Young & Beautiful

by fallendarknight86

Summary

A/U: Rachel is the popular Head Cheerleader and Quinn is the charming transfer student from Los Angeles. Will their worlds collide in a mess of feelings and heartaches?
“Quinn, hey…” Marley approached her by her locker, as she was rummaging through her things to get the schedule of the day.

“Hey Marley, what’s up?” Quinn smiled at the brunette, in her typical charming way that never failed to make guys drool and girls swoon.

“I was wondering if you could give me a hand with the English literature paper. I’m struggling with the latest assignment.” She tucked few strands behind her ear and looked anywhere but into her hazel eyes.

“Of course, do you want to meet up after school?” Quinn shut her locker and leaned against it. “I’ll bring pizza. What’s your favorite?”

“You don’t have to, I can cook something for us.” The brunette blushed and looked back down, hoping she hadn’t caught it.

“As you wish, Rose.” The blonde nudged her with her elbow and checked the time on her brand new Apple Watch, noticing she had also few missed texts and one unanswered call. “I’ll eat pretty much anything, so don’t worry too much about it.”

“I wonder where you put all that food, though.” Marley started walking towards their first class, even they didn’t share it.

“I workout a lot. Boxing and running helps burning calories, along with other kind of activities.” She winked knowingly. She had a reputation to hold after all.

“I’m sure there’s much more behind that player reputation.” Marley shook her head in amusement. Everyone knew about Quinn’s plethora of conquests in the female population and she wasn’t totally immune to her charme either. How could she? She had everything a girl could wish for.

“You don’t really wanna know about that, Marley.” Quinn smiled bitterly. She knew what was going on in the girl’s mind. She could read people better than what others credited her for and,
mostly, she knew how to take advantage of it. It was a peculiar Fabray’s trait, after all.

“What do we have here?” A shorter brunette stood in their way, followed by the usual cheerleader duo that held pinkies behind their backs. “Lowering your standards, Fabray?”

“Well, don’t think there’s anything lower than your squad of brats and brainless bimbos.” Quinn challenged with her eyebrow, taking a step forward to stand in between the two brunette girls.

“You didn’t seem to complain when you got under their skirts, though. Had to test them all, to be sure they didn’t catch any STD from you.” Rachel snorted.

“Did you test yourself as well? Hudson doesn’t like washing his junk, from what I heard.” Quinn smirked when Santana chuckled behind the head cheerleader.

“That’s gross, Berry. Told you not to go there with him.” Santana leaned over to whisper in her ear, but Quinn and Marley heard her pretty clear.

“Shut up, Santana. I didn’t have sex with him.” Rachel looked up at Quinn, who kept her smirk in place and crossed her arms over her chest.

“Good for you, he has no stamina and his puffy nipples are a turn off.” The Latina stood back and nodded to Brittany, who seemed to agree.

“Geez Berry, sounds like you won the lottery with him.” The blonde chuckled. “C’mon Marley, let’s go to class or we’ll end up in detention. We don’t have free passes because of our uniforms…” She went to walk past them, but Rachel blocked her path in her usual power pose.

“Just because we are cheerleaders, it doesn’t mean we skip through our classes. I earn every single grade I have.” Rachel rested her hands on her hips, looking up into her hazel eyes with her usual fierce glare.

“That’s why Mr. Peterson gave you an A despite having submitted your paper 2 days later? It wasn’t because Coach Sylvester threatened him to run him over with her new truck?” Quinn chuckled sarcastically. “You don’t need to justify yourself, it’s how it works around here.” She shrugged. “We’re running late, so if you’ll excuse us…”
“No, I don’t excuse you, Fabray.” She nodded to a couple of jocks behind the two other girls, who walked up to the group. “Have a good day, girls.” She smirked and turned on her heels, walking away when the familiar sound of cold syrup was poured over Quinn and Marley’s heads.

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“Who is she?” Rachel’s hands balled into fists.

“None of your business.” Quinn stood up and reached for her sweater, but Rachel took it from her and threw it behind her back, on a different bench. “I’m already late for my second period, Rachel and I don’t want to play games with you.”

“Who is she, Quinn?” She walked up to her, invading her personal space.

“Like I said, none of your damn business.” Quinn was getting equally upset. “I’ll come over tomorrow and I’ll even let you be on top, happy?”

“You can be such a bitch.” She pushed her back, making her stumble in the lockers behind them.

“Takes one to know one, Berry.” Quinn leaned against the lockers, with her arms at her sides.

“Is there someone else? Am I not enough anymore?” She grabbed onto the front of her shirt, stretching on her tiptoes to be eye-to-eye with the blonde.

“Are you jealous?” Quinn closed her hands, to stop herself from reaching out and touch her. “Why don’t you call Finn over? I bet the poor guy would be ecstatic to get under your skirt for once, If he can last long enough to get you out of it.”

“Maybe, I should, shouldn’t I?” She held the girl’s gaze with hers, still on her toes.

“Call him. I wonder if he’ll make you come like I do.” Quinn challenged her. “Does he know how much you like having your neck kissed when you’re at it? Or how much you like getting your breasts cupped, when you’re on top?” She husked lower and lower. “Would he get his face between your legs and just bury his tongue into you, without caring about getting off? Just to have your taste lingering on his mouth for hours after you’ve done fucking?”

“Stop it.” Rachel dropped her face into the crook of the girl’s neck, swamped with the memories of many nights lost in each other’s arms. “Just stop…”
“I’m tired, Rachel. I’m tired of having to hide this.” Quinn dropped the back of her head against the locker, looking up at the ceiling. “I’m tired of playing these power games with you, when…when there’s so much going on between us.”

“I know…” Rachel sighed and nuzzled her face against her shoulder, while her hands loosened their grip around the t-shirt she was wearing. “I’m sorry.”

“I hear you say it so much, that it’s starting to lose any kind of meaning to me.” Quinn sighed and looked down at the brunette, who was still holding onto her. “I need to get to class and so should you.”

“We can stay here, I’ll get us a pass from Sue.” Rachel looked up at the blonde, who closed her eyes and leaned her head back against the locker, with a tired sigh.

“I’m not sleeping with anyone else, Rachel.” Quinn’s left arm circled her waist, holding onto the brunette who was still tense in her arms. “It’s you and only you.”

“I can’t help myself.” Rachel pulled them from the lockers and sat the blonde down on the bench, only to slip in her lap facing her. “It doesn’t help that you slept with half of my squad…you don’t know what they say about you, behind your back.”

“Let them talk.” Quinn looked up at the brunette cheerleader. “I may have slept with them, but I never pursued anything serious with them. It was just a quick fuck, without any meaning.” Her hands rested on the girl’s hip, under the hem of her cheerleader uniform.

“I know, but still…” She looked away from the blonde. Her hands played with the baby hairs at the base of the blonde’s neck, but her mind still went to the many rumors she had heard in the locker room.

“No buts.” Quinn tilted her head to her. “I never stayed long enough to wake up with them or to cook them breakfast, the morning after.” She held Rachel’s gaze, trying to convey the message. “I never cuddled with them in front of a movie nor let them drag me to Columbus, to see the local production of Funny Girl.”

“You didn’t dislike it that much.” Rachel chuckled and dropped her forehead on Quinn, sighing softly when the blonde’s lips brushed over hers.
“I know what I said earlier about this, but you know I don’t think we’re just fucking, right?” The blonde nibbled on her bottom lip. “If it was just a casual thing between us, I wouldn’t be so mad about having to hide us.”

“I know you were just trying to upset me.” Rachel sniffed and hugged the blonde to her, burying her face into the crook of her neck.

“Yes, but I’m still mad about what happened, Rach.” Quinn rubbed her back soothingly. “You shouldn’t have dragged Marley into this, either. It was between you and me.”

“I see the way she looks at you. She wants you.” Rachel scoffed and pulled back, to stare down at the blonde.

“So, what? You can’t go around throwing slushies at people because they may be interested in me.” She groaned in frustration. “I’m not a toy that you don’t want to share with other people. If you want people to back off, you know what you can do.”

“I told you I can’t.” Rachel stood up and crossed her arms over her chest. “Santana is waiting for the right moment to take the capitancy away from me. I need this to get out of here, Quinn.”

“Rach, you have Glee and your grades are great, plus why should strip you off your title when she’s dating Brittany as well?” Quinn stood up as well.

“How do you know about them?” Rachel looked up puzzled. She had caught them a couple of times, but she had also seen them with guys.

“Oh c’mon, you must be pretty oblivious to it. It’s not exactly like us, but they are pretty smitten with each other.” Quinn went to retrieve her sweater and put it on, needing to make it in time for her third period.

“No one is like us.” Rachel walked up to the blonde and hugged her from behind, resting her head between her shoulders.

“Just talk to Santana, Rach.” Quinn sighed, bracing herself against the locker with one arm. “We can start telling our close friends, if you aren’t ready to come out to everyone in school.” She looked at the brunette over her shoulder, who nodded softly.
“Do you want to take a break?” Marley looked up from her laptop to stare at her study companion, who was looking down at her mobile phone.

“Huh?” Quinn looked up at the brunette, with a frown. “No, sorry. I’m here.” She switched her phone to silent mode and dropped it back in her bag, scooting to the side to see what the other girl had written so far. “The first paragraph isn’t bad, but I think you should start going more in depth about Shakespeare’s works, rather than his biography.” She grabbed the heavy textbook and moved between the pages, until she landed on one of his most known sonnets.

“That’s where I struggle, Quinn.” Marley looked down at the book. “Besides the obvious analysis of the structure, how should I describe this?”

“Well, let’s go line by line…” Quinn grabbed her notepad and a pen, writing down few notes as she interpreted the sonnet. “So, what’s the main theme of the whole sonnet?”

“Talking about the weather?” Marley chuckled, having read it few times but still struggling to fully comprehend the true meaning of it.

