You Look Like Sex

by MischievousGleek

Summary

Kurt Hummel is spending a weekend home alone relaxing when Noah 'Puck' Puckerman knocks on his door. Puck spends more time blushing than either would ever have thought possible.

Notes

This story is AU and set ambiguously between 'Grilled Cheesus' and 'Furt'. For the purposes of this story, I've changed the timeline so that it takes place just before Summer of their Junior year and I'm assuming that Burt and Carole wed during the summer.

Disclaimer - I don't own Glee, the characters are not mine, I'm just borrowing them for my own amusement.
Kurt Hummel was freaking out. He had been looking forward to a weekend of Kurt time until he saw the sticky note on the coffee pot. His father had left before dawn for a long weekend fishing trip with his Uncle Jim. Having purposely not committed to anything Kurt was all set on a lazy weekend. Not waking up until after 10am, he headed upstairs for breakfast before showering or even brushing his hair.

When he reached the kitchen Kurt turned the radio on leaving it set to his Dads favourite station and set himself up with making a breakfast that he would certainly never let his father eat. Deciding that buttermilk chocolate chip pancakes sounded too delicious to pass up, Kurt danced around and sang while gathering the ingredients and setting up on the bench.

Wearing nothing but an old pair of sweats and a frayed Band-Aid t-shirt that was now splattered with pancake batter, Kurt Hummel was the polar opposite of what people normally see or expect. His own father very rarely saw Kurt in such disarray even though it's just the two of them here, and those times are getting more and more infrequent as ever since Burt's heart attack, Carole had been spending more and more time at the Hummel's house, and by default that meant Finn too.

Even though Kurt adored Carole and loved the way she had brought out the spark in his father's eyes there was no way he was going to let them see him in this state. Especially Finn, with whom the relationship was tentative at best, but after the whole basement fiasco last year, Kurt was not willing to put himself into such a vulnerable position again.

And this is Kurt at his most open and vulnerable. Stripped down of facades and ice queen persona, just Kurt, a 16 year-old boy without the constant worry and stress that accompanies being the only out gay kid in Lima, Ohio. Gone too is the need to be the responsible adult running the home and making sure his father ate right and didn't work himself to death at the garage. While his father was still recovering, Kurt was also responsible for the garage too. He is still taking care of the books, mainly because his father is hopeless at them and refuses to hire an accountant.

It took a lot of negotiating to get this weekend off. Burt never had any qualms about leaving Kurt alone for the weekend because Kurt has proven to be the paragon of responsibility. But Burt hates leaving the garage without at least one of them there on weekends. All his weekend staff are part-timers, mostly College kids looking to make an extra buck. Burt won't leave the care of the shop in any of their hands as they don't have a clue about the running of the garage. Kurt only managed to get this weekend off by begging Larry, the longest serving employee to work this weekend with a trade-off of Kurt working five Mondays for him during the summer holidays which Burt agreed too knowing how hard Kurt worked at home, school and the garage and was more than happy to find a compromise so his boy could have some much needed time off.

Kurt had a feeling that this would be his last Kurt Time in a long time having noticed how serious his father's relationship with Carole had become. Kurt was expecting them to try 'living together take two' any day now. So knowing that this time was probably going to be the last, Kurt intended to make full use of it, which is how Kurt found himself in his current predicament.

In full sloth-mode, Kurt had just poured some of the batter onto the griddle and danced his way to start the coffee-pot which is where he found the post-it note from his father. Expecting it to read along the lines of 'have fun, stay safe and call me', Kurt rolled his eyes as he picked up to read the note. A note worthy of causing Kurt to have a heart attack of his own: "Kurt, that Puckerman kid is coming around this morning to clean the pool. Sorry forgot to mention it. Dad."
Fuck, fuck, fuckitty, fuck!

Noah-Freaking-Puckerman is coming around to clean their pool! Today! Kurt turned around and saw the state of the kitchen and groaned. Dropping the note, Kurt put his head in his hands lamenting the loss of his precious Kurt Time. Kurt then remembered his appearance and was mentally calculating the chance he had to get everything (including himself) cleaned up and presentable. Then the doorbell rang.

Fuck, fuck, fuckitty, fuck!

Praying to Gaga that it was just Mrs Walsh from next door asking for sugar, Kurt snuck to the door and peered through the peep-hole. Spying the back of an all too familiar Mo-hawked head Kurt groaned out 'Shit!' Clapping a hand over his mouth, Kurt peeked through the peep-hole again… too late. Puck had heard and was now looking at the door with surprised confusion. Cursing any and all deities, Kurt took a deep breath and opened the door.

Puck was freaking the fuck out. Apparently Finn's Mum had recommended Puck to Mr Hummel to get his pool cleaned, not like that you perverts, Mrs H is like a second Mum to Puck! So when Mr Hummel had agreed to hire Puck, she told him to go over on the weekend. Burt had called him up to confirm, and man, Burt Hummel is a scary dude, even over the phone.

What if Burt realised Puck was the one who nailed their lawn furniture to the roof? What if Kurt had told him all about the slushies and dumpster dives… and Oh FUCK! What if Kurt told his Dad about the pee balloons? So yes, Puck was freaking the fuck out.

The whole drive over, Puck was giving himself a pep talk. Trying to convince himself that all would be ok. Hopefully Burt wouldn't be there, Puck was pretty sure that he'd heard Finn mention that Burt working on weekends. Yeah, Burt wouldn't be there, it would all be ok. Well, except if Kurt is there, that is sure to be awkward thought Puck. Hmm, whaddya know, Hummel was right, I would end up working for him…

Screw that! Puck is NOT working for Hummel! Burt had hired him, not Kurt. But, oh, Kurt is going to totally push this to the limit and try and take advantage of the situation. Well, hopefully Kurt will be out shopping or getting his nails painted at Aretha's. Yeah, there's no reason Kurt would be there thought Puck.

By this time, Puck had arrived at the Hummel's and had unloaded his gear. Ringing the doorbell, Puck was still giving himself the pep-talk, as he waited he realised that if neither Kurt nor Burt where home… what was he to do? He waited a moment, but couldn't hear anything. Puck was just contemplating whether he should just go around back or go home when he could have sworn he heard someone say 'shit'. Turning back to the door in confusion, Puck had decided to knock on the door. Just as he raised his arm, the door swung open to reveal Hummel.

At least, he thinks its Hummel. Yep… patented bitch face on, that has gotta be Hummel, but as he raked his eyes over him, taking the ratty clothes and bed hair… ooh, bed hair, Hummel looks like sex, especially with that flush that has come up on his cheeks. With a start, Puck realised that he was thinking of Hummel and sex in the same thought, and worst of all, Puckzilla didn't seem to mind.

Opening and closing his mouth, Puck tried to say Hey, but all that came out was "You look like sex."
"You look like sex."

Noah Puckerman blushed, honest to goodness blushed.

Kurt let out what can only be described as a squeaky "Wh-what?"

"Uh, I meant, um I mean, I said… 'You look like you just had sex.'" Smooth Puckerman, really smooth, cause that is so a much better, thought Puck giving himself a mental face-palm.

"U-um, okay - what?" Jeez, does that guy ever think about anything but sex? OMG! Is Puck… Is he, blushing? "Are you – blushing?" Shit! I can't believe I just said that out loud!

"No!" Shouted Puck blushing even more.

"Yes! You totally are!" Kurt cried immediately forgetting about his own un-comfort, "I never thought I would live to see the day that the great Noah 'Puck' Puckerman was embarrassed!"

"Jeez dude! I'm not blushing, and even if I were, which I'm totally not, sorry for trying to show embarrassment on your behalf for coming over while you're having sex. I'm a badass, not an arsehole!" In his nervousness, Puck realised he was starting to ramble and desperately tried to regain control. "I mean, you know, I'm a sex shark, so I couldn't care less if you walked in on me. Feel free to have a show." Well, that certainly worked Puckerman. Hummel totally doesn't think you're 10 shades of creepy now."But, you know, I figure for a dude like you, it would, you know, be awkward or some shit."

By this time, Kurt was holding himself up on the door, shaking with laughter. Puck, not used to feeling so, well, Finn-like, started to get angry. "What the fuck dude?"

That got Kurt to sober up a bit. "Don't call me 'dude'. Oh shit!" Kurt turned around and fled back to the kitchen where, yep… 3 batches of batter where slowly starting to resemble briquettes.

Puck hesitated on the doorstep, wondering what the fuck was up with Hummel. He didn't know if he should, like, just go inside. Hearing Kurt cursing and bashing things around, he thought maybe Kurt needed help. But really, if Kurt and some other dude were having sex, that was something Puck really didn't want to see… and Puckzilla can just calm the fuck down, cause he ain't seeing it either. But hearing the smoke alarm go off, Puck didn't hesitate and ran into the kitchen.
Kurt had turned off the stove and opened a window and was now trying to fan the smoke away with a tea towel whilst trying to turn off the smoke alarm simultaneously. Silently, Puck reached up and unhooked the alarm and put it on the bench and then grabbed a tea towel and started fanning the smoke out the window too. Kurt stood gob-smacked for a few seconds before coming too and leaving it to puck, started to wash away all the burnt pancakes.

Once done and with the air relatively more breathable. Kurt muttered a quick 'thanks' to Puck.

"No problem dude."

"Don't call me dude!" Snapped Kurt.

And again, Puck blushed. What the hell is wrong with me? With water splashed over his front, sweat in his hair and on his face, Kurt took one look at Puck and burst out laughing again. "Seriously Puckerman? You're blushing again?"

"NO! It's just from the heat in here. What with you trying to burn down your house trying to cook or whatever prissy stuff you were trying to do. Making breakfast for the morning after are you?"

Kurt rolled his eyes. "Of course not. Puck the great tough as steel badass doesn't blush. I had started to cook my breakfast when you got here and then decided to spend 10 mins insulting me… Pardon my poor cooking skills, or should that be poor time management, hmm?" Kurt turned away to try and clean up a bit and grumbled quietly "As if you could do better, a Neanderthal like yourself would probably just hit a girl with a club and expect dinner made."

"Dude! – Sorry! Hummel – " Puck amended after bitch glare number two from Kurt. "Don't say shit like that when you don't know me. I've got skills." Feeling more confident that he has control over himself, Puck smirked "But, you are right about tough as steel… have you seen my guns?" Said Puck giving a little show to Kurt. Hell, he'd love it, let him drool over me. I'm a stud. Everyone wants me.

Kurt turning around and seeing Puck posing let out a scoff. Feeling bold, Kurt decided that it was time for a little payback. Let's see how quickly I can make him uncomfortable. So, slowly and very deliberately raking his eyes over Puck's form, Kurt walked forwards and gently lay his hand on Puck's bicep, giving a gentle squeeze. "Just checking." Kurt informed him, then daringly licked his lip. "Needed to make sure that it wasn't just an optical illusion. But, they feel real." Kurt breathed giving the other bicep the same treatment before dropping his hand and walking away, throwing over his shoulder "But I've seen better." Kurt leant against the far counter and watched the emotions play out on Puck's face.

Puck was stunned. There really was no other word for it. He was stunned. He didn't know if Kurt was just calling his bluff, or if he really took it as an invitation to touch… Oh, touch… those really soft hands felt really good on his skin. Now I know what Brittany meant by baby hands. The touch was so soft, yet strong at the same time, Puck could feel the blood rushing south as imagined that same touch elsewhere on his body. It was enough to make Puck blush. Then that soft breath against his skin, Puck's entire body erupted into goose-pimples. He couldn't believe that Hummel was having that effect on him. He was a sex shark! He didn't get embarrassed about sex! Then Puck realised Shit! I'm thinking about sex and Hummel again!

He'd just barely registered that Hummel was walking away from him and was surprised by the intensity of the gaze that Hummel fixed on him. Enough to make him blush even more, Puck barely had time to wonder if he had enough blood in him as it competed against itself to flood north to his face, or well, south which would need a shit load to get mighty Puckzilla to stand to attention thank
you very much thought Puck with a smirk.

It was then that Puck registered what Kurt had said. Better? What the fuck? No-one has got better guns than me! It was then that Puck got angry, enough to cause a flicker of alarm over Kurt's face. "Who?" Puck demanded stalking forwards to get into Kurt's face.

Kurt recoiled in fear when Puck shouted at him thinking he had finally gone too far and was about to get the living daylights beaten out of him.

"I said who? Who has got better guns than I have Hummel? I'll beat the crap out of them with one hand!" Puck stormed.

Kurt released an internal sigh of relief. Puck wasn't angry at him… he was just concerned about his badass reputation. At this Kurt snorted, followed up by a full blown bend over and clutch your stomach kind of laughter.

Puck looked on in bewilderment, Why is he laughing at me. Again? "Hey! Don't laugh at me!" Kurt now had tears running down his cheeks. "Answer my question Hummel! Who the hell do you think has better guns than me?" By this time, Kurt had collapsed onto the floor sobbing with laughter. "He's insane!" thought Puck "Shit, did I just say that out loud?" "OMG! I'm going to die of mortification!" Puck was now having an internal debate with his mind to mouth filter. Shut Up! Shut Up! "Shut Up Brain!"

Puck blushed.

Kurt was desperately trying to get control of himself. But with every word that escaped out of Pucks mouth, Kurt would be sent into a fresh fit of giggles. With the last volition of thought to mouth filter of Pucks, Kurt was trying to gulp fresh air while still laughing. This resulted in Kurt coughing and gagging. Unable to catch his breath, Kurt started panicking. His only conscious thought – Puck of all people put me into hysterics!
Unable to catch his breath, Kurt started panicking. His only conscious thought – *Puck of all people put me into hysterics*!

