<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Rating:</th>
<th>Explicit</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Archive Warning:</td>
<td>No Archive Warnings Apply</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Category:</td>
<td>F/F</td>
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<td>Fandom:</td>
<td>Glee</td>
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<td>Relationship:</td>
<td>Quinn Fabray/Santana Lopez</td>
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<td>Character:</td>
<td>Quinn Fabray, Santana Lopez, Rachel Berry</td>
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<td>Additional Tags:</td>
<td>G!P, Dom/sub, Light BDSM</td>
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<td>Stats:</td>
<td>Published: 2015-04-03 Completed: 2015-07-03 Chapters: 11/11 Words: 66919</td>
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The Hand That Feeds

by WriterJunkie

Summary

In a world that now is over-run by gangs and demons due to the crash of the economy and society, Santana struggles with the life of a sex slave. But when she is suddenly bought by a wealthy bachelorette that refuses to be seen, Santana finds out she becomes more than a whore that spent the last ten years of her life in a brothel.

Notes

I'll have to be honest. I'm not sure if this fic will end with Quinntana, or just fapezberry to be honest. For now I'll just keep in the tags who the main characters are and change it from there.
“Let's go, we're running late!” Sebastian ordered, swinging the whip in his hand impatiently.

He carefully counted the amount of women that exited the van and looked over the six slaves that instinctual lined up before him, waiting for further command. Sebastian paused at the end of the line, sharply turning around on the backs of his boots, causing the gravel below him to crunch. He pointed a finger in the slave's face with a glare.

A pair of dark brown eyes stared back at him with anger and he smirked. He grabbed her face and directed her gaze to the right. Sebastian can feel the contraction of the slave's muscle as she cringed.

“You know better than to make eye-contact.” Sebastian hissed. “I'm warning you Santana; if you don't behave I'll whip you so hard you won't be able to sit down for a month.”

Santana jerked her head free and stared to the ground, peeking from the corner of her eye to look back at Sebastian with the same devilish grin in place. He made his way to the front of the line, examining each girl one last time.

He normally had his slaves dressed when they were sent to attend parties, but having them naked seemed suitable for this ball. As it was full of demons who would want nothing else, but to sleep with these women and clothes would be useless if they were going to tear them apart.

“I will only say this once!” Sebastian announced. “No one here will turn down any of the guest and will do everything that is told of them and do not speak to anyone unless spoken to.”

He turned around, tucking his hands behind his back with one hand grabbing his wrist and the whip lightly tapping the back of his thigh. A group of four men placed collars around the slaves' neck and attached a chain at the end.

Once securely bound, Sebastian made his way up the stairs, leading to the main entrance of the mansion, and stepped into the foyer. The lively Victorian mansion was packed with hundreds of demons in richly colorful suits and gowns followed by the smell of cigars and cigarettes. Santana felt her ears clog from the booming bass of the music that blared through the speakers mounted in the corners of the ceiling.

She scanned the crowd to see humans among the mix, some were as naked as she was, others were clothed, but all were chained around the neck with a leash. Many had much more decorative leashes than Santana's, which had been a plain silver, heavy, worn down chain.

The majority of humans were clearly pets as demons of high status bought them for shower. Some had been purchased for entertainment and Santana has seen a few who sung beautifully. Others were bought for sex, but Santana could accept that if she was given the option to have extravagant clothing without the gems and obnoxiously brightly colored feathers attached. At least the heels were sensible. Those humans covered in designer clothing were mostly smothered in wealth, but that didn't make them any happier.

Santana had never felt so out of place with her own race. She was naked with scars around her body on full display and was too thin for her liking with little muscle because Sebastian refused to feed his slaves daily, and what is given were merely scraps. She was a lot more appealing to the other girls. Santana's frail body didn't turn away potential clients, as they only cared about being able to get off. Santana did the job, too good. The humans at this party were plump, had a healthier glow, but lacked
muscle as the food they were given had done nothing, but fatten them up. It reminded Santana a lot like the slaves selected for food. It gave her the chills to picture the factories that held the humans that were raised and overfed to be distributed to demons that had a craving of human flesh.

Drawing near the grand stairs in the center of the foyer, Santana mistakenly made eye-contact with a demon and quickly turned away as he growled. She fixed her gaze to the floor, keeping her head forward to stop herself from being taken away by her curiosity. She's never been in a mansion this spacious. It resembled a castle more than a house.

Nor has she had the chance to be at a party as decorative or as large as this one. The guests here were rich and most likely public figures. Santana was sure the one who threw it had been a politician as there was no other reason why this many guest would attend so proudly and casually with their pets.

Santana felt her face scrunch into a scowl. She hated the hierarchy system. The demons were mostly powerful people running this ruined country and all humans were kept to a lower status, with those being marketed as food the worst. Santana should be grateful she was one class higher, that of a sex slave, but she hated it.

The way demons looked at her was so degrading, Santana wanted to throw up. A sharp tug from the front had her stumbling over and brought her out of her thoughts. She took a hold of the railing, carefully making her way up the steps with the other five girls in front of her.

At the top, she felt the hungry eyes of demons, whistling and throwing degrading comments at the girls as they passed by. Santana peeked to the front to see that Sebastian lead them to a room down the hall and to the back.

A guard blocked the door, looking Sebastian over with a huff of discontent. Sebastian's tall stance didn't waver. He had been around demons for too long to remember he was a human himself. It had been the reason why some demons disliked him. He had been willing to turn against his own people out of greed, but if the slave trade brought this much money, anyone would be willing to get into it. It was better than living on the streets with nothing and starving to death. Santana knew that too well as a child.

“I'm Sebastian Smyth. I've brought gifts for Mr. Fabray's daughter.” Sebastian informed.

Santana scoffed. That explained the amount of guest. The party had been thrown for Lima's most notorious drug dealer's daughter, who ruined this entire planet for his own personal gain. A fresh wave of hatred came through Santana. Be it his daughter or not, Santana wanted nothing to do with them both. The guard smirked, looking Santana over and smiled.

“Easy now,” Sebastian warned. “You can have your pick once Ms. Fabray has made hers.”

The guard grunted and knocked on the door behind him. The door swung open to reveal a blonde haired woman with a black and green gem encrusted masquerade mask on her face. Coupled with her black and sleek gown and heels was a golden chain decorated with three gems in the center.

Santana couldn't turn away as she took in this woman's elegant appearance. She carried herself as if she were an important person and Santana would have easily mistaken her for human had it not been her vibe and the hazel and red eye that shone behind the mask, a signifying mark that the client was a half-breed.

Santana could deal with that at least. Only half-breeds carried incomplete features of a demon. She was the most human half-breed Santana had seen in the last five years. This would also be the first half-breed Santana would see with so much notoriety and power. It was not illegal to father a half-
breed, so long as one parent was a demon, should the parent be a half-breed that would result in immediate abortion.

Half-breeds were acceptable, but they weren't treated fairly to their counter parts as they were seen as imperfect offspring. But it was most likely tolerated because most of the world's population was covered with half-breeds and demons weren't going to willingly give up their domination of this planet. So Half-breeds were allowed rights higher than humans with a lot more protection too. A majority of half-breeds existed as results of rapes, leaving the human mothers to live with them in shame.

Santana can't recall ever seeing the mother around. Not that such a thing mattered as the very idea of having to service a Fabray, and be it Russel Fabray's daughter Quinn no less, had to be the most distasteful task to carry out.

“I thought I've made it clear that I don't want any interruptions?” Quinn snipped.

“I'm sorry Ms. Fabray.” The guard apologized. “The human insisted he give you your gift personally.”

Sparkling hazel and red eyes instantly landed on Santana. She fought against a chill that tickled down her back.


“Come inside.” She instructed, retrieving back into her room.

Sebastian stepped through the door and gave an unnecessary pull of the chain, but Santana had been prepared to keep her balance from the previous tug. Shuffling was heard from the table as Quinn's pet rummaged about to fix her clothes and try to tame her wild brown locks of hair.

Santana chuckled seeing the small woman pat at her mouth with a napkin and turned away from the guest as a blush formed on her face. That would explain Quinn's bad mood. Sebastian had interrupted something intimate.

Quinn sat back in her chair, unaffected from the interruption, but it may have been because she was the one about to get off. She looked less of a mess too. Gently, her hand reached out to stroke her pet's brown locks and she kissed her forehead, which increased the blush.

Santana had to admit she was nicely dressed at least. She was probably the most sharply dressed and possibly overdressed in comparison to what the other demons could afford for their pets. It was also less of an eyesore to see that Quinn's pet had not been as thick as the others too. Santana could pick out brand named heels from where she stood.

“What is this?” Quinn asked, motioning to the girls.

“Your gift, Ma'am,” Sebastian proudly answered. “These are my best girls from the brothel I run. Hand-picked, free of charge, and guaranteed to please you of any desire.”

Quinn tilted her head and scoffed. “Is this a joke?” She responded.

“Not at all Ms. Fabray,” Sebastian said.

Quinn weeded through her choices and stopped at Santana upon seeing she had been the only one who refused to look away as they made eye-contact. It was an act of defiance that would offend any demon, but Quinn's eyes shinned with curiosity.
“Her.” Quinn pointed.

Santana gulped. Without any questions, Sebastian removed the leash and gave Santana a warning stare.

“Excellent choice Ms. Fabray,” Sebastian approved. “Santana is quite the pleasure.”

Santana felt a wash of bile stir in the back of her throat at the chuckles from the guards. Quinn remained silent, her eyes still pinned on to Santana, intrigued.

“Leave.” Quinn ordered.

Sebastian made no hesitation to pull the line of girls along, making a hasty exit back to the party. Santana felt bad at the thought of the girls being left to the guest and guards as they were passed around like scraps. At least here Santana had only one person to please, but there had been a limit to the amount of orgasm she could have before it started to hurt.

The door closed and Santana remained in front of the table with a frown. Quinn rested a hand under her chin, staring at Santana with interest for a moment.

“Move over Rachel.” Quinn curtly spoke.

Rachel sat to the end of the couch and Quinn took a sip of her wine that had been long forgotten since the visit. Santana couldn't understand why demons drank. Alcohol had no effect on them like it did with humans, as they healed much too fast to get drunk or liver cancer, but it might have been done out of jest. Liquor and wine had been expensive, so humans made cheap imitations of it to get a buzz.

Santana can't say the effects were the same on a half-breed though. They were unpredictable, much how no one can know what aspect of the demon they kept at birth. Some half-breeds have gone without any powers of a demon at all.

“You were very brave looking at me like that.” Quinn commented.

Santana kept her head down, fighting against the urge to stare at Quinn again in complete awe. As much as she hated demons she found herself looking Quinn over intrigued. It had been a frustrating experience as Santana had more of a reason to hate demons than take an interest in one.

“Would you have told me your name if your master hadn't told me?” Quinn asked, placing the wine cup down. “You're going to ignore me? At my own party?”

“What do you want from me?” Santana snarled.

Quinn laughed. Santana didn't expect her to enjoy her blunt and disrespectful manner. Sebastian would have given her ten lashes for such a behavior.

“I'm not going to do anything to you if that's what you mean.” Quinn replied. “It would be disrespectful to send a gift back after he went out of his way to try and please me for the celebration.”

“He's human. It's expected you treat him that way.” Santana reminded.

Quinn patted the cushion next to her.

“Come sit with me.” Quinn requested.

Santana folded her arms over her chest with a scowl. Quinn's face lacked any expression and the
only form of facial movement Santana could see was her mouth as it shifted into a smile. It had aggravated Santana for some reason.

She's heard rumors about Russel's daughter. About how beautiful she was and Santana had never gotten the chance to see her because whores weren't allowed TV. The only life Sebastian wanted them to be concerned about was pleasing clients and obeying his rules. Santana had only been left to imagine Quinn's appearance and to be here in person with her only to have it concealed with a mask was a disappointment.

“I know who you are.” Santana bluntly stated.

Quinn put up another smile.

“Do you?” She playfully asked.

“You don't need to hide your face.” Santana said. “Everyone here knows who you are.”

Quinn's hand traced the thread of her mask.

“Would it make you feel better that I take it off?” She casually asked. “The theme is a masquerade party. I thought it would be fun. Don't you like it? Please, take a seat.”

Quinn watched Santana battle with herself to either listen to the command, or remain standing out of defiance to a woman she couldn't stand. Quinn took two more sips of her wine before Santana agreed to take a seat. She immediately regretted the choice as her nose was attacked from the sweet and heavenly scent that radiated off of Quinn.

“Just get whatever you want to do to me over with, so I can leave.” Santana grunted.

Quinn twisted around to face Santana with a soft smile in place. Santana was starting to hate that smile, but for an entirely different reason now. With the change of distance, Santana could see Quinn's beautiful features up close. The mask covered most of it which was a disappointment, but Santana found her eyes to be breathtaking beautiful and her pink plump lips irresistible.

The longer she stared the more Santana's eyes rested on Quinn's mouth. She was thinking about how it must feel to kiss them and wondered if they tasted as sweet as she smelled. In a trance, Santana's tongue ran across her lips and she gulped.

“I don't want to do anything to you Santana.” Quinn admitted, breaking Santana of her trance. “I don't agree with the way humans are treated.”

“You don't have to impress me. I have to sleep with you if I want to be able to sit down for a week.” Santana informed.

Quinn frowned. “Do they beat you?”

Quinn pressed a hand to Santana's cheek. The warm touch brought a quake of shivers down Santana's right arm. Quinn examined Santana's features.

“That human isn't a complete idiot.” Quinn commented. “He's scarred every part of your body, but knew better to avoid your face. Except, there's one little scar, right, here.” Quinn whispered, brushing a finger along the curve of Santana's eyebrow.

Santana froze, remembering the day she got it. Of all the marks she has, she hated that the most. It had been the only time Sebastian had lost his temper and mindlessly lashed out. A ring from his
finger had nicked her and gave him a heart attack at how much blood was sprouting out. It even gave her a fright.

“How are you justifying the way Sebastian treats us?” Santana hissed.

“Of course not,” Quinn assured. “It would just be heartbreaking to see such a beautiful face covered in scars.”

Santana scooted back. Quinn showed little care for the sudden action. The way she calmly spoke to Santana had been another thing that was starting to piss her off. She found herself hating everything about Quinn, down to the way she smelled like flowers.

Santana had never been so angry by someone who had done nothing but try to start friendly conversation with her. Quinn treated her with respect and it wouldn’t make any sense to be upset about that, but Santana couldn’t stop herself from having untimely and unexplained emotions such as irritation to Quinn’s kindness.

“Would you like to kiss me Santana?” Quinn casually asked.

A chill traveled down Santana’s spine. She watched Quinn close the distance between them. The flowery smell buzzing around her head made it difficult to concentrate. She turned away, making Quinn’s lips land on the curve of her jaw.

“What’s wrong?” Quinn cooed. “Is it wrong to want something for a change? I’m only going to do what you allow.”

Santana’s hands closed into a fist. She shook her head. Quinn had to be messing with her. She was trying to get inside her head for her own sick enjoyment. Rich demons had everything they wanted, so things got boring. She’s heard of how they mess with other humans to pass the time. That was the only reason as to why Quinn would try to start decent conversations with her and say bullshit things about needing consent to touch her.

“Can I touch you?” Quinn requested. “Let me take the edge off a little. You’re driving me crazy with how wet you are.”

Santana flinched as a blush broke out in her cheeks. She didn’t expect to get this wet so easily, and all Quinn had done was speak to her and accidentally kiss her jaw line. It was embarrassing. Santana closed her legs to try and mask the scent.

“You’re beautiful.” Quinn complimented. “Please, let me kiss you?”

Santana found herself in another trance as she made eye-contact with Quinn again and leaned over; shifting her eyes to Quinn’s shiny lips. She pressed her lips to Santana’s in a tender kiss and rested her hand on to Santana’s bare thigh.

Santana gasped on contact, overwhelmed as the smell completely covered her and all Santana can register was the sticky and sugary taste of Quinn’s lip gloss. A rush of wetness painted Santana’s inner thighs and she moaned as Quinn’s finger brushed along her inner thigh.

The cry had given Quinn entry to Santana’s mouth and she quickly slipped her tongue inside, rubbing it against Santana’s. The kiss picked up in intensity, but Quinn continued to move her hand to swipe her finger from Santana’s slick folds to her clit. Santana nearly came from the touch alone.

Quinn ended the kiss, removing her finger and leaving Santana breathless. Santana could hear her heart pounding in her ears as her chest heaved to get back into a steady breathing rhythm.
“That’s enough for today.” Quinn declared.

Santana watched, mouth agape as Quinn inhaled the clear fluid on her two fingers before licking the tip. She sucked her middle finger first, slowly pulling it out when there was no more trace of Santana on it and sucked her pointer finger after.

“You taste just as good as you smell.” She grinned. “Hmm, I can't leave you smelling like this. You're too irresistible and I don't want to share you.”

Quinn took a napkin and poured the water in a second cup on the table all over it.

“Rachel.” Quinn called.

Instantly, she sprang to her feet and Quinn handed her the soaked napkin.

“Clean her up please?” Quinn instructed.

Rachel silently dropped to her knees and moved Santana's legs apart. Quinn moved them so that her feet were flat against the couch and Rachel carefully ran the napkin along Santana's outer lips. Santana felt another blush hit her.

She had never felt this exposed, nor did Santana think something as simple as cleaning would have her aroused in the first place. Rachel took her time cleaning up the sticky mess against Santana’s thighs and stopped when the last of the clear fluid was gone. Rachel placed the napkin on the table. Santana let out a heavy sigh and looked back at Quinn who had been watching Santana closely with a wide grin.

“Thank you Rachel.” Quinn smiled. “You're lucky you've trimmed down there. It made it a lot easier to clean. You may leave Santana. I'll be seeing you again.”

Santana headed toward the door in a haze, with Rachel behind her to open it. She spotted Sebastian a few feet down the hall with a cup of champagne in his hand. He glared, seeing Santana had left a lot quicker than he expected.

“What did you do?” He growled, taking a hold of Santana's wrist.

“She was quite the treat, thank you for the gift.” Quinn called from her seat.

Rachel shut the door and Santana was quickly chained down. Sebastian ordered the guards to recollect the rest of the girls. They didn't make their way to the van twenty minutes later. Santana didn't see the pair of eyes watching her from the balcony above. A sparking hazel and red eye with the same intriguing smile as Quinn got the last glimpse of Santana before she went into the van.

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Sebastian put all six slaves back into the holding cell of their room when he returned. Santana was sure she had done something right, considering Sebastian didn't beat her, but he might have been in a good mood about pleasing Quinn. That alone could mean more potential income.

To Santana, it would mean more clients and while that alone had always pissed her off, she couldn't find herself holding such an overload of hatred for Quinn if she were a part of the clientele. As
pleasing of a thought that was, Santana was more fixated on the mask that Quinn had refused to remove and it frustrated Santana.

Making her way to the other end of the room, Santana took a seat to the thin cot that was propped against the wall. The blonde lying on it rolled over and sat up with her blanket now at her hips at the sight of Santana.

“Well, how was it?” She asked.

“It isn't any of your business Kitty.” Santana snapped.

Kitty glared. Santana can't say the two of them were friends, but they looked after each other and Santana admitted she was better to be around than the other women in this cell. The majority of them had lost their minds, and if they weren't crazy, they were much too young while Santana had been one of the few twenty-eight year old adults in this brothel.

Kitty had come here a month ago. What got Santana to start some form of a friendship with her was how feisty she was, much like Santana. She didn't take shit from Sebastian or the clients and seeing such a strong fiery spark as Kitty was hard to come by. As many would easily give in the first two weeks and come a month a girl was a former shell of herself.

Santana had found a way to remain sane with her mind still intact and it would be a shame for Kitty to follow the same route as the rest of the girls. So after being hostile to one another Santana had decided to bite her tongue and put an end to their distrust of each other. She was the only one to help tend to Kitty's wounds when she had gotten a lashing for speaking back to Sebastian the first day she came here.

It was stupid, but it was gutsy and Santana admired it. She helped clean Kitty's wounds as they were so bad they all became scars. That had sealed the deal and they were friends, who occasionally fought with each other and argued, but it was better than being completely alone.

“Where did you find this cot?” Santana asked, moving over to sit on it only to find it was much too thin and had no difference than sitting on the ground bare.

“I have my ways.” Kitty grinned, pulling back her sheet to reveal a small pile of snacks.

Santana's eyes lit up.

“Ho Ho's!” She cried.

Kitty laughed and handed them over before covering the rest of her stash again with her blanket. Santana can't remember the last time she's had any sweet or good tasting food for that matter. Sebastian fed the women what was equivalent to slop.

A liquidfied meal that Santana knew had no nutritional value, but kept their stomachs full, if anyone can stomach it without puking. The texture it had was sticky, thick, and gooey with an awful after taste that Santana can only explain to being that of mud. It also smelled a lot like rotting meat.

Tearing the package, Santana ate half the roll in one bite. It had taken no more than thirty seconds and both rolls were gone. A satisfied smile spread across Santana's face as she sat back savoring the sugary treat. Kitty handed her a cup of water to wash down the remains of the chocolate.

“You got that from that idiot boy didn't you?” Santana asked.

Kitty chuckled. “You mean Ryder?”
Santana handed back the cup and Kitty took the wrapper of the remaining snack.

“And he isn't stupid.” Kitty answered.

Santana scoffed. “The boy can't read!”

Kitty took a sip from her own cup and stashed it under the sheets with her snacks.

“Because of his dyslexia and he isn't a boy. He's twenty.” Kitty defended. “He wants me to live with him.”

Santana would have choked on her ho-ho had she not scarfed it down so quickly. Kitty shrugged and decided to open a pack of cookies herself. Ryder wasn't a bad guy. He was human and seemed to live decently as he'd come visit the brothel once a week to spend time with Kitty.

Of course, being the manipulate person Kitty is, she easily got him to bend to her every whim. Whatever Kitty wanted he gave and what she liked he went out of his way to retrieve. He was innocent and in love. Santana didn't like him, mainly because she didn't trust him.

Any brothel cost at least two weeks worth of a paycheck and being that this brothel has been one of the oldest in the business and the most popular the cost was twice the range. Santana had no idea where Ryder was getting this money and the only way for him to be able to afford the visit and the gifts to Kitty was from wealth.

A human coming from a rich household was rare and they weren’t trusted as they most likely dabbed in the black market. Santana hasn't figured out what Ryder was running, but she had no strong interest to find out. But Kitty was the only real friend she had who held decent conversations, even if most of their conversations were in arguments that neither wanted to lose so it ended with them both angry and stubborn.

“Kitty,” Santana started. “You're probably the smartest seventeen year-old here, don't dumb yourself down over a child who I'm sure we can't even trust!”

Kitty played around with her cookie, mulling over Santana's piece of advice. She looked through her lashes with a pout. Santana shrugged. She was at least honest. Kitty liked that.

“It's gotta be better than being here.” Kitty mumbled. “Anything has to be better than a brothel.”

“I know that feeling all too well.” Santana sighed.

They sat in silence for a moment as Kitty digested Santana's words and the situation she had been in for what felt like years. She was growing restless. The time spent behind these walls and with sleazy customers who lacked the ability of respect to others was making Kitty on edge.

Santana had envied feeling those emotions at one point. Spending ten years here had made her so numb that she would often question the reality of her situation. Kitty finally took a bite of her cookie.

“Well,” She garbled with a mouth full of chocolate chip cookie. “How was it?”

“What?” Santana asked.

Kitty glared, taking a loud chop out of her cookie. She hated repeating herself and sometimes Santana did it because she knew it pissed her off.

“You met Quinn Fabray. Spill,” Kitty answered.
Santana chuckled. She couldn't understand why Kitty had such an unusual interest in Quinn. It was as if she idolized her, but Kitty had never shared why. While Santana has met people who have hated Quinn and those who feared her, very few liked her.

“I didn't meet her. I just attended her birthday.” Santana insisted.

“Don't bullshit a bullshitter.” Kitty snipped. “Besides, I know you met her.”

“Why are you so sure?” Santana asked.

“Because for once you didn't come back like a raging bitch and you don't smell like shame and sex.” Kitty equipped.

Santana scowled. “You have a real smart mouth, you know that?”

Kitty grinned. “I have other talents with it if you want to find out.”

Santana grunted. “I do not need to know any of this shit!” She cried. “Okay, fine, I've met her.”

“Why do you look so disappointed?” Kitty questioned.

“I'm not disappointed.” Santana corrected. “I just...fine I was a little disappointed. The entire time we were together she wore this stupid mask.”

Kitty frowned. “Bummer. She has beautiful features.” She complimented.

Santana laughed. “Kitty, am I sensing a lesbian boner for Quinn you have there?” She teased.

Kitty smirked and shrugged. “She's hot. I'm not stupid. I'd hit that.”

Santana laughed. “You're something else Kitty.”

Kitty shrugged as she finished the last of her cookie. “How was it?

Santana rolled over on her side against the wall.

“I don't want to talk about it.” She grumbled.

“Fine!” Kitty snapped, lying back on her cot with the blanket over her head. “Sorry I even cared then.”

Santana gulped, wondering if she should apologize. She had no reason to be so defensive about her stay with Quinn. But something about her had brought Santana in a bad mood when their encounter was over. It was completely unsatisfying and the more Santana tried to understand why she should be so upset that a client didn't want to have sex with her the more her head hurt.

Santana couldn't keep her mind off of Quinn. That was until Kitty stopped talking to her. Santana found herself replaying their interaction and trying to imagine Quinn's face behind the mask now that Kitty had spoke so highly of her.

Having enough of her conflicting thoughts, Santana got up and went to the other side of the room to brood in silence. Gingerly, her hand reached out to trace along the length of her lips where Quinn's had once touched hers.
Santana clenched her jaw as she watched Sebastian's thick leather whip land the last blow to Kitty's bleeding back. He swung his body forward for a strong gain of momentum, causing a sharp crack to echo through the room.

A long strip of red surfaced, starting from Kitty's right shoulder blade, stretching above her left hipbone. Kitty couldn't contain herself from screaming, which had been enough for Sebastian's satisfaction, and he pulled the whip toward him.

With a white cloth, he swiftly wiped the whip of any blood, sending speckles of red to splatter against the floor and he rolled it back up. The group of women forced to watch quickly scattered. Santana could hear Kitty efforts to mask her sobs, but the way her body quaked, and the chains holding her up shook, gave way that she had been left a crying mess.

Sebastian walked over, his whip now securely tucked on his waist; he leaned over, watching Kitty flinch as he touched her shoulder.

"The next time you deny a client I'll let four of them have their way with you." Sebastian threatened. "Untie her."

He walked away, watching two of his guards lower the chains from the ceiling. Santana had been the one to catch Kitty when the chains were gone, as she had nothing else to hold her weight. The guards left, glaring because Santana decided to stay behind. Sebastian did not care if the guards messed with the slaves. The only rule he expected of his clients were payment and condoms, but if clients paid well enough they did not have to use condoms.

As long as the guards paid, they were free to partake in the fun. Kitty latched onto Santana, hiding her teary face in the crook of her neck. She waited for the crying to stop and once Kitty had become less of a hysterical mess to carry out basic tasks.

"Kitty," Santana whispered. "Let me see. I need to see how bad it is, okay?"

Slowly, Kitty removed her arm and turned around to leave Santana to inspect the damage. She knew it would scar, because one of the cuts had hurt a lot more than it should and Kitty has become familiar with wounds that were life threatening should it become infected.

"Okay," Santana sighed. "It's not that bad. Just the last one will need stitches. The others are shallow cuts that will heal on their own. Let's go take care of them."

Kitty needed Santana's support to get on her feet as the center of her back ached if she moved. When she was on her feet with stable support, Santana hooked an arm around Kitty's waist and led them back to their holding cell. They had agreed to make the travel slow as to not cause any further injury.

"Do you still have that bottle of alcohol?" Santana asked, getting closer to Kitty's cot.

"Yeah," Kitty responded.

They carefully sat down and Santana had Kitty lay on her stomach when she found the alcohol. She gave the wound a second glance to see that the gash had only formed in the middle of Kitty's back, and was a lot smaller than it appeared; at least an inch in length. The rest of the red had been the blood smeared on the whip. Santana gave a sigh of relief; the smaller the wound the less of a problem. She can deal with a smaller gash and stitch it quicker.
“You'll be fine Kitty.” Santana assured. “It's small.”

Santana took a hold of Kitty's blanket and ripped a strip from the bottom. She briskly rinsed her hands in alcohol and soaked the sheer cotton material in alcohol. Digging under the sheets, Santana found a needle with thread and made sure to clean them both.

“It's going to hurt.” Santana stated.

Kitty grunted as she moved to look over her shoulder.

“Just do it!” She growled.

Santana picked up the cloth and rubbed it over Kitty's wound and the surrounding skin. She heard a painful scream from the cot as Kitty tried to brace through the burning pain. Santana tried to work quickly to piece the skin together and accurately sew the wound shut. Kitty tried to remain still as the needle worked its way in and out of her skin.

Santana took some relief in that Kitty had handled this way better than her first time. It had taken Santana an hour to finish, as she kept moving and screaming. She finished a faster, and swiped the cloth over the wound one more time.

“Done,” Santana announced. “Just take it easy when you move around. I don't have gauze to wrap you.”

“I can't exactly cease physical activity.” Kitty snapped, leaning against the wall. “Sebastian is a dick.”

Santana chuckled. “We finally have something to agree on.”

Kitty took her bottle of alcohol and took a sip. She offered Santana a sip, but she shook her head. She didn't like to drink during the working hours of the brothel. That way, she could be much more alert when a client tried to overpower her. The cell door opened and Sebastian marched in, scanning the row of women.

“Santana!” He screamed.

She made her way to stand in front of him. Sebastian scoffed and snapped his fingers. His guard clicked a collar on to her neck and linked a leash at the end.

“It's your lucky day.” Sebastian sneered. “You just boosted my profit.”

Santana allowed herself to be lead out into the hall, frowning at the thought of having to please another filthy demon, but when she did not stop at the second floor where all the regulars stayed it made her feel more uneasy, she was led to the third floor.

Very few clients rented a room here, as it was the most expensive suite room. A high class and well-known figure must have rented it. Though it was not rare, many would preferably have a whore sent to their house rather then come here.

Sebastian knocked on the door before opening it and led Santana inside while the guard stood out front. Santana felt her heart shoot to her neck when she saw the same blonde haired woman with the red and hazel eye. She wore a dark blue gown paired with a blue gem covered mask. Rachel wasn't anywhere in sight.

“Here you are Miss.” Sebastian smiled. “Is there anything else I can get for you?”

“That's all.” Quinn answered. “I'll be sure to pay you once the hour is up.”
Sebastian unhooked Santana's leash and left. She remained at the door as Sebastian closed it and locked it from the outside. Quinn laid back on the couch with a hand resting on her knee and the other hanging over the edge of the couch. Quinn waved.

“Hello Santana.” She smiled.

Santana scoffed. She shook her head, laughing at how ridiculous this was. Quinn had no reason to be here. She was the daughter of a public figure, a powerful man, and she had downgraded herself to come to a whore house and visit Santana again.

It was as if she had read Santana's mind. It had been exactly a week since their last encounter. That was enough time for Santana to move on from the kiss they had at Quinn's party. Santana was ready to move on and deal with Sebastian's cruel treatment again.

She had other things to worry about, like Kitty, and the sleazy customers. The last thing on Santana's mind should be a kiss and when it would happen again.

“I promised I would see you again.” Quinn reminded. “Have a seat please.”

“What are you doing?” Santana hissed.

Quinn sat up, leaning against the backrest of the couch. Santana shook her head; an act that she wouldn't dare to do if the client had been different. She'd never been this blunt and with the daughter of Russell Fabray, she had every reason to obey.

“I enjoyed your company so much. I was willing to pay for it.” Quinn answered.

Santana froze. She hadn't been speechless since the day she got here. She was a frightened teenager then. Now an adult nearing her thirties, she couldn't understand why she felt like she was seventeen again. Quinn made her way across the room, causing Santana to shrink back. The heavenly sugar smell returned.

“Give me your hand.” Quinn whispered, keeping the command light and inviting.

Santana thoughtlessly lifted her arm and Quinn tangled their fingers together. A thump burst through Santana's chest. The touch had been gentle, but it should not have felt right. The contact of warm and smooth skin against Santana's brown and scarred skin did not look right And yet it all felt exactly right.

Quinn led her to the couch, where Santana willingly took a seat. Quinn refused to disconnect their hands, she took a cup from the table and pressed it against Santana's lips. She cringed.

“It's only water.” Quinn responded.

Santana opened her mouth, letting Quinn tilt the cup. She placed it down on the table again when Santana took a sip. Quinn smiled, looking Santana over and squeezed her hand. Their hands together felt more like a shackle to Santana the longer she sat here, unable to move away for needed space.

“Tell me about yourself?” Quinn requested.


Quinn stroked Santana's hair. Santana was sure she had seen a disappointed look from Quinn at her guarded response. Quinn took a sip of her own from the same cup Santana drank from.

“Do you know why I came to see you?” Quinn asked.
“No one needs a reason to go to a whore.” Santana said.

“I see potential in you.” Quinn admitted.

Santana had little time to ask, as Quinn could no longer contain herself for need of contact between them. She leaned forward, breaking their hands apart and Santana leaned back as Quinn came closer. With a gasp and the feeling of cold leather against her back, Santana watched Quinn lay on top of her with their foreheads together. Quinn reached over, aiming for Santana's mouth, but found herself denied the pleasure of Santana's thick tender lips.

“Don't you want to kiss me?” Quinn whispered, kissing Santana's neck.

Santana gulped, took a deep breath and shook her head. Quinn chuckled, placing another kiss to Santana’s neck as she wedged her way between Santana’s legs. She rested a hand beside Santana’s head and hovered over her to leave none of their skin touching. The gap had left Santana feel much more unsatisfied than denying Quinn her kiss.

“I want to kiss you.” Quinn whimpered. “Will you let me?” Quinn ran the tip of her nose along Santana’s collarbone. “The way you smell right now is driving me crazy.”

Santana gulped. She learned quickly that she had little control of her body with Quinn around. That was an ability Santana took pride in as it was one of the things that kept her grounded. While she may be forced to fake orgasms and arousal to the unattractive people that came here, it was something predictable. It gave Santana some leverage and control of her own body. She noticed Quinn's nose flare as she reveled in Santana's scent.

“Take off the mask.” Santana commanded.

Quinn grinned. “Not today.” She replied.

Santana felt a pang of frustration. A small defeat Quinn enjoyed, being that she was left to smell Santana, but unable to initiate any physical contact.

“Kiss me.” Santana moaned.

Quinn dipped down, smiling as she heard Santana let out a cry as their lips touched. The kiss was passionate and quick, as Santana couldn't contain herself. She'd never wanted to kiss someone this badly. Her hands immediately went around Quinn's shoulders.

Quinn's hand began to wonder, making its way down Santana's stomach and between her legs. Santana gasped as she felt Quinn's finger rub her clit in tight circles. Santana broke away from the kiss with a moan. A hand gripped onto Quinn's shoulder.

“I...”

“Let me see it.” Quinn panted, brushing her lips against Santana's as she spoke, refusing to end their contact. “Let me see you Santana.”

Santana stared back into shimmering eyes as her body jolted and her stomach tightened. With a second touch of Quinn's finger Santana let out a cry as she came; her eyes never leaving Quinn. She kissed Santana's neck again and stroked a finger down her cheek.

“Was it good?” Quinn smirked.

Santana brought a hand to her chest, trying to calm her raging heart. She stared at the ceiling in a
haze. She's never cum this hard, or this quickly. Quinn had barely laid a finger on her, yet managed to bring Santana to her knees in a matter of seconds.

Quinn gave her a chaste kiss and sat up, having to help Santana get back to her feet as she was still taken aback from the entire experience.

“I want to see you again.” Quinn said. “Thank you for your time Santana.”

Quinn knocked on the door and the guard outside loosened the locks. She gave Santana one last glance before leaving and the door closed again. Santana stared into space in a daze.

A minute later, Sebastian entered and put the leash back into place. Santana willingly followed Sebastian, not aware of the entire walk to her cell until Sebastian pushed her inside. The leash and collar was removed. The metal door was put back into the doorway. Kitty came over, seeing Santana's lack of motor skills.

“Are you okay?” She asked. “What the hell happened?”

Santana blinked, finally realizing she had been put back into her cell.

“Huh?” Santana mumbled. “Yeah, I'm fine.”

Kitty frowned. “You sure? You look like -”

“I said I'm fine Kitty!” Santana snapped.

Kitty sighed and walked away.

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“Your ride is here Ms. Fabray.” The valet worker announced.

Quinn smoothly made her way down the steps to the black limo in front of the brothel. The chauffer opened the door for her and closed ince she was safely inside. She quietly removed her mask and looked through the tinted black window of her limo as it drove away.

“I asked that you not come for a reason Rachel.” Quinn spoke, keeping her eyes out the window.

“I'm sorry Miss.” Rachel pouted. “I was worried.”

A smile tugged at the corners of Quinn's mouth. Rachel had good intentions. That was something Quinn knew the day they met each other. There have been times when Rachel's concern and ambition got them both in trouble. She at least learned to be less outspoken in the company of guests.

“Everything went smoothly.” Quinn assured.

“Is she -”

“I've come to have high hopes for Santana.” Quinn interrupted. “I'm not quite sure if I can make a choice just yet.”

Rachel moved over, resting her hand on Quinn's chest. She gulped feeling how fast her heart moved. Rachel nuzzled into Quinn's neck and placed a kiss on her cheek. The hand resting on her lap moved to the edge of Quinn's dress and pushed it up.
“Your heart is racing Miss.” Rachel muttered.

“It was difficult containing myself in front of her.” Quinn frowned.

Rachel's hand rubbed over the patch of hair to Quinn's center.

“Let me take care of you Miss?” Rachel pleaded. “Please?”

Quinn stared down at Rachel and kissed the top of her head. Reaching up, Rachel placed a kiss of her own on Quinn's chin. The hand that had been stroking Quinn center moved into her hair and brought Quinn's face closer.

Magnetically, their mouths sought out each others' and met in a breathy overwhelming kiss. Rachel was the first to claw at Quinn's dress, having made quick work of the buttons to her blouse.

Quinn sat up, ending the kiss and hiked her gown to her stomach, removing her underwear quickly after. Rachel discarded her blouse and shivered as she dropped to her knees. Quinn smirked as she reached to remove her necklace.

“Please Miss?” Rachel begged. “I want all of you. The real you.”

Hesitantly, Quinn fingered the gem in the center of her necklace. Sensing her uncertainty, Rachel pulled her hand back and stroked along the curve of Quinn's hips.

“Please?” Rachel requested. “Mistress?”

Quinn sat back, cupping Rachel's face with adoration and removed her hand from the clasp of her chain. She shook her head.

"No." Quinn answered.

Rachel gulped, biting her bottom lip. She blinked back several tears and kissed Quinn's shoulder. She had never been declined sex. Quinn was always in the mood and Rachel knew she wasn't inefficient in her skills. She's been with Quinn long enough.

"Please Miss?" Rachel panted. "I want you inside me."

Quinn gulped, dropping the hand around Rachel's waist to her side.

"Stop it Rachel." Quinn commanded. "Get dressed."

Knowing if she pushed anymore Quinn would lose her patience, Rachel reached down to pick up her blouse. She turned away from Quinn as she buttoned up the shirt and took a seat against the other door of the limo. They sat during the ride in silence.
I've decided to keep this fic with a Quinntana pairing, but Rachel will still have an important role throughout the fic. I figured I give that warning out for those hoping for a different pairing.

“What is it Rachel?” Quinn asked looking at the reflection of Rachel in her vanity set mirror.

Quinn placed her brush down and opened the top drawer to the vanity, taking out bottles of perfume, blush, concealer, and eye-liner. She thoughtfully looked over her choice of lipstick before placing it on top of the vanity.

“I'm sorry to intrude Miss.” Rachel started. “I just- are you sure this is what you should do?”

Quinn watched Rachel enter the room through the mirror. Seeing the tension appear in Quinn's shoulders caused Rachel to cower for a moment. She knew Quinn hated to be questioned, from a slave the most, and while Rachel was given plenty of pardons due to her status of the house, this was a topic that Quinn drew the line on.

