



Always Remember: Broadway

itwasadream

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Summary

The sequel to Love Me Any Less. Established Faberry. Set after graduation and will be about how they keep it together while trying to accomplish Rachel's dream. All the same good stuff. Good balance of humor/romance/sexy times/drama.

Chapter 1

A/N: This is the sequel to *Love Me Any Less*. You don't have to read it to follow, but if you want background info that will smooth things out, you may want to browse through it.

For the link to *Love Me Any Less* you can just check out my profile page.

"Alright. You are all set." Joshua Berry informed his daughter who stood wrapped tightly in her other dad's arms. He shut the trunk of the car and sorrowfully made his way to the teary pair, wrapping his arms around them both. "Unless, of course, you chose to stay. I mean, it's not uncommon for high school graduates to take a year off from school before venturing into the college setting."

"Especially when that college is all the way in New York." Michael added pulling the two closer.

Rachel hesitated before loosening her grip on the two men and backing away a step. She wiped the tears from her eyes and attempted her optimistic posture and presence. "I have a timeline I must stick to if I wish to accomplish all of my goals in life. Everything is all planned out and allotted its own specific time frame. Besides," She shrugged and pushed her hair behind her ears. "I'm not alone in that decision."

The two men clung to each other and witnessed their little girl taking the first big step into adulthood. "Where is Quinn, anyway?" Michael asked.

Rachel made a faint attempt to point back to the house. "Saying goodbye to Brittany and Santana."

As if on cue, the newly former Head Cheerleader emerged from the Berry House, dragging Brittany along as the ditzy blonde clung to her shoulders. "Santana, a little help here," Quinn motioned to the attached girl.

"What are you wanting me to do, Q? Hold on to your leg?" Quinn stopped and stared at the Latina in confusion. "I don't exactly want you trudging all the way to New York either."

Once the blonde's shock faded she forced herself to hold back her smile and laughter at the fact Santana Lopez was actually getting teary eyed. "San, this isn't

goodbye goodbye. This is more of an 'I'll see you later' goodbye."

"Five months to be exact." Rachel added. "We will be back for Thanksgiving." Quinn pointed to the pintsize diva and nodded her head in agreement.

"But why the hell do you have to leave so soon?" Santana pouted just shy of stomping her foot.

"We already have an apartment. I don't think it would be beneficial to pay rent for an apartment we are not living in."

Santana relented and pulled the sobbing blonde off of Quinn only to have her run and attach herself to Rachel. "No, B. Rachel is leaving too." The diva's tears resumed as Santana pulled Brittany away again. The last two years had given Rachel ever reason to dread this moment. Before, it was only depressing to think of leaving her fathers. But now, she was leaving friends too, real friends. It was only the fact that Quinn was coming with that kept her strong and true to her dreams.

"Come on, Babe." Quinn kissed Rachel's temple indicating it was time to say their last farewells and collect their last hugs. She was going to have to feed off of the blonde's strength for this.

"Two years." Michael said as he took Quinn in his arms and squeezed her firmly. "You have been with us for only two years but it feels like you've always been there. I love you, Miss Thing. You always remember that."

"I love you too, Michael." A rare tear fell from her eye but she quickly wiped it away as he let her go.

Now it was Joshua's turn. He was trying to fight back the tears and remain composed, but Quinn had learned his telltale signs long ago. "You keep her in line, okay?"

Quinn nodded and hugged him before heading to the driver's side of the car. "As much as I can at least."

"It's not that hard, Q." Santana remarked as she took her place next to Rachel's dads, Brittany wrapped in her arms. "If Berry gets out of line, just withhold."

"Hey! Don't give her any ideas." Rachel warned from the passenger's seat and began to close the door.

"Giving her ideas would be to tell her if withholding takes too long and she needs faster results, just work you up and leave you there until you agree." The diva's mouth dropped open in horror of the idea.

"That would work faster." Michael commented as Joshua just shook his head, turning it to feign ignorance of the topic.

They all waved their last goodbyes as Quinn pulled away from the only real home she had ever known. She could do this, leave them, because she needed to be there for Rachel. When they stopped at the first stop sign, she thought Rachel was either going to jump out of the car and run back, or order her to turn the car around. Fearing for the brunette's strength, Quinn reached over and took her small hand in hers, bringing it to her lips, and kissed it tenderly. "Broadway." She said, squeezing her hand lightly. "Always remember: Broadway."

The big chocolate eyes met her with a smile of gratitude. "Broadway..."

"And to keep you occupied until we get there," Quinn took the convenience of their first red light to find the map of New York City. "I want you to know every street by the time we arrive. I'm not looking forward to trying to navigate city traffic while also trying to find our apartment building."

The diva took the map and scoffed. "Ever heard of GPS? It is a wonderful invention that has made these," she shook the map, "obsolete."

"Yeah. I loved it until it told me to take a left," she shook the map, mocking Rachel, "off a bridge. I would prefer to be prepared. You do have the address for the apartment, right?"

Rachel fumbled around in her bag and pulled out the notebook that outlined her dreams in very specific detail. "Right here. Dad did tell you about it, right?"

"Uh, yeah. He said it was in a decent neighborhood. It's on the third floor just like you have always wanted. He said it was small, one bedroom, but had everything we would need but a sofa or chairs. Newly renovated. And that the...landlord would be meeting us there so we can sign some papers, which is why we had to leave so damn early. And I know...language." The car fell silent, causing Quinn to look to her girlfriend in concern. "What?"

The diva shook her head. "Nothing. I'm just surprised you kept listening after he said it was one bedroom."

Quinn rolled her eyes and rested her hand high on the brunette's thigh. "I had to concentrate really, really hard to do it though. He also said our bed was suppose to be delivered by today. Maybe we can break it in tonight."

It was Rachel's turn to roll her eyes. "Are you always this horny?"

"Baby, we've been dating...no, scratch that...we've been *living* together for two years now. And you still haven't figured out the answer to that question? Huh?" She squeezed the thigh in her hand playfully. "Besides, you are so much worse than me."

"Excuse me, but I am trying to read a map. And *you*, should be watching the road."

"Which way?" Quinn shouted.

"I said left!"

"No, you said turn *on to*-" A car horn and a rude comment cut her off.

"Yeah? Fuck you too, buddy!" Rachel screamed, turning around in her seat to glare at the driver in the car behind them.

Quinn's frustration faded as she held in her laughter. "Getting in touch with your inner New Yorker, Rachel? I'm surprised you didn't give him the finger too." She didn't even have to look to know the brunette was giving the finger, just not at the car behind them. "Put that away. We'll use it later."

"You are unbelievable."

"Of course I am. I'm Quinn Fabray, but you don't love me any less. Now, which way after this left?"

Rachel checked the map again. "Down three blocks then another left. After that, it will be on the right."

"Thank you."

"Whatever...You need to get over your GPS issues because we are *not* doing this again." Rachel folded up the map and buried it in the glove compartment. Hopefully, never to be seen again.

Rachel's bad mood had dissipated as they pulled up to the apartment building. She beamed and nearly jumped out of the car before Quinn could even put it in park. The neighborhood was indeed nice. Rachel had her small shops on street level, lining the block, and was nearly skipping down the street to see them.

"Miss Berry?" A tall man, about 50 with fading white hair asked Quinn and she shook her head. "Then, Miss Fabray?" She nodded and accepted his outstretched hand. "I am Richard Weston. It is a pleasure to finally meet you. As you know Mr. Berry had provided all the necessary deposits already, so we just need to sign the papers. I can show you inside. I left everything in the apartment."

Quinn nodded before her eyes began their search for Rachel. She was already across the street gazing into the shop windows. "Rachel? Business first, play time later." The tall man gave a questioning look over the rim of his glasses. "She's very excited." Quinn offered as an explanation before Rachel joined them and entered the building.

"Right. So, you are on the third floor. The elevator isn't working right now. Leo is working on it. Hopefully he will have it running soon. This is your place. Leo lives there, and it is just the three of you up here. The rest of the renovation isn't finished yet."

He opened the door and Rachel rushed right to the window to gage the view. Quinn took her time trying to act more like an adult so the man wasn't scared off too quickly. The kitchen was to the immediate left and had an open floor plan that extended into the small living area. Rachel was perched in the center of three high windows. "Good view?" Quinn asked. Rachel beamed and nodded her head frantically before gazing out over the neighborhood again.

"The bedroom and bathroom are to the right. The bed was delivered yesterday. Leo put it in the there for you already. And the bathroom," He pushed past Quinn to open the door for her. "He just finished it. All new tiles, tub, and toilet. He did a wonderful job. And now, if we could get Miss Berry's attention, we can sign the lease."

It was easier said than done. Quinn literally had to hold the ecstatic diva around the waist to get her to stay still while the man ran through everything and then pulled her to the door to see him out before she slipped from Quinn's grasp.

"Again, if you need anything, just let me know, or just knock on the door there. He's a very nice man. Always willing to help."

"Thank you Mr. Weston. Have a good evening." She closed the door behind him and began her short search for Rachel. "Babe?..."

She bounced out of the bedroom. "I. Love. It. Can we go see the shops?"

Quinn smiled but shook her head. "Let's unload the car before it gets dark and *then* we can go exploring. Maybe someone will be hiring, because now that we have this dream apartment of yours...we need to be able to pay for it." She wrapped her arms around the brunette's waist and stole a kiss from her lips. "I don't think I have told you how much I love you yet today."

"No, but you have managed to tell me how much *I* love *you*. It was beginning to feel a little one sided, if you ask me."

Quinn nuzzled the shorter girl's neck. "Well, I love you very, *very* much. And tonight...I'm going to show you just how much."

"Are you?"

"I am. Because not only do we have a new apartment to christen and a new bed to break in, *but* there are no neighbors either."

"Horndog." Rachel commented as she pulled herself from Quinn's arms.

"It's your own fault." The blonde smacked the diva's ass as she walked by. "I was never like this until we started dating."

By the girl's fourth trip up the stairs from the car, Rachel was starting to second guess her choice of a third floor apartment. "Remind me to let Leo, or what ever his name is, know that I would greatly appreciate it if he could hurry his endeavors into fixing the elevator instead of retiling bathrooms."

Quinn set the last box against the wall and wiped the beads of sweat from her forehead. "I am actually quite thankful for that bathroom. At least I know a million other butts haven't sat on the seat of the toilet or peed in the shower."

"Mmm...good point. Perhaps I should make him a batch of my famous 'Thank You' cookies."

Quinn rested against the counter top and allowed Rachel to wrap her arms around her in a loose hug. "*Or*...maybe we could introduce people to your crazy *slowly*."

"I'm offended by that." Rachel pulled away and walked towards the door. Quinn followed.

"No you're not. You know it's true. So, lets go explore your New York shops...and find jobs."

Chapter 2

A/N: Okay. So I am always ify when non-show based characters appear in fics, but this is kind of unavoidable. Hopefully they fit into what is already established. *fingers crossed you guys like it.

"Where are you going?" Quinn asked leaning out of the bed, trying to grab Rachel by the waist. The diva swiveled away quickly and lifted a finger indicating to stop.

"Quinn, not only is it nearly noon, but it is also the third day we have been here in New York. I am fairly certain the bed has been broken in." Quinn grunted and dropped her head heavily into the pillow and let her arm dangle off the bed as Rachel slipped a skirt on. "Besides, I have an interview in an hour."

The blonde's head perked up. Her hair falling messily around her face. "An interview? A *job* interview?" She watched as Rachel shuffled through the nearby bags looking for a shirt.

"Yes, a job interview. There is a place a couple of blocks away that is looking to hire a receptionist. I saw the flyer in their window from across the street when I was buying a couch and stopped in."

"A couch? You got a job interview *and* bought a couch? Where was I for all of this?" Quinn asked as she leaned out of the bed again and lowered the zipper on Rachel's skirt while the brunette's arms were caught in her shirt. The blonde beamed as the mini fell to the floor.

Rachel scoffed and sighed in frustration, but the groan was quickly replaced by a laugh when Quinn wrapped her arm around the brunette's tiny waist and pulled her back onto the bed. "*You*, were in a sex comma at the time. But yes, I bought us a couch and it will be deliver sometime this afternoon." Quinn frowned as she moved to lay on top of Rachel. "Why are you pouting? We need furniture."

"I know. But having a couch to sit on will mean you will be less inclined to stay in bed." The diva rolled her eyes as Quinn stole a kiss from her lips and trailed her tender lips to her neck. The blonde's hands slowly glided up the brunette's torso, pushing her shirt up as they went. "You know," Quinn continued between kisses. "You once told me, you couldn't get enough of me."

Rachel laced her fingers in the blonde locks, pulling them lightly as Quinn nipped at the sensitive skin. "I still can't." She confessed, her voice low and husky. "But...I have the, um...the interview." The brunette placed her hand on top of Quinn's as it slid down her side, but never attempted to stop her from removing her panties.

"In an hour." Quinn reminded her before pressing hot, wet kisses down her flexing abdomen. "But I know what you need." She halted her kisses causing Rachel to lift her head to look at the hazel eyes of her girlfriend grinning between her legs. "And it won't take an hour."

Rachel threw her head back to the bed and arched her back as Quinn sucked her sensitive bud between her lips. "Fuck! No, it won't." Over the last three days, Quinn had been killing her. It was a slow and blissful death, but Rachel knew it would come to an end soon. First, it was a near death experience by an overdose of sex. Then it was a near death experience by a lack of sex as that time of the month came around. It was as if Quinn was trying to make up for it ahead of time.

The blonde hooked her hands to Rachel's thighs, trying to hold them to the mattress as she relentlessly attacked the brunette's clit with a variety of licks, flicks, and swirls of her tongue. Each time Rachel bucked or whimpered, Quinn would stop her actions and blow a light breath against the over stimulated bundle of nerves before attaching her mouth again.

"Oh, Fuck! Baby, I'm so close." Rachel's body was already shaking in anticipation of its release when Quinn lightly bit down on her clit. "Fuck! Quinn!"

The blonde laughed into her girlfriend. "The neighbors in the next *building* probably heard that. God! And you say that *I'm* loud." Quinn trailed kisses up to the quivering diva's mouth before glancing at the alarm clock. "See...only took fifteen minutes to get you off. And now you will have a little more pep in you step to win you that job."

"Shut up and kiss me."

Quinn hovered over her mouth teasingly before placing a quick kiss to her lips and pulled away off of the bed. "Sorry, but I need a shower and you need to get ready."

"Quinn Fabray."

"Go get 'em tiger. I'll see you when you get back." Quinn shut the bathroom door, locking it just to be safe, and turned on the shower to drown out Rachel's lecture on unfairness and sensitivity. "There's no time for cuddling. Maybe we can do that

tonight. We will have a new couch that we will need to break in." There was a sudden sound of what Quinn guessed to be a shoe hitting the bathroom door.

That was a new trick Rachel picked up Senior year, throwing things. Now, not only did she lecture in rambles and storm off in diva fashion, but she also threw things like a child. One day in Glee rehearsal, Quinn made the mistake of informing Rachel she was digressing back to a toddler when she threw sheet music at Mr. Schuester when he gave away one of her solos. Quinn spent the next two weeks sleeping in the guest room.

By the time the blonde emerged from her lengthy shower Rachel was gone and the sneaker was still laying next to the bathroom door. Quinn was getting good at this guessing game. She took her time getting dressed in comfy jeans and fitted shirt and was working on her hair when she heard the squeak and rumble of a large truck outside their building. She moved to the window and looked down to see three burly men unloading their sofa.

