Kurt Hummel: Badass Extraordinaire

by ducttapeofdoom

Summary

Noah Puckerman has vowed to end bullying and has taken Kurt Hummel under his wing...little does he know that Kurt is the very opposite of a wilting flower. He's...kind of a ninja.

Notes

This is part of the Glee Reverse Big Bang on lj.

This was the prompt:

Bad boy!Puck and good boy!Kurt or maybe they both are bad boys?? Obviously - the pairing is Puckurt.

Kurt Hummel: Badass Extraordinaire
Kurt Hummel sneered at the grouped jocks standing around him in front of the dumpsters. It was the first day of his freshman year at McKinley High and already the jocks had found a new bullying victim. Kurt was terrified to be surrounded by a herd of Neanderthals but he didn’t let it show on his face. He couldn’t help but wonder what it was about him that attracted bullies like flies.

“Lay one hand on him and you’ll regret it,” threatened a growling voice off to the side of the jocks. As one, the group looked over to see Noah Puckerman glaring hotly. The jocks quickly dispersed, none of them wanted to go up against a teen that had just gotten out of juvie the week before.

Kurt couldn’t help the reactionary shaking as Puck moved closer to him to check that he wasn’t hurt. “Why would you do that?” he asked quietly as Puck actually adjusted his coat to make sure it was
covering Kurt properly. “Now you’re just going to get onto their radar.”

Puck snorted. “As if those pussies would actually go up against me. Go to juvie and all of a sudden you’re treated like a rabid dog, best left alone. They only feel comfortable going up against those smaller than them, like you and that Berry chick.” He looked at Kurt seriously for a minute. “I’m not going to let them do that to you. They can take it up with me if they ever find their balls.” With that, he grabbed Kurt’s backpack and started herding him towards the school.

Kurt meekly allowed Puck to guide him as his thoughts whirled in his head. He remembered the big news that had landed Puck in juvie earlier that summer. Puck’s deadbeat dad had slunk back into town, got drunk at one of the bars and demanded to be let into his wife’s house at three in the morning. Puck, skinny little thirteen year old Puck, had stepped outside to confront the man. Punches were thrown by both Puckerman men and the cops were called to break up the fight. Puck, still in fight mode, had thrown a punch at one of the cops. He had been charged with assaulting a police officer, with special circumstances and had only received two months in juvie. However, in those two months he had gone through a growth spurt and gained five inches as well as new muscle definition. And apparently a new look on bullying.

At the end of the day, Kurt was shocked to see Puck waiting for him by his locker. “What are you doing here?” he asked, clumsily opening the locker and pulling out the books that he needed for his homework.

Puck glanced at Kurt from where he had been staring down a couple of jocks down the hall. “I told you dude, I won’t allow them to pick on you. Besides, there’s somewhere I want to take you. It’s within walking distance, so grab your shit.”

Kurt followed with a bemused smile. He could get used to a protector. However the smile slipped off his face when he realized where Puck had led him. “Lima dojo?” he asked skeptically. “What are we doing here Puckerman?”

Puck snickered. “I have a class to get to and I thought you could do with some instruction so that the next time they corner you, you can kick their asses enough to make them back down.”

Kurt looked at him in exasperation. “Noah, I don’t believe in violence.”

An adult seemed to materialize from nowhere. “This isn’t about violence but the prevention of violence. All of our sensei’s hope that you might never need to use what we teach here, but the knowledge actually helps to ground those with wilder personalities. It can help you find an inner peace that you may lack.” He shot a pointed look at Puck who was taping up his hands before
beginning to tap at a hanging bag.

A ten year old boy of obvious mixed heritage ran over to the bag and began holding it for Puck. Kurt couldn’t help the sucked in breath at the blinding smile that took over Puck’s face when he saw the boy. Puck slung an arm around the boy’s shoulder and turned to Kurt. “Kurt! Come meet my baby brother Jake!”

Kurt suddenly remembered the gossip that had taken over Lima after Noah Puckerman Sr. had blown back into town, gotten drunk, picked a fight with his wife and ended up in a brawl with his son. Miriam Puckerman had panicked when her errant husband was bailed out of jail by a bail bond agent and had promptly disappeared, muttering about ‘going where he was appreciated’. Mrs. Puckerman had asked one of the police officers to check in on Noah’s mistress and child, worried for their safety should the woman also deny him entry into her home. That warning had saved the lives of both as Noah Sr. had managed to not only get drunker than before, but also angrier when both of ‘his women’ refused to let him into their homes. Kurt cautiously approached the brothers, having to suppress a smirk when Jake had punched his brother’s arm and rolled his eyes when Puck called him ‘baby brother’.

Jake stared in awe at the prettiest person, besides his moms that he had ever seen. Sure Miriam Puckerman wasn’t actually his mom, but she had taken them both in after his father’s attack. Now he would be willing to tell anyone that asked that he had two moms, an older brother, and a younger sister. He smiled brightly at Kurt. “Hi, I’m Jake,” he chirped.

Kurt couldn’t help the smile in response. “Hello Jake, I’m Kurt,” he offered, holding out his hand. He remembered being that age and hating it when people treated you like a little kid that couldn’t understand anything. He was rewarded by bright smiles from both Puckerman brothers. He chuckled when his hand was shook enthusiastically. “So Jake, are you here for martial arts lessons?”

Jake nodded and immediately launched into a detailed explanation of what he was learning from someone called Sensei Bob. Puck meanwhile went back to warming up on the bag, Kurt pulling Jake back so Puck had enough room. Before long, Puck began adding kicks to the bag, making Kurt realize that Puck was learning kickboxing of some sort. One of the adults eventually wandered over and began giving him suggestions for his form.

