

The Grass Is Much Greener With Us On It

by

coatofstars

Porn star AU || NC-17

Blaine and Kurt are both pornstars, and pretty damn good ones at that. They know their business is all about being gorgeous and fucking other gorgeous people. So why are they so incredibly drawn to one other? Is it just the fact that the sex is blisteringly hot, or is it something more?

General warnings: lots of porn without plot, barebacking in scenes outside of porn, and plenty of kinks, with Kurt as a bottomy-bottom and Blaine as a toppy-top, though there will be a few instances of versatility if I can swing it, cause that gets me hot. I've also made Blaine older than Kurt in this (late 20s vs. Kurt's 21), because c'mon, Darren Criss does NOT look younger than Chris Colfer! Other kinks will be listed on a chapter-to-chapter basis.

Note: The author would like to stress the fact that this is currently unedited, unproofread and unbetaed. A revised version will be available in the future.

coatofstars.tumblr.com || glee-kink-meme.livejournal.com/19682.html?thread=21922018

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Prologue

On an average day, Jon Constazi comes face-to-face with four round, tight, beautiful asses.

They're not women's asses, unfortunately, and Jon isn't the lucky guy who gets to plow them, even more unfortunately. But he got in to the gay porn industry because he has an eye for beauty, and he certainly enjoys the opportunity to admire something beautiful up close and personal, even if he has to do so with his camera instead of his dick. He took enough art classes in college to understand that it's more about aesthetics than sexuality, and besides, his friend in the straight business has no problem casting petite Sasha Grey and wholesomely-blondie Hillary Scott, despite his own preferences for biker chicks with big tits.

Yeah, he's seen a lot of ass in his day...but this one's pretty exceptional. The cheeks are perfectly round--Jon would use the phrase "bubble butt" if he didn't find it so irritatingly childish--and absolutely smooth; it's clear this actor waxes every inch of his body and conducts a pain-staking exfoliation and moisturization routine to prevent ingrown hairs. The ass is preceeded by exceptionally long legs, clad in shiny thigh-high boots with come-fuck-me-heels, and preceeds a taut, lightly-muscled torso.

"And what's *your* name, sweetheart?" he asks, slowly raising the camera up. The actor shifts slightly, bending further over the kitchen counter, but tilts his head back to look right in to the lens with a coy expression. His cheekbones and jawline are exquisite, sharp and boyish, the front of his hair is swept back in a stylish quiff, and his eyes--sweet lord, his eyes are *amazing*, almond-shaped and expressive and almost teal in color.

"Kurt," the actor says in a high, sultry voice, "Kurt Hummer."

"And what are you here to do today, Kurt?" Jon asks, allowing his camera to pan back down Kurt's body and focus on that perfect ass.

"I'm here to suck two big cocks," Kurt replies. This twink's new--Jon's read his file--but he's already a major star, and the camera man can already see why: he's a born actor, emitting the right amount of blithe sexiness and boyish innocence while carefully angling his body so it looks its absolute best on film.

He reaches out to stroke Kurt's ass, spreading the bottoms of the cheeks a little with his thumb, snapping the black spandex shorts a little around the top of his left thigh and eliciting a happy little "hmm" from the actor. Jon's straight, no doubt about it--the slight bulge of Kurt's testicles, barely visible in the shadow of the kitchen counter, does absolutely nothing for him--but it's porn, and it's an unwritten rule that the guy who introduces the stars is expected to get a bit handsy. "And, ah...the two lucky guys who have these cocks...they're upstairs going out of their fucking minds."

"Oh?" Kurt says, and Jon wishes he could have a dozen cameras on this kid at once, because the way he just bit his lip and rolled his shoulders was fucking porno *gold*.

"Yes sir, they are *beyond* excited to get a piece of you. Any idea why that is?"

Kurt makes a considering noise and shifts his weight on to one leg; Jon would be lying if he said the way it made the twink's ass cheeks tighten up wasn't thrilling. "I think it's because I'm pretty popular," Kurt said after a moment, his voice genuine and without conceit. "And I think I'm so popular because I like to please everyone. I do my best."

"And you're good at what you do, yeah?"

A smirk, which Jon managed to catch just as he zoomed out a little, and a sultry "yeah."

"You think it has anything to do with this ass of yours?"

Kurt put on a show, tilting his head back and glancing upwards, biting his lip and humming. He shifted his weight again, flexing his muscles, and ok, there was *no way* this kid didn't realize how hot that looked and wasn't using it to his advantage. "Um, maybe."

"Why don't you show me that perfect butt? Take those shorts down, nice and slow."

Kurt did as he was told, hooking his thumbs in the waistband of his spandex hot pants and twirling his hips in small circles as he pulled them down, slowly but steadily revealing inch after inch of glowing, peachy skin. He stopped at the swell of his ass, as the shorts got a little stuck, then tugged a bit with his thumbs until the spandex suddenly slid all the way off of his ass with a soft snapping sound. Jon sucked in a surprised breath.

"Jesus," he whispered, reaching a hand back out to stroke the soft skin and part the cheeks again. Kurt leaned forward again and pushed his ass out, which spread his ass even more and revealed his dusky pink hole to the camera. "Je-sus. You like having big cocks in this pretty ass, sweetheart?"

"Oh, I *love* a big cock in my ass," replied Kurt, voice low and growly. "In fact, I like as many big, hard cocks in my tight little ass as I can get."

"You gonna take some cock in the ass today?"

"Not today," the twink replied simply, reaching back with his own hands to spread and squeeze his cheeks. Jon scowled a little. Yeah, it was a stupid question, considering this was a big-cocks-and-blowjobs feature, but he was still disappointed.

"But we'll get some hummers, yeah?"

Kurt laughs, and the sound is bright and musical. Jon feels his heart swell with fondness. "That's my name, and I'm gonna wear it out."

"Well, why don't you drop those shorts on the floor and we'll head upstairs to meet those two fuckers, yeah?"

Kurt turned around, shot the camera a coy smile, and stepped out of his shorts with an excited "'kay." He walked towards the stairs leisurely, peering over his shoulder at the camera with a "come hither" look he'd clearly mastered, then turned around completely and began his ascent. Jon kept the camera trained on the actor, loving the soft click-clack of his heels on the stairs and the exaggerated sway of his hips that bounced his ass cheeks up and down, up and down.

Today, Jon thought to himself as Kurt rounded a corner and strutted in to the room where the other two porn actors waited, *is definitely a good today*.

One

Blaine Randolph Roberto Anderson, better known to the industry as Blaine Warbler, has an absolutely *gorgeous* cock.

Now, don't go thinking he's self-centered or anything like that. He's actually a genuinely nice, modest guy, who feels a little insecure about his 5'10" height and spends a good hour every day fighting with his hair, but is also completely aware of just how fantastic his package is. He knows because it's what got him to where he is today.

He'd been at a bar near Columbia, wallowing in self-pity because he was so sick of the business courses his father had all but forced him to take, when Max Ernstien had noticed him.

Well, Max hadn't really noticed *Blaine*--he'd noticed Blaine's penis.

"God, that is a fantastic dick."

Blaine jumped a little, his last few drops of piss almost missing the urinal. "Um...thanks." He zipped up quickly, almost snagging his dick in his haste, and considered rushing out of the bathroom without washing his hands. Before he could even turn around, however, the guy was in front of him, his own limp dick still hanging out of his unbuttoned trousers as he extended a hand towards Blaine.

"Woah, hey, I don't know--"

"Ah, calm down, kid, I ain't gay," the guy chuckled, pulling his hand back and fastening his pants. "Got an old lady back in Los Angeles and two kids in college. Drive me crazy, but I love 'em to death. No, you might say I'm a...talent scout."

Blaine's eyes narrowed. "...a talent scout."

"Yeah, sort of--"

"A talent scout who hangs around in bathrooms."

The guy laughed again, completely non-plussed, and strolled over to the sinks to wash his hands. Blaine kept his distance. "I'm not 'hanging out,' kid; I'm taking a leak." His eyes darted back down to Blaine's crotch as he dried off his hands; Blaine barely resisted the urge to cover himself with his hands. "How big would you say you are, hard?"

A pause. Then: "Excuse me?"

"How big do you think your dick is when it's hard? Oh, hey--kid, wait!" Blaine had tensed like a deer in the headlights and bolted for the bathroom door, but the guy was surprisingly quick for a chubby old man.

"Get your hands off me, you little--"

"Look, kid, it's not like that!" The guy was shouting to be heard over Blaine's tirade, but he still looked fucking amused, much to the younger man's irritation. "Here, let me show you my card..."

He popped out a stack of crisp white business cards and handed one to Blaine, who regarded it warily...then gasped in shock.

"You're a gay porn producer?" The older man--now identified as "Max Ernstien"--merely smiled and nodded.

"What would you be 'scouting' me for?"

"Oh, kid," Max replied with a chuckle, reaching out to pat Blaine's shoulder, "you have no idea what you look like, do you?"

It had taken some persuading, but after 3 days of Thad's incessant nagging--"Dude, I'm not even gay and I would take that job!"--Blaine had agreed to fly out to LA and check out Max's company. He'd been careful to buy the plane ticket before informing his father of his plans, and rightly so: Randolph Anderson had cut all ties with his son after he'd found out, and that included repossessing several 5-figure checking accounts. Max had assured him that he'd have a place to stay, however, with another star he'd discovered in New Orleans a few years back.

"JP is a real swell guy," Max assured a nervous Blaine. "You're gonna love him."

The apartment door swung open and revealed a lithe young man with messy auburn hair and brilliant ice-blue eyes that blinked owlshly in the light. His skin was lightly tanned and his cheeks were smattered with barely-there freckles. Clad only in a pair of shameful boxer briefs and a nipple ring, he was the most beautiful thing Blaine had ever seen.

"JP!" Max roared, sweeping the redhead up in to his arms with fatherly enthusiasm.

"Max," replied JP, though his eyes were on Blaine. "How was your trip?"

"Long and full of bimbos and crying babies, but you know how it is. Mind if we come in?"

JP stepped out of Max's embrace and to the left, gesturing towards the door. Max bounded inside, followed closely by Blaine, who stared down at the ground and tried not to notice the intensity of JP's gaze. Once inside, Max helped himself to a beer from the fridge and offered one to Blaine, who declined with a demure shake of his head.

"So you're the new guy?"

Blaine jumped back a little, surprised by the soft, lilting voice that had whispered directly in to his ear. JP was just a scant few inches away from him, his smooth body radiating heat while his icy eyes seemed to pierce straight through his skin and make it itch.

"Ah, yeah, I'm--" he licked his lips and swallowed, attempting to smooth out his suddenly-dry mouth "--I'm Blaine Warbler."

JP's lips quirked up in to a small smile. "Cute. Bottom?"

"Awe, Jacques, don't be ridiculous," Max interrupted, handing the redhead a beer before plopping his considerable bulk on to the couch. "Blaine here's got a dick that was made to fuck twink ass til next Tuesday."

Blaine was sure his face was absolutely beet red. Yeah, he'd agreed to give the industry a try knowing full well what kind of industry it was, but he still wasn't used to the rough language and blatant sexuality. JP, however, seemed completely unphased, perhaps even a little aroused, his brilliant eyes opening impossibly wide and his smile brightening. "Is that so?"

"Ah," Blaine chuckled anxiously, "yeah, so Max tells me."

But the folks who forked out the cash and the directors who selected the talent hadn't agreed with Max in the slightest. They'd eyed Blaine critically and declared that he was too small, too charming, too boy-next-door-handsome to be a top or even a versatile, and they'd insisted he establish himself as a bottom. Max had thrown a tremendous fit--*"I know what works, and this guy's a born fucking top; yeah, this short guy, you little shit"*--but the directors wouldn't budge. They made it quite clear that Blaine could either bottom and bottom only, or fly his corn-fed, midwestern ass back to Ohio and beg for his father's mercy.

So Blaine bottomed, to the best of his ability, for his first few scenes. They were really good scenes, too; Blaine enjoyed spending time at the gym and had an ass and a pair of thighs that drove men absolutely crazy, and his second scene with an archetypical bear who had pounded him from behind for 10 minutes straight was still one of his favorites. And his co-stars were wonderful people, people who laughed good-naturedly when Blaine was openly shocked by how friendly and non-chalant porn stars could be, chatting about tacos or a new nephew whilst refreshing their lube mid-scene, but wonderful, helpful, accepting people, nonetheless. But that was the problem: the scenes he starred in were just "really good." Blaine Warbler (nee Randolph Roberto Anderson) was a perfectionist, and only "excellent" would suffice.

Then, on that fateful October Thursday, Blaine had accompanied JP to the set of his newest film, a big-budget steampunk porn loaded to the brim with A-list adult film stars and surprisingly cutting-edge special effects. JP had been cast as a human-fox hybrid lab assistant (complete with animatronic ears and terracotta-red eyeshadow that made his blue eyes positively glow), specifically designed to pleasure his "evil scientist" master.

Yet when it came time for JP's big anal scene in the observatory, there was no evil scientist to be found.

"Fuck, fuck, fuck!" the casting director swore. "Where the fuck is Derrick? Justin, have you seen Derrick?"

"Not since last week when we filmed that Wuthering Heights flick."

"Fuck! Did he fucking call? Justin, did he fucking call?"

"No, Angie, he fucking didn't."

"FUCK!" Angie ripped her headset off of her head and flung it across the room, barely missing one of JP's animatronic ears. "How the fuck am I supposed to film a steampunk porn with no fucking steampunk doctor?!"

"Um," Blaine piped up, wincing when Angie turned on him and glared murderously. "Maybe Pierce A. Hole can play the scientist? I saw him in the lobby this morning--"

"No, he can't play the lead scientist, you fucking imbecile; he's the fucking robot the rival scientist created to fuck Dr. Clockcock through the mattress in his fucking sleep! Who fucking asked you anyway, numbnuts?!"

Blaine had slowly but surely curled up in to himself throughout Angie's tirade until he was practically half his size, arms wrapped tight around his torso and head bowed low, lip almost bitten through, eyes watering. He turned to leave, absolutely humiliated, but a hand grabbed his shoulder and stopped him.

"Let Blaine play Dr. Clockcock," said JP.

Angie scoffed. "What, this fucking nancy boy? People are supposed to believe that he's a sex-crazed mad scientist, hellbent on enslaving every hot twink in the northern hemisphere for his own personal fuck palace? Bull-fucking-shit." JP glared at the director, but she merely looked past him, searching the back of the room. "Is Yuri here? Tell him we'll do his fucking sex machine scene today and just fucking squeeze all of fucking Derrick's shit in tomorrow--"

"We can't," a photographer interrupted. "This room is booked through next month for that big Lord Byron picture Twinks Unlimited is working on. It's gotta get done today or we can't do the observatory scene at all."

"Can't do the--what the FUCK?!" Angie screamed, kicking a camera and eliciting a scowl from the cameraman behind it. "How the FUCK do you think we can have a fucking STEAMPUNK PORN without a FUCKING OBSERVATORY SCENE?!"

"All this fuss," JP said coolly, "and you could just give Blaine the part and have your stupid observatory scene."

The director threw her hands up. "You know what, Creole McFag-enstein? Fine! YOU--" she stalked over and jabbed a terrified Blaine in the chest with one stubby finger. "--get your cock out."

Blaine nearly protested. He had enough trouble performing under pressure, not even considering how petrified he was in the face of this completely evil (but yes, completely talented) director. Then JP whipped around, stared him right in the eye, and squeezed Blaine's crotch, eliciting a gasp from the dark-haired man.

"Get good and hard," JP growled, rubbing his fingers over Blaine's jean-clad balls, "and you can put this bitch in her place and fuck the shit out of me."

Blaine gaped for a moment. Then his mouth set in a firm line, his eyes flicked down to JP's lips, and his hands drifted to his fly...

"Hello?" Angie sniped. "I haven't got all fucking day! Time is money, you fucking--"

In one swift motion, JP pivoted to the side, yanked open Blaine's jeans, and whipped out his cock. He pumped his hand a few times, bringing the other man to full hardness and eliciting a gasp from not only Blaine, but the director as well.

"Well?" JP asked with a smirk.

Angie shook herself and pretended to be unimpressed, though her eyes stayed glued to Blaine's crotch. "Yeah, yeah, 8 inches long, I've seen it before. And circumcised, UGH." Despite her harsh tone, she glanced briefly at Blaine's face, clearly taking in how his polo accentuated his firm biceps and his honey-gold eyes caught the light. "You're, what, barely 2 inches in diameter?"

"A little over 3," Blaine said as steadily as possible. JP positively purred and gave his dick a congratulatory squeeze.

"A little over 3," mumbled Angie. She chewed on a finger nail, eyes darting back and forth between Blaine's face and Blaine's cock, still receiving a teasing handjob from JP. Blaine caught her eye and dared to quirk an eyebrow; she almost smiled, but managed to catch herself at the last minute.

"That'll do, pig. That'll do. Go back to costuming and see if they can find some pants that'll fit your fucking midget legs--this shit's gonna make or break us."

By the end of the week, Blaine had filmed almost a dozen sex scenes and topped exclusively in all but one of them; by the time the New Year rolled around, *Dr. Clockcock's Steam-Twink Menagerie* was a runaway success, and Blaine Warbler was a star to be reckoned with.

Some people said that Blaine just "hadn't liked bottoming," and it was the sheer release of pent-up toppy-ness that made his scenes so astonishingly good. Blaine didn't agree in the slightest, and he says so in interviews, remaining as humble (albeit aware of his marketability) as ever. He actually enjoys bottoming immensely, though not on a regular basis and only with the right guys, and he has the utmost respect for men who feel their absolute sexiest with a dick up their ass. But there was something about topping that unleashed his inner sexual poet. That first time topping on film, he had worshipped JP's body with his tongue for an hour, rimming the redhead until he cried and lost all coherency-- "*yeah, s'fuckin'good, yeah yeah yeah*"--then pounded his big cock in to JP's willing mouth and asshole for just as long, spewing filth all the while-- "*Let me fuck your MOUTH - God, you are so fucking NASTY, baby, yes, suck my big cock - your pretty ass just loves my dick, doesn't it, baby? - FUCK, yeah, yeah, bounce on it, bounce on my fucking dick, bounce that beautiful ass on my fucking dick.*"

(It was the dirty talk that surprised him the most, actually, when he began his career as a versatile top, considering his repertoire as a bottom had consisted of a small set of whimpers and whines and a few cooed *ooos* and *yeah daddys*.)

But all of this is, in retrospect, irrelevant. All you need to know is that Blaine Warbler has an absolutely gorgeous cock, and he's standing next to his old friend Yuri Yank, waiting for Kurt Hummer to come in and suck both of their dicks, and he's absolutely not nervous about it, not nervous at all.

And then he hears a clicking sound: a pair of legs in high-heeled boots, strutting slowly towards him.

Two

Warnings: double blowjob (which includes lots of fluids and some deep throating), intergluteal sex, facials.

"Oh, Blaine, this kid is fan-tas-teek," Yuri tells Blaine with a cheesy grin as he reaches down to squeeze his cock through his trousers. "I worked with him last week and it was one of the best scenes of my career. Real snappy dresser, great sense of humor. Plus he sucks like a fucking Hoover."

Blaine smiles back weakly, trying to mask his nervousness, and turns to stare at the camera operator and photographer stationed right in front of them, just to the right of the couch. Yes, he's famous for pleasing his partners--on and off screen--like no other, but Kurt Hummer is breath-takingly gorgeous and *totally* his type: tall and lithe, with a regal bearing and the most beautiful eyes Blaine's ever seen, especially when there's a streak of cum dangling precariously close to his long, fluttery lashes. He's requested bookings with Kurt numerous times in the past, only to find out that their schedules conflicted or that the production company wanted a specific pairing for the day's scene. Now he's finally going to work with the rising star, but they've booked Blaine for a blowjob flick with *Yuri Yank*, of all people.

It's not that Blaine dislikes Yuri. In fact, Yuri's one of his dearest industry friends; they've done several films together, including a really famous scene in *Jocks and Cocks 7* that involved a mid-scene top/bottom reversal and soccer shin guards, and they often hang out at major events. But Yuri is also one of the few industry guys who still makes Blaine feel insecure and lesser-than, thanks to his broad 6'6" frame, sexy Russian accent, and absolutely *incredible* cock, which is uncircum sized and curves downward dramatically.

Still, he reasons, it's better than working with somebody I hate.

The sound of high heels hitting the floor grows louder and louder, and Blaine can't help but fidget in place, pressing his left palm against his hard cock and running his free hand through his lightly-gelled curls in an attempt to tame them. He catches sight of Kurt's silhouette, thrown in shadow by the cameraman following close behind, and takes in the broad shoulders and trim waist, making his dick twitching in the confines of his jeans. Then Kurt slinks in to the room, takes a few steps towards the couch, and *JesusfuckingChristYES*, turns to the right and locks eyes with Blaine. He looks momentarily shocked, as if he's never seen Blaine before (and Blaine knows Kurt has to have seen him before, based on the sheer number of box covers his naked body has graced), then quirks the corner of his lips up in to a half-smile.

The photographer steps forward and motions towards the couch. "Kurt, if you just wanna pose for a moment--we'd like a few shots for the DVD bonus features."

"Sure," Kurt replies, but his eyes stay fixed on Blaine, even as he settles his hands on the couch cushions and bends over. Blaine swears several times throughout the photoshoot, and when Kurt slouches down on the couch and spreads his legs wide, he barely resists the urge to whip out his cock and start jacking off.

"Just one more shot," says the photographer. "Could you pull your legs up a little higher...yeah, just like that, that's great!" The camera flash bathes Kurt in light, making his porcelain skin appear downright translucent for a moment.

"Alright, boys," Jon Constazi calls out playfully, "why don't you come meet my friend Kurt?"

Blaine knows Yuri will just push him away from Kurt's left side if he heads in that direction--Yuri's weirdly specific about being on the right side of as many frames as possible--so he practically bolts around the back of the couch and comes up on Kurt's right, the front of his jeans brushing teasingly against the boot covering Kurt's bent leg. They've both worked with Yuri before, so you would expect a sort of established chemistry to kick in, but Kurt's eyes go straight to Blaine, even as he reaches his hands out to rub against both men's bulges. "Hello," he coos.

Blaine swallows back a moan and manages a shakey "Hi," and God, this guy must think he's a total loser if he can't even keep his cool during a tease.

"Hel-lo," Yuri drawls with his trademark grin, and Kurt finally turns to look up at him, a hint of familiar fondness crossing his features. "I get the feeling we're going to become *very* good friends."

Kurt's coy reply--"I think I'm going to become *very* good friends with a *very* good part of you"--goes straight to Blaine's crotch, and he quickly opens his jeans and pulls out his cock, already painfully hard and dripping pre-cum. Yuri follows suit, undoing all but the top button of his trousers so he can pull his cock through the opening. Kurt's mouth drops open a bit and he licks his lips--perhaps even subconsciously--as he reaches out to grip both erections.

"God," he breaths, "just let me *feel* them."

Blaine sighs happily as Kurt fondles his cock, not jacking him off but just squeezing gently in various places on the shaft, almost as if he's testing their dicks for ripeness or something stupidly hot like that. "Yeah, baby," he murmurs, "massage my dick." Kurt looks up at Blaine again, his eyes smoldering, and bites his lip, like he's dying to say something but can't find the right words. Blaine maintains the eye contact as he licks his palm and leans forward to stroke his hand over Kurt's balls, eliciting a soft moan from the bottom.

Suddenly, the tip of Yuri's cock is in Kurt's mouth, and the younger man starts bobbing his head on it, sucking shallowly, without missing a beat. Blaine realizes that Yuri slipped off his pants and shuffled forward to settle his butt on Kurt's knee during the cock massage, and a snap of irritation runs through him. Kurt's jacking Blaine off slowly while he slurps around Yuri's boner, and yeah, that's fantastic, but *Blaine* should've gotten Kurt's mouth first, because...well. Yeah. *Because*.

Shaking off his discontent, Blaine pulls off his shirt, drawing Kurt's hungry gaze to his dark chest hair and softly-defined muscles, then pushes his jeans down as quickly as he can without interrupting the handjob. Then he kneels on the couch and leans to the side a bit, raising himself up so that his cock is directly in front of the bottom's face. Kurt immediately releases Yuri's cock with a soft popping sound and turns his attention to Blaine, swallowing the thick shaft entirely after a few bobs of his head.

"Oh, that's so fucking good," Blaine groans, cradling the back of Kurt's skull with his right hand. He hears a barely audible hiss, though, and quickly pulls his hand back--he'd been blocking the camera's shot. Blaine's can't even begin to feel annoyed by Jon's displeasure, not with Kurt pulling back to suck and twirl his tongue around the tip of Blaine's dick.

Yuri unbuttons his white oxford and pushes it off of his shoulders. The movement draws Kurt's attention, so he resumes stroking Blaine's cock with one hand while gripping the Russian's shaft with the other and sinking his mouth down on it, the muscles in his throat jumping visibly. "Man," Yuri says to Blaine, "my day has just been *made*."

Blaine laughs kindly. "He's made my fucking *week*--shit," he stutters as Kurt rewards him with a complicated hand manouver right under the head of his dick, "fuck yes, baby...c'mere."

He grips Kurt by the forearm, eliciting a peep of surprise, and pulls him forward. Kurt's quick on the uptake and swiftly slides off of the couch and on to his floor, settling on his knees. His lips are moist and

parted and his cock is hard against his stomach; Blaine's never so desperately wanted to suck another guy off before.

Maybe next time. Until then, he's going to let Kurt know just how much he appreciates him for *deigning* to suck his cock with that plush, perfect mouth.

"Now suck us both," Blaine commands gently, rubbing the tip of his dick against Kurt's lips and tamping down a sense of vengeance as Yuri struggles to undo his last trouser button and shuffle forward, "suck us both with that pretty fucking mouth of yours."

Kurt complies without hesitation, holding their erections steady while he slurps wetly around the heads, giving one cock a few quick sucks before switching to the other, back and forth, then giving Blaine one deep suck before turning to Yuri, back and forth; it's a matter of a minute, but Blaine's so close to coming by the time Kurt pulls back to stare at the camera and jack them off that he has to reach down and pinch his own thigh. There's a rivulet of spit and precum covering the lower half of Kurt's face, and both tops moan when he tilts his head up to glance at them through his lashes, his cheeks pink and his pupils blown wide, rough pants escaping his mouth.

"You wanna go deep on my cock, baby?" Blaine asks, and Kurt "mmhms" in reply before swallowing Blaine back down, stroking his hand up after his mouth as he bobs his head. Even Yuri moans at the sight, prompting Kurt to pull off with apparent reluctance and give the Russian the same treatment for a few moments before turning right back to Blaine. It's a good thing the cameras are focused on Kurt and aren't filming anything above the two tops' waists, because the look Yuri shoots his co-stars isn't a very nice one.

Blaine can't bring himself to care. "Oh, sweetheart, you are a *talented* cocksucker," he moans, loving the way Kurt's cheeks hollow as he sucks him deep and the sound of his wet mouth drooling around the thick shaft. "You're so fucking *talented*."

Kurt stares up at Blaine and hums happily, clearly trying to smile around his mouthful. It causes a sort of swooping sensation in Blaine's stomach, one he hasn't felt since...he can't remember when he felt it last. He watches, dazed, as Yuri carefully pulls Kurt back by his hair and shoves his own cock between those pink lips, fucking Kurt's mouth shallowly and grunting on each thrust.

There's a clicking sound in the background that momentarily distracts Blaine, and he realizes the photographer has turned off his camera's flash to take still photos for the DVD box. This is the only reason

he tightens his calves and lifts up on his toes a little so he can thrust down when it's his turn to fuck Kurt's mouth: it makes for a better photo. It has nothing to do with the fact that Blaine wants to go balls deep in to the bottom's mouth, and he does, grabbing the younger man by the hair and pressing his nose in to patch of trimmed pubic hair, feeling that perfect throat flutter around the head of his dick as he struggles for breath. Kurt loves it, if the way he gasps for air but immediately sucks Blaine's cock back down is any sign, and Blaine chokes him several more times before he's too close to coming again.

"Suck his balls, sweetheart."

Again, Kurt obeys, swirling his tongue around Yuri's sack while the Russian jerks his own cock rapidly with two fingers. Blaine stares and reaches down to fondle his own testicles until Yuri--who has apparently forgiven his co-stars for having such incredible, instantaneous chemistry--pushes Blaine's hand away and fondles them himself. When Kurt notices several seconds later, he pulls his mouth free, then freezes up, and Blaine tenses, worried that he's crossed an individual boundary or inadvertently insulted the bottom's ability to please two men at once. Then the younger man groans low in his throat, grips his co-stars by the insides of their thighs as if to steady himself, and fucking *spits* on Blaine's cock, the saliva feeling wet and nasty and *so fucking GOOD* as it runs down Yuri's hand and slicks Blaine's balls.

"You're so fucking hot," Kurt whispers hoarsely. Blaine can feel five perfectly-manicured nails digging in to the flesh of his thigh, the sharp pain sending shocks of pleasure up his spine. "So fucking hot."

It's the straw that breaks the porn star's back, so to speak, and Blaine pulls Kurt roughly to his feet and sweeps him in to his arms, kissing the burnette deeply and swirling his tongue in his mouth, tasting cum and something sweet. Kurt whimpers and opens his mouth wide, letting it be plundered, gripping Blaine's biceps and rutting their cocks together as if he can't help himself. He eventually pulls back and turns to kiss Yuri as well, maintaining a semblance of professionalism, but only manages a quick peck before Blaine's dragging him towards the couch by his hips and arranging him on his hands and knees, facing the arm rest. Kurt looks over his shoulder, his face a portrait of arousal and apprehension, and from the corner of his eye Blaine can see Jon mouthing something frantically. They're worried Blaine's going to try fucking Kurt's ass, and it's a reasonable fear--it is, after all, the most perfect ass Blaine's ever seen, and it's a scant two inches away from his dick at this very moment.