"You Berry?" The largest man asked, looking Quinn over as she emerged from the building.

"Close enough. Do I need to sign?" The greasy man handed her the clip board and made no attempts at hiding his interest in her body. The other two joined in his adoration after setting the couch onto the sidewalk and taking a seat on it. Quinn felt dirty as she handed the clip board back, being left with her arm extended for a few extra seconds as his eyes dropped over her one more time.

"So, uh. The delivery said to the *building*. Do you have anyone to help you get it up to your place?" He smirked and looked over his shoulder to his buddies. "Cause we could help you for some sort of...repayment." He smacked his lips together before tracing his tongue against them. Quinn wanted to reach out and slap him and throw up at the same time.

"Actually, gentlemen, the lady is no longer in need of your services. We are more than capable of handling everything from this point on. Thank you."

The trio frowned and retreated back to their truck while Quinn was left confused. If it wasn't for the fact the voice was of a male, she would have sworn Rachel had impeccable timing. He sounded just like her. Quinn turned around to see a young man, maybe a few years older than herself, emerge from the building. She would have called him scruff looking because of the paint stains on his clothes and the bushy mop of brown hair, but she was lost in his eyes. They were the deepest blue she had ever seen, almost navy blue that faded to a lighter, baby blue as the swirled

inward.

"I'm sorry you were put in an awkward situation like that." She only smiled and nodded her head, looking like a star struck teenager who just met their idol. He blushed a little and lowered his eyes, snapping her out of her trance. "I'm Leo."

Her eyes widened as she shook his hands. She was expecting him to be much older. "Quinn."

"Oh...So, You're *Quinn*." He imitated Rachel's scream of passion and Quinn went red. "Hey. Don't be shy. Maybe you could give me a few tips to use on *my* lady friends. So, how about we get this upstairs now that we have been properly introduced and thoroughly embarrassed?"

Quinn bit her lip to keep from smiling like a little girl. "That sounds great." She answered tucking her hair behind her ears before she grabbed an end of the sofa. She had never been so thankful for all of Coach Sylvester's extra Cheerio practices. The extra layer of muscle was definitely coming in handy.

"Sorry the elevator still isn't working. I'm just waiting for a part to come in. That thing is ancient and out dated so it always seems to be down." He apologized as they shifted up to the second floor landing.

"It's not a problem, though Rachel was considering mentioning something to you about it. However, she appreciated the new bathroom much more."

"So Rachel is the girlfriend?" He asked. Quinn noted there was no judgment in his voice and no wishful thinking either. He was simply asking for clarification.

"Yes. And I should probably warn you," He glanced down at her nervously as they reached the third floor. "After she hears about your heroics today... she has this affinity for expressing her appreciation by writing it on cookies..." He furrowed his brow but smiled, obviously amused by the concept. "Door is unlocked."

He fumbled with the handle behind him before pushing it open and guiding the couch through the sharp turn. "Where do you want it?"

"Doesn't really matter. She'll change her mind half a dozen time tonight and a full dozen tomorrow." They set it down crooked in the room and paused before moving together to slide it symmetrical among the windows.

"Symmetry." They said jointly in explanation, leaving each other blushing in their

lameness.

"Anyway, thank you for everything, and I'm sorry for Rachel's...volume."

He slowly ventured to the door shaking his hands in the air. "No, it's alright. At least the rest of the floor is empty and everyone down stairs seem to be a deaf retiree. So it's cool." They laughed as he stepped out of the apartment. "And thank you for the warning. I will be on the lookout for phonetic bake goods. It was nice to meet you, Quinn. And I hope to meet Rachel soon as well."

"She'll make it a point. See you around."

"So, I have good neeeeews." Rachel sang as she bounced into the apartment. "They were beyond impressed with not only my impeccable eye for detail and organization, but my upbeat personality and they offered me the job right there." She dropped her key on the counter and clasped her hands in front of herself, beaming with pride. "I start Monday."

Quinn lay on the couch with a book in one hand, the other patting for Rachel to join her. The diva snuggled between Quinn and the back of the couch and rested her head on the blonde's chest. "I'm proud of you, Baby. Now, *I* have to get a job."

"Yes, you do." The brunette poked her girlfriend's stomach playfully. "So do you like the sofa?"

Quinn sighed heavily. "I do. But I did not like being accosted by three rough looking men covered in tattoos, piercings, and excessive body hair."

"What?" Rachel sat up quickly, losing the smile on her face.

"They informed me that the delivery was to the building but they would carry it up here if I was to repay them for their kindness, all while they undressed me with their eyes."

"I cannot believe the audacity. I will inform the store owner immediately that they will no longer be receiving our patronage until this matter-"

"Rachel, calm down." Quinn pulled the brunette back down to the couch.

"But you didn't let them in did you?"

Quinn smirked where Rachel couldn't see her. "How else do you think it got up here? But it's okay. All I had to do was have the most mind blowing, rough, animalistic sex you could imagine. And I'll tell you what, if you like the threesome...try it with four." The diva turned her face up to Quinn's, lacking an ounce of approval. Quinn kissed her nose. "No. They didn't come up. Leo saved me. He, by the way, is a lot closer to our age than I was expecting and a very nice and friendly guy."

Rachel jumped off the couch and began shifting through some unpacked boxes, mumbling to herself.

"Babe...Baby...Rachel!" The brunette turned her attention to Quinn who simply pointed to the kitchen. On the counter was a collection of cooking ingredients, a baking pan, and Rachel's collection of sprinkles and sugar decorations.

"Thanks."

"Don't mention it."

Chapter 3

A/N: So this is a longer chapter that will hopefully ease some of your worries. I'm glad you are all enjoying this sequel. Thank you for all the wonderful and motivating reviews.

"Come with me."

"Come with you? Are you not capable of walking down the hallway by yourself?"

Rachel nervously twirled the plate of cookies on the counter. "I am perfectly capable of doing such a thing, I simply don't want to do it by myself..."

Quinn rested her book on her chest and studied the diva. "Rachel Berry. Since when are you shy?"

Rachel arched an eyebrow, rested one hand on her hip, and braced herself against the counter with the other. "I am not shy. I simply would like your company. You have already met him and introductions are necessary...and if you expect to break in that couch any time soon you will come with me."

Quinn sighed and forced herself off of the couch, almost bouncing each step of her defiant strut as she approached the brunette. Their eyes locking in a momentary struggle for dominance before Quinn slyly snatched a cookie from the plate and bit into it. Rachel gasped and Quinn continued to the door, cookie in hand. "Payment for my services. Let's go."

"You ruined the presentation. The display is unbalanced now. The symmetry is off. You of all people should be appalled." Quinn took another cookie from the plate and bit into it as well.

"Problem solved."

Rachel rolled her eyes and proceeded down the hallway to Leo's door. Quinn propped herself against the wall and watched the diva straighten away all of the invisible imperfections in her close and hair before knocking on the door. There were rustles, clanks, and occasional grunts muffled from behind the door.

"Is she clumsy?" Rachel asked looking over her shoulder to Quinn.

She shrugged. "He carried the couch up three flights of stairs backwards with no problem."

"Uh, door's open!"

Quinn shrugged again. Rachel hesitated before slowly turning the door knob and peeking her head inside the apartment. His place was much larger than hers and Quinn's and seemed almost professionally designed. The rough bricks and some of the support beams were left exposed giving the apartment a rustic, urban feel to it. But the colorful paintings and masculine furniture gave it a sophistication. Dim lighting provided elegant shadow that played perfectly on the architecture. It was as if they stepped into a completely different building in the ritzy part of town.

"Are you going in?" Quinn asked, poking Rachel's side, moving the brunette through the door. Her eyes shifted over the apartment in search for the blue-eyed man but she saw no sign of him until he shifted his foot. "Leo?" She called to the torso and legs sticking out from under the sink.

"Yeah?"

Quinn approached as Rachel set the plate of cookies down on his dinning room table. "Do you need any help?"

"Uh, actually, your aide would be most appreciated and superbly timed." Quinn looked back to Rachel, pointed to her with one hand and Leo with the other before smashing them together indicating the two were one in the same when it came to speaking. "Can you turn the water on slowly. I need to see if I fixed this leak." Quinn reached over and twisted the handle slightly. "Look's good. Thank you."

"You're welcome."

Leo began to wiggle out from under the sink and Rachel picked the plate of cookies up again. "Speaking of gratitude for one's assistance. I baked you a batch of my famous 'Thank You' cookies. I have a feeling that Quinn has already warned you that I would show up with these but...wow." Rachel stared at the newly emerged man and soaked in his eyes. "Sorry." She dropped her eyes from his, down to the plate in her hands. "You have very pretty eyes."

Leo blushed. "Thank you. And relax. They tend to have that effect on a lot of people. They are my best feature." Rachel might have disagreed and by the look on Quinn's face, she did too. Leo was a very attractive guy. Tall, well built, with a perfectly white smile. If they had been straight, each girl would be fighting over

him.

"Right. Well, here." The diva bashfully handed him the plate. "Quinn stole two." She confessed as the blonde munched on the treat.

Leo looked at her and furrowed his brow. "You're eating my cookies?"

"I carried half the couch." Quinn reminded him. She couldn't figure out why she felt instantly comfortable around him, but figured it was the fact he reminded her of Rachel so much.

He shrugged his shoulders. "Good point. It has been a long time since I have had home made cookies. I thank you greatly for your thoughtfulness and I assure you that I will have the elevator in functioning order by the week's end so neither you nor Quinn will find yourself in the same unfortunate situation."

Rachel nodded her head, silently wondering if everyone had this much trouble following what she was saying all the time. "I am simply pleased you were there today. I keep forgetting we aren't in Lima anymore."

"Lima?" He asked motioning for the girls to take a seat at the table with him.

"Ohio." Quinn answered. "A very small town."

"Yeah. There are definitely more assholes here."

"Lang...uage..." Rachel couldn't catch herself before the warning fell out of her mouth, but Leo only smiled.

"It's okay. I really should be working on that. It's very unbecoming. So, singer or dancer?" Rachel straightened her posture wondering if maybe Leo had a sixth sense as well. "I mean, this is New York City."

"Right. Well, I am a singer above anything else. However, I am also thoroughly trained in acting and dancing."

"A triple threat. Nice. What about you, Quinn? Singer too?" He asked, taking another cookie.

"Neither."

"Neither?" He almost choked on his treat. "Really? That's an oddity."

"She followed me. For my dream." Rachel explained, reaching across the table and taking Quinn's hand in hers. "She's going to Fordham for social work."

He arched an eyebrow. "So...a Broadway diva and a humanitarian...a very interested combination."

"What about you?" Rachel asked realizing this had become a rather one sided conversation.

"I am a wandering soul who just seems to keep coming back to the same apartment every night."

There was something about how he spoke that hit Rachel funny. The words and tones were light and friendly, but she felt apprehension around him. He seemed to be a very genuine man, but guarded or unsure about something. "You're like Quinn. Just happy to be happy."

There was the slightest falter in his seemingly permanent smile before he nodded his head confidently. "That's an excellent way to put it. Nothing more important than happiness."

"I agree." Quinn chimed and exchanged a knowing glance with their new friend.

Something about the whole experience of meet their neighbor left Rachel feeling a little odd. Quinn figured as much when the diva spent more than thirty minutes in the shower. The blonde leaned against the door frame of the steaming room and watched Rachel towel herself dry. "What's on you mind, my gold star? And don't say nothing because I have known you far too long for that to work anymore."

"You read people, right? You said that is what you do." The brunette waited and Quinn nodded her head. "What do you think about him? He seems..."

"Guarded?" Rachel nodded her head, thankful she wasn't alone in her thoughts. "He is. I think that he may have had a rough family life."

Rachel lowered her brow. "And how could you possibly be able to read that from eating cookies with the man for a half hour?"

"There is more to reading people than listening to what they say. You have to listen to what they don't say as well as how they act. For starters, something simple."

He has no pictures on his walls of friends or family. We have only been here three days and already have a hand full of photos up. The other signs are things you wouldn't be the one to notice."

"And why wouldn't *I* notice them?" Rachel cut her off, taking the comment much more personally than she should have.

"Because you have a wonderful family. It's little vibes you get when you... I don't know how to explain it. It's like a silent understanding. If you noticed, he's non-confrontational. When you corrected him when he swore... most people would have rolled their eyes or made fun of you for being a priss or something. He has probably been trained not to argue." Rachel could understand that. Quinn had been like that when she first moved in with her and her dads. The real Quinn was masked by well rehearsed responses. "And also," Quinn continued as she left to lay on the sit on the bed, Rachel following close behind in her towel. "The wandering soul comment, he doesn't care where he is going, as long as it's not where he was."

"So, you can relate to him and that is why you are able to see these things so clearly?" Quinn nodded matter-of-factly. Rachel felt the pang of jealousy she had dismissed years ago as it returned. She pushed it aside. There was no reason to worry. Not only was Quinn in love with her, but Leo was a guy. The blonde was constantly hit on by men and always turned them down flat out, disgusted at the attempts.

"Babe?" Rachel snapped out of her daze. "I don't like that look. I *know* that look."

Rachel shook her head and waved it off. "I'm alright. Don't worry about it."

"Good. But just in case I need to remind you," Quinn caught Rachel's towel and pulled her closer to the bed's edge. The blonde pulled open the white linen towel and let it fall to the ground as she ran her hands over Rachel's soft skin. "I don't like boys. They have penises. And penises are gross."

Rachel smiled, leaned down, and captured the blonde's lips in hers as Quinn's hands continued their exploration. "What about the ones we keep in the box?" The brunette pushed Quinn to lay back on the bed and straddled her waist. "You like those."

"No..." Quinn corrected her as the brunette pulled her shirt over her head and threw it across the room. "I like what *you* do with those." The blonde moaned into Rachel's mouth as the diva's small hands teased her nipples.

"Do you?" Rachel asked seductively.

Quinn nodded. "I love you, Rachel. I don't want anyone else. Just you." She halted the brunette's roaming hands and waited for their eyes to meet before becoming very serious in their heated moment. "Tell me you know that." Rachel smiled weakly and nodded her head before lowering it back down to Quinn's neck. "No." She squirmed away from her girlfriend who looked back to her questioningly. "Tell me that you know that."

Rachel hesitated. "I know that." Suddenly she was no longer in the mood and rolled off of Quinn, pulling her close so they could cuddle. "I *know* that." Quinn shut the lamp off and pulled the covers over them before getting comfortable in Rachel's arms.

"Rachel?"

"...yeah." Her voice was light against Quinn's shoulder.

"Please don't forget it." The brunette wrapped her arms tight and kissed the bare skin of the blonde's shoulder. "Please." Quinn whispered as she shut her eyes to sleep.

"I won't. I promise."

When Rachel woke up she found herself alone in bed. She grabbed the pillow next to her and squeezed it tight, inhaling the familiar scent of the blonde that wafted from it. "Quinn?" Rachel waited a second in the silence before opening her eyes and found a note on the alarm clock.

Went out. You looked too cute to wake. I'll be back soon. Do something productive, like, unpack. Love you. Q.

Rachel grunted into the pillow at the thought of abandoning the warm bed to unpack. They were stuck in a semi-functioning cycle. The only things unpacked were those things they had needed, leaving the rest to wait their turn. Now, she had a choice to make: Unpack or procrastinate. She replaced the note back on the alarm clock and grabbed the cell phone lying next to it and dialed Quinn's number. The phone rang twice and then went to voice mail.

