

Nothing is More Romantic than Chocolate

[Klaine]

Von Hera

Kapitel 1: Nothing is More Romantic than Chocolate

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"Nothing is more romantic than chocolate." - Ted Allen

"All you need is love. But a little chocolate now and then doesn't hurt." - Charles M. Schulz

There was something about Valentine's Day that was special. Magical, almost.

Ever since Blaine was a little boy – not even knowing why his older sister always went giddy when that day approached and spent hours covering the kitchen with flour, sugar and tons of chocolate – he knew that this day did something to people.

Sadly, he had never experienced that special feeling himself though.

But every year he saw couples in the streets acting like newly-weds, groups of girls standing in candy shops, giggling, eyeing chocolate bars and whispering about the cutest boys at their school; and the kitchen at home becoming time and time again the battle-field of his sister's hopeless attempts to create edible chocolate cookies. And every time he witnessed something like that Blaine felt how the spirit of the holiday enfolded itself around people.

This had changed after he transferred to Dalton Academy. The school was like bubble, separated from the outer world and often untouched by what was going on there. Not that anyone minded. After all, this had been the main reason Blaine transferred there – to be able to finish his education without having to deal with the problems and obstacles everyday life had had in store for him at his old school.

But as much as he enjoyed his little sanctuary – it was often hard to keep up with what was happening in real life.

Especially since Valentine's Day was not an extremely popular event at an all-boys-boarding-school.

In fact, Blaine had almost completely forgotten about this upcoming holiday. At least until he stopped outside the home-ec room on the way to his dorm when he heard someone saying: "Kurt, stop arranging the sprinkles according to their colour, please!"

Blaine peered into the room. Three boys were assembled in the kitchen. The one that immediately caught Blaine's eye was the youngest Warbler, Kurt, who just stopped fumbling with the cake decorations and went to get a pack of flour that was waiting on the kitchen counter. He was wearing an apron that said "Don't make me poison your food."

Blaine chuckled. He remembered when the art club, desperate for a creative outlet, got hold of the aprons in the home-ec room and beautified them with slogans they found appropriate. Kurt, for once, didn't look happy at all.

"Can you please explain again what I'm here for?" he asked.

The other two sighed in a way that told Blaine this wasn't the first time Kurt had asked that question.

The guy standing next to Kurt – currently busy chopping chocolate bars into tiny pieces – was small and chubby, with a huge grin that almost seemed too big to fit his face. He was Kurt's roommate, John, and he was wearing an apron on which green letters displayed the caption "Dinner's ready when the smoke alarm goes off."

"You are here because my girlfriend just won't stop bothering me about self-made sweets being the ultimate gift for Valentine's Day. And I figured the easiest way to stop her from going all puppy-dog-eyes on me all the time was to give in and make that damn chocolate."

The third boy, a tall, lanky guy named Brian (clad in an apron which read "Keep calm, it's just a cupcake.") nodded in approval. "Same here, except for the girlfriend part."

Kurt wiped his hands off on his apron, smearing a flour stripe over the letters. He still didn't look very convinced.

"And you couldn't do this without me because...?"

"Because we both have no idea how to cook, let alone bake, and there is a very high risk that we'll set something on fire if you let us do this on our own."

"Besides", Brian chimed in. "We think that with your help we will not only produce something edible, but also something that's easy on the eyes."

Kurt mumbled something unintelligible; eyes still fixed on the scales, but didn't object.

"Come on Kurt", said John, nudging him playfully, which almost caused the boy to spill the sugar he was measuring. "Like you don't have someone you want to give chocolate to."

While Kurt's ears turned beet red, Blaine felt a strange twist somewhere deep down in his stomach. It felt weird and good at the same time.

It reminded him on the brief sensation of tripping, like he missed a step on the stairs, but touched safe ground just a moment later.

In the home-ec room Kurt had finished measuring flour, sugar, butter and milk. He added two eggs and began mixing the ingredients together. Absorbed in his task he started crooning to himself, which caused Brian to moan.

"Kurt, you really need to stop humming that song. I swear, I haven't been able to get it out of my head these last three days."

Blaine chuckled soundlessly.

Very early in his acquaintance with Kurt he had learnt that the boy expressed himself just as much through music as through his impeccable sense of fashion. Since he currently had to repress the latter due to the dress code at Dalton, he was more than ever translating his feelings into music.

John had told Blaine that during his first week at Dalton Academy, Kurt had only been able to sleep with "Don't stop believing" playing on his iPod. And even though he had gotten used to his new school and seemed fairly happy (at least happier than he had been during his last weeks at McKinley's) Blaine still noticed quite often how sensitive he got when he came across a song that reminded him of his time as a member of 'New Directions'.

Blaine's thoughts were interrupted by John, who said: "I'm just glad he stopped singing 'Baby it's cold outside'. I mean, I totally get why this was your ultimate Christmas song – but you basically started warbling it every single time Blaine was not in the same room."

"And you kept singing it till mid-January", Brian added. "I think there should be a law against singing Christmas songs after the 25th."

"Your cookies look trashy", was Kurt's only reply. "You need to cut them out more neatly, or they will melt into each other once you put them in the oven."

John decided to react in a mature way and stuck his tongue out at him: "Keep your eyes on your own cookies, Willy Wonka."

"Or just keep singing about your 'Teenage Dream'", grinned Brian and ducked just in time to escape a piece of dough Kurt had aimed at his face.

Blaine crept silently away from the door and continued his way down the corridor, barely able to stop himself from humming and bouncing like a little boy. He was glad that he didn't meet anyone on his way since he knew there was a huge, idiotically happy grin plastered on his face.

And while he still thought about that tingling feeling down in his stomach, he finally began to understand what the magic of Valentine's Day was all about.