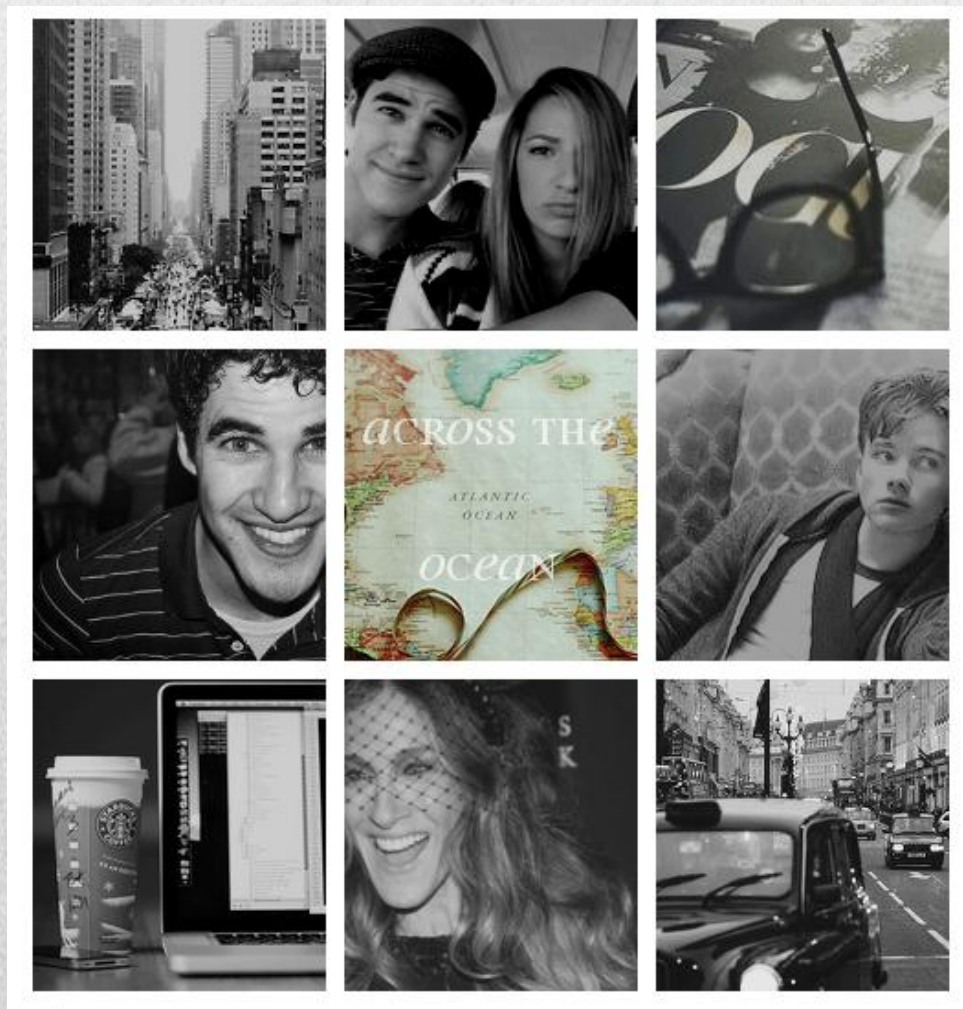


Across The Ocean

Summary : Kurt and Blaine never got together and they slowly drifted apart after Kurt transferred back to WMHS. 4 years later Kurt is working at Vogue.com in New York and Blaine is studying Musical Theatre in London. They email



From: kurthummel@vogue.com
To: bdanderson@ram.ac.uk
Subject: I can't believe you moved to England

Dear Blaine,

I can't believe you moved to England! (I know I put that in the subject already, but I felt like emphasizing it just for you.)

It didn't even cross your mind to maybe tell me? I mean, **really**, Blaine? Imagine my absolute bewilderment when I ran into Nick in Starbucks (which was totally awesome and random by itself, considering I don't usually even **touch** the crap local hipsters call coffee) and he told me that you were admitted to the Royal Academy of Music in freaking London! (Elton John went there, Blaine. ELTON JOHN.)

I had to have them put two extra shots of caffeine in my latte, you incredible piece of donkey snot.

Now, ok, I realize that you're not **completely** to blame. We HAVE drifted apart and haven't talked in a while, which is mostly my fault, but I SWEAR I was going to get in touch with you! High school was busy and **I** was really busy catching up on all the credits after I'd transferred back to McKinley.

I was, however, going to contact you once I moved to NYC, but SOMEBODY's cell number has been disconnected (I guess that now I know why) and SOMEBODY doesn't use Facebook or Twitter (are you just generally internet-phobic or did London turn you into hipster as well?), so it was literally impossible to talk to you.

I even typed up a list of ways to get in touch with you at one point and put it on my fridge (actually no. that's a lie. Rachel put it on the fridge. After she doodled stars and practised her autograph all over the empty space). It held some truly inspired ideas, though, I say so myself: bottled messages, balloons, ringing up your mom... I was even considering sending pigeons after you.

I ended up doing none of them, of course. Not that I didn't want to talk to your mom. No, ok, I admit that I didn't want to talk to your mom. She probably still hates me for the Garden Gnome Incident.

The bottled messages may be romantic, but tricky as hell. It's really hard to stuff a 10 page long letter in a Tequila bottle. And no, I really couldn't make it shorter.

As for the pigeons, they poop too much and their eyes freak me out.

Anyway. Now that I've got your email address (and remind me to buy Nick a puppy), I'm planning on abusing it. I am not letting you out of my grasp now that I've got a steady job and stable internet connection, Anderson.

Tell me everything. How is England treating you? How is school? Have you met Elton John? What about Colin Firth? Can you get me his number? Do you still put gel in your hair? Are British boys cuter than American boys? Are you already saying "bollocks" and "arse" and "mate"?

I miss your face (which is funny, since I have no idea what it looks like because last time I saw it was barely 16 years old). Please, write back soon, ok? Rachel's been driving me crazy lately and I need to have some real conversation for a change, even if just by typing back and forth with you.

Hugging you across the ocean,

Kurt

PS. Nope. I STILL can't believe you moved to freaking England!

From: bdanderson@ram.ac.uk

To: kurthummel@vogue.com

Subject: I wouldn't trust Nick with puppies

I wouldn't trust him with fish. In fact... just don't give him any animals. I guess you do remember, he was my roommate in Dalton. He used to drag in all sorts of creatures. I still break out in sweat when I see a snail. That one night I woke up in a middle of the night with one of those slimy things glued to the tender skin of my cheek will forever haunt me in my dreams.

Please note that it wasn't the cheek on my face.

Kurt. Kurrrrrt. KurtKurtKurt. Hi.

I kind of missed saying your name, you know. I've been mumbling it to myself ever since I read your email this morning and people are starting to look at me funny. I'm so happy you contacted me I've got this grin on my face and it's impossible to wipe it off and I just... GOSH, 4 effing years, Kurt! Bloody hell!

(which answers your question about Britishisms, I presume)

You should have sent the pigeon. I like pigeons. Granted, they are a little bit creepy, but if you look past that, they're deeply misunderstood. (When I first came here, I didn't have any friends, so I spent all my free time in parks feeding pigeons. A bond was formed, Kurt. These things last a life-time. Which, in the case of average London pigeon, is about 10 years. So that's a commitment right there.)

My mom does **not** hate you. She just gets nervous around people with brooches. One of my ancestors may have been stabbed with one, I don't know for sure. As for the Garden Gnome Incident, that was an accident I took full responsibility for and we agreed on never mentioning it ever again.

London is a paradise. But I can tell you that it wasn't **at all** what I expected it to be when I got here. It takes some getting used to. But I've been adapting. Today, I successfully rode the tube without getting lost for the first time since getting here (possibly a good mojo from you, so kudos!).

School is challenging, but amazing. I don't know if Nick told you this, but I'm studying Musical Theatre and I couldn't be happier with my choice. It's such a good fit for me. And, as a bonus, I'm as far from my crazy family as physically possible. (I do miss my friends from Ohio, though, which includes you, even if we haven't seen each other in ages.)

I don't think I changed all that much regarding my looks, to be honest, so it's not like you wouldn't recognise me if it was me who you ran into in Starbucks (by the way – you're such a snob, their coffee is perfectly decent, thank you very much). I do not put gel in my hair, anymore... I found that while it worked extremely well with Dalton uniform, it really does NOT go well with British weather (gelled hair can only bear so much water before doing some really unattractive things).

What about you, though? I bet you look completely different, don't you. I remember how you literally grew in front of my eyes when we were in high school (I remember that vividly, because at one point I got this really ugly kink in my neck from talking to you). You're probably this really tall handsome mysterious guy now I wouldn't even dare to chat up in a coffee-shop, aren't you.

Which brings me to your next question. British boys are not really different from the boys back home, to be honest. Or, they are, but I'd say that it's more about the "out in a big city" thing than the cultural differences. I think New York and London must be similar in this. The gay scene is exciting but it gets kind of tiring after a while. Everybody wears skinny jeans and listens to Arctic Monkeys and smokes vanilla cigars and you can only

have so much casual sex with “Despair in the Departure Lounge” playing in the background before you realise it’s not the life you really want.

Tell me more about YOU, though. Don’t think I missed the big fat “Vogue” in your email address! I thought you were heading to college for sure! What changed your mind? Not that I don’t think working for Vogue is fabulous, I mean, Jesus Christ, Kurt, remember when we used to lie side by side on my bed after school and flip through the magazines together?

I hope I hear back from you soon!

Love,

Blaine

PS. If it helps, I still can’t believe I’m here myself, sometimes, but then I look out of the window and see the Ravenscourt Park and start giggling like a little girl. I’m so happy here, Kurt. I hope you’re happy in New York.

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From: kurthummel@vogue.com

To: bdanderson@ram.ac.uk

Subject: You’re working in Starbucks, aren’t you

Arctic Monkeys is a really weird name for a music group.

I’m really sensitive when it comes to background music while making out, which can cause some problems, as you can imagine. Last guy who took me to his place “to see his vintage mink coat” put on Abba and while, don’t get me wrong, I love them and I think they’re fabulous, having somebody’s tongue down your throat during Dancing Queen is not exactly my number one fantasy.

It brings back some really bad high school memories, too. (Needless to say I excused myself and got out of his apartment pretty fast. I was so desperate I almost squeezed out through the mail slot.)

And, wow, are we doing this now? Talking about sex and guys and hook-ups? Because I could be ok with that (especially since you can’t see me blush when I type the word “dick”). I wasn’t kidding when I said I haven’t had a normal conversation in a while. I love Rachel to death, but she can be a bit too much, sometimes. My co-workers are nice, but a bit too old for me, so discussing my sexcapades with them would be creepy(ish).

Oh, I feel your pain with the underground thing. I was even considering getting the subway plan tattooed on my arm at one point. But then I remembered I was scared of needles. Anyway, there’s an iPhone app for it now, thank Lord, so I’ve gotten better at finding my way through the tunnels.

Oh, I remember flicking through magazines with you! And on your BED, too. (It was so awkward sometimes, because I had this humongous crush on you and you were so completely oblivious I often felt like banging your head against the headboard repeatedly. /In a non-sexual way./)

Anyway, working for Vogue.com is fabulous. My boss Isabelle is a Godsent (or as I call her, my very own Fairy Grandmother). She took me in as her intern when I didn’t get in NYADA. (Which should answer your question about me and college. It’s still a sore spot, but I’ll tell you all about it sometime, if you want. It’s a long story.)

I think I am happy, though. I love our apartment in Bushwick (don’t laugh) and I love my job and it’s New York. Although I guess gushing to you about NYC won’t have much impact since you live in Middle-earth.

Thanksgiving is upon us soon! Are you coming home for the holidays? And if not, are you going to celebrate or are the Brits keeping you away from turkey, as well? Because if yes, tell me, and I'll do something about it! (Well, actually, I could only send them some really rude emails. But it's the effort what counts, eh?)

Take care, B!

Kurt

PS. Parks are good for the soul. Pigeons – not so much.

From: bdanderson@ram.ac.uk
To: kurthummel@vogue.com
Subject: London is Minas Tirith

Dear Kurt,

Today I saw a boy on the tube who reminded me of you. He was wearing black pea-coat, scarf that went around his neck in never-ending loops, and earmuffs. The tip of his nose was adorably red. I sat down opposite him and decided that he'd be my British Kurt and proceeded to have imaginary conversation with him until he got off at Charing Cross.

I'm afraid I can't make it home for the holidays. The flight is always so much fuss (and so much money) it's tedious. My roommate is staying here for Christmas as well (even though I suspect that he's staying just so I'm not here alone – I feel like Harry Potter – what do we know, maybe RAM *is* Hogwarts) so I guess we'll go out for some chips or something.

You'd like my roommate. His name is Rory, he's Irish and he sings like Elvis. I don't understand what he's saying half the time and he's really untidy so we're practically swimming in dirty socks, plaid shirts and puffy vests (I know, shocking! I think I've found the Irish version of Finn Hudson. We should collect both their DNAs and find out if they share ancestors or something!). Anyway, he's warm and cuddly and he doesn't bring girls back here too often, so I'm very fond of him.

I can't believe you didn't get in NYADA! Are they complete morons? They must have been deaf and dumb to pick somebody else over you! Your voice is incredible! I remember that the first time I heard it all the little hairs on my neck stood up. Even the ones still caught up in gel. And that's saying something, as you remember.

Oh, dammit, now I miss your voice. I'm tempted to email Wes and ask him if he has any old Warblers recordings. I know for a fact that the maniac used to tape all the rehearsals.

Why yes, I do work in Starbucks, Kurt! Which is how I know our coffee is the most delicious shit you'll ever taste, so don't go knocking it! It's also the only shit I can afford. I'm working on becoming a tea person, though, so things should get cheaper around here soon (and by here I mean my wallet). I like being a barista. The green apron goes well with my eyes and I get to smell like cinnamon every day.

Tell me more about your love life. I will shamefully live through it, because I've been so busy with lectures, rehearsals and work I had barely the time to ask somebody out, let alone engage in actual human contact (if you don't count that one time last month I taught Rory cha-cha in our room).

I hope your November is going swimmingly!

Blaine

PS. Rory says hi!

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From: kurthummel@vogue.com
To: bdanderson@ram.ac.uk
Subject: Earmuffs are so 2012

Blaine,

Hogwarts is in Scotland. You're getting your stories mixed up. Also, you can't have both Lord of the Rings *and* Harry Potter, seriously, Blaine, how greedy are you!

It's funny how we only just started emailing each other, but it made me miss you so much! How stupid were we not keeping in touch while we were still in the same state! I'd give away my Mark Jacobs scarf pin to have you sit opposite me in Lima Bean again (And THAT was good coffee! Remember their biscotti? Excuse me while I leave the computer for a while to get a napkin because I'm drooling on the keyboard.).

I guess you don't know what you've got till it's gone, eh?

Love life, he says! I'm sad to disappoint you. The only dates I'm currently having are in my mind. I could tell you about Brody, though. That's Rachel's... boyfriend, I guess. (I don't know for sure, as she and Finn are forever on-an-off and you never know if they're currently on or off). Brody goes to NYADA with Rachel. He's fun and has very nice (and strong) hands that make me giggle inappropriately.

Sometimes when I ride the subway I like to imagine that somewhat all the undergrounds in the world are connected and that if I go far enough, beyond the final stations, I'll end up in London (Lord knows the Bay Ridge station is shady enough for that). With my luck, I'd probably end up in Prague, though...

Your roommate sounds like a nice person (say hi back to him and tell him to imagine me smiling shyly). I'm seriously concerned about the puffy vests, though. I'm still shocked there could be more than one person in the world that would indulge in such atrocity. (I'll be in the closet stroking my cashmere scarfs if you want to discuss it any further.)

What about your other friends in London? I'd hate to think that you're lonely over there. My arms are not long enough to hug you in London despite my recent growth spurt.

Work is keeping me busy. I wish Isabelle didn't decide to make this season about leather, though. Some of the ideas her team keeps coming up with are seriously creepy (and they say the gay community is the kinky one). I hope I'll be able to make it to Lima for Christmas. Carole's turkey is the most delicious thing ever, so I'd be sad to miss it. I'd also like to visit the graveyard...

Take care, Blaine. I keep checking the weather in London on my iPad and it's been raining every day for two weeks now. I hope you keep your feet dry and warm, there is no way I could send you chicken noodle soup via email.

Kurt

PS. If you manage to get a hold of Wes, ask him about Teenage Dream as well. That's a recording *I'd like to get my hands on.

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From: bdanderson@ram.ac.uk

To: kurthummel@vogue.com

Subject: In fact I hear Prague is really nice in fall

Attachments: [Teenage Dream.mp3](#)

Kurt,

I live in *England*, which means I've the utmost privilege to be greedy when it comes to comparing my life to stories. (Your options are rather limited, but I guess you could always start with Titanic – even though technically they never made it to America - and build it up from there.)

So much great stuff came out of England! Harry Potter and Lord of the Rings are just the tip of the iceberg (see what I did there?).

I could be Peter Pan and never grow up (no height jokes, please), I could be the fly on the wall in 221B Baker Street (You know something went down in that flat and when I say down I mean Watson's underwear. No way they never had sex. I recall Holmes having some mad fingering skills. On his, you know, violin.).

I could be in an Agatha Christie novel.

In fact, I'd rather like that. I've always liked detective stories and she is my favourite. As you know, there aren't many things me and my dad have in common, but this is one of them. When I was young we used to watch Agatha Christie's Poirot on telly together and my dad would always wait for me to get it. We didn't have dinner until I guessed (deduced!) who the murderer was.

As you can imagine, we starved more often than not.

Then again, it's one of the nicest memories of my dad I have. And wow, I'm talking about him as if he were dead. He is not. As far as I know. I mean, we haven't actually *talked* in months.

I've been here for too long, I think.

I've never been too fond of leather. As far as I'm concerned, good pair of suspenders always looks better on a man than belt does. But then it depends... although, you're the expert here, so I'm going to shut up now.

Brody sounds like a nice bloke (and really Kurt, if it takes just some muscles to make you giggle, I've been doing it wrong the whole time). I hope he makes Rachel happy. What do they voices sound like together? (When you got two divas in a relationship and the harmony doesn't work, you're in trouble.)

I do have more friends, thank you very much. There are tons of people at the Musical Theatre program who are nice and friendly. Oh, and my co-worker from Starbucks, Sugar (yes, that's her real name), keeps saying we're BFFs, so there's her, too. I haven't had the heart to tell her I already have a best friend, because she's a really sweet person, and she doesn't think my cinnamon addiction is weird.

I really do hope you can make it home for Christmas, Kurt. I know how much visiting the graveyard means to you.

Stop making me crave biscotti.

Love,

Blaine

PS. My feet are just peachy, thank you.

PS 2. It always rains in London.

PS 3. I know you probably wanted the original bubble gum version of Teenage Dream from the day we met, but I'm quite fond of this arrangement (as I made it up myself), so I hope it's ok I sent you this. Let me know, yeah?

From: kurthummel@vogue.com
To: bdanderson@ram.ac.uk
Subject: I want to hug you till you crack

Blaine,

That recording of Teenage Dream you sent me is so stunning I want to roll around in it for the rest of my life. Seriously, I'm so charmed that if you looked me closely in the eyes you'd see billions of tiny rainbows ready to burst out. I don't know what else to say. The first time I listened to it my stomach swooped so wildly I almost vomited (in a good way).

I could be ok with Titanic, as long as I get to play Kate Winslet. She was my girl crush in 4th grade. Rose is such a badass character (also very good at planking).

You and your obsession with detective stories, *honestly*. Remember that one time you made me marathon first season of The Mentalist in your living room? I was out like a light after only the fourth episode and when your dad came home he found us bundled together on the couch in a complete darkness because you turned the TV off so it wouldn't disturb me.

I think his eye twitched for several weeks after that.

Speaking of your dad. He's always been this unknown quantity to me. I only met him twice. The second time was that one time your mom invited me over for dinner and your dad put up a menu on the fridge, complete with detailed description of the nutritional value. I remember giggling and telling him he didn't have to go through the trouble just for me. He looked at me with that dead-serious expression of his and said: "Nutrition is no laughing matter."