“Close but not really the point, Rose.” Quinn smiled and showed the girl the sonnet line by line. “He is actually making a comparison between a typical English summer to his lover’s beauty.” She highlighted the key-words that gave that away. “He starts it off with a rhetorical question about this comparison and whether it makes sense to do it at all.” She watched Marley take her notes as she kept on talking. “From the second line until the eighth, the poet actually addresses his lover more than the reader. He’s trying to explain how an English summer really is, describing how it alternates between strong wind blowing to rain and to a sun shining too hotly. Summer is too short to even be considered it a season but it still will mark the time passing and that people will grow old, as the season comes and goes.”

“How do you do it?” Marley was in awe.

“Do what?” Quinn read through the lines, failing to see the look on Marley’s face.

“This…” Marley took her hand, catching her attention. “You’re one of a kind and you don’t even know that, do you?” She whispered, mostly to herself. Why couldn’t Quinn see she was right there,
“Marley, I’m just a Shakespeare nerd.” Quinn chuckled, trying to ease the tension. “It’s nothing biggie.”

“You don’t see it do you?” Marley shook her head and looked away from her intense hazel eyes.

“See what?” Quinn’s eyebrow rose in a perfect Fabray way.

“God, you can be oblivious.” Marley stood up and paced in front of the confused blonde. “Can’t you see the effect you have on people? Or are you too full of yourself to see we would all climb mountains to get a second of your attention?”

“We?” Quinn stood up and walked up to the brunette. “What are you talking about, Marley? I thought we were friends...if I offended you in any way, well I apologize.”

“Geez Quinn, I like you” Marley looked at her, taking a step back. “I like you more than just a friend.” She confessed it for the first time out and loud.

“You like me? But when…” Quinn frowned. How had she missed it? “Marley, I don’t-”

“Please, spare me the whole ‘I don’t deserve you’ speech.” Marley wiped the corner of her eyes. “I don’t deserve you.” She chuckled bitterly. “You’re gorgeous and smart and will go places, I’m just another Lima loser.”

“Don’t say that, you got me?” Quinn took a tentative step and cupped her face with her palms. “You’re not a Lima loser.” She used her thumbs to wipe her tears away from her skin. “You’re equally beautiful and smart and you also have your voice that can take you places. You’ll get out of here and leave this town behind.”

“Easy for you to say it. You never belonged here.” Marley leaned in her touch, closing her eyes. “You have a ticket back to Los Angeles, as soon as this year ends.”

“Maybe, but it doesn’t mean you can’t make it out of here.” Quinn pressed a kiss against her forehead.
“Not with you, though.” Marley burrowed her face into the crook of her neck, gripping the back of her shirt with both hands.

“Marley…” Quinn sighed and looked up at the ceiling. Had it been a different moment of her life, she’d have even given it a thought but now? Her heart was already someone else’s.

“I know…” Marley pulled back and wiped her tears away, angrily. “I shouldn’t have said anything, it’s not fair to you.”

“If I had known you felt this way, I-” Quinn struggled with her words.

“It wouldn’t have changed a thing, Quinn.” Marley took another step back. “You’re already taken, aren’t you?” She smiled sadly.

“Well...yeah.” Quinn nodded and rubbed the back of her head. “It’s just fucking complicated.”

“When is it not?” Marley sniffed. “Does she make you happy?”

“Yes, she does.” Quinn nodded and let her mind go back to Rachel. They had good moments. Very good and happy moments together.

“You deserve to be happy.” Marley nodded and stepped up into the blonde’s space, cupping her face with her trembling hands.

“So, do you.” Quinn looked at Marley and stood still, as the brunette placed one of the chastest kisses she’d have received, on her lips.

“Night, Quinn.” Marley let her go and walked out of the living room, with a sad smile and a broken heart.
Rachel was surprised to hear the doorbell, so late in the night. She had spent the evening in her favorite loveseat, cuddled under a thick blanket, to catch up on Grey’s Anatomy while her parents were away for another business conference outside the State. She was so used to their absence that she didn’t even worry about being home alone, anymore.

She paused the episode and walked up to the door, looking through the peephole. Much to her surprise, there was a familiar silhouette standing on her porch, with her hands tucked in her leather jacket and her bag draped over one shoulder.

“Quinn, what are you doing here?” Rachel let the girl in and locked the door behind themselves.

“You were right.” Quinn sighed and looked down at the petite brunette, who was now frowning in confusion. “About Marley…”

“Were you with her?” Rachel bit down on her lip, fighting her jealousy. “That’s why you couldn’t come over earlier?” She crossed her arms over her chest, pushing it inwardly higher up and briefly distracting the blonde with her gesture.

“I…” Quinn licked her lips and dragged her eyes back up to the brunette’s face, who wore an annoyed look. “It wasn’t a date or anything like that. She asked my help with her English paper on Shakespeare…”

“And you couldn’t turn the offer down, given your insane love for him huh?” Rachel rolled her eyes and walked toward the living room, to sit more comfortably as they talked.

“You love his work almost as much as I do.” Quinn dropped the bag by the couch, followed by her jacket. “You’re watching Grey’s without me?” She pouted at the brunette.

“I’m watching the earlier seasons.” Rachel sat cross-legged on the couch and rested her head against the back of it, looking up at the blonde, who had just taken a seat beside her.

“Fine.” Quinn rested her head back, looking up at the ceiling with her hands in her lap.

“What happened with Marley?” Rachel held herself back and kept her hands in her lap, despite wanting to reach out and run her fingers through Quinn’s golden mane.
“She confessed her feelings for me, that I was oblivious to.” Quinn sighed and turned her head to the side, to stare up at the brunette.

“Told you.” Rachel sighed and looked down. “Did...did something else happen?”

“I just comforted her, even if it’s the last thing you want after you get turned down.” She reached for her hand and brought her knuckles to her lips, “She knows I am not emotionally available.”

“Did you tell her about us?” Rachel scooted closer and slipped in her lap, cradling her head between her forearms.

“No and she didn’t ask.” Quinn’s hands trailed along her sides over her basketball jersey and slipped under its hem, to palm her narrow hips. “I was looking for this anywhere...when did you steal it?”

“The last time I came over, I borrowed it for the morning after.” Rachel leaned down to brush their lips together, for a tender kiss. “I couldn’t join you and your dad for breakfast, in the nude.”

“I wouldn’t have minded that at all.” Quinn chuckled and pulled her closer, nipping at her bottom lip.

“Your dad would have.” The brunette smiled and lifted her head off the couch, to kiss her a bit harder. “He’s been so understanding with this, why scare him off?”

“He doesn’t want to catch us in the act, so he rather lets us keep the door closed.” Quinn sat fully up and pressed her mouth more urgently against Rachel’s, who whimpered and locked her long legs behind her back.

“I like your Dad, a lot.” She squealed when Quinn rolled them over and pressed her down on the couch, with her on top.

“I’ll have to tell him where I am, though.” She reached in the backpocket of her jeans, to retrieve her iPhone.
“Do you need to go back?” Rachel tucked few wild strands behind her ears, clearing her visual.

“Do you want me to stay?” Quinn smirked when Rachel rolled her eyes, at her obvious challenging tone.

“Do what you want, Fabray.” She tried to slip from under her, but Quinn pinned her down with her body. “Quinn…”

“Rachel…” She held her down with her weight and stared down into her chocolate orbs. “Do you want me to stay?”

“You know the answer to that, Quinn.” Rachel looked away from her.

“I want you to say it.” Quinn’s lips brushed along the shell of her left ear. She gently nipped at the tender skin of her earlobe as their hips pressed together, rendering them both aware of the state of arousal Quinn was in. “With your words, Berry.”

“Why do I need to say it?” Rachel whimpered when their hips started gyrating together, in a familiar way that never failed to make her breath catch in her throat.

“Because I came all the way here to be with you. It’s time for you to make your move, now.” Quinn’s nose nuzzled behind her left ear, breathing softly as petite hands undid the front of her pants and slipped past her boxers, to drag them down her thighs. “Fuck…”

“Stay with me.” Rachel gripped her from the base and pumped her slowly. Her other hand gripped onto her hair, holding her head in place.

“See? Was it really so hard?” Quinn nudged her head back and dropped their foreheads together, struggling to keep her eyes open due to the pleasure coursing through her lower regions.

“Oh, it’s so damn hard…” Rachel smirked and crashed her mouth against hers.
“Quinn?” Rachel nuzzled along the column of her throat, dropping soft kisses on the skin she had worshipped for the last 3 hours.

“Hmm?” The blonde’s eyes struggled to stay open. She was so tired, but completely satisfied.

“What’s going to happen once this year ends?” The brunette’s feet slipped between her shins and locked around them, as she angled her body to stare up at her blonde bed partner.

“Why are you thinking about that now?” Quinn groaned and tried to pull the brunette against her, so they could fall asleep together, but she knew it was a lost battle already.

“Quinn…” Rachel pushed her on her back and hovered her, in all her glory. “I’m serious.” She straddled the blonde and rested her hands on her sides, right under her ribcage.

“I know you are, Rach.” Quinn rubbed her tired eyes and took in a deep breath. “But I’m tired and we have school in the morning.” She tried to pull the brunette down with her, but without success.

“So, it’s fine for us to stay up to fuck but not to have a serious conversation?” She crossed her arms over her chest, looking away from the blonde.

“It’s not what I meant.” Quinn sat up and circled her waist with her arms, nuzzling her face in the crook of her neck. “Can you tell me what’s this really about?”

“Is this going to be over, when we graduate?” Rachel sighed softly.

“I haven’t thought about the future, Rach.” Quinn kissed her neck and rested her head against her shoulder. “We are still struggling to figure this out now…”

“You don’t know what this is? It’s pretty clear to me.” Rachel pulled her back from her neck and looked down at her.