Puck stared on in horror as Kurt lay gasping on the ground. *Well shit. I've killed the kid.* Puck sighed, "Come one du – man. Just calm down and breathe." Kurt started to suck in breaths of air, but it didn't seem to help, in fact it made it worse. "Come on man! Don't make me have to do this", Puck sighed. *Freaking fantastic start to the weekend.*

Puck gave another sigh then dropped down onto the floor. Pulling Kurt up so that he was sitting between his legs with his back to Puck's chest, he wrapped one arm securely around Kurt's chest keeping him flush against him and grabbed one of his hands with his other hand. Steadfastly ignoring their compromising positions, Puck spoke lowly and calmly right into Kurt's ear.

"Okay, Hummel. I want you to listen to me carefully and do exactly what I say. I want you to focus on breathing. In through your nose and out through your mouth. Hold each breath for 3 seconds okay.

So, in through your nose 2, 3 and out through your mouth 2, 3." Puck repeated this mantra a few times to no avail. "Come on, breathe with me, feel me breathing against you? So just breath with me. In 2, 3. Out 2, 3. That's it, in 2, 3 and out 2, 3. Now keep doing that and squeeze my hand on every inhale, okay?" Puck squeezed Kurt's hand to show him.

After another minute or so Puck felt the fight go out of Kurt and could tell he had his breathing under
control now. Kurt slumped against Puck and let out a ragged breath. "Okay Kurt, time to hop up." Puck stood up and pulled Kurt up with him. As Puck expected, Kurt looked completely wrecked. He tried to lead him so he could sit down, but it soon became obvious that Kurt wasn't going to be moving anywhere.

With another internal sigh, Puck draped Kurt's arm over his shoulder and swooped down to pick him up bridal style and carried him to the living room. By the time Puck had lowered him onto the couch, Kurt was fast asleep but Puck kind of expected that. He looked down at Kurt and gently brushed his hair off of his face. "What am I gonna do with you Hummel?" whispered Puck. Grabbing the throw rug off the back of the couch, Puck covered Kurt up and sat down in the arm chair to think.

Puck gave a heavy sigh and looked at the clock…. Noon. Could that all really just have happened in an hour? Puck felt exhausted, looking over at Kurt, he knew he would be out for a while. What the hell am I supposed to do now? He had to leave in about an hour or so to get home to watch his kid sister, his Ma had picked up an evening shift for tonight and she couldn't get a baby sitter at such short notice. He definitely wasn't going to get that pool cleaned now, though, Hummel probably wouldn't mind too much if I came back tomorrow. But I can't leave him hear alone in case he wakes up and freaks out. I wonder what time his Dad gets back? Right, first things first.

Puck found the number for the garage and called to speak to Burt, only to be told that Burt wasn't working this weekend, but that he'd be back on Tuesday if he called back. Well, where the hell was Burt? Would he still be home later today, or is Kurt home alone? Puck toyed with the idea of calling someone else to come over and stay with Kurt, but he knew it wouldn't do any good. Kurt would probably freak out and, to be honest, if he called anyone up, they'd automatically assume that Puck had done something to Kurt. "Shit" Puck groaned out, there really only was one option.

Puck walked into the kitchen with his phone in his hand and dialled his mother's number.

"Hey Ma, listen, I need a favour - No! No I'm not in trouble, will you just listen for a minute?" Puck ran his hand over his mohawk, "Look, I know I said I would look after Sarah today – and I will" Puck added hastily. "It's just, well, something has come up, and I was wondering if you could bring her over here… I know you don't like her going over to strangers places, but, I – I really can't leave here at the moment."

Puck paused for a breath and listened as his mother started ranting demanding to know what was wrong. Releasing a sigh, Puck told his mother the short version of what had happened. "And I don't know when his Dad gets back. I don't have a number for him and, well, you know. I can't just leave him to wake up alone. He'd probably freak out and, I – I don't want that." Puck astounded himself when he realised how true that statement was.

Puck peeked back into the living as he listened to his mother. Seeing Kurt still sleeping soundly, Puck returned to the kitchen and looked around at the mess that was left from earlier. "I don't know Ma, I don't think Finn's ever mentioned it happening before – Finn – Yeah, Mrs H is dating Kurt's Dad. Yeah, he's the one who asked me to clean his pool." Puck started putting away all the ingredients that been left out "I know, that's why I don't think I should just leave him here alone. If his Dad gets back, then I'll explain it all to him and bring Sarah home."

"Yeah, Okay Ma. Has she eaten yet?" Puck asked as he continued to clean up. "Well, I don't think Kurt had eaten yet is all, he said he was making breakfast when I arrived. I dunno, I'll just make something here that can be re-heated or something, at least as an apology for not getting his pool done – Yeah, alright. Send it over and I'll do that too. Thanks Ma."

Puck quickly gave the address to his mother and hung up the phone. He loaded the dishwasher and
set it to start and returned to the living room to sit and think. He was totally gonna lose badass points for all this, but he didn't think that Hummel would mention it to anyone. After all, how could he without telling everyone that he had passed out? Puck knew that wasn't something he would want to spread around. And if all else failed, he could just threaten him.

With that thought, Puck looked over to Kurt again, Yeah, okay, so I wouldn't threaten him. Puck stood up quickly, he was feeling confused about everything. All the feelings and the flirting, what is going on with me? Why do I care so much? Puck wandered over to the fireplace and looked at the photos that were up there. Seeing Kurt with his mother and father, young Kurt at a tea party with Burt, Puck snorted. That's the Hummel he knew. Looking back over to him, Puck took the time to really look at him.

It looked like he had just gotten out of bed. His face and hair were free of products and Puck didn't think Kurt even owned clothes like that! He looked so young and small, but peaceful. Puck had an overwhelming urge to cradle him into his lap. What the fuck? Get a grip Puckerman – it's Hummel! Not some hot chick! Though, he does have legs that even Santana would kill for, mused Puck and really soft looking lips. Shaking his head to try and clear away those thoughts, Puck took the time to explore the rest of the house a little. He found a toilet tucked under the stairs. He looked up the stairs, but decided that would be pushing it too far. He found the door leading to what he assumed was a basement and the garage leading off from the kitchen.

Opening the last door Puck sucked in a sharp breath and stared in shock. It had to be the most beautiful room he had ever seen. It was huge, larger than the kitchen and living room combined. Three of the walls were completely covered by bookcases stuffed with books from floor to ceiling. The forth wall held two double French doors that lead out onto a court yard. Two skylights flooded the room with light. There was a plush deep burgundy carpet on the floor. A large display cabinet was tucked into one corner that was filled with trophies, ribbons and certificates. A black baby grand piano sat in the middle of the floor. There was a large old Victorian desk that was placed a few feet in front of the doors and there were a couple of plush chaise lounges in the room. They looked soft enough to sleep on. The entire room was tastefully decorated, but looked as though it would be more at home in an English Manor in the early 19th Century and not in a modest upper middle class home in Lima, Ohio.

Without thinking about it, Puck stepped into the room, gently ran his hands over the smooth ivory keys on the piano and made his way to the trophy case. The thing was completely packed, briefly scanning over some of the awards Puck saw a few for Burt Hummel and a Katherine Jensen, who Puck assumed must be Kurt's mother. But more than three-quarters of the awards were for Kurt. Some dating back to when he was just 3 years-old based. Hummel and Berry are more alike than I thought was possible mused Puck. There were singing and dancing awards. Piano and Cello certificates, academic awards, and there were even a few First Aid certificates in there too. All were framed and it was quite clear how proud Papa Burt was of his son. At this, Puck felt a tightening in his chest, it was no secret that his Dad had walked out on them many years ago, but Puck still got pangs of longing for his father.

But the thing that caught Puck's interest the most was a Mechanics certificate for Kurt? That's hot! Thought Puck, and right beside that was a picture of Kurt standing beside an absolutely drool worthy 1968 Chevy Camaro SS. Puck felt a tightening in his pants just looking at the car that car is sex on wheels thought Puck. His eyes widened comically when he noticed that Kurt was wearing grease covered overalls with the top tied around his waist and a tight white t-shirt on Hot Damn!
Before he could get too involved in the fantasy his mind was currently creating involving Kurt bent over the hood of the car, Puck heard a faint knocking on the front door. Tearing his eyes away from the picture and willing his erection away, Puck rushed to the door lest Kurt wake up. On the other side stood his Mum dressed for work holding the Sarah's hand in one and the other was holding multiple bags.

Grabbing the bags, Puck ushered them inside and led them through to the kitchen. As soon as he put the bags down on the kitchen counter, his Ma asked to see Kurt. Leading them back to the living room, Puck watched as his Ma leant down and placed a gentle hand on Kurt's forehead and then cupped his face. Kurt didn't stir, but softly leaned into the touch. "Nebekh Kind" murmured Mrs Puckerman.

Standing up and ushering her children back into the kitchen Mrs Puckerman spoke lowly to her son. "He seems to be alright. Just remember that he will most likely have a headache when he wakes, I've brought over some pain relief in case they didn't have any" indicating to the bags "and make sure you check he is not allergic, he doesn't need a trip to the emergency room too, and make sure he drinks plenty of water."

Mrs Puckerman walked over and gave her daughter a hug, "Now listen carefully little Gelibte, Noah's friend is very sick, so you must be very quiet and not wake him, okay?" The little girl nodded and hugged her mother tightly. Kissing her daughter on the forehead, she turned to Puck "I've brought over some colouring books and some toys for her, as well as a change of clothes. If it gets too late, give her a quick clean-up and get her to sleep for a bit okay Bubele. I've also sent over some food that you can cook up for you all, and there will be plenty there for his father too." Grabbing her handbag and giving her daughter another hug, she placed a kiss on Puck's cheek, "and I want you to call me later to keep me updated. As soon as his father comes home, please ask him to call me too. You're a good boy Noah, for doing this for your friend." Giving him a quick hug, Puck showed his mother out of the house and went back into the kitchen with Sarah.
You Can Cook?

Chapter Summary

Meet Sarah Puckerman.

Chapter Notes

Most of my information on the cooking used in this chapter has come from Wikipedia. I'm not a chef by any means, so I hope I did okay translating it!

The song I used is called 'When you give a little ahavah' which translates to love and was listed as one of the top 10 children's songs. If you would like to see the site, just take out the spaces -

http://zemerl.com?title=When+You+Give+A+Little+Ahavah

I chose this song because of the lyrics, and hopefully once you've read this chapter you will see why. But I see Puck's mother as being a kind-hearted soul trying to make the best of her situation and raising her children as best she can. Somewhere along the lines though, Puck was created leaving Noah far behind.

Still don't own Glee or any of it's characters.

Puck returned to the kitchen with Sarah and picked up and put her on the counter so she was closer to eye level with him.

"Now Squirt, like Ma said, we have to be really quiet so that we don't wake Hum- I mean Kurt up. Okay?"

Sarah nodded and looked at him with her big brown eyes. "He's really sick?"

"Yeah Squirt, he is."

Sarah nodded her head and looked at her brother with an adorably serious expression. "We should give him some chicken soup."

Puck controlled his urge to laugh, as it was according to his Nana and Ma that Chicken Soup would cure everything.

"Well, let's have a look and see what Ma sent over shall we? Then we will work on making some lunch."

"I helped Mama pack the bags." Sarah proclaimed proudly. "I brought my pyjamas. Mama let me pick out my own!"

"Did you? You are getting so responsible now." Puck proclaimed as he started pulling items out of
the bag. It seemed as though Mrs Puckerman had sent basically their entire kitchen – minus the kitchen sink.

Puck rolled his eyes as he took in the food that his Ma had sent over, "Well, guess what Squirt? Looks like Ma agrees with you. Chicken Soup it is. Looks like Ma sent enough stuff over to feed them for a week."

"Mama said that because your friend is sick he can't cook for himself and that his Daddy was at work. She said that good friends look after them when they are sick." Parroted Sarah, "Is he your good friend No-No?"

Puck nodded as he set up the work area to start cooking.

"Well, why hasn't he ever been over to play with you before?" Sarah asked innocently.

Puck froze in the middle of filling up a large pot with cold water. Thinking about how to answer the question, Puck put the pieces of chicken in the water and set it on the stove. Wiping his hands, he turned around to face his kid sister.

"Um, well – I've only just started to know Kurt, so we haven't become good enough friends to play at each other's houses yet."

"But, then why are you over here?"

"I came over to clean his pool."

Sarah's mouth popped open as she let out a knowledgeable 'Oh'. "Cause you're really clever like that hey. Kurt mustn't know how to do it yet. Is he younger than you? When will he learn to do it? Maybe you can teach him?"

Puck felt his face heat up yet again as his mind immediately thought of the double entendre in his little sister's innocent speech and worse still, he felt himself get excited at the prospect of teaching Kurt. Turning away quickly to the stove Puck muttered a tiny 'maybe' as he busied himself setting the water to boil while he calmed himself down.

"So what are you making?"

"I'm making Chicken Soup, remember?"

"Oh yeah! Can I help?" Sarah pleaded, being at the age where she was constantly 'trying to help'.

"Sure can Squirt. How about you pass me the spices to put in?"

Sarah diligently handed over the spices and herbs that Mrs Puckerman had included and watched as Puck added them one by one.

"What are you putting in?"

"Parsley, salt, pepper and, hmm Ma has included Saffron… She must want it to be as good as possible." Mused Puck knowing that the Saffron was more for appearance than actual taste as it gave the broth a golden colour. They only used it for special occasions at home, because of the price of it.

"Now what?" asked the eager 5 year-old.

"Now we add some garlic," said Puck adding a couple of crushed garlic cloves. "Then we add the vegetables."
Watching her brother set out some potatoes, carrots, celery and parsnips, Sarah asked with pleading puppy dog eyes "Can we have latkes?"