I will never forget that. Mostly because I almost busted a kidney trying to hold back laughter for the rest of that dinner.

I do recall Cooper snorting peas out of his nose, though, so I think I may have not been the only one.

I don't know what it is with people and nutrition these days. I once had a boyfriend called Simon who never ate anything after 7 PM. He broke up with me because I refused to cancel Cheesecake Nights. When you stop and think about it, my relationship with cheesecake is probably the only long-term relationship I've ever had.

Of course you're interested in their harmony rather than in their relationship, Blaine, I swear you and Rachel were separated at birth. She and Brody sound lovely together, if you really need to know.

Oh man, I miss singing duets. The two of us singing Baby, It's Cold Outside is one of my favourite memories of Dalton (right after the very first time I set foot in there, of course).

Looks like I'll be able to make it home for Christmas after all! Speaking of... could you email me your address? I need it for reasons.

Suspenders are always the better option.

Take care,

Kurt

PS. I don't joke about heights, Blaine. It's forbidden in this apartment.

From: bdanderson@ram.ac.uk

To: kurthummel@vogue.com

Subject: did you use to play "Simon Says"?

(kinky!)

Dear Kurt,

I'm so glad you liked the song. I must admit I was bloody nervous about sending it to you. Especially since I wrote that arrangement with you in mind.

I'm quite proud of it.

I really like messing around on the piano like this. I wish I had more time to try and write my own songs, but rehearsals for this term's musical are keeping me too damn busy.

You make my dad sound like Ned Flanders from The Simpsons. Except for the devout Christianity. (Thank God!) He really isn't all that bad. I mean, mostly. But this might be just the 4,000 miles between us speaking.

Funny that you'd mention Cooper. Listen to this: The lunatic sent me an email this morning. I still had sleep in my eyes when I clicked on it without reading the address (a little bit too enthusiastically, I thought it was from you), so you can imagine my shock when I found out who it was really from.

In the email he was informing me that he bought return ticket to London for Christmas. I'm not sure if I should be happy or terrified. I guess we'll see how it goes. I'll have to break it to Rory soon, too (the poor, poor boy).

Yesterday when I was walking across the Westminster Bridge the Big Ben started ringing, and while that's in no way a rare occurrence, it suddenly made me stop in my tracks (the people who ran into me from behind weren't happy, one of them called me "yeh bloomin' arsehole").

But I just stood there completely mesmerised by the view. The sun was almost completely gone and the river looked so black under the waking streetlights. There were tiny orange leaves fluttering *everywhere* even though there are not that many trees around there. It suddenly struck me like lightning I was in London. That this is actually my life. I was still so deep in thoughts when I trotted down to the tube that I forgot to take out my Oyster card and caused small traffic jam at the turnstiles.

It happens to me sometimes. I realise that I live in this beautiful city and I don't have anybody to share it with. So I guess having Coop over will be nice after all. Even if he's as daft as a brush. (I wish it was you.)

You'd fall in love with London as fast as I did. I can tell.

I'll email you the address when I find out what it actually is. Yes, that's right, I've lived here for two years and I don't know the exact address. Stop looking at me like that, all right? Nobody uses *the post* anymore, Kurt.

Love,

Blaine

PS. You can't cancel cheesecake!

From: kurthummel@vogue.com
To: bdanderson@ram.ac.uk
Subject: I wouldn't cheat on New York

(Yeah. Well. Simon played "Simon Says" for the first two weeks and I then played "Kurt Is Not Listening" for the last two weeks of our relationship. So there you have it. Not kinky at all.)

Blaine,

Honestly, I loved it so much Rachel had to bribe me with a bottle of tequila to take it off the repeat.

I wish I had a song to send back to you, but alas, all I have are fabric swatches and tons of paperwork. Not that the swatches aren't fabulous. Isabelle even let me keep some for the apartment, so I'm really excited about that. Then of course, there may be no actual apartment to decorate if Rachel ever tries to cook again without my supervision.

That girl tried to put down the fire with wine. This is what I put up with every day.

You never told me about a musical! Which musical *is* it? Who do you play? I want details. Shame on you for not telling me sooner! How *dare* you hide it from me?

I'm glad Cooper's coming over. You sounded really sad (albeit poetic) in your last few emails and I'm worried about you. I know that he and you have some differences (I mean, come on, your age difference *itself* is mental), but he's your brother and you love him anyway.

You can practise British accents together.

Fall in London sounds amazing. I'm partial to fall in New York myself, but that probably doesn't surprise you. There's something beautiful about big cities covered in falling leaves, isn't it. I love taking long walks in Central Park after lunch just before it starts getting dark. The air is crispy and smells like pumpkin latte.

More often than not I wish I had somebody to scold for forgetting to wear their gloves. But I wouldn't be really angry, because then I'd get to put their hands in my pockets.

I hope you get pumpkin lattes in England. Or, you know, pumpkin tea, whatever.

I just really want to hug you for real, dammit, this is getting frustrating.

Over and out,

Kurt

PS. I wish it was me as well.

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From: bdanderson@ram.ac.uk
To: kurthummel@vogue.com
Subject: gloves are overrated

Dear Kurt,

I know it's been six days since I last emailed you, but in my defence, the bloody musical and double shifts in Starbucks are making me super busy. Not that I didn't have few spare minutes to put together an email, it's not that... It's just that I don't want my emails to you to be rushed. Emailing you is my second favourite part of a day (first is reading yours).

You always sound so mature in your writing. I know it sounds weird, because you **are** mature. I mean, you're twenty. I'm also twenty. (Gee whiz!) I haven't seen you for so long. I wonder what you look like when you're reading my emails. Are you smiling one of those toothy smiles you used to give me when I did something exceptionally silly? Do you giggle at some of my sentences? I like imagining you running your hand through your hair (I know you don't do that, but that doesn't mean you can't do it in my head.) and propping your chin on your hand with a soft smile on your lips before clicking "reply".

Actually, come to think of it, I wonder what you look like, period.

Oh well, I certainly do lose my filter with distance.

Right. The musical. It's Wicked. Kurt, I'm so sorry I haven't told you earlier (you wouldn't believe how much I wanted to, you're one of the few people I know who can truly appreciate it), but I didn't want to make you sad. I know it's your favourite show and that it should be YOU playing the role of Fiyero on Broadway (preferably with Rachel as Elphaba). Anyway... this is just something we're doing at school. As you probably already guessed, I'm playing Fiyero, which is an immense honour and I still quite don't understand how it happened.

They're letting me keep my accent, because it makes the character more "butch". (I'd love for them to see me in some of my more flamboyant clothes. Tight polo shirts, bare ankles and all.) I'm really excited about singing As Long As You're Mine. I think it's my favourite song from the whole show. I love the longing. Trying to experience as much love as possible before it's too late.

Singing it is a bit of an emotional rollercoaster for me. It makes me question some of the decisions I've made.

I do love my brother dearly, but there's a limit to my patience when it comes to Cooper. Earlier today he emailed me a list of things he wants to do in London. #34 is "Christmas sex". I have no idea what he's planning on doing (apart from, you know, the obvious), but he's NOT doing it in my room. I do not wish to be scarred for life. (Also, Rory will be there. Super awkward.)

Talking about my dad actually reminded me of yours, which is ironic, because they have literally nothing in common except for having gay sons. How is your dad doing anyway? I hope he's well. I bet he misses you even harder than I do (impossible to imagine, right?) with both you and Finn being all the way in NY.

Anyway, Thanksgiving is almost upon us so that means you'll be heading to Ohio. Say hi to the family for me, ok?

Shine on,

Blaine

PS. You certainly do love your tequila, eh? I'm partial to beer, myself. Which is a wonder considering I'm in /England/

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From: kurthummel@vogue.com

To: bdanderson@ram.ac.uk

Subject: almost 21 actually

Blaine,

Are you trying to ~subtly~ tell me you want me to send you my picture?

I mean, you should slow down, there is still a chance you might actually be an old creepy man on the internet (in which case, I am hunting Nick down). Besides, I don't do things for free. Tit for tat, Anderson. And make it good.

(of course I smile while reading your emails. sometimes I blush, too.)

Oh, Blaine, you silly, silly Blaine, you shouldn't have kept it from me! I love that you're doing Wicked. I'm sure you did amazing job on your audition, which is why you got the role, of course! If you're at least half as good as you used to be in high school, they would be completely fucking dumb not to have you as their Fiyero, if you excuse my French. (And no, I wouldn't even *want* to be Fiyero – although I'm glad you seem to think I could pull it off. Because I could. – I'm a total Glinda. If she was a guy, that is.)

What is the girl who plays Elphaba like? (I hope she's ugly. Actually, no, that wasn't nice of me to say.) What I meant to say was I hope she's nice and you work well together.

Have I ever told you about that one time Rachel and I broke into Gershwin and sang For Good on stage?

As Long As You're Mine is one of my favourite love songs, period. It's up there with I Have Nothing and Come What May. So I know what you mean when you say it gives you emotions.

I can't imagine ever feeling that volume of longing. It must be beautiful as well as terrifying.

I miss you. I know I've been saying that in almost every single email, but it's the truth. I hope you're not planning on staying in London forever. I'm not sure I could bear the thought of never seeing you ever again. Yesterday Isabelle hired a new secretary. He's got these huge brown eyes and his eyebrows look exactly like yours. It's ridiculous. I was tempted to ask him if he didn't happen to be related to the Andersons of Ohio by any chance. Might still do, in fact.

My dad is doing ok, thank you for asking! I'll make sure to give the family your love.

I've never heard of "Christmas sex". Is that a thing? Isn't it like Valentine sex but with jingle-bells? I don't think Cooper's planning on doing it in his little brother's room, Blaine, calm down.

Actively idle,

Kurt

PS. Bare ankles?! I knew it. London turned you into hipster! Don't make me come up there and cover them for you.

PS 2. I do love me some tequila, yes. In fact, I may have been drunk while typing this. I know you can't tell, because Brody read it after me and fixed my typos. He's a nice guy, that Brody.

PS 3. The eyebrow-guy actually asked me out. Do you think I should go?

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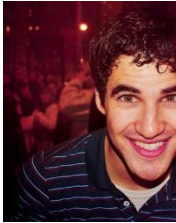
From: bdanderson@ram.ac.uk

To: kurthummel@vogue.com

Subject: if all it took for you to come here were just my bare ankles...

Attachments: [the_toucan.jpg](#)

Dear Kurt,



So. Here's a picture of my face from last night's pub crawl. Originally I was going to doll myself up (or as would Sugar say, ken myself up, although I'd only ever use that idiom in relation to Cooper), but then I got quite tipsy and thought screw it and told Rory to snap a picture. This is the regular me, albeit slightly pissed, you'd get to see on daily basis if we were on the same continent. I hope it's up to your standards!

You're wonderfully eloquent considering your state. I can't even text when I'm drunk without it looking like I know the secret pigeon language. Sugar has some of my greatest "masterpieces" saved on her phone.

Brody certainly does seem like a nice guy. Although I'm a little bit concerned that he's reading our emails, to be honest. I thought they were kind of personal(?) But then again, I know nothing about him except that he's Rachel's boyfriend(ish) and that his muscly arms make you giggle.

Speaking of Rachel, I'd much rather she played the Elphaba to my Fiyero. The girl who plays her in the musical is such a prat. Her name is Harmony (ha ha. I mean how pretentious can you be at naming your child), she's from Cardiff and I can't usually understand a word she says. I'm pretty sure she keeps hitting on me, though. I'm slowly running out of ways to tell her I'm as gay as a picnic basket. Any advice? Although I'm pretty sure she wouldn't get the memo if I showed up in a rainbow leotard with a dildo in my mouth.

You never told me about Gershwin! I'm intrigued!

Winter in London is going to be nice. I guess. It won't be my first, so I know what to expect. The Christmas market in Hyde Park was incredible last year, so I'm definitely doing that again. You can sit in a unicorn-pulled carriage and ice-skate around sculptures of fairy-tale characters.

You can even meet the Ice Queen, Kurt. I hope you're jealous now.

I kind of miss the snowy Ohio, though. I hope you enjoy all the snowman building I won't be doing with all the rain we're about to get here.

But that's London for you.

Hugs,

Blaine

PS. ...I would burn all my socks.

From: kurthummel@vogue.com
To: bdanderson@ram.ac.uk
Subject: I see we're back to pigeons

Blaine,

I've had a really bad time at work today and it took all of my strength to drag myself home and dig in a giant cheesecake with my feet up and The Sound of Music on. Isabelle is away on some sort of business trip (SUPPOSEDLY. You know, I could swear she has a new boyfriend and they're taking Indian cooking classes together. I could smell the lamb shashlick on her from ten metres last week.), so I was taking care of so many things for her my ears almost fell off from all the phone calls I was making.

I knew saving your email for after work would brighten my day. And I was right.

I love that picture of you SO MUCH (the hair!!!). Rachel said I was pathetic when she caught me staring at it for the twentieth time tonight, so she printed it out in several copies and pinned it all over our apartment just to mess with my head. Of course seeing your face everywhere is making me miss you even more, especially now that I can put your mature face (and really, since when is Blaine Anderson not clean-shaven all the time???) to your mature writing style.

Nghh, this is stupid. It was stupid of me to write you that first email because now I made myself miss you so bad and you're all the way there and I'm here and I'm lonely...

...gosh, that escalated fast.

I don't want to write you depressing emails. I know you've got a lot on your plate as well. Anyway, if Rachel thinks she's the only one who can be obnoxious, she's wrong. Watch me super-glue pictures of Finn all over the bathroom. She won't be able to take showers for weeks *certified evil laughter*.

I'm sorry about Brody, I didn't realise you'd mind. I didn't show him on purpose. He caught me giggling drunkenly at something on my laptop and read your email over my shoulder (rude!). I promise I'll be more careful next time. On the other hand, you wouldn't have been able to decode that drunken writing hadn't he corrected it for me. (not even spell-check was good enough for *that*)

I never get hit on by girls, so I'm afraid I won't be much help in that area... but try telling her you're taken? Maybe that'll work. Although I wouldn't dismiss the alternative of you wearing a rainbow leotard. Send pictures!

Naming your children already, Anderson? Let's hear it, then. Also, Harmony is not a bad name. (Although I'm sorry the girl is. Sadly, you can choose your friends but you can't choose your cast mates. That's what Rachel always says.)

I'd love to tell you about Gershwin, but you can't just *type* something like this in an email. You'll have to wait till I can tell you myself. I hope we won't be playing dominoes together in a nursing home by the time.

I wish we had a unicorn-pulled carriage in Lima.

Keep on keeping on,

Kurt

PS. The Toucan? Really? Is that your nickname in England? You're going to *have* to elaborate on that. I mean, I looked it up on urbandictionary.com, but the results I got only deepened my confusion (especially since I know your nose is not THAT big).

PS 2. You didn't answer my question about the eyebrow-guy.

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From: bdanderson@ram.ac.uk

To: kurthummel@vogue.com

Subject: it was the name of that pub you numpty

Dear Kurt,

How was your Thanksgiving? November seems to have JUST fled by, eh? Cooper emailed me his flight itinerary this afternoon. It's making me super anxious. I love the idiot, but like I said, he can be a bit too much. I've been really tense lately so I'm not entirely sure how I'll do with his bubbly-self for an entire week. I guess it'll be nice spending Christmas with him after pretending I don't mind pretending Thanksgiving is lame.

You know, I couldn't give a damn about Thanksgiving, to be honest. I'm not that much of a patriot (even if I painted my nails rainbow and danced half-naked in the corridor when Obama was re-elected in 2012), but it made me miss home a little. The UK is amazing and I feel more comfortable here than anywhere else... but yeah. I guess once an American always an American.

But then again, Rory and Sugar made me put on boxers with stars and stripes and took me out for Turkey on Thursday, which was very sweet of them. So... it's not like I'm completely alone.

Also, puns turn me on.

Speaking of spicy food. I think you should be happy for your boss. It sounds like she's in love. (Oh, to be young and in love again!) I'm happy your ears remained intact. I'd be sad to see them go (they're cute). Don't work too hard, though, ok? You're not the only one worried about the well-being of your pen-pal.

I'm glad you liked the picture. I'll have you know I AM always clean-shaven. But we were on a pub-crawl that night and this is my special scruffy look. You should have seen me when I was working on an essay for school and let it grew out for several days. Rory called me Hagrid for weeks.

I kind of love the thought of being all over your apartment. I guess if I can't be there myself...

Regarding the pictures of Finn: Did you forget you're going to have to take showers in that bathroom as well, or...?

I would NEVER name my child Harmony. It's like you naming your child Coco Chanel or a locksmith naming his child Spanners. I'm planning on having lots of children and they won't hate me for giving them silly names in puberty. So, you may want to reconsider your decisions or my children will laugh at your children.

I don't play dominoes. Also, you're very naïve if you think that our generation will play pub games in nursing homes. I'm imagining every grandma and granddad will have their own xbox console. Also, no more Bingo Fridays. There'll be Halo tournaments instead.

I miss you too, dammit.

Pretend I folded this up and passed it to you under the desk,

Blaine

PS. Where is my picture???

PS 2. I know I didn't.

From: kurthummel@vogue.com
To: bdanderson@ram.ac.uk
Subject: pen-pals? Is that what we are?
Attachments: [kurty_kurt.png](#)

Blaine,



I was originally going to send you a picture of myself standing in front of Vogue dressed in some kind of expensive designer clothes, but then I remembered your picture and thought - screw that, it's time to be spontaneous and fun!

We were really drunk when Rachel took this (hence the name. also it was forbidden to sit in that chair.). And you should consider yourself lucky because now you're the third person to ever see it. (I hope it stays that way. Don't make me show everyone your spooky Dalton headshot. I still have it somewhere.)

I did, too, realise the error in my evil plan when I stepped in the bathroom the other night and started undressing myself, when I got the feeling somebody was watching me. Then I remembered the Finn pictures and goddammit, Blaine, you can't imagine how fast I put my clothes back on again (they even ended up being inside-out).

In the end, Rachel and I ended this whole thing by promising each other to take all the pictures down. I did tell her to leave the one picture of you next to my night-stand, though. Not in a creepy way. It's just nice having you there, especially when I feel homesick.

Thanksgiving was great. Carol literally stuffed me with her turkey – I felt like one myself. Finn was there as well and he almost choked on the mashed potatoes when I mentioned you were studying Musical Theatre in England. The poor boy can't even imagine himself getting out of Ohio, let alone the continent.

But then so can't I. I'd love to see Europe one day, though. Paris, Amsterdam, Oslo, Madrid... oh, right, and London. I almost forgot about that one. Ok, no, I'm kidding. You know I'm kidding, right? It's the first place on my list, twice underlined with several exclamation marks.

How are the Wicked rehearsals going?

I'm happy for Isabelle, I really am! Even if I'm not entirely sure that love really exists. Also, not all the love in the world should make you so foolish you dress in knitwear while COOKING. Unless you want your sweater to smell like Aloo Ki Sabji forever.

I'm looking forward to winning all the Halo tournaments, then.

Xoxo,

Kurt

PS. Please. As if I'd name my child Coco Chanel. I have more class than that. (McQueen would make an adorable baby name.)

PS 2. I wanted you to, though.

From: bdanderson@ram.ac.uk
To: kurthummel@vogue.com
Subject: who gave you the right

to look that good in a state of intoxication? Seriously, though, I've never seen you so ~relaxed~ before. Looks like New York has been good to you (or was it the tequila that was good to you, again?). Darn, there go my evil plans to lure you back in your mother land.

Anyway.

Dear Kurt,

I know what you mean when you say you'd love to see Europe. It's a travesty I haven't even set foot on the continent yet, even though I've been here for two years. But I don't think I'm ready to try driving on the right side of the road again just yet (lord knows it took me ages to get used to the left side. I took a lot of road signs.).

I'd love to see Italy, though. I remember mom used to tell me we had some ancestors there when I was little (I hope she wasn't lying because she wanted me to finish my spaghetti.). If that's true, they can take their genes back, because I **still** don't like spaghetti – as opposed to their wine.