“Well, enlighten me then.” It was Quinn’s turn to scoff. “Are we dating? Are we friends with
benefits? Are we even friends?”

“We are…” Rachel looked away and tried to think about something that could clearly define what they were.

“You don’t know.” Quinn chuckled. “We are having amazing sex, but what else do we do?” She shook her head and looked around for her clothes.

“Don’t do that.” Rachel cupped her face and tilted her head back up, to stare up at her. “Don’t look around the room for the easy escape route…”

“I’m not looking for a way out.” Quinn sighed and pulled her closer, brushing their lips for a soft and tentative kiss. “I don’t know your favorite color. I don’t know anything about your childhood, besides the few pictures I saw around in your room.” She circled her back with both arms. “I know you dream about NY, but I don’t know why.”

“Quinn…” Rachel nodded and framed her face with her hands, pressing her lips harder against the blonde’s.

“I know how you like to be held, when we sleep.” Quinn rolled them over and settled on top of the brunette, between her parted thighs. “I know what you taste like or how you feel, when I slip inside you.” She whispered in her mouth, swiftly entering the brunette.

“God, Quinn.” Rachel gripped on her, with both arms and legs. She could feel the blonde start the familiar rhythm inside her, without missing a beat despite their obvious tiredness.

“I know what you look like in the morning and you’re still the most beautiful thing I’ve ever seen.” Quinn trailed her lips down her jawline and up to her left ear, whispering the words against it.

“You’re more beautiful, though.” Rachel panted in her ear. “Don’t stop…” She whimpered, arching her back off the bed to meet each thrust.

“I know I’ve been your first and that memory will stay with me even years from now, no matter what happens between us.” Quinn kissed her ear and buried herself all the way in, when she felt the girl’s walls clamp down around her shaft.
“Quinn, please.” Rachel held onto her, throwing her head back as the umpteenth orgasm of the night coursed through her body. She moaned out the blonde’s name, over and over while her body spasmed under her weight.

“Fuck, Rach.” Quinn dropped her head onto the mattress and pumped away into her clenching core, till she finally spilled herself into her.

“It’s pink.” Rachel nuzzled her face against the blonde’s rosey cheek. “But it’s not because of a stereotypical notion that little girls like pink.”

“Of course.” Quinn pulled back to drop a soft kiss on her pout.

“I liked the Pink Panther movies.” Rachel looked away from her, blushing even more despite the flushed cheeks caused by their sexual activities. “They were funny and I remember my Daddies and I sit in the living room, doing marathons when I was a kid.”

“That’s a very sweet memory, Rach.” Quinn kissed her temple and leaned over her, still on her elbows. “You miss them, do you?”

“Maybe I shouldn’t be so sad about them not being around, because I’m a grown up…” Rachel looked up at the blonde, stroking her lower back with the pad of her fingers.

“You’re only 18 years old, Rachel.” Quinn shook her head softly. “You will always need them, even when you’ll have your own family and you’ll be a mother yourself.”

“Didn’t know you were so mature, Fabray.” Rachel pecked her lips and pushed her off her, on her side.

“I’m wise beyond my years, despite the appearances.” Quinn smirked. She watched the brunette roll her eyes and scoot in her personal space, slipping one arm over her waist and resting her other hand against her chest, where she laid her cheek.

“On you say so.” Rachel nuzzled into her neck and curled on herself, shivering lightly.
“Here.” Quinn reached for the duvet they had kicked to the foot of the bed and draped it over their bare frames. The temperature had visibly dropped, now they had stopped rolling around.

“Can you set the alarm?” Rachel cuddled up into the blonde, who nodded and reached for her phone, checking the time as well.

“Tell me you don’t have Cheerio practice, at least.” Quinn groaned at the thought of getting less than 4 hours of sleep.

“I don’t.” Rachel yawned and closed her eyes. “You can set it up at 7.30.”

“Thank God.” Quinn did what she was told and dropped the phone back on the nightstand. “Night, Rach.” The blonde rested her head on the pillow and circled the petite brunette with both arms, following her into Morpheus’ arms.
CHAPTER 2

“What are we staring at?” Santana startled her Captain and supposedly best friend.

“Geez Santana, you scared me.” Rachel held her palm against her chest, trying to calm herself. She had been caught staring at Quinn, as she talked with Marley by her locker.

“You know I never took blondie for a ride, heard she makes it worth your while.” The Latina smirked.

“She’s a person, Santana. She’s not a piece of meat.” Rachel opened her locker and took a look inside, eyes landing on the tickets to the show she had gone with Quinn.

“Even if her meat is pretty famous huh?” Santana chuckled and smirked at the obvious reaction from her friend.

“Stop it, Santana.” Rachel shut the locker hard. She didn’t like hearing her talk about Quinn that way, also because she knew the Latina could make advances at the blonde without really worrying about getting turned down. She was hot. Even hotter than her.

“Geez, Berry. Sounds like you care.” Santana smirked and stared down the hallway to the blonde, who was still talking to Marley. “You shouldn’t really worry about me, you know? I know your girl is off limits.”

“My...my girl?” Rachel looked over her shoulder, catching Quinn’s eyes with hers for a brief moment.

“Don’t you think I noticed the way you stare at each other?” Santana chuckled. “You’re so disgustingly obvious.”

“And you’re fine with it? You’re not going to tell Sue?” She raised her brows, questioningly.
“Why should I tell her? You know about what’s going on with Brittany, even if we hide it better than you two. You’re still dragging Finnept along for Sue? She doesn’t care, as long as she doesn’t incapacitate your ability to rule the school and lead us through our National Championship.” Santana shrugged and held her books over her stomach.

“I should break up with him.” She looked back at Quinn, who was walking the opposite way with the other brunette by her side.

“You should, also because he doesn’t stand a chance with blondie there and he’s around, in hope you’ll lose your V-card with him.” She chuckled, knowing her friend hasn’t been a virgin in a long time now.

“Ew no, I’d never go there with him.” Rachel fell in step with her friend, walking to their shared class together. “I...I did it with Quinn weeks ago.” She blushed recalling the memory.

“I knew there was something different about you, after Christmas break.” Santana nudged her with her elbow. “Was she as good as they say?”

“I won’t dignify that with an answer, Santana.” She walked to her desk and sat down, behind Santana.

“I’ll take that as a yes.” The Latina dropped in her seat and sent a wink to Brittany, who waved enthusiastically at both of them.

“Rach, hey.” Finn walked up to her desk and smiled dopely at her.

“Finn.” Rachel nodded in acknowledgement. “What you’re doing in French class? Thought you took Spanish with Mr. Schuester.”

“I do...I just wanted to come say hi. Do you want to go to Breadsticks tonight?” He lifted his bag over his shoulder and looked down at the brunette cheerleader.

“I can’t, Finn. I think you should head to class.” She nodded to the teacher’s desk, where Miss Knope was taking her seat. “You don’t want to be late.”
“We’ll talk later, babe.” He dropped a kiss to her cheek and ran out of the classroom, stumbling in a couple of chairs on his way out.

“You need to break up with him, Berry. For everyone’s sake.” She waved a hand in front of her nose, to try and diffuse the smell of his cheap cologne from around them.

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“Hey, Rachel.” Finn sat across from Rachel, with his tray filled with meaty and greasy goodies that made her want to throw up. Being vegan was already difficult in school, without having to witness the animal slaughter turned into feed right in front of her, while she tried to eat her own lunch.

“Finn.” Rachel pushed her food aside and looked away from his cheeseburger. The mere smell of that burnt meat was making her lose it.

“Are you free tomorrow night? I’ve got a 10% discount at Breadsticks that expires tomorrow and since you can’t do it tonight, maybe we can go tomorrow after the game.” He bit into his burger, wiping the ketchup off with the back of his hand.

“I have another engagement for tomorrow night, Finn.” She pushed her food to the side and looked over the guy’s shoulder, meeting Quinn’s gaze with hers.

“Are you going to Puck’s party? ‘Cause we should go together, as a couple.” He wiped his face with the small napkin, not really doing it well.

“I think we need to talk, Finn.” Rachel sighed and stood up, to trash her tray.

“What about, babe?” He smiled, revealing his stained teeth.

“I...maybe we should do this somewhere more private.” She nodded to the audience they had.

“Why?” Finn frowned and looked around them, taking notice of the different sets of eyes on them.
“Finn, let’s go talk in the hallways.” She started walking away, but he grabbed onto her wrist with his hand.

“Are you breaking up with me?” Finn raised his voice, shushing any other voice in the cafeteria.

“Let’s go somewhere else.” Rachel tried to pull away from his grasp, but he was stronger and kept her in place. She had already seen Quinn squirm in her seat and so did Santana and Dave.

“No, we’re staying. I want them to know!” Finn looked to the rest of the students. “They deserve to know why you’re breaking up with your boyfriend of almost a year!”

“We’ve been on and off for months, Finn.” Rachel sighed and looked up at the petulant guy. “I didn’t even mention it when I found out about you and that girl from Carmel High. I’m sorry to say this but I don’t have feelings for you and that’s why I didn’t care about your infidelity.”

“It wasn’t a huge deal, we hooked up a couple of times.” He tried to justify himself, still holding onto her wrist. “I swear I’ll be a better boyfriend. I’ll take you to fancy dinners and bring you gifts-”

“I don’t want you to outdo yourself for me. You should keep it for a girl who deserves you.” Rachel sent Quinn a quick glare, that was louder than million words. “You’re a good guy and any girl would be lucky to have you, but I am not one of those girls.” She took her hand out of his grasp.

“What about your popularity? You need me! We’re Royalty here!” He tried to reach out for her, but she had already taken few steps back to keep more distance between their frames.

“We don’t need to be better than anyone else, here. We just need to be ourselves.” Rachel shook her head and looked at her own cheerleader squad. “From now on, slushie showers and any other form of bullying are going to be ceased. Anyone caught trespassing will be off the squad for a week.” She nodded to Santana, knowing she’d have her back on this.