Unable to resist those eyes, Puck nodded yes and set aside a few potatoes. After all the vegetables were prepared and added to the water, Puck washed his hands and cleaned up the mess.

"How long till it's ready?" asked Sarah with a slight tummy rumble.

"It will take about 3 hours Squirt. But don't worry, Ma has packed a few snacks in for you, and I'll make the latkes and some blintz too okay?"

Nodding happily and accepting the juice box and Apple slices from her brother, Sarah allowed herself to be sat at the dining room table where Puck could keep an eye on her. Returning to the kitchen, Puck set about preparing the cheese Blintz and put them into the oven and turned the heat down under the pot so the soup would simmer. Sarah proving herself useful had cleaned up from her snack on her own.

"Okay Squirt, I'm just gonna go check on Kurt."

"Can I come too?"

"Sure, just be quiet okay?"

Peeking into the living room, Puck saw that Kurt had shifted a little and the blanket had started to fall onto the floor. Picking it up and placing it back over him, he saw Sarah watching with a thoughtful expression on her face.

"He's really pretty" She whispered. "He looks just like a Princess."

Looking back over Kurt, Puck had to agree, Hummel is pretty for a dude.

"Yeah, he is. Come on." Puck indicated for her to follow him. "Now if you need to use the bathroom, it's just this door here."

Sarah nodded her understanding and returned to the kitchen with her brother.

"Can we make the Latkes now?"

Puck nodded and picked her up so she could wash her hands. Setting her on the counter, he set out a bowl and started mixing the ingredients together. As Sarah handed over the ingredients, she started to sing softly –

When you give a little ahavah
When you give a little love, you'll see
You'll make this world
A better place
A much better place to be

Grinning, Puck started to hum along with her to the song their Ma had taught them.

Just start to laugh a little laugh
Smile a little smile
Reach for someone's hand
Talk a little while
Then you'll start to see
That you have made
This world a better place to be

Puck took over the rap portion of the song as he started cooking the *Latkes*.

That's one, two, three and four
When you give a little love
Give a little bit more
Echad-shtayim-shalosh-arbah
Don't forget to give a little ahavah
To your mama, your papa, your sister and your brother
To the whole wide world
Let's love one another

Picking Sarah up, Puck danced around the kitchen with her on his hip as the both sang the final verse

Just start to laugh a little laugh
Smile a little smile
Reach for someone's hand
Talk a little while
Then you'll start to see
That you have made
This world a better place to be

Puck put Sarah back down and gave a deep bow and kissed her hand. Just as Sarah giggled and gave a curtsy of her own, there was a soft clapping that broke the pair out of their reverie. Spinning around Puck saw Kurt standing in the doorway with an amused expression on his face.

Stepping around her brother, Sarah skipped forwards and sank into a deep curtsy before Kurt.

"My name is Sarah, Your Highness."

Kurt raised an eyebrow at Puck, who had the decency to blush, before turning back to Sarah and getting down on one knee.

"It is a pleasure to meet you Lady Sarah. My name is Kurt." He replied holding out his hand for her to shake.

Turning his hand over and kissing his knuckles just as Puck had done to her. Kurt had to quickly stifle a giggle and glanced back at Puck, who coughed awkwardly and turned back to the stove to remove the *Latkes*.

"No-No said you are sick. Are you feeling better now?" Sarah asked earnestly.

Kurt hesitated, as his memory was very vague as to what had happened. Suffice to say that he woke up in shock to delicious smells and beautiful singing and felt highly confused. Clearly, however, this Sarah was quite concerned for his well-being.

"I'm feeling much better, thank you. I just have a bit of a sore head."

After receiving a pointed look from his kid sister, Puck shuffled over to the counter and filled a glass with water and handed over the pain relief tablets to Kurt.
"Here, take these, it will help." Muttered Puck.

Looking scandalised, Sarah threw herself between them and spoke to Puck.

"No-No! Mama said you have see if he's lerdic first so he doesn't go to the hospital!"

Alarm flickered over Kurt's face as stared at the bottle in Puck's hand.

"They are just headache tablets," assured Puck. "She means allergic. You're not allergic to them are you?"

Sighing in relief, a small smile spread over Kurt's face.

"No, I'm not, but that was very thoughtful of you Sarah to remember such an important question." Kurt smiled to the young girl who beamed and stood taller at the compliment.

Swallowing down a couple of pills and draining the glass, Kurt looked at Puck questioningly and flicked his gaze to the small girl in front of him. Raising an eyebrow at Puck and opening his mouth to speak, Puck quickly interrupted.

"Squirt, why don't you go make a picture for Kurt as a get well card?"

Nodding enthusiastically Sarah grabbed her bag and ran off to the table again. Kurt watched with amusement as Sarah thumbed through a colouring book to find a suitable picture and then proceeded to set up her colouring pencils in neat orderly rows according to their colour.

Turning back to Puck with a raised eyebrow and slight twitch of his lips when Puck blushed again, Kurt was debating on what question to ask first, when Puck gave a deep sigh and ran his hand over his mohawk.

"How much do you remember?" Puck asked timidly.

Surprise flitted across Kurt's face at the question. Kurt was fully expecting the usual threats and intimidation. Not wanting to look a gift horse in the mouth, Kurt considered the question seriously. He remembered his irritation of having his weekend interrupted and his embarrassment of being seen less than perfect. Alarmed Kurt quickly took in his attire, yep, hadn't just imagined that part. He remembered Puck helping him clear the smoke, yep, fire alarm still on the bench, so that part happened.

At this point, the oven timer went off, without pre-amble, puck turned off the oven and removed something that smelled absolutely delicious, reminding Kurt that he hadn't eaten yet. Glancing at the clock, Kurt was surprised to see that it was nearly three, where did the day go? He thought. Looking back over to Puck who was standing sheepishly before him with a faint blush staining his tanned cheeks

With a jolt, Kurt blurted "I remember teasing you about blushing!"

Puck blushed even harder just as a tiny voice called from the dining room "It's not nice to tease."

Kurt had the sense to look a little abashed until he glanced at Puck who was blushing even harder now.

"Sarah is my sister, she has ears like a bat." Puck stated looking imploringly at Kurt.

Kurt got it. Puck wasn't Puck at home. With a slight nod in understanding, Kurt had to wonder how
they were related.

"You are very right Lady Sarah, teasing isn't nice at all, I shouldn't have done it. I apologise." Said Kurt with a raised eyebrow at Puck.

Puck, understanding the chastising blushed so hard that he resembled a tomato. Nodding his head in shame, he looked to Kurt with apology in his eyes. Kurt gave another nod and small smile in acceptance, for now.

Kurt broke the awkward silence that hung in the kitchen – "after that, I don't remember anything at all. I just know I woke up to some delicious smells and beautiful singing. What happened?" The unspoken question of 'why are you here' hung in the air thickly.

Taking a deep breath, Puck started to explain in a rush-

"Well, you started laughing, like, a lot, really hard, and I don't know, you couldn't breathe or something, so you started to hyperventilate. I helped you calm down and then you passed out. Don't worry though, 'cause that happens a lot. So I put you on the couch. I didn't know if it that has ever happened to you before, so I couldn't just leave you alone. I didn't know what time your Dad was coming back and I didn't want you to freak out if you woke up alone with no memories. Especially because you would probably think I did something to you – which I totally didn't! But I was supposed to look after Sarah this afternoon because my Ma had to go to work. But when I told her what happened, she insisted I stay here too and brought Sarah around – but she sent all this food around for you too, cause she didn't want you to feel put out and 'cause you probably wouldn't be up to cooking and she was worried about you too."

Realising that he was babbling, Puck took another breath and ran his hand over his mohawk before adding –

"Look, I'm really sorry for making you have a panic attack and for intruding in your home like this. I'll just clean all this up and take Sarah home."

Kurt stood there with his mouth hanging open for a few seconds, that was a lot to take in and he now had more questions than before. He tried to speak, but nothing came out. Opening and closing his mouth a few times he tried again, but the first thing that came out of his mouth –

"You can cook?"

Puck blushed.
"You can cook?"

Puck felt his face heat up, yet again. "Ah, yeah, don't worry, it's totally not poisoned or anything!" Puck added sheepishly.

Puck stared at Kurt for a few seconds before remembering what he said. Turning around, Puck started to pack up all of the ingredients he and set out.

"So, leave the soup on for about another hour and it should be ready. There's plenty there for you and your Dad. But you can freeze the leftovers too."

As Puck started packing up the blintz and latkes into containers, turning to hand them to Kurt he added "These can be eaten cold or you can re-heat them."

Puck tried to hand over the containers, but Kurt was still staring at him as though he was Marc Jacobs original collection jacket.

"Okay… yeah, I'll just put them in the fridge for you." Puck added as he started to load the dishwasher, "Um, look I'd run this through, but it's not full, so – yeah, I mean I can run it through if you want." Puck looked questioningly at Kurt who was still staring at him.

Feeling incredibly self-conscious, Puck ran his hand over his 'hawk again and cleared his throat. Feeling the blush creeping up his face again, Puck broke eye contact and looked around the kitchen.

"Yeah, uh, so I think that's everything. Oh! No, look, I haven't cleaned your pool yet, but, uh, I'll come over tomorrow if that's ok, and I'll do it then, I won't disturb you or anything, I just go right around back, you won't even know I'm here, I swear!"

Realising he was rambling again, Puck took a deep breath and let it out in a sigh, Kurt was still staring at him and he felt the all too familiar heat rise up his cheeks. *Seriously? Again?* Puck mentally resigned himself to just resembling a human thermometer.

Coughing again, Puck tried to catch Kurt's attention –

"Ah, Hummel? Kurt? Hey, Kurt? Are you all right?" Puck was now waving his hand in front of Kurt's face.
Blinking rapidly, Kurt seemed to come to his sense

"Oh! Um, sorry, I was just… thinking." Kurt added lamely, "um, wh-what? I mean, what did you say?"

"I was just saying that, um, I'll just get Sarah and go home now and get out of your way. Um, I'll come back tomorrow to do your pool, and the soup will be ready in about an hour." Puck took a deep breath "yeah" he added.

Moving around Kurt, Puck headed to the dining room gather Sarah up ready to leave. Kurt watched him go for a second before his brain finally processed what Puck had actually said. Rushing forwards, Kurt placed his hand on Pucks arm, a jolt in his stomach distracted him for a moment.

"No! – I mean, um, you don't have to go, I mean, yet. I, uh… I have some questions if you don't mind, plus, you know, you made all this food, there's no way I can eat it all by myself!" Kurt rambled.

Puck felt electric jolts shoot up his arm when Kurt touched him. Un-consciously leaning into the touch, Puck found he wasn't listening to what Kurt was saying.

"You have really nice hands." SHIT! Did I just say that out loud?

One look at Kurt proved that yep… he did. Giving himself a mental face-palm. Deciding that he should just accept that this visit was going to be an 11 on the fuck-my-life-o-metre then there wasn't really much to do except go with it.

Kurt, slightly stunned and highly amused, stared at Puck. Mindful that Sarah was just a few feet away and remembering what she had said, Kurt took a breath to compose himself and with a shy smile muttered a quit thanks.

"So, uh – what did you make?" asked Kurt trying to break the awkwardness.

Breathing in relief, Puck took the containers out of the fridge and opened them on the counter.

"Well, the chicken soup is on the stove. It's not ready just yet. But these are Latkes and Cheese Blintz."

"It smells delicious." Kurt admitted. "And I'm starving, so how about we set these up?" Kurt suggested with a smile.

"You bet," Grinned Puck "I'm sure you are starving, I don't think you've eaten anything all day."

"How would you know that?"

"You told me you were making breakfast for yourself this morning."

Kurt just smiled and started to grab plates and cutlery.

"Hey, Squirt!" called Puck. "Pack that up for now, we are going to eat."

"Okay!" came the excited reply.

A few minutes later and the three were sitting down to plates full of food and cold glasses of OJ. Puck watched surreptitiously as Kurt took his first bite of the Latkes.

"Oh My God!" moaned Kurt closing his eyes. "These are delicious!"
Puck grinned triumphantly "try the blintz."

Kurt let out a sinful 'Mmmmm' when he tasted the Blintz and Puck found himself getting 'pleased' at the moan.

"These are so good! Where did you learn to cook like this?"

"I mostly taught myself. My Ma works a lot of weird shifts, so it was hard on her to keep meals made for us. So I wanted to learn so I could cook for her sometimes too. I got some help from my Nana for a while when would stay with her, but she's really old now and in nursing home."

"Well, aren't you just full of surprises," commented Kurt as he helped himself and Sarah to more food. "Not only are you a secret master chef, but it also seems that you a paramedic in training?" Kurt questioned. At Puck's slightly confused look, he added "earlier, you helped me, how did you know what to do?"

"Oh, my Ma is a nurse. Sarah has really bad asthma, and sometimes when she gets really bad, she starts to panic. So the ventolin will work, but not for a panic attack. So I had to learn and she taught me."

Unsure of how to reply to that, Kurt merely nodded and continued eating.

"No-No is really smart, he can do lots of things! He is teaching me how to play guitar! And he's really strong, he built my doll house all by himself!" bragged Sarah.

Kurt listened intently, "Really? Well, I know he can play the guitar, but I heard the both of you singing, it was really beautiful. You are very talented too Sarah."

Sarah preened under the attention, "No-No has been teaching me, one day when I get bigger, I'm gonna join Glee Club too. No-No said that it's really fun."

"That it is! I think you will be the next big star. How old are you now?"