But Blaine's a gentleman. He's not going to fuck Kurt's ass because Kurt's clearly not ready for that at this particular moment, and besides, it's not what they were hired to do today.

But he refuses, absolutely *refuses*, to finish his work day without acquainting himself with Kurt's ass in some way. He spits in his hand as neatly as possible, then runs the wetness between Kurt's cheeks, drawing a breathy moan from the other man. He spits again and pumps his cock a few times, and Kurt finally turns back around, prompting Yuri to rush around to the arm of the couch and slip his length back between Kurt's lips. Blaine barely notices; he's too busy pressing his cock down in to the crack of Kurt's ass and humping up, brushing the head over the dusky pink hole on every upward stroke, his thighs quivering from the intensity of the pleasure. He sees Jon sigh with relief and is too distracted to really care.

"You gonna make us come, baby?" he husks, fucking Kurt's ass cheeks as hard and fast as he can.

"Mmmhmm."

"You gonna make us come in your dirty little mouth?"

"Mmmhmm!"

"And all over your pretty face?"

"Mmmm!" Kurt squeals, right as Yuri grits out a sharp, "*Fuck, he's COMING*," and that's it for Blaine. He pulls back and yanks Kurt off of Yuri's cock; the loud pop echos through the room as Blaine presses his elbow in to the bottom's shoulder blades and forces him back on to the floor. Kurt settles in to position and grabs their cocks without hesitation, and after a few quick pumps Blaine comes so hard his eyes roll back in his head, streaks of white painting those pink lips and that wicked tongue and those flushed cheebones and that long, graceful neck. Yuri comes with a groan mere seconds later, shooting mostly on to Kurt's other cheek and the bridge of his aquiline nose.

An apparent eternity later, Blaine comes to and realizes the photographer is back, standing just behind Jon as Kurt swirls his fingers in cum and slowly sucks them in to his mouth. Kurt catches Blaine's eye, then leans forward and softly sucks Blaine's just-now-softening cock in to his mouth, reaching out to stroke Yuri's gently, posing pretty for the camera with his eyes hooded and his tongue swirling. That swooping sensation is back, tossing his belly around in knots, and he leans down to kiss Kurt's cum-covered lips, not even caring that he's just performed the dreaded love-lock and blocked the photographer's shot. Kurt doesn't care, either, if his soft humming is any sign.

"So how do you feel?" he hears Jon ask.

"Fuck, Jon," Yuri laughs, "give a guy a minute!"

"How 'bout you, Warbler?"

Blaine pulls back, his eyes never leaving Kurt's. "Never felt better." He smiles, feeling strangely open and sweet, and thankfully, beautifully, Kurt returns the smile. It's a rare moment between two people in any situation, let alone two people who have just filmed a fantastic gay porn scene.

Then Jon's sweeping in with his camera, and Kurt switches right back in to porn star mode. He stares right in to the lens and slowly licks the cum from his upper lip.

"And how was that, sweetheart?"

"Mmmmmm," Kurt replies, tilting his face back so the camera can catch him swallowing. *"Amazing."*

"You satisfied?"

"Mm...for now." It's a cliché line, one Blaine's heard a hundred times over, but it rushes hotly over him when Kurt says it in that high, sultry voice of his, and he wishes he was already hard again.

"What are you going to do now?"

Kurt plops on the floor, leans back on his hands, and says genuinely, "I'm going to shower."

Everyone laughs. Kurt smiles, looking suddenly shy, and Blaine just wants to scoop him up in his arms and hold him, tell him he's beautiful and funny and sexy and most likely everything he's ever wanted--

"Blaine," Jon whispers in to his ear, interrupting his thoughts. "I have something I wanna talk to you about."

"Right now?" Blaine grunts with uncharacteristic irritability.

"It's important."

He scowls, but Jon is giving him that *look*, so he reigns in his emotions and nods. When he turns back around, Kurt's wiping up with a wet towel and having an animated conversation with Yuri and the photographer. Blaine grabs his clothes and turns away, trying not to feel jealous.

In the end, he fails, and his gut twists unpleasantly as he exits the room, leaving behind Kurt's musical laughter and a tangled web of feelings he's not sure he wants to sort through.

Three

Kurt Hummer, listed on his birth certificate as "Kurt Elizabeth Hummel" and known by his close friends in the industry as "the guy who wanted a really classy, elegant porn name, but quickly realized the quest for one was futile," really gets in to rough sex.

He's not one of those people who needs whips and chains to get off, and getting reamed good and hard doesn't even place in his top 3 kinks list. (Those slots are reserved for worshipful dirty talk, schoolboy fantasies, and cum facials.) But he certainly enjoys a rough-and-tumble fuck every now and then. He'd barely survived high school, what with the endless teasing and the constant name-calling, and a little choking or slut-shaming provides him with the opportunity to feel powerful. He can tell his partner what he does and doesn't like and stop the scene whenever he wants, a luxury he never had during his painful teenage years.

But today is not a rough sex day. Rather, it's a laze-around-in-bed-and-eat-ice-cream-straight-from-the-carton kind of day, and Kurt's more than ready to let the real world slip away in favor of several frozen yogurt flavors and a heap of cheesy daytime television shows. He's halfway through a carton of low-cal chocolate mango twist and a particularly thrilling episode of *Days of Our Lives* when his cell phone goes off, flooding the dim room with light and Lady Gaga's dulcet tones. He accepts the call without even checking the name and regrets it a moment later.

"Kurt!"

"Imogene," Kurt groans, muting his television. "To what do I owe the pleasure?"

"Can't a friend just call to have a chat?"

"Your attempt at feigning innocence just fell through. Who bailed on you this time and how many penises was he set to felate?"

Imogene chuckles. "You're too sharp for me, Hummel. I've got the studio set up for a big 'mechanic takes a twink rough and hard' scene, but my top crapped out on me two nights ago."

"Your top?" asks Kurt, his voice colored with confusion. "You usually don't ask me to top for you. I mean, my father *is* a mechanic and I *do* know my way around a car, but--"

"No no no," Imogene interrupts, "I got that part covered. I had to enlist some help, cause it's hard to find porn actors who can do a decent acting job, but we got one."

"I'm...not quite sure I understand your problem, then."

"Well, we're set to start filming within the hour, but my bottom called in sick--" Kurt can practically see the scare quotes she's putting around 'sick' "--a few minutes ago."

He rolls his eyes and scoops out some more frozen yogurt. "And you called me right up instead of dragging out a few of your contract actors? Come on, Imogene."

"Well, like I said, we need someone who can actually ACT, and Sebastian Bryce fits a really specific type of--"

"*Sebastian Bryce?*" Kurt splutters, coughing as his mouthful of frozen yogurt tries to slip down the wrong pipe. "You're lumping me in to the same category as that scrawny hack?"

"Oh, come one, Kurt, he's not that bad."

"Not that bad? Please. He over-projects like a fifth grader in a Christmas paegant and his ass is flat and uninspiring."

"Well, I guess I'm getting an upgrade, aren't I?"

"Imogene...no."

"Come off it, Kurt," the producer scoffs, "it's not like you're doing anything *exciting* on your day off."

"Excuse me!" he shrills. "I'll have you know that I am in the middle of some truly fantastic stuff?"

"Watching soap operas and eating junk food?" she deadpans.

"...no?"

"Awe, come on, Kurt!" she pleads. "It's going to be an awesome scene! And I've got a great top here; I think you're gonna love him." When Kurt stays silent, clearly considering who she considers a "great top" in

light of her previous categorization faux pas, she adds, "And I'll pay you double cash, plus my D&G Medicine Man watch you're always eye-fondling."

"Done," Kurt replies, throwing off the covers.

"I owe you one!"

"You owe me a watch." He ends the call and shoves the yogurt back in to the freezer before strutting purposefully to the master bath, riffling through the medicine cabinet for an anal douche and a half-empty bottle of lube. He fills the douche with warm water, lubes up the nozzle, and sits down on the toilet to prep himself. Lazy days off are so rare that he's usually not willing to give them up, but for a designer watch? It's a sacrifice he's willing to make.

Kurt arrives on set a half hour later, impeccably styled in a D&G blazer (in celebration of his promised acquisition) and toting along his personal fashion kit. Fashion kits--big airplane luggage bags full of clothes and accessories--are usually a "straight porn" thing, since most gay porn actors are more than willing to just leave the costuming up to the crew, but Kurt likes having clothes that are tailored to his body and reflect his style. He also keeps a toiletry bag with his favorite face creams, cleansers, and spot treatments in one of the luggage's front pouches, along with a small but mighty assortment of makeup: Cle de Peau concealer, Dior brow gel, a Shu Umera lash curler, and a few travel-sized foundations and liquid blushes specifically selected to brighten up his complexion. He's just about to wheel his kit back to the crew portion of the set when he spots Imogene, waving at him with a bright smile, and he can't help but smile back.

"Where's my watch? Oh, and it's nice to see you."

"Bitch," she chortles, giving him a quick one-armed hug while the other hand holds out a clip board for a mic operator's perusal. "Seriously, I owe you for this."

"You do," says Kurt. "Seriously, Imogene? Sebastian Bryce?"

The producer rolls her eyes good-naturedly. "He's popular. And besides, they can't all be as fantastic as you are."

"Good answer. So what is this masterpiece I'm acting out today?"

"Oh, you're gonna love it," Imogene squeals, her hands waving about so much she almost decks a passing crew member with her clip board. "First of all, it's a rough scene, with you being a subby bottom. We're going to want lots of moaning from you and lots of dirty stuff from him, okay? Maybe some slapping." He motions for her to continue. "Okay, so, here's the set-up: you're a city kid who was just driving through the country side, taking a back road or some shit like that, when your car broke down. You manage to get your car towed and end up in this little fix-it shop, and it only has one mechanic, and you don't wanna have to hang around in hickville, so you decide you're going to fuck the mechanic into submission and get your car fixed right away."

"Sounds pretty standard."

"Right, except your seduction isn't going to work quite the way you wanted it to. He's going to treat you like a total slut and ream your ass good and hard for even *trying* to seduce him."

Kurt lets out a derisive snort. "Like that makes sense."

"Oh, lighten up, will ya? It's hot. I thought you liked having your hair pulled and all of that shit."

"I do," he admits, "I just...wish it was more believable."

"This is porn, babe, not Broadway." Kurt winces at the comparison, but Imogene doesn't notice. "And with that in mind: make sure your wardrobe is nice and porn-y. Think sexy college twink about to get his clothes ripped off."

Kurt perks up at that. "Ripped off? Is he literally going to shred my clothes up?"

Imogene shrugs. "If you want him to, just mention it and make sure you wear something he can handle. This kind of stuff--" she motions to his blazer "--won't work." She laughs when he feigns rage and hugs the blazer to him as if it's a wounded creature. "The top's already back in hair and makeup,. First door on the left."

He doesn't even think to ask who the top *is*, just wheels his kit down the hall and pushes the door open. Inside the room is bright and warm from all of the studio lights, and the makeup artist who turns to look

at him is slightly shiny with perspiration. She's blocking most of the top's body from view, though Kurt can see the top of the guy's hair, which is apparently being styled in to some sort of 1950s greaser-inspired pompadour.

"Hey," she greets, "make yourself comfortable. Sorry about the temp; we don't have as much room in here as they do out there, so the heat doesn't spread out as well."

Kurt nods and starts stripping. He used to be anxious about anything sexual, especially being naked in front of others, and he'd dressed in at least a dozen layers to do to protect himself. Porn has completely shattered those illusions. Maybe he's not ready to join a nudist colony, but he knows now that plenty of men find him attractive, and besides, it's hard to be a prude when you're about to get fucked while a bout a dozen different people watch.

He's got on a pair of modified cut-off shorts and is trying to decide between two cheap tank tops (they're just going to get torn off of him, anyway, and at least his shorts are True Religion) when he hears it: a soft, sexy tenor voice, tinged with hope.

"Kurt?"

The brunette cranes his head to peer around the makeup artist, who is just now finishing up her handiwork.

"Blaine?"

Sure enough, it's Blaine Warbler sitting on the stool, grinning broadly. Kurt smiles back, thoughts completely innocent, until he notices the coveralls they've put Blaine in. The sleeves are rolled up just behind his elbow, revealing his strong forearms, and the material stretches over his broad shoulders and muscular chest. Kurt swallows hard and averts his gaze, knowing that if he looks in to Blaine's beautiful hazel eyes, he's a goner.

"I thought I was working with Sebastian Bryce today," Blaine continues as the sound of an aerosol-hair spray--fills the air.

"You sound disappointed," Kurt says as blithely as possible, though he can feel his shoulders tightening up. "If I didn't know any better, I'd say you like second-rate porn actors."

Blaine laughs. The sound is warm and jumpstarts the butterflies in Kurt's cynical, butterfly-poisoning stomach. "Sebastian is...well, he takes some getting used to. But--" and here Blaine focuses his gaze on Kurt, and *fuck*, he can't look away, those eyes are just too hypnotizing "--he's no Kurt Hummer."

Kurt manages to tear his eyes away from Blaine's face and sniff delicately. "Yes, well. Blue or red?"

Blaine blinks. "Excuse me?"

"The tank tops," Kurt clarifies, shaking the fabric in his hands. "Blue or red?"

"Oh! Um..." The top considers the tank tops, and Kurt swears he can see a blush forming high on the other man's cheekbones that has nothing to do with his recently-applied makeup. "The red. It looks really gorgeous on your skintone and contrasts with your eyes."

Kurt flushes with pleasure and doesn't even try to hide it, beaming at his co-star as he pulls the red tank top over his head. Then he reaches down to check his shorts, feeling around with his fingertips to make sure everything's in place. It's blatantly obvious that he's touching himself, though Blaine obviously doesn't get *why* Kurt is touching himself. "Can't wait?" he asks, eyes darkening to a warm brown shade.

"Nah," Kurt teases, though he can feel himself blushing as well; God, what is *wrong* with the world lately? "I modify my jeans to make sure my...ah, 'goods' don't get damaged."

"Damaged?" Blaine asks, heading tilting to the side. "Damaged from what?"

"From doing this." He grabs his belt loops and pulls the shorts up, stretching the denim over his ass and revealing the smooth bottoms of his cheeks. Blaine gurgles, and suddenly his hand is grabbing a handful of Kurt's ass, his thumb running up the center seam of the shorts before slipping down to stroke the place where ass fades in to thigh. Kurt sighs happily, then allows himself to pout when Blaine yanks his hand back as if he's been burned.

"God, Kurt, I'm so sorry. I can usually control myself better--"

"I don't get why you're apologizing," Kurt interrupts in a lofty tone. "I've spent the past hour getting my ass ready for your cock, more or less. Hey, do you think you're strong enough to rip this tank top off of me?"

Blaine's eyes get impossible dark, almost burgundy-colored, and Kurt can't hold back a shiver.

"I think," the top whispers, crowding in to Kurt's personal space, "I can manage that."

Four

Warnings: rough sex; anal; slut-shaming/name-calling; role playing; mild spanking, slapping, spitting, and choking; blowjobs; D/s overtones; use of a safeword; a wee bit of a strength kink; and a facial/pearl necklace.

"Excuse me?"

"I *said*, could you please hurry it the fuck up? I have stuff to do and I am *not* staying in this cow town for the night."

Kurt has to admit that Blaine's a pretty good actor. Right now he's grinding his teeth, tightening up his body, and shooting these little glares heated by a mixture of rage and passion. Kurt's putting on a character of his own, of course, pitching his voice exceptionally high and cocking his hips out dramatically. He doesn't want Blaine to think that's how he really is, and that realization makes his heart flutter with something akin to dread.

Kurt shakes off the discomfort and slinks towards Blaine until he's hovering a hair's width behind the other man's back and taking in the warm, masculine scent of him. "Perhaps we can...work out a deal."

"I don't need your money," Blaine says gruffly, shuffling tools around on the work bench in front of him and pretending to fill out the paperwork for a 1997 Honda Civic one of the photographers arrived in.

"I'm not talking about money," Kurt drawls. He reaches out a hand and runs it up the back of Blaine's thigh, a thrill coursing through his body as he feels the thick muscles and coiled strength hidden under those coveralls. "I was thinking we could arrange a sort of...*payment plan*."

Blaine straightens dramatically. A pause. Silence. Then he throws down the clipboard and turns to regard Kurt with a scowl. The bottom knows it's just part of the scene, and he can even see a sliver--just the barest sliver--of the usual warmth in those hazel eyes, so he presses on with his part. His hand moves around to slide up to palm Blaine's rapidly-hardening cock through the coveralls. "A really *special* payment plan."

Blaine's still staring at him, his eyes wide and his jaw firmly set, and for a split second Kurt feels nervous, exposed, like all of his emotional armor has been ripped away and he's standing there utterly exposed. But it's only a split second: Blaine's hand shoots up and grips Kurt around the neck and squeezes, *hard*.

"You filthy slut," Blaine hisses, fisting Kurt's hair with his free hand and yanking the bottom's head back, forcing him to bare his throat like a submissive dog. "You offer yourself up to every guy you meet?"

Kurt lets out a choking sound, more from the sheer indescribability of his emotions than the pressure of Blaine's hand. Blaine shakes him around a bit and yanks his hair again, harder this time-- "Do you? Do you bend over for every fucking guy who wants a piece of your whore ass?"

Kurt shakes his head to the best of his ability. Their gaze hasn't broken throughout the entire exchange, and it's a wonder the whole set hasn't caught fire from the sheer *heat* of it.

Suddenly he's thrown against the work bench, his thighs smacking against the drawers painfully, and he sucks in mouthfuls of air, moaning in spite of his breathlessness and moaning louder still when Blaine presses his head down in to the polished surface. Blaine's voice is low and growly as he insults Kurt, pulling at the younger man's body and abusing his flesh. "You nasty fucking trick. Stick that slutty ass out."

When Kurt doesn't comply, Blaine just presses on his face harder; there's a whimper at the pressure, then a shifting of the back and hips until that jean-clad ass is pushed up high. "Yeah, you know just how to stick that fucking ass out, like a little bitch in heat." The top grabs the shorts with his fist and yanks them up until the waistband is almost covering Kurt's navel, exposing his ass cheeks and putting a painful amount of pressure on his dick.

"You love getting fucked in your slutty little cunt, don't you?"

Kurt lets out a desperate "uh-huh" in affirmation that morphs in to a whine as Blaine lands a slap on his ass cheek with a deafening *smack*.

"Is that what you are? Are you my little cunt?"

Smack!

"Are you my dirty fucking cunt?"

Smack! "Oh, yeah--"

Another loud *smack!*, right to his left cheek, and the feeling of his ass pinkening gets Kurt so hard so fast he can barely *breath*. "Are you going to--" *smack!* on his right cheek "--spread your legs like the--" *smack!* at the back of his thighs, and God, he's wailing "--worthless cockwarmer you are and give me that little fuckhole?"

"Yeah!" Kurt sobs, his plea muffled by the series of quick slaps Blaine lands on his upturned ass.

"I didn't hear you."

"Yes, please, fuck me!"

Blaine yanks him back by his hair suddenly, forcing him to bend his back like a C until they're eye to eye.

"Fuck you where? Tell me where you want my cock."

"In my asshole," Kurt grits out. This position is putting a lot of strain on his spine, and he's not sure if he likes it.

"Where?"

"In - in my - "

"Where, cocksucker?"

"In my fucking fuckhole!" he shouts, and Blaine breaks character for a tick as his face registers his surprise at the vehemence of Kurt's reply. "Please, put your big cock in my dirty whore ass!"

Suddenly he's stumbling forward and on to a sort of picnic top--Blaine must have thrown him towards it by the hair. He flushes hotly and struggles to position himself on the tabletop on his hands and knees, but then Blaine yanks him back down by his belt loops and whips him around so he can grip Kurt's throat again.

He's definitely going to have bruises tomorrow. Maybe he likes that.

"Look at you," Blaine coos nastily, "getting that slutty ass up in the air for me. I'm not ready to let you have my cock, though. Not yet. You gotta earn it."

"Mmmhmm," Kurt hums back, feeling Blaine's hot, panting breath on his face, his hips twitching uncontrollably forward.

"You wanna earn this fucking cock?"

"Yeah!"

"You want this big fucking cock pounding your nasty fuckhole?"

"Yesss--ah!"

Blaine's just spit on his face. He's fucking *spit* on Kurt's *face*, and it's shocking everyone on set, but it's thrilling Kurt more than he cares to admit, especially when Blaine starts rubbing his saliva across the bottom's face and forcing a wet hand in to his mouth. They lean in close to each other and just *feel*, feel the warmth of the other's flesh and the sweat slicking their skin and the palpable desire rising from their bodies in waves. Their stares meet, and again they've broken character; Blaine's hazel eyes are dark with desire, but his expression reveals a sort of adulation, as if he can't believe his own luck, and Kurt knows his own face is a portrait of *haveneedwant*.

"Take your shorts off," Blaine murmurs against Kurt's jaw.

The bottom complies dazedly, pulling back from Blaine on shaking legs and steadily unbuttoning his shorts. A cameraman swoops behind him to film the underwear actually dropping; Blaine quickly follows suit, leaning down to examine his handiwork. "That's nice," he says, rubbing a hand along the heated flesh of Kurt's buttocks, "that's fucking nice. C'mon."

Blaine's shuffling them back towards the picnic table. Kurt figures Blaine wants to fuck his mouth and is almost too busy staring at the other man's lips to notice the bench hitting the back of his knees. Blaine pushes on his shoulders, though, and with that gentle reminder he turns to let Blaine sit down and reaches for the coverall's buttons, his eyes locked firmly on Blaine's plush pink mouth—

"No." The command is short but firm and accompanied by a soft slap on the hands. Kurt watches, puzzled, as Blaine yanks off his own shoes and socks before undoing the coverall buttons himself, then drags Kurt forward by the hips.

"Up."

A second more, and then he's caught on to what Blaine wants. It doesn't make a whole lot of sense, though, him standing over Blaine with his cock humping down in to the older man's mouth. That's usually a dominant position, and Kurt is *clearly* a submissive sexual partner in this scene.

Then Blaine grabs the base of Kurt's dick with his fist and starts *yanking him forward by his dick*, and Kurt realizes just how well Blaine understands the subtleties of power. His groans flood the room as Blaine sucks him, rough and wet, saliva dripping on to the concrete floor, the bench, *everywhere*.

"Please," Kurt whines, and Blaine takes pity on him.

It takes several minutes for the porn stars to crawl off of the picnic table and meet up with specific crew members for a condom and some acting advice. Blaine studiously avoids his gaze throughout the duration of their individual pep talks, and Kurt gets it: the stops and starts that porn viewers never see are actually a necessity for a good scene. Camera and mic operators have to move around and find the best angle for each position, photographers have to pose the stars for the sake of a DVD box cover or website image gallery, and of course, there's the need to tuck lube and condoms in the nooks and crannies of the set. It's easy to lose a scene's momentum if you go from spitting in each other's faces (and there's a kink he never knew he had, wow,) to talking about the Himalayan whistle child you and your partner adopted last week. Kurt not only *gets* Blaine's standoffish-ness, he's *fine* with it,

Mostly.

It's a camera man who finally calls them to order, having finally lowered his camera and angled it enough to capture Kurt's ass stretching around Blaine's cock. Just as Kurt is moving back towards the picnic table, Blaine grabs his arm and gently tugs him back, suddenly looking him right in the eyes.

"Hey," he whispers softly, "are you alright?"

Kurt just blinks back owlshly

"I mean...are you alright with the scene? With what I'm doing?"

"Blaine," Kurt deadpans. "I may look like a little boy, but I assure you, I know how to use a safeword."

Blaine's mouth twitches up in to a small grin, though his jaw remains slack and his eyes soft. "I know, I know. It's just...I wasn't supposed to spit on your face. I mean--" Kurt's shooting him a queer look and Blaine's scrabbling to recover, "--I wasn't told *not* to spit on your face, and it wasn't on your list of hard limits, but I probably should have thought about it."

"You've been overthinking things," Kurt says slyly, reaching down to roll Blaine's balls in his hand. Blaine groans and presses forward to hide his face in the crook of Kurt's neck and clutch at Kurt's shoulders, his hips rolling forward in small circles of their own accord. They're holding each other, not as lovers, but still: it's a start. A few more seconds pass, and steadily Blaine's hand is sliding up to cup the side of Kurt's neck, no pressure, just feeling the Adam's apple and the faint dusting of stubble near the chin, eventually leaving his hand to rest on the sharp plane of Kurt's jaw.

Kurt looks in to his eyes and sees liquid gold; he sees kindness and lust and too many other frightening things to name.

A soft *slap* sound pulls him out of his reverie. He realizes with a start that Blaine has just smacked his cheek, albeit lightly, and is murmuring to him: "Do you want it again?" Kurt hums in response, his eyes never leaving Blaine's; the slaps get progressively harder and the slut-shaming meaner as a camera swoops in to place to catch it all. It's when Blaine's lip starts twisting up in to an angry snarl and the slaps threaten to jolt a few teeth out that they both slip fully in to character, like two men buying a coat that doesn't quite fit them, but can easily be tailored.

"Get on the fucking table," Blaine orders after a final slap, "on your hands and knees, like the little bitch you are."

Kurt scrambles to comply, clambering on to the picnic table as Blaine struggles to put on a condom without having the shot show on-screen. A moment later and Blaine's spitting on the bottom's pinky asshole before slamming two fingers in. Kurt has, of course, stretched himself out with lube and a few fingers before they even started filming, and in that respect the spit is just a refresher. But it's certainly not the *best* refresher. Thankfully, Kurt loves a bit of a painful burn alongside his pleasure.

"You like having my fingers in your rotten cunt?" hisses Blaine. He's already pistoning his fingers, faster and faster, barely brushing against Kurt's prostate, and Kurt's having difficulty *not* coming.

"Yeeeee-uh..."

"Do you want my cock in your dirty fuckhole?"

"Uh-huh!" Blaine inserts a third finger, and Kurt relishes the way it makes his rim burn, the stretch of his muscles around those long fingers, the knowledge that a part of Blaine is *inside him*. "Oh, please fuck my asshole, sir, *please!*"

Blaine presses all of his fingers down hard, pulling on Kurt's inner walls and making him keen. "Maybe I don't want to fuck your slutty ass."

"Please please please--"

"Maybe I'll just fuck your pretty thighs instead--" And Kurt feels Blaine's dick, hot and heavy, brushing against the backs of his legs.

"Please, baby, please, my asshole needs your cock, please please *please--*"

There's a barely-audible groan, then the sound of someone spitting. Blaine grips Kurt's hips roughly and holds him steady as he crouches over the bottom's prone body. Finally, *finally*, he sinks his cock in to Kurt's ass, pushing steadily past the rings of muscle until he's balls deep, his pubic hair tickling Kurt's rim and his hips pressed against those abused cheeks. They're both letting out a stream of barely-intelligible noises, Kurt whining "thank you thank you thank you" over and over again while Blaine praises him for being "such a good fucking whore." Even the lead photographer makes a sort of strangled noise--Blaine's cock and Kurt's ass, she argues later, are a match made in pornography *Heaven*.

Blaine gives Kurt the briefest moment to adjust before he starts thrusting, taking only a minute to reach an absolutely punishing rhythm. Kurt's wild from the feeling of it all: Blaine's big cock grazing his prostate and stretching him beyond belief, the sharp slap of Blaine's heavy ballsack against his ass cheeks, Blaine's hands digging in to his hips with bruising strength, and *oh GOD*, the cool air hitting his hot back as Blaine rips his tank top straight down the middle. The cloth gets in the way and the top growls, yanking it down Kurt's body and gripping the ends to create a makeshift sling that forces Kurt's hips up even higher.

He's a goner, *fuck*, can't even hear a word Blaine's saying, couldn't stop if he wanted to, it's too *rough* and too *sharp* and too *good*—

--and then it happens.

He comes.

Kurt Hummer (ne Elizabeth Hummel), versatile bottom extraordinaire and favored candidate for both the Best Newcomer and Best Rimming Scene Grabby awards, fucking *comes* all over the picnic table, untouched, way before his cue, like some pre-teen twink who's just snuck in to a cheap porno theater and can't help shooting in his underwear. His arms give out and he falls forward, gritting his teeth around a scream and seeing bursts of color behind his eyelids. But Blaine *hasn't stopped moving*, and after a few more thrusts against his prostate Kurt comes again, unable to hold back a veritable screech as his asshole clenches and his cock twitches.

There's a flurry of movement and sound around him, Imogene panicking while a producer tries to calm her down, but it's like white noise to his blissed out brain. He's euphoric, anchored to the material world only by Blaine's dick, which is now just a pleasant weight sheathed in his hole. He takes deep, shakey breaths and ignores the logical part of his brain that's currently screaming at him to get back in to character and *finish the goddamn scene like a professional*.

A powerful slap to his ass yanks him out of his afterglow. Kurt yelps in surprise and pushes himself back up on his hands and knees, then yelps again when Blaine pulls out, flips him on to his back--*Jesus, right in to his own cum*--and slaps his softening cock.

"You fucking bitch," Blaine spits, smacking the delicate insides of Kurt's thigh and eliciting a pained squeal. "Did I say you could come?"

"Nngh!"

Blaine slaps his cock again, hitting the sensitive head, and God, the things that does to Kurt... "Did I say you could fucking come?"

"No," Kurt whimpers

""No?' Is that all you have to say, you ungrateful trick?"

"I'm so sorry," he moans, "felt so good."

Something bright and indescribable flashes across Blaine's eyes, but it's gone as quickly as it came. "You loved it, didn't you? You love having my big cock in your tight little boypussy." Kurt whines and tries to reach towards his partner, but earns a sharp slap on his hands for his troubles. "Tell me how much you love my cock, you greedy fuck."

"I love it," Kurt whispers, his voice still shakey.

"Tell me."

"I love it!"

Blaine grabs his throat again and squeezes, restricting his breathing without cutting it off entirely, and slaps Kurt's cheek with his free hand. "Are you gonna earn this cock again?"

