uncanny likeness

by Kendarr

Summary

For Faberry Week day 6: doppelgängers.

G!P Quinn Berry-Fabray was in no way bored with her married life with Rachel. But when she heard about a new invention—the DP pill that essentially creates a doppelgänger of whoever took the pill—she thought, 'why not?'. There’s nothing wrong with trying new things.
Quinn Berry-Fabray was in no way bored with her married life with Rachel.

She scrolled through her email while her wife made the best coffee blend she recently received as a gift from friend. And as the machine hissed and puffed, the dark, life-giving liquid pattering against the bottom of the kettle, an email subject line caught Quinn’s eye. A newsletter from sexstuds.com which, from the title alone, already made her roll her eyes. It was probably spam, but if it wasn’t, she didn’t remember signing up for this. Finn and Brittany’s idea of a joke, probably.

Still, she read it. What was the harm, after all? The newsletter was informative, though. Coupon codes for sex shops around the NYC, discounts for certain porn films. Quinn didn’t bother with the How to Make Her Orgasm More Than Once articles, since she already knew how to do that for Rachel.

But one particular article caught her eye. It was about being a sexually adventurous person beyond public sex and being tied up. Quinn raised her brow. She liked to think that she and Rachel were adventurous, and so, she clicked through the link in the newsletter, and it took her to a web page about a hotel that was built a year or so ago.

The hotel was called The Love Hotel. Not entirely original, Quinn mused, but as she clicked around the site, Rachel began to hum and sing while she stirred two mugs of coffee, one for her and one for Quinn.

“What are you looking at?” Rachel appeared beside her, kissing the top of Quinn's head. She rested her cheek against Quinn’s head and peered into her monitor. But Quinn already switched tabs. Her screen now showed the New York Times. “Oh, they’re making another Harry Potter movie.”

Quinn pulled Rachel to sit on her lap and inhaled the morning scent of her. “They are. You’d make a sexy Hogwarts professor.” She murmured, tongue licking the crevasse of her wife's neck. “With those robes that billow while you walk, and your wand...”

“I prefer your wand better.” Rachel snickered at her horrible joke. She kissed Quinn's nose and hopped off her lap. “I have a break from rehearsals next weekend, by the way. The director has some business meeting he needs to attend. I would go with him if he asked, but he didn’t. Besides, I think I have better things to do.” She eyed Quinn from where she stood, by the stove, flipping pancakes. “Right, Quinn?”

The blonde flipped back to The Love Hotel's website. She looked up at Rachel, thoughts and fantasies already brewing in her brain. “Yeah, definitely. Do you want to go away next weekend then? For some rest and relaxation?”

Rachel glanced over at her wife and slid the platter of steaming pancakes on the dining table. “Sure, why not? Do you have somewhere in mind, Quinn?”

Quinn typed a few things and scrolled even further down the website. “There’s a new hotel just outside the city and they have a pool and a spa. Amongst other things. I thought we could give it a try, since I have a coupon for it.”

The smaller woman smiled as she ate a forkful of pancake dripping with maple syrup. “Okay! I guess I’ll start packing?”

Shaking her head, Quinn closed her laptop and ate from Rachel’s plate. “Whatever you want,
Tossing their weekend bags into the trunk of the car, Quinn opened the car door for Rachel to let her in. She fixed the mirrors and mounted the GPS against the dashboard. “All set? We didn’t forget anything?”

“It’s not like we’re going that far.” Rachel said, clipping on her seatbelt. “If we did forget something, we can find a Wal-Mart.”

Quinn pulled out of the narrow garage of their apartment and drove on to the highway. It took her a few hours, with singing, playing twenty questions, and hanging out with the love of her life. She smiled when Rachel began to doze off, her head bumping against the window.

She was listening to an audio recording of a book when she saw the highway signs. The Love Hotel was a few miles away, in the upcoming exit. So Quinn switched lanes and exited the highway.

It was barely midday. The hotel was a few stoplights over. When Rachel felt the car slow, she lifted her head and yawned. “We’re here?”

“Yes,” Quinn unclipped her belt and kissed the top of Rachel’s head. “I’ll get the bags later. You’re sleepy, so we can get a room and we can rest for a bit before finding stuff to do.” She helped Rachel out, her own legs jelly and numb from lack of use. Quinn hopped up and down and shook her limbs while Rachel watched, giggling.

Hand in hand, Quinn and Rachel walked into the hotel. Upon entering, they immediately see the front desk. There was also a bar, where a few patrons were watching a baseball game. There were also some people on the couches, having coffee and reading magazines. Quinn approached the front desk and was greeted by a young person who seemed to be younger than she was. “Hello. I’m The Owner.”

Rachel sidled up against Quinn’s side. “Hi, we’re the Berry-Fabray’s. We have a room booked. Right, Quinn?”

“The Berry-Fabrays?” The Owner gawked at them, while her fingers glided across the keyboard. “So you’re the Rachel Berry? Oh wow.” She flushed brightly and patted her pockets. “I don’t mean to be an excited fan or anything, but I am an excited fan.” The Owner procured a notebook and a pen. “May I have your autograph?”

While Rachel gleefully signed The Owner’s notebook with a flourish, she printed out a receipt and handed it to Quinn, along with the two key cards. She also slid a pamphlet across the desk. “If you’re interested in what The Love Hotel can offer you, here’s a list of those things.”

Quinn leaned close. “I read your newsletter about the DP pill.”