"I'm 5, but I will be 6 soon, I'm gonna be in first grade after summer." Sarah proclaimed proudly.

"Well, I would never have guessed!" Kurt said truthfully, "You are so very grown up! Much more responsible than a nearly first grader, you truly are a little Lady Sarah." smiled Kurt.

"Can you make it official? Princesses can right No-No?"

Kurt looked completely bewildered by this request and glanced at Noah confusingly. Blushing, Puck explained –

"She said you look like a Princess –"

"Cause you are so pretty" Sarah clarified.

" – while you were sleeping." added Puck.

Kurt wasn't entirely sure whether he should feel flattered or insulted by this, but seeing the innocent expression on Sarah's face, he decided to go with the former.

"Well, thank you Sarah. But what do you mean, make what official?"

"You know, with the swords and stuff. Make me a real Lady."
Comprehension dawnd across Kurt's face as he looked thoughtfully at the young earnest girl in front of him.

"Well, of course I can! I must say, I'm surprised no one has done it for you before, you just look like Lady. But, I'll need a few minutes, because it's a very important ceremony... So, how about you help Pu – I mean, Noah and get washed up and I'll set it up. But, you can't come into the living room, because it's very special and you don't want to cause bad luck for the ceremony right?"

Sarah nodded seriously, "I won't. I promise."

Catching on to the pom of the ceremony, Puck joined in –

"I'll tell you what Squirt, the soup will be just about done, so if it's okay with Kurt, We'll set up a proper ceremony dinner to celebrate it."

Sarah turned her pleading eyes on Kurt who wouldn't have been able to say no if he wanted too.

"Of course, it's most important to commemorate this occasion with a formal sit down dinner. I'll be right back."

With that Kurt excused himself from the table and disappeared returning a few minutes later, Kurt placed a purple feather fascinator on the table along with a tube of sheer pink lip gloss and tiny bottle of perfume.

"Now, I will come back soon, I want you to get yourself washed up and we will get you ready for the ceremony, okay? Just remember, don't go into the living room until I come for you."

Sarah squealed excitedly and jumped up and hugged Kurt tight around his middle. Patting her on the head, Kurt left the Kitchen in the surprisingly capable hands of Noah.

Noah kneeled in front of Sarah and looked her seriously in the eye.

"Now Squirt, this is such a nice thing that Kurt is doing for you, so how about as a thank you, you get washed up carefully and then finish his picture for him."

Agreeing, Sarah scampered off to the bathroom to wash, while Puck cleared the table. Searching through the cupboards, Puck set the table in semi-formal style with sparkling plates and cutlery. Stepping out the back, Puck cut a few flowers and arranged them in a vase and put it in the middle of the table. He cut slices of lemon and placed a slice of lemon as well as a few ice-cubes into glasses as well as a pitcher of cold water onto the table. Serving the soup into bowls, Puck put out the fresh dinner rolls that his mother had sent over. By this time, Sarah had entered the Kitchen and was now sitting on the floor finishing her drawing for Kurt. Puck found some strawberries, blueberries and raspberries, washing them he arranged them onto three desert plates in the shapes of flowers. Last, he grabbed the cream that his mother had sent also and added a few vanilla beans he found in the Hummel's spice rack, adding a small touch of Cinnamon; Puck whipped up the cream and left in the fridge to keep cool. Looking over to Sarah, he saw that she had just finished her drawing and was now packing her pencils up.

Kurt came bustling into the kitchen just as Sarah had finished, with his hair neatly combed and now wearing a long deep blue bathrobe over his sleep clothes, Kurt stepped up to Sarah and slipped the fascinator in her hair. Adding a touch of lip gloss and perfume, Kurt then wrapped a soft lavender silk shawl around her shoulders. Tying it in a fanciful knot, Kurt pronounced Sarah as ready and then turned to face Puck.
"Uh, Noah, um – being such an import occasion, I was wondering if you would be averse to wearing this?"

Kurt held up a shirt that must have been his fathers, as there was no way Puck could fit into anything of Kurt's. Nodding his ascent, Puck slipped on the pale lavender-almost-white shirt and buttoned it up. Kurt handed over a Purple striped tie and added –

"Now, I'll just finish up in the living room, when you hear the music play, Noah, would you be so good as to escort Miss Sarah to be knighted?"

Puck nodded and Kurt retreated to the living room. Tying the tie deftly, Puck looked down at his sister who looked surprisingly worried.

"What's wrong Squirt?"

"No-No, what's knighting?"

Smiling reassuringly Puck explained, "That's what it's called when you make it official."

Sarah nodded happily and ran her fingers over the soft silk. Hearing the soft music coming from the living room, Sarah looked anxiously at Puck who offered his arm. Not being able to reach very well, Sarah stretched her arm and placed her hand at Puck's elbow. Smiling encouragingly, Puck escorted Sarah to the living room, where simultaneously the pairs' jaws dropped to the carpet.
Sleeping Beauty

Chapter Summary

Puck and Kurt fluff with a little angst

Chapter Notes

I don't own Glee or it's characters.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Puck escorted Sarah to the living room, where simultaneously the pairs' jaws dropped to the carpet.

Puck marvelled at not only the effort Kurt had put in, but in such a short space of time too. Kurt had slightly pushed back the lounge and recliners and moved the coffee table to sit beside a recliner that looked more like a throne at the moment.

He'd draped what looked like a royal blue sheet over the chair and tucked the ends under it. At the feet, he'd placed a pillow covered in the same material. A red length of fabric had been laid out leading to the 'throne', and dotted along the edges were about a dozen LED candles, lit up so it looked like runway. On the coffee table, placed on another blue covered cushion was a tiara. Beside that he'd placed blue feather boa and three vanilla scented lit candles and a small jar of some unknown substance.

On the opposite end, Kurt had set up a flip cam on a tripod, recording the entire production. Kurt himself sat on the throne wearing the blue robe as well as what looked like a faux fur white stole, and perched atop his head was another tiara. Soft classical music was playing from his I-Pod dock conveniently placed within his arms reach on the coffee table but hidden behind the cushion for the tiara.

A barely perceptible raised eyebrow from Kurt was enough for Puck to pull himself together. Looking down at the complete awe on his little sister's face, he gently closed her gaping mouth and turned her head to look at him.

"Are you ready?"

After a small shaky nod from the girl, Puck stood up tall and sedately walked her down the length of fabric to the 'Princess' waiting at the other end. He couldn't help but hope that one day he'd be able to do this for her again as she walked down the aisle for her wedding. Once they reached the other end, Kurt requested that 'Miss Sarah' please kneel on the cushion. A quick eye flick told Puck that he should stand at Kurt's side, opposite to the coffee table. Turning to look down at Sarah's nervous but excited face, he settled in to watch. Kurt turned the music down even further and spoke in a clear strong voice.

"Ladies and Gentlemen, we have gathered here today for an auspicious occasion. Miss Sarah Puckerman, a girl of notable nobility, is prepared to enter the realm as an official knighthood. Her
conscience being clear and her heart being pure, it is my honour and royal right as Princess Kurt Elizabeth Hummel to induct her as 'Lady'.

Here Kurt stood up before the girl with big brown eyes, and removed a fairy wand from his robe.

"Miss Sarah, do you promise to uphold the honour of Lady-ness?"

Sarah nodded meekly, Kurt grinned and bent down to whisper in her ear. He stood back up and repeated the question.

"Yes, I promise to do your Princessness."

At this Puck let out a small chuckle. Kurt sent a quick grin in his direction before returning to his 'duties'. He raised the wand and gently tapped it against each of Sarah's shoulders in official knightng gesture.

"Then I, Kurt Elizabeth Hummel, pronounce you, Sarah Puckerman, as first lady of Lima, Ohio."

Tucking the wand away again, Kurt picked up the feather boa and draped it around her shoulders, tucking the ends into the crook of her elbows so it wouldn't fall off. Then with great ceremony, he placed the tiara on top her head. Picking up the jar and whispering a quick 'close your eyes sweetie' Kurt sprinkled what appeared to shimmer powder across her head. Putting the jar back down, Kurt faced the young girl and said in serious tone –

"Now rise, Lady Sarah."

Turning the music back up as Sarah stood shakily; Kurt swooped down and planted a kiss on each cheek, and indicated Puck to do the same. Leading the applause the pair watched as Sarah sunk into a deep curtsy.

"Thank you so much Princess Kurt!"

"You are very welcome Lady Sarah," he smiled warmly to her. Turning to Puck he asked "Would you be so kind as to escort Lady Sarah to her celebration dinner?"

Puck offered his arm to Sarah and then mentally shrugged and offered his other arm to Kurt.

"Why thank you kind Sir." Kurt smiled.

Leading the two royals back to the dining room, Puck first pulled out a chair for Sarah and helped her up.

"My, my good Sir, you seem to have out done yourself with this fine spread."

Puck bowed his head, mainly to hide yet another blush, and then pulled out a chair for Kurt.

"It is I who should be saying that to you Princess." Kurt sat down, and for the first time during their encounter, he blushed.

Their late lunch or early dinner was a highly pleasant affair. Sarah couldn't stop gushing about the tiara and feather boa, both of which Kurt informed her were gifts celebrating her knighting. The young girl chatted so much that it was a wonder that she was able to take in any food at all. It was as Puck brought out the whipped cream for their plates of berries when Sarah when all the excitement seemed to catch up with her and she let out a huge yawn.
"I think," Kurt began with a smile for the tired girl, "that after dessert, we should set you up with a Disney movie?" to which Sarah nodded. "Which one would you like to see, I have just about all of them I think" Kurt added.

"Sleeping Beauty" came the immediate response. "Oh, No-No, do you have Kurt's drawing?"

Puck nodded and handed over the drawing to Kurt, who took it and looked at it with great interest.

"I'm guessing Sleeping Beauty is your favourite" Kurt said to the girl, handing over the drawing Puck's questioning look.

"No, Little Mermaid is, she always liked the idea of swimming under the sea like them’ he filled in for Sarah, who at this time was starting nod off at the table.

Looking at the picture, Puck saw that Sarah had coloured in a picture of Princess Aurora, but had titled the drawing 'Princess Kurt'.

"Well, I love it Lady Sarah, thank you very much. I'm going to put it up beside my bed so it's the first thing I see every morning."

"Why Sleeping Beauty Squirt?" asked Puck, momentarily forgetting the Lady.

"Because that's who Kurt was when I got here," Sarah responded plainly, as though that explained everything.

Puck chuckled and with a glance at the clock telling him it was after 5, he looked to Kurt "Do you mind if she has a quick wash up here and gets into PJ's while she watches the movie and I clean up?"

"Of course not, I think on this special day, Lady Sarah would probably like a bubble bath, am I right?" Kurt asked Sarah.

Perking up at the mention of bubble bath, Sarah nodded enthusiastically.

"Okay, Noah, if you could just move the furniture back in the living room, I'll get Lady Sarah's bath run and then I'll come down to finish it."

Kurt led Sarah to the bathroom, stopping to grab her bag with her pyjamas. Running the bath, Kurt added some of his favourite lily scented bubble bath. Testing the water, he gently removed her tiara and feather boa (both of which she had refused to remove earlier) and promised he would keep them safe. Leaving her to enjoy her bath, Kurt returned to the living room and helped Puck finish moving the furniture and pack up the remnants of the ceremony earlier.

Puck retrieved Sarah from the bath while Kurt set up the movie and laid a blanked and pillow out ready on the couch. Closing the drapes to block out the afternoon sun, Kurt turned to find Puck carrying Sarah over to the couch, practically asleep already. Covering her up, Kurt started the movie and the both of them retreated to the dining room.

"You know, you really didn't have to do all that today" Puck spoke breaking the silence.

"I know I didn't have to, but I wanted to" Kurt responded simply.

"What was the camera for?"

"Your mother, I'm sure that Sarah would love to show her." Picking up the glasses Kurt looked up at Puck. "My mother and I used to do those sorts of things together all the time" he added.
"How did she die?" Puck asked softly.

"Cancer. It was pretty aggressive, even though I didn't understand at the time, it happened really quickly. I was 8" he added.

"Kurt, I'm – I'm really sorry."

Kurt merely smiled in response. "She used to do all sorts of crazy things for me, award shows for when I was going to be a big star – that's what the red sheet was for," he explained. "Once, we all even dressed up as characters from Wizard of Oz. It was hilarious to see her wrapping my Dad in tinfoil as Tin Man" Chuckled Kurt, "She was the scarecrow, she'd wear a big floppy hat and a pair of my Dad's work overalls, she even went out and brought hay just so she could stuff it into her clothes!"

"Who were you?"

Kurt looked down and mumbled "Dorothy – I just really like her shoes, I was only 4." Kurt added defensively at Puck's chuckle.

"No! I'm not laughing at you like that! I can just see it, you know, you in the dress with a stuffed dog and a pair of red glittery high heels that were far to big"

Kurt smiled and then let out a soft giggle "apparently I was quite a sight" admitted Kurt.

The pair continued to work in silence for a few minutes as they cleared the table. Carrying the dishes into the kitchen, Kurt stood at the sink and began to rinse them as Puck loaded them into the dishwasher.

"Thank you" Kurt spoke suddenly.

"For what?"

"For, well, for everything" Kurt smiled at the mohawked teen. "Thank you for helping me today, when, well you-know. Thank you for staying and looking after me and cooking all this food, and well, yeah. Just, thank you."

"You're welcome" Puck blushed. "See," he added with a hip bump to Kurt and a cheeky grin, "I told you that you didn't know anything about me."

Kurt laughed softly, "True, apparently I don't."

Feeling the need to come clean, Puck rubbed his hand over his mohawk as he coughed uncomfortably. "I, uh, I saw your library, it's really, wow."