“You’re being weak and you’re going to regret this!” Finn took a bold step forward, towering the brunette who held her hand up and stopped Santana and Dave from advancing on the guy.

“I wouldn’t go around threatening people, Finn, or should I remind you my Dad is part of the School Board?” She raised her eyebrow, daring him to do something more.
“Whatever.” He walked past her and slammed his foot in the nearest chair, sending it back against one of the lunch tables.

“Darn it, she has balls.” Dave whispered in Quinn’s ear, who could only grin.

“Quinn, what are you doing here?” Rachel emerged from the locker room, freshly showered after another hard practice and found the blonde leaning against the wall, with a brown bag by her side. She had run 10 laps and doing hundreds of pushups and suicides, before having to climb the human Pyramid for their brand new corehography and she only wanted to drop on her bed, with a good rom-com.

“You barely ate today and I thought you’d enjoy a Vegan Chai Latte with a non-dairy Red Velvet muffin, from the coffee shop down the street.” She held the bag up, for the brunette.

“That’s very considerate of you, Quinn.” Rachel looked around them and stepped up into the blonde, pressing up against her to steal a soft kiss from her lips.

“Hey.” Quinn’s free hand cupped the side of her face, stroking the skin under her eye with her thumb. “Are you okay?”

“Yeah.” Rachel leaned in her touch and pressed more into the blonde, who stood her ground and held both their weights. “I’m fine.”

“I was so ready to smash his face, just so you know…” Quinn checked the hallways and leaned in to kiss her softly, sighing when her hands locked behind her back, under the leather jacket she wore.

“My hero.” Rachel chuckled. She pecked her once more and then took a step back, putting some distance between their bodies. “Are you here with your car?”

“Bike. Do you need a lift? I have another helmet.” She grabbed her gym bag from the floor and draped it over her shoulder, walking with Rachel toward the main entrance.
“I have my car.” Rachel nodded to her Prius. “I just wanted to go home and relax in front of a movie, do you have plans?”

“I was supposed to meet up with the guys for a GOT marathon.” She shrugged and walked to the girl’s car, dropping the bag in the trunk. “Are your parents home?”

“Still out.” She looked down at her feet.

“Do you want me to pick a movie on my way to your house? We can order in, if you want.” Quinn pushed her against the side of her car, having made sure they were alone in the parking lot. “I know it’s not a date…”

“I was in the mood for a rom-com, but we can watch one of those Marvel things you like so much if you want.” Rachel played with the lapels of her jacket and leaned on her tiptoes, kissing her gently. “Thank you.”

“For what?” Quinn braced herself against the car, pressing her lips more against the brunette cheerleader.

“For doing this, with me.” Rachel nuzzled her nose softly, as their lips brushed ever so lightly. “And for the drink and muffin.”

“I know you like them, plus they’re vegan friendly.” Quinn handed her the paper bag, before opening the driver’s door for her. “I’ll meet you at your house, ok?”

“Sure, I’ll change into something more comfortable than this.” Rachel slipped inside the car and rolled her window down, to see the blonde walk to her Ducati and hop on it.

“See you in a few.” She slipped her helmet on and lifted the kickstand, switching the bike on. She reared out of the parking spot and headed towards the exit, followed by Rachel’s car.
“Well, surely Steve and Natasha are a couple of hotties.” Rachel looked up at the blonde girl, who had her arm behind her head, supporting it as they lied intertwined on the Berry couch.

“I can’t say I’m totally immune to Scarlett’s charm, but I have other preferences.” Quinn watched the screen, rubbing the brunette’s lower back through the blanket draped over their lower bodies and legs.

“Like that scientist chick in Thor?” The petite girl headbutted her in the chin, knowing the blonde had a weakness for brunettes.

“Geez, Natalie Portman is hot.” Quinn smirked down at Rachel. “Don’t try to deny that.” She poked her into the ribs, making her squeal happily.

“Stop it, that’s ticklish.” Rachel grabbed her wandering hand and rested her cheek against it, taking her rightful place back on top of the blonde. “She is naturally beautiful and probably a good actress, but she ain’t top of my list.”

“Well, when your #1 gets a Harvard degree, let me know.” Quinn unpaused the movie and smirked at the pout on the girl’s face.

“You’re obsessed.” Rachel nuzzled against the column of her throat, sighing happily when both Quinn’s arms circled her back, holding her close.

“She’s not my #1 though.” Fingers traced imaginary shaped against Rachel’s t-shirt, working the tension out of her muscles.

“Should I get jealous?” Rachel’s eyes shut closed. It was so easy to just let herself go, clearing her mind off the million thoughts running through it and focusing only on the girl under her.

“Should you be jealous of yourself?” Quinn kissed her head.

“Smooth, Fabray. Very smooth.” Rachel kissed the skin above her chest and shivered lightly, curling more into the girl’s front.
“Do you have a thicker blanket we can borrow?” Quinn looked around the living room, but they were using the one that was usually draped over the back of the couch.

“It’s up in my room, but I don’t want you to move.” Rachel groaned and scaled up her front, slipping in the space between the blonde and the back of the couch.

“You’re cold.” The blonde fixed the blanket around them and turned the movie off, so she could roll on her side and snuggle more against the cold brunette.

“You can keep me warm.” Rachel’s head tucked under her chin and both her hands slipped under the hem of her t-shirt, pressing against her abs.

“You hands are damn cold.” Quinn’s arm slipped behind her back, to hold the blanket in place as their bodies shifted closer and fit together, like two pieces of a beautiful puzzle.

“Sorry.” Rachel smiled sheepishly at the older girl, who shook her head and leaned in to kiss her softly.

“You’re not really sorry.” Quinn chuckled, when Rachel nodded and kissed her a little harder. Their lips parted enough to let the tip of their tongues meet in languid strokes.

“No, I’m not.” The cheerleader pulled her impossibly closer, squeezing herself against the back of the couch. They were chest to chest, hips to hips and mouth to mouth. “You smell good, what is it?”

“I borrowed my Dad’s cologne.” The blonde’s hand slipped down her back and up her shirt and started rubbing tight circles against her upper backbone, over the hem of her lace panties.

“It’s good.” Rachel nuzzled up and down her neck, taking in the strong scent that, mixed with Quinn’s body lotion and unique perfume; it created a perfect mix of spices and sweet undertones. “Santana knows about us…”

“Oh.” Quinn leaned her head back, giving Rachel more room to nuzzle and kiss along her neck as she usually did. She loved having her neck kissed and Rachel seemed to have caught it as well.
“Apparently, she had noticed something was going on before I said anything.” Rachel scratched along her firm abs, biting down on the fading hickey she had left the night before. “She approves, but guess your player reputation is a great business card.”

“Hey.” Quinn pulled her from her neck and tilted her head upwards. “I may have been a player but I am serious about us. Those days are behind me.”

“I know.” Rachel nodded and pressed up into the blonde, brushing her kisses along her defined jawline. “You can tell your close friends, if you want.”

“Ok…” Quinn closed her eyes and just relaxed, to feel the girl’s lips pepper her face with tender pecks.

“It’s getting late.” Rachel checked the clock above the piano, over the blonde’s shoulder. “I don’t want you to drive too late in the evening.”

“Come to my place with me? I don’t like knowing you’re here alone.” Quinn nuzzled her nose against her temple, stroking her lower back with the tip of her fingers.

“I’ll be fine.” Rachel chuckled and turned her head to the side, to catch Quinn’s lips with hers. “But your protectiveness is endearing.”

“I’ll stay a bit longer, then.” Quinn responded to the kiss. Her fingers slipped down the back of the girl’s shorts, to cup her backside as they rolled over on the smaller space, with her ending up on top.

“If we start this, you’ll never go home.” Rachel chuckled and looked up at the blonde, who smirked down at her. Her hands cupped the back of the girl’s neck, pulling her down to kiss her a little harder.

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“I think we should go out more.” Quinn whispered out of the blue, against the brunette’s temple.

“Do you want to go out now, at 2 AM in the morning?” Rachel nuzzled her nose against her shoulder and locked her leg around the other girl’s calf, snuggling more into her.
“No, of course not.” She chuckled softly. “I think that...I think that we’ve established we are physically compatible, multiple times.” She looked down at their entangled naked frames and smirked knowingly. “But there are things that couples do, outside the bedroom and with their clothes on.”

“Quinn.” Rachel tilted her head upwards and stared up at the blonde. “If you’re asking me out, just say it.” She pecked her lips gently.

“Rachel...” Quinn grabbed her hand and held it against her chest, as her gaze met the brunette’s. “Will you go out with me, on Friday?”

“I can’t.” Rachel chuckled at the groan on the blonde’s face. “But could we do Saturday night?” She scaled up the blonde and rested comfortably against her front, kissing her frowning lips very softly. “I have a game on Friday.”

“Right, I forgot.” Quinn nodded and locked her arms around her back, caressing her slender hips with her palms. “Saturday is fine.”

“Speaking of Friday...” Rachel pressed down at the blonde, who whimpered when her arousing member brushed against the brunette’s intimacy. “Are you going to attend the game?”

“I’m not really a fan of the Titans.” The blonde lifted her face from her neck, to kiss her softly. “But I’ll show up in time to see you cheer for the game...”

“Good, that’s what I hoped for.” Rachel smiled against her lips, sighing when Quinn rolled them back over and settled against her, grinding slowly up and down her sensitive core. “Slower...”

“Sorry.” Quinn stopped moving and just looked down at the brunette, who never failed to take her breath away. “You’re so beautiful, you know that?”

“Not really.” Rachel looked away, burying her face in the blonde’s forearm.

