

Strut

By

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"*No.*"

"But Kurt –"

"Rachel, I said *no*. Just because you're suddenly fucking St. James all over *my* show, doesn't mean you can force me onto the catwalk with his mediocre amateurs, okay?"

"First of all," she stormed closer, prodding one finger hard into Kurt's chest, "I am not...doing anything with Jesse –"

Kurt scoffed and examined his nails.

"And secondly, I am your manager. That means I tell *you* what to do."

"Oh *please*," Kurt turned away to throw himself in front of the mirror, "You wouldn't have a job if it weren't for me."

"And neither would you," she caught his eye over his shoulder, her expression turning pleading until he looked away, "Come *on*, Kurt. You can't back out tonight, *Sylvester* is watching."

Kurt's hand slipped, knocking jars of face creams to the floor but he barely noticed.

"Sue Sylvester? *The* Sue Sylvester? As in, '*sign with her kid, and you'll never have to do a shitty magazine spread again, it's Gucci from here on out*' Sue Sylvester?"

"Yes!"

Rachel lowered until she was crouching beside his chair, clasping his hand between hers.

"Kurt I *know* how much you want this. You're the best out there."

"Which is why I *don't need* some kids who've never seen a catwalk before, ruining this for me."

"So don't let them! You're the best, and you know it. And surely, the worse they are, the better you are going to look."

She was grinning in that way only she could, when she knew Kurt was adequately talked into something.

He pursed his lips, pulling his hands free from her grasp sharply and sighed.

"*Fine.*"

Rachel squealed, bouncing up onto the balls of her feet.

"I knew you would come around!"

"Yes."

"I'm going to go and tell Jesse!"

"Fine."

"Oh Kurt, thank you so much! Oh I love you!"

"Whatever, Rach."

She wrapped her arms tight around his shoulder for a second before vanishing between racks of clothes. Kurt rolled his eyes and turned back to the mirror.

"Kurt Hummel?"

Kurt blinked twice, eyes fixing on the figure leaning against a clothes rail behind him, arms crossed.

"Anderson. What the fuck are –"

"Jesse's my manager now. After *you* –"

"It was three years ago, Anderson. Let it go."

"You got me *fired*."

"You got drunk and made out with Rachel at the Christmas party! *A lot*. You *knew* the number one rule is no fraternizing with the manager, I have absolutely no sympathy for what I did."

Blaine was suddenly closer, so close behind Kurt's chair that he could almost feel him.

"I could have never worked again."

Kurt snorted, "So what. If Rachel's boss had found out before I did then she could have been fired and I would have never worked again. I did what I had to do."

"You know if I didn't know any better, I'd say you were jealous."

His hands were on Kurt's shoulders, pressing hard through his thin t-shirt to lie hot and heavy on his skin.

"Jealous of you kissing *Rachel*?"

"No," Blaine moved lower until his mouth was level with Kurt's ear, breath hot against his neck, "Jealous of Rachel kissing *me*."

Kurt shifted beneath him, wriggling his shoulders in a futile effort to free himself.

"You're delusional. Get your hands off me."

"Say please," Blaine dropped his voice to almost a whisper, eyes burning into Kurt's through the mirror. Kurt felt a hot flush blaze up his neck and swallowed hard against his dry throat. His lips pressed together hard, but Blaine's thumbs were digging into his back and Kurt could feel his fingers bruising.

"Please," he spat through gritted teeth, "Get the fuck off me."

Blaine raised an eyebrow but his grip loosened and he backed away.

"I hear Sylvester's here tonight. She only signs one person per show, so it looks like we won't ever have to work together again after this."

Something squirmed inside Kurt's chest.

"Yeah. What a pity."

"I'll be sure to look out for you, I mean. When I'm in New York and England and Paris. I'll send Rachel a postcard maybe, thanking her."

"What -"

Blaine's eyebrows shot into his hairline and he laughed, "What, you think they'd sign *you* over me?"

"I beg your pardon?" Kurt hissed.

Blaine had the audacity to grin, shrugging as he leant back against the rail, "Sorry. The androgynous '*I look like a twelve year old milkmaid*' look is kinda...well, *never*. You're not going to be signed by someone like Sylvester when you look like *that*."

Kurt stood up so fast his chair fell to the floor with a clatter but he barely noticed, crossing the space between them so fast Blaine barely had time to blink.

"As opposed to the other option? The Middle Earth look is *so* last season Frodo, and you're not tall enough for Paris catwalks. At least when I'm thirty I'll still look 21."

"And how's that going? Nearly being thirty, I mean."

Kurt felt his face twist into something ugly and stepped even closer, jabbing his finger hard into Blaine's chest.

"I'm *twenty six*."