When Jake had to leave him so that he could attend his class, Kurt sat on one of the benches lining the wall. He would never admit it to Puck, but he was actually intrigued about attending some of these classes. He was fairly flexible from dance and gymnastic classes when he was younger. After about an hour of watching Puck beat the hell out of various implements as well as his trainer and the other students, Kurt sheepishly walked over to the desk and picked up a pamphlet, tucking it into his bag. He never noticed the adult he had spoken to earlier smile a little at the sight.
Kurt smirked when he returned to his house after being picked up by Beverly, Jake’s mom, from the dojo and brought home. And they say that I cannot act, he crowed mentally, walking to the back corner of his room and pulling out a free standing punching bag. He checked it’s stability before reaching for tape to tape his knuckles. He then set that aside as he stretched before working on a kata that his sensei had instructed him to master before the month was out.

His mother had enrolled him in karate classes when he was six, wanting Kurt to be able to protect himself when he was older. Burt had continued the classes after her death, taking Kurt to his grandfather’s dojo in Westerville every weekend. Grandpa Elijah had learned several forms of martial arts while in the Army and stationed in Japan. When he retired, he opened a dojo in Westerville, teaching both his daughters from a young age. Kurt had quickly risen through the levels and had become the dojo’s youngest black belt that summer.

“Kurt?” Burt called down the basement stairs, smiling faintly when he heard the quiet music that Kurt always played when he was practicing his karate. “Hey kiddo, how was the first day of school?”

Kurt shrugged as much as he could without breaking his concentration. “Not as bad as I was expecting,” he said honestly. “I was met with the local Neanderthal population at the dumpsters; I assume they were planning on tossing me in one. However, Noah Puckerman stopped them before they even laid a hand on me.” He tracked his father’s movements from the bottom of the stairs to his egg chair, snickering when it took Burt a couple tries to get settled in the chair. “Apparently juvie was good for him. He said that he’s not going to allow the jocks to pick on the smaller kids, we’ll see how long it lasts.”

Burt snorted. His kid could be the most pessimistic teen on the planet when it came to things. “What happened after school? I thought you were coming by the garage.”

Kurt laughed softly, finishing up the kata with a less than smooth move. He frowned, he needed to work on that, he decided. Grabbing a towel to wipe the sweat from his face, he moved over to where Burt was sitting so he could stretch more thoroughly. “Puck dragged me to the Lima dojo, which doesn’t seem to know if it’s a martial arts studio or a boxing gym.” He smirked. “I grabbed a pamphlet,” he said, pulling it out of his bag. “I thought I might take the kickboxing class, help pad my resume. I mean, I can do most major forms of dance, am a black belt, more than passable at both kendo and fencing. Why not add in some kickboxing.” His smirk widened. “Think I can get cast as Black Widow in the inevitable Avengers movie?” he joked.

Burt laughed as he stood, patting his son on the shoulder. “Listen kid, I know that Elijah said not to use your skills at school, since you could be held responsible if the other kid were to get hurt. I say
screw that. If they try and mess with you again, lay the jackass on the floor. I’m sure they’ll leave you alone after that. Hell, go for that Adams kid, he’s built like a truck. They’ll definitely leave you alone after that.” He grabbed the pamphlet from the table and made his way towards the stairs. “Chinese good for you?” he called over his shoulder, not even stopping for an answer as he started up the stairs. “Good. Thought so.”

Kurt shook his head in amusement at his father’s antics and grabbed the tape for his knuckles. He quickly and professionally taped his hands before moving to the bag. This was one of the times that he wished he could have a hanging bag in his room so he wouldn’t have to pull his kicks in fear of toppling the bag. However, a hanging bag would invite too many questions from Tina and Artie, neither of which knew about his training. He was almost glad that both of their birthdays fell too late in the year to be in the same grade as him that meant that he had a year to try and team up with Puck to lessen the bullying.

When he made his way upstairs later for dinner, he wasn’t even surprised to see the form for the dojo already filled out along with a blank check sitting on the counter. “Thanks Dad,” Kurt whispered into Burt’s ear as he kissed the top of his father’s head before grabbing himself a bottle of water from the fridge.

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It took a week for the slow rolling bubble that was the tension of McKinley High to boil over. The second week of the school year started with a bang. Literally.

Kurt scowled as he picked himself up off of the floor, glaring at the hulking figure of Azimio Addams. “Do NOT do that again Addams,” he snarled, surprised that Puck hadn’t immediately rushed to his defense. Not that he needed it, but he had almost become used to it. He mentally checked Puck’s schedule and resisted groaning. Puck was all the way across the campus in gym and wouldn’t meet up with him again until lunch. Despite his hopes that Azimio wouldn’t continue, he stood at the ready just in case.

His foresight was rewarded by the roar of a wounded rhino as Azimio launched himself at Kurt. Kurt used his momentum and took him to the floor quickly and neatly. He was, however, caught off guard by one of the other football players knocking into his side.

A free for all brawl erupted in the hallway with Kurt in the middle. At some point, Kurt became aware of someone close to him, as he turned to knock him on his ass he was shocked to see the hockey player Dave Karofsky fending off one of the larger football players who was heading for Kurt’s back. A scuffle to the right revealed Puck scrapping with Anthony Rashad, Mike Chang and Matt Rutherford not quite joining in the fight but standing between a couple other jocks and the main fight.
“Teachers!” hissed one Cheerio off to the side, Kurt thought her name was Quinn Fabray, but he couldn’t be sure because she just transferred to the school district that year. She then flounced off, revealing that Coach Sylvester had been watching the entire thing from further down the hall.

As teachers and Principal Figgins began breaking up the fight, Kurt could see Coach Sylvester nod her head a bit in respect in his direction before she stalked off in the other direction.

