"Did you just slap my butt?" Kurt asked.

Puck was at a loss for words. "I...thought you were a chick."

Puck always had a thing for cheerleaders. He just never thought it would transcend gender boundaries.

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Notes

Another PuckKurt. I really enjoyed this pairing back in the day and this is a re-post from then. Please enjoy!

A typical day for Noah Puckerman would be picking on people he deemed "nerd like" - though not the Gleeks, because they were actually his friends, he begrudgingly admitted. Along with the casual hookup in the ladies bathroom. Not to mention football practice and beating up the occasional person who made fun of him for being in Glee.

Of course, among his various activities, there was always one thing that he never failed to do.

Skirt chase.

Most chicks these days didn't wear skirts. Except for Rachel Berry and those ridiculously long
legs and, well, Quinn wore those "baby doll" dresses because of her pregnancy. And not to mention some other girls, but still, his eye candy came from the short, pleated skirts of the cheerios.

He couldn't help himself. Puck supposed that there was some innate, primal drive for all football players to go after cheerleaders. Though, he'd been with Rachel and that hadn't been bad at all. He'd never admit to that in public, though. There was the occasional girl that wasn't a cheerleader - after all, Puck had tried almost every flavor in the school. And some outside the school in, say, their mid-forties.

But he digressed. His man-whore ways were just…that. Whore-ish. He knew this and he didn't care, because he was Puck after all. People tried to emulate him, copy his game. But nope, they all failed miserably.

Puck hated to think what would happen if they actually succeeded.

For now, though, he walked down the hall, he tried not to think about where his next encounter would come from. After all, he never really had to think about it. Some of these girls just threw themselves at him like dogs in heat. He didn't even know what he did - well, besides being the epitome of badass, that is. Chicks liked badasses.

He stopped for a moment, looking around through the throng of students around him, and sighed. Maybe he was getting too cocky.

He paused.

Nah.

And kept walking.

He strode confidently down the hallways, a smirk plastered on his features. He was feeling good today and there wasn't anyone who didn't know it.

Something falling out of his pocket caused him to break his stride. He looked down and saw his cell phone laying on the ground. Groaning, he bent down to pick the offending item up before any teachers saw.

In the midst of his actions, he cast his eyes upward, looking about, as if to see if anyone was watching.

They were met with a very appealing looking bottom half.

He recognized the ass that was staring him in the face. Or, at least he thought he did. He figured it was Santana, having one of her "fat days" and wearing the sweatpants that went with the cheerios uniform. The pants hugged her in just the right way, and his eyes gazed appreciatively at the lower part of her anatomy.

Feeling rather mischievous, Puck reached out a hand and gave the firm, round piece of anatomy a tap.

"What the hell?"

Puck's eyes widened so far that he thought they would take up the expanse of his head if it were possible.

That wasn't Santana's voice. Nor Brittany's for that matter. Not even Mercedes or any other
cheerio.

Well, to say it wasn't any other cheerio would be a lie.

Not any female cheerio, that is.

Rising from his crouched position, phone securely gripped in his large hand, Puck was met face-to-face with a pair of crystal blue eyes and the angelic, feminine face of someone who was definitely not Santana.

Kurt Hummel.

Oh. Fuck.

His face was flushed, mouth parted, eyes as wide as Puck's had been just a moment ago. He opened and closed his mouth, as if he were some kind of fish, trying to speak, but unable to do so.

Puck couldn't seem to find words either.

The bell rang for the next class and every student rushed to their respective classes. Everyone except the two people involved in the previous...interaction.

Once everyone was cleared out of the hall, Kurt turned to him, his hair shining flawlessly even in the midst of the dim lighting of the school.

"Did you just slap my ass?"

It was painfully quiet until Puck, lacking his usual arrogance and manly charms said, in quite a small voice, "I...thought you were a chick."

"I don't know whether to be flattered that you called me a chick," Kurt said playfully, fingering a lock of his hair, "or disgusted by the fact that you put your paws on me like I was a sloppy stripper at some two-bit club."

The offending hand felt like it had been stuck in a pile of hot coals. Puck started to open and close it repeatedly, as if that would help quell the strange sensation that crept up his arm and tingled his whole body.

"Uh...ah..."

"You caveman," Kurt replied to Puck's stuttered words with something smarmy, as always.

"I...er..."

"Not helping with the caveman persona. Just saying."

Puck felt a growl rise in his throat and glared at Kurt, who was running his fingers through his silky-looking hair.

"You're so clever," Puck said, eyeing the only other soul in the place.

"Ah, a complete sentence. I'm impressed."

"Watch it, Hummel."

Kurt smirked at that, his light eyes smiling along with him. Tyra would be proud, Puck thought crassly, then he almost smacked himself in his face for thinking something like that. If only Kurt
knew what just went through my head.

The male cheerio was looking at him like he was something particularly interesting, and Puck just stared back, having no clue how to respond.

"What?" he ended up asking, a bit more harshly than he intended.

"Oh, nothing," Kurt said, a mischievous glint to his light eyes. "You just better hope your mohawked ass that I don't have a bruise there tomorrow."

"Err…"

"I would hate to have to explain how I got that to anyone."

Puck felt his cheeks heat up and he sighed, running a hand over the trail of spiky hair that covered his head. His eyes were closed, so that explained why didn't expect what was happening at this moment.

If he had opened his eyes, he would have seen Kurt sneaking stealthily around him.

He would have seen Kurt's hand tense itself.

And, of course, he would have seen that Kurt was in a very precarious position behind him.

But, of course, you don't need your eyes to feel when someone slaps your ass.

Puck jolted upright, eyes wide out of their sockets now, twisting and turning around to face the other member of Glee club. He looked at him with a gaze that could be described as 'what the hell' translated into a facial expression.

Another thing? His ass stung like a bitch.

"What the hell?" Puck shouted, looking at Kurt as if he were insane. And, maybe, in a few ways, he was.

"I just thought an ass for an ass," Kurt said, his full lips forming an attractive smirk.

"Clever." Puck rolled his eyes as his hand found its way to pat his now wounded bottom. It was like Kurt had spanked him with a wooden paddle. The image of just that formulated in his head and Puck suddenly had to fight off all the other dirty implications of that particular mental picture.

"I was surprised I could find it, what with all those baggy pants you wear." Kurt continued to smile, but now he was studying that small, slender hand of his. Puck thought that maybe he should've tried out for the baseball team, with all that power he was packing in that skinny arm of his. "Sure, I guess the Lil Wayne look is attractive on you, but still. I almost skimmed your boxers on that one. Lord knows where they've been."

Puck couldn't respond to that. He was actually stunned that Kurt was being this forward with him. Usually, they didn't even talk in Glee, but now they were…grabbing each others asses.

Kurt started to walk away, a smile on his features. But he said nothing else, only pointed impishly to a camera mounted in the corner. Surveillance. Great.

"See you at Glee," Kurt said over his shoulder, as he continued to sashay away from the gaping football player. And, damn it all to hell, Puck actually watched him do it.

He reached his hand out, and brushed against his jean-clad bottom, remembering the feel of Kurt's
"payback" on his posterior quite well.

His eyes drifted to the camera, and he felt lead in his stomach, along with something that flickered an emotion deep in his stomach.

Grunting, he walked away as fast as he could, metaphorical tail between his legs.

His first semi-homosexual encounter had been caught on tape.

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