

Nothing is More Romantic than Chocolate

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Kapitel 1: Nothing is More Romantic than Chocolate

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"Nothing is more romantic than chocolate." - Ted Allen

"All you need is love. But a little chocolate now and then doesn't hurt." - Charles M. Schulz

There was something about Valentine's Day that was special. Magical, almost.

Ever since Blaine was a little boy – not even knowing why his older sister always went giddy when that day approached and spent hours covering the kitchen with flour, sugar and tons of chocolate – he knew that this day did something to people.

Sadly, he had never experienced that special feeling himself though.

But every year he saw couples in the streets acting like newly-weds, groups of girls standing in candy shops, giggling, eyeing chocolate bars and whispering about the cutest boys at their school; and the kitchen at home becoming time and time again the battle-field of his sister's hopeless attempts to create edible chocolate cookies. And every time he witnessed something like that Blaine felt how the spirit of the holiday enfolded itself around people.

This had changed after he transferred to Dalton Academy. The school was like bubble, separated from the outer world and often untouched by what was going on there. Not that anyone minded. After all, this had been the main reason Blaine transferred there – to be able to finish his education without having to deal with the problems and obstacles everyday life had had in store for him at his old school.

But as much as he enjoyed his little sanctuary – it was often hard to keep up with what was happening in real life.

Especially since Valentine's Day was not an extremely popular event at an all-boys-boarding-school.

In fact, Blaine had almost completely forgotten about this upcoming holiday. At least until he stopped outside the home-ec room on the way to his dorm when he heard someone saying: "Kurt, stop arranging the sprinkles according to their colour, please!"

Blaine peered into the room. Three boys were assembled in the kitchen. The one that immediately caught Blaine's eye was the youngest Warbler, Kurt, who just stopped fumbling with the cake decorations and went to get a pack of flour that was waiting

on the kitchen counter. He was wearing an apron that said "Don't make me poison your food."

Blaine chuckled. He remembered when the art club, desperate for a creative outlet, got hold of the aprons in the home-ec room and beautified them with slogans they found appropriate. Kurt, for once, didn't look happy at all.

"Can you please explain again what I'm here for?" he asked.

The other two sighed in a way that told Blaine this wasn't the first time Kurt had asked that question.

The guy standing next to Kurt – currently busy chopping chocolate bars into tiny pieces – was small and chubby, with a huge grin that almost seemed too big to fit his face. He was Kurt's roommate, John, and he was wearing an apron on which green letters displayed the caption "Dinner's ready when the smoke alarm goes off."

"You are here because my girlfriend just won't stop bothering me about self-made sweets being the ultimate gift for Valentine's Day. And I figured the easiest way to stop her from going all puppy-dog-eyes on me all the time was to give in and make that damn chocolate."

The third boy, a tall, lanky guy named Brian (clad in an apron which read "Keep calm, it's just a cupcake.") nodded in approval. "Same here, except for the girlfriend part."

Kurt wiped his hands off on his apron, smearing a flour stripe over the letters. He still didn't look very convinced.

"And you couldn't do this without me because...?"

"Because we both have no idea how to cook, let alone bake, and there is a very high risk that we'll set something on fire if you let us do this on our own."

"Besides", Brian chimed in. "We think that with your help we will not only produce something edible, but also something that's easy on the eyes."

Kurt mumbled something unintelligible; eyes still fixed on the scales, but didn't object.

"Come on Kurt", said John, nudging him playfully, which almost caused the boy to spill the sugar he was measuring. "Like you don't have someone you want to give chocolate to."

While Kurt's ears turned beet red, Blaine felt a strange twist somewhere deep down in his stomach. It felt weird and good at the same time.

It reminded him on the brief sensation of tripping, like he missed a step on the stairs, but touched safe ground just a moment later.

In the home-ec room Kurt had finished measuring flour, sugar, butter and milk. He added two eggs and began mixing the ingredients together. Absorbed in his task he started crooning to himself, which caused Brian to moan.

"Kurt, you really need to stop humming that song. I swear, I haven't been able to get it out of my head these last three days."

Blaine chuckled soundlessly.

Very early in his acquaintance with Kurt he had learnt that the boy expressed himself just as much through music as through his impeccable sense of fashion. Since he currently had to repress the latter due to the dress code at Dalton, he was more than ever translating his feelings into music.

John had told Blaine that during his first week at Dalton Academy, Kurt had only been able to sleep with "Don't stop believing" playing on his iPod. And even though he had gotten used to his new school and seemed fairly happy (at least happier than he had been during his last weeks at McKinley's) Blaine still noticed quite often how sensitive he got when he came across a song that reminded him of his time as a member of 'New Directions'.

Blaine's thoughts were interrupted by John, who said: "I'm just glad he stopped singing 'Baby it's cold outside'. I mean, I totally get why this was your ultimate Christmas song – but you basically started warbling it every single time Blaine was not in the same room."