Kurt had a split lip and the beginning of an impressive shiner when his father was called to the principal’s office. Kurt looked over his compatriots and he noted with surprise that Dave had very little physical evidence of the fight. Puck, since he came late, was obviously the least injured. Azimio, on the other hand, was obviously favoring the arm Kurt used to bring him to the ground.

Burt took one look at the assembled group and smirked. *Looks like he took my advice,* he thought as he settled himself behind the chair that held his son. With so many bodies in the room, there wasn’t enough room for all of the parents to sit as well.

Puck groaned when he saw his moms walk through the door, his mother also leading little Sarah by the hand. He should have known better than to expect just one woman to appear. Ever since Beverly and Jake had moved in, both women had taken on the job of being ‘Mom’ to the three children. He halfheartedly glared at Kurt after he had snickered at Puck’s reaction.

Mr. Karofsky was the last to arrive, having to take time off work to come. He quickly took stock of the room, noticing that three of the boys, including his son, seemed to be facing off against one boy that was both taller and broader than the others. Paul nodded slightly at Burt Hummel, vaguely knowing him from high school and the handful of times he brought his car to the man’s garage.

Mr. Figgins looked over the assembled group and sighed. He had hoped to at least get through the first month of school without a fight. He took a moment to look over the assembled children before speaking. “Thank you for coming,” he said in his monotone. “Mr. Hummel, Mr. Karofsky, Mrs. Adams, Mrs. Puckerman, and Ms…” he seemed to falter when it came to Beverly. Beverly just waved him on. He cleared his throat before continuing. “Your children were involved in a large… brawl for lack of a better word, in the halls between classes today. I’ve already spoken to the rest of the individuals involved and I received conflicting reports. The only thing that seems consistent is Mr. Hummel being pushed into a locker by Mr. Adams. Kurt then warned Azimio not to do it again and Azimio tried to attack him again. From there, the stories change. Some say that Kurt attacked Azimio to stop whatever was coming and others say that Kurt merely defended himself. All I know is half the first-string football team is suspended for fighting and it seems that the catalyst for this situation is sitting in this room.”
Beverly and Miriam looked over at Puck for an explanation, but he just shrugged. “I was in gym and heard about the fight. I showed up just long enough to keep a bonehead junior from leaping at Karofsky. I don’t know how it started.”

Dave spoke up. “My locker was nearby so I saw the whole thing. Azimio passed by Kurt and shoved him into a locker. Kurt was rightfully pissed and told Azimio not to do it again. Azimio didn’t listen and instead tried to tackle Kurt. I blinked so I didn’t quite see what happened, but the next thing I saw, Azimio was on the ground and Kurt had his arm pinned behind his back. That’s when the other football players that were hanging around decided to jump in. I only stepped in to keep Kurt from being beaten to a pulp.” He couldn’t help the smile when Kurt patted his arm in thanks.

Before Kurt could be given a chance to speak up, Burt beat him to the punch. “Just for the record Figgins, when Kurt told me about the bullying, I gave him permission to take the next one to mess with him to the mats. Look at the difference between the Azimio kid and my son. If Kurt had allowed this to continue, if you allow this to continue, Kurt could have gotten really hurt.” He pinned Azimio with his fiercest glare. “If you keep this up kid, you’ll end up in jail. Do you really want that?” he barked. Azimio quailed under his gaze.

In the end, Burt managed to walk out of the principal’s office with a suspended son; the suspension wouldn’t appear on Kurt’s permanent record, and an invitation to the other two boys to come by at any time. Both Puck and Dave had been let off with a warning, but Azimio had received a similar suspension as Kurt.

By second semester, Kurt, Dave, and Puck had managed to be an unshakable trio of badasses. There were rumors abounding about the three, but none of them acted like they even heard them. And not even Jacob Ben Israel was brave enough to approach them to ask about the rumors floating around that the three were engaged in an illicit affair of homosexual proportions.

During the summer, a bored Dave discovered Kurt’s secret skills when he showed up at Kurt’s basement room unannounced during the middle of the day. Kurt had pleaded that Dave not tell Puck about it because it was causing Kurt great amusement to let Puck think that he was ‘training’ Kurt to be a badass, when really, Kurt had been a badass from the time he was six. Dave agreed and he would sometimes show up randomly and be pressed into holding Kurt’s punching bag so that Kurt could kick with his true power.

Artie was the next to find out about Kurt’s skills when he too showed up unannounced, though to be fair, he and Kurt did have plans that day. Kurt just lost track of time, lost in finally being able to kick against the bag with his true power.

Artie had wheeled himself down the ramp that had been installed on the back of the house for when
he visited so that Kurt or Burt didn’t have to carry him down the stairs. He was about to call out a greeting when something sounding like punching hit his ears. He stealthily made his way around the corner and peeked around, his eyes widening when he saw Dave Karofsky holding a standing punching bag and Kurt kicking it, hard. “What the hell?” Artie gasped, his eyes still wide as he made his way into the room.

Kurt stumbled as he kicked when he heard Artie’s voice from behind him. “Artie?” he squeaked. He reached for the towel that was hanging from a hook nearby and wiped at his face. “What are you doing here?”

Artie made a face. “Do I ever need a reason to come by?” Kurt huffed a laugh. “Why didn’t I know you could do this?” he asked fascinated as he wheeled closer to the bag. “And why didn’t I know you had these?” he asked as he fondled Kurt’s muscles. He also chose to ignore the rising eyebrow from Dave. The eyebrow rose even higher when Kurt just laughed and batted the hand away. “No, seriously. When did you learn this Kurt?”

Kurt sighed. “I really have to put a bell on that door,” he groused. “Do you mind if I finish my reps?” He returned to kicking as Artie settled himself in for a tale.

