

# **Untitled GKM fill - Safeword**

**by**

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**NC-17**

*Kurt and Blaine are having sex. Kurt has to use his safe word. Blaine comforts him.*

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## **Chapter One**

Blaine's fingers trail up Kurt's side. He's gentle at first, tracing the pale skin, the delicate softness of the other boy, but as his hands reach Kurt's nipples, he tugs at them harder.

Kurt whimpers.

"Easy," Blaine murmurs, knowing how much his boyfriend loves the sound of his voice. "You can take it."

"Hurts..."

"Shh, beautiful." Blaine presses a wet kiss to Kurt's collarbone. "There's a lot more hurt coming your way."

Kurt trembles, but doesn't object.

"Good boy. Hands on the headboard."

He obeys, not even flinching as Blaine ties his wrists securely together, then loops the end of the rope around the headboard. Blaine specifically chose rope- not silk, not fabric, not cuffs. He wants to watch that delicate, over-manicured skin bruise. He wants to see it chafed and red. He wants to take Kurt's hand as they walk through the hallways tomorrow, to press just gently there, and watch the secret shiver no one else will understand.

He pulls the knot tight, and Kurt tenses.

"Relax," Blaine orders, his voice firm, and Kurt does.

God, he's such a beautiful, natural submissive. So responsive, never seeming to expect what Blaine does to him, but always ready to do whatever it is Blaine suggests.

"Legs up, sweetheart," he says, easing Kurt further back when the other boy twists into a position not quite the one he'd like. He spreads Kurt's legs so he can get at his hole. Of course, that forces his lover to hold his legs up in an uncomfortable lift that's already got his stomach trembling with effort, but Kurt also isn't complaining.

Blaine doesn't bother with lube, just taps his finger against Kurt's lips. His boyfriend gets the hint, sucking eagerly, laving Blaine's finger with spit. After a few seconds, he pulls it away, letting the drops of saliva drip down Kurt's chin. Probably ruining his moisturizing routine, too, Blaine realizes with an unlovely amount of satisfaction.

"What do you want?" he asks Kurt, voice clipped.

"I... I..."

Good. Already too strung out with pleasure to give an answer. Still, Blaine can't have him thinking that's a good enough way to respond to an order. He slaps Kurt's ass, exposed from the position of his legs. "I asked you a simple question."

Kurt blushes. He hates being punished- not because he has a particular sensitivity or aversion to pain, but because he hates disappointing his boyfriend. "I want... I want you to fuck me. Sir," he adds, aware that Blaine's hand is rubbing his ass now, but could be smacking it again at any second.

Blaine moans- he can play the Dom all he likes, but Kurt is all too good at getting a reaction out of him.

"Please, sir?" Kurt whimpers.

"Think you can take it now?"

"Yes," Kurt hisses, his voice strained with want. It'll hurt, of course it will hurt, but he wants it so badly.

"All right. I don't want to hear a sound out of you, then. Understand?"

He nods.

"That's my boy." He leans over Kurt, kissing his lips hard as he guides his erection to Kurt's ass. He thrusts in, biting at the other boy's mouth and then licking over the sharp spots of pain. "Does that hurt, love?" he says, pulling away just enough that he can see Kurt's nod. "But you like it."

"Yes, si-" and then he realizes his mistake. Kurt doesn't apologize, though Blaine can tell how he wants to. Instead, he closes his eyes, his breath hitching.

“Shh,” Blaine says, smacking Kurt’s upper thigh once, then again. “There,” he says, as a tear rolls from the other boy’s eye. “All done.” He smooths his hand through Kurt’s beautiful hair. “You okay?”

He nods.

“Good. I don’t want to hurt you. Not any more than you can take. You know that.”

Another nod. Blaine runs his fingertips across Kurt’s face, feeling the soft skin.

“You’re beautiful like this,” he says, letting himself thrust in until he’s fully seated inside Kurt. “You’re always beautiful.” He circles his hips slightly, rubbing against Kurt’s prostate expertly. But he knows his boy’s body well, well enough that, though he can find that tiny spot of pleasure easily, he can also tease over it, barely scraping. He knows what Kurt wants, knows what he needs, and right now he’s not giving it to him.

Kurt is biting his lip now, trying to restrain the urge to beg, and it’s so damn adorable. Blaine feels kind of filthy, actually, like he’s debauching an innocent, even though they’ve done this so very many times before.

“What do you want, slut?”