“Forgive me, Miss!” Rachel cried. “I didn't mean to second guess your choices. I worry about you.”

Rachel felt a small pool of panic settle in her chest. She knew she had no place to show anything, but how she can please her Mistress. Quinn had never been the type of owner to use her slaves for physical pleasure and enjoyment. Rachel had more value to her.

“What if Master doesn't agree with this? We have plenty of slaves.” Rachel informed.

“I will tell him I wanted another personal maid. He's agreed to you and with time he will with another,” Quinn answered. “However, I won't tell him of my true intentions. He expects you to be my carrier, but unfortunately things aren't working out.”

Rachel gulped, feeling a ball form in her throat and a fresh flood of tears. Quinn pulled Rachel into a hug. She had every right to say what she deemed necessary, but to see Rachel in a fit of sobs and tears would be too difficult to deal with. Rachel latched on to Quinn's waist.

“You are still so important to me Rachel.” Quinn whispered, stroking a hand down brown strands. “Don't you forget or dare question that. You mean so much to me.” She kissed Rachel's brown hair.

Rachel sniffled, blinking back a tear about to fall. The entire situation was unfair, but what would be the most unfair is to drag Quinn down with her. Rachel nodded and swiped a finger under nose. Quinn released her.

“We can talk about this later.” Quinn agreed. “I need to get ready.”

“Of course Miss.” Rachel sighed. “I understand.”

Quinn gave Rachel one last hug; the light sound of sniffling filling the room.
“Help me get ready.” Quinn requested.

Rachel opened Quinn's closet, while she continued to apply makeup to her face. They worked in the room in silence.

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“You're still not going to talk about it?” Kitty asked, fluffing up her pillow.

Santana pulled the cot away from the wall and picked up Kitty's sheet. The cot wasn't that much of a difference from sleeping on the floor, but it wasn't as cold as the concrete floor. Kitty had no complaints sharing it with her. The additional body heat was appreciated during the times the temperature dropped during the night.

“I've told you already Kitty. I don't have anything to say.” Santana groaned. “Can we go to bed without your bitching for once?”

Kitty let out a huff of discontent and laid down. Santana curled in next to her with the shared sheet over their bodies. She rolled over to see Kitty's hazel eyes staring at her.

“If you don't tell me I won't give you some of the chocolate chip cookies Ryder gave me today.” Kitty threatened.

Santana sighed. She hasn't had cookies in a year. Kitty grinned watching Santana conflicted between spilling her time with Quinn again or how badly did she want those cookies. Kitty yanked the blanket up to her chin when the door to the cell slid open with a sharp grind of screeching metal. Santana watched the shadow of Sebastian in the door way splayed out on the wall.

The romps of his boots were tapping through the silent cell. It stopped after two steps. Santana pressed a finger to her lips as Kitty looked back at her frightened. Sebastian only came into the cell after hours for two reasons, someone made too much noise and should be sleeping, and if the guards wanted some fun with the girls.

Santana had tried to cover Kitty with her body to hope he hadn't finally chosen her. He had too much fun with newcomers, finding there was a need to expose them to what he referred to as tradition of the brothel.

“Santana!” Sebastian shouted. “Get over here!”

Kitty shivered.

“Roll over and close your eyes.” Santana instructed, before sliding from underneath the blanket.

She stationed herself two steps away from him. He looked her over in annoyance before clamping a collar around her neck. He quickly hooked a leash to it and yanked her out the door. A guard slammed it shut and Kitty sat up terrified.

“I don't know what she sees in you.” Sebastian spat. “I don't trust doing this with you, but she insisted and don't think because I'm not there I won't find out and send a five man team to catch you.”
Santana watched Sebastian walk passed the stairs leading to the second floor and headed to the front entrance. She felt a tickle of fear in her stomach as she entered unfamiliar ground. Sebastian exited the brothel and Santana spotted a black limo over Sebastian's shoulder. The passenger door opened from inside and Rachel stepped out.

“Hello Santana.” She greeted. “The Mistress has instructed I pick you up to prepare you for tonight's event. I'll handle it from her Mr. Smyth, thank you.”

Sebastian handed over the leash and went back inside. Rachel entered the limo first and helped Santana settle inside. The colorful strobe lights and spacious design of the limo did little to calm Santana's nerves.

She was going to be on a ride with a person she knew little about other than her name. The slam of the car door brought Santana back to Rachel who had silently removed the collar from Santana's neck, replacing it with red collar made of suede covered with diamonds, and on the ring was a tag with etched with the letter S on the plate.

Rachel raked her fingers through Santana's long hair before taking a brush to try and take out the knots. A bunch of painful strokes later, she managed to get Santana's hair smooth and presentable. She proceeded to form Santana's hair into a neat long braid in the center of her back.

Santana had found it strange that Rachel had been meticulous in grooming her without a single word. A weight in the center of her neck drew attention to Santana's collar where Rachel attached a rich red leash made of polished leather.

“I'll need your help getting this on.” Rachel instructed, presenting to Santana what she could only describe it as a black leather looking diaper.

“What the hell is that?!” Santana growled.

Rachel looked over the strange instrument, with a relaxed demeanor.

“It's a chastity belt.” Rachel answered. “The Mistress insisted I have you wear it for tonight's date.”

Santana moved back, glaring between the belt and Rachel. She wanted nothing to do with it. It looked painful and completely uncomfortable. It had no opening and from the sides Santana can make out buckles with a padlock. This item had no intention of giving Santana the right to get herself free.

“Please don't make me force this on you?” Rachel sighed. “I would hate to disappoint the Mistress too.”

Santana had little say in the choice of clothing, should it be considered an article of clothing in the beginning. She has never seen a design of its kind, and Santana has been forced to use every toy known to man for her clients. She slid over, allowing Rachel to put her leg through the hole.

“I'll go over the rules when you are attending with the Mistress in public.” Rachel started.

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Santana was left to sit in the limo, trying to contain herself from spiraling into a fit of panic. She had no information on where she was going, or where Quinn was. Rachel had been stubborn to not reveal anything.
The rules had been simple enough; the usual. Santana was to not make eye-contact, remain silent unless spoken to, remain by Quinn’s side at all times, and be obedient to Quinn's every command. It gave no clue to what Quinn had in store for her. Rachel's calm behavior didn't help.

Santana still couldn't understand why Quinn wanted a night with her. And while the fact of Quinn's half-demon lineage still upset Santana it had less of an angry effect like the first time they met. Her lack of a feisty reaction had given Santana little concern. Quinn treated Santana better than all the clients she's been with.

Santana's skin tingled as she remembered the climax Quinn gave her with little effort. A jolt of anxious energy shot into Santana's leg, causing it to shake. She couldn't contain how excited she felt at the thought of getting the chance to cum again. For once, she didn't have to fake it.

Santana watched the limo pull up into the parking lot of an area she has never seen. The majority of the state of Ohio was destroyed. The demons had knocked down most of the human structures, only keeping those of an ancient design and they had a strong liking for Gothic buildings. Whatever landmark they deemed important was rebuild with Gothic architecture.

Of course, churches or anything holy were left to rubble. Not that it bothered Santana. Her generation grew up without a religion, especially being that it was illegal. Any building that was completely intact was owned by demons. Humans lived on the streets and if they were lucky in partially erected buildings the demons didn't find worth completely destroying.

The limo came to a complete stop and Santana could see a line of guest in black shiny leather clothing, waiting to get inside. Santana hesitated to exit. Rachel opened the door.

“I'll walk you through the club.” Rachel stated. “Come with me.”

The least expected possibility of what this building could be was a club. Santana had little time to think of why such a place like that exists as Rachel exited the limo and took a hold of Santana's leash. The limo door was closed and it drove away, bringing a rush of fear into Santana as she stood in the parking lot completely exposed. It didn't help that she was wearing the contraption around her waist with a collar and leash that had been too decorative for Santana's taste.

Rachel walked in front of her without a tremor in her step. She was aware of the eyes on her, but it had no effect on her as it did on Santana. The people in this group were demons, some half-breeds, humans who were without a doubt their pets. Santana had felt so misplaced, but the hungry eyes of the club-goers had seen her as a prized possession made of gold.

“Hi Sam!” Rachel smiled.

The blonde-haired and blue-eyed guard at the door smiled at Rachel. He looked human for the most part, if he didn't smile as inside his unusually large mouth were a row of razor sharp teeth and he had pointed long ears. The color to his skin was a slight tint of red. Santana fought back the reflex to jump when he glanced at her.

“This must be Santana.” Sam noted. “Quinn has been waiting for you. Go on through. Quinn is in her usual room.”

He waved at Rachel as she passed him and Santana tread into the club as if she were walking on eggshells. Sam had been kind, or he had tried, but his appearance had been too unsettling for Santana. The anxiety in Santana increased when she reached the inside of the club.

The music was deafening, filling Santana's head with a dull hum and punching bass. It was much too
dim, but had some light due to the blinkers on the ceiling. A thick puff of smoke from cigarettes filtered the room. The room was full of demons that proudly showed off their naked pets with pride. Some of the humans had outfits designs to show off their body modifications Santana was sure their owners forced them to wear. The more tame and usual modifications she found in the group were nipple piercings with interesting jewelries, some that even lit up.

A lot of club-goers were adorned in black leather, some in shiny black or red latex, bright make up, and boots with obseously tall heels. Santana wondered how the wearer moved around at all. Not a single human was off a leash, but they didn't seem bothered by it.

Santana was brought upstairs to the balcony of the club and at the end of the floor was a velvet red curtain covering the VIP room of the club. Pulling back the curtain revealed a door and Rachel knocked before opening it.

Inside, Santana was speechless. Quinn had her back toward Santana, pouring two cups full of water from a pitcher. She was wearing a beautifully laced red corset with sheer lace thigh high stockings, red and three inch heels. As she turned around Santana noted the cleavage exposed from the corset and a black ribbon tied into a bow in the front, but what shocked Santana the most was a lack of a mask.

Quinn walked over with a smile and kissed Santana's cheek, lingering longer than she should have. Santana turned to eagerly reach Quinn's lips, but had a finger pressed to her lips to still her. Santana gulped.

She had been just as beautiful as Kitty described her. Pink plush lips, with a rounded face, pale complex with a tint of red in her cheeks, and thick shoulder length blonde hair. Quinn's hand cupped Santana's waist to bring her closer, so that their bodies were together. Santana has seen plenty of half-breeds. Quinn had to be the most human and attractive one Santana had ever seen.

“You have to earn your right for affection.” Quinn grinned. “You look amazing.”

Santana opened her mouth, but found it difficult to form a single word. Quinn laughed before quickly kissing Santana's lips and pulled at her bottom lip. She gasped.

“Thank you for bringing her here Rachel. I've already spoken with Brittany about your ride home.” Quinn spoke, keeping her eyes on Santana the entire time.

“Good night Miss.” Rachel muttered, exiting.

Santana gulped. She had felt the most exposed with Quinn's eyes on her. The way her eyes sparkled and darkened as she watched Santana it had made her body shiver the most out of everyone else in this club. And while she was a quivering mess what made Santana confused was how badly she wanted Quinn to touch her.

“I can still smell you.” Quinn noted. “Even through this.” She pointed to the belt surrounding Santana's hips.

The room became ten degrees hotter. Santana's mind was a mess of wanting to keep her tough exterior up because at the end of the night Santana would end up back in the brothel and she would still remain a whore. While all Santana wanted was to have sex with Quinn and that was a whole different experience on its own for Santana.

Santana gulped. “I...reflex.”

Quinn's brow rose to such a honest statement. The way she smiled gave Santana some relief to see
she had said something less offensive.

“Give me your wrist.” Quinn gently said.

Without a single thought, Santana lifted her arm. Quinn slipped a blue band on to her arm. She kept her hand on to Santana's palm, rubbing her thumb along the back of Santana’s hand. The small contact of skin was enough to take a little edge off.

“Now everyone will know I don't want to share you.” Quinn proudly spoke.

“Uh – where are we?” Santana asked.

Quinn led Santana to the couch where she offered her a cup of water. The sip had done little to calm her nervous. Quinn moved over to be sitting close to Santana's side. A hand rested on to Santana's thigh, but remained still.

“We're in a BDSM club.” Quinn answered.

Santana jumped. “W-What?”

Quinn firmly squeezed Santana's thigh; a finger starting the soft trail of circular patterns just above Santana's knee to soothe her. Quinn kissed Santana's cheek, bringing her attention back to Quinn's face.


“Who?” Santana questioned.

She nearly forgot she asked as Quinn's lips drew closer to her own. Instead of pressing their lips together, however, Quinn decided to kiss Santana's neck. A finger brushed over the front of the chastity belt and Santana cursed the thing for getting in the way of her only time of contact with Quinn's hand. The memory of how she got her to be a whining mess with just a few strokes of her clit made Santana flinch and whimper.

“She's the one who owns this club with her boyfriend, Samuel. You've met him. They're both an old family friend.” Quinn answered. “She's very nice. She isn't like most demons. She treats the slaves with respect. I've learned a lot from her.”

Santana looked Quinn over and scooted back, a tic of repulsion springing her body into action. The anxious feelings that had come earlier in the car returned with a much stronger urge.

“Is this what you're into?” Santana asked.

“Yes, but we won't be doing anything tonight. It's much too soon.” Quinn informed.

Santana was startled. Quinn had been honest in her response with the same calm expression. Santana had a difficult time letting Quinn's answer sink in. The evidence was clear. She had seen for herself what the club held. She's heard of these clubs, but as far as she knew it was just rumors because a club in general wouldn't normally interest a demon.

But if it brought in money it would bound to bring about someone who was willing to dabble in this business. Santana wouldn't have expected Quinn to have such an interest in this type of night life.

“What?” Santana scoffed. “Then what is this for?”

“It will serve its purpose soon.” Quinn assured. “I am not going to subject you to anything extreme. I
need your complete trust and willingness for that.”

Santana glared. Did it mean that Quinn was certain Santana would give into her? Santana had no intention of being obedient. She trusted no demon, half-breed or not and humans, aside from Kitty, Santana had no one else to trust.

“Stop making me feel like I matter.” Santana hissed.

Quinn showed no anger. She held a sympathetic face. It further agitated Santana.

“But you do matter.” Quinn stated. “You matter to me. Why else would I bring you here? I wanted to show you more about myself.”

Quinn closed the gap between them and put a hand to the back of Santana's head. She kissed Santana's forehead before moving to the corner of her mouth. She can hear the rapid beat of Santana's heart. Quinn noticed even the tiny tremor in Santana's bottom lip.

“Tell me about you?” Quinn asked. “Were you born a slave?”

It had been such a neutral toned questioned, with not a single trace of malice in it. Quinn had no intention of belittling Santana. She had genuine curiosity. Santana had still been sour about her predicament.

Santana broke their contact apart and paced around the room. She hated it here. It was too quiet. The room was too small. She could hear her thoughts and her instincts screaming at her to get away. She shouldn't trust Quinn. She shouldn't trust a demon. That was the logical part of her speaking. She knew how dangerous demons are. Santana's seen them. She turned around, trying to mask her tears with anger.

“I don't have to tell you anything.” Santana snapped.

“That's right.” Quinn agreed. “Whatever happens in this room will remain between us and whatever does happen is because you wanted it.”

Quinn carefully got to her feet, slowly putting her arms around Santana's stomach. The hold was loose; lacking its strength Santana knew Quinn had. Quinn kissed the base of Santana's neck.

“Call me curious, but I find you fascinating.” Quinn chuckled. “Do you know what I want from you?”

“For me to be your faithful and mindless puppet!” Santana spat, in rage.

Quinn ran her nose along the length of Santana's neck. “For you to willingly submit yourself to me not out of fear, but admiration and love, while in return you can be given something so rich nothing else can compare, and you have not the slightest idea what it is yet.”

Santana gulped. Quinn placed her thumb against Santana's stomach moving it in a soft circular motion. The kiss from her neck moved to her shoulder and the space between her shoulder blades. The touches had been so tender with a sense of concern, as if Quinn had been trying to expose Santana of her internal wounds and heal them. Years of pain and hatred washing away and it scared Santana.

“I am giving you the life none of my kind is expected to ever give a mere slave.” Quinn explained. “Do you know why I wanted you?”
Santana didn't trust herself to speak without a tremor in her voice and shook her head.

“You have everything I need.” Quinn answered. She pressed her nose into Santana's neck and inhaled. “While you may physically have nothing to give, I see such high value in you, but you are not ready to know what it is until you've given me your trust.” A kiss landed on to her neck.

“Underneath this marred skin, you smell divine. You can give me what I seek and in return I can give you the peace and happiness you deserve.”

Releasing Santana, Quinn looked over her exposed body. The stare hadn't been primal or vicious, but rather tender and enchanted. Santana shivered. Quinn pressed a hand to Santana's face and placed another down her back, going over every scar she could find three times before clasping on to Santana's hips.

“Such an attractive and supple body,” Quinn commented. “There is potential and these scars do nothing to devalue you.”

A small whimper came from her mouth. That had been enough for Quinn to spring forward and pull Santana into a kiss. It took every ounce of power in Quinn to keep the kiss short and light as she wanted more than anything to put Santana on the couch and watch her moan until she came. Quinn had been the one to end the kiss and needed a second to gain her control before looking back into brown chocolaty eyes.

Santana's heart was racing. The feeling back at the party was in no comparison to what she was feeling now. Her face burned as if she broke into an unpredictable fever and her legs were so weak, she was sure to fall to the floor any second. She wrapped her arms around Quinn's neck for balance.

“I grew up on the streets. My family lost their house in the raids when everything crashed. I was just a toddler.” Santana admitted.

“I'm sorry that happened.” Quinn apologized. “Demons had always been cruel things.”

Santana felt tears build at the brim of her eye lids. She hated everything here. She hated the change of new world order and how useless humans were. They had no worthy value to them and living the life of a pet was not something Santana wanted, but it was turning out that way with Quinn around.

“They were drug dealers.” Santana scoffed. “The demons were drug dealers and I thought they were okay at the time because they gave my dad a job. It gave us food to last the week. I didn't grow up starving.”

With little resistance the tears dripped down Santana's face and she violently wiped them away. She hated crying, she hated showing weakness to anyone, especially a demon, but these feelings were things Santana had refused herself to feel the day she was brought to the brothel.

“My dad got attacked while he was delivering the drugs and lost everything. The dealers demanded he pay it all back with interest. Those greedy sons of bitches!” Santana spat. “That changed everything! My dad had to work harder. I helped him deliver more drugs from different people. Then mom died because she got sick from the stress. She was old.” Santana wiped away a few more tears. “We couldn't afford the medicine! It was the flu. We should have saved her! We could have done something, but we had nothing.”

Santana's teeth grind together with a scowl on her face. The memory of her dad did nothing but leave a bitter memory in comparison to her mother.

“That's how I ended up here. My dad couldn't handle mom's death and he couldn't handle raising me
alone. So he sold me to a brothel at 17. It would pay off all is debt. I've never forgiven him for that.”

Santana glared.

Quinn’s arm tied around her waist, pulling Santana closer to her side where their hips touched. The contact was nearly enough to ease all of Santana's tension and quell her anger. Quinn kissed her forehead.

Santana gulped as the kiss moved to her neck. She couldn't stop the moan that erupted past her lips as Quinn kissed her left breast and ran the tip of her tongue over the nipple. Quinn chuckled and kissed Santana's chin. She whimpered. Quinn led them back to the couch, laying Santana on her back and wedged herself between Santana’s legs.

The blood in Santana's beating chest rushed to her head, drowning her in the blissful feeling of Quinn's hand stroking her thigh. Quinn placed her hands beside Santana's head and pressed her center against Santana's thigh. She groaned at the touch of hot liquid, smearing her skin.

“Look at you.” Quinn panted. “So beautiful.”

She dipped down, giving Santana a searing kiss that left her knees rubber. She opened her mouth to feel Quinn's tongue swiftly brush against the roof of her mouth and playfully tug at her bottom lip. Santana stared into swirling hazel and red eyes before shifting back to Quinn's pink and plush lips.

Quinn sat up, retrieving a small key from the table top and unlocked the padlock to Santana's chastity belt. It was removed and Quinn moved Santana's legs to have them bent and the back of her feet grazing the back of her thighs.

“Do you trust me?” Quinn asked.

She noticed the flinch in Santana's legs. Quinn reached down, kissing Santana's knee lovingly and kissed the second one. Santana couldn't figure out if she wanted to say yes because she wanted to get off because she was so horny, or because she really did trust Quinn. Both would be ludicrous, Quinn was a demon. Santana had no reason to be this turned on. She especially had no reason to trust them. She gulped.

“Yes.” Santana exhaled.

Quinn grinned. She took a hold of Santana's hand and kissed each tip of her fingers before positioning it between Santana's legs.

“Touch yourself.” Quinn ordered.


“Have you never done it before?” Quinn asked.

Flustered and embarrassed Santana shook her head. She had no reason to masturbate. She grew up on the streets. The only concern she had as a kid was staying alive and trying not to end up getting raped. And of all the people she's been with at the brothel, none of them cared to see her rub one out. It wasn't a needed skill or behavior.

“A pity.” Quinn sighed. “It feels really good right about here.”

She directed Santana’s finger to her clit and rubbed it firmly. Santana gasped. Seeing the amount of clear fluid from her center, Quinn took Santana's middle and ring finger and pushed it inside. Santana cried out as her fingers easily slipped through the folds down to the knuckles on her palm.
Santana started a steady push and pull of her fingers as they pulled down and curled once they went back inside. Quinn sat back, watching between the movement of Santana's hand and her facial expressions. She let out a loud cry as her fingers swiveled inside and she pressed her thumb against her clit.

In less than five minutes, Santana found herself covered in a sheet of sweat and near climax. Quinn moved in closer, keeping her eyes on Santana's hand and she let out a cry just as she came. A thread of clear fluid shot out, puddling on the couch and Santana lay back out of breath and motionless.

Quinn smiled, kissing Santana's knee and brushing back black pieces of hair from her sticky face. She had to help Santana sit back up and gave her a cup of water to cool her down. Santana leaned over, seeking Quinn's lips, to which she granted with a sweet and soft kiss.

“Can you stand?” Quinn asked.

Santana took a hold of Quinn's wrist and they stood together with the help of Quinn for support.

“Let me show you around the club.” Quinn stated.

“What about -”

“We don't need it anymore.” Quinn assured. She could sense Santana's uneasiness. “As long as you have the wristband you're safe.”

Quinn put Santana's leash back on and put an arm around her waist.

“Do you still trust me?” Quinn questioned.

“Yes.” Santana swiftly answered.

Quinn smiled and led them out of the room.
“Where were you?” Russell glared.

Quinn turned around to see purple angry eyes glaring at her. She wrapped her arms around her trench coat. Russell walked farther into the foyer. As he drew closer, he begun to tower over Quinn with his large stature. The 6’5” height had done little to startle Quinn as it had done to many humans and most demons.

“I went out.” Quinn answered.

Quinn fought to give a resentful stare back as it would do no good, but to have her dad scold her through the night if he could. Russell never cared what Quinn did, or where she went, but it had changed three days after her birthday. He became more intrusive and authoritative.

“You went to that club again didn't you?” Russell huffed.

“Yes dad, I did.” Quinn snapped. “If you already knew why would you ask?”

“I wanted to make sure that foul human of yours wasn't lying to me.” Russell rebutted.

Quinn remained a calm exterior, while her mind ran into a flurry of fear for Rachel's safety. Russell had no respect or care for humans. He only tolerated the ones in his house because they carried out his daily routines. He wasn't going to get his hands dirty in trying to cut a lawn and tend to the flowers in the yard. He most definitely wasn't going to clean his own house or cook his own meals.

“Did you -”

“I didn't lay a finger on her.” Russell answered. “I can't stand that she lives on the same floor as us and how she follows you everywhere, but I'll leave you to treat her how you see fit.”

A wave of relief washed through Quinn. Russell came closer, letting out a snort of frustration. The beastly appearance to his features much clearer. He had black veins around his skin that contrasted immensely with his pale purple flesh, elongated black pointed nails, two small horns protruding from his forehead, stretched out sharp teeth, topped with pointed ears, and those haunting menacing purple eyes.

Russell was one of the top hideous half-breeds, but Quinn was sure with his appearance he didn't qualify as a half-breed, but rather an alternation of his former human self. He had qualities of a demon; the snarling, growling, roaring, brute strength, and temperament of a demon. That would make him just a shell of his old form. It was the perks given to a man that had been the cause of the New World Order.

This gave him a large enough title to have anyone and anything fear him. Russell let out a rugged snort as his face scrunched up with distaste to the topic choice of their conversation.

“That isn't the point Lucy!” Russell insisted. “What I will not stand for is your childish behavior. I told you to stop your nonsense the day after your birthday. You have bigger responsibilities now!”

Quinn let out a heavy sigh. She didn't want to have this conversation, let alone an argument with her father after such an enjoyable night with Santana.

“I'm aware.” Quinn agreed. “I know what I have to do and that will come. I just wanted some fun
before everything changes later on.”

Russell became more at ease. The puff in his chest disappeared and the low hum of his growling ceased. He looked Quinn over, questioning her statement.

“You know my intentions are just Lucy.” Russell stated. “I only want the best for you.”

“I know.” Quinn responded.

“I'm having guest over in two days for brunch.” Russell announced. “I expect you to be here and dressed presentably for their arrival.”

(Of course daddy,” Quinn smiled.

Pleased with her response, Russell walked away with no further complaints. Quinn silently rushed up the stairs to her bedroom on the second floor where Rachel sat upon her bed for her arrival. She had heard the entire argument downstairs.

“Mistress?” Rachel asked.

Quinn sat next to Rachel where she held Quinn while she silently cried.

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“Hey!!” Kitty shouted, snapping her fingers in front of Santana.

She blinked several times before spoting Kitty's hand and blankly stared into Kitty's face. The lack of a reaction startled Kitty. She put her hand down and leaned closer over the table.

“You okay?” Kitty asked.

While they didn't usually talk during lunch, mainly because they were trying to find a way to stomach the slop they served the slaves. Not that the meals were something to looking forward to. The slop thrown to them was sometimes a gray and gooey mush. It was difficult to swallow, much less chew, and it tasted of the foulest thing any human could ever eat. The only thing comforting was the fresh water served, but it was never cold.

Today the gruel was a thick gelatinous texture that had a tan color, but it had done its purpose to feed the girls. The slaves didn't starve, somewhat. They were fed once a day and if they misbehaved they could be fed as little as twice a week. Santana hasn't seen that in the past three years.

Any matter, it was better to work the brothel on a full stomach rather than starve for the rest of the day. The day with no food meant the slaves had no fuel to work and displeasing the clients was a thin ice no one wished to walk across, should Sebastian find a slave was completely inadequate.

Santana picked up her spoon and rest her chin on to her right hand as she stared into her bowl of gruel. A sickening sequencing sound came from the bowl as the spoon was lifted and plopped back down. Kitty cringed.

“Is something bothering you?” Kitty questioned.

Santana glanced up at her with a visible pout. It would be an understatement to say she was
bothered. It had been exactly a week since Santana's heard or seen Quinn. She couldn't forget their
time at the club. Quinn seemed to enjoy her company and Santana would never dare say it, but she
enjoyed it too. Quinn didn't push her into anything. They spent the night exploring the club with
Quinn showing her the things the club offered and the crazy fetishes not only the demons had, but
the humans; who had been more than willing to attend this club. They took complete joy in spending
time with their owners.

Quinn hadn't confirmed she'll see Santana again, but she assumed she would stop by the following
day. By the end of the week Santana had given up wondering if Quinn would show. A wave of
disappointment replaced her patience. She grew angry and bitter.

“Quinn hasn't come by in a week.” Santana mumbled.

She had no concern to hide her disappointment. Kitty perked up with a devilish smile.

“You were with Quinn that night?” She grinned.

Santana placed her spoon down and took a sip of her lukewarm cup of water. She cringed as she
swallowed.

“Did she wear a mask that time?” Kitty prodded.

“No.” Santana muttered.

Kitty chuckled. “Oh, I know that look! You're completely smitten by her aren't you?!”

Santana scoffed. “I am not.”

Kitty crossed her arms with a scowl in place. “Don't lie to me. It's insulting to our friendship.”

Santana hunched over the table with a heavy sigh and threaded a hand into her hair. It had knotted
again as Sebastian had no intention of letting Santana wear the braid Rachel had set in. The collar
and leash were thrown away.

“She's attractive.” Santana admitted.

Kitty shrugged, accepting that would be the closest to a confession she would get. Santana had her
pride as much as Kitty had hers. It didn't always keep them grounded, but it gave them clear limits,
though some weren't as clear during communication.

“We uh...” Santana rubbed the back of her neck, while she began to blush.

Kitty shot up into her chair, startling the four girls next to them and glared for them to turn away.
Kitty had the largest smug grin Santana has ever seen and that only increased her embarrassment.

“I knew it!” Kitty yelped. “Was she good?”

“Kitty!” Santana hissed.

“Oh come on. It's Quinn Fabray. I think everyone has had wet dreams about her!” Kitty proclaimed.

Taking notice of a guard at the far cafeteria shifting and eyeing Kitty and Santana, Kitty began to
calm down and become less frantic in her motions. Santana was glaring back at her.

“Why do you look so disappointed?” Kitty asked.
“It's been a week.” Santana snapped.

“Hmm.” Kitty hummed. “That good, huh?”

“Just shut up Kitty!” Santana growled.

Kitty laughed and picked up a scoop of her slop. She nudged Santana's hand, affectionately.

“Cheer up.” She coaxed. “I'm not used to seeing my verbal spar buddy this down. If it's one thing I know, no one can resist Santana Lopez. She'll come back. Trust me.”

Santana gave a painful smile in Kitty's direction and the two friends ate the rest of today’s meal. They had a long day before bed time.

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“Wake up! All of you on your feet!” Sebastian shouted, slamming a nine inch lead pipe along the wall as he walked.

The sound of his boots stomping against the concrete as the pipe rattled through the room brought a sharp pain to the back of Santana's skull. Sebastian glared at the group of slaves that arose to their crude awakening.

The metal walls surrounding through the room had caused the noise of Sebastian's voice to echo and increase into a sound that had painfully pierced Santana's ears. Kitty was up before Santana and looked just as irritated. As the slaves began to understand the situation they roused from the floor.

Stretching up from the floor and cringing as her body ached, Santana scanned the room. Nothing had changed and looking down to herself she was still bound in her collar with her entire body bare. It was difficult to judge the time of day due to the lack of windows, but Sebastian had the decency to include air ventilation. A dead slave was a useless one and Sebastian hated losing money.

As Sebastian walked along the perimeter of the holding-cell, Santana cringed hearing him hit the wall a last time before dropping the pipe to the ground. Judging from the unusual amount of aching in her body, Santana figured it wasn't dawn yet, but that also meant the brothel wasn't open.

She would never understand the reason for Sebastian's decisions, but she knew Sebastian was capable of cruel things. He was ruthless and greedy. A Slave-Trader everyone feared, but Santana refused to give him that satisfaction and as punishment her body bared scars of her pride. She noticed the expression of fear on other slaves' faces as they tried to make sense of the commotion.

“What's going on?” Kitty whispered.

Santana shrugged. It was much too early to be fed. The only reason Sebastian would be here this early was if a slave had screwed up. Santana had let her clients return home happy, newbie slaves have always been known to mess up. It had happened before and because Sebastian was such an asshole, he punished every slave with a two hour lashing. Santana gingerly touched her back and cringed at the memory.

“Line up!” Sebastian ordered, removing his whip from the holster on his hip.
Santana noticed Kitty flinch at the sight of the bullwhip. She took a step back for cover.

Quickly, the girls scattered and stood in a perfect line in under a minute. The haze of sleep was gone and replaced with fear. Santana ignored the mutters of the younger girls that still couldn't understand standard protocol.

Santana grinded her teeth, fighting back to tell them to shut up. She didn't need an extra lash, if they were all bound to endure a two hour punishment. Sebastian stood in front of the girls with his arms tucked behind his back.

“Listen up ladies.” He started. “We are having a special client visiting us tonight. It was requested that I open the brothel two hours in advance for the buyer's privacy.” Santana scoffed. “This is a highly valuable and respected customer! I expect you all to remain on your best behavior and do what is asked of you no matter the request. I do not want to hear a single complaint or whine from either of you and as always do not mention the identity of who enters through this door. Am I clear?!”

“Yes Master.” The rows of slaves chimed.

Satisfied, Sebastian walked to the side of the room and not a second later the sleeping chamber door opened. Santana couldn't fight the feeling of anticipation as she stared at the doorway, curious if the person walking through that door was a male or female. She only hoped it was at least a human. She hated serving demons. They were far more violent.

From the distance, Santana heard light tapping that increased in volume as it got closer. Entering the chamber, Santana nearly dropped to her knees in shock. The woman dressed in a black sleek dress with a golden necklace above the neck-line with a green gem in the middle had been Quinn.

Kitty let out a squeak, but Santana was too frozen in place in a trance to Quinn's appearance to turn and see if Kitty had fall into a heart attack.

Quinn brushed back a piece of blond hair from her face as she scanned the rows of slaves. Swiftly, Sebastian's whip was lifted above his hip and hit the floor with a crisp smack. The two dozen girls turned around. Santana picked up the sound of those red heels again. The tapping stopped behind her.

“Assume the position!” Sebastian screamed.

“As I've said before Mr. Smyth, it wasn't necessary to awaken all these girls.” Quinn said. “I only have an interest in Santana.”

“It's protocol Miss.” Sebastian insisted. “As a potential buyer you are to look over the overall health of the slave.”

Hesitantly, Santana remained still. A scoff came from behind her before she finally moved. Bending over, Santana glared down to the floor and spread her legs. A soft hand rested on to her back before moving to the curve of her hip. Two hands cupped her butt before pushing them apart. Sebastian walked over, stationed in front of Santana.

“She's had many owners during her stay here.” Sebastian informed.

“All male?” Quinn asked, her voice smooth and low.

Santana fought against the chill in her body. Quinn firmly squeezed her ass and Santana gulped. She couldn't stop her legs from trembling. A small chuckle came from Quinn that caused Santana to sigh.
She wasn't as discreet as she wanted to be, but her body had grown accustomed to reacting to touches due to the amount of complaints from past clients. Sebastian made sure to fix her lack of response.

Sebastian nodded. Quinn chuckled.

“Her ass is quite the prized possession.” Sebastian smirked.

Santana’s jaw clenched. She knew of her valued assets, but she had hated the way Sebastian boasted about it in a deeming way to lower Santana as a human. A hand firmly squeezed down on Santana’s left cheek before being removed.

“I can see why.” Quinn sharply spoke. “Is there a reason why she’s had so many owners?”

Santana shifted her feet restlessly. Taking note, Sebastian lightly tapped his whip against Santana’s back. The action was effective enough to crush the fire in Santana’s chest. She wanted more than anything to beat Sebastian senseless and Quinn too.

“She's very disobedient.” Sebastian replied. “She has been known to attack her handlers. Santana isn't the one for you.”

“On the contrary Mr. Smyth, she is exactly what I’m looking for.” Quinn insisted. “Stand up and face me.”

Santana looked back into the swirl of hazel and red eyes with a frown. The look of hatred she projected to this spoiled and highly privileged woman did little to deter Quinn’s poise stature. A hand reached out, cupping Santana's cheek and a finger ran along the length of her thick bottom lip.

Quinn smiled. “It's been a while Santana.” She brushed the tip of her nose against Santana's cheek. “Your mouth is just as attractive.”

Santana moved her head away in disgust. Sebastian glared at her and lifted his whip a second time.

“That's alright Mr. Smyth.” Quinn sternly spoke, staring back into Santana's brown eyes. “No need to hit her. She hasn't upset me in any way.”

Santana glanced back over to Sebastian who kept the same scowl on her. She had broken rules. It didn't matter how long she's been here. She hated this place and she hated every person that walked in here too overpowered by their desire to get off and see any of these girls as human beings.

But she especially hated Quinn for not coming to visit her for an entire week, only to show up and take her away. She was purchasing Santana, like cattle.

Santana took a small quip of pride disrespecting Sebastian and defacing his reputation as a professional businessman. Sebastian hated looking bad in front of any client. His reputation was important to his business. Santana would expect to get another lashing later on tonight.

“I'll take her.” Quinn announced.

Sebastian's frown dropped. “Ma'am, please, I insist you do not want anything to do with-”

“I've made my decision.” Quinn interrupted. “She is what I want Mr. Smyth. How much?”

Sebastian sighed. “Yes ma'am. Considering her temperament, I'll cut you a deal. 50 grand.”

Quinn smiled. “Agreed. I will have my men pay you half an hour and the rest tomorrow morning.” The woman walked toward the door. “It was a pleasure doing business with you Mr.
Santana didn’t have a chance to say goodbye to Kitty. She was taken out of the cell, clothed, and chained by her wrist and neck in the next half hour. Sebastian made some effort to have Santana bathed. Granted, this brothel had no bathroom, other than holes in the ground for the slaves’ use.

She had to be taken out back and shoved into a large wooden bucket full of cold water from the hose. The rest of her body was scrubbed raw and red with soap that smelled so strong of lilac it made her dizzy. She's never had a smell so sweet choke her that she was near ready to jump out of the tub. The scrubbing had been over before Santana had reached her limit of this overpowering smell and she was groomed after.

Her hair had gotten badly knotted over time and had to be cut to the top of her shoulders then brushed out. The smell of lilac was still strongly clinging to her skin. Then finally she was clothed in an itchy old potato sack and sent off. She couldn't understand why she was blindfolded when she was done being decorated. One of the brothel guards guided her into the car out front and she was off.

The entire car ride was silent and Santana couldn't tell if she was alone, or if someone was with her. It had been a two hour drive before it stopped. Her question had been answered when she heard noise on the other side of the car that hadn't been her and once again, she was guided out of the car.

A strong hand latched on to her arm and up a flight of steps. Irritated, she scratched at the skin underneath the potato sack. It was strange to be clothed and wearing shoes again. Despite the clothes Sebastian had given her was a rucksack, she had gotten used to being physically exposed.

The sound of doors opening spiked a feel of anxiety into Santana and her thoughts were washed out with the sound of her footsteps echoing loudly through the main entrance. She was told to remain still, but the blindfold had not been taken off. She could faintly hear muttering behind her.

“Alright, let's go.” The guard instructed.

He had kept a hand on Santana's shoulder as they continued to walk again. The path taking her up two flights of stairs, but the floor was padded as Santana could no longer hear neither of their footsteps.

“Hold still.” The guard spoke again.

The tip of his blazer lightly grazed Santana's wrist as he walked beside her. She could pick up the sound of rustling, then the shake of keys. A lock clicked free and the same clink of keys as they were put away.

“Thank you Puck.” This voice was not as smooth as the woman in the brothel.

Puck let out a grunt before walking away and Santana was washed in silence. The tip of her fingers drummed against her thighs. The longer she stood in this silence, still blindfolded, the more anxious she became. But be there no statement of rules, Santana knew better than to remove the cloth at free will.
It was a privilege to be here, to do, and be given anything. A simple action was to be asked. Santana was to gain permission. The uneasy silence was finally ripped apart with the sound of crisp and sharp heels from inside the room.

“Come inside.”

Carefully, Santana made her way inside, using the tips of her fingers to navigate around the room. When she had moved passed the doorway the door behind her slammed shut. Anxiously, Santana froze, biting her bottom lip to wait for farther commands. She hadn't been outside or in a new surrounding in the last ten years.

Sebastian's cold and violent behavior had been all she knew. At least that was predictable. The owner that had been persistent on purchasing Santana was completely a new playing field. What if she was much worse than Sebástian?

“Hello Santana.” The woman greeted.

Santana flinched as the blindfold settled on Santana's face was roughly tugged down. The shift in light nearly blinded her. Blinking several times, Santana adjusted to the change and found herself in front of Rachel, who held a glare as a greeting.


She motioned to the room around them, leaving Santana in complete awe. The room had been big enough to be its own apartment. A dream home Santana never dared to think would be hers. It was twice the size of the room Santana was to share with twenty other women back at the brothel.