“I was six when Mom set me up with lessons at my grandfather’s dojo. He’s something of a legend in the Midwest. For nearly ten years, I’ve been learning from him and at the beginning of last school year, Puck brought me to the local dojo. I’ve been learning kickboxing there; it’s made my kicks a lot stronger.”

“I can vouch for that,” Dave joked, taking the opportunity of Kurt’s pause to flex out his arms, relieving the soreness from holding the bag in place. He jumped and hurried to grab the bag when Kurt began punching at it.

Artie quickly moved out of the way, not wanting to hamper Kurt if he needed to kick. The friends chatted casually as Kurt worked out, getting caught up in the events of the previous school year, and eventually, Dave joined in on the conversation.

For the rest of the summer, Artie had no problem randomly showing up at odd times to watch Kurt work out. He also tagged along with Kurt and Dave to Westerville twice a week for Kurt’s classes at his grandfather’s dojo. Dave also began taking classes at the dojo, wanting to also have some sort of training to go along with Kurt and Puck’s.

One day while helping Dave perfect some difficult moves, Kurt noticed a boy limp into the dojo. Then he noticed the fading bruises on his face. His heart broke to see the injured, bruised boy; he
knew how that felt. He quickly moved over to see if he could ease the pain in any way.

Kurt listened as Blaine told the story of being assaulted months ago, his imminent transfer to Dalton Academy for Boys, and his unfortunate need to repeat his freshman year. He came to the dojo to find an outlet for his anger, with the added benefit of self-defense lessons.

Dave and Blaine clicked immediately, bonding over a love of football and inexplicably, a fondness for Kurt and the way he looked in his workout clothes. Kurt would occasionally look over at the two and find them giggling over something as they went through their paces. Kurt couldn’t help but feel relieved that they seemed to be getting over their little crushes on him. Kurt might not be ready to admit that he was gay, but he knew. Hell, everyone knew. He was also, however, extremely observant and had noticed the way that Dave’s eyes seemed to linger on different parts of his body for months after they became friends. And oddly, Blaine seemed to do the same thing after they first met. But once Dave and Blaine became friends, the lingering gazes tapered off until they began sending the looks at each other.

“You did good,” Artie said quietly a week before summer break was over after Dave kissed Blaine for the first time. The blinding smile on Blaine’s face was definitely worth all of Dave’s whining at Kurt leading up to the kiss.

“Gee thanks Pa,” Kurt said sarcastically as he bumped his hip against Artie’s shoulder, a soft smile on his face as he looked at his friends. He paled a bit when Artie smirked at him like the unholy terror that he could sometimes be.

“Does that make you the ‘Ma’ to my ‘Pa’?” he asked devilishly as he wheeled away from the answering smack from Kurt. Naturally, this chase ended up resulting in a dojo wide game of tag as soon as Blaine and Dave caught on to what was happening.

Elijah watched from his office as his grandson actually acted his age for once, something he hadn’t done since Elizabeth had died. He secretly pulled his phone out of his desk and took pictures of a laughing Kurt being chased by his friends, a wide grin on his lips.

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Kurt was still ruffled and pink cheeked when he walked through the front door of his house, grinning at an obviously startled Burt. “So apparently I’m the mother to Artie’s father of our group,” he announced.
“Huh,” Burt grunted, sipping from his beer as he sat in his chair. “Always liked that kid, but don’t you think you could have invited your old man to the wedding first?” he teased, already reaching for the phone to put in an order for something filling but healthy; both Kurt and Elijah had been getting on his case about his health.

Kurt felt a warmth fill him at that comment, his dad had just confirmed without saying it, that he would be okay with it whenever Kurt decided to come out. Kurt darted over to Burt and hugged him tightly.

Later that night, Burt looked over the pictures that his father-in-law had sent to his phone, remembering how happy Kurt had looked when he had come home. Burt couldn’t help but think about what was causing the little bit of sadness in his son’s eyes: the lack of one Noah Puckerman. The kid had decided to join the football team at the beginning of the summer and had been suspiciously absent since then. Burt hoped that the kid was just caught up in getting ready for the season and not avoiding Kurt on purpose. Because Burt had noticed sometime around December that Kurt’s happiness was wrapped up in the Puckerman kid, and Burt hated to see his kid sad.

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Puck cursed as he paced around his room, tugging at his Mohawk. He couldn’t believe he had done something so stupid. He had thought that joining the football team would make things easier for Kurt and their friends this year, but all Puck had done was fuck it up. How was he supposed to know that football would suck up his entire summer and cause him to spend so little time with his best friend? And to add to it, Puck had seen Dave and that Abrams kid chumming it up with Kurt around town while Puck was with some of the football guys. It had taken everything in Puck to not leave the team and go join Kurt and Dave.

Puck’s phone buzzed on his desk and he groaned when he saw the caller id. And to top it off, Puck had gotten Finn Hudson’s girlfriend tipsy and had sex with her over the weekend at the last big party before school started. And now, Fabray kept calling him, probably to screech at him again about needing to keep quiet about it. As if Puck wanted Kurt to know about that.

He stopped short when he realized that he was most afraid of Kurt finding out about it and not Hudson. He sat down on the edge of his bed, shaking, and thought about what that implied.

“Puck?” Jake asked, knocking on the partially open door. He walked in when he saw the welcoming smile on his older brother’s face. “Are you and Kurt fighting?” he asked after he had settled himself on the bed next to Puck. “I haven’t seen him around except for when he’s at the dojo. Whatever caused it, apologize. I like having Kurt around.”
Puck felt his heart clench at the pleading look in his little brother’s brown eyes. He hugged him close. “I do too kid,” he whispered. “I’ll try,” he promised.