That flush returns to his cheeks.

“You want me to fuck you?”

He nods, desperately. Blaine gives a languid thrust, barely enough to tease him. Kurt’s eyes are wide open and pleading.

“Desperate for it, aren’t you?”

Kurt knows better than to answer, but God he is. He’s fucking shaking with need, his cock leaking between their bodies.

“What a pretty little whore,” Blaine murmurs, and Kurt shivers. He loves Blaine’s voice, especially during sex. So rich and deep, so strong.

And Blaine knows it. He's not afraid to manipulate his boy, to use every trick he's got to turn Kurt into this debauched creature, pliant and perfect underneath him.

"Aching for my cock. Just the way you should be." Blaine gives him a real thrust now, hard and rough inside him, and it feels so good. Kurt trembles and Blaine grunts. "Such a perfect little fucktoy." Again, harder, and Blaine is into it now. No more teasing. With a hard thrust on every word, he hisses, "Born for this. Born to get fucked like the little whore you are."

Kurt makes another aborted noise, and Blaine grins and slams into him, hands splayed flat on either side of his head.

"Love this, don't you?" Blaine bites down hard on Kurt's shoulder, relishing the taste of sweat and the heat of Kurt's skin. He teases his teeth over the sore spot he's made. "Good thing, because it's what you were made for. Made to be taken, sweetheart. Made to be torn open and fucked until you cry."

"Sir, please-"

Blaine ignores the fact that Kurt is being disobedient, since he catches his mistake and Blaine is way too into his begging to actually care. "Begging for it, slut?"

Kurt whimpers, too far gone for words as Blaine fucks him mercilessly.

"You are just such a needy little bitch. I hope I'm the only one you're doing this for."

He moans again, more desperately this time.

"But I know that's not true, is it? You're such a whore you'd spread your legs for anyone who asked."

Kurt's eyes are wide, fixed to Blaine's face like he's magical. The dirty words are only spurring him on more, just as Blaine knew they would.

"I don't think anyone else has had you. No one else would take you. Is that true, slut? You're only here because I'll put up with you. I'll fuck you like the whore you are-"

Blaine is kind of just talking now. He's run out of script, but he knows the filth turns Kurt on, and besides he's so turned on he's babbling. It's a bad habit, but one that Kurt enjoys.

“And there’s nothing you wouldn’t do for me. Isn’t that true? Answer.”

“N...nothing,” Kurt manages, his voice thick.

“You’d bend right over and let me fuck you any time I asked.”

“Yes,” Kurt agrees readily.

“In the middle of a rehearsal. You’d beg for it in front of everyone.”

This time, he hesitates, but he still says, “Yes, sir.”

Blaine rewards him with a few sharp thrusts, and then slows his pace again. “What if I shared you with the others? Would you give that pretty ass up just for the asking?”

“No. No, Blaine, I couldn’t-“

Blaine slaps his face. He’s careful, because that’s a delicate area, but he knows Kurt enjoys the sting. “No?”

“N-no-“

“You don’t trust me, then? Don’t want this?”

“Blaine-“

“I thought you’d do anything. Anything.”

Kurt is blushing now, chewing at his lower lip, and it’s the most beautiful thing. “Yes,” he whispers.

Blaine grins, almost shoving against Kurt’s prostate. “What if I took you to McKinley? Let them have you?”

Kurt doesn’t answer at first.

“Maybe handcuff you to those lockers.” Blaine likes this idea. As he lays out the fantasy, he finds a nice, steady pace to keep Kurt right on the edge. He’s close now, but he wants to get this out. “Do you think

anyone would have you? If I stood there, maybe put you on a leash, and offered you up? Who would fuck you?"

Kurt shuts his eyes, panting, maybe relishing the sensation, or the words.

"That boy... the one with the silly hair? Maybe your teacher. He seems a bit... overinvested."

Kurt makes a high, sobbing noise that Blaine takes as pleasure (maybe laced with humiliation, but still good.) "No, Blaine, please-"

"Hey! Finn might. Do you think? You could finally get your little fantasy. Oh, he's straight as an arrow, but he might take free sex anyway. And I know that jock would. Your little bully-"

Kurt's whimpered "no's" stop. This time, his voice comes out clear, if shaky. "Dalton."

Blaine freezes. "Kurt?"

"Dalton, Blaine, I can't... Please stop."

