Blaine stood up and got dressed. As he was waking out of the bedroom, Sebastian whispered, "I care for you Blaine. I just can't love you."

Blaine held in a choked sob and closed the door without responding.

He pulled out his phone and immediately dialed, the person picking up on the first ring as Sebastian's apartment door closed behind him.

"Blaine?"

"Hey." Blaine choked out.

"What's wrong?"

Blaine sunk down against the wall outside Sebastian's apartment, head falling on to his knees. "I don't know what I'm doing Jeff..."

Chapter Twelve

Wednesday

"How's Sebastian?"

Blaine wasn't listening. He was curled into the right side of Kurt's leather couch, legs pulled against his chest as his arms wrapped around them. In his hands, he nursed a steaming cup of hot chocolate. He hadn't gone to school that day, instead he showed up at Kurt's doorstep earlier that morning, asking him to talk. But he'd already been there for an hour and still barely said more than two words.

He wasn't sure that he should be there; he'd probably caused Kurt to rearrange his schedule or something and that wasn't fair, even if he did feel like he was going to have a breakdown.

Blaine felt the insides of his stomach twist. What if Kurt didn't want him there? He probably didn't. Who wants to listen to his problems, it's not like they're important anyway. Sure, that's not what Jeff said last night, but Blaine knew that Jeff and Nick had been on their way to a club before he'd called.

"What's wrong?" asked Jeff, voice softening

Blaine could hear Jeff talking to Nick in the background, "...it's Blaine, Nick. No, you go ahead, I'll meet you at the club later. Love you too." He was about to tell him to forget it and call back later, he didn't want to interrupt their night, but Jeff cut him off before he could open his mouth. "What happened?"

"I don't know what I'm doing Jeff..." Blaine whimpered, rubbing his eyes and blinking away the tears that had started to form there.. "I just, what am I supposed to do?"

"Do about what, Blainey"

"Sebastian..." Blaine trailed off, not knowing how to say what had happened.

Jeff let out a harsh breath, responding in a clipped tone. "What did he do, Blaine?"

Blaine could hear the harshness in Jeff's tone, but he didn't want him to get the wrong idea. "I can hear the anger in your voice. "He didn't...he didn't hurt me, Jeff."

"Ha." Jeff let out, probably rolling his eyes at Blaine. "How am I supposed to believe that? You sound damn near broken, Blaine. What am I supposed to think?"

"I'm not broken." Blaine muttered, a few tears escaping and slipping down his cheeks. Blaine wiped them away harshly and sniffled.

"Shh, Blaine. I know you're not, I didn't mean it that way." Jeff said, trying to sooth Blaine. "How about you just tell me what happened? I'll keep my mouth shut and just listen, promise."

"Okay." Blaine responded before launching into the story of his day. He didn't want Jeff to think Sebastian was a bad guy. Sebastian wasn't a bad guy, he just, he just didn't want Blaine. And Blaine could be okay with that. The idea of having a Dom was a nice one, but he could live with what he had already with Sebastian. It would be fine.

"No, it won't Blaine." Jeff said, voice tight after listening to Blaine.

"What won't?"

"Just staying with Sebastian the way you have been and ignoring you needs. Nothing about that will be fine, Blaine."

"Yes it will. Look Jeff, we can't all be you and Nick. We can't all just fall in love and have everything be perfect." Blaine spat out.

Jeff let out an exasperated sigh, "You're 19, Blaine. Of course you can find that! Don't put all your hopes on Sebastian."

"If he doesn't want me, who will?" Blaine choked out, throat feeling tight as he spoke.

"Oh Blaine..." Jeff whispered, "There's a guy out there for you." He paused. "How's Kurt?"

"Kurt? What about him?"

Even though he couldn't see it, Blaine knew Jeff was rolling his eyes. "Have you seen him lately?"

"Yesterday..." Blaine trailed off, still unclear as to what Kurt had to do with anything they'd just been talking about..

"And how was that?"

"Um..good? I like spending time with him. He...he helped me so much yesterday." Blaine whispered the last part of the sentence, remembering how Kurt had been able to calm him down the minute he pulled him into a hug.

"Yeah?" Blaine couldn't detect the tone in Jeff's voice. "Helped how?"

Blaine swallowed; he had purposely not told Nick and Jeff about the fight with his father. He still remembered the time when Nick and Jeff went to his house after a particularly bad argument with his father. Blaine never felt as loved as he did in that moment, but he'd never been more scared of his Dad after they left "With, uh, with my dad."

