**Neighbours**

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**Neighbours**

by [fallendarknight86](http://archiveofourown.org/users/fallendarknight86)

**Summary**

Quinn meets her new hot neighbor and sparks fly

...PWP (Porn with Plot)...
Chapter 1

A/N: still deciding whether to make it a short multi chapter fic or not...

Warning: G!Peen Quinn; Smut

CHAPTER

Quinn still remembered the first time she had seen her.

She was back for summer, after having completed her sophomore year at Yale, and had all intentions to take advantage of her mother’s spacious pool. She and Judy were taking a walk around the block, when she noticed the unfamiliar brunette standing in the front yard of the newly rented house.

She was wearing a pair of very short jeans shorts, with a tank top that was a size smaller than it should’ve been. Despite her petite frame, her chest was developed enough to fit snugly under the thin white cotton, making Quinn fully aware of the fact she was lacking a bra underneath.

“Hello Mrs. Fabray!” Quinn raised an eyebrow in surprise and turned to her mother, who reciprocated the wave with a tight and forced smile. She still could read through her, like an open book.

“Hello Rachel, dear. How’s the house coming up?” Judy crossed the street to greet the brunette and the blonde student couldn’t help but follow her, standing behind to take a look around. The house was smaller than the others in the neighborhood but had been newly renovated and seemed to be spacious enough for a young woman or even a family.

“Very well, I just put the new drapes up and adding the last touches to the basement. Then, I’ll move onto the backyard…” Rachel turned to the younger blonde and extended her hand “Rachel Barbra Berry, pleased to meet you.”

“Quinn Fabray, apologies for my bad manners.” She took her hand and squeezed it softly. “Did my mother sell you the house?”

“Yes, she helped me with the deal and all that jazz. I just needed a fresh start, but I don’t know anyone here.” She returned eyes on the older blonde, who nodded. “I’d invite you for a drink, but I
need to go shopping for groceries. Maybe one of these evenings, you could come over for dinner?”

“We’ll see-“

“Sure thing…” Quinn looked over at her mother with a puzzled frown. Rachel looked nice enough and she definitely needed friends.

“We have to go, dear. Have a nice day…” Judy took her daughter by the hand, who waved back at the brunette woman and stared at her one last time, before they turned around the corner and disappeared from her sight.

“What’s wrong with her? She looks nice!” Quinn escaped her mother’s grip and walked along with her.

“She looks like a sweetheart, but I heard she already slept with two husbands who live down the street. She is after married men!” She opened the front door and steered for the kitchen.

“It’s not like you’ve got to worry about that, mom. Dad left years ago…” She grabbed an apple from the basket and took a bite, leaning against the counter.

“I know that, but my friends warned me nonetheless.” She shrugged and started making them a light lunch.

“Maybe they should take it on their husbands who cheated on them? I don’t think it’s fair she gets the short end of the stick. I’d kick them out, like you did with Dad.” She finished the apple and threw it in the trash bin, wiping her hands on the kitchen towel.

“Maybe you’re right…” Judy nodded and finished chopping the tomatoes. “I think we should invite her over for dinner, right?”

“That’s the woman I recognize.” Quinn chuckled and kissed her mother’s cheek. “Let her get settled and we can be the good neighbors, who invite her over for dinner. Now…do you need a hand?” She tied the apron around her waist and walked to her mother, who smiled and handed her the eggs.
Quinn was on an early morning run when she noticed her, again.

She was not wearing much underneath her silk robe, that simply highlighted the length of those lean legs, that seemed to go for miles. She had noticed how incredibly attractive Rachel was and so did her friend underneath her compression boxers, that had reacted at the sight of that bronzed skin. She jogged over, mindful not to get under any car, and slipped her earphones off and simply hung them around her neck.

“Do you need help? What happened?” Quinn stood in front of the brunette, looking at her and around the house, for any possible sign of danger. “Has someone broken in?”

“God no. I must look like a fool, wearing this night robe but I walked out to retrieve my morning paper and the door closed on itself. I am locked out.” Rachel chuckled and crossed her arms over her chest, trying to cover her barely clothed front.

“Oh…guess that happens. You don’t have a spare key hidden around here? Maybe under a rock?” Quinn chuckled and seized the situation.

“I used to live in NYC, so I let a trusted friend or neighbor get the spare key, but I never left it outside. Anyone could steal it and break in.” Rachel faced the house, sighing. “Maybe the real estate agency has a double?”

“I’m afraid you’ll have to wait until Monday, I doubt there’s someone there on Saturday morning. I’d ask my mom, but she is out visiting my sister in Columbus.” Quinn stood beside the brunette. “Maybe we can reach try with one of the windows? Do you remember if there’s any open one?”

“Yes. I think there’s one…1st floor on the right. But we’d need a ladder.” Rachel turned to the blonde who dropped her armband and earbuds on the floor and walked to the side of the house. She looked up and then at the tree behind her, measuring the distance between the last higher branch and the balcony.

“I was a Cheerleader for my whole High School life, I’ll try and get in.” She walked to the big oak tree and started going up, climbing it like a pro.
“Be careful, okay?” She looked up at the blonde, who looked back at her with a nod and briefly lost her grip, scratching her arm as she regained her footing. “Quinn!” She squealed out.