The rug looked expensive, much like the furniture decorating this room, down to the drapes. All a price and value Santana had thought to only be possible in books, let alone see in person and during her lifetime. The bed to the far right of the room was beautiful.

A queen size mattress, neatly decorated in deep purple sheets and white plush pillows. The sight of the bed had brought a push of exhaustion into Santana she had not been aware of since the start of her transportation from the brothel. It had left her far more exhausted than she expected.

“This is your room.” The woman explained. “You are to rise at 6am sharp, breakfast is served downstairs at 7am, there you will be given your choirs, and bed time is at 10pm.”

She pulled out the chair tucked underneath Santana's vanity desk and took a seat.

“The Mistress is very strict about curfew. You are to not leave unless granted permission. The bathroom is across from the bed should you have to use it during the night. And I am to help guide and train you during your stay.” The woman sat back up. “It has been decided that you are to be the Mistress's personal assistant should you pass your training.”

Rachel spoke with such a bitter tone. She wanted nothing to do with Santana, but she had been given orders and Rachel was not one to ignore them as Quinn trusted her with her duties. It had become a great deal of importance to Quinn that Rachel train Santana for the new position, while Quinn attended to her responsibilities.

“You'll need to get fitted for your new clothes.” Rachel blurted. “As of right now, your closets are empty, but we can get you something to wear by the Mistress's personal tailors. Kurt?!?”

Quickly, the bedroom door was pushed open and in came a slim, blue-eyed, pale, and fashionably
dressed young man. He fixed the flaps of his already perfectly neat collar, and brushed a hand through his slicked back brown hair.

“Hello Rachel.” He responded.

“Please take Santana to Tina. The Mistress wants both her wardrobe closets to be filled.” Rachel instructed. “She'll have a cow if she saw Santana right now.”

“Yes, right away.” Kurt agreed, cringing as he noticed Santana's choice of outfit and took a hold of her shoulder. “Follow me, quickly!”

Completely unresponsive, Kurt took a hold of Santana's arm and yanked her out the room.
Part V

Kurt paused in front of Tina's work studio door. He pointed at Santana with a warning glance. Santana knew all too well, but lacked any ferocious feeling behind it as Sebastian's glare. Kurt placed himself between the door and Santana.

“You are to touch nothing.” Kurt instructed. “Everything in this room is very expensive fabrics that are to be for Tina's use only.”

Taking silence for her acceptance, Kurt opened the door and Santana followed him. As they walked together, they weaved their way through rows of clothing racks. The racks had dresses, skirts, gowns, pants, and other article of clothing hand-crafted by Tina. When they got passed the walls of dresses Santana saw piles of fabrics bundled up into large rolls and tucked into a shelf.

The collection of fabrics was endless. As high as four feet, which Santana had no idea how Tina would be able to get anything down without any help. Kurt rounded a corner of the fabric shelf to an opening of the room that had a sewing machine, table, and a desk behind them where Tina sat with her hand sketching away into her notebook.

“Tina.” Kurt smiled, drawing her attention.

She looked up from her book, placing the pencil and pad on the desk and walked out from behind the table. Tina was small with straight black hair and a round full face. She looked friendly, but Santana had no interest in finding out as she decided to keep herself isolated once she got here.

“Kurt it's good to see you.” Tina smiled. “What can I do for you today?”

“Oh, no it isn't for me this time. Santana is the one in desperate need of clothing.” Kurt answered, placing a hand on Santana's shoulder and lightly pushing her forward. “She's the latest addition to the household.”

She glared at the contact before feeling Tina's stare on her. She shook her head and sighed. While the outfit may be a rucksack it was still offensive to Santana to be given such a scowl for it.

“I've heard we might be getting a new slave.” Tina noted. “Whoever dressed her didn't care how she was presented.”

Tina stepped closer, looking Santana over a second time and nodded.

“I can figure something out for her.” Tina agreed. “I'll need her measurements, but it will take some time to get her a dozen outfits.”

“Of course, do you have something current until Santana has her clothing made?” Kurt questioned.

Tina walked over to the nearest clothing rack and swiftly sorted through them. She glanced back at Santana three times before moving to another one and quickly skimmed through a second rack. How she was able to look through an entire rack of clothing that fast was startling to Santana, but Kurt had waited patiently, used to her skill set.
“Here we are.” Tina announced. “It isn't suited to her or her style, but it will fit and it's better than what she has on now.”

Santana was presented with a casual-formal dress made of cotton and decorated in floral patterns. Santana cringed. The pattern of the dress hadn't been her taste, but Tina was certain it would frame her figure and increase the dip of her curves. Santana had little say to wear it and she was assisted to slip the dress on. The dress had been a size bigger, but wasn't uncomfortably loose.

Kurt shrugged and gave a firm nod. “It will do.” He agreed.

“I'll take her measurements now.” Tina informed.

It had taken little time to get Santana's size, but it would take at least 48 hours before Tina made every single outfit. She sent Santana away once she was ready to work and Kurt accompanied her out of the room.

“We still have one last stop.” He stated.

Curious, Santana trailed behind him as he entered the foyer and turned around to open the door hidden behind the stairs. It was without a doubt this place was locked down, both inside and outside as it was the home of Quinn Fabray. The family without a doubt had plenty of enemies, so top notch protection was expected.

Kurt led Santana into the basement of the manor, but it was quite spacey. A wide hall with small square windows and a floor made of slate. It wasn't the cramped and dark basement Santana had in mind. As they walked farther inside Santana came across another door, which Kurt knocked on.

A small window built in the door opened and a young tanned man with a narrow jaw and round chin came from the other side. He suspiciously eyed Santana before settling on to Kurt with less sharp and doubtful eyes.

“The Mistress has sent us.” Kurt said. “Is Dr. Abrams in?”

The trap window closed and the sound of bolts clicked before the door was swung open in a slow swing, due to the heavy build of the oak door. Kurt swiftly entered with Santana cautious as she got a full view of the room.

It was much bigger than the hall and with a reason for such space as down here was what Santana could describe as a laboratory. There were tables full of bottles and cups, book shelves over-packed, medical tools, tool boxes, medical boxes on the floor. It had a strange smell of medicine and household cleaners. It was unsettling for Santana.

“Thank you Jake.” Kurt greeted. “This is Santana. She's the Mistress's new assistant.”

Jake greeted the two with a small smile and a short wave. He was too young to be a doctor, but his clothing gave him some form of importance. As he was nicely dressed in office related clothing that consisted of a formal button-up shirt, and black dress pants to match his white shirt. He hated the clothes as he often tugged at the collar of his shirt, fiddling with the buttons he was told to keep up as having it open would seem unprofessional.

He was a slave. He had no reason to be professional, especially to another human. Jake quietly walked deeper into the office where at the end of the room was a divider as a poor substitute of a door. Behind it was a desk and to the right of it an examination table and a gurney.

A frail looking man with black thick framed glasses sat behind the table. He had been furiously
scribbling away in his notebook as he switched between reading an unusually thick textbook and going back to his notebook.

“Hello Dr. Abrams.” Kurt greeted, startling the man from his work.

He readjusted his perfectly aligned glasses. Jake walked behind the desk and took a hold of Dr. Abrams’ seat. Santana gawked to find Dr. Abrams in a wheelchair. Jake stationed Dr. Abrams in front of Kurt.

“Hello. I wasn't informed when you would arrive, but please take a seat.” Dr. Abrams offered.

He looked over to Santana with a smile. She stared back at him without a lack of interest. He was a strange looking man. His legs were unusually thin underneath his dress pants that did little to hide the loss of muscle mass from the years of his paraplegic life. And he looked much nerdier with his thick lenses, bowtie, and perfectly neatly brushed hair.

“This must be Santana.” Dr. Abrams smiled. “I was expecting you. Please, come sit on the examination table.”

Kurt guided her over where she reluctantly sat on the cold surface of the counter. Jake pushed Dr. Abrams over. He placed his stethoscope on his neck as he came closer.

“From my understanding, the Mistress wants a physical?” Dr. Abrams announced.

Santana looked from Kurt to Dr. Abrams confused. Had everyone in this room been a slave? Yet, they were willing to work for Quinn under such an imprisonment. Jake and Dr. Abrams dressed nothing like a slave. As far as Santana could tell, they spoke and acted as if they were free humans, just not as jaded or vicious due to the years of homelessness.

“That's correct. However, as you have suggested, we lack the proper staff for any psyche evaluation.” Kurt answered.

“Alright, you may leave Kurt. Jake please step outside.” Dr. Abrams ordered.

Kurt left before Jake, who was unsure to leave Dr. Abrams unattended due to his physical disability. He nodded at Jake, who had eventually left.

“Would you please remove the dress Santana?” Dr. Abrams requested. “It's standard procedure for a physical. The Mistress has been clear she wants to know your physical health.”

Santana refused to move. Dr. Abrams sighed.

“Alright, I'll weigh you first then.” Dr. Abrams agreed. “Follow me please to the scale.”

He moved himself to the other half of the room. Santana finally agreed.

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It had later been determined that Santana was severely underweight, despite her being the healthiest of the girls back at the brothel. Dr. Abrams required she be put on a diet of high protein to regain her muscle mass paired with exercise when she was physically capable.

The introduction in daily meals would have to be slow, but with proper care Santana should easily be back on to normal eating habits. She'll look less hollow and appear a lot healthier. Dr. Abrams would need to see her again soon for further progress.
Then Santana was sent out of the lab by Jake, where Kurt waited in the foyer for her return. He had announced it was almost time for dinner and directed Santana to the dining room, where ten other slaves had sat, patiently waiting for tonight's meal.

What left this entire situation uncomfortable was the lack of chatter as everyone sat at the table in complete silence and their eyes cast to the table, afraid to make any sort of eye-contact. Santana made note to the clothing each slave wore, which had been unusual, being that the custom of this society were to keep slaves naked.

She had seen very few that wore clothing and the few that were clothed were mostly pets. Santana had only seen few of those, being that owners kept them as prized possessions, because it required a large amount of money to tend to them.

The wealthy kept the pets clean and proper, while lower statuses found no reason to keep a pet as the struggle for food was far too great. The longer Santana stared at the slaves the more uneasy they became and tried to glance at Santana without being caught.

She was the stranger in their home. Santana was sure they had plenty of time to bond and speak with one another. She had felt completely out of place the second time with her own race. Rachel herself had done nothing to acknowledge Santana's presence.

The double doors leading to the foyer of the house opened and the slaves around Santana stiffened. A click of heels echoed through the space of the dining room and the chair next to Rachel was pulled back.

Santana watched Quinn take a seat and thanked the servant that pulled her chair out. She couldn't stop herself from staring at Quinn's face, having sat so close to her. The choice of clothing Quinn wore was a white dress topped with a gray cardigan, cut around her waist. An attractive color scheme and cut to Quinn's fitting frame.

Another servant came out, presenting a wine cup in front of her and filled it.

"Dinner will be served shortly Madam." He announced, quietly and whisked away.

A slim hand wrapped around the stem of the cup and was lifted to her face. Quinn took a careful sip and gently swished the wine in her cup.

"I have to say." Quinn started. "You're just as beautiful clothed, Santana."

Santana gulped, seeing Quinn glance at her over her cup. A sharp chuckle filled the air that caused Santana to look away; the feeling of Quinn's hungry eyes on Santana's body, bringing a sudden rush of desire through her. Quinn smiled.

A second door on the other end of the room opened and three servants entered the dining room with carts. Quinn's attention shifted to the trays of the meals that were placed on to the table. When all slaves were given plates the lids were removed.

Santana's mouth dropped open. She quickly wiped away a drop of drool that had started to fall as her mouth salivated. The food not only looked appetizing, but smelled amazing. A dish of expensive foods Santana never knew existed.

She had a piece of steak, neatly cut and cooked so that the center was pink, a portion of grilled vegetables, and mashed potatoes with gravy. A loud rumble ripped through her stomach. Quivering hands picked up a fork and knife, being unable to quell the hunger that suddenly sparked into Santana.
“Santana!” Rachel yelped.

She looked down to her fork then back at Rachel who had shook her head, urging her to drop her utensils. It had taken a strong will to finally give in and place the utensils down with a noisy clatter, but Santana couldn’t stop herself from frowning.

When the anger simmered down, she took note that all the slaves had refused to pick up their forks and remained motionless. Not a single one of them showed any discontent or hunger for the food before them, in comparison to Santana’s improper behavior.

It had been a minute before Quinn took her utensils and cut into a piece of steak. A small square piece was put into her mouth and when she swallowed, in perfect sync, the slaves picked up their forks and began to eat.

The room was washed in the faint sounds of plates, forks, knives, and cups clashing as everyone ate in silence. Santana wasted no time in stabbing the steak with her fork and lifting it to eat. The steak was gone faster than Santana expected and she shoved spoonful after spoonful of mashed potatoes into her mouth next. A smear of gravy painted the sides of her face.

She was almost done with her vegetables when the slaves had stopped eating once Quinn dropped her utensils and she rose to her feet. The slaves stood to their feet and bowed.

“Thank you for the meal Mistress.” They announced.

Quinn leaned over, whispering into Rachel's ear. She walked away once Rachel nodded and the slaves were ordered by Puck to return to their rooms.

Santana listened careful to Quinn's feet as they grew closer to her. It stopped behind her, where she sat in her chair frozen. A hand stroked back her hair, leaving her neck exposed for the hand to rest on her shoulder and stroke along the length of her neck.

“I will be seeing you shortly.” Quinn purred.

Santana sighed as she walked away. The distance between them, giving Santana the ability to function again and use a napkin to wipe away the splotches of gravy on her face. Rachel came to her side, taking a hold of her wrist and forced Santana to stand.

“Come with me Santana.” Rachel ordered.

“What's going on?” Santana asked.

“The Mistress requests your presence for tonight.” Rachel mumbled. “Follow me.”

They left the dining room from a different door, while the slaves were brought to their bedrooms. Santana was lead up the grand stairwell of the foyer and to the second floor. Toward the end of the hall Rachel stepped aside and pointed to the door that Santana assumed was Quinn's room.

“She's expecting you.” Rachel reminded.

Santana nervously reached for the door, feeling her hand shake as she twisted the door knob. She knew what to expect once inside. She's done things like this before with customers. While that wasn’t what made her fearful it was seeing Quinn again with them being alone.

Quinn made Santana weak and question things she would never be willing to do such as open up about her life before working in a brothel. Everything about Quinn and their encounters were
unpredictable and that made it frightening. The door clicked open and Santana stepped inside.

Quinn was sitting at her vanity set, brushing the locks of her golden hair. She paid little attention to Santana upon entry, still focusing on fixing her hair. Santana closed the door, but refused to step any farther inside as it would be easier to stay here where the door was at an easier reach. Quinn briefly looked to Santana from the mirror and brushed her hair one last time.

Was this part of a game? One that Santana had no choice but to play subject to because she was a slave with a decade's worth of a brothel's knowledge of sex? Santana wanted to push such a possibility away. She was sure Quinn was different. She had been different from the beginning.

Nervously, Santana bit her lip, fighting between staying and leaving, even if she had no freedom to do so.

“I wanted to apologize.” Quinn informed.

“What?” Santana replied.

The last thing she was expecting was an apology, from a slave owner no less. Quinn had every right to treat Santana the way she did. She was given no rights. However, Quinn was so in tune with Santana's turmoil of emotions she had Santana come to her room to confront her.

“I know you're mad. You have a right to be.” Quinn noted. “I haven't seen you in a week and I didn't exactly treat you with the respect you deserved back at the brothel.”

Santana's hands gripped and bunched up the sides of her dress. She hated this. She hated how Quinn got her so angry and sexually frustrated, yet with a simple apology Santana had been willing to forgive her.

“But, you must understand.” Quinn continued. “I have a reputation to uphold.”

Santana felt the seething boil of anger come back. Of course, Quinn was still a demon, although half, she still carried the greed and pride as the others. It was Santana's mistake to assume she was any different.

“I don't have to understand anything.” Santana growled.

While as much as she was enchanted by Quinn, the anger far outweighed the sexual attraction between them. It wasn't fair. Quinn had done so much in having Santana drawn to her and when she was sure Santana was weak to Quinn's presence alone she decided to never be seen again for a week.

Quinn placed the paddle brush down, realizing she was sparking another argument between them, rather than solving it. She moved through the room with an elegant stride. The sparkle of her unusual colored-eyes drawing Santana into the room as she began to move closer. The closeness had given Santana clear view of Quinn's face without a single trace of makeup. She was equally beautiful with her face bare as she was with makeup.

“You're full of shit.” Santana insulted. “You make me feel special and as if I matter to you, but we both know you brought me here for one reason.”

Quinn kept her temper under-control. While it was out of place and bold for a slave to speak down about their master, especially to their face.

“My intention was to never hurt you.” Quinn clarified. “I've made myself clear about that before, but in public I am to meet a quota. If my father was to know any of the things we've done he would have
you killed. You have to understand. I'm trying to protect you.”

And the upsetting part for Santana was that she wanted to believe Quinn. She wanted to put her safety into Quinn's hand and feel as if nothing can harm her again. Santana was seeking a feeling of security and she knew Quinn could offer it. Santana sighed, feeling the weight of her rage settle down and nodded.

She was going to give Quinn the trust she never dared to give anyone, even Kitty. Sensing her lighter temper, Quinn reached out to put a hand on to Santana's forearm and drag her closer. The simple touch had left a wave of shivers up Santana's arm. Quinn began unbutton the cardigan of her outfit with her free hand. Santana flinched.

Sensing her falter, Quinn looked back to Santana with a comforting gaze. It lacked its sex appeal and intimate feeling like the past events they've been alone.

“Rachel has informed you of the position as my personal assistant, yes?” Quinn asked. “As part of your training I've brought you here to dress me for bed. I had no intention of sleeping with you.”

Quinn remove her cardigan and handed it over to Santana, who was having a difficult time looking away from Quinn's bare shoulders as her dress was sleeveless with a fair amount of cleavage. Managing the strength to move, Santana took the article of clothing and headed to Quinn's closest.

“Unzip me.” Quinn instructed.

Santana's fingers shook as she took a hold of the zipper. She had tried as much as she could to avoid any form of contact with Quinn, but as she smoothly pulled the zipper down, Santana was finding her hands were touching every part of skin it came across. It was impossible from keeping her hands from shaking. Everything about this entire situation was super charged with sexual energy, and she couldn't stop herself from reacting. Quinn showed little concern of their closeness.

With the zipper down, Quinn stepped out of her dress and Santana picked it up to neatly hang it into the closet with the other dresses. Quinn was now standing in the room with just her undergarments, which were a lace material and a striking hue of red that contrasted brightly against Quinn's pale skin.

“Remove my bra.” Quinn instructed, turning around.

Santana easily opened the strap, but jumped as Quinn's hand gripped around her wrist. She turned around staring into her brown eyes. Santana froze, but had little control over the quiver in her hand and the nervous habit she had of biting her bottom lip.

“Do you want to touch me?” Quinn asked, pressing the flat of Santana's hand to her ribs.

Santana's hand moved to the curve of Quinn's hip and rubbed along the grooves of her abs. Blindly, she moved forward, pressing her forehead against Quinn's. Softly, Quinn's hand rested on Santana's cheek.

“Would you let me kiss you?” Quinn asked. “I know there's an attraction between us. I can feel it.”

Santana stepped away, refusing to look back at Quinn. She gulped before steeling over a heavy gaze at Quinn.

“I don't feel anything for you.” She denied.

Quinn scoffed and put her arm around Santana's waist, pulling them closer together. Santana gasped,
instinctively pressing her hand on to Quinn's shoulder for balance as she leaned back. Quinn kissed Santana's collarbone.

“Your heart is racing.” Quinn whispered.

She kissed the front of Santana's neck and desperately sought after Santana's lips. The kiss had been light, as Quinn didn't want to startle Santana. But what Quinn had wanted to do was have Santana on her bed the second their lips connected.

The contact had Santana moaning and weak in the knees. It was as if a long unfulfilled craving was finally being settled. The tension in Santana's shoulder blades washed away. She had never wanted to kiss someone as strong as Quinn, or feel this blissful either.

A shot of anxiety hit the center of Santana's chest. The way she was feeling had started to make her dizzy. Quinn was her owner. She was a demon. But these strong feelings didn't cease. They startled Santana and shrouded her mind in a blanket of confusion.

It had taken all of Santana's resolve to move. It took an even stronger amount of effort to break from Quinn's arms that had tied around her hips during the kiss. Santana backed away, out of breath.

“I would like to return to my room.” She requested.

She needed space. Santana needed time to think and being here was becoming too cramped. Frustrated, Quinn rubbed the back of her neck and sighed. She glanced back at Santana and took another deep breath. She could easily demand Santana to continue as Quinn had gotten so worked up she needed some sort of relief, but as easy as such an order was, it wouldn't be what Santana wanted.

“You're done. Thank you for your assistance.” Quinn agreed.

Santana quickly left and Quinn sat down on her bed. She reached to the clasp of her necklace and removed it. With the charm gone, Quinn looked down to her seven and a half inch appendage, hardened with a pink tinted tip. She circled her hand at the shaft and stroked up to the tip, watching it disappear under the flesh of the foreskin.

With a grunt, Quinn released her dick and struggled to stand back up. A cold shower will be enough to calm her down. Swiftly she removed the remainder of her clothing and entered her bathroom. If she was going to get any relief, it would by Santana. Santana is the person Quinn wanted from the beginning.
Notes: I finally got this extremely long chapter done! I hope everyone enjoys it. This fic is starting to get fun and you'll all see in the later chapters. Another thing, I will be putting this fic on Hiatus for two weeks, due to finals. They have officially started and I'll be spending the rest of the semester running around in a fit of panic while not being able to get the normal eight hours of sleep. But, I won't forget this fic. I already have the next chapter written out.

"Santana!" Rachel called, pulling the sheets down to Santana's feet.

Rachel showed no pity as Santana flinched to the rude awakening. With a groan, Santana unwillingly sat up and stretched. She barely got any sleep once she left Quinn's room. She had Quinn on her mind the entire night, asking herself if leaving would have been the better option. Rachel showed no sympathy to her disorientation.

"You missed breakfast." Rachel huffed. "I can't believe you slept through the alarm I've set for you. Get up. You have to help the Mistress get ready for brunch."

With a loud yawn, Santana got out of bed and stretched a second time to loosen the tension in her shoulders. She was given little time to freshen up as Rachel took a hold of her forearm and tugged her out of the room.

"Normally you change before starting, but seeing as we have little time we'll have to skip it." Rachel explained. "The Mistress is having guest over at noon. It's already 10am. Your job is to prepare the Mistress before her guests arrive."

They walked up two flights of stairs where Santana was placed in front of Quinn's door for a second time. Rachel knocked, waiting a second before she was given permission to enter. Inside, Quinn was up rummaging through her closet.

"There you are." Quinn noted, looking at Santana. "You are still in your sleep wear."

"I-"

"You'll have to change once I'm dressed for my guest." Quinn sharply instructed. "I'll need assistance with my bath."

Quinn stepped out from her closet and closed it. She had a white robe around herself with the rope tied around her waist.

"Follow me." Quinn requested. "She isn't a child Rachel. You don't have to hold her hand."

Rachel silently released Santana's arm and made haste to walk beside Quinn. Santana staggered behind, unsure of the entire situation, even more so with Rachel. The bathroom was around the corner of the hall. Santana saw the biggest bathroom she's ever witness. It has a square pool in the center that apparently was the bathtub.
Rachel was quick to enter and retrieve toiletries from the cabinet near the sinks. Quinn walked to the steps of the tub and began to untie her robe. Rachel had come back once the knot was loose with shampoo, conditioner, a bar of soap, and a wash cloth. She set them aside to take Quinn's robe as she lifted it from her shoulders.

"That will be all Rachel. Thank you." Quinn assured, just as she made her way inside the heated pool.

"M-Miss?" Rachel asked.

Quinn turned around. "Santana doesn't need help with assisting with my bath. It's a simple task. You are free to return to your regular chores."

With a pout, Rachel hung up Quinn's robe on the hooks next to the cabinets and gave Santana a glare as she walked out. Santana sat down at the edge of the pool.

"She doesn't like me." Santana noted.

Quinn cupped water into her hand and poured it down her shoulders and into her hair. She wasn't ready to talk about Rachel and she was definitely not ready to speak with her about her rude behavior toward Santana. But the more Rachel threw a tantrum the quicker Quinn would have to put her foot down and make clearer boundaries between them.

"I apologize." Quinn responded. "Rachel is quite stubborn. She isn't normally so bitter. I'll sort this out soon."

Santana picked up the wash cloth and dipped it into the water. The bar of soap was rubbed into the cloth until it was lathered with suds and Quinn came closer to the ledge. Santana hesitantly reached out to touch Quinn as she moved an inch closer.

Quinn had taken joy in Santana's bashful expression with a coy smile. Twinkling red and hazel eyes watched Santana. Quinn had been the one naked, but Santana felt completely helpless. A perfectly groomed eyebrow arched up and Quinn crossed her arms over the edge of the pool.

"Are you nervous?" Quinn asked, tilting her head and smiled.

Santana shook her head, not trusting her voice to be convincing. Quinn chuckled. She knew she should tell the truth. Quinn had ways of finding it out as she was a lot more in tune with Santana than she thought. She was overly attentive. It scared Santana less, but still left her uncomfortable.

"I don't want to get my clothes wet." Santana quivered.

A smirk stretched to Quinn's face.

"Remove them." Quinn demanded.

Santana slipped out of her pajama pants without a second thought. The shirt was taken off next and set aside away from the pool. Taking in the smooth and bronze skin of Santana's feminine figure, Quinn stretched her hand out. Santana let out a shaky breath. She wasn't completely naked, still covered in her undergarments, but having Quinn shamelessly check her out was exhilarating. She latched on to Quinn's hand and she helped her down the steps. They stopped when the water had reached their hips and Quinn turned around. Lightly, Santana placed the cloth on to Quinn's shoulders and softly rubbed the cloth along Quinn's skin, hesitant to get any closer than she needed to.
The tension in Quinn's back released as she let out a content sigh. She leaned back, pressing into Santana and felt her firmly grip Quinn's arm before relaxing at the lack of distance between them. Santana continued to wash her, lingering longer the more comfortable she became with their skin-on-skin contact.

"You have a gentle touch." Quinn whispered.

A peaceful silence rested between them for a moment.

"Thank you." Santana mumbled.

Quinn let out a small moan when the cloth brushed over her nipple. Santana gulped, stilling her hand until she realized Quinn wasn't going to punish her for such a bold move. She cupped the bottom of Quinn's right breast and ran the cloth around it in a circular motion.

Santana flinched as Quinn took a hold of her wrist and positioned her hand to the left breast. Santana gulped, seeing that a thin coat of soap had covered Quinn's chest. Another moan slipped out and Santana felt the muscle in Quinn's stomach flex and twitch.

Drunk on the blissful cries from Quinn, Santana leaned forward, pressing her nose on to Quinn's shoulder and breathed in the light smell of lemons from the soap. It left a much more pleasant feeling than the lavender back at the brothel.

"Am I allowed to speak?" Santana asked.

"Of course." Quinn swiftly answered.

"Can you tell me something about yourself?" Santana questioned. "I know I...I feel I should know something about you if...I don't mean to intrude. I'm -"

"I used to take piano lessons as a child." Quinn replied. "It's one of my favorite pastimes."

Floored with the image of Quinn passionately playing the keys of a grand piano Santana moved closer. She wouldn't have expected Quinn to be creative, or musically talented. It was a softer side, a much more human trait.

"Can I hear you play?" Santana requested.

Quinn smiled, hearing the light trail of excitement to Santana's voice as she asked.

"I'll take you to the music room one day." Quinn agreed.

Pleased with her answer, Santana continued to wash Quinn in silence. There would be plenty more opportunities for Santana to ask more personal questions, but it would be best to start with a much lighter topic. Quinn didn't seem bothered with such a trivial question either.

Feeling the tension finally break away, Quinn reached out, threading her wet hands into Santana's black locks. Instinctual, Quinn directed Santana closer to her face where she reached out to meet Santana in a tender kiss. Santana kept the kiss quick and light, trying to keep her task at hand in mind.

"I'm not made of glass." Quinn commented.

Santana rested her arm to her side. She would normally expect a lashing, or a slap for denying her Mistress what was hers to take as Santana had been her property. Quinn didn't budge and she wasn't
angry. What Santana can see from her face was lust, raw and pure. It was unusual for Santana to come across.

"You're washing me as if I'm priceless silverware." Quinn clarified.

Unable to keep her gaze, Santana looked to the floor of the pool. The way Quinn hungered after her was overbearing, but it had done nothing to belittle Santana. For a change she didn't feel like a whore with the way Quinn stared at her. It had aroused her.

"I'm sorry Mistress." Santana replied. "Would you like me to wash your hair now?"

Quinn turned around slipped a finger under Santana's chin and pushed her head up to face her. The lustful glint was still there. Santana felt her stomach twist and burn.

"You need to wash below my waist too." Quinn reminded.

As if in a trance, Santana noticed their lips coming closer before she was completely lost in Quinn glistening eyes and pink soft lips when they brushed against Santana's. She whimpered. Quinn chuckled.

Santana was carefully guided closer to the steps of the pool behind her. She shivered as her bottom was now exposed to the air and Quinn took her hand to place it on her stomach. She had tried to take her time, waiting to avoid any contact with the genital area below. The very idea left Santana a mess. Quinn was attractive. Santana admitted that, but to suddenly be given the chance to touch all of Quinn when all she had for their past encounters was looking. It was overwhelming.

Santana took a deep breath and let her hand glide down Quinn's stomach where she touched the familiar softness of a penis. With a jolt, Santana scooted back. Quinn moved closer, stepping only knee deep into the tub. Santana had a clear view of a now semi-erect appendage. Santana's seen strange things having serviced demons for a decade. Some have had multiple penises, and she's only heard of women having customers with penis as long as nine inches or more.

"Are you -"

"I was born this way." Quinn informed.

Santana fought to have her gaze stay at the floor but was drawn back to Quinn's dick. Quinn carefully watched Santana, finding it difficult to gauge her level of the situation. She was startled, but Santana showed no signs of a freak out. The silence between them wasn't very comforting though.

"You had to find out sooner or later." Quinn added.

Quinn leaned over, taking a hold of the railing to the tub steps. She walked up the first two steps and steadily moved her hand to Santana's arm and took a hold of her elbow. With a gulp, she stared into Quinn's smothering eyes. The sparkle now had a darker glow.

"Are you repulsed by it?" Quinn asked.

Santana knew Quinn didn't have to ask. She would be able to smell the flood of wetness coating Santana's thigh, but honest communication between them had been an importance Quinn stressed. Having the power and ability to openly speak deepened their interactions, but gave Santana clarification that she had choices in their encounters. It would be no different now, under Quinn's care.

"No." Santana admitted.
The honesty from her reply and the relaxed posture Santana had gave Quinn enough permission to carry on. She walked up the rest of the steps, standing at the edge of the tub. Santana felt a throb of excitement hit the center of her stomach.

"I'm going to kiss you." Quinn informed, taking her time to close the distance between their faces.

The warning would give Santana enough time to either refuse it or prepare for it, but Quinn was sure Santana would be more than willing to allow Quinn to kiss her again. Santana gasped as their lips touched and the moan was lost into Quinn's mouth.

Their position changed as they kissed with Santana on her feet and Quinn pressed against her and her hand tied around Santana's waist. The grip had brought her closer. A poke below her belly button pulled Santana from the kiss.

Quinn let out a ragged sigh, cupping the now fully erect penis with her right hand. Santana gazed down to see Quinn's hand slowly stroking from the shaft to the tip and sliding back down.

"Touch me." Quinn panted.

Santana cupped the bottom of Quinn's sac and she watched the appendage twitch. With a sigh, Quinn eased the tension in her balls, but found it difficult to remain her usual level-headed self.

"Come with me." Quinn instructed.

Santana made a dash to the door with Quinn in front of her. The robe gone and both women bare, Quinn had not the slightest concern of who spotted her running down the hall naked. Santana trailed after her, with a new wave of excitement through her. She took it upon herself to lock the door when they entered Quinn's bedroom and Quinn instantly got into bed. She lay back with her back propped against the headboard.

Santana sat at the edge of the bed, watching Quinn dig into the top draw of her nightstand. She pulled out a bottle of lube and squirted the clear liquid on the head of her penis. It gently grazed down the shaft and Quinn began to stroke it again.

"Come closer." Quinn whimpered.

Santana sat next to Quinn's hip and silently wrapped her hand around the base of her dick. Quinn sighed. She added more lube at the base to collect into Santana's hand and she slowly jerked her arm up.

With the warmth of Quinn's penis in her hand, Santana could feel the thickness that started from the bottom of at least two inches in width and narrowed out a bit at the tip. The length of the cock had been slightly intimidating, but she was grateful to not have to deal with anything bigger. She's seen some of the girls have to deal with clients of inhuman sizes.

Santana looked between gazing at Quinn's stiff penis to her face that had been covered in complete bliss. The way Quinn moaned and sighed made her much more attractive. It carried a soft and feminine tone, in contrast to Quinn's sexual and sultry manner. The feeling of Santana stroking her and the image of her had been enough for Quinn to nearly cum, but she wanted to last longer than just two minutes.

She gripped her bed as Santana experimentally brushed her thumb over the sensitive head. Santana could not imagine being any wetter, but when she had glanced the sight of Quinn's flushed face it brought a second rush of arousal.
"Fuck!" Quinn cried.

Quinn sat up as she felt Santana's right hand cup her balls and massage them. The feeling paired with the brush of Santana's thumb at the tip left Quinn in a mess. Hearing her let out a moan, Santana increased the speed of her hand.

"S-Shit, Santana." Quinn groaned.

Quinn had reached into her drawer a second time and just as she was about to cum placed a balled up tissue over the tip and came with a loud cry. Santana slowed the strokes of her hand as she felt Quinn pulse in her palm. Trying to milk out her release with the soft jerks of her hand and twisting her wrist as she got to the top.

Quinn sighed as she placed the tissue on the desk and caught her breath. Santana licked the small smear of semen that was left behind, but had little satisfaction. She licked the small hole at the tip of Quinn's cock, seeking more. Quinn moaned and pushed Santana away.

"There will be time for that later." Quinn grinned. "I promise."

She tugged at Santana's arm, instructing her to come closer and reached up to kiss her. The kiss ended in a noisy smack and Quinn kissed Santana's collarbone before she rested into the crook of her neck.

"That was amazing." Quinn panted. She kissed Santana's cheek. "I wish we had more time."

Quinn sat up and took several more breathes before standing up, sure that her legs were now fully functional. She reached for the golden necklace on the nightstand and strapped it around her neck.

Immediately, Quinn's penis was gone and replaced with trimmed blonde pubic hair. Astonished, Santana stared, asking herself if she had imagined the penis, but remembered its warmth and thickness in her hand as she jerked Quinn off. The sensation of how it spasms in her hand as she came was still clear in her head.

"It's the charm." Quinn stated, noticing Santana's dazed expression. "The necklace has a charm. As long as I wear it I will have female parts, but I don't get any pleasure from it. I have to remove it to have sex."

"Do you have to always wear it?" Santana asked.

Quinn nodded. "My father won't be able to deal with me without it."

Quickly, Quinn's walls were back in place and she kept a more stern face in place. The topic of her father and their common practice was clearly a touchy subject to come across. Santana had no interest in Russell either.

"Help me get dressed for brunch then you can clean up." Quinn instructed, taking out three dresses from the closet.

"I've been invited too?" Santana asked.

"You're going to be serving the guest with Rachel." Quinn answered. "Once you're clean see Rachel, so that she can give you your uniform and go over how to serve the guest."

"Yes Mistress." Santana agreed.
Santana got up and looked over Quinn's choice and settled for a light blue dress with a black belt at the hips. Quinn gave her the other two dresses where she placed them back into the closet and silently helped Quinn into her outfit.

The sexual tension between them was long gone, but the hunger inside both women still alive and burning. It had been such a huge relief, especially for Quinn, to have a moment of intimacy. Santana wouldn't be able to get Quinn and her moans out of her head.

"I can do my own makeup and hair." Quinn announced. "Thank you Santana."

Before Santana could leave, Quinn grabbed her arm and pulled Santana into a kiss. She exited the bedroom once Quinn released her.

Stepping into the hall Santana felt a pang of uneasiness in her chest. She wanted nothing to do with Rachel until Quinn finally spoke to her like she had promised. It was becoming too awkward to be around Rachel.

She had made it clear since day one she was discontent with Santana living here. If it were up to Santana she would completely avoid Rachel. Santana wanted nothing to do with a girl who was spiteful and clearly in love with Quinn.

"It's too tight." Santana complained, as Rachel made the knot in her apron.

Rachel let out a huff as she untied the knot and retied it for a second time. The grip around her waist wasn't much less snug, but a comfortable breathing space. Rachel walked away when she was done, not intending on fixing the knot for a second time.

Santana looked herself over in the full length mirror. The choice of clothing had been unusual. It was formal attire, but lacked the luxury appeal of designer gowns. That didn't mean the uniform lacked style or an appeal. Santana was given a black vest with a low v-neck design that would have given the guest large amounts of cleavage if she didn't wear a formal white button-up dress shirt underneath. The sleeves had been folded up to her elbows and the first three buttons of the shirt were left open exposing her collar bone.

Paired with the top was a black circle skirt that made Santana feel completely uncomfortable due to the lack of leggings underneath. Her legs were left exposed, except for her thighs, and a pair of black and white oxford heels. Santana could do without the shoes, but she knew it was wise to wear what she was given.

Santana had put part of her hair up into a fishtail braid and tied it together with a black hair tie. She chose to skip makeup as she had no knowledge of how to apply any of it. And she wasn't going to ask for Rachel's help anymore as tying her apron had been too much of a hassle for her.

Rachel had been nice enough to give Santana a brief run through as a server; basic rules such as not speaking unless spoken to, avoid eye contact and react quickly to any call of the guest should they need anything like refills or new utensils.

The food would be made in a specific order so all Santana would have to do is take the trays and distribute them to the guest without dropping it on them.

"Santana, the guest has arrived." Rachel announced.

She took one deep breath and smoothed her apron and nodded. Santana wouldn't have been nervous if Russell wasn't there. This would be the first time she's seen him and if he was in any way as bad as people said Santana had to be on his good side as much as possible.
Santana followed Rachel out of her bedroom and into the foyer. They were to enter the kitchen as it was common practice to not appear unless called. The sweet smell of pastries and savory steak filled Santana's nose and it caused her stomach to grumble.

The clatter of pans and pots echoed through the kitchen and the deeper Santana traveled the hotter the kitchen became as she got closer to the stoves. The slaves were running around gathering ingredients and cooking as quickly as possible to not keep their master waiting.

"Santana load this cart with the first course." Rachel instructed. "It's on the counter behind you."

Rachel gathered wine glasses and carefully selected the suitable wine for today's meal from the fridge. When the cart was loaded Santana was directed to step out, but kept in mind to not trip over the cart as she moved. Rachel was behind her with the wine bottle in a bucket and three wine glasses in her left hand.

Stepping into the kitchen Santana nearly froze at the sight of Russell. A truly beastly and frightening man as he barely classified as human. He was tall with plenty of muscle as it showed in the way he carried himself. As he inhaled it caused his chest to sharply rise through his sweater vest.

She made sure to keep her eyes at the cart in front of her as she came closer to the table. She could hear the sound of Russell's voice bellowing through the dining room.

"Finally." Russell stated. "The food has arrived. Are you hungry Finn?"

"Starving." Finn replied.

Santana knew nothing of Finn in public, but if he had stayed in company with Russell he would get enough attention to have his name spread within the society. It wouldn't be unusual for demons to network for publicity.

Santana picked up the first plate and placed it in front of Finn. He was a tall man, but not as tall as Russell, nor as bulky. It was odd how he had long arms that looked as if they could reach his feet while the rest of him was disproportionate. Santana also noted his orange complexion.

Why Russell would want to speak with another half-breed, was beyond Santana. He's shown great distaste with half breeds and had only tolerated Quinn.