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Sophomore year started off a bit bumpy for the boys, what with the football team thinking that just because Puck joined them they could pick on Kurt again. They were quickly proven wrong when not only did Puck jump in to defend Kurt, but so did Dave and half the hockey team. Never let it be said that the hockey team was disloyal, if Kurt Hummel was Dave’s friend, then he was theirs also.

Scott Cooper practically wrestled Kurt’s schedule from the him before passing it around the team to see who shared classes with him. Puck watched with sad eyes as Kurt agreed to join the hockey team after school for their practices, claiming that it did good things for his blood pressure to see jocks shoved up against glass on a regular basis. He felt even more alienated than usual when Artie Abrams rolled up to the group and started discussing some video game that he apparently plays with Dave. Puck watched sadly as the group ambled off towards homeroom, he missed the easy friendship that he had last year with Kurt. Now it seemed like Puck would have to fight tooth and nail for just a scrap of Kurt’s time.

Puck would learn just how true that thought was as the semester wore on as Kurt joined the hockey team for their various practices and games as well as joining Glee when Mr. Ryerson was rumored to have been fired for inappropriate touching of one of the students. The guy had always given both Puck and Kurt the creeps so they had refused to join the club even though the both of them were good singers. Puck knew he was crazy, for Kurt and in general, when he joined Glee a couple weeks later for no other reason than wanting to have something that he shared with Kurt that the hockey team didn’t.

About a month after joining Glee, Finn confided in Puck that Quinn was pregnant, and Finn was confused as to how that could be since he and Quinn never actually had sex. Puck’s mind raced as he heard that, he knew that the baby was actually his and not Finn’s. That was the incident that spurred him into swallowing his pride and going to Kurt, wasting no time in confiding in his friend what had happened over the summer and now what had resulted from the indiscretion.

After Puck cried himself to sleep in Kurt’s arms, Kurt allowed his face to show the rage he felt towards Quinn. How dare she think that she could keep Puck’s child away from him? A truly evil smirk stole over his face as he came up with a devious idea. He needed access to school records before he could begin though. Tomorrow, he decided as he looked down at Puck’s sleeping face where it rested on his chest, I’ll get started tomorrow.

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The next night, Kurt broke into the principal’s office in order to take a peek at Fabray’s permanent record. He looked over the unimportant things, such as which school she transferred from, and concentrated on things like her *name*: Lucy Q. Fabray. He pulled out the copy of her birth certificate and smirked. So…she wasn’t a natural blonde and her name wasn’t Quinn, it was Lucy. He could work with that.

“So, to what do we owe this breaking and entering?” drawled Sue Sylvester’s voice from outside Figgin’s office. “What has…” she looked at the file he was perusing, “Fabray done to earn this invasion of privacy?”

Kurt jumped and looked up at the coach with wide, innocent eyes. He had learned long ago that people tended to assume that he was a wilting flower because of his looks and had practiced dozens of ‘innocent’ looks to get him out of trouble. However, he could see that Sylvester had a wonderful bullshit detector and wasn’t buying it. That was refreshing, actually. Finally someone he could be himself around without any barriers, other than his father. So he found himself telling the truth to the woman; at least part of it anyways. “She’s doing something to hurt Puck without taking into consideration his feelings. I won’t allow that to continue;” he snarled, eyes flashing. “I needed a little recon work before getting started on taking care of it,” he explained.

Sue stared at the kid in shock. She supposed that she had fell for his little ‘I’m so innocent’ routine that everyone else in the school did; she had no idea that he could be so vicious. She liked it. Sue had been planning on passing on her tricks of the trade to her protégé, Quinn Fabray, since she felt like the girl had all the necessary skills for it. However, she now reconsidered. Fabray might look like an angel, but Sue knew that the girl had a cruel streak a mile wide, as evidenced by Fabray’s interaction with the Berry girl. Sue had been keeping an eye on the Hummel kid for over a year, ever since he had taken down a football player twice his size and then taken on half the football team in an all-out brawl in the hallway. She had thought that one obvious disciple would be perfect while she secretly trained Brittany S. Pierce in the ways of Sue Sylvester. After all, Brittany would one day take over the world with a smile and vapid comment and no one would be the wiser until it was too late. However, she now reconsidered having just one secret minion. She made up her mind right then and there that she would also train Kurt Hummel, because even if she didn’t, he would be right beside Brittany as ruler of the world with an innocent smile and a devious heart. “Tell me the plan,” she barked. “I don’t understand this attachment you have to Puckerman, but it is always useful to have willing minions to surround you.”

Kurt blinked before deciding to tell the woman his plan. She was pure evil and would no doubt figure it out before he could even get it started. If he didn’t bring her in on the plan, she might block his attempts to ruin the life of one of her Cheerios. He was expecting to be killed and stuffed in a locker for the janitor to find later, but was shocked when Coach Sylvester improved the plan to completely destroy Fabray socially.

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Interestingly, Coach Sylvester’s first addition to the plan was for her to stop favoring Fabray in front of the other Cheerios. She wasn’t as popular as she thought she was, especially among the team. Many of her fellow cheerleaders didn’t like that she was head cheerleader as a sophomore, especially the upperclassmen. As soon as Sue stepped back, the others felt free to express just what they thought about her.

When the news about Quinn’s pregnancy broke to the general populace of the school, Sue suddenly understood why Kurt was so eager to destroy Q. She was pregnant with Puckerman’s kid and was attempting to keep the baby from him. Sue was almost tempted to go to Mrs. Puckerman, just to see the woman tear Q a new one, but Sue settled with kicking her off the team. She may have phrased it as Q disappointing Sue by getting pregnant, but Sue was actually more worried about Q causing a miscarriage by continuing with the competitive sport. Never let it be said that Sue didn’t care for her kids, even if she refused to show it. She secretly began looking up lawyers with specialties on father’s rights.