Kurt looked to Puck quizzically, "I hope you don't mind. But the room was just so beautiful, I – I've never seen anything quite like it. So, I went in, I didn't touch anything" he added hastily.

"It's okay, it's was my mother's favourite room. She said she always wanted an old style library. It was her hobby. She'd even drawn up plans on how she wanted to look. She started before she got sick, and over the years, my Dad and I finished it."

Puck looked slightly horrified at the knowledge that he'd invaded his dead mothers' room. Opening his mouth to apologise again, but Kurt cut him off.

"It's really okay Puck, we keep it open to people, because that's what she would have wanted, it's not
meant to be a museum" he added with a smile, "come on, I'll take you in there."

Puck followed Kurt silently as he went into the room, pausing on the threshold, he watched Kurt throw open the French Doors.

"It's my favourite place to be" he admitted. "I always feel closest to her here, well apart from her dresser."

At Puck's confused look he elaborated with a small smile "She spilt a bottle of her perfume in her dresser one day. To this day, if you open up the drawers, you can still smell it, smell her."

Not knowing what to say to that, Puck pointed over the trophy case. "I, uh, I saw your awards. I never knew you were a qualified mechanic."

Kurt merely nodded, "My Dad taught me, it is one of the few things we have in common." Gesturing to the photo Puck had drooled over earlier, "that car, that was the first car that I completely re-built myself" he added proudly.

"It really was a piece of shit at first. I convinced my Dad to buy it for me for my 13th birthday. Convinced him to look upon it as an investment, that and I think he saw the potential for us to bond over."

Opening up one of the file cabinets hidden under the desk, Kurt pulled out a photo of the car when he first got it and showed Puck. Kurt was right; it really did look like a piece of shit. More rust than paint, you wouldn't believe it was the same car, thought Puck.

"It took me two years to finish it. I've been working in my Dad's shop for as long as I can remember. He started paying me after I got the car so that I could save up to fix it up."

"Where is it now?"

"I sold it." Kurt laughed, "for quite a profit too I might add!"

"Why! Why would you get rid of a car as beautiful as that?"

"I put the money into my college fund" Kurt stated simply.

Puck could understand that, everyone knew that Kurt wanted to get the hell out of Lima, who wouldn't? Puck certainly did. But he had no doubt in his mind that Kurt would succeed, whereas he would probably be a Lima Loser for the rest of his life. Seeing that Kurt had moved away, he stepped up beside him, looking into a locked glass section of a bookcase.

"They're first editions" Explained Kurt. "It was a dream of hers to have a whole library full of first editions."

Puck let out a loan whistle, "You have a first edition of Huckleberry Finn!"

"Yeah, that one was really hard to track down and even harder to try and buy!" Kurt explained, "but, it was one of my mother's favourites."

"You have first editions of the Harry Potter books?" Puck looked bemusedly at Kurt.

Kurt nodded, "Almost all of them, we are still trying to get a Philosophers Stone (J). It was my favourite book as a kid, and every night, she would read to me. The last three books were easy to get, but the first; it seems that no-one wants to part with that."
Puck was about to ask why the last three were so easy to get when he remembered that they had released the first edition at the same time. Puck's own copies of the three were first editions. Trying to change the subject, Puck asked when his Dad would be getting home.

"Not til Monday night, he's away on a fishing trip with my Uncle."

"Shit, really? Now I'm really glad I didn't leave you!"

Kurt raised an eyebrow at Puck's exclamation and Puck felt the all too familiar heat flood his cheeks. "I just meant that it would be really bad to wake up alone after a panic attack, especially because you'd never had one before."

Kurt simply nodded in response. "So, what would you like to do now?" he asked.

With a glance at the clock Puck responded "Well, my Ma will finish her shift soon, if I don't call her, she will come back here to check on you. So I should probably get Sarah home, she want to spend ages talking to Ma about that video from earlier today. So she shouldn't get back too late otherwise she won't sleep tonight."

"You're Mum works a lot doesn't she?" Kurt asked innocently.

"Yeah, I try to take on what I can, but, she still works a lot since my Dad skipped out."

"I'm sorry" Kurt said sincerely, "I only asked because, well, I thought it might be nice for your Mum to have a break. You and Sarah can stay here the night and let your Mum have a rest after work, you know?"

"I think that she would like to be able to do that, but all Sarah's meds are over at home, because of her asthma she has to sleep on special pillows and stuff."

"Oh, okay, well, I just thought I'd offer, you've done so much for me today" Kurt replied with a smile. "But, I hope your mother still comes over, I'd like to meet her."

"Well, she should finish in about half an hour, so as long as nothing happens, she should be here in about an hour."

"That's settled then, would you like a drink?"

"Bit late to be playing host now isn't it Hummel?" Puck asked with a laugh.

Chapter End Notes

1 - I know in the States they call it the Sorcerer's Stone, but I'm an Aussie and we call it by the British version. But same book. :)

That

Chapter Summary

The delicate dance between Kurt and Puck as the sexual tension kicks up a notch.

Chapter Notes

I don't own Glee or it's characters.

Kurt was singing *Killing Me Softly* as he gently lathered his hair with his watermelon scented shampoo. Not your typical go to shower song for Kurt Hummel you would think, but hey, blame Mercedes for that one. In actual fact, Kurt's go to shower song was *Phantom of the Opera*. Not in his usual key, but Kurt prided himself on his vast range, plus he just really loved the echo-y feel the bathroom provided for the deep, mysterious song.

Kurt hadn't consciously started singing it at first. When he actually realised what song he was singing, well, he thought it was only appropriate considering the astonishing day he'd had. Rinsing out his hair and applying condition, Kurt reflected back on the crazy day followed by an even crazier night.

After leaving the library the playful banter between the pair had continued. Kurt, liking the new found ability he had in making Puck blush, had teased the mohawked boy mercilessly. Though Puck gave as good as he got, Kurt was thankful that the heat that usually so often found his cheeks appeared to have taken a leave of absence today.

Kurt was enjoying the new dynamic between the two. Never before had he had such an easy comfort with another guy. Even his father, as much he loved him, was still guarded around Kurt. Kurt hated that his sexuality always created a wall between himself and other people. He was still a guy, he was still a person. Who he found attractive shouldn't cause this much drama. Desperate to know whether this was a one-time thing or not, but too scared to ask lest he ruin the company, Kurt was rather pleased that Puck got a message from his mother to say she would be back later. Apparently there was a multiple car accident and all hands where needed on deck.

Feeling ashamed that he should find such joy from such a horrific event, Kurt quickly assured Puck that he was welcome to stay and offered him to watch a movie. Not wanting to wake the young girl but still stay close by, Kurt set his laptop up on the kitchen table for them to watch a movie on. Giving Puck first pick of the movie, Kurt was surprised that he chose *Sweeney Todd*.

"What?" Puck asked indignantly at Kurt's raised eyebrow. "This movie is *badass*!"

"Oh, I agree with you, I just didn't think musicals would be your thing."

Blushing Puck replied "I told you Kurt, there's a lot you don't know about me."

"Apparently so."
It had all felt to, intimate, Kurt reflected, sitting close together to see the screen, the sun setting and the playful singing together. If it had been anyone else, Kurt would have sworn they were flirting, but Noah 'Puck the sexshark of Lima' Puckerman was straight… wasn't he?

When Mrs Puckerman, Ruth, Kurt mentally corrected himself for she had insisted he call her that, had arrived, Puck didn't change. There was still a light playful atmosphere. Ruth fussed over him and exclaimed how grateful she was for letting her children stay with him. Here Kurt had interrupted to say it was the other way round, he was grateful to Puck for helping him.

Sarah spent an entire hour jumping around her mother as though she had been fed a truck full of sugar, exclamations of how wonderful Princess Kurtie was and how she was now a 'real and proper Lady. Ruth was highly amused at her daughters' antics and thoroughly awed at the 'ceremony' Kurt had put together.

Upon learning that Kurt's father would not be returning home, Ruth started to fuss some more, insisting that Kurt go home with them as he shouldn't be left alone. Kurt tried to interject that he would be fine, but Ruth was hearing none of that. It was Puck who saved the day when he offered to stay the night with Kurt.

"If that's alright with you of course" he added with a slight blush to Kurt.

Kurt hadn't been able to keep the grin off his face, nor the fluttering in his stomach which still confused him greatly. Ruth had given her ascent, readily agreeing it would be for the best. Puck had left with his mother and sister to grab a change in clothes, which brought Kurt back to the shower. Belting out the last note of the song as he rinsed himself off, Kurt thought that he couldn't have had an odder day if he had planned it.

Stepping out of the shower and quickly drying his hair, Kurt brushed his teeth and pondered what he was going to do for the rest of the evening knowing he would still be playing host to this strange and new Noah Puckerman. He was hoping that the playful flirting, if that's what it was, would continue. He held no illusions about the outcome from it though. Puck was straight, and even if he wasn't, would Kurt really want him? No, Kurt decided, this is just good practice for when I move to New York. That way he wouldn't look like such a virgin country bumpkin. Wrapping his towel around his waist, Kurt walked out into his bedroom and promptly had a heart attack.

Letting out a definite girlish yelp, Kurt's hand flew up to clutch at his heart. There sitting on his couch was Puck, wearing thick black reading glasses and holding his copy of Lord of the Rings.

"Are you alright dude?"

"Yeah, I just, I didn't expect you back so early" gasped Kurt.

"I was, like, gone for an hour. I knocked but you didn't answer, I got kind of worried till I heard your singing" Puck smirked, "Nice song choice."

"Oh, uh, yeah – M-Mercedes' influence" stammered Kurt, feeling rather vulnerable standing there naked and dripping wet in front of Puck, who seemed to be trying to look anywhere but at Kurt.

Trying to maintain some dignity, Kurt unconsciously swept his hand through his hair in his signature gesture. Not noticing that the hand he used was holding the towel that was precariously placed on his hips. Feeling the intensity of the stare as Puck's eyes trailed down his body, Kurt felt the towel start to slip off. Making a mad grab at the towel to cover himself up, Kurt still managed to show more leg than a tango dancer with a thigh high split.
Squeaking loudly, Kurt fumbled to tighten his hold as he felt Puck's stare at where his leg was just exposed. Clearing his throat to speak seemed to pull Puck out of his daze, who promptly blushed severely and returned his gaze to the book in front of him.

"Uh, I'll – I'll just get dressed."

Stepping over to his dresser to remove another pair sweats, Kurt felt Puck's eyes still burning into his skin. He still can't explain what made him do what he did next. But feeling a surge of bravery, he bent at the waist to dig around in the bottom draw, putting his rear end right in Puck's line of sight. Feeling rather pleased at the audible gulp from behind him, Kurt then threw his arms above his head and clasping his hands together and stretching up onto his toes, resulting, as he knew it would, in the towel dropping another dangerous inch or so. Grabbing his clothes, he hurried quickly back to the bathroom to get changed, not daring to look at Puck on the way through.

Puck was in trouble, a lot of it. He knew it as soon as offered to stay the night. He doesn't know what possessed him to do that, but he'd had so much fun with Kurt in the afternoon. He felt more relaxed with Kurt than he did with anyone else, including Finn when they were still best friends. But that didn't change the fact that Puck was in trouble. He'd enjoyed the light flirty banter of the day. It was fun. It didn't matter that it was with a dude. Puck was a stud, he flirted with anything that moved, it's just who he is.

Outside of his family, he had two default settings, charm or intimidate. Something had changed with Kurt during the course of the day and he was most definitely now set at charm. This he could handle, because he knew it didn't mean anything, it was just some harmless flirting. But seeing Kurt come out of the bathroom dripping wet and in nothing but a towel - Puck sprung a boner.

Now Puck never had any problem admitting another guy was good looking. He lived by the philosophy that you could appreciate beauty no matter what form it was in. Besides, girls can say that another girl is pretty and what not. What's the difference for guys? Puck was all about equal opportunity. He could screw a Cheerio or a MILF with no qualms, see - equal opportunist.

Puck had been looking around everywhere trying to kill his hard on before Kurt noticed it, when – Dayum – Kurt's towel slipped revealing just how long those legs were. Puck couldn't help but admire the smooth porcelain skin covering the long taught muscles there and he had an irresistible urge to bite the junction of his hip and thigh. Right at that moment Kurt coughed, and Puck couldn't decide whether he was happy to have something break the spell or mortified that Kurt caught him checking him out.

Feeling the heat rising to his cheeks again, Puck quickly picked up the book again and pretended to read. Smooth Puckerman that the best you can come up with? Puck asked himself. Glancing up to try and judge Kurt's reaction, he was slightly disappointed to see that he'd moved. Where the hell did he go? Looking around the room, he found Kurt at his dresser, no doubt looking for clothes so that Puck would stop molesting him with his eyes.

Feeling unusually disappointed that Kurt was going to cover up, Puck stared at the counter-tenor's back, drinking in the sights while he could. He was just admiring the lean dancers back when Kurt bent over to reveal an arse that was insta-boner worthy. Puck was a proud arse man who was now mentally kicking himself for not noticing that arse sooner.

It was then that Puck realised with a low groan, that the position Kurt had put himself in was basically bent in half. Even Santana wasn't that flexible! Just thinking about all the positions that Kurt could get into was enough to have Puck panting. He gulped audibly and tried to regain his composure which then went flying out of the window when he watched Kurt stretch. The lean
muscles rippling under a canvas of porcelain skin that was just waiting to be marked and his eyes trailed down to where the towel had slipped a little reveal V shape of his pelvis.