“You are.” Quinn kissed her temple and cheek, resting her forehead against it.
“Ok…” Rachel closed her eyes and sighed in deeply. She didn’t feel beautiful nor attractive enough to deserve Quinn’s attention. There were many girls in McKinley that would beat her to it, if not for her Cheerio uniform.

“Don’t do that.” Quinn nuzzled her ear and kissed it softly.

“Do what?” Rachel took in a deep breath, fighting the tears pooled in her eyes.

“Hide from me.” Quinn nudged her head to the side, so she could stare down into her chocolate orbs. “Look at me…”

“I’m not hiding from you.” Rachel looked up at the blonde, with a determined look. “I’m...I’m not a classical beauty like you or some hot bombshell like Santana. You’d fit my role as Head Cheerleader better...why didn’t you try for it?”

“’Cause I’ve been popular in Los Angeles and I know what power tastes like.” She shrugged. “It ruined my past relationship and I swore to myself I wouldn’t go there, again.”

“You’re still in touch?” She reached out to brush a falling strand behind her ear.

“With Victoria and my ex-friends? No. They all abandoned me when I needed it the most, so I can’t really call them my friends, can I?” She dropped on her elbows and closed the distance with the brunette’s lips, kissing her softly. “You’re beautiful, in a way that makes my heart beat faster when you walk in the room.”

“You’re biased.” Rachel smiled, but held onto the blonde with both arms.

“Maybe or maybe you need to learn how take a compliment.” Quinn pecked her lips and rolled on her back, suppressing a yawn. “We should get some sleep…” Stretching against the pillows, she felt Rachel lift her arm to snuggle underneath and tuck her head against her shoulder.

“We should.” Rachel nuzzled her shoulder and yawned in her neck.
“Goodnight Rach.” Quinn shut the lamp on the brunette’s bedside table and curled her forearm around her head, holding it in place as she settled comfortably.

“Night baby.” Rachel whispered without even realizing the nickname slip.

“Night babe.” Quinn grinned and pressed her lips against her forehead, sighing happily when the brunette curled more into her arms, locking their fingers together over her abdomen.

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“We’re here.” Quinn killed the engine and looked over at the brunette, who had both brows raised.

“Here, where exactly?” She looked over at the blonde, who wore a knowing smile.

“You’ll see…” She slipped out of the driver’s seat and circled the car, in time to open the door for the smaller brunette who struggled a bit, with her dress. “There, let me help you.” She grabbed onto her hand, steadying her as she shut the door closed and locked the car.

“I hope there’s a good reason for me to wear the costume we used at Nationals, last year.” She slipped both hands around the taller girl’s bicep, leaning into her as they crossed the parking lot and entered the small building. On the outside, it looked like an old diner - like those from the 50’s - but inside, it was all pretty new, despite the classical look.

“Welcome to Archie’s. Do you have a reservation?” A bubbly red haired woman walked up to them, with a huge smile.

“It’s Fabray, for two.” Quinn smiled. “We’re here for the whole package, dinner and competition.”

“What competition?” Rachel tugged on the blonde’s arm, catching her attention.

“Dancing competition, dear.” The waitress grabbed two menus and led them to one of the booths, by the dancing floor. “This is your table, hope it is fine.”
“Very.” Quinn let the brunette slip in and then took her place, across from her. “We don’t have to dance if you don’t want to, but I thought it might’ve been nice to get out of Lima for once.” She checked the menu, for something to eat.

“It’s lovely, Quinn.” Rachel reached across the table to take the girl’s hand in hers, lacing their fingers together. “They have plenty of vegan alternatives too.” She was impressed. Most of the restaurants in Lima didn’t even know vegan friendly plates existed, let alone offer such a wide selection.

“I asked them, before I booked a table.” Quinn looked away, not wanting to show the brunette her embarrassment. “So, what will you get?”

“I’m tempted…” Rachel squeezed her hand, as she spoke. “The broccoli and potatoes fried balls look amazing and I might even try the vegan lasagna with tofu.”

“I might steal a ball, just to try it out.” Quinn smirked “I’ll go with the mixed fried vegetables and the seitan burger.”

“You don’t have to eat vegan, if you don’t feel like it.” Rachel smiled at the girl across the table, who shrugged and placed their orders, through the digital tablet on their table.

“I don’t mind.” Quinn added two Diet cokes and finalized the order, swiping her credit card on the side. “We can add desserts, later.”

“Thank you.” Rachel leaned back into the booth, smoothing the imaginary wrinkles in her dress.

“You look beautiful, have I said that tonight?” Quinn smiled at her.

“Not yet.” Rachel was blushing. She really did need to learn how to take a compliment.

“You do and the dress looks great on you.” She slipped her hand under the brunette’s, holding onto her wrist with her thumb. “I’m so used to see you in your uniform, that I tend to forget you look even better in normal clothes.”

“You wouldn’t be so certain, if you had seen my argyle sweaters and plaid skirts.” Rachel chuckled.
“Santana made me store them away into the attic, with the promise of giving them away to the Salvation Army.”

“That’s a bit too much.” Quinn raised an eyebrow, in her perfect way and slowly brushed her thumb over the girl’s wrist, over the silver bracelet hanging from her wrist. “I like this one.” She nodded to the bracelet.

“It’s an old thing.” Rachel looked down at her wrist.

“It’s very you, though.” Quinn lifted her wrist off the table, to admire it more. “Simple, yet elegant.”

“It’s my grandmother’s.” The brunette looked up at the blonde, who nodded with a full smile.

“I know.” Quinn carefully lowered their hands back on the table and moved her hand back, to just cover the cheerleader’s hand with hers. “You were showing it to Santana, months ago, and you were so happy about it, that you kept wearing it despite Sue’s rules.”

“Do you still remember that? It happened more than 10 months ago” Rachel was in awe.

“I remember everything, about you.” Quinn revealed softly, making Rachel’s flutter in her chest and taking her breath, literally away.

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Quinn twirled her around, spinning her in time with the music before pulling her back into her arms, so they could sway together in the middle of the dancing floor. Rachel laughed loudly, trying to fall into her steps but she was having too much fun, to even care about following the rhythm or winning the round.

“Don’t stop!” Quinn lifted her around the waist and spun around, on herself, before letting her back on her feet.

“My feet are killing me!” Rachel stumbled into the blonde, who caught her and laughed along with her.
“Good thing you’re not wearing heels.” Quinn swayed with her, from side to side, and then pulled her into her arms, with their noses brushing and their mouthsbarely apart.

“I’d have been barefoot by now, if I had had the brilliant idea to wear heels.” Rachel stole a quick peck and then turned around, pressing her back to Quinn’s chest.

“I wouldn’t have minded that at all.” Quinn whispered in her ear, making her shiver in pleasure.

“Stop doing that.” Rachel turned around and gripped her by the black suspenders she wore, over her white t-shirt.

“Doing what?” The blonde smirked and stopped them, having heard the music cease in the background.

“Making me want to drag you to a private place, to have my way with you.” She raised herself on her tiptoes and kissed her gently.

“You wouldn’t hear me complain babe.” Quinn chuckled against her mouth, reciprocating the kiss.

“Ladies and gentlemen, we’re finally at our 4th and last round!” a tall guy emerged from the behind the music station and stood in the middle of the floor, with a mic in his hand. “For all those survived the past rounds, we have a big surprise...you can rest your feet!” He looked around at the elated look on the 4 couples remaining, including Quinn and Rachel. “Our last request is a simple one…” He smirked and nodded to the DJ, who started playing a familiar song. “You need to re-play a very famous scene, from one of the best movies of all times!”

“Oh God…” Rachel looked at the blonde behind her. “I’m so not doing that…” She watched the first couple standing few feet from each other, as ‘Time of my life’ played in the background.

“You did that number, during Regionals didn’t you?” Quinn took in a deep breath, hoping no one ended up hurting themselves. The first girl took a leap, but she ended up jumping into her boyfriend’s arms rather than being lifted over his head.

“We sang the song, Quinn. I didn’t play Jennifer Grey’s scene, also because Finn would’ve dropped
me on my head and Puck would’ve taken the chance to grope me.” Rachel winced when the second couple failed as well, ending up on the floor in a mess of legs and arms.

“We can do it.” Quinn stepped up into her back and circled her waist with her arm, kissing the side of her face. “I won’t drop you and if we ever fail, I’ll take the hit ok?”

“You really want to do that?” Rachel stared back at her, incredulously. “I’ll fall onto you and end up hurting you.”

“You won’t.” She turned the brunette around and stared down into her eyes. “Do you trust me I won’t let anything happen to you?”

“Quinn…” Rachel sighed and heard the third couple grimace in pain as well, having failed.

“Do you trust me?” Quinn cupped her face with both hands.

“Yes.” Rachel nodded.

“Let’s do this.” Quinn pecked her lips and grabbed her by the hand, moving to the centre of the dancing floor. She took few steps back, mentally calculating the distance between them. “Look at me and pretend it’s just us, ok?”

“Ok.” Rachel took in a deep breath and wiped her hands on the front of her dress. She was sweating all over. She saw the patrons of the restaurant stare at the two of them, expecting to see another failure.

“Rach, look at me.” Quinn called her, to keep her focused. “Whenever you’re ready.” She smiled confidently and crouched lightly, planting her feet fully on the ground.

“It’s now or never.” Rachel muttered to herself. She took in a deep breath and started running towards the blonde. “I can do this.” She mentally prepared herself, as she stood in front of the blonde and leapt up, as she usually did when she needed to climb over some of her teammates. Her hands rested on the blonde’s shoulders, to push herself up and as soon as her feet left the ground, she was up in the air, held up by Quinn. “OMG!!” She squealed and opened her arms, balancing her weight.
“I told you!” Quinn moved around in circles, holding her up with a strength neither of them knew she possessed. Her hands gripped Rachel around her hips, holding her up in the air for a few more moments, before her muscles started trembling with fatigue.