"Thank you." Finn smiled, when his food was placed down.

Santana caught a glimpse of two sharp teeth that stuck out from his lower jaw. He had an under-bite that had not been as gruesome as most demons, but it had been evident enough in the way he spoke as it stuck out and clattered against his other teeth. The features of Finn had reminded Santana of an ogre. His ears were long and pointed, slicked back and closer to his head in comparison to a real ogre, which had floppy ears.

Santana hastily served Russell next. His presence had been as terrifying as his appearance. He didn't thank Santana and went back into conversation with Finn.

"So Finn," Russell started. "How is your business going?"

Finn wiped a napkin at his face.

"It's going well." Finn answered. "I've made enough to lessen the mass production of food. That will give the human population plenty of time to bring their numbers up."
An icy chill ran through Santana. Finn had been in the food production business. It's filthy business to provide for demons. He slaughtered innocent humans for food. Trying to ignore the conversation, Santana made her way to Quinn. She had little shame in staring at Santana with heightened interest.

The coy smile that greeted her gave Santana the shivers. In the middle of picking up the last plate Santana had wondered if Quinn thought about their time spent in the bathroom before brunch. Another shiver came through Santana at the memory.

"Here you are Miss." Santana said, trying to ignore Quinn's sly smirk.

"The uniform looks good on you." Quinn complimented.

Santana jolted as she felt Quinn's hand curl around the shape of Santana's calf. She looked back to Russell and Finn, who had not the slightest clue of Quinn's behavior. They had been at the other end of the table which was large enough to comfortably fit nine people. Fingers rubbed up Santana's calf and to the back of her knee. She bit her lip to hold back an on-coming moan.

"Thank you Mistress." Santana yelped.

"Did you hear that Quinn?" Russell's voice interrupted. "Finn's recently bought property in the great outdoors."

Quinn instantly dropped her hand and Santana scattered with the cart in front of her. Quinn was much better at appearing more collected, while Santana could hear her heart beating into her ears. Rachel entered shortly after, brushing past Santana. Santana decided to stay near the door, trying to listen to the conversation. It would take some time before the appetizers were finished and Santana had to send out another cart.

A tickle ran up Santana's leg where Quinn's hand had been moments ago. She craved for the touch of Quinn's skin against her own again. The urge unpredictable, but the longer Santana stood by the door the more she wanted to see Quinn again for her to touch her, even if it would get Santana in trouble.

After ten minutes of chatter and laughter Rachel directed Santana to load up the cart with the second course. The plates were already gone, leaving Santana space to place the entrees on the table. Finn and Russell paid no attention to Santana's presence, completely lost in a hot topic of market value. Quinn showed little interest in their conversation.

Quinn had the same coy smirk in place when Santana came around. As she reached behind her to pick up the plate Quinn had reached for her fork and dropped it to the floor. Santana's heart nearly burst out of her chest.

"I'm sorry." Quinn coaxed. "Would you pick that up for me?"

Santana reached down, finding her throat too dry to speak. As she reached down Quinn's hand rested onto Santana's thigh and traveled under her skirt. Santana heard Quinn chuckle as she felt Santana's legs quiver.

Flabbergasted, Santana gasped when she felt Quinn's hand cup her butt and rigorously rubbed it into her palm. Santana let out a moan from underneath the table. She felt Quinn push her underwear aside and firmly grip her butt.

Santana remained under the table, out of breath. She leaned back for further contact and Quinn gave her ass another firm squeeze. It took all Santana's willpower to stand back up and hand the fork to her.
"H-Here you are M-Miss." Santana stuttered.

She placed the fork on the table and turned around just as she saw Quinn's devilish grin. It widened when she noticed that Santana had been staring at her crotch. Quinn dropped her hand to the curve of Santana's calf.

"Thank you." She whispered.

Santana walked away, taking the cart with her into the kitchen and Rachel came back out to refill everyone's wine glass. In the kitchen, Santana leaned against the counter to take several deep breathes. Bracing the counter, Santana took one last deep breath and stood up to shift uncomfortably. She can feel the thick wetness that had dripped to the inner part of her thighs.

The swish of the kitchen door opening announced Rachel's return with a now empty wine bottle. She placed the green glass container on the counter. The way she noisily placed the bottle gave Santana the indication that Rachel had been in a bad mood. She glanced at Santana with a glare in place.

"I know what you're doing." Rachel hissed. "You better stop it unless you want to get the Mistress in trouble. I'm warning you."

With a final glare, Rachel stepped away. Santana could feel the eyes of the slaves. The tension in the kitchen was suffocating. Rachel stayed in a bad mood, still scowling at Santana every time they made eye-contact. It would be a long and painful thirty minutes until the dishes from the entree were collected and Santana would send out dessert.

Quinn had refused to let up her grabby hands when Santana passed by a third time. She nearly came and moaned when Quinn's finger grazed the length of her outer lips, which were soaked in her arousal. Santana could hear the small moan from Quinn when her finger touched the tender flesh of her center.

She watched Quinn lick her lips and her nose twitch as she picked up the heady scent of Santana's wetness. Santana rushed the cart back into the kitchen about ready to come if she had stayed any longer next to Quinn.

The cart was dropped in the kitchen and Santana left to cool down. She found the nearest bathroom and turned on the tap to pat cold water on to the back of her neck. The contrast of cold against heated skin was startling, but welcomed as Santana tried to find a way to wash away her racing thoughts. All she had on her mind was Quinn and fantasized at how it must feel to have Quinn's dick in her hand again. Santana nearly hit the floor when she thought of how it would feel to have it fill her and stretch her.

Santana waited fifteen minutes before stepping out again. She spent five of it debating if she should touch herself to relieve the burning sexual frustration, but decided to wait it out. When she returned Rachel had come through with the dishes to dessert and another slave took it to put the plates into the washer.

The door opened a second time and Quinn stepped through. Santana froze, watching her walk up to Santana with a smile in place. Santana's heart fluttered in her chest so fast that it hurt. Quinn put her arm around Santana and put her right hand on to Santana's butt.

"I couldn't stop thinking about you." Quinn sighed. "You're too distracting in this uniform."

Desperate for more contact, Santana put her arms around Quinn's neck. The action had done enough
to break the last of Quinn's resolve. She took a hold of Santana's leg and wrapped it around her hip before slamming Santana into the nearest counter. The pots on top rattled, masking Santana's yelp before it was covered by Quinn's lips.

"I wanna fuck you so badly." Quinn panted, against Santana's cheek. "Would you let me? Right here?"

Quinn's hand on Santana's leg clutched the collar of Santana's shirt and ripped it open. The sound of buttons hitting the floor filling the kitchen. Santana gasped at the sheer strength of Quinn's arms as she managed to pick Santana up with her left arm and drop her on to the couch.

Santana moaned and cupped the back of Quinn's head before tangling her fingers into blonde tresses. Quinn kissed the valley between Santana's breasts.

"Y-Yes!" Santana cried. "Please, I -"

Quinn kissed her. The contact was rough and hungry. Before Quinn could remove her necklace the door opened again. The two women quickly broke apart. Rachel paused in front of the door, looking over their disheveled state. Quinn's face red and her hair a tussled mess. Santana just as equally guilty with her shirt ripped open exposing her bra with a guilty expression in place.

"Master wanted to speak with you." Rachel informed. "He's in the living room."

Quinn patted down her hair and readjusted her clothes.

"I'll be right there." Quinn responded. "The two of you clean the dining room and return back to your daily chores when you're finished."

"Yes Miss." Rachel answered.

Quinn silently walked out, leaving Santana to fall under Rachel's vengeful gaze. The silence had been a painful tension that would nearly drive Santana made if she stayed here any longer. Rachel reached into the cabinet under the sink and pulled out rags and cleaning spray.

Santana watched her, fully aware that the more she stared the more irritated Rachel became. Her actions became more sporadic and harsh. The hostility between the two could easily explode into a chain reaction of violence. Santana had a strong dislike for Rachel over the time they've been stuck together. With a smack from the rag Rachel placed it on to the counter and spun around.

"What do you think you're doing?!" Rachel demanded.

Fed up with Rachel bratty behavior, Santana stepped forward; ready to set whatever it was between them straight. If violence was necessary Santana had no problem getting into a scuffle. If it meant putting Rachel in her place Santana would be more than happy to tackle Rachel to the ground.

"Excuse me?" Santana asked.

Rachel showed no signs of backing down. While she was used to people dealing with her outburst because Quinn had always been around to protect her, Rachel knew somewhere in the back of her mind where the anger was not the main drive of her thoughts, that this was a bad idea.

"Do you have any idea what you're doing?" Rachel spat.

She wasn't going to stand being lied to and deal with Santana acting so innocent. She had an equal amount of responsibility as Rachel.
"I'm tired of your shit!" Santana growled. "What is your problem with me?!"

Rachel scoffed.

"My problem is that not everyone wants to watch act like a slut every time the Mistress comes around." Rachel sneered.

Rachel felt the ache of the slap on her left cheek and stood with a hand to her face in shock. The state of shock lasted no longer than a second before Rachel rushed forward and shoved Santana into the counter. The pots and cleaning products crashed to the floor. The entire room rang with the commotion of the two into a full on brawl with Santana, shoving Rachel into the counter behind her.

A cook had come to investigate the racket and rushed out to notify a guard upon spotting Santana and Rachel in a brawl.

A series of shouts filled the kitchen. Sharply, the kitchen door was pushed opened and Puck ran inside, surveying the ruckus. Rachel was on the ground, grabbing on to Santana's hair while Santana tried to get free.

"Stop that!" Puck yelled, taking a hold of Santana and yanking her to her feet. "Enough!"

Puck swiveled with Santana in his arms to wedge himself between to the two and took a punch to the back.

"It's her fault!" Rachel screamed. "It's her fault everything is like this!"

"Cool it Berry before the Mistress finds out!" Puck warned.

"What's going on?"

Puck looked over Santana to see Quinn back into the kitchen. Rachel stepped back.

"These two got in a fight." Puck answered. "I got it under control."

"Who did this?" Quinn asked, looking from Santana to Rachel for an answer.

Both refused to speak. Quinn strides farther into the kitchen. She looked back to Santana with a disappointed expression.

"It wasn't me!" Santana corrected. "That bitch behind me started it!"

"Is that true?" Quinn questioned. "Rachel?"

Cowering away from Santana, Rachel was wavering to answer.

"I..." Rachel trailed. "I didn't mean for this to happen. I just got so mad and...it isn't -

Quinn shook her head in disbelief. "That's unbelievable. How could you-"

"Please Miss, I -" Rachel whimpered.

"Don't interrupt me!" Quinn screamed. "I can't believe you Rachel. I've been very clear!" Quinn glanced back to Santana. "Release her. Puck send Rachel into the basement. She is to remain there until morning."

"W-What?" Rachel stuttered. "You can't be serious? Mistress?!"
Puck grabbed on to Rachel's arm and pulled her out of the kitchen. Santana rearranged her shirt.

"Are you okay?" Quinn mumbled.

Santana chuckled. "I could have handled myself."

"Go back to your room and change into your daily clothes. I want you to remain doing your chores. Meet me in my room at ten." Quinn instructed.

Quinn left little room for arguing as she exited the kitchen quickly after her order. Still a mess and trying to process the entire situation, Santana didn't leave the kitchen until her breath was even and the adrenaline was gone. She didn't want to do anything to further upset Quinn. Santana did not want to spend the rest of the night in a basement.

Santana finished her chores five minutes early to change into her sleepwear then spent the remaining four minutes preparing for when she entered Quinn's room. She had no idea what to expect. Quinn had been pissed about the chaos from earlier. It was mainly directed at Rachel, but Quinn had clearly been disappointed to find out that Santana had taken part in a fight.

Quinn had not stated she would be punished, but if Quinn was angrier than she let on than Santana would be facing a punishment that might be much harsher than Sebastian's. With a minute left, Santana left her room and head to the second floor. She made sure to knock before entering.

The last thing Santana expected was for Quinn to be dressed in a sheer robe that showed the lingerie underneath, which had been a red lace bra and matching lace boy shorts. Speechless, Santana entered and closed the door behind her, eyes still drawn on Quinn. She came over, taking Santana by the hand and sat on the edge of her bed.

"W-What is this?" Santana asked.

"What do you mean?" Quinn replied.

"I just...I thought – you aren't mad at me?" Santana stuttered.

Quinn put a second hand on to Santana's thigh.

"You aren't at fault with what happened during brunch. I'll speak to Rachel in due time." Quinn clarified. "I promise."

Santana didn't dare to second guess Quinn's response. She had no reason to from their past experiences together. Assured, Santana nodded and Quinn kissed Santana's forehead before colliding forward in a heated kiss. Santana could feel Quinn's wandering hands slide along her thighs before finding the bottom of her shirt and lifting it up.

Santana watched her shirt fall to the floor and her bra quickly after. With a gasp, she leaned back and Quinn followed, wedging her way between Santana's legs.

She placed soft kisses on to Santana's collar bone before attaching her mouth to Santana's nipple. Santana was in a haze of bliss, shaking and panting as Quinn licked her nipple and moved to the left one to wrap her lips around it.

The lack of distance between them gave Santana the comfortable feeling of Quinn's weight on her. But it lacked the warmth of bare skin, as Quinn had kept her robe on. Santana moaned as Quinn's finger and thumb took a hold of her nipple and pulled.
Quinn released Santana's nipple with a grin and let out a cry of her own, shifting her position to straddle Santana's hips and grind into her, the soft warmth of her dick rubbing against Santana's pelvis. Quinn leaned back, cupping Santana's breast into her hand and sighed.

"I can't wait any longer." Quinn cried.

Throwing off her robe, Santana reached for her underwear and tugged them down. By the time Quinn removed her boy shorts completely and was loosening the hook to her bra, Santana had her hand wrapped around Quinn's cock.

The appendage was soft and limp. Santana began to massage it into her palm, starting from the base to the tip where she watched the tip hide underneath the foreskin. Quinn sighed before sitting up and watching Santana tenderly rub her dick. The adoration Quinn witnessed in Santana's eyes was overwhelming. She switched between looking back at Quinn and glancing at her penis as it began to harden.

Releasing a light groan, Quinn ran a hand through her hair and raked a hand down her back over her shoulder and to her breast. The warm stiffness from Quinn's dick filled Santana's hand. Hungrily licking her lips as the tip of Quinn's penis poked out from the foreskin, Santana met with Quinn's lustful gaze.

Quinn stroked Santana's hair affectionately, encouraging her to reach up. She came into view with the tip of the penis, dripping with pre-cum.

Santana licked the underside of the head and watched Quinn quiver as she moaned, gabbing on to Santana's shoulders for support. Santana took a hold of Quinn's arms, pulling her forward and locking them together into a kiss.

She had ended the kiss to lick the curve of Quinn's collar bone. Affectionately, Quinn rested her hand to the back of Santana's head, letting out a sharp moan as Santana licked her breast then sucked the nipple into her mouth.

The sensation bringing a dull ache that started in Quinn's stomach and down to her dick. Blindly, Santana's hands glided down Quinn's toned stomach and circled around her penis. Santana's other hand gripped on to Quinn's butt.

Quinn pulled back with a gasp, desperate for air. Santana removed her hand from Quinn's rear and squeezed Quinn's breast. The contact caused the blonde to moan and automatically thrust her hip forward, into Santana's hand.

Santana brushed the side of her thumb over Quinn's nipple and smiled as she listened to Quinn moan. Unable to be satisfied with touching, Quinn moved to lie on her back and used her arms to rest on her elbows.

Santana stationed herself at Quinn's hip and hovered over the erection and took a hold of it before licking the tip a second time. Quinn's head leaned back once Santana's lips around it.

"S-Santana." Quinn huffed, reaching out to push Santana's hair to the side for a better view.

Santana moved closer to place herself between Quinn's legs and pushed her head down to twirl her tongue around Quinn's aching dick. The feeling of Santana's talented tongue working along the shaft as she steadily bobbed her head up and down brought Quinn to a weak and whimpering mess.

She hadn't expected something as small as oral sex to feel this divine, or be this meaningful. Quinn can't remember the last time where she had felt her heart thrash around her rib cage and feel this
satisfied.

Santana let out a moan of her own as she watched Quinn shake and cry as she worked her way down the shaft, the sounds filling her ears and the thickness of Quinn's dick filling her mouth. It was beyond satisfying. She would have never imagined being this wet from just giving a blowjob.

She switched between jerking Quinn off and sucking the tip of her cock and inching slowly down the shaft to prepare for the two inch thickness at the base to reach her throat. Quinn's arms gave out and she was laying flat on her back, staring into the ceiling and reaching out to tangle her fingers into Santana's thick black strands.

Santana moaned as Quinn started to thrust forward and gently pushed her head down, begging for more friction. The grip tightening and pulling at Santana's hair as Quinn found herself closer to release. Santana pulled back, running the tip of her tongue along the head and Quinn arched off the bed with a cry.

Santana couldn't think of anything as beautiful as this. Seeing Quinn like this, begging and moaning as Santana pleasured her. It was empowering and strikingly beautiful. Quinn had been baring her heart in Santana's hands. She has never seen Quinn be this true.

With a smirk, Santana massaged Quinn's testicles and put her mouth back on to her cock, reaching half way down. Quinn wouldn't be able to last much longer. The waiting was making her mad and the way Santana sucked her off was a lot better than Quinn expected.

"I won't be able to..." Quinn exhaled. "Shit, slow down."

Santana grinned before taking a deep breath and pushing farther down. Quinn moaned, thrusting her hips upward, pushing the head of her dick to the back of Santana's throat. Quinn yelped as her entire cock was encompassed by the tender tissues of Santana's throat.

Quinn tucked a piece of hair behind Santana's ear and took a deep breath to try and slow down the trashing of her hips. Santana sucked, staying still to adjust to the size. Quinn had been quite thick down to the base, but hadn't been uncomfortable as Santana expected.

Opening her mouth, Santana pulled back an inch before reaching down. She swallowed around the penis, the walls tightened, sucking Quinn deeper inside. Santana gave a firm squeeze to Quinn's balls and it had been enough to get her over the edge.

"Oh shit! Oh Shit!" Quinn yelled. "C-Cumming! Gonna...cum!"

Quinn gave several quick thrust to the back of Santana's throat before she came. She felt Quinn's cock pulse and stiffen as three waves of cum filled her mouth; the thick fluid coating the back of her throat before swallowing. She slowly pulled back, enjoying the feeling of the penis twitching in her mouth before it stopped.

Santana sat back with a sigh and a grin on her face. Quinn lay back out of breath, sweaty, and tired. She's never had an orgasm this intense before. It left Quinn's mind a mess of hazy thoughts and twirling stars before her eyes.

Feeling Santana's gaze on her, Quinn sat up and let out a ragged chuckle. Santana smiled and leaned down to kiss Quinn. The kiss was timid and slow, with Quinn still unable to keep up with the pace of Santana's hungry mouth.

"You're amazing." Quinn panted, bashfully looking down and brushed the tip of her nose against Santana's bottom lip.
"You're just saying that because I sucked your dick." Santana laughed.

Quinn chuckled and playfully slapped Santana's butt. She reached over to kiss Santana a second time and take a hold of her waist to flip them around. The strength of Quinn's slim arms still shocked Santana. Quinn ripped Santana's underwear apart and threw them off the bed.

"If I wanted to get in your pants I would have done it sooner." Quinn reminded. "You really are amazing."

Quinn dipped down kissing Santana's shoulder. With two hands, Quinn grabbed Santana's breast and firmly squeezed them. She made sure to suck each nipple and pull one before licking up Santana's neck to have their lips meet in another kiss.

One of her hands traveled around Santana's body, tracing the shape of her curves and the bumps of her scars. The action caused Santana to flinch, but as Quinn continued to explore and kiss Santana the anxiety of Quinn finding every inch of her scars that marked her body washed away.

"Lay down." Quinn whispered against her lips.

Santana gulped before mindlessly doing as she was told. Quinn's mouth toured away from Santana's lips and made its way down Santana's stomach where she took her time kissing every scar she could find. The flinching was long gone. Quinn eventually moved to Santana's thigh. The touch equally soft as the ones on her scars and it brought a wave of heat between Santana's legs.

She whimpered when Quinn ran a tongue up her inner thigh and on to her stomach. The smell had been heavenly and sweet, a tantalizing aroma that Quinn couldn't wait to taste for the very first time. The sight of Santana's soaked bronze flesh only increased Quinn's desire to taste her.

The way Quinn hovered over it, basking in the smell had left Santana embarrassed, but had increased the amount of fluid. Quinn pushed Santana's leg up, kissing the back of her knee to try and calm her desire. It did little to ease her. She placed Santana's leg back down and rested her forehead against her knee.

"You're beautiful." Quinn stated. "The way you're looking at me. How you willingly give yourself to me. I've never seen anything as beautiful as this. Now I get the privilege to taste you."

Quinn pushed the outer lips apart with her thumbs and went down to lick Santana's clit, causing her to fill the room with a loud shriek. She sucked on the small bud before releasing it and sucking on Santana's outer lips. The tender fleshy part of her womanhood soaked in her arousal.

Bucking her hips, Santana arched off the bed and sought after Quinn's hand, locking it into a tight grip. Quinn used her right hand to keep Santana's hips in place before she pushed her tongue inside. The velvet walls of Santana's center clenched around Quinn's tongue before relaxing.

Quinn sat back, her lips coated in Santana's cum and she pressed her forehead against Santana's stomach.

"Fuck." Quinn chuckled. "You taste delicious."

Quinn pushed her tongue back inside further into the depths of Santana's center where she felt the familiar hug of Santana's inner walls wrap around her again. Quinn licked at the soft tissue before pulling out and sucking on Santana's clit again. The clear liquid smeared along Quinn's face.

"M-Miss!" Santana cried. "I-"
Sensing Santana was about to cum, Quinn removed her tongue and pushed her middle finger inside. Santana whimpered. Quinn switched between her finger and tongue several times, enjoying the way Santana was withering on the bed, begging for an impending orgasm.

"Please?" Santana pleaded.

Quinn grinned and scooted up to bite Santana's bottom lip before pulling it then sliding back down. She pushed her tongue back inside, watching Santana thrash and moan. Quinn wouldn't be able to have enough of her. Feeling Santana's thighs tighten, Quinn pressed a finger on her clit and rubbed it in tight circles as she thrusts her tongue in and out, eager to flood her mouth with Santana's release.

With one sharp cry, Santana's thighs clamped on to Quinn's head and her hips thrashed into Quinn's mouth. A gush of warmth filled Quinn's mouth and she had eagerly licked and sucked up what she could. Quinn sat up, wiping away the drops of cum from her face and settled beside Santana.

She had waited for Santana to calm her heaving chest, carefully watching Santana in awe. Aware of her surrounding, Santana rolled over to her side and looked into Quinn's star struck eyes.

"Good?" Quinn asked.

Santana chuckled and nodded. "Oh yeah."

Seeing Quinn move up to lie on her side next to Santana, she reached out to run a finger along Quinn's stomach then gripped Quinn's penis. "Are you..."

Quinn removed her hand.

"I'm fine." She assured. "Right now you need to rest."

A flush of disappointment came into Santana's stomach. She knew demons had a quick recovery time. Santana raised a brow in uncertainty.

"Really." Quinn nodded.

She curled up next to Santana and pulled a blanket over them.

"Sleep." She instructed.

With a big yawn, Santana rolled over to have her back into Quinn's side and rested her head on the pillow. Quinn smiled as her arm went around Santana and she kissed the back of her neck before closing her eyes, hoping to dream about the perfection that is Santana.
Part VII

Chapter Notes

I am officially off hiatus and summer break has started. I'll be able to spend more time and finish this fic, which won't be long. It will be finished in three more chapters. I look forward to Quinntana week too. :)

Santana awoke feeling as if a bag of bricks had been lifted from her chest. The soothing sensation that came through her as it spread through her muscles with comfortable warmth made her smile. She can't remember the last time she felt that she didn't have the weight of the world on her shoulders.

Yawning, Santana rubbed her eyes and rustled a hand through her wild hair. She stretched out, feeling the lack of heat on the other side of the bed. Opening her droopy eyes, Santana took in the empty space that was supposed to have the soft body of Quinn beside her.

Santana sat up and rubbed her eyes just as she let out another yawn. The bedroom door opened and Quinn entered, fully clothed. Seeing that Santana was finally awake, Quinn sat on to the bed and lightly kissed Santana.

“Hey.” Quinn grinned.

Santana reached a hand out to grip Quinn's wrist. The sense of regret and disappointment quickly washed away. She wore a proud smile.

“Hi.” Santana whispered. “Are you going somewhere?”

“I need to see Rachel.” Quinn reminded.

Santana couldn't stop herself from frowning at the mention of her name. She had a justifiable reason to dislike Rachel. She had been rude to Santana and acted like a spoiled brat that showed no respect to others. The anger started to fill Santana again the longer she thought about Rachel and the fight in the kitchen.

“I can't keep her in the basement any longer.” Quinn insisted. “I'll talk to her before I send her back to her chores.”

Quinn rose to her feet, stationing herself in front of her vanity set and checked her make up and hair for the second time. She ran a hand through her hair before opening the draw and pulling out a brush. Santana got up and started to collect parts of her pajamas, finding the shirt first underneath the bed.

“You need to see Artie again, but shower before you go down to his office.” Quinn instructed. “Once that's over you can resume your chores.”

Santana managed to locate her underwear across from the bed and slipped it on. When she was fully dressed she tried to fix her hair with her hands, but found it pointless as it only made it worse.

“Are you okay?” Santana asked.
Quinn looked over her shoulder and placed the brush down.

“I just...everything is fine right?” Santana questioned. “We're okay? I feel as if I -”

Quinn strided over to Santana and encased her waist into her arms. They came together in a soft kiss. Lifting one hand, Quinn put a hand through Santana's hair and swiped her hair to the left to expose her neck.

“Yes.” Quinn whispered. “Everything is perfect. What happened between us was exactly what I wanted.”

Letting out a sigh of relief, Santana smiled. She had never felt such a strong sense of joy and accomplishment with just two simple sentences. The only thing Santana could think about now was being able to do it again, maybe this time sex without any oral. Quinn yanked Santana into a kiss, but had a difficult time pulling away.

The way Santana's soft lips felt against her own was addictive. It brought a spike of desire through her all over again. Before it could spread and Quinn would be left with another boner, she broke away, out of breath. Santana chuckled and kissed Quinn's chin before pressing the side of her face against Quinn's.

Quinn wrapped Santana into a firm hug. The small action making Santana's heart race she was sure she would have a heart attack at any given moment. Quinn released her and smoothed a hand through Santana's hair as she examined her.

“I have to go.” Quinn reminded. “I'll see you tonight.”

Santana smiled one last time, unable to hide her excitement and got dressed. She gave no complains and left in silence. Quinn had gone her separate way after.

***

Rachel leaned back against the concrete wall of the basement with a groan. She should be grateful to be down here and not receive any punishment. The torture alone was remaining in the basement bored and sulking in silence. She glanced at the whips, tables, and chains that filled the basement.

Rachel knew she could have easily been strung up with those chains and lashed until her back bled and she was covered in scars. It would be what she deserved. She was lucky. Quinn hated harsh punishments, while her father used them often for everything. That wasn't to say Quinn never whipped a slave.

Rachel has seen her do it five times. It was rare as Quinn had been reasonable with the slaves, but there were some who felt it was right to misuse her trust and kind nature. An example being Rachel herself, but she was the only one to avoid such a painful punishment despite causing Quinn to blow up and lose her temper.

Rachel glanced at her empty tray beside her. At least Quinn instructed Rachel get fed breakfast and dinner. The food was decent, aside from having to eat and sleep on the floor. Getting up off her feet, Rachel began to pace around as she felt her leg begin to go numb from sitting cross-legged.

The restlessness returned, increasing in volume as she paced around the basement for the tenth time. When she got to the hooks adorned with whips, the door opened and Rachel quickly spun around. Quinn stood in the doorway with a stern face in place.
She looked Rachel over before walking into the center of the room and the door closed again. Rachel refused to move and couldn't find it in herself to look Quinn in the eye. She wasn't as angry as yesterday, but the disappointment was still there and that was something Rachel couldn't deal with.

“Did you sleep well?” Quinn asked, trying to lighten the mood.

“Yes Miss.” Rachel answered.

Several seconds of silence and avoided eye-contact, Quinn made her way over to a table and pulled out a chair. Rachel felt an ache of despair rip through her stomach, causing it to drop to her feet.

“Sit down Rachel.” Quinn demanded.

She made her way over, waiting for Quinn to sit first before she was seated. Quinn nervously tapped a finger onto the table, trying to find a way to gather her thoughts. She knew this conversation had to happen and it was supposed to long before Santana moved into the mansion. But Quinn had not found a way to go about it and she still had no clue how to approach such a topic that was pertained to Santana.

This was odd. It was always so easy to tell Rachel everything. Quinn trusted Rachel and that had not changed, but when it came to Santana Quinn didn't know how to word her thoughts. She had no idea how to explain her feelings either and she wanted to disclose very little about her budding relationship with Santana.

The relationship between them clearly had changed and that was something Rachel wasn't willing to accept yet, while Quinn was ready to move on and start something new and wonderful with Santana. But it wouldn't be possible with Rachel behaving the way she did at brunch. Ties had to be cut and that was a painful process Quinn didn't want to face.

“We have to talk.” Quinn started.

Rachel scoffed. It was a given. An unnecessary statement, but it was the only way Quinn knew where to start. She had the courage to verbally state it and acknowledge its existence. That wasn't comforting for Rachel.

“What happened yesterday...” Quinn trailed. “It...you had no reason to attack her. We've spoke about buying a new slave before I even met her.”

“I know and I apologize.” Rachel agreed. “I got jealous.”

“You understood why I needed a new slave.” Quinn reminded. “It was a mutual agreement between us to reassign your position.”

Rachel nodded as acknowledgment to Quinn's reminder. It was too painful to speak, let alone hear Quinn say all the things Rachel never thought to hear since the day they met. It was a reality Rachel knew would happen once Quinn came to her with the idea of a new slave.

“I've waited long enough.” Quinn added.

“Of course Mistress.” Rachel replied. “You need an heir. It's important for your family line.”

Quinn reached out to take Rachel's hand into a comforting hold. Rachel stiffened. She let out an exhale before swallowing back her tears. She couldn't believe it. She couldn't believe how everything changed in just two weeks. Rachel felt as if she had lost everything.
“At this point you need to understand,” Quinn whispered. “Whatever you thought we had romantically has ended. You'll be replaced, but that doesn't mean I don't need you, because you are an important person to me. I trust you the most out of all of the slaves.”

Rachel scoffed, in total disbelief. The sixteen years of history washed away. The closeness she had with Quinn forgotten. The pang of jealousy came back as she thought about Santana and how easy it was for her to make Quinn completely smitten with her.

But Quinn had been respectful, as she always has. Had it not been for Quinn, Rachel would be dead long ago at the age of 13 once she lost both her parents to a raid when she was 10. How she managed to live so long on her own in this harsh world for three years was an amazing feat, but Quinn took her in and cared for her.

“I understand.” Rachel responded.

“I'm not going to leave you.” Quinn assured, standing up and placing a hand on to Rachel's shoulder. “I need you Rachel.”

“But you no longer want me.” Rachel added. “It's okay Mistress. I won't leave. I made a promise to stay by your side.”

Rachel stood, making her way to Quinn pulled her into a hug. Rachel felt Quinn press her face into the crook of her neck and while Rachel could no longer hold her tears. They remained in the hug for a few moments until Quinn was the first to release Rachel.

“You are the most highly qualified slave to tend to Santana's needs when she is with child.” Quinn muttered.

“Then I will do what I can to fix the bad blood between us as you've requested.” Rachel replied, giving Quinn one last hug.

Quinn smiled. “Thank you.”

Rachel smiled back and watched Quinn head toward the door and exit. Rachel let out a heavy sigh.

***

“You are recovering quite nicely Santana.” Artie noted, examining Santana. “I'm sure in no time you'll be at a proper weight and much more physically fit.”

Artie wheeled himself away from the examination table and picked up a clipboard from the counter. He glanced over the first page before flipping to the second and read the last one with a nod. He put the clipboard on to his lap and wheeled over to Santana.

“I got your results back.” Artie announced. “Your blood pressure was a bit high, due to the stress of your former life, but having checked it today you are doing fine. You are free of any STDs and you are quite fertile for your age.”

Artie gave another nod. “The Mistress will be pleased with that.”

“What?” Santana asked.

“Oh, don't worry about that.” Artie brushed off. “Since your test seem good and you're doing well
with the change of diet and lifestyle you're free to go. I have no other test to run, but I do expect to see you back here after two weeks to check your weight again.”

Santana got off the table and bid Artie and Jake good bye as she made her way out of the basement and into the foyer.

***

Santana was near the end of her chores, having cleaned the first and the majority of the second floor, until Kurt came. He had greeted her in the hallway, but had not said anything else as he handed a folded piece of paper into her hands. It had been from Quinn, instructing Santana to return to her room at eight o'clock where she would have her clothing for tonight set on the bed for her.

Santana couldn't contain the excitement that came from reading it and had read it two more times before stuffing it into her apron pocket and continued her chores. When the clock struck eight, Santana had rushed through the hall and down the steps to the first floor. As expected, placed neatly on her bed had been a fur vest and two pieces of clothing Santana could not identify as clothes. The material of her shirt had been made of mesh with her skirt of the same black material and extremely short with no underwear in sight.

The top itself was not a shirt, but qualified more as a bra as it had only been long enough to cover her breast, but it was much too sheer to be of any use. Santana spotted another note next to the clothes in Quinn's writing.

Be Ready at 9
Quinn

Santana removed her apron, hanging it in her closet, followed by the rest of her uniform, neatly placing it inside to have it ready for tomorrow morning. She slipped on the bra with some difficulty, thinking if she pulled too rough it would tear. She had eventually got it on and easily slipped on the skirt.

Santana took a moment to look herself over in the mirror. With the clothes being of such a thin material Santana could see her breast and butt underneath. She stared a few minutes into her reflection, trying to get over the exposure of the clothes. She eventually went back to the bed and slipped on the vest and realized she was given no shoes.

With a sigh, Santana tugged at the vest, seeing it had no buttons or zippers to close it and would remain open to expose her stomach. A knock interrupted her silence, but before she could reply, it opened and Kurt came inside.

“I've come to style your hair.” Kurt announced.

Santana had no complaints. At least he wasn't Rachel. She wasn't ready to face her again, and to say she never wanted to would be impossible because Rachel lived here and worked closely with Quinn. Kurt brushed Santana's black strands a few times and tousled before deciding what he wanted to do for tonight's event.

He decided to keep it simple, tying Santana's hair into a high ponytail with two pieces of hair framing her face and curled them. He then curled the ends of Santana's ponytail and put a layer of hairspray to keep them in place.

Kurt avoided make up as it was what Quinn told him to do and looked Santana over two times
before nodding. While he looked Santana over from head to toe it made her finally uncomfortable with what she wore, but reminded herself that it would later be something for Quinn to see herself only.

“The Mistress is waiting for you out front.” Kurt informed. “I'll escort you.”

A black limo was parked in front of the porch of the mansion when Santana exited the house. About half way down the steps the limo door opened and Quinn came out. Santana felt her heart ache as she laid eyes on Quinn.

She was in black leather pants, with red stilettos, and a long sleeve black mesh shirt. If Santana had stared hard enough she could see her breast and a lack of a bra. Unlike Santana, Quinn had on makeup, her eyes done in a smoky eye design and her hair tied up with a small poof in the front and a braided in the back. Santana had another wave of excitement come at her when she spotted the bulge behind Quinn's pants.

Quinn grinned when she got sight of Santana and held out her hand when she reached the bottom of the porch. Without a question, Santana accepted Quinn's hand and she pulled her closer so that her arm could rest around Santana's waist.

Quinn directed Santana to enter the limo first and when she was safely inside Quinn entered next. The door was closed then the car started. Quinn scooted closer to Santana, placing a hand on her thigh. She could feel Quinn's eyes on her.

“You look beautiful.” Quinn whispered, squeezing Santana's thigh.

She gasped. Quinn placed a kiss on Santana's neck. Swallowing back a moan, Santana bit her bottom lip, unable to stop herself from gazing down at Quinn's pants. The bulge was still there and imagining the sight of Quinn's dick made Santana fill with bliss.

She had never wanted to sexually please anyone as much as she did to Quinn. Her staring didn't go unnoticed. Quinn chuckled and reached across the limo to the small build in bar. On the counter she picked up a silver collar.

She opened it before carefully placing it around Santana's neck and clicked it shut. The contrast of ice cold metal against her heated flesh caused Santana to shiver. Quinn leaned forward, stroking a hand down Santana's stomach and to her hips.

“Do you like it Santana?” Quinn asked.

“Like what?” Santana whimpered.

“Being mine?” Quinn responded.

Santana moaned. She watched Quinn's nose twitch as she picked up the strong scent of Santana's arousal. Santana sighed, leaning closer, desperate to feel Quinn's lips against her again. But the thought of Quinn's hard on came back to her attention as she felt Quinn shift and press it against her thigh. Santana's hand rubbed over the bulge.

“Let me take care of you Miss?” Santana requested.

The memory of the dick in her hands filled her thoughts, but what had been the most strong was the taste of Quinn's cock and how it came in her mouth. Santana moaned. It had been enough for Quinn to no longer hold back and Santana didn't see it coming when Quinn lunged forward, pinning Santana down and kissed her.
The kiss was fast and rough. Completely different from their past experiences, but it had turned Santana on even more, seeing such an aggressive side of Quinn. Santana had been powerless to her demands, but for a change it didn't scare her. She wanted it.

When Quinn roughly bit her lip, Santana gasped and felt her tongue enter her mouth. Quinn wedged herself between Santana's legs and pushed her skirt up. In need of air, Quinn ended the kiss. The sound of her zipper being pulled down filled the limo and Santana had little time to react.

Quinn placed her hands beside Santana's head before she thrust forward. The first two inches of her cock entering Santana. Santana moaned overcome with the blissful feeling of Quinn's penis jabbing inside her. Quinn reached down; pressing her chest against Santana's to contain herself.

“Feel good?” Quinn panted, kissing Santana's neck. “You're already so wet. You feel...”

The feeling of being inside Santana had been so much better than she expected. Quinn closed her eyes, nearly taken away from the sensation of hot and velvet soft walls clamping around her, sucking in her cock. Santana gripped at Quinn's back, unable to stop her hips from rocking upward.

“Fuc- Santana!” Quinn yelped.

She kissed Santana's neck before lifting herself up and hovering above Santana. She pushed downward, sliding the rest of her penis inside and Santana let out a sharp cry as she stretched around the dick inside her.

Quinn let out a heavy sigh, not wasting her time to start a rhythm with her hips. The tempo started out rough, causing Santana to moan and hold on tighter to Quinn, her nails digging in her back. The car started to rock.

Leaning back, Quinn took Santana's legs and hooked them around her hips then reached forward with another powerful thrust.

“Ah!” Santana yelled, hooking an arm around Quinn's neck.

Quinn increased the speed of her hips, causing Santana to jolt. Brushing away a drop of sweat from her chin, Quinn gave one last moan before she came. Making sure to have herself buried to the hilt as she came inside Santana.

Dazed, Santana stared up to the ceiling relishing the feeling of Quinn's warm sperm filling her. The thick substance sticking to the inner velvet walls of her womanhood.

Quinn lay on top of Santana, making sure to empty the last of her seed before carefully pulling out. Quinn kissed Santana shortly and chuckled. She moved Santana's legs together to keep her cum inside and pulled down Santana's skirt.

Quinn reached over to the mini bar and picked up her necklace that had been discarded. She quickly clicked it into place. Santana had watched the penis sticking out of Quinn's pants disappear with a pout.

“Miss.” Santana panted. “I...you just...more. Please. I want more.”

Quinn smirked, sitting back up and zipping her pants again. She pushed back any loose pieces of hair and sighed. Santana slowly sat back up, moaning as she felt the ache from between her legs fill her. The way Quinn had quickly pounded into her and how thick it was had left a dull ache inside her.