"Yeeeee-uh," and Kurt usually hates the "porn star whine," but right now the fact that he's too strung out to consciously control his own voice just gets him hotter.

Another slap. "Are you gonna ride me like a bitch in heat? Are you gonna make that slutty hole good for me?"

"Mmhmm!"

Yet another slap. *"Are you?"*

"Yes, please, baby, please please fuck me, I'll be good, I'll make it so good for you--"

Blaine slaps him one more time for good measure, then grabs Kurt by the waist and hauls him up and to the left with surprising strength. Kurt can feel Blaine's cock, thick and hard and wonderful, tapping against his lower back as the top slicks it up with more spit before pressing it against his hole. He slides in quickly, stretching Kurt to the brim, before leaning back and staring up at the younger man with smoldering eyes.

"Ride me, baby," he whispers.

Kurt complies with a loud groan and a toss of his head; he slams his ass down on to Blaine's cock as hard as he can, the harsh slapping sound of flesh hitting flesh and the smell of sweat invading his senses.

Blaine's unusually quiet, merely grunting or "yeah"ing, until he hugs Kurt about the waist and pulls him forward. They lay chest to chest, feeling each other's heartbeats, and there's a moment of sweetness, a shared look of *something*, before Blaine tucks Kurt's head in to the crook of his neck and starts slamming his hips upward brutally, aiming right at Kurt's prostate.

"Oh, fuck," the bottom moans, clawing at his partner's shoulders, "oh fuck, oh fuck, oh my *God*, oh yes, oh baby fuck me fuck me fuck me *please!*"

"Ohhh, you're such a good little whore!" Blaine growls in a broken voice.

And he is good--fantastic, really--until the lube and spit start to dry out, and the pain stops being a bittersweet edge to his pleasure and starts being downright excruciating. He tries to pull away, but Blaine just grips him tighter, smooshing their bodies together as he pounds Kurt's ass. The once-managable burn is turning in to a wicked sear, and shit, if he doesn't stop this—

"Apple!" Kurt shouts. "Apple! Apple!"

Blaine's flipped them and pulled his cock out in an instant, breaking character completely and stroking Kurt's torso with long, firm strokes as Imogene rushes over. "Are you alright?"

"Fine," Kurt pants, giving Blaine a weak smile. "It's not you, you're fine. I just--"

Imogene takes his hand and gives him a once-over, checking for wounds or blood. "What's wrong, sweetheart?"

"Lube." The word sends Blaine running towards the nearest stash.

"Are you alright?" Imogene questions just as Blaine scrambles back on to the table with the bottle. "Did you tear?"

"No, but I was getting close."

"I'm so sorry," Blaine says, a look of genuine remorse on his face. "Here."

Kurt reaches up to take the lube, then is struck by a better idea. He props himself up on his elbows and looks straight in to Blaine's eyes. "Do it for me?"

Blaine gapes, mouth opening and closing like a fish. Kurt chuckles; he just can't get over how *cute* Blaine is. "Don't you wanna finger me?"

"No--I mean, yeah, but no--I mean...yeah?" Kurt laughs heartily now, and when Blaine smiles shyly, he can't resist leaning forward to nuzzle their faces together.

"I wanna do it, if you want me to," the top mutters, kissing the tip of Kurt's nose.

"I *really* want you to."

Imogene leans on the table to give them a sly, knowing smile. "Alright, boys, everything in order?"

"Mmmhmm," Kurt replies, distracted by the sight of Blaine warming lube up between his fingers.

She shakes her head and walks away as Blaine shuffles closer to Kurt and rubs several fingers around his abused hole. Blaine's terrified he's going to hurt him again, he knows it, so Kurt leans in and kisses Blaine sweetly. He can actually *feel* the tension melting off of Blaine's body, and he opens his mouth invitingly right when two fingers slip in to this ass. They're drinking each other in, enjoying textures and tastes while they still can--while they're still *them* and not characters in a script.

After several minutes of fingering, though, it's time to go back to work. Blaine pulls back with one more quick peck to Kurt's lips and smiles warmly. "You ready?"

Kurt hums in response, kissing Blaine's cheekbone before sliding off of the table. "How do you want me?"

The question has a strange effect on Blaine: his jaw tightens, his lashes flutter, and he draws in a deep breath as if to soothe himself. When he's composed, he steps off of the table and strides forward in to Kurt's personal space with a look so hot it makes him blush.

"Lie down," he murmurs, stroking Kurt's face and nosing his temple.

"...what?"

"Lie down."

Kurt gives him a suspicious look, but obeys and lies flat on the floor. He feels a little silly like this, naked on a hard floor while Blaine circles him like a vulture and a nearby photographer is clearly struggling with a decision on how to adjust his camera. Then Blaine grabs Kurt's feet and pulls them up until his back is curved and his ass is in the air, and then Blaine's holding Kurt steady by the thigh while he grips his own cock with the other, and no, he can't be—

"PILE DRIVER!" a producer yells, and the room erupts in to catcalls. Kurt covers his face with his hands and bursts in to giggles.

"God, I can't believe we're doing this!"

Blaine grunts and slides his cock straight down in to Kurt's ass, making the younger man gasp in surprise and arousal. He's usually not a fan of this position, partly because it puts a lot of strain on his back and shoulders, but also because it's always seemed like a way to contort the stars' bodies for the viewer's pleasure rather than their own. But it feels *different* with Blaine. There's the emotional sensation of being totally dominated, upside down and on the floor while Blaine thrusts from above and stares down at Kurt's prone body, but there's also the physical sensation of Blaine balls deep inside of him from another angle. Maybe it's just because Blaine's exceptionally big, but Kurt feels fuller than he ever has before. It's amazing and empowering and humiliating and sweet and sexy and confusing, all at once.

"Ready?" Blaine asks, interrupting his thoughts. Kurt nods and Blaine starts thrusting.

Fuck, it's amazing. He can feel every inch of Blaine sliding in and out of his asshole while his balls tap against his rim. Blaine's strong thighs are pressed right up against his own, the older man's leg hair brushing against his own waxed skin, and Kurt can look straight up and just *see* Blaine, his muscled torso and strong features stretched out above him. He lets out a quivering moan and hopes he looks half as good to Blaine in this position as Blaine looks to him.

"So good, baby," Blaine breathes, thrusting deep and steady, oblivious to the camera man that has hopped on to the table top behind him for a downward-looking shot. "So fucking *good*."

"Fuck me, please," whispers Kurt.

"So good and so tight, just like a perfect whore should be." They're both slipping back in to character now, though it's tainted by something that has come between, something that slipped unnoticed through the cracks in their emotional walls.

"Oh, yeah, *fuck me*."

"Fuck you?"

"Yeah, fuck me hard, please fuck me hard with your big fucking cock!"

"Do you wanna come again, slut?"

"Mmhm!"

"Jerk yourself off, you greedy bitch. Come on your own fucking face."

He doesn't need to tell Kurt twice--he reaches for his own cock and jerks once, twice, three times before he's orgasming again, cum splashing on his collarbone and chin. Blaine groans and thrusts a few more times before pulling out and hauling Kurt up on to his knees, firm but gentle.

"C'mon, you nasty little cockwarmer," says Blaine, voice impossibly low and gravelly, "make me come."

Kurt rips off the condom and flings it off to the side without looking, barely missing a photographer. Then he's jacking Blaine's glorious cock with both hands, dry and fast and dirty, and Blaine's still talking-- "C'mon, baby, c'mon, just like that, work that fucking dick" --and Kurt would give anything to be hard again, to have Blaine in his mouth or between his thighs or in his ass or on his cock, and they can't break eye contact, they can't, it's unreal, they're practically fucking each other again in their minds—

--and then Blaine groans and streaks Kurt's neck and chest with his cum, his eyes fluttering shut when Kurt hums happily and rubs the tip of Blaine's dick across his face. Kurt tries not to pout at that--he's a pro at facials, and this one *has* to be one of his masterpieces--but keeps posing pretty for the camera.

"You gonna give me that ass every day?" Blaine asks suddenly, and shit, that's right, they need to finish out the scene.

"Whenever you want it," Kurt says coyly, swiping his finger in to a rivulet of come and sucking it off.

Blaine leans down and cradles his skull, drawing him close until their breath mingles. "Give it to me every day *and* night, and I might finish up your car this week."

Kurt almost closes the gap between them; his eyes hooded and his lips brushing against Blaine's, he whispers: "Fuck the car."

Blaine's staring at him with the most incredible expression on his face, and then he tilts his head to the side and licks his lips, and mmm, yes, they're going to k—

"Alright, guys, that was fan-TASTIC!" Imogene shouts. Blaine shoots straight up, startled, and stares at the director with bewildered eyes. "Thank God those other guys crapped out on me; look what we got instead! How's about it? Can we hear it for Kurt Hummer and Blaine Warbler?"

The room breaks out in the cheers and clapping. Kurt smiles weakly and accepts a wet towel from a production assistant; he can see, from the corner of his eye, Blaine grinning awkwardly and giving his audience jerky little bows. Something about that irritates the Hell out of Kurt, and he flings the cum-covered towel back at the flustered assistant and stalks off.

"Kurt! Hey, Kurt!"

"*What*, Blaine?" Kurt grits out, grabbing his jean shorts and refusing to turn around. He's sure Blaine's mastered that "kicked puppy" impression that always gets Finn an extra batch of cookies or Mercedes a conciliatory hug.

"Hey," Blaine breathes in his ear, and Kurt *does* turn to face his co-star this time, but only because they're right up against each other. Really. That's it. "You were great."

Kurt eyes him as coolly as possible. "You, too. I have to g--"

"Doyouwannagooutforcoffee?" Blaine blurts.

"...wait, what?"

The older man laughs and rubs at the back of his head, looking boyish and shy in a way that makes Kurt's heart flutter. "Um, do you wanna go out for coffee? I'm not booked for the rest of the day, and Imogene said something about how you'll never have to work again, thanks to her...whatever that means."

Kurt can't hold back a smile at that. "Yes, well, I have incredible powers of extortion."

"Well, would you like to extort a cup of coffee from me?"

God, why does he have to be so bashful less than 5 minutes after he's Dommed the fuck out of someone?! So bashful and irritating and - and - and funny and sexy and sweet and so damn *cute*—

"Alright," Kurt's mouth says before his brain can catch up, "alright. But I expect a specialty beverage *and* a low-cal biscotti, plus the right to pretend you're my boyfriend if I run in to any of my former beaus."

Blaine beams at him, and it feels like the sun coming out.

Five

Warnings: fluff, rimming, handjobs, and not-really-but-I-don't-know-what-else-to-call-it cumplay.

W, October 7 - 11:30am: versatile scene w/ Marcel Schlutt, Wicked Angel Studios

4pm: send Finn's birthday present

6pm: dinner + meeting w/ Ty Lattimore to discuss interracial feature

R, October 8 - 1pm: crossdressing w/ ???, 3825 Llowen Drive -- bring heels

F, October 9 - pick up dry cleaning before 5pm

7pm: Skype meeting about endorsement w/ Tantus toy company

S, October 10 - 2pm: biker scene w/ Buck Angel—

"You get to work with *Buck Angel*?"

"In the flesh," Kurt replies, shooting Blaine a smile over his coffee cup.

"Man," says Blaine as he hands back Kurt's iPhone with an expression of wonder, "I would give *anything* to work with him."

Kurt cocks his head and gives Blaine a considering look; it twists the older man's stomach in to not-necessarily-unpleasant knots. "Would you really?"

Blaine swallows hard. He realizes (after the fact, as always,) that he probably should have complimented *Kurt* and talked about how he wants to do every single scene with him, which is stupid from a business perspective, but not something he'd mind. But he's an honest person, so he nods and tries not to look too much like a deer in the headlights.

Then Kurt just beams at him, and oh, hey, he did something right! "That's so phenomenal. Most people are unfathomably rude about it and just refuse to work with anyone who wasn't born with a penis. As if *that's* what makes you a man." He scoffs and takes another sip of his mocha--he's drinking daintily, while Blaine, uncultured swine that he is, is already halfway through his second coffee.

"So you're bottoming in that scene, right?"

Kurt tilts his head again, but looks significantly less interested and a good deal more irritated, and great, Blaine's gone and cocked it up again, *nice work*. "I usually do. What, you think a trans-man can't top?"

"No!" Blaine backpedals, and he reaches out and takes Kurt's hand in an attempt to soothe the other man without even realizing it. "No, no, it's just...I was sure that you were a bottom. That's what you were listed as every time I tried to book a scene with you."

Now Kurt's face--his beautiful, expressive face--softens with a small smile and wide, doe-y eyes, his eyelashes fluttering. "You...you've tried to book scenes with me?"

"Don't change the subject," Blaine teases.

"I'm not. We're talking about topping and bottoming and we just did a scene in which I bottomed and you topped; therefore, not a subject change."

Well, if he's going to be saucy about it and bring up the (*holy fucking hell hottest sex he's ever had*) scene they just did, who's Blaine not to take the bait? He tightens his grip on Kurt's hand, again without realizing it, and leans in with a conspiratory grin. "So tell me all about it."

"About what?" Kurt asks coyly, leaning his own body forward.

"C'mon, you know what..."

"About how much I loved having your big, beautiful cock in my ass?"

Don't gurgle, Blaine, don't gurgle, it's *so* not sexy and wait, wait, you've plowed *plenty* of asses, why are you acting like a blushing schoolboy, get the little snot *back!* "Well, I loved having my cock *in* your pert ass...and in your soft hands...and in your *nasty* fucking mouth."

Kurt lets out a shakey breath just millimeters from Blaine's lips, and wow, their faces got *very* close together somehow. "Would you--" Kurt's voice catches; Blaine hears him swallow and literally feels him wet his lips before continuing-- "would you like it if I fucked *your* ass some time?"

Blaine just darts the tip of his tongue out and licks Kurt's bottom lip in response, eliciting a gasp and a barely-there "we should go get a drink."

"We are drinking," Blaine teases, tilting his head and inviting Kurt to kiss him.

"No more coffee, Warbler. Your hands are shaking."

"My wh--*oh!*" Blaine yanks his hand back, and yeah, it is shaking, but he's pretty sure it has nothing to do with the caffeine overdose. Kurt chuckles and stands up to gather his trash.

"C'mon, old man; let's go get drunk. I'm pretty sure it's a job requirement."

They *don't* get drunk. They did, of course, head to a bar and have a drink, but Kurt was so busy shooting Blaine saucy looks over the rim of his glass and rubbing his boot-clad foot up the other man's thigh that he barely managed to finish one Long Island iced tea, and Blaine's uncanny constitution guarantees that he'd have needed at least two more whiskey sours to even *start* feeling tipsy. But Blaine did feel *something* come over him, a sort of heady fogginess that, when combined with the way Kurt's eyes glowed cerulean under the bar lights, forced the question "Do you wanna go back to my place?" out of his mouth.

Kurt didn't even miss a beat, just put his glass down and smirked. "Mmhm."

That's how they ended up here, spooning in Blaine's bed, pretending to watch a movie but really trying to ignore just how stiff and awkward the person next to them is. For most people, intimacy is a little strange at first, but it builds over time until it becomes natural; sex is the tricky part. It's different when your job is all about maintaining a hard-on for an hour straight and orgasming in really spectacular ways. Sex becomes so run-of-the-mill that it takes a back seat, which can make relationships with people who *aren't* in the industry tricky. But opening yourself up to another person, emotionally, when you've specifically trained yourself *not* to get attached to the people you fuck? *That's* the tricky part for a porn star.

"Sooooo...how do you like the movie?"

"Oh. Oh, it's good! It's good. I really, um...I really love Clive Owen."

"Yeah, me too."

A long pause. Then: "I like your sheets."

"Really? I always worry that they're kind of boring."

"No no, they suit you!"

"...so I'm boring?"

"What? No! No, hey, I didn't--I mean--I don't think they're boring."

"...but I am?"

"You're not! When did I say that? You're not."

"Oh. Okay. Good."

Another long pause, long enough for Clive Owen to bark "What's your name?" at Natalie Portman multiple times while she wears a hideous wig and gets a little too sexual for their comfort. Then Kurt lets out a frustrated sigh and startles Blaine by flipping himself around so that they're facing each other. "What are we doing?"

"Um...watching a movie?"

"No, Blaine, we are not watching a movie."

"But I put it in the DVD player and everything--"

"*Blaine*. We're not watching a movie. We're too busy focusing on how *weird* this feels."

"Oh." Blaine shifts uncomfortably and darts his eyes around the room; he's terrified of what he'll see if he looks at Kurt's expressive and painfully beautiful face. "Um. Does it...*not* feel weird to you?"

Kurt grunts and turns his head to stare up at the ceiling with a frown. "No, it definitely feels weird. You lack any sense of romance or intimacy."

Blaine gapes. "Wait, *what*?"

"I said, 'You lack any sense of romance or intimacy,'" Kurt repeats blandly.

"Hey, wait a damn minute! I'm not the only guy in this bed!"

"You might as well be."

"Jesus fucking Christ, Kurt--Kurt, look at me. *Look at me.*" Kurt lets out a beleaguered sigh, then twists his torso and gives Blaine an "I-am-not-amused" sort of glare. "Look, we're both being ridiculous. We spent our afternoon having *fantastic* sex, and neither of us--*including you*--can deny that our chemistry is amazing. But we're lying in bed together like strangers."

Kurt doesn't show much of a reaction, just quirks an eyebrow. "We could always get naked again," he deadpans.

"What? No."

"You don't *want* to see me naked again?"

"No! I mean--yeah, but--look, that's not even the point! Is that all you can do, talk about our jobs?"

"You brought it up first."

"That wasn't the point!"

"Well, what is the point, Blaine Warbler?"

"I DON'T KNOW!" Blaine shouts. Kurt scuttles back, eyes wide and mouth agape, and Blaine wants to feel bad about it, but some small part of it is smugly satisfied about getting a reaction out of the other man.

"And stop calling me that!"

"Calling you *what*?" Kurt snipes. "You're name?"

"That's not my name and you know it."

"Well, then what *is* your name?"

Blaine is ready to come back with something nasty, spurred on by the unpleasant expression on Kurt's face, but then he sees something that makes him pause. Kurt's eyes are especially glassy, almost as if they're...wet? God, they are; his eyes are watering and the corner of his mouth is quivering; he's holding his emotions back very well, just like Blaine knows, just *knows* he always must, but it's clear he's close to crying. From what, he isn't quite sure, but he knows he doesn't want to be the one to get the tears started.

He shuffles forward and pulls Kurt forward; the younger man resists for a moment, but eventually cuddles his face in to Blaine's chest and allows the other man to hold him. "Anderson. My name is Blaine Anderson."

There's another pause, only this time it's different. They're melting in to each other, gingerly filling in the gaps of their hesitancy and professional roadblocks with a palpable desire for something more. "Blaine Anderson," Kurt says finally, and Blaine can literally feel his smile pressing in to his heart. "I like it. It's nice."

Blaine snorts. "It's boring."

"You're *not* boring," Kurt says in a firm voice. "It's...it's very classy."

"*You're* classy."

Now it's Kurt's turn to snort. "Yeah, I'm a real class act, with my stripper shorts and my ass-up-if-cash-is-up career."

Blaine ignores the potshot to their profession; he doesn't know Kurt's story yet, but he went in to the industry with his eyes half open and is proud of the work he does for a variety of reasons. "Hey, I liked those shorts. You look hot in them."

Kurt chuckles, a surprisingly deep sound that makes Blaine's heart beat faster. "I'll keep that in mind."

"See that you do," Blaine says with exaggerated bravado, and they both laugh at that. "So...what's your name?"

"Kurt Hummel."

"Wait, your real last name is seriously the same as your porn name?"

"No, no, it's Hummel. Hummel, with an L."

"Oh! Okay. Wow, you didn't have to go too far for your professional name, huh?"

He can feel Kurt's back stiffening up a bit under his hands, so he rubs soothing circles across the other man's shoulder blades and kisses the top of his head. "I like it," he whispers.

"You do not," says Kurt, and by the sound of his voice he's pouting a bit.

"I do! I do. It kind of reminds me of *The Sound of Music*."

"Would you believe that my parents named me after Kurt von Trapp?"

"What? No!"

"They did!"

"No they didn't."

"They seriously did! Come on, how many other famous Kurts are there?"

"Kurt Vonnegut," Blaine shoots back quickly.

"Not that I'm not impressed by your knowledge of postmodern American literature," Kurt says in a teasing voice that's slightly muffled by Blaine's t-shirt, "but does my father seem like the kind of guy who reads *Harrison Bergeron*?"

Blaine reaches up and cups Kurt's face, tilting it back so he can look in to Kurt's eyes. He's a sucker for Kurt's eyes, so beautiful and bright and laced through with a dozen different shades of blue, green, and gold. "I don't know your father," he says softly, brushing his thumb across Kurt's cheek.

Kurt smiles, sweet and genuine. "You'd like him."

The older man tips Kurt's face up further and leans in for a quick peck. "Tell me about him," he whispers.

Kurt stares back at him with an unreadable expression, then leans forward and kisses Blaine again. "Okay. I will."

And so he does.

Blaine Warbler, the gay porn industry's premier boy-next-door top, has a *thing* for tight, round asses. Right now he's looking at the absolute tightest, roundest ass he's ever seen, and bless the Almighty Lord of Buttsex, it's in his bed right now, turned towards him and looking beyond ravishable with his own hunter-green sheets nestled under the smooth, white cheeks.

An ass like this needs to be savoured, of course, so Blaine ignores it for the time being and starts up at Kurt's bare shoulder, laying soft kisses on the skin and working his way down. Kurt mumbles sleepily and rolls on to his front a bit more, which is just *fine* by Blaine, who has reached that sexy slope just above the ass by the time the recipient of his affections has stumbled in to consciousness.

"Nmmmmr...Blaine?" Kurt calls out, voice thick with sleep.

"Back here," Blaine mumbles against the top of an ass cheek.

"What're you...no, hey. No."

"C'mon," Blaine murmurs, now covering the high point of both cheeks with open-mouthed kisses while his thumbs press in to the crack and part them, "wanna rim you."

"Noooo," Kurt whines feebly, shoving his face in to a pillow. "Have to go to work."

"s only 8:30."

"Gotta big scene w' Marcel Schlutt today."

Blaine lets out a blithe "hmmm" and kisses his way down in to the crack of Kurt's ass until he's hovering right above his quivering hole.

"Blaine," he whines again, sounding petulant, "uh-uh. Not clean."

"You showered last night," says Blaine, his breath ghosting over Kurt's opening.

"Yeah," Kurt huffs, "and you wouldn't lend me pajamas."

"I don't wear pajamas," Blaine whispers. He plants a dry kiss on Kurt's asshole, eliciting a soft gasp. "C'mon, baby, let me eat you out."

"Mrrr...fine," the younger man acquiesces. He wraps his arms around his pillow and burries his face in it, then tilts his ass up in to the air. Blaine doesn't miss the invitation; he squeezes Kurt's cheeks with his hands and presses his tongue, hard, against Kurt's rim, drawing out a high keen. Encouraged, he begins laving the entire area with long, slow licks, moistening the skin from the top of Kurt's crack to the back of his balls.

"That's good," Kurt moans, turning his face so he can pant more easily, gently rutting down in the mattress. "That's so good."

"Mmmhmm," Blaine hums against the other man's perineum, and Kurt's hips thrust up towards Blaine's face at the feeling. He pushes Kurt back down and resumes worshiping him with his tongue, focusing just on his asshole and licking faster now, the tip of his tongue dipping in to the pucker a little. The way he's holding Kurt's hips makes it so that the younger man can't even thrust downward now, and he whines pitifully.

"Don't be mean," Kurt pouts, sounding like a petulant child, then "eeks!" in surprise when Blaine smacks his ass cheek.

"Don't be a brat," Blaine commands before dipping back down. "I'll get you there."

Kurt lets out a disgruntled noise and slams his head in to the pillow, but tries to tilt his hips up to give his partner easier access. Blaine chuckles and starts sucking on Kurt's balls, one at a time, the skin smooth and hairless and smelling ever so slightly of his own body wash in a way that warms his insides. Kurt sighs happily when Blaine gives his sack a few parting licks before working his way back up to his hole, suckling and laving his tongue over the flesh until he can press his thumbs down on the pucker and open it, ever so slightly.

"Ah!" Kurt gasps and twists his head to stare over his shoulder as Blaine's tongue darts inside him, just the tip at first but then *the whole tongue*, thrusting in and out and fucking him and *God*, Blaine doesn't get to do this *enough*. "Mmmm!"

Blaine catches Kurt's eye and groans, rutting his own hips down in to the mattress. He could stay back here all day, just eating Kurt's ass out, but he wants to see him come, *needs* to see it. Keeping his right hand anchored on an ass cheek, he slides his left hand under Kurt's body and wraps it loosely around his cock, jerking quickly, no lubrication needed thanks to Kurt's foreskin.

"*Mmrff...*c'mon, baby, please, need to come, c'mon..."

Blaine moans and thrusts his tongue in as far as he can, then wraps his lips around the pucker and sucks, hard, with a wet slurping sound. Kurt comes with a groan and a sigh, spilling on to the sheets, his hips and his cock twitching slightly under Blaine's hands. Blaine, meanwhile, focuses on keeping himself from coming; he lifts his own hips up off the mattress and pulls back from Kurt's ass to pepper kisses upwards until he reaches Kurt's mouth and licks his way inside.

"Can you taste yourself?" he murmurs, draping his body over Kurt's and letting his hard cock press between the other man's buttocks.

"Mmmm. You're gross," Kurt replies, but he smiles and leans in for another kiss. "Lay back." The older man has already started thrusting gently between Kurt's wet cheeks and makes a noise of dissent; Kurt giggles and wiggles on to his own back before pushing Blaine off to the side. "Come on, I wanna give you a handjob."

"A good old fashioned?" Blaine says with a grin as Kurt licks his own palm and starts jerking the other man slowly. "I haven't had one of those in *ages*." Kurt settles in beside him with a sigh, his fingers making a tight ring and twisting under Blaine's cockhead in a way that brings him dangerously close to climaxing. "Fuck, baby, slow down; gonna make me come already."

Kurt leans in, kisses him, then stares right in to his eyes. "Good," he husks, "I have work to do."

It's the mixture of real-Kurt, warm and sweet and friendly in his bed, and an imaginary-Kurt, hot and powerful and driving his cock in to Marcel Schlutt's ass from behind, that tips Blaine over the edge. He comes with a groan, his eyes slamming shut and his head tilting back as he splashes his stomach with

semen. Kurt purrs and licks it up with kittenish strokes of his tongue, and it should *not* be legal for one man to be *that* sexy.

"That was good," Blaine says, running a hand through his curls.

"Mmm-hmm."

He watches Kurt as he pulls back, noticing the softness of his normally hyper-aware features, the blush warming his cheeks, the way his hair is tossed and falling every-which-way. It's then that he realizes just how much he *wants* Kurt, not as some kind of sole sexual possession--the idea of Kurt fucking another guy just helped get him off, after all--but as his emotional partner. He wants the things nobody else can have: date nights spent at a theater that plays foreign films, clandestine games of footsy in 5-star restuarants, sweaters and pound cake and stockings with their names on them for Christmas, cuddles every night in bed...he wants them so much, it hurts.

"We should see each other again," Blaine says in a soft, hopeful voice.

"We will," Kurt replies blithely, staring across the room at Blaine's mirror and trying to put his hair in order.

"No, I mean...like this."

It takes a second for the sentence to register, but Blaine can tell when it does: Kurt's hands stop suddenly, his shoulders stiffen, and his reflection in the mirror is the portrait of utter shock. Then he's leaning over the bed to gather up the clothes he'd folded neatly the night before, looking everywhere but Blaine. It's frustrating, annoying, *heart breaking*, and Blaine leans forward and wraps his hand around Kurt's wrist, vaguely aware of the rapid pulse beneath the skin.

"Kurt...c'mon, look at me, I mean it."

Kurt bites his lip, as if he's considering it, but eventually pulls himself free and starts pulling on his underwear.

"I have to go work."

"Kurt--"

"I'll see you soon, yeah?" Kurt interrupts. His smile looks fake and brittle. "We were great together. You know, yesterday. In the studio. And. Yeah." He pulls on his last article of clothing and walks toward the door with long strides, and he can't do this, he *can't*—

"Kurt, wait."

Blaine shuffles forward and reaches the edge of the bed just as Kurt turns in the doorway to give him another smile, this one more genuine, though it's barely-there and doesn't light up his eyes the way his smile usually does. "Bye, Blaine."

And then he's gone.

Six

Warnings: Talk of Kurt and Blaine boning other people (but you aren't going to see the boneage here), a cup of crossdressing, a tablespoon of frottage, and a dash of foot fetishism. Kurt/Sam and Blaine/OMC are both mentioned, but were in the past or are not seen in action.

Kurt allows himself a discomforted grimace as he turns away from the camera, his feet already aching in his strappy black stiletto heels. He gets the appeal of crossdressing, and he understands why his appearance and sometimes-unusual clothing choices encourage these kinds of bookings, but he's always drawn the line at stereotypical porn star shoes. Of course, that changed when he became an *actual* porn star, and he now owns several pairs of high-heeled sandals, boots, and pumps, all carefully and subtly labeled with his name in case some uppity photographer tries to steal the few decent pairs of hooker heels he's managed to find.

Still, they make his legs look *fantastic*, and he can appreciate a little bit of that "beauty-is-pain" motto.

He feels the back of a heel tap against something solid and hears a soft "mmf."

"Roger," Kurt laughs, "why don't you just stand up and film me?"

Roger stumbles and swears audibly behind him as he keeps walking in a crouch, trying to tilt his camera at just the right angle. "I'm aiming for an upskirt."

"Here," says Kurt in an amused voice, reaching back and pulling up his black pencil skirt, "let me help you with that."