Blaine could feel Jeff bristle over the phone. "What'd he do, Blaine?"

Blaine sighed. "It's not a big deal."

"Like hell it's not!" scoffed Jeff. "He's an ass."

"I know," Blaine agreed. "But he's my dad."

"Blaine..." Jeff started.

"No. It's fine. I talked to Kurt about it and he was...really great about it. He let me cry and held me. Although he seemed upset that I hadn't called him after it happened, but that's probably just because he was worried about me. He just helped, Jeff. He took...he took care of me. So I don't need you to go confront my dad or something equally stupid just because you're in Ohio until Thursday. I'm okay, really."

Jeff was quiet for a long time. "Alright Blaine. If you're sure."

Blaine nodded and the line fell silent. Blaine was going to hang up before a question came to mind. "Hey, Jeff?"

"Yeah?"

"Does...does Nick ever call you sweetheart?"

"Not really. He calls me gorgeous a lot."

Blaine smiled. "That's sweet."

"Mmm. Why? Who calls you sweetheart?"

"Kurt sometimes...a lot of the time."

Blaine could hear the smile in Jeff's voice when he responded. "He's a good guy."

Blaine nodded. "Thanks, Jeff."

"Blaine - Blaine, sweetie. Blaine!"

Blaine shook his head, focusing back on the room he was in and turning to face Kurt, hazel eyes meeting glasz He gave him a sheepish look.

"Sorry. What'd you say?"

Kurt looked worried but let it go.

"I asked how Sebastian was."

Blaine's back tensed. He wasn't sure where he stood with Sebastian anymore. Sebastian had said he cared about him, but did he still want to see Blaine? Did Blaine even want to see him?

"I don't...I don't know anymore."

Kurt's eyes softened and he moved over from the left side of the couch until he was next to Blaine. He wrapped one arm around his shoulders, pulling him into a sideways hug. His hand rested on the back of Blaine's neck, playing with the loose curls as Blaine rested his head on Kurt's shoulder.

"I went to his apartment yesterday. And talked. Or, meant to talk. I'm not really sure what happened."

Kurt continued rubbing at the base of Blaine's neck, helping relax him and take away some of the tension.

"How about you tell me what happened? Whatever you're comfortable with."

Blaine looked at Kurt, eyes full of surprise at how soft and caring Kurt's voice sounded. "You really care?"

Kurt rolled his eyes and bopped Blaine on the nose with his finger. "Of course I care."

Kurt's comment gave Blaine the courage to talk about what happened, and so he started talking. When he mentioned the ordeal with Sebastian's previous sub, Kurt didn't look surprised.

"I know Sebastian, sweetheart. I've heard about it."

So Blaine told him about Sebastian saying love didn't exist and how Blaine had lost all courage at that point and didn't tell Sebastian that that's what he wanted. And he told Kurt how he'd simply fallen into Sebastian's arms, because he liked Sebastian. Sebastian made him feel good, and being physically dominated like that was better than nothing, right?

"But that's not what you need." Kurt cut Blaine off mid-sentence.

"I wanted it, Kurt."

Kurt made a frustrated noise. "I know, Blaine. But is it what you really want? What you need?"

He knew what Kurt was searching for, what Kurt wanted him to say, but he stayed silent.

"Tell me Blaine, when you went to Sebastian's, what did you want to tell him?" There was no room to avoid the answer in the tone of Kurt's voice.

"That I wanted a Dom. Ever since I saw Brittany's collar last month, it's been on my mind. I don't know that I want a collar, at least not yet. I've seen Brittany's with hers, and Jeff doesn't have a collar, but he has a cuff. And I just, I want that. I want to have someone when I come home, someone to help me relax and to take my worries away. Someone to help me know what to do, someone I just make happy by listening to them. Someone to remind me to eat three times a day and to go to bed so I'm not always tired and hungry like I am now. I want someone that I love and that loves me, someone to...to just take care of me, Kurt!

Why is that so hard to find?!" Blaine was near hysterics by the end, broken sobs escaping as tears began to roll down his cheeks.

Kurt pulled Blaine fully into his arms, letting him cry into his neck as he rubbed his hands up and down Blaine's back, making soft soothing noises. "Shh, sweetheart. It's okay. You'll find that."

"No, I won't, Kurt!" Blaine sobbed into his neck, clutching at the soft fabric of his sweater. "Who'd want to love me or take care of me?"