Santana leaned against Quinn, putting her head on to Quinn's shoulder. Quinn put her arm around Santana's shoulder with a sigh. The two women sat in silence, with the comfortable ache still persistent inside Santana and fantasizing of having Quinn's cock inside her again.

***

Santana came across the familiar parking lot of the club Quinn had taken her for their first night out. She was less nervous when the limo stopped as she knew what to expect this time, but it left a different feeling inside her. Quinn smirked at her before opening the door and helped Santana out.

Not an ounce of fear came through her as they moved closer to the club. Sam was at the door again and waved seeing Quinn approach him.

“Hey, Quinn!” Sam smiled. “It's nice to see you again. You look great. Your room is ready for you just as you asked. Enjoy.”

He grinned and winked at Santana as they went passed him. Santana had no regrets entering the club, the images of naked or semi naked people no longer a bother, including their odd fashions and body piercings. She had a sense of trust with Quinn around, so long as Santana stayed with her.

The route they traveled was different. That brought a little tick of curiosity through Santana. They entered the door that Santana found out lead to the club's basement. It was a narrow one way passage with tall ceilings and titled floors, which was unusual of a basement. Quinn and Santana traveled down passed three doors and greeted by a woman with blonde hair and blue eyes. She smiled and reached out, pulling Quinn into a hug.

“Quinn!” She shouted. “It's so good to see you! How have you been?”

“Hi Britt.” Quinn greeted, with less enthusiasm. “I didn't know you were here tonight. Is something wrong with my room?”

“Oh, no, it's fine.” Brittany answered. “Once I heard you would be occupying it I had it cleaned a second time. It's almost done.”

Brittany's attention came to Santana. And the stare of her sly shaped eyes made Santana completely uncomfortable. She took a step back behind Quinn. It did little to deter Brittany as she came closer and placed a hand on Santana's forearm, stroking her.

“Who is this?” Brittany asked. “She's beautiful! You didn't tell me you got a new playmate Quinnie.”

Quinn wrapped an arm around Santana's waist, bringing her closer. Brittany tucked a finger under Santana's chin, lifting it up to examine her then turn Santana's head to the side. Quinn glared.

“This is Santana.” Quinn icily introduced. “Santana this is Brittany. She's an old family friend.”

“Hello Miss.” Santana responded.

Brittany chuckled. “She sounds adorable. You're going to be having lots of fun tonight Quinn.”

The door behind Brittany opened and a averaged height man with slicked back black hair, leather
Speedos, and a harness wrapped around his chest came out with a rag and disinfectant spray. Upon seeing Quinn, he stared off to the right of him.

“Hello Mistress Quinn.” He stumbled. “Your room is clean.”

“Thank you Blaine.” Quinn replied.

“Alright, I won’t keep you waiting, but we definitely need to catch up Quinn. I haven’t seen you in two months.” Brittany announced, waving at Santana as she left.

Quinn led Santana inside and closed the door, leaving Santana to explore the room. It was different from the last room she’d been in. This one had a bed with chicken wire fencing at the head of the bed, a cage to the left of the room, a small couch, a table with shackles attached to it, a bench, a table aligned with various dildos and other sex objects, and a wall of hooks that had whips, paddles, floggers, and canes attached.

Santana stopped at the table to see it had rope laid out and tape, as well as bottles of lube and a fish bowl full of condoms. She stared perplexed at everything surrounding her taken completely aback from her find that she forgot about Quinn and was not aware that she was making her way toward her until Quinn tied her arms around Santana.

Santana gulped. She's never been both excited and nervous to have sex before. Quinn kissed her shoulder. The grip around Santana didn't loosen until Quinn felt Santana physically relax.

“We won't be needing any of those condoms tonight.” Quinn noted. “I know for a fact you won't mind.”

The thick raspy tone of her voice behind her statement made Santana wet all over again. The memory of the sex in the limo flashed in front of Santana's face. She bit her lip; thinking of having Quinn's cock inside her again was blissful. Santana couldn't hold back her moan.

Quinn kissed Santana's neck and released her. Santana turned around, eager to follow Quinn's every move. Quinn took a hold of Santana's wrist.

“Do you know what this room is called?” Quinn asked. She watched Santana shake her head. “It's a dungeon. It's where people of this kink come to play.”

“Will we be using everything in this room?” Santana questioned.

“No.” Quinn answered. “I have yet to know your limits or your preference, so I will do what I think you can handle.”

Santana let out a shaky breath in anticipation. She's never been interested in this kind of sex and with no reason to as demons interested in such a kink would go elsewhere. The brothel was open to other types of sex. But the idea of being whipped or tied by Quinn's doing was far less intimidating for Santana.

“What are you going to do to me?” Santana asked.

Quinn grinned and pulled Santana into her. The smirk widening as they were now less than half an inch away from kissing.

“I'm going to blindfold you, tie your arms, and start you off with a spanking. Are you okay with that?” Quinn responded.
Santana gulped. Staring into Quinn's mischievous eyes, she slowly nodded.

“You have a right to deny anything I do.” Quinn stated. “It is both important and my responsibility to care for you. I don't want to hurt you. We're going to use a safe word and that safe word is red.” Quinn tenderly kissed Santana's cheek. “Do you understand?”

“Yes.” Santana quickly said.

“Do you trust me?” Quinn added.

“Yes.” Santana swiftly answered.

What little space they had between them was finally closed and Santana eagerly arched forward to meet Quinn's lips in a hungry kiss. The mere closeness of their bodies had been heaven and something Santana hadn't realized how much she craved before they got here. Quinn's hand stroked Santana's stomach before sliding under Santana's vest and pushed it off her shoulders.

It was dropped to the floor and Quinn pulled away, relishing the content and speechless face of Santana. Without a word, Quinn pulled Santana to the couch and didn't waste a second to pin Santana down. She sat on Santana's lap before pulling her in for another kiss.

The kisses traveled to her neck, kissing above Santana's breast before she moved down and ran the flat of her tongue over Santana's nipple. Santana moaned as she felt the stroke through the thin fabric of her top. Quinn sucked it before flicking her tongue over Santana's nipple a second time and wrapped her lips around the nipple.

Santana moaned as she felt Quinn's right hand cup her breast then pinch and pull the nipple between her fingers. Santana was a panting mess in five minutes, begging for Quinn to move her mouth downward, where the start of Santana's arousal began to coat her thighs.

Quinn removed her skirt and kissed Santana's collarbone before she ripped the mesh bra in half. Santana whimpered and watched Quinn effortlessly rip the straps and toss the pieces of her top to the floor.

With a grin, Quinn stood to her feet, removing her necklace and placing it on the table. She kept eye contact with Santana as she loosened the button to her pants and slowly pulled down the zipper. It was a slight disappointment for Santana to see that Quinn had been semi-erect, but the way Quinn stared at her had washed away all her doubts.

Quinn reached down, cupping Santana's cheek into her palm. She dipped down and kissed Santana.

“I like the way you look at me.” Quinn whispered. “Whether it's with my cock or not you always want me.”

Santana moaned, shifting uncomfortably in her seat. Quinn chuckled. She kissed Santana's forehead and went back to the table to pick up the blindfold and black tape.

“Stand up.” Quinn instructed.

Silently, Santana got to her feet, feeling another flush of excitement hit her.

“Hands behind your back.”

Without hesitation, Santana listened, waiting patiently for her next command. The sound of the tape parting from the roll filled her ears and Quinn took a hold of Santana's wrists before wrapping it
around her arms. She had made sure to keep the grip firm, but not too tight to make Santana comfortable. Santana gulped.

“Are you okay?” Quinn asked. Santana nodded. “Speak to me. I need to know if you can handle this. I won't hold it against you if you change your mind and don't want this.”

“Yes Mistress, I'm fine.” Santana answered, a small quiver in her voice as she spoke.

Quinn linked her finger through the ring of Santana's collar and gently pulled her across the room to the bench.

“Do you know what this is?” Quinn questioned.

“No Miss.” Santana replied.

“It's a spanking bench.” Quinn informed.

Santana gulped. While she had been warned ahead of time what Quinn had in store, being in front of this device with Quinn's demanding presence beside her was thrilling. She looked away from the bench to see Quinn stare at her, carefully watching her facial expressions. She took a step closer to the bench, tugging Santana with her.

“Knees on the stoop and lean forward up here.” Quinn instructed.

Santana followed her orders and shivered as her breast touch the cold surface of the leather cushion of the bench. She exhaled, realizing that the position of the device left her to stretch outward; leaving her ass exposed and up in Quinn's direction.

A stroke from Quinn's index finger trickled down Santana's neck. She faced her and presented a black cloth.

“I'm going to blindfold you now.” Quinn stated. “I want you to know, once I've put it on you are to not move or speak unless instructed to. I will only stop if you use the safe word. Do you understand?”

Santana let out a heavy huff of breath. “Yes Mistress.”

“Remember,” Quinn added. “You have the right to deny what I want to do to you.”

“I want this.” Santana clarified.

Quinn grinned and positioned herself behind Santana to start putting the blindfold over her eyes. As it wrapped around her head and Quinn tied a firm knot, Santana let out another shaky breath. She had almost instantly become hyper aware of her surroundings through her sense of smell and hearing. Anxiously, she licked her lips.

“I'll start off easy, but as I progress I'll use different implements.” Quinn noted. “Tell me if you don't like any of them.”

Quinn caressed Santana's butt before drawing her hand back and landed a light slap on to Santana's right cheek. Quinn watched Santana's back flex and a gentle sigh emitted from her mouth. Quinn rubbed away the ache before making her way over to the instruments on the hooks.

Santana's fidgeted impatiently as she waited for the next hit, trying to sense Quinn's location with her hearing. Quinn made her return known with a touch on Santana's hip, which caused her to quiver.
She reached down, kissing Santana's back.

“T’m going to use two different toys now.” Quinn said, rubbing a hand over Santana’s rear a second time.

Quinn looked over the paddle and whip she had in her hand and placed the whip down. Shifting behind Santana, Quinn pulled her hand back and landed the first hit on to Santana’s left cheek this time. A sharper pain ripped through her, but had quickly disappeared into a dull warmth of aches.

Quinn picked up the whip next, taking a firm grip on the handle. She tried to lighten the blow as she raised her arm and struck out, but the crisp smack of the whip had said otherwise. Santana let out a sharp yelp. Quinn noticed a strip of red covered Santana’s ass. Her entire body went ridged.

“I-I don’t like that one Miss.” Santana whimpered.

Quinn rubbed her hand over the welt and kissed it before returning the whip back to the hook. She replaced it with a flogger instead. Seeing the tension still present in Santana’s posture, Quinn ran a hand down Santana’s back and kissed the top of her head.

“I won’t use it again.” Quinn promised.

It had taken a few minutes before Santana could understand Quinn and let her words sink in. Quinn had been patient enough for Santana to finally relax. She walked two paces back with the flogger in hand. The slap had been less pronounced and as the rows of flattened strips of leather from the flogger rained down on Santana’s bottom she let out a moan of contentment.

“I’m going to skip the cane.” Quinn announced.

She had been given enough information what Santana preferred. The cane would be an option used for punishment. Quinn put both implements back on their hooks and carefully moved Santana up to stand on her feet again.

“How do you feel?” Quinn asked.

“Fine Miss.” Santana replied.

She gasped when Quinn’s lips met hers, but was disappointed to feel that the kiss was no longer than two seconds and Quinn went back to leading Santana through the room. She sat at the foot of the bed.

“Kneel over my lap.” Quinn ordered.

Santana needed help to get on the bed, but was able to place herself over Quinn's lap, gulping as she felt the warm of Quinn’s cock press against her stomach. Quinn grabbed Santana’s ass and squeezed it, grinning as she heard Santana moan. The first smack was quick and light. When Quinn’s palm dropped to Santana’s right cheek it was harder; the pain dissipating to comforting aches.

The fourth hit, however, was much harder. A loud slap emitted from the blow and Quinn watched Santana’s ass jiggle on impact. She let out a small cry. Quinn massaged the affected flesh and let down another hit, this one stronger than the previous.

Quinn’s hand traveled down, slipping between Santana’s folds and she moaned.

“Mmm, you're still wet.” Quinn whimpered. “Feels good, huh?”
“Y-Yes Mistress.” Santana cried, grinding her hips into Quinn's thighs for friction.

Quinn removed her finger and licked the tip with Santana's juices and smirked. Santana gulped, feeling Quinn's cock beginning to harden and poke into her stomach.

“Two more.” Quinn decided.

Quinn made sure to make the fifth slap harder, causing Santana to scream. She waited a few seconds in case Santana was pondering the use of the safe word. When she let out a blissful sigh after being able to rid her body of any tension, Quinn continued, making the sixth and final hit, much more painful.

Santana's entire ass was a bright red. Quinn watched her body flex and twitch, desperately fighting back an oncoming orgasm. Quinn chuckled.

“You handled that so well.” Quinn complimented. “I'll reward you. Lay down.”

Santana felt her way around for the bed, smoothly getting up and rolling on to her back. She winced when her butt met the cold sheet. The pain turned to a moan when she thought of Quinn's dick pounding into her a second time. Santana can feel the small throbs of pain inside her from the limo and let out another moan as she remembered the amount of cum that filled her.

Quinn removed her shirt before positioning herself over Santana's chest and directed her penis to rub between Santana's breasts. Quinn moaned, stilling her hips to control herself. She wanted more than anything to come inside Santana a second time, but she wanted this to last and for Santana to remember it.

She steadily thrust between Santana's breast, coating her chest in a fair amount of pre-cum. Quinn collected a long string of pre-cum and started to coat her cock with it. Santana gulped, shifting against the bed as she felt the strong desire to reach out and touch Quinn. The contact of her sitting on her chest with her penis rubbing against her breast wasn't enough. The hunger for deeper contact was making her antsy.

Quinn reached out and cupped Santana's breast, firmly squeezing before placing another hand on Santana's left one. She flicked her thumbs over the nipples before pinching them. Santana let out a moan, arching upward. She tugged them, grinning as Santana let out a yell and cupped her hand around her penis. Quinn tapped it between Santana's breast before gliding it over her right breast and rubbing a thread of pre-cum over Santana's nipple.

Quinn moaned. She smeared the clear fluid all over Santana's breast before stationing her penis between them again and pushed Santana's breast together, covering her cock. Quinn started a slow thrust, letting out another moan as she relished the feeling of Santana's skin against hers.

Quinn felt Santana quiver beneath her, sighing and moaning as she increased the pace of her hips. Quinn had nearly cum herself, between watching Santana's reaction to the sensation between them and the sight of her pre-cum glimmering on Santana's chest. Quinn slowed down her pace to stop herself from cumming too soon, just from looking at Santana in this position.

The way she moaned and withered below Quinn and the amount of trust she showed was a beautiful sight and overwhelming. Quinn released Santana's breast and got to her knees to hover over Santana's chest. She scooted in closer, positioning her cock two inches away from Santana's mouth.

The head of her dick poked at Santana’s bottom lip and she whimpered, instantly opening her mouth and Quinn eased the first inch inside. Santana's tongue wildly flickered and twirled around the tip.
Quinn grabbed on to the chicken wire headboard. She yelped as she felt Santana's lips fasten around her cock and begin to suck. She managed to control herself before gliding in another two inches.

Santana hungrily sucked in Quinn's dick, using all that she could with her tongue to entice another moan from Quinn. It had been less than two minutes before Quinn pulled out, in need of air and to ease the tension in her testicles. Santana grinned and laughed. She knew she was good at giving head. It had been something her clients always asked for.

The control Santana had over Quinn was pleasant. She would be the one to determine when Quinn could cum. Quinn traced the shape of Santana's lips with her penis several times and entered back into the warmth of her mouth. Santana had moved her tongue at a slower pace, making sure to avoid the top and underside of the tip.

Quinn let out a content sigh at the change of tempo. She started her hips again, moving at a much faster speed and moved down to the back of Santana's throat. Two thrust in Quinn pulled back, sliding her dick out and smearing the spit around her cock on Santana's mouth.

Santana whimpered. “Please?” She began to shake underneath Quinn. “Please Mistress?”

Quinn grinned. She entered Santana's mouth again, pushing the entire seven and a half inches of her cock into the back of Santana's throat. Santana moaned remembering the taste of Quinn's cum when it trickled along the back of her tongue.

Quinn pressed a hand to the base of Santana's neck and curled around the bulge that showed every time Quinn thrust in. She repeated the motion, carefully watching the way Santana's throat stretched to accommodate her cock. She pushed down harder, causing the bed to shake and creak.

With a sharp gasp, Quinn pulled out as she was about to cum and jerked herself two times before positioning herself over Santana's chest.

“Oh fuck!” Quinn groaned, closing her eyes as she came.

The first thick string of cum stretched between Santana's breast to her collar bones. Quinn had opened her eyes wide enough to see a second rope gush out in a thicker stream and land on Santana's breast. Quinn moved closer to make the third wave splatter on to Santana's chin and neck and the fourth one came out in a thin lazy string of drizzle. Quinn placed it over Santana's mouth and grinned as Santana moaned, holding her tongue out to collect the string.

Santana licked the tip and kissed it before Quinn moved back and chuckled.

“You should see yourself.” Quinn smirked. “You're covered in my cum. I've never cum this hard.”

Groaning, Santana closed her legs together to try and lessen the ache between her legs. Quinn placed her penis on Santana's chest and smeared the warmth of her seed along Santana's chest until it was gone. Quinn grabbed on to Santana's face.

“You're supposed to thank me for your reward.” She hissed. “Don't make me punish you.”

Santana felt a shiver run down her spine at the thought of her possible punishment. If it had been another spanking Santana would want nothing more than to have the feeling of Quinn's hand slapping against her skin, reddening her ass.

“T-Thank you Mistress.” Santana sighed.

Quinn kissed Santana's forehead and smiled.
“That's better.” Quinn nodded, pleased. “Do you need a break?”

Santana's entire body had been on a high of adrenaline. The last thing she wanted was to stop. All she could think about was getting off and wanting nothing other than to be filled with Quinn’s cock again.

“No Miss, I...” Santana gulped. “I want to cum. Please Miss, can I -”

Quinn pressed her lips on to Santana’s. She ended it when she felt Santana's tongue poke at her lips.

“Hmm, we'll deal with that later.” Quinn chuckled, getting off the bed and helping Santana to sit up “I have one more thing in store for you.”

Santana felt the bed move then creak as Quinn's weight left the bed. Patiently and obediently, Santana sat and waited for Quinn's return. The burn between her legs was a painful throb. Santana picked up Quinn's presence again and the bed creaked as Quinn got on.

“Turn around.” Quinn instructed. “Get on your stomach.”

Santana struggled to get on her knees, but managed to eventually lay flat. Quinn ran her hand along the curve of Santana's back, slowly gliding down her ass and to the back of her thighs. She pried Santana's legs apart and brought her hand back up. Quinn grabbed Santana's ass and rested both her hands at Santana's hips.

“On your knees.”

Santana had an easier time following with Quinn's help. The change of position did little to ease Santana’s anxious heart and the throb between her legs continued. Quinn had settled behind Santana, but didn't bother to touch her this time. Her attention was completely drawn to the trail of arousal dripping down Santana's thigh.

“You're enjoying this?” Quinn asked.

Santana gulped. Quinn laid a sharp smack on to Santana's bare ass. She yelled at the sudden attack.

“Answer me when I ask you a question!” Quinn growled, raining down a second hit.

“Ah!” Santana cried. “I'm sorry Miss! Y-Yes, I enjoy what you're doing to me!”

Quinn smiled, trailing a finger down Santana's thigh.

“You smell just as good as you look.” Quinn noted.

Her finger curled inside Santana's thigh and Quinn grabbed both of Santana's ass cheeks and pulled them apart. Santana whimpered. Silently, Quinn dipped in and licked the outer lips of Santana’s center. She moaned, about to cum on contact, with Quinn's warm and skillful tongue. She licked the inside of Santana's lips before brushing her tongue inside for a second and pulled out. Santana whined.

“Mmm,” Quinn hummed. “I could eat you all day. Would you like that? For me to make you cum with my tongue all night?”

“Yes Mistress!” Santana cried. “I would love it. I want it!”

Quinn kissed Santana's ass. “We can do that another time. I want to try something different tonight.”
Quinn returned to the hooks of whipping implements and picked up the paddle. She silently made her way back to the bed and instantly struck Santana's butt. The smack of the wooden paddle to bare flesh crisp. Santana moaned.

Quinn released five quick and harder smacks between both cheeks, carefully watching for a change in Santana's stance to stop. She reached a total of eight hits before Santana's ass was a brilliant red. Quinn dropped the paddle and began to rub at the tender flesh.

“You did so much better.” Quinn praised.

“Thank you Miss.” Santana panted.

Quinn moved to the edge of the bed and brushed the tip of her nose along the curve of Santana's butt, kissing it several times and experimentally brushed her tongue over the puckered hole of Santana's ass. She flinched and moaned.

“Miss!!” Santana shrieked. “Oh Miss, I...”

Quinn chuckled and ran her tongue over the small opening again. She played between licking the hole and sticking the tip of her tongue inside everytime it loosened. Santana was a quivering mess of moans.

With her left hand, Quinn rubbed the tip of her finger over the hole and rubbed it vigorously. Santana let out a series of cries as Quinn quickened the speed of her finger.


Santana gulped. She has had anal sex many times. But the times she has had anal sex with any of her clients they were careless and it was painful. The sizes of the demons had made Santana loose and she had been embarrassed at such a thing, but the way Quinn caressed her and requested she allow her to engage in anal sex made Santana so much wetter. It was much different and it was going to be far more enjoyable.

Quinn kissed Santana's left cheek and brushed her nose against it.

“Come on.” Quinn whispered. “Let me see. I don't want to hurt you. Relax for me?”

Santana took a deep breath, holding it for a second before letting it go and felt her shoulders drop down. Taking several deep breaths, Santana began to feel the muscles in her rectum loosen. Quinn watched, rubbing Santana's ass as she continued to relax. When she had been at a completely calm level Quinn watched the puckered hole open to two and a half inches in width.

“Good girl.” Quinn praised, stroking Santana's back.

Quinn picked up the lube she laid on the bed and dropped a dollop into her hand. She slathered it along her penis then slowly slipped the tip into the ring of Santana's asshole. She moaned feeling herself stretch wider to fit her cock. Quinn let out a content moan and rested a hand on to Santana's hip for balance.

She didn't move until she felt the clenching of Santana's ass cease and Quinn pushed in another inch. Santana let out a sharp moan. The sound of Quinn's moans above her, keeping Santana at a constant calm enough level for Quinn to keep sinking in deeper. Unexpectedly, there was a slight change of thickness in Quinn's dick that caused Santana to flinch.
Sensing her struggle, Quinn rubbed a hand over Santana's ass and along the length of her lower back. It had taken a lot of self-control for Quinn to ease into Santana as the feeling of the heat and silky smooth sensation of her ass was divine. It was looser, but still had a firm grip around her cock. The lack of a snug fit made it easier for Quinn to slip in and will make it easier to move inside, once she got to the hilt.

Santana groaned when she felt herself starting to stretch. Quinn grinned, stroking Santana's back again to ease her.

“Such a good girl.” Quinn purred. “I'm already half-way inside. Just relax. I want to go all the way in.”

Santana whimpered, feeling Quinn move farther in. Anxiously, Santana shifted from one leg to the other. Quinn moved in closer to rest her thighs against the back of Santana's legs.

“M-Miss...” Santana cried.

Quinn can feel Santana starting to clench shut. “Do you want me to stop?”

“N-No! Please Miss I...” Santana let out a moan and hungrily licked her lips. “Please make me cum?”

Quinn chuckled, slowly pushing her hips forward and back. Santana let out another cry. Curiously, Quinn moved her hand between the soaking folds of Santana's center and brushed the tip of her first two fingers inside. Santana nearly came at the quick contact out of pure joy. Quinn examined her glistening fingers and grinned.

“Fuck,” She sighed. “You're so wet. You're enjoying this so much more than I thought you would.”

Quinn sucked both her fingers and placed her hand back on to Santana's hips when the flavor of her center was gone. She nearly came herself at the sight of Santana below her and her ass spread with her dick inside, splitting her ass open. Quinn had managed to get inside deep enough, leaving one inch remaining.

Without a warning, Quinn thrust forward, causing Santana to scream and the walls of her rectum to clamp down. Quinn groaned as her dick was sucked in and locked around the softness of Santana's ass. The pace started slow, working its way to a faster pace the more Santana loosened up again.

The bed started to shake once Quinn picked up a faster speed and the room was filled with Santana's screams of bliss. Quinn worked up a pace from fast to slow when she found herself about to cum. Santana was a whimpering mess by the time Quinn went back into a slow speed for the fourth time.

“Please Mistress!!” Santana cried. “Please let me cum! I-I...please?!”

Pulling out completely, Quinn smiled hearing Santana whine at the loss of connection between them and re-positioned Santana on to her back. The sudden change brought a sharp pain to Santana's oversensitive and aching ass. She cringed as the pressure of her against the mattress made her uncomfortable.

Quinn paused, stroking Santana's thighs affectionately, waiting for her to adjust. The way her legs and lip tremor gave her the clue to continue. Quinn placed a delicate kiss to Santana's thigh.

Motionlessly, Santana waited to be entered again, at this point any penetration from either opening would be enough. Quinn took the bottle of lube again and coated her dick with it a second time before lifting Santana's legs up, spreading them, and wedging between her legs.
Santana gasped when Quinn's cock entered her ass again, easily slipping in down to the base. Quinn placed her arms beside Santana's head and kissed her forehead. The kisses traveled to her cheeks, picking up the drops of tears that fell from behind the blindfold. Santana took in a shaky breath and let out a hiccup of an exhale when Quinn's mouth reached her chin.

“Oh Santana,” Quinn moaned. “You look so precious. I wouldn't have you any other way right now. You should see yourself right now. Begging for me and wanting my cock and covered in tears. You've been so patient. You deserve a much better treat.”

Quinn kissed Santana, feeling her lips tremble as they connected and picked up the rhythm of her hips again. Santana moaned as she felt Quinn's right hand squeeze between them and rub her clit. With four tight circular strokes, Santana came, moaning and whimpering into Quinn's mouth. Quinn pulled back, feeling Santana's body quake beneath her.

“T-Thank you!” Santana sobbed. “Oh, thank you Miss!”

Quinn kissed Santana's neck, moving to her collar bone, and her breast, where she sucked a hardened nipple into her mouth. She stilled her thumb when she heard Santana let out another cry, indicating her second orgasm.

“M-Miss?” Santana asked.

Quinn moved her way back up, tugging at Santana's bottom lip before kissing her mouth.

“We're going to cum together this time.” Quinn announced.

Santana nodded, unable to find the words to respond to Quinn. She would try to hold out until Quinn was close. Quinn's hips picked up, but had little transition from the slow grinding of her hips to a much faster and rough pace.

Quinn stopped rubbing Santana's clit when she was close to her second orgasm and picked up the speed of her hips. She would switch between stopping and going, while trying to keep up with the tension of an on-coming orgasm that Santana so easily experienced.

“Oh! Yes! Fuck Santana! I'm cumming,” Quinn warned. “C-Cum...cumming. I'm gonna cum!”

She vigorously rubbed at Santana's clit and the room was flooded with their moans.

“Mistress!” Santana yelled.

Santana nearly passed out when she came and felt the warmth of Quinn's seed fill up her ass. She felt the pulse of Quinn's cock inside her as she let out four squirts of cum inside her. The pulsating appendage slowed down to that of twitch and ceased all together.

Santana lay down, dazed, catching her breath, and Quinn remained on top of her waiting to gain the strength to move again. They remained close together out of breath and panting for three minutes before Quinn sat up.

The change of position caused her penis to pull out half way. Quinn reached down kissing the top of Santana's knees. Quinn pressed a finger to Santana's clit and she moaned.

“Miss?” Santana asked.

“I know you have a few more in you.” Quinn answered.
With no room for protest, Quinn began to rub at Santana's clit again. The friction against her sensitive bud was a delicious sensation that would bring her to a third orgasm in no time. She managed to cum four times.

Quinn sat Santana up and retrieved scissors from the table of instruments and carefully cut Santana's arms free from the tape. She then removed the blindfold and Santana reached out to pull Quinn into a hug.

“Let's go home.” Quinn suggested.

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Santana and Quinn left the club in a comfortable silence. Santana didn't even care at the amount of eyes the stared at her as she left the club topless and her hair a tussled mess. She has never felt this calm, or this happy. With Quinn around, Santana had no reason to care about the people that eyed her hungrily or glared at her. Quinn would be willing to protect her.

As they reached the exit, Quinn put an arm around Santana's waist and walked through the door the security guard opened for them. Santana's ass cheeks ached, but so did the rest of her. She can still feel the thickness of Quinn's cum inside her slowly oozing out as she walked.

“Heading home early Quinn?” Sam asked.

“I'll come back.” Quinn confirmed. “Good night Sam.”

“I don't doubt that.” Sam grinned, he glanced at Santana. “I bet she rocked your world and then some, huh?”

Quinn pulled Santana closer and walked away. The limo driver parked beside the club, opened the door and Quinn led Santana inside. They sat in silence when the car moved, with Santana still caught in a daze.

“Santana?” Quinn softly called.

The sound of her name said so tender it broke Santana of her hazy spell. Quinn stared at her with a flicker of concern behind her eyes. She took a hold of Santana's hands and squeezed them.

“You have to understand,” Quinn started. “What goes in that club stays in the club. At home you are personal assistant, but at the club I'm your mistress that dominates you, so long as you are willing. Are we clear?”

Santana gulped. “Yes Miss.”

Quinn inched forward, sealing their words of agreement with a loving kiss. Santana has never felt her heart race this fast.
It's been a while since I've updated. I've been busy writing a fic for Quinntana Week. I should be done with that soon, until then I'll be updating this fic once again weekly. It will be over very soon!

Santana awoke the following morning at 6am. She changed into her uniform and made her way down to breakfast at 7. She felt a lot more at peace this morning and her butt hurt a lot less due to the cream Quinn insist she put on Santana's bottom on the ride home. But she can still feel the tenderness of the spanking as she moved and she tried her best to move in a way that caused less discomfort.

Rachel had attended the breakfast, but did little to have any form of contact with Santana. She sat at the far end of the table. Santana was done eating and had been on her way out when Quinn entered, taking a seat at the head of the table. A cook replaced the used utensils with clean ones and placed a napkin over Quinn's lap. Santana came over to greet Quinn before she went on her way to complete her chores.

“Good morning Miss.” Santana smiled.

Quinn grinned, wrapping her hand around Santana's wrist. The contact made Santana shiver, but kept her eyes to her feet. Quinn lifted Santana's hand and kissed the tender inner side of Santana's wrist. She whimpered.

“Did you sleep well?” Quinn asked.

“Yes Miss.” Santana answered.

“Stay with me. I want to put on more ointment before you do your chores.” Quinn ordered.

“That isn't necessary Mistress.” Santana responded, but Quinn didn't release her wrist. “I'm fine.”

She began to caress Santana's wrist with the side of her thumb. A cook came back out to serve Quinn a generous amount of bacon, eggs, and pancakes. Santana felt her stomach grumble at the smell.

“Look at me.” Quinn whispered. “Are you embarrassed to be seen with me like this?”

“No Miss I just...” Santana sighed, feeling Quinn's other hand slip under her blouse and rest on her hip.

Quinn glided her hand up, easily going under Santana's bra and firmly squeezing her breast. Santana moaned, leaning forward and placing her weight on to the armrest of Quinn's chair. The shift of position gave Quinn a view of Santana's cleavage from underneath the shirt and access to Santana's neck.
“I-I want you Miss. So bad I...” Santana moaned, pressing her nose into Quinn's cheek. “May I kiss you Mistress?”

Quinn closed the distance between them in a hungry kiss. Santana moaned, curling her arm around Quinn's neck. She was disappointed to have it end so soon, but she knew better than to push. Quinn grinned, seeing a small hue of red settle on Santana's cheekbones.

“There will be plenty of more time for this.” Quinn assured. “Take a seat Santana. I want to finish my breakfast with your company.”

“Yes Miss.” Santana sighed.

The dining room door connecting to the foyer of the house opened and Rachel entered.

“I apologize for the interruption Mistress, but you have a phone call.” Rachel announced. “It is from Mistress Brittany. She demanded that she speak to you immediately.”

With a discontent sigh, Quinn stood out of her chair.

“Thank you Rachel.” She groaned.

Rachel quickly exited with Quinn, leaving Santana to stay in the dining room alone. She decided to remain as Quinn did not give her any further commands. It was roughly ten minutes before Quinn returned. She glanced at her food, knowing that by now it was cold.

“Is something wrong Mistress?” Santana asked.

Quinn reached for her cup of orange juice and took a sip. It was difficult to range Quinn's emotions as her face was still, except for the twinkle in her eyes. She was perplexed, but bothered was not what Santana could place with her expression. Santana didn’t have the slightest liking for Brittany, but she had no place to say so, as she was Quinn's dearest friend.

“Brittany will be coming over for lunch.” Quinn noted. “I want you to resume your chores, but come to my bedroom at 1pm sharp. I'll need assistance getting ready for lunch.”

“Yes Mistress.” Santana agreed.

She got up from her chair, but nearly fell into Quinn's lap as she grabbed her wrist and yanked her down. Quinn held Santana into a tender kiss. Santana moaned when they parted, begging for another kiss. Quinn chuckled.

“Behave and we can continue this later.” Quinn smirked.

She stroked Santana's cheek and took another sip of her orange juice. Santana left, trying to calm herself as she still a few hours to go before she can attend to Quinn for lunch.

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Santana hadn't heard from Quinn since and she was finding it harder to clean with Quinn on her mind. The memory of last night was still clear and it made Santana shiver each time. She's never experienced such an intense orgasm, let alone the sense of trust with Quinn while she spanked her. Santana hasn't been able to trust anyone that deeply, not even her time spent with Kitty back at the brothel.

While she may have been bound, Quinn had given her all the power and choice to continue or deny
anything. It was an empowering feeling. It was an imitate feeling. Santana wanted more of it. She finished up the last room on the third floor and glanced at the time.

She made her way to the fourth floor, feeling the excitement she's had recently with the thought of Quinn around. Santana made sure to knock and only entered when she was granted permission to do so. Quinn was already in her bathrobe, sorting through her closet for today's outfit. Quinn turned around having picked three summer dresses in her hands and held them out.

“The green one Miss. It looks great on you.” Santana decided.

Quinn handed over the dress and returned the other two into her closet. She was led out the room by Quinn, but instead of walking down the hall leading to the shared bathroom, Quinn led her to the door three steps down and Santana noticed the room was smaller.

It resembled her bathroom, but with a nicer tub and it was much bigger. She heard the lock of the door be put in place and watched Quinn begin to untie her robe.

“Miss?” Santana questioned.

“This is a private bathroom.” Quinn stated. “Hang my dress up and remove your clothes.”

Santana gulped. Quinn smiled, removing her robe and hanging it onto a nearby hook. She strode over to Santana and ran a hand through her hair.

“It's quicker if we bathe together.” Quinn whispered. “Is that a problem?”

Santana gulped. “No Miss.”

“Get the shampoo and soap from under the sink. I'll fill the tub.” Quinn replied.

Santana quickly removed her uniform before making her way to the sink, where she heard the rush of water from the faucet. Quinn sat on the ledge, testing the water and adjusting it to a more comfortable temperature before plugging the drain. Santana set the shampoo, conditioner, washcloth, and a bar of soap on the side as they waited for the tub to fill up.

She watched Quinn remove her necklace and place it on top of the sink. When the water was less than halfway in the tub, Quinn shut off the faucet and got in. Santana walked to the ledge and gulped when she looked over Quinn's naked form.

The water was up to her waist, leaving the rest of her body exposed. Quinn stretched her hand toward Santana, smiling as she took a hold of her hand and carefully got in. Santana made sure to wedge herself between Quinn's legs and shivered as she felt Quinn's penis press against her back.

Santana gulped. The feeling of having Quinn against her so soon after their time spent in the club last night gave her the chills. For Quinn, having Santana this close to her could not have come soon enough.

The time at the club had formed a bond between them, one that would continue to grow and strengthen. Quinn found it easier to pick up on some of Santana's body language and desire and she knew for sure Santana desired her.

But it would be a much longer time before Quinn could get Santana to admit it or beg for Quinn to touch her. She needed to get Santana to relax first.

Quinn picked up the washcloth and lathered it with the bar of soap. Santana remained still, trying to
calm herself. All she could think about was how it felt to cum and how she wanted to be able to feel Quinn come inside her again.

“I'll wash you first.” Quinn stated.

Santana gripped the ledge of the tub when the cloth touched her neck. Quinn carefully watched Santana with a grin. Santana sighed and leaned back, resting her head on to Quinn's shoulder. The touch was firm, pressing into the skin and working out the knots in her muscles. Santana sighed as she became more at ease with the closeness of their bodies.

Quinn kissed her shoulder and moved her hand over Santana's stomach. She gasped when Quinn's left hand cupped her breast. The washcloth glided up to Santana's neck and between her breasts. Santana whimpered as she felt Quinn shift and her dick poke at her back. Quinn pinched Santana's nipple and brought her hand around Santana's neck.

“M-Mistress, you have to get ready.” Santana panted.

Quinn chuckled. “We have some time to spare.”

Quinn reached down to press her lips to Santana's. She moaned, tangling her hand into Quinn's hair. The washcloth was dropped in the water and Quinn's hands squeezed Santana's breast. Quinn pulled back with a groan and wedged her right hand between Santana's legs.

Santana took a hold of Quinn's left hand into her own and moaned when she felt Quinn's finger massage her clit. Quinn switched between rubbing Santana's clit and slipping her middle finger between her outer lips every time Santana near the edge of her release.

“Please Miss?!” Santana cried.

Quinn went back to rubbing on to Santana's clit with a smirk. She buried her nose into Santana's neck and inhaled; the strong scent of flowers emitting from the soap. Quinn licked at the soft flesh and bit down.

“Ah!”

“Are you close Santana?” Quinn asked.

Santana licked her lips. “Y-Yes Mistress.”

Quinn went from biting Santana's neck to pressing onto Santana's clit. Feeling her stomach flex, Santana arched up the tension building up in her thighs.

“Miss!” Santana hissed. “F-Faster.”

Santana turned, connecting their lips together briefly. Quinn sucked on to Santana's neck and increased the speed of her fingers. Santana's hands threaded into blonde hair, gripping on to Quinn.

“Sh - Quinn!” Santana cried, as she came.

Quinn began to slow down the pace of her fingers as Santana began to relax. She placed one last kiss on Santana's neck and brought Santana in for a soft and slow kiss.

Santana rolled over, ending the kiss and hovered above Quinn. Quinn smiled, putting one hand on the back of Santana's head and the other on her butt. Experimentally, Quinn pulled Santana's hair and forced her forward. Santana moaned. Quinn squeezed her butt and smirked when Santana let out
another moan.

“Would you like me to spank you again?” Quinn asked.

Santana whimpered. Quinn quickly smacked her hand down to Santana's rear. She gave three more painful slaps and Santana was ready to cum a second time.

“Tell me.” Quinn demanded, landing a strong slap on her bottom.

“Yes!” Santana yelped.

Quinn licked along the curve of Santana's slender neck. She placed a kiss on Santana's cheek.

“Unfortunately we don't have enough time.” Quinn answered. “Such a greedy girl. Be thankful I let you cum before me.”

“Yes Miss.” Santana whimpered. “Thank you Mistress.”

Quinn took Santana's hand and placed it around her cock. Sitting back, Santana jerked her hand up, watching Quinn as she steadily moved her hand. Quinn moaned, placing her hands on the ledge of the tub and leaned back.

“Shit.” Quinn cried.

Santana reached over, kissing along Quinn's collar bones. Quinn sat back up and tangled her hand back into Santana's hair. She pulled her in for a kiss, as Santana continued the pace of her hand. Santana moved back, softly kissing Quinn's shoulder and cupped her other hand on to Quinn's breast.

“Miss,” Santana moaned. “I want you inside me. Please?”