Perhaps one day, when you decide to go see Europe, maybe you could pick me up in London on the way? You can't miss it, it's right under that massive raincloud that looks like it's not going anywhere for another hundred years.

In other news, it's been raining for a week without any signs of stopping. It's so funny seeing tourist in the streets battling with their umbrellas, desperately trying to stay dry. They're so naïve. You can't possibly use an umbrella in this wind. I used to be like them, or at least the first few months I was here I was. I was so stubborn I destroyed five umbrellas. I still mourn the last one – it had red and navy stripes on it.

I guess you gotta learn the hard way.

Funny story about your picture: I got inspired by your shenanigans and printed it out so I could put it in my wallet. I guess you can see where this is heading, but I SWEAR I didn't even realise what I was doing. I just wanted to have it somewhere I could see it all the time. Incidentally, I wasn't the **only** one to see it there. You should have seen Harmony's face when Rory told her you were my "strong American boyfriend". (Again, I'm really sorry. Rory was just looking out for me. On the bright side, Harmony finally stopped hitting on me.)

/By the way. Sugar told me to tell you you're an adorable strawberry-cheeked cutiepie. Whatever that means. You can tell she really liked that picture, too./

Speaking of. How DARE you call my old Dalton picture spooky. I happen to think it's dignified and stately, thank you very much.

Wicked rehearsals are going fine, thank you for asking. We got to try on our costumes yesterday and I was really happy with mine, but then, it's very simple (I was grateful for not being cast as flying monkey, I can tell you). I then proceeded to laugh at Harmony who got painted green for the first time and didn't like it one bit (barbarian).

What is it I am hearing about you not believing in love, though? Who ARE you and what have you done with my Kurt who was dreaming of Evita-esque romance when I last talked to him?

Also, you sure do know your Indian meals! I had to google them both and I live in **London**. I swear there is curry sauce in the Thames instead of water sometimes.

Please, write soon, the time between Thanksgiving and Christmas break is always so dreadful...

Devotedly,

Blaine

PS. I don't know what to say to that. What **did** you want me to say, Kurt?

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From: kurthummel@vogue.com

To: bdanderson@ram.ac.uk

Subject: it's not that easy bein' green

Blaine,

Don't go knocking people till you try getting all green yourself. I tried it once with Rachel, when we decided to have "Wicked Night", and ended up with green body-paint absolutely everywhere. And when I say everywhere, I mean even those places I haven't originally intended to paint green AT ALL.

"My mother land"? You make it sound like I'm some sort of alien. I can assure you all **this** was made in Lima, Ohio. Oh, you know what, I need to stop typing now, because it makes me think of **how** I was made (gross). Anyway, I am NOT an alien.

(or am I... **spooky music**)

Italy wasn't on my list, but I guess since all roads lead to Rome and all, I shall add it. I couldn't possibly let you wander around Europe all on your tiny own, could I? I am warning you, though, I'm going to want to shop a lot in France. You may have to carry all the bags. (I'll treat you croissant if you last for at least four hours.)

As if anyone would ever need encouragement to eat spaghetti. What have pasta ever done to you that you don't like it? And what's next? Are you going to tell me you don't like pizza, too? And noodles? Shawarma? I do share your sympathies when it comes to Italian wine, though. (It's not as good as tequila, though. And THAT is something you could use to lure me in England. Only not really, because I've plenty back here.)

Things have been a bit hectic ever since I came back from Ohio (sidenote: and walked in on Rachel and Brody doing unspeakable things on the sofa. I fear it will forever remain burned into my retinas.). I will always find the time to email you back, though. I can't imagine how incredibly lonely you must be. I mean, I literally JUST saw my dad and yet I miss him so much already my heart aches. Besides, I can't go too many days without reading about how you've been. I wish you could tell me yourself. I miss your voice. I went back to playing your version of Teenage Dream on loop, Rachel be damned (she owes me for the sofa incident anyway).

It's just so frustrating. I feel closer to you with every email, yet you couldn't be more far away from me.

It's ok. Let her think I'm your boyfriend. It makes me feel better about the fact I don't **actually** have one. It's just so hard to find somebody here in New York, despite what everyone else is saying. Manhattan is actually just a tiny island, you see. Or maybe my standards are too high (?). I just want somebody to fit me. I don't want to have to settle. Not so soon in my life and not ever, actually.

Is that wanting too much? Is that silly?

As for my dreams of romance, when did I ever say I wanted them to be like Evita? Really, Blaine? Evita? Have you even SEEN the musical? Eva slept with random men so she could rule the land and then she died of cancer. No further comments necessary.

Oh, you and your rain issues, Blaine. I can't say I feel for you, though. There was already tiny layer of snow in Ohio and I think we're going to get a little in NYC as well, this year. I'm not sure I could enjoy Muddy Christmas instead of White Christmas, but I hope you'll be fine with your unicorns and ice-skating. Have a mug of mulled wine for me?

That's because it **was** spooky. When was the last time you actually saw that picture? You're talking to someone who had it pinned in their locker for two years. It's burned into my mind. I can see it when I close my eyes, the eyebrows, the gel, the mysterious smile... ughhh... so creepy. Not to be too harsh, it did help me through some heavy stuff in high school. (Also, your "courage" collage was the most adorable thing. I'd never had a boy make something for me before that. Come to think of it, not after that either.)

Whoa, our emails are getting longer. I'm going to have to start taking days off at Vogue so I can devote my time to writing you. (Well, no, but I wish I could.)

You take care of yourself, ok?

Xo,

Kurt

PS. I wanted you to say no.

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From: bdanderson@ram.ac.uk

To: kurthummel@vogue.com

Subject: it's not silly

Dear Kurt,

I was just about to watch Love, Actually when I got your email. Talking to you is far more important than Colin Firth's jawline, but you should still feel honoured I'm willing to wait for it. (Also Rory and Sugar haven't come back from the Tesco's with snacks yet.)

Speaking of the film, which story-line is your favourite? I think I'd have to say Daniel and Sam. It's such a touching story and the little boy always makes me think of you. I love how they learn to help each other out and be a family after his mom's death. I wish there was this much love in my family – and I've still got both of my parents and they're not getting a divorce anytime soon (practically destined to be together with their mutual love for garden gnomes and spinach ravioli).

I also really like Jamie and Aurélia's storyline. I mean, they live in different countries and they don't even speak each other's language, but they managed to fall in love and get their happy ending anyway. Something to think about, I guess.

I know what you mean. At least you have the advantage of putting my voice to my typing. Would you maybe mind sending me some? A song perhaps? All the Evita talk reminded me of your solo audition back in Dalton and I had to giggle quietly to myself. It was so adorable. I'll never forget Wes's expression when you started singing. I'm still kind of sorry you didn't get the solo then. But to be fair, I can't imagine the Warblers doing a capella versions of musical melodies.

I just don't like pasta, what can I say. It's yellow and squishy and you can't eat spaghetti without getting the bloody sauce all over your face. I like being in control of my food, thank you very much.

Guess I'm forever destined to never experience the Lady and the Tramp meatball scene, then.

I'm not that lonely, really. The musical is keeping me busy and I'll have Cooper over for the holidays (a fact I've yet to come to terms with) and like I said, I love London during Christmas. It's just that I miss *you*. Why did we ever stop talking after you transferred? What are two hours by car compared to whole fucking ocean? I'm sort of mad at you for sending me that first email, but not really, if you get what I mean.

You don't have to settle, Kurt. In fact, I'd hate to see you settle. Don't lower your standards, because you deserve the best. Finding somebody here in London is just as hard, you know. Knowing I probably won't be here forever. Or maybe I will, I don't know where my career will drag me. But the thing is, I can't promise anything.

You know what, I think I'll have a whole bottle for you, if you don't mind.

Burn this after reading,

Blaine

PS. Oh, Kurt. How can you be making this whole thing even more frustrating than it already is?

PS 2. I wish I could make more collages for you. In fact, I might.

From: kurthummel@vogue.com
To: bdanderson@ram.ac.uk
Subject: All I want for Christmas is you

...to stop making me cry with your emails.

Blaine,

My favourite Love, Actually storyline is John and Judy. Although, yes, both Daniel/Sam and Jamie/Aurélia are really close to my heart. I wish it was that easy to just jump on a plane to Portugal (figuratively speaking), but I'm no Colin Firth (my jawline is just as nice, though). All I have is the subway, and we already cleared up that I can't take the subway to London.

I could try taking the cab, but a) the fare would be astronomical (I mean, I can barely afford to take a cab to work every once in a while) and b) I don't think the yellow taxis are allowed to mingle with the black taxis. On the other hand, at least you'd find me fast.

Rachel decided she wants a pet for Christmas. She thinks our apartment has been too 'sad and mooney' lately. I don't want a pet, Blaine, can you imagine how hard it is to get animal hair out of most fabrics? Isabelle would strangle me if I dragged some into the office on my clothes (not mentioning – on my clothes!). I was thinking that worst case scenario could be getting a pet with no hair, but I doubt Rachel would go for a snake or fish (I mean, neither would I, even if snake patterns are chic).

Also, I never had any pets in my life besides Pavarotti and you know how well THAT turned out. Hell, I never had any *plants*. What if I accidentally kill it?

I miss *you* too, Blaine. I get it, it's different. I mean, I miss my dad and Finn and Carol ...and I miss Mercedes and coffee from the Lima Bean, but I miss *you* in a different way. I miss the old you I knew and I miss the idea of the new you I can't know. I miss you in a way that makes my insides all ...fidgety. I don't really know how to describe it without directly quoting Adele (let's see if you can guess which song).

I wish we didn't stop talking after I transferred either. It's going to sound horribly cliché, but things just got so busy and since you never contacted me, I figured you didn't really want to hang out, anymore. I don't know why I thought that. But then, with everything that happened on Valentine's and with Rachel... I was also really embarrassed about the whole Pavarotti thing. I thought you were mad at me.

I still have that collage, you know. Sometimes when things get tough I take it out and look at it. It's a bit crumpled and bleached after all those years...

...and it's almost funny how much it still helps.

Warm hugs,

Kurt

PS. Let's play a game of either/or. Me first: Old or new?

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From: bdanderson@ram.ac.uk
To: kurthummel@vogue.com
Subject: we could have had it aaaaaall

Dear Kurt,

I would have never pegged you for a John/Judy guy! But then, they're probably the sweetest pair in the film. Also, Martin Freeman has always been my idol. I guess it's his sincere eyes and his collection of hats that always get me.

Remember how I told you we'd fo' sho' get muddy Christmas in London this year?

I don't know if you still check my weather on your iPad, but if you don't, you should know that Mother Nature decided otherwise. It's the beginning of December and we're bloody SNOWED IN! I kid you not! I feel like writing letter to the Queen and complaining about this. But then she'd just probably throw teabags at me considering I'm not even a British citizen. Her government does pay for my studies, though (at least partially), so I *am* part of the system.

So she better write back.

Anyway, the snow was such a surprise (as it is every year everywhere, especially for railway companies) I didn't have clothes warm enough to go out, so I had to put on like seventy layers just so I could pop to H&M and get a winter coat and new mittens. It was a hasty buy, but I think you'd approve anyway (the mittens have elks on them).

Sugar, Rory and I spent the rest of the day curled up on the sofa, marathoning Rory's Merlin DVDs (me), eating scones (Rory) and knitting Christmas socks (Sugar), which made me cranky for two reasons: One, Sugar and Rory are getting suspiciously chummy together, (I guess they weren't late because of the snacks last time we had a film night.) and two, the show itself is incredibly frustrating. I mean, it's the 8th series and Arthur STILL doesn't know Merlin can do magic?! I can't watch it without throwing things at the telly, that's how frustrating the whole thing is.

Moving on, because you don't need to read about my obsessions.

What if you got her a lizard? They're really cute and friendly. But then, I guess Rachel wants something warm and cuddly. I wish I could be your pet, but I have a premiere to attend after Christmas and I don't think my director would be happy if his Fiyero suddenly decided to go back to America just so he could sleep in a basket by your door.

Let the Pavarotti thing go, Kurt, it's been literally YEARS, nobody cared then and nobody cares now, I promise. Birds like flying, that's why they have wings. Maybe Pavarotti just wasn't happy living in a cage. You, albeit accidentally, set him free. So what! It wasn't the first nor the last canary the Warblers lost, believe me!

Actually, no, that's a lie. It *was* the last one. But only because they didn't get a new bird after Pavarotti. They got a cat the year after I graduated. I don't know whose idea it was or what the symbolism was supposed to be, but I've seen pictures of the cat and it looked like Mr. Tinkles from Cats and Dogs.

This is so stupid. I wasn't mad at you. I never contacted you because I was waiting for you to get in touch first. *I* was the one embarrassed about all the things I'd done, with the whatshisname Gap guy and Rachel. I felt like you needed time to reconnect with your friends, so I decided to give you space and when you never even texted... I let it kind of fizzle away...

But believe me when I say it's one of those few things I deeply regret, Kurt. I just wish I could see you and *tell* you all these things. But there are some things you can't do via email, you know?

<3,

Blaine

PS. Old. Definitely old. Old music, old telephones, old wallpapers, old people's memories, old clocks... I just like those things. I like that you can look at them and see the time that have passed.

Fashion or musical theatre?

PS 2. I'd find you just as fast if you arrived here in an invisible car dressed in a camouflage overall.

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From: kurthummel@vogue.com

To: bdanderson@ram.ac.uk

Subject: I'd let you sleep in the feet of my bed

Blaine,

I'd love to have you as our pet. I suggested it to Rachel and she giggled and said that she never wanted a dog, but that she'd be ok with it, as long as I'd be the one to bathe you and walk you and brush your fur.

I see many connections between you and Martin Freeman, but I'm not the one to point out the obvious.

You have snow already! I'm so jealous! I know it's a hardship for you, but I've been looking forward to it so much. I don't know what it is about snow that seems to make things better. Maybe because it's so white (at least right after it falls) and pristine and it covers all the things you don't want to see. Snow makes things hidden and quiet. It makes them peaceful. I could go for some peaceful and quiet right now.

Isabelle is already freaking out about Spring collections and it's spoiling my festive mood. I can't envision daffodils and daises when all I can think about are jingle-bells and reindeer sweaters. She is so enthusiastic about it, it makes me want to do nasty things to all those bright green fabrics. And believe me, I am not the one to do nasty things to fabrics (unless they're sheets).

Is it Christmas break already?

So, Rory and Sugar, eh? How do you feel about your two best friends potentially getting together? (I guess you ARE Harry Potter after all.) Do tell! Not that I don't have enough to gossip about here, but Rachel's diabolical rants about Brody and Finn are getting old. Also, I am NOT the one to judge your obsessions, Blaine. Did you forget about my love for crappy television? What do you think *I've* been doing most nights laying on couch with a bowl of popcorn?

I can't believe the Warblers got a cat! Are you serious! I'm going to have to seek out Nick again and ask him about that. NOW I'm glad I got a bird. Lord knows what would have happened to a cat with me. I can't imagine having babies one day. I can see myself running in the nursery every five minutes to check if they're still breathing.

I'll never forget how I felt when Pavarotti escaped, Blaine. I was so scared the Warblers would kick me out or do some ugly private school things to me, it was horrifying. I remember spending hours sitting on my window and singing Blackbird till my throat got sore (or the neighbours started yelling).

I guess we'll just have to accept that things were simply not meant to be back then. It doesn't change the fact that it's frustrating and that it makes me want to bash your past self's head against the nearest object. Four years is a long time and we're both different people now.

People with a past and experiences and people who have the whole ocean between them.

And doesn't that just suck?

God save the Queen,

Kurt

PS. I figured you'd say old. I just wanted you to let the hipster out. You can't keep it in, Blaine, it's not healthy. Also, old telephones are pretty and all, with their spiral cables and shiny rotary dials, but it's 2015! Get a smartphone, so we can get in touch more often!

You can't make me choose between fashion and singing. In my head, it's connected. So, I say: both.

The US or the UK?

PS 2. You've got mail.

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From: bdanderson@ram.ac.uk

To: kurthummel@vogue.com

Subject: Are you an angel

or possibly Santa Claus (although I know you'd never go for the polyester suit)? I got your care package today and when I opened it, I started sobbing like a child. Damn the world for not inventing teleportation yet, because I **need** to hug you so much my arms are actually itching.

Sometimes I try picturing what it'd feel like. Hugging you. The way you'd smell, the way my chin would fit on your shoulder... Do you know we actually never hugged? Yet another thing to add to the list of things I regret not doing. Funny how most of those things end with your name.

Seriously, thank you so much. I'm sitting here in a middle of the night in absolute darkness munching on your cookies and life is good for once.

x Blaine

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From: kurthummel@vogue.com
To: bdanderson@ram.ac.uk
Subject: isn't it 4 am in London

Blaine,

You're a dork.

Last time I looked I was neither, but as soon as I start spurting wings/white beard, you'll be the first to know, I promise.

(I'm so glad you liked it.)

Virtual hugs,

Kurt

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From: bdanderson@ram.ac.uk
To: kurthummel@vogue.com
Subject: re: isn't it 4 am in London

Kurt!

You're online! Is this the first time it happened? Damn, I should stay up late more often. Wicked rehearsals are taking up all my strength lately (the premiere is so close I might actually chew my lip down to my neck from nervousness), so I'm glad I can fall into my bed and pass out by the end of the day.

Talking to you is worth the sleep deficit, though. My stomach is way too empty for me to go to sleep anyway (hence the munching).

We're still snowed in and nobody can be arsed to go out (except for when we *absolutely have to* go to class), so our supplies of food are slowly dwindling away. I mean, see for yourself. Yesterday's dinner: partly melted lolly I found in the pocket of my jeans, old scones (hard as rocks), raspberry jam and tea. Your parcel saved my life and probably even Rory's, although sometimes I feel like that boy could *live* on fish and chips takeaway (gross).

What about you? What time is it in New York anyway?

x Blaine

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From: kurthummel@vogue.com
To: bdanderson@ram.ac.uk
Subject: almost midnight actually

You're not the only one who can't sleep.

Earlier today I was listening to the news on the radio and they talked about London and how it hasn't been under this much snow in *years*, and still, all I could think about was how I'd rather be there with you than here alone.

It's so selfish of me, isn't it. I mean, I've got Rachel and I've just seen my dad and I'm going to see him again in two weeks, yet I feel lonely. Don't tell anyone, but I'm a bit fed up with New York right now. Big cities are

beautiful, aren't they. They make you feel like one of the world, like you're **somebody** getting **somewhere**. But they're also quite cold in their monstrosity. I don't know how to explain it. Sometimes when I walk down the street and look up and can barely see the sky, it downs on me.

It's not New York's fault, obviously. New York is perfect. I used to think it was perfect **for me**. Do you think it might not be anymore? How can New York NOT be enough anymore?

Paul says I should get Rachel the pet she wants so much. That it would cheer **me** up as well. I think Paul needs to mind his own business.

Do you like the cookies? I modified the recipe a little for you.

Kurt

PS. Don't worry about the premiere. You're going to kill it. I'm positive.

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From: bdanderson@ram.ac.uk

To: kurthummel@vogue.com

Subject: who's Paul?

(and more importantly – do I want to know?)

Your cookies still taste like heaven. And I want to rub my nose against your nose for remembering to put extra cinnamon in them. I swear I could snort cinnamon like drugs and I'd be happy for the rest of my life (don't worry, I tried it once when I was 11 and I burned all of my nasal hair, so I'm not about to do it again). My favourite thing in that package was DEFINITELY the CD, though. Kurt, goddammit, how I MISSED your voice! I hadn't realised how much until I heard it again. You should have heard the noises that came out of my mouth when I first heard Not the Boy Next Door. Sugar thought there was actual wounded animal in our room.

You sound even better than I remember. I know I said this before, but NYADA were real tossers for not admitting you. Schools would fight over you here in the UK.

I don't think you're selfish. And honestly, even if you were, I wouldn't be the one to call you out on it. Think of these email conversations as a judging-free zone. It's like a therapy group. You share, I share and we're both better men for it.

I know what you mean about big cities. London may have slightly different atmosphere from most American cities, but it can get too much as well, at times. Last year Rory took me to Ireland to visit his family /they live on a farm/ and I **swear** I wanted to stay there.