Unfortunately, this meant that Quinn only had Glee as an extracurricular activity, which left Kurt wanting to strangle her every time she dangled the fact that Puck couldn’t publically claim his child in front of him. And Kurt knew that she was doing it on purpose. He saw the way Quinn looked at Puck sometimes; as if keeping him on standby should anything happen with her relationship with Finn. And judging by the way that Rachel kept looking at Finn, and he was looking back, it seemed like Finn and Quinn’s relationship was doomed to fail, especially if the news of who the father of the baby really was got out.

Kurt managed to hold his tongue on the subject of Quinn for far longer than he thought he would. Of course, right up until she asked Puck to babysit Mr. Schue’s nephews with her. When Quinn asked Puck to help her babysit Mr. Schue’s nephews it became obvious that she was attempting to see if Puck was father material. After she freaked out because he was texting with Santana, Kurt had to roll his eyes at her, how insecure could one girl be? It wasn’t enough that she had Finn trailing after her like a little puppy, but she also wanted Puck to do the same. Well, Kurt Elizabeth Hummel wasn’t going to allow that to continue for one second longer.

He drew Quinn around the corner of the hallway and they began whispering furiously to each other. Both made accusations that they would later regret, but it all came to a head when Kurt said something that caused Quinn to slap him. He smirked coldly at her and said it again, but when she reached back to slap him once more, she was stopped by a furious looking Puck.

“Never hit him again,” Puck hissed. When Quinn looked mutinously at him, Puck looked over her shoulder directly into Finn’s eyes. “They baby isn’t yours,” he said quietly. “It’s mine. Quinn and I slept together at Cooper’s party over the summer. She somehow convinced me not to tell you and that you’d be a better father. Hell, it’s not like mine was the best example. But I’ve got a kick ass family now, and better friends than I thought I’d ever get,” he glanced at a faintly blushing Kurt as he said that. “I was willing to go along with it, but that deal shattered the moment she hit him.”
“Wanky,” Santana purred, walking up to Puck and wrapping an arm around him. They had been friends since kindergarten; so she knew him better than others, except Kurt. She knew how much Kurt meant to Puck, so she wasn’t surprised that Puck had leapt to Kurt’s defense again.

“Is this true?” Finn asked Quinn, with a sad look on his face. But he didn’t need an answer; the tears in her eyes told him all he needed to know. He looked over at his ‘best friend’ ready to chew him out, but was stopped at the look on Puck’s face as he examined the red mark on Kurt’s cheek as Kurt made faces at the gentle touches. It was obvious to Finn that Puck had no interest in Quinn any more.

A couple days later, Puck opened his locker to find a business card for a custody lawyer tucked between his books with an appointment date listed in Coach Sylvester’s distinctive handwriting.

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Kurt began to feel guilty as things continued to roll downhill for Quinn after the revelation of the true father of her baby. She had already been kicked out of her house by her father after the news of her pregnancy was revealed by a clueless Finn. It all came to a head when Artie confessed to Kurt that Quinn had been couch surfing amongst many of the club ever since Sectionals. Well, more bedroom surfing because no one that she had stayed with had been heartless enough to make a pregnant girl take the couch.

Kurt conferred with Puck and Rachel and discovered that neither of them had been hosting Quinn, which meant that Quinn was deliberately avoiding the three of them as potential hosts. So Kurt sent Artie to talk to her, because he wasn’t delusional enough to think that she wanted anything to do with the three of them. Artie apparently got through to her because she showed up on Kurt’s doorstep with a bag in hand that night. Kurt stepped aside to let her in and showed her the guestroom.

She never left.

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Kurt groaned as he wished for something to bang his head against…preferably a wall. Regionals was a disaster. Who knew something could be worse than Sectionals, or their Invitational really, now that he thought about it. He was standing not too far from the hospital nursery, watching as Quinn and Puck talked about something. He tried to stamp down on the burst of jealousy that welled up when Quinn looked so beautiful, post-delivery. He took a deep breath and looked down at the bracelet that
adorned his wrist, a gift from Puck after Sectionals when Puck asked him out. He had developed a bad habit of rubbing the braided silver when he was struck with a bout of insecurity. Dave thought he was ridiculous and liked to point out every now and then that Puck looked at Kurt like Kurt hung the moon. Blaine would then usually laugh and joke that Kurt looks at Puck the exact same way.

“Mr. Hummel?” a woman’s voice spoke quietly from behind him. Kurt turned around to see a nurse escorting a woman in a suit. “She said she’s Mr. Puckerman’s lawyer,” the nurse said skeptically, as if the idea of a 16 year old having a lawyer was ludicrous.

Kurt nodded. “His custody lawyer,” he explained, jerking his head towards the nursery. “Just in case Quinn tries to sign away the baby without his consent.” The nurse had the grace to look shameful as she hurried away.

“Damn kid, I’m suddenly reminded why Sue likes you so much,” the woman joked before a serious look overtook her face as footsteps approached them. “Mr. Puckerman, Miss Fabray,” she greeted over Kurt’s shoulder, smiling faintly as Puck wrapped an arm around his boyfriend.

“Are you still going through with this?” Quinn asked, looking at Puck, who nodded. “Fine. Where do I sign?”

Fifteen minutes later, Elizabeth Lucy Puckerman was fully Puck’s. Quinn had given him full custody and given up her legal rights to the child, the same as she would if she were giving the baby up for adoption like she had been considering. Beth would share Puck’s room at his house until the extended Puckerman family could find a bigger house so the family didn’t have to double up rooms any longer. Puck had been the lucky bastard out of the lot, having a room to himself since Jake and Sarah were young enough that they could share a room without too much trouble. Luckily, Beverly still had some contacts in the real estate community so they should be able to find a house before Beth got too big for her bassinet, which was all that would fit in Puck’s tiny room.