“Looks like we have a winner, ladies and gentlemen!” The host shouted in the mic, starting a round of applauses that seemed to fall to deaf ears.

“Don’t drop me.” Rachel pleaded as her body was slowly being lowered to the ground.

“I promised.” Quinn’s hands held onto her, bringing her from an horizontal position to a more vertical one, until they were front to front and she just lowered the brunette to her feet. “There you go.” Her arms slipped around her waist, making sure their fronts slid together through their clothes, as they were back face-to-face.

“I want you so badly, right now.” Rachel’s hands tangled in her hair, bringing their mouths together for a hard and well-deserved kiss.

“Ladies…” The host tapped on Rachel’s shoulder, pulling her back from the hard liplock. “Come get your prize.” He nodded to the silver cup and the flowers on the judges’ tables.

“Right.” Rachel blushed furiously.

“Desserts are on the house, girls.” The restaurant’s owner winked at them, handing the short brunette the cup.

“Thank you, sir.” Rachel grabbed onto Quinn’s hand, who took the flowers and held them in her free hand.

“Ladies and gentlemen, thanks for the evening and congratulations to our winning couple!” The host raised their joined hands, earning another round of applause from the whole restaurant.
Rachel’s hands couldn’t stop wandering over Quinn’s neck and shoulders, as their mouths explored each other in a long and, apparently, endless kiss. They had lost track of time, being too lost in their passionate embrace and, in the end, they didn’t even seem to care about stopping anytime soon. Quinn had driven back to Lima and walked to the door, playing the scene like in any perfect rom-com where the two main characters part their ways, by one of the two’s front doors.

“I should go…” Quinn sighed against her mouth, but pressed more into the brunette who nodded and tangled her hands in her blonde hair, gripping it.

“You totally should.” Rachel nibbled on her bottom lip. Her forehead came to rest against the blonde’s, who licked her lips and, of course, ended up licking Rachel’s ones too.

“I think I saw the curtain move.” Quinn chuckled. Her slight height disadvantage gave her a clear view of the girl’s living room window, bathed in the dim light coming from inside the house.

“My Dad must be spying on us.” Rachel nudged her head upwards and pulled her in, for another hard kiss. “I wish you could stay…”

“I wish that too, honey.” Quinn could imagine all the beautiful things they could do together, in a more comfortable location with less clothes on.

“What are your plans for tomorrow?” Rachel played with the collar of her jacket, lifting and lowering it in a repetitive way.

“I have Church with my Dad and then we usually go for brunch, do you want to join us?” Quinn raised her brow in her usual way.

“Why don’t you come over after Church? Daddy will cook us brunch for his newly acquired promotion, you are both welcome to join us.” Rachel looked over her shoulder, having heard the rustle of the curtain as well.
“I’ll ask him and text you later, okay?” Quinn nodded to the house. “I think you should get inside.”

“I think so too.” Rachel sighed softly and pulled the blonde up, on her same step so their height difference could be reinstated.

“I had a great time, tonight.” Quinn cupped her face with her cold palm. “Hope you enjoyed both the food and the entertainment…”

“Dinner was lovely and you were a great dancing partner.” Rachel stepped up in her personal space and drew her in, burying her head in the familiar place between her neck and shoulder. “I wish my Dads were away, so you could stay over.”

“I know, hon.” Quinn pressed a soft kiss against her temple, wrapping both arms around her back. “Get inside or you’ll end up catching a cold.”

“Mnhm.” Rachel nodded and stretched on her tiptoes, pressing a soft last kiss on the blonde’s awaiting mouth. “Thank you for tonight.”

“My pleasure.” Quinn smiled and followed the brunette, as she stood back on her heels. She kissed her one more time, before picking the trophy and the flowers from off the porch floor, as Rachel opened the main door and stood in the doorway. “These look better on your shelves.”

“I’ll keep them safe.” Rachel took them and looked up at the blonde, with a loving smile. “Text me when you get home?”

“I’ll do.” Quinn leaned down and pecked her lips once more. “Have a good night, beautiful.” The blonde took few steps back, never breaking the eye contact with the brunette.

“Night, Quinn.” Rachel waved at her, as she slipped inside her car and rolled the passenger’s window, to stare at her one more time.

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“Quinn! Mr. Fabray!” Rachel greeted them with a wide smile, welcoming them in her house. “Please
come in, we just put a fresh pot of coffee on.”

“Rachel, I think I told you to call me Russell.” The blonde man smiled at her, watching her nod and blush softly. “Thanks for the invitation.”

“You’re very welcome.” Rachel closed the door behind them and took their jackets to store away.

“We stopped by the new French place at the mall and brought this.” Quinn showed her a brown box “It’s their vegan friendly cheesecake.”

“You didn’t have to, but my parents will love the thoughtfulness and the cake.” She chuckled and led them into the open kitchen, where two men were moving around to finish cooking. “Dad, Daddy our guests are here.”

“Oh dear, she looks even more beautiful in the morning light.” Hiram walked to the trio and hugged the blonde teen, who looked between her father and girlfriend to understand what to do.

“We brought a small gift.” Russell nudged Quinn. “Do you need a hand with food?”

“We’re fine, really. Take your seat and have a drink, we will be done any minute now.” Leroy smiled at them over his husband’s shoulder. “You’re familiar…”

“Maybe we met downtown? I run the Marketing agency on Main Street.” Russell took a seat and poured himself a glass of OJ.

“Oh right, you’re in charge of the Olsen & Johnson branch? What brought you here?” Leroy turned the stove off and piled the pancakes on a plate.

“The owners decided to expand their businesses on the East Coast and the Midwest. I am overlooking the Cincinnati area and Lima is one of the new locations we opened. New York is on the list for the next year, but that’s an open discussion with Quinn.” Russell looked over at his daughter, who sat across from him with Rachel by her side.

“Why Quinn?” Rachel looked at the blonde girl, who had her arm draped over the back of her chair.
“I’m still figuring out where I want to go next year.” Quinn looked at the brunette. “I’m going to apply to several ones and New York has many interesting options but-“

“You want to go somewhere else too.” Rachel nodded tersely and looked away, taking in a deep breath.

“Well, honey...I’m sure Quinn needs to think about what’s best for her. You had your eyes set on NYC since you were a little kid.” Hiram chuckled.

“That’s admirable. What major?” Russell tried to dissipate the obvious tension between the two girls.

“Music and drama, I’m going to apply to NYADA, Tisch and Julliards.” Rachel looked at the man, cutting in her pancake.

“Wow, those are tough schools.” Russell nodded with admiration. “But I’m sure you will manage to make it there, from what Lucy told me...you are an excellent performer.”

“Thanks, but I just practice a lot.” Rachel looked down embarrassed.

“It’s not just that.” Quinn squeezed her hand in her lap. “You’re talented and practice only makes you better…”

“Quinn’s right.” Leroy nodded from across the table. “What would your major be, Quinn?”

“I’m thinking about English Literature.” Quinn went to take her hand away, but Rachel held onto it. “I just love reading…”

“She’s always been a bookworm.” Russell smiled at her daughter. “When she was a kid, she used to walk around with her nose stuck in a book and kept on bumping on the furnitures, because she couldn’t tear her eyes away from it. Her mother’s China Vases were destroyed by Moby Dick.”
“That’s not true.” Quinn rolled her eyes at her father.

“That’s not true.” Quinn rolled her eyes at her father.

“Sure, honey.” Russell finished his pancakes and looked at the other adults in the room. “You’ve always been living here?”

“I grew up here.” Leroy nodded. “I met Hiram when I was in college and the rest was history.” He winked at his husband.

“You make it sound so easy, but you skipped all the years you tried to get me to date you? I was the only one who didn’t fall for your Alpha attitude.” Hiram smirked, earning a chuckle from anyone else.

“Oh c’mon!” Leroy pouted and crossed his arms over his chest. “You’re ruining all the fun.”

“Just telling the truth, honey!” Hiram smirked and everyone barked out a laughter, at their banter.

“Your Dads are funny.” Quinn had followed the brunette up in her room, after the three men went out to attend a college basketball game they all had tickets for.

“Yeah, they are.” Rachel locked the door and leaned against it, looking anywhere but at the blonde.

“What’s wrong?” Quinn walked to her and braced herself against the door, cupping her face with her free hand.

“You’re going back to LA when this year ends? Back to her?” Rachel sighed and closed her eyes. She didn’t even want to hear the answer.

“Rach….” Quinn cupped her face with both hands and tilted her head upwards. “Open your eyes, please.”

“You’re still in touch with your old friends?” Rachel sighed.
“I text a couple of them but not even that much, my life is here in Lima.” Quinn caressed her cheeks with her thumbs slowly. “Is it about college?”

“I…” Rachel looked down at her feet and bumped her forehead against her chest, taking in a deep breath.

“I’m looking around ok? UCLA would be great so my Dad and I could move closer to my sister but NY has great options for what I want.” Quinn pushed her hair back and kissed her ear. “NY would have you.”

“Don’t say things you don’t mean, just to get in my pants.” Rachel slipped from her grasp and put some distance between them.

“You think I’m just saying it so we can fuck?” Quinn chuckled in disbelief. “I could sweet talk you so much better, if that was the aim…”

“So, you sweet talked me before? Next time, just say it and I’ll get naked.” Rachel scoffed, crossing her arms over her chest.

“Oh my god, how did I even imply that?” Quinn shook her head, raising her hands up in surrender. “I can’t talk to you when you’re like this…”

“Like what? Clingy? Demanding? Just because I’m worried about you going back to your ex, you can’t talk to me??” Rachel paced around the room.

“Like you’re taking any chance to use my words against me.” Quinn raised her voice as well. “How many times do I have to say I am done with Victoria? How could I go back to her, knowing how much she hurt me?”