Can you imagine it? Living in a tiny little cottage with no electricity, walking barefoot and playing the flute by the waterfall?

x Blaine

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From: kurthummel@vogue.com

To: bdanderson@ram.ac.uk

Subject: are you Peter Pan?

I'm so glad you liked the songs. I barely sing anymore, both from the lack of time and the lack of opportunities. Rachel usually needs me to be quiet in the apartment, so she can focus on *her* singing (and I'm not mad, because she actually needs it for school). It just sucks sometimes, so I was really happy I got to sing again. And it was for you, too!

Rachel got really excited by the idea of making a CD for you, which you can probably tell, since half of those songs are duets with her. What can I say, I love her anyway.

I don't think I could live on a farm, that's taking it a bit too far. Also, aren't Irish people generally orthodox Catholics? I don't think they would take too well to the two of us living in a tiny cottage together and roaming the green grass of Glendalough valley half-naked.

If I ever chose to run away from the civilisation, I'd want to live in a lighthouse.

Kurt

PS. Paul is the eyebrow-guy. But there's no need to worry. We went on one date (Rachel forced me) and it was *so* awkward. I still cringe when I think about it. Not that there's anything wrong with him... but there's nothing *right* there either. I'm not making any sense, am I. Rachel says I'm too picky.

Maybe she's right.

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From: bdanderson@ram.ac.uk

To: kurthummel@vogue.com

Subject: who said anything about being half-naked?

Attachments: [DSCF1449.JPG](#)

Oh, Kurt.

I love Rachel, but she is *not* right. And if it takes glue on my cheek and a nasty paper cut to emphasize it for you, so be it. I was originally going to send you this via actual mail as a part of your Christmas present, but I feel like you need to see it now. So I took a picture.



Speaking of being crafty.

I finally started getting ready for Cooper's arrival. He's one of those obnoxious people who love flamboyant Christmas decorations, so I'm trying to pretty up the room a little for him. We spent the whole evening stringing popcorn and then watched Thundercats on Youtube until Rory fell asleep with his head in the bowl with the leftover corn (He woke up with one kernel in each ear. I couldn't resist.).

We also hung up some mistletoe, but then I don't want to see Rory and Sugar sucking face (You were right. I really do feel like Harry Potter.) and there's also the threat of Cooper's "Christmas sex", which I should try not to encourage, so I might take it down again.

I mean, it's not like I'm planning on kissing anyone.

x Blaine

PS. I almost face-planted into the keyboard while typing this. I guess it's time to say goodnight. Sweet dreams, Kurt. (Do you really think you could sleep in a lighthouse? When it's all round? Wouldn't it make you dizzy?)

From: kurthummel@vogue.com

To: bdanderson@ram.ac.uk

Subject: I should get you a sweater with a B on it

Blaine,

Funny how as the nights get longer and the world gets darker, New York just seems lighter and brighter every day.

Even here in Bushwick, people went sort of overboard with Christmas decorations. Imagine slipping out of the door at 6 AM, still shaky because your coffee haven't had the chance to kick in yet, only to come face to face with a giant glowing snowman made of plastic. Then on the L train, an elf (in a full costume complete with a pointy hat and stripy stockings) sits down next to you and proceeds to read Christmas Carol on his Kindle with a clip-on torchlight.

I was still shaking my head in disbelief when I got off. There was a group of buskers outside the subway playing Happy Christmas (War is Over) on buckets.

It's days like this I wish my life was a rom com with a Meg Ryan voiceover.

I don't think there's many cities in the world that are as obsessed with Christmas as NYC. I was walking down the 8th avenue when I saw these fake Santa Clauses smoking outside the Shake Shack restaurant. I had to stop and stare for a while, because the ridiculousness of that view literally slapped me in the face.

I don't want to sound like one of those bad Christmas movies (and certainly not one of those movies in which Santa Claus falls down the chimney and loses his memory and then somebody proclaims him their grandfather, makes him wear awful cable knit sweaters and trims his beard), but Christmas should not be about fake snow, fake trees and fake Santa Clauses. It shouldn't be a competition in amount of Christmas decorations. It should be about being with people you love, right?

(And still I ended up sounding like a character from Everwood. Picture me shuddering with disgust.)

It must be hard for you not to be able to go back to Westerville for Christmas. I know your family can be difficult, but they were usually good with gatherings and holidays, weren't they? I mean, the whole Anderson clan together... that must have been something.

I printed out your collage and put it up on my computer monitor at work. Paul noticed it as soon as he came in and shot me this *look*, you should have seen it. I hope it didn't insult him. But you know what, I'm not going to feel guilty about things not working out between us. I'm waiting for my Disney Prince, Rachel be damned.

Isabelle is planning on throwing Christmas party at the office (speaking of Love, Actually, right?) and she invited Rachel and Brody, which worries me, because I didn't even know they knew each other that well. Oh, who am I kidding, they're probably having secret soirées behind my back where they analyse my love life. And the reason I think this is that they hung up mistletoe every-freaking-where at work.

I don't *want* to kiss random people, Blaine. In fact, I don't want to kiss non-random people either. Earlier today Paul decided to corner me under one of those godforsaken twigs and kiss me. And I was so STUNNED I kissed him back for a moment before my brain started functioning again and I pushed him away, trying hard not to stuff the mistletoe up his nose.

You know how I do with forced kisses, right? (At least from the people I do NOT desire to kiss.) I'm not really mad at Isabelle, to be honest. I think she's been eating too much curry and it's turned her brain into jalfrezi vegetables.

I don't have any excuses or apologies for Rachel, though, so I expect our home to be very quiet for a few days, as I am not speaking to her. And I will think really hard about going to that damn party.

To be honest, I'd much rather stay here and maybe catch you online again. It was nice talking to you in real time. More than nice, actually.

Merry almost Christmas, Blaine,

Kurt

PS. Sleeping in a lighthouse would not make me dizzy. You're mistaking me for a parrot. The real issue would be putting up pictures on the walls.

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From: bdanderson@ram.ac.uk

To: kurthummel@vogue.com

Subject: would that make me Tom Hanks?

Dear Kurt,

I'm so glad you liked the collage. It took me ridiculously long time to make it and I'm really good at crafty things. (Don't tell anyone, but I have this scrapbook I decorated with little beads and feathers hidden under my bed. It's still empty, because nothing worthy happened to me yet. I think I'll start with the Wicked premiere, though.)

Anyway, it was like I was obsessed with getting the collage right. I think I went through twenty different copies of Vogue UK and like millions of Daily Mails to get the right combination of colours and sizes. Maybe it's the snow and the sleep deficit driving me crazy or it's just that I miss you so much I needed it to be perfect.

It kind of reminded me of how you wanted to hold a funeral for Pavarotti back in Dalton, complete with a tiny little casket and black flags hanging out of school's windows, but you were outvoted at the Warblers' meeting (to be honest, I don't think David would allow it even if Pavarotti really died).

Speaking of, you never told me about the Blackbird thing. Or is it something you won't talk about via email like the Gershwin thing?

I think it depends on how you **yourself** see Christmas, Kurt. If you don't like all the bullcrap surrounding it, just ignore it. Focus on what **you** think is important. You said it yourself; being with people you love at least once a year should be the making of Christmas.

I promise you that the Anderson clan all together is not nice to look at. (Or maybe it is **nice** to look at, due to our distinctive bone-structure and great hair – Cooper's words.) It's not nice to listen to, though.

Every year my dad and grandfather get in the most ridiculous fights, which usually end up with my auntie Jess in tears (that woman is scared of confrontation, no wonder since she grew up with grandma and grandpa), my little cousins shooting peas at each other across the table (from their noses), and Cooper deciding to throw an impromptu performance of his commercial (and blinding grandma June with his teeth in the process).

As for me and my mum, we usually just stare at it in a complete silence for a while and then go upstairs and watch How Grinch Stole Christmas on the tiny telly in my bedroom.

So no, I'm not really sad I'll be spending Christmas Eve with just Cooper's insanity for a change. (It's still nicer than last year's Christmas, which I spent totally on my own, sobbing into a box of vegetarian pizza in my dorm room.)

That Paul bloke sounds like a douchebag if you ask me. You can't just go around kissing people you like, for god's sake. I wish I could punch him, but my arm is still not long enough (and if it was, I'd probably save it to hug you, anyway). He must either really like you or be an obsessive stalker if he's coming onto you even after you'd told him no.

I swear I would never do that to a boy. If I were Paul (hypothetically), I would never force a kiss on you. I would never do that unless I was hundred per cent sure you wanted it. Hell, I would even ask.

Merry almost Christmas, Kurt,

Blaine

PS. Think of me on December 30th?

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From: kurthummel@vogue.com

To: bdanderson@ram.ac.uk

Subject: as if you'd have to (hypothetically) ask

Attachments: [blackbird.mp3](#)

Blaine,

It was such a travesty when I was outvoted on the funeral thing. They do funerals with empty caskets all the time. I had a whole outfit planned. As for me singing Blackbird, I have a habit of turning to my Beatles discography when things go downhill. Did you know you can always find a Beatles song that suits your mood every moment of every day of your life?

I feel so connected to you while writing these emails and it's strange, because you couldn't be more far away. I haven't heard your voice /in person/ in four years. I haven't held your hand in four years. Yet these past two months I've felt closer to you than I ever had back in Dalton. I feel like I've gotten to know you so much better like this. Maybe even better than I ever could in person. Because people never lay out their thoughts like this in conversations.

Reading your last email made my skin tingle. (Beatles song of the day: Two of Us.)

As for Blackbird, it was a favourite song of my mom's. I knew I had the recording stashed somewhere. I hope you like it, even if there are no Warblers accompanying me.

I'm not *really* mad at Rachel, to be honest. I know she just wants me to be happy. It's funny how taken people never get how single people can be happy on their own, right? What's wrong with waiting for the right person all of the sudden?

She keeps telling me emailing you is unhealthy. Isn't that crazy?

I mean, this has been probably my healthiest relationship yet (figuratively speaking). I'm pretty sure she's just jealous because she didn't get to your inbox first. (I think she still has a tiny bit of a crush on you, but then doesn't everyone at some point.)

Speaking of snorting peas out of one's nose – Finn still does it and he's 22 years old. And my dad laughs at it. Dibs on the craziest family.

xo,

Kurt

PS. Of course I will.

PS 2. No, you're still my Billy Crystal.

From: bdanderson@ram.ac.uk

To: kurthummel@vogue.com

Subject: is there a Beatles song about the flu?

(I went through my personal Beatles collection and Revolution 9 seems rather close to what is happening in my head right now.)

Dear Kurt,

Last week I was waiting for the 94 bus when this really old lady in parka sneezed (repeatedly) right in my face. I asked her very nicely to *please* turn the other way, and do you know what she told me? That if she needed someone to patronise her, she'd dig out her dead husband.

I hope we're not like this when we're old, Kurt. Or if we are, I hope we're not wearing parkas.

I only realised she was probably contagious when I tried to ride the escalator the wrong way on my way home. It came down to two things: Either I'm sick or I'm in love.

Possibly both.

My shift in Starbucks was a disaster as well. I had to ask at least half of my costumers to repeat their names, because my ears were buzzing, and still, I managed to turn "Shayne" into "Shame" and "Taylor" into "Taller" (She gave me this look and said "You wish, Thumbelina." and then she stormed off with her Christmas Blend, mumbling something about "bloody Americans".).

The director wasn't happy either. No wonder since his Fiyero couldn't get through the second line of Dancing Through Life without having to blow his nose (Harmony said I was disgusting, IDK what her problem is, she is the one entirely covered in green paint, what's a little bit of snot). So he sent me home where I lay in my bed and listened to your Blackbird recording on repeat till it lulled me to sleep, until I woke up in shock realising I haven't responded to your email for DAYS. (I'm sorry! In my defence, you didn't make it easy for me.)

Cooper is coming next week and I keep alternating between excitement, anxiety and honest-to-god FEAR. I'm going to have to give up my bed for him, because there's no way I'm listening to him whine about having to sleep on our lumpy couch and there's even slimmer chance of me (ever) sharing the bed with him. (He steals the covers and clings to you like some kind of mentally unbalanced squid when he gets cold. Sometimes he sings Taylor Swift in his sleep.)

Which means *I* will get the couch.

It's actually not that bad if you know where all the lumps are, even if you wake up the next day feeling like somebody forced your body into the shape of the letter Z.

Let's talk about Blackbird, because I'm not sure I'll be able to avoid the elephant in the room for much longer. (Actually, I'm pretty sure the elephant has reached the size of brachiosaurus by now.)

I've never heard you sing with so much emotion before. It amazed me. It nailed me to my chair and I just sat there with my mouth open until the song ended and then I had to put it on again, because I couldn't believe my ears. Had you sung something like this for your audition in the Warblers, Wes and David would have made you our new lead singer. Hell, I would have *begged* them to make you one ...or to at least let me duet with you again. (Remember when we sang Baby It's Cold Outside Together? I wish you were here right now so we could do it again.)

Anyway, one of the reasons why I wanted to study music so badly was because it allows me to *feel*. It allows me to feel things I may not fully realise otherwise.

And I want you to know that listening to your cover of Blackbird made me *feel* a lot.

xo,

Blaine

PS. We kind of derailed from our “either or” game earlier, but to answer your last question: right now, I’m leaning towards the States.

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From: kurthummel@vogue.com

To: bdanderson@ram.ac.uk

Subject: mine is I Want To Hold Your Hand

Blaine,

I’m so sorry you’re ill. I would send you another care package with chicken noodle soup, but I’m not sure it would make it through the air mail.

This whole “brachiosaurus” thing is getting so frustrating I’m afraid even The Beatles is not enough for us anymore. We’ll have to move onto John Lennon. (I swear some of his stuff is so accurate: New York City, It’s So Hard, The Luck of the Irish, Jealous Guy – it’s like he’s mocking us! I’m SO ready to move onto Hard Times Are Over, you have no idea.)

Anyhow, when all things fail and we finally go crazy, there’s always Ringo’s solo stuff to fall back on.

We’ll be *fabulous* when we’re old, Blaine, how can you even question it. Can’t you just see us sitting in a rocking chair, me somewhere in the attic of the Gershwin Theater feeding the birds, and you retired in one of those unpronounceable Welsh towns like Penmaenmawr or Llanfairfechan teaching village children two-step shuffle.

I can see us still sending emails back and forth even though computers are not even used anymore.

Gosh, every time you mention your Wicked rehearsals, it sends a shiver down my spine. I feel like I’m more excited about your premiere than you are! Is Cooper going to stay long enough to come see you?

I don’t know why you’re complaining about Cooper singing in his sleep. At least you can join him in a harmony and kill some time till he shuts up, but I can do nothing but suffer silently when Finn starts snoring. Thank god for the small mercy of Rachel dating Brody right now, even though I think I almost prefer Finn’s snoring over some of the sounds *Rachel* keeps making when he’s over.

Oh, I remember Baby It’s Cold Outside. You were so flirty with me that night I felt like I was about to swoon all the way back to Lima with just one bat of your eyelashes. You, of course, were totally oblivious. There’s another (rather foamy) duet you and I did I remember *just as fondly*.

I still remember how flustered I was when we practiced sexy faces in front of the mirror. And I’m *still* not a sex expert, but I assure you that *that* is not what my sexy faces look like.

Just so we’re clear.

I talked about you with Isabelle the other day. She took me out for cheesecake and a glass of wine and forced me to spill everything. (I even admitted to her I print out all of your emails and re-read them before sleep or when I’m sad. She actually *cooed*.)

I told her about my fear of you being different in reality. That right now, you're just words... and that maybe the email you is not actually *you* you. That I see what I want to see, reading between the lines and imagining this man that might not even exist.

I asked her if I sounded crazy and she said "oh no, you don't, sweetie" and she called us "the tragic mixture of You've Got Mail and When Harry Met Sally". I don't think anyone's ever been more accurate when describing us. (I'd like to point out that you're the schizophrenic one in this scenario. At least I'm played by the same actress.)

I wonder what me singing Blackbird made you feel. I'm tired of dancing around the subject. Just tell me or I'll crack and I ring your ancient hipster phone and spend *so much money* on an international call I won't be able to buy any decent clothes for a year. And believe me, I'd rather go naked than repeating outfits.

xo,

Kurt

PS. Keep on leaning.

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From: bdanderson@ram.ac.uk

To: kurthummel@vogue.com

Subject: When Harry Got Mail is a bad movie title

Dear Kurt,

There is a moment, when you say to yourself, 'Oh. There you are. I've been looking for you forever.' It's funny how many of those moments I've had for the past few weeks. Mostly when logging into my email.

I don't believe for a minute you're that much different than your writing.

All of the emails we wrote, the care package you sent me, your picture, Blackbird, my memories of you. It's like a mosaic of Kurt Hummel, a puzzle I keep putting together. The real walking talking you is just one of the pieces. It's not a whole different picture.

There's nothing that thrills me more than opening my email and finding out you wrote me back. There is nothing that makes my heart jump in my throat as fast as when I see the "xo" before your name.

You move me, Kurt.

And even though we'll have to keep emailing until things change, I feel like it's all right, because it's at least *a way* to spend time with you.

Love,

Blaine

From: kurthummel@vogue.com
To: bdanderson@ram.ac.uk
Subject: You've Got Sally sounds way better

Blaine,

People say you have to live in New York for at least 10 years to become a New Yorker.

I never felt like Ohio was my home, but if I'm not allowed to be home in New York yet... where *do* I belong, then? Am I spiritually homeless? Does it really depend on the amount of *time* you spend somewhere? Shouldn't one of the variables be how many friends you've made there? Or how many times you've held somebody's hair while they threw up cosmopolitan all over your shoes (total count: 5, from witch 3 times was Rachel, once Isabelle and once Brody)?

I'm kind of sad I'm going to miss NYC on Christmas, but I'd be even sadder if I missed my dad on Christmas. It's so great to see him again, even though we saw each other for Thanksgiving. Christmas in Ohio is sort of the same as every year (so you know *you* won't miss anything.) The only thing that changed in the last 2 years is that the trees at the Christmas Tree Festival are now smaller because last year they beat out all of the windows on their way to the centre while transporting them. Apparently, the tips were really pointy.

Oh, small town issues...

Anyway, I just wanted to let you know, that if I were in New York right now and you were there with me, I would take you up to the office and kiss you underneath all of the mistletoe Isabelle and Paul hung up all over the building last month. And make them watch us just to get back on them.

But then, they'd probably like that, the perverts.

I made three copies of your last email. One of them is currently residing in the back pocket of my jeans as I lounge on my bed in Lima and type this, listening to [New York at Christmas](#) by Paul Safy Jr. (jazz is SO the right music genre for Christmas), the second one is under my pillow back in New York and the third one (believe it or not) is on Isabelle's clipboard at Vogue surrounded by little heart and dove stickers (I'm going to have to have a word with her fiancée about the amount of cheese in their relationship).

I just want to have it with me all the time, so I can reread it when I feel like it didn't happen.

It was the first time somebody called me a puzzle. I'm not sure I want to be a puzzle. With my luck, I'd probably end up being one of those 10,000 piece jigsaws where half the picture is a sky and the second half is an ocean and you can never tell one from another.

(You can work on a puzzle like that for months and months until you get bored with it and put it back in the box.)

Merry Christmas,

Xo,

Kurt

PS. The building has 40 floors. Just saying.

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From: bdanderson@ram.ac.uk
To: kurthummel@vogue.com
Subject: that's a lot of kisses

Dear Kurt,

I'm glad my email was such a hit, even though the only opinion I care about is yours.

I kind of feel like writing you for hours, because I want to tell you so many things, now that I can, but Cooper demands my full attention. (Literally. He even followed me to the loo. I had to shut the door in his face. Even brotherly love has to have some kind of line you don't cross.) I only got around to answering your email thanks to Rory, who took him out to find a red telephone box to take a picture with (Cooper is the most touristy tourist ever. You should've seen him taking pictures of Big Ben from thirty different angles).

There were so many things I couldn't tell you back in high school, because I was either oblivious, or I felt like I was being creepy thinking about my friend *like that*. I remember fantasizing about your lips for weeks, sticking my head under the pillow at night when I couldn't get the image out of my head. I always wondered what it'd be like to kiss them. To kiss /you/. I don't remember what exactly I felt towards you at that point, but those lips I *remember* loud and clear.