"She ignored me!" Rachel exclaimed to the empty bedroom. "Rude." She quickly

called another number. "Hi, Daddy."

"Hey, Sweetheart. How are things over there. *All the way* over there."

Rachel smiled at her father's less than subtle way of telling her she was too far away from him. "Just the same as it was when I called you yesterday."

"Good. And how is Quinn this morning?"

"She...is...MIA at the moment. She has gone out and left me home alone to unpack."

"Ooooooh. You are procrastinating by calling me."

"...maybe..."

"You are going to get me in trouble with her. Tell you what, start unpacking and I will call you in an hour that way you were doing what she wanted you to and I only interrupted you. Sound good?"

Rachel beamed. "I love the way you think. I love you and I'll talk to you in an hour. Don't forget."

"I won't." Michael promised before he hung up. Rachel loved the independence of living in New York with Quinn but missed seeing her fathers every day. She tried to make up for it by calling them but it wasn't the same.

On that depressing note, Rachel rolled out of bed and threw on the nearest clean clothes, which happened to be Quinn's seeing as most of hers were still packed. The boxes stacked against the walls taunted her as she leisurely strolled into the living area. She crossed her arms in front of her chest and sized up the task in front of her. There was one point in her life where she wouldn't have been able to sleep unless everything was out of its box and in its place, but not anymore. She blamed Quinn. It was one way the blonde had entertained herself their first summer living together. While Rachel was at one of her classes or teaching, Quinn would rearrange everything in their room and sit back and watch to see if Rachel remembered where it all went. By the time school started again, Rachel learned not to care.

The diva blew out a sigh of frustration and moved to open the windows. If she was going to be stuck inside unpacking, she at least wanted to smell and hear the bustling neighborhood below her. She unlocked and opened one window but the second one wouldn't budge. She examine it closely. It wasn't locked or sealed shut in

anyway. It just wouldn't open. That *did* bother Rachel. After a few more feeble attempts at forcing it open, she relented...for five seconds. This window needed to open.

The brunette made an about-face and stormed out of the apartment and down the hall, knocking on Leo's door. "Door's open!" He called and she rolled her eyes. She hated that saying now. It made no sense. The door obviously wasn't open and if you were going to care who came in then you might as well have left it open.

With more confidence than the previous night she opened the door and walked in. "Are you always fixing things?" She asked as he finished mounting a light fixture and climbed down off of the chair.

"That *is* my job...but I like to stay busy. And good morning to you too."

Rachel calmed herself. She was taking her frustrations with the window out on the ignorant man. "Sorry. Good morning. I was just having trouble getting one of the windows open. I have been doing battle with it for about ten minutes and my already short amount of patience has dwindled."

He furrowed his brow and moved to follow her, needing no more explanation. "Which one?"

"The middle."

He approached the window and examined it just as Rachel had and found no reason for it to remain shut. "I have an idea. Do you have a knife. A butter knife?" The diva pulled one from the kitchen drawer and handed it to him, eager to see what he was going to do with it. "I painted this place before you got here and I think this window may have been shut before the paint was dry. " He slide the knife between the window and the seal and Rachel could hear the cracking of the extra point as he worked it across the bottom. He stood up and lifted the window.

"Thank you."

"It's not a problem." He handed her the knife back, wiping the paint residue onto his jeans first. "I'll come back later and repaint where it peeled off. Just let me know when you're ready for it."

"How did you end up with this job anyway?"

Leo ran a hand through his hair and let out a big sigh. "Now that is a long story."

Rachel saw an opening and took it. "I have time. Besides, I do believe it is vitally important for one to know their neighbors." She sat down on the couch and motioned for him to join. "So, if you would."

He smirked and took a seat. "I can honestly say I have never had anyone as interested in my life as the two of you."

Rachel shrugged her shoulders. "As Quinn would say, You might as well get use to it because you're stuck with us now."

"For some strange reason I don't think that's a bad things. You two seem pretty cool and a good balance to one another. How long have you two been together?"

Rachel scrunched her face as she thought back to what Quinn had said the other night about Leo. It wasn't what he was saying, it was what he was avoiding saying. "I'll answer your question after you have answered mine, which you have so artfully dodged just now."

His polite smile broadened. "I do believe I have met my match. Okay. I'll play fair. I moved here a few years ago after my dad died. I didn't really have anything so I made a deal with Mr. Watson who had just bought this place. I said I would fix it up if he gave me a cut on the rent. So, now it is your turn to answer."

"Two years. Dating that is. We have known each other for much, much longer than that. Since elementary school. My turn to ask. Why New York?"

"Busy place. I like to keep busy, keep my mind occupied, so I throw myself into everything I enjoy." Just like Rachel had with her music before Quinn. She was reading him now. He was alone. "So, how come it took you two so long to get together if you've known each other since you were little kids?"

Rachel laughed and ran her hand through her hair, unsure of even where to start. "That...is...a long story as well and I don't think I would be able to sum it up as nicely as you did."

"Try it."

"Okay. Quinn was the super religious Christian, popular, gorgeous, blonde, head cheerleader. I was...not." She blushed and decided to get it all out on the table. Maybe if she opened up he would too. "I use to have this collection of argyle animal sweaters. I wore knee-high socks and penny loafers. I was that one kid people knew about only because I was the butt of all the jokes in school. I still hold the record for

most slushie facials and that is only the total from the first two years of high school."

Leo was trying g to be polite and hold in his laughter. "Slushie..."

"Facials." Rachel finished for him, nodding her head in playful shame. "All the jocks and cheerleaders would go down to the local gas station and but those really big slushies and throw them in my face at school." The smile on his face fell. Rachel was a little confused. People were normally laughing at the concept, maybe not the action, but always the concept. "What's wrong?"

"Well, that's just horrible. Name calling and teasing are one thing but that is just cruel. How could anyone do that?"

Rachel shrugged her shoulders. "It all stopped after Quinn and I got together so I got over it."

"You shouldn't have had to deal with it in the first place." He cut her off. He was a protector. Maybe he would be good to have around.

"Well, I did and I'm kind of happy that is happened. I know it sounds incredibly strange to hear that, but it allowed me to grow and become stronger." She straightened her posture and smiled confidently. "Something I am going to need to be if I intend to be successful in this business. It's something to be thankful for. Anyway, it's my turn again."

Before Rachel could get her question out, Quinn walked through the still open door. "So...how much unpacking did you get done while I was gone?" She asked knowing full and well Rachel hadn't done a thing. The brunette beamed from the couch.

"You used me." Leo mumbled, leaning over towards Rachel slightly while keeping his eyes on Quinn, uncertain of how she was going to react.

The diva patted his shoulder. "Only a little bit. And don't worry. She doesn't bite...much. Leo and I were becoming more acquainted with one another after he helped me with the jammed window."

"That was nice of him, but you are still in trouble." Quinn rested her fist on her hip as Rachel playfully cowed and stood from the sofa, wrapping her arms around the blonde's waist. Quinn melted and hugged the brunette back.

"And this, Leo, is how you get out of trouble." Rachel informed the smiling man

before adding in a whisper, "She's really a big push over. Her HBIC days are long behind her now."

"You didn't tell him about that did you? You know I still feel so guilty for the way I treated you." Quinn pouted. Rachel kissed the blonde's cheek to alleviate her guilt.

"So *you* threw the slushies? Rachel you are a *very* forgiving person." He spoke in lighthearted tones but Rachel could still see he was upset about it. The man didn't even know her and he cared. She had misjudged him. She quickly decided she liked Leo.

"He's mad at you." Rachel informed Quinn.

"I can see that. Maybe when I get the chance to talk to him while you are unpacking, he won't be. So, you've made a new friend?"

The diva nodded. "I think we should keep him." Leo raised his brow. The two girls held onto each other and stared at the man who sat uncomfortably in their attention.

"Is it bad that I actually feel a little scared at the moment?"

The both shook their heads. "Just wait until you meet Santana." Quinn warned. "She called me today and will be up to visit in two weeks."

"Is she another girlfriend?" Leo asked jokingly.

"Only on special occas-" Quinn slapped her hand over Rachel's mouth as Leo's dropped open.

"No. She is just a friend. Just. A. Friend."

Rachel pried the blonde's hand from her mouth. "But, just as a warning, she likes to collect people like sex trophies."

"Have you no filter today?" Quinn asked, shocked as she pulled away from the brunette to empty her bag.

"I was giving him a warning. It was the friendly thing to do. Imagine what he is going to be thrown into when she gets here. You do remember the first night she met my dad's?"

Quinn cringed at the memory and Leo tilted his head. "Dads? Two?"

The two girls studied the displaced male on their couch as they thought of all the things they were going to have to explain to him to catch him up to speed and prepare him for their guest. "How much free time do you have, Leo?"

Chapter 4

A/N: Just a short chapter to keep you going. It may be a day or two before I get to post the next one. I'll try and make it longer to make up for this one.

"Do you think he's ready? He only has one more day."

"For Santana? Hell, no." Quinn replied without hesitation. "How can anyone ever be ready for *her*. At least Britt isn't coming up for a few days. It should give him a few days to adjust." She let out a long sigh.

Rachel furrowed her brow. "Are you not wanting them to come?"

"I want them to come. I'm just not sure where we are going to put them still. We don't exactly have a lot of extra space and this couch," She patted her hand between them. "Ss not a pull out bed. And on top of all of that, we have only been gone for two weeks and Santana has already cracked and is in need of us. We destroyed her in high school. She is a softy now."

Rachel tried but failed to hide her slowly growing smile.

"...what?"

"She can always sleep with us."

Quinn narrowed her eyes. "No. Our room is-"

"*Our* room. I know. I remember."

"Horndog." Quinn mumbled under her breath as she diverted her eyes from the diva.

"Me?" Rachel shrieked, turning on the couch to face the blonde. "Do you not recall your inability to keep your hands off of me the whole first week we were here? I'm sure Leo remembers. In fact, I know he does. He cracked a joke yesterday about how much quieter we have been this week."

"Only by necessity."

"See! And if it wasn't, then you still would have been all over me. So how am I the horndog? Because I suggested we revisit a threesome which you had already agreed to having once before?"

Quinn furrowed her brow and studied the diva again. "Why are you getting mad? You are, like, overly touchy today. Are you stressed about work? I thought you liked it."

"I do like it. I'm not stressed over it at all."

"Then what the hell is your problem?"

"I haven't had sex in a week! I'm horny!" The diva's words echoed off the relatively empty apartment walls and Rachel shrank in her regret. "You know, Leo could probably sell a screen play about the things he hears through these walls."

Quinn bit down on her finger trying to keep from laughing. "I forgot that one week is your limit before you get pissy. Santana gets here tomorrow afternoon and since I won't let you have your threesome, I will have to make it up to you as much as I can until then. Don't you think? It is only fair." Quinn asked leaning forward teasingly slow towards the brunette lips.

Rachel studied the perfect lips as they approached. "I do believe that would be the best way to alleviate my mood before she arrives." Their lips meet and Quinn's tongue ran across Rachel's bottom lip before it is given entrance into her mouth to mingle with hers.

The blonde moaned at the contact and Rachel pushed back against Quinn, forcing her to sit properly on the couch so she could straddle her lap. The diva fisted her hands in the light tresses and pulled her closer with need. A week was far too long to go without the one thing in the world you were addicted to. Quinn hooked her left arm behind Rachel's waist and pulled her closer, lifting her to her knees. The blonde's right hand ran up and down the smooth exposed skin on the back of the brunette's legs. It disappeared up the diva's skirt and emerged with the light material of her panties wrapped around her fingers.

Rachel laughed into their heated kiss. "You can't get those off sitting like this." Quinn released the fabric halfway down Rachel's thighs and moved her hand to cup between her legs, causing her to gasp.

Quinn smiled as the brunette threw her head back and began writing in her lap. "I don't need to." The blonde ran her fingers over the girl's length. "You are so wet

already." She was dripping. Quinn easily slid two fingers deep inside to the last knuckle. "And you feel so good."

Rachel began moving up and down, riding Quinn's fingers, while the blonde's thumb followed her movements, teasing her clit. "Oh, shit, Baby. This feels so good." Quinn's ran her free hand up the diva's shirt, slipping it under her bra to massage her breast. "That feels good too."

"Yeah?" Rachel nodded her head as she continued her pulsing motion. "Take this off and I can make it feel better." Rachel didn't hesitate to discard the layers of offending garments and gasped as Quinn licked lazy circles around each nipple before taking one in her mouth. She teased the sensitive skin on the underside of Rachel's breast with light grazes of her fingers and then with hot kisses and licks of her tongue.

"Fuck. Yes." Rachel began pounding down harder on Quinn's fingers and the blonde feared she was going to break her wrist in her excitement.

"Hold on." Quinn repositioned her wrist flatter and added a third finger before Rachel resumed her motions.

"Oh my god." Rachel wrapped her hands on Quinn's neck and began rocking her hips as she rode up and down. "Oh, fuck yes. Fuck!...fuck!"

Quinn just sat back and watched as Rachel neared her climax. She felt the brunette's inner muscles begin to tighten as Rachel rocked faster and harder. Her breath ragged and gasping. Her obscenities more whimpers until she finally came, collapsing forward onto Quinn who cuddled her close, running a soothing hand on her back until she regained her composure.

"So, that's one." Quinn commented with a proud smile. "How many do you think it will take to get you out of that pissy mood?"

"Let's see if you can beat your record for the number of times you've sent me over in 24 hours. That should do the trick."

Quinn smiled broadly. "You *are* eager but you will have to be able to walk tomorrow. You had issues last time."

"My problem was all of those kick Mr. Schuester and added to the choreography. Walking, I managed just fine. So?"

Quinn visibly and playfully pondered the suggestion. "I guess since we skimmed last week we could give Leo something to talk about now. So, my little sex addict, let's get to the bedroom and get our box of toys out so we can break that record, of what, 7?"

Rachel bit her lip and stood, finishing the removal of her underwear and skirt. "So, one down, six to go."

"That would only make us tied." Quinn pointed out as she followed the brunette closely to the bedroom.

"If you behave I'll let you do that to me as well. I wouldn't mind being tied...down."

Quinn grabbed Rachel's ass, pressing her fingers down between the back of her thighs. "We don't have that four post bed anymore."

"But we do have a bed frame."

"Your apartment smells like sex." Santana commented as she entered the small living quarters after the blushing couple. "A lot of sex. No wonder Berry is walking funny."

"I am not!"

Santana arched an eyebrow and crossed her arms after she deposited her bag on the floor. "You waddled down the hallway as much as Q did when she was 8 months pregnant."

Quinn scoffed. "I didn't even waddle that much." Rachel's mouth dropped open in unfairness but Quinn kissed her temple and the potential rant faded away.

"Just please tell me you haven't fucked on the couch." Santana waited for a response before cringing in the silence.

"Hey. It's what we have. If you don't like it, Leo has an extra bedroom. Go see if you can sweet talk him into letting you stay there." Quinn jokingly offered.

"Is he cute?"

Rachel stood shocked in the seriousness of the Latina considering staying in a

strange man's apartment. Quinn took a step behind the diva and started nodding her head frantically at Santana. "We can always introduce you. I think it would be best to get that situation out of the way quickly."

