

Castaways

by

BadgerInMySoup

Kurt/Blaine || R

Kurt and Blaine get locked inside a Target overnight. It might be the perfect place to finally hash everything out between them. Canon compliant up to Girls (And Boys) on Film.

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AN- Inspired by my absolute favorite episode of Dawson's Creek ever. Titled in its honor.

"Thanks again for coming with me, Kurt."

The road is devoid of cars, just Blaine's Prius roaring down the stretch of pavement. It's late, and he knows Kurt is exhausted but he still gets a smile in return.

"Of course. It's what friends do, right?"

Pretend to be their ex-boyfriend's boyfriend again for one night with his parents and their stupid business parties, Blaine wants to ask with a raised eyebrow and a smirk. He doesn't, however, and settles on, "Yeah, I guess. Still, thank you. I hate having to deal with those alone."

Kurt waves a hand. "I remember. It's fine."

"This was fun. And I get to spend even more time with my family tom-shit," Blaine says under his breath, glances over his shoulder and switches lanes.

"What's wrong?"

"Tomorrow is my cousin's birthday and I totally forgot. I need to stop at Target and grab her a present."

"Right now?"

"Oh, um," Blaine's eyes flicker over to him, "Is that okay? I know it's late but I won't have time tomorrow and-"

Kurt settles back against his seat. "Yeah. It's fine."

"Thank you, Kurt. Again. A lot."

It's been months since Facebook Gate, since the revealing visit to New York, since the multiple ones after. Weeks since the wedding and Adam and his NYADA audition. Things are fine between them, solid. They're friends. It's more than Blaine thought he could have asked for, back when it all first happened.

The fact that Kurt is willing to go with him to family functions, help him find a present for his cousin and all during the precious week he has off from school to spend with his family, it means just so much to him.

"There are no cars here," Kurt says as Blaine parks as far away from the cart corral as possible (out of habit and bad experiences) "Are they even open?"

"Target closes at ten," Blaine says, "And it's like ten to. We've got plenty of time."

Kurt doesn't say anything but shifts closer as they walk up to the building together, slip into the automatic doors and pass by the bathrooms.

Kurt hesitates. "Um, Blaine, do we have time for a quick bathroom break?"

"Oh, well, um-"

"I've been holding it since your dad's offensive golfer joke."

Blaine whistles low. "Wow. That's impressive. Do you want me to go with you or-"

"Strange Target near closing time," Kurt looks at him, "Let's not pretend I'm not pretty much freaking out here."

Blaine hides a smile. "Ok. Right behind you."

Out in the store, the exhausted employees gather up their things and head for the door. The automatic feature is turned off and the doors locked. They all swarm the parking lot for their cars.

"Um," Kurt says as they walk back into the main area, "Should the lights be off right now?"

Blaine stops. He glances over at the empty registers and vacant café area. Then at his watch. "Huh. Okay. So, um, maybe my watch is a little fast because I think...they closed the store."

"While we were in the bathroom!?" Kurt demands. "That is so unprofessional."

He darts over to the doors and sees with dismay that the parking lot is empty of everything but Blaine's lone Prius.

"We're locked in Target. We are locked in Target," Kurt says, "Oh my God."

"Hey," Blaine soothes, coming up behind him and, after a moment's hesitation, laying his hand on Kurt's back, "It'll be fine. Do you have your cellphone, we can call for help."

"It's in your car."

"Okay," Blaine nods, "Let's find the break room! There's got to be a payphone or something. I have change. We'll be okay, Kurt."

Reluctantly, Kurt turns away from the door. "Okay."

Blaine manages to scrounge up enough change for one phone call and he's put on hold with the Lima Police Department as Kurt paces in front of him.

"So, I realize that this is my fault," Blaine says, one arm resting on the payphone.

Kurt looks at him. "You think?"

"Having an attitude isn't going to help, Kurt. I'm honestly sorry; it's not like I did this on purpose."

Kurt groans. "No, I know, it's just. Strange place, locked inside all night. I had plans tomorrow, I was supposed to Skype-

He stops, shoves his hands in his pockets and looks away from Blaine. Something clenches on Blaine's heart and before he can say anything, a voice crackles in his ear.

"Lima Police Department."

"Yes! Hi. We're locked inside Target."

"Which one, sir?"

"...The only one in Lima?"

"Very funny, sir. You do know that prank calls into the police department can be punishable by law. Have a good night."

"Wait!" Blaine swears as the phone emits a dial tone and he hangs it up a little harshly. "Well. We're stuck here."