"Oh, man," Roger groans. "Oh, man...let me just...let me *thank you*, and that outfit, in the name of pervy gay men everywhere." Kurt reaches the end of the hall and leans up against the door, sticking his ass out and staring down at the camera over his shoulder. "Sweet. Fancy. Jesus."

"Nah, I'm not particularly religious," Kurt says plainly, flexing his leg muscles and shaking his ass cheeks--a tease technique he mastered quickly, thanks to years of dance lessons.

"No?"

"Uh-uh."

"Cause you look like a choir boy." Roger reaches out to squeeze and spank his butt. "A real--" *slap!* "--choir boy--" *slap!*

"Be that as it may, I never really went to church."

"Never?"

"Never. Well, that's not entirely true...sometimes my grandmother dragged my poor, innocent soul down to the Presbyterian church for Christmas pageants." Kurt can feel his face twisting a bit as the memories flood back in a rush and tries his very best to tamp it down, but he never did like his grandmother, especially after she outright disowned his father for supporting his gay son, then disowned her own daughter when she married her partner of 10-plus years. He hears Roger shuffling behind him, preparing to stand back up, and snaps himself out of his daze. "But other than that...nothing."

"Really?"

"Really," Kurt replies, turning around and smoothing down his skirt.

Roger tilts his head a little bit, letting his confused face peek out from behind the huge black video camera he's carrying. "But I thought you said your dad was a mechanic...?"

"...and?"

"Well, I mean...wasn't he a really, y'know, classic midwestern man's-man?"

Kurt doesn't even try to hide his irritation and outright scowls at the camera. Roger's a nice guy, and it's not unusual for behind-the-scenes segments to turn awkward when the person filming the extra footage pushes too far, but he'll never get sick of hearing about how his own father should have hated him if he wanted to retain some semblance of normative masculinity. "My father--"

The door swings open a bit behind him, tapping him lightly in the butt and interrupting his thoughts. "Hey hey hey! I thought I saw an ass I know!"

"Jerry!" Kurt squeals, hugging the large, bald man who'd opened the door. "Oh my God, I haven't seen you since--"

"Since you started, you ungrateful ho?" But he's hugging Kurt right back and smiling. "It's good to see you, honey. What are you doing wandering around in the hall, lookin' like Mrs. Badcrumble?"

"Waiting for my gay-for-pay top to get here," Kurt says bluntly, pulling out of the hug "This is Roger, my favorite camera man."

"Hey, Roger," Jerry coos.

"Er...hey?"

"Hey, why don't you come inside the dressing room here?" asks Jerry. "My guys are taking a break, too." Kurt obliges him and slinks in to the room, ignoring Roger's meek protests--hey, if his top for the day needs money *that* badly, he can start showing up on time. "We're working on *Virgins of the Screen #11*, so the bottom's brand new, but I'm sure you've heard of my top! Blaine Warbler, meet--"

"Kurt Hummer," interrupts Blaine, buck naked and lazily stroking his own hard-on, nonetheless. "We've met."

Fuck, Kurt swears to himself. *Of COURSE it's Blaine. Stupid Blaine Anderson, with his stupid celebrity status and his stupid bookings and his stupid body, with those thighs and those arms and that ASS, and his stupid eyes and his stupid feelings—*

"Oh, Jesus," Roger says suddenly with a surprised laugh, "that is a whole lotta man."

Kurt blinks. Is Roger having a delayed reaction to Jerry's mammoth size? Or is he comment on Blaine? Because Blaine's really not tall, more like compact and sturdy, and Kurt positively *towers* over him right now in his heels—

And then he sees what Roger has his camera focused on, and ok, yeah, that's an appropriate reaction.

"I like to break 'em in hard, honey," Jerry chortles. Kurt doesn't really hear him, though; he's too busy focusing on the way Blaine's stroking his big, hard cock, fingers tightening right under the slick head. He swallows hard, thinking of the unsexiest things he can think of to avoid a boner--he's not supposed to get one until his top whips out his dick and—

A hand reaches out and strokes his hip, making him jump. Then his body recognizes the warmth and weight of the touch, relaxing in to it while his brain fights back irritation. Blaine keeps stroking his own cock with one hand while his other hand massages Kurt's hip bone, and that should *not* be as ball-drainingly sexy as it is.

"How are you?" he asks, so soft and so sweet.

Against his better judgement, Kurt's insides start to warm. He can't help but smile; Blaine's just so...*nice*. "I'm good. How are you?"

"Well, I was doing 'just ok.' But now *you're* here, and you're in a *skirt*--" He gives Kurt a blatant once over, and great, there goes any hope of staving off a massive erection "--so I think I'm officially 'fantastic.'"

"Now don't distract him, Warbler," says Roger, "we're talking about his troubled youth."

Blaine's response is a disinterested hum. He busies himself with working the skirt upwards one-handed, and Kurt hisses at him to *be careful, that's Gucci*, only half-joking.

"Honey, tell the people about your first boyfriend!"

"Awe, yeah, Kurt, we wanna hear about your first boyfriend!"

Kurt rolls his eyes, but yet again can't hold back a grin. Besides, it's hard for him to be upset when Blaine's settling the folds of his skirt in the small of his back and running his fingers up and down his ass crack.

"Since you asked so nicely--"

"Oh, yay, I love this story," Jerry sighs.

"I had my first boyfriend when I was 17," Kurt begins.

"Your dad didn't let you date?" asks Roger.

Kurt shifts awkwardly. "No, I just...didn't have a whole lot of guys to choose from in a small town." He tries not to get caught up in painful memories and instead focuses on Blaine, who is playfully tucking his erection under the side strap of Kurt's barely-there lace thong.

"What did he look like?"

"Tall and blonde, right?" Jerry recalls.

"Not...tall, really. I mean, we were about the same height. And he was blonde, but it came from a bottle. He was--*oh*."

Blaine's taken advantage of their increased height differentiation to slip his cock between Kurt's ass cheeks and nuzzle up in to the younger man's hair. The feeling of his heavy member pressing against his hole and the soft tickle of breath on his neck is almost too much; he wants to throw himself in to Blaine's strong arms and never leave. That's another terrifying thought he doesn't want to consider, so he opts for the minxy porn star move instead, reaching back to grip Blaine's thighs and pull him further forward while curving his torso downward in a soft 'c' shape. The move squishes the lower halves of their bodies together, and he hears Blaine grunt in arousal as his cock is completely engulfed by the flesh of Kurt's ass cheeks.

"He was dense, to be honest, but incredibly handsome and sweet, like a real California surfer boy," Kurt finishes smugly. He catches Jerry's eye and realizes the director is staring at him critically, or at least, he's staring at the way Blaine's rolling his hips against Kurt's ass and stroking his hands up and down the pale, lean fronts of his thighs, sending excited shivers up Kurt's spine.

"You know...you two look really fantastic together. Maybe when we're done filming, we can--"

"Wait," Roger interrupts, "how did you meet this guy?"

"He was a football player," Kurt says breathlessly, bending his neck so Blaine can continue laying kisses across his shoulders, "and I was a cheerleader."

"A *cheerleader*?!" Jerry squeals. "Oh, honey, *tell me* you've made bank on that."

"Not yet," Kurt murmurs. The camera is definitely catching how distracted he is and he doesn't even care. He starts grinding his ass back, thrilling when Blaine grips his thighs and thrusts harder.

"But you were a cheerleader in *high school*," opines Roger, circling around with his camera to get a better shot of their frottage. "You probably can't do all of those perkys and kicks anymore."

Well, THAT snaps Kurt out of it. His fingers tighten on Blaine's thighs and he straightens his back, prompting the older man to stop. He can't see Blaine's face, but some small part of his brain is worried that he'll think *he's* the problem, when in fact it's Roger who apparently has a death wish.

"Excuse me? How old do you think I am?"

Roger is smart enough to look flabbergasted, Kurt will give him that much. "Wait, what? Oh, c'mon, Kurt, I didn't mean--"

"I'm *only* 21," Kurt hisses. He loosens his grip and begins to move forward, but Blaine wraps his arms around his torso and cuddles up against him.

"Baby, you'll be gorgeous when you're 80."

Why? Why does he have to *say* things like that? Why can't he just be kind and understanding, but emotionally detached, the way most porn guys are?

And it's that thought that gives Kurt pause. *Oh my God...what if he's like this with EVERY guy he works with?* A sharp stab of pain shoots through his chest; he bites his lip and does his best to ignore it. "Yes, well," he sniffs delicately. "I'm certainly not out of practice."

"Ok, then!" Roger says, his voice pitched a little too high. "Why don't you show us what you can do?"

In a move that leaves everyone momentarily flabbergasted, Kurt pulls out of Blaine's grasp, whips around, and swings his leg up on to the other man's shoulder, pressing forward until his calf is almost perpendicular to his body. His hard cock is straining against the front of his lace thong and pressing against Blaine's navel. Blaine, to his credit, recovers relatively quickly, reaching up to grip Kurt by the ankle while he kisses the smooth shins and stares intently at the sleek, black heels above him.

"Holy shit," Roger breaths.

"Okay, that's it, you *have* to let us film a bonus scene with you two!"

"I could live with that," Blaine replies. His voice is muffled by the skin he's worshipping, and for some odd reason, that gets Kurt even hotter.

But the fact remains that his top still hasn't arrived, and he doesn't know how well the scene he's actually getting paid for is going to go, and—

"C'mon," Jerry whines, interrupting his thoughts. "Please, honey? For meeee?"

"Fine, fine," Kurt says in exasperation, "but I'm not staying in this outfit."

"Keep the shoes," Blaine blurts out. Kurt cocks his head and regards him curiously.

"...what?"

"Er, I mean..." His eyes dart side to side, looking everywhere but at Kurt. "If you'd be willing to, could you...keep the shoes on?"

He's about to return a witty, saucy reply, something to the effect of, "Why, yes, Blaine dear, I'll indulge your foot fetish if you'll stop making me fall in love with you," when a soft sound makes them all turn towards the back of the room, Blaine dropping Kurt's leg in surprise: "Hi."

He cranes his neck to peek between Blaine's hair and Roger's shoulder and sees a naked man standing in the door, looking embarrassed, with a few crew members behind him. He's thin and awkward-looking, which isn't Kurt's type, but his eyes are dark and piercing, and he exudes a certain boyish-ness that he knows from experience is a big draw for certain customers. Jerry jogs over to the new arrival and guides him towards their side of the room.

"Kurt, I'd like you to meet Hiroshi. He's our new talent today."

Hiroshi looks around shyly, his hands clasped behind his back, until he reaches one out towards Kurt and looks up for a split second. "Hi."

Kurt smiles kindly and accepts the proffered hand shake. "It's nice to meet you."

Blaine wraps an arm around Hiroshi's back and pulls him a little closer, a look of concern on his face. "Are you alright?"

Hiroshi shoots another barely-there glance at Blaine, then looks back down at the floor and nods.

"Are you sure?" Blaine asks, rubbing Hiroshi's shoulder soothingly. "Because if you need more time to prep yourself and gear up for the scene, that's fine. I can wait."

Kurt's torn between being charmed by Blaine's sweetness and patting his own back for being able to take a big cock with relative ease. Then he realizes that the latter thought is borderline cruel: Hiroshi is clearly new and probably didn't know what he was getting in to. Kurt gets that.

"No," says Hiroshi, finally looking up in to Blaine's eyes and smiling, "I'm ready now."

"Ok." Blaine gives his co-star a quick squeeze, then turns back towards Kurt. "Look, I didn't mean--"

"You know what," Kurt says blandly, staring down at his nails, his skirt still hiked up at the top of his cheeks, "I think I *will* keep the shoes on. You'll just have to show me and my poor, aching feet some appreciation."

Blaine stares at Kurt with his mouth hanging open until Jerry slaps his butt and pushes him towards the crew. "Come on, you lucky bastard. One pretty boy at a time."

Kurt winks and smooths his skirt down, making sure he twists his hips so Blaine can watch the fabric sliding back over his ass. "I think that's our cue, Roger."

"You think your top is here yet?" Roger asks as they head back out the side door.

"Oh, he's here alright," Kurt mutters to himself. "I just can't have him yet."

Seven

Warnings: Anal, blowjobs, fingering, mild crossdressing, and some face-fucking and foot fetishism. You could also label a small portion of this as "humiliation," but it's kinda blink-and-you'll-miss-it. Kurt/Puck is mentioned, but only in passing.

Kurt Hummer is a consummate professional. He got through his scene with that irritating gay-for-pay top, a newcomer who thought it was clever to name himself after a Shakespearean sprite, and while it definitely wasn't the most dynamic scene he's ever done, he knows he managed to give the cameras some good stuff. It took Herculean amounts of restraint to *not* punch the douchebag when he'd bitched that Kurt wasn't "girly" enough to "give him wood," but he'd managed. He'd managed by pretending the top was his dream man, someone more compact but still muscular, blessed with actual *hair* and a sweet, smile and--oh, who is he trying to kid? He thought about Blaine.

He thought about a specific, real, tangible person to keep his dick hard in the middle of a job.

Usually Kurt would frown upon his oh-hey-that's-an-actual-person fantasizing and berate himself for the rest of the week, but he reasons that his thoughts were tainted by their meeting in the dressing room, and besides, it worked.

Speaking of Blaine and dicks: he's actually on his hands and knees on a plush couch sinking his mouth down on Blaine's hard cock right now. Funny how real life provides the most *fantastic* segues...

"Oh, baby, yes, just like that," Blaine moans, his head hitting the back of the couch and the two fingers he's thrusting in to Kurt's asshole stuttering a little. Kurt hums happily around his mouthful, cups Blaine's balls gently, and sticks his ass up higher, eliciting another moan. "You're so fucking sexy--oh, *fuck*, baby--"

Kurt's cock twitches with the praise. He doesn't linger on the implications of his body's reactions; considering the amount of grade-A dick sucking he wasted on his last co-star, it's only natural that honest-to-goodness pleasure is getting him hot and bothered.

Blaine tugs his fingers out of Kurt's ass, and the bottom can't help but whine at the loss. "C'mon, baby," Blaine urges, pulling Kurt further in to his lap, "move up a little so I can figure that pretty asshole some more." Kurt rolls on to his side, drapes his torso over Blaine's hips, and hooks a stiletto-clad foot on the back of the couch, resuming the blowjob amidst growls of *oh yes baby you're so fucking good and I wanna finger your sweet hole all day oh my God* that are driving him absolutely wild.

It's actually not necessary for Blaine to finger Kurt's ass. He finished a full anal scene less than two hours ago, after all, and Jerry made it quite clear that he wanted the scene to start out with Kurt hopping right on to Blaine's cock and riding the shit out of him. But the thing is...Kurt loves dick. It's cliché, but true, and he wouldn't have gotten this far this fast if he didn't truly enjoy playing with other men's packages.

It doesn't hurt that Blaine has the most perfect cock he's ever sucked. Kurt loves everything about it: the weight of it pressing his tongue down in to his mouth, the thickness stretching his lips and making them ache, the smooth texture of the head sliding across his skin as he licks it and rubs it against his cheek, the coarse black hair that thins out as it reaches his thighs...it's all so fucking sexy to him. He pulls back to lap at the slit, whimpering when the heady taste of Blaine's pre-cum floods his mouth.

"You taste so good," Kurt murmurs as he kisses the shiny red tip.

"Jesus," Blaine breathes, slipping in a third finger. Kurt keens and lays one more wet kiss on Blaine's cock before slipping it in to the tight space between his clenched teeth and his cheek, pulling the thick member out with a loud *pop* and repeating the process until Blaine is yanking on his hair with his free hand.

"Let me fuck that pretty mouth, baby," he moans, and Kurt obliges, pressing his cheek in to Blaine's stomach and stretching his jaw as far as he can to accommodate him. It's an awkward angle, so Blaine's hitting the back of Kurt's throat when he thrusts up rather than slipping down it, but that's just fine by Kurt, who loves the sloppy wet sound of it and the way his throat muscles try to clench around the intrusion. Blaine's cock glistens with crystalline strands of spit and mucus when Kurt finally pulls away with a gasp.

"Do it again," Kurt says, his voice hoarse from the throat-fucking, "do it again and pull my hair." Without hesitation, the top grips his hair and yanks on it, the dull pressure grounding him as his mouth is filled back up with warm, velvety flesh and the taste of *Blaine*.

It's Blaine who pulls back this time. He lets out a startled groan when Kurt dives right back down, licking up and down the shaft and pressing open-mouthed kisses to his cockhead and balls every time he runs out of track. "You got me so fucking hard, sweetheart..."

Kurt lets out a shaky breath and rolls on to his stomach a bit to mouth at Blaine's sack and the crease of his thigh, his asshole quivering as those thick, callused, *wonderful* fingers shift inside him. He seeks out Blaine's scent, remembering the thick musk that hid in the creases of his skin during their previous two

scenes, but it's barely detectable, masked by something more chemical and clean. Suddenly Kurt realizes that Blaine showered up right before their scene, and he can't tamp down the feeling of possessiveness that sweeps over him at the idea that Blaine didn't want to smell like Hiroshi anymore.

A tap on the back jerks him out of his reverie. He lifts his head, drunk on the scene, and sees Jerry towering over him, hands on his hips and eyebrows raised.

"I appreciate your gusto, honey, but I'm paying you for buttsex, not a blowjob."

Kurt whines and runs Blaine's cock between his lips, making the other man moan brokenly. "I'm not done yet."

"If you don't stop now, you're gonna make him pop."

"God, Jerry, really? Fine. *Fine*." He struggles to get back up on his knees, feeling groggy and disoriented and supremely pissed off, but then Blaine cups his face--one hand still slick with lube, and God, those fingers have been *inside him*--and pulls him in for a sweet kiss. All of the tension in his body melts away as they twine their tongues together, blending the tastes of cum and cinnamon toothpaste. "How do you want me?" he murmurs in to Blaine's mouth.

"Always," Blaine whispers.

A shiver runs down his spine. Whether he's turned on or touched or frightened, he can't tell, but he knows what he's getting paid for, and it's not making googly eyes at a cute guy. "Let me ride you."

"That's--that's. Yeah. Yeah, let's do that." The older man flops back against the couch with an expression reminiscent of an eager puppy, and Kurt giggles as he straddles Blaine's thighs and leans in for a kiss. Blaine smiles, looking boyish and shy, and holds Kurt's hips to help him steady himself.

"You're too cute."

"And you're adorable."

"Uh-uh," Kurt breaths out as he sinks down on to Blaine's cock, feeling the smooth head slip past the rings of muscle and his rim aching beautifully as it stretches around the thick shaft, "I'm sexy."

"Oh, fuck yes, baby," Blaine groans, eyes slamming shut again, "you're so sexy. Sexy and gorgeous and *God*, you feel good."

"Oh, Blaine," he moans as he bottoms out, "look at me."

The older man hesitates for a moment, his muscles clenching and tensing under Kurt's hands as he seems to battle some internal struggle. Then he draws a deep breath, lifts his head, and locks eyes with Kurt. Something powerfully primal, edged with a dangerous sense of possession, rushes under his skin; he feels warm and alive and taut all over, as if he's too big for his own skin and might burst out at any moment. He leans forward, pressing his nose against Blaine's and resting his forearms on the front of the couch, and begins bouncing his hips. "Look at me when I fuck you," he whispers, and they're sharing the same air.

"Oh my God," Blaine says in a trembling voice, one hand reaching down to grip the heel of a shoe while his other arm wraps tightly around Kurt's waist. "Oh, sweetheart, just like that."

Kurt starts pulling farther off of Blaine's cock with every upward thrust until only the thick head is stretching his rim, then sinking right back down. "Like that?"

"Faster," Blaine husks, "c'mon, baby, faster, give it to me--"

Kurt obliges and slams his ass down on every thrust, Blaine's balls slapping loudly against his skin, his own cock painfully hard and smearing pre-cum on the other man's stomach until his abs are glistening with it. He begins clenching his asshole around the top's cockhead, loving the stretch of it around his entrance and the teasing graze of it against his prostate. His co-star swears and grips the backs of his thighs so he can thrust up, *hard*, meeting Kurt on every stroke. It's like he's never without Blaine in his ass--when he moves up or down, Blaine follows--and he can only moan brokenly against Blaine's cheek as he clings to him and works his hips instinctually. Grinding down in circular motions presses the tip of Blaine's cock flush against his prostate; a hand reaches up to grip his hair and teeth bite down on his throat, making him keen.

"Fuuuuuuck!" Blaine grits. Kurt whines in response and grinds down harder, the smooth skin of his ass rubbing against Blaine's thick thighs and coarse leg hair, then squeals when Blaine lands a smack on his butt. "Turn around and put your feet on me."

Kurt scrambles to comply, nearly jumping out of his skin when he comes face to face with Roger's camera. He'd completely forgotten that they were being filmed, and fuck, that was a bad sign. He *has* to keep the camera in mind when he twists his body and makes his faces; just letting himself go results in some pretty ugly facial expressions and the blatant exposure of just how big his hips are. Discomforted but resolved, he waits until Blaine has pulled off his heels before he places his feet on his thighs and rests an arm on the back of the couch, right behind Blaine's head and shoulders. The other man holds his hips steady as he guides his cock back in, and Kurt moans low and loud as it slides up in to him, filling him to the brim.

"Oh, yes, *fuck me*," he whines, and Blaine immediately sets a punishing rhythm, the harsh, sweat-slicked sound of their bodies slapping against each other filling the room. Kurt knows he should focus on the camera, knows he should toss the viewers a saucy look and bite his lip and arch his back, but it's just too *good*, Blaine's cock stretching him to the limit and Blaine's strong hands gripping his hips so hard he's bound to bruise and Blaine's deep moans filling the room and just *Blaine*, so he reaches down and fists his own cock rough and fast instead. "Your big c-cock feels so *fucking* good in my asshole!"

"Oh, baby, tell me what you want."

"I want your fucking cock, oh my God," Kurt whines, and at least he's remembered that cue—

"You want it, baby?"

--but it's all Blaine's fault-- "I want it I want it!"

--it *has* to be-- "Oh, baby, c'mon, tell me what you want!"

--when he-- "I want it!"

--mixes up-- "Fucking say it, sweetie, come on!"

--the words: "*I want you.*"

Suddenly, Blaine stops and goes stiff behind him; he hears a choked sound and feels a surprising warmth in his asshole where the tip of Blaine's cock is. Then he's face-down in the couch cushions, his ass empty, hollow, clenchingly longingly, and the pitiful whines escaping his mouth are muffled by the sounds of stumbling feet and barked-out laughter: "Warbler, did you just fucking *come*?"

"Ohhhhh my God," Blaine groans, and Kurt turns his head to see the top staggering, bandy-legged, towards the hallway as a production assistant yanks on a rubber glove and reaches towards the floor. Kurt's eyes track the movement of her hand, and sure enough, there's a condom full of semen discarded on the floor. He pulls himself up and stares over the back of the couch at Blaine, whose now rubbing his hands over his face and through his hair, with wide, wondering eyes.

"Congrat-u-lations, Kurt Hummer!" Jerry laughs. "I think you just toppled the gaddamn gay porn mountain!"

"Oh fuck me, Oh Jesus..."

Kurt just blinks, disconcerted, as Roger scuttles forward and pulls aside an ass cheek with one hand. "This," he says to the camera he's got balanced on his right shoulder, "is the asshole that broke The Man."

"Kurt," Blaine gasps, not looking at him, still backing himself in to the hallway, "Kurt, you just--you just stay there. Oh my God. Oh my God, I will be...I will be right back, just--just stay there, God, *fuck!*"

Everyone's laughing now or whispering a stunned "holy shit," and it's like Kurt's been splashed with cold water. He feels sorry for Blaine, who people expect so much of when he's really no different from any other guy, and he hates himself for taking advantage of the other man's feelings, for using them to make himself more powerful and in-control, even if it wasn't a conscious decision.

"Oh, man," a camerawoman chortles, wiping away a tear. "Well, Kurt Hummer, how was *that?*"

The "that" is spat out almost derisively. It cracks through his body like a whip and straightens his spine in a split second. He looks over his shoulder and regards the crew coolly.

"I loved it," he says firmly.

Jerry cocks his head and regards him curiously. "...you did?"

"Mm-hm. I love knowing that I can get a guy that hot."

"Oh," the camerawoman says, flabbergasted. "Well. I mean, yeah. Yeah, of course you can!"

He turns away from the camera, trying to will the rigidity out of his body, and nonchalantly slips two fingers back in to his hole.

"Can't go without something in that pretty ass for long, eh?" Roger asks.

Kurt grunts non-committally and focuses on the hall, willing his co-star to come back and slide inside him again. At this moment, with his defenses up and his body feeling so empty in more ways than one, he doesn't want snarky crew members or so-called "fame" or a thousand-dollar-a-scene paycheck. He just wants Blaine.

By the time Blaine shuffles back in to the room, Kurt's beaten 4 more levels on Angry Birds and lost his erection. The top is rubbing his hands and staring pointedly at the ground; he's managed to get himself half-hard again, but the hunch of his shoulder suggests it was quite the battle. He's clearly embarrassed by the way he lost control and meanders about the room, chatting with Jerry and fussing around with a camera as if it actually interests him. Kurt tries not to be irritated--he knows that Blaine's just worried about facing him.

Finally, Blaine runs out of ways to procrastinate, and he slopes over to Kurt with his face still down-turned. "I'm sorry," he mumbles, looking like a chastised school boy.

"You should be," Kurt agrees, though his voice is soft and gentle. "I was lonely without you."

Blaine lifts his head a bit and glances at his co-star through his lashes, a tiny movement so full of hope it sends Kurt's heart a-flutter. He's reaching out and stroking the furred outside of a muscular thigh before he can stop himself. It's like that every time they're together: something about Blaine just *forces* him to react, to touch, to *feel*.

"I'm sorry I ran out like that," the top continues. He rests one of his hands on top of Kurt's, mapping out the shape, urging it to continue its exploration. "I just...it was like sensory overload. You know, how sometimes--sometimes you just can't hold everything inside of you, and it just bursts right out of you?"

"Something shot right out of you, alright," an eaves-dropping producer snickers. Kurt feels Blaine tensing beneath his hand, so he moves to grip the inside of his thighs and glares at the producer until she slinks back a few steps.

"This is so embarrassing," Blaine groans, staring up at the ceiling. He reaches down to play with his balls, more trying to maintain his erection than act sexy, no doubt, but the sight makes Kurt suck in a breath and stammer. After all, he'd be lying if he said he doesn't love every inch of Blaine's gorgeous body, including his sack: the balls are full and round, the skin across them stretched taught and dusted with dark hair, just the way Kurt likes them, and they're perfectly framed by sturdy thighs and a downright perfect cock. Mesmerized, he leans forward and nestles the tips of his own fingers under Blaine's sack, tickling it lightly and drawing a startled gasp from his co-star.

"I love your balls," Kurt breaths, and Jesus fucking Christ, did he really just say that out loud? Who talks about getting turned on by another guy's testicles?

He barely hears Blaine's reply, a whispered "Really?", and dares to glance at his co-star despite the blush spreading rapidly across his cheeks. To his surprise, Blaine is staring at him with a look of absolute wonder, his beautiful golden eyes doe-like and his plush lips parted. Kurt decides to swallow his snarky comments for the time being and let his long-buried romantic side lead him, because he really *does* want to get fucked some more, and Blaine really *does* need some encouragement for that to happen.

"Really. I love how big and round they are." He pulls back to lick a finger, then presses the wet digit against the seam of Blaine's balls. "I love it when you pound me hard and they slap against my ass."

"Oh, Kurt..." Blaine's whole body shudders; Kurt revels in the reaction and continues, stroking down to the insides of Blaine's thighs while his free hand reaches down to grip his own cock.

"And your legs...God, Blaine, your *legs*. They're so--"

"Short?" the top interrupts, the corners of his mouth quirking up in to a cruel smirk. Kurt shakes his head solemnly.

"*Strong*. You're just...you're just so muscular and built and *hot*. And you're not *short*, you're *compact*. Don't listen to assholes--" he jerks his head towards the snitty producer from earlier "--like that, because they aren't fucking you, anyway."

Blaine laughs. "That's certainly true."

Kurt's not laughing, though; he's still too engrossed in Blaine's body, tan and taut and hard before him. "Your ass," he whispers, reaching back to knead one of Blaine's cheeks and drawing out a gasp. "Your ass is *amazing*. People stare at your dick all day, but God, I just want to shove my face between your thighs and lick you until you *scream*."

His co-star swallows hard as he reaches behind himself and tries to pull Kurt's hand away. "Kurt..."

"And your shoulders," Kurt persists, raising himself up on his knees and reaching both hands up to the body part in question. "They're so broad. I love looking at you naked, but sometimes I just want to put you in a three-piece suit and suck you off while I stare up at your shoulders. Your fucking *shoulders*, Blaine. And your biceps, and this vein in your forearm, and your hands, fuck, baby, your *hands*, your hands drive me *crazy*--"

"Kurt," Blaine pants, "I appreciate it, really, I do, but if you don't let me fuck you right now, I'll die."

Kurt gapes at him for a moment, then scrambles to get back in to position, his hands gripping the back of the couch and his butt pushed up high in to the air. Blaine groans and gestures vaguely at the crew; somebody catches his drift and rushes over with a condom and some lube.

"You don't need to finger me again," says Kurt, wiggling his ass and not even caring about how wanton he looks, "I did it while I was waiting for you."

Blaine swore, fumbling with the condom. "Jesus, Kurt, you can't just *say* stuff like that."

"I only speak the truth," he replied with a saucy wink. "C'mon, stud. I'm ready and willing."

The top nods and steps up behind him, reaching under Kurt's hips to stroke his cock for a minute while a cameraman moves in to film the penetration shot. It's too much and not enough at the same time, so Kurt keens needily, wordlessly begging for Blaine to fuck him. Either Blaine gets his non-verbal cues or is just beyond caring, because he lines his cock up with Kurt's hole and sinks in almost before the cameraman is ready. The bottom sighs and presses his ass back, urging his partner on, until he's bottomed out.