“I’m fine. Don’t worry!” Quinn called out and reached the branch, sitting on it with her arms out to balance herself. Planting her palms onto the branch, she slowly lifted herself, standing with the back against the tree to make sure she didn’t fall off. Years of cheerleading with Sue Sylvester prepared her for these kinds of challenges and she finally understood why that crazy woman put her through all of that. She took one step at a time, putting one foot in front of the other until she reached the end of the branch and jumped forward, landing on her feet steadily.

“That was great, Quinn” Rachel cheered from the ground and she smirked back at her, probably scoring good points with the older brunette.

“I’ll get in and open the door. Hold on” Quinn slipped through the open window and took a moment to look around the woman’s bedroom. It was still not fully furnished, but what she did – so far – was perfectly harmonized. It was exactly what she’d expect from someone who had lived in a big city for a long time and had brought a fresh look along with her. She snapped out of her daze and walked down the staircase that led to the front door, opening it wide for the brunette who was already on the other side. “There you go, Rachel.”

“You’re a lifesaver.” Rachel hugged her as soon as the door closed, making her flinch when the fabric of her running shirt brushed against a newly formed bruise. “What’s wrong?”

“It’s just a bruise, don’t worry. I’ll take care of it when I get home.” Quinn pulled out from their embrace, but the shorter brunette led her to the kitchen to inspect the wound.

“There’s blood here, Quinn” Rachel lifted the hem of the torn shirt and checked the wound out. “Stay put, I’ll get my first aid kit.” She walked to the opposite cabinet and retrieved the small kit, grabbing the peroxide and some bandages.

“It’s a scratch, Rachel.” Quinn tried to protest, but the brunette didn’t seem to want to listen. She lifted her arms when the brunette urged her shirt off, leaving her in her sports bra and running shorts.

“It might burn a little.” She applied the peroxide on the wound, brushing the dried blood off and cleaning the scratch slowly, with particular tenderness. “Does it hurt?” She looked up into the blonde’s eyes, who were staring back at her.
“No, don’t worry.” Quinn leaned back into the counter, looking down at the brunette who was bending forward to medicate her and, at the same time, was giving her a great view of her chest.

“There, all clear.” She blew some air on the wound and then applied the band aid, carefully flattening the edges so it wouldn’t peel off. She raised herself back to full height and looked up at the blonde student, who smiled down at her.

“Thanks for that.” She was few inches taller than Rachel, who also was barefoot. Her hands hitched to land onto her firm hips, but she couldn’t make any move. Maybe she was just misreading the signs, after all…

“You’re welcome.” Rachel licked her lips. Her free hand rested against the girl’s firm stomach, tracing the shapes of her defined abs with her fingertips. “You’re in great shape…”

“Cheerleading does that to you…” She didn’t know why she whispered that, but it sounded better than her normal tone.

“Can only imagine how flexible you are.” She gulped and pressed her whole palm against Quinn’s stomach, who smirked and pushed herself off the counter.

“You have no idea…” Licking her lips, she leaned down to nudge her nose against the brunette’s, who lifted herself on her tiptoes and crashed their lips together for a hard and demanding kiss.

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“Baby?” Quinn smirked and gave her nub one last kiss, before scaling up her front so she stood fool height, in front of the flushed brunette.

“You don’t like pet names in the bedroom?” Rachel leaned up to lick the wetness covering her chin and lower lip, whimpering when the blonde fully crashed their lips together for their umpteenth kiss. She couldn’t wait to get horizontal with the blonde cheerleader.

“We’re not in a bedroom…yet” Smirking, she bent on her knees and lifted the brunette by the back of her thighs, hoisting her up over her hips.

“You’re strong.” Rachel squealed, tightening her arms and legs around the blonde, who easily navigated through the foyer and slowly proceeded up to her bedroom. “You seem to know where you’re going, how many girls have you done this with?”

“Few ones.” Quinn smirked and brushed her lips over the girl’s ear, nipping at her tender earlobe as she walked them up the stairs. “Don’t you like the idea of someone holding you against the wall, while fucking you hard and fast? I could do that right now without even missing a beat.”

“Please…” Rachel whimpered. She felt herself gush around nothing, imagining her strong digits slip easily into her, while she held her in place with her other arm. She wouldn’t even care about getting naked, as long as she got filled. it had been too much since the last time. Too long.

“Maybe later…” She pushed the door closed with her foot and laid the shorter woman down, at the edge of her king size bed. She kicked her shoes and socks to the side and pushed her running shorts down, leaving herself down to her sports bra and tight boxers, that failed to hide her bulge.

“Is it a gun or are you happy to see me?” Rachel sat up, landing her hands on the girl’s firm hips. Her lips brushed along the shape of her abs, licking the sweat slowly dripping down her flexing muscles to the waistband of her boxers.

“I’ve been quite happy to see you, lately.” Quinn tugged her head back and leaned down to brush their lips together, for a softer kiss. She had always a moment of uncertainty when it came to sex with a new lover. What if they were disgusted by her? She was mostly a woman. Mostly, being the keyword.

“I want to see that.” Rachel let Quinn push her down onto the mattress and remove the last article of
clothing between them, leaving her bare against her white cotton sheets.

“We don’t…well, I can still please you in other ways.” Quinn sighed and buried her face between her full breasts. Her nose nuzzled in between them, while her palms cupped the two globes softly, massaging them in different and opposite directions. Her hard-on pulsed under the fabric, staining it with the evidence of her obvious arousal, but she could still rub one out as soon as she got home.