"Oh Blaine...." Kurt sounded broken and just held Blaine tighter. He held him until Blaine's sobs died down and his eyes began to droop. Kurt laid him down on the couch, pulling a blanket over him and pushing the curls back from his forehead.

Blaine closed his eyes, letting the warmth from Kurt wash over him. He was almost asleep when felt Kurt place a kiss onto his forehead.

When Kurt whispered, "I'd take care of you sweetheart. I already love you," Blaine was sure it was nothing more than a dream.

Chapter Thirteen

Thursday

Blaine found himself standing outside of Santana and Brittany's front door. But he knew Brittany wasn't in there, Santana had made that much clear on her brief phone call.

Blaine didn't expect to get a phone call that day, let alone one from Santana. It'd been a few weeks since he'd last seen Santana outside of the club or sat down and had a real conversation with her. But he'd been woken by the incessant ringing of his cellphone that morning, followed by Santana telling him to come over for lunch that afternoon because they needed to have a little "chat."

So there Blaine stood, outside of Santana's apartment with no clue as to what awaited him inside. He lifted his hand to knock, but the door swung open before he could.

Santana stood there, dressed in a pinstripe suit with one hand resting on her hip, eyeing Blaine as though she was trying to see through him. "You breathe too loud Anderson. I knew you were out here for ten minutes. There's this marvelous invention known as knocking, heard of it?"

Blaine nodded absentmindedly, lowering his fist, and walking past Santana and into the apartment. He went into the living room, sitting down in the corner of the leather couch, hands twisting in his lap. There was no reason to be nervous, not really, but he knew Santana had called him for a reason, to *talk* about something, and Blaine wasn't sure what she could want, and knowing Santana, he was kind of afraid to find out.

"Damn, Blainers. Don't have a stroke on me now," Santana teased as she sat down in the chair across from Blaine, crossing her legs and leaning back into the cushion. Blaine was strongly reminded of a therapist's office.

"Now, tell Auntie 'Tana what's wrong."

Blaine's head jerked to face Santana from where he had turned to look out the window. Her expression remained unreadable; it almost looked as though she were *bored* with the conversation already.

"What makes you think something's wrong?" asked Blaine, voice slightly higher than normal.

Santana narrowed her eyes, "Porcelain called me."

Blaine swallowed, throat going dry. Of course Kurt had called her. After the way he'd run out of the apartment the other day, he couldn't say he was surprised.

Blaine woke to the smell of melted cheese, eyes fluttering open as he took in his surroundings. He was on Kurt's couch, a blanket covering him that Blaine didn't remember being there before. He could hear noises coming from the kitchen, a plate dropping and Kurt cursing, probably at his clumsiness. A small smile started forming on Blaine's face at the thought.

As Blaine's mind cleared and he became completely aware, he started to feel his nerves taking over. He'd just cried his eyes out on Kurt's couch. What was Kurt going to think of him now? Sure, Kurt was the one who invited him over, but once again it had turned into Blaine crying on Kurt's couch and Kurt comforting him. And Blaine couldn't deny how wonderful it felt, how completely safe he could feel with Kurt, but part of him felt guilty. It wasn't fair to do this to Kurt. To keep dumping all his problems on him and falling asleep on his couch after some tearful confession.

Blaine rubbed his hands over his eyes, letting out a long sigh and stretching his arms above his head to loosen his muscles. And that's when he remembered, arms dropping back down in shock. Kurt had told him he loved him.

Kurt loved him.

Someone finally loved him.

But Blaine couldn't believe it. It felt more like a dream than anything, and now that he was thinking about it, Blaine didn't think it was real. He doesn't even remember falling asleep earlier, just the feeling of safety and security in Kurt's arms. And that was probably it. His subconscious had just tapped into his want for someone to love him.

Kurt didn't actually love him.

No, that would be absurd.

"Oh good, you're awake!" exclaimed Kurt, walking into the living room with a bright smile on his face, interrupting Blaine's thoughts and surprising him.

"I started making dinner since you slept through lunch. Are you hungry?"

Blaine simply stared at Kurt, thoughts still jumbled. All he knew was that he couldn't do this right now. He couldn't sit down and have dinner and pretend everything was okay, when he wasn't sure what he was feeling.

Blaine threw the blanket off him, standing up abruptly and turning to face Kurt, hands immediately wringing in his typical nervous gesture.