"Oh, baby," Kurt groans happily, "I love your cock; I love it in my ass..." Blaine mumbles something incoherent as he begins thrusting shallowly in to Kurt's hole, egging him on. "C'mon, baby, stretch that little hole."

Blaine groans and drapes himself over Kurt's back, lacing their fingers together and fucking him with shorter, faster thrusts. There's something indescribably sexy about having this man--this sweet, sexy, wonderful man--deep inside him and all around him, and he's losing his carefully-crafted control at the realization that he is literally *surrounded* by Blaine.

"Oh, gorgeous, come on, come on, fuck me, come on--oh, yes, daddy, take that ass, split it open...ohhhhh my God! Oh yes oh yes oh yes, oh my *God*, so dirty, I love it, I can feel your fucking balls slapping my ass--" His muscles are tightening up, his breath is shortening, and his voice is pitching higher and higher, and he yanks a hand free to stroke his cock. "Oh, fuck, Blaine, gonna come--"

"Come on my face," Blaine gasps, and when he starts to pull away Kurt just *loses* it, grabbing the other man's thigh and digging his nails in as he lets out a pitiful whine.

"No no no, stay inside me, please, stay inside me--"

Suddenly he's laying lengthwise on the couch with absolutely no Blaine inside him or on him or around him, and he wails at the sheer unfairness of it all. Then Blaine's manhandling him on to his side, draping one knee over his left arm and gripping the other with his right hand as he slams his cock back in to Kurt.

"Wanna watch you come," he grits out by way of explanation, angling his thrusts down a little so that he nails the younger man's prostate on every stroke.

Kurt barely hears him; he's too busy clawing at Blaine's forearm and jerking himself off. He presses his face in to the couch and just lets his body go, closes his eyes and lets Blaine's hands ground him while he takes in the smell of sex and sweat, the harshness of their breath, the calluses on those strong, dark fingers, and then Blaine lifts his leg to bite at the arch of his foot and he's coming, groaning, back arching, splashing cum all over his hand and his stomach, the world fading to black for a moment as he slips in to a dark pool of pleasure and just *feels* for a moment.

When he finally comes to, Blaine is cuddled up behind him on the couch, nuzzling Kurt's shoulder and rubbing his still-hard cock against his ass in lazy circles. The younger man gasps.

"You didn't come?"

"Mmmm, came earlier," Blaine says in a contented voice, peppering Kurt's neck and shoulder with kisses. The bottom struggles away from him and tries to sit up, though he tumbles back on to Blaine when his still-woozy body protests. "Hey, be careful. You just had pretty intense orgasm."

Kurt tries to shoot him a *no shit* glare, but he's not even sure he's capable of *blinking* right now, his muscles are so loose. He sighs and settles for the puppy dog eyes. "Oh, alright," Blaine laughs, "I'll help you up."

He's feeling much more stable and grounded by the time he's up in a sitting position, but that could be because he has his legs stretched over Blaine's lap, and said porn star is currently massaging his knee and rubbing his back. He hasn't felt this sated in years, and maybe that's why he blurts it out.

"Do you wanna come on my feet now?"

Blaine freezes. Before Kurt can re-evaluate his response--*What? What did I say?* he thinks to himself--that bitch of a producer adds her two cents. "This isn't a foot fetish film," she snipes derisively.

"Don't have a foot fetish," Blaine mumbles, wrapping his arms around himself and looking away from everyone.

There's a sharp snapping sensation in Kurt's chest, and he turns to glare at the producer with every ounce of indignant rage he can muster. "Listen, roots. I understand that your sexual experience amounts to laying back and taking it while your greasy boyfriend uses you like a particularly ratty blow-up doll, but some of us are trying to maintain an erection and would *really* prefer not to hear about it. Kay? Kay."

"Down, kitty," Jerry chuckles as he pushes the flabbergasted producer away. "She's new to internet stuff." He turns to the producer and speaks to her as if she were an especially daft child. "Now, Julie. This isn't for a *film*. It's a *bonus feature*. Do you hear that? *Bonus feature*. What that means is, Kurt and Blaine were nice enough to take the time out of their busy, busy days to do an extra scene for our website, no super-specific strings attached. So regardless of whether Blaine wants to suck Kurt's toes a little, or pretend Kurt's an especially attractive giraffe he purchased for a circus-inspired gangbang, it's all ok with me. Do. you. understand?" The producer nods, still looking stunned. "Good! Why don't you go next door and help Pierce sort out his wardrobe? You two--" he points to the porn stars and makes a vague hand gesture "--as you were."

Thank you, Kurt mouths. He turns back to Blaine, who's loosened up, but still won't look at him. "Hey," he says softly, rubbing one of his feet against Blaine's side. "It's ok if you have a foot fetish. It doesn't bother me."

"I don't have a foot fetish. I can get off without thinking about feet. I just..." He hesitates, then chances a glance at his co-star; Kurt just wants to snuggle him for what has to be the fiftieth time that day. "Sometimes I like to focus on really pretty feet and ignore all the bullshit for a while. That's all."

"So you think I have pretty feet?" Kurt wiggles his toes in front of Blaine's face and smiles coyly, but the top keeps his eyes locked on Kurt's.

"I think everything about you is beautiful," he whispers.

Kurt just wants to take the praise in and give it back tenfold, to tell Blaine how amazing he is and how much he wants him, really *wants* him, despite all of his logical reasoning and emotional roadblocks. He settles for pushing him back against the arm of the couch instead. Blaine's expression shifts in to an adorable mixture of confused and aroused. "What're you doing?"

Kurt settles his butt in the space between Blaine's calves and the back of the couch and rests his feet on the other man's chest before continuing as nonchalantly as possible. "Well, I *did* say I wanted you to show my feet some appreciation, didn't I?" The older man nods dumbly. "Well? What are you waiting for?"

Blaine stares at him blankly for a few more seconds before breaking out in to a grin. They maintain eye contact while he picks up Kurt's left foot, massages it with both hands, kisses the toes, and nuzzles the arch, but the top's eyes finally slide shut when he slips the big toe in to his mouth and sucks. Kurt's never been majorly in to having his feet played with, but there's something insanely erotic about how much *Blaine* is in to it, and he pants as that wicked tongue dives between the toes on his right foot and suckles along his arch. He sees Blaine's cock, leaking pre-cum and so hard and red it must be painful, resting heavily against his stomach, and he makes a split-second decision.

"Hey, gorgeous," he coos. "Do you want me to jerk you off?"

"Mm-mm," Blaine says, muffled by the carefully-manicured toe, "wanna play with your feet."

"No, I mean...do you you want me to jerk you off with my feet?"

Blaine keeps worshipping his foot, then stiffens suddenly. He blinks up at Kurt, who smiles and nods, then shrieks and giggles when Blaine tumbles them around on the couch in his haste to sit up.

"Oh my God, Kurt, oh my God, I'm so sorry, I'm--wait, you just--okay, you just stay right there, just like that."

Kurt regards their positioning curiously as Blaine twists his torso and takes some lube from a crew member. Now he's laying back against the opposite arm of the couch with the bottoms of his feet pressed together and resting on top of Blaine's thighs, and Blaine's sitting up properly. He realizes that his foot is almost brushing against the top's erection, so when his co-star takes a little too long warming up the lube and keeps chatting with the crew member, he tilts his right foot and rubs the top of it up from balls to tip.

"Fuck," Blaine swears, unsettling them both a bit as he tries to lube up his dick as quickly possible. "Fuck, okay...okay, now I'm ready."

"I don't know," says Kurt as he presses his toes against Blaine's balls and pushes a bit, drawing out a strangled moan. "You've had me waiting for an *awfully* long time..."

"C'mon, Kurt," Blaine whines. "Don't be a tease, not now."

"A tease?" the bottom gasps in a faux-scandalized voice. He starts pulling his feet back, musing, "Well, now I just don't know--"

"No, wait, hey, c'mon," the top stammers, grabbing Kurt's ankles and holding him in place. "I'm sorry, I didn't mean it. Will you please?"

"Please, what?"

"Will you please...jerk me off with your feet?"

"I'm sorry," Kurt sing-songs, "I didn't quite hear that. What do you want me to do?"

Blaine swallows hard, stares up at the ceiling, and evens out his breathing before turning back to his co-star with dark, pleading eyes. "Please, baby," he says, loud, firm, clear. "Please let me fuck your beautiful, beautiful feet and come all over them."

"Why, Blaine Warbler," Kurt trills, grasping his cock between the arches of his feet and relishing his gasp, "I didn't know you cared!"

"Oh, God," Blaine moans. "Oh...my fucking God..." He finally turns away so he can stare down at his lap and thrust up between Kurt's feet, the slip of his cockhead against the delicate skin of the arch making Kurt squirm. "That's so good, sweetheart, so good..."

"Do you like that?" asks an awed Kurt.

"Yeah," Blaine breaths out, pumping his hips up faster. "Oh, yeah, baby, just like that, just like that...baby, c'mon, say it, say it again."

Kurt tries not to show how puzzled he is; they are, after all, still being filmed. "Say what, gorgeous?"

"Say you want me," Blaine chokes, "please say you want me."

He's squirming for an entirely different reason now. "Blaine..."

"Please, Kurt, I need it, God, I need it..." He's fucking Kurt's feet so fast his cock is almost a blur; his ass is lifted up off the couch and his thigh muscles are clenching visibly from all of the effort. Kurt sucks on his lips, trying to will the words back down in to the dark place they came from, hoping he can just forget them—

"Say it, sweetheart, c'mon."

"Blaine--"

"C'mon baby make me come make me come--"

"Blaine!"

"C'mon c'mon c'mon c'mon--"

"I want you so much," Kurt groans.

Blaine comes so hard he practically leaps off of the couch, jolting Kurt's feet before coating them in ropes of sticky white. Kurt gapes at him, too caught up in the rapid rise and fall of his partner's chest and the rough, masculine sound of his labored breathing to care about Jerry's quips ("Well, there's something I don't see every day!"), let alone what slipped out of his mouth a mere minute ago.

Eight

Warnings: Frottage, a two-in-one handjob, docking, D/s overtones, and non-romantic Blaine/Sebastian. I've labeled this section as "dubcon-ish" because Blaine doesn't really want to work with Sebastian, but has to as per industry standards.

Blaine snuggles back in to his favorite arm chair and glances around the cafe. Maybe it's a little creepy, but he's always enjoyed people-watching. Sometimes he makes up entire stories in his head about a particularly interesting-looking individual, but usually he conjures romantic scenarios for *himself* with the stranger cast as his One True Love. Taking a sip of his coffee, he lets his gaze fall on two young women at the far end of the cafe. They're sitting shoulder-to-shoulder in front of a laptop, pretending to look at the screen, but in actuality they're watching each other, peering out of their corners of their eyes. In Blaine's head, the redhead on the right works up the courage to put her hand on her friend's knee; her friend looks up at her suddenly, eyes blinking owlishly behind her spectacles, before smiling shyly and lacing their fingers together.

He sighs and comes back to reality slowly, shifting to find someone new to watch. There's a tall, slender man standing at the counter placing an order; Blaine lets his eyes drink him in. His jean-clad legs are long and lead up to a perfectly round ass, and his blue-and-red plaid blazer accentuates a surprisingly trim waist and deliciously broad shoulders. There's little skin visible, which is unusual in a Californian May, but Blaine can see that the stranger's fingers are long and pale, the nails trimmed short and shining slightly with a layer of clear polish. The stranger's posture suggests the sort of poise and regal bearing that Blaine finds infinitely attractive, if nigh on impossible to find. His gaze lifts higher and higher, taking in the willowy neck, the plush pink lips, the aquiline nose, and the bright, aquamarine eyes that catch the light from the windo--wait.

"Kurt?" Blaine blurts, turning more fully in his chair.

The man at the counter twists around at the sound of his voice, and sure enough, it's Kurt Hummel, handing a credit card to the barista. His mouth drops open when he sees who called out to him; Blaine would find his reaction comical if he weren't still working out his own shock.

"Blaine," Kurt says dumbly. "Uh. Hi."

"I should've know it was you," he replies with a smile, grabbing his coffee and jogging over to the counter. Kurt doesn't look at him, not even when they're standing just a few inches apart, but rather around the

room, his eyes darting to and fro. It feels like someone's just thrown a bucket of ice water over Blaine's head.

"Kurt, hey...it's ok. People usually don't recognize me here."

"What?" Kurt stares at Blaine with narrowed eyes for a moment, then makes a startled noise, sighs, and looks away again. "It's not like that; I get naked on camera and have embarrassing encounters with so-called 'fans' in the grocery store, too. It's just--it's--now is not a good time."

"Is this about that...y'know, that...*thing* we talked about last week?"

"You mean your balls?" Kurt quips, smirking down at the coffee the barista has just handed him.

Blaine rolls his eyes. "You know what I mean." Kurt fidgets, but doesn't answer. "Kurt...I know it was kind of a shock, me throwing that at you--"

"What, that whole 'I've been looking for you forever' line?" the younger man interrupts. "That line you threw out *in the shower*? Yeah, no, I *definitely* knew that was coming. Yep. It was in the script."

Blaine grits his teeth and presses on despite Kurt's biting sarcasm. "I know it was a shock, but you said you were okay with it." Now it's his turn to stare down at his cup and shift uncomfortably. "I really like you, Kurt. I just...I don't wanna screw this up." He can feel Kurt's beautiful eyes staring at him, but he keeps his head turned down as he mumbles, "I want us to be friends, at least."

"Blaine," says Kurt, and he's clearly exasperated, which only makes the older man shrink away even more. "Look, we *are* friends; I thought I made that clear. We just can't be seen together right now."

Blaine can't resist giving Kurt a confused and slightly hurt look, one that he's been told makes him look a wounded puppy. "I thought you said--"

"Blaine, I'm serious, I can't--"

"I'm back!" a cheery voice pipes in. "The facilities were subpar, as I predicted they would be, but luckily I brought seat covers and several different kinds of disinfectant."

Blaine swivels around and sees a perky brunette striding towards them; Kurt groans "Oh, *no*" behind him right as the woman locks eyes with him and stops dead in her tracks.

"Oh," she says in a shakey voice, smiling coyly. "Hello. I take it you're one of Kurt's many admirers?" She says it in a hopeful sort of voice, as if she's banking on Blaine *not* being a gay porn enthusiast.

Blaine is about to introduce himself when Kurt steps up beside him to hand cup with a tea bag string dangling out of it to his friend. "Blaine, this is Rachel. She's one of my dearest friends from high school, come to stun the LA theatre scene with her stunning rendition of 'Stay With Me.'"

"I'm on loan from NYADA," Rachel says brightly, still smiling up at Blaine in a way that's making him feel warm and discomforted at the same time. "Both the actress and her understudy were injured a horrible lighting fixture malfunction, but my advisor knows the director and sent me out to save the day."

"So you're doing *Into the Woods*?" Blaine asks. "Oh, wow, I love that musical."

Rachel's grin grows even broader to the point of maniacal. "You should come! Not that I'm worried about bringing in a full house, but I could always use another friendly face in the crowd."

"Sure!" Blaine says happily; he'd been trying to get decent tickets to the production for weeks. He turns to Kurt, hoping to catch a smile and a witty remark about musical theatre from his friend. Instead, he comes face-to-face with a stiff-looking pornstar whose face is so stretched and taut it could crack.

"Rachel," Kurt continues in a cold, disconnected voice, "this is Blaine. Blaine also takes it in the ass for a living."

Blaine jerks back and grabs his own cheek as if Kurt's slapped him. He might as well have, the way his words make pain and anger and utter shame flood through his body in ways he hasn't felt since he came out to his parents in the eighth grade.

"Actually," Kurt continues, adopting a mock-pondering expression and addressing a stunned Rachel over Blaine's shoulder, almost as if he's nothing between them, "Blaine puts it in other men's asses for a living. And wouldn't you know it, he's put it in mine twice already. I'm sure he wouldn't mind taking it in the ass from me for a scene, but, guess what! Despite the fact that I'm a person with thoughts and feelings who

identifies as a *versatile bottom*, everybody thinks I'm just a pretty dick receptacle. Then they toss me off to the side and get ready for the next twink on their list."

At the end of his last sentence, he turns his icy gaze on Blaine, who wants nothing more than to sink in to the floor. Kurt hasn't been exceptionally loud, but the barista definitely heard the "pretty dick receptacle" snipe, and the customers at the table closest to them are not-so-subtly trying to edge in on the conversation. He's torn between running away crying or screaming *What is your fucking PROBLEM with me?* at the top of his lungs when Rachel solves the conundrum for him.

"Oh, my, look at the time!" she chirps. "Kurt, we have to get to the airport; Mercedes will be *livid* if we're late."

"But her plane doesn't land until--"

"It was nice meeting you, Blaine!" Rachel shouts over him, still sounding overly bright. She grabs Kurt's wrist and starts pulling him towards the exit, though Kurt appears to be struggling against her. The younger man manages to turn around and look at Blaine one last time, biting his lip and looking strangely concerned, as if he's wondering whether or not he was too harsh. Then Rachel gives his wrist another firm yank, pulling them out and away in to the California sunshine.

Blaine flirts with the secretary at UMC Studios to get a peek at their booking schedule. He claims he's just curious to check on who his co-star for today is and see if anybody has his name listed in the "want to book" column, but honestly, he's looking for Kurt's name. He still feels hurt by their exchange at the coffee shop, but something about Kurt's unsure expression when he left has soothed the ache. With one last wink at the airheaded boy behind the desk, he pulls the schedule towards him and scans it with hungry eyes.

9:30am -- Everett Everhard and ~~Adrien Costello~~ Puck, studio 1 -- "*Twinks In Space*"

9:30am -- Furio Galant and Jonny Star, studio 3 -- "*Ass To Mouth Masters #27*"

11am -- Raja Rule, studio 2 -- *masturbation scene for website*

1pm -- Blaine Warbler and Sebastian Bryce, studio 1 -- "*Teacher's Pet #3*"

4:30pm -- Raja Rule, Sebastian Bryce, and Yuri Yank, studio 2 -- "*Two on the Twink*"

Blaine sighs in disappointment as he flips past the first page and checks the schedule for the rest of the week. Not only is Kurt's name completely absent from this studio's schedule, they've also booked Blaine with Sebastian Bryce, of all people.

It's not that Sebastian's a bad guy or a lousy lay. He's a little thinner than Blaine prefers, but that's neither here nor there. Blaine's problem is that he just doesn't feel *comfortable* around Sebastian, and that's saying something when it comes from a porn star as dedicated and kinky as Blaine Warbler. Sebastian has a tendency to snipe at the other bottoms on set, either because he thinks he's more attractive than they are and wants to stake his claim over the top, or because the bottom is a versatile or a switch--he claims that they're just "cowards" who "aren't dedicated to the fine art of taking one up the ass." He also has this very unsettling habit of trying to "collect" co-stars, constantly seeking the most famous guys out there and bragging about each one as if they were a trophy on his shelf. Blaine has no problem answering questions about the size of his dick or how many cocks he can fit in his mouth--he works in porn, after all--but something about the way Sebastian acts just feels...*slimy*.

Blaine sighs again and scans the "want to book" notes in the schedule. It takes him a moment to register what they say, but when he starts picking up on the words, his jaw drops.

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Would like to book Kurt Hummer for a historical romance. Preferred tops are Blaine Warbler or Pierce A. Hole. --Imogene Unger

"Well, well, well. *Somebody's* popular."

Blaine can't help but cringe a little as the slick, oily voice washes over his back. "Sebastian," he greets, turning around and coming face-to-face with his grinning co-star for the day. "How are you?"

"*Fantastic*, now that I finally get to work with you. I'm sorry about last time--I kinda woke up with a hangover and a certain someone who wouldn't roll out of bed until I forced him. *Not* my best moment." His grin grows impossibly wider as he steps closer and puts them chest to chest; Blaine barely resists the urge to roll his eyes. "I hear you got stuck with Kurt Hummer. You poor thing."

Blaine bristles. He takes a step back to put space between them, jaw clenching when he sees the amusement that sparks in Sebastian's eyes. "It was a fantastic scene."

Sebastian's clearly not stupid--he takes the hint and backs away from the subject as they head back to studio 1, though the sly glint never leaves his eyes, not even as he yanks on his schoolboy costume while Blaine fastens a tie around his neck. All the while Sebastian yaps on his oily voice, talking about "turning Rocco Siferedi gay" on the side and earning twice as much as most bottoms for his scene in Teacher's Pet #1. By the time he shuts up, they're on set and preparing to whip their dicks out for the camera, and Blaine's not surprised that he's having a little trouble getting it up.

Sebastian jeers, "What's the matter, Warbler? Don't like boys?"

"No," Blaine says coolly, "I like *men*."

His co-star clicks in tongue in condescending understanding. "Or maybe you just like guys who look like Precious Moments figurines with especially big asses."

Blaine whips around to gape at him, too startled to feel angry. "What did you just say?"

Janelle, their director, suddenly appears between them, clapping her hands. "Guys, guys, c'mon, I need some boners to go on here. Warbler, you okay? You gonna be able to do this for me?"

"I'm fine, I just--" He runs his hand through his hair, messing up the gel and sending the makeup artist in to a minor tizzy. "I need a moment."

"We got another picture to do with Sebastian in a few hours, and we've already chewed up 45 minutes for pictures." She gives him a significant look, then leans in closer and stage whispers, "If you don't like him, just think about somebody else." Sebastian makes an infuriated choking noise behind her, and okay, *that* gets him smiling.

"Got it. No problem. Student seducing the teacher, right?"

She returns his smile and winks. "Right. Just shout if you need me, kay?"

"Not a problem. Thanks."

He watches her walk back behind the cameras, then takes a deep breath before turning back to Sebastian, whose face has gone cold and brittle. "I don't do it for you, Blaine Warbler?"

Blaine eyes him warily, trying to pin down how much trouble honesty could get him in, before responding. "No, I really don't like you."

His co-star's smile is thin-lipped and blatantly cruel. "Fun," he whispers, "because I *really* like *you*."

"You don't like me, you like the idea of fucking somebody famous."

"Either way, we're rubbing dicks," he hisses, still grinning that nasty grin. "And I know you'll do your best. Admit it: you're too good for all of those little twinkies you fuck. I'm the only one in your ballpark, gorgeous, so you'd better get used to seeing my face and sucking my dick."

Blaine's so hot and angry, he feels like he's about to burst out of his own skin. But Janelle claps her hands again, shouting out a loud "rolling in 15, 14, 13," so he settles for a scowl that is, thankfully, appropriate to the scene as she winds down to "2, 1...GO."

Blaine waits for Sebastian and the extras to settle down in to their school desks before he rustles the pile of papers on the desk and starts handing them back. "When you receive your paper, you may be excused. Read chapters 3 and 4 for Monday," he announces in his most stern voice. Sebastian's paper is strategically placed at the bottom of the pile, so he makes sure to hand back the solid *D*- when he reaches him, angling the paper down a little so a hovering camerawoman can catch the grade. Every ounce of anger and distrust and dislike, emotions that usually make him uncomfortable, oozes out of his scowl as he stares down at Sebastian and growls, "Unacceptable, Mr. Bryce," before moving on. He hands back the last few papers to the remaining extras and watches Sebastian's over-acting from the corner of his eye, barely resisting the urge to roll his eyes when his co-star's mouth shifts from a round 'O' to an exaggerated pout and finally a half-smirk.

He's on his way back to his desk when he realizes he can't do what Janelle recommended and pretend Sebastian is someone he likes, because...well, he *likes* those people. Feeling so unhappy and simultaneously imagining JP or Yuri--or God, *Kurt*--just makes the bile rise in his throat. Even the former co-stars he's not emotionally close to feel off-limits; Hiroshi, for instance, was incurably sweet, and while he had no real chemistry with Chandler Wild, he still regards the famous sub with the utmost respect. He comes to a decision as he rounds the corner and sits down at the deskchair to begin the scene proper: he'll

focus all of the anger in his mind on Sebastian and channel any and all feelings of pure physical arousal towards men he actually likes, separating the two while maintaining the undercurrent of rage necessary for the scene.

"Mr. Warbler?" Sebastian asks sweetly, coming towards him with his fake essay in hand. "Can I ask you about my paper?"

"All grades are final, Mr. Bryce," Blaine says gruffly. He pulls open the desk drawers and pretends to rifle through them, hoping the cameraman to his left is far enough back that he won't catch their emptiness on film.

Sebastian whines, "But Mr. Warbler! I'm on the lacrosse team and I'm captain of the debate club! If I don't get at least a C in all of my classes, they'll kick me out!"

"You should've thought of that before you wrote 6 pages about how much you want to fuck me."

Sebastian smirks and quirks an eyebrow. "Well. Did you at least enjoy the part about how hot that bulge in your pants is?"

Technically, Blaine's supposed to smile a little, then make a sort of nervous gesture to try and get Sebastian to leave. He can't muster up the energy, however, so he just grunts and resumes shuffling through his drawers. His co-star gapes for a moment, but eventually manages to recover and go on with the scene; Janelle is shooting them disapproving looks and he can't even be bothered to care.

"Oops!" Sebastian gasps as he not-so-subtly drops a pencil over Blaine's shoulder. "Just let me get that."

Blaine sighs in frustration, but pretends it's because he can't find what he's looking for and starts scanning the top of his desk while carefully resting his hands on the back of his chair. He knew way ahead of time that Sebastian was going to take the opportunity to sneak a pair of cuffs on each hand, then fasten each pair to one of the arms of the chair; it's unethical not to warn your stars about stuff like that. He was told, however, that the cuffs would be relatively loose for his comfort; Sebastian clamps them on much tighter than they should be, prompting an honest gasp of surprise.

"Now I have you right where I want you," Sebastian coos.

"What are you doing?" Blaine asks. He lets his hatred seep through his grimace and his wide eyes as he looks up at Sebastian's face, but when he peeks down at his co-star's hands, slowly working his fly open, he quickly switches gears to a more pleasant memory: *Riley Newport, new to the scene and blindingly beautiful, unbuttons Blaine's highwater trousers with a coy smile; he glances up through his lashes and asks, in his thick Scottish brogue, "Ahr y'sure, hunneh? Y'sure y'want me ta suck ye?"*

Then he stares back up at Sebastian, who is positively *leering* at him as he pulls his own cock out of his trousers, and all of the anger rushes back at him so quickly it knocks the breath out of him. Sebastian, misinterpreting the choked noises coming out of Blaine's throat, radiates smugness. "Yeah, baby, I know you like that."

"Untie me, Mr. Bryce; this is *illegal*."

"What's illegal is how *hot* you look all trussed up like this. Besides, you're not tied, you're cuffed. Only the best for *you*, sir."

Blaine tries not to gag on the corny dialogue and Sebastian's ineloquent delivery and pushes forward, closing his eyes for a moment to think of *Kurt, warm from the shower and smelling like his expensive cologne, tucked up in Blaine's arms as they doze off watching a movie* to keep his dick hard. "Fine," he grits out. "*Uncuff me*, then."

Sebastian bites his lip and peers up at the ceiling while working a hand over each of their cocks. "Hmmm...no, I don't think I will. Not until you give me an A."

"I'm not going to just *give you* an A, Mr. Bryce; now uncuff me!"

Sebastian smirks. "Oh, I would never *dream* of just *taking* an A." He slides his butt a bit closer to the desk's edge, letting the tips of their cocks brush up against each other; Blaine darts his eyes away for a moment and lets the memory of *Kurt's absolutely perfect round ass* flush a wave of arousal through his system. "I'm going to *earn* it."

As Sebastian slips the foreskin of his cock over the head of Blaine's penis, Blaine remembers *doing the same thing with Yuri during that big, famous scene of theirs, fuck, it was so sexy, Yuri's height and the curve of his cock forcing Blaine to hold his dick straight up against his stomach* and moans. Sebastian practically

purrs with satisfaction, stroking two fingers around the spot where their cocks are joined. "That's a *good boy*, Mr. Warbler."

He glares up again, feeling full of venom, and notices that the ferocity of his gaze makes Sebastian slip a little, gasping and briefly losing his hold. "*Uncuff me, Mr. Bryce*. I am not amused."

"Mmm, I guess this is too slow for you, huh?" Sebastian says in a voice drawn syrupy and boyish. He pulls his hips back, making Blaine's dick pop free of his freeskin with a barely-audibly swishing sound, then presses forward again so he can grip both of their cocks in one hand. "Do you like this better? Do you like it when I'm giving your big cock all the attention it deserves?"

Blaine averts his eyes and swallows hard, remembering *showering with JP after that big steampunk picture, and JP had held both their cocks in his two hands and rubbed them together, all while kissing Blaine until they were both out of breath and dizzy, bodies slippery with soap and water and cum as Blaine whispered, "I think I love you,"* his cock twitching and his balls drawing up tight to his body in the memory. Sebastian is blathering above him, something about how good he is, or how good his cock is, or how good clementines taste, Blaine doesn't even know or care; he groans low in his throat and thinks of *Logan Cass, his face twisted in ecstasy, slapping Blaine across the face while he rides his dick and cries out with joy at having found "such a hung fucking ride"*.

He's jolted out of his reverie when Sebastian lets go of their cocks and starts shaking off his trousers, which are trapping his legs. He's so busy concentrating on removing his clothing that Blaine can glare at him with the utmost contempt without startling him in to a production-fucking pause again. When he straddles Blaine's thighs and prepares to sit down, however, he yanks against the cuffs and tries to buck him off.

"Still lively," Sebastian pants as he sits on Blaine's lap and presses his body weight down, his eyes glinting with something akin to madness. "I like that about you."

"Fuck you, you filthy whore," Blaine hisses through clenched teeth, not even acting out the all-consuming hatred he feels at the moment.

Sebastian smiles, tight-lipped and humorless, and starts rubbing their cocks together with jerky thrusts of his hips that make his breath catch, seemingly involuntarily. "I'm gonna fuck you, alright. I'm gonna fuck you til you give me that fucking A."