Perking up, Rachel handed The Owner’s notebook back to her. “What’s the DP pill?”

The Owner cleared her throat. “I don’t think it’s wise to discuss that here. Wait one moment, please.” She disappeared into the office and came back with an employee. “Watch the desk while I’m gone.” She vaulted off the desk. “Follow me.” She led Rachel and Quinn into a richly-decorated room, with
velvet overstuffed couches and paisley carpeting.

“Have a seat, please.” The Owner said. She opened a few drawers of an antique Chinese medicine cabinet, muttering to herself while she did. “Ah!”

She showed Quinn a black pill, as big as a jelly bean, tucked in a blister pack. “This is the DP pill. Are you interested in it?”

“What is it?” Rachel asked, tugging Quinn’s sleeve.

“If I may,” The Owner sat across from the Berry-Fabrays. “DP stands for Doppelgänger. It creates a flesh-and-blood mirror image of whoever takes this pill. Don’t ask me how that’s scientifically possible, as I don’t know the exact reason. I can, however, vouch for its effectiveness.” The Owner’s lips curled into a small smile. “Since it essentially splits one person into two, it’s also laced with an aphrodisiac.”

“So it’s a sex pill?” Rachel asked with disbelief.

“That’s the reason why I took you here, Rach.” Quinn told her with a hesitant smile. “I’m not bored of our sex life, but I thought it would be fun to try something new.”

The Owner nodded. “And since it’s your first time, I’ll offer it to you for free.”

“Wait, how can we know that it works? Or that it’s not harmful?”

“I understand your concern.” The Owner said. “I’ve been testing this pill for… about a year now. There are no side-effects from what I see. Well, other than exhaustion the day after.” The Owner flushed and scratched her cheek. “Anyway, would you care for a demonstration?”

Quinn nodded. “How long does the pill last for? From your experience?”

Glass of water in hand, The Owner popped a pill onto her palm. “Ten hours? You’ll have to remember that you are still in control of your replica. Your sex drive, while boosted, is shared between two bodies. It’s a strain, which is why you’ll be really tired afterwards.” The Owner swallowed the pill and emptied the glass. “You can tell your double what to do, and they obey. It takes a bit of practice to do things without saying words out loud.”

“Why would you want the pill, anyway?” Rachel asked Quinn. “One of you is enough for me, you know that, right? I don’t need a threesome.”

“I know, babe.” Quinn patted her knee. “But I want to do this for you. I want to use two of me to pleasure you. It’s gonna be fun.”

The Owner coughed, and the couple looked over to her. There were two of her, squeezed into the same couch. “Wow.” Rachel’s eyes were wide, and she reached out to touch the double, and it met her touch halfway. “It’s real.”

“It is,” The Owner nodded. Her double stood up and walked over to the counter and began to prepare coffee. “As I said, I’ve been using the pill for about a year now, so I’m practised at controlling myself.” She smiled at her imitation as she carried a tray of coffee, offering it to Quinn and Rachel who both took it.

“You’ll have to remember though, that this pill is designed for intercourse. I don’t know what the effects would be if you didn’t have sex using the doppelgänger, as I haven’t tried it before.” The Owner rose from her chair. “Now, if you would excuse me, I need to go call my girlfriend.”
She left in a hurry, her lookalike following after her.

It left Rachel and Quinn with the blister pack of black pills. “If you don’t want me to use it, I won’t.” Quinn said. “But it sounds fun, right?” She leaned over to Rachel, her palms gliding along the smoothness of her bare leg. “Two of me. Four hands running along your body.” Her lips squeezed Rachel’s earlobe, and she heard her wife’s breathing catch. Quinn slid her palms up higher, finger brushing the front of Rachel’s panties. “Two cocks fucking deep inside your holes…”

“G-god…” Rachel shuddered and tugged Quinn’s hair. “Okay, fine. You sold me.” She sank her teeth into Quinn’s bottom lip and grabbed the blister pack off the table. “Let’s go up to our room.”

While Rachel showered, Quinn called the front desk and asked them to bring up their luggage that they left in the trunk of the car. Quinn gave the employee a tip and she began to unpack, placing their clothes in the drawers so they wouldn’t wrinkle. Not that they would need clothes much, unless they were to go out of the hotel. Which didn’t seem likely, judging from the way Rachel slammed Quinn against the wall of the elevators, kissing and rubbing up against her as they headed to the sixth floor.

Quinn stretched across the large bed. The DP pills were on the bedside table. She was brimming with curiosity and longed to try it. Having two bodies would mean that it would double the pleasure, or would it halve it? Only one way to find out.

She popped a pill into her palm and swallowed it along with a chug of water. Quinn settled back down on the bed and waited to feel something.

But nothing came. All that really happened was that her stomach rumbled and Rachel stepped out of the shower. Quinn heard her shriek, and when she opened her eyes, an exact replica of herself was looking back at her. Rachel’s eyes were wide, her jaw agape.

“How should I know?” Rachel huffed and sat on the bed, still watching the two Quinns. “Can she move?”

Quinn focused her thought on getting her duplicate to move. Doppel-Quinn’s cheeks twitched, but that was it. “Sit on the bed.” Quinn said, and immediately, her replica moved.

“Oh wow.” Rachel gasped and reached out to touch doppel-Quinn’s cheek. The original Quinn’s eyes widened when she felt the touch on her own cheek. The Owner was right. The double was definitely an extension of herself.