"Hmm...well, we can keep that option open. Especially when B gets here in a few days." Santana plopped down on the couch, cringed again, and then brushed away the mental images that floated into her mind. "Then again...there is always the option of the three of-"

"No." Rachel interrupted her. "Quinn has already told me we can't."

"What? Q? Tell me it's not true. Tell me you didn't enjoy it. And if it is about the whole not your bedroom thing...we do have this couch. We can stay right here."

Quinn pushed herself to sit on top of the counters and shook her head. "I'm thinking that is still just a one time thing for me. I enjoyed it but, I'm not really interested in partaking in another one any time soon. Sorry."

"What if it was you, Berry, and the cutie across the hall?"

"Santana!"

"I'm just saying. I could watch and still be completely happy." Rachel snickered at the idea. She didn't really think Leo was the type. But the thought of the three girls approaching him with the offer was hilarious. "What are you laughing at, Berry?"

"Quinn may know better than I would, but I don't think Leo would go for that. The question would probably be enough to scare him."

Santana furrowed her brow as Quinn nodded in agreement. "Is he gay?" Quinn shook her head. "Then he would love the question." Quinn hesitantly shook her head again. "Well, lets find out."

"What are you doing?" Rachel asked as she watched the Latina exit their apartment and down the hall. She locked eyes with Quinn for a hesitating second before they both scurried to the doorway, glancing down the hall as Santana knocked on Leo's door.

"She isn't..."

"She is."

The Latina rolled her eyes at them as the door opened and she turned her gaze up to the tall man. "...you *are* cute." Both Quinn and Rachel slapped their hands to their foreheads.

Leo looked at the pair and then back to Santana, confused and uncertain. "Uh, thank you."

"I'm Santana. I'm attached to them." She jerked her head in the direction of the couple still perched in their doorway. "We were having a disagreement of sorts and I'm hoping you could solve it for us."

He looked once more to his friends. "Okay...I'll try."

"If I were to offer you a chance to have a threesome with Q and Berry, would you accept it? I would get to watch of course." He didn't even breath for several seconds as he replayed the question in his head to make sure he heard it correctly. "Hypothetically speaking." She added trying to ease his reluctance.

"Hypothetically?...yes. I would accept. Any straight guy would."

The Latina turned to Quinn and Rachel. "Told ya' bitches. You two owe me a drink or something. You wouldn't happen to have any alcohol in there would you?" She asked turning her attention back to Leo.

"I don't drink."

Santana jerked her head back in shock. "Why the hell not? Obviously it's not for religious reasons seeing as you just admitted you would bring those two at the same time."

"San!" Quinn ran down the hallway and covered her friend's mouth. "She was born without a filter. I'm sorry. It's a birth defect." The blonde apologized as she tried to pull the Latina back down the hall.

"It's not at all a problem. If the inquiry hadn't managed to catch me so off guard I would have been able to provide a much more amusing response."

Santana halted her movements and peeled Quinn's hand off of her mouth. "Oh my god. It's a male version of Berry. Q, it's not like you would even be having a threesome." Leo held back his smile as best he could as Quinn snapped her eyes shut in absolute embarrassment and darkened her blush by several shades. "He's probably packing some solid equipment by the looks of him too."

Leo cleared his throat and leaned against his door as he realized just how boring his life had truly been before the two girls moved in across the hall.

"If I were to come over later tonight after the kids went to sleep, would you show me? You know, hypothetically?" Santana flirted. Rachel was no longer amused and retreated back into the apartment leaving Quinn to struggle with the Latina on her own.

Leo smirked as he began shutting the door. "Hypothetically?...maybe..."

"Then *maybe*, I'll see you later."

Chapter 5

A/N: So...here we go into a little bit of drama and the begining for why the character 'Leo' is actually in the story. He plays a big role in their lives from here on out in lost of different ways, but not like you all are fearing. I promise he is not the antagonist...directly, anyway.

"So, you two have no alcohol and the eye candy across the hall has no alcohol...good thing I came prepared." Santana said as she rummaged through her bag and presented the two with a brand new bottle of vodka. "I got it for you as a bit of a house warming gift. I know Berry has some orange juice in the fridge so how about we celebrate something."

Quinn grabbed the orange juice from the fridge and three glass. "What are we celebrating exactly?"

"Hmmm...Let's think about that." Santana looked to the ceiling while opening the bottle in her hand. "How about that I was right and you two were wrong. As usual." Quinn lifted a glass of orange juice in the air and saluted the idea. "Berry, what are you pouting about over there?"

Rachel was curled up on the couch holding a pillow to her chest looking out the window. She wasn't entirely sure herself what put her in an off mood but she was fairly certain that it would vanish with a drink. "I'm pouting because you are taking too long with the drinks. And the fact that you still refuse to share your secret as to how you go about getting all of your alcohol."

"And I never will. The secret shall die with me. Here." Santana handed her a drink and sat down in the middle of the couch separating Quinn and Rachel. "If there is going to be any drunken making out tonight, I am going to be involved."

Quinn rolled her eyes. "The only making out you will be doing tonight is if it is with Leo."

"That's if you two aren't occupying his time...or penis."

"I told you. I'm not interested in a threesome anymore. End of story. It was a one time thing, that's all. Sorry to burst your bubble. You should hit him up with the offer when Britt gets here." Rachel scoffed and she finished her first drink in a few

quick gulps. Quinn narrowed her eyes. "Thirsty at all? Slow down or you'll be drunk in only an hour and I really don't feel like dealing with you throwing up all night."

Santana turned her attention to the still pouting brunette and studied her mockingly. "Still can't hold you liquor? I thought I trained you better than that. You disappoint me, Berry."

Rachel didn't say anything. She got up and made her way to the counter and fixed her another drink. "We need a coffee table. There is too much effort to get up and down every time you want a drink and setting things on the floor will only get them spilled."

Quinn was not amused by Rachel's little mood. "Well, until I can get a job you are the only one who can buy anything. I'm going to check out a few more places Monday. Hopefully something will work out." The blonde had tried every place but being summer, most positions were already filled with the abundance of students looking for summer jobs. "But I think we should worry about the rent first."

Santana sipped on her drink and shifted her eyes between the couple, sensing the potential for drama. This was always a common occurrence but never grew into anything substantial. Rachel would get in a foul mood about something stupid, Quinn would find a way to feel responsible for it, and Rachel would then feel guilt that Quinn felt responsible. It never worried the Latina because some how the tiff would end up in, from what she was told, great makeup sex. "Right, okay. New topic. Are you two ready for school? There are only three weeks left until it starts."

Both girls were nervous. Quinn because it was a new school, a new start, and not completely her choice. She knew she wanted to be with Rachel during college and so she chose Fordham, but she chose it simply to choose something. She still wasn't entirely sure that she was cut out for social work. Rachel, on the other hand, was excited for school to begin but nervous about seeing her competition. Her peers were going to be her competition for Broadway. These were going to be the people at every audition, competing against her. Whether she liked to admit it or not, she wasn't always so sure she was the best. In Glee Club, sure. But not out of everyone in New York City. Some were bound to have better range, be better dancers, more emotional in their portrayal of characters. She just hoped those traits weren't wrapped up in a single person.

It only took the trio a few hours to completely empty the bottle of vodka and half of the other one Santana had stashed in her bag still. It was a back up.

"So, San. Have you made up your mind? Are you going to sleep on the couch or go

pay Leo another visit?" Quinn asked with a laugh, still amused that the days earlier events. She and Rachel had tried to warn him about the Latina, but there really isn't that much you can tell someone about her. She is something you have to experience to understand.

"I'm going to stay here." Santana replied from her reclined position on the couch. Rachel was in the kitchen cleaning up the mess so Santana took the opportunity to lay down and kick her feet up in Quinn's lap. "I think I will wait for B before I impose on him. Mainly because this couch won't hold two of us and Santana Lopez does not sleep on the floor."

"You never did, did you? You were always in my parent's bed at our sleepovers...or the couch."

"Damn straight. Speaking of your folks. I saw them last week. Your mom asked how you were doing while the asshole tried to ignore the topic. He was still listening though."

Quinn's smile faded a little as she rested her head on the knuckles of her arm propped on the back of the couch. "What did you say?"

A devilish smile spread across the Latina's face. "You know, he still didn't know you are gay?" Quinn arched an eyebrow. She was certain either her mother would have told him after the adoption papers were final or *someone* would have told him. "So...when I said that you and Rachel were all moved in to your new place, he felt the need to clarify that 'Rachel' was the same Rachel who had two *queer* fathers, and wanted to know why you would room with her."

"And you said..."

Santana dropped her eyes to her hands as she fiddled with her fingers resting on her stomach. "I told him that it was probably so you could continue to have hot lesbian sex with her every night."

Quinn's mouth dropped open but still held a smile. "Santana! You did not!"

"Your mom found it amusing. She even laughed for a second, until you dad snapped out of his shock and glared at her."

"She laughed?"

The Latina nodded. "More at the look on his face. It was priceless. I wish I had my

phone ready so I could have sent you a picture. But then he called me a liar and that you would never be queer."

Quinn scrunched her face in anticipation. "And you said..."

"That you were and I knew it for a fact because I fucked you too." The blonde squeezed the bridge of her nose. Thank God she didn't have to worry about them anymore. "Your mom wasn't too impressed with that comment though."

"I bet she wasn't."

"Berry, what are you doing over there? The conversation is happening over here. Aren't you glad Daddy Fabray knows you're boing his baby?"

"He knows you have too." She mumbled under her breath as she finished scrubbing the counter and clearing her throat. "Totally thrilled."

Santana narrowed her eyes at Quinn for an explanation. "Don't worry about her. She'll snap out of it by tomorrow. I'll make sure of that tonight." The Latina cringe. "I'll try to keep her quiet so you can sleep. But I'll tell you right now, just so you don't even try, I *will* be locking the bedroom door."

She scoffed. "Take away all the fun I could be having tonight, why don't you."

"Hey! I could be taking the option of Leo away from you as well." Quinn warned playfully.

"I'm taking the garbage down." Rachel stated as she bagged up the empty bottle and headed for the door.

"Don't they have a garbage shoot, Berry?"

The diva didn't turn around. "I feel like walking." And with that she was out the door.

"What the fuck happened to her? She was perfectly fine earlier." Quinn shrugged. "Is she always like this? Even when you were in Lima? Is she PMSing or something?" Quinn bounced her head from side to side. Rachel was a diva without a doubt, but it was never anything serious.

"It's just a thing she does. The most random thing will set her off in a sulking mood and then, poof, she's over it. It is rarely anything to be worried about. They

hardly bothers me anymore. Then again, I'm use to your moods, and she is nothing compared to you."

"You aren't always a joy to be around either." Santana reminded her. "And *you* can be *vicious*."

Quinn playfully snapped her teeth together, biting the air at Santana.

Rachel knew what her problem was and was trying to deal with it. Quinn and Santana were the last two people that needed to know her foul mood was due to jealousy. Rachel glared at Leo's door as she walked by. Maybe her gut impulses about him were right. Maybe having him around was going to cause some issues. She could feel the jealous churning in her stomach as she threw the bag into the dumpster and made her way back into the building and up the stairs. She had dealt with her jealousy long ago but this time it was different.

The problem she inced had with Santana and Quinn was that they had the friendship and special connection before Rachel was even in the picture. The fact that Quinn had kissed Santana didn't exactly help, despite the fact it was only a peck on the cheek. Rachel had been uncertain where their friendship was going to lead when Quinn had figured out she was gay. In time, Rachel realized Santana wasn't interested in anything more than a friendship with the blonde and the jealous feelings faded. This time, she knew Quinn wasn't interested in Leo. The blonde had told her that, repeatedly. These were feelings of fear that Leo had feelings for Quinn. He was overly friendly, always smiled at her adoringly...there were other things as well. Things that only Rachel would notice. Now she needed to protect her relationship, defend them from an outside force that threatened their peaceful life together.

Her frustration peaked as she climbed the last step and saw Leo's door again. She knocked on the door and every second that passed as she waited only managed to make her anger boil hotter. The door hesitantly cracked, then flung open. "Oh, good. I was slightly afraid that Santana was actually going to show up tonight. I'm not opposed to her offer, but I would enjoy an actual conversation with her first."

Rachel didn't respond. He talked too much. Instead she pushed her way into his apartment. Leo allowed it seeing she was visibly upset about something. "You said you would have a threesome with Quinn and I."

"Hypothetically." He knew better than to assume she was bringing this up again

because she wanted to arrange the event. "If I offended you, I apologize. I had assumed since you two and Santana had...that the thought would not have angered you. It was never my intention."

"I wasn't offended." Her tone lessened as she looked at him. Something about the look in his eyes reminded him of Quinn. *He* was upset that he may have upset *her*. It was that damn guilt that wracked her now, and the guilt quickly faded to more frustration with the man. "I just...she's mine. Okay? I understand that she's beautiful, intelligent, and funny...all the things that make her perfect, but she's mine."

Leo was confused and leaned on the top of his dining room table. "I know that. I'm not sure where all this is coming from though."

"Oh, come on, Leo. You said you would-"

"Hypothetically, Rachel. If I was offered a threesome I would accept." He cut her off. "And you're drunk."

Rachel ignored his additional comment. It was irrelevant in her mind. "Nobody ever answers hypothetical questions without actually wanting their answer to come true. Give me a fucking break."

His eyes widened at the curse. "You are also apparently a hypocrite."

That hit wrong. She took several quick steps to the seated man but he didn't flinch at her abrupt closeness. "I know you. You're a lot like I use to be. You throw yourself into stupid, menial things because you're afraid to stop moving. Because when you do, you realize just how sad and pathetic your life is. How alone you are." He clinched his jaw but held her gaze and let her continue. "I felt like that too, before I found Quinn. She pulled me out of my shell just like she has with you over the last few weeks. And being just like me, I know how that makes you feel towards her. Gratitude, adoration...love. I'm sorry you are so lost in your lonely life but she is mine."

He hesitated, making sure she was done with her drunken rant before he swallowed his emotions and calmed his eyes. "I am alone in life, yes. By choice more than anything." His calmness took her back. "I have no disillusion about how 'sad and pathetic' my life is. And while you don't know me as well as you think, you are right in saying that Quinn has helped me out of my shell. But so have you. You two are the first friends I have allowed myself to have in a long time. I truthfully answered Santana's *hypothetical* question. I would accept the offer, but not if it was

actually from you and Quinn."

"What?" Rachel didn't mean to say anything but the massive amount of alcohol in her system didn't care.

"You were also right that you and I are a lot alike. Alike enough for me to know right from the start, that you have jealousy issues. Severe jealousy issues. I see what you have managed to find with Quinn and I would never put myself in the position to jeopardize that for you, or for her." Rachel rolled her eyes. "I'm sure you don't believe me, but that's the truth. No one can argue with the fact that you two are meant for each other...but you are going to screw it up."

Rachel scoffed at him now. "And how am *I* going to screw it up?"

"Same way I always have, with a good mixture of drunken stupidity and uncontrollably fits of jealousy. She loves you and will deal with it, but everyone has their breaking point. I just hope you figure things out before she gets there."

The two stood there for several silent moments as Rachel's dark eyes studied him. She didn't know what she was looking for but she didn't find it.

"There you are." They both turned to see Quinn entering the apartment through the still open door. "We were wondering what was taking you so long. So, what is the topic of conversation in here?" Rachel was going to get in so much trouble. This was an issue she was suppose to have dealt with years ago. Quinn was not going to be happy to hear it, but she couldn't lie to her either. Even if she tried, the blonde would know.