“I want to see you…” Rachel pulled her face up to her and kissed her hard, leaving her little room to either complain or find more excuses. She found herself rolled on her back, with her hips up in the air enough for the brunette to slip the boxers off and admire her in all her glory. “Fuck…” Rachel stared at the beautiful member in front of her. It was big. It was bigger than her first boyfriend’s and probably than any guy she’d been with. “It’s huge…”

“Average, I’d say…” Quinn stared down at it and back up at Rachel, who was licking her lips and edging to get closer. To touch it. To touch her. “You can touch it, if you want…” She gulped and felt herself throb at the thought, making her tip wetter than before.

“Oh I will…for sure…” Rachel smirked and threw one of her legs over her new lover’s waist. straddling her lower abs, mindful to brush her perfectly shaped ass against it as she settled down. “It’s full functioning?” She reached over Quinn to pull the sports bra off, evening the score between them.

“Yes. I could get someone pregnant, I guess…” Her hands rested on the girl’s thighs, massaging them slowly as they stared up at each other, unmoving.

“Well then, we’d better use this…huh?” She reached in the night cabinet beside the right side of the bedroom and grabbed a bunch of condoms, throwing them aside as she picked one and dug into it, ripping it open with her teeth.

“Oh, for sure…” Quinn watched as she pulled the condom out and lifted herself from off her waist, only to turn around, with her back to her. “What are-“ her words got caught in her throat, when Rachel’s pouty lips descended on her cock, kissing around her tip. “Oh fuck, Rach…” She grunted and fisted the sheets. She could feel her ballsack twitch against the sheets, whenever Rachel’s tongue dipped in the slit of her tip, licking around the pre-cum that dribbled out with each stroke.

“You taste sweeter…” Rachel looked at her over her shoulder and lowered herself back onto the girl’s member, swallowing it around her throat, this time. She slowly moved up and down, taking inch by inch until she had it almost all the way down her throat. Her lack of gag reflex became useful whenever she performed that on one of her lovers, but Quinn still challenged her muscles. She was
thicker than her previous experiences and seemed to last longer too.

“Fuck, how can you not gag?” Quinn grunted. Her hips rose from the bed, to fuck herself in the girl’s mouth who stood still and let her. Her hips moved down to meet each movement, slowly grinding her own wetness on her lower abs, where she sat.

“I lack the gag reflex…” Rachel pulled off her dick with a loud pop and reached for the discarded condom, rolling it over the wet hardness until it fit snugly around Quinn’s length.

“That’s interesting and damn hot.” Quinn breathed out, relieved by the tightness of the latex around her throbbing member. If she had done her raw, she’d probably have blown it as soon as she got inside.

“I know…” Rachel smirked and gasped in surprise, when the blonde threw her on her back and settled on top of her, trapping her hands above her head and spreading her legs with her body. “Eager much?”

“We’ve been wasting enough time with foreplay, don’t you think?” Quinn smirked and held her hands in place with one hand, while the other slipped between their bodies and the girl’s thighs, feeling the wetness under her digits. “I guess you agree…” She stroked her clit slowly, feeling her arch under her and spread herself more, readying herself.

“I’ve wanted you since I saw you with your mom, ogling me.” Rachel smirked and flinched slightly, when the blonde pinched her clit a little too hard.

“I wasn’t ogling you, just interested.” Quinn grunted as she smeared the girl’s wetness along her shaft, lubing it up with the girl’s own essence. “Not my fault you were parading around, in the skimpies shorts you could find.” She lined up herself with the girl beneath her and slid herself in, breathing in at the tightness suddenly surrounding her.

“You’re big…” Rachel moaned out. Her nails scratched along Quinn’s shoulders and down to her arms, gripping them as she accommodated around her girth. “So big…”

“Funny, I’d say you’re so tight…” Quinn looked up at the brunette, who rolled her eyes and nudged her forward with her legs, locking them behind her back.
“Gimme a second, stud.” Rachel leaned back against the mattress, breathing slowly and relaxing her muscles, including her inner ones. She could feel Quinn’s breath along her neck and her lips slowly descend along her collarbone, helping her relax around her. “Mmm…”

“Take your time…” Quinn nipped around her pulse. Her teeth descended on her skin, leaving a red mark that’d be gone in a couple of hours, anyway. She only wanted to mark her as they fucked, marking her as she moved inside her.

“You can move, now…” Rachel tilted her head to the other side, leaving more room to Quinn and her delectable mouth. Her sweaty palms slid down her muscular back, lowering her hips into hers and getting her to finally thrust in and out of her core.

“Thanks, boss.” Quinn smirked and looked down between them. Her hips undulated back and forth, sliding herself into the girl’s core with a steady and fast pace. Her knees brushed back and forth on the cotton sheets, providing her with the right amount of strength to keep on thrusting in and out, without missing a beat.

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True to her promise, she braced herself against the wall by the door with one hand and used the other one to hold the brunette up, as she slammed her into her core. Her abs ached for the strenuous activity, but she could hold it a little longer.

Quinn lifted her face from between Rachel’s breasts and brushed their lips together, for another hungry kiss that left them both even more breathless. Her pants mixed with the girl’s moans, that stretched for her to accommodate her length and girth. She could feel her pussy muscles through the thin condom she wore. She could feel them clamp around her dick and then relax again, letting her slide balls deep in.