She sat on an armchair and watched her wife and… well, herself. It was strange, and the fact that she could feel Rachel grasping her jaw and fingering her collarbones made everything weirder, but only in a good way. “Take your shirt off.” Quinn said, and her replica obeyed.
“Quinn, oh my goodness…” Rachel looked back at her. “Are you okay with this?”

“Of course I am. Why wouldn’t I be? We’re the same person, Rachel. Really. I can feel what she feels.”

Humming, Rachel grasped doppel-Quinn’s crotch. Both Quinns gasped. “Oh, you’re right. That’s going to be so fun!”

Quinn grinned at her wife’s enthusiasm, her cock already tenting her jeans. Maybe the aphrodisiac was starting to kick in. “Get naked,” she ordered her duplicate. Rachel helped her out. A delighted giggle came from Rachel. “What?”

“You two are exact copies of each other.” Rachel said, grasping the base of doppel-Quinn’s cock. Original Quinn licked her lips and kicked her own pants off. She grasped the arm of the chair and kept watching. “Kiss her,” she ordered her double. Grasping the back of Rachel’s neck, doppel-Quinn kissed her deeply, while the real Quinn closed her eyes and felt the tingle of Rachel’s mouth against hers.

Rachel rolled on top of doppel-Quinn and unravelled her towel. The view for Quinn was perfect—Rachel’s ass, the curve of her back. She didn’t take her eyes away as she thought of her duplicate running her hands along Rachel’s sides. Imagine her surprise when Quinn saw her replica’s hand move without her saying anything out loud.

Quinn had always been a fast learner.

She had enough of watching though. She stripped herself naked, her cock teetering against her lower belly. The bed sank beneath her weight as she pressed her chest against Rachel’s back. Quinn kissed the back of her neck, while doppel-Quinn coaxed Rachel’s tongue into her mouth to suck on it.

For Rachel, pleasure was twofold. She had two Quinns kissing her heated skin. She gasped at the hardness she felt, one pressed against her butt, and the other against her inner thigh. “Ohh, fuck.” Rachel gripped doppel-Quinn’s shoulder and reached back to take a handful of Quinn’s hair. “I need more.”

Grinning, doppel-Quinn moved according to Quinn’s wishes. She slid down so both Rachel and Quinn was straddling her body. Rachel’s pussy hovered over the replica’s mouth, and she pulled her down to sink her tongue into her wet heat. “Yes…” Rachel squirmed.

Quinn rose up and stood by her duplicate’s head, her hard meat pointing towards her wife’s mouth. Rachel wrapped a hand around the base and stroked it. She wrapped her soft, plump lips around the head and gave it a suck.

She tasted Rachel on her tongue while her lookalike swirled and suckled on her clit. Quinn felt the texture of her pussy lips, the bump of her clit. It was a surreal experience, but one that she enjoyed. She willed doppel-Quinn to slip two fingers inside Rachel’s pussy. When her wife squealed and took Quinn’s thick cock deeper inside her mouth, she knew her replica obeyed.

Rachel pulled her mouth back from Quinn’s spit-slick meat and looked up at her with a needy flash in her eyes. “Fuck me, both of you.” She husked, her lips trailing along Quinn’s nut sac. She tongued the spheres inside them and jacked the cockhead of Quinn’s dick. “Isn’t that what you wanted, Quinn? You want to fuck both of my holes at the same time.”

The blonde nodded, her jaw agape. She didn’t really expect Rachel to be so into it now. “Let me make you come first, though.” Quinn murmured against Rachel’s lips. The squeak of delight Rachel
made told Quinn that her replica was suckling her clit, and the flood of Rachel’s cum on her tongue told her that she was close to coming.

Rachel clawed at Quinn’s arm and came with a scream, her hips bucking and grinding against doppel-Quinn’s eager tongue. The dark-haired woman whimpered and she collapsed against Quinn while her duplicate wriggled out from beneath Rachel’s slick pussy.

“Good job.” Quinn told her replica.

“Isn’t that a bit cocky?” Rachel asked, still breathless. “You’re basically congratulating yourself, Quinn.”

Quinn just laughed and kissed Rachel on the lips. “Elbows and knees, Rach.”

Once she was in position, Quinn and her double knelt behind Rachel. “Hold her open for me.” Quinn instructed, and doppel-Quinn parted Rachel’s ass cheeks. She dribbled lube all over Rachel’s butt crack. They felt Rachel shiver, back arching to push her butt out further. “There, that’s good.” Quinn dipped the tip of her index finger inside Rachel’s crinkled hole until it gave, allowing Quinn to push in all the way to the first knuckle.

“Help me out here,” she told her clone. Doppel-Quinn nodded and released one of Rachel’s ass cheeks to add another finger inside Rachel’s tight hole. “How does that feel?” Quinn asked her quivering wife, her hips wiggling against the Quinns’ thrusting fingers. “Answer me, Rachel.”

“So good, so good…” Rachel whined, ass wriggling insistently. She fucked herself on the Quinns’ fingers. Reaching between her legs, she made to stroke her clit but doppel-Quinn slapped her hand away. Quinn smirked and moved aside so her duplicate could lay down beneath Rachel. She latched her mouth on her pussy, tonguing her folds, fingers buried in her tight asshole. “Right there!”

Quinn withdrew her fingers out but made doppel-Quinn continue stretching Rachel’s ass out. She straddled doppel-Quinn’s chest, feeling a weight on her own chest as she did. Suck her clit, Quinn thought, cockhead positioning against Rachel’s entrance. At the sound of her wife’s shriek, Quinn pushed inside her quivering cunt in one, smooth thrust.

