

# Glasses

## Klaine

Von Lie\_Majesty

### I'm watching you.

#### Chapter 01

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*I'm watching you.*

*Trapped in our own little world,  
Sometimes we forget that there are others too.  
Just because we're not looking at the sky, doesn't mean there isn't one.  
Pretending it could just be blue, forgetting about sunsets.  
And then,  
He had been surprised when when other worlds began to collide into each other,  
Wondering, if he had ever been safe.*

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The first time that Kurt noticed Blaine was when he was in the library, getting a blowjob from a nerd with glasses and blonde hair. It wasn't that exciting, and Kurt found himself looking around, counting the books. There weren't many people in the library as most had already gone home. Kurt didn't expect anyone to come in, and nearly jumped when he noticed another guy watching him, another nerd. He had short, messy curls, and large glasses covered his face. A smug grin appeared on his lips, as Kurt forcefully gripped the blonde boy's hair and tried to keep calm, hoping he hadn't gone too pale.

He was sure this should have killed the mood, but somehow...the way the boy with the glasses observed him made him more excited than before. Licking his lips, Kurt fixed his eyes on the stranger and began to thrust slowly forward into the blonde boy's mouth. Now this was finally turning into fun. His grip on the other boy's hair tightened and he felt the air getting heavier, thick and hot.

The curly haired boy crossed his arms and leaned on the wall behind him. Calmly watching, and appearing more badass than Kurt could ever be. He couldn't tear his eyes from him. Forgetting about the blonde nerd completely, he found himself surprised by a whimpering noise from beneath him. Kurt's eyes remained on the other boy, instead of the one sucking his cock. After all, he did have the bigger glasses.

"Don't stop," he demanded, needing the friction, but entranced by the other boy.

Brown eyes observed him through thick glass, perfectly framing his handsome face.

Kurt wondered what he would look like if he were a little more messed up. If he were lying underneath him, or sucking his cock instead. Right now, thanks to the glasses, the boy looked innocent and untouched. But the way he was watching Kurt suggested the opposite. If the shorter boy wanted, he could get dirty, and there was nothing that Kurt wanted to see more right now. He wanted to make the nerd look that way because of him.

Wanting.

Pleading.

Swirling his tongue around his cock and moaning in delight.

The curly haired boy smirked knowingly at him, and- **oh Gaga!**- he came.

A few days passed, and Kurt couldn't stop thinking about the other boy. He had been looking for his curly hair or his big glasses in the hallways at school, but still hadn't found him. So, it was even more surprising when he did, considering it was in front of his locker. The nerd was pinned to the lockers by a football player named Karofsky. As soon as Kurt came into view, Karofsky pretended he was just chatting with the other boy. Kurt pushed between the two and mirrored Karofsky head to toe.

"Back off," he said simply, accustomed to the fact that others never disobeyed him. Karofsky looked uncertain, but as usual stepped back, murmuring something unintelligible. The boys stayed silent until Karofsky was out of view. Then, the popular boy turned around, immediately focusing on the other boy's handsome face, framed by his glasses.

The nerd appeared to be uncertain, and, although he expected him to, didn't thank him. He just seemed to stay still, because this meant that he wouldn't run into Karofsky again. Okay. So it was up to him to speak first.

"I want you to blow me." He looked everywhere but at the boy's face. Since the day in the library he'd fantasized about him- no-one else had ever managed to turn him on like this. And the other boy had only ever looked at him! Kurt wanted to experience the rest of it. He was surprised to notice that Blaine didn't seem shocked by his request.

"I know you want me."

"And you'll give me what I want?", Kurt replied, more demanding than questioning.

"I'm honored," Blaine started, "but I don't think so."

"I knew- **wait**, what?" Kurt's face fell. No one had refused him before. He was popular, and on top of that, handsome and talented. This nerd couldn't ask for more, could he?

"I can make your life miserable, you know," Kurt threatened. Blaine didn't look very impressed with his warning.

"That's not helping you get into my pants," he retorted, a provocative glance lightened his eyes for a moment.

"Well I'd actually prefer if you'd open *my pants*," Kurt offered nonchalantly.

"Have you ever considered that maybe I'm not gay?" Blaine asked. Kurt paused. He had a point, but the way he had watched him that day...it was impossible for him *not to be*. Right?

The boy was getting on his nerves, but two could play at this game.

"I can make you gay. If not you're getting yourself into a lot of trouble."

"Then I'll deal with it! You popular guys are all the same. *Nothing special!*". His last word was spat venomously at Kurt, before Blaine turned around and was gone. Kurt

hadn't had the chance to answer him back, and to top it off, he had been compared to that gross guy Karofsky. Plus, he'd been dumped. He was better than that. A million times better! And he would make sure to prove this boy *oh so* wrong. He felt the anger build and an evil plan started to form in his brilliant mind. He would somehow make Blaine fall in love with him, and then break his heart in the worst kind of way. And before he did, he would make the nerd admit that he was so much better than **every! Other! Guy!** he had ever known.

And, of course, he would get his blowjob.