“I can’t resist much longer…” Rachel’s thighs clenched around the blonde’s ripped waist. Her hands slid up the blonde’s flushed face, to cup her cheeks and direct their lips back together, in a needy kiss. She needed to feel her everywhere. Against her. Inside her. Around her.

“Cum for me, princess.” Quinn moaned, when Rachel’s mouth started sucking her tongue in her mouth. She could still feel how those lips had wrapped her dick in a tight grip and now, they were doing the same with her mouth. It was hot. It was wet. It was raw.
“Only with you…” Rachel bucked her hips forward, pushing them off the wall until Quinn’s legs hit the mattress again. They fell onto it in a heap, with her on top. She had ridden the blonde for their third round, but now it was just a matter of reaching the maximum pleasure. She was so close.

“Fuck.” Quinn’s head was thrown back, against the mattress. Her heels were firmly pressed on the cold ground, leveraging on them to thrust up into Rachel who was humping her harder and faster, as the minutes went by. “Like that…” Her palms cupped the bouncing breasts in front of her, squeezing the globes hard enough to elicit a hard buckle from the girl on top.

“Fuck, I’m there!!” Rachel bucked her hips forward, repeatedly, until one last moan escaped from her pouty lips. She screamed out in pleasure, squeezing her muscles around the stiff pole until she finally let it go, gushing around the latex for the last time – hopefully.

“Fuck! Take it!” Quinn tumbled after her. Her hips rose from the mattress for the last thrust, that was accompanied by her own tip spurting within the confinement of the latex.

Rachel slipped off the blonde, on her back, and just laid there. Every muscle in her body ached, in a good way. She was sweaty and breathless, thoroughly satisfied compared to the last partners she had slept with. Looking over at the blonde, she saw her tie the condom off and just throw it in the bin by the bed, before sprawling herself on her back, with both arms behind her head and a sated smile on her face.

“I’ll be out of your hair soon, I just need 5 minutes…” Quinn whispered softly, keeping her eyes closed. “You wore me out…”

“I thought Cheerleaders were supposed to have stamina.” Rachel rolled on her stomach, with her chin resting on her arms under her.

“We’ve been at it for the past 4 hours and it’s fucking hot outside, pardon me if I’m quite wiped.” The blonde turned her head to stare at her partner, who wore a teasing smirk and rested her hand on her toned abdomen.

“You’re excused, just because you’re so hot.” She chuckled and leaned forward, brushing their lips together for a soft kiss. “You can stay as long as you want, I’m all alone here…”

“Is it an invitation to stay the night?” Rolling on her stomach, to mirror the brunette’s position, she slipped her arm over her waist, holding her around her opposite side, with her hand under her belly.
“Would you stay, despite this being only a one-time thing?” Rachel yawned softly, hiding her face against the mattress.

“I have no rush. I’d rather stay here with you, than going back to my empty house and some lame movie on TV…” Quinn shrugged and scooted herself closer, until her nose brushed the girl’s forearm.

“Good, that’s settled. We could watch that lame movie later, in front of a pizza maybe…” She whispered softly and let the tiredness of their sexcapades win her over.
Chapter 2

Chapter Notes

Not sure where to go with this, so also open to comments...until then, here the new chapter...I'll go with the flow!

thanks

CHAPTER 2

Rachel felt out of place. She stood in the backyard of the Fabray’s mansion, sipping from her third glass of red wine, guarding herself from all the knowing stares and whispers around her. Why had she decided to drop by? She should have stayed home and just chilled by the pool, with a book or just listening to good show-tunes.

Looking at her right, she recognized some familiar faces from her high school.

How things had not changed at all, despite so many years…she was still the girl to be whispered about: she went from being the “diva” with an ego bigger than her real talent, to the “homewrecker” who undermined the sanctity of all these suburban marriages. She had no idea Lima was still the same little old town she had run away from…close minded, bigoted and judgmental of any diversity.

“Thought you’d need a refill…” a familiar voice startled her from a staring contest with Mercedes.

“Quinn?” Rachel looked over at the blonde, almost with a surprised gaze; but then, she remembered it was actually her house and, hence, the host.

“Is that a question? It’s the first time a girl forgets my name, after a night together…should we have a repeat performance, to refresh your memory?” She handed her the glass of champagne and took a sip from hers.

“I was just startled.” Rachel smiled up at the blonde student, who smirked and stood in front of her with curious eyes.
“Is it me or are those women behind you boring holes in our heads?” Quinn raised an eyebrow at the whispering women, challenging them to come forward.

“It’s not you, it’s me. We attended the same high school here in Lima and we never got along well.” Rachel downed her glass in one sip, sighing in deeply.

“Because you got out of here and they ended up playing the Stepford wives?” She chuckled, stealing two more glasses from a waiter walking by.

“How do you know I left?”

“I knew you were familiar when I first met you, plus your bedroom is filled with Broadway posters and memorabilia. I did the math and Googled you…” Quinn smirked and leaned over, to brush her lips against her shell. “Gotta say, those magazine shots don’t make you any justice, but I love the ‘bed series’ on Instagram.”

“You Googled me huh?” Rachel pulled back to stare up into those darkened orbs, that beamed with mirth. “Maybe we should talk about those pictures in a more private environment…”

“Or I could help out with them, I took few Photography classes in Yale. I am pretty good at that…” The blonde licked her lips and took her time to undress the brunette in front of her with her eyes. It wasn’t that hard to recall what she looked like, naked and writing against her, just few days prior.