Gripping Rachel’s waist, Quinn pounded her in slow, steady strokes. Fingers danced along the indent of her spine, the taste of Rachel’s cum coating her tongue, a tight, clenching heat around her two fingers. “How do you feel, Rachel? Talk to us.”

A shaky breath. Pussy muscles squeezing around Quinn’s fingers. “I feel so good, like I’m going to float away… I think I’m gonna come already.” She bit back a groan. Quinn sped up, her hips smacking against Rachel’s plump, bouncing ass. “Yesyesyes, Quinn!”

Warm slickness coated Quinn’s cock as she kept fucking Rachel through her orgasm. She slumped, face first against the bed, with only Quinn keeping her upright by her ass. Doppel-Quinn hummed and wriggled out from underneath Rachel and her original, cock slapping her belly with every movement. She sat in front of Rachel and offered up her thick meat towards her.

Rachel moaned, lips parting. She swallowed doppel-Quinn’s cock into her mouth, sucking firm and hard. The real Quinn gasped at the sensation of warmth and pleasure coursing through her dick. She felt the clench of Rachel’s pussy and the firm suction of her mouth, all at once. “Ohh fuck, ohh shit.” She pulled out of Rachel’s pussy and grasped the base of her cock. “R-Rachel, baby. Stop s-sucking for a sec—oh fuck!”

Thick ropes of semen shot out of the Quinns’ cocks at the same time. The warmth in Quinn’s belly
felt twice as good that her eyes rolled to the back of her head. “Fucking shit!” Her entire body trembled, her cum cascading all over Rachel’s butt, and inside her mouth as she sucked doppel-Quinn dry.

Quinn slammed her hips back against Rachel, finishing inside her pussy with a shaky whimper. The orgasm left both Quinns drained. It was like coming twice at, well, at the same time. Their cocks softened as they slipped out of Rachel’s warm pussy and talented mouth. Together, they slumped on the bed, breathless and sweating.

Rachel looked at them both, a grin on her face. “Really? Is that all you got?” She teased, crawling between the identical blondes. Rachel kissed doppel-Quinn’s lips, and then original-Quinn’s, before wrapping her small hands around their limp dicks. Both blondes gasped and squirmed beneath Rachel’s touch.

“T-too much, Rachel.” Quinn panted. “It feels like I just came twice, and—ooh!” She swatted her wife’s hand away and whimpered, legs shaking from being oversensitive.

Smirking, she released both cocks and rubbed their bellies instead. “I’ll go call for room service then while you two recover.”

Quinn playfully swatted at Rachel, who shrieked and darted out of her reach. She called for pizza delivery, while Quinn struggled to sit up. She looked over to her duplicate and ruffled her hair. Doppel-Quinn grunted and rolled out of Quinn’s reach.

The pizza arrived half an hour or so later, when Quinn could finally stand on her feet without having her knees buckle with every step. They all gathered around the small table, the pizza spread out. “You think this is going to be enough? I’m eating for two, Rachel.” Quinn said as doppel-Quinn picked up a meat lover’s pizza slice and ate half of it in one bite.

“Yikes. You’re right.” Rachel watched the Quinns eat their pizza. “Should I order more?”

Quinn shook her head after swallowing her second pizza. “Nah, I think we’re good. I eat what she eats, so I’m actually not eating for two.” She patted her flat stomach. “I’m actually full already.”

The two Quinns cleaned up while Rachel lounged on the bed. Quinn could feel her watching them move in tandem, with her folding up the pizza boxes while doppel-Quinn wiped the table clean.

The sun had already set, leaving the sky dim and lacking in its golden colour. Rachel switched the lamps on while Quinn and her duplicate brushed their teeth.

“Hurry up!” Rachel whined, kicking her legs up to fall on the bed with dull thumps. “Don’t keep me waiting! We only have a few more hours of this, you know.”

Quinn snorted as she spat on basin. She wiped her chin and handed her clone the towel. “We have six hours. Calm down.”

“Not a lot, considering it takes you an hour to recover.”

“Hey now.” Quinn and her duplicate left the bathroom. They leapt on the bed, covering a giggling Rachel with their bodies. “Maybe you should take the pill too, see how tired it leaves you.”

Rachel sighed and rubbed the blondes’ backs. “Maybe.”

Doppel-Quinn purred against Rachel’s shoulder and leaned in to suck her nipple until it stiffened. She threw her head back, thick, dark locks spilling against the stark white pillow cases. Quinn’s
fingers wandered to massage her soft thighs, the brunette’s legs spreading for her wife’s firm touch. Rachel’s body floated in the subspace of pleasure, unconscious moans bubbling inside her throat, spilling out like dark ink, warm and wet.

Her mouth on Rachel’s ear, Quinn removed her wife’s panties and kicked off her boxer briefs. Her clone did the same, her lips moving to suckle on Rachel’s lonely nipple, while leaving the other slick with spit and stiff as pebbles.

“Please….” Rachel gasped, fists closing around corn silk locks. She craned her neck, yanked doppel-Quinn roughly and kissed her. Quinn licked her lips, feeling Rachel’s mouth on hers. She watched Rachel make out with herself for a moment while fisting her hard meat.