Blaine winced dramatically, "And I'm only just twenty three. You know past twenty five is basically *ancient* in the fashion world. How much longer do you reckon you've *really* got?"

A sound like a snarl ripped from Kurt's mouth and they were almost chest to chest, his hand flat and hard over Blaine's thundering heart, and somehow Blaine's hands had settled firm around his hips.

Blaine leaned forwards slightly, eyes flicking once towards Kurt's lips as his tongue touched his own and their noses brushed very slightly.

"Sylvester is signing me tonight," his voice was almost a growl, blowing hot over Kurt's skin.

"In your dreams," Kurt snarled and there was a beat of thick silence between them, Blaine's fingers tightening almost painfully into his skin and pulling him closer until their hips were flush together.

"You better up your game then, Hummel."

"Oh is that a challenge, Anderson?"

Blaine grinned, his mouth too wide and all teeth.

"FIVE MINUTES."

Rachel's voice blared obnoxiously over the sound system, and Kurt stumbled back, wrenching his body from Blaine's hands.

Blaine ran his fingers through his hair and raised his chin slightly.

"Game on. I'll see you out there."

And then he was gone and Kurt was breathing hard and gripping the back of his chair until his knuckles turned white.

"*Fuck.*"

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Apparently Blaine Anderson liked to play dirty.

Kurt knew there was something about the way he smiled before he stepped out into the lights, the wink he dropped that Kurt had taken as a figment of his imagination.

Because who else would have left Kurt's clothes spread on the table, and who else would have been responsible for accidentally drenching them in scorching bleach.

"You won't get them on Kurt! They were tailored exactly to fit you, and now they're inches smaller! And *stained!*"

Rachel reached a ridiculously shrill pitch as she flapped around him, waving the tortured pants in her flailing hands.

"Rachel, I can get them on!"

"You can't!"

"Hummel!" Jesse was by his shoulder, "You're up!"

"I can't! Rachel has my –"

"His clothes they –"

"She won't let me –"

"I don't have time for this! Anderson, get out there!"

Blaine looked up as he pulled his shirt off and another on, and Kurt stared hard at the spot over his head until Jesse's words hit him.

"*What?* But Jesse – "

"I need a guy in clothes. Anderson's a guy in clothes and you're not. Anderson *go*."

Anderson's face flushed with a smug grin and something hot and angry burned in Kurt's chest as he disappeared onto the catwalk.

"No."

He snatched the pants from Rachel, wrenching them over his legs hard. They clung wet and heavy against his skin but Kurt persisted until he was wrapped so tight he could hardly breathe, bleached splattered denim clinging to every contour of his legs.

Rachel gaped at him as he pulled the too-small shirt over his head.

"Like hell if you think I'm gonna stand here and let Anderson steal *my* spotlight."

It was hot under the lights, hotter than Kurt remembered and he could feel his breathing already laboured from the tight denim, his legs burning with every step.

But Anderson was posing at the end, and Kurt made in his direction.

Blaine turned, his face blanching in pure shock as he saw Kurt, but he recovered quickly enough and didn't break contact as they passed each other.

Kurt could feel his heart racing, his hips swinging harder with every strut and he could feel Blaine's gaze burning into him with every step.

When he turned back Blaine was waiting for him, holding his pose until Kurt joined him and they turned back to walk together, hips and arms nearly touching. Kurt walked just that little bit faster, pushing Blaine just that little bit more and he could see Blaine's jaw tightening as he clenched his teeth.

The crowds were going wild as they turned and posed together, Blaine catching Kurt's eyes and something trapped his gaze until Kurt couldn't look away, and suddenly it was just them on that catwalk. Just them and it was silent and empty and all Kurt could feel was Blaine's eyes on his, the heat from his body even from a few feet away.

And suddenly Kurt was furious.

He stormed back down the catwalk with Blaine hot on his heels, blazing past Rachel and Jesse who were still agape and seized the neck of Blaine's stupid shirt to pull him into the closest closet.

"What the fuck is wrong with you?" He all but screamed, turning to face where Blaine was leaning against the door, examining his nails.

"I don't know what you –"

"Oh don't play fucking coy with me, Anderson, it doesn't suit you. You know exactly what I mean."

"You said it was a challenge."

"I didn't realise that involved sabotage."

Blaine scoffed, "You're clearly not ready for the big time if you honestly thought I would play fair."

Kurt could feel anger thrumming through him, and hot tears sprang behind his eyes.

"You're...you're...unbelievable!" he spluttered, and Blaine winked at him.

"I've been told that before."

Kurt's hands flew to his hair, dragging through it and sticking with hairspray until he screamed in frustration.

"Hey," Blaine's voice dropped, "It's fine. I'm sure you can try again *next* year."