“Stop it…” Rachel blushed under those intense eyes. She turned around to face the pool, with her arms crossed over her chest.

“Sorry, I didn’t mean to be a pervert and make you uncomfortable. You’re just so gorgeous. The most beautiful woman here, tonight.” Quinn stood behind her, brushing her front against her back, with her nose barely nuzzling the back of her head and her vanilla scented hair.

“Thank you.” Rachel closed her eyes at the proximity. She knew she was playing with fire in front of so many people. What was happening to her? She never felt so attracted by one-night stands, even if it was with gorgeous partners with captivating eyes and great stamina.
“I’ll be inside the house, if you need me. Enjoy the rest of the party, Miss Berry.” Quinn brushed her fingers along the back of her hand, as she left her on her own, by the pool.

“Who was that girl?” A taller figure approached her from her left side. He stood tall, wearing a polo shirt with his collar up his neck tucked in his dark jeans, that failed to hide the no longer slender silhouette he used to have.

“What are you doing here, Finn?” Rachel looked up at her ex-boyfriend. Her first boyfriend, her first love and her first ache.

“Mrs. Fabray helped us moving into a bigger house, why are you here?” He left his empty beer bottle on the ground and slipped his hands in the back-pocket of his jeans.

“Same thing, I guess.” She shrugged and looked around for Quinn’s familiar face, but Finn was blocking most of her view.

“You didn’t answer my question. Who was that blonde girl?” He moved around her, standing in the way as she tried to look around him.

“I don’t owe you any answer, Finn. Aren’t you married with a kid? You shouldn’t question me…” She tried to leave him there, in the spot, but he sidestepped her and blocked her path. “What do you want, Finn?”

“We need to talk. I need to see you…we need to talk about us.” He tried to take her hand, but she pulled away, crossing her arms over her chest.

“Us? There is no us, Finn. We stopped being an item, when you got another girl pregnant because I didn’t put out often enough to fulfill your needs, apparently.” She shook her head, incredulously.

“You know it was a mistake. I didn’t love Santana, it was just sex. I loved you! If you had forgiven me, we’d be happy together and married and-“

“and what, Finn? I wanted Broadway. I wanted NYC and I had it all, without you holding me down. You never wanted to make it out of here and I didn’t want to be kept here, to fulfill this white picket fence you have in your head. You don’t get it, do you?” She sighed. She knew they were making a scene, but anything to just get the message through his thick head.
“Look, can we go talk somewhere else? People are staring at us.” He tried to reach for her hand, but she pushed him back enough to make him stumble back.

“I won’t go anywhere with you, Finn Hudson. Let people see that I am not the homewrecker they believe I am!” She turned to Mercedes, who feigned indifference. She had never slept with Sam, even if he kept on making lewd comments about her, at any chance he got. She was not the problem. She never was.

“You’re making a scene, are you drunk?” Finn stepped toward her, to take her somewhere else.

“I’m fine, I’m just fucking tired of all the stares and the whispers behind my backs. Go back to your wife, Finn.” She snatched another glass of wine and walked along the edges of the pool to get away from him, until someone slammed into her side and sent her flying into the pool. “Finn!” She turned to look up at the man, only to see someone else standing by his side. “YOU! What the hell, Santana?!” She fought to stay afloat. Her mind was not that clear and she had drunk too much.

“You know what’s that for, bitch. Stay away from my man!” She shouted back at her and then turned towards her guilty husband, who looked anywhere but at her. “I’ll deal with you later, now take me home, Finnept!” She snarled and grabbed him from the back of his shirt, dragging him away from there.

“Guess someone had to give you a lesson, after all. You got lucky she just threw you in a pool, Rachel” Mercedes smirked down at her, walking away to join Sam and his colleagues, that had not stopped ogling her for the whole time.

Rachel swam over to the edge of the pool and tried to hoist herself up, but she was too tired and wiped to even get herself out of there. She just wanted to go home and slip under the covers, to sleep this terrible evening away. Why couldn’t they just leave her alone? She punched the water and almost let herself slip under water, to numb the pain and the mortification she was feeling. She almost did that, until another body slipped in the pool behind her and held her up.

“Let’s get you out of here, princess.” Quinn’s warm voice soothed her. Strong arms lifted her up and outside, placing her on the edges of the poolside with only her feet dangling into the water. Rachel curled around herself, hugging her knees to her chest and burying her face against her thighs. She didn’t see Quinn hoist herself up, nor felt her approach her from behind until those strong arms lifted her from the floor, bridal style and carried her back inside. Away from the party.
“I got you dry clothes and my spare robe. You need to change out of that dress, Rachel, or you’ll catch a pneumonia.” Quinn was still wet, from head to toes, and was holding her up against the bathroom counter.

“Wouldn’t be too bad huh? No one tolerates me here, in this fucking city. Maybe I should just make them happy and-“

“Stop it, okay? They are envious assholes, but it’s not your fault. If they won’t blame their husbands for their wandering eyes, it’s not on you but on them. They are picking on the wrong person.” Quinn brushed the wet bangs off her face, wiping her cheeks from both the tears and residual water. “Go ahead and jump in my shower, it’ll help you out…”

“Why are you doing this?” She leaned into the gentle touch, closing her eyes at the softness of Quinn’s skin against her cheeks.

“I like damsels in distress…” The blonde chuckled and pushed her gently towards her shower stall, while she headed to her mother’s room to do the same.