Blaine stares at him with wide eyes and gritted teeth until his lids slowly slide down and his head falls back against the chair, his hips lifting up slightly against his own will. He lets his mind register Sebastian's barks of, "Give me an A, you fucking cocksucker!", but lets his attention wander to other thoughts, keeping that split and maintaining his erection during this unpleasant scene. A continuous stream of growls filters through his clenched teeth as he works up an orgasm and thinks of *Kurt sucking his cock that very first time* and *Alex Angel calling him "Daddy" as he holds his legs open and takes Blaine's dick like a pro* and *Kurt's soft hands and soft feet and soft lips getting him off* and *covering JP's ass and thighs in sweet kisses while the redhead laughs and keeps blowdrying his hair* and *Kurt's eyes his beautiful beautiful eyes always his eyes*, and when Sebastian climaxes with a shout, he lets that memory bring him off, too, blacking out and almost biting on his own tongue as his cum splashes all over his khaki trousers and wrinkled dress shirt.

They both take a moment to catch their breath. Blaine risks slitting his eyes open and immediately regrets it; Sebastian's smirk suggests he was waiting to catch his attention again, and he grips the sides of Blaine's face and forces their mouths together in a sloppy kiss. They both moan, but Sebastian's is low and pleased while Blaine's is high and distressed. His co-star yanks back with a wet sound and slaps him lightly on the cheek. "Thanks for the A, Mr. Warbler," he breaths.

Blaine's just about to tell Sebastian where he can stick that A when Janelle yells, "Cut! Good job, guys. Not what I expected, but good job." Several of the crew members clap before shuffling around to get things in order; he feels the pressure release from his wrists and turns around to see a photographer holding the cuffs and smiling kindly.

"I thought you'd want those off. Looked like your hands were about to turn blue for a minute there."

"Thanks," Blaine says genuinely. Then he realizes the pressure on his waist hasn't let up and turns back around to scowl at Sebastian. "Can I help you with something?"

"I was just getting ready for a celebratory shower after our *amazing* scene," Sebastian says with a smirk, wiggling his lips a little on Blaine's thighs and making him wince. "I thought the great Blaine Warbler might want to join me."

"The great Blaine Warbler definitely wants a shower," he mutters.

Sebastian's eyes lit up and his smug grin grew even wider. "Well, then. Might I suggest--"

"The great Blaine Warbler wants to wash up *without* Sebastian Bryce bothering him," interrupts Blaine. Sebastian's smile drops and his eyes narrow in the blink of an eye.

"Well," he says coolly, lifting himself off of Blaine's lap and throwing the rest of his clothes haphazardly on the floor. "I guess we'll always have Paris, hmm? Good scene, Warbler."

Blaine gives him a little nod, but still doesn't smile. Sebastian shoots one last smirk over his shoulder, clearly satisfied with himself, before leaving his pile of cum-covered clothes on the floor for some poor assistant to clean up. Blaine rubs his wrists and takes deep, soothing breaths as he slips out in to the hallway and heads towards studio 2; nobody in the studio even gives him a second glance, despite the semen dripping off of his trousers and the sweat covering his face. He'll shower separately, maybe catch up with Yuri until Sebastian's due to arrive for *Two on the Twink*. He's got a very important meeting to head to after this, and he doesn't want to see that vile brat any more than he has to.

"And then he called me 'the *great Blaine Warbler*--"

"Oh, gross!"

"--and tried getting me to shower with him. Like I'd want to spend any more time with his boney ass shoved in my--"

"God, Blaine, *stop*," JP moans. "I'm gonna lose those last two martinis all over this table."

Blaine chuckles and takes another sip of his own drink, a white wine spritzer. He usually favors beer or Alabama slammers, but he definitely wants to stay sharp; he's booked for an early scene with the gorgeous man across from him and at least one other bottom, as-yet-unknown, and that's going to require a lot of focus and energy. "You're gonna lose more than your liquid lunch if you don't slow down."

JP shrugs. "I don't need to be on the top of my game tomorrow. I'm gorgeous and you know it--don't even roll your eyes, you've been hot for me since day one." Blaine ignores him and continues to roll his eyes. "I know you're gonna treat me *real good* tomorrow, baby."

"Don't I always?" Blaine asks, quirking a brow and shimmying his shoulders. JP just laughs and laces their fingers together, his grip as warm and friendly as ever.

"Am I interrupting something?"

They both startle at the cool voice interrupting their moment and turn to see a particularly handsome man, cheeks flushed and struggling to smile, standing next to their table.

"Kurt!" Blaine is genuinely surprised; Kurt's particularly famous for disliking the bar scene and rarely goes out to drink, unlike most gay porn stars. They're outright encouraged to party and keep up the "devil-may-care" image, after all. "God, it's so nice to see you."

Kurt's lips quiver a bit, corners lifting almost imperceptibly higher, and Blaine realizes that the statement seems to make him...happy? A little sad? Whatever the emotion is, it makes his eyes glimmer in the dim light. "It's nice to see you, too. Listen, I--" he peeks at JP, who is staring at him with blatant interest, and his face goes hard for a moment. "...I wanted to...apologize, for being a jerk this afternoon."

"What? Oh! Oh, at the coffee shop! Hey, don't worry about. I figured you were just having a bad day."

"You're lying through your teeth," JP says quietly. Kurt's shoulders lift up and his expression becomes impassive as he turns a little to look at him.

"You're Jacques-Pierre, right?" Kurt asks in a sweet voice that makes Blaine squirm in his seat. He continues when JP nods, "I've seen so many of your movies. You're..." He hesitates for a moment, darting his eyes back at Blaine and looking suddenly unsure, before his body tightens up further and his voice lowers. "You're really amazing," he says blandly.

Blaine feels warm all over when Kurt compliments his oldest friend. JP, however, looks rather amused by the comment. "Why, thank you, darling."

Kurt glances back and forth between them, his arms behind his back as he rocks on the balls of his feet. "Well, I saw Blaine and figured I'd come over and apologize for being a absolute cretin earlier, so now that that's done--"

"Kuuuuuuurt!"

Blaine and JP both lean back to stare behind Kurt right as the younger man covers his face with his hands and moans out a begrieved "Oh, NO." He sees Rachel tottering towards them, cheeks flushed and body swaying, and a pretty black woman is following close behind her, also visibly intoxicated.

"Oh, Blaine, it's yooou!" Rachel squeals, throwing her arms around the startled porn star. "I've miiiissed you."

Blaine laughs. "We just met!"

"Oh, that's no big deal," she says, almost smacking a disgruntled-looking Kurt in the face as she flaps her hand around. "Hey! Hey! Did Kurt introduce you to, uh. To Mercedes?"

"Helloooo," Mercedes drawls, leaning forward on the table and grinning at JP. "Who's your friend?"

"Jacques-Pierre," JP greets her with a kind smile and an outstretched hand. "Pleasure to meet you. By the way, I'm a flaming homosexual."

Mercedes snaps her fingers and curses under her breath.

"Well, ladies," Kurt says with a nervous laugh, "Maybe we should leave these gentlemen to themselves--"

"Wait!" Rachel shouts right in Blaine's ear, making him wince and rub at the side of his face. "Blaine! BLAINE! Is this...is he your *boyfriend*?"

"What, JP? Oh, no, God, no, he's--no of course not!" He lets out a nervous laugh of his own and chances a glance at Kurt, whose expression is unreadable.

JP grins and swirls his martini. "Nice to know what you *really* think of me, Warbler."

"Well, this has just been swell," Kurt says in an overly bright voice, grabbing both girls by the arm and starting to walk backwards. "But we *really* should be getting back to *our* dates."

Mercedes narrows her eyes at him, surprisingly quick on the uptake for how drunk she is. "But you didn't bring a date for y--"

She gasps in pain, as if someone's just squeezed her a little too hard. Kurt keeps smiling his plastered-on smile as he continues to drag them back towards the bar. "Bye, gentlemen, it was nice to see you!"

"Oh mah gahwd," JP says quietly, watching Kurt's retreating figure with a smirk on his face.

"Okay, as soon as that accent you try so hard to hide comes out? I know I'm in trouble."

JP laughs and leans back against his chair, still smirking. "Blaine Anderson. You little heartbreaker."

Blaine never thought he'd be quirking an eyebrow and gaping simultaneously at any point in his life, but things have been kind of off-kilter lately. "JP, what the Hell are you on about?"

"Your 'friend,'" JP says, jerking his head, "Kurt. He's jealous."

"Of me? Don't be ridiculous, Kurt's really popular and he knows I'm not with you."

"Oh my sweet fancy Jesus, Blaine, you can *not* be that oblivious." He stares at Blaine, clearly waiting for a reaction, but when nothing more than a blank stare is forthcoming, he starts laughing again. "Oh my God, you *are*. You are!"

Blaine drains his white wine spritzer and nudges the glass away, feeling suddenly exhausted. "I don't even know what you're going on about."

JP takes a sip from his martini, but doesn't lower his own glass, just holds it front of his mouth, blocking the mischievous grin Blaine knows he's wearing. "He's *in* to you, Warbler."

"What? No."

"He knows I'm not with you, but he's jealous that I'm *with* you. I mean, c'mon, you'd have to be blind to miss our chemistry, but I've seen some of your recent work, and *you two*--I think you've got me beat."

"Don't tease. He's already told me he's not interested."

"Well, what he's saying with his mouth isn't matching up with the 'back off bitch' signals his eyes have been shooting at me for the past 5 minutes."

Blaine peeks over JP's shoulder and hazzards a glance at the bar; sure enough, Kurt's wedged between his friends and a wildly-gesticulating admirer, ignoring both in favor of glaring daggers at JP's back. Still, that doesn't necessarily mean...

"How do you know he's jealous?" Blaine asks.

JP stares at his drink and swirls it, considering the question, before coming back with: "Didn't you say he freaked out in the cafe after Rachel invited you to *Into the Woods*?"

"Well, yeah," Blaine admits, "but we've hung out in the past and he's mentioned competing against her for spots in his high school show choir. I figured he was just a little sensitive about it."

JP laughs *again*, and seriously, the things Blaine would give for a mind-reading device. "Oh, he was sensitive, alright. Sensitive about her hitting on his *maaan*."

"...Jacques, we're gay. You're gay, I'm gay, Kurt's gay, and we *all* know that."

JP shrugs. "Not all of us."

"What are you talking about? I just said--"

"Rachel didn't know until Kurt threw a tantrum." JP drains his glass and waits—

"...oh my God," Blaine whispers.

"Land's sakes!" JP crows, pretending to swoon. "I do believe he's finally got it."

"Oh my *God*."

"Somebody bring me another drink, or four. I think it's time to celebrate."

Blaine moans and smacks his forehead on the table. "Oh my God, JP, what do I *do*?"

JP shrugs and accepts another drink from the cute waiter with a wink. "What *can* you do, sweet thing? You've put all your cards on the table. Now you just gotta wait."

Nine

Warnings: Threesome, loving D/s undertones and body worship, fingering, rimming, blowjobs, anal sex with the top switching back and forth between two bottoms, frottage, and a cum facial.

It takes Kurt almost an hour to get Rachel and Mercedes cleaned up, in to their pajamas (while avoiding seeing *things*), and in to his bed after he drags them home from the bar. It's almost 3am--way past his usual bedtime--and he's losing his patience as they continue to squeal and grab at him.

"Kurt!" Rachel laughs, flopping on top of Mercedes and making them both burst in to giggles. "Kuuuuuuurt?"

"Whaaaaat?" he says testily, though he's still tucking the sheets around them like a dutiful father figure.

"Say it again!" Mercedes rushes out. He groans and continues swaddling them in the blankets, going as fast as he possibly can so he can run out of the room.

"C'mon, Kurt," Rachel sing-songs, "say it again!"

"No," he says through gritted teeth.

"Awe, come on!" whines Mercedes, grabbing at his hands. "Come on, honey, just *one more time*, and then I *promise* we'll stop."

Kurt sighs and looks at up at he ceiling as if praying for deliverance. Then he draws in a deep breath and lets out those three dangerous words: "I like Blaine." The women erupt in to giggles again, but snuggle down in to the covers to finish up their gossiping, just as they promised. "Don't forget, I'm probably going to have to work tomorrow. But after that, we can go to a movie."

"Ooo!" Mercedes pipes up, wide awake again. "And can we go to one of those jazz clubs?"

He smiles, unable to resist his friends and their warmth. "Yeah, I know a really great one just a block away."

"Mmmkay. Night, Kurt."

"Yeah, g'night, Kurt."

"Goodnight, Mercedes, Rachel."

He shuts out the light, makes sure the lamp in the hall is on in case they need to use the bathroom, then pads down to his own bedroom, where he throws himself on to the bed with a groan. How could he have lost control of his emotions like that? If he'd kept his stupid jealousy in check, he wouldn't be in this situation, with everyone and their mother knowing that Kurt Hummer, gay porn star and all around fabulous diva extraordinaire, is head over heels for Blaine War--no, Blaine *Anderson*. His name is Kurt Hummel, and no matter how hard he tries to resist it, he's falling in love with a wonderful man named Blaine Anderson.

Kurt lets out another groan and smacks his head in to the pillow a few more times. He was *such* a jerk, and all because Rachel was making those googly eyes at him. That was ridiculous; he knows Blaine's gay and just as crazy about him. They had a long conversation about Blaine's feelings, actually, right after that scene they did for Jerry's website. And Jacques-Pierre? Well, he's probably a little justified feeling jealous about Blaine being so close to Jacques-Pierre--everyone in the industry knows they had a thing going when Blaine was first starting out--but still, he should've kept his cool. Now he looks like a hyper-possessive husband. It's pointless, really, considering he knows, without a shred of doubt, that Blaine only has eyes for him.

"Wait," he says aloud to no one, his heading shooting up from the pillow. He scrambles across the bed to grab his phone and locates the contact he wants, then flops back on to the bed as it rings.

"Erf...hello?"

"Angie?"

"Yeah? Who t'fuck is this? 's...3 in the fuckin' morning..."

"It's Kurt Hummer. I heard you were doing a big scene tomorrow. Something with Blaine Warbler and Jacques-Pierre?"

"Yeah...and we're doing it at *9am*," she says significantly, though her voice is still thick with sleep.

"Well, how would you like *another* bottom in that scene? No payment necessary."

"W'already have another guy comin', some new--" Angie stops suddenly. Kurt grins as he practically *hears* the gears in her head churning. "Wait a minute. *You?*"

"Just say the word and you can have Kurt Hummer in that scene, in the flesh and free of charge."

"What's your angle?" She's definitely awake now, her voice sharp and wary. Angie is nobody's fool; it's why Kurt still admires her despite her crude mouth and rough personality.

"No angle. I just...I really want to work with Blaine and Jacques-Pierre. This would look fantastic on my resume."

The other line is silent for so long he starts to feel nervous. He's just about to call off the offer when she laughs, low and gruff, and says, "Well, fuck that newbie. Be at UMC, studio 3, at 8:30am. And don't worry about bringing a buttplug; this is one of those touchy-feel flicks, so we're gonna need a lot of fingering."

He's so relieved he doesn't even cringe at her bluntness. "No problem. I'll see you tomorrow. And Angie?"

"Jesus, what now? Some of us have to fucking sleep."

"Thanks."

"...not a problem, kid. Now get the fuck off the phone and go to bed; I can't use ya if you look like shit."

He chuckles, ends the call, and heads towards the bathroom to get ready for bed. He's excited to work with Blaine again, but...well, Jacques-Pierre will be there. *It's the perfect opportunity to show him that you're not some jealous schoolboy*, he assures himself. The butterflies in his stomach, however, refuse to be soothed

Kurt starts to doubt his uncharacteristically impulsive decision when he slips in to the dressing room at 8:27am and is greeted by the sight of Jacques-Pierre bending over to pull off his last bit of clothing. His skin is lightly tanned and freckled, his legs are dusted with a barely-visible layer of fine, strawberry-blond hair, and his ass is...well, it's not a *lot* smaller than Kurt's, which gives him some comfort, but it's still quite a fantastic ass. He clears his throat loudly and walks over to start stripping his own clothes off right as Jacques-Pierre turns and gives him a bright smile.

"Well, good morning! I wasn't expecting you!"

"I thought Angie might like a bit more star power," Kurt says primly as he unbuttons his jacket.

"Hey, that's beautiful...Marc Jacobs?"

Oh, God, he understands FASHION. "Ah...yes. Last year's spring line, actually."

"I wish I could pull off stuff like that," the other man says with a sigh. He leans against the arm of a chair, completely at ease with his nudity, which is not unusual for a porn star but is certainly not doing much for Kurt's self-confidence. He now has a clear view of Jacques-Pierre's defined stomach, muscular shoulders, and long legs, and it's enough to make him squirm uncomfortably as he finishes folding his shirts and moves on to his intricate Gucci belt.

"You know, I'm really excited to work with you," says Jacques-Pierre, smiling softly. "Blaine's told me so much about you."

That makes pause in the middle of removing his boots. "He has?"

"Ooooooh yes. You're all I heard about after he filled in for that last flick of Imogene Unger's. And when you did that bonus scene for Jerry? It was nothing but 'Kurt was in a skirt! Kurt was in a skirt!' for a *week*."

Kurt ducks his head and stares down at his fly, presumably because he's undoing the buttons on his trousers, but really because he wants to hide his goofy grin. "Yes, well, he was a fabulous co-star."

"Isn't he always?"

The dreamy sigh Jacques-Pierre lets out as he agrees sends a sharp stab of irritation through Kurt's belly, and he briefly contemplates ripping out the other man's nipple ring and kicking him in the shins, though the idea is quickly tamped down by his realization that *that is batshit crazy oh my god*.

He's folding up his trousers and gathering the courage to get naked in front of his unbelievably beautiful man when a production assistant pops her head in the door. "Hey, guys! I'm here to take your clothes to the lockers."

"Right here, sweetness, I thank you," Jacques-Pierre says in his light drawl as he hands over his stack of clothing. The production assistant takes it with a bright smile, not even batting an eyelash at their nakedness, then turns to Kurt.

"Alright, good-lookin', how about you?"

"I'm...I'm getting there," Kurt says, hating himself for sounding so small and unsure. "Do you know if Blaine is here yet?"

"The top? Nah, Angie says he's going to walk straight to the actual scene. Something about setting it up like a 'big surprise'--I guess it's his birthday in a week." Jacques-Pierre nods to confirm this, and Kurt is struck by just how little he really knows about the man who's wormed his way in to his heart. The production assistant keeps smiling and turns back to Kurt. "With that in mind, Mr. Hummer, nobody's getting any younger!"

"Right," Kurt mutters. "Right, I'll just--yeah." He draws in a deep breath, shuts his eyes, and yanks down his boxer briefs in one swift motion. There's a moment of silence, then the production assistant leans down and grabs his underwear by the waistband. He doesn't even care that he's been incurably rude to her, he's so nervous about being anxious in front of Jacques-Pierre, who's beautiful and masculine and Southern-sweet and probably had a *thing* with Blaine—

"Cute butt."

Kurt's eyes fly open to stare at Jacques-Pierre in shock. "*Excuse me?*"

"I said your butt is cute. No, actually, it's *fantastic*. Oh, I'm--I'm sorry, is that rude? I'm so used to people just *saying* that kind of stuff on set, I don't even think about it much these days."

Great. He's beautiful, likes Marc Jacobs, has great taste in men...I have to kill him. "No, it's...it's fine. You really think so?"

"*God* yes! What do you do?"

Kurt cocks his head and smiles a little, both shy and surprisingly touched. "Eat processed food full of empty calories and fall asleep watching *All About Eve*?" Jacques-Pierre throws his head back and laughs, a

sound so genuine and happy Kurt can't help but laugh a little himself. "Seriously, I just do pilates every other day."

"My good Lord and Heavenly father, is that what does it?" He lets out an impressed whistle with Kurt nods. "I think I need to start me up with some of that."

"But your butt is perfect," says Kurt, honestly appalled at the idea that this man would change his fitness routine after looking at Kurt's big ass.

"No no no, sweet thing, *your* butt is perfect. I thought Blaine was exaggerating, but *damn*. I salute you." And he does, jaunty and boyish. Kurt, however, is stuck on the idea that Blaine talks about his body.

"So Blaine told you about how fat my ass is?" he asks, trying to hide his wry embarrassment and failing.

"Uh, I don't remember anything about it being 'fat,' but I remember a 10-minute monologue about how much he wants to wedge his face between your ass cheeks and stay there forever."

The comment makes Kurt blush. It's so sweet and so hot and so...*Blaine*.

It's also completely unrealistic, but hey, it's the thought that counts.

"You really think you're ugly, don't you?" Jacques-Pierre asks in that quiet way of this. Kurt's eyes dart to the side to peek at him, his big eyes wide and his soft lips parted, and can't even hide his jealousy as he nods. "Well, you're just crazy. So a few nasty guys tell you your butt's big, or you're too pale, or you can't ride their dick just the way they like it. So what? Some men like blondes with twiggy legs and schoolboy innocence, some men like brunettes with big butts and small teeth. Beauty is in the eye of the beholder, sweet thing, but as long as you worry less about the part of you that's gonna decay with age and worry more about the stuff that makes you *you*, ain't no nice guy like Blaine gonna turn you down."

Kurt gapes at him, speechless, for what feels like an hour. Jacques-Pierre laughs again, though there's no cruelty in it, just honest-to-goodness happiness and a bit of shock. "What, you think I don't know? Anyone can see how moony-eyed Blaine gets around you, and I don't think you'd be aiming to bite my head off if you didn't want my best friend something bad." He grows suddenly serious and gives Kurt a hard, searching look. "That's all he is, Kurt. My best friend."

"But you used to have a-a thing," Kurt whispers in a quivering voice. "Everybody knows that."

"We used to fuck off-camera," Jacques-Pierre says plainly. "Blaine was new and he just...he wasn't used to somebody being nice to him while sharing all of that intimacy. He knows better now, knows he's just a real nice guy with a lot of love to give. And maybe he gives it a little too easily," he adds, letting a glint of something possessive flash across his eyes in a way that makes Kurt wince. "Sometimes I think he's too sweet for this, but his heart's in the right place. And if says you're the one he's been looking for...well, I have no reason not to respect that, 'less you give me reason to."

Kurt opens and shuts his mouth soundlessly, searching for the words. He wants to assure Jacques-Pierre that he'd never hurt Blaine, cry and rage about how *hard* this all is, insist he'll do no such thing, never give up his perfectly-cultivated control—

But Angie beats him to the punch. "Are you fuckers going to stand around and stare at each other's asses all day, or are you gonna get out here and put them to work?"

Kurt rolls his eyes as Jacques-Pierre lets out huffed "yeah yeah sure sure." After they make their way down the hall and on to the set in a heavy silence, he reaches out and presses his hand to the other man's freckled shoulder and smiles softly. "Thank you."

Jacques-Pierre shrugs, clearly aiming for nonchalance, but his eyes are twinkling and the corners his mouth are twitching ever-so-slightly upward. "Not a problem." He settles his arms on the back of the couch and kneels on the couchin, arching his back down so that his butt pops up high and round, and another spike of jealousy and insecurity rushes through Kurt's body. "Now, you gonna help a poor sap get ready, or what?"

It's 9:04am and they've got two fingers in each other's assholes when Blaine's voice finally echoes down the hallway.

"Awe, c'mon, Angie, I already know I'm doing a threesome today."

"But you don't know who you're doing it wiiiiith!" Angie sing-songs. Kurt and Jacques-Pierre both look over their shoulders, almost bumping heads, and are greeted by the sight of Angie leading a blind-folded

Blaine in to the room. His black polo stretches across his broad chest, outlining his firm pectorals and revealing the dip of his collarbone, and he's clearly half-hard in anticipation. Kurt's glad the sight distracts and arouses him so much, because he can see the lead camerawoman bouncing on her toes out of the corner of his eyes. Jacques-Pierre murmurs something unintelligible and twists his fingers in Kurt's ass, brushing his prostate and making him sigh.

Blaine, meanwhile, has made it across the set and is standing a mere foot away from the edge of the couch, his knees brushing against Jacques-Pierre's feet.

"Oop! I think that's JP," he says with a grin, reaching down to tickle the bottom of a foot. "And...hold on, let me..." He waves his arm around blindly until his fingers brush Kurt's calf, the touch making him shiver, and eventually gets a grasp on one slim ankle, which he rubs gently with his thumb. "Hum...I don't know who this new guy you got is, but he's got some beautiful skin."

"Not a new guy, you lucky fuck," Angie says, staring at his face with barely-contained glee. "Why don't you take that fucking blindfold off and say hi to your old friends?"

"What are you--" He fumbles to pull off the blindfold with a laugh, but his jaw drops when he sees Kurt and Jacques-Pierre kneeling on the couch and crossing their arms over each other's backs for a better angle as they finger each other's assholes.

"Hellooooo," Jacques-Pierre drawls, spreading his fingers apart, making Kurt moan at the stretch.

"Oh...my God."

"Happy birthday," Kurt sing-songs breathlessly; he pays Jacques-Pierre back by slipping his fingers out and rubbing them firmly up and down the crack of his ass, eliciting a gasp and a groan.

"Oh my *God*."

"You like?" asks Angie, gesturing like a ringleader.

Blaine lets out a few garbled words and reaches forward slowly, as if scared, to stroke a hand down both of their ribs, the smalls of their backs, the sides of their asses. "I just...I mean...it...I..."

"Oh my God," the lead camerawoman whispers loudly, "somebody get me my vibrator, stat. This is gonna be *good!*"

"Do we have to do all the work," Jacques-Pierre asks coquettishly as Angie scurries out of the cameras' viewpoints, "or are you gonna let us suck your dick?"

Blaine gurgles stupidly and keeps staring at their asses, his hands frozen on Kurt's left butt cheek and Jacques-Pierre's right. Impatient, Kurt shifts his right forearm up to Jacques-Pierre's waist to hold up his weight and reaches back with his left hand to grab Blaine's polo and pull him in to a kiss. Blaine's trouser-clad erection bumps against Jacques-Pierre's knuckles, pushing his fingers further in to Kurt's ass and making him moan in to Blaine's mouth.

"Fuck," the top swears. Kurt hums and tugs on his bicep, feeling the muscles flutter beneath his hand.

"C'mere, wanna blow you."

Blaine stumbles around to the back of the couch, which is right at thigh level, but places his hands on the backs of Kurt and Jacques-Pierre's necks, his mouth still agape and his pupils blown wide. Kurt shuffles forward a bit and starts unbuckling Blaine's belt, breath catching when the other bottom slips his fingers out of Kurt's hole to pop open the trouser buttons. Kurt lets his possessiveness get the better of him and shoves his body forward as soon as the trousers are completely open, sucking on the outline of Blaine's thick cock through his boxer briefs. Beside him, Jacques-Pierre is chuckling; unruffled, he focuses on pushing the pants down and subtly waves a production assistant over to help with Blaine's shoes. Then he nudges his shoulder right back at Kurt, who grunts but shifts so they can both rub and suck at the hard bulge.

"s good," Kurt mumbles against the cloth-covered head of Blaine's cock, making him shiver. Jacques-Pierre hums in agreement as he nuzzles between Blaine's thighs, laving his ballsack with firm licks.

"Jesus fucking...*ngh*..."

The shakiness of Blaine's breath unfurls thick waves of heat in Kurt's belly, making his cock twitch and his mouth water; he peeks up and almost startles when he sees a heavy black camera next to Blaine's pleasure-slackened face. An especially tall cameraman, probably hired just for this particular job, has practically plastered himself to Blaine's back in order to dangle a camera over his shoulder and get a good

shot. Remembering his official duties, Kurt eye-fucks the camera and rubs his lips up and down the length of Blaine's cock until he feels a hand tightening on the back of his neck. He smirks, lays one last lick on the head of Blaine's cock, and bumps Jacques-Pierre with his elbow.

"Hmm?" is Jacques-Pierre's only verbal response as he also stares up at the camera with hooded eyes, but he gets the jist and pulls back.

"Help me pull these down," Kurt says with a wicked grin, rubbing his palm against Blaine's hard-on. Jacques-Pierre returns the smirk and reaches up to grip the waistband of Blaine's boxer briefs, purring a sultry "my pleasure" as he pulls them down. Blaine lets out a stuttering moan and instinctually reaches for his cock as it's unveiled, gripping the heavy member with one hand and using the other to lean his weight on the back of the couch.

Kurt pants as Blaine's cock is revealed, inch by inch, and has to squeeze the base of his own dick to calm himself down. God, but he always forgets just how *big* and *thick* and *perfect* Blaine's cock is, tan like his body but blushing red at the tip, with a thick vein running up the underside of the shaft and the slit dripping pearly precum. He waits until Jacques-Pierre's tucked the boxer briefs under Blaine's balls before diving in and covering the shaft with long, wet licks; he feels puffs of breath against his collarbone and realizes Jacques-Pierre has leaned down to suck Blaine's balls in to his mouth. Blaine, usually verbal from the get-go, is just now managing to find his voice.

"Oh, fuck, that's--that's so good. Oh my God, yes, you're both so fucking good--suck me, baby, c'mon, suck my dick."

Jacques-Pierre beats him to the punch and pops up on his knees to sink his mouth down on to Blaine's cock with a loud moan. Kurt feels his stomach twist and tries not to feel too vindictive, but fails: he grabs the other bottom by his hair and shoves him down, *hard*. Jacques-Pierre chokes harshly and blinks his eyes, holding back tears, but recovers quickly and starts to push back against Kurt's hand, then away and back down on to Blaine's cock. Kurt stares at him, confused, then suddenly aroused as he realizes--*shit*. He grips Jacques-Pierre's hair more firmly and guides him on Blaine's cock, fidgeting as the sound of him swallowing around the thick shaft and the sight of his watery eyes staring up at a shell-shocked Blaine gets him hotter than it should.