The towel was low enough that Puck knew he'd see pubic hair if he wasn't already sure that Kurt must shave or wax or something based on the quick glimpse he had when the towel had slipped earlier. Puck closed his eyes, because that thought should not be as hot as it was, and also, he was about three seconds away from blowing his load like some 13 year-old.

When he opened his eyes, it was to see Kurt practically running into the bathroom with his clothes. Puck was pretty sure he heard the lock click. *Great going dumbass! You've freaked him out!* Puck was astounded by his train of thought; he was disappointed in himself for scaring Kurt away. He shouldn't be disappointed, should he?

Puck realised he had about five minutes to come to some conclusions. First, was he gay? He didn't think he was he, hadn't have these thoughts about guys in general, or even ever before. Okay, maybe it's just Kurt. Second, did he actually want Kurt? Feeling his erection twitch was enough confirmation for Puck. *Okay, yes, definitely want - But for how long?*

That was the tricky part. Puck was not known for his relationship commitment, and he highly doubted that Kurt would be just a wham-bam-thank-you-ma'am kind of guy and Puck couldn't be that cruel, knowing what he'd already put Kurt through in the past, that would be a tipping point that Puck didn't want to be responsible for.

He could always just stick with friendship, because he did want Kurt as a friend now, the guy was actually kind of cool. He knew that Sarah and his Ma would want to see him around more often as it's fairly obvious that they have both fallen in love with him. Yes, that is probably the best way to go, after all, he didn't even know if Kurt was interested in him like that. He wasn't completely misogynistic, despite what everyone else might think. He didn't even really know if Kurt had a type. Apart from his crush on Finn the year before, Puck didn't think Kurt had expressed any interest in anyone.

Just the thought of Kurt checking out other guys was enough to make Puck's heart clench, which was a new development even for him. He didn't get jealous, he never went back to anyone a second time for the emotion to even surface. *Apart from Santana* he mentally added, but they both knew that it was purely sex and no emotion. The only time he'd ever gotten jealous was when Quinn was still with Finn when she was pregnant with *his* baby. But Puck had learned that jealousy was all for his daughter, and not for Quinn. He'd deluded himself thinking he was in love with her.

Hearing the lock in the bathroom tumbling, Puck made a decision. *Just play it cool and see where it goes.*

Kurt had managed to calm his racing heart as dried and dressed. Quickly combing his hair he stared at himself in the mirror. *What are you doing? You were flirting! Flirting with Noah Freaking Puckerman!* A small voice told informed him that Puck was flirting back, and while Kurt may have absolutely zero experience, even he couldn't misread the dark look that Puck was giving him. Kurt's body shuddered just remembering the heat from the gaze and he felt his body, much to his horror, start to respond.

Deciding to do a quick short version of his moisturising routine, just to give his hands something to do and time for his body to calm down, Kurt did some serious thinking. *First of all, he thought, let's just assume that Puck likes me like that.* Did he even like Puck? Well no, he didn't, but this new Noah was far too nice for Kurt's own good. Kurt can't deny that Puck is hot as f**k, he'd always thought so, and only refrained from telling anyone to stop himself from getting killed.
But, Kurt reasoned, Puck's reputation is no secret, even if something were to happen, there is very little reason for it to mean anything to Puck and even less chance of it happening a second time. But there was an extremely high chance that it could all fall on his face come Monday when he's met with worse than the dumpster dives and slushies of the past.

*You can't control what he will do; you can only control yourself,* thought Kurt firmly, so with that he tried to sort his own feelings out. If, by some chance, something could happen, did he want it too? Yes – yes he did. He was a teenage guy after all, previously resigned to remaining un-touched until college didn't mean that Kurt didn't want a chance to experience it.

*Besides,* mused Kurt, *how many people stay forever with the first person they fool around with?* It didn't have to mean anything, it'd be nice just to, you know, experience it. *Tension relief* thought Kurt decidedly, that's what this is. *Just play it cool and see how it pans out. Let him make the move.*

Leaving the bathroom again, Kurt had a strange sense of déjà vu as he found Puck sitting exactly in the same place, glasses on and reading the book again. Deciding to maintain the playful banter of earlier, Kurt leant against the door frame and teased –

"I never took you for the nerd type Puck."

"I could say the same about you Hummel" Puck retorted with a grin holding the book up.

"So, I was thinking – movie marathon?" Kurt asked as he indicated Lord of the Rings box-set.

"Are they the extended editions?"

"Of course."

"You're on Hummel!"

Kurt left Puck in his basement bedroom to set up the movie on his 'sweet arse' according to Puck, TV while he went upstairs to make popcorn and grab a couple of bottles of water. Returning to the basement, Kurt turned off the lights as they settled in to watch.

They made it through the first movie without too much drama. But during the second, not having anything to do with their hands with the popcorn long gone, Kurt found both of them fidgeting. First, Kurt turned sideways on the couch and brought his knees up. Shortly after, Puck had sprawled slightly, lifting his left leg so that it was now bent at the knee resting on the couch, brushing against Kurt's feet every now and then. Each time it happened, Kurt felt a jolt of electricity spread through his body.

It was like a dance, one would move slightly and the other would undoubtable follow so by the time they were two-thirds of the way through the movie they were both sitting side by side with their feet up on the coffee table in front of them, bodies touching from feet to shoulders. The tension in the air was un-bearable to Puck, who felt like a 13 year old on his first date. All he wanted to do was grab Kurt and kiss the hell out of him. Seeing Kurt grab the throw off the back of the couch to drape it over himself, Puck took a chance.

"Can I share?" he asked indicating to the blanket.

Nodding Kurt lifted the blanket so he could drape it over Puck, but Puck had other ideas and scooted even closer to the boy. *Probably not the best idea,* thought Puck. If he thought the tension in the room was unbearable before, it just kicked up to 'I think I'm going to die', sharing the blanket, the body heat, smelling Kurt's shampoo, it all made Puck's head swim. So much so that he didn't even
realise the movie had finished until he felt Kurt shifting away.

Kurt had never been so thankful to see the end credits start to roll. He needed to move, like now. He was having a hard time concentrating on the movie having Puck so close to him. Even Orlando Bloom couldn't compete against Puck's warm masculine scent. Kurt knew he was only seconds away from jumping on Puck and be damned of the consequences. Using the end of the movie as an excuse to put some distance between them, he jumped up blithely and asked 'Snack?' before bolting for the stairs before Puck had even chance to register what he said.

Reaching the kitchen, Kurt took a moment to collect himself, he needed calories, and fast. Reaching into the freezer for the Butterscotch Swirl ice-cream that he knew his dad had brought secretly, Kurt grabbed a couple of spoons and some more water for them before making his way back downstairs.

Relieved to see that Puck had used the time to switch the movies over and was now sitting sideways on the couch with his feet up and the blanket spread over him with room for Kurt at the opposite end. Kurt felt thankful for the personal space as he handed over the ice-cream until he sat down and realised that no matter how he sat, Puck's feet were going to be there, touching him.

Kurt didn't think he could be so turned on by feet. *Maybe I have a fetish* he mused. He had never actually tried to think about sex that much because it only depressed him to realise he had no prospects. Gulping half his bottle of water he tried to calm his racing heart and needing the sugar rush, he swallowed a large spoonful of ice-cream. *Big mistake* he thought, not only did he have a mouthful of the freezing dessert which was not a graceful look on anyone, but one glance at the way Puck's eyes darkened as he watched him swallow – well there goes any attempt at calming himself. Trying desperately to set himself free of those eyes, Kurt turned back to the movie.

"You know, Legolas is my favourite character. So calm and cool, he's so graceful even when taking down an Olephant."

"I know, me too" Puck replied surprising Kurt. "He's so badass as well. You can't help but admire him" he added.

Relieved to see that Puck had gone along with his plan, Kurt took a deep breath and continued watching the movie. Chatting about the characters and plots, arguing over whether Pip or Merry were the better of the two hilarious Hobbits. Kurt found himself settling back and enjoying the easy banter they'd had from earlier in the day.

They continued to devour the ice-cream, and every time their hands met inside the punnet, Kurt would feel the same jolt run through his body, which he tried desperately to ignore. About half-way through the movie, Puck had glanced over at Kurt and promptly laughed so much that it shook Kurt from his reverie.

"Dude, you have ice-cream on your face!"

Feeling mortified, Kurt desperately rubbed at his face.

"Here," Laughed Puck as he leant forwards and gently wiped the treat away from Kurt's cheek. Letting his hand linger for a second as their eye's locked, Kurt felt a hopeful apprehension. Cold water was thrown all over that though when Puck moved back away and leant against his seat. Both continued to watch the movie each sending covert glances at the other until Puck finally broke it.

"Hey Kurt?"

"Hmm?" Kurt responded, eyes still on the screen.
"Can I – I wondered if I could try something?"

"Sure, what did you want to do?" Kurt asked turning to look at Puck who sat there not saying anything but staring at his lap. "Puck? Wha"

The rest of Kurt's words were drowned out when Puck had lurched forwards and sealed his mouth over Kurt's. Feeling Pucks body heat so close to him caused Kurt to gasp, which Puck promptly took advantage of and gently pushed his tongue into Kurt's mouth.

Kurt was stunned for all of three seconds, barely able to process what was happening when he felt Puck lick the back of his teeth. It was enough to wake Kurt from his daze and throw his arms around Puck's neck.

Pulling each other closer, tongues battling for dominance, Kurt let out the most delicious moan, enough to turn even the straightest man gay. Kurt was beginning to feel light-headed, whether from the kiss or the lack of oxygen he didn't really care. All that mattered was that Puck never stopped kissing him. Feeling Puck suck on his lip for a second, Kurt couldn't control the whimper that escaped when Puck pulled away.

Gasping for breath and seeing the black desire in his eyes, Kurt barely heard it when Puck said 'That' before diving back in for another kiss.
what are you waiting for?

Chapter Summary

Turning up the heat...

Chapter Notes

I don't own Glee or it's characters.

Happy Easter from Down Under!

Gasping for breath and seeing the black desire in his eyes, Kurt barely heard it when Puck said 'That' before diving back in for another kiss.

Kurt stirred slightly, slowly awakening from the best sleep he'd ever probably had. Opening his eyes and promptly closing them against the bright light, he was confused. The morning sun didn't hit his bed – he'd arranged it purposely so that it wouldn't. Becoming more aware of his surroundings, he was further surprised to find that he was sprawled across the couch in his room. Remembering the previous night, Kurt became worried - Puck was missing.

Sitting up quickly and looking around for the mohawked teen, Kurt began to panic. Last night had been the most incredible experience of his life. He could vividly recall the heated impromptu make-out session on this very couch, hell his lips still felt kiss swollen. So where was Puck? Is he having a big gay freak-out? I pushed it too far; Kurt thought miserably dropping his head in his hands. He didn't know what had come over him, he felt as though Puck had sucked his common sense out of him with that first kiss.

Groaning slightly, Kurt could now remember that at one point he'd straddled the boy and in an effort to get closer had ground against him. It felt like an explosion had burst through his veins when their clothed erections had come into contact, so he'd done it again, and again, and Oh Sweet Versace! Puck had actually whispered into his ear 'slow down Princess'. But Kurt's hormones had long since shot out of the gate and he was long past having rational thoughts.

I did take it too far, and now he's probably freaking the fuck out Kurt thought dejectedly. He was trying to remember what had happened after, but the only thing he could remember was Puck pulling him down so they were both laying on the couch. Kurt tucked under one of Puck's arms as they traded slow, tender kisses. He didn't even remember falling asleep. Was Puck still there when he did – or did he sneak out afterwards?

Kurt was feeling humiliated, and that humiliation turned into anger. He was the one who started it! His brain shouted at him. But Kurt knew that was no excuse, the guy was probably just confused, and he felt that he'd taken advantage of that. Dad and Finn were right. I do push myself onto straight guys.

Lifting his head he tried to deliberate. Should I call him? Is he going to kill me? It was then that he
saw a bright pink sticky note that had been stuck to the cover of the Lord of the Rings book. Picking it up with slight trepidation, Kurt could not stop the huge grin from breaking out on his face as he read the short note.

**Making Breakfast – Noah**

Seeing a small heart drawn underneath Kurt felt his own thump wildly in his chest. With shaking fingers, he placed the note into the book, marking the page Puck had stopped at. Never again would he read that book without thinking back on this moment. Grinning, Kurt skipped to the bathroom to get rid of his morning breath before making his way upstairs.

Upstairs in the kitchen, Noah stood in nothing but a pair of cut-off jeans and white apron that read; Faites avec amour. Currently standing by the counter with flour smudged on his nose, bopping and singing along to Tina Turner's 'Simply the Best' playing from the radio as he continued making something that Kurt couldn't see. Kurt had frozen in the doorway, the sight before him was enough to make him pause, but he was also slightly apprehensive. He'd never done this before, he didn't know whether he should just pretend last night never happened or whether he should walk up and kiss him.

He didn't know what he expected to happen this morning, well to be honest, he wasn't really thinking of much at all except the heat from Puck's body and the feel of his lips last night. Even if he had, he doubted that this scenario would have ever popped into his mind. It all felt strangely domesticated. Watching as Puck picked up a wooden spoon to use as a microphone to belt out the final 'Simply the Best', Kurt couldn't help but giggle. Puck whipped around, the familiar blush rising to his cheeks.

"Good morning" Kurt said with a shy smile.

Bounding forwards and grabbing the slender teen, Puck proceeded to take Kurt's breath away with a kiss that left his toes curling and body responding.

"Now it is" Puck whispered huskily.

Kurt, still in Puck's embrace, placed his palms flat against the hard muscles of Puck's chest. Looking down through his lashes, he spoke tentatively –

"I, I wasn't sure, I mean, I didn't know whether." Taking a deep breath, Kurt tried again, "I didn't know how you would react. I'm a little confused" he admitted.