Thirty minutes later

When Quinn re-entered her bedroom, freshly showered, she was surprised to see Rachel curled on her side on her bed, with her back to her. She had hoped the brunette would have been still there, but it was clear that she was not her usual self. She had barely caught the last outburst by the pool, before she dove in after Rachel to help her out of the water, given her inebriated state.

“Quinn?” Rachel whispered her name and turned around to look up at her.

“I didn’t want to wake you up, I’ll grab my phone and settle in the guest room.” Quinn walked to her nightstand to retrieve the item and then leave, but Rachel held onto her hand as she passed by her.

“It’s your room, I’m the one intruding here…”
“You’re not, but if you don’t feel at ease, I can walk you home.” Quinn laced their fingers together, squeezing Rachel’s hand with hers. “Do you need me to take you home?”

“Lie with me, Quinn?” Rachel looked up at the blonde, with uncertainty in her eyes. They had slept together, yes, but they were not more than sexual partners who just had a night of fun.

“Of course.” Quinn unlaced their hands to lock the door and shut the lights, before finding her way back to the center of the room and climb onto the mattress, on her back. With her ankles crossed and her hands behind her head, she let herself relax on the familiar bed surrounded by Rachel’s perfume mixed with her own body lotion and shampoo. It smelled even better, like that. “Are you cold?”

Looking over at her partner, she saw her hugging herself and curled almost in a fetal way.

“No. I’m fine…” Rachel tried to stop the tears from falling, but she was failing miserably. Her whole body shuddered, with the force of the anguish she was feeling. She had been humiliated and ignored by her supposed high school friends, since she had stepped foot back in Lima. She should have just stayed in NYC.

“Hey, what’s wrong?” Quinn shifted behind the shivering brunette. Her hand rested on her side, over the thin shirt she was wearing.

“Nothing, I’m being stupid. Don’t mind me…” She wiped her face with the back of her hand, until she was presented with a box of Kleenex.

“Do you want me to leave you some space?” Quinn perched herself on her elbow, looking down at the brunette as she stroked along her side.

“No, stay with me…” She reached for the girl’s hand and draped her arm over her waist, resting her hand against the back of her hand.

“I’m not going anywhere…” Quinn settled behind her, slipping her other arm under her head to cradled into her arms, spooning her from behind.

RQRQRQRQRQRQRQRQRQ

Three days had gone by since party. Three days since she had seen Rachel. When she had woken up, the morning after, she found herself alone in her unmade bed, with an empty and warm space
beside her. Rachel had slipped out, probably in the early morning, without leaving a note nor a message. She had just left.

She had taken some time to think about the events that had occurred that night, along with the help of her mother who had provided the right amount of background to the whole story. She had taken some time to process what had happened in her room. Something that went beyond two adult women having fun with each other, with no strings attached. They definitely needed to talk…

So, that’s why she stood on her doorstep, holding the dress she had left behind and that she had made wash and clean. She had rung the doorbell and knocked on the door, having heard some music coming from inside. Rachel was probably home.

It didn’t take long for the door to swing open and the brunette to show up. Quinn couldn’t help but let her eyes roam – hidden behind her dark sunglasses – over Rachel’s lithe body, covered in very skimpy shorts and a sports bra, that left her toned midriff exposed. Her hair was pulled up into a messy ponytail, leaving out two locks that framed her face, perfectly.

“Quinn…” She was almost surprised to see her there. “What are you doing here?”

“I had it cleaned and ironed. It looked expensive, so you might have wanted it back.” She pointed to the dress in her hand.

“That was nice of you…” She took it from the blonde and hung it on the clothes rack by the door. “Do you want to come in? It’s pretty hot outside…”

“Thanks.” Quinn stepped in, pushing her glasses up her head and behind her ears. “Am I bothering you or something? I don’t want to impose…”

“You’re fine. Let me clean this up, though…” She moved to the coffee table and gathered the coffee mugs, walking to the kitchen to wash them.

“Is there someone else here?” Quinn followed her, leaning against the doorway to watch her.

“No, we’re alone. Why?” Rachel looked down, rinsing the mugs off.
“He was here, was he?” Shaking her head, she crossed her arms over her chest. “That Finn guy…”

“That’s none of your business, is it?” Rachel wiped her hands on the kitchen towel and leaned back into the counter, with her arms crossed under her chest.

“He doesn’t deserve you, Rachel. He is being a sore loser, because he wants what he can’t have. You know that…what did he promise you? That’d he would leave his wife? That you could finally have your happy ending?” She chuckled humorlessly. “He will play you…”

“Who gave you the permission to stick your nose in my business? Just because we had sex once, it doesn’t mean you can come here and give me life lessons, kid.” She advanced the blonde, walking to the door to open and show her out.

“I’m just 4 years younger than you, Rachel. You’re right, it’s none of my business and we only fucked, but the other night was not just that…” Quinn took her by the arm, twisting her gently to face her. “You let me hold you…you let me be there for you, it must mean something to you.”

“I just needed a warm body. Don’t try and read too much into that.” She looked away and tried to slip out of her grasp.

“Liar.” Quinn released her grip around her and backed her into the wall, taking one step at a time. “Look at me and tell me it didn’t mean anything to you…Tell me that and I’ll stay out of your business for the rest of the summer.”