Kurt turned with the full intention of punching him, he really did. He wanted to see his hand strike hard into Blaine's stupid cheek until it was blazing red.

But instead he was kissing him.

Hard.

His teeth bit into Blaine's lips until he gasped, sucking hard on his tongue and thrusting fast and wet against his mouth until Blaine was making muffled and obscene noises against his lips, fighting back as hard as Kurt was giving.

His hands clutched Kurt's waist, pulling him close until their bodies were flush and connected and every inch of his skin was burning and hot when Blaine touched, and Kurt growled into his mouth, fingers tightening into Blaine's hair and wrenching it back from the roots.

Blaine's hands lowered, scooping under Kurt's thighs and spinning until, his back was digging into the wooden door, legs locking automatically around Blaine's waist.

Blaine bit a harsh trail down his neck, sucking hard under the collar of his shirt and Kurt clawed at his face.

"If you...leave marks, *fuck*. They'll...they'll *kill* me."

Blaine paused, pulled back long enough to make eye contact.

"I don't give a fuck, Hummel."

And he bit hard under Kurt's jaw until he whimpered and his head fell back, fingers scrabbling to push the ridiculous red jacket from Blaine's shoulders and scratch down his back.

"*Fuck*. Do that again."

"*Make me.*"

Blaine growled into his skin, bucking his hips forwards until Kurt's nails clenched deep into his shoulders, and he rocked back until they were grinding, hard and disjointed and the door was rattling in its hinges behind them. Their arms tangled as they wrenched shirts from their bodies.

Then Kurt was on his feet, stumbling before Blaine could turn and press his chest into the door, hands fumbling and ripping his pants from his waist to pool around his ankles.

"Fuck, those are tight."

"Yeah, no thanks to someone."

"I didn't expect you to still wear them."

Blaine fingers traced up the red welts in Kurt's thighs where the denim had cut in, and it was almost tender, but not what Kurt wanted and he shifted backwards to press against where Blaine was hard against his ass.

"Shut the fuck up and get on with it, Anderson."

Blaine's fist closed tight around his cock before Kurt could think, and he jerked into the touch with a small noise.

"I don't have...anything," Blaine panted against his ear, moving his hand rough and fast.

"As long as you...fucking get me *off*! I don't give a *fuck*, what you use to do...it. Fuck. *Anderson.*"

"God your mouth is so fucking filthy," Blaine's lips dragged wet across the back of his neck as he thrust his hips against Kurt's ass, pressing hard against one thigh, "What would I have to do to get you to shut up?"

He pushed two fingers into his mouth until they were dripping wet and let them trace lightly down Kurt's spine. He pressed the pad of one finger against Kurt's opening, rubbing down before pushing in.

Kurt's hand clutched his hair, head dropping back onto Blaine's shoulder in a soundless cry.

"I guess...*that's* what it takes."

Kurt could barely move his hand enough, but his fingers tugged Blaine's hair until he hissed, rocking harder into Kurt's body and tightening his hand.

"Fuck, fuck. Anderson, fuck. Harder...I, fuck!"

"Come on, Hummel," Blaine bit his earlobe, his mouth a wet mess of lips and teeth across Kurt's neck, "Come on, Kurt. Come for me."



And Kurt couldn't take it anymore, his body rocking and panting and sweating with exertion as he burned under Blaine's fingers, his mind spinning out of control as Blaine worked him through his orgasm.

Blaine came with a cry not long after, head dropping to nestle in the crook of Kurt's neck and mouth open against his shoulder.

They didn't move for a long time, Blaine's hand still held over where Kurt was softening and he shifted, shuddering with oversensitivity when Blaine didn't move his hand.

"Not yet," he mumbled.

A loud crash against the door made Kurt snap backwards with a hiss, and Blaine fall away from him, leaving him naked and shivering, splattered with his own come.

Blaine bit his lip, and pushed Kurt behind the door, keeping one hand flat on his stomach as he opened it.

"Jesse!"

"...Blaine. Are you...what are you –"

"Pre-show...ritual," Blaine stuttered, digging his nails into Kurt's stomach as he snorted with laughter.

"Right."

There was a pause and Kurt could see Jesse's raised eyebrows through the crack of the door.

"Well...I wanted to say that Sylvester loved you up there. Wants you to fly out to New York with her immediately."

"Are you serio –"

"She wants Hummel too."

Blaine paused, his fingers stroking idly where they lay on Kurt's hip.

"What?"

"Thought you both had amazing chemistry apparently. Wants you both to do all her shows together."

Kurt choked a laugh into the back of his hand

"Really?"

"I thought I'd check with you first, I know you and him...well. I wanted to make sure it wasn't a problem."

Blaine bit his lip and Kurt could see his chest trembling with laughter.

"Somehow, I don't think that will be a problem at all, Jesse."