"I..."

"Rachel was trying to get me to join you ladies for a drink but I turned her down, explaining why it is that I no longer drink." Rachel's eyes snapped to his.

"Oh, and *why* don't you drink anymore?" A happily drunk Quinn asked interested in his answer as she placed her arm around the diva's shoulder and kissed her cheek in reward of her thoughtfulness of inviting Leo.

"Self-preservation." His answered, more warning Rachel to get over it for her own good.

Chapter 6

A/N: Cranked this chapter out a lot faster than I thought I would. I had a little bit of an accident (Code for I am incredibly clumsy) and I injured some of the fingers on my hand...makes it kind of hard to type when you can't use you index or middle finger. Anyway, hope yall enjoy this bit.

Quinn emerged from the bathroom dressed in her sleepwear and glanced over Santana to make sure she was comfortable enough to sleep on the couch. She was out cold. It was a long drive from Lima to New York to make in one day, and to top that off with a good dose of alcohol, the Latina was asleep in minutes. Rachel, on the other hand, was wide awake. The diva sat in the middle of their bed, legs crossed Indian style, elbows propped on her knees, and her hands locked together under her chin. The blonde stopped in the doorway to study her. She could tell Rachel was waiting up for her.

"What's on your mind?" Quinn asked leaning her head to the doorframe.

The brunette's eyes were glazed over. One thing that would never change about Rachel was that she was still the same obliviously honest drunk she was when she confessed her need to Quinn their first weekend of friendship. "I'm lost."

Quinn furrowed her brow. "You're lost? How are you lost?"

"I'm lost because I don't know what to do about anything that needs to be done or said. No matter what I do...it is going to be wrong."

The blonde was more confused and moved slowly to the bed, shaking her head. "You are going to have to tell me a little bit more than that."

"If I say something, what it is I am lost in...it will be bad. If I don't, and leave you ignorant, it will be bad. Either way, you are going to be mad at me."

Rachel was more drunk than Quinn was expecting. "Whatever happened to the drunk who didn't talk around her answers? Well...since you think I will be mad no matter what you choose, then why don't you just tell me. *I* would prefer that. What is it that you are lost in?"

Quinn studied her eyes as they seemed to look right through her. "Fear. Fear of

telling you that I'm afraid. Fear of keeping you in the dark about it. Fear of losing you. Of...of hurting you. Of being in such need of you."

The blonde kneeled on the bed in front of the brunette and moved to push her brown tresses away from her face but Rachel quickly pushed herself away. Quinn hesitated. "Rachel, you aren't making any sense."

"I need you. I honestly *need* you to function. If I even think there is a chance that you will leave me, I get so scared that I feel sick to my stomach."

The blonde moved forward again, quickly grabbing Rachel's hands so she couldn't move away. She only released them when she straddled the drunk girl's legs and sat in her lap, cupping her face so their eyes were forced to meet. "I am right here. Right *here*. Have I not told you that enough?"

Rachel groaned as she tried to move away from the blonde but Quinn kept her in place. She didn't want Quinn to feel guilty. This wasn't her fault. Rachel's feelings were her own.

"Rachel, look at me." Quinn wiped the fleeing tears away from the warm chocolate eyes that always stole her breath. "I love you and I know that you know that. The only way I am going anywhere is if you make me." The comment was meant that Quinn would only leave if Rachel broke up with her, but after hearing Leo's warning, Rachel heard it in an entirely different way.

"I don't ever want to make you leave." She held Quinn's waist in her hands as the blonde placed a chaste kiss on her lips and wrapped her arms around the brunette's neck.

"Then we are just fine." Quinn tried to reassure her as her mind raced. She couldn't understand where all of this was coming from. They had settled into their new environment. Rachel had a job she liked. They had made a new friend *and* had company. Where did this fear of abandonment come from? Right now, though, she really didn't care. She pushed the thoughts out of her mind as she pushed Rachel to lay down, sliding to her side and resting her head on the diva's chest, her arms wrapped around her protectively. Rachel was hurting and she just wanted to make it stop. "I'm not going anywhere."

Quinn wasn't sure when she had finally fallen asleep but now she was being woken up by a nudge in her back. She opened her eyes and found herself in the

same position she had fallen asleep in, wrapped around Rachel. Except now Santana was standing on the bed, hovering over them with a leg on one side of Rachel, the other behind Quinn, nudging her awake.

"You didn't lock the door like you said you would. I could have joined the party after all."

Rachel groaned as she woke up when Santana decided to begin bouncing on the bed. "San, if you don't stop you are going to make her throw up." Quinn warned.

"Too late." Rachel mumbled throwing her hand over her mouth and rolling off the bed, pulling Santana's leg from underneath her. As the diva ran to the bathroom Santana fell to straddle Quinn on the bed.

"Ha! This position, you have to thank your girlfriend for." Santana remarked poking Quinn in the stomach. "So, when Berry is done puking, what is on the agenda for today? I hope something simple." The Latina shifted her weight so she was in a more comfortable position on top of Quinn. "That was a long ass drive and wore me the hell out."

"I know. You slept like a baby last night. I was tempted to cover your face in toothpaste and shaving cream but I really didn't feel like trying to clean it out of our new couch."

Santana glared down at the blonde. "That wouldn't have been juvenile at all, Q." She said sarcastically.

Quinn smiled genuinely. "We're you not the one who just woke us up by jumping on the bed?"

"I was, but that wasn't juvenile. That was cute." Quinn rolled her eyes. "I'm cute, so everything I do is cute."

"Why are you straddling my girlfriend?"

Both girls turned to see Rachel standing in the doorway brushing her teeth. "Because you put me here. I figured it was your way of giving me permission to do whatever I wanted to her." Santana teased, moving her hands to Quinn's breasts before they were slapped away.

"Even if she did have you permission, you do *not* have mine." Quinn reminded her.

The Latina scoffed. "Like I need it." Rachel grabbed her head with her free hand and left the room as Quinn began shrieking from Santana's efforts of tickling her. "See. Berry even left you here knowing what I can get you to consent to like this."

Quinn was about to respond when she saw the smirk on Santana's face shift to an expression of a mixture between shock and pain. The Latina quickly jumped off to the far side of the bed and raised her hands to protect herself from the stream of ice cold water shooting out of the water gun in Rachel's hands.

"We have some cats in heat that like to keep us awake at night." The diva informed her as she continued her assault. "This water gun is the quickest way of getting them to stop their noise without having to go down stairs. Seems to work for you as well."

Quinn pulled the blankets up to her shoulder to keep the freezing spray from soaking her as well. Rachel was making a mess but it was worth it. She would gladly clean this up later.

"Berry, I am going to kill you." Santana warned as Rachel began running out of water. Rachel dropped the gun on the bed and fled for the door, the Latina quickly following her. Quinn struggled to untangle the sheets from around her. She exited the bedroom just in time to see the brunettes slip out the front door. Rachel was only halfway down the hall when Santana caught her but the soaked girl lost her footing and slipped, pulling the diva down to the ground with her, accompanied by a loud, echoing thud.

The two struggled for the dominant position on the ground until Leo emerged from his apartment to investigate the bangs and screams. Unaware of the playful nature of the girl's fight, he wrapped an arm around Santana's waist and pulled her off of Rachel, holding the Latina's small flailing body in the air with ease.

"Holy shit, Sampson!" Santana clutched to his arm, unaccustomed to being lifted off the ground.

Quinn finally made it out of her apartment, slipping on the trail of water, but managed to keep her balance. She stared at the sight down the hall and laughed hysterically. "Rachel, you have a bodyguard to protect you from Santana now."

Leo furrowed his brow and lowered his free hand to help Rachel off the ground. She waved it off. "I'm fine. But you can *keep* her." She offered, motioning to Santana.

"I'm fine with that. He can manhandle me anytime."

He was still very much confused but took Quinn's laughter as a sign that everything was fine and slowly lowered Santana back to the ground. It was only then he realized the Latina was drenched. "Why are you so wet?"

She smirked and arched an eyebrow. "That answer depends on which 'wetness' you are referring to."

He cleared his throat and moved his gaze away from her at the crassness of the comment, slightly put off by it. "You are sure that you are okay?" He asked Rachel. "That was a really loud thud."

"Hey! I fell too, you know." Santana reminded him with a glare.

"But you were on top when I came out." Leo snapped his eyes shut, hearing his own words after they were already said.

The Latina smiled seductively. "That wasn't at all sexual. But if you don't like it when I'm on top..."

He ignored her and looked back to the diva who was retreating to Quinn's side. "I'm perfectly fine...thank you." Rachel assured him as she wrapped her arm around Quinn's waist in a show of possession.

He huffed lightly to himself. "Anytime."

"So, we totally need to go shopping because I can't eat this vegan crap. No offense, Berry." Santana commented as she shut the fridge.

"You two can go and pick up some stuff. I'm going to go clean up the mess in the bedroom." Quinn responded grabbing a few towels and slowly making her way into the back room.

Santana looked around the small apartment getting impatient. "Berry, how long does it take to get your ass dressed? Jeans. Tee-shirt. Hair in a pony tail. Simple."

"I'm ready. Shut up." The diva emerged from the bathroom and grabbed her bag and keys. "Lets go. We'll be back soon, Babe."

"Bye." Quinn called from the room as the door shut after the two brunettes. The blonde wandered out of the bedroom and waited two full minutes before walking out of the apartment as well. She tip toed down the hall, listening for the echoes of the two girls' voices from the stairwell, but she didn't hear them. They were gone.

She knocked on Leo's door. After a few seconds he opened the door and met a knowing stare from Quinn. He paused. "I suddenly feel like I am suppose to be apologizing for something but I have no idea what it is."

"Last night, I was drunk." She stated matter-of-factly.

He shifted his eyes nervously, unaware of what the appropriate response was. "...yes, you were."

"This morning, I am not."

"...no, you are not."

"I'm not stupid either. I know there is something going on with Rachel that involves you. I am just hoping you can help me understand it so I can fix it."

He laughed lightly and backed away from the door so she could come in. "Y'all are so dramatic about everything. Why not just say 'Hey. What did you and Rachel *actually* talk about last night?' Not make me feel like I did something wrong."

"Y'all? When did you turn into a Southern boy?" She asked making her way to his sofa. She loved that sofa as much as she loved the oversized chairs in the Berry house. They swallowed her up, making her feel safe.

"I have always been a Southern boy. However, people tend to automatically drop your IQ by 50 if they know it. I've tried to drop the accent instead, but every now and then I slip up with my diction."

"So is that were you learned your gentlemanly ways of lying to women?" His eyes widened. "You *did* lie to me last night. I don't appreciate it."

"I did and I apologize. But nothing good would have come from a drunken conversation on the truth. I was simply hoping to delay the correct answer. I'm sure you can agree there is logic there."

Quinn wasn't going to let him off the hook that easily. "Did you even have any intentions of telling me the truth at some point today?"

"No." He answered as if the answer should have been obvious. It caught her off guard. It's difficult to maintain control over someone by exploiting their guilt when they don't feel guilty. "It is for Rachel to tell you. I assure you that I have no real part in whatever issues Rachel is having. In her mind, yes, I do, but not in real life."

"Are you saying my girlfriend is delusional?" Quinn asked him teasingly. He tilted his head and raised his eyebrows indicating it was possible. Quinn hesitated with her next question, taking some time to look around his place. "Was it about jealousy?" Rachel was affectionate but Quinn knew her well enough to know when those displays of affection were out of place. The arm around her waist this morning was unusual.

Leo didn't say anything. Quinn slowly nodded her head in acceptance. "She just thinks I am going to somehow force you two apart. I'm not. I promise." He leaned back against the couch and stretched his arms out comfortably. "I am 100% completely comfortable being friends."

Quinn arched an eyebrow and looked at him from the corner of her eye. "And the threesome?"

"A threesome. Not with you two though. You two are way too much drama." He teased. She flung her arm and slapped him across the chest and he feigned hurt. "I'm serious. My life was calm and boring until you two moved in. Since then, I have rescued you from being ravaged by large, sweaty delivery men, been propositioned for a threesome by a complete stranger, been called a home wrecker, *and* broken up a girl fight outside of my door...y'all should have your own tv show or something. It's highly entertaining."

"Y'all..." She laughed at him.

"Are you mocking me?"

She shrugged her shoulders. "You make it so easy to do. But back to the topic. She wasn't a bitch to you, was she?"

Leo hesitated. "She...was...honest."

"Look, Leo. I'm sorry. She just has this irrational fear of-"

"Losing you to the point she can't sleep, is easily agitated, quick to spit out hurtful comments which would otherwise be worded for maximum understanding and minimal pain, seems closed off or depressed, all while mentally torturing herself

with what-ifs until she is sick to her stomach?"

Quinn didn't know what to say. She sat there with her mouth open while Leo patiently waited for her to find her words. "Yes." That was a start, it was progress. "Did she tell you all of that last night?"

He smiled and shook his head. "But she did inform me that she and I are very much alike, so I just assumed..." He trailed off.

"So you are the jeal-"

"Was. I *was* the jealous type." He corrected her.

"Can...can you tell me why, or how to fix it? How did you get over it?"

He frowned slightly and shook his head. "I wish I could tell you that but I don't really know what her exact issues are. There really isn't anything you can do. This is something Rachel has to figure out. You can tell her that you love her and will never leave her for anyone else, but it's up to her whether or not to believe it or accept it." He explained as honestly as he could but didn't want to leave her feeling helpless. "I didn't...I learned what my problem was too late to save the relationship that I was so afraid of losing. Rachel is a step ahead, though. She knows she has jealousy issues. I was in total denial. All she has to do is figure out how to handle them."

Quinn thought about what he was saying. "She had. Or, so I thought. She was jealous of Santana and I in high school, but she got over it. She realized that Santana didn't have romantic feelings for me and was therefore no longer a threat." He nodded his head slowly. "Do you...do you have romantic feelings for me?"

He smiled slightly. "I don't think that is what is making Rachel jealous now. She said that she use to be like me, alone and cut off, and you brought her real personality out. You set her free and that was when she fell head over heels in love with you. I think she is afraid that since you have done the same for me, that I have also fallen head over heels in love with you."

"But you haven't, right?" Quinn asked again, feeling as if he was avoiding the answer.

"I am not in love with you. Relax. I like you. You are a very sweet woman. A good, well-meaning person. But I haven't fallen head over heels in love with you...yet." She snapped her eyes to his and he winked playfully. "I'm joking. Calm down. Like I told you before, I am not going to do anything to force you two apart. I was trying to *help*

Rachel last night."

She nodded and exhaled the breath she didn't realize she was holding. She trusted him. He was a lot like Rachel. Most importantly, he was a genuine person like her. Quinn started laughing.

"And what is so funny all of a sudden?"

She took a moment to gain her breath. "Well, I just realized that you *are* similar to Rachel. But Rachel is also known for being very similar to Santana. And you and Santana are nothing alike. She seems to like you but I'm not sure you care too much for her..."

He rolled his eyes. "She's just a bit too...How do I say this politely? She seems to lack my preferred level of tact."

"That was a polite way to put it. That was very nice of you."

"Thank you."

"But she isn't always like that. To be honest, and she will never admit this, that is how she acts when she's nervous. Her forwardness calms down a little bit when you get to know her. And then..." She lightly touched his arm playfully. "If you are lucky, she will actually call you by your name and get all emotional around you."