“Quinn…” Rachel looked up at the blonde. “I’m a fuck up. You don’t want to deal with my mess…”

“I’m big enough to choose my own battles, Rachel.” Bracing herself each side of the girl’s head, she lowered her face and connected their lips for a very soft kiss.

RQRQRQRQRQRQRQRQRQRQRQRQRQR

She had lost count of how much time had passed since that kiss in the hallway. It had probably been hours, because the room was bathed in a warm orange light, that usually meant the sun was about to set over the horizon. Her hands were sliding slowly up and down the girl’s naked back, dipping under the sheet pooled around their lower bodies, to palm her undulating hips and aid her into her
It was not as fast as their first time together. It felt like they were trying to freeze time and take advantage of every second, by not rushing into it. Quinn was mouthing her neck, tasting every inch of her skin with her lips and tongue. She was pretty sure there were marks everywhere, but she could really care less. It felt so good and relaxing, that she could let herself go without even being filled from the inside.

Every touch, every kiss and every gaze were charged with a raw intensity that left her breathless and aching for more.

Their eyes were locked as Quinn cradled her face with her palms, smirking at the obvious work of art she had left all over her neck. Their mouths were mere inches apart, breathing the same oxygen but the blonde was barely moving inside her.

Her thrusts were painfully slow.

She was simply lying there, inside of her, feeling her walls tighten around her.

“Did you sleep with him?” The ex-cheerleader raised herself on her elbows, looking down at the brunette.

“No. I haven’t slept with anyone else but you…” Rachel’s thighs brushed along legs, sliding up until she locked them around her waist. “Have you…”

“No, only you, Rach.” Leaning down, she skipped her lips and moved her lips to her ear, kissing along its contour. “May I call you Rach?”

“God, yes.” Rachel clung to her young lover. She felt her walls impossibly tighten around the girl’s length, even if she was barely moving inside her.

It was everything else. From her weight grounding her to the mattress, to her captivating hazel eyes and last but not least, to her husky and raspy voice that played with her emotions like a talented musician.
“Cum for me, Rach.” Quinn kept on whispering in her ear. Her hips were simply rolling around, in a circular way, but enough to send the brunette over the edge.

“Quinn!!” Arching her upper body off the mattress, she dug her nails into her lower back, surely leaving marks behind her, and just tumbled off the edge of her pleasure…
Chapter 3

Chapter Summary

The story comes to an end...it was a nice short ride! Stay tuned for more stories (if the Muse cooperates!!)

CHAPTER 3

Rachel rolled over in the unmade bed, surprised not to find her young bedmate lying there. The spot was still warm, meaning it had just been vacated by the blonde girl, who had fucked her brains out until late. Looking around the room, she caught her silhouette leaning over the balcony blowing some smoke out of her nose, with a captivating elegance. She had never been a fan of cigarettes but seeing that stick dangling from her voluptuous lips made her want to become that object, only to touch Quinn’s lips with any part of her.

She slipped out of bed, taking the sheet with her, and padded barefoot across the room to take a better look at the blonde, in the pale moonlight. It felt like watching an oil painting. Everything around Quinn was like frozen in time and space, making her envious of her natural perfection.

“Do you want one?” Quinn didn’t even look back at her, she held her cigarette pack out, having sensed her presence.

“I don’t usually smoke.” Rachel stepped up into her back. Her hands slowly moved along her firm biceps down to her elongated fingers, gripping the left hand holding the burning cigarette. “But I’ll borrow some…” She brought Quinn’s fingers to her mouth, wrapping her lips around it to take in a long drag.

“How can you turn everything you do in something so fucking attractive?” Hazel eyes turned a shade darker as they followed the movement. She watched how Rachel blew the smoke out, some in her face, and then threw the cigarette carelessly to the side, holding onto her palm.

“One of my many talents, I guess…” She stepped up to her young lover, tracing the shape of her firm abdomen with her short nails.

“Humble too. Guess I read that somewhere…” Quinn smirked and circled her waist with her arms,
slowly undoing the knot that kept the sheet together. She let it drop to the girl’s feet, pulling her into her partially clothed body as they embraced intimately.

“They wrote so many things about me, I lost count of all the pregnancies and secret marriages.” Leaning up on her toes, she brushed her lips along the girl’s firm jawline, smirking when her cold hands slid down to cup her backside.

“4 kids with 2 different men, plus 3 affairs with top football players and fellow screen partners.” The Yale student lifted her off the ground and slowly walked to the ‘chaise longue’, lying the brunette down with her on top.

“Are you a fan or a stalker?” Raising her brow, she watched the blonde slide down her body, peppering her front with feather like kisses.

“I like to know my facts straight, when I sleep with someone…” Quinn parted her thighs and kissed along her hipbone. “Wonder what they’d say, if they caught you with my head between your legs…”

“I pay a shark to take care of situations like these…” Whimpering, she spread her legs even more to make room for Quinn’s head that fit between them.

“Good.” Leaning down, the blonde swiped her tongue along her folds, dipping in the source of Rachel’s nectar. Her tongue worked its way up and down, circling around the tight nub that throbbed against her lips, like the stiff member in her boxers. With each slow stroke, she felt more wetness cover her lips, making it messier.