"And you kept singing it till mid-January", Brian added. "I think there should be a law against singing Christmas songs after the 25th."

"Your cookies look trashy", was Kurt's only reply. "You need to cut them out more neatly, or they will melt into each other once you put them in the oven."

John decided to react in a mature way and stuck his tongue out at him: "Keep your eyes on your own cookies, Willy Wonka."

"Or just keep singing about your 'Teenage Dream'", grinned Brian and ducked just in time to escape a piece of dough Kurt had aimed at his face.

Blaine crept silently away from the door and continued his way down the corridor, barely able to stop himself from humming and bouncing like a little boy. He was glad that he didn't meet anyone on his way since he knew there was a huge, idiotically happy grin plastered on his face.

And while he still thought about that tingling feeling down in his stomach, he finally began to understand what the magic of Valentine's Day was all about.

Kapitel 2: Except Maybe some Study-Time Alone

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"You know you're in love when you can't fall asleep because reality is finally better than your dreams." - Dr. Seuss

"If I know what love is, it is because of you." - Herman Hesse

There are many ways to describe the feeling of being in love. Some say it's like music, like a soft, flowing sound that makes you want to dance every time your feet touch ground. Some say you only really start to live once you look that very special person in the eyes for the first time. Some say love is like oxygen – when it's gone, you are no longer able to breathe.

Personally, Kurt didn't like any of these sayings. Apart from the fact that he found them shallow and cheesy, he disagreed with most of them. The one expression that ticked him off the most, however, was 'Being in love feels like flying.'

Kurt – half serious – had thought about finding the person who had uttered that statement first and making him (or her) pay for it. His plans weren't very specific yet, but he guessed shredding his or her entire wardrobe would probably do the job. It would cause him a nervous breakdown, to be sure.

Love didn't feel like flying at all. It felt like falling.

Every time Kurt was in the same room as Blaine and the other boy didn't look at him, his stomach did nervous spins, like he just stepped off a roller-coaster ride that was just a bit too fast for his liking. And if Blaine turned around and looked at him or smiled at him or winked at him (which, Kurt had to admit, was happening far more frequently than Blaine not noticing him), he felt like the floor beneath his feet that had felt so solid just a second ago opened and he was about to fall deep down into the basement of Dalton Academy.

The worst thing about it was being so very dependent on Blaine's behavior. If the other boy chose to spend time with him, made him laugh or sang with him, Kurt could be certain he would be smiling for at least the rest of the day – and sometimes even late into the night, grinning into his pillow while remembering every single time Blaine's hand had casually touched his.

If, however, Blaine happened to not have time for him – which was scarce, but sometimes school, his Warbler duties or his many friends at Dalton kept him busy – Kurt often had to stop himself from being moody for the rest of the day by constantly

telling himself that there was no reason and that this was not worth it.

Kurt hated being dependent on people, even if he loved them.

Which was why when he stood between the long bookshelves of the Dalton library, hidden by anthropologies dedicated to English poetry of the eighteenth century and clutching his school bag in which he hid a small bag of self-made chocolate cookies, he was wondering whether this was truly a good idea or not.

He had been standing there for over fifteen minutes, hiding behind the books and watching the three boys sitting at the table. Blaine, Harry and David were absorbed by their math homework; only from time to time would one of them raise his head and ask the other boys a question about the derivative of an odd function or simply the right use of the calculator. Kurt's heart always missed a beat when Blaine looked up, but neither he nor one of the other boys noticed him standing there, thankfully.

The youngest Warbler knew that hiding here and watching the boy he was in love with was as creepy as it was pathetic, but he just couldn't bring himself to give Blaine his Valentine's gift in front of the other guys. And he didn't want to ask him for some alone time as well – he was far too unsure about the other boy's feelings to make that big a deal out of a simple bag of cookies.

"I know that the faculty probably wouldn't like their students to make out in the library, but you do know that there isn't exactly a rule against just talking to other boys in here, even if you are madly in love with them, right?"

Kurt was barely able to stop himself from shrieking and dropping his bag. He spun around. Wes was standing in front of him, eying him with a wistful smile that told Kurt Wes did not only know exactly what he was doing, but probably also how long he had been standing here.

"Ehm, no, actually I was... ahm, just..."

"Enjoying the view?" Wes grinned, peering through the books at the study group. Kurt was thankful the other boy remembered to keep his voice down. "And he's not even doing something interesting there. You really have it bad for him, don't you?"

"Wes..."

"I mean, watching him study... I thought you'd liked it better when he was singing." The grin intensified. "Preferably something about 'skin-tight jeans'."

Kurt closed his eyes. This just couldn't get any worse.

"Wes, please, I was just..."

"I know," said the older boy, grabbing his shoulders and dragging him around the bookshelf with him.

"And I'm really willing to help you, but this is the last time," he whispered into Kurt's ear when they approached the table. "You need to make a little progress here, Kurt. I'm sure Blaine would jump at the chance."