The way you used chapstick really didn't help, to be honest. I think I only managed to get rid of the thought after I'd had my first real kiss with a boy.

Not to be cheesy (yet again), but as they say, your home is where your heart is. If you feel like New York is your home, heck, call yourself New Yorker, everybody be damned! I think New York suits you. Ohio had always been too small for you (as it had for me).

If only I could call myself a Londoner. I'm really bad at British accents, though, so people would only laugh at me here. I kind of like being an American in England. Not as much as Cooper, apparently, who decided to buy half the assortment in the local souvenir shop and is now running around in a "mind the gap" t-shirt, I ♥ London hoodie and a baseball hat with the Union Jack on it. (He was also wearing a red Rudolph nose earlier in the spirit of Christmas, but he took it off when I promised to take him to Madame Tussauds tomorrow. I swear, sometimes he behaves more like my son than older brother.)

Then again, he promised to stay for my premiere, so I'm willing to overlook anything that happens during the week.

I really don't miss Christmas in Ohio at all, you're right. In Westerville, it was always about one thing – going to the church. It's not like I ever understood the concept of praying. I knew when I was supposed to stand up or sit down or repeat after the priest, but I never really listened to anything or "talked to God" in my head.

The only entertaining part about going to church has always been getting to wear tweed. I used to have this really nice (and expensive) tweed jacket with leather elbow patches my mom gave me for my thirteenth birthday that I was only allowed to wear to church. So, I would usually spend the whole service discreetly touching the fabric and marvelling at the feel.

It's sad that now, when I don't have to go to church at all, the jacket is too small for me. I still have it though, back in Ohio, in the back of my closet. It was too beautiful to ever give away.

You're not that type of a jigsaw, Kurt, are you daft? None of the pieces is similar to another. You're one of those puzzles people can't put away until it's complete.

Uh, looks like I have to go now. Cooper and Rory just came back and Cooper is frowning at me and shaking his head. Either he really doesn't like me being on my computer right now, or he's doing one of is weird-ass exercises.

One way or another, I'm not gonna risk his wrath. Write soon! I'll wait until he's asleep and pop down to Starbucks for a reply.

Merry Christmas to you too!

Love,

Blaine

PS. I really like that song. The lyrics are really close to what I'm feeling right now.

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From: kurthummel@vogue.com

To: bdanderson@ram.ac.uk

Subject: if I can be New Yorker you can be Londoner

Blaine,

I hope you enjoy your Christmas with Cooper as much as possible despite him behaving like a five year old. I wish I could be there with you. Or you here with me. Now more than ever before. Our last email exchange didn't make things any less frustrating, you know. I am a person who appreciates a good irony, though, and I *appreciate* that when Blaine Anderson, the crush of my high school years, finally returns my feelings, HE DOES SO FROM A DIFFERENT CONTINENT.

That's classic example of Hummel's law (which is like Murphy's law but several times worse).

You were fantasizing about my lips? At what point? Had I known, I would have sucked on a lot more lollipops in your presence. Actually, that's not true, I can't see that. I was really shy back then, especially around you. I would have probably just blushed like crazy and run away with a high-pitched squeak. (For a record, that's what I did after *my* first kiss with a boy.) What *was* your first kiss with a boy like, anyway?

I mean, we all know about your first kiss with a girl...

We should probably stop talking about kissing, or this thing will get frustrating on a whole new level.

Cooper in London sounds hilarious. I can't tell how I'd behave, but I know *for sure* I wouldn't be seen dead in one of those hideous souvenir shop hoodies. I'm very jealous of Cooper getting to see you as Fiyero, though. Do remind him to take pictures of you in your costume, please and thank you.

My dad came to my room earlier when I was reading your email and found me giggling and kicking my feet on the bed... I had to tell him about you. I didn't tell him everything... obviously. Just that we got back in touch and been emailing for some time. He looked like it pleased him. Then he ran away to tell Carol (I swear sometimes he's a bigger gossip than I am). Carol told me to tell you hello, by the way, and that she's really proud of you for making it so far (and then started yelling at Finn, that he won't ever make it *anywhere* if he doesn't stop eating her cookie dough when she's not looking).

You must have been adorable as a child in your little tweed jacket with elbow patches. I'm going to have to email Cooper and ask him for pictures. I do know what you mean about churches, though. The only time I've been to a church was when my dad was sick and Mercedes took me there to pray for him. It wasn't bad, per se.

They had a really good choir and I got to wear a fabulous hat... but I still felt really weird in there. Sort of like when you get lost at chemist's and find yourself in the tampon department.

You could always save that jacket for later when you have kids. Tweed will never go out of fashion, I can promise you that.

If you guys go to Madame Tussauds, don't forget to take picture with Elvis Presley. I need to see you two next to each other... for science.

Enjoy your Christmas Eve, say hi to Cooper for me and tell him I'm sorry (but not really) for keeping you away from him.

Love and jingle bells,

Kurt

PS. Thought it won't be as merry without you tonight / I've still got Broadway to make Christmas bright

From: bdanderson@ram.ac.uk
To: kurthummel@vogue.com
Subject: Fa la la la la...

Dear Kurt,

When I was little, I used to catch snowflakes on my tongue and then make a wish before swallowing them.

I don't even remember who told me about it (probably Cooper), but I used to do it every Christmas Eve. I remember spending hours running around the garden with my head tilted towards the sky and my mouth wide open, trying to get as many wishes as possible. I'd come back inside with frozen toes and snow clinging to my eyebrows and eyelashes and probably also running a fever. I remember being so happy, though. Happy, that all of my wishes would come true.

I stopped doing it at 14 when I found out that not even snowflake magic can protect you from some things.

This year's Christmas Eve was pretty special. We went ice skating and Cooper attempted to do a triple axel, which ended up in Rory inhaling hot chocolate through his nose in shock, me laughing so hard I choked on a mince pie and Cooper himself falling on his ass and proceeding to sit in the middle of the ice rink like a bump on a log with the biggest pout known to mankind. (I don't think people in their thirties who act like a toddlers on an ice skating rink should be allowed to have "Christmas sex" on their bucket list. Sometimes I don't understand how Cooper functions without professional help.)

On the way back home Cooper couldn't stop talking about anything but his poor bruised ass. He even wanted me to look if it's not broken, at one point (I said "not even if you paid me in gold", thank you very much). I wished you were there with me. I knew we would exchange looks and roll our eyes and then, on the tube, muffle each other's giggles while Cooper would loudly complain about the pain and Rory would just blindly nod at everything, his precious little Irish heart swelling with adoration. (God that boy thinks Cooper is the stars and the moon when Cooper would be lucky to even tell one from another, bless him.)

They're out like a light now and weirdly enough, I can't seem to feel any tiredness at all.

It was a nice day. But I still missed you and I wished you were there. Damn, we'd be the cutest ever; ice skating, holding hands at the Christmas market, getting tipsy on a shared cup of mulled wine, kissing each other's frozen knuckles, then cheeks and finally the wine-stained lips. (And I probably wouldn't be able to stop myself from biting down, because you'd taste like cinnamon and happiness.)

I know you're probably with your family right now, building snowmen, roasting turkeys, feeding the ducks and whatnot, but I still like the thought of you coming home, opening your laptop and logging into your email, your cheeks still red from the cold. I like to think you'd smile this really subtle and easy smile of yours (that one when the right corner of your mouth quirks slightly upwards and your eyes crinkle and turn a bit murky green) while reading these words, and then you'd lean back in your chair with a long sigh, brushing stray locks of hair from your forehead...

Oh wow, it's snowing again. You know what? I think I'll slip out between the snowflakes and try out the old tradition again. What do we know, maybe some of my wishes will come true and I will see you in my dreams tonight.

Still a bit buzzed on the mulled wine,

Love,

Blaine

PS. Thematically, my first ever kiss with a boy was a mistletoe kiss. It was at a 2011 Warblers Christmas party. He tasted like clove cigarettes and candy cane and he put his hand in my back pocket (as if I was going to BELIEVE he was looking for some forgotten piece Christmas candy in there...).

From: kurthummel@vogue.com

To: bdanderson@ram.ac.uk

Subject: ...la la la la.

Blaine,

You made me remember when my mom and I used to sing White Christmas on the first snow day every year. She loved that song. Music is such a **huge** part of Christmas, isn't it. I mean, there's smells and there are all these pretty greens and reds and lights, but the melodies are always the first thing to show up and the last to go every year. You just know it'll soon be time to get your decorations out when you hear Bing Crosby on the radio.

I've actually never ice skated before, can you even believe that? The truth is, I was always too scared to go on my own back in Ohio, and now that I'm free to be myself, ironically, I have no time. Maybe it's for the best, though. You know I get all cranky and obsessed when I'm not excellent at everything I do. It's a thing. (When I was 13 and learning how to knit I was really bad at it at first and I shut myself in my room for four days and knit and knit until every single thing in that room had a knitted jacket on it. Even the plate of grapes that was on the table.)

I've got a hunch it would take few falls to get me to even stand on my feet. (I assume so from the one time I roller skated. And those were "just" little wheels on my shoes. When you ice skate, there are KNIVES of them. I'd be lucky to still have all of my vital parts by the end. I like my vital parts where they are, thank you very much.)

I think I'd still go if it was with you, though. We could sing White Christmas together. But only if you promised me not to let me fall. (Or at least not to laugh too hard when I do.)

This is so unfair, you know. Who gave you the right to put all of these images of the two of us being all cute and couply on Christmas in my head!? If I ever lowered myself to using emoticons in my emails, it would be now and it would NOT be a happy face. It's so funny how only two months ago I wasn't interested in any sort of relationship that wasn't for **real**, because they're damn confusing and complicated and you never know where you stand... and look at me now, practically dating somebody I haven't seen in four years over email.

Rachel thinks we're both crazy and she makes it a point to remind me every time she sees me reading one of your emails and grinning like an idiot. (It's getting annoying, because every time she does it, I remind her of her eternal Finn/Brody dilemma and then we don't speak to each other for days.) It's possible that part of the reason why I hate it when she says things like that is that she might be right.

I mean, flirting over emails is one thing, but we're ...over that, aren't we? So what are we doing now, Blaine? What **is** this?

I tried talking to Carol about it, but she just keeps giggling and giving me these weird looks. And before you ask, I never even HINTED on cybersex. Maybe she ate too many of those rum pralines I brought her from NYC.

Say hi to Cooper and Rory for me (also: aww!).

Mistletoe-kisses all over your face,

Kurt

PS. Pretty sure he was looking for a piece of *something* (it definitely wasn't candy cane, though).

PS 2. Each of the grapes had its *own* jacket, naturally.

PS 3. Don't waste your wishes on dreams! Wish for reality! Maybe I will climb on the roof and hitch a ride with Santa tonight. How long do you think it'd take to fly across the ocean on his sleigh?

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From: bdanderson@ram.ac.uk

To: kurthummel@vogue.com

Subject: I like a man who knits

Dear Kurt,

Bing Crosby is awesome. His voice is like warm milk and honey mixed together with smiles and that feeling when someone plays with your hair. I wish we could sing it together while ice skating *so bad*, oh my god, my pout is so profound right now you're probably able to see it in Lima.

It's a lovely Christmas Day morning here in (yet again) snowy London. It would be even lovelier hadn't Cooper decided to wake me up by jumping on my bed at 8 AM. I swear I was THISCLOSE to committing fratricide. I almost burst in tears when I found out he and Rory got me one of those mugs you can paint on and they put BEST FIYERO EVER on it, though. They painted it themselves. It's really ugly and you can barely read the lettering, but it's the best Christmas present I got in years. I can see myself drinking my coffee from it when I'm old and wrinkly with 51 cats.

I'm sorry I put those images in your head. It's nice to know the feeling is mutual, though. I sort of torture myself like this practically every day, you know. Lately all I seem to think about, when I'm not rehearsing for the show, is you. I'm trying to connect all the memories I have with all the new things I know about you and I'm trying to imagine what it'd be like to really BE with you.

If "email boyfriends" was a thing, I wouldn't hesitate to ask you to be mine, you know. I know distance relationships *can* work, but I never heard of one that *started* distanced (and Joe Fox and Kathleen Kelly are not real, as much as I'd like to think they are). People don't fall in love in emails.

Or at least I didn't think they did.

Can you imagine the two of us meeting in person at this point? (First things first, we wouldn't end up like Joe and Kathleen, because we already saw each other and we don't own rivalling bookshops.) I don't know what I'd DO with myself, though. I'd probably look ridiculous just staring at you with my mouth open, thinking that you're probably a hallucination from too much coffee or cinnamon or maybe some leftover virus from my flu... and then I'd jump into your arms or lift you up and cuddle you so hard you wouldn't be able to breathe.

And who says this can't be for real? You're real, I'm real, what's between us is real. The rest is just white noise.

Anyway, the Wicked premiere is tomorrow and my knees are shaking like crazy already. (Do you think the audience could go for really shaky take on Fiyero? It could be a new thing.) I think I'm ready, though. Nerves aside, I prepared for this well and I worked really hard and it should be all fine.... right?

This all still doesn't stop me from wishing you were there. Think of me in about 36 hours?

Love,

Blaine

PS. I don't think having sex via email is possible. Sometimes it takes days and days until the other person writes back. You'd need some *stamina*.

PS. *I* will lower myself to using an emoticon today: <3

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From: rachelbberry@nyada.edu

To: bdanderson@ram.ac.uk

Subject: Merry Christmas, Blaine Warbler!

Hello, Blaine!

This email may come as a bit of shock to you, but please, don't freak out. Don't freak out, because you need to put on your coat and drive over to the airport and pick up Kurt.

Are you freaking out now?

As much as I don't think your relationship is healthy (how did you even get through several months without singing together is a mystery to me), me, Brody, Isabelle and Kurt's parents couldn't *bear* the longing looks he kept giving his computer and decided to buy him ticket to London for Christmas.

Now, it was quite expensive, so it's really just *the tickets*. Literally. You're going to have to feed him and find him somewhere to sleep... but somehow I don't think that'll be an issue...

His plane (flight IB4618) should land at Heathrow at 20:15 (your time).

Please, return Kurt in good health and preferably good mental state. If he's suffering from broken heart when he gets back home, I am going there and scratching your eyes out, Blaine Warbler, I don't care if you move to damn Abu Dhabi.

I will find you.

Break a leg at your premiere tomorrow! Love,

Rachel ✧

PS. DON'T SCREW IT UP

From: bdanderson@ram.ac.uk
To: rachelbberry@nyada.edu.com
Subject: HE'S HERE

Dear Rachel,

I can't tell you how grateful I am to all of you for giving me the best Christmas present I could ever imagine. I'd describe you what happened at the airport, but words wouldn't make it justice. It was like the ending scene of Love, Actually, when Martine McCutcheon jumps into Hugh Grant's arms and kisses him so hard she smears her lipstick all over his face (only I wasn't wearing lipstick and there were no Beach Boys playing in the background).

He was trying to look composed and together, but he really wasn't (he looked tired and jetlagged and his hands were shaking so hard his suitcase positively VIBRATED on its wheels behind him). I thought it was adorable. I thought *he* was adorable.

Just so you know, I was freaking out the whole way to the airport. I was freaking out so much I had to pull over three times and do some calming breathing exercises while reciting the alphabet backwards. I mean, I WAS GOING TO SEE KURT. I was going to hold him if he let me. Hell, I was going to hold him if he *didn't* let me.

I was still freaking out when I finally let go of him and he immediately slipped back into my arms and I buried my face in his neck and breathed him in (in a non-creepy way).

It was perfect, though. Even if he fell asleep on the way back and now he has a perfect imprint of a safety belt on his cheek. He still managed to hold my hand the whole ride, even if he was exhausted to death, bless him. I can't wait to show him London. I can't wait to properly talk to him. I can't... I just can't.

Anyway.

I'm emailing you back to not only thank you (from the bottom of my heart, seriously, I owe you all, BIG TIME, just name your reward), but to also inform you that Kurt has safely arrived and he's currently sleeping off his jetlag (with Cooper cooing over him). I'm going to feed him as soon as he wakes up and I'm going to take an excellent care of him the whole time he's here. He won't even want to go back home.

Seriously, I hope he won't.

Again, thank you SO much for doing this. And, please, forward my thanks to everybody else who paid for the tickets.

Merry Christmas and Happy New Year,

Blaine

PS. There will be no need to look for me in Abu Dhabi as I am not leaving his side anytime soon. TBH, I don't think it'd be possible at this point.

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From: kurthummel@vogue.com
To: rachelbberry@nyada.edu.com
Subject: !!!

Rachel,

I'm in London, can you **believe** it? I know **I** can't. I keep looking out of the window of Blaine's flat to make sure the cars are still going on the other side of the road and this all is not just a dream and I won't wake up back in Ohio with a drool on my chin.

Also, I've JUST taken the opportunity and read your email to Blaine while he was changing and I am very displeased with you. Why would you threaten him??? For your information, he's been literally **pampering** me ever since I got there. He let me sleep in his bed (without him there, thank you very much) AND he brought me breakfast when I woke up all dishevelled and confused and didn't laugh at my hair (like some people across the ocean do in the morning).

Wrath aside though, because you **did** make it possible for me to be here (for which I am forever grateful). Rachel, he's so amazing. You'll have to let me gush for a bit, because everything is so exciting, amazing and tiring at the same time, I just **have** to vent.

You're my best straight, so you'll have to deal with it.

He's not quite the same as I remember him from Dalton; he's still Blaine, but he's all new and improved and still swoon-worthy, dare I say. He literally JUMPED at me at the airport and I was so tired (barely standing on my feet), but it was still felt perfect, a bit like coming home (corny, Hummel, corny). He kissed me. (A little.) I think he didn't mean to, but we were both so excited about seeing each other... it just sort of happened in the heat of the moment. Funny how that was our first kiss (and it was quick, off-centre and wet), but it was still my **best** first kiss.

We haven't talked about it since (and we haven't kissed again since). I don't think it's because he doesn't want to, though. I could start the conversation just as easily. There's been so much happening and we haven't had a chance to be alone, yet. I don't want to talk about our relationship in front of Cooper (who is still as hilarious as he used to be) and Rory (who called me "a dashing lad" and whom I want to adopt), so we'll have to wait for the right time.

London is beautiful. I mean, New York is beautiful too, but this is a whole new different kind of beautiful. The ~vibe is completely different. Or maybe it's just Blaine's hand in mine that makes it all so special. I haven't seen much of it yet, but what I **have** seen stole my breath away.

We're going to see Blaine in Wicked tonight. I'm so excited, Rachel. It's the best combination of things, isn't it. Wicked. Christmas And Blaine. I'll be on cloud nine.

Honestly, thank you so much for everything. I can't believe I'm here. I can't believe I didn't fly over and jump around Blaine's neck AGES ago. This is well worth the money. It's worth everything. Even worth giving up cheesecake and moisturising products for few weeks. And you know it's a serious business when Kurt Hummel says THAT.

God, Rachel, I think this might be it.

Kisses from snowy England,

Kurt

PS. I mean his **LIPS**

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From: burt.hummel@yahoo.com
To: bdanderson@ram.ac.uk
Subject: Your intentions regarding my son

Dear Blaine,

So, I read this really interesting email of yours.

I understand my son recently spent few days with you in London and that some... things went down. Listen, I'm not going to give either of you any kind of "talk". You're well in your twenties and you live on your own and you have the right to do whatever you want with your life.

But since you and I know each other, do me a favour and let me ask you this: Are you serious about Kurt? Because maintaining a long-distance relationship is a no laughing matter. I know that right now you might both feel great, since you just spent time together (I mean, Kurt is practically floating, his whole face lit up brighter than our Christmas tree), but you gotta be careful, kiddo, because it won't be always like that. It'll get frustrating and there'll be temptations. I don't want either of you boys to get hurt, you understand what I'm trying to say, right?

So, I want you to sit down and think about it. Are you really ready for a long-distance relationship like this? (From what Kurt's told me, you're not planning on coming back to the States anytime soon.)

That said, I'm glad you're doing well. We were all proud of you when Kurt first told us about your studies in the UK.