“Roll her over. Get her on top of you.” Quinn ordered. She was far too distracted now, far too excited at the notion of being inside Rachel twice over to fill up her holes. Quinn shuddered at the thought. She could only imagine how it would feel for Rachel, but for her, the pleasure was going to be blinding.

Doppel-Quinn obeyed, still making out with Rachel eagerly. Quinn let her enjoy it for the time being while she sought out the lube that got lost from earlier. Attempts to control her clone was something Quinn wanted to master, so she grinned brightly when her duplicate reached for Rachel’s ass to spread her cheeks.

Rachel’s hole was still stretched from earlier, when her double fingered Rachel’s ass. Quinn patted her wife’s butt after slicking up her thick meat. “We’re gonna fuck you now.” She said. True enough, doppel-Quinn grasped her dick and slid inside Rachel’s pussy, her velvety walls sheathing around her meat.

Quinn released a slow breath and tried not to make any sudden movements. She didn’t want to last for a split second. She wanted Rachel to feel amazing and loved by her, twice over. Gritting her teeth, Quinn positioned the tip of her cock against Rachel’s butthole and pushed in.

Cock rings would be a good idea right about now, Quinn thought as every inch of her cock was swallowed inside Rachel’s ass. With the slick heat of Rachel’s pussy already around her, add to that the tight clench of her butt, and Quinn was in heaven.

But Rachel was in another heaven of her own. She clung to doppel-Quinn tightly, her holes filled to the brim. She felt like she was going to explode, and they only just begun. Quinn doubly penetrated her before with dildos, but this was different. In the haze of her imminent orgasm, Rachel could feel the thick, warm cocks filling her up. She could feel the faint pulse, could hear the two Quinns breathing in unison as the original Quinn flattened her chest against Rachel’s back. The drag of her nipples made the brunette shudder.

“Move,” Rachel whimpered. “Fuck me, Quinn. Please!”

Quinn’s fingers danced along Rachel’s back. Doppel-Quinn thrust in slowly at first. “If I do, I’m only going to last a minute.” She murmured.

“Me too,” her wife panted. She shimmied her hips, and both Quinns gasped, gripping Rachel to keep her still. “I just want you to fuck me as hard as you can. Fill me up with your cocks, baby.”

With a groan, Quinn gripped Rachel’s shoulders and pounded her, hard and fast, just like the way she wanted to be fucked. Rachel screamed, both Quinns’ hips pistoning against her in tandem. Doppel-Quinn would pull out of her pussy, and Quinn would then fill her up in her ass. It was too much, it was too good, and Rachel couldn’t help it.
She came with a violent shudder, pussy gushing cum to coat doppel-Quinn’s pumping cock. Behind Rachel, Quinn was sweating furiously, drops of it dripping down her neck and abs. “Fuck, fuck, fuck...” She hissed, toes curling, hips moving in a more erratic rhythm. “I’m gonna blow, Rachel. Fu —ck!”

Their hips stuttered, cocks pulsed as it shot out ropes of cum inside Rachel’s ass and pussy. Quinn swore her vision dimmed, her body turning into jelly from the force of two simultaneous orgasms. She sucked in a harsh breath, burying her cocks inside Rachel until she’s balls deep. Rachel was whimpering, wriggling her hips, muscles milking Quinn for all her cum.

“Jesus,” Quinn gasped, falling limp on top of Rachel. “I-I can’t... I might pass out.”

Rachel giggled, eyelids half closed. She kissed doppel-Quinn’s lips, and Quinn smiled as she felt it on her own mouth. She rolled off of Rachel, a shaky moan escaping her when she caught sight of her wife’s pussy leaking out thick, white cum. Quinn spanked her butt lightly, flesh jiggling and a line of cum dripping out of her puckered asshole.

“I love that pill.” Rachel murmured. She cuddled beside doppel-Quinn who had a look of elation in her features as she wrapped her limbs around Rachel. Quinn grabbed a bottle of water and drank half of it before handing the rest to Rachel who drank it gratefully. “Maybe I should give it a try.”

Quinn swallowed hard at the image that darted in her head. Two Rachels, two pussies to devour, all for her. “That would be fucking awesome.”
Chapter 2

Chapter Summary

In which Rachel takes the pill this time.

When Rachel woke up the next morning, her body carried a delightful ache. The throbbing between her cum-soaked thighs reminded her of last night. Looking around, she saw that doppel-Quinn was gone. Rachel sighed and stretched. She would miss that double for sure, but at the sight of her wife, Rachel smiled. Two Quinns were amazing, but in all honesty, one was enough for her.

She kissed sleeping Quinn's brow and rolled out of bed to brush her teeth and shower. It would be a good idea to let Quinn sleep in for a bit, since the pill did wear her out from their intense, passionate activities last night. Rachel got dressed in skinny jeans and a sweater before heading downstairs for some breakfast.

In the lounge, a few people were already sitting and reading the newspaper. A television blared in the corner, showing the weather and a few headlines. The clock read nine in the morning. Rachel saw a fresh batch of waffles emerge from the kitchen, so she grabbed a plate and took some. She covered the waffles with kiwi rounds and blueberries, and then drizzled them with dark maple syrup.

She sat by the window, admiring the garden. The emerald green grass soaked up the sun's rays, bright and golden. Rachel sipped her coffee and thought about the food she needed to bring up to her wife.

“Good morning,” The Owner appeared, her hair, despite many attempts to be smoothed out, was still disheveled, and she looked worn down. “Where's your wife?”

“Tired, as expected. Why don't you have a seat? Keep me company.”