Nodding his head in understanding, Puck led Kurt to the counter and sat him on a stool. Stepping around the bench he continued working the dough that was there, mainly so he would have something to do with his hands.

"I figured as much – honestly Kurt, I don't really know what to tell you. After you fell asleep last night, I laid awake thinking for ages. I don't really understand it either, but, I don't know – after yesterday I just – I felt insanely attracted to you. I was struggling all evening not to just jump you" he admitted.

"But then, with the ice-cream and your lips – I just couldn't stop myself. I'm really sorry if I pushed you, I totally didn't mean too. But, man, I'm not sorry I kissed you – cause the making out, it was really hot!"

Kurt started laughing; catching sight of the hurt look on Puck's face he hastened to explain. "No! No,
it's just, that was exactly what I was thinking before I came up. Before I saw your note, I thought you must have just skipped out. I thought I had been the one pushing you. Because, well – because you stopped me last night" he added bashfully and looking a little guilty.

It was Puck's turn to laugh "Trust me Kurt, there was no forcing me at all." Then he added more seriously, "I stopped you for two reasons. One, I needed to be sure, two, I needed you to be sure." Indicating around the kitchen he continued, "That's why I'm making breakfast, I thought it would, you know, give us both a chance to talk and work things out."

Kurt was highly surprised at the maturity the mohawked teen was displaying, but after the events of yesterday he realised he should have known not to make assumptions, because this boy in front of him, he was defying all of Kurt's pre-conceived notions of him. Wanting the chance to metaphorically catch his breath, he changed the subject to a much lighter one.

"So, what's for breakfast?"

Appreciating the change in topic before he made a fool out of himself further, Puck grinned. "Baked feta and spinach omelette, it's in the oven and should be ready in a few minutes."

Indicating to where Puck had rolled out ropes of dough and was now braiding them Kurt asked "What are you doing here?"

"It's Challah bread, I'm just braiding it to make the loaf. It won't be ready for a while yet, but I think you'll like it. Plus, it just helps to calm my nerves."

Shocked that his ex-tormentor had just admitted he was nervous, Kurt took comfort from the realisation that this was new to Puck too, both were on unfamiliar territory. Watching as Puck brushed egg wash over the loaf Kurt heard the oven timer go off. Grabbing plates and cutlery he quickly set the table and poured each a glass of juice as Puck transferred the loaf to the oven and took the egg dish out.

Once they'd both sat down, Kurt took his first bite of the omelette Puck had made and let out another sinful moan.

"Oh My God Noah! This is delicious!" Scooping up another forkful he added, "You could become a professional chef."

Puck was staring at Kurt with a small smile on his face. "I like it when you call me Noah," he blurted out, blush staining his face yet again.

"Then Noah it is, honestly, I prefer it to Puck" Kurt replied with a smile. "But seriously, this food is amazing!"

"Nah," Puck shook his head, "I like cooking and all, it's really relaxing, but I want to be a paramedic, maybe have a band to play with on weekends." He added nonchalantly.

Kurt was shocked; never would he have guessed that particular career choice for Puck. But oddly enough, now that he'd said it, Kurt could see it very clearly.

"So, what about you, are you a Big Broadway Star or Fashion Designer in your future?"

"It'd be nice to think so," smiled Kurt, "but honestly, I don't really know just yet. There are so many things that I want to do, it's hard to just pick one. Broadway, Fashion, writing, teaching - I just, I'm trying to keep my options open for a bit longer before getting too invested into something."
"Teach?" Puck questioned, at Kurt's nod he added with a grin, "Well, whatever you end up doing, you will rock it. After all, you're Kurt Hummel."

For the rest of the meal, questions flowed back and forth as they got to know the real person behind their respective facades. Both had discovered yesterday that they were both huge nerds and spent 15 minutes debating whether Spiderman was better than the Green Lantern.

Kurt learned that Puck not only played the guitar, but he'd also learnt piano and surprisingly, the clarinet. While Puck in turn learnt that Kurt had a huge penchant for old horror movies. Both felt the need to step up into the adult role in their homes – Puck because his mother worked so hard and such long hours and Kurt because of his father's bad health and juvenile eating habits.

One thing that surprised Puck the most was when Kurt admitted that he loved swimming and would often spend a couple of hours each day out in the pool during the warmer months.

"But you're so pale!" Puck exclaimed disbelievingly, "no offense," he added hastily, "it's just, hard to picture is all."

After the meal was cleaned up and the Challah bread was taken out of the oven to cool, Puck suggested "Well, I've still got to clean your pool, I think now is your chance to prove me wrong oh Aquaman" he teased.

While Kurt went downstairs to change, Puck went out to get his supplies from his truck. Setting up at the pool out back, he turned quickly when he heard Kurt's musical laughter.

"You're still wearing the apron" he giggled.

Blushing, Puck looked down to see, yep, it was still on. Removing it and handing it over to Kurt he asked "What did it say, on the apron?"

"Made with love" Kurt replied shyly. "I brought it for my Mum the Christmas before she died." He added.

Puck opened his mouth to apologise for once again intruding on his dead mother, but Kurt shook his head and smiled, "It's okay Noah. So, what are you going to do first?"

Over the next half hour, Puck explained the processes of what he was doing. Kurt sitting on a pool chair watching shirtless jock was feeling flutters again, not only in his stomach, but also a little lower down. Feeling brave-ish, he stepped over to where Puck was kneeling beside the water to checking the Ph balances.

"You know," he whispered across the jocks neck lowly, "you never did tell me what it is that you decided." Dancing his fingers lightly across the shaven sides of Puck's scalp he asked, "So, are you sure?"

Watching the slight shuddering that his actions had elicited from the other teen with a smug sense of accomplishment, Kurt stood and removed his t-shirt leaving himself only in his very short shorts. Leaning down again and gently licking the shell of Puck's ear he breathed "Because I am," before taking a graceful dive into the water.

Swimming over to the opposite side from Puck, Kurt leant against the pool wall and watched the lust spread from Puck's eyes to the rest of his face. Without warning the jock had dived into the pool quickly and surfaced in front of Kurt, crashing his lips against the smaller teen in a breathtaking kiss. His hands gripping Kurt's slim hips tightly that Kurt was sure he would have perfect fingerprint
Finding the idea of being marked so possessively an incredible turn on, Kurt pulled away from the kiss with a deep moan, and tilting his head and exposing his neck in invitation, he started placing hot kisses to the underside of Puck's jaw, trailing down his neck. Reaching Puck's prominent Adam's apple, Kurt gently nibbled and licked back up to his mouth, sealing them both in passionate kiss, both tongues fighting for dominance.

Kurt lifted his legs to wrap around Puck's waist, bringing their erections together. Kurt shivered at the delicious friction he felt from the action and let out a breathy gasp as Puck's hands immediately found their way to his arse holding him tight. Kurt threw his head back as he rocked back and forth trying to create more desperately needed friction.

Seeing Kurt's neck exposed so temptingly for the second time, Puck leant forwards and bit down hard at the juncture where neck met shoulder. Hearing Kurt's keening, he gently soothed the area with his tongue, then proceeded to lavish his collarbone with gentle nips and sucked as many hickeys onto the pale skin as he could.

Kurt, clutching at the spares hairs on Puck's head, brought his head forward and pressed hot open-mouth kisses near his ear. Breathlessly he asked "What do you want Noah?"

Licking a stripe up the jaw to Puck's ear he continued "Do you want me?"

Puck grabbed Kurt's arse tighter than before pulling him closer so he could feel how hard he was, resting his forehead in the hollow of Kurt's neck he nodded.

"Do you want to fuck me?" Kurt asked in a husky voice.

Unable to respond with words, Puck whined as he all but humped Kurt against the wall of the pool.

Biting the lobe of Puck's ear gently, Kurt whispered "What are you waiting for?"
Three Course Meal

Chapter Notes

Approximately 3000 words of pure smut. This is my first attempt at writing smut, so I would appreciate feedback on it. :)

I don't own Glee or it's characters.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Biting the lobe of Puck's ear gently, Kurt whispered "What are you waiting for?"

Puck's senses where overloaded. He could smell the coconut sunscreen that Kurt had slathered over himself. Surprisingly, the taste was actually pleasant, but perhaps that was due to Kurt, who tasted fucking amazing to Puck. The mix of the lotion and the chlorine were not enough to overpower the musky scent and taste that was purely Kurt.

The strong legs wrapped around his waist keeping them close, the hard but oh so soft texture of his pale skin. Those soft lips that were pliable but had a force behind them, so different from girls, Puck was able to finally kiss with all the passion and aggression that he had without fear of hurting the other person. It was all a heady mix that only served to make him harder and needier than he'd ever been before.

Hearing the husky breath and the gentle pulling of his ear, Puck heard those five words that sent him on dizzying rollercoaster of lust. With deep rumble from the back of his throat, he slammed Kurt against the pool with a ferocity that was slightly alarming. Hand's coming up to grab at the face of the sexiest being alive in front of him, he proceeded to devour Kurt's mouth, tongue plunging in, trying to pull all of Kurt into him.

Teeth clashing and tongues battling for dominance, Puck's hands threaded their way into the wet but still so soft hair, gently tugging, his hips, grinding in a dance of their own with the other teen, both gasped loudly at the hard friction it caused.

The kiss was sloppy; both teens were grunting and panting, their lust over-riding any other thoughts. Kurt knew this was too fast, but fuck it, he didn't care. If this turned out to be the worst mistake of his life – he was damn well going to enjoy it and ride the wave as far as it would take him. Grinding his hips in a circular motion, countering Puck's thrusts, Kurt felt his climax building. It was simultaneously the best and worst feeling he'd ever experienced.

The pressure was building in him, feeling his stomach muscles tighten, Kurt wanted to come so fucking badly, but he didn't want this end yet. His movements became erratic as he clung to Puck's strong frame with all the strength that he had, desperately trying to stave off the impending orgasm.

"Come on Kurt, come for me" Puck had ordered huskily.

Shaking his head wildly Kurt stammered "N-no, I – Oh Fuck! – I n-need you – Oh God N-Noah!"

Slipping his hands into the back of Kurt's shorts, Puck palmed his arse, one finger slipping into the crevice to gently rub over Kurt's virgin hole he whispered huskily "you have me".
With that, Kurt was gone. Bucking his hips wildly trying to push back onto Puck's finger while keeping the much needed pressure on his cock, Kurt fell over the edge, his orgasm ripping through him with a keening 'Noah!' Riding out his release, Kurt felt Puck's hip grinding into him as released his own orgasm. Feeling all the strength leave him, his muscles let go, it was only Puck's strong arms that kept him above water.

Gently holding the spent boy, Puck was peppering slow soft kisses to his face, bringing him back to life so to speak. "That was -"

"Fucking amazing" Kurt finished lazily.

" – and just the entrée" Puck whispered throatily moving in to kiss the slender teen.

Shivering at the promise behind those words, Kurt felt Puck's still hard cock pressing into his hip. "How are you still hard?" he asked bashfully.

"That's all you Princess, you just have that effect on me," slowly grinding his hips against Kurt's again, he watched as Kurt threw back his head to moan and felt his body start to respond again when he added "you are so fucking sexy."

Kurt was in bliss, here was the hottest guy from McKinley, grinding against him, calling him sexy. Feeling Puck's hands still on his arse, Kurt pulled him in for a kiss, moaning at the now familiar and highly enjoyable feel of Puck's tongue in his mouth.

With a strong thrust against Puck's erection he spoke teasingly, "You seem to being having a hard time at the moment, what do you intend to do about it?"

Biting Kurt's bottom lip gently before wading back to the other side of the pool with Kurt still clinging to him, he unwound the long limbs and stretched out to nab the bottle of sunscreen lotion that Kurt had left there earlier. Holding up the lotion, he looked questioningly into Kurt's eyes as he asked more than told –

"Move on to the apper-teaser's?"

Closing his eyes at the rush of want that passed through him before moaning out a 'fuck yes', Kurt crashed his lips against Puck's, pulling back slightly to ask between kisses, "are – you – sure?"

"Are you?" Puck questioned back.

Moaning in response, Kurt pulled Puck's body closer to him, showing him exactly how sure he was. Santana had once let Puck go anal on her, so feeling confident, he turned Kurt around and lifted him so he was lying on his chest on the side of the pool, arse exposed, and legs dangling in the water.

Swiftly removing the tiny shorts and throwing them over his shoulder to float away, Puck stared in awe of the tight beauty that was Kurt's arse. Gently massaging the round globes, Puck leant forwards and placed a kiss at the base of Kurt's spine, travelling down he placed gentle kisses and licks at the crevice in front of him. Gently spreading the cheeks to see the puckered rosebud that was the oil to his fire, he leant forwards and did something he always wanted to try. He let his tongue gently wash over the opening.

Kurt's back arched into an almost perfect U as he keened and babbled nonsensically. Encouraged, Puck repeated the process with small kittenish licks before gently probing the hole with his tongue. Puck was slightly shocked; he didn't think it would be as much as turn on as it was. But feeling the tight ring of muscles clamping down on his tongue sent a rush of desire straight to his groin, from the
way he was thrashing; Puck figured Kurt was enjoying it too.

Pulling back sucking on his index finger to coat it in saliva, Puck pressed the digit into the hole gently, just the tip at first. By this stage Kurt was moaning like a porn star and pushed backwards to get his finger in deeper. Slowly Puck worked the finger past the first tight ring, meeting resistance, he gently used his finger to relax Kurt's hole until he was able to insert the finger right up to the last knuckle. Gently pushing it in and out a few times, Puck then crooked his finger to search for that little spongy numb he knew to be in there somewhere. *Found it*, he thought when Kurt let out a keening. Thank God for Finn's cluelessness and Wikipedia.