Blaine realizes, suddenly and horribly, that Kurt's eyes are squeezed shut. He doesn't do that when he's turned on, only when he's horribly uncomfortable. "Oh, God, baby, I-"

"I'm... I don't... I don't w-want you to do that."

"Of course not. Of course not. Shh." He starts to carefully disentangle himself. He's still rock-hard as he pulls out, but that will fade quickly enough.

"It's not... it's not because I don't... I am grateful, so grateful, I really do want to please you but I-"

"Grateful? What are you grateful for?"

Frankly, looking at Kurt's face right now, Blaine feels like the shittiest boyfriend ever. "L-like you said-"

It's all a little foggy with lust in Blaine's mind, but he remembers. 'Only one that'll put up with you.'

"I just... I can't..." Kurt looks at him, finally looks at him, and what Blaine sees there breaks his heart. "Not him, okay?"

"No. Not him, not anyone, no one but me."

"B-blaine?"

Blaine sighs, moving up the bed to help untangle the ropes. "Sweetheart, I didn't mean- didn't mean any of it, okay? You're beautiful and perfect, and I bet you could have any boy you wanted, and I'm so glad you chose me."

"You really..."

Blaine feels so fucking guilty. He let it go way too far. He made Kurt feel... well, like that bully made him feel.

Used and useless. Unwanted, good only for a secret grope or a quick bout of violence. Unloved, and unloveable.

"Beautiful, I need you to look at me. Can you do that?"

Kurt's eyes flicker up to Blaine's face.

"I'm sorry, love. You have nothing, nothing at all to feel bad about. You did nothing wrong. I should've been paying closer attention. I got distracted by how fucking hot you are, and forgot to take good care of you. I was way out of line."

"But I-"

"Kurt, I would never do any of this to you if I didn't trust you to use your safeword when you need it. Just like you trust me to stop. I would never, never tie you up, or hit you, or call you names if I didn't know that you would stop me if you needed to."

"Blaine, I wanted... I wanted to..."



"You did, baby. You did exactly what I wanted you to." Blaine stretches out next to Kurt, wrapping the other boy in his strong arms.

"You're hard," Kurt murmurs as Blaine presses against him.

"What? Oh." He's embarrassed that he can still be turned on with his boy in so much pain- the bad, emotional kind.

"Let me?"

"No." Blaine runs his hand through Kurt's hair, forestalling his protests. "It's not that I don't want it, baby. I don't think it would be safe for you right now."

"I do."

"Don't care," Blaine says. "It's not up to you."

"I-"

"I love you," he whispers. "You need to always remember that. If I ever, ever let you forget, then I'm a failure as a Dom, as a boyfriend, as a person. And that's what I did wrong tonight. I should have known better than to bring that up, and I should have realized you were upset and stopped. I'm sorry."

"But, Blaine, you said-"

"A lot of things I shouldn't have. I should have been focusing on you, not my own pleasure. It was selfish and awful. It was abuse."

"I agreed. I consented. That makes it not abuse."

"Except I let it get out of hand. Way out of hand. You had to use your safeword."

"Yes. Isn't that what you just said? It's there so I can use it."

"But... I just feel terrible."

“Well, you shouldn’t.”

“Kurt-“

“Please, Blaine. I can’t... right now,” he starts, and Blaine realizes how selfish he’s being again. Kurt doesn’t need to comfort him right now. He needs to be comforted. He needs to feel safe, to be held and reassured and praised. And he needs Blaine to be strong for him.

“All right, my love. Shh. It’s all right.”

“You’re not mad?” He feels a bit silly for asking, but he can’t help it.

“Not at you, baby. At myself.” Blaine kisses Kurt’s forehead. “You never need to apologize for using your safeword. You never owe me participation or consent. It is always your right to stop me, and I promise it won’t change anything about us. Not how I feel about you, not our love life, nothing.”

“So we’ll still...”

Luckily, Blaine understands. “If you want. Whenever you feel better- not tonight, love, but whenever you’re ready. We can go right back to the way things were. Okay?”

“Okay. Promise?”

“Promise, love.” Blaine kisses his lips, gently, and Kurt sighs and wraps his arms around Blaine’s waist.

“I love you so much.”

“You too, baby. You okay now?”

“Yeah. Thank you.” He rests against Blaine’s chest.

“So beautiful,” Blaine murmurs. “My perfect boy. Love you.”

Kurt murmurs something indistinguishable.

“Get some rest,” Blaine suggests, and Kurt snuggles into him happily.