"I...uhm...I can't?" Blaine said, but he sounded so unsure that it came out as a question.

Kurt simply raised an eyebrow and crossed his arms, watching Blaine.

Blaine swallowed, picking up his phone off the coffee table and slipping his jacket on.

"Yeah..." Blaine mumbled, eyes not meeting Kurt's. There was a strange feeling in his stomach, like his insides were twisting inside out at lying to Kurt, at the thought of lying to Kurt.

"I forgot, my – uhm – there's a, uhh, group project I have to m-meet with some people f-for," stuttered Blaine, turning towards the door and hoping that Kurt wouldn't question it.

"Okay..." Kurt said slowly, following Blaine towards the door and opening it for him, "Call me tomorrow?"

Blaine nodded, giving a small smile that didn't reach his eyes before stepping out of the apartment.

"Blaine?" Kurt asked, worry evident in his voice that made Blaine turn back around to look at Kurt. He saw nothing but care in the glasz eyes that stared back at him and he felt his stomach twisting again, a bad taste left on his tongue from lying.

"I'll call you tomorrow, Kurt."

Kurt nodded, eyes still watching Blaine, "Alright."

Blaine turned around, walking down the hallway towards the elevator; he didn't hear Kurt's door close until the elevator doors closed.

Blaine shook his head, trying to clear it, choosing to stare at a picture of Santana and Britt sitting on the side table instead of looking at Santana.

"What, uhm, what did Kurt tell you?" Blaine asked nervously.

"Not much."

Blaine sighed, unsure what Santana wanted him to say. He didn't even know what was going on in his own head, so how was he supposed to put it into words for Santana?

They sat in silence for almost ten minutes, Blaine continuously looking anywhere but Santana, even though he could feel her eyes on him. Finally, after what felt like hours to Blaine, Santana let out a loud sigh.

"Listen Anderson, I'm actually trying to help you here."

Blaine didn't respond. Should he talk about Sebastian? Should he tell her about what he'd dreamt about with Kurt and why he'd run out of his apartment? Why did Santana even care, sure she was a Dom...

Blaine cut his own thoughts off.

A Dom.

Blaine knew he had Sebastian and Kurt if he had any questions about Domination and submission, but Santana was neutral. Sebastian....he couldn't really *talk* to Sebastian. He could talk to Kurt, that was the reason for his entire freak out the other night, but Santana was neutral. She was *blunt* and *honest*. And Blaine got the strange feeling that she actually cared about what happened to him.

"Santana..."Blaine began, still unsure where to begin, so he simply said the first thing that came to mind, "How did you know when you were in love with Brittany?"

Santana raised an eyebrow, staring at Blaine for a minute before answering. "I just did. From the first moment I saw her, I loved her."

Blaine could hear the conviction in her voice, and he longed for someone to speak about him in the same way.

"And when she became your sub? How...how did you know that's what you wanted?"

Santana smirked, "Is that what the problem is Blainers?"

"I don't have a problem." Blaine stated defensively, crossing his arms across his chest and glaring at Santana, even though there was no fire in his eyes.

"Oh, but you do," said Santana, smirk growing wider on her face. "Tell me, is it Sebastian or Kurt?"

Blaine choked on his own spit at the mention of Kurt, "K-Kurt?"

"Don't play dumb with me. I know there's something going on there."

Blaine shook his head, mind reeling with Santana's implications. "Nothing's going on with me and Kurt."

"You're telling me your just friend with Porcelain?" Santana asked, disbelief evident in her voice.

"Well, we're friends..." Blaine started before he was cut off by a harsh laugh.

"*Just* friends? Don't you lie to me Curls," she narrowed her eyes at him, as though she could read his mind if she simply watched him long enough. Blaine squirmed under her gaze, feeling as though he was somehow failing a test.

"I'm not lying!" Blaine exclaimed, standing up quickly before he started pacing the room, stopping at the window to stare down at the window below. "Why would anything else be going on?"

Santana rolled her eyes and stood up, walking over to Blaine and leaning against the window sill. "Oh, I don't know," she began sarcastically, staring at Blaine until he made eye contact, "Maybe because you're in love with each other?"

Blaine's jaw dropped, mind short-circuiting at Santana's words. *In love with each other?* No, that was... Santana was wrong. Kurt didn't love him, Kurt couldn't love him. Sure, Blaine felt safe with Kurt. He always wanted to see him and was the first person he wanted to call when he had something to say or when something had happened, whether it was good or bad, but that didn't mean he *loved* Kurt. He couldn't love Kurt; that just wasn't possible. They were simply friends, just close friends, nothing more.