Kurt had lost control, completely. He was currently writhing around as he hung off the edge of the pool, babbling words that didn't make sense. He couldn't even describe what he was feeling – everything felt too much and not enough at the same time. For the first time in his life, Kurt let himself be truly vulnerable, and at the mercy of one of his past tormentors no less.

Kurt had often dreamed about finding someone special. But it had all been about romance and flowers and slow dancing under the stars. But this – *oh God!* – This was better than any romantic fantasy his active imagination could even hope to concoct.

Feeling Puck press against his prostate Kurt saw stars, literally. His back arching trying to get him deeper, Kurt let out a keening moan of 'More!' As Puck passed over it lightly again, Kurt felt any coherent speech leave his mouth in a sharp gasp. Whimpering pathetically as Puck removed his finger, Kurt was on the verge of tears. He felt more than heard Puck whisper soothingly, "Shh Princess, you'll be ready for the main course soon enough."

Hearing the cap of the lotion open and the sound of its contents being squeezed out, Kurt tensed expectantly, his breath coming out in ragged gasps.

"Relax Princess, it will be better that way" Puck had cooed while rubbing a soothing hand over the small of Kurt's back.

When Kurt's body had relaxed, he felt the cold, lotion covered tip of Puck's finger rubbing around his entrance a few times before gently easing in. There was less resistance this time, and Kurt found that the lotion created a wonderful sliding friction, so much more pleasurable than before. Pushing back onto the finger he silently let Puck know he was ready for more.

Puck taking the hint, gently pressed in the tip of a second finger into his entrance. The slight burn of the stretch had Kurt involuntarily clench his muscles as he gasped at the new pain. Puck kept a soothing hand rubbing over the small of Kurt's back.

"If you relax, it won't hurt as much Princess, just breath, if it's too much, tell me and we'll stop."

Taking his advice, Kurt took deep breaths as he willed his muscles to relax. Feeling the second finger slip all the way in, he forced his mind to relax as Puck held still for a moment, waiting for a sign from Kurt it was okay to continue. When the initial pain subsided, Kurt rolled his hips as a sign that he was alright.

Puck then gently started to thrust the fingers in and out, scissoring them and twisting them to open him up. One twist brushed right against his prostate, making him gasp in want. By now, the sting and reduced to a mild burn and Kurt gasped out 'more'.

Gently sliding in a third finger, Puck made sure to brush against Kurt's prostate as much as possible. Repeating his early motions, Puck added a fourth finger, wanting to make sure the slender teen was...
as open as possible so that he wouldn't hurt him. By this time, Kurt was fucking himself back onto Puck's fingers, moaning wantonly.

"Oh God! Noah – Please, fuck me! I need you now!"

Gently removing his fingers as Kurt whimpered at the loss, Puck picked up the lotion bottle again, and realised for the first time –

"Fuck!" glancing over to Kurt he informed him abashedly, "I – I don't have a condom."

Kurt wanted to bash his head repeatedly against the side of the pool. Shit! With his hormones controlling his mouth more than his brain, he recklessly asked "Are you clean?" At Puck's nod, Kurt added "then don't worry about it."

Slightly stunned, Puck stammered "A-are you sure?"

"Yes! Just, I need you Puck! I need to feel your cock in me and I need it right fucking now!"

Hearing the demanding dirty talk come out of Kurt's usually refined mouth, Puck groaned as he finally freed his hard cock from his shorts. Kicking them away, and hopping up onto the side of the pool so he could slather lotion over his diamond hard cock, he saw Kurt eyeing him with want and slight trepidation.

He watched as Kurt slipped back into the pool to come between his legs, grabbing the bottle of lotion from his hands, he watched as Kurt slathered it over his cock. The feel of those strong hands on him was nearly his undoing. Tossing the bottle aside, Kurt grabbed his hands and made to pull him back in the water, which Puck eyed uncertainly.

"But the water -" he motioned to his currently slicked up member.

"I don't care Noah, just, please – hurry" Kurt whimpered.

Puck slid back into the water and made to turn Kurt around to face the wall again.

"No, I – I want to see you."

"They say it's easier, you know the first time -"

Shaking his head, Kurt leapt up and wrapped his legs around Puck's waist. Feeling his large cut cock nudging at his arse he moaned "I don't care, I want it like this" before kissing him deeply.

Pressing Kurt's back against the wall again, Puck returned the kiss, hands massaging his arse as let a finger slip into the stretched hole. Guiding his cock to rest at Kurt's entrance, he asked one last time, "Are you sure?"

At Kurt's vigorous nod, he slowly lowered the boy, pushing his cock in, meeting resistance as the head passed through the first ring of muscle. Eye's rolling into the back of his head; Puck used every bit of will power he had not to just plunge in balls deep.

Kurt was breathing rapidly, the sting of pain written clearly across his face.

"Are you okay" Puck grunted.

Kurt nodded and took a few deep breaths, willing himself to relax. Wiggling a little so he slipped another inch down Puck's cock to show he was okay, Kurt groaned as the feeling of being stretch
and filled over powered his senses.

After a few moments, Puck was fully sheathed inside that wonderfully tight and slick hole. Groaning loudly and gasping for breath, he held still, waiting for Kurt to adjust to his rather impressive size. Rolling his hips to test himself, Kurt threw himself at Puck in a fierce, passionate kiss as the head of Puck's cocked rubbed over his prostate. Pulling back a little, he breathed over Puck's lips 'move'.

Not needing to be told twice, Puck gratefully pulled back and thrust in a few times shallowly, giving them both a chance to adjust. Grinding his hips in a circular motion with each thrust had the head of his cock rubbing against Kurt's magic spot.

Kurt was slowly falling apart again, trying his best to meet the thrusts, he ground down trying to take him deeper to press harder against that spot that was making him see stars.

"O-oh God" he whimpered. "Faster, please Noah, faster - harder!"

Complying, Puck picked up the speed and withdrew until only the head remained inside before he buried himself to the hilt with hard plunges. Finding his rhythm, he changed his grip slightly on Kurt's arse to lift him up a bit higher, changing the angle successfully so that each hard thrust was pushing right onto Kurt's prostate.

Kurt was babbling again, not able to do anything but from grip tightly around Puck's neck and hang on for the ride. Cries of 'Right there! Right fucking there!' were the only words that Puck could make out from the babble leaving Kurt's mouth.

Pushing Kurt against the wall again, Puck started thrusting harder and faster than ever before. Leaning forwards he captured Kurt's lips in a bruising kiss. Feeling his own orgasm fast approaching, he snaked his hands between their bodies where Kurt's cock had been trapped. Pumping his shaft in time with his thrusts, he let his thumb slide over the tip of Kurt's cock collecting the pre-come that had been leaking.

At that, Kurt was thrown into his orgasm without warning. A long cry of 'Noah' leaving his lips, he felt his body clenching around Puck as rope after rope of his come landed between their bodies. He heard Puck groan out his name deeply and felt his come shooting into him. The sensation of which was enough to cause another orgasm to rip from his still softening cock, the force from which he promptly blacked out for a few seconds.

Coming too, Kurt found himself being supported in Puck's arms, his legs hanging loosely on either side. He could still feel the other teen in him, the thought alone was enough to make him dizzy, but the kiss Puck planted on him certainly didn't help.

"Wow" was all Kurt could say. "If that was the main course, what's for dessert?" he asked dazedly.

With a feral grin, Puck licked the shell of Kurt's ear and whispered suggestively, "I'm thinking something creamy."

Kurt found himself shivering in anticipation when he caught sight of the look Puck was giving him.

"What?" he asked self-consciously.

Puck was raking his eyes over Kurt's thoroughly dishevelled appearance, from the mussed hair and kiss swollen lips, to his flushed skin littered with hickeys. With a twinkle in his eye, Puck confessed —

"I was wrong before – Now you look like sex."
Kurt burst out laughing, which he abruptly cut off with a deep moan as he felt Puck hardening inside of him again. Eyes rolling back into his head, Kurt was more than ready for seconds.

Chapter End Notes

First of all, I just want to make it clear that I Do Not hold with bare-backing when with a new partner.

But I've taken creative liberty with this story because I just didn't find it plausible that either of them would have had a condom on their person right that moment. Both were still unsure of where it was going when they first stepped outside to the pool.

Being that it is fanfiction I will assure you all that neither Kurt nor Puck transmitted any STD's to each other.

But please remember to protect yourselves dear readers - 'No glove, no love'.

Now with the preaching over and done with - How did I do? (wringing hands nervously)
Epilogue

Chapter Summary

A little smut, a lot of fluff, same warnings from previous chapters.

Chapter Notes

Last chapter and no sequel! Enjoy! :)

"Nngghhh! Right there! Come on – har-der!"

Kurt Hummel's head was swimming. The musky smell of sex hung heavy in the air punctuated by the slap of skin on skin.

"So, fuck, so fucking tight!"

Ragged breathing and the hoarse moaning of his lover filled his senses. The romantic six-month anniversary dinner his boyfriend had organised lay forgotten. Kurt felt the rose petals sticking to his sweat slicked skin, their perfume only served to fuel his desire more.

"ohgodohgodohgod!"

Kurt was gasping trying to get the much needed air into his body as the rhythm of hips thrusting and grinding reached fever pitch. As he felt his third orgasm for the night start to near, Kurt concentrated on holding off, thanking all fashion Gods for the stamina the pair had built up during the course of their relationship, because he didn't want this to end.

As though it had been choreographed, the pair leant forwards, pressing their lips together in a slow, sensual kiss. Now with both sitting on their knees, the pace slowed down and reverted back to a slow grinding as opposed to vicious thrusting.

Soft whimpers were released as the pair gently rocked together, tongues mapping out the already familiar mouths of the other. Hands were rubbed lovingly across skin, massaging in sensual rhythm to the joined beating of their hearts.

Contrary to how the scene appeared, their relationship had not been a bed of roses. Like all couples they had their share of fights. Puck would be frustrated when Kurt's Ice-Princess persona would reappear while Kurt refused to speak to him for days when he would catch Puck eyeing up another cheerleader.

They would always come back to each other though. Kurt knew that Puck was faithful, it was just his green-eyed monster rearing its ugly head and Puck was his dammit! Ultimately they brought out the best in each other, Kurt had successfully managed to tame the wild stud of McKinley and Puck was the only one who knew how to break down Kurt's defences and melt his inner Ice-Princess.

Together they stood tall and strong, facing the adversity that was thrown at them. They would help
clean the other off when a slushy was thrown and Puck was very nearly suspended for a week when he was caught throwing punches at both Karofsky and Azimio after word got back to him that they were responsible for throwing Kurt into the dumpster and locking the lid for 'turning Puck into a flaming fairy faggot.'

It was only the swift intervention of Coach Beiste who informed Figgins why Puck had almost beat them to death that Puck was merely given 3 afternoon detentions. Kurt waited at the door of the classroom each day and met Puck with a passionate kiss before they would leave hand in hand. They were quite stunned that they didn't get the support of the whole Glee Club. While Rachel, Artie, Tina and Brittany were openly supportive; Finn, Santana and Quinn were surprisingly vociferous in their attempts to kill the new romance. Only Mike and Sam acted as though nothing was different. Mercedes was hurt and scared that she had lost her best friend. It took nearly four months before the couple were accepted and left alone by everyone.

Staring into Puck's eyes as he heard the words 'I love you' uttered from his mouth, Kurt smiled and replied "as I love you" before capturing Puck's mouth in a passionate kiss, Kurt wouldn't trade it all for anything.

The kiss, desperate and bruising, lit a fire in the groins of both teens. Changing their positions again, Kurt succumbed to just feeling as the speed and intensity of their love making picked up again. Whispered 'I love you's' were mingled with cries of passions and declarations to deities. Kurt snagged his lover's lips in another bruising kiss and whispered "I'm so close baby."

Changing the position so that a leg was drawn up over a shoulder the room was filled with a loud chanting of 'there therere ohgod rightthere!' that was quickly followed by hoarse grunting of 'still so fucking tight!' A hand was slide between them to stroke the neglected cock in a strong grip; a few pumps had both teens climaxing simultaneously with cries of their lover's names falling from their lips.

Falling together in a sweaty, too hot, heap, both teens tried to catch their breath as they came down from their mutual climax.

"Now I see why you love it so much" stated Puck. "We have got to do that more often" he added.

Chuckling slightly and pulling out of his boyfriend, Kurt quickly tied off the condom (that they still used at Burt's insistence because he still didn't quite trust that punk) and dumped it in the trash.

"I think that can be arranged" snuggling into the waiting arms of his boyfriend; Kurt placed a gentle kiss to Puck's lips and added "I love you."

"As I love you" Puck responded covering them with a sheet, as the pair drifted off to sleep.

Two hours later, Burt returned home to see the candles from the dinner still burning behind the closed curtains of Kurt's room. Hesitating outside his son's door, he gently knocked. Hearing no response, he resigned himself to having to enter the room.

Trying desperately to ignore the sight of his naked son cuddled into the punks protective embrace, Burt quickly blew out the candles and exited the room shutting the door silently. He didn't like that his baby boy was so grown up, but had resigned himself to it with a plea that they refrained while he was home.

Walking down to the kitchen in desperate need of a beer, he called Carole, whom he'd just dropped off from their date. Remembering the tenderness on Puck's face as he held his boy who looked
sublimely happy, even in sleep, he admitted with a smile -

"You were right, he really does love him. I guess I'll have to get used to him being around for a long time."

Please [drop by the archive and comment](#) to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!