

## Baby Blaine and Daddy Kurt

“How could you?” The teary eyed boy asked as the water rolled down his face, his eyes grew glassy as they refilled with tears. He brushed his heavy bangs away from his face and over his brow, attempting to calm himself even though his world had just been shattered by his boyfriend Blaine.

“I’m so sorry. Please just forgive me.” Blaine said as he reached his hands over the table, weaving between the two cups of coffee as he attempted to grab his boyfriend, Kurt’s hands. Kurt withdrew his hands from the table and held them in his lap as he looked away from his boyfriend’s inquiring gaze. “Kurt please, can you even look at me?” Blaine asked.

“Why? What’s the point?” Kurt asked, his voice barely above a whisper. Blaine looked to the downturned face of his boyfriend feeling his own heartbreak from what he had done. “If you unhappy you can just leave. I won’t stop you from going.” Kurt took his coffee in hand, sipped the smallest gulp of his now cold drink, and then placed it back on the table before he finally locked eyes with his boyfriend.

The two males sat in silence waiting for one or the other to say something. Kurt wanted an explanation from Blaine for his cheating, and Blaine wanted Kurt to accept his apology and move forward with him, together.

“Just tell me why Blaine. Why would you do this to me? To us!?” Kurt asked as he attempted to hold back waterworks that was hiding behind his blue eyes.

Blaine sat nervously as he squirmed in the chair opposite of his boyfriend. It had been a very hard decision for him to make, but Blaine knew his boyfriend had to be given a reason why he had cheated. With a very deep, and very regretful breath Blaine began his tale of sorted events.

It all started about six months ago when Blaine was studying for exams at the coffee where he and Kurt sat. Kurt was practicing late one night with Rachel which meant he was going to be alone for the rest of the evening. He had sat silently in the shop and exchanged glances with an older gentleman multiple times. One thing then led to another and Blaine and the stranger, Rick were sitting across the same table discussing theater. Rick didn’t seem as interested in the conversation as but continued to stay engaged and asked questions. The two chatted well until close and had even exchanged numbers. Weeks went by and the two messaged every morning and well into the evening, not truly hiding it from Kurt but not being entirely open as to who he was always messaging in the wings of the auditorium.

Their secret relationship only seemed to progress further when they decided to meet once again. Blaine told himself it wasn’t anything sexual, just a friendly relationship with an older man.

Someone whom Blaine had connected in a way which was new to him; seeing Rick as more of a father figure. Whenever they would go out Rick would pay, open doors for him, even insisting that he would drive everywhere. It was really nice to finally feel taken care of in a relationship; not that he isn't happy his relationship it was just different and very enjoyable.

It was at least two months before Rick and Blaine had their first kiss; the kiss led to groping and groping led to humping, and the humping led to many very erotic sexual escapades. Every night was a marvel of new experiences with Daddy Rick, as Blaine had come to call him. Daddy Rick would parade Blaine around in cute revealing clothes; short shorts, a crop top, and knee-high socks. They weren't really Blaine's taste, but he could see the glee in Daddy Rick's eyes whenever he would come out in a freshly purchased outfit. Sometimes it was something so gay he wouldn't have imagined wearing in a million years; jockstraps, thongs, booty shorts. Sometimes it was leather and other nights, when daddy Rick was feeling frisky, it would be rubber. Something that would cling to Blaine's muscled form and show off his every curve, especially the jumps that were growing from Daddy Rick's high calorie meals. And the outfits were only the beginning.

The sex began to transition to much kinkier exploits. Daddy Rick introduced him into toys, BDSM, and one fateful evening Daddy Rick showed him ABDL play. Blaine was uneasy at first when the diaper was brought out from underneath the bed. But after a little bit of coercing, it was all he could think about or die with Daddy Rick going forward. Blaine enjoyed being Baby Blaine, and not worrying about. Blaine kept some hard rules around the usage of the diaper, rules which Daddy Rick was happy to oblige. It got to the point where he would spend almost every night with Daddy Rick and the lies got too much for him. Daddy Rick would squeeze a diaper covered Blaine into some of his tight pants and parade him around town in some of the most humiliating positions. Always on the verge of revealing his diapered behind to the general public. Blaine had thought the idea would scare him, but it only seemed to thrill him. It got to the point where Blaine would immediately jump into a diaper upon entering Daddy Rick's house. He had gotten use to the idea of using the diaper in public, in front of people was always the most humiliating but most thrilling to him.

Daddy Rick would talk down to him, he wouldn't rely on Blaine to be the man of the relationship, and most of all it allowed Blaine to relax. It was perfect. His relationship with Daddy Rick was only growing, the one he had with Kurt was hitting repeated snags.

Blaine could tell that Kurt noticed something was off; their usual once/twice a week sex life had gone down to nothing. Giving a peck on the lips was the most action that was shared between the two in the span of a few months. The guilt had finally gotten too much for Blaine to handle, and he broke.

So here they were, sitting in the middle of a coffee shop; not making eye contact with one another as Blaine told all the sordid details. Kurt would interrupt every so often to ask a question but otherwise would listen in silence. When Blaine finished his story he placed his hands in his lap.