“She was your first everything! She must mean something still and-“

“And I’ve been your first, so it means something to you but it also means something to me!” Quinn grabbed her by the shoulders, stopping her from pacing like a mad woman. “Don’t you understand what you mean to me?”
Rachel looked away. She couldn’t meet Quinn’s intense stare or would’ve ended up confessing something that was too early to say. Or maybe not?

“Okay then. I better should go.” Quinn sighed and dropped her hands. She didn’t know what else to do or say to make Rachel aware of her intentions with her. “Have a good evening.” She walked out of the door and down the stairs. She grabbed her jacket on her way out and slipped through the front door, realizing it had just started raining and her car was at home. “Fucking perfect.” She lifted the collar of her jacket up and burrowed herself into it, dreaming of a hot shower as soon as she got home.

She was so lost in her thoughts that she didn’t even hear fast footsteps approaching her from behind, until someone grabbed her from behind and span her around, abruptly. Her reflexes kicked in but a soft and familiar body collided with hers, covering her mouth with another one that she knew by heart.

“I’m sorry.” Rachel kissed her more. Her hands fisted the front of her jacket, pushing into her to seek some of her warmth.

“You’re gonna catch a cold, are you out of your mind?” Quinn wrapped her jacket around her back, the best she could.

“Come back with me?” Rachel shivered, but stayed rooted in her spot.

“Let’s go.” Quinn nodded and wrapped her up in her arms, holding her close under the pouring rain.

“Kissing under the rain is overrated.” Rachel pushed Quinn against the wall of her shower and pressed up into her, urging their lips together.

“Movies never tell you about the aftermath.” The blonde cupped her face and brought her mouth over hers, kissing her back with the same primal need. Their naked bodies slid deliciously together, aided by the scorching hot water cascading over them.
“Right.” Rachel sniffed and pulled back, just in time not to sneeze in the blonde’s face. “Sorry.” She smiled sheepishly and scrunched her nose, when Quinn kissed her forehead. “God, I must look awful right now.”

“Why? Because you have a runny nose?” The blonde’s hands trailed down her back, grabbing her from behind her thighs to hoist her up and press her against the opposite wall. “Don’t you feel the way you affect me?” She made sure to grind herself against her bare core, reinforcing the message.

“Oh God…” Rachel tilted her head back, moaning her name out with each movement of their hips. Sex with Quinn was so addictive, that she could barely go few days without feeling her against or inside her.

“You feel so good.” The blonde’s face was buried in her neck. Her teeth grazed along the skin of her lobe, nipping at it with soft bites. “Can…”

“Yes, please.” The cheerleader’s long legs locked around her waist, pulling her in as she was entered, once again. Her ass slapped against the cold tiles, taking in every thrust.

“Fuck.” Quinn kept her in place with her body and braced herself against the shower, needing to keep on thrusting into her molten core. “Oh fuck yes.” She grunted lowly and rolled her hips back and forth, until she was pumping in with a steady rhythm.

“Don’t stop…” Rachel tilted her head upwards and pulled her face back to hers, kissing her moans away. Water was turning colder but they could barely feel it, given their current situation.

“I won’t.” She let her down on her feet and just lifted one of her legs over her waist, spreading her open enough to keep on sliding in and out, even faster. “I…” She panted in Rachel’s mouth, with the water dropping each side of her face and obscuring her sight.

“I know, baby” Rachel was clinging to her, with her hands and leg. “Just let it go…” She was so close as well. Her nub throbbed and her walls were tightening impossibly hard, around the girl’s hardness.

“Rach! Rach! Rachel!!!” She chanted in her mouth, slamming her back into the wall until she finally emptied herself into her walls.
“QUINN!!” Rachel threw her head back. Her nails scratched down the girl’s back, surely leaving a mark, but she needed to grip onto something as she tumbled off with the blonde.

Rachel saw her sitting in the quad, with a book in her lap and her white Air Pods hanging from her ears. It was a very warm day of April, so she really could understand why the blonde had decided to spend her free period under a tree. She looked around as she walked to the blonde beauty, still lost in her world made of words and melodies.

“Hey” She stood in front of Quinn, not to startle her.

“Hey” Quinn took an earbud off and placed it in her book, as a temporary bookmark. “What’s up?” She smiled softly.

“I’ve got a free period as well, Sue is plotting some revenge against Schue and practice got called off.” She looked around the grass and back to her skirt. She could sit down, of course, but what if bugs crawled up her legs and into her underwear? It was not sanitary.

“Do you want to sit down with me?” Quinn had noticed her frown. She took her sweater off and laid it down on the grass, for the brunette to sit on.

“Thank you.” She plopped down, cross legged, with her arm brushing against Quinn’s. “What are you reading?”

“*The Picture of Dorian Gray.*” She leaned back in the tree and offered the second earbud to the brunette, who took it and placed it inside her left ear. “Classical music helps me when I read.”

“Beethoven?” She looked around, catching few students’ interested gaze with hers.

“Vivaldi.” Quinn smiled at the brunette, ignoring the stares around them and just kept on reading. She really didn’t care about what people thought of them, but she knew Rachel did so, it was up to her to make her move.
“Cool.” Rachel looked across the quad, having caught Santana’s knowing stare. Her second in command stood with Brittany and Mike and Dave, passing around a football ball. She sighed and looked to the side, spotting Finn with his usual frowning face, that reminded her of someone who suffered from heavy constipation. How could he even think of competing for her heart with someone like Quinn? She turned her gaze onto the blonde and found herself at a loss of words and breath. She was simply mesmerizing.

It was now or never. She scooted closer to the blonde and slipped her arm through Quinn’s, gripping the hand that rested on the blonde’s thigh. Her chin rested comfortably on her shoulder, looking down at the pages with no real interest.

“Thank you.” Quinn kissed her temple, adjusting her hand so their fingers could lace against the fabric of her jeans.

“You’re welcome.” Rachel nuzzled her forehead against the side of the girl’s face, settling comfortably against the blonde.

“Why? Are you scared I’ll hurt you?” He smirked and cupped her face with his rough hands. “We dated for months and we barely went past first base. Maybe you wouldn’t be with a chick, if you knew what a real man feels like.” He lowered his head to hers, but she moved it aside. She took the opportunity to raise her knee between his legs, kneeling him hard enough to escape his grip and run
down the hallways, towards the exit. She was close to getting through the doors, when someone grabbed her from the back of her letterman jacket and stopped her movements. She was thrown to the floor, hitting the back of her head against the row of lockers. She was seeing stars.

“Bitch, you thought you could escape me?” Finn was holding his groin. He was even more furious now.

“Finn…” Rachel held her head up, but everything span around her. She felt dizzy. The urge to throw up was so strong, that she didn’t know how she was holding herself back.

“You’re going to pay for this.” He grabbed her from the front of her cheerleader uniform and pinned her against it.

“Please, no…” She kicked the air but her muscles felt weak. She was close to pass out, but she couldn’t afford it. She needed to stay awake and fight till her very last breath.

“Hudson!” She heard a familiar voice in the distance. She turned to look down the hallways and got a glimpse of two figures running towards them. They were not alone anymore. She gave into her tiredness and went limp in his arms. Everything turned black.

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“Finn...no…” She sat up, pushing whomever was hovering her to the floor. Looking around herself, she found herself in a familiar room that was not hers. She knew the room and even more, the bed where she was lying.

“Ouch.” Quinn stood up, rubbing her backside with both hands. “You’re stronger than you look.”

“I’m sorry…” Rachel looked down and away from the blonde. “What happened?” She rubbed the back of her head and another hand suddenly joined her, massaging her scalp with tenderness.

“Dave heard some shouting from the hallways and called me. I was in the library waiting for you to finish up with your practice.” Quinn looked off in the distance. “If I had waited outside the locker room-”
“Don’t.” Rachel tilted her face towards her and pulled her closer, resting their foreheads together. “It’s not your fault.” She lowered her head enough to rub her forehead against the blonde’s nose and upper lip, sighing happily when gentle kisses peppered her throbbing head.

“He got suspended and my Dad is already in touch with a couple of lawyers, if you want to press charges.” She whispered softly, Her free arm circled the brunette’s head, cradling it in a protective way.

“I just want to forget about it.” Rachel groaned and laid back, rolling on her side not to lie on the bump forming in the back of her head.

“Okay babe.” Quinn tucked her in and dimmed her lights. “I’ll let you get some rest, okay?” Quinn dropped a kiss on her forehead and lips, before standing up to go downstairs.

“Would…” Rachel patted the space behind her. “Would you stay with me till I fall asleep?”

“Of course.” Quinn crawled over her and lied on her side, behind the brunette. With one arm under her head and the other draped over Rachel’s waist, she scooted forward until her front was flushed against Rachel’s back.

“Thank you.” Rachel’s hand laced with hers, over the covers.

“For what, babe?” Quinn kissed her shoulder, squeezing her hand.

“For saving me.” Rachel sniffed and brought the blonde’s hand to her lips, kissing her palm.

“I wish I had been there sooner.” The blonde rested her chin over her shoulder, enveloping the brunette in her strong embrace. “But I’m glad I got there in time.”

“Me too.” Rachel nodded and closed her eyes, hoping that the girl’s arms would keep the memories of the event off her mind, at least for a night.
It was morning when Rachel emerged from the girl’s bedroom. She had slept for more than 14 hours, but it was a restless night. She had so many dreams, good and bad, that she kept on moving around, despite Quinn’s embrace. She was still tired and mentally drowned, by the events of the past day.

“Hey.” Quinn caught sight of her from her seat at the breakfast counter. She had a steamy mug in front of her - probably filled with coffee - and a plate with few pancakes on.

“Hey.” Rachel looked around, rubbing her arms. She should’ve slipped the blonde’s hoodie on as well. It was chilly.

“How are you feeling?” Quinn walked up to her and circled her waist with her arms, pulling her into her front. “You barely got any decent sleep…”

“You noticed?” Rachel burrowed herself into her embrace, nuzzling into her neck. It was her safe place.