"Oh my fucking--oh, you're so nasty, fucking..yes yes *yes*--"

He lets go when he feels Jacques-Pierre press back hard against his hand; the other bottom pulls off which a loud gasp, thick strings of spit clinging to his mouth, hanging off of Blaine's cock, dribbling on to the floor, getting him so hard he can barely *stand* it.

"Now you, sweetheart, c'mon," Blaine urges, pressing him forward by the back of his neck. Kurt wraps his lips around the tip of Blaine's cock and shoots a significant look at Jacques-Pierre, who gives him a little nod before grabbing him by the hair and jamming his head down. He's more prepared than his co-star was for the feeling of Blaine's huge cock being jammed down his throat, but he wasn't expecting just how much this would turn him on, another man forcing him to bob his head on a dick. The heavy slide of Blaine's cock in and out of his throat, combined with the dull ache in his scalp and the knowledge that his mouth is basically being used like a fucktoy, have him moaning uncontrollably.

Then Blaine's swearing and scrabbling at his shoulder, and he laughs breathlessly when Kurt pulls off with a needy whine. "Jesus, you're gonna make me come already."

"That's fine, you do that," Kurt rushes out, diving forward to suck Blaine's cock some more and gasping in pain and arousal when Jacques-Pierre yanks him back by his hair.

"Ah ah ah," he scolds in a teasing voice, and really, does his snooty little smirk have to be so fucking *sexy*?

A sudden flurry of movement makes them both turn with doe-wide eyes. Blaine is yanking his polo over his head and trying to come around to the front of the couch at the same time; he bumps against the arm of the couch and the flustered photographer before Jacques-Pierre grabs his thigh and guides him around with a playful laugh. "Gonna take someone out, Warbler!"

"Worth it," Blaine mutters as he sinks to his knees and shoves his face between Kurt's ass cheeks; Kurt groans, half in surprise, and buries his face in his arms.

Blaine licks and tongue-fucks his stretched out hole, which is enough on its own. It's almost *too much*, then, when Jacques-Pierre leans over to squeeze and spread his cheeks, giving Blaine easier access to his crack and his balls. "Oh, yes, baby, c'mon, lick him good," he coos.

"Oh my *God*," Kurt moans. Blaine maybe says something similar, maybe doesn't, but he *definitely* presses his tongue all the way in to Kurt's hole right as he reaches a hand up between his trembling thighs to stroke his cock, eliciting loud keens from his partner. "Oh, God, yes, oh my God--mph!"

Someone save him, Jacques-Pierre is kissing him. Not chastely on the cheek or wet and dirty on the neck, but actually *kissing him*, grabbing Kurt's bottom lip with his teeth and pulling gently. The flash gives way quickly and he's supremely pissed off at the sheer *audacity* of it, then ridiculously aroused and returning the kiss eagerly after Jacques-Pierre tickles his lips with his talented tongue. He's so caught up in it all that he doesn't even register that Blaine's pulled back until he hears a moan right next to his ear, making him jolt back a little. Blaine swoops down and captures his mouth eagerly, licking his way in and letting Kurt taste the earthy tang of his own asshole.

"You're too pretty together," Blaine murmurs when they part. Kurt nuzzles their noses together, then pushes down on Blaine's shoulder; the top seems startled, but sinks back down to his knees and starts rimming Jacques-Pierre.

"Uh-huh," Jacques-Pierre whines, pressing his cheek against the back of his couch. Kurt makes a soothing sound and presses one hand on the small of his back to keep him in place, then reaches under with the other to jerk him off, pulling the foreskin over the slick head with his thumb and squeezing the base in the circle of his fingers on every downstroke. "Ohm'God, don't stop, please..."

Kurt hums again and licks up Jacques-Pierre's spine, all the way from tailbone to skull, though he keeps his eyes locked on Blaine. He swears when Blaine pulls back just enough for Kurt to see a flash of his tongue, the tip of which is pressed in to Jacques-Pierre's asshole. With a start, he realizes that they're supposed to have anal sex, and given the size of his cock...well, 2 fingers isn't enough.

"Wh-what're y' doing?" Jacques-Pierre mumbles dumbly as Kurt scrambles about on the couch.

"Getting the lube," he mutters as he locates the bottle on the floor and pours some in to his hand. Blaine blinks up at him questioningly, though he keeps the flat of his tongue pressed against the rim of Jacques-Pierre's hole.

"Wah ah yoo--ooh," he breaths as Kurt slips three slick fingers in to his hole. Kurt quirks an eyebrow at him, but he's pretty sure he's too far gone to look truly smirky and evil. He shuffles forward to kiss Jacques-Pierre again as he corkscrews his fingers in and out of his hole, the angle not quite right for prostate stimulation, but definitely enough to make his body ache pleasantly from the stretch. Blaine swears and fumbles with the bottle of lube, squirting some in to his own fingers and thrusting three in to Jacques-Pierre's ass just a smidge too fast.

"Ow! Blaine Warbler, watch those big hamhock hands of yours! Ow--*goddammit*, Blaine, you horse's ass!"

Kurt blinks and peers down the length of Jacques-Pierre's body to see a sheepish-looking Blaine holding his lube-slicked hand in front of him. "I'm sorry, I just--you didn't want them *in*, so--hey, don't laugh!"

"I'm sorry," Kurt wheezes, putting a comforting hand on Blaine's cheek. "I'm so sorry, sweetheart, it's just...oh my God, only you. Here--" he grabs Blaine's wrist and presses his slick fingers against Jacques-Pierre's hole, who shivers at the touch "--ease them back in. Your hands are a bigger than ours." He peeks down at Blaine's lap and smiles at him playfully. "Actually, let's just say *you* are bigger than us and go with that."

Blaine grins sheepishly and shakes his head a bit. "Sorry, I just got excited."

"That's fine," Jacques-Pierre whispers, curving his back further down so his ass sticks out more, and Kurt lets out an involuntary gasp at the sight, "you just...slip them back in, nice and--oh, honey, just like that! Fuck!"

"Fuck," Kurt mimics in awe. He strokes Jacques-Pierre's thigh and watches his ass swallow Blaine's fingers up to the third knuckle with his mouth agape, ragged pants of breath ripping their way out of his throat. His cock slaps wetly against his stomach every time he shifts, leaving sticky dollops of pre-cum on his skin, but he barely notices, it's too hot, watching Blaine finger-fuck his friend, and soon he'll be watching Blaine *really* fuck his friend, and oh, look, one of his fingers has just slipped in next to Blaine's.

"Oh my--Kurt, is that--oh my God, oh my, fuck, oh, *fuck!*"

"You like that?" Kurt rasps. "You like having us both in your pretty asshole?"

"Fuck, *Kurt*," Blaine growls, the sound purely animal. He slides one of his own fingers out so Kurt can press in another one of his own, their fingers moving in opposite directions as Jacques-Pierre lets out a stream of wails and "ohmyfuckinggod don't stop"s.

Kurt whispers, "God, I wanna fuck him so much," low so only Blaine can hear, but Jacques-Pierre must've heard, too, because he groans out a needy, "Yeah please fuck me *please*."

"Shit," Blaine curses, pulling his fingers out gently and searching around desperately, "need a condom."

Kurt accepts a towel and wipes the sweat from his body half-heartedly, never looking away from Jacques-Pierre as he scrambles in to position, slouching low on the couch and grabbing his legs under the knee. Kurt feels dazed and hot and almost out-of-body as he takes the other man in: the red blush staining his cheeks, neck, and chest, the drops of sweat trickling down his stomach, the almost-hairless backs of his thighs, and the length of his hard cock--it's not as nice as Blaine's, to be sure, but it's still making his mouth water, the foreskin pulled back and the length uncommonly smooth. He bends down and sucks the tip of that cock in to his mouth without a word of warning, eliciting a surprised shriek.

"Holy fucking shit!"

"What hap--holy fucking *shit*," Blaine repeats when he turns around and sees what's happened. Kurt knows that if didn't have such strong feelings for Blaine, he wouldn't have noticed him, too engrossed is he with tonguing the slit of Jacques-Pierre's cock. As it stands, he's completely aware of Blaine's heated gaze on him as he steps forward and slicks lube over his cock, and the realization that Blaine's watching him suck another man's cock makes his body tremble and his skin flush.

He pulls back with a choked-out groan as Blaine starts to press his cock in to Jacques-Pierre's ass, the rim resisting back against him for a moment before the tip sinks in. They all moan as the tight hole visibly clenches around the thick member; Kurt can practically feel the burn and stretch of it in his own ass and reaches back to finger himself some more, greedy whimpers escaping his lips as he watches Blaine sink in inch by inch.

"So fucking *big*," Jacques-Pierre whines in a high voice, fingers slipping on the sweat-slicked backs of his knees. "You're so fucking big, baby, *mmm*!"

"Yeah, take his cock," Kurt mumbles, still staring at the joining of their bodies and reaching down to stroke himself in a loose fist. He feels something bump against his temple and jumps a bit, then smiles when he realizes Blaine is leaning down for a kiss. He's flooded with sensations of lust and love and indescribable happiness as Blaine thrusts in to a quivering Jacques-Pierre while kissing Kurt sweetly, the gradual deepening of his strokes making the kiss exponentially dirtier.

Then Jacques-Pierre grabs at his shoulder and pulls them apart. "Oh, God," he pants, unable to look away from where Blaine is fucking his cock in hard and fast, "fuck my mouth, please, fuck my mouth."

It takes Kurt a moment to decode the message, but Blaine gets it right away, throwing his head back and squeezing his eyes shut in a way that Kurt finds unbelievably sexy. "God, you're trying to kill me, both of you."

"C'mon," Jacques-Pierre whines, yanking on his wrist, the leg he's no longer holding bouncing in the air until Blaine grabs it with his arm and drapes the foot of over his shoulder, "c'mon, please, please please please--"

"Fuck, God, yes, just--" Kurt leans down to kiss Jacques-Pierre, quick and dirty, then draws back and jumps up on to the couch a split second before Blaine pulls out and motions for his partner to move up. Jacques-Pierre whines at the sudden loss, but obeys and sits up a little straighter, grabbing Kurt's thighs and trying to drag him forward faster.

"Fuckin' A, JP," Angie catcalls, "give a guy a minute!"

Kurt barely hears her; he's too busy angling his cock down towards Jacques-Pierre's lips and balancing his hands on the back of the couch so he can thrust. He feels a flush of embarrassment run through his body at the realization that Blaine's face is mere inches away from his ass, and God, he hopes he finds this hot, hopes he revels in the sight of it and gets half as much pleasure from that as Kurt gets from humping in to Jacques-Pierre's wet, wanton mouth. He's even *more* anxious--and stupidly turned-on, he won't deny--about the way Jacques-Pierre reaches up to grab his ass cheeks and pull him down further, parting the flesh and revealing Kurt's slick asshole to both Blaine and the cameras. It's strange, but being so vulnerable and exposed just gets him even hotter, until suddenly his climax is hitting him like a freight train and he's groaning a warning to Jacques-Pierre, who just shoves him all the way down his throat and swallows every drop.

"Fuckfuckfuckfuckfuck," Blaine rushes out. Kurt hears the pop of his dick pulling out and sees him stumble off to the side a little; his knees almost give out when Jacques-Pierre sucks down harder on his dick in misplaced protest. "Gonna come, give me a second, just--hold on."

"Fucking Hell," Angie shouts. "What do I hire you people for? Get these fuckers some water, they're sweating like fucking pigs!"

Kurt stares down in disbelief as Jacques-Pierre pulls off of his cock with a quaky moan, his dick twitching when he flicks his tongue across the head in a sort of parting lick. "Jesus, you're good at that,"

Jacques-Pierre gives a goofy smile and says breathlessly, "I've had a lot of practice."

They take a moment to drink the lukewarm water a production assistant hands them and catch their breath. Blaine, by contrast, shoves his water away after a quick sip and wanders aimlessly around the set, rubbing a towel over his body and ignoring the jaunty bounce of his hard cock. One of the photographers pokes him in the stomach and makes a joke about "taking somebody's eye out," which gets the crew laughing and calms Blaine's jitters enough to make him crack a smile. Kurt stares at him openly, not even caring if he looks like a lovestruck puppy--if Jacques-Pierre's telling the truth, then everyone already knows he's got it bad for Blaine and vice versa.

"It's a shame he keeps wiping himself off," Kurt admits to no one in particular. "He looks hot all sweaty and...and *wet*."

"Mm-hm," agrees the lead camerawoman, grinning and fanning herself with a hand. "I am gonna have some good dreams to-*night*!"

Jacques-Pierre laughs, sounding drunk and joyful. "Happy to oblige, ma'me!" And that gets Kurt laughing, too, and soon they're laughing so hard they're wheezing and can't even remember why they started, and Kurt turns his head and Blaine is just giving him that *look* and God, he's in love with him, he's so in love with Blaine Anderson it makes his heart ache.

Angie disrupts the moment with a loud clap of her hands. "Alright, all you lazy fuckers! Let's get to this! Henry, stop fucking filming at a 90-degree angle like some newbie bitch; nobody wants to watch assfucking at a tilt. Places, everybody, we roll in 30 seconds!"

"Well," Jacques-Pierre says good-naturedly, still splayed out on his back and stroking his hard-on casually, "I guess that means I'm next."

Kurt goes cold with anger. "Actually, I think *I* get to fuck him next."

The other man freezes and stares at him, eyes wide and lips repeating the word silently. Then he lets out a sharp bark of laughter and slaps his own forehead. "Oh, God, Kurt, no, not like--oh, you greedy little bitch, you!"

"Hey!"

"Who's a little bitch?" Blaine asks, genuinely curious, as he shuffles in to Kurt's view, rubbing a coat of lube over a fresh condom.

"Nothing, nothing," Jacques-Pierre replies, clearly struggling to hold back his laughter. Kurt's glad he missed that exchange, because seriously, who orgasms from one guy's mouth, then gets all creepy-possessive over another guy's dick?

"5!" Angie yells in warning. "4, 3, 2--"

Kurt is suddenly struck by inspiration. He motions for Jacques-Pierre to shuffle over and starts yanking Blaine forward by the wrist. "C'mon, sit down."

Blaine gives him a confused look, but obeys and sits down on the couch. Angie's barely said "go" by the time Kurt's straddled Blaine's thighs and pressed the length of his cock in to the crack of his ass. "Ohm'god," Blaine moans, his head hitting the back of the couch. Jacques-Pierre hums happily and leans around to press his palm against Blaine's cock, holding it in place while Kurt rolls his hips up and down wantonly. "Oh, sweetheart, that's--*fuck*."

Kurt, perhaps a tiny bit over-eager, is already pressing the head of Blaine's cock against his hole. He feels the thick head breach the rim, the stretch enough to give him that brief moment of "no no no no" before he bears down and forces his muscles to relax. Blaine's cock is just so *good*, he's never had another like it, and he presses his chest to Blaine's as he sinks on to the thick member inch by inch. Jacques-Pierre strokes his back and murmurs soothing words, then turns to kiss Blaine; the sight of them sucking each other's lips and sliding their tongues together makes something incredibly hot and mildly possessive race up Kurt's spine, and he slips his feet under Blaine's thighs for better leverage before he begins bouncing in earnest. Blaine pulls away from the kiss with a curse and turns to stare Kurt dead in the eye.

"Oh, baby, you're so good...you're so fucking good."

Kurt whines and reaches over to jack Jacques-Pierre off, but doesn't break their eye contact. "You like the way I ride your dick?"

"Fuck yes--"

"You like having your big cock in my tight asshole?"

"Oh, fuck, sweetheart, yes yes--"

Kurt swallows his words in a sloppy kiss right as Jacques-Pierre reaches down to trace the stretched rim of his asshole with a spit-slicked finger. Kurt groans in to Blaine's mouth, bites his jaw, then leans over to suck the other bottom's cock down his throat in one swift motion. Both Blaine and Jacques-Pierre curse and shift slightly so Kurt can get a better angle; he's vaguely aware of the lead camerawoman scuffling with a photographer as they both push for the best vantage point.

"That's it, sweetheart, suck his dick," Blaine babbles, gripping Kurt's hips and helping him with the motions. "Oh, God, you're so sexy, you're both so fucking sexy...yes, take that cock, c'mon."

"Gonna come," Jacques-Pierre pants, tapping Kurt on the shoulder. Something about that tap gives Kurt a crazy idea, and he pulls back from the blowjob, then off of Blaine's dick so quickly it makes both men whine in protest.

"Lie down," Kurt commands, flicking one hand at Jacques-Pierre and using the other to push away Blaine's, which are grabbing at him and trying to pull him back.

"No, hey, c'mon--"

"Lie down," he repeats more firmly.

Jacques-Pierre grumbles, but takes his frustrations out on Blaine, kicking the top's arm with his feet as he sprawls out on the length of the couch. Blaine is standing next to Kurt looking equally displeased, but for once, he ignores him. "Now, turn a little so that your butt is dangling off the edge of the couch."

"Kurt, what--"

"Just do this for me, okay?" He runs his hands through his hair in exasperation, then reconsiders the move and blindly tries to fluff it back in to place. "Alright, now just...hold yourself steady for a minute, okay?"

He waits for Jacques-Pierre's nod before he straddles his torso, the movement slightly awkward due to the angles. Jacques-Pierre seems to think he wants another blowjob, because he grips his thighs and starts to pull him towards his parted-lips; the sight makes Kurt shiver, but he bats the other man's hands away and starts to shimmy backwards instead.

"This should work," he mumbles mostly to himself, "because we're about the same height and the couch is pretty big..."

Blaine makes a frustrated sound. "Kurt, c'mon, just let me fffffffohmyGOD."

Jacques-Pierre has a similar reaction when Kurt spreads his left leg out with his own right leg, his foot flat on the ground, and presses their fronts together. The position puts their bodies at the perfect angle: both of their assholes are exposed and their cocks are slotted together.

"Nice," Angie whispers, impressed, to a shell-shocked cameraman.

"Ohhhh my fucking God," Blaine moans, rubbing his hands over his face and trembling. "I am going to die. I am just...this is me, *dying*."

Kurt peers over his shoulder and says blandly, "If you die, we're out three orgasms."

Jacques-Pierre laughs, and the vibrations rumble up through Kurt's chest and tease at his nipples, making him gasp. "You are too much."

Blaine rubs his temples as he stares at them, his cock so hard and heavy it juts out at an angle. "Okay, just...oh my God. Just let me get more lube."

"Hurry up," Kurt whines, putting on an exaggerated face and prompting more laughter from Jacques-Pierre.

Blaine fumbles with the lube until a photographer takes pity on him and squeezes some of the clear liquid out for him, slicking up his fingers. Kurt can't help but lick his lips as Blaine rubs his fingers together to warm the lube, then coats his cock liberally. He shifts a little, gasping as his cock and nipples brush up against Jacques-Pierre's; the man beneath him murmurs out a soft "thas' so nice" as Blaine trots over and runs his hands up and down their bodies, squeezing their sides and their legs.

"This," he breaths, "is the hottest thing I've ever seen."

"No," Jacques-Pierre says as he aims a kick at Blaine's side, "this is the *horniest* thing you've ever seen. Move it or lose it, buster!"

"I concur," pipes Angie from behind the couch; Kurt can't help but twitch as he realizes just how close she is to their sweaty bodies. "Let's finish this the fuck up. Nice idea, though, Hummer," she adds, her voice sounding genuinely impressed.

Kurt wiggles his ass in invitation, then moans again as the motion makes him frot against Jacques-Pierre. He hears the squeak of the couch springs and feels the cushion dip as Blaine presses a knee in to the couch, then gasps at the odd sensation of Blaine sinking his cock in to Jacques-Pierre's ass. It's a cacophony of sensation: moans below him and above him, Jacques-Pierre arching his back and jolting him up in tandem, the brush of Blaine's pubic hair against his ass and, when he begins thrusting, the feeling of each thrust tilting their hips closer, then apart, closer, then apart, closer, then apart...

"Oh my God," Blaine sobs. "Oh my God, that's so fucking good."

"Mmm-hmm," Jacques-Pierre acquiesces with a fervent nod of his head. Kurt moans and clings to him tighter, tucking his cheek under his chin so he can watch Blaine thrusting from over his shoulder. He squeals when Blaine pulls out of Jacques-Pierre and slams in to his own body, fucking him hard, jerky thrusts, his rough pounding and the slap of skin on skin pushing him to the edge again.

"Fuck me, fuck me," Jacques-Pierre gasps when Blaine slides back in to him, "right there right there I'm gonna fucking come--"

Kurt captures his mouth in a kiss as he climaxes, the slickness of Jacques-Pierre's cum and the hot pulse of his cock bringing Kurt to orgasm as well; he comes so hard he has to draw back and sick his teeth in to Jacques-Pierre's shoulder to ground himself, the sensation of being surrounded by so much beauty too much for him to bear. Blaine whines as his partner clenches around his member, but manages to hold back until they've begun to come down, at which point he pulls out and thrusts right back in to Kurt.

"Love it when you come on my cock," he breaths, fucking Kurt for just a few seconds before slipping back in Jacques-Pierre, thrusting twice, then switching again, and again, and again, until Kurt's dizzy from the give-and-take and the sheer sexiness of it. "Fucking love you, so much, oh my God, you're so beautiful--"

He pulls back so suddenly he almost falls, but Kurt sees him grab the back of the couch just in time. Shivering and still high from his orgasm, he manages to get down on his knees and pull a limp Jacques-Pierre with him. The lead camerawoman scuttles around to the side and is almost hit by a flying condom as Blaine jerks himself off over their upturned faces.

"Come on my face," Kurt whispers. Jacques-Pierre moans and wraps an arm around Kurt's back, tugging him closer. "C'mon, fucking come all over our faces..."

Blaine swears and comes so hard his entire body goes rigid, his teeth clench, and he lifts up on to his toes for the briefest of moments; thick ropes of cum streak out of his cock and land mostly on Kurt's parted lips, blushing cheek, and neck, but a few pearly drops land on Jacques-Pierre's outstretched tongue and the tip of his nose. Kurt giggles at the sight and darts his tongue out at a streak of cum dangling dangerously close to a nostril; Jacques-Pierre laughs tiredly and licks Kurt's neck in return. They share an open-mouthed kiss, sloppy with spit and cum, and barely notice Blaine staring down at them, utterly wrecked.

"Oh, guys," he says, then chuckles breathlessly. "Guys, I think I should get in to the porn business."

"You got me hard," calls a photographer bluntly. That sends the crew in to a fit of laughs, jeers, and clapping; even Angie looks beside herself with delight.

"So," says Jacques-Pierre in between gulps of air, "are you going to Disneyworld after this?"

One corner of Kurt's lips quirk up in an enigmatic smile. He considers the question, thinks about answering it with something witty and humorous. Then he glances up and locks eyes with Blaine, who is stroking his cheek and looking at him like he's the most beautiful thing in this world, and he knows that it's time to let him know *this much*, at least. "I'm going home. With Blaine."

The thumb stroking his cheek stops suddenly. He peers at Jacques-Pierre, who looks dumbfounded, from the corner of his eyes. "You're...what?"

"Blaine and I are going to my house," he repeats as nonchalantly as possible, accepting a towel from a production assistant. "We're going to watch movies and cuddle and he's going to spend the night."

"I am?" Kurt shoots him his patented *don't fuck this up* look, which sends him scrambling. "I mean--I am! Of course I am! I just--I just have to get my things."

Jacques-Pierre's face smooths out in to a look of childish amusement. "Oh you *do*, do you?"

"Ah, yeah. Yeah! I do."

Kurt rolls his eyes and gingerly gets to his feet, his thighs and ass protesting after all of the hard work he's just done. "Honestly, Blaine, dear, I just don't know what to do with you sometimes."

He starts to walk towards the hallway, intent on getting a shower, but someone grabs his wrist and jerks him back a step. He turns and sees Blaine giving him that *look*, the one that makes his eyes so soft and golden it gets Kurt all weak in the knees. He takes a few stumbling steps forward in to the warm circle of Blaine's arms, and for the first time in forever, he lets himself just be *held*.

"I like it when you call me 'dear,'" Blaine whispers against his temple.

Kurt sighs and squeezes his eyes shut, pushing back his boundaries, telling them to *wait*, just this once, *give me this one moment*. He wraps his arms around Blaine so tight, he thinks they'll never part. "I like you."

Ten

Warnings: Blaine and Kurt as versatiles, frotting, blowjobs, begging, barebacking, mild hair-pulling and D/s-ness, anal sex, and punning in the "nude" in the first half.

Blaine isn't sure what to do with himself when he first walks in to Kurt's apartment and is promptly tackled by an over-excited Mercedes and Rachel, but he likes to think he managed just fine. The two girls head in to the living room, and Kurt smiles at him and laces their fingers together, and Kurt's never felt so happy, all because of a simple touch of the fingertips. They try to watch movies, but *Cry Baby* turns in to 2 hours of Rachel and Mercedes grilling them and making kissy faces, which devolves in to a popcorn fight, and *The Wiz* is just a giant sing-along. Rachel drags Mercedes up to bed after a truly fantastic four-part rendition of "Home," claiming they both have to wake up at 5am for rehearsals and an audition, respectively, and by midnight it's just Blaine and Kurt, sitting on the loveseat with their knees touching. Blaine fidgets for what feels like forever until Kurt laughs and says, "Just kiss me, I know you want to."

And so he does.

And they keep kissing even as Kurt backs Blaine in to his bedroom, which is always sexy in movies, but a little awkward in real life, and they laugh for a full minute when Blaine tumbles in to bed and Kurt's knee gets him right in the stomach. Kurt tells him to be quiet, Rachel and Mercedes are probably awake with their ears up against the wall; that gets them quiet for a split second before they're laughing even harder.

Somehow, someway, they undress. They stay on top of the covers, the smooth silk sliding along Blaine's back as Kurt trails open-mouthed kisses down his chest. Blaine knows he's being unusually quiet, but it just feels right, letting out a few shakey breaths and nothing else as Kurt nibbles at his hip bone and noses at the crease of his thigh. Then he slides one hand under Blaine's cock and runs a long, slow lick up the length of it, and—

"Oh."

Kurt gives him a smug smile, but his eyes are soft and warm as he takes the tip in to his mouth and starts working his way down.

"Oh, you're so good at that..." Blaine's hands flail for a moment until Kurt gropes about and grabs them, pulling them down to rest on his neck and shoulders. Blaine sighs and presses his head in to the pillows as

he lets his fingers trail over Kurt's ears, his shoulders, his slick, stretched lips. "Make it wet, you know I like it wet and sloppy--"

Kurt pulls off with a slurp and makes a face so indignant, Blaine bursts in to laughter. "Seriously, Anderson? How many times have I had your dick in my mouth? Don't actually count!" Blaine can't help but laugh even harder as Kurt slaps him on the stomach and fails miserably at hiding his smile. "God, you're just--really? When I'm trying to blow you?"

"I'm sorry," Blaine wheezes, wiping away tears, "I'm sorry. Oh man, oh man...hey, where are you going?"

Kurt scoots back on the bed and rolls away so all Blaine can see is his back. "I know when I'm not wanted," he huffs.

"Awe, c'mon, baby," Blaine soothes. He presses up against Kurt's back and kisses his shoulders, enjoying the little gasp he hears when his cock slides against Kurt's ass crack. "You know I'm not laughing *at* you."

"Maybe I don't," says Kurt, faux-haughty.

"Oh, baby," he husks, pressing an especially wet kiss to the back of Kurt's ear and smiling at the whimper and squirm that gets him. "You just want to hear me beg--*mmf*, hey, no using the ass, that's cheating!"

Now Kurt's laughing as he grabs Blaine's thigh and rubs his ass back against him. "It's not cheating, it's using your assets."

"Your *assets*, huh?"

"Did you just--was that a *pun*?"

"I think it was."

"Oh my God, Blaine, you cannot *pun* in the *nude*!" Kurt turns his face, and in the dim lamplight, Blaine can see that his face is honestly offended.

"Says who?"

"Says Carrie Bradshaw."

"Oh, well. She's an expert." Blaine takes advantage of the tilt of Kurt's face to press a kiss to his lips; Kurt hmms, then catches himself and whips back around. Blaine's not sure how, but Kurt always manages to make him *feel* so much. Right now he's a ridiculous mixture of happy, amused, frustrated, and...horny? Yeah, that sounds about right. He goes back to covering Kurt's shoulder with kisses and pleads, "C'mon baby, what do I gotta do?"

"For your absolute *crime* against half-naked humanity?"

"We're completely naked,"

"Uh-uh, I'm still wearing a watch."

A loud chortle escapes Blaine's mouth, the puff of breath against Kurt's sensitive neck making the other man giggle. "Oh, right. Your watch." He pulls the offending item off of Kurt's wrist and leans over to place it gently on the nightstand, then tries to drape himself over Kurt's body until he's pushed back by his giggling partner.

"I like your earlier suggestion," Kurt says, breathy from laughing and something else that makes Blaine's chest tighten.

"Hmmm, admiring your assets?" He ruts against Kurt's ass, hard, and Kurt lets out a high keen and clutches the back of his thigh for a moment before remembering himself and smacking his ass instead.

"No, you brat! The--y'know."

"Kurt," Blaine says lightly, now nuzzling against his ear, taking in the scent of his shampoo and skin, "we're naked in your bed together. We've had sex before. Just say it." He feels Kurt tense a bit and rubs his hand along his torso in soothing strokes. "C'mon, I like it when you talk to me."

"I like it when *you* talk," Kurt mumbles. "You're better at it."

"Had a lot of practice," admits Blaine. He tucks his head in to the pillow and runs the tip of his nose along Kurt's neck, feeling the resultant shiver vibrate through his own body. "You can tell me, sweetheart."

"I want..."

"Hmmm?"

He hears Kurt lick his lips, swallow, and draw in a deep breath. Then suddenly they're face-to-face, and Blaine can't help but choke on his own breath as Kurt stares down at him with his brilliant teal eyes and brushes his long, pale fingers across his stubble.

"I want to hear you beg."