The Owner thanked Rachel and she sat across from her. “The pill does take a lot out of a person.” She said, drinking espresso from a tiny china cup. “I would be surprised if she was up, actually.”

“What about you? You only look a bit tired, but you're up.” Rachel said.

“I've grown accustomed to the pill’s after effects.” The Owner replied. “Not as accustomed as I'd like, but I'm getting there. How did you like the pill though?”

Rachel sighed dreamily and caught the smile in The Owner's features. “It was amazing. I'm a bit sore too, but it'll go away soon enough.” She finished her coffee and cleared her throat. “Speaking of, do you know where I can get handcuffs?”

The Owner's face didn't register the shock, if she was indeed surprised at Rachel's request. She calmly sipped her espresso and licked her lips. “Once you finish your breakfast, I'll show you where you can get some toys.”

After a few more bites, Rachel finished her waffles. She downed a glass of orange juice. By then, more people made their way down to eat, and the lounge was filling up. “Just give the kitchen a call, and they'll send up a plate for Quinn.” The Owner said, standing. “If you'll follow me?”
They left the lounge and went to the office where The Owner first showed them the DP pill. She opened a closet, and inside were rows upon rows of toys in racks. Inside were dildos, strap-on harnesses, even whips and chains. The Owner noticed Rachel's shock and she laughed. “We are The Love Hotel, Rachel. It's only appropriate for us to have these. Don't worry, they've been sterilized.”

Rachel plucked a pair of fluffy handcuffs off the rack. “Do I need to pay for these?”

“No, it's part of the hotel's room service. You just have to fill in this logbook so we know what you borrowed. For privacy's sake, we only want your room number and today’s date.”

Rachel looked around the toys once more to make sure she got everything. Noticing a hook with elastic rings on it, she plucked one off the hook. “These are disposable?” The Owner nodded. Rachel also took a vibrating anal plug and a bottle lube. Making sure she had everything she wanted, Rachel signed the logbook.

The Owner placed her items in a white paper bag. “Enjoy,” she smiled.

“I almost forgot. We took the pack of DP pills into our room but only used one, and that's free, correct? I'm using another, so you can just charge it in our room. I'll pay for it when we leave.”

“Of course.”

Rachel left the office, clutching her items in her arms. She headed back to their hotel room where Quinn was still sleeping. It was almost eleven, and Rachel knew how lethargic Quinn got if she slept for far too long. Rachel called the kitchen, asking for a big plate of breakfast items and a lot of coffee be brought up to their room as she gently woke Quinn.

“Wake up, darling.” Rachel whispered against Quinn's ear, lips nibbling the shell and earlobe. “Your breakfast will be here in a few minutes.”

Quinn stirred and opened her tired hazel eyes. She looked up at Rachel and sighed deeply. “I'm exhausted.”

“I know,” Rachel rubbed her smooth back and kissed her shoulders. “But you still need to get up.”

Sitting up, Quinn yawned. The sheets draped her lap, her morning wood tenting the white linen. “Gonna go shower,” she pecked Rachel's cheek and headed in the bathroom.

By the time Quinn emerged from her shower, her skin pink and steaming, the food arrived. Rachel thanked the man who brought it and tipped him. Hauling it to the small table, Rachel watched Quinn tuck in the food. “So, what are we gonna do today?”

“I have something in mind,” Rachel said. She picked up the white paper bag and shook it, a smirk on her lips. “I told you I was going to take the pill today, aren't I?”

Quinn's jaw fell and she stared at Rachel, then at the bag she had on her lap. She swallowed and drank some juice. “What's in that bag?”

“You'll know soon enough.” Rachel hummed. “Keep eating, then we'll relax for a bit before we do anything too fun, okay? The Owner said there's a good path where we can take a walk and enjoy the scenery.”

After eating, Quinn and Rachel got dressed and put on comfortable shoes. Out they went, a mild
summer breeze blowing through the leaves of the trees that littered along the front of the hotel. Rachel looped her arm around Quinn's. They found the trail, and they walked the couple of miles until they wound back to the front of the hotel. Sweaty from their walk, they sighed in relief as they entered the air-conditioned building.

“Let's shower together,” Quinn husked, closing the door behind her. She grasped Rachel by the hips and ran her palms along her stomach.

“Good idea. Go on ahead. I'll be right behind you.” Rachel watched Quinn strip her shirt, her jeans, and then her boxers before she even entered the bathroom. When she heard the rustling of the shower curtains and the water cutting on, Rachel popped a black DP pill onto her palm and swallowed it.

In less than five minutes, definitely not long enough for Quinn to start calling for her to join her, Rachel's doppelgänger materialized before her, naked. She matched Rachel's smile. “Go in the bathroom,” she ordered. “And join Quinn in the shower.”

Rachel watched the doppel move fluidly. She heard the shower curtains, the soft murmur of Quinn's voice. Rachel took that time to get naked herself and make her way in the bathroom to join her copy and her wife. She felt Quinn's hands all over her already, and Rachel shuddered in delight. This was going to feel good, she just knew it.

In the middle of the shower, Quinn was soaping up doppel-Rachel's tits when she looked up and caught sight of original Rachel standing by the doorway. “Whoa!” The bar of soap flew out of Quinn's hand while she gawked. “Y-you took the pill?!”

“No, Quinn. This is my long-lost twin.” Rachel smirked. She stepped into the shower, warm water soaking her skin. “Keep doing what you were doing. You look like you were enjoying yourself.”