Out loud he said: "David, Harry, I need you in the assembly room. Now."

The boys looked up. David and Harry scowled at Wes, while Blaine was too busy smiling at Kurt to pay much attention to the others.

"Why?" asked Harry.

"Warbler's council meeting. I got some news concerning Regionals."

"But we're kinda in the middle of something," said Harry. David added: "Dreadful homework, but I'm actually almost halfway done with it. Can't this wait until later?"

"No," was Wes stern reply. "It can't." Blaine looked up, a concerned look on his face.

"Is it something urgent?" He asked. "Something we can help with?"

Wes grew more impatient by the minute. Kurt, who knew that this was simply the first excuse Wes came up with to lure the other guys away from Blaine, felt sympathetic and grateful at the same time, but didn't quite know how to help him out here.

"It's nothing serious, just something I really want to discuss with my fellow council members right away," Wes said, shooting a meaningful glance at David. Kurt could have sworn he saw him roll his eyes in Blaine's direction. David looked from Wes to Kurt, from Kurt to Blaine and back to Wes before he finally caught on.

He shut his book. "Wes is right, council duties come first."

"But homework..., " Harry remarked, looking at the almost finished formula he had been working on.

"Just leave your things where they are, it won't take that long," said Wes, nudging Kurt's foot encouragingly.

"Our new boy here will keep Blaine company, won't you, Kurt?"

Kurt nodded eagerly, feeling Blaine's eyes on him. "Yeah, yeah, I really need to get some history homework done."

"Brilliant," said David cheerfully, dragging Harry up by his arm. "Come on guys – we won't score at Regionals unless we can come up with a killer plan to beat New Directions."

Harry kept complaining about bossy dictators who even denied him the fun of doing his homework in peace but got up and followed the other two outside anyway. Before he left the room Wes turned around once more, glancing first at Kurt, then at Blaine,

mouthed: "Go get him."

"Sit down, will you," said Blaine, patting the seat next to him. "Looking up at you makes my neck hurt."

Kurt, still a little embarrassed but glad for the opportunity, slid into the seat and started unpacking his things.

"Do you need help with anything?" the older boy asked. Kurt smiled faintly. "No, I think I've got it covered. But thanks anyway."

Blaine winked and turned once again to his math book to get absorbed by the world of figures and formulas. When Kurt reached into his bag, his fingertips brushed against the white-and-blue ribbon he had tied around the cookie-bag. He still didn't feel ready to do this, but this was probably the best – and possibly only – chance he was going to get before the day was over.

Furthermore – hadn't it been Blaine who taught him the importance of courage?

Slowly, he reached for the cookies, lifted them onto the table and then placed them right next to Blaine's left hand. Not sure what to say or how to explain what this gift actually was about, he opened his history book and concentrated on a text that explained why the Puritans had been so obsessed with the idea of predestination. He forced himself to read the whole paragraph about this horrible philosophy before he dared to glance at Blaine again.

When he looked at the boy sitting next to him, the cookie-bag was gone. Instead of it lay a yellow envelope which said: "Kurt Hummel." Said boy, after glancing unsurely at the still totally-absorbed-by-absurd-math-problems-Blaine, grabbed the envelope and opened it. It contained three pieces of paper. Two of them were tickets to the local production of "The Sound of Music". The third piece of paper was a simple note that read:

"Please go out with me. As in 'On a date'. Blaine."

"I don't know how to bake." Kurt's head shot up. Blaine's eyes were still fixed on his math book, but he kept talking. "It runs in the family. None of us can bake, not even my mom."

Kurt's eyes darted nervously from Blaine's face down to his left hand, which was busy flipping through the pages of his book. Not completely sure whether this was the right way to respond, but listening to the tiny voice in the back of his head that told him to just go for it, he slowly reached across the table, tangling Blaine's fingers free from the pages and interlacing them with his own.

When he looked up, he saw the older boy smiling at him in way he had never seen him smile before. Everything about Blaine was controlled, like he always held back, even with simple things like smiling. This time however, there was nothing controlled about the way Blaine's lips curved upwards. Any emotion he might have wanted to hold back

spoke clearly through his eyes, and the almost goofy grin on his lips told Kurt that taking his hand had been the right idea.

Blaine squeezed Kurt's fingers lightly. "So, is it okay if I take this as a 'Yes'?"

Kurt nodded, not trusting his voice right now. Blaine raised their interlaced fingers to his lips and kissed the back of Kurt's hand softly.

"Good," he said, and Kurt was glad the voice of the older boy also sounded a bit hoarse. Slowly, Blaine turned back to his homework, still not letting go of Kurt's hand.

And for the first time in his life, Kurt understood why people referred to love being the same experience as flying. Because later he didn't remember exactly how he got out of the library, let alone back to his room – but he was pretty sure his feet didn't touch the ground once.