Take care, kid,

Burt

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From: bdanderson@ram.ac.uk
To: burt.hummel@yahoo.com
Subject: Re: Your intentions regarding my son

Dear Mr. Hummel,

I'm so sorry you had to read that email. It was intended for Rachel's eyes only. But I guess now that the cat's out of the bag, it's only good that you did.

My intentions with Kurt are nothing but showering him with affection. I may be a bit confused when it comes to my life and my whereabouts right now, but when it comes to him, everything is very clear to me. I want to be with Kurt.

I want us to be boyfriends. Long-distance, short-distance, no-distance at all, my feelings are not going to change. I wish I could tell you this face-to-face and make you believe me. I know it won't be easy, but it'll be well worth trying. I'm crazy about your son. I want it to work.

It was very nice to hear from you, sir. Kurt is very lucky to have you.

Happy New Year!

Sincerely,

Blaine Anderson

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From: kurthummel@vogue.com

To: bdanderson@ram.ac.uk

Subject: I miss you

Hello, boyfriend,

Yes, that's right, my dad told me about your little exchange of emails. First, I'm really sorry about Rachel practically giving him your address on a silver platter. I can't believe she really **forwarded** your **whole email** to him, instead of just saying you said thank you, when you said "forward my thanks". Picture me face-palming. That was SUCH a Finn thing to do.

I'm still not sorry, though, because the whole thing made our relationships even more real. Not only to my dad, but especially to me. Not that it hadn't been real before. I mean, it seemed pretty damn **real** to me my last night in London. Are you picturing it, Blaine? God, I hope you are. Because it would be unfair if I were the only one stuck with that image in my head forever (You were so beautiful that night, can we talk about it in emails? I hope we can, because I may go crazy if we don't. And there are things Rachel doesn't have to know.).

Anyway. Bless Cooper for taking Rory out and not coming back till 3 AM (even if they came back hammered). You should thank him again for me.

2016 hasn't been here for two days and it already feels really weird. Maybe it's because 2015 swished by so fast, especially the last few months. I don't know. I miss you, Blaine, DAMN, do I miss you. I think we didn't think it through with the distance thing. Because now that I know what your lips taste like, it's really hard not to have them against mine all the time. Now that I know the way you smell, it's really hard not to be able to smell it on my pillow all the time.

Rachel keeps making fun of me. She told me to tell you to send me some of your clothes. She was joking, of course, but I didn't think it was such a **bad** idea.

I mean, would you? Or is it borderline creepy?

Going back to New York always seems so natural. Isabelle was really enthusiastic when I told her about my London trip. She was so happy for me she asked me out to Indian food. I told her I was **quite smitten**, but that I didn't think it was time to bury my face in Vindaloo just yet. (You remember what that did to her, right?)

I have to go back to sleep. My brain is still operating on British time and it's going to give me circles under my eyes. (Unacceptable.) But before I drift away, I'm going to put on the bootleg from your version of Wicked. I know I told you many times, Blaine, but it was amazing. You were amazing on that stage.

I was so proud to be with you.

Love,

Kurt

PS. I left you something under the Christmas tree. It's in the very back. You wouldn't notice it if you didn't look for it.

PS 2. Rachel asked me what was up with our weird obsession with Love, Actually. I asked her if there ever was anything **down** with it. Seriously, that girl needs to sort out her Christmas movies priorities.

From: bdanderson@ram.ac.uk
To: kurthummel@vogue.com
Subject: quite smitten, huh?

Dear Kurt,

I'm so full of food I'm surprised my fingers still fit on the computer keys. Sugar and Rory took me out for dinner, because I "looked like somebody kicked me in the bollocks repeatedly" after you left. I don't get why they're so surprised. They saw how we were together. They know how much I miss you! I have the right to be as whingy as I damn please! Anyway, they took me out to Brick Lane for curry, because apparently *somebody* told them that that's what people do in the US when they "have the hots for somebody". (Exactly how much time did you spend with Sugar while I wasn't around and more importantly, why did you teach her the word "hots"!?)

The only "hots" I ended up having were the ones on my tongue, when the Phall Rory and Sugar ordered for me almost burnt out all of my taste buds.

I don't think my tongue will ever walk again.

So, that's just to let you know I might have been ruined for you. Now, let me start the email again, properly and without talking/thinking about my tongue (at least while it's in this condition).



Kurt. I miss you. I miss you so very very very much. You can't even imagine, or maybe you can, I don't know. I want you to know that the few days you spent here with me were my happiest days in YEARS. When I saw you at the airport... I can't describe what I felt. I mean... It was like there was a hot air balloon in my chest that kept getting bigger and bigger and I felt warm all the way down to my toes. Kurt, my TOES were tinkling. I'm sorry if I startled you by jumping at you, but I wouldn't have been able to stop myself if I tried. You looked so tired and warm and devastatingly »perfect«.

And all the puzzle pieces finally fell into place.

I'm sad we couldn't spend New Year's Eve together, but honestly, who needs that crap anyway. I'll still be the first person to kiss you in 2016, won't I (please, Kurt, let me be the first person to kiss you in 2016). I wish it were possible to send kisses through the post. You'd have so many in your mailbox by now you wouldn't know what to do with them.

Your last night here, like you said, was probably even better than some stupid New Year's celebration could have ever been. Kurt, I didn't DARE to think you'd let me kiss you, when you came here, let alone— other things. But then that kiss at the airport happened, and I know that it was an accident, but it was perfect. And then you kept holding my hand and every time you caught me gazing at you, you'd blush and squeeze it and sometimes you'd kiss my cheek.

And then, your last night here... gosh, I wish I could look at you while I'm typing this. Scratch that, I wish I could *tell* you myself. I know you were there with me, but I'll never stop replaying it in my head.

We were in my bed and it was really dark. I thought you were sleeping and you thought I was sleeping and then a car drove past and illuminated the room and we were STARING at each other. And then you kissed me. And it was everything. I remember the way you felt against my skin when I rolled on top of you and pressed you down into the mattress. I remember you trembling under me. I thought you were cold at first (come to think of it, your toes felt like ICE against my calves), but then I looked into your eyes again, and they were so damn dark blue and full of... want.

I think I gave you a hickey somewhere on your collarbone(?)

(You tasted so good, I couldn't help myself.)

So, obviously, the answer is yes, we most definitely **can talk** about these things. In fact, I'd prefer we did, because it's all we're gonna be able to do for now.

Don't worry about your dad. I always liked Burt. And I'd like to keep the possibility of another email exchange with him open for a long time, if you know what I mean. He was really sweet, sort of concerned about our relationship, because of the whole, you know, across the ocean thing... but I think he's on board. Which is nice to know.

Our second night of Wicked was brilliant (although it wasn't as perfect as the premiere). I don't think there is a better feeling in the world than getting a standing ovation.

I think the feeling of your lips and tongue on the crease of my thigh definitely comes close behind, though.

I miss you, miss you, miss you and wish you got your pretty ass back here. I miss the weight of your head on my chest while I sleep.

Please, write soon, I am going crazy over here.

Love,

Blaine

PS. Nothing will ever overcome your friends' Christmas present (as in you coming to London), but I LOVED the scarf. It smells so much like you. And it's so long and chunky and warm. I never take it off. Rory keeps calling me "the Fourth Doctor" and every time I ask him "doctor who?" he just laughs at me. I want you back. You're a nice person, you don't laugh at people.

PS 2. I'm "quite smitten", too, you know.

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From: kurthummel@vogue.com

To: bdanderson@ram.ac.uk

Subject: did you really eat something called "Phall"?

(Just let it sink for a while.)

Blaine,

I'm glad you liked the scarf! I spent days and nights knitting it for you (sweating and crying when I lost a loop, so no wonder it smells like me). I actually started knitting that scarf after the first few emails we exchanged, so it's been going on for a while. Which is why it's so long. Sometimes I'd just sit on my bed, stare at the email box on my computer, willing your email to come, knitting.

I loved the airport kiss, Blaine. I was so nervous the whole flight (let alone fucking exhausted), scared that you wouldn't like me or that I wouldn't like you... but then I saw you there, even more nervous than I was, biting your lip adorably, all eyelashes and red cheeks... and I was done for. So, no worries. You didn't do anything I wasn't ready for. Hell, we didn't get to do most things I **was** ready for.

I think Sugar is actually my soulmate, not you. I was almost going to ditch you and keep her forever, but then I realised she missed some vital body parts, so we dropped the plan. (I'm kidding. You're my favourite forever.

You just might have to share from time to time – she has my email address now.) She really likes me. She said she wished I was her best gay friend, because your gayness is not strong enough. I wasn't sure if I should be offended on your behalf or flattered on mine, but I told her your "gayness" was definitely strong enough in every sense of the word.

Which shut her up rather effectively.

Oh, god, Blaine, that night, THAT NIGHT (it deserves caps lock). You realise that if we continue our conversation like this, our emails will pretty soon turn into mild erotica? Not that I mind. I wouldn't mind that at all, since, as you pointed out, this is the only thing we can do for now. (I just won't be able to read it while Rachel or Brody are at the apartment.)

Which is sort of frustrating and exciting at the same time.

Is that kinky that I kind of like the idea? I loved what you wrote there. How you described the night. God, I could almost smell your shampoo while reading your words. It smells so strong now that you don't put tons of gel in your hair and it's slightly longer. I enjoyed tugging at the curls (I think you did too).

You did give me a hickey. It's actually still there. I keep staring at it in the mirror every time I'm getting ready for a shower. /It's where your mouth has been. It keeps turning me on./ I remember your eyelashes tickling me under my chin when you sucked on my skin. I wouldn't be surprised if there were still nail-marks on your ass. (Oh god I loved feeling you on top of me, your weight holding me down.)

Also, if I remember it correctly, I was the one who got to taste *you* and not the other way around.

You deserve every single clap, honey. I said it thousand times and I will say it again, you were an outstanding Fiyero. And I'm not just saying that because you're my boyfriend. Blaine, I never hold back with critique. And I've seen Wicked on Broadway. You were better than that. I mean, I was flabbergasted (but then, the last time I saw you perform was when you did that ridiculous Maroon 5 number back at Dalton).

Dad says you sounded really decent in your email. It's good he'd met you before, because I don't think he'd be on board with the long-distance thing quite as much if he hadn't.

So, well done.

I'll be waiting for your next email with my needles ready at hand.

As long as you're mine,

Kurt

PS. I'm so sorry about your tongue. I hope it's all fine when we see each other again.

.

From: bdanderson@ram.ac.uk

To: kurthummel@vogue.com

Subject: I knew you only wanted me for my tongue

Dear Kurt,

I have no idea why I was so nervous. Maybe I wasn't nervous, but just really excited. Seeing you again felt a bit like the old times, back at Dalton, but not really, if you know what I mean. Because you're not **that** Kurt anymore. You're **my** Kurt now. /Kurt from the emails, Kurt who came to visit me in bleeding LONDON, Kurt who went to see me the opening night of Wicked (I'm so glad you were proud to be with me. I wanted you to be. When I sang As Long As You're Mine, I kept imagining your face on Harmony's mug. It made the acting so much easier.)./

Being able to touch you was my favourite part of your visit.

Don't get me wrong. I love emailing you and there is nothing like that feeling I get when opening your replies. You rarely get the opportunity to blabber about anything and everything without reality getting in the way. But here, in the virtual reality, time goes way slower. And exploring both of our thought has been a delight.

I think it's why we didn't talk as much when we finally saw each other. We couldn't let go of each other's hands, though, so that tells you a lot. I think we were catching up. It's like, we've talked about so many things in our emails, things you don't usually get the chance to talk about in real life, there was no reason to talk anymore. Or at least not when we could be touching instead.

Sugar later told me she thought we were adorable, just gazing into each other's eyes for the first two days. She also told me we weren't that adorable anymore, when we started bantering.

Which reminds me: I am not sharing you with Sugar. In fact, I am not sharing you with anyone.

You do remember it correctly. It was you who did the tasting. I'm just really sad I didn't get to reciprocate. I'm going to have to just keep picturing it till I get the chance to do it, I guess. You wanna know how I'd go about it?

I think I'd take my time. There would be no flights home in the morning, so I could just tease you for hours and hours... And. oh, Kurt, I really want to get to know your body. Better than I know mine. I'd lick you everywhere. I'd smell you everywhere. I'd press my fingers into the dimples above your ass and you'd arch like a cat, groaning into the pillow (it still smells like you). I'd rub your back and your thighs and then I'd flip you over and take time with your chest and stomach, scraping my teeth over your milky skin. And then I'd just go down on you, slow, oh-so-teasingly-slow, and let you bury your fingers in my hair.

Is that something you'd be interested in?

Yours, always, forever... plus a day,

Blaine

From: kurthummel@vogue.com
To: bdanderson@ram.ac.uk
Subject: Impromptu

Blaine,

Funny how time flies at the beginning of every year. You don't even have a chance to adjust and 2016 already feels **right**. It's like when your birthday is nearing and you think to yourself, "Ugh, 21, well that feels awfully wrong!", but as soon as that day rolls around, saying you're 20 suddenly feels like wearing a sweater that's one size too small (and while in some cases that could be flattering, it might also cut off your blood flow).

In any case, this obnoxiously fast running January is not making me miss you any less. It's just making me miss you faster. Yesterday morning I woke up nearly hanging down the right side of my bed. Funny how we only spent few nights together and I'm already automatically making space for you, even if my bed is too small.

Does that freak you out?

Your naughty emails are not helping, by the way, I think we're going to have to postpone that particular kind of correspondence until Rachel's finals are over. She's been really tense. I accidentally woke her up while sneaking into the bathroom with my laptop in a middle of the night and she almost scratched my eyes out. (I tried telling her I was still on London time and couldn't sleep, but she was too angry to buy that.) It's times like these I'm actually glad I didn't get into NYADA. Their exam periods are CRAZY (they don't call it period for nothing, believe me).

Speaking of scratching.

Rachel finally got what she wanted and now there's three of us in the apartment. And I'm not talking about Brody, even if his and Rachel's sex life has been known to be questioningly... kinky and he's here, like, **all the time**. I'm talking about our new cat, which Rachel named Impromptu (hence the subject). I keep calling it The Imp, though, because it's not a cat but the actual Satan.

I always considered myself a cat person. Not that I ever had a cat. I just **assumed**, since we share a lot of traits: we're independent, sassy, we purr when people pet us just the way we like it, and we like moving shiny objects. But no. The Imp is not like that at all. It's crazy. It doesn't let anybody but Rachel touch it, it keeps hissing at me and it sheds all over my clothes. Oh and the scratching, Blaine! For once, I'm actually glad you can't see me, because my legs and arms are **covered** with that little devil's claw marks. Rachel bought it the scratching post thingy, but apparently, there is nothing better than having a piece of Hummel instead.

Also, it bit me in the nose yesterday.

I wish we could have gotten you, instead. Actually, any kind of dog would have been better. Another cross I gotta bear, I guess. It just makes me spend even more time in the office with Isabelle and Paul (who has a new boyfriend and keeps showing me cute pictures of them together AS IF I CARE). The whole department is laughing at us. They call us "The Smitten Trio". I resent that, though. I might **be** smitten, but I certainly don't act like Mr. Darcy post-epiphany on crack.

Even if Matthew Macfadyen is really hot.

I can't believe Sugar didn't like our banter. We've always had an excellent banter, even from the very start, thank you very much. But then, you were always the only one who thought my jokes were funny.

And they say soulmates don't exist.

Write soon, I mean it.

Second star to the right, and straight on till the morning,

Kurt

PS. Why, I am VERY interested in all of that Blaine. Hold the thought.

PS 2. No, seriously, hold it. Because if just READING what you wrote made me feel *like that*, I can't imagine what the real thing will do to me.

.

From: bdanderson@ram.ac.uk

To: kurthummel@vogue.com

Subject: I am holding the thought

Dear Kurt,

I always thought the whole concept of soulmates was ridiculous, but when you think about it... there are many people that are obviously *destined* to be together. All the great duos: Barack and Michelle Obama, Prince William and Kate Middleton, Neil Patrick Harris and David Burtka, Lennon and McCartney, Lady and the Tramp...

...and I think we're kind of like them, even if it's very daring to put us up among THOSE people. The thing is, my relationships never felt exactly right, if you can even call them that. It didn't make any sense, because nothing seemed to be off. Those guys were hot, nice, hygieneminded... it never lasted for long, though. And now, take us - we're a mess. We've known each other for five years, yet we only get our shit together when there's like 3,000 miles between us, and via email of all things.

(Not that I have anything against email. I owe it a lot. The point is, this feels right. The circumstances might be a bit of a drag, but it. Feels. So. Damn. Right. So, yeah, if there's such a thing as soulmates, I think we could be that.)

I really love that you remembered I like to sleep on the left side of the bed. Speaking of my bed. It misses you. (I know, I know, you want to postpone all the naughty... but my bed can miss you AND keep it PG, you know.) I miss waking up next to you. Or rather tangled up in you. You're the most precious thing in the morning, all cranky and sleepy and blinky-eyed... NOT UNLIKE kitten.

Which brings me to the newest little addition to your apartment. You need to send me pictures of the cat! I can't wait to see what the face of "Satan" looks like. It can't be that bad, Kurt. I mean, I always thought you'd be a cat person as well! Especially since you purred so profoundly when I gave you a massage your third day here.

Matthew Macfadyen was beautifully smitten in *Pride and Prejudice*, which actually makes him the most likeable Mr. Darcy. I, myself, am still partial to the Colin Firth version. There aren't many classically romantic phrases that say I love you quite as well as "Just the way you are."

Don't overwork yourself, not even being part of "The Smitten Trio" is worth the burnout syndrome. I kind of hear Rachel with the exam thing, though, not gonna lie. It's a bitch. And by bitch I mean this humongous pile of essays and papers I have to get done till the end of January. The professors at RAM are being utterly unreasonable about all of this work, since they KNOW I spent most of the semester rehearsing and actually playing in *Wicked*, and that I NEED those credits to graduate.

The good news is that Wicked is a hit! Everyone is loving our version. Rumour has it some people from the Apollo Victoria Theatre are coming to see us soon! (I'm so excited I might even hug Harmony next time I see her!)

I'm sure your legs and arms are still lovely. I must agree with the cat, though, there IS nothing better than having a piece of Hummel.

Yearning for you,

Your Blaine

PS. Are we doing movie phrases at the end of our letters from now on? Shall I say "May the force be with you" next time?

PS 2. You should show Paul OUR pictures. I bet you 20 quid we are cuter than they are.

.

From: kurthummel@vogue.com

To: bdanderson@ram.ac.uk

Subject: That's not Mr. Darcy, that's Bruno Mars

Attachment: [the_imp.jpg](#)

I can see how you could've gotten them confused, though. Also, the whole "just as she is" thing is not Pride and Prejudice. That's Bridget Jones' Diary. I mean, I'd know. I've seen the movie more times than I could possibly admit. (You're not the only one with a thing for Colin Firth.)

Blaine,

I really love that you thought I remembered the bed thing. I really didn't, I just prefer the right side of the bed. But see? Destined together! I bet Will and Kate fought about bed sides. Also, Lady and the Tramp, Blaine? Really? I thought you didn't like spaghetti. (I love the thought of us being soulmates, though, so I'll allow it.)

You shall not quote Star Wars at me, if you don't want me to think that you're a complete dork. Although I do like the challenge, so let's see what you got, Anderson.

I do not behave like a kitten when I wake up. I'm just not a morning person. Even less so with a jetlag in a size of Ohio. I did sleep really well in your arms, though. Those are some magic arms. Speaking of your hands, your massages definitely made me purr, you're right. They also turned me on, so I'd appreciate it if you laid off next time your brother is in the room. I don't appreciate being *pointed* at.

How was Cooper's flight, by the way? Is he already back in LA torturing his publicist? It was so great to see him again. I actually did a double-take when I first saw him at your apartment – he looks so much like your dad now! (May have been just the beard, though.)

I hope you like the picture of Impromptu I attached to the email. This is The Imp in his natural habitat. I have another picture of it with Rachel in which it looks like a little angel. Unbelievable how fake that animal is. One minute it's this snuggly little ball of fluff and next time it's climbing on your head to pull at your hair and screech in your ear.