Quinn gasped as Santana's hand twisted at the tip and focused on jerking at the sensitive head of her penis. The hand on her breast started to knead and squeeze Quinn's left breast. Santana flicked her thumb over the hardened nipple before pulling it. The slow tug of Santana's hand on her dick increased.

“Mistress.” Santana cried, scooting closer.

Quinn sharply inhaled as she felt the soft touch of Santana's center against her balls, coating it with her arousal. She let out a sigh of relief as Santana's hand shifted down to her shaft and started to rapidly move again.

“S-Slow.” Quinn sighed. “Slow down.”

Santana started a slow grind of her hips along the length of Quinn's cock. Quinn moaned, taking a hold of Santana's wrist. She couldn't help but smile at how desperate Santana had been be filled again. How she was openly asking with no shame or distrust toward Quinn. Quinn affectionately stroked Santana's cheek.

“Soon.” Quinn promised.

Santana leaned back, focusing on quickening the pace of her hand again. Quinn instantly became a quivering mess, laid back against the tub and her head stretched back, exposing the tender flesh of her neck.

“Fuck, S-San...” Quinn groaned, clutching on to Santana's forearm.
Santana noticed the muscle in Quinn's abs flex and flinch then stiffen completely as Quinn let out a loud moan and a stream of semen shot out from the tip. Santana continued to jerk off Quinn, spreading the string of white on Quinn's stomach. Speckles of cum had managed to land on Santana's pelvis.

Quinn gave one last whimper as the last pulse of cum trickled out the tip and glide down her cock. Santana reached down to lick along the trail. She felt Quinn twitch in her mouth as her lips wrapped around the tip.

“Fuck!” Quinn sighed, sitting back up and chuckled. “We're both dirty again.”

Santana wedged herself between Quinn's legs and lay on to her chest. Quinn's hands wrapped around her waist. Quinn gently strokes Santana's hair, putting her at complete ease.

“I...” Santana hesitated. “I want more Miss.”

Quinn kissed the top of her head.

“We've run out of time.” Quinn announced. “Rinse yourself off and get dressed.”

Quinn was quicker to use the water of the tub to rid the cum on her abdomen and get out. Santana hopped out to help her slip on Quinn's dress. She checked herself over in the mirror several times and nodded in agreement to her appearance. She still had to fix her hair and apply makeup, but that would be something she can handle herself. Quinn picked up her necklace.

“Mistress?” Santana called.

“Yes?”

“Can you...” Santana paused. “Would you leave the necklace behind for lunch? I...you're beautiful Mistress, even without it.”

Quinn handed Santana a towel. She seemed to have given little thought to such a request and Santana tried to cover her disappointment as Quinn overlooked her words. She had no reason to think Quinn would listen. She was Santana's Mistress. Santana had no authority. She was a simple slave, a weak human.

“Go get ready. I can prepare in my room alone.” Quinn demanded.

Without a word, Santana wrapped herself into a towel, collected her clothes and exited. The frown on her face was difficult to mask as she gave Quinn one last look. Quinn raked a hand through her hair several times before glancing at the necklace in her palm. She held it against her neck, staring into the reflection as she carefully examined the piece of jewelry. She kept the necklace in her hand as she picked up her discarded clothes and left.

***

Santana chose a simple white t-shirt and blue jeans, paired with black flats. Quinn had not instructed her to wear anything formal, but she knew to look presentable when Brittany arrived. The thought of seeing Brittany again made Santana cringe. She didn't trust her and it may be because Santana was treated so badly by demons that she grew a complete distrust for all of them. She couldn't say the same for Quinn.

She's made an effort to help Santana and gain her trust. While Quinn knew very well she could demand Santana to do everything she asked of because she was a demon, the daughter of Russell
Santana entered the foyer, where she met up with Quinn. She had to admit Quinn looked beautiful. The green dress along with her black heels and partially pinned up hair made Santana breathless.

The door bell sounded and Puck was quick on his feet to open the door, greeting Brittany as she entered. Santana remained still, carefully watching Brittany. The strong feeling of distrust was coming through her again.

“Quinnie!” Brittany shrieked.

Santana cringed as she watched her pull Quinn into a hug. She had Quinn nearly staggering to the ground with the height differences they had. Brittany pulled back to look Quinn over a second time then brought her in for another hug.

“It's so good to see you again!” She smiled. “Have you been trying to avoid me?”

“Nonsense Britt.” Quinn deflected. “I've been busy.”

Santana couldn't pin-point why, but despite this woman's friendly nature and innocent appearance with her blonde hair and blue eyes, Santana felt completely uncomfortable. That small spike of fear had seemed to be a distraction so strong Brittany noticed it and gave her attention to Santana with a much bigger grin.

“Hello Santana.” Brittany greeted. “I'm sure you've been busy with her Quinn. She's quite the distraction.”

Quinn took a hold of Santana's hand and pulled her against her side. She pressed closer to Quinn to quell her fear. Quinn stroked Santana's hair to calm her. Quinn laughed, placing a protective hand around Santana's waist.

“Let's go the garden.” Quinn suggested. “Lunch is ready.”

***

The garden had been a beautiful sight. Acres upon acres of green vegetation brilliantly accented with swatches of reds, blues, whites, and yellows from hundreds of exotic flowers. The sparkle of the noon sun had brought the garden to a heavenly scene Santana had only heard of in fairy-tales. Since the change of new world order, demons have pillaged the majority of the land, leaving little to no resources all across the country.

It had taken time until they deemed the basic resources for survival necessary, not for themselves, but for the humans they chose to keep as either pets or workers. The resources were the most important, leaving no space for things of enjoyment that only demons would be able to afford. And so gardens existed out of a sign of status, being just one of the rare gems to come across.

Santana was sure the garden itself was enchanted. Not because of its sheer beauty and it being described as a picture in an old children's book, but because it was a common practice for wealthy demons to have parts of their property enchanted for their enjoyment.

Very few used it for a garden as it wasn't as important to their business. Santana didn't dare to touch any of the shrubs on the way to the table in the center of the garden. She wasn't sure if touching anything would ruin the illusion and she didn't want to find out.
Quinn and Brittany took a seat, while Santana chose to stand next to Quinn and take in her surroundings. This part of the garden had a bench with a bird bath in front. Santana was completely taken away with the miles of green that stretched out into the distance, making the mansion appear as a smear of white and tan bricks.

Santana remained motionless, still lost at the sight of the yard as Quinn and Brittany continued to talk. Kurt had eventually showed up with a cart of trays, making sure to greet Brittany before he moved any farther.

“That's fine Kurt.” Quinn instructed. “I'll have Santana serve us. Thank you.”

Kurt walked away with a smile.

“Santana,” Quinn said. “Serve Brittany first.”

Still immobile, Quinn tilted her head and firmly gripped Santana's hand. Santana broke the grip and went over to the cart. She heard Brittany giggle as she passed by, carefully watching Santana as she walked.

Santana bit her bottom lip to hold back her need to fight back. She removed the lid and picked up a plate of mushrooms, carrots, bell peppers, and grilled chicken. The smell alone made Santana's mouth water and her stomach grumble.

She carefully made her way to the table and set it down in front of Brittany. She went back to the cart to retrieve two cups and a glass bottle of water that Santana figured was also imported like the flowers because it had been in an entirely different language.

Before Santana left to get the last plate, Brittany had reached out to take a hold of Santana's wrist and tug at the button. She huffed and forcefully yanked her arm free. Brittany smirked. Quinn cut into her chicken, carefully watching Brittany.

“What do you want from me?” Quinn questioned, holding out her cup toward Santana.

She picked up the bottle of water and filled Quinn's cup. Brittany snorted, scooping up a fork full of vegetables. Santana decided to stay behind Quinn as she waited for her cue to serve and have a better eye on Brittany.

“What are you talking about?” Brittany responded.

Quinn took a gulp of her water and placed her fork and knife on the table. Santana could sense the start of her anger as her shoulders bunched up and she defensively crossed her arms over her chest. Brittany seemed surprised to have sparked a negative emotion in Quinn. They had been on good terms.

“Don't play coy with me Brittany.” Quinn sneered. “I haven't heard from you in two months. You want something.”

Brittany picked up a napkin to wipe her face and dropped her utensils.

“In my defense,” she started, “You were the one who didn't want to keep in touch with me. I now know why.” Quinn raised a brow, demanding she stop prolonging the real conversation. “Would you consider having play sessions with Santana in public?” Brittany asked.

Quinn scoffed. “Are you joking?”
Santana flinched. Quinn noticed the step she took to be closer to her side. Instinctively, Quinn brought her hand around Santana's. She knew Brittany didn't ask for shock value. She had been honest in her question and that was what bothered Quinn.

Brittany shrugged. “She'd gain plenty of attention with the regulars.”

Quinn knew some of the regulars. They got bored easily of their pets and brought them to Brittany's club to spice up the relationship and then there were some that were genuinely in love with their pets. They took great care in their slaves and responsibility.

But she hasn't seen those around much now. The entire scene had fresh faces and that meant new people with different views. And if they were the ones willing to show up and pay for a room, Brittany would want to abide to their requests for the sake of her business.

“No.” Quinn answered.

“Alright, Quinn.” Brittany agreed.

Quinn didn't expect Brittany to drop the conversation so easily. She took another sip of her water, still cautious of Brittany's acceptance. Quinn called for dessert, and Santana went about collecting the dishes, trying to be completely far away as possible from Brittany. The dirty dishes were put on top of the cart and underneath it had been another shelf that had the desserts.

Santana took out two plates that had a cube-shaped chocolate cake with a strawberry on top. She served Quinn first and slowly made her way to Brittany, who had been watching her the entire time with a smirk in place. When she was close enough, Brittany reached out, placing a hand on Santana's thigh.

“Is she wearing underwear?” Brittany laughed.

“Brittany.” Quinn grumbled.

“Oh come on Quinn!” Brittany pouted. “You let me play with Rachel. I can't help it. She smells delicious.”

Santana gulped. Brittany licked her lips, looking over Santana for the third time. She began rubbing along the length of Santana's thigh.

“You enjoyed it.” Brittany reminded. “Besides, she's cute.”

“I won't tell you again Brittany.” Quinn hissed.

Watching the way Brittany touched Santana and looked at her brought something out in Quinn that made her lash out, without a single piece of logic in her thoughts. She got up and grabbed Santana's wrist before pulling her over to her side.

Quinn squeezed herself between them, shielding Santana from Brittany's hungry eyes.

“Get out.” Quinn demanded.

“What?” Brittany scoffed.

“I want you out of here!” Quinn screamed. “Would you rather me have you thrown out?”

With a frown, Brittany got up and headed back into the house. Quinn watched her until she was inside, where she turned to Santana who had been stricken with fear. Her hands had been shaking
and her eyes were laced with anguish, but sparkled as the buildup of tears began to show.

Quinn carefully placed a hand on to Santana's lower back and another on Santana's cheek. The contact caused her lip to quiver.

“Hey,” Quinn called. “Listen to me. I won't let her touch you. I won't let anyone touch you, you understand?”

Seeing that she was frozen, Quinn pulled Santana in for a hug, resting her chin on top of Santana’s head. Santana clutched on to her, waiting for the shaking in her hands to stop. Quinn titled Santana's head up to kiss her cheek.

“I won't let anything happen to you.” Quinn promised.

Santana reached up, closing the gap between their faces into a kiss. When her arms tied around Quinn's neck she stepped back. Quinn smiled at her.

“You're not wearing the necklace.” Santana stated.

Quinn's smile widened. “You asked didn't you?” She responded.

Santana kissed along the curve of Quinn's neck. The contact made her skin buzz and shiver. She kept an arm around Santana's waist and slipped the other underneath Santana's shirt stroking along her stomach.

Quinn moved up, quickly finding the latch of Santana's bra and unhooked it. She slipped her hand underneath the bra and locked eyes with Santana when she moaned. Quinn tugged her closer, causing Santana to lean against Quinn. To even the weight, Quinn leaned back against the table, using her left hand to support herself.

Santana groaned when Quinn squeezed her left breast. Quinn kissed Santana's neck, playfully nipping the skin and chuckling as Santana gasped. She sucked at the flesh before biting again.

“Qu-Miss!” Santana cried.

Quinn rubbed her thumb over Santana's nipple and squeezed again. She brought Santana in for another tender kiss and slowly exhaled. Santana was staring into Quinn’s eyes; she could see the small flecks of green.

“You don't have to be formal with me.” Quinn huffed. “We're alone.”

Santana saw a flash of white as her t-shirt was removed. Quinn dragged the straps of Santana's bra down, dropping the bra to the floor. Quinn slipped her hand into Santana's pants, griping her butt.

“Remove your pants.” Quinn ordered.

She watched Santana wordlessly unbutton her pants, followed by the zipper. Her flats were kicked to the side before her jeans were brought to her ankles and moved aside too. She kept her underwear on, waiting for farther instructions. Quinn looked her over with a grin, an expression of pride and adoration. It made Santana whimper.

“M- Your dress.” Santana noted, seeing the faint bump of Quinn's erection.

She brought Santana close against her again, taking Santana's hand and stuffing it under her dress. Santana pushed Quinn's underwear aside and stroked her dick. Quinn moaned, briefly kissing
Santana before she inserted two fingers into Santana's underwear.

She almost fell to her knees, when she felt Quinn's fingers press against her clit. She mimicked the action, jerking up Quinn's cock and sliding back down to the base.

“Yeah.” Quinn sighed. “Just like that, slow.”

Santana continued the pace, rubbing her thumb over the tip when she got up then brushing at the underside as she glided back down. Quinn continued the soft strokes to Santana's clit several times before slipping inside.

Santana gasped as the two fingers easily entered her. She continued the motion of her hand, placing her right hand on Quinn's shoulder for balance. Quinn sighed, grinding her hips into Santana's hand as it went down to the shaft.

“Ah!” Santana yelped, as Quinn unexpectedly push the rest of her fingers inside.

The rhythm of Quinn's hips quickened when Santana's hand stilled, snugly wrapped around the base.

“I...don't...” Santana hiccupped, putting her arm around Quinn's neck. “Miss.”

Quinn tugged at Santana's bottom lip. “Tell me?” She licked the full lip and grinned. “What do you want?”

Santana was shaking, as Quinn switched between rubbing Santana's clit and entering her. If she continued at this rate she knew Santana would cum. She stopped stroking Quinn and put her other arm around her neck.

“I want to cum w-with you inside me.” Santana whimpered.

Quinn grinned, removing her hand and getting rid of her underwear.

“It wasn't that difficult to ask, was it?” Quinn teased.

She had Santana help her remove the dress then drape it over a chair before taking off her undergarments. They were bare, fully exposed under the light of the sun. Quinn can make out some of the scars crossed along Santana's body.

Santana kissed between Quinn's breasts. Quinn stroked Santana's hair and guided her hand back on to her dick, white of pre-cum gathered at the tip. She moaned as Santana's lips wrapped around her nipple and flicked her tongue over the tips.

Quinn sighed, spotting a lawn chair off to the side with her hazy eyes. Santana's hand quickened, bringing her attention back to Santana.

“Fuck!” Quinn groaned.

Santana replaced her hand with the warmth of her tongue, curling around the head.


Santana froze.

“Let's lay down.” Quinn sighed, taking Santana's hand and brought her over to the lawn chair.

She sat down first, shifting to lie on her back and instructed Santana to kneel between her legs.
Quinn brushed the buildup of pre-cum with the swipe of her thumb. Santana reached down to surround Quinn's dick with her mouth.

“No.” Quinn interrupted. “Not this time. I want you to ride me.”

Santana gulped, sitting back.

“Let me see you.” Quinn panted.

Santana jerked Quinn's cock one last time and spread her legs to rest beside Quinn's hips. She slowly pushed her hips down to engulf the tip between her lips. Quinn gulped. She whimpered when she felt the heat of Santana's core surrounded the head.

“Fuck San...” Quinn sighed. “That feels...”

Santana sunk lower, grinning as she watched Quinn whither below her. She cringed when she was half way inside, feeling herself stretch at the thick base of Quinn's cock. Quinn bucked her hips up an inch, chuckling as she watched Santana moan.

Santana's center squelched as she pulled back a few inches and took a deep breath before she pushed back down. Quinn placed her hands on Santana's hips and thrust up, putting the remaining inches of her dick inside. Santana moaned, starting the grind of her hips. The motion was a slow and steady figure eight pattern.

“Ah!” Quinn cried. “It feels so good.”

Santana rocked her hips forward, hovering over Quinn and reaching down for a kiss. She whimpered as Quinn roughly gripped Santana's hips and pushed up, hitting her clit.

“S-Shit!” Santana begged. “I...”

Quinn stroked Santana's cheek, understanding her plea and picked up the pace of her hips. Santana cried as she felt Quinn's dick rapidly move inside her. The constant friction and motion bringing a comforting ache inside her. Quinn's hands moved to Santana's butt, harshly squeezing it as the rhythm quickened.

“Like that?” Quinn huffed, short of breath.


Santana cringed as she felt Quinn's nails dig into her skin, leaving a similar trail of scratch marks. One hand moved between Santana's legs, wedging between her pelvis and rubbed at Santana's clit. Quinn smirked.
“Come on.” Quinn coaxed. “Cum for me baby.”

Quinn gave one strong slap to Santana's rear and a final thrust, Santana arched back with a scream.

“Quinn!” Santana shouted.

Quinn found herself cumming two seconds after making sure to be buried up to the hilt inside of Santana before she came. Quinn panted as she felt the first wave of her cum enter Santana. Through her own orgasm, Santana can feel the throbbing of Quinn's dick as she came one after the other. The warmth of her seed flooding her.

Quinn whimpered as she gave one last string of cum and pressed her chest against Santana's chest. Santana smiled, seeing the red that covered Quinn's face and the sweat that matted her hair to her forehead. Santana ran a hand through Quinn's damn hair.

“Fuck.” Quinn laughed. “That was intense.”

Santana chuckled. They stayed like this for a few more minutes, Quinn hugging on to Santana with her cheek pressed against Santana's chest. The closeness of their heated bodies a comforting sensation. When the sweat stopped and starting to dry, Quinn dislodged from Santana. They tried to be careful as Quinn started to pull out, to not spill any sperm on the chair.

Quinn stood as Santana remained in the chair, having recovered slower than Quinn. She watched Quinn stretch a few times and rub at her shoulder blades. Santana can see the trails of red and dots of blood where her nails had been.

“You did a number on my back.” Quinn laughed.

Santana got up and examined her butt. The marks were welts, but not a single drop of blood. It was far better than Quinn's scratches. Quinn pulled Santana into a hug.

“Don't worry. I heal fast.” Quinn assured. “I'm starving. Would you like some cake?”

Santana was going to decline until her stomach interrupted with a growl.

“I uh...can I get dressed first?” Santana asked.

“Yeah.” Quinn agreed.

Santana walked about the garden searching for her clothes while Quinn decided to sit at the table still naked. She went through two plates by the time Santana was fully dressed and took out the remaining cakes from the cart when she approached the table. Quinn brought another bottle of water.

They ate together in silence, Santana trying to take sneaky glances at Quinn, since she still was naked and Quinn blatantly staring at her with a smile. It made Santana smile and giggle in return. They finished the last of the cake and shared the bottle of water together until it was gone.

Quinn had then got up to finally search for her clothes. Santana got a glance at her back, which was now clean of any blood and steadily the welts were lightening. Santana helped Quinn put on her dress when she managed to find her underwear.

“I want you to be dressed for dinner tonight at nine.” Quinn informed. “I'll have Kurt help you pick out an appropriate dress. Meet me in the foyer.”

“Yes Miss.” Santana answered.
Quinn grabbed Santana into a kiss. The contact light and passionate. Santana sighed when they parted.

“I love you.” Quinn sighed.

“I um...” Santana hesitated.

Santana felt her hands shake. Sensing the start of her uneasiness, Quinn kissed her forehead and stepped back. She watched Santana walk away without having said anything back. Quinn tried to mask the disappointment on her face.

***

Santana entered the foyer. The way Quinn easily said I love you was on her mind. She questioned if she should have said it back, because Quinn seemed really hurt that she didn't say it back. But if Santana had said it there would be no meaning behind it as she would just be saying it because it would be what Quinn wants.

It would have no meaning to Santana. The entire thing threw her off. And while she tried to remain calm, she was easily falling into a fit of panic. Quinn had noticed and so she didn't request Santana respond to her. She understood, but Santana was starting to pick up on Quinn's behavior. She was bothered and that made Santana feel guilty.

The time spent away would do them good. Santana would have time to think about the entire situation and process the changing relationship between them. It was clear Quinn wanted something deeper with her and she was making such huge efforts to tend to Santana and make her comfortable.

“Santana.”

She stopped at the foot of the stairs. Rounding the stair case, Rachel stepped up to her. Santana became nervous and defensive to cover up her discomfort. Rachel kept a three inch distance between them to ease Santana's tension.

“I've come to apologize.” Rachel said, throwing Santana off guard. “I'm sorry about the way I acted toward you since the day you got here. She's chosen you. She's in love with you and I'll have to respect that. With time I will move on and I hope eventually we will be on good terms, hopefully friends as I know it will be what Quinn will want.”

The idea of friends was unsettling. Santana still had such a strong deal of hatred and anger for Rachel. She insulted her and attacked her. That wasn't something she can easily move on from, but her apologize was sincere, so Santana couldn't say Rachel was doing it to please Quinn. While some of it may be because of Quinn, but Rachel wasn't expecting they get back together from this apology. It was needed and Rachel knew that.

Rachel walked away from the stairs, leaving Santana to take in her ramble that she tried to keep short as possible. Santana walked up the stairs, finding that what stood out the most of Rachel's speech was the certainty she held as she told Santana Quinn was in love with her. Rachel has been around Quinn often and Santana was sure she wasn't around when they were in the garden.

Yet Rachel was so sure Quinn was in love. That terrified Santana.
Quinn entered the house much later when she was at a more stable mood. Santana's lack of response bothered Quinn more than she wanted. She needed to give her space, it was clear that was what Santana wanted. It was four hours before they would attend dinner. Quinn hoped the time apart would ease any possible awkwardness between them.

She walked up the two flights of steps, still trying to quell the stir of emotions in her. She didn't expect to be this down. On her way to the third floor, Russell came down the steps and examined her.

“Lucy.” He called. “You're not wearing your necklace. Is it broken?”

“No, I forgot to put it on after my bath.” Quinn lied. “I had Brittany over for lunch.”

Russell was upset. “You've become a lot more forgetful recently. I think you're spending too much time with that new slave.”

“Santana is my personal assistant dad. She tends to me first before the house.” Quinn replied.

Russell glared. “And yet even she wasn't able to remind you to wear your necklace. You know how I feel about you not wearing it. That is completely irresponsible.”

Russell let out a low hiss as he exhaled. The purple of his eyes darkening as he grew angrier.

“You have to stop being a child Lucy.” He scolded. “You are an adult and soon enough you'll have more responsibilities. You need to stop following around with that slaves and focus on more important things like the family business.”

“Yes dad.” Quinn responded. “I'm sorry.”

Russell let out a grunt of disgust. “I've contact Finn today. I've decided to speed up the process to unite our business.”

Quinn felt a rush of bile fill her throat as her stomach was punched with a strong burst of anxiety. It made her stomach hurt and twist.

“By how long?” Quinn feared.

“Come next month we'll be a successfully merged business. That means the things between you and the slave need to be done too.” Russell informed.

“W-What that's not fair!” Quinn protested.

“Excuse me?” Russell spat. “We've held this off for four months. I think that's long enough.”

“You didn't even consult me. I'm the one -”

“I'm your father.” Russell rebutted. “I've given you enough time to make your choice. And seeing you fool around with this new slave has upset me greatly. I've been clear the only human you are to fool around with is that filthy Jew.”

“You mean Rachel?” Quinn hissed. “She can't -”

“I've made up my mind.” Russell stated. “You will see Finn again sometime next week. You'll make arrangements with him and in no less than two weeks the deed will be done. Do I make myself
Quinn swallowed back her tears. “Yes.”

Russell walked away. Quinn brushed away her tears and raced into her room. She hated this. She hated him! Falling on to her bed, Quinn began to cry.
Part IX

Chapter Summary

This part actually started to get so long I had to break it up into two parts. That means with the second installment I hope to sum up the majority of the fic with part 10 being the end. It really depends how the second part goes. I might just end up making two parts of the 10th installment. The update is a little slow because I was working on my fic for Quintana Week. It's so soon! I might be able to squeeze out another fic to add, but that's easily spiraling into something bigger. lol

Part IX

Kurt knocked on Santana's room door twice before waiting for a reply on the other side. When he wasn't getting a response, he knocked a third time.

“Santana?” Kurt called.

He dug into his pocket, retrieving his master key.

“I'm coming inside.” He warned, before unlocking the door.

He slowly walked in, giving Santana time to process and react, should she be naked from a recent bath. When Kurt noticed the room was dimly lit from a lamp beside the bed, he grew more concerned. Santana sat atop her messy bed, now dressed in her uniform.

“I've come to inform you that the Mistress has released you of your chores for today.” Kurt stated.

“Thank you.” Santana dully answered.

Kurt noticed she had continued to sit on the bed, staring across the room with a troubled gaze. The slouched posture had been clear that she was upset. Kurt walked closer to the bed, standing beside Santana who didn't acknowledge his presence.

“Is something wrong?” Kurt asked.

Santana blinked, now aware of his position. Santana gulped and slowly shook her head.

“I know it isn't my business.” Kurt added. “But I've come to care for all the slaves in this household. We've all been lonely at one point in our lives.”

Santana chuckled. She's been far from lonely. As a matter of fact, she's been smothered in Quinn's affection. She was spoiled. But having stayed in this room for a hour was starting to put Santana into such a panic she was near a breakdown. She glanced back at Kurt who gave her a friendly smile.

“The Mistress told me she loves me today.” Santana responded.

“It's about time.” Kurt answered.
“You knew?” Santana questioned.

Kurt giggled. “As the aid we learn to be of assistance, but never be seen. I'm not blind either. Word tends to travel fast in this household between us slaves too.” Kurt explained.

“But, you aren't bothered by it?” Santana continued.

“Had it been a different half-breed I would be concerned, but I've been with Mistress for quite some time now.” Kurt said. “Don't you feel the same way about her?”

Santana shrugged. “I'm not sure.”

Kurt took a seat next to Santana and pulled her into a hug.

“Don't let her species cloud your judgment.” Kurt suggested. “The Mistress is utterly in love with you. You may think it's not capable because she is half demon, but that wouldn't be true. The Mistress is quite human. Don't be mistaken.”

They remained in silence. Santana was still tense and frustrated. Kurt released her and placed his hands over his folded legs.

“Let me ask you something.” Kurt instructed. “And I want you to answer without any hesitation.”

Santana gave him a confused look but eventually gave in.

“When you think of the Mistress what comes to your mind?” Kurt asked.

“Safe.” Santana smoothly replied.

“And when you think about love what is the first image that you think of?”

“Quinn.” Santana muttered.

Kurt smiled. “I think you have to not be afraid of what you want Santana. Don't you think it's about time you deserve some happiness too?”

Kurt wrapped Santana into another hug. Santana wiped away the drops of silent tears. It had been so simple. The way she felt about Quinn, but Quinn had been the one to mention it first. That caused a fear in Santana. She had been afraid plenty of times. She was never this afraid because for the first time in years she had someone love her and not love her for her body or her sexual performance.

Quinn had loved her for who she was, putting aside the life of a whore she used to live. When she was here Santana was a human, and not a thing demons usually saw humans as. It was new and terrifying, but Santana couldn't think of anyone else to have such an intimate level with.

Kurt remained until he was sure Santana was more at ease.

“Thank you.” Santana called, as Kurt made his way out.

“Of course,” Kurt replied, closing the door behind him.

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Santana had started to get ready for tonight's dinner as planned. The talk with Kurt made her feel less
of a mess. She bathed before sorting through her closet. When she narrowed down her selection from ten dresses to two, Santana was still indecisive to what looked more appropriate for dinner.

Kurt had come in to help make a choice as they had little time to be down in the foyer. He helped put the dress on and nodded in delight at his choice. Santana ran a hand down her dress unfamiliar with the formal and properly fitted clothing around her figure.

The dress was beautiful. A light shade of purple that covered her back, but left her chest exposed showing her cleavage. It had thick straps that crossed her chest and left a gap in the middle just below her breast. The gown was of the finest silk.

“It's perfect.” Kurt grinned.

Kurt had given extra care to fix Santana's hair to make a much more elegant appearance. He slicked back, then pinned the right side of Santana's hair with a diamond floral shaped pin, teased the front of Santana's hair. He used a curling iron to give Santana's hair loose curls and kept it neat with hairspray.

“Your hair grew nicely.” Kurt complimented.

The finishing touch was a pair of diamond earrings and a golden chain around her neck that Kurt fished from a jewelry box he brought. In the center of the chain was a heart-shaped pendant that had the letter S carved in the middle.

“Let's do your makeup and you're done.” Kurt announced.

Santana watched Kurt open up two cases of makeup full of various colors and brushes. He took some time picking the proper colors to make Santana's complexion. When he had the proper shade he worked quickly to give Santana's face an attractive and natural glow.

“This will definitely impress the Mistress.” Kurt gloated, once he was done.

Santana touched her cheek, feeling the layer of makeup Kurt applied paired with red lipstick. It had taken some effort to hide her scars, but that was probably why Santana had a dress with her back covered. It would be much too difficult to cover those with makeup.

Santana had been an entirely different person when she was done being transformed. Santana touched her face a second time, watching the reflection in the mirror mimic her actions with the same bewildered expression. She had been forced to dress this way before, back at the brothel to please wealthy clients that paid top dollar to sleep with her. The thought alone had caused a flurry of anger inside Santana as old memories surfaced one on top of the other.

“Santana?” Kurt called, making his way over to the vanity dresser.

He smiled at Santana and pulled her into a hug.

“Don't you look beautiful?” He grinned, stroking a piece of black strands. “The Mistress will love it.”

Santana turned away.

“Don't you like it?” Kurt asked.

Santana waited a moment to calm the spark of anxiety that suddenly hit her. This was only dinner. It wouldn't be any different. She's gone out with Quinn before, sure the first two times were to a
BDSM club, but this was a restaurant. It was much tamer.

It felt more domestic and romantic. That was what probably left Santana unsettled. Kurt placed a hand on her shoulder and affectionately rubbed her shoulder. It broke her from her inner panic.

“It's just dinner. Everything will be great.” Kurt coaxed.

He waited to see Santana's face drop to a more light expression and she nodded. Kurt led Santana out of her room, straight to the foyer where Quinn was waiting. Quinn had a look of shock at the first glimpse of her and it made Santana smile.

Quinn continued to stare at Santana at a loss for words. Kurt smiled in pride to her reaction.


“You're welcome Miss.” Kurt responded. “Enjoy dinner.”

Quinn put a hand on to Santana's waist and walked out the house. On to the porch of the mansion, Santana looked over her shoulder to see Puck closing the front door. At the end of the porch the same black limo pulled into the drive way, and the chauffeur came out to open the passenger door. The entire ride Quinn didn't remove her arm from Santana's waist. The drive had been no more than a thirty minute ride and from the tinted window Santana could see it was a fancy restaurant done in an ancient Gothic style.

The car door finally opened and Quinn came out first. She placed her hand back on to Santana's waist and shifted her forward. The change of position caught Santana off guard. She looked back to her Mistress in question.

“You may be a slave, but to me you're worth more. And no one here will know about your past status.” Quinn encouraged.

Santana turned back around and walked forward. It was unacceptable for a slave to walk in front of their owner. It was a place only given to pets, but Santana felt anything of worth to be in that status, but her appearance told her otherwise. She was nicely groomed and cleaned.

She knew she smelled like a human and while they were looked down upon with disgust, no one dared to stare that long when they had seen Quinn next to her. There had been a few demons that looked at Santana with interest and smiled, but it had left Santana twice as uncomfortable as the demons glaring at her.

The host at the door greeted her and looked to Quinn to ask for her name. He became stiffer at the mention of her last name and quietly seated them on the second floor into a private booth. Santana could feel the eyes of the people in the restaurant staring at her.

A waiter came with menus to hand to them. Santana nearly had a heart-attack seeing the prices of the dishes with the cheapest meal being thirty dollars. Quinn sensed her discomfort and reached out to stroke a hand against Santana's neck.

“Aren't you hungry?” Quinn asked.

“Order what you want Santana.” Quinn encouraged. “Don't worry about the price.”

She read the menu choices two more times before placing it down. Quinn took notice to Santana's ridged posture and placed a comforting hand on to Santana's shoulder.

“Aren't you hungry?” Quinn asked.
The waiter returned with two wine glasses and filled them both halfway with red liquid. He asked for their orders, which Quinn placed hers first. She turned back to Santana, asking for her choice.

“I’m not hungry.” She grumbled.

“Can you give us a few minutes?” Quinn requested.

“Of course ma’am.” The waiter replied and was gone.

Quinn pushed back Santana’s hair from her face. She had tried to keep calm, as it would only cause Santana’s guarded exterior to continue, if she had pushed. But Santana had been able to pick up on Quinn’s disappointment, as they had been spending plenty of time together. Quinn’s face lacked its usual charming glow.

“What’s going on?” Quinn sighed.

Through her lashes, Santana quickly glimpsed at Quinn. She sat back, readjusting the strap of her gown. When she felt Quinn’s hand move from her shoulder to her lap, Santana flinched. Quinn showed no regard to Santana’s action. She quietly watched Santana distance herself.

That lack of emotion had bothered Santana. Quinn scoffed, smoothly rubbing the back of her neck and shook her head. This shouldn’t be the place that they argue, especially when all Quinn wanted was to have a romantic dinner and enjoy each others’ company.

“Why are you doing this?” Santana asked.

Quinn raised a brow in irritation to Santana’s question. This definitely was neither the time nor place, but Santana wasn’t about to let it go. Quinn glanced to the entrance of their booth. It had been shielded with a red curtain, but the walls were questionable.

“What’s going on?” She replied.

“Treating me like I matter.” Santana responded.

“Unbelievable.” Quinn chuckled. “It’s because you do matter, at least to me. How is that too hard to understand?”

Santana defensively wrapped her arms around her chest. Quinn had been honest with her response. As far as she knew, Quinn was a woman of her word. She never pushed Santana and never physically harmed her. Quinn hasn’t even put any form of discomfort on her. But in the mix up of Santana’s growing frustration and insecurity she was starting to convince herself that Quinn was an excellent liar that was something Santana found unsettling.

“What do you want from me?” Santana pressed on.

“I want what you will give me.” Quinn answered.

Santana frowned. “What does that mean?”

Quinn placed a hand on her wrist. Santana flinched. Quinn removed her hand, deciding to keep it on top of the table. Quinn took a sip of her wine, starting to feel agitated. It had seemed to only increase Santana’s defensive behavior.

“I don't understand.” Quinn started. “I haven't...what is it that I've done wrong?”

Santana had no real reason to give. She couldn't justify her motives with anything sinister because
Quinn had proven time and time again she cared for Santana. She's openly stated she was in love with her, but that had only brought Santana's walls back up and that upset Quinn.

Neither of them wanted to speak, with Quinn trying to find a way to defuse and approach Santana's mood and Santana shutting Quinn out for as long as she could. The waiter had returned, but not a single word was uttered between them. Sensing the tension between them, the waiter left.

“Please Santana,” Quinn started. “I really want this to work, whatever it is we may have. I need to know what's going on. I need you to be honest with me.”

Santana scoffed. It had upset here that Quinn couldn't be able to figure it out, especially since she had put so much effort in tending to Santana.

“I love you.” Quinn added.

“Stop saying that!” Santana snapped. “You can't just...what is it that you exactly expect from me?”

Quinn took another sip of her wine. She was becoming impatient and highly irritated. Santana had been somewhat open, and she needed to listen if she wanted this to continue.

“Is that what this is about?” Quinn asked. “Because I've told you how I felt about you? And how do you think I feel when I see the way you look at me every time I say it?”

“Don't put that pressure on me!” Santana shouted. “You have no idea...”

The curtain of their booth was pulled back. Santana sulked back into her seat, leaving Quinn to address the interruption of their conversation. She gave Santana an angry glance before focusing back on the waiter, who entered their booth.

“Is there a problem Ms. Fabray?” He questioned.

“Everything is fine. I apologize for the disturbance we're causing for everyone.” Quinn answered.

“I see. Would you like more wine Miss?”

Quinn looked at her cup to see that it was nearly empty.

“Yes please.” She replied.

The waiter excused himself. The curtain covered their booth when he left. Quinn finished the last of her wine with a heavy sigh. Santana refused to make any form of contact with Quinn. The anger inside her was strong enough to make her legs tighten and her hands shake.

It would have been so easy to lash out at her. In fact, Quinn's father would encourage it. Santana was being completely out of line. She was being disobedient and disrespectful, in a public place. It would be logical to punish her.

The distance Santana gave them had been a clue to that any physical punishment is what Santana would expect. She was in a defensive pose and in an angry mindset that would be used to try and shield her should Quinn come and smack her around.

The punishment would set Santana in line, although, the aftermath would cause Santana to spiral into a fit of rage. The progress Quinn had made would be totally destroyed with no hope of recovery. Quinn took another breath to quell her frustration. That type of approach would be how a slave was treated. Santana wasn't a slave. She had much more value for Quinn.
“I can see how much whatever it is that's bothering you has upset you,” Quinn submitted. “I want to be able to fix it, but right now isn't the time. I really would like to spend the rest of our night here enjoying dinner. I promise we will talk about this once we get home.”

Quinn watched Santana glance back to Quinn, having decided to give Quinn her back. When she noticed the drop of Santana's tense shoulders go away, Quinn outstretched her hand and opened it, in request for Santana's hand.

There was a pause as Santana wondered if letting things go would be the better option, despite wanting to deal with this soon. She took a hold of Quinn's hand. Quinn immediately slid over, putting an arm around Santana's shoulder and kissed her temple.

“Have some wine.” Quinn encouraged, picking up Santana's cup.

The waiter returned with a new bottle and filled Quinn's cup up before leaving the wine bottle on the table.

“Are you ready to order Miss?”

Quinn raked a comforting hand through Santana's hair as she took a sip of her wine.

“She'll have the rib-eye.” Quinn responded.

“Excellent choice and your food will be served momentarily Ms. Fabray.” The waiter announced, before leaving again.

Quinn turned to Santana and smiled. “I saw you looking at it.” She quipped. “Let's enjoy the rest of our dinner okay?”

Santana kissed Quinn's cheek before snuggling up to her. Quinn was served her food first, a plate of lobster with sautéed vegetables and mashed potatoes. Quinn decided to feed Santana some of her food until it was ready.

“What's your favorite food?” Quinn curiously interrogated.

“Ice cream,” Santana admitted. “It reminds me of my mom when she brought me to my first fair.”

Quinn smiled before she reached down to connect their lips, the distinctive taste of lobster in the kiss. The waiter returned with Santana's steak. Quinn gave one quick kiss to Santana's neck, grinning as she noticed how she started to blush that the waiter entered.

“Enjoy your meal.” The waiter said, before he was gone.

Santana decided to finish her wine first before cutting into her steak. Quinn had finished before her and filled Santana's cup. She stared at Santana, admiring her and occasionally running a finger down Santana's face.

She had been a lot hungrier than she let on and within minutes, half the steak was gone. Santana picked up a napkin and cleaned her face.
“Can I ask you a question Miss?” Santana muttered.

“Of course.” Quinn coaxed.

“Do I make you happy?”

Quinn took a hold of her hand. “I can't beging to explain how happy I am with you. I don't regret anything we've done.” Quinn honestly replied. “I wouldn't have you any other way.”

Santana rested her head on to Quinn's shoulder. They finished their dinner. Santana's hostility was long gone.

***

They went home, cuddling and caressing in the car. Quinn walked Santana to her room having agreed to speak further about their issue after dinner. When they got to her door, Santana opened it and stood in the door way to hug Quinn.

“Thank you for dinner.” Santana smiled.

She made her way to the center of the room, Quinn following in after her. They took a seat on top of Santana's bed, due to the lack of seats. Santana was hesitant to start.