“Oh fuck…don’t stop.” She had her head thrown back against the chair’s headrest, while her lower body moved against the soft cushions to meet each stroke, with a hip-roll. Quinn’s hands slipped under her backside to lift her off the chair and against her mouth, making it easy to slip all the way into her core. Her thin lips were pressing under her nub and the edges of her hole, while her tongue slid in and out of her, at a mad pace. “Oh god, your fucking tongue…”

“Mmm.” Quinn hummed in pleasure, fully intended not to stop. Each stroke was faster than the previous one. She could feel those walls contract around it, as she pumped in and out, drinking from Rachel. She was drinking from her, as if her life depended on it.

“Fuck…I’m not gonna…” Rachel thrashed against the chair. Her own hands were massaging her
breasts together. Her nipples were almost painfully hard and her back was aching from being pressed up into the roughness of the chair, but she could care less. She had never been fucked so eagerly, before.

Quinn’s tongue had slipped out of her, replaced by two fingers that had fallen into the same – if not, even faster – rhythm set by her tongue, which was now circling her clit. Playing with it. Her lips were wrapped around its base, suckling on the wet muscle as more wetness covered her fingers, that easily slipped in and out of her core.

“RACHEL!!” A third familiar voice startled both women. “RACHEL!!! OPEN THE DAMN DOOR” Strong punches were slammed against the wooden door, along with kicks against its hinges.

“Is that Finn?” Quinn pulled from the brunette’s core and looked up at her. “What should we do?” She whispered shortly, having been interrupted during one of her best performances as a lover.

“Fucking hell, if I know…” She was so frustrated. She was on the verge of one of the best orgasms of her life, only to be cockblocked by the same guy who couldn’t bring her to pleasure without coming into his pants or chanting ‘Mailman’.

“Do you want to go down there? He sounds pretty pissed off, though.” Quinn spared a glance to the guy, who was stumbling on himself while trying to kick some stone in the driveway. “He’s drunk too.”

“He’ll be fine, I have nothing to say to him.” Rachel turned the blonde back to her and brushed her thumbs along her wet lips, smearing some of her juices on her bottom lip. “We should go back inside and finish what you started…”

“Or we could keep going here, as long as you’re quiet…” Quinn smirked. She slipped on top of the naked brunette and settled between her parted thighs, rubbing her clothed hardness against her exposed folds.

“Make me…” Rachel reached between their bodies to lower the hem of her boxers, pumping her rock hard shaft to the base.

“I need to grab a condom.” Quinn’s eyes rolled into the back of her head. She had been so focused on eating her out, that she had forgotten about her own pleasure.
“Or you can pull out, I’m too close to care.” The brunette lifted her shirt off her and threw it aside, before pulling her down for a hard kiss. She could still hear Finn shouting her name, but every word fell to deaf ears.

“Do you have a girlfriend, in New Haven?” Rachel looked up at the blonde, who was playing with her hair.

“I had one, but it didn’t work out.” Quinn slid her palm up and down the girl’s calf, wrapped around her waist. “She got into this International program in London, but long distance wasn’t an option. We broke it off 6 months ago and I haven’t heard from her, since then.”

“Was it mutual?” She stroked along her chest, pressing her palm against the skin above her heart.

“Guess so. I chose Yale over Harvard to be with her, because I knew we’d ended up destroying every good thing about our relationship, if we had gone separate ways. Marley and I didn’t work like that.” Quinn shrugged and looked down at the brunette, who nodded and leaned up to kiss her softly.

“Do you still harbor feelings for her?” Rachel lifted the blanket to settle on top of the blonde, who circled her waist under it. “Would you get back with her, if she came back and told you she never stopped loving you?”

“I don’t know, maybe…” She brushed her lips along Rachel’s cheek, peppering her flushed skin with her kisses. “I’m not sure I still love her the way I did, when she left…things have changed. I’ve done things, I’ve met other people…” Rolling them over, she hovered the brunette, who gasped when she entered her in one swift move “I’ve met you…”

“I’m due back in NY when summer is over, Quinn.” Rachel whimpered when Quinn fell into the familiar pace, inside her. Without any barrier left between their intimate parts, it felt everything was even more heightened.

“I’m not asking you anything, Rach.” She caught her lips into a soft kiss, stealing her breath away when she shifted on top of her, angling her hips to slam against that spongy spot she had found with her tongue. “I’ll be a train ride away, if you ever want to escape the 'City that never sleeps'…”
“Oh fuck, I can’t concentrate if you fuck me like that…” Rachel threw her head back, digging her nails into her back as she felt her walls contract around her bare shaft. She felt the familiar coil in her stomach and her clit throb, against the girl’s pubic bone.

“That’s the goal, princess.” Quinn smirked and sat up on her knees. Lifting the brunette with her, she started bouncing her up and down her shaft, balls slapping against the underside of her core, with each slam down into her.

“Oh fuck…” Rachel came, hard. Her legs locked around the girl’s waist, keeping her inside of her as she gushed all over her member, like never before. Each time with Quinn was better than the previous one, if even possible.

“Oh God…” Quinn dropped her back on the mattress and pulled out, pumping herself hard enough to follow soon after and spill her own juices all over the girl’s stomach and upper thighs. She was on the verge of letting herself go inside of her, but she pulled out at the very last moment…

“I’m on the pill, just so you know…” Rachel breathed hard, feeling the girl’s essence trickle down her thighs and over her own throbbing core.

“Could’ve been useful to know, before I made a mess all over you.” Quinn dropped on the brunette, burying her face into her shoulder.

“Next time, you can make a mess inside of me…” The brunette chuckled and kissed her temple, feeling her smirk against her shoulder and a familiar hardness rest against her thigh.

the end

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