"Great," Kurt says coolly.

Something inside Blaine hurts and, for a second, he lets his emotions go. "Sorry you can't Skype your British boyfriend of perfection."

Kurt bristles. "I really don't think that's any of your business."

"I thought we were friends, Kurt. Friends tell each other things."

"I don't want to be around you if you're going to be like this," Kurt says, after a moment.

He strides out of the break room and Blaine sinks into one of the folding chairs scattered around the room. He groans. He didn't mean to let his temper get the best of him, especially not around Kurt. Especially not because of Adam.

They're in for a long night, and if this is any indication, things are still a little volatile, despite their efforts to make up and be friends.

A truce needs to be made. And Blaine thinks he knows exactly how.

Kurt is browsing along the DVDs when the intercom clicks on and Blaine's voice echoes around the store.

"Attention, Target shoppers," he says, and Kurt hides a smile, ignores the fondness in his heart, "We currently have a great deal in pajamas; grab one pair and get it for, relatively free. We greatly encourage our shoppers to take advantage of such a great deal, as a token of our immense gratitude for their presence here. That is all."

Kurt laughs and shakes his head. "Oh, Blaine Devon Anderson. What am I going to do with you?"

He heads toward the men's pajama section and browses among the sleep pants and T-shirts until he finds something acceptable.

Blaine is waiting for him outside the changing rooms, already in his own pajamas and smiling sheepishly. "Er, truce?"

"Truce," Kurt says quietly. "I'm sorry for earlier. None of this is your fault."

"Well, no, part of it is," Blaine says. He grins. "But, I promise to make this a fun experience."

"Oh?" Kurt asks.

"You have a free pass, Mr. Hummel. Tonight, you have the option to make me do something I really don't want to do."

"That's a lot of power," Kurt muses. "I'm going to have to think about this. But first," he indicates his clothes, "Changing time."

"This is so disgusting," Blaine says.

Kurt dips another nacho in the cheese and stuffs it in his mouth. "This is food and unless you want to starve tonight, well..."

Blaine makes a face but grabs a chip and immediately washes it down with water; Kurt guzzles from his giant Pepsi.

"So, have you made any thoughts on that One Thing?" Blaine asks.

"I've been debating. I have an entire slew of options but the number one is," Kurt grins slyly, "For you to wash out your gel."

Blaine coughs on his water. "What?"

"Ditch the hair hemlet, bub," Kurt says, poking at him. "Let the curls loose. No one's around to see, except me and it's not like I haven't seen it before."

"Kurt," Blaine says, and he looks a little uncomfortable. "I just..."

"You said I could pick one thing," Kurt reminds him.

"No, I know," he sighs, "Okay, if that's what you really want, let's do it."

Kurt watches him for a moment, before chucking. "You were really going to let me, weren't you?" he sighs, "Except I can't deal with your face right now, you look like I tried to kill your puppy."

Blaine laughs; Kurt smiles.

"Let's just go to plan two."

"A fashion show isn't exactly something I don't want to do," Blaine says as Kurt runs around, grabbing articles of clothing off various racks.

"Shush. I've always wanted a clothing montage in a department store and you're going to help me."

He shoves a pile of clothes into Blaine's arms and gestures toward the changing room. "Besides, this is going to help me one day, when I'm both simultaneously running Vogue and starring on Broadway."

"Just remember I knew you first," Blaine says. "Er, am I just supposed to try things on?"

"Yup. I'll tell you if it's good or not, what you need to fix it, etc."

Blaine ducks inside and walks out in a bright pink polo shirt and tight, red jeans. Kurt visibly twitches, and Blaine turns around and shakes his ass a little.

"Perfect, right?"

"I'm about to be sick. Change, please. Different shirt."

Blaine smirks and Kurt has a sense of foreboding; then Blaine walks out with a Hawaiian print shirt and Kurt bursts out laughing.

"Oh my God. You look-"

"Suave? Sexy? Self-assured," Blaine nods. "Oh I know."

"I bet I can top that," Kurt says, all professionalism out the door. "I can find an outfit horrid enough to make you squirm."

"Bring it on."

Their choices go from kind of weird to flat out oh god why was that even made?

Kurt struts out in a neon green with blue lining cardigan, over a long sleeve pink shirt. Blaine tops that with a yellow and orange flannel shirt and neon orange pants. Kurt shields his eyes and makes a face and Blaine sticks his tongue out.