“If we want things between us to work, we have to be honest.” Quinn stated. “If me telling you I love you is what upsets you I'll stop. I don't expect you to say it back to me. I just wanted to let you know how I feel about you.”

“But it hurts you when I don't, doesn't it?” Santana explained.

Quinn nodded. Santana was feeling guilty again.

“I just. When you said that I was confused, but now I'm...”

Quinn pulled Santana into a hug.

“Are you scared?” She clarified.

Santana nodded. “The way I feel...” She sighed.

Quinn kissed Santana's temple.

“You don't have to be scared. I'll protect you. I don't care that you're a slave, or a human. I see more than a pet with a collar around her neck. And it scares you because you feel the same way.” Quinn lovingly spoke.

Santana wiped away the start of her tears and took a hold of Quinn's hand. She smiled at her and leaned over to kiss her. Quinn sighed as their lips touched and put distance between them when she felt a rush of desire start to rip through her.

“I need to tell you something.” Quinn whispered. “I want to be honest with you too.”

The way Quinn paused to continue made Santana nervous. She's never seen Quinn this unsure or scared. Quinn had always been calm and put together. Santana had taken comfort in that façade, but to have this much courage to show or admit her distraught feelings was also admirable. It made them
feel closer.

“I was completely in awe of you when I first saw you.” Quinn sighed. “You were perfect and in that moment I knew that I wanted you, and I've chosen you because you were what I needed to carry on my lineage.” Quinn placed a kiss to Santana's cheek. “Nothing would make me happier than to start a family with you.”

Quinn leaned closer, watching Santana shiver as her hand went to Santana's hip. She kissed the tender flesh of Santana's neck and grinned when she heard her whimper.

“Will you?” Quinn pleaded. “Be the mother of my child?”

Santana watched her, the vulnerability in Quinn's eyes as she asked. It was important to her, but what made this much more striking was that Quinn was asking. She wanted Santana to do it, much how she wanted Santana to willingly submit to her at the club.

The entire time they've been together Quinn had waited and asked, wanting Santana to do everything with her all at her own free will. She had been given choices and this would be no different. Santana returned the kiss, landing it on to Quinn's pink lips.

“Yes.” Santana agreed.

Quinn took a shaky inhale, the sound audible and full of shock. Santana saw the start of tears in Quinn's eyes just before they dropped.

“Yeah?” Quinn sobbed.

Santana nodded. She stumbled back on to her bed, Quinn on top of her, locking their lips together in a salty kiss. Santana was taken aback from the overload of emotions that were coming through Quinn.

She put her arms around Quinn's neck when the kiss ended. Quinn kissed along Santana's neck, passing down the hickeys she left on her. Quinn’s hand cupped Santana's breast and firmly grabbed it to get a moan response.

Quinn's mouth wrapped around Santana's earlobe and tugged it. She playfully nipped Santana's neck.

“We're going to make a baby.” Quinn gloated. “Ours.”

Santana wasted no time unlatching Quinn's necklace and placed it to the nightstand. She had already started pulling down the zipper of Quinn's gown next. Quinn sat up, straddling Santana's waist to remove the straps of her dress from her shoulders.

Santana watched Quinn remove her dress and shifted her hands to work on Santana's gown. Quinn kissed Santana's exposed shoulder and brushed her hand over her bare chest. She helped Santana pull her gown down her hips and watched it join with her own gown on the floor. Santana gulped as she felt the bulge of Quinn's erection press on her thigh.

Quinn moved to settle between Santana's legs. She sat back, deciding to remove her bra. She turned around when she got the straps down. Santana got up, unclasping her bra and helped remove it. Quinn took a hold of Santana’s wrist, tugging forward to redirect Santana to her lap.

Quinn kissed the back of Santana's neck. The kisses flowed down to her shoulder before Quinn brushed Santana's hair to the side. The arm wrapped around Santana's hips settled to pressing a hand
on to Santana's stomach.

“I'll take care of you.” Quinn panted. “Both of you.”

Santana whimpered, the thought of their soon to be child growing inside her, becoming an exciting and happy thought. Her stomach will grow and she'll need new clothes, but it would never be her concern. Santana fully trusted Quinn to take care of her needs.


Santana easily moved her position and sighed as she felt the comforting weight of Quinn on the back of her thighs. She groaned as Quinn's hand ranked down her back and pressed into the tension of her muscles.

Quinn hungrily bit her lip, picking up the strong smell of Santana's heat. Santana let out a loud moan when Quinn pressed into the power part of her back. Firmly, Quinn traveled up the length of Santana's back, rubbing into the skin, working on her knots.

The feeling brought a warm and pleasurable feeling through Santana; she didn't expect to be so wet after just five minutes of Quinn's hands working into her. The aches in her shoulder blades gone.

Quinn carefully removed Santana's underwear, unable to take anymore of her intoxicating scent.

“Roll over.”

Santana groaned when she caught sight of Quinn's hard on. The bump in her boy shorts noticeable, with the tip of her penis poking through the band of her underwear. Quinn moved closer, to hover over Santana's hips and remove her underwear.

Excited, Santana's hands reached up to grab the shaft of Quinn's cock and softly stroked it. Quinn arched back with a moan. She struggled to contain herself as Santana continued to jerk her off.

“Not yet.” Quinn cried.

Santana dropped her hand, waiting for Quinn to set the pace. She stretched out, placing her hands beside Santana's head and laid down on top of her. One of Quinn’s hands threaded through Santana's hair.

Quinn gazed lovingly into Santana's brown eyes. She smiled as she picked up how shy Santana was becoming, being stared at. Quinn quickly kissed Santana's neck.

“I love you.” Quinn proudly spoke.

She sealed the space between their lips with her own before Santana could protest. She felt Santana sigh and relax underneath her. The kiss had been timid from Santana's end, while Quinn didn't waste a second to bite at Santana's bottom lip.

The action had gotten Santana to moan and Quinn pushed her tongue inside, the soft touch of her tongue exploring the warmth of Santana's mouth. Quinn had been much more vigorous in her action, leading Santana to follow the motion of her tongue.

A fluid swirl moved between touching Santana's tongue and sucking on her bottom lip. Santana let out another moan when Quinn sucked on her bottom lip. Her body arched eager for more contact. She opened her mouth as the gap between them closed and Santana slid her tongue into Quinn's mouth this time.
Santana grinned when she heard Quinn moan into her mouth, a smile of triumph on her face. The noise brought another wave of desire into her. With the added courage, Santana took a hold of Quinn's waist and rolled them over, to pin Quinn down instead.

Santana pulled away from the kiss, giving Quinn a grin. She watched the blonde start to laugh and press her palm onto Santana's lower back.

“What?” Santana curiously asked.

“Look at us.” Quinn answered. “We're making out like a bunch of horny teenagers.”

Santana shrugged. “I like it.”

Quinn smirked, biting her bottom lip, and in a flash Santana was pulled on to Quinn's lap. The tip of her tongue ran along the groove of Santana's collar bone. She licked the valley between Santana's breasts before flicking her tongue over the nipple of her breast.

“Ohhh.” Santana whimpered.

“And I like it better when I have you moaning below me.” Quinn purred.

She wrapped her lips around the hardened nipple, smiling as she heard Santana moan as she sucked. Quinn's left hand grabbed on to the other breast, squeezing and teasing the nipple. She gave a sharp pull and pinch, which caused Santana to cry out. Her lips were shifted to Santana's left breast, where she continued to suck on the nipple.

“Ah, Quinn,” Santana pleaded. “I just...please?”

Pleased with Santana's current state, Quinn moved them again to have Santana lying down on her back. She continued the trail with her tongue, licking down Santana's stomach and over the tender nerve of Santana's clit.

“Shit!!” Santana cried.

Quinn dipped her tongue inside the swell of Santana's center and moved back up to Santana's hips. She moved to Santana's stomach, making sure to bite and suck several times and coming back to Santana's thigh. When Quinn was done she looked back at Santana with a grin to the added pair of hickeys.

“On your knees baby.” Quinn ordered.

Excited, Santana quickly got up, comfortably resting her arms and head on to her pillow, with her bottom up. Quinn moved behind her, rubbing the bronze globes of Santana's ass with both hands. She grabbed them before placing a quick slap.

“Ah!” Santana yelped. “Yes, please Miss?!”

“Hmm, not tonight baby.” Quinn answered, rubbing Santana's ass one last time, before she stroked her throbbing dick. “Fuck, but I want to so bad.”

Quinn sucked on the first two fingers of her left hand and used her right hand to spread Santana's ass. She smeared her saliva in the puckering hole of Santana's ass with her two wet fingers. She watched the opening loosen and Quinn pushed the two fingers inside.

“Oh fuck!!” Santana screamed. “F-Fuck, Quinn.”
Quinn smirked feeling the walls of Santana's ass suck on to her fingers. She pulled her fingers out an inch before putting it back in, repeating the action three times before pulling out completely. The whine of disappointment from Santana when she pulled out was replaced with utter joy when Quinn's tongue licked along the slit of Santana's opening.

She sucked on the outer lips and took a hold of Santana's hips just as she pushed her tongue through. Santana's thighs began to shake. Quinn licked the lining of the soft walls and moved her tongue into a figure eight motion.

“Oh sh-” Santana panted. “Quinn!”

Santana began to push back, eager to get more of Quinn's tongue inside of her. Quinn sat back, smiling as she heard Santana whimper. The sight of Santana's glistening thighs was a turn on for Quinn to see. The way her dick throbbed was almost painful.

Quinn went back, working her tongue at a much more rapid speed. Through her shouting, Santana's hand reached to rub at her clit. The added contact paired with the strokes of Quinn's tongue, had been enough for Santana to come.

“Oh! Oh fuck!” Santana yelled.

Quinn opened her mouth to drink in the release of Santana's orgasm. She pulled back when most of the sticky fluid had gushed out, splattering on her face. The rest painted Santana's thighs or dripped to the bed.

Quinn helped Santana lay on her back, while she waited for Santana to recover. The sight of her heaving chest and sweat slicked body an attractive sight, Quinn would love to see for the rest of their time together. She lay sprawled out on top of Santana, kissing her neck and torso before cuddling against her.

“Holy shit.” Santana whispered.

“Mmm, that's exactly how I feel with you.” Quinn responded.

When her breathing was back to normal the numb hot sensation in her limbs died out, Santana initiated the kiss this time. Quinn shivered as the gentle touch of Santana's wandering hand squished between them and down her collarbone, fondling Quinn's breast.

She pulled away with a gasp, moving to give Santana room to suck on to her nipple. Quinn sighed, trying to even out her weight, moving it to her forearms and knees. Santana released Quinn's nipple with a wet smack and attached to the second nipple.

“Mmm, San,” Quinn sighed.

Santana switched between breasts, licking the nipples and tugging as she sucked on them. She fondled them some more before licking the space between her breasts. Santana's hand continued its travel, slipping over her stomach.

She clutched Quinn's cock and began to jerk it in a steady rhythm. Starting at the bottom and worked her way over the tip, making sure to twist her hand at the tip and rub her thumb over the leaking head of Quinn's dick.

“Oh...shit.” Quinn hissed.

Santana stopped when she felt Quinn shake. As much as she wanted to jerk Quinn off into orgasm
again, she wanted to be able to come with her again this time. Quinn took several deep breaths before moving Santana's legs up to rest on top of her own.

The head of her dick entered, nearly making Quinn a quivering mess. She waited a moment before pushing in again, Santana's arms wrapped around her neck.

“Hmm,” Santana cried.

Quinn continued to slip inside, letting out a whimper when she got down to the hilt.

“Baby.” Santana gasped.

Quinn grinds her hips downward, watching Santana let out another gasp. Quinn took a hold of Santana's thighs. She trusted forward a second time. The speed gradually increased, Quinn watched Santana, gauging the amount of her speed from her reactions.

She worked into a fast pace, causing Santana to grab on to her and rattle the bed from her action.

“Ohh fuck!” Santana screamed. “Ahh!”

“Shit! Yes!” Quinn whimpered.

The sound of the creaking bed increased. A deafening sound mixed with their moans. When Quinn felt herself about to cum she slowed down her hips, letting out heavy sighs. When her heart was at a calmer pace, Quinn picked up the speed again, causing the creaking of the bed to continue.

Santana was a whimpering mess beneath her. Covered in sweat and unable to hold it off anymore, Quinn wedged her hand between them to rub at Santana's clit before she thrust into a breakneck speed.

“Santana, Santana!” Quinn shouted.

Santana moaned, cumming before she felt Quinn cum inside her; the heat and thick fluid of her semen filling her. Quinn lay down soaked in sweat and panting.

“Oh that felt amazing.” Quinn chuckled.

She looked up to Santana who had captured her in a passionate kiss. The contact was hungry and slow, but full of a brand new feeling of love and affection. Quinn couldn't stop smiling when the kiss ended.

“I love you.” Santana softly whispered.

Quinn kissed her again with the fresh wave of tears from her face. Santana parted in need of air, but found Quinn's hand to keep it into hers. Quinn pulled out, rolling on her side. Santana rolled over to look back at her.

Quinn smiled and kissed the back of Santana's hand. She wanted nothing more than to start a family with the woman she loved. A woman she had fall head over heels in love with since the day she met her. Quinn couldn't have picked a better woman.
Part IX.V

Chapter Notes

The next update will be the last installment. It's going to be quite long, but it won't be a problem to get done for next week. I'll be working on other fics once this is done. I already have quite a few saved. I'll probably make a one shot since the one I made got some good feedback.

Part IX.V

Santana awakes to see Quinn already up and looking through her closet for a fresh pair of clothes. She stretched before sitting up and watching Quinn pull out shirt after shirt and before she finally notices Santana's staring. She places a white t-shirt in her closet and walks over to the bed in her undergarments.

“Hey.” Quinn smiled, reaching down to kiss Santana. “Did I wake you?”

“No, I think I'm already used to sleeping next to you.” Santana grinned.

Quinn went in again for another quick kiss. She brushed back Santana's messy hair and kissed her forehead. She took a second to look over Santana's feature in adoration. Santana turned away, embarrassed.

She wasn't presentable, having a sleepy face on and her hair was a wild flare of tangles. Quinn had found her adorable nonetheless. She went back to her closet, pulling out the white t-shirt she was previously holding and put it on.

“I want you to go to Artie again this morning.” Quinn instructed. “It's going to be the last physical. I just want to be sure you're stable when you are pregnant.”

Quinn pulled out a skirt and slipped it on. She swiftly put on her necklace and started searching for a pair of low socks in her drawer.

“I'll head there now.” Santana agreed.

She tossed back the sheets and gathered her undergarments along the floor. She went searching for her gown, but found it nowhere in sight.

“I put your gown back into your room.” Quinn informed. “Wear these instead.”

Quinn tossed a pink shirt in Santana's direction and a pair of light blue jeans. She went back to digging into her closet for shoes and gave Santana a pair of flats. Wordlessly, she dressed herself and looked herself over in the mirror.

“This isn't suspicious at all.” Santana teased.

Quinn walked behind her and wrapped her arms around Santana's hips. She kissed her cheek before
slipping her hand underneath the shirt. Santana sighed and leaned back into Quinn's arms. She watched Quinn's hand move and to cup her breast. Quinn watched her moan in the mirror.

“Oh it definitely is and that's the point.” Quinn purred. “I think I like seeing you in my clothes.”

Quinn gave Santana's breast a firm squeeze and quickly traveled down to her pants and popped open the button. Santana moaned when she felt Quinn's hand brush against her clit.

“Maybe we should have a quickie before you go.” Quinn suggested.

“We'll never leave.” Santana panted.

“Mmm, maybe later then,” Quinn agreed.

She pulled her hand out, grinning as she watched how disappointed Santana was. She fixed Santana's pants and flattened out her shirt. Santana quickly turned around and pulled Quinn into a hungry kiss. The pace was quick and rough. Quinn had more self-control to end it before either of them wouldn't leave.

“If we keep this up, we'll have a baby in no time.” Quinn smirked. “I'll see you later on. I promise.”

Santana pouted and kissed Quinn's chin. “Yes Miss.”

“You don't have to be formal with me anymore.” Quinn informed. “I don't want our child thinking something is wrong with our family.”

“I'm holding you to your promise.” Santana added.

Quinn chuckled and watched Santana leave her room. Santana gave her one last glance before leaving and closed the door behind her. Quinn couldn't stop her heart from racing.

***

The tests were the same procedures as the last time Santana came. Dr. Abrams checked Santana's blood pressure, heart rate, weight, and cholesterol. The only differences was he request conducted a breast examination since that was something Santana had avoided to do since she came here.

When that was over Dr. Abrams nodded and scribbled on to his clipboard. He flipped through two pages and placed the clipboard back down. He looked back at Santana and smiled.

“You've recovered just fine.” Dr. Abrams commented. “I'm very pleased. You are at a great weight, you've gained your muscle mass. You're perfectly healthy. You are free to do any hard labor should the task be needed.”

Dr. Abrams picked up his clipboard and wheeled himself out the room.

“You're free to go Santana.” He called behind him.

Once Santana reached the foyer, Kurt headed toward her.

“Santana, the Mistress wants see you in the music room.” Kurt announced. “She'll be serving brunch.”

The thought of food caused her stomach to growl.
“I'll escort you to the music room.” Kurt volunteered.

Santana followed him up the grand stair case, all the way to the fourth floor.

“I'm personally glad to see the Mistress in the music room again.” Kurt boasted. “She was quite skilled at the piano.”

“Why did she stop?” Santana asked.

“The Master decided it was more important she get into the family business.” Kurt informed. “The drug trade is quite a risky and a high in demand market.”

They stopped at the end of the hall. Kurt carefully swung open the door and stepped aside to allow Santana to enter. She was speechless. The room had three levels full of books, chairs, note stands, a cello on the first floor; to the right of the room, a violin, and a trumpet next to it.

Santana looked up to see Quinn standing against the railing of the second floor. They smiled at each other when they made eye contact.

“Thank you Kurt.” Quinn smiled.

He silently left, trusting Santana to find her way up to the second floor. She found the stairs to the left of the room and hastily came to the top. She was just as shocked when she first came in here to see a cart of food and various candle stands around the piano.

Quinn took a hold of her hand and brought her to the piano. She patted the stool and took a seat on one end for Santana to join her. Torn between examining her surrounding and wanting to kiss Quinn, Santana decided to keep her eyes on the wooden grand piano in front of her.

“What's the occasion?” Santana asked, lightly running her fingers along the keys.

“You asked to hear me perform didn't you?” Quinn reminded.

She caught Santana's attention and watched her blush. Santana didn't expect Quinn to remember. Quinn didn't have to. It was required of Santana to remember all the things Quinn wanted. Quinn stood back up to lift the cover to the first tray on a cart.

“Are you hungry?” Quinn asked.

She pushed the cart over to the piano. Santana saw a plate full of chocolate covered strawberries. It would be good enough to keep Santana full, as when she saw Quinn the only thing she wanted the most was to finish what they started in the bedroom.

Quinn took a seat and picked up the first strawberry. She served it to Santana, who carefully took the first bite, leaving some for Quinn to take some. They shared the fruit between each other, until neither of them could stand being this close to each other and not be able to touch each other.

Quinn dropped the bitten strawberry and reached forward for a kiss. Santana could taste the chocolate and strawberry on Quinn's tongue. Eager for more contact, Santana put an arm around Quinn's neck and was met with the heated touch of Quinn's skin. The necklace was nowhere in place.

Quinn pulled back when she felt Santana's hand on her thigh.

“I brought you here to play for you.” Quinn interrupted.
Santana kissed Quinn's neck before facing the piano. Quinn fixed her skirt and prepared to play. She tapped a key on the far left and moved a little closer to Santana. Quinn took a deep breath and began. The keys started out slow and soft quickly moving to a faster pace. Santana watched Quinn's hands move quickly along the keys in amazement. Quinn let out more relaxed breaths as she continued, no longer feeling nervous to play again.

Santana observed Quinn softly moving with the notes. The melody was calming and slightly fast paced. Quinn had no issue moving her hands with speed. Santana had understood from the sound it was classical music. The song had only lasted two minutes and it was over before Santana could try to figure out if she could name the artist.

Quinn turned to her with a proud smile.


“You took lessons in classical music as a child?” Santana asked, amazed.

Quinn nodded. “It was the only music my dad would let me play. I hated it when I first started, but I eventually had a lot of fun with it as I got older.”

“Play another.” Santana enthusiastically requested.

Quinn turned back to the keys, tapping a few keys in search of where to place her fingers for the next piece. She took a deep breath once again before starting. This tune was a lot slower and deeper in pitch.

Santana watched the way Quinn's hands moved in a much more even pace. Even Quinn's posture had changed and she swayed at a much slower motion as she focused on the song. It had sounded sad, but the way the song carried on was beautiful.

The longer Quinn played the more the song sounded familiar with Santana. It was definitely a more popular song for her. Granted she knew very few classical composers. It was just what she would hear on the streets when she got older before the brothel.

As Quinn played, she looked relaxed and happy. Glad to reunite with an old past time and passion once more. Santana was completely awestruck. The song lasted longer than the first one and ended on a deeper pitch.

“Who's that?” Santana questioned.

“Beethoven's Moonlight Sonata,” Quinn replied.

“You're amazing!” Santana complimented. “Do you play any of those instruments downstairs?”

“No, I love the piano too much to pick up any other instrument.” Quinn admitted. “I could get lessons though and hopefully our child will pick up one of them when they're older of course.”

Santana couldn't be any more excited for the birth of their first child. Quinn smiled and affectionately brushed back Santana's hair.

“I can't wait to start our family.” Quinn smiled. “I have so much I want to teach our child.”

“I want to give this child everything I lost.” Santana admitted. “I'll do all that I can to raise it.”

Quinn affectionately kissed Santana's forehead. “We'll do fine. I'll have to set up a nursery soon, but
it will be some time before we know if we're having a boy or a girl.”

“I want to move my things into your room.” Santana stated.

Quinn put an arm around Santana's hips and rested her head on Santana’s shoulder.

“That won't be a problem.” Quinn agreed. “And with time we'll have a name for the baby.”

Santana couldn't stop herself from smiling and rested her hand on her stomach, trying to think when it will be time before she starts to show. The time she'll spend holding or rubbing her stomach and feeling the baby kick when it was later on in the pregnancy. She couldn't be any happier about bringing their child into their lives.

They came together in a soft kiss. Quinn grabbed Santana by her hips and placed her on her lap. Still caught up in their kiss, Quinn searched for Santana's pants and tugged at the button. She pulled down the zipper and gripped on to the bottom of Santana's t-shirt.

They parted from the kiss in a heavy sigh just as the shirt passed Santana's face. Santana watched Quinn remove her bra then knead her breast with both hands. Santana leaned back against the piano. Quinn licked the crease between Santana's collar bone before reaching and licking her nipple.

Quinn was interrupted from the tugging of her own shirt and sat up to allow her shirt to be taken off. Santana hastily reached for Quinn's bra before Quinn could continue back on track with her mouth. Impatient, Santana stood up and removed her pants. Quinn kissed her stomach, brushing the tip of her nose against dark soft pubic hair.

“Turn around.” Quinn panted.

Santana placed her hands on top of the piano and leaned forward, shifting her weight to her arms. Quinn's hands settled on her waist for a second then glided down the curve of her hips, thighs, and grabbed Santana's ass.

Moaning, Santana parted her legs and pushed back a little. Quinn firmly squeezed Santana's ass again and brought her hands down to part the outer lips of Santana's center. Quinn could smell the scent of Santana's arousal.

Quinn slipped her tongue inside with a slow lick. Santana moaned and pushed back, getting more of Quinn's tongue inside of her.

“Oh!” Santana cried. “Yes”

Quinn retracted and stood up to pull her skirt down. She kicked off her underwear and sat back down. She grabbed her dick and stroked it a few times until it was completely erect. She put her left hand on Santana's hip to guide her back.

Santana looked down to stir herself and quivered when she saw Quinn's cock line up between her legs then push inside her.

“Fuck.” Santana moaned.

Quinn kissed her neck and jerked her hips up. Leaning forward, Santana braced the piano and lifted upward before quickly pushing down to have Quinn entire dick inside her. Quinn rubbed Santana's leg.

“San, you feel so good,” Quinn panted.
Santana continued to grind her hips on Quinn's cock and slid back up, having just the tip of her penis inside her. Quinn steadied Santana with her hand on her hip and glanced down to watch Santana steadily thrust against her.

She groaned at the way she easily slipped inside Santana, disappearing completely and cried when Santana clenched around her dick. Quinn took her free hand and tangled it into Santana's hair.

“Oh shit!” Quinn yelped. “Do that again. Don’t ever stop doing that.”

Santana clenched down a second time, surrounding Quinn's cock with the walls of her center, the change in pressure a snug sensation. Santana glanced over her shoulder with a smirk. She bit her lip to brace herself and repeatedly thrust her hips at a faster pace, riding Quinn's dick.

“Fuck!” Quinn groaned.

Watching the way Santana's ass jiggled as she rocked her hips, the entire sensation was overwhelming and blissful. She felt her balls tighten and twitch. Abruptly, Quinn stopped Santana's hips with her hands.

“Wait!” Quinn cried. “I want to...stand up.”

Santana watched Quinn stand up and position herself behind Santana. She pushed the stool back with her leg and directed her cock back to Santana's opening. Excited, Quinn pushed forward, getting Santana to moan again. She quickly picked up the pace again, eager to feel Santana clamp around her and hear her moan.

“Quinn!” Santana cried, gasping for air.

Quinn kissed Santana's back and squeezed her ass before moving her hand on to Santana's stomach. She felt her abs flex and quiver as Quinn moved inside her. Santana searched for Quinn's hand to hold while using her left hand to keep herself balanced.

Her hand slipped from the top of the piano and banged on to the keyboards, making an awful racket. Quinn increased the speed of her hips, causing the piano to rattle. She felt Santana grip on to her cock again.

She broke the contact from their hands and put it on Santana's hips, pulling her on to her dick. Santana whimpered, meeting her hips with Quinn's.

“Santana!” Quinn cried. “Oh fuck, baby, I'm gonna cum.”

Santana pressed a finger to her clit, furiously rubbing it. The piano shook harder and Quinn let out a cry as she felt her balls tighten then a gush of cum shoot out. Santana rested her forehead on to the piano when she came.

“Shit!” Santana cried.

She whimpered as she felt Quinn's cock pulse and twitch inside her. She felt five squirts of cum enter her then cease. Quinn kissed Santana's back several times, trying to catch her breath. When she was stable enough to stand on her own, she carefully pulled out of Santana and guided her back to the stool to sit.

Quinn cupped a hand to the back of Santana's head and brought their lips together. Santana moved at a slower pace, still trying to recover. Quinn moved her lips to give open mouth kisses along Santana's shoulders; the faint taste of salt in her mouth as she licked Santana's bronzed skin.
“Are you okay?” Quinn asked, placing a hand over Santana’s heaving chest.

Santana nodded. Quinn pushed Santana’s sticky hair aside and got up to pour a cup of water for the two of them from the cart. She gave Santana a cup first and didn't take a sip herself until she saw Santana drink first.

Santana drank the entire cup in large gulps. She had yet to fully recover from last night. Quinn decided they should wait a little until Santana was ready again.

“We should take a break.” Quinn suggested.

“I'm fine.” Santana replied.

Quinn stood up again, putting her hand out, silently asking for Santana's. She quickly took it and was helped on to her own less stable feet. Quinn was covered in a light sweat and showed little sign of fatigue. She put her arm around Santana's waist and pulled her close for their stomachs to touch together. Santana moaned.

“You're hard already?” Santana gasped.

Quinn smirked. “Demons recover quickly. I could go on for days, but that would knock you out.”

Quinn picked Santana up and put her arms on to her hips, where she placed Santana on top of the piano. She got up next quickly and moved her way between Santana's legs. She directed the tip of her dick to Santana's opening and slowly pushed in.

Santana let out a heavy sigh as she felt the head of Quinn's cock enter. With the mixture of Santana's arousal and Quinn's sperm it was easy for Quinn to slip in to the hilt and she remained still, waiting for Santana to adjust.

She was a lot tenderer due to her orgasm. She placed a hand to the base of Quinn's neck. Quinn reached down, whimpering when she felt Santana leave a gentle kiss on her temple. Quinn leaned down, pressing her forehead on to the piano.

“You look so beautiful baby.” Quinn whimpered. “I love you so much.”

Santana wrapped her other arms around Quinn's lower back and pushed her hips up. Quinn reacted with a push of her own and Santana moaned. Quinn moved back to hovering over Santana, studying her face as she thrust her hips.

She kept the movement slow, judging the speed on Santana's face and reaction. The sensation of Quinn's thick cock plowing inside her again was a blissful and delicious sensation with the added sensitivity.

“Quinn, oh,” Santana panted. “Faster, Please I...”

Quinn instantly picked up her pace, causing Santana to gasp and clutch on to her. A sharp cry emitted from Santana as she felt the tip of Quinn's dick grind into cervix. Santana met her hips with a push of her own, arching off the piano.

“Ah!” Santana shouted, as Quinn lifted her legs and put it around her waist, before she quickened her pace a second time. She had found her spongy spot that makes her scream. “Oh! Oh fuck! Yes! Right there!”

Quinn kissed Santana's collarbone, picking up the beads of sweat on her skin. She looked down to
see her dick rapidly slide in and out. Quinn broke out into a sweat. The piano was shaking and scraping along the floor drowning out their noise.

“Ugh, San. I'm so close baby,” Quinn huffed. “I—”

 Abruptly, Quinn found herself cumming. Santana followed two seconds after and brought Quinn into a hug. Quinn was breathless and exhausted. She let out a weak laugh at how quick she came this time.

“Oh shit.” Quinn chuckled.

“Mmm, I love you.” Santana whispered.

They met in a sloppy and slow kiss that didn't carry for long. Instead, they decided to stay in their hug, with Quinn still inside her for a few minutes. Quinn was quick to recover, but Santana was still unable to move her legs to sit up again.

A few more moments of silence, both their stomachs growled. Quinn carefully pulled out and climbed down the piano.

“Come on, let's go get some food.” She called.

Santana finally managed to sit up, but needed Quinn's help getting down. With wobbly legs, she moved about, collecting her clothing and managed to put her underwear with her noodle like arms. Everything in her felt light, but that mean she would wake up sore tomorrow morning.

She was completely dressed, with Quinn still in her underwear, because she wanted to drink several cups of water first. She gave Santana another cup and slipped on her skirt. The music room door opened and Quinn quickly tossed her shirt on without a bra. She approached the balcony railing cautiously.

She was relieved to see that it was Rachel that entered.

“I'm sorry Mistress.” Rachel apologized. “I was just informed by the Master that Master Finn is going to be arriving here shortly. He wants to speak with you immediately.”

“I'll be ready in ten minutes. Have him wait in the lounge if he's here sooner.” Quinn instructed.

She raced back to the piano, quickly straightening the stool to align with the piano. Santana had never seen her to be this worried or upset. She completely ignored Santana. She was rambling under her breath, but Santana had a difficult time picking up anything. Quinn found her bra and made a dash to the stairs.

“Don't worry about the cart Santana.” Quinn informed. “I'll get someone to bring it into the kitchen.”


“I don't have time to talk to you Santana.” Quinn shot back. “Please return to your room immediately. You are relieved of your chores and you don't have to attend to Finn either. I'll have Rachel do it.”

“What?” Santana questioned.

“Please Santana don't argue with me. Remain in your room.” Quinn sharply commanded.

She ran down the steps and was on her way toward the door before Santana could ask any more
questions. Frustrated and worried, Santana left, doing as she demanded, expecting Quinn would come to her later to explain.

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“I'm so glad to see you again Quinn.” Finn smiled, as he held his cup out for the pitcher of water.

Silently, Rachel walked over to fill his cup and glanced at Finn, before walking away. Quinn noticed the way Rachel frowned displeased with him. Quinn turned back to Finn, faking a smile. Rachel came to fill Quinn’s cup and disappeared to the back.

“You look good.” Finn commented, taking a swig of his water.

Quinn anxiously took a hold of her fork. She couldn't stand being in his presence. But she knew to keep things on a friendly level because at the moment she didn't want to face her father. She could only think about Santana and when this was over she would come back to speak with Santana. She knew Santana was upset to be blown off, but Quinn had panicked.

“Uh...my dad didn’t tell me you were stopping by.” Quinn started.

“I decided to come on my own.” Finn admitted. “I've been very concerned lately.”

He scratched the back of his head. Quinn dropped her fork when she heard the kitchen door open again. Rachel entered again with a car of food.

“Is something wrong?” Quinn asked.

“Well, I haven't heard from you lately.” Finn replied. “And it won't be long before things between us settle down. I hope you don't mind.” Finn frowned, hesitant to speak again. “I uh, got some good news. I'll have the new house done in the woodlands when our companies are tied.”

“That's great news.” Quinn responded.

“Yeah, I was thinking you can move in as soon as it's done.” Finn suggested.

“I'd rather stay here for the moment.” Quinn quickly clarified.

Finn was disappointed. Quinn gave no reason to her choice. With her food now served, Quinn picked up her utensils and cut into her chicken. Rachel gave Quinn a worried glance before she disappeared again.

“That is very -”

“It's only until the house is complete. I want to enjoy my time here for now, please Finn?” Quinn cut off.

Finn frowns and cuts into his meal. They sit through lunch in a tense and awkward silence. Quinn didn't bother make eye contact throughout the silence. She can feel the anger in Finn as he kept his eyes on her in a scowl.

When Finn had enough of their silence, he got up to leave. Quinn remained calm and walked him to the foyer. Stopping at the door, Finn turned around, giving Quinn a cautious look for a moment. She
watched him nervously smile at her then reach out to place his hand on to Quinn's waist. She froze, keeping skeptical eyes on him.

Finn pulled her closer and she gulped. With pursed lips he reached down to kiss her, but Quinn's hand shot up to wedge between her and Finn. The action had caused a spark of anger inside him. He quickly released Quinn and sighed with a shake of his head.

“What is going on with you?!” Finn complained. “You act as if I’m a complete stranger.”

“Are you really throwing a tantrum because I refuse to kiss you?” Quinn snapped.

Finn rubbed a hand at the back of his head. It sounded silly. He had no reason to come here and demand things of Quinn, especially when things between them weren't on the most stable ground. They were very much strangers, with Finn being busy with his business and trying to impress her father, and Quinn had her own concerns at home with business. Caught between being upset and confused, Finn decided he try to defuse the situation.

“It's more than that. I don't know if you realize but we'll be living together soon enough, wither you like it or not.” Finn insisted. “Is this how we're going to live?”

Hearing his voice rapidly increase and his face tint with red, Quinn took a step back. She didn't want to argue, especially in the most public part of the house.

“Now isn't the time to talk about it Finn.” Quinn called. “We can talk about this later.”

With a snort of disappointment, Finn shook his head and rushed out the house. Quinn closed the door and when she had turned around her heart felt as if it had fallen into her stomach.

“S-Santana?” Quinn quivered.

Quinn stepped forward and cringed when she watched Santana coward back. A rush of panic came through her. With a frown, Santana crossed her arms over her chest and glared.

“What was that?” Santana asked.

Steadily, Quinn made her way up the stairs, hoping the closer she got the less likely Santana would leave. She tried to keep herself calm as she noticed the way Santana was distancing herself from her. Quinn sighed. She couldn't have this again, not after so much they went through.

“What was that?” Santana asked.

“Santana why are you -”

“What was that?” Santana asked again. “What's going on?”

“It's nothing San, we were just -”

“Don't lie to me!” Santana demanded. “What was he talking about?”

Quinn gulped. Santana had seen everything. She heard their entire conversation. There was no doubt about that and Santana wanted to hear the truth from Quinn. She expected the truth and Quinn wasn't sure if she could tell her.

Quinn's legs felt like jelly. A strong urge to puke came over her. It was pointless to lie. But it was what Quinn would want in order to avoid this conversation.

She wanted to be able to protect Santana. If she chose to no longer be honest it would make matters far worse. Quinn let out a shaky breath. She reached the top of the steps, but chose to keep a two
inch distance between them.

“That -” Quinn started. “Finn is my fiancé.” Quinn felt her stomach twist into knots at the way Santana's face dropped into shock.


Quinn couldn't keep eye contact with her any longer. The truth was just as painful. Having enough of her silence, Santana shoved her; the contact rough and icy. Quinn looked back up.

“I'm s-”

“Shut up.” Santana snapped. “You don't get to say it! Don't lie to me anymore!”

“Santana please I was -”

Quinn could see the glow of tears building in Santana's eyes. She bit her quivering bottom lip, trying to keep strength to even look at Quinn. Quinn gulped, fighting back her own urge to cry. Santana let out a heavy sigh.

“When is the wedding?” Santana questioned.

Quinn refused to respond. She couldn't accept it and she knew for sure Santana would be in a complete break down if she found out. Either way, Santana would want the truth.

“Tell me!!” She screamed.

Quinn gulped, “Sometime next month.”

The streak of a tear trailed down Santana's right cheek. Quinn was sure she would break into a fit of sobbing herself just watching her. Santana willed herself to continue.

“When were you going to tell me?” Santana scoffed.

“I wanted to but I -”

“You what?! You were waiting to get married and have a baby before getting rid of me?!” Santana screamed. “You're like all the other fucking demons! I was just a pet for you.”

Quinn stepped forward, putting a hand to Santana's arm. Quinn gulped watching Santana cry.

“It isn't like that!” Quinn corrected. “What we had and how I feel for you was real. I lo-”

“No!” Santana screamed. “You don't get to say it!”

“Please Santana I didn't mean to hurt you!” Quinn pleaded.

Santana jerked her arm free. Before Quinn could speak anymore, Santana turned around and ran off. Quinn knew to stay put, but the pain on Santana's face had made it difficult to stand by and let Santana be alone.

“Santana!” Quinn cried.

Quinn reached for the railing and leaned against it as tears rushed down her cheeks. Rachel entered the foyer and noticed Quinn's defeated stature. She quickly ran up the steps to her aid.
“Quinn?” Rachel whispered.

Immediately, Quinn latched on to her. Rachel held Quinn in her arms, feeling her tears drench her shoulder and the sound of sobbing filled her ears. Quinn's body began to shake.

“Rachel!” Quinn gasped. “Oh Rachel, I-I messed up. S-Santana...”

“It'll be okay Quinn.” Rachel cooed. “We'll fix this.”

Quinn didn't know how to fix anything. Everything is ruined. She ruined everything. And she had lost Santana. Rachel continued to hold and comfort Quinn, rubbing her back, stroking her hair, whispering promises she wasn't even sure she could keep. Truth be told, Rachel herself wasn't sure if anything could be fixed either.
This concludes the fic. I have thought of making a bunch of side parts for this fic, mainly Santana and Quinn venturing more into the BDSM kink, but that's still uncertain. Until then, I should have a new fic up by next week, either Saturday or Sunday, my time that is. It's going to be a short story and after that I got another fic in the works. I also have another one shot. I have so many plans, but I'm releasing them one at a time or else I'll end up dropping a bunch of them, which I know will happen. Thanks for reading.

It had been two weeks since Santana's argument with Quinn. She refused to speak with her or do any of her chores. Kurt had taken it upon himself to tend to Santana, sending her food and water periodically throughout the day. He's returned a few times with the tray untouched and other times Santana managed to stomach down half her meal.

Around the second week Quinn had come to speak with Santana, knocking on the door and begging for Santana to speak with her. It had done nothing to get Santana to open up. Eventually Rachel had come to talk Quinn into walking away as she was sitting on the floor crying and begging, which would have brought too much attention to her father had he come down.

It was around the end of the second week when Kurt noticed Santana's sleep schedule had changed. She was often tired and fatigued. When he came to serve her a tray, Santana would stay in bed until noon and felt too sick to eat more than a bite of food.

Today, Kurt had arrived as usual to serve dinner. He requested the cook make something light but still kept some sort of nutritional value, so it was just a small bowl of soup with crackers on the side tonight. The broth had carrots, potatoes, and beef, mixed with thin noodles. He supplied Santana with two cups of water.

Kurt knocked twice before entering. As expected, Santana was laying in bed, exhausted. He placed the try on her vanity set and reached over to the bed to gently shake her. She frowned and stirred under the sheets.