Quinn, still at a loss, hesitantly resumed soaping up doppel-Rachel's soft tits, while Rachel—the original—pressed her tits against Quinn's back. She dragged her stiff nipples against Quinn's soapy skin, her hand curling around the base of Quinn's cock. Doppel-Rachel stood still and Rachel almost forgot about her.

“Kiss her,” she ordered. The replica obeyed, grasping the back of Quinn's neck to pull her in a deep, numbing kiss. Rachel felt it—Quinn sucking on her clone's tongue, Quinn's fingers tweaking her stiff nipples. Rachel shivered and stroked Quinn's cock from the base to the tip, fingers toying with the glans that was slippery with soap and precum. “Does that feel good?” Rachel whispered against Quinn's neck.

“Uh huh,” she grunted, hips bucking to fuck her cock into Rachel's loose fist. “I think I'm gonna blow already, baby.”

Both Rachels pulled away, and the real Rachel was proud that she could control her doppelgänger without verbally ordering her around. “Let's finish up here and let's go to the bed.”

Quinn had never finished showering in her life.

Once they were towel-dried, the two Rachels led Quinn to the large hotel bed. Quinn lay in the middle, the Rachels draped over her body, kissing her at the same time. Doppel-Rachel stroked Quinn's clenching abs, while Rachel pumped Quinn's rigid meat. “So big and hard for us...” She smirked. “Hands crossed and above your head, baby.”

Quinn, too enthralled by the sensations brought by wife, obeyed. In an instant, Quinn's wrists were
“Relax,” Rachel purred, her lips wrapping around Quinn’s soft breasts. She parted her mouth and took as much of the flesh she could in her mouth and sucked. Doppel-Rachel, ordered by Rachel’s brain waves, moved to straddle Quinn’s mouth. Immediately, the blonde parted her lips, sucked doppel-Rachel’s clit in her mouth, and sucked eagerly.

The original Rachel shrieked at the sensation despite having nothing actually licking and sucking her pussy. She tightened her thighs together, but still she felt Quinn’s impatient licks and sucks. Rachel took a deep, steadying breath. Sure, she can come multiple times in a row, but she can’t. Not yet.

Mentally, she ordered doppel-Rachel to ease off Quinn’s mouth for a bit so she could concentrate. Rachel heard Quinn’s demanding whine, since she couldn’t pull doppel-Rachel down and keep her pussy straddling her mouth. Both Rachels lay on either side of Quinn’s spread legs, her cock stiff and pointing upwards between them. “Oh my guh—” Quinn grunted, her abs flexing at the visual before her.

“We haven’t even done a thing yet,” Rachel teased, her fingers running along the soft skin of Quinn’s ball sac. She licked along one side of Quinn’s cock, and doppel-Rachel on the other. Quinn’s thighs trembled, her back arched, and she tugged harder on her restraints. “You’ll hurt yourself if you keep pulling.” Rachel chastised her wife.

“I’ll keep pulling if you don’t do anything.” Quinn gritted out. Her cock was pulsing and doppel-Rachel kept licking Quinn’s stiff length with just the tip of her tongue, the barest touch making her toes curl. “Stop teasing me.”

The two Rachels leaned in and licked up Quinn’s cock, making her shaft wet with spit. Rachel took the tip into her mouth, swirled her tongue into the dipping slit, while doppel-Rachel dragged her puckered lips up and down Quinn’s dick. The blonde groaned, head thrown back. She dug her heels into the mattress, precum shuttling out of her cockhead in a constant stream.

Licking up the precum, Rachel bobbed up and down on Quinn’s shaft. She could tell from the way Quinn’s expression tensed and relaxed that the two mouths on her dick felt amazing. Rachel pulled off her dick and so did doppel-Rachel. “D-don’t stop!” Quinn groaned. Before Quinn could further complain, Rachel and her double latched on the head of her cock and kissed each other, tongues dancing against Quinn’s shimmering cockhead. It felt a little odd, kissing and being kissed at the same time. But the image, paired with the sensation, did it for Quinn.

Cum swelled out of the tip of her cock and it spurted in thick, creamy ropes, coating both Rachels’ lips, tongues, and cheeks. Quinn groaned, hips bucking. Doppel-Rachel milked Quinn’s meat, more cum pulsing steadily out of her cock. The original Rachel grinned as Quinn slumped, her lips wrapping tight around the cockhead. She sucked the rest out of her wife’s cum until she was writhing from oversensitivity.

“Come up here.” Quinn panted, her body convulsing occasionally. “Either one. Let me lick your pussy, Rach.”

Doppel-Rachel moved, sinking her pussy back against Quinn’s mouth as the original Rachel stroked her dick until she stiffened once more. She wrapped the cock ring she borrowed from The Owner’s collection, around the base of Quinn’s shaft and around her balls. She needed Quinn to last longer, even if she already had tremendous lasting power. She felt the licking along her folds stop for a moment before Quinn sucked her clit harshly, making both Rachels gasp.

Spreading Quinn’s legs a little wider, Rachel pressed the pads of her fingers against her puckered
“Is this okay?”

“Yes,” she heard the muffled voice of Quinn, her mouth still pressed against doppel-Rachel’s smooth thigh. Rachel smiled and grabbed the bottle of lube and spread it around her fingers to press into Quinn’s tight ass. She worked slowly, distracted by the sensation of her wife’s talented tongue flicking her entrance, before sliding down to tease her butt hole open as well.