Kurt's laughing when he darts back inside the dressing room and comes out with a large, flowered hat over his outfit and Blaine sashays forward, pink boa around his neck and Kurt tugs on it, twirls it a second time and pulls Blaine close.

Blaine's laughing at Kurt's hat, his eyes scrunched up and warm and bright and Kurt can't help it, blurts out, "Why did you do it?"

"The boa? Well, I know you have a certain affinity for feathers."

"No. I mean...why did you cheat on me?"

Instantly, the warmth is gone from Blaine's eyes, replaced with something Kurt's only seen once before, that night in Battery Park.

"And don't say you don't know," Kurt continues, "Because, God Blaine, you don't just wake up one day and think, 'Oh, I'm going to cheat on the person I love more than anything,' that's not how that works. So, what happened?"

"I don't know-no, don't get mad," he says as Kurt's face darkens, "Kurt, I really don't. I think it was just...I missed you. So much. And you were so happy in New York and at Vogue and I was happy for you, I really was. But I missed talking to you. I was lonely and I just thought you were moving on. So I jumped into trying to move on too and it was the biggest mistake of my life.

"So it's my fault?" Kurt asks thickly.

"No! No, Kurt, I swear the fault was mine. You didn't pick up the phone but...I didn't have to go out and..."

"Fuck the first person you could find?" Kurt bites out. "No, I guess not."

"The worst part, though," Blaine says quietly. "The worst part is that I knew...right after. Exactly what I was messing up. I knew you were the one I wanted forever."

Kurt finally releases his boa and takes a couple steps back, wrapping his arms around himself. "That's funny. Because I knew that from the moment you kissed me. You know, of all the people in my life...you were one of the few I was *convinced* would never hurt me."

His voice breaks on the last word and Blaine steps forward, hand outstretched but Kurt is shaking his head, side-stepping him and swiftly walking away.

Kurt hides in the Lawn and Garden section, underneath a table inside a set up canopy, still in his ridiculous outfit. It got too heavy, for a moment. He let himself remember that night, let himself ask the question he vowed he never would.

Because shoving it under the rug and dating Adam, it was easier than addressing how much Blaine's betrayal had actually hurt him. It's like there are always in existence two Kurt's inside him; Kurt One wants him to just forget everything and take Blaine back. It only remembers the good times, the best and most true friend he ever had. But Kurt Two was born that night all those months ago, who locked his heart away and threw the key as far as he could.

Kurt Two wants nothing to do with Blaine Anderson. And it's the one Kurt wants to side with. But the problem is, Kurt One is stronger and a lot more vocal. Kurt One usually wins.

He groans and drags his legs up, rests his arms on there and buries his head in the darkness.

After Kurt rushes off, Blaine changes out of his clothes and leaves Kurt's PJ's in the same room he was in. He throws the rest of the items inside those return baskets and walks back toward the café area, camps out in one of the booths.

As he sits there, wondering if it's worth it to try to find more change and give the police another call, the intercom comes on.

"Blaine Anderson to Electronics please, Blaine Anderson to Electronics."

Something like hope picks its head up and sniffs eagerly and Blaine vaults off the bench and rushes to the back area of the store. Kurt is sitting on the desk with the cameras, idly playing with one, legs swinging. He looks up when Blaine walks over and manages a smile.

"I'm calling a truce this time," he says. "We're going to be stuck in here for a while so...let's not let any harsh feelings make this worse than it has to be."

"Deal. I left your clothes in the dressing room if you want to...get out of that."

Kurt glances down at himself and exhales a laugh. "Yeah, that's probably a good idea. I, um, sort of hijacked a TV? We can watch a movie on it or whatever. Pick a cheap one because I'm not paying forty bucks when this is all over."

Blaine laughs. "Yeah, all right."

"There's also...I grabbed a toy for your cousin."

"Oh?"

Kurt nods and reaches behind him to brandish a Lego set up. "She likes comic books, right? It's Batman. I just thought maybe-"

"It's perfect, Kurt. Thank you."

Kurt smiles and jumps off the desk and walks past Blaine, hesitating but eventually reaching out and squeezing his shoulder. Blaine wishes he could take Kurt's hand and squeeze back.

Blaine almost picks Moulin Rouge, probably to punish himself but eventually settles on some random five dollar movie. Kurt comes back, changed and with popcorn and Blaine finds himself smiling genuinely again.

They gather blankets and pillows and make a nest of relative comfort in front of the chosen television and Kurt settles back, passes Blaine the popcorn.

"Thanks."