"You're delusional," replied Blaine, walking away from the window to sit down on the couch again. Santana turned around, resting against the window ledge and crossing her arms.

"You two are such idiots," Santana muttered quietly, but Blaine heard it anyway.

"You're the idiot," Blaine replied petulantly.

Santana snorted softly, smiling at the words before rolling her eyes. "Stop deflecting. You know you want to be Porcelains."

"Even if that *was* true, he wouldn't want me to be his," Blaine mumbled, arms curling around himself in a familiar form of protection from any sense of rejection. "He's never dominated me, he's never even *tried* to dominate me."

"Now you're just lying," Santana said immediately, no room for argument in her tone.

"I'm not. He's never done anything like Sebastian We've never, I mean, you know..." Blaine trailed off.

Santana stared at Blaine, confusion evident on her face, but as Blaine's neck started to grow red and the blush reached the tips of his ears, Santana began to realize what the problem was.

"Blaine..." she began slowly, walking over to sit down next to Blaine on the couch and watched his face closely. "What do you think domination is?"

"What do you mean? What do you think I've been doing with Sebastian?"

Blaine looked at Santana, watching her face morph into one of sympathy and concern. Her eyes softened, one hand reaching up to run through Blaine's curls as she smiled sadly at him.

"You couldn't be more wrong."

"What?"

"I said, you couldn't be more wrong. Domination and submission is about so much more than what happens in the bedroom. In fact, that's only one small part of it."

Blaine stared at Santana, unsure what she was trying to tell him.

"What do you mean?"

Santana sighed, mumbling something about needing vodka before rolling her shoulders back and looking at Blaine as though they were about to go into battle.

"When you think about being someone's sub, what does that mean to you? And I don't mean what you do with Sebastian. That's submitting to someone, that's not being someone's sub."

Mind reeling, Blaine took a few minutes to think, the question feeling oddly similar to what Kurt had asked him the other night.

"I think...I think about being someone's. About having someone that loves me, but it's more than that. They, they take care of me. Someone to go to when life overwhelms me, someone I can simply give up control to and not have to worry about anything. Someone that, when I'm with them, I can just *be*. I'm safe, I'm cared for, I'm loved..." Blaine let his words taper off, falling silent.

Santana nodded, a calculating look on her face as she took in her words before she smiled.

"I want you to answer the next questions without thinking, just say the first answer that comes to mind." Blaine turned his head to the side, looking at Santana in confusion before he nodded his head, motioning for Santana to start.

"Who takes care of you?"

"Kurt."

"Who do you feel safe with?"

"Kurt."

"Who do you feel comfortable giving up *complete* control to?"

"K-kurt."

"Who do you want to collar you?"

"Ku-Kurt."

"Who do you want to be your *Dom*?"

Blaine paused. He knew the answer, it was on the tip of his tongue, but he couldn't bring himself to say Kurt's name again. He couldn't make it real, because if he did, then he'd have to deal with Kurt's rejection. Sebastian's rejection had stung, it had left him feeling upset and a bit out of control, but imagining Kurt rejecting him, whether about being his Dom or simply being his *friend*, Blaine couldn't even begin to comprehend the idea. He could handle Sebastian not being in his life, he could handle not being dominated by Sebastian at times. He *couldn't* handle Kurt not being there.

"I can't..." Blaine whimpered, leaning into Santana's shoulder, "I can't, Santana. He wouldn't...he wouldn't want – "

"Bullshit." Santana replied harshly, cutting Blaine off midsentence. "If you think for one second Porcelain wouldn't want to be your Dom then you're delusional."

"But he's never..."

"If you say he's never dominated you, you're still delusional."

"But he hasn't! He's never done *anything* like Sebast – "

"Blaine!" Santana yelled, frustration seeping through, "How many times do I have to point this out? It's *different*. Are you honestly going to tell me Kurt's never told you to finish a meal? That his voice has never taken on a hard exterior where it's clearly a command? That he's never cut off a conversation he didn't want to discuss? That he doesn't tell you to take care of himself? That he doesn't do little subtle acts that make you feel safe and like your worries are washing away? You're telling me none of that has happened?"