Not cool.



I'm sorry about your exams. I wish I could just swing by and kiss your face and make you tea and make it all go away. Your professors are real meanies for not being more understanding, though. One would think that studying performing arts would actually allow you to focus on the performing art part, in which you're obviously the best. They're probably just jealous of you, because you're young and talented and handsome and those theatre people are going to LOVE. YOU.

Because you, Blaine Anderson, are something.

Make me proud!

Sincerely yours, The Breakfast Club.

(And also Love, Kurt xo)

PS. Of course we are cuter. His boyfriend has a moustache.

From: bdanderson@ram.ac.uk
To: kurthummel@vogue.com
Subject: I'd look good with a moustache

Dear Kurt,

If there ever was a "most confusing month" contest, I'm sure January would win the main award of the evening. I'm so busy with exams and the musical and missing the hell out of my handsome New Yorker I never know which day it is, anymore.

I should be studying, RIGHT NOW, but I swear there's this invisible force pulling me towards the computer every time I dive into my Comparative Lit lecture notes. It's like my email has these little hands with which it keeps reaching towards me, grabbing at the air, calling out "Blaine, Blaine, come back and open me, Blaine, don't neglect me, come write to Kurt, Kurt Kurt Kurrtr Kurtkurtkurt!" with this sweet Smurf-like voice.

I've always loved The Smurfs, so I usually give in.

Yesterday I was walking to class when I bumped into this guy and for a split second I thought it was you. I don't know if it was the exhaustion or the dim lights in the corridor, but I swear to you, he could have been your twin. He had the same hair and the same swing in his hips as he walked (well, strutted, really), but it wasn't you, of course. However, my heart started beating so loudly it could have sparked off flahs mobs in a 5 mile radius.

Thinking back on it, he actually didn't look like you at all (and he had a really thick Scottish accent too). So I guess I'm just telling you this so you know that I miss you so much I keep hallucinating your face on random Scots.

Life's curious when you're smitten and yearning, eh?

I still insist you look like a kitty when you wake up, so stop protesting. You're probably not as evil looking as Rachel's cat, but just as cute (And really, how can you not like the sweet creature? Look at its little bowl!). I still remember watching you your first morning here. The way you were waking up so slowly, licking at your sleep-dried lips, arms and legs flexing, nails scrapping against the duvet. You yawned and tears prickled from underneath your eyelids, wetting your lashes and making your eyes so incredibly bright blue when you finally opened them.

And then you smiled at me and mumbled good morning in that husky sleepy voice of yours. Damn, Kurt. I could get used to watching that every day. I could see myself just watching you sleep and wake up for the rest of my life and be perfectly happy.

...is that slightly creepy?

Live long and prosper (and also Love *love* LOVE),

Blaine

PS. Speaking of creepy. Pay attention to your mail box in the foreseeable future.

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From: kurthummel@vogue.com

To: bdanderson@ram.ac.uk

Subject: I do not strut

Blaine,

Don't be so hostile towards January. It's not its fault, you know. Julius Caesar was the one so greedy he had to have 12 months. But then, what can you expect from a bloke in sandals.

There's nothing slight about the level of your creepiness, Edward Cullen. I'm not sure whether I should be flattered or scared or mildly turned on. Possibly all of the above. I absolutely LOVED my present, though. Kudos to you for remembering me eying that RAM hoodie on you. And double-kudos to you for not sending me a brand new one, but *yours*. *I'm gonna sound creepy now, but I just can't get enough of the smell.

It smells like a mixture of your cologne, cinnamon, Earl Grey and your sweat. It's so precious. I try not to wear it too much, so my scent doesn't beat yours, but it's getting thinner and thinner. How do you feel about me sending it back to you, so you can re-wear it for a bit (or should I say re-smell it? Re-scent it?)? And then maybe send it back?

Or did I just touch the bottom line of creepiness?

Oh well.

Isabelle took me out last night (yet again. the woman does love her Vindaloo.) and I finally met the fiancée. He's Indian, imagine that. I feel like I should have expected it. She forgot to mention the detail that he was actually the chef at the Indian cooking classes she took. It all makes sense now, doesn't it. He told me that the way to woman's heart always leads through her stomach. I have a feeling he picked up that line in a Disney movie. In any case, it got me thinking; if I had cooked you dinner four years ago. Would've that sped things up at the time?

More than anything, I loved watching the two lovebirds together.

They looked so happy it made my chest hurt, you know. Their fingers were intertwined on the table and they were forced to use just one hand for eating, so, naturally, they dribbled all over the tablecloth, giggling like a pair of thirteen year olds. They tried to keep the PDA down for me, I could tell, everybody here knows how much I miss you, but they couldn't possibly stop their eyes from shining or their mouths from grinning stupidly.

And I wouldn't want them to.

You know, I've never really been a tactile person. I'm not that kind of touchy-feely friend who hugs everybody and kisses people's cheeks hello... but being with you, being in a relationship, being in love... it makes me want to ~wrap myself up~ in you. And I keep turning around to find you - to exchange a glance when somebody says something silly, to fix your bowtie, to stroke your temple with my thumb, to press a kiss into your hair, to hold your hand... and you're not there.

And it's so silly, because I KNOW you're not. I KNOW you're all the way *there* and I'm back *here*. But it's not enough to stop me. And it hurts to come to terms with that.

Let's just say I didn't realise how incredibly hard this would be.

God, even talking about this is pretty difficult. I don't want you to think I'm too whiny. Just voicing my thoughts, as usual, is all...

Anyway.

Some people from work are throwing a party tomorrow night, so I guess I'll go there to let out some steam. I haven't danced in ages. Rachel's coming with me and she promised me Tequila, so I can already tell it'll be a success.

See you in the funny papers,

Xo Kurt

PS. I said you looked good with a little of stubble, not a dead rodent under your nose, Blaine. NO MOUSTACHES, or I swear to god there will be consequences.

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From: bdanderson@ram.ac.uk

To: kurthummel@vogue.com

Subject: bloody Romans

Dear Kurt,

I'm afraid the high school me was so blatantly oblivious he wouldn't have known what was in front of him if you had presented him with a four course meal. I don't think I'll ever get over how stupid I was then. But sometimes I think that maybe this is how it was supposed to be, you know. I'm glad we were friends first and then had some time to ourselves – to test the water elsewhere, so to speak – before we found each other for the second time.

Getting to know you all over again through your emails was one of the best times of my life so far, Kurt. It meant a lot to me. You mean a lot to me. I know being apart is really hard. Especially right now, since we're supposed to be in our honeymoon period, or as Sugar put it, fucking like bunnies. I'm sorry. I wish there was something I could do.

Take care of yourself at the party, all right? Actually, I'll be much calmer if you email me when you get home or after you get some sleep. Could you do that for me?

You make me sound like I don't wash at all. I am appalled. You're lucky you're cute. It'll be my pleasure to re-smell the hoodie for you. Cinnamon and all. And seems I'll get something out of it, too, since you'll have been wearing it for some time as well. (Even if it's cheating because I have things that smell like you already. My pillow is starting to complain about being cuddled too much.)

Now for some exciting news: My professor says that the group of people from Apollo Victoria that came to see me in Wicked really liked me. Like, **really** really. (You're the only person, besides me, who knows about this, by the way, so, please, don't tell anybody.) She told me that they asked for my phone number and that they, and I quote, "might be in touch soon". I don't even know what to do with myself right now. What if they don't call? What if they do call??? Kurt. Christ, what if they offer me a job?

WHAT. IF.

I'm so excited, Kurt. I wish you were here so I could hug the stuffing out of you. Oh God, Kurt, I miss our hugs. I always liked our hugs, even when we barely knew each other. Because hooking my chin over your shoulder always felt like jigsaw falling into place.

I could go for a jigsaw right now.

Yours in coexistence,

Blaine

PS. You do, too! You're very strutting, like a beautiful gazelle. And all mine.

PS 2. I forgot something: xoxoxoxoxox

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x

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From: bdanderson@ram.ac.uk

To: kurthummel@vogue.com

Subject: Kurt?

You know it's been six days, right?

Either you forgot or you're just busy with work and don't have time for emails or the party was so epic you're still buried under a mountain of glitter with a hangover in a size of the Hyde Park.

Or should I start freaking out? Should I pull an emergency situation and ring you up even if it eats up my pocket-money for a whole week?

I'm tempted to email Rachel. Or your dad.

Kurt. Come on.

Just write me back, please? One word would be enough.

Christ, just be ok, yeah?

Love,

B.

From: bdanderson@ram.ac.uk
To: kurthummel@vogue.com
Subject: if this email sounds hysterical - good

Dear Kurt,

You may not know this, but I'm a pretty anxious guy. Granted, I never appear that way, but then having my father for a father teaches you to control your face (Literally. Sometimes he'd glance up at me from The Columbus Dispatch and go "Control your face, Blaine Anderson!", the little vein on his forehead pulsing.).

It's doable, but pretty difficult. It's a bit like a volcano hiding the fact that it's erupting under a tea towel.

My anxiety is not that kind of obvious one when you need to lie down on the bench in the middle of the street and breathe into a paper bag. It's that lip-chewing, hands-fidgeting, fingers-through-your-hair-running, nail-biting, rapid-blinking kind of anxiety that makes you feel like your body doesn't belong to you. Like you're too small for your own skin and it itches so much you feel like clawing it off.

When I was little, I didn't have many reasons to be anxious. I mean, I was a pretty nervous kid, yeah, but who wouldn't be, growing up with a brother who keeps startling you by snapping your suspenders when you're not paying attention. When I got a little older I realised I couldn't cope with the fidgetiness and itching just by supressing it anymore. I needed to focus on something. I needed to keep my hands occupied.

So I started making lists.

They were about all sorts of things: List of my favourite friends from school, list of all of my clothes with stripes, list of men I wanted to look like (which later turned into the list of men I simply *wanted*), endless lists of my favourite music, list of the reasons why I should come out, list of the reasons why I shouldn't, list of all the places I wanted to go when they finally take my cast off, list of possible duets to sing with Kurt at regionals...

I must have made about hundreds of them just in high school.

Anyway. It's been almost 10 days and I still haven't heard from you. The only response I got was from Rachel and it was really vague, so apart from being happy that you're not lying in a ditch somewhere, I know virtually nothing.

The levels of my anxiety have reached their limit, so I started a list of reasons why you might not be talking to me (later I put it up on the fridge and Sugar and Rory joined in on the madness). Here's few of our best (and most ridiculous) guesses:

- Kurt got stuck in a *really* bad traffic jam
- Kurt is taking one of those telephone survey thingies and lost the track of time
- Kurt is spending this week dead for tax purposes
- Blaine's time is going faster than Kurt's and it's actually still nine days ago
- Kurt is a superhero on a secret mission
- Kurt was attacked by a racoon
- the keyboard of Kurt's laptop is covered in jam
- Kurt forgot to pay his internet bill

And finally, • Kurt actually hates Blaine

Do you? Because if you do, then I guess there's no point in me abusing your email box any more.

I miss you even if you're a confusing prat who's breaking my heart,

Blaine

.

****INCOMING CALL****

"Hello?"

"I don't hate you."

"Kurt?!"

"Blaine."

"Kurt! Are you all right? I can't believe you're calling me! It's so expensive and you're-"

"I'm pulling an emergency situation. Listen, I'm sorry. I'm so, SO sorry I haven't responded to your last email. I'm sorry I haven't been in touch..."

"...why haven't you?"

"God, this is hard."

"You're the one who called, Kurt. Talk to me! I've been worried sick! What happened? Are you mad at me? Did I do something wrong?"

"I...no, you didn't. Of course you didn't Blaine, it's-"

"If you say 'it's not you it's me' I swear to god I will find a way to bite you through the mobile."

"..."

"..."

"You're a very frustrating man, Blaine."

"I am? That's funny. And yet it was my boyfriend who pretended I didn't exist for over a week while I practically spiralled into hysterics."

"I said I was sorry. I needed some time."

"Time away from me? I don't know if you've noticed but there's a whole fucking OCEAN between us. It's not like I can give you any more space without swimming over to the Continent and hiding in Siberia. Especially when you don't even tell me when something's wrong."

"I..."

"Kurt. Just *tell* me, yeah?"

"Remember when I told you about Isabelle and curry?"

"You'll have to be more specific. I feel like we talked about your boss and Indian food in every other email. I probably know the menu from your local Indian place by heart by now."

"I got really drunk at that party."

"So? What are you trying to say? Christ, just don't tell me you hooked up with somebody and cheated on me, which is why you haven't been in touch and then you- oh my god, you did, didn't you, I'm gonna-"

"Blaine. Stop panicking! No, I did NOT cheat on you, goddammit. Just listen to me. I got really, really drunk at that party. And I was sitting there, thinking, why isn't Blaine here with me?"

"I don't know what to say."

"Just listen for a while, ok? I was sitting on a couch next to some sleazy bloke who kept hitting on me and I thought about your last email and how happy you were about the possibility of getting a job at that theatre you keep talking about and I just got so effing sad... And mad, too. At me, because I wasn't capable of being happy for you. Mad at you for not realising what that could mean for our relationship. But mostly at me, because that's just really assholish, not to be proud of your talented boyfriend who is going places, right? But it really hurt.

And I turned around and looked at that guy sitting next to me and I imagined what would happen if I just kissed him. If I wanted to be a coward. If I decided not to do this anymore. Us. You and me."

"Kurt I don't want to li-"

"I didn't. God, I really didn't even touch him. Couldn't, didn't want to, wouldn't be able to. Ever. At it made me realise one vital detail I'd been sort of avoiding up until then."

"I don't understand, Kurt."

"You really don't, do you."

"No I don't. Care to elaborate?"

"I realised that I loved you. Obviously, I've known that for quite some time. Maybe since London, but probably since about your third email. But at that party, I realised I really, really loved you. And I thought well... now we're really fucked.

"..."

"..."

"Ok. Let me recap this real quick. So you basically shut down on me for ten days because you realised you loved me?"

"Well, when you say it like that you make it sound insane."

"That's because it is! You're raving mad, Kurt!"

"I know! But I love you. I really do. And I'm really sorry. I promise I won't do anything like this ever again. That is, if you'll still have me."

"Of course I will, you complete idiot. I love you too, you know. Like, really, really love you."

"Oh, thank god."

"Hey, don't cry. Did you really think I didn't love you back, you utterly ridiculous man?"

"Well, I hoped you did. But I wouldn't put it past you if you stopped after what I'd done to you."

"I get it. You had a break-through and freaked out. I sent you an email where I confessed I had an anxiety disorder. There are two slightly mental people in this relationship. I can live with that."

"I'm actually still freaking out."

"Why are you still freaking out?"

"Can't you see? We're IN LOVE, Blaine! We're in love and we live on different continents. I absolutely adore you and there is a possibility we won't see each other for months to come, let alone spend the rest of our lives together. Isabelle and her fiancée are getting married soon. Rachel and Brody practically live in each other's pockets. I love you. I want to be with you. But I know we can't do anything about it without sacrificing either yours or mine career."

"Kurt. How about this. You focus on the loving me part for a while and let me worry about the different continent issue, yeah? And you wouldn't want to live in my pocket, I keep leaving sweets in it and they melt into one another and it's disgusting."

"You can always live in my pocket, though. You're pocket-sized already."

"Rude."

"..."

"So you really stayed away from the internet for 10 days, eh?"

"Oh yeah. It was quite terrible actually. I had FarmVille withdrawals."

"..."

"..."

"Kurt?"

"Hmm?"

"It's nice to hear your voice again."

"Even if I'll have to starve for few days?"

"Well, it's not like you don't deserve it."

"I know."

"I was just kidding. Don't you sigh through that phone, Kurt Hummel."

"Well, excuse me for breathing."

"There's a difference between just breathing and sighing."

"You're annoying. But your voice is hot, so I'll let it slide."

"Seriously, though, Kurt. I'm still a bit confused about the not writing me thing. But I guess I kinda sorta understand your point? Like, a teensy bit? I'll still have to persuade Rory not to send Irish mafia after you, though."

"Well, at first I was angry, and then I was depressed... and then it was too late to email you back without having to talk about it. So... I was basically being a coward. Also, there is no such thing as Irish mafia."

"You're not a coward, you're just daft. And do you *really* wanna test that theory?"

"Are you threatening me, Blaine? I'm scandalised."

"No? I just think you're going to have to think of a way to make it up to me, is all."

"I'd make it up to you right now, but the phone bill would be sky-high. I mean, it already is sky-high, but I'd like to have some food at some point this year. You make me lose my mind, Blaine, do you realise this?"

"But you love me anyway."

"Yes I do, even if the reasons why are escaping me at the moment."

"I love you too. And I'm happy we got to actually *say* it to each other. Even if email is our thing."

"It feels more real when you hear it, doesn't it."

"Yeah."

"We're gonna have to hang up, aren't we. ...I'll miss you, Blaine."

"I'll miss you too. I wish we could--"

"I know. Believe me, I know."

"We're gonna figure it out, ok?"

"Ok. One more thing, though."

"Shoot."

"Do tell me about 'the list of possible duets to sing with Kurt at regionals'. Because I do not remember that happening, try as I might."

"Oh god. That's kind of a long story."

From: kurthummel@vogue.com

To: bdanderson@ram.ac.uk

Subject: of love and bowties

Blaine,

In a way, New Yorker's life is a lot like you know it from Woody Allen's movies (without the lobsters and high-waisted slacks). No sugar coating. There's garbage in the streets, drunken people leaning out of the windows at 4 PM, hookers hanging off the fire escapes at 4 AM, taxis honking so loudly you can barely hear your own thoughts... It's not romantic at all. But still, everybody says New York City is the best place to fall in love.

I don't know if that's true, because as far as I'm concerned, people can fall in love in a centre of the volcano as long as there's Wi-Fi.

Truth to be told, I did fall in love in here. In fact, I fell in love in NYC several times. I fell in love with its skyline, I fell in love with its sounds that never quiet down, I fell in love with Central Park, so beautiful in all seasons of the year. But yeah, no, I never really fell in love with a person here. All I fell in love with was the *idea* of it. It's hard to explain. It's funny how silly it seems now. As if something as trivial as a place could play any role in bringing two people together (if you're not in a Tom Hanks movie).

Anyway.

I probably should have started this email by properly apologizing again. Blaine, I'm so sorry. I don't even know what happened last week. I was going to tell you to pretend that it wasn't me but my evil twin, but then I realised it's too early into our relationships to engage soap opera tropes. All I can say is that I'm a jerk and that I love you and I will spend the rest of my life making it up to you (or at least the rest of my break, because I'm literally *swamped* with work).

Isabelle is letting me write an article on bowties, for which I'm doing a thorough research, which includes regular trips to Siego NeckWear on Upper East Side. I swear to god, Blaine, you would have to carry a handkerchief in there, because you'd be salivating all over the place. I know I did. Anyway, I love working on this assignment, because it reminds me of you. I was originally going to call the article "From Donald Duck to Blaine Anderson: The Story of a Bowtie", but Isabelle forbade it, because apparently, just because *I am* madly in love with you doesn't mean the rest of the country will recognise your name.

WELL LET HER WAIT A FEW YEARS BECAUSE MY BOYFRIEND'S LARGER-THAN-LIFE FACE IS GOING TO BE ALL OVER THE LONDON THEATRE DISTRICT

Also, I won't be mad if you take your time with your answer to this email, because I deserve it, but please, don't make me wait too long. I might end up building a pyramid out of tequila shot glasses again (that actually happened).

Hugs, smooches and nibbles,

Kurt

PS. Are you going to tell me about that duet thing you mentioned on the phone?

.

From: bdanderson@ram.ac.uk
To: kurthummel@vogue.com
Subject: I always carry a handkerchief

Dear Kurt,

As if I could hold myself back now that you're finally responding! (I spent the whole week re-reading our emails and eating skittles like my life depended on it. It's a good thing you didn't hold back on me any longer or I wouldn't be able to fit into my Fiyero costume anymore.) All in all, the whole thing was actually an incredibly romantic gesture, in a torturing, perverse way.

Please, don't do it again.