His heart skips a beat. "I...what?"

"I-I want to hear you beg." Kurt ducks his head to kiss Blaine's chin, clearly trying to hide the nervous quivering of his lips, though he keeps his eyes locked on Blaine's.

"Oh, *sweetheart*."

"I thought, maybe, as preparation for that scene we booked for Tuesday...you don't think it's stupid?" The shy question is muffled by the press of his lips to Blaine's jaw.

Blaine groans and twists his body until they're pressed against each other so Kurt can feel how hard he is.

"No, God, it's--it's *hot*."

Kurt lets out a trembling "oh"; the fluttering of his lashes and the slip of his tongue across his bottom lip are heartwrenchingly beautiful.

"Please," Blaine begins. His voice is rough and wispy, as if he's had the wind knocked out of him, and Kurt blinks at him with his bright, wide eyes. "Please, baby."

Kurt licks his lips again, then pushes on Blaine's shoulder until he's on his back with Kurt hovering over him, eyes growing dark with lust. "Please, what?"

"Please let me suck your cock."

The request flies out of his mouth before he can tamp it down, but he's glad for the looseness his tongue when Kurt's lashes flutter again and he stumbles back a little, catching his breath, catching himself. "Say it--say it louder."

"Please," Blaine says, no longer whispering, but still keeping his voice down, "let me suck your cock."

"Louder," Kurt commands, then makes a fippant gesture as Blaine starts to protest. "Ignore the girls; they're out by now. Louder, Blaine."

"Please let me suck your cock."

"And why," he growls, on his hands and knees over Blaine, gripping him by the wrists, holding their bodies apart in a way that is truly cruel, "do you want to suck my cock?"

"Because it's so perfect," he gasps in reply, rutting up uselessly. "It's so fucking perfect, baby; you have the most perfect pink cock I've ever seen."

"Where do you want it?"

"In my mouth, please, I want it in my mouth." He can see Kurt arching his back down in that way that makes his ass stick out, and he moans with want. "I want your big, hard cock in my mouth, I'll suck it so good for you--"

"You've got a whore mouth," says Kurt, low and dangerous; he grips Blaine's wrists with one hand (and a surprising amount of strength) and slips two fingers between Blaine's lips; he sucks on them greedily, twirling his tongue around the digits in a sultry promise. "Look at how your slutty hole just sucks up my fingers."

Blaine hums around his fingers and nods, pulling back with a particularly hard suck that makes Kurt groan. "Oh, that's good...you gonna suck me like that?"

"Yeah," Blaine pants, thrusting up in to the air again, keening as his cock hits up against Kurt's for a moment, then gasping in pain and surprise when Kurt suddenly grabs Blaine's curls with both of his hands and *yanks*.

"Beg me for it," Kurt demands in a guttural voice, "beg for my cock in your mouth."

Blaine's tongue feels thick and unwiedly, unable to form words. He swallows the lump in his throat before begging, "Please, baby, let me suck your cock, please, I'll suck it so good, I'll get it nice and wet, and you can

fuck my throat, please, I want you to fuck my throat with your gorgeous fucking cock, and then I'll suck on your balls and lick your asshole just the way you like it, because you're nice enough to let me put my slutty mouth on you, please please pleammf--"

He cuts off with a choked sound as Kurt yanks him up by his hair and slams his cock in to Blaine's mouth, wasting no time in pistoning his hips. Blaine settles up on his elbows, taking some of the pressure off of his scalp and allowing him to relish the clean, slightly tangy taste of Kurt's cock, the salty-sweetness of his pre-cum, and the incredibly smooth, seemingly vein-less texture of his shaft as it thrusts in and out of his mouth. He swirls his tongue around the cockhead on every outward stroke and tilts his head back a bit, signalling to Kurt that he's ready for deep-throating; Kurt catches the movement and capitalizes with a gravelly moan, eagerly lifting up a bit higher on his knees so he can press down, down, down, until Blaine's nose is flush against the soft skin of his belly.

"You're so good," Kurt pants, his hands clenching and unclenching in Blaine's hair as he holds him in place. "You're so fucking good, Blaine..."

Blaine stares up at him with eyes that are starting to water from the lack of air and the pressure in the back of his throat, but he manages to hold his breath longer than usual by staring up at Kurt, who is taut and pale and unbearably beautiful. Then his eyes slam shut and his muscles begin to flutter, and he pulls back and takes in harsh gulps of air as strings of spit and mucus dribbling from the tip of Kurt's rosey cock to the flesh of his abused lips.

"Oh, so good," Kurt says feebly, rubbing a hand across Blaine's cheek. Blaine, however, is not ready to break character.

"Please," he whines, and they're both visibly startled by the hoarseness of his voice, "please let me suck your balls."

Kurt doesn't even protest, just nods and pulls Blaine's face flush against him, mis-aiming in his haste so that Blaine ends up pressed against his pelvis and has to drag his slick, abused lips down to Kurt's heavy ballsack. He laps wetly against the skin for a moment, then wraps his lips around one ball at a time, massaging them with his tongue, rolling them gentle in his mouth, clutching at Kurt's strong thighs to hold his position and staring up at Kurt, mesmerized by the way the other man throws back his head and jerks his own cock with short, quick pulls of his hand. He's barely even started licking Kurt's perenium when he fills himself being pushed back.

"No, no, hey, please, c'mon, please," he whines, flailing and trying to bend his head back under Kurt's ass. Kurt pushes him again, harder this time, and he falls back on to the bed with a startled "oomph". "C'mon, baby, please, let me rim you, I'll make it so good--"

"Too close, too close," Kurt pants, a bottle of lube already flung up on the bed as he rifles around in his nightstand for a condom.

"No, hey--" Blaine grabs at his hips and pulls him back, ignoring his indignant whine and the delicious wiggle of his ass. "C'mon, we don't need that."

Kurt waves at him and tries to pull forward again, huffing in annoyance when Blaine just grips him tighter. "Stop fussing, Blaine, I have some of the extra-large ones in here--"

"We don't need a condom," Blaine blurts, then backpeddles when he sees Kurt's face. "I mean, I'm clean; I get tested every month like we're supposed to and I haven't done anything bareback for 3--no, 2 years, but 2 years is still a lot. We don't have to. Did I say we don't need one? We need one. Hey, I can see one with a blue wrapper, I like blue--"

Kurt waves at him again, though much more furiously this time. "No, hey, it's...really?"

Blaine can't hold back a goofy smile when Kurt tilts his head like that. "You are adorable."

"Blaine, focus."

"What? Oh--oh! Yeah, no--I mean. No. Wait, no, I mean...yes? No!" Kurt's shoulders start to shake and he presses a hand to his mouth, which makes Blaine laugh *and* fumble more. "Hey, I know what I mean! I mean...I mean that no, we don't need a condom. Unless," he adds, feeling a sudden wave of panic, "you have...something to tell me?"

Kurt's hand flutters again. He does that a lot, Blaine realizes: he can guard his expressions and choose his words, but his hands are always so expressive and give away everything he's feeling. "I'm clean. I haven't done bareback in over a year."

Now it's Blaine's turn to tilt his head. "Since you started?"

"Since *before* I started," Kurt corrects, popping the cap off of the lube. "I haven't had a boyfriend in years. Now come here, handsome, and get me ready."

Blaine nods and takes the lube, fumbling it awkwardly and cursing. God, Kurt puts on that sex kitten act and he turns in to a fucking teenage boy again—

"Blaine? Dear? Aren't your hands going in the, ah, the wrong direction?"

Blaine blinks, then looks down and realizes he's pressed his slicked-up fingers against his own entrance. Wait, what's wrong with that? "Um...no?" Kurt stays silent, looking at him like he's grown an extra head, so Blaine continues. "We talked about this before, right? You want to top me sometimes, right? Oh God, please say you want to top me..." He darts his eyes around the room, looking anywhere but Kurt, as he continues to panic, "Oh my God, please say I'm not delusio--oh, good, you're laughing."

"Well, that's the last thing I expect to hear from a sexual partner," Kurt says as soon as he settles down.

"What, 'please say you want to top me?'"

"Well that, too," Kurt admits blandly, "but I meant the 'oh good, you're laughing' part."

"Oh," replies Blaine with a nervous chuckle. He peers down at his fingers, still circling the rim of his asshole subconsciously. "Um...can I...is it okay?"

He hears Kurt make a strange choking noise, then say, "Yeah, that's--that's fine. I'd love to, dear."

The endearment makes Blaine flush with pleasure. "Mmmkay. Do you want to--you know, finger me?" He peeks up and sees Kurt gaping at the motions of his fingers and feels both embarrassingly exposed and incredibly aroused.

"No," Kurt breaths, licking his lips. "No, I...I think you should do it. Yeah, you--you keep doing that."

"Like this?" Blaine husks as he presses a finger slowly in to his hole, wincing a bit at the burn but focusing mostly on Kurt's face.

"Yeah...yeah, like that."

He sighs and turns his head to press his cheek in to the pillow, slowly working his finger in and out of his ass until the pain turns to pleasure and the muscles begin to respond, sucking and pulling at the digit. His eyes have fluttered close, but he can feel Kurt's warm fingers brushing the insides of his thighs and the way he swallows and pants, and the sensations soothe him as he slips in a second finger. Said fingers aren't long enough for him to reach his prostate, at least not at this angle, but he knows Kurt's are, and the thought of Kurt finger-fucking him makes him moan wantonly.

"How does it feel?" Kurt asks quietly.

"Amazing," murmurs Blaine, circling a third finger around his rim every time he pulls his hand back. The muscles in his thighs and stomach tremble when Kurt shifts and brushes their legs together, and his eyes flow open with a gasp when he feels a puff of hot air on his ass. "What're you--nngh?"

Kurt sucks his own lips back in to his mouth, clearly embarrassed, but he doesn't lift his eyes. "You're just...so perfect. You are," he continues when Blaine makes a noise like a startled animal, "you're perfect, and you're--you're so much, and you just *give it* to me."

"Fuck," Blaine grits out, pressing in with three fingers, his eyes squeezing shut as he tries to block out the burn and focus on the stretch and the press. "You have to--soon."

"You're not ready."

"I am, I am--"

"Shhhh," soothes Kurt, and he grips Blaine by the thighs and leans in to lick and suckle around his stretched hole. Blaine gasps and scrambles to clamp his free hand down on the base of his cock; the slide of Kurt's smooth lips across his aching rim and slick perineum is sending jolts of pleasure straight up his spine. His hips roll up lightly of their own accord, and Kurt hushes him again as he cranes his head to lick at Blaine's ballsack. "Just a little longer, baby..."

"No, no, no," Blaine whines, pulling his fingers out too quickly but not even caring as he tries to re-arrange himself on the pillows, jostling them both. "C'mon, now, need you in me."

Kurt's eyes quite literally roll back in to his skull for a moment. "Blaine, you can't say things like that!"

"Hey, that's my line," he replies with a cheeky grin. He falters a bit when he notices Kurt's slack jaw and glazed-over eyes, thinking he's being ignored, but soon realizes he's positioned himself against the headboard and his holding his legs open and close to his chest. "Ah. Yes. Well."

The younger man snorts, breaking the spell, and leans over to fetch the lube. "You're too much, Anderson."

"You should call me Blaine," he teases, aiming for sultry. Kurt, however, is surprisingly blithe.

"I do, but only on good days."

"But you called me Blaine 10 seconds ago. It's the same day."

Kurt gives his lubed-up cock one last pump, the sound of his firm grip on his slick shaft making Blaine's cock twitch. "It just turned midnight."

"What? No it isn't! It's 11:30!"

"I'm running on Ohio time."

"Then it'd be 1:30."

"Are you always this snarky when you're bottoming?" Kurt asks as he drapes himself over Blaine's body and reaches down to rub the tip of his cock against Blaine's stretched-out hole.

Blaine grins and bucks up slightly, the rim of his asshole fluttering against Kurt's wet cockhead, and revels in the gasp that elicits. "Are you always this sexy when you're topping?"

"Mmmm," Kurt hums, leaning forward for a kiss. "You win." Then, suddenly serious: "Hey."

Blaine smiles softly and pulls him in for another kiss, sweeter this time, and says, "Hey, gorgeous." Kurt doesn't return the smile, just stares off to the side and bites his lip, those tell-tale hands of his trembling against the sides of Blaine's thighs. "Kurt...I'm sure."

"You--yeah?"

He wraps a leg around Kurt's waist and pulls him even closer with it, unbalancing the other man ever so slightly so that their noses rub. "Yeah."

Kurt darts his eyes between Blaine and the wall and licks his lips. "Because if--"

"Kurt," Blaine says in his firmest voice, "if you don't put your dick in me soon, I swear to God, I will die right here in your fifty million threadcount Egyptian cotton sheets."

"Fifteen hundred," Kurt mumbles, leaning in so that their lips are brushing. "Now just...hold still. Breathe, and tell me if you need me to stop."

A dull tremor of panic seeps through Blaine's senses; he tries to ignore it. "Okay."

He keeps his breathing as even as possible and his eyes locked with Kurt's until he feels Kurt's cock breach his rim and push against a ring of muscle. Instinctively, he tries to pull back, but Kurt grips him firmly by the thighs and holds them still, whispering sweet words--"Shhh, you're okay, you're so good, you feel so good, so amazing, dearest"--and he relaxes with a sigh as the pressure disappears in a sudden pop. He feels stretched and exposed, invaded and rejuvenated at the same time, and he lets the complex waves of emotion wash over him as Kurt continues to slide in to him slowly, one inch at a time, until his balls are pressed tight against Blaine's perineum and the sides of their faces are touching. It takes a moment, but he eventually adjusts to the stretch, still feeling too full and completely vulnerable, but because it's with Kurt it's surprisingly pleasant, almost transcendent.

"Hey," he whispers in to Kurt's ear; he suddenly realizes that Kurt is tense and sweating and begins rubbing his hands down his back in calming strokes. "You can move now."

"Thank *God*," Kurt moans, and Blaine lets out a gravelly laugh as he begins shallowly thrusting his hips. "You feel so good."

Blaine's inclined to agree as he feels the pressure of every inward thrust, the rubbing of the smooth shaft against his sensitive rim, the roll of Kurt's hips along his inner thighs. He's already feeling incoherent, however, and can only manage a mumbled "'s good" as he wraps his arms and legs even tighter around his partner. Kurt replies with something equally unintelligible and begins to pull back further each time, until finally he's pulling out so that his cockhead stretches the raw rim of Blaine's asshole for one jaw-dropping second before he slams forward balls-deep. Blaine can only cling to Kurt tighter and tilt his hips up higher

as he's pinned and fucked, and it's this open-ness, this seeming onslaught of take-and-no-give that has always made bottoming difficult for him until Kurt came along.

"Fuck," he swears as Kurt starts pounding his ass in earnest. "Tha's so good, baby, ohm'god--"

"Oh, God," Kurt sobs. He captures Blaine's lips in a sloppy kiss, then yanks away to bite at the hard line of his jaw.

"Fuck!"

"mazing," Kurt groans into the stubble-rough skin of Blaine's cheek. "So good, just take it, take it so well..."

"Oh, baby, your cock is unbelievable--"

Kurt swears this time and thrusts as deep as he can before stopping completely, making Blaine whine and grind his ass in circles. "No, hey, c'mon--"

"Can we--switch?" Kurt pants.

Blaine blinks at him. "You want me to top?"

There's a long pause, Blaine confused, Kurt hesitant. Then: "I want to switch positions."

"Oh--oh! Yeah, we can do that."

"Kay," Kurt says, smiling and looking suddenly shy. "Hold on, let me--just breath."

Blaine does as he's told, taking deep breaths as Kurt withdraws and gasping when the head of his cock pulls out past the tight rings of muscle. He feels unbearably open and empty, but the ache is also pleasing, as if he's just finished a long workout, and the way his asshole clenches makes him feel wanton and well-used. He hears a strangled noise from Kurt and looks up to see him staring at Blaine's quivering pucker with doll-wide eyes; he reaches down to rub his thumb across the red rim and smear a drop of precum in to the smooth skin, making Blaine gasp again.

"Kurt..." Blaine warns.

"Hmmm?" Kurt responds noncommittally, his thumb still circling Blaine's hole.

"New position?" he somehow manages to say.

"...oh! Right, um." Kurt puts his hands back on Blaine's thighs, massaging the muscles for a moment. "...can I...from behind?"

Blaine gapes at him, momentarily stunned, not so much by the specific position Kurt has chosen but more so by *hot* it sounds to him. "Really?"

The corner of Kurt's mouth quirks up in to a wry half-smile. He shrugs. "What can I say? You have an amazing ass."

"Coming from you, Mr. Hummel," says Blaine as he rolls over and gives his legs a good stretch, "that's quite the compliment."

"Hey. I said you have an amazing ass. I never said it was better than mine."

Blaine merely hums in response and gets up on his knees, arching his back down and his hips up, and revels in Kurt's startled "*oh*" before he realizes how *limited* he is in this position. Technically he has more physical freedom in this position than in the last, but it feels so much more submissive and heady, his eyes trained on the headboard, his hearing strangely heightened. There's the sound of Kurt spitting in to his palm and that familiar slick noise of wet-skin-on-wet-skin, then the sheets rustle and his hips cant involuntarily backwards.

"*Blaine*," Kurt groans, and Blaine sucks in a breath as he presses his cock back in, "you're trying to kill me."

"Again," says Blaine in a voice too choked to be teasing, "that's my line."

Kurt lets out a quick huff of laughter, and for a moment Blaine wishes they were back in missionary so they could see each other and kiss and share the same breath. Then Kurt starts fucking him rough, fast, brutal, and fuck staring in to each other's eyes, this is *unbelievable*, the sharp and semi-painful slap of Kurt's hips against his ass cheeks, so hard they're bound to bruise, the filthy sound of slick skin and harsh breathing, the press of Kurt's fingertips in to his hips an anchor, the stretch and the fullness almost too much to bear. He reaches down to fist his own cock, palm dry and ragged, and when Kurt simultaneously

slams against his prostate and yells, "I want you so much, Blaine, drive me *crazy*," he comes all over Kurt's expensive sheets with a shout. His asshole clenches rapidly around Kurt's shaft, and it's a bit too much, his body so sensitive, until Kurt pulls out and it's *not enough*.

"Put it back in," he pleads, "put it back put it back--"

"OhmygodBlaine--" Kurt stops breathing for what feels like hours as he streaks Blaine's ass cheeks and the tops of his thighs with ropes of sticky cum. Blaine stays still for a moment, his senses blurred by orgasm but his skin a mass of delicate pinpricks, and lets the semen drip over the curves and crevices of his body before turning to cup Kurt's cheek and kiss him.

"I love you," he whispers against Kurt's lips.

Kurt doesn't tense or stiffen, just sighs and says, "I know," cleans them off with baby wipes, and rolls them up in the blankets, so tight he can barely reach over to click off the lamp. They cling to each other throughout the night.

Blaine wakes up suddenly at 4:30 in the morning, hot and slightly achey and uncomfortably aware of the fact that he's not in his own bed. He startles Kurt in to awareness as well, and he apologizes profusely, until Kurt hushes him with a sleepy kiss and presses their bodies together, and then they're rubbing up against each other, too warm but so good, their kisses lazy and sweet, their bodies slick and needy, and when they've both come he drifts off to sleep, the soft brush of a baby wipe on his stomach and a barely-there kiss to his forehead like some lullaby he's always longed for.

Eleven

Warnings for angst, naughty words, and big gaps in updates.

Kurt spends far too much of the morning pressed tight against Blaine's bed-warm body, not quite awake, but cognizant enough to hear his partner's sleepy snuffles and even breathing. He hits the snooze alarm three times before pulling his limbs free and slipping out from under the covers, Blaine protesting groggily before rolling over and falling right back asleep. Kurt can feel the corners of his lips trembling, trying to edge up in to a smile, but the air outside of his bed is sharp and cold, and little waves of too-bright clarity shoot up his spine.

Blaine...said he loves me last night, he reminds himself. He stares at Blaine, a beautiful mess of tan skin and boyishness, and realizes just how *frightened* he feels, so suddenly aware of how brittle and breakable they are.

"Kurt..."

The bleary murmur startles him, goosebumps rising on his shoulders. Blaine calls for him again before smacking his lips and sprawling out on his back, the morning light filtering through the curtains and catching every hollow and crevice Kurt has so secretly desired. Stretched out like a cat in a patch of sun, Blaine looks utterly content. Happy. *At home*.

And Kurt has never felt so afraid.

He's barely started his "Fierce Women" iPod playlist and the coffee pot before Blaine stumbles out of the bedroom, a dopey grin plastered on his face. Kurt can't help but smile back, even as a twinge of discomfort twists his stomach in knots.

well what is this craziness this crazy talking

you caught some small death when you were sleepwalking

"G'morning," says Blaine, sidling up behind Kurt to trail soft kisses up his neck.

"Morning," Kurt murmurs.

"What'shu makin'? Eggs?"

Kurt clicks his tongue in disapproval. "Vegetable and feta egg white omlettes."

"Ahhhh," Blaine replies in mock astonishment, still grinning. Kurt wants to rub his face down with a dish towel--*hard*--but settles for fussing with the food and watching his--*lover? boyfriend? fuck buddy? what?*--watching *Blaine* from the corner of his eye. "You got the day off?"

Kurt hums in reply as he fills a mug with coffee and plops it in front of Blaine, who's cozied himself up at the kitchen's tiny island. "Cream is in the fridge."

"Like it black."

He hums again and turns back to his omlette, adding some diced tomatoes to the mostly-finished food. The strangely-calming rustle of paper fills the room and melds with Joanna Newsom's twangy voice.

apply it gently to the love you've lent me

"That new Meryl Streep movie is out," Blaine says between sips of his coffee. Kurt risks a peek over his shoulder and sees that Blaine is engrossed in the entertainment section of the paper.

"I'm not really a Meryl Streep fan."

"And you call yourself a gay man."

Against his better judgment, Kurt chuckles. "I don't like wine spritzers or pride parades, either."

Blaine gasps melodramatically. "For shame, Mister Hummel!"

The use of his real name sends a flurry of unexpected emotions coursing through Kurt's body. He busies himself with plating the omlette and handing it off to Blaine with his most convincing smile instead.

Clearly, it's not convincing enough. Blaine's brows furrow and his coffee cup stops halfway to his lips. "You okay?"

"Uh-huh," Kurt replies, as blithe as he can manage, but he stares at Blaine and lets his mouth press in to a grim line. *Challenge me*, the look says. *Go on, call my bluff.*

we weren't afraid cause we know what you are

and you know that we know what you are

Blaine stares back at him for a moment more before sighing and shaking his head like a disgruntled dog.

"Okay then, no Meryl Streep. What about The Raven?"

"I have a strict 'No post-1990 John Cusack' rule," Kurt says, prepping the pan for another omlette.

"Now you're just being ridiculous."

"Think what you will, but I find it as effective as my 'Only Those 5 Years of Kevin Costner' rule when it comes to avoiding the intestinal scrape some people consider cinema. Besides, I don't think that movie's out yet."

His back is turned, but his mind paints a vivid picture of Blaine's wide puppy eyes and plush, parted lips as he breaths out a startled, "Oh." The sound of rustling paper returns, and with the sun on his back and the smell of good food filling his sense, Kurt feels suddenly tranquil. Some traitorous part of his brain points out that, hey, he could get used to this.

and when you wept i was gone

see i got gone when i got wise

but i can't with certainty say we survived

And then a cartoonish guffaw from Blaine pierces the illusion, and he rips a hole in every wall Kurt's so carefully built around himself when he laughs, "*Top and bottom proceed to make love in a dewy meadow of lilac?*"

Kurt whips around so fast he loses his grip on the frying pan; the omlette spills on to the burner and floods the room with the smell of torched eggs and spinach. "What did you just say?"

Blaine gaps, then points down at a small notebook, so painfully familiar to Kurt with its many-colored scribbles and pages heavy with White Out. "I--it--I was--"

"How dare you," Kurt hisses, ripping the notebook away and clutching it to his chest. "How *dare* you--you go through my *personal belongings*--"

"Kurt..." Blaine stands and starts to come around the island towards him, but stops suddenly when he sees how Kurt shies away and glares at him. His hurt expression would have been enough to soften any man's heart...save Kurt Elizabeth Hummel in a terrified rage. "I didn't realize it was anything...*personal*. I just thought it was your grocery lists or something."

"And you have a right to go through *that*, even?" snaps Kurt.

"Wanted to sneak 'chocolate' on the list for my next omlette," says Blaine with a quivering voice and a wry smile.

"It's not funny," Kurt says, and even to his own ears he sounds possessed, stripped bare and exposed. He grips the notebook tighter and stares at the stove with wild eyes, his back bowing against the edge of the counter. "You have no right to just--come in here and--and *mock* me."

all my bones

they are gone gone gone

take my bones i don't need none

"...Kurt, come on. Don't you think you're overreacting?"

Kurt snaps his head up to glare at Blaine again, fire renewed. "*I'm* over-reacting? *I'm* the one with the problem here?"

"I didn't mean to make fun of it, it just sur--"

"Don't change the subject!" Kurt spits, and Blaine's mouth drops open at the venom in his voice. "You think *I'm* the one who's overreacting? You're the one who's already cooing 'I love you' in to my ear!"

Blaine shakes his whole body this time, adopting a whole new stance. "But Kurt...Kurt, I *do* love you--"

"You've known me for *2 months*."

Blaine stares at him for what feels like forever, then shuts his mouth tight and nods his head, his beautiful eyes watering. "I get it."

"No you don't," Kurt whispers, voice gone gravelly; he turns back to the counter, but reaches back a moment later to push the other man away when he moves forward. "Don't."

"Kurt..."

"I said *don't*."

His body shakes with the force of his emotions. Blaine, true to his character, takes a step backwards. It's as if everything has gone spontaneously gray.

i love you truly or i love no one

"...you don't love me, then."

Blaine's words, so quiet Kurt almost doesn't hear them, are nevertheless a shock to his system. "I never said that," he whispers back.

"So you do love me?" Blaine replies, and Kurt peers up and sees just how much the sheer *hope* has brightened his features.

"Blaine...Blaine, it's only been 2 months."

The older man makes a frustrated sound and throws his hands in the air. "So what?"

The nonchalance of it tweaks something irrational and possessive in Kurt's brain. "So what? *So what?*"

It only takes a moment for Blaine to realize his mistake. "I didn't mean--"

"No, Blaine, you're right. You're right! So what? So what if I want to move at my own pace? So what if I'm not as used to this whole 'porn star' gig after less than a year? So what if I have things that I want to be mine, and mine only?"

"I apologized about the notebook, Kurt, c'mon--"

"No, you come on!" Kurt shouts. "You come on and tell me why you think it's ok to just...*invade* everything!"

"Kurt," Blaine repeats, clearly trying to space out his words and his temper, "come on. I only read a few sentences. It's just a stupid notebook."

"It's *NOT*. a *stupid. notebook!*" Kurt pounds the counter with his fist and barks out every word. He knows Blaine is staring at him again, utterly flabbergasted, and he can't bring himself to care. "These? Were my ideas, and my dreams, and my...*script* ideas, ideas that I had to really make a change in the way--in the things we do, and you just had to...*shit* all over them!"

"Kurt--"

"Stop it. Stop saying my name like it's going to do something for you."

Blaine's face goes suddenly cold and impassive, save for the glimmer of warmth in his eyes. "It *does* do something for me, Kurt; I--"

"Tell me why," Kurt interrupts.

Blaine blinks at him, then begins, "I said I love you because--"

"No, not--tell me why you became a porn star."

"I wanted to change things" says Blaine, and while his heart knows it's the truth, his mind is still a froth of rage and betrayal that seethes at the *just like you* Blaine doesn't even imply.

"Yeah, you're really doing your part, banging a bunch of guys and worming your way under their skin like a fucking *fungus*."

"Jesus fucking Christ, Kurt, I didn't realize I'd read some *precious* script of yours, okay?"

"No, of course you didn't," Kurt sneers. "You didn't even *ask*. You didn't stop to think about the things *I'm* trying to do, the changes *I'm* trying to make, but I'm supposed to believe *your* bullshit about blowing twinkles for world peace? What makes what I do shit and what you do so *special*?"

Because when I'm with these men, I get to *know* them. They're all so different; they don't just *look* different, they *are* different, and I praise them and touch them and tell them they're beautiful because that's a truth that they need to know. And if just one little gay boy, hiding up in his room with his laptop and trying to understand why his dad is so fucking ashamed of him, watches one of my videos and realizes that he's beautiful, too...well, then, I'm happy. I'm *ecstatic*. I've done my job. And maybe you hate that job, Kurt, and you want to write some cheesy Holy Grail of Gay Men porn script, but I know my purpose, and at least I respect it."

Later on, Kurt will regret his response to Blaine's revelation. He'll realize, in hind sight, that he should have asked, "Blaine, were you that little boy?", and he should have admitted, "It hurts when you only see what you want to see and shove aside the rest." Instead he spits out, "Saving the world one butt fuck at a time, hey, Anderson?"

The warmth in Blaine's eyes flickers out like a candle in the wind. They stare at each other, Blaine grinding his teeth and Kurt holding back tears, until Kurt slowly turns away and sets the notebook on the counter. He hears a strange noise behind him, then winces when Blaine pushes past him. But he's firm in his decision to sever their ties. Kurt straightens his shoulders, stares out of the passthrough, and forces himself to feel absolutely nothing. He hears Blaine rustling his clothes in the bedroom, sees him grabbing his things before stomping out of the apartment and slamming the door behind him, and all the while he is immobile, frozen, knuckles going white as he grips the countertop. Then he's suddenly so inexplicably *angry*, so out-of-control and alive with pure, invigorating *rage* that it takes him a minute to realize he's smashed his favorite coffee mug against the wall. The sound of shattering ceramic seems to lag behind the sight, carrying with it one last refrain:

and if the love of a woman or two dear

couldn't move you to such heights

then all i can do is do my darling right by you