Blaine stayed silent. He didn't have an answer for Santana, because that *had* happened. He remembers the times where Kurt reminded him to eat when he mentioned he'd skipped lunch for class, Kurt always buying his coffee for him and never letting Blaine pay. But mainly, the feeling Blaine remembered was the sense of weightlessness that he had sometimes when he was around Kurt; like he was free from everything life had thrown at him.

"That's what I thought."

"But, Sebastian..."

Santana sighed, rubbing a hand across her forehead, "Sure, Sebastian has dominated you, but he's not your Dom. Tell me, outside of when you've had sex, has Sebastian done any of what I just said?"

"No," Blaine replied immediately.

"So, tell me again, who do you really want to be your Dom?"

"Kurt" Blaine said, this time without any type of hesitation.

Blaine let out a long sigh, letting his head fall onto Santana's shoulder as his eyes fluttered closed. He'd never felt so downright exhausted after a conversation.

"Santana..." Blaine whispered after they'd sat in silence for a while, Santana's hand rubbing soothing circles into his upper back, "what do I do?"

"You take a deep breath," she said, waiting until he did so before standing up. "And you go out to the club with me and Britt tomorrow night."

She walked into the kitchen, coming back out with her cellphone, holding it out to Blaine.

Blaine took the phone, looking at Santana with confusion, "What's this for?"

"Call him."

Blaine shook his head, "And say what, exactly?"

Santana didn't answer, simply winking at Blaine before walking out of the room again.

Blaine stared at the phone in his hand for a long minute. What was he supposed to say to Kurt? *Sorry for crying on your shoulder and then leaving, but come out to the club with me and Santana tomorrow anyway? Oh. And by the way, I think I might be in love with you.* Sure, he wanted to see Kurt. He wanted to go out and

have fun, not sit and cry. But Blaine wasn't sure how he should act around Kurt now. Did he tell him what he and Santana talked about, or does he pretend that everything's normal and nothing's changed?

Blaine took a deep breath, trying to clear his mind and stop the incessant thoughts. This was *Kurt*. Everything would be fine. He looked up Kurt's name and pressed call, ignoring the confusion in his mind for the moment.

The phone rang for a while, and just as Blaine was about to hang up, there was a click and then Kurt's voice filtered through, "What do you want, Santana?"

Blaine bit his lip at the annoyance in Kurt's voice.

"Kurt?" he asked hesitantly.

"Blaine?" Kurt asked, voice softening.

"Yeah," Blaine mumbled, swallowing the lump in his throat.

The sound of papers being shuffled and a door closing was all Blaine heard for a minute. "Why are you calling me from Satan's phone?"

"I, um, I said I'd call?"

Kurt chuckled softly, "That you did."

They both went silent while Blaine tried to get his thoughts in order.

"How are you?" Kurt asked, voice so soft Blaine thought he had to be whispering.

"I'm fine."

"Blaine..." Kurt reprimanded.

"I'm better than I was yesterday."

The line went silent again, and Blaine knew that Kurt was going to ask him more, but he wasn't ready for that yet. He wasn't ready to talk about his day with Kurt and what he was feeling, not when everything still felt so raw. So instead he cut Kurt off before he could start.

"Santana invited, or well, *demande*d, that I go out with her and Britt to the club tomorrow. Do you...do you want to come with me?" Blaine asked softly, biting his lip as he waited for Kurt to respond.

"Are you sure you're ready to go out like that?"

"Why wouldn't I be?"

"Don't sound so angry, I'm just worried about you sweetheart. You had a long day yesterday, and the club's crowded, and I know Santana can be a handful, plus you might run into Sebastian there and I don't want you to have to worry about seeing him again."

Blaine took a deep breath, overwhelmed again by how much Kurt seemed to care.

"It'll be okay, Kurt. I just want to have a fun night out with you and not have to worry about anything else."

Kurt didn't respond.

"Besides," Blaine teased, "if Sebastian shows up, I know you'll protect me from him."

"Of course I would." Blaine heard the smile in Kurt's voice, as well as the determination there that told Blaine that Kurt actually would protect him if the need arose.

Blaine laughed nervously, "Great, so uhm, I'll see you tomorrow then?"

"Alright," Kurt agreed, a slight bit of apprehension still clear, "Tomorrow."

Blaine smiled, "Bye, Kurt."

"Bye, Blaine."

Blaine hung up the phone, a smile still on his face. Sure he'd asked Kurt to hang out before, and it wouldn't be their first time going to the club together either, but something about tomorrow felt different. It felt right in a way it just never had before.