“Santana?” Kurt asked. “How are you feeling?”

“Drained.” Santana groaned, rolling over to face Kurt.

Kurt brushed back a piece of her hair and sighed. “I hope you haven't caught the flu. You should see Dr. Abrams. You've been like this for a week.”

Santana struggled to sit up and with Kurt's help was able to lean against the headboard.

“I'll be fine. I can sleep it off.” Santana assured.
“It will be difficult to do that if you don't keep your strength up.” Kurt added. “I've brought over soup; maybe something light will help you.”

Kurt retrieved the tray and placed it on Santana's lap. She looked over her meal and gulped down an entire cup of water. She picked up a cracker and mixed the broth of her soup around a bit with her spoon. She scooped up a piece of beef and carrots and cringed.

The strong smell of meat caused her stomach to twist and burn.

“G-Get it away from me!” Santana cried.

Kurt was swift to remove the tray just before Santana jumped up and made a dash to the bathroom. He felt a chill ripple through him as he picked up the sound of Santana vomiting into the toilet. It took a few more minutes before Santana stopped, but in a fit of tears sat next to the toilet sobbing on the floor. Kurt entered, picking up a towel from the drying rack and wet the tip.

He comfortably sat beside Santana, quietly cleaning her face and wiping away her tears. When she was clean she rested her had on his shoulder where he placed a hand on her back to soothe her. Kurt didn't have to ask what was wrong. He's heard about the argument between her and Quinn.

He could tell it bothered them both. Quinn was not her usual lively self and was often quiet in public, but would cry in her room with Rachel by her side.

“Oh Santana,” Kurt cooed. “I'm so sorry you had to find out that way.”

Santana's sniffling began to slow down. It was comforting to have someone hold her just how it was soothing to finally be able to cry because she was angry for so long. She was still angry. She was hurt, because Quinn had chose to keep a secret from her and something as big as that. It made Santana feel just like she has been in this entire society, a slave.

It wouldn't be unusual for a human to be used as a carrier. Demons needed offspring to carry on their lineage and keep their race in control. But for Santana to be caught in such a lifestyle was what hurt the most, because Quinn chose to not be frank about her choice with her.

Santana would rather have Quinn tell her the purpose of her existence and have sex the first day she got here to carry her child. Santana cringed, a baby. Santana wanted nothing to do with it. She would rather work herself to the bone than be forced to carry such an offspring.

“It's been long enough.” Kurt continued. “Santana, you need to see a doctor. I'm taking you.”

Santana didn't have enough fight in her to complain. She allowed herself be pulled to her feet, but Kurt continued to hug her as they made their way out of the bathroom. She gulped feeling another rush of dizziness hit her when she got on her feet, but it had quickly passed.

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Santana nervously sat on the examination table, staring at the curtain the separated her from Kurt. He had agreed to stay behind at Santana's request. She had gotten scared the second she entered Dr. Abrams’ office.

Dr. Abrams had been sensitive and kind to her as he could, sensing her distress. He had asked a few
questions to Santana's general health and agreed to run a few test when the questions were over. She can't tell how long it has been, but it had been too long as Santana became very anxious.

She sat up when she heard the familiar squeak of Dr. Abrams' wheelchair as he entered the room. He came back in with his clipboard and stopped in front of Santana.

“What's wrong?” Santana asked.

Dr. Abrams nervously picked up his clipboard and tapped the tip of the board. The silence between them was making Santana nervous.

“You aren't sick Santana.” Dr. Abrams notified. “You're pregnant.”

Santana felt her heart drop to her stomach. Dr. Abrams put the clipboard down on his lap again. He wheeled himself away from the table and went over to his desk where he unlocked the first drawer. He came back, presenting a bottle of pills on to Santana's lap.

“I have some medicine for the nausea, but I won't be able to get any vitamins until tomorrow.” Dr. Abrams started. “If you feel worse or break into a fever, please come see me immediately. I will put together a list of what you should avoid very shortly.”

Santana felt tears drip down her face. Her hand gripped on to her stomach. The thought of a baby sparked a throb of panic inside her. A baby. She was going to have a baby, but this time she didn't want it. She wanted nothing to do with it and she didn't want Quinn to be a part of it either.

“Santana?” Dr. Abrams called, ripping her of her thoughts. “Are you alright?”

Santana gulped and wiped away her tears. “I-How far along...am I?”

Dr. Abrams shrugged. “Not very long and you won't be able to get a sonogram to hear the heartbeat just yet.”

Santana felt bile build in her throat. She glanced down to her stomach.

“I'll have those vitamins within 24 hours. The Mistress has great connections.” Dr. Abrams assured. “Are you going to tell the Mistress?”

Santana flinched. Even he knew about them and Dr. Abrams spends his days down in the basement with Jake. Santana broke into a mess of tears. She felt Dr. Abrams watching her, wondering if he should comfort her or say something comforting. Taking a sharp breath, Santana willed herself to stop crying.

“No.” She shakily answered.

“But she -”

“I said no!” Santana shouted.

Dr. Abrams nodded. “Okay. I'm sorry.” He sighed. “You are free to leave. I'll send Kurt to give you the vitamins as soon as they come.”

Santana quickly got down the table and rushed out. Kurt followed after her without a word. He had heard the entire conversation through the curtain. It would be wise for him to give her the space she wanted. When they reached her room, Kurt stood outside her door.

“If you need anything Santana, please don't hesitate to ask.” Kurt noted. “I'll do whatever I can, so
long as you let me help you.”

“Thank you.” Santana answered.

Kurt watched her shut the door and heard the lock click into place. He walked away with a shake of his head.

***

Santana continued to go through bouts of fatigue, dizziness, nausea, and puking. Kurt continued to feed her what she could stand, with the help of Dr. Abrams' list. The vitamins helped keep her energy up, but with the lack of food it was difficult.

Kurt kept by her side, cleaning up the mess she would leave on the floor when she couldn't take it to the toilet. He would give Santana a fresh pair of clothing and would always coax her to take a shower when she lost the drive to care for herself.

It went on for three days. Kurt said not a single word. He stayed by Santana's side when she needed him and held her when she cried. On the third night after Kurt had done all he could to get Santana to eat and comfort her, Quinn came by.

She had no intention of leaving this time.

“Santana?” Quinn called. “Santana, please, open the door. I have to speak with you!”

She was met with silence. Quinn pounded against the door again. It would be easy to break the door down. That's come across Quinn's mind many times, but she needed to do this right. She didn't need to be more aggressive than she was toward Santana.

“Santana I'm sorry! I know what I did was wrong.” Quinn whimpered. “I didn't mean to hurt you. I had no way of telling you! I...just let me in so we can talk, please?”

She knocked again. That's when the door moved and Santana stood in the doorway. Quinn gulped, finding it difficult to see how tired and weak she was. Santana's eyes were puffy from crying. Quinn fought the urge to hug her.

Santana stepped aside, glaring at Quinn as she made her way inside. She closed the door behind her, while Santana staggered over to her bed. Quinn kept her distance, as it would be what Santana wanted.

“Please believe me?” Quinn started. “I love you. I wasn't lying to you. I wasn't using you. I'll break things with Finn! It's something my father won't agree with, but I'll do it for you and we'll leave! We'll find another -”

“I'm leaving.” Santana sharply interrupted.


“If you don't let me go I will do everything I can to get out of here.” Santana threatened.

Quinn looked Santana over, shifting to the distance between them and down to her own feet. She had never seen Santana this angry, so livid and overflowing with hatred. Santana let out a sigh and bit her bottom lip to control her strong urge to cry.
“I'm sorry.” Quinn evenly said.

Santana froze. She glanced at Quinn the icy glare of rage breaking down for a second and Santana turned away. Quinn took it as her invite to step forward.

“Im sorry.” Quinn said again.

“Stop it.” Santana growled. Sensing how close Quinn was she turned back around trying to hold on to the last pieces of her anger. “I've made up my mind!”

“I…” Quinn whimpered. “You can't expect me to agree with this! I can't just let you go.”

“It isn't your decision.” Santana defended.

“It's dangerous out there.” Quinn insisted. “You have nowhere else to go.”

“I can handle myself just fine.” Santana snapped.

Quinn wiped at the fresh drops of tears on her face. She had no right keeping Santana against her will. She worked so long to build a bond of trust between them. But that started to matter less the more Quinn realized she was losing Santana.

But it would be what Santana wanted and if she found herself no longer being able to be here or stand Quinn, why else would she make her stay? Quinn wiped away a few more tears before feeling her shoulders drop and shake with her silent cries.

“Okay.” Quinn sniffled. “Give me some time to put together your things along with food and medical supplies. It's the least I can do before you go.”

Quinn quickly exited the room. She couldn't stand to be in there anymore, especially when she was agreeing with Santana's wishes. Quinn felt her heart about ready to break as she entered the hall. Santana closed the door, waiting a moment before she leaned against the door. She stood there until she broke into a heavy sob that nearly broke Santana's own heart. Quinn could hear the faint sounds behind the door.

She kept strong, walking down the stairs in a calm manner. Quinn became calmer when she spotted Dr. Abrams making his way into the foyer. He looked up and made his way to the bottom of the steps.

“Mistress, may I speak with you for a moment?” Dr. Abrams asked.

“Is something wrong?” Quinn replied.

Dr. Abrams frowned. “I know it isn't my business to tell you, but you deserve to know.” He started. “Santana's pregnant.”

Quinn felt her knees buckle. Dr. Abrams nervously glanced at his lap. When he looked back up Quinn had a fresh strip of tears down her face. Was Santana never telling her? Did Santana expect her to let her go with her child?

“I've given her vitamins that have been helping her, but she will need more treatment later, especially when she enters her second trimester.” Dr. Abrams continued. “I felt you should know, because Santana wasn't ever going to tell you.”

Quinn wiped away her tears and sighed. “Thank you.”
Dr. Abrams nodded and wheeled himself back in the direction of his office. Quinn took some time staring at the steps, wondering if she should go back to Santana and confront or walk away. She wouldn't be able to deal with Santana hating her if she made her stay, but Quinn couldn't let her walk away with her child.

Quinn wanted to be a part of the child's life and be there for the pregnancy. Quinn wanted nothing more than to raise that child and give him the right to know the parents that made it. She didn't want Santana to take away any of that from her.

Quinn walked back up the steps, but made the choice to not confront Santana. She needed space and Quinn needed her own after her recent news.

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Quinn waited a day and a half before returning back to Santana. She knew she still had to give Santana an answer. As difficult as it would be to face Santana, knowing she was carrying her baby, Quinn needed to speak with her and hopefully buy more time for them.

However, Santana had never expected to see Rachel again. And it was upsetting to see that Quinn wouldn't be talking to her. Quinn had lost the courage to come back. The thought of their baby inside of her was too painful for Quinn.

“How do you feel Santana?” Rachel asked, taking a seat at the vanity set.

“What are you doing here?” Santana grumbled.

“I know you don't want to see me.” Rachel sighed. “The Mistress asked that I come because you wouldn't want anything to do with her.”

Santana could deal with Rachel more than Quinn at the moment. With the apology she gave Santana, it made things look a lot better than the secret Quinn was hiding from her. That was something Santana couldn't find herself to overlook.

“I know you want to leave,” Rachel added. “But before you go the Mistress needs one last favor from you.”

Santana scoffed. Quinn had no room to bargain. She had no right to want anything. She was the one who hurt Santana. She lied to her and kept the marriage a secret. Quinn had made Santana fall in love with her and Santana hated it, but not as much as she hated how much she was still in love with Quinn.

And while she wanted to act like she wasn't interested in what Quinn wanted, Santana couldn't lie to herself. She was far too much in love to just drop her feelings. Even Rachel knew that.

“Come with her on a cruise.” Rachel announced.

Santana scoffed in disbelief. Her jaw clenching, she shook her head and stared back to Rachel.

“It's all she asks and in return you are free to leave.” Rachel added. “You won't hear from her again and you can live your life however you choose. A free woman.”

“You're serious?” Santana asked.
Rachel nodded.

“And if I refuse?” Santana cautiously replied.

Rachel shrugged. “It makes no difference. You'll leave on your own time. She sees no point in keeping you if you have no interest to stay with her as her companion. It's all she wanted from you.”

“Okay.” Santana agreed.

Rachel stood from her seat.

“You leave tonight at nine. Kurt will pick out a few outfits for you.” Rachel instructed.

She left the room with no further words and Santana was left in silence once again. She had nothing to lose. Quinn had already destroyed what was left of her trust. Santana could easily change her mind if she wanted to leave.

That would leave her departure with Quinn with no closure, but that was something Quinn didn't deserve. She had everything she could ask for, being born in a class of wealth. She had power. Santana had nothing, not even her body and free will.

She had been stripped bare on such an emotional level Santana had started to feel so little. The only familiar feeling was anger, but that was something even Quinn took away. She gave her things like false hope and unrealistic love if she dared to even call it that.

At least anger was simple and so was hatred. Those were things Santana grew up with. The sorrow and the fear that later hardened to an icy exterior. Who was Quinn to try and take that all away and make Santana have the pleasant feeling be being wanted and cherished?

But she agreed and Santana had no reason to do so. A small piece of her still remained. A softer and more painful side that deep down wanted the love and affection of another once again. It had grown in size the more time she spent with Quinn.

Pushing away such a thought, Santana had talked herself into the reasons why she wanted to leave in the first place. She had nothing else to lose on this cruise. Quinn had no meaning to her life, much how she didn't have any significance in Quinn's. That was a fact now.

***

Kurt entered Santana's room two hours earlier and had been the only to help Santana in her choice of outfit for tonight. She asked nothing about Quinn, as it had been clear that Santana wanted little to do with

The more she thought about Quinn and the child she carried the more confused Santana became. Quinn wanted an heir, she had one. Santana, however, was no longer willing to do so.

Kurt eventually decided on the hairstyle he wanted on Santana and wasted no time dressing her up. Feeling nothing like a doll once again as Quinn had picked out all her outfits for her stay without little concern from Santana.

When Kurt was finished he decorated Santana in jewelry, once again, that Quinn had picked, and put on a fresh coat of makeup. The remaining outfits placed neatly on the bed had been carefully folded and put into a Louie Vuitton suitcase.
“The Mistress is waiting for you downstairs.” Kurt announced. “I will have Jake carry your suitcase into the car.”

Kurt swiftly left, leaving Santana to join Quinn down in the foyer at her own time. She hadn't realized how nervous she was until she was left alone examining her gown as it had yet to feel comfortable to be adorn in such luxurious clothing. It may be something Santana will never like.

Taking a few deep breathes and easing her racing mind, Santana finally left her room. She kept her stance tall and poised, moving evenly and smooth as she walked.

“You look beautiful.” Rachel smiled.

Santana felt a stab of rage in her. Rachel carefully walked over, pausing to consider coming any closer and reached out to take a hold of Santana's hand. She noticed the flinch at the contact and how stiff Santana's arm became.

“I'll make this quick.” Rachel sighed.

“I don't want an apology from you.” Santana hissed. “This is Quinn's doing.”

Rachel gulped. “I figured. I just wanted to thank you.”

Santana raised a brow in question.

“I'm glad you chose to go on this cruise with the Mistress.” Rachel continued. “It's really important to her. Thank you for giving her the chance to have closure before you leave.”

Rachel firmly squeezed Santana's hand.

“When you're on that boat, try to remember everything the two of you went through and who you are to her.” Rachel reminded. “At least give her another try. You're special Santana.”

Rachel reached forward, leaning up on the front of her feet to give Santana a firm hug.

“The Mistress loves you and that has never changed.” She whispered, smiling before she released her and walked away.

Taking a moment to gather herself, Santana headed toward the stairs, her mind still left in a scrambling mess. Quinn smiled, seeing Santana make her way down the last step and immediately put her arm around the curve of Santana's hip.

“You look amazing.” Quinn complimented. “The car is already out front. Let's get going.”

Puck opened the door and Quinn lead Santana down the porch with a proud smile on her face.

***

The boat had turned out to be a beautiful 82 foot yacht with an amazing spacious deck and a full crew about the deck to work the engines when ready. Santana could only imagine that the interior design of the boat would be very similar to the house she shares with Quinn.

Santana was helped aboard the boat from the crew's captain and Quinn followed after.

“Hello Ms. Fabray.” He greeted. “It's great to see you again. Welcome aboard.”
Santana watched two men pull in their luggage and quickly disappeared below the deck in silence. Quinn's tug from her hip brought her back to the ship's captain.

“Hello Michael. This is Santana. Santana this is Michael Chang. He's been running my yachts for the past five years.” Quinn introduced. “He's a good man. He'll take care of us.”

Santana looked him over, not finding any oddity about him. He had been just an ordinary, hard working human, who had been most likely bought and put under Quinn's ownership for work. That didn't seem to bother him as he kept smiling at Quinn.

“Hi.” Santana quickly replied.

The lack of warmth the greeting had, made no upsetting effect on the captain.

“Hello Santana. Please, call me Mike, everyone except Ms. Fabray does.” Mike encouraged. “Is there anything I can do for you Ms. Fabray?”

“No, we'll be staying on deck for now.” Quinn informed.

“Alright, I'll have a crew member inform you when dinner is ready.” Mike answered.

He smiled as he said his goodbyes to both women and left. Quinn guided Santana to the railing of the deck. She made effort into keeping her arm still around Santana, but with less of a overpowering gesture.

Quinn kissed Santana's temple and positioned herself to stand behind Santana and circle her hips with both arms into a hug. It had taken effort for Santana to fight against the reaction at how close Quinn was.

“You look amazing.” Quinn whispered.

A kiss shifted to Santana's bare shoulder. She gulped. A flood of warmth traveling through her legs on contact. Quinn nuzzled Santana's shoulder blade and sighed as she rested her hand on to Santana's back.

“Why are you doing this?” Santana asked, needing to find a distraction from her boiling emotions.

Quinn released Santana, feeling panic rise in her. The lack of contact and small inch of space had been enough for now.

“I wanted something to remember you by, if you were planning to leave me and start your new life.” Quinn answered.

Santana sharply turned around and glared.

“I want to go to my room.” Santana sternly announced.

“It's the lower deck down the hall and to the right.” Quinn answered.

Silently, she watched Santana walk away, not giving Quinn a second glance when she reached the steps and disappeared from view. With a heavy sigh, Quinn took a seat to one of the tables on deck. She flagged a crewman down.

“Get me a bottle of wine.” She instructed.

The crewman nodded.
Quinn sighed. She had twenty four hours the most to keep Santana on this yacht before she would demand to be sent back to shore. That was if she was kept in a good mood, which was quickly turning into a failure.

Quinn rested her chin on to her hand and pursed her lips. Hopefully things will change once dinner came around.

***

An hour later Quinn was informed that dinner was ready and will be served as soon as she reached the dining hall. She had left her wine bottle at the table, deciding that one cup had been enough, while she was craving to drown herself in the entire bottle. It wouldn't have been easier to face Santana, but Quinn wanted the buzz to break up the thoughts that plagued her.

When she reached the room and took a seat a chef came out placing her meal on the table and went back out as a second one came to hand her a cup of wine. She ordered for it to be taken away and switched for a cup of water instead.

Quinn spent thirty minutes of her meal alone in silence, only getting the attention of a passing server to ask about Santana's whereabouts. He told Quinn that Santana was told about dinner, but hasn't heard any word if she was on her way down.

Having already finished her appetizer and ready for the main course, Quinn figured Santana wouldn't show up still angry and had refused to come out of sheer spite. Just as her main course came out the dinning door opened and Santana stepped through.

Quinn felt the fork in her hand wobble as she watched her take a seating beside her. The chef from the back darted back out from the kitchen and placed a bowl of soup before her. He offered her wine, which Santana declined. Then he was gone again.

The dining room was still in completely silence, with Santana trying to eat her soup as neatly as she could, while Quinn had tried to stop herself from staring so blatantly. More than once Santana had looked back at her, unable to ignore the staring, which had brought Quinn back to her food.

She had eventually agreed to focus on her meal as Santana was not willing to start any conversation with Quinn again. The room was filled with the clatter of their plates and the swishing of the kitchen door as they finished their food.

Quinn was given the choice of tonight's dessert and Santana was given her entree. That was when Quinn requested a cup of wine, unable to take any more of the lack of communication as she was starting to sober up.

“Are you enjoying tonight's dinner?” Quinn cautiously asked.

“Yes.” Santana admitted, returning back to her plate.

A server entered and Quinn was given a piece of chocolate cake with whipped cream on top. Santana dropped her fork and called out for him before he went back into the kitchen.

“I'm done eating.” Santana stated.

“Would you like a dessert ma'am? A cup of wine perhaps?” He asked.
“I'm tired.” Santana declined.

“Alright ma'am.” He smiled. “I hope you enjoyed tonight's dinner. Good night.”

Santana watched her plate be taken away and she could feel the burn of Quinn's eyes on her when they were alone again. Truthfully she wasn't full, but the savory strong flavors of the food had left her stomach unsettled as she has yet to be accustomed to its rich taste. Santana had skipped meals often back in her room being that she was much too upset.

The immunity she once had was gone and it had showed physically as well. The stress of the situation back at home had caused her to lose a few pounds. She was sure Quinn noticed. It had to be why she kept staring at her the entire time that she forgot to eat once she arrived.

Smoothly, Santana stood from her seat, refusing to look at Quinn and bid her good night before leaving. She wanted little to do with her tonight and it was clear Quinn wouldn't push her as she was the one to insist they spend tonight on a yacht. Santana didn't feel obligated to be open to anything as she was sure if Quinn was really upset she would just force Santana to listen.

“Santana?” Quinn drawled, causing Santana to freeze as she turned around.

She looked over her shoulder to see Quinn's piercing hazel and red eyes.

“Good night Miss.” Santana sneered, noticing the twitch in Quinn's jaw as her teeth clenched together.

Sharply, Quinn's hand reached out, taking a hold of Santana's wrist and pulling her back. The yank had been almost powerful enough to have Santana crashing on to the table had she not put her left hand out to break her fall.

“We have to talk.” Quinn informed.

“Let go of me.” Santana sniped.

Quinn didn't budge. “I need to speak with you.”

“I don't want to speak to you!” Santana yelled.

Quinn gave another sharp yank, nearly pulling Santana off balance again.

“You agreed to give me closure.” Quinn glared. “This is how I've chosen to do it.”

Santana tried to get her arm free, but Quinn tightened her grip.

Quinn loosened her hold. “You don't have to speak.”

Santana scoffed. “I would rather go back to my room.”

Quinn stood from her seat, keeping her hand around Santana's wrist.

“Will you stop it?” She hissed. “I know you're hurting. I want to make this work!”

“And make what work?!” Santana snapped. “We have nothing! I'm your pet and you're my owner, who I'm supposed to brainlessly listen to.”

“We have something.” Quinn proclaimed.
Santana laughed and shook her head in disappointment. “This isn't a fairy-tale. I'm not some naive girl that falls in love with their 'savior'. How stupid do you think I am?!”

“But you are in love with me.” Quinn announced.

Santana finally got her arm free, but at the sudden break Quinn reacted. Her arm went around Santana's hips and the other around her neck, pulling Santana into a kiss. It had taken a second before Santana realized the situation and the soft feeling of Quinn's lips.

She fought to back away, finding it impossible with Quinn's solid grip around her. She had pushed at Quinn's chest but she hadn't loosened her hold until she felt Santana finally kiss her back. The quick softened kiss gave Santana room to break away and send a hand in Quinn's direction. She felt everything around her come to a stand-still at the sound of Santana's hand against Quinn's fast.

The slap sounded a lot louder than she expected, but it had done little to physically hurt Quinn. A wall came over her face as Quinn's face became sterner and her eyes turned dark. A small tint of pink in the form of Santana's hand came to her face, but it was already starting to heal just as quickly as it came. Quinn swallowed, shaking her head before letting out a heavy sigh and a short clipped laugh.

“I suppose I deserved that, huh?” Quinn coldly said. “After all the things I've done to you. How I've tried to control and oppress you. I've treated you like filth. It's what I deserve, right?”

Santana felt her eyes brim with tears and had no control as they fell down her face. Quinn picked up her cake and chucked it across the room. Santana jumped as she heard the plate shatter against the wall behind her. Quinn picked up her wine cup, tossing that and painting the wall in a rich hue of blood.

“I want to change!” Quinn shouted. “I'm willing to change! And don't you dare lie to me about your feelings while you try to belittle mine!”

Quinn took a hold of Santana's face between her hands.

“I love you.” She panted. “I love you and I don't want to let you go.”

Santana was shaking and hiccupping uncontrollably. The anger gone and overcome with a strong sadness Santana had tried for so long to ignore. While she was angry, she couldn't hate Quinn. She loved her and the fact at how deeply she loved Quinn despite how much she hurt her had made Santana upset.

But being here, seeing Quinn cry and boldly say how in love she was with Santana, or how she was willing to fight for her to stay. Santana had never seen anyone fight for her this much in such a long time.

“Think about our baby.” Quinn whispered. “Where would you go? How can you protect our baby?”

Santana turned away from Quinn in guilt.

“When were you going to tell me?” Quinn asked. “Why wouldn't you tell me?”

Quinn wiped away Santana's tears with her thumbs. She kissed her cheek, waiting for Santana to look back at her. As painful it was to see that Santana planned to keep her pregnancy a secret, Quinn was willing to make things between them work.

“I thought you didn't want me anymore.” Santana admitted.
Quinn broke into a fit of tears and wrapped Santana into a hug. She buried her face into Santana's neck and wept. The sound of her sobs filling Santana's ears and the hot warmth of wet tears touched her flesh. Quinn kissed her neck, then her jaw, up to her cheek, where she cupped her hand under Santana's chin to make her look at her.

“I'll always want you.” Quinn whispered. “You'll be the only person I want.”

Santana gasped as she felt Quinn's lips hungrily press against her own into a passionate kiss. Santana gasped as Quinn pressed her body into her own, pinning Santana against the edge of the table. Santana kissed back with as much passion and urgency. They were consumed by the feeling of teeth scraping and pulling against her mouth as they gripped and tugged at each others' clothes.

Santana yelped as she was quickly lifted off her feet by her thighs and slammed on to the table. Quinn pushed herself between Santana's legs and easily lifted her dress up her arms. Santana's hands threaded through Quinn's locks, pulling as Quinn's mouth moved to her neck and sucked her shoulder leaving another hickey.

Quinn's hand rested on Santana's thighs and pushed Santana down on her back. She moaned as Quinn swiftly slipped a finger inside and reached down to get Santana into another hungry kiss. Quinn moaned when Santana's hand cupped her breast.

Quinn stepped back, removed her own dress and took a hold of Santana's wrist and pulled her off the table. She put a hand around her waist and pulled her out of the dining room. They ran through the middle deck and Quinn brought Santana into her room. Santana whimpered as she was pressed against the wall and Quinn kissed along her neck. She lifted Santana's leg and put it on to her hip while she used her left hand to search for the strap of Santana's bra.

Quinn picked Santana up and laid her onto the bed. Santana moaned as she felt the poke of Quinn's erection through her underwear. She sat up, allowing Quinn to remove her bra. Santana ran a hand through Quinn's hair, settling it at the back of her head before she pulled her into another kiss. Quinn's tongue pushed through Santana's lips, seeking out her tongue for a slow and blissful kiss. The distraction of her tongue gave Santana enough time to flip them over. Quinn pulled away with a sigh. Santana grinned as she pulled Quinn's underwear down and rubbed the head of her cock with her thumb.

“Mmm, baby.” Quinn sighed.

Quinn sat up, removing her bra and Santana yanked down her underwear to her ankles where Quinn easily kicked it off. Santana reached in for another short kiss and hastily reached back for the clasp of her bra.

Quinn grabbed her by her hips when she was naked and pulled Santana on top of her. She moaned when Santana kissed down her neck, coming back up to press their lips together again. They kissed a much slower pace, with Quinn curling her arm around Santana's waist.

Quinn sighed and closed her eyes as she felt Santana's tongue enter her mouth. Santana grind her hips against Quinn's causing her to moan. Santana whimpered when she felt Quinn's hand settle on her thighs and push her up.

Her legs were pushed apart and the tip of Quinn's cocked poked at her inner thigh. Santana pulled away from the kiss in with a gasp and shifted to have her forearms beside Quinn's head. The weight
of her body was put to her elbows and forearms. The change had given Quinn enough space to direct her dick.

Quinn slipped her arms to curl around Santana's hips and grip her ass. She gave a sharp push and entered the head of her cock between Santana's wet folds. She switched speeds between slow and fast, pacing out the speed to keep her stamina.

Santana followed with her, moving her hips down at a much slower speed. The contrast of rhythm was a pleasant sensation while Quinn tried to contain herself. She had been so eager to be this close with Santana again. The three week distance had been painful.

And to have the soft touch of Santana's skin against her body was heavenly. Quinn caught Santana's bottom lip between her teeth and gently tugged before pushing her tongue inside. Santana whimpered.

“San,” Quinn panted, directing her mouth down Santana's neck. “I love you.”

Santana locked eyes with Quinn's and smiled, affectionately stroking a hand down Quinn's cheek. Quinn smiled, feeling more at ease and less distraught. While she knew now this close again that Santana wouldn't leave, the fear of Santana threatening to leave her life still had its heavy effects on her.

“I love you too.” Santana repeated.

Quinn latched on to Santana and picked up the rhythm of her hips.

“Ah!” Santana cried.

Quinn pushed harder, waiting a second for Santana to adjust and catch her breath. Then the rest of her dick was thrust in. The pace was slow and started to pick up in speed. Quinn griped harder on to Santana and rapidly thrust her hips up, causing the bed beneath her to shake.

“Oh fuck!” Santana whimpered.

Quinn clenched her teeth, lost in the feeling of Santana's walls wrapped around her dick as she moved. Santana gasped as she felt herself being picked up again and rolled on to her back. Quinn hovered over her and quickly picked up the rhythm of her hips.

Santana tied her legs around Quinn and desperately gripped at Quinn's hair. Quinn leaned up to meet Santana into a kiss before she gripped Santana's thighs and picked up the speed of her hips. The bed started to shake again.

“Mph,” Quinn groaned, resting face down on the pillow underneath Santana.

Quinn sought after Santana's wrist and directed her hand between them. She let out a sharp cry and sighed. Santana's right hand stroked Quinn's shoulder blade as she heard her give out another moan. The way Quinn whimpered and flinched underneath Santana's hand indicated how close she was to her orgasm.

Santana kissed Quinn's temple and began rubbing at her clit. The friction between them a comforting grind. Santana quickly rubbed at her clit, sighing and moaning as she held on to Quinn. With a sigh, Quinn thrusts down hard and came. Santana came seconds after.

Lost in the haze of her orgasm, Santana didn't notice the faint sound of sniffling until she managed to get her ragged breathing to a steady tempo. Quinn moved to press her forehead against Santana's
neck. Santana felt the drops of Quinn's tears. She affectionately stroked Quinn's hair.

Quinn looked up at Santana and kissed her. Santana felt the start of her own tears. Quinn lay on her side and stroked Santana's face. The sobbing eventually dying down. Quinn made room to grab Santana’s hand and place it between their chests.

“I missed you.” Quinn sighed. “And I missed this.”

“I did too.” Santana admitted.

Quinn placed a kiss to the back of Santana’s hand. The action and contact enough to sooth Quinn. With a relaxed sigh, she closed her eyes. Santana couldn't stop herself from smiling.

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Santana rested a hand on to her stomach. It had been a little over four weeks since the time spent on the cruise. Quinn had not wasted time to get a bunch of slaves to move Santana's belongings into her room. Santana has seen the blueprints for the nursery which will be across from their shared bedroom.

The closer it got to being complete the happier Santana became. She kept looking at her stomach, eager for it to round out. The bump was small, barely noticeable from a far. The sudden cravings were persistent and the constant naps were reminders.

Quinn had been overprotective with Santana, requesting all slaves keep a close eye on Santana as she traveled throughout the house. Santana was also immediately removed from chores. But she didn't want to spend her time locked in her room because Quinn was scared she'd upset the baby or give herself too much stress.

It took some time for Quinn to allow Santana to move around on her own, but with one condition, that Rachel is the one to watch and assist Santana at all times. This didn’t sit well with Santana at all. It took some more talking from Santana until eventually she convinces Quinn to let Kurt be the one to accompany her. Santana was stubborn and uncomfortable with Rachel helping her around the house, all the more reason why Kurt was the most suitable to look after Santana. And so Quinn had eventually agreed.

Santana looked into the mirror as Kurt carefully brushed her hair. A few more strokes he placed the brush down and picked up a hair pin. He pulled a part of Santana's hair up and slipped the pin through before closing it.

Santana looked over the diamond flower-shaped pin and Kurt walked away to open up the closet. He took out a long cream colored cardigan and helped Santana slip her arms inside before it settled over her white strapless sun dress. Kurt had helped her put on flats.

“You look lovely Santana.” Kurt complimented. “Give another month and you'll start to glow or sparkle, like a pixie.”

Kurt chuckled. He stood up to help Santana back on her feet. Kurt walked ahead of Santana to open the door.

“Another walk in the garden this afternoon?” Kurt asked. “The Mistress has agreed to let you leave the house, but I only managed to talk her down to let Puck tag along. She wanted to have three guards with us originally.”
“I want to eat first before we do anything today.” Santana answered.

“Of course.” Kurt nodded. “It’s important to keep your strength up.”

Santana entered the dining room, while Kurt headed to the back of the kitchen. When she entered a servant pulled out a chair and filled her cup with water. The servant bowed his head before leaving.

It never sat well with Santana to see other slaves treating her as a public figure when all she had been her entire life was a slave. But Quinn wanted to make Santana feel important much how Santana was to her. And to ask the slaves to speak to her informally would upset Quinn.

Kurt returned with a small cup filled with Santana’s daily vitamins. A chef came back out with a bowl of fruit and promised to return with the main course. Santana picked up a slice of cantaloupe and took a bite.

“I came across the Mistress in the kitchen.” Kurt informed. “She wanted to inform me that she’s left money in your room and a credit card.”

“Thank you.” Santana replied, continuing to enjoy her fruit.

***

Santana returned home from shopping late afternoon. Quinn still couldn’t understand why Santana wanted to go out and shop for the baby, especially since they didn’t know the gender yet. But Santana insisted part of having a child was shopping.

Santana wanted to personally pick out the crib, toys, blanket, baby bag, bottles, she wanted to prepare as much as she could. The least she did was allow Quinn to have Tina make new outfits for Santana and she’ll have to head down again for new measurements when her stomach was sticking out.

Puck carried most of the bags and Kurt took what was left. The heavier items were delivered to their home. Then a bunch of other workers took them to the nursery. Santana proudly clutched the teddy bear she picked out for her baby as she made her way up the steps.

Russell made his way down the steps. He was dressed in his office attire and was fixing the sleeve of his shirt as he made his way through. Santana felt uneasy heading in his direction. Kurt followed closely behind Santana.

When Santana went passed him, Russell took a deep breath and grunted. He swiftly turned around and glared at Santana.

“What is this?” Russell spat.

They froze. Russell marched over with a scowl. He stared at Kurt for a moment and settled back to Santana. He took another deep breath through his nose and hissed.

“You're pregnant?!” He spat.

Santana took a step back.

“I can't believe this!” Russell snarled. “Get out of my sight! The both of you return to your room. I
don’t want to see any of you again!”

They ran down the hall with Russell glaring at them before they were gone from his sight. A flare of rage pooled through him. He shook his head in disgust.

***

Quinn entered the foyer at midnight. As much as she hated leaving Santana's side, she had been neglecting her duties and her father noticed. To keep his suspicions down, Quinn did more drug trades and network with other high status figures to please him.

But it would make her feel better to spend time with Santana in case she needed her as much as she trusted Rachel. Quinn wanted to enjoy the experience of the pregnancy herself. The lamp on the hall table turned on and Quinn was staring into purple eyes.

“Dad, what's going on?” Quinn asked.

He glared at her before letting out a heavy sigh. Russell folded his hands on to his laps. Quinn didn't dare to come closer. The way he growled showed how angry he was.

“She's pregnant.” Russell stated. Quinn gulped. “I thought I was clear that Rachel was supposed to carry on our family line?”

“Rachel is infertile.” Quinn answered.

Russell scoffed. “So you go behind my back, buy a new slave, and get her pregnant?!”

Russell stood up, making his way over to Quinn. She refused to step away, knowing that doing so would give him pleasure in seeing Quinn uncomfortable.

“She's getting an abortion.” Russell hissed.

“No!” Quinn snapped.

“Do I have to remind you that this abomination of a child is illegal?!” Russell screamed. “You have no permission to have this child! It is law and I don't see that happening any time soon.”

“I am not killing my baby!” Quinn declined. “There is nothing you can do or say to change that.”

Russell chuckled and grinned.

“You may be my daughter, but I say what goes and if you will defy me then I will take care of this problem myself.” Russell threatened.

From the lounge room, two guards exited with Rachel and Santana in their arms. Quinn felt herself become stricken with fear. Santana was struggling in the arms of one of the guards, screaming, cursing, and crying. Rachel was less vocal, completely taken over from terror.

Russell walked over to Rachel and grunted. From his pocket, he pulled out a knife.

“You've become such a spoiled brat.” Russell noted. “Finn told me about what happened. Then I find out about this! You don't deserve any of them. I'll start with this one.”
Rachel flinched when she felt the knife against her neck.

“Stop it!” Quinn grumbled.

Russell looked Rachel over. “You're right. She probably hates herself being unable to carry any children. Useless.”

The knife was directed to Santana's neck before it slid down to her stomach. Santana's struggling ceased as she stared at the knife. She looked back at Quinn in tears. The knife traveled up and down her stomach before stopping at her belly button.

“This is the one that should be put down.” Russell laughed.

“Please?!” Santana sobbed.

“Shut up!” Russell demanded.

Quinn felt tears touch her cheeks. Russell pulled back his knife. Santana screamed and looked back to Quinn. The look of fear and despair paired with her distraught face, pleading for Quinn to help had been enough for Quinn.

A strong wave of rage went through her. The feeling was so strong Quinn felt every muscle in her body tighten. She felt a sharp pain in her arms first as if her muscles were pulling apart and swelling. An ache came to Quinn's head next and her legs began to lengthen. From her arms, Quinn's hurt the most and also began to grow.

Quinn stared at her arm to see her skin peel and fall off with green and scaly skin beneath. Quinn let out a scream as her jaw widened and popped and her teeth jutted out into sharp fangs. With a deep breath, Quinn let out a roar. The sound startled Russell. He turned around to stare into a beast that was a staggering nine feet, long limbs, horns, a row of razor teeth, and snake like skin. The guards released Santana and Rachel before making a dash out the front door.

Quinn let out another roar before lifting her hand and swiping her claw. A splatter of red decorated the floor and Russell fell to his knees. Santana staggered back in complete shock. The pool of red rapidly fell to the floor.

Russell looked up to Quinn with a hand on his stomach. Quinn walked closer, snarling as she watched Russell. A flash of fear filled his eyes.

“Lucy?” He called.

Quinn swiped her claw horizontally and severed Russell's head. She watched it fall to the floor and blood sprouted from his neck. The body fell after with a thump. Quinn let out a primal roar and noticed Santana.

With a low growl, Quinn walked over, causing Santana to coward back. Rachel took a hold of Santana's wrist.

“Quinn?” Rachel whimpered.

A purr emitted from Quinn's mouth. She dropped to her knees and whimpered as the pain from earlier ripped through her. The skin was shrinking and pulling back together. The bones popping back into place. The screaming stopped and Santana was staring down at Quinn, naked and human.

Quinn's hands rested on to Santana's hips and pulled her into a hug. Santana let out a sigh and ran
her hand through Quinn's blond locks. She swallowed back a sob and felt a fresh wave of tears run down her face.

“It's okay now.” Quinn whispered. “We're going to be okay.”

Santana glanced back at Russell's body then back to Quinn. A sigh of relief filled the room. Quinn's hand rested on to Santana's stomach. The action sparked a flush of tears from Santana.

“It's over.” Quinn whispered. “I'll take care of you. I'll take care of us.”

Santana wiped her tears away. Quinn's tears smeared her stomach as she cried.

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