"You're welcome."

After a moment, Kurt speaks again. "I'm sorry you thought I wasn't there for you."

"Kurt-"

"No, let me say this: I'm sorry at any point I made you feel like you weren't...because you were, Blaine. Maybe I took us for granted, and maybe I didn't really understand how difficult it would be but...you were never...I'm just, sorry, okay? And don't counter this with it's not my fault, because, yeah, cheating probably wasn't the best way to handle it," he stops, controls his voice, "But I could have done something different too. I'm not blameless. I just didn't...do the worst thing."

"You didn't," Blaine agrees quietly. "Nothing excuses-"

"I'm not excusing you," Kurt clarifies, "I'm just understanding you."

"Okay."

"Okay."

They turn back to the movie.

"Did you still want me to wash the gel out of my hair?"

Kurt raises an eyebrow. "Why? Is that an offer?"

"More so a request..."

They camp out the bathroom, and Kurt has towels at the ready and a folding chair for both of them to sit on.

"Are you sure?" Kurt asks, "Because there's no running off to find more gel. Once this is done, it's done."

"I'm sure. One thing I really don't want to do, remember?"

Kurt grins. "Then park it, Anderson."

Blaine sighs and settles into the chair. He hears Kurt scrape his own closer to the sink and turn on the faucets. A towel gets settled across Blaine's chest before Kurt pauses and says, "Um, maybe you should take that shirt off."

Blaine nods and lifts it up in one swift movement. He catches Kurt checking him out and Kurt must realize it, as he turns pink and loudly clears his throat. "Okay, lean back this time."

And Blaine does, let's his neck rest on the edge of the sink and closes his eyes as the water begins to run over his hair and Kurt's hands gently begin to untangle, and release his curls from the gel.

"You really slather this on," Kurt murmurs, "It can't be healthy."

"I've been doing it for years and I still have hair so."

Kurt tugs, still gently, but enough to express a point, "You used to have fluff. I remember, back at Dalton. You didn't always wear a helmet, Mr. Anderson."

"I don't understand your constant battle with my gel," Blaine teases, "It's a fashion statement."

"It's a tragedy against your curls," Kurt counters. "And...I liked having something to hold onto, prom night."

"Oh?" Blaine asks.

This conversation is straying into territory he doesn't know if they're ready for tonight. Not after words already expressed. But maybe talking about it was exactly what Kurt needed because he doesn't answer Blaine's question.

Instead, he asks, "Why didn't you pick Moulin Rouge for our movie earlier?"

"...I didn't want to make things awkward. I mean, this night hasn't exactly been the best in remembering our history, I felt it would have been kind of insensitive to-"

"No, I understand," Kurt says quickly. "I just...wondered."

"Especially," Blaine says cautiously, "Come What May."

Kurt's hands still and he's quiet for a long moment. "I broke up with Adam."

"What?"

"Adam. Him and I we're not...I broke up with him before I came out here."

"But you said you had a Skype date?"

"With Rachel," Kurt's hands start moving again and Blaine resist the urge to open his eyes and look at him, "I don't know, I guess I just...all I hear all day from Rachel is how it's better to move on and love in New York and I just wanted you to think I'd moved on...maybe."

"But...you hadn't? Haven't?"

"No, I haven't," Kurt says after a moment, then, "Well! I think your hair is nice and gel free now so why don't you sit up and dry it off."

He turns off the faucets and his hands are just gone from Blaine's hair, the gentle motions have ceased and Blaine is left to tug his towel up and wipe down his hair. He stands up and away from the sink and dries quickly, pulling his towel off and glancing into the mirror with a face at the state of his hair.

"I look stupid."

"No, you don't," Kurt says and he steps up to Blaine, smooths back curls that have crept onto his forehead. Their eyes meet. "You look...as dashing as always."

Blaine catches his hand as Kurt pulls it away and he tugs, just slightly, enough to make it a question and Kurt answers it with another step. With his free hand, he cups Kurt's cheek and wipes his thumb across his skin and whispers, "Kurt."

He leans forward slow enough to give Kurt the option to turn away but Kurt doesn't, Kurt angles his head and closes his eyes and Blaine finally gets there, pressing their lips together soundly.

It's not like the cocky, self-assured 'this doesn't mean anything' kisses at the wedding; it's deeper and open and a plea, from Blaine to Kurt, to forgive everything. To make them Kurt and Blaine again. Kurt kisses back only slightly, enough for Blaine to know he got the question, he just doesn't have the answer for this one. Not yet.