“Are you going to say something?” Blaine asked, his voice dotted with tones of sadness and tears. He didn’t want to hurt Kurt, it was the last thing he wanted to do. He wanted to marry Kurt one day, but after meeting Rick he felt like there was this undiscovered side of him. A side that he didn’t want to bury down again. A side he wanted to explore even further but from the look that covered Kurt’s eyes he was disgusted and disturbed by his newer interests.

Kurt opened his mouth to speak, but closed before any words came out. He didn’t know how to feel; betrayed, sadness, desperation? He stared at his handsome boyfriend feeling so much bubbling underneath his surface that he couldn’t register but what he did feel was rage. The tears on his face had long since become dry, and all he could feel now was a red hot rage. Kurt pulled himself from the table and slipped his thick wool coat over his small frame.

“I’m leaving,” Kurt said shortly between his clenched jaw.

“Kurt, please. Sit down. I want to -,” Blaine began to say as he too pulled himself from the table. Blaine extended his hand in an attempt to pull Kurt back to the table. Kurt slapped Blaine’s hand away from his jacket before he had his hold on him.

“Get your fucking hands off me you diapered Freak!” Kurt screamed at the top of his lungs. Every patron in the surrounding tables turned and stared, wide-eyed at the two gay men. Blaine immediately turned bright red in the cheeks at the reveal of his newfound identity. Kurt’s eyes narrowed at Blaine’s pants, was he wearing one right now? Or was the bulge he saw in Blaine’s pants from the embarrassment that Kurt was heaping on him. Either option made him even more furious.

“Kurt..”

“I need to clear my head,” Kurt said as he stomped away from his boyfriend. He wove in between the chairs as the people watched his dramatic exit. He cursed himself as he slides into the front seat of his car. Damning himself over the fact that he actually fell in love, and allowed himself to let down his guard.

Kurt peeled out of the parking. He could see Blaine in the rearview mirror as he stood in the center of the parking lot. It was then that Kurt remembered that they had driven together.

“Fuck him,” Kurt shouted as he squeezed the steering wheel tighter. “FUCK HIM!” Kurt screamed a second time, his voice cracking at the height of the scream.

Kurt continued to drive for the rest of the evening, never touching his phone even though it continued to vibrate against his center console. Finn, Rachel, Blaine; all of his friends were attempted to contact him but he didn't know if he had the strength to talk. To say what had happened to him. How his boyfriend, the guy who was supposed to love him and protect him had forsaken everything that had created together. Kurt knew he had two options; break up with Blaine or move on. Neither of them seemed appropriate.

"What to do. What to do," Kurt asked himself. But as he pulled up to a stop light he saw the neon sign of a store blinking in the distance. Kurt's smile turned at his corners and only grew. The humiliation he felt and the anger began to overtake his body. His mind burst with thoughts; had any of his friends seen Blaine out with this man, had others kept this secret from him too, was he not good enough to be loved? He floored it through the light and sped until he pulled into the first available parking space. Kurt had forgotten that there was a third option; revenge.

As Kurt stepped towards the PJ Shenanigans, the one and only sex store located in Kurt's forgotten part of the world.

"If this bitch wants a daddy that he is going to have to act like he needs one." And with that Kurt stepped inside the sex store as a man on a mission.

An hour later Kurt left the store with bags full of objects that would be essential to his revenge. Kurt told himself he would have to harden his heart if this was to work. It was expensive, but revenge was never cheap to those who wanted the last laugh.

He immediately drove to his house and brought his supplies into his bedroom. He locked the door and stared at himself. His eyes were bloodshot, his hair was a mess, the light foundation that he kept over his face was ruined. He took a makeup wipe from his desk and rubbed his face clean.

"Ducking idiot. YOU KNEW SOMETHING WAS WRONG!" He shouted at himself. His thick brown hair bounced with his every aggressive moment which only seemed to anger him further. His eyes saw the shears in the mirror and before he ever knew what was happening a large chunk of his hair was cut clean from his head. His bouncy bangs were no more. Snip after snip his hair fell onto the floor until only a lopsided mess of hair was left. He stared at himself still feeling the need for change. He ran to his bathroom and returned with clippers, plugged them in and went at the sides of his head. His hair was nearly shaved on either side and transitioned upward to the rest of hair giving him a rather manly faux hawk. With a wicked smirk, Kurt gave a nod of approval to his much manlier reflection. He grabbed his son and typed a quick text to Blaine.

*Come over*

Kurt scrolled through the long messages of Blaine begging for him to come back. Words which showed the sincerest of apologies. Long texts which professed his undying love and loyalty to Kurt. Promises of never cheating again we're repeatedly written in almost every other message. Kurt scoffed at the messages and threw his phone to the other side of his bed. And pulled out two articles of clothing; a dark black leather jacket for him and a large inflatable diaper for Blaine. Kurt found it weird that he felt a jolt in his designer undies at the idea of knocking the perfect Blaine down a few pegs even if his heart still yearned for him.

"Come to daddy baby boy."