Sugar still wants to kill you. I wouldn't put it past her, though, since she only heard my side of the story and had to keep me company during the times of my misery. I'm trying to explain it to her, but I'm afraid she'd have to witness the phone call for that. On the other hand, I'm glad that's not possible. It's bad enough she broke into my email inbox last week and found our ~sexy emails.

I KNOW

I was petrified, too, believe me.

I told her I didn't even know she was into gay erotica (I did air quotes at that one) and you know what she told me? "It's really simple, Blaine. If a girl really likes a hot lad, how could she not like two hot lads together? It's like when you order wine in a restaurant and get a bowl of salty peanuts to go with it for free!"

I don't know if I am the peanuts or you're the peanuts in this scenario; I didn't ask. In fact, I forced her to never EVER speak of it again in this flat. Or anywhere else. But it's Sugar, so it'll probably end up on Facebook at some point. (I apologize in advance. She called it "sexailing", though, which made me laugh really hard, because it sounded like we were in the navy.)

Oh yeah, that bloody duet. You were still at Dalton then, looking all kinds of adorable in the blazer. (I swear nobody in the history of that school had ever looked *ravishing* in the uniform until you came along. I'm pretty sure it's designed to make people's asses look non-existent.) I remember you were annoyed with me, because I was hogging the solos. And you know how much I hate it when people don't like me. And it was *you*, so I went borderline insane. I desperately wanted you to think highly of me again, so I decided to propose we sing a duet together at regionals.

But then your transfer came through and you were so happy about being back with the New Directions for the competition... I let it go (and took up 2 solos in a medley of P!nk songs instead, naturally).

Anyway, that's the story. I have to wrap it up now, because I have a dinner meeting with some theatre people and my professor said I'm going to piss myself when I hear what they have to say (ok, that's not what she actually said, but she might as well have, she was all excited and pitchy). I hope it's good news. I know that you believe in me, but keep your fingers crossed anyway?

Have a nice rest of the day, my love.

<3,

Blaine

PS. I'm sorry, but Donald Duck doesn't deserve that spot. The bloke only ever wore *one* bowtie.

From: kurthummel@vogue.com
To: bdanderson@ram.ac.uk
Subject: did you just less than three me?

Blaine,

As if your ass could ever look non-existent. And I mean that as a compliment.

Speaking of your ass. HOW DID SUGAR EVEN MANAGE TO BREAK INTO YOUR EMAIL? Is your password 1 2 3 4? I'm so embarrassed right now I'm glad she can't see me, because I'm red literally. all. over. Do you think she would really post it on Facebook? Would a really nice care package with all kinds of New York souvenirs, really good coffee beans and some bathing products help? Does she want money? Our blood? Our souls? Did she really read the whole thing? Even the one paragraph where you described how you'd... you know, put your mouth... oh GOD, I can't even bring myself to type it now. That's how freaked out I am!

As for the "sexailing", I feel like there's a pirate joke hidden in there. And it's probably about you.

I miss you, Blaine (the whole you, not just your booty).

Seeing all those bowties yesterday made it next to impossible not to imagine your face above them (which sounds a bit morbid now that I think about it). Again, I'm sorry for how I behaved last week. I love you. And yeah, it really is that simple. Being so far away from you sucks royally, but it doesn't change my feelings. Fuck the ocean, fuck the distance and fuck the time difference. Let's just be happy. I'm happy.

Are you happy?

I'm going to be very cheesy today. I'm going to pour myself a glass of wine (no peanuts), put on [I Will by The Beatles](#) on repeat, lie down on the bed, stare out of the window (at Bushwick. ha ha) and think of my amazing successful boyfriend. I hope your dinner goes well.

Love you forever and forever, love you with all my heart, love you whenever we're together, love you when we're apart,

Kurt

PS. Too bad you didn't tell me about the duet before I left. I might have waited with the transfer until after regionals. I always loved singing with you.

PS 2. I used to tailor my pants

.

From: bdanderson@ram.ac.uk

To: kurthummel@vogue.com

Subject: !!!

Kurt

I am happy. I'm very happy. And I'm about to get even happier if you can believe it.

I just got back from my meeting.

And my mind is still blown.

Like. Bloody hell.

Kurt

K U R T

I might be coming to New York.

From: bdanderson@ram.ac.uk

To: kurthummel@vogue.com

Subject: it's 2:35 am

and I can't stop thinking about you.

Ok, correction. I can't stop thinking about you and peeing (I'm on my 5th cup of tea). Tea always puts me in a weirdly philosophical mood. I have to admit leaving this place will be bittersweet. London was so good to me. I spent my best years here. Ok, "best years" might be a tad of an overstatement, since I practically lived on fish and chips, ramen and awful coffee... But then again, I visited my first gay bar here. I also got drunk here for the first time in my life and then nursed my first ever hangover while trying to understand why there's glitter in my vomit. Hell, I lost my *virginity* here.

(Not all on the same night, mind you.)

But on the other hand, the almighty London can stick it up its jumper with its funny clocks and perfect accents and MOVE ASIDE, because I'm coming home to Broadway and glory and my unfairly sexy boyfriend whom I can't wait to ravish at first possible opportunity.

Apparently, tea also makes me quite randy. Or maybe it's the full moon. Or maybe the hangover I still have from celebrating for three days straight. Or maybe it's the fact that things are finally falling into place. But really Kurt, there's a reason why I'm awake and emailing you at, what's it now, 2:41 in the morning.

I can't. Stop. Thinking about you. And when I say thinking about you, I mean as naked as possible and good LORD, I want you so BAD right now, I can barely type. I mean it's been quite a few hours since we spoke on the phone (and that was money well spent, yet again), but the memory of your voice is still driving me crazy. How rough and sort of scratchy it went when you finally stopped screaming. You were so happy about me coming back to America and getting that part. I loved hearing you so happy.

But that hoarse tone afterwards. Damn, Kurt.

I still keep coming back to your last night here and how amazing it was. (I mean, I keep coming back to that night in my thoughts practically every night, if you know what I mean.) But at the same time, I can't stop thinking about what I'll do to you when I see you again. And I can't believe it won't be the last time for a long time...

I will get to take my time with you. I will get to spread you out on your bed, all naked and beautiful, so much skin everywhere, amazing milky skin. And I will lick you from head to toe, I will lick every damn inch of you, worshipping you with my tongue, just like you deserve. I will kiss your mouth so deep and hard your lips will bruise, tangling my fingers in your hair. I'll nibble on your ear, pumping you lazily in my hand, until you squirm impatiently under me, begging me to stop teasing you.

And then I will flip you on your stomach and lick my way down to your delicious ass and I will keep licking into you until you're moaning out so loudly you can't hear the sounds of New York anymore.

How would you feel about that?

.

From: kurthummel@vogue.com
To: bdanderson@ram.ac.uk
Subject: very frustrated, thank you very much

Blaine,

Turns out it's kind of difficult to enjoy one's dinner with a raging hard-on. Especially with both Rachel and Brody in a close proximity. I'm quite impressed it hadn't faded one bit during their talk about blisters. (And why do I deliberately choose to live with people who *dance* again?)

Honestly. I'm not sure I will ever get used to these kinds of emails. My hands are shaking so hard I have to retype every other word, and it's both me being turned on and me being scared somebody will walk in on me rubbing myself through my jeans while reading your email over and over...

I can't wait to have you in my arms again, to feel those strong muscles of your back as you pin me down and claim my mouth. Damn, you're so good at that. In fact, you're so good at kissing I can almost ignore the fact that the last time you were naked against me you forgot to take off your socks. I mean, it was kind of adorable, but adorable makes me think of kittens and Baby Gap and not hot steamy sex. But like I said, your mouth makes up for it. And your hands. They're such good hands, Blaine. The way they feel on my skin, mapping it, pressing down, making me feel wanted.

Hell, I can't wait to have those hands on me again. And those fingers in me. I want to make you pant with need. I want to be the one who decides what exactly you're going to do to me and when you're going to do it. I want you to kiss the back of my neck until I can't help it but rub myself against the sheets. I want you to work me open. I want us facing each other when we fuck and I want to hold you so close your eyelashes will brush against my damp cheek. I want to feel you shudder against me when you come and then I want to come all over your chest.

Oh dammit, I need a moment.

Nevertheless.

Why are we having relations over the internet when we should be talking about other things? (Also, haven't you learnt anything from Sugar reading the last one? I'm still petrified! If she finds this one, I will deny everything, grow a moustache and move to Eastern Europe.)

I still can't believe you're coming to New York! I can tell you now that I was almost ready to start accepting the fact that we'd live on separate continents for many years to come. I'd do it for you, I really would, because I love you, obviously. But the thing is, now I don't have to. Because you're coming here and you'll be ALL MINE. Well, mine and Broadway's.

How awesome is that they're bringing The Hobbit musical on Broadway, anyway? And that they personally handpicked you for the role? I will never be over this, Blaine, I'm telling you now. Our children will hear about this first thing when they come out of the womb. I'm so proud of you.

The craziest thing about this, as I was just telling Carol on the phone, is that they went to RAM specifically to find an *English* actor for the part... and they ended up picking you! You, an American! HOW CRAZY IS THAT? You must have blown them away when they saw you in Wicked. And there's no doubt in that, because you were an amazing Fiyero.

You'll be even more amazing Bilbo, I can already tell you that. (Not that you'll need to do a lot of acting.)

Write back soon and give me more details on the big move, honey! I can't wait to have you here.

(Mostly in my bed, not gonna lie. Socks or no socks.)

Love,

Kurt

PS. I doubt anyone can moan hard enough to outvoice the Bushwick neighbourhood

.

From: bdanderson@ram.ac.uk

To: kurthummel@vogue.com

Subject: speaking of loud noises

Dear Kurt,

Rory is snoring so loudly in his room right now. It's ridiculous. I wish you could hear it so you'd understand my suffering. How anybody in this building gets any sleep EVER is a mystery to me. But then we're all music students, so we're used to all kind of bizarre noise. (I'm tempted to tape him and make it into an album, so I can always put it on when I start missing it too much in New York.)

Rachel and Brody talk about blisters during dinnertime? How did you manage to talk me into living with you, again? Am I ever going to keep my food down in that place?

It's also killing the mood right now, to be honest. It's a good thing I don't need to be in that mood any longer, since certain parts of your email pretty much took care of the business. You're so good with words, Kurt, I can't believe I'm saying this, but I will miss it a little. Maybe we can still send each other emails from time to time even though we're living together?

It could be our thing.

Regarding my Broadway debut, I'm still in shock as well. I think it hasn't sunk in yet. My face must have been priceless when they told me about the offer at the meeting. It's a good thing I didn't have any food in my mouth at that point or I'd have ended up spluttering it all over the table. I agreed to it so quickly they had to ask me to repeat what I said, because they didn't understand me the first time. And no wonder. The noises I made probably weren't of this world.

You've been amazing, supporting me through the whole thing. I swear my performance of Fiyero would lack a lot without you back in my life.

Like I said, I feel like everything is falling into place. Everything is coming together, full circle. I had to leave America in order to become who I am now. London shaped me into somebody I can see myself never being ashamed of. And now it's sending me back home off on another exciting adventure.

I can't wait to start. And waking up next to you every morning will only make it THAT much better.

I love you so very very much, Kurt.

Ever yours,

Blaine

PS. There and Back Again. It's sort of fitting, isn't it.

2016

From: kurthummel@vogue.com
To: blanderson@gmail.com
Subject: the end of an era

Blaine,

I'm not going to lie. It feels so strange, writing to your new email address. I guess that were we to pick something that marks the beginning of another era, this would be it. I know YOU'd definitely pick some of the "more pivotal moments", like you finally moving in, Brody finally moving out, or the first time Rachel walked in on us having sex in the bathroom...

...but I really think this is way more fitting, since our relationship started with an email. Sometimes when I can't sleep or when I miss you even though you're just few blocks away or sleeping right here next to me, I go back and read those old emails. (And not just when I'm horny, ok? It was just the ONE time, even if you can't stop teasing me about it. It's not my fault we were REALLY good at sex emailing.)

It's because sometimes I still can't quite believe it all.

Anyway. How is London? Don't let them keep you there for too long. (Just like they didn't let you keep their email address!) Alumnus schmalumnus, you're a New York boy now. Let them RAM chavs eat their hearts out from jealousy.

I've been hypnotising my phone, waiting for a text from you, when it hit me that I should just email you. After all, I'm here in New York and you're in London. It's practically the law. So here I am, sending you an email, because it's the end of an era.

And you know what? I'm theoretically popping your new email's cherry. I can't possibly complain.

Get your ass back home, stat.

Love,

Kurt

PS. Bring me some of that really good raspberry jam. I have plans.

.

From: blanderson@gmail.com
To: kurthummel@vogue.com
Subject: sexy plans?

Dear Kurt,

The noise I made when I got a notification on my phone about your email. I'm pretty sure the lady next to me on the tube thought I was having a seizure. I was tempted to show her your picture. I'm sure she'd understand if she saw your face. But then maybe she wouldn't, since she doesn't know our story. ("Our story." Ha. I always knew we'd be the new Colin Firth and Renée Zellweger.)

First of all, you did not manage to pop my new email's cherry, I'm sorry. Our Gandalf did that two days ago. He sure does like emailing all the cast members every other day. (He's one of those people who re-post chain emails. CHAIN EMAILS, Kurt. I didn't know those were still a thing. Sometimes it's scary working with people from different generation.)

Pivotal moments aside, coming back to the States and moving in with you was the best decision I ever made, Kurt. I know you worry sometimes that I regret it or that I miss London - and I do miss it, in a way - but New York is where I belong now. Our apartment is my home. I can't imagine myself being anywhere else.

It's where **you** are.

I should be back by the end of the week as planned. I'll text you my flight number so you can come snog me at the airport. (I've had a soft spot for Arrivals Hall PDA ever since our first kiss.)

Love you back,

Blaine

PS. I'm bringing 2 jars just in case your plans didn't originally involve me licking it off your bare stomach.

-

2019

From: burt.hummel@yahoo.com

To: kurthummel@vogue.com

Subject: re: it's in the third drawer of my nightstand

Dear son,

You said no calls, so here you are:

First of all, it was in the SECOND drawer. Second, I gave it to Rachel like you asked. Third, I guess congratulations are in order, then?

Carole made me open the box and I have to say that it's really beautiful (she shrieked and then she cried). She wants you to call her as soon as you can. As for me, I want Blaine to call **me** as soon as **he** can, so please, pass that on, will you (don't worry, I'll only threaten him a little bit. It's my job, after all.).

Speaking of Rachel, don't forget to email Finn, I'm sure he'll love hearing from you (he's been down ever since she left).

We're both really happy for you, Kurt. You deserve all this and more.

Love,

Dad

PS. We will not speak of the third drawer. ever.

.

From: rachelbberry@nyada.edu.com

To: kurthummel@vogue.com

Subject: THE BOX

KURT.

I'M BACK HOME. AND I HAVE IT WITH ME. IT'S SO PRETTY.

Seriously, Blaine's going to be so surprised. Everything is going according to plan. Nick is bringing the Warblers and I'm bringing the Dwarves and the Wizard.

Isabelle is bringing Indian food.

I LOVE YOU BOTH SO MUCH.

Rachel

.

From: hummel.tiresand@lube.com

To: kurthummel@vogue.com

Subject: dude

Hey Kurt!

I just got your email and saw the pictures on facebook! Congratulations! I'm really happy for both Blaine and you (and Isabelle and that funny little Indian guy, too, I guess, since they were in all of the pictures as well).

Sam wants me to ask you if Blaine pounced at the ring yelling "my precious" when you opened the box.

Don't forget to let us know the date and stuff. Mom is really excited.

See you!

PS. It's Finn, by the way. Burt asked me to make a new email for the shop so I'm trying out few different addresses. I don't think we'll be using this one, though. I've already gotten few strange emails on it that had *nothing* to do with cars.

-

2022

From: blanderson@gmail.com

To: kurthummel@vogue.com

Subject: slowly going mental

Dear Mr. Hummel-Anderson,

It's been three years and I still don't think I will ever get tired of saying or typing it. In fact, I still feel like doodling it all over my scripts like a teenage girl. (Hummel-Anderson, Hummel-Anderson, Hummel-Anderson.)

You're probably wondering why I'm emailing you all of the sudden when we haven't sent each other anything for so long. Well, my dear husband. You're in London for work, and even though the roles are reversed, I'm pretty sure the same rule applies.

So yes, I am emailing you.

I miss you so much. You know... it's funny, because I should be able to handle this long-distance thing for a couple of weeks. Back when we got together we had the whole ocean between us for months and we were fine. But the older I get, the more accustomed I get to having you close. (The more I'm sure you'll always be there.) You're part of my routine now. I wake up and the first thing I want to see is your face (sometimes, admittedly, after a cup of tea).

I'm picturing you in London, without me, and it's a strange image. You're wearing that deep blue raincoat and you look both so out of place and so *right* standing at the river bank, the London Eye in the background around your head like a halo...

Gosh, I wish I could just jump on a plane and be there with you. Stupid rehearsals. My cast-mates keep making fun of me because I “mope around like a kicked puppy”. Cooper’s been threatening to move in with me until you get back and Rachel’s been trying to slip me her cat but I’ve been unshakable. (I know how you’d feel about scratch marks on our new couch.)

I can do it. It’s just a couple more weeks.

I love you,

Blaine

.

From: kurthummel@vogue.com

To: blanderson@gmail.com

Subject: me too

To hell with it. I’m cutting it short and I’m coming home. Will send you my flight info asap.

x Kurt (Hummel-Anderson)

PS. Since when does Cooper need to sharpen his claws.

-

2025

From: kurthummel@vogue.com

To: blanderson@gmail.com

Subject: Dear Blaine

I guess this is going to be the last email for a while. It’s sort of an exception, too, because none of us is currently in London. In fact, you’re sleeping peacefully next to me, completely oblivious to the noise I’m making typing this on my laptop.

It’s just after midnight, which means we’ve been together for 10 years today. How awesome is that? So many things happened! Jobs, acting jobs, foreign countries, new apartments, weddings... it’s been a whirlwind of stuff. You haven’t changed a bit, though. You still forget to take off your socks sometimes before we have sex, you still make those adorable dorky collages for me when I’m sad, and most importantly, you always get up in a middle of the night when our boys start bawling.

Speaking of the teeny devils. You’re an amazing dad. I will never forget the look on your face when we first got to hold them. I will also never forget that the first thing you did after we got home was setting up their email addresses. I’m still not sure if I find it incredibly cute or incredibly creepy. One way or another, they’re both all set for breaking some hearts on different continents now, thanks to you.

I was rereading our old emails last night, after a long time, and it hit me that one day when they’re bigger, I really want them to see London. I want them to see all the places we visited together when I first came to see you there. I want all of us to take a picture in front of Westminster Abbey like the annoying tourists that used to annoy you so much. (Most of all, I want them to spend some time in a city their daddy loved so dearly it even made him romanticize riding the subway.)

And then maybe we could find Rory and Sugar and have them babysit for a while so we can sneak into your old apartment and celebrate our 20th (30th? 40th?) anniversary in style. (That is, if you can handle trying to be quiet in a building full of sleeping RAM students with my tongue on the crease of your thigh, of course.)

Anyway.

Happy anniversary, pookie. I know you have a whole day planned out for us, and that it involves lots of sex, tequila and scrapbooking, but I really wanted for you to start it by reading this email and knowing how incredibly precious (pun definitely intended, Bilbo) you are to me. Because our emails have brought us together and they will always be something special between us.

I adore you more than ever,

Kurt

PS. So, what do you think? Are we ready for a romantic comedy of our own yet?

.

~the end

.

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a/n: Dear readers,

I want to thank every single one of you for making it this far without killing me/yourselfs. Special thanks go to Marina, Xanthe, Jen and Asia (and more people whose names are escaping me ATM because it's almost 1 am), for being incredibly supportive. Also to everybody who sent me a message or a comment at one point or another. You guys blew me away.

I started writing this story after TBU aired because I felt incredibly down and I needed to cheer myself up by writing some funny and flirty klaine and I really do hope you guys enjoyed the fic as well.

*And now go and email all of your long-distance penpals. What do you know, maybe some of them will become somebody special (precious!) to you. *u**

Love,

Terry