

In the Closet

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In the Closet

by [deeplyshallow](#)

Summary

Kurt proves he's not gay by getting with JD in the coat closet.

Notes

I... uh... I don't even know what to say. It kinda just happened. I think this is the most graphic thing I've written tbh.

Homophobic attitudes here are not my own, Kurt and JD are just both children of the 80s and also assholes.

TW: F slur, multiple times.

For bestie softierain who ships Jurt but not Jam - ily sweetie

“I’m not a faggot,” he says.

The boy doesn’t respond except to go for his lips again pushing him back with enough force that he knocks down several of the coats from their hooks. Hands slip under his shirt, nails digging into his skin as they scrape coarsely downwards, it’s going to leave marks, as are his lips now they’ve moved from his own and are making their way down his neck.

“I mean it,” he says, proud of how firm his voice sounds given how much he’s had to drink and the haze of, whatever this is, that seems to be filling the tiny coat closet, “this doesn’t make me a pansy or anything.”

The boy snorts, tone as insufferable as it was yesterday in the lunch hall, “I heard you the first three times, any more and someone might just think you’re in denial.”

“But I’m-” his words fade into a gasp, JD has stuck his hands right down his pants and is roughly tugging at his erection.

He’s not sure how he got here, not really. One moment he was there - centre of the party with his best bro - drink in hand, dancing along to the latest Big Fun song, and then, only moments later, Ram was across the room, hand on Heather Mac’s ass and, suddenly the music had been throbbing in his ears so loudly it was painful. For no reason in particular, he had had the urge to smash his drink on the floor and punch someone in the face. That had been when he’d been roughly grabbed by a figure in trenchcoat and pushed into the coat closet - and he was glad of it - that would show Ram, that would teach him to abandon him, Kurt could leave him for any girl he wanted too, he didn’t need him.

It’s so dark in here anyway, too dark to see features, who’s to say that he isn’t making out with a girl? Girls can leave scratches down your back, girls can leave a line of hickeys down your neck, girls have hands - they can jerk you off too - although no girl has ever done it quite like this.

JD doesn’t feel like a girl though, he is hard in all the places that girls are soft, he doesn’t whimper or moan or beg, just grunts as he moves his hands over Kurt’s body, strategically undressing him, taking control of the whole encounter, until Kurt feels whimpers and moans leave his own lips.

He’s going to have to make a new story about this come Monday, going to have to pick what girl he dragged into the closet, which girl giggled as he kissed her way down her neck, who was amazed when she saw the size of his dick and begged to give him a handjob. But for now, he doesn’t care, now all that matters is the hard, sweaty body pressed against him, the hand moving up and down, he’s close, so close he’s gonna-

The movement stops. JD withdraws his hand, steps back so their bodies are no longer even touching. Kurt tries to lean in again, body reeling from the lack of contact, but JD simply presses his hands against his bare chest, pushing him away.

He stares for a few seconds, blinking at him, “Dude, what the fuck?”

The closet is still dark, but from the faint light coming in from the gap in the door, he can see JD smirk, “Oh, nothing really Kurt, I just had a thought. When you were saying you weren’t a fag and all, have you ever heard of the Spartans?”

His head is spinning, but he thinks he’d be as confused by this change of topic even if he was not, “Huh?”

A sigh, patronising, the kind he normally would respond to by punching the dweeb who made that noise in the gut, “Big Ancient Greek warriors, very manly.”

He nods once, hoping it will hurry him up.

It doesn’t really, JD takes his sweet time, “They used to fuck their male servants all the time you know. But, you see, it wasn’t gay, because they were the ones on top - it was only the ones who were submissive, sucking dick, taking it up the ass, the ones in the woman’s role who were gay.”

Kurt blinks, “Oh.” *This is good, this is what I was saying, this is normal, I am not a faggot.*

JD stalks towards him, grabbing him by his undone shirt and pulling him against him, so their bodies are pressed together and Kurt can feel how hard he is.

JD gives him one more rough kiss before moving his lips to his ear.

“So, with that in mind Kurt, I want you to pull down your pants and bend over.”

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