“Hard to miss it when you’re sleeping in the same bed.” Quinn kissed her temple reassuringly. “My Dad knows you’ve got a hard night and can cover for us, at school. We don’t have to go, if you don’t feel like going.”

“That’s very generous of him.” She nodded and kissed her shoulder, dropping more of her weight against the blonde. “I should tell my Dads though.”

“I can take you home and stay with you, if you want.” Quinn nuzzled her temple with the tip of her nose. “Or give you space, if you want to stay on your own.”

“My Dads are not home.” She sighed and pulled back to stare up at the blonde. “I don’t want to be alone, may I crash here with you for a few more hours?”

“You don’t have to ask, babe.” Quinn smiled and went to pull back, to get Rachel a plate, but the brunette held onto the hem of her shirt and pulled her down for a kiss.

“You’re being so wonderful.” She brushed her lips against Quinn’s and held onto the blonde, who stayed rooted in the spot and let the brunette take the lead.
“Anything for you.” Quinn framed her face with her hands. Her palms brushed her hair away from her eyes, clearing her path. “I made vegan pancakes, do you want some?”

“Yes, sounds delicious.” Rachel kissed her left palm, before letting the blonde go. She took a seat beside her, perched on a bar stool, and watched her move around the familiar kitchen.

“Tea or coffee?” Quinn nodded to the empty mug on the counter.

“Do you have milk?” Rachel took the plate and the fork.

“Almond, soy or rice?” Quinn’s head was buried in her fridge.

“Almond will be fine.” Rachel took the carton and poured a gentle amount in her glass. She turned around to face the breakfast counter and started digging in her pancakes, with Quinn beside her.

“You don’t drink regular milk?”

“I do.” Quinn cut into her pancakes. “But since you’re here a lot, we got vegan friendly things from the supermarket. Plus, they’re healthier than meat or dairy products.” The blonde shrugged nonchalantly.

“You’re the best girlfriend ever.” Rachel kissed her cheek, leaving some maple syrup on her porcelain skin.

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“How did practice go?” Quinn was waiting for her outside the locker room. She had one foot pressed against the metal lockers and her hands crossed over her chest, in a very laid-back pose.

“It was alright. How was your day?” Rachel dropped her bag onto the floor and rested her hands each side of the girl’s waist, playing with the hem of her band t-shirt.

“Pretty boring, I spent some time in the quad under the oak tree.” She chuckled. Her arms circled the
girl’s head, holding onto her as she leaned down to drop a soft kiss on her lips. “Are you ready to go or do you need to stop by your locker?”

“I’ve got everything I need with me.” She pushed back against the blonde and leaned up on her tiptoes, brushing her lips harder against the other girl. “God, your lips are so soft.” She nibbled on her bottom lip, biting harder enough to make Quinn wince.

“Easy, tiger.” Quinn chuckled and licked her sore lip. “What time is your game tonight?” She crossed her arms behind Rachel’s back. Her hand slipped under the hem of her letterman, to play with the hem of her cheerio top.

“7.” Rachel nudged her nose against the girl’s, sighing when Quinn’s arms tightened around her. “Maybe we could go out for dinner, afterwards?”

“I thought you had a party to attend?” Quinn stared at her quizcally.

“I’m not in the mood, I’d rather spend the rest of the evening with you.” Rachel smiled and pecked her reassuringly. She looked down at her letterman and then took a deep breath, staring up at the blonde. “Quinn…”

“Yes hon?” The blonde kissed her nose and cheek, sweetly.

“It’s going to be chilly tonight.” Rachel looked down at her tennis shoes.

“I’ll bring a jacket.” She smiled and reached for her bag, from off the floor. She draped it over her shoulder and started leading them out, towards her car.

“No.” She stopped in the middle of the hallway, tugging on the blonde’s hand and effectively, stopping her.

“Rach, what’s wrong?” Quinn tilted her head to the side, watching her with a frown. What was going on?

“Would you wear my letterman?” Rachel sighed and looked anywhere but at the taller blonde. “You
“You’re asking me to be officially your girlfriend?” Quinn couldn’t help the grin adorning her face.

“Yes, I think so, but I totally understand if you don’t want to or you think it’s embarrassing. You have a reputation to uphold.” She shook her head. “Just forget about it…”

“Rachel…” Quinn lifted her chin and stared at the unsure brunette. “I’d be very happy to wear your jacket tonight.” She pulled the brunette in by the lapels of said jacket, kissing her softly. “Can you do something for me?” She whispered in her lips.

“Sure.” Rachel nodded and tucked her head into the crook of her neck.

“Would you wear it tonight with nothing else under it?” Quinn smirked and buried her head into the brunette’s neck, blowing a raspberry against her skin making the petite girl squirm and squeal in delight.

“Sure.” Rachel nodded and tucked her head into the crook of her neck.

“What time is it?” Rachel reached for her phone on the nightstand, but she missed it in her sleepy state.

“Too early to do anything but sleep.” Quinn mumbled behind her. Her body was still buried under the pillows and the thick duvet, that had kept her warm throughout the night.

“My parents should be back later today, I should go home.” She got ahold of her phone and checked her missed texts and calls, seeing few ones from her Dads.

“Later, you’re too warm and I won’t let you go.” Quinn pulled her back under the covers with her and slipped on top of the brunette, who chuckled and palmed her heated cheeks without really looking at her.

“You’re so cute…” Rachel breathed in deeply. She felt the girl’s weight drop on hers and their fronts
pressed together, through the t-shirts they were wearing.

“‘I’m not.’ Quinn groaned into her neck, Her hands slipped under the girl’s back, scratching it as she nestled between her legs, lying against her flushed lover. “I’m sleepy and you’re comfy…”

“So darn cute” Pulling the covers off their heads, she breathed in deeply. She was feeling too warm trapped under the covers and all those fluffy pillows, plus it didn’t help having Quinn holding her down with only a layer of clothing separating their frames.

“What time do you have to go?” Quinn rolled over on her back and covered her face with a pillow, trying to block the light coming through the window, despite her curtains.

“It’s still early, I can make you breakfast.” Rachel rolled on her side and rested her hand over her lower abs. Her fingers reached under the hem of the girl’s t-shirt, that was riding higher on her.

“Bacon?” Quinn’s voice was muffled by the pillow, but the brunette had heard her perfectly.

“You know that I do not condone your choice to perpetrate the slaughter of innocent animals, just to fulfill your carnivorous nature.” She sighed and pulled the pillow off her head. “I’ll make you my fluffy pancakes, if you want.”

“Fine.” Quinn groaned and threw the pillow aside. “You better make the best pancakes of the whole world, though.”

“So, what’d you think?” Rachel peppered her neck with soft kisses, casually lingering on the red marks that adorned Quinn’s alabaster skin.

“About what?” Quinn’s head rested back against the headboard, thrown back in pleasure. It was hard not to whimper when her dick was sheathed inside Rachel, surrounded by her tight hole, with no barrier between them.

“About my pancakes.” Rachel bit down on her pulse. She had put a lot of effort in it, just to have
them discarded to the side, half eaten.

“Baby, how can I…” She groaned and palmed her hips, urging her forward to meet each thrust she did from below. “God, like that.” She was close already. They had barely gotten into it, but she was few thrusts away from blowing into Rachel like some dumb jock with no self-control.

“Quinn.” Rachel stopped moving and crossed her arms over her chest. Her beautiful and ample chests, Quinn thought. “I expect a feedback and I want it now or I swear I’ll leave you to you hand.”

“Baby…” Quinn stood up straight and tried to concentrate. It was not helping that angry Rachel was so damn sexy. It was no help at all. “You did a wonderful job and I am going to finish up that plate, as soon as we’re done making beautiful love together.” Her hands pulled the brunette close, enough to nuzzle up and down her neck. “Couldn’t have asked for a better morning with you…”

“Really?” Rachel tilted her head off her neck to look down into her hazel eyes.

“Really.” Quinn pecked her lips softly. “I love waking up with you and you didn’t have to make me breakfast, but I really appreciated it.” She leaned in to kiss her even softer.

“I love waking up with you there, it makes me feel safe,” Rachel’s arms sneaked around her neck, circling it, as she sat fully in her lap, undulating her hips slowly. “Mmm…”

“You’re so beautiful…” Quinn whispered in her ear. Her hands slid down her arched back to grab her by the ass, assisting every movement she made with her hips. “And you’re mine…”

“I’m yours.” Rachel’s face was buried in the crook of her neck. Her hands gripped the headboard behind Quinn’s head, as her hips were moved faster to take the blonde’s thrusts inside of her. “Oh God…”

“You’re drenched.” Quinn’s hand sneaked between her legs to rub her swollen clit. She felt it harden under her touch, as her core tightened impossibly around Quinn.

“I’m…” She was at a loss of words. She could feel Quinn everywhere and it was intoxicating. From the smell of her skin, to the low whispers in her ear. From her nipples grazing hers, to her member slamming into her at a hard pace.
“Shit, I’m…” Quinn sobbed in her ear with pleasure. She was holding her still and just used her to grind into her core, to get off. She was right there with her, tumbling off the edge of pleasure when she felt her essence spill into her bare core.

“God, Quinn…” Rachel’s legs locked around her waist, trapping her inside of her as she kept on filling her from the inside. She was so glad she had started the pill, before they had become sexually active, or she would have missed on feeling Quinn like that.

“Mmmmm…” Quinn dropped her head backwards, against the wall above the bed. “How can sex with you get better and better?” She smirked lazily.

“Practice makes it better.” She pecked her smirk.

“Surely, it does.” She blindly reached for a pancake and broke it in two pieces. She held one end in front of the brunette cheerleader and just stuffed herself with the other. Those pancakes were the best way to refill their energy, before round two...

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