Miriam had been slightly disappointed when Noah had revealed that he was in love with his best friend Kurt a couple months before the boys actually got together. What she had been most upset about was that she most likely wouldn’t have blood grandchildren. Sure, she would have them if the way that Kurt’s eyes lit up when he was around the kids said anything; however, she was mourning the fact that her genes wouldn’t carry on. Then…Noah came home in tears after that singing competition, Sectionals she believed it was called, and laid his head in her lap and shakily confessed that he was going to be a father. That he had messed up during the summer and would have a daughter in a few months. He had then looked up at her with his big brown eyes and begged her to tell him what to do. He wanted the baby, but what would that mean for their futures? He was terrified that by keeping her he would be ruining her chances, and causing him to become what he was always secretly terrified of becoming: a Lima Loser.
Miriam had rubbed her hand over his Mohawk and told him that if he wanted his little girl, to fight for her and everything else would work itself out. It wasn't like he was alone after all, he had his family, his friends, Kurt’s father, and most important: Kurt himself to help.

Kurt had called Miriam in a panic after their Regionals competition, telling her that Quinn had gone into labor. Miriam could tell from the way that Kurt was almost hyperventilating that he was worried. She had managed to get him to calm down enough for him to confess to her that he was terrified that Quinn was going to change her mind and keep the baby and shut Noah out of Beth’s life. Or that she would go ahead and give Beth up for adoption and Noah wouldn’t be able to stop it.

It was at that moment that Miriam realized that Kurt loved her son just as much, if not more, than Noah loved him. The fact that he was so worried about Noah not getting his daughter spoke volumes. It also revealed something else, Kurt loved this baby. He was ready to be her other father. It confirmed some things that Hiram Berry had told her at temple the month before. Apparently Rachel told her fathers everything, so Hiram and Leroy were privy to a lot of facts that other parents lacked, Miriam included. Like the fact that Quinn had been living at the Hummel’s house for the last four months.

The whole family was together in the Hummel’s living room when Kurt and Puck returned home after being driven back by Vocal Adrenaline’s coach, Shelby Corcoran. She had appeared at the hospital after the competition and Kurt had a sneaking suspicion that she had been hoping that Beth had been given up for adoption. *Sucks to be you*, Kurt thought viciously, *she’s ours*. He couldn’t believe the amount of love he had for this small being that slept in his arms. He hated that he had to wait two years before he could adopt the little girl and make her officially his daughter in the eyes of the law, despite what he knows in his heart. “Je t’aime Beth,” he whispered in the little girl’s ears before being surrounded by his well-meaning family, both sides.

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Puck watched in awe as Kurt fought against an opponent at least a foot taller than him and nearly fifty pounds heavier. He knew that Kurt could hold his own against bigger opponents, but this was the first time that he had been able to attend any of Kurt’s competitions. According to Grandpa Elijah, most people that he fought against underestimated Kurt because of his size and then wondered later how they ended up on their asses so soon.

Puck refused to admit that it made him hot when Kurt simply raised an eyebrow at them and sneered that he was a ‘second degree black belt thank you very much’ and that ‘they didn’t just hand them out like candy’. Puck also refused to admit that it gave him a thrill when he realized that Kurt could kick his ass in an instant whenever they sparred against each other.

“You’re so far gone it’s not even funny,” Blaine teased from beside him. Puck made a face in
response. Dave would normally be there right beside his boyfriend giving Puck hell, but Dave had
come Beth’s new favorite person and so was at home in Lima keeping her company while Puck,
Burt, Blaine and Elijah were in Cleveland for the annual Ohio Martial Arts Junior Division
Championship. Kurt was the reigning champion of his division and it was his last year competing in
the Junior Division and so he was basically fighting against guys in and out of his weight class to
prove that he deserved his title. So far he had wiped the floor with every opponent.

Sometimes Puck couldn’t believe his life. Here he was the summer after graduation, with his two
year old daughter at home being entertained by one of his best friends, with his other best friend
ribbing him while he stared adoringly at his sexy boyfriend kick the ass of any challenger that came
his way. And in a couple weeks he was moving to New York with Kurt and Beth so Kurt could
attend Parsons. It had been a tossup between Parsons and FIT, but Parsons was the one to give them
a family dorm and more scholarships and financial aid; so in the end, it had been an easy decision.

Puck was suddenly reminded of something when he spotted Wes Warbler lurking in the background
of the crowd, as a former student of Elijah’s dojo, Wes often came to the competitions. “Oh yeah,”
Puck said offhandedly. “Remind me to have you invite the Warblers to next week’s practice at the
dojo,” he was cut off when Kurt once again took down a larger opponent, barely breaking a sweat.

The judges finally called it, declaring Kurt the continued champion in unison. Kurt grinned widely,
accepting the congratulations from his opponents before making his way to his family. He first
hugged his father and then his grandfather. Puck didn’t feel slighted in the least when Blaine got the
next hug because Puck knew that the hug waiting for him was worth waiting for.

“Puck’s moms have agreed to take Beth for the night and your Dad and Judy are staying at her
house. You and Puck have the night to yourselves,” Blaine whispered in Kurt’s ear before releasing
his best friend to pounce on Puck.

It still freaked Kurt out a bit when he remembered that his dad was now dating Judy Fabray. The two
of them had met after Quinn moved out of the Hummel house and back in with her mom after Judy
kicked her cheating husband out. Kurt would never admit it, but he had been the one to email Judy
pictures of her husband messing around with the tattoo artist. The only reason Judy and Quinn hadn’t
moved in yet was because Burt knew that Beth and Puck spent half the week with Kurt at the
Hummel house and it wouldn’t be good for Quinn to spend much time with Beth yet. Not until she
had more time to process the loss, she hadn’t really grieved for the decision until early senior year
after all. She seemed to make more progress on accepting that she had no claim to Beth after her car
accident, due to her injuries the Fabray women temporarily moved into the Hummel house due to it
already being set up to accommodate a wheelchair.