Before she even noticed, Rachel was near orgasm. Her nails bit down on Quinn’s inner thighs, mouth wrapped around her balls, two fingers curling inside her wife’s ass. “Q-Quinn, slow down.” Rachel panted, while above Quinn’s mouth, doppel-Rachel humped her talented tongue. “Oh fuck, Quinn!”

Rachel came suddenly, taken aback by the force of her orgasm. It felt twice as good, and it made her head spin. Doppel-Rachel slumped against the headboard and Rachel could see Quinn’s throat, her neck craned to continue eating Rachel’s dripping, throbbing pussy.

Rachel willed her double to get off of Quinn’s mouth. She rolled along the bed, limp and gasping for breath, Quinn’s mouth covered with slick juices. “Why’d you leave?” She panted, propping herself up on the few pillows. “You tasted so good, baby.”

“Because I need to focus and you licking me doesn’t help me with that one bit.” Rachel said, showing Quinn the vibrating anal plug she borrowed.

“Where did you even get those?”

“The Owner had them. It’s part of the hotel’s service. You know, like when you ask for towels and such. They’re clean, don’t worry.” She patted Quinn’s thigh. “Spread your legs and let me make you feel good now.”

Quinn smiled and propped her legs up, feet flat on the bed. Rachel lubed up the vibe, mentally ordering doppel-Rachel to take Quinn’s hard dick in her mouth. The blonde gasped, back arching and thrusting her cock deeper into doppel-Rachel’s sucking mouth. Rachel finished working the vibrator inside Quinn, the tapered end flush against Quinn’s entrance. She took the remote and turned it to the lowest setting of rapid but weak pulses.

“Fuck!” Quinn breathed heavily as Rachel eased her into the stronger pulses. “Holy shit, baby.”

Rachel mentally willed her doppel into mounting Quinn’s mouth to distract her. She then straddled Quinn’s cock, her shaft sliding easily inside her slippery pussy. The sensation was incredible—Quinn’s tongue and lips tugging her clit, while her cock opened up her pussy. Rachel wasted no time humping Quinn’s thick meat, and already, she could feel the pit of her stomach tightening. “I’m going to come already,” she panted, flattening her hands against Quinn’s rippling abs as she met her thrusts.

“Mmmph!” Quinn mumbled against doppel-Rachel’s inner thigh. She pushed her tongue inside Rachel’s duplicate and licked at her inner walls.

It was too much, and both Rachels tensed, shrieking as their orgasms hit them with full force. Cum gushed out of the Rachels’ pussies. Original Rachel’s pussy muscles clamped around Quinn’s still erect cock, as she was unable to come from the cock ring tight around the base of her dick.

Doppel-Rachel, as per Rachel’s mental orders, reached up to remove Quinn’s restraints. As soon as she was free, Quinn sat up and switched their positions. She kept her dick inside Rachel while bending her over on her elbows and knees. Quinn draped her body over Rachel’s back. Leaning in,
she whispered into Rachel’s ear: “I want to watch you eat your pussy.” Quinn husked, her palms running up and down Rachel’s sides, then cupping her soft tits. At the thought, Rachel shivered and made her doppel sit in front of her, allowing her the full frontal view of her own pussy.

Quinn began thrusting again, deep and slow, while Rachel dragged her tongue along her own folds. It was a weird thing, if she thought about it, eating herself out while her wife watched. Plus, she felt the drag of her tongue against her own pussy, the way her clit twitched in her mouth made her thighs clench. Behind her, Quinn groaned and gripped her hips tighter. Pounded into her harder and with more desperation.

“Oh my god, that’s so hot.” Quinn panted, her chin against Rachel’s shoulder. “Open up her pussy. Show me how you lick her, baby.”

Rachel spread doppel-Rachel’s pussy lips and curled her tongue, swirled it around her clit. Rachel tightened her thighs at the sensation, but kept eating at her duplicate’s pussy. She could feel how much Quinn liked the visual, her hips pistoning faster, cock twitching inside her dripping cunt. “I’m gonna come, Quinn. Keep fucking me.” Rachel panted.

“I’m gonna come too…” Quinn gritted out. “Can I take the cock ring off, baby? Please.”

Rachel nodded, and in a single swift motion, Quinn pulled out and yanked the elastic ring off the base of her cock. She slammed back in roughly, hips clapping against Rachel’s butt. Quinn grunted and came with a loud moan, ass cheeks clenching. The vibrating anal plug inside her intensified the sensations.

Her lips still wrapped around her clit, Rachel sucked herself to push herself off that brink where she teetered until she was thrown off-balance. She came again, her entire body trembling, her double coming hard along with her. Rachel swore her vision dimmed, and white light exploded in the corners of her eyes.

When she opened her eyes, Quinn was standing by the bedside table, naked, cock limp. She set the toys Rachel borrowed earlier on the table. “You okay? You blacked out for a bit, I think.” Rachel’s doppel was fast asleep, curled up beside Rachel. “I told you it’s exhausting.” Quinn grinned, bending over to kiss her lips.

Rachel groaned and rolled her eyes playfully. “Yeah, yeah. You’re right. Did you order dinner yet?”

“You want me to?”

“Yes, please.”

“Rest up,” Quinn said against Rachel’s brow. “I plan on having some more fun with my Rachels.” She winked, and went to retrieve her phone. Rachel rolled on her back and smiled, her eyes closing as she drifted asleep.

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