They stay close even when Blaine pulls away and Kurt exhales a shaky breath.

"I," he says, then stops, swallows hard, "I have a few things to sleep on, I think."

"I think that can be arranged," Blaine whispers.

Two inflatable mattresses set up in the lawn and garden section, the blankets and pillows from their movie nest moved over. They both lay, stretched out, on their own mattresses staring up at the dark ceiling.

"Blaine?"

"Hmm?"

"Thanks for getting us locked inside Target for the night."

Blaine snorts. "Um, considering your attitude at the beginning of the night, I really don't think-"

"I'd been avoiding dealing with this, with us," Kurt says, rolling onto his side, pleased when Blaine does the same, "And this, us talking...I'm glad we got to do it."

"Me too," Blaine says quietly.

"You know, when we first started dating, I used to dream something like this would happen. Not actually getting locked inside Target," he says quickly, "But...just us, together. Away from the world and Lima. A place that...a place that only we knew."

"Like castaways on a deserted island?" Blaine asks.

Kurt wrinkles his nose. "Not that extreme."

Blaine chuckles. "Well, I'm glad I could give you this."

"Me too," Kurt says.

Slowly, Kurt throws back the blankets on his mattress and slides over onto Blaine's. Confused, Blaine scoots back to give Kurt more room but Kurt just crowds his personal space, cups Blaine's face and *kisses* him.

This is his answer. This is deep and longing and so lovingly fulfilling that Blaine can't actually believe it's happening, that when he finally comes to his senses, he only just manages to wrap an arm around Kurt's back, pull him closer and kiss back.

They take a long time to pull away and even then, Kurt doesn't move back. He brushes their noses together and smiles, the first carefree smile Blaine has seen on his face in a very, very long time.

"This doesn't mean what you think it means," Kurt is quick to assure but he's smiling and Blaine can't stop smiling back.

"Oh? Well, what does it mean?"

"Well, for one, I'm cold."

Blaine immediately tugs his own blankets up, pulling Kurt close and let them start to gather their own warmth trapped under the cloth.

"And I'm still thinking about it."

Then he looks into Blaine's eyes.

"And I miss you, Blaine."

Blaine smiles. "I miss you too, Kurt."

Kurt buries his head into Blaine's neck, his favorite position when they would fall asleep together what feels like eons ago. Blaine presses a swift kiss to Kurt's forehead and lets his eyes slip close.

It's the most peaceful sleep he's had in months.

They wake up to a Target employee standing over them and basically panicking because they shouldn't have opened the air mattresses.

The manager gets called and Blaine and Kurt explain their circumstances and Blaine just might maybe mention his mom is a lawyer and Kurt's dad was the senator of Ohio for a while and suddenly, the manager's problems with them disappear, as long as Blaine promises to pay for everything they used.

"I'm so sorry about that," Kurt says, once they're back to their original clothes, bags of their spoils hanging off both their arms on the way to the car. "I'll pay you back for everything."

"Don't worry about it," Blaine grins, "It was my parents' credit card. And besides, you can't really put a price on a dream come true, can you?"

Kurt smiles. "No, you really can't."

Blaine pulls up outside Kurt's house and cuts the ignition, pleased when Kurt doesn't immediately climb out.

"I have a few days left before I go back to New York," Kurt says. "We should get coffee and talk."

"And not get locked inside a store all night."

"That would probably be a thing we should avoid."

They smile at each other. Kurt suddenly leans over and kisses Blaine, intended to be a chaste peck and instead turns into a good five minutes of making out in front of his house.

"I have to go in," Kurt murmurs, pulling away, "I had five voicemails from my dad and my quick two minute explanation probably did nothing to assuage him."

"Okay," Blaine says, leaning in to kiss Kurt again.

"No, okay," Kurt pulls back, "No, I really have to go."

"Okay."

They kiss again.

"Really going this time," Kurt whispers against Blaine's lips.

"Whatever you say."

Kurt's phone suddenly goes off between them, loud and obnoxious and Kurt's eyes dart to the front window of his house where his dad is standing and grinning in a way that a father shouldn't when he catches his son making out in front of the house.

"You should probably go," Blaine says, a laugh in his voice, "And tell your dad I said hi."

"Okay. Um...goodnight?"

Blaine grins. "Goodnight. And good day."

"Good day."

One last final across the seat peck and Kurt tears himself away enough to climb out of the car and walk up to the house. Blaine doesn't pull away until Kurt's safely inside.