Kurt wrapped his arms around Puck tightly and purred into his boyfriend’s ear. “What are we
waiting for? Apparently, we have the whole house to ourselves tonight. And I plan on using every
second.”
Puck groaned loudly as Kurt sucked *another* bruise on his clavicle. It was his boyfriend’s favorite place to mark Puck, and Kurt *loved* to mark Puck. The early insecurity had morphed into a need to make sure that others knew Puck was taken. His hands fumbled to undo Kurt’s belt as that distracting, infuriating mouth moved a fraction of an inch to start a new bruise. Normally they’d be taking their time, but the fact that they had all night meant that they could get the first rush of need taken care of right away and then they could take all the time they wanted later.
As the fumbling became more pronounced, Kurt reluctantly pulled back and quickly undid the belt of his jeans and hurriedly removed his pants. Puck took the opportunity and pulled off his own clothes. “Come on babe,” Puck offered, opening his arms for his lover as he sat on the edge of the bed. “I got plans for what I want to do to you and we’re gonna need to take the edge off.” He then grabbed Kurt’s hips and tugged him close. “First, I’m gonna blow your mind,” he said with an exaggerated wink. Kurt’s laugh was choked off by a rising moan as Puck quickly moved down his body, tongue tracing a path to his cock. After what could have been seconds or days, Kurt felt his cock enter Puck’s mouth. Soon he couldn’t hold his hips still; Puck was taking no prisoners, moving his cock halfway down his throat.

“God Noah,” Kurt groaned, using the name that he only used when he was feeling particularly loving…or horny. Puck chuckled, earning another groan from Kurt, and sucked harder. By virtue of being eighteen years old, deliriously in love with the man who was currently sucking his cock, and having a hair trigger, Kurt came explosively in his lover’s mouth, the tugging on the Mohawk the only warning given. Puck pulled away with a lewd grin on his face, licking his lips with gusto. Kurt leaned down and licked the spot of cum off of Puck’s lips, smirking when Puck groaned in response.

“Fuck babe, you know how hot I get when you do that,” Puck whispered hoarsely. “Now come here. I’m going to make you feel so good.” With that promise, he pulled Kurt onto their bed and began to systematically draw as much pleasure from him as possible.

Kurt slowly lost his mind as what felt like every inch of his body was licked, sucked, and nibbled. They often had to go slow when making love, there was always the risk of alerting the others in the house what was going on. Kurt knew they were relatively safe at the Hummel house since his room was in the basement, but Beth often woke up in the middle of the night wanting her daddies; they usually didn’t take as long as they would like. It was the same thing at Puck’s house, only thankfully Beth had her grandmothers to entertain her if she woke up at night.

Eventually, Puck finally gave in to his body’s demands and began preparing Kurt. Thankfully they did this enough that Kurt only needed minimum prep; he was only a few minutes away from coming if he didn’t get a move on. Pausing only long enough to slip on a condom and apply lube, he finally lined himself up with Kurt, eyes locking as he slowly slid inside.

Groaning loudly, Puck had to pause to make sure that he could bring pleasure to Kurt again; he knew that he was right on the edge of coming, but he wanted to make sure Kurt was satisfied before he came for the first time. He loved seeing Kurt in the throes of passion, but he also loved to show Kurt how much he was affected by Kurt. Driving Kurt crazy was his favorite thing in the world.

Kurt wrapped his legs around Puck’s waist and began using them to gain leverage to get Puck to
begin thrusting. His right hand lay limply on his stomach, waiting for his lover to get going so he could start pumping his cock. He didn’t feel right stroking himself while Puck wasn’t moving. He groaned gratefully as Puck began to move, but he refrained from touching himself just yet. He liked to deny himself a quick orgasm when he could, and he couldn’t help but admit that it gave him a little thrill that Puck would try and deny his own orgasm so Kurt could come first.

“Come on babe,” Puck begged as he angled so that he would hit Kurt’s prostate on every thrust. It was getting hard for him to keep from coming and he wanted to see Kurt come apart first. He sighed in relief when Kurt smiled sweetly at him and began to pull at his cock. Puck groaned and angled his next thrust so that it would hit Kurt’s prostate dead on.

Kurt screamed in pleasure as his body tightened up and cum shot from his cock onto his stomach. He lazily continued to stroke himself as he came down from his orgasm, grinning goofily at his lover as Puck waited for Kurt to calm before speeding up his thrusts. It never failed to send another thrill of pleasure through Kurt when hearing Puck’s groan of pleasure when he came. Puck collapsed on top of Kurt, panting as he calmed while Kurt slowly petted the top of his head. “God, that just keeps getting better,” he commented, pressing a kiss against Kurt’s shoulder before rolling off of him.

Kurt grinned at his lover before pulling the box of tissues they kept beside the bed out from its hiding spot. “It’s because we’re awesome,” he said seriously before dissolving into giggles. When he finished cleaning them up and tied off the condom to be deposited in the trash with the tissues, he sighed and cuddled up next to Puck. “I love you,” he whispered, feeling sleep begin to tug at him.

Puck smiled fondly before kissing Kurt’s forehead. “I love you too. Sleep babe,” he whispered, knowing the urge to sleep hit Kurt harder than it did him after sex. “I’ll be right here and when you wake up it’s your turn to fuck me into the mattress.”

Kurt hummed contentedly as he slipped into sleep.

FIN

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