His eyes widened and he dramatically covered his opened mouth. "Say it ain't so. Is that before or after the pig flies over the frozen wastelands of Hell?"

Chapter 7

A/N: Kind of a filler. But I just wanted to post something for you all today since I missed yesterday. Hope you enjoy.

"Oh, hold up a minute." Santana ordered, holding out her arm to stop Rachel from continuing. The out stretched limb nearly decapitating the diva. "Stay out here. I'll be right back."

"Where are you going?" Santana didn't say anything, just pointed up to the sign on the store she was preparing to walk into. *Liquor*. "How do you expect to-"

"A secret, Berry. It is my secret."

Rachel watched through the barred glass door as the Latina grabbed her selection of bottles and placed them in front of the cashier and proceeded to talk. She couldn't hear much more than mumbled speech and the occasionally laugh, but three minutes after Santana had entered the store, she exited with a clanking bag of bottles.

"How..." Was all Rachel could ask. All she needed to ask because Santana was never going to tell her. "I won't ever ask that again if you answer just one question for me. Deal?"

The Latina narrowed her eyes, studying the diva as they began walking back to their building again. "That depends on the question, Berry."

"I do believe you would be humored to answer the question for it would do nothing but aggravate me further."

"Okay then. Sounds like fun. Ask away."

"Do you insist upon not telling me how you are able to purchase alcoholic beverages without the proper form of identification *only* to annoy me?"

Santana beamed as they rounded the block and entered the building. "Absolutely."

The diva sighed in frustration but silently reveled in finally knowing how it all worked. "I thought so."

"Hey. I needed some source of torment for you since I wasn't allowed to slushie you anymore, and you are the type who has to know *everything*. It brings me great pleasure to watch you stew in uncertainty." Rachel rolled her eyes and shook her head as they reached the third floor.

"Can you do me a favor?" The Latina furrowed her brow at the question. Since when does she do favors. "Can you bug Leo for about thirty minutes? I may have inadvertently put Quinn through a mental ringer last night in my drunken state and I need to clear things up with her."

"Sure...but give me the bags with the food because I am starving. And also, don't go pissing her off or anything. I really don't feel like playing mediator this week. You're big girls now...well you'll always be a midget, but you know what I mean." Rachel rolled her eyes and duo swapped bags. The diva continued walking by as Santana knocked on Leo's door and it opened. "Sampson, mind if I borrow your kitchen? Berry need to have her morning sex session with Q."

Rachel whipped around quickly drawing Leo and Santana's attention. "I did *not* say that. I said I needed to *talk* with her." Rachel shrank under their unwavering gaze. It was common knowledge that her 'talking' with Quinn almost always ended in sex. It was as if they had to cement their understanding with orgasms. Leo just pushed the door open and carried in the bags for Santana. As she heard the door close, she released her breath slowly and retreated to her own door. She needed to clear the air and explain her drunk rant from the other night.

"Quinn?" She called out as she opened the door, kicked it shut behind her, and deposited the bag of bottles in the counter. "Quinn?" The brunette checked the empty bathroom before moving into the bedroom.

"Is Santana with you?"

"Actually, no. I was needing to...you...are...naked..." Rachel's mouth hung open as the beautiful blonde rose from the bed and walked towards her. "Should...she be here right now?" Quinn rolled her eyes before she ran her long fingers through Rachel's hair and pressed her naked body against the diva's. "I was only checking because you asked for-" The rest of her sentence was cut off by a firm but sensual kiss. She couldn't react initially as the sweetness of Quinn's lips stole her breath but once she was able to think clearly again she deepened it with desire and passion, wrapping her arms around Quinn and guiding the blonde back to the bed.

They collapsed backwards as Quinn gripped her hands tightly in Rachel's brown locks to keep her pulled into the kiss she never wanted to end. "I need you." The

blonde confessed breaking away from the kiss only long enough to mumble the words and gasp for a breath before attacking Rachel's full, perfect lips again. The diva only moaned into her mouth in response. She was hovering over the blonde but lowered herself between her legs and ran her unbraced hand up Quinn's thigh and slipped in down between their bodies to Quinn's core.

"Fuck, you're so wet already." Rachel noted, turning her mouth to the sensitive skin of Quinn's neck.

"That's what you do to me. What just the *thought* of you does to me." She needed Rachel to know just how much she loved her. How much she needed her and that she was never going to leave her. The diva's warm breath shuddered against Quinn's neck at the confession. "Please don't tease me. I need you." Rachel removed her fingers from their circular massages of her clit and slid them through the sticky wetness to the blonde's entrance. "Yes. Please. Make me yours." Both girls grunted as two fingers glided deep inside the moist heat.

Rachel was quickly losing herself. Her sense were overloaded with the sensation of being inside Quinn. The feeling of their chests crushing together with their labored breathing. The pounding of their hearts echoing through their bodies. The sound of Quinn's gasps and moans in her ear. The wafting scent from the blonde's hair in her nose as she tasted her neck with each kiss and lick. "You're mine." Rachel's words were light whispers in Quinn's ear.

"Always will be. I'm yours."

Rachel quickened her thrusts and pressed firm circles to Quinn's clit with her thumb. "You're mine." She repeated as Quinn's moans became more desperate.

"I'm yours."

Rachel angled her fingers upward and curled them to hit her g-spot, feeling herself near her own climax just off of the screams of pleasure Quinn was projecting from the back of her throat. The brunette grunted in her need and Quinn took notice, moving her thigh to press high between Rachel's legs. "Mine."

Quinn nodded as she rocked her leg upwards. "Fuck, Baby. All yours!" Rachel pressed her thumb forcefully to her overly sensitive bundle of nerves, granting her her release. The vibrations from the tremors that wracked Quinn's body shot up through her leg to Rachel's core and sent her over the edge. "Oh fuck! Quinn!"

Santana stood at Leo's stove, frozen. "My God, these walls are thin!"

Leo only laughed from his seat at his table and took a sip of his coffee as the couple's screams of ecstasy ripped into his apartment. "Actually...they're not. Those two are just that loud."

The Latina scrunched her face as she resumed her cooking. "How do you sleep at night? Don't they keep you up?" He raised his eyes from his coffee to hers. "And I actually didn't mean that in the sexual way."

"Really?" He teased.

She rolled her eyes and looked away from him. "I do have my moments you know."

"That's what Quinn said. But, anyway, I actually bought some earplugs. Then there are times I have to cover my head with my pillow as well...or turn on the radio."

"Tell you what you need to do." Santana said as she pulled the prepared food off of the stove and slid Leo a plate and silverware. "What you need to do is sound proof their bedroom. Get those foam tiles that absorb the sound and install them one day what they are out of the apartment."

"Thank you." He commented for the breakfast and the suggestion. "I'll see if I can wait until school starts and do it while they are in classes."

Santana took a seat next to him and laughed. "Berry would be so embarrassed that she would never mention it to you. Q would come running over to apologize."

"Most night's I don't mind because they aren't that bad. This," He pointed towards their apartment as the moans picked back up in volume. "Is only an occasional thing."

The pair fell silent until a very distinct 'oh fuck, yes' could be heard and Santana nearly choked on her omelet. "So...Q told you I'm not always so blunt?" Santana was looking for anything to talk about at this point.

"Yep. She also said that if I give you some time you may even use my real name."

"That traitor. She's giving away valuable information for free."

Leo snickered. "So, what is it with you and these nicknames anyway?"

"Now you want more valuable information? Greedy." She teased.

He shrugged his shoulders playfully. "She provided it willingly and you have a choice as well. I will do nothing to force you to divulge it."

"Fair enough. Q is Q because it was easier to say. Simple, quick, and direct. Berry is Berry because of our past." He furrowed his brow in confusion. "I'm sure you know we weren't exactly on friendly terms until Q started crushing on her. I still had my reputation to uphold and Berry was a dork. I couldn't go from calling her Man-hands to Rachel over night, so I chose something a little less offensive and it kind of stuck.

He nodded his head. It made sense. It was logical and not offensive. "Do you call anyone by their real name though?"

"Oh, yeah. I call Brittany by her name a lot. Or B, or Britt."

"And Brittany is your...girlfriend? The one who will be up here in a day or two?"

"You ask a lot of questions, you know that? Do you ever answer any? I'll tell you about B, but then you get to answer one of my questions. Deal?" She didn't wait for him to respond before she continued. "Brittany is in a sense my girlfriend. We don't have much of a commitment. We can go out or have sex with anyone we like, we just always end up back with each other. So my turn. Why doesn't Rachel seem to be too thrilled with your existence today, but seemed to have been your best friend when she talked about you before?"

"Why does everyone ask me? Why not ask her?" Santana sat unmoving and unimpressed by his desperation. "She doesn't trust me around Quinn. *No!* I have not and will not do anything to fuck up their relationship. *Yes!* She is jealous of something. *Yes!* She knows it is her problem. And *yes!* I was trying to help her understand it. She's not exactly the type that will just accept help without hating you for offering it in the first place." Santana continued her stare. "That is all."

"So that is why Q keeps screaming that she's Berry's." The man blushed at the reminder but nodded.

"My turn. What do you have against committed relationships? If Brittany was to ask for one, would you give it to her?"

Santana pushed her plate away from her and crossed her arms over her chest defiantly. "Well, you don't waste much time in getting personal. Do you?"

He mimicked her actions, not backing down. "You can't get to know someone without getting a little personal. And I do believe I may have struck a nerve."

"No. You're a buzz kill."

Leo arched his eyebrow. "And what buzz did I just kill?"

She ignored his question and returned to the original. "I don't have much against commitment except it is more apt to leave you hurt. As for B, I would want one, but she doesn't." She raised her hand before he could ask why not. "Why are you always so damn serious? Why can't you just loosen up and enjoy things without turning them into theses huge issues that have to be solved by the end of a frickin conversation? Shit doesn't work like that."

Leo twisted his coffee cup on the table as he stare at the sloshing liquid. He had always overanalyzed things. "I honestly don't have an answer for that. It's a personality flaw I suppose. I will work on it. And I do joke around. Granted, it is usually about a serious topic..."

"We are going to change that. Starting tonight. I just bought some goodies and you are going to come celebrate something with us tonight. I want to see if you are like Berry and lose the stick up your ass when you are drunk."

"I...don't think that is such a good idea."

"Are you an alcoholic? Are you going to beat us if you get drunk?" Her bluntness once again caught him off guard.

"No. Nothing like that. But it has been known to get the best of my on occasion."

"Occasion?" He nodded. "But not all the time? Tell you what then, I will control the amount you drink. You can drink less than I allow, but not more. Everyone has a bad night with alcohol here and there. The key is learning you limit based upon your mood."

"*That* is where I struggle."

"Well, *that* is where I excel." She stretched her arm out and waited for him to accept her offer. He hesitated for a second and studied her face for it's seriousness and shook her hand. "So, you never asked the question I know you are just dying to ask. Why doesn't Brittany want a committed relationship with me."

He smiled lightly. "Someone once told me my questions on personal topics made me a buzz kill, so I have decided to work on allowing people to provide information at their own pace."

"That 'someone' sounds like the are a highly intelligent and possibly very sexy and attractive individual." She winked and he laughed.

Chapter 8

A/N: Thank you for all the reviews. I always love to read what you all have to say.

"Is she ever going to wake up or did you kill her with an overdose of sex, Berry? It's been hours. Shit! She slept through lunch *and* it's almost diner time."

Rachel beamed at the longevity of the sex coma she had placed Quinn in. "She will wake up when she can and not a moment sooner. She needs time to recuperate."

"So do my ears." Santana remarked, kicking her feet up on the couch and resting her head in Rachel's lap. It was weird. She had never done this with Rachel but Quinn was still useless at the moment.

The diva's body tensed in the unexpected action as well. "Did Leo drug you or something while you were over there?"

Santana rolled her eyes. "You've killed my usual headrest so you get to take her place. You are acting like you are still expecting me to slushie you or something. Let me help you out and explain how this works. I lay here and you do this." She reached up and grabbed Rachel's hand off the back of the couch and put it in her hair. "You've seen Q do this hundreds of times."

Rachel reluctantly glided her fingers through Santana's hair. She had seen Quinn do this all the time and she herself had done it to both Quinn and Brittany, but it was still odd to have Santana resting in her lap. "Since when are you the affectionate type? I always thought Quinn took it upon herself to do this, not that you required it."

Santana didn't reply. She only closed her eyes and began slipping into a light sleep when she heard the bedroom door open. "She's alive!"

Quinn would have rolled her eyes but she was too scared at what she saw and Rachel looked equally concerned. "That just...that's just wrong. I don't know why but you two like that...just looks uncomfortable."

"I am actually quite comfortable." Santana retorted. "Berry almost had me put to sleep, but if you are still concerned about my comfort you can come rub my feet."

Quinn shook her head and smiled as she approached Rachel and kissed her longingly. "I love you."

Rachel caught her lips in another kiss before she could pull away. "I love you too." She studied the beautiful hazel eyes just inches away from her as the blonde traced her thumb over her jaw line and leaned in for one more kiss.

"I am still here...just so you remember."

"How could we ever forget?" Quinn jibed before leaning down and kissing Santana on the forehead. The Latina smiled approvingly. "How long was I asleep?"

"Six hours." Rachel answered with pride as Quinn reluctantly slipped from her grip and into the kitchen to find something to eat.

"We have a get together planned for this evening. Alcohol consumption required. I invited Leo."

"He doesn't drink though." Quinn mumbled with her head inside the refrigerator. "We have ham!"

Rachel scoffed. "I will not kiss you until you brush your teeth if you eat that."

"I can handle that. Does Leo know you plan on forcing him to drink?"

"He does and he agreed to the terms that he can only drink as much as I allow him to. I set his maximum limit."

"Are you okay with this, Baby? Quinn asked Rachel hesitantly.

"Are you referring to Leo coming over or the ham sandwich you are preparing to eat?" Quinn rolled her eyes. "I'm fine with him coming over."

"Yeah. We both got the picture that you're Berry's. All Berry's. Always will be Berry's and no one else's. I am pretty sure the *whole* block knows it now. She should have nothing to worry about."

"Were we really that loud?"

The Latina smirked. "Lets just say I know exactly how many orgasms each of you had and I am impressed you could manage them all in just over an hour."

"It takes practice." Rachel whispered down to Santana who gave a thumbs up in approval. "Any chance you would be willing to stay at-"

"Already worked out." Santana cut off her request. "I have his guest bedroom until Britt and I head back to Lima. He is even giving me an extra pair of his ear plugs, so you are all set to fuck each other senseless."

"That sounds like a superb idea."

"I bet. He felt bad that I had to sleep on the couch so close to you two hormone driven, sex crazed, screaming banshies and offered me a bed. Not *his*, but it's still a bed."

"So, San, are you and Leo getting along better now? Are you done scaring him?" Quinn asked nibbling on a piece of ham and moaning at the flavor that played on her tongue.

"Sounds like she enjoyed that almost as she enjoys you, Berry." Rachel stopped her hands in Santana's hair and glared down at the Latina. "I didn't give you permission to stop." Rachel didn't move. "Berry, I know you are stubborn and your impulse is to be defiant, but just think about how this is going to end. I will win. I will figure out something that will drive you crazy and then you will cave. It always happens so save yourself the pain of defeat. Continue." Santana pointed to the stationary hand in her hair and waited.

Quinn chewed her bite of food slowly as she waited to see what Rachel would decide to do, silently begging Rachel would give in while also hoping she didn't so she would see what Santana would come up with. The diva remained still, eyebrow arched in defiance, and waited. Santana gave her a few more seconds to change her mind before she rolled off the couch. The tall brunette approached Quinn, took the sandwich from her hand, and bit into it. Quinn glared until the Latina returned the sandwich back to her hands and Santana turned back to Rachel.

"Come here, Berry. Give me a kiss." Santana urged. Quinn laughed while she continued to eat and Rachel held up a defiant finger, warning the Latina off. Obviously, Santana did not feel threatened as she quickly lunged as Rachel tried to jump off the couch to the bedroom. The smaller girl was caught around the waist and twirled back to the couch, landing partially on top of Santana, the diva's back to her chest.

"Santana, don't you dare! Not only does your mouth hold remnants of a poor slaughtered animal that sickens me, but it is also against my religious beliefs to

consume pork."

Santana playfully stuck her tongue out and began inching it towards the side of Rachel's face as she struggled to free herself from the former cheerleader's strong grip. "Good thing you didn't consume it then. I did!" The Latina wrapped her legs around the frantic brunette as she tried to buck the taller girl off of her.

"Quinn! Will you not help me?"

The blonde took her time chewing before she set her sandwich down to answer. "I would, but you see, I am also covered in remnants of the poor slaughtered animal. And unlike Santana, I'm trying *not* to offend you."

Rachel's scoff turned into a shriek as Santana's tongue connected with her cheek. "Go wash your hands and brush your teeth then. Hurry!" Rachel pleaded in desperation as Santana smacked her lips in her ear.

"Proper oral hygiene is not something that can be rushed, remember?" Quinn teased as she picked her food back up. "You need to allow at least two minutes for brushing, as well as a reasonable amount of time for flossing and thirty seconds for mouthwash. But I need to finish my ham sandwich first because everything always tastes funny after you have brushed your teeth."

"That's right, Berry. By the time she gets ready to help you, it will be too late." Unable to accept defeat just yet, Rachel did the only thing she could do in her current position. She bit down on Santana's arm that was draped over her shoulder. "Feisty. That's a turn on. Q, you never told me she was a biter."

Quinn laughed, keeping her attention on her food. "Only on special occasions."

"Give up yet, Berry?"

"No!" She spit out quickly. "There is one more thing I can do to get out of this and win."

"And what's that?" Santana asked straining her neck to try and kiss the diva's cheek.

"LEO! HELP!"

Rachel's loud plea startled the taller girl who released her hold temporarily and Rachel began to pull herself off of the couch. But she didn't get very far. Santana's

legs were still firmly hooked around her waist from behind, causing her to fall to the floor, pulling the Latina off the couch with her. The taller girl took the opportunity her position on top of Rachel handed her and turned her, attempting to pin Rachel's flailing arms to the ground when the door flew open.

"Leo! Get her off of me!"

The tall, panicked man stood frozen as Quinn watched him, still calmly eating her sandwich. He stared at the Latina on top of the screaming girl when her dark eyes met his and she smiled. "Hi Sampson." The panic drained from his tensed muscles.

"Hi...What's going on?"

"Just get her off of me! Please!" Rachel tried to squirm away as Santana resumed her attempts to kiss her, nearly catching her mouth. "Leo! Hurry!"

He took a step impulsively wanting to help but then hesitated, looking to Quinn. "Why aren't you doing this by the way?"

"I'm eating a ham sandwich." She informed him flatly. He opened his mouth to respond but closed it without uttering a single syllable. "She's vegan and Jewish. I'm a bad girlfriend who can't touch her until I decontaminate myself."

"Oh, I see. And this..." He pointed to the pinned diva being straddled by the panting Latina.

"Rachel was being defiant and Santana is trying to get her back in her place. She ate a bite of my sandwich and is not trying to kiss her until she caves."

"Right. And here I thought something was actually wrong."

"Hey!" Rachel tilted her head to look at Leo, albeit he was upside down. "I *am* in need of your assistance. I need my bodyguard's protection."

"...from someone who wants to kiss you, when not even your girlfriend is jumping up to stop her. Why don't you just give in and do whatever it was she wanted you to do? What was it anyway?"

The room fell silent and Rachel turned her eyes up to Santana for the answer. She couldn't remember. Santana looked down and shrugged her shoulders before quickly crushing her lips to Rachel's. Leo raised his eyebrows and cleared his throat, diverting his gaze to a rather amused Quinn.

"Glad to see you aren't the jealous type."

The blonde only chuckled and took another bite of her sandwich. "If I were, then you would most definitely be in need of pulling me off of Santana."

"Yeah..." They both went back to watching the Latina struggle to maintain her lock on Rachel's lips as the diva squealed and shook her head. "So, when should I..." He waved his hand towards the pair.

Quinn shrugged her shoulders. "As long as it is before Rachel gets over the fact Santana's mouth tastes like ham. I don't want her enjoying the kisses. We might have a problem then."

"Oh, so you are the *possessive* type though." Leo teased as he approached the dueling girls on the floor. He stood behind Santana and lifted her around the waist and waited for Rachel to scurry to her feet.

"The possessive tendencies are mutual." Rachel added.

"Noted." Leo set Santana down but continued his hold around her waist as she tried for the diva again. "You don't even remember why you are doing this." He reminded the Latina, pulling her closer to him again.

"I know, but that doesn't mean Berry isn't still creeped out by it."

He began guiding her away and towards the door with light pushes. "Come help me get ready for this drinking party you have planned. We have more room at my place so let's do it there instead. Get some distance between you two until then."

Leo reached down for the door handle and Santana turned, running a hand teasingly over his chest. "Any chance I'll get to kiss you instead?"

The other three all rolled their eyes in her persistence. "We'll see." He agreed just to agree as he guided her out of the apartment and shut the door behind him.

"Ah, peace and quiet." Quinn commented as Rachel approached with that look in her eye. "I know that look and I must remind you that I have not brushed my teeth nor washed my hands yet."

Rachel shrugged, never losing her seductive smile. "I have already been tainted so it doesn't matter. It has been too long since the last time we were alone."

"Six hours..." Quinn stated, running her palms over Rachel's collarbone and up her neck. Rachel's small hands held onto the blonde's hips as she moved in for a kiss, deepening it instantly. She pressed her hips into Quinn, forcing her backwards, pinned between the shorter girl and the kitchen counter. "If I didn't know any better," Quinn began between kisses. "I would think you were planning on putting me back in another coma."

The diva smiled into the next kiss and ran her hand under her girlfriend's shirt, her finger tips grazing the soft skin of her back. "You're addictive."

"I'm not complaining." Quinn assured her as she lifted her chin to grant Rachel full access to her throat. Light kisses trailed downward and hot breaths and licks trailed back up to her ear.

"Once more before we go over there?" Rachel begged, moving her fingers to the front of Quinn's jeans and unhooking the button. "I just need to see you cum one more time." As she lowered the zipper on the blonde's jeans, Quinn eyed the door.

"It's not locked. They could come in."

Rachel dipped her fingers below the lacy material of Quinn's panties and further down into her folds. "Let them." Quinn gasped and dropped a hand from Rachel's neck to the counter top to steady herself, as the diva's talented fingers began working her clit.

"Oh, fuck. You're going to kill me one of these days."

The brunette moved her mouth to the blonde's ear, suckling the lobe for a moment. "I just need you all the time. To touch you, feel you." Quinn moaned as Rachel pressed with a little more force with her words. "To hear you. No matter how much I get, it's never enough. Every time I think I've gotten just enough...you move a certain way, speak a certain way, and I want you again."

Quinn was rocking her hips with Rachel's strokes now. "Fuck." She whispered, not wanting to give away their actions. "Shit, Rachel. I'm almost there already."

The diva pulled her face away from Quinn's neck and brushed the loose blonde strands out of her face with her free hand. She pressed firmer and Quinn's breath turned ragged until she eased back up. Again, she pressed harder and the blonde's muscles tensed, preparing for her release but Rachel eased up once more.

"You're teasing me." Quinn's voice was light but heavy with desperation.

"I am." The diva grinned. She pressed again and Quinn dropped her other hand to the counter top for support as her legs began to quiver. She moved back to Quinn's neck and pressed her mouth to her ear. "Beg me."

A shudder wracked Quinn's spine with the diva's demand and she rested her head onto the shorter girl's shoulder. "Please Baby. I'm begging you. Make me cum. Make me cum for you."

Rachel maintained her pressure this time and quickened her pace, grinning as Quinn fought to hold in her moans and screams, pressing further into Rachel's shoulder. "Cum for me." The blonde's muscles tensed down and released all at once and she gasped as her body was lost to pleasure.

"Hey Ber-...whoa...I...um..." Rachel glanced over her shoulder to see Santana halt in the doorway and Leo slam into the back of her. "Sorry, um...just..."

"It's okay." Rachel assured them, withdrawing her hand from the recovering blonde's pants. "We're done." She sucked her fingers into her mouth as she left the kitchen for the bathroom. Quinn shyly zipped and buttoned her pants, only stealing a quick glance at the company still frozen in the doorway. Santana gawked while Leo at least tried to divert his eyes and ran his hand over the back of his neck nervously.

"We would have knocked but...you were *actually* quiet." Santana teased before she entered a few more steps and grabbed the bag of bottles. "I guess we will see you two in a little bit." The grin on the Latina's face made Quinn blush even more. She only allowed herself to breath properly as she watched Santana turn and push the stunned man down the hallway with a firm hand on his chest.

"Rachel! Next time I say the door isn't lock, that means lock it!"

Rachel popped her head out of the bathroom. "They didn't interrupt us. Now, come take a shower. You need it after that one."

"Just keep your hands to yourself."

The diva scoffed. "Do I ever?"

Chapter 9

A/N: Okay...warning. This chapter is headed in a slightly different direction, trying to fill out the *whole* story. Now don't go killing me or sending me death threats please. Just let me know what your opinions are on the possibilities and I will take the story from there. I have it figured out in my head no matter which way you like it. Does she or doesn't she?

"It's about time." Leo exclaimed as Rachel and Quinn walked into his apartment. "Someone needs to distract her. She is trying to get me drunk within the hour."

Santana sat up from her reclined position on his couch, the top of her head down to her nose was visible to their company. "He is as much of a drama queen as Berry is. I only gave him the traditional starting amount."

Rachel supportively patted his arm as she walked past, Quinn in tow, the blonde's arms fixed on the diva's hips from behind. "Two shots right off the bat. There is no getting around those two. After them, you actually have a say."

"It's like a right of passage." Quinn added.

Leo trailed the couple who took their seats, cuddled up on the loveseat. He fell comfortably to the couch and Santana instantly kicked her feet into his lap. "And exactly how old are you three again? For you to be so proficient in this topic."

"We're legal." Santana answered pressing her foot to his groin.

"Hey, hey, hey." He warned lifting her feet and holding them hostage. "I have a feeling you are barely legal to do *that* let alone consume alcohol."

"Hey, Leo." Rachel called as she filled a glass for both herself and Quinn. "Just as a warning from personal experience, the more uptight you act, the more persistent she is going to be in trying to get you drunk as possible. I find it much easier and less taxing on the nerves if I give in a little bit. Make her feel like she's in control."

"Berry, I have always been in control of you when you were drunk. Don't even try and pretend that you have ever had the upper hand in that department."

Rachel looked to Quinn for support but the blonde was intentionally avoiding eye

contact. "Fine. But *he* still has the upper hand over you." Santana arched her eyebrow, waiting to be enlightened. "You want to have sex with him and he won't give in. He technically controls your oddity of a friendship."

"Oddity of a friendship..." Leo echoed, sipping his latest drink and nodding his head. "That is a well worded description."

"Thank you."

"I just don't understand it." Santana admitted. "It's not that I just want to sleep with him. It's the fact that he doesn't seem interested in uncommitted, no strings attached, hot, any-way-you-want-it sex. He's weird."

"*He's* right here." Leo reminded her but she only rolled her eyes in frustration.

"Alright then, Leo. Since you are right here, explain it to her so she will understand." Quinn offered him the opportunity. Santana finished her drink and waited patiently for him to explain.

He shook his head slightly in disbelief of the whole situation. He knew his views were much different from Santana's and she was never going to understand. But he heeded Rachel's suggestion of giving a little. "I enjoy being in a committed relationship."

"Why?" Santana cut him off before he could explain.

"I like knowing where I stand/"

"Where you stand?"

"And that my heart is safe."

"Your heart isn't safe in a commit-."

"But at least it's involved." Leo spit back quicker than anyone was expecting.

"When was the last time you got laid? Maybe that is your problem."

"When was the last time you even cared for some-" He stopped himself mid-sentence and took a few seconds to calm himself. "Fine. You're right. I'm weird. You are completely normal."

"I wouldn't go that far." Quinn joked trying to lighten the suddenly tense mood that seemed to be chocking the room. She knew where Leo's comment was headed. When was the last time Santana actually cared from someone she slept with. She held similar feelings towards Santana's promiscuity. She never really understood how she could just bounce around from person to person without an emotional connection and not feel used in some way. But then again, the blonde always just thought that was her traditional upbringing shining through.

Quinn also noticed that Leo didn't have anymore to drink after that. He was quick tongued when he drank. Or as he had worded it earlier, quick to spit out hurtful comments that would otherwise be worded for maximum understanding and minimal pain. He was trying to stop himself before he regretted anything. Santana must have gotten the vibe that she struck a nerve or something to that effect and kept her teasing to a minimum with him. Unfortunately, she diverted all of her harassment to Quinn and Rachel for the next hour instead. Sticking primarily to their sexcapades from earlier.

"I'm just saying. Lock the door. It's simple. I don't want to see that unless I am being involved."

Rachel rolled her eyes. "Whatever. I already heard this lecture from Quinn."

"Before or after you fucked her in the shower?"

She knew them too well. "I'm going to go help Leo in the kitchen." The diva informed Quinn with a kiss on the cheek. "She's your problem now."

The blonde arched an eyebrow as if she had something devious planned for the Latina but the look faded as Rachel walked out of listening distance. "So you are being overly hostile with Leo. Even for your standards. What the hell is going on in that brain of yours?" Santana jerked her head for Quinn to follow as she rolled off the couch and slipped out the window to the fire escape. Quinn shut the window behind her and took a seat on the steps while Santana looked down the street.

Leo watched the two girls talking outside the window. "Is she always like that?" He asked as Rachel lifted herself to sit on the counter top.

"Santana? Pretty much, though she is being a bit more aggressive with you than anyone else I've seen her go after. Then again, she has never encountered a guy like you."

"What do you mean?" He asked curiously, never removing his eyes from the stove.

"She's never met someone who's turned her down."

His eyes snapped up to her instantly with a look of shock. "How many people has she slept with?"

The diva chuckled lightly. "Honestly? Probably not as many as she would like people to think. Or I should say, as many as she has *allowed* people to think. I mean, she's been with her fair share, but she hasn't screwed our entire graduating class or anything. Maybe just a dozen or so. I can think of five people I know for a fact she has slept with. The rest are just rumored flings."

Leo pulled the simmering pot off the burner and covered it before looking at Rachel. Their eyes met and Rachel lost her breath for a second. She had been so upset with him lately that she kept herself from even looking him in the eyes. She had forgotten just how blue they were. And now, they were filled with a mixture of emotions she couldn't quite place. "Can I ask you a question?" His voice was soft but there was something in his tone that made Rachel feel like he was expecting her to decline.

"Sure." Her dark eyes studied his face as she popped a grape into her mouth.

"If she defines Brittany as her girlfriend, why don't they just commit?"

Rachel had always wondered that too and asked Quinn during their junior year after Santana had thrown a little bit of a fit that Brittany had slept with two guys she was unaware of. She found out quickly that while Quinn liked the two Cheerios as a couple, she was not a fan of their open relationship. The blonde said it wasn't healthy and swore Rachel to secrecy with the fact that Santana wasn't happy in the situation either. She had been originally, but things changed when she really started to like Brittany.

"Okay, this is going to sound bad, but I think you will understand once you meet Brittany...but I don't think she actually understands what a committed relationship is..." Rachel trailed off as Leo slowly furrowed his brow deeper with time. "She's very sweet and loving, but very...slow."

"Slow?"

"Very." Leo bobbed his head slowly as well. "But sweet! I think she just loves people and the attention she gets from them. Then again, I don't really know."

Rachel confessed. "Quinn may be the better one to ask this question to. But she probably won't even be able to explain it as well as Santana."

He inhaled deeply and looked away, obviously not like that option. "Santana likes Brittany, Brittany likes everyone. Got it."

Rachel laughed under her breath as she stole another grape into her mouth. "So you think...but just wait. Brittany will try just as hard as Santana to get you in bed."

"Even though she's sharing a bed with her girlfriend?" Rachel nodded. "You're right. I don't get it. They seem more like friends with benefits than a couple."

"They pretty much are. I believe Santana was the one who started using the title just so she felt that she had some sort of emotional claim on Brittany."

Leo laughed to himself. "How jealous would Santana be if I slept with Brittany instead of her."

"You don't even want to go there. But Brittany would actually get more jealous if Santana was to sleep with you and not her. Although, I do believe we are comparing two different types of jealousy." Leo jumped up on the counter opposite of Rachel and listened intently. "Britt would be upset that she was left out. That you two had each other and she didn't have anyone. Santana would be pissed because Brittany had *you* and she didn't. It wouldn't matter if Quinn and I offered her a threesome at the time. She wouldn't be interested in anything but getting the one thing that was denied to her."

"Back to the whole Brittany loves everyone thing."

"I would just suggest that you stay out of it. Keep avoiding Santana's passes and more so Brittany's. She will be harder to ignore because she is so sweet and loving. It's kind of like disciplining a puppy. It needs to be done but she's just so cute."

"He keeps turning me down." Santana stated. "I've never been turned down. I've had you. I've had Berry...*while* you were dating. Hell, I even had Finn backtracking when he tried to turn me down. Are you sure this guy isn't gay?"

Quinn smiled as Santana pouted and leaned her elbows against the railing, staring at the street far below. "Some guys just don't react well to the 'Hi. Nice to meet you. Let's fuck.' approach that you have mastered."

Santana scrunched her face, unaccepting. "Give a man a few seconds to get over the shock and he will always come around. Leo is just..."

"A gentleman?"

"I was going to say a freak, but I guess that works too."

Quinn stood up and mirrored Santana's posture and nudged her with her shoulder. "Maybe you should just try to get to know him now and get in his pants latter. Maybe he's just not the type to be chased, that he like to pursue. But why is this even bothering you anyway? It's not like this is a blow to your confidence or anything."

Santana didn't reply or falter in her pensive but confused expression indicating to Quinn that this had absolutely nothing to do with her being turned down and ruining her perfect record. Quinn got that funny feeling in her stomach. The one that Rachel said was her sixth sense that was rubbing off on the blonde because of her constant close proximity to the diva.

"Santana, do you like Leo? I mean, *like* him?"

The Latina didn't even hesitate. "No. Absolutely not." Quinn wasn't buying it. "I don't *like* people like that. Maybe, B. But we still end up going our own ways."

"Okay." Quinn turned her head away so Santana couldn't see her deepening smile.

"Just because I can't see it, doesn't mean I don't know you are laughing at me."

"And *why* would I be laughing at you?"

"That was a lame ass attempt at reverse psychology, Q. I don't like him. I'm just...confused by him." Quinn was now visibly struggling to hold in her laughter behind the lips mashed between her teeth. "Seriously, why do I even talk to you?"

"Because I get you. I understand you. Therefore, I understand what you obviously are not willing to admit to."

"And what about B?" Santana stood up straight quickly, smacking her hand down on the railing. "Say I did end up liking someone who wanted a committed relationship. I know it's a possibility since we are heading off to different colleges. But what do I do about B? I can't just leave her."

"Do you love her?" Quinn asked with a bit more seriousness after dismissing her laughter.

"Of course I do."

"Okay, now let me rephrase that. Are you in love with her?" Santana began to open her mouth but Quinn stopped her. "Are you in love with her like I am with Rachel?" Santana closed her mouth and stared back out over the street, kicking the railing.

"What are you saying, Q?"

"I'm just saying that I know at one point you would have dropped everything for B. I love her. I love the two of you together, when you're together. But like you said, you always go your separate ways...and she's happy with that. You aren't. I know why you sleep around and it's because she does too. You feel that you are participating in her game, playing along as if you are suppose to. All those people are a bit of a distraction from the fact you can't have what you want the way you want it."

"So, you're saying I should break up with her?"

"San, you two have such an open relationship that the only reason it could be considered a relationship is because you sleep with each other more than you do anyone else. That's it." She was right and Santana knew it. "If you two are so open with being with other people, why not just be with other people. Just for a little while! See how it works. You may discover that you two need each other more than you were aware of and end up committed to each other. The thing you two have going on right now just limits you experiencing someone like Leo."

"Q!"

"San, I'm just talking."

Santana rolled her eyes. "Talk all you want but I'm not into Leo. He's obnoxious, uptight...He talks too much, thinks too much...He-"

"Challenges you." Santana didn't say anything. "I'm just talking."

"Well, you're wrong."

Quinn nodded. "Okay. I'm wrong and you will prove it to me when B gets here in

two days."

Santana nodded in the silence before spewing out one last question. "How could you even like someone you have only known for two days? Is that even possible?"

"It took me and Rachel only five to find what we have." Quinn answered retreating back inside.

Chapter 10

A/N: Sorry if I scared some of you with my notes last time. I just know there are some diehard Brittana fans out there. The vast majority of you liked the idea of Santana and Leo so I am going to head towards that direction...for now at least. ;) Got to keep you guessing.

"Hey, Sampson. Wake up." Santana ordered flinging Leo's bedroom door open and stepping up onto the bed. "Come on. Wake up." She began lightly bouncing while she popped a few grapes that were left over from the previous night into her mouth.

Leo groaned, the side of his face pressed against the mattress. "Are you serious?"

Santana moved to bounce closer to him but her light weight was barely enough to move the giant of a man. "I am. It's Monday. Berry's at work. Q is looking for work. And B doesn't get in until tomorrow." She straddled the sleeping man and sat down on his back. "So you are all the entertainment I have. I mean, you don't even have a TV!"

Leo didn't move or even open his eyes. "What time is it?"

Santana pressed her hands to his bare back and leaned forwards to see his alarm clock. "It is a quarter to nine in *the morning*. Time to wake up." He still didn't move and Santana pouted her lip in boredom, strumming her fingers against him. "Leo..." She cooed in a baby voice. "...wake up..."

She felt the vibrations of his laugh. "That was completely out of character and absolutely adorable."

The Latina blushed and was incredibly thankful he still had not opened his eyes to see just how red she was turning. "Yeah, well, I'm not always the assertive bitch. I do have other sides to my personality."

Leo smiled a sleepy smile. "I like this side."

She couldn't stop herself from smiling at the comment. Leo was indeed different from any guy she had ever been with...hell, any guy she had ever met. Anyone else would be all over her being in their bed like she was at the moment. He seemed more interested in her than sex and for some reason it scared her.

"Are you going back to sleep?" She asked poking his side and his body jerked. Santana froze and a devilish smile reappeared across her lips. She poked him again with the same results and an additional grunt of disapproval. "You're ticklish..." She bit her bottom lip and readied her fingers. 3...2...1... She attacked Leo's sides with a frenzied assault and the man struggled to protect himself.

"Hey! So not cool!" He rolled over, nearly throwing the Latina off of him but she tightened her grip around him with her legs and continued her torture.

"Come on Leo. Time to wake up! I said you needed to entertain me and now you are."

He captured one of her hands but she still tried to twist it out of her massive grip. She couldn't get the upper hand on him. He wasn't Quinn or Rachel. He probably had as much strength in that single hand as she had in her entire body. Finally he caught her second arm and was awarded a reprieve to catch his breath. They stayed there for several minutes; Leo on his back, Santana straddling him, leaning over his chest, her weight being held by his hold on her wrists. It didn't matter how long they stayed there, Santana couldn't seem to catch her breath or slow her pounding heart. She was trying to avoid his eyes but they locked onto each other anyway. Those blue eyes saw through everything, leaving her feeling incredibly vulnerable.

"So how often does this side come out and play?" Leo asked in a hushed voice, finally breaking the long silence.

She couldn't find her words. All of her senses were fixed on the fact she was sliding downward as he loosened his grip on her arms until they had slipped from his fingers and hit the mattress on each side of his head. Her still heaving body pressed against his calmly rising chest. She wasn't even sure if any of the air she was breathing was actually making it to her lungs as her body heat rose and her chest tightened as if she was holding her breath. It was only when his massive hands grazed her sides that she inhaled enough to sense the intake of oxygen in her bloodstream.

I'm known for running my mouth. I will not be accountable for what comes out. I don't know. I might have said it. I was kinda gone and light-headed.

Leo dropped his hands from her hips. "That is a very fitting ringtone for you." Santana rolled her eyes and sat up to retrieve her phone from her pocket. She looked at the caller ID and growled.

"This better be good, Q. You have no idea how bad your timing is." Santana looked

down to Leo who was rubbing the sleep from his eyes, seemingly still content with her position on top of him.

Why? What's going on?

Santana didn't say anything. She was too busy studying the man below her, his calm disposition, his sureness in his actions, the flexing of his chest muscles... "I think you were right."

There was a pause on the other end of the line. *I was right? What was I right about?*

Leo brought his arms down from his face to his sides, his hands resting on the sides of her knees. He looked up to her and patiently waited. This was different. He should be impatient, pushing for her to get off the phone so they could continue. But he wasn't. "What did you call for, Q?" Santana's voice was incredibly calm, lost in other thoughts.

"Uh...nothing that can't wait until I get home. I'll save my confusion and the millions of questions spring to mind right now until then as well."

"Sounds good. See you later." She hung up the phone and set it down on the mattress.

"Everything alright with her?"

Santana tucked her hair behind her ears and nodded her head shyly, studying his lips. "So...why are you all of a sudden comfortable with me like this? You've been fighting it for the last few days."

Leo smiled and huffed a bit of a laugh. "I don't feel like you are planning on raping me right now." She scoffed at the bluntness of his comment. "See, it's not always appealing to be so forward. Seriously tough, how much of your life are you like this Santana? The calm Santana?"

She turned her face away from him, a little embarrassed that all the things she had been doing to try and get him were nothing to him. Turn offs if anything. "You like me when I'm boring, huh?"

"I like you when you aren't trying so hard. Though I'm not completely against the in-your-face Santana either?"

"No?" She asked in a teasing voice, looking back down to him.

He shook his head. "I could handle a good balance of the two. You know, that way you aren't *just* boring. I'm boring enough by myself."

She narrowed her eyes at him. "Yeah, you really are. We should really work on that." She began lowering herself back down to the position she was in before Quinn called and nearly killed the mood while he ran his hands up her legs to her hips again, his thumbs grazing the strip of skin between her jeans and her shirt. She dropped her mouth to just inches above his, opening it to crack a joke but thought better of it. She wanted this kiss and he was finally going to give it to her.

I'm known for running my mouth. I will not be accountable for what comes out. I don't know. I might have said it. I was kinda gone and light-headed.

"Are you kidding me?" Santana sat back up and clinched her fists in frustration. "I am going to kill whoever that is."

"No you're not." Leo teased calling her bluff. He grabbed her phone that was lying next to him, sighing as he looked at the ID, and handed it to her. "It's your girlfriend." He informed her sitting up, forcing Santana to roll off of him. She watched as he stood up from the bed and threw on a clean shirt before leaving out the bedroom door.

The Latina closed her eyes and ran a hand through her hair as she brought the phone up to her ear. "Hey Baby...Good morning to you too. How did you sleep?"

One of the greatest things about living in New York City for Quinn was the walking. Without the cheerleading practices of high school she thought she was going to feel lazy like she had when she was pregnant. She thrived off of the physical activity. She felt like she had accomplished something in her own strange little mind. Thankfully, they had pretty much everything you needed within walking distance from their apartment. She and Rachel hadn't even used her car since they got there. There was a fleeting thought of selling it until she remembered they would need it to drive back and forth to Lima.

"Hey, Leo." She greeted as she entered the building.

"Morning. Perfect timing. I just finished fixing the elevator. Care to risk the first journey to the top with me?" Quinn smiled nervously and eyed the ancient looking

elevator she had yet to ride. This was their fourth week in New York and the elevator had broken at least one time each week. "If you are going to get stuck, at least you would be stuck in there with the one person who could fix it."

She arched an eyebrow at him. "You haven't fixed it since we've been here."

"I have too. They have all been different problems. Each fixed. But if you would rather take the stairs, by all means." He walked into the elevator and waited, knowing she would join. She rolled her eyes and followed. "So, did you find a job?"

Her hazel eyes followed his hand as he selected the third floor and then the gate as it closed in front of her. "I did, but I don't know if Rachel will let me keep it." He looked down to her with confusion plastered across his face. "It's a witnessing gig at a burger place. I'm not sure she would be too thrilled with me coming home smelling like fried animals."

He laughed at the imagined rant the diva would launch into the first time Quinn tried to hug her after a long day at work. "No other places are hiring?"

"Not near by and paying for the transportation there would defeat the purpose of getting a job to make money. She tensed and grabbed hold of his arm as the elevator jerked roughly.

"It always does that when it passes the second floor." He assured her calmly. She only glared at him coldly. "Well, if she doesn't let you keep it, I can always use a helping hand with the renovations. I'm falling a little behind because of this dinosaur." He pounded his hand on the side of the elevator to Quinn's horror. If it broke because of that, she was going to kill him and worry about getting out later. "Mr. Weston would probably give you the same deal as me. It might be nice to have a few hundred bucks off the rent every month, plus a little cash in your pocket."

They finally reached the third floor and Quinn nearly ran out of the elevator. "What would I have to do exactly?"

"Come on. Let me show you." He waved her down the hallway past her and Rachel's apartment. He pulled out the master key from his pocket and opened the first door. It looked just like any remodeling job. Dry wall dust everywhere. Cans of paint stacked against the wall. Tools laid out over cabinets that hadn't been mounted yet. "We just put the pieces back together again. Like Humpty Dumpty, but with more success than all the king's men. Can you paint? Swing a hammer? Use a scream driver?"

"Those things I can do." Quinn noted as she walked through the disheveled apartment. She felt strange...eager...creative. It was a blank canvas that she had control over. "I think I could definitely do this."

"Awesome. I would love the help. Let me talk with the boss man and I will let you know what he says. The hours are great...you work whenever you want."

"Always a plus. The company wouldn't be too bad either. At least I know I would get along with my co-workers." Leo laughed. "Speaking of company, you haven't killed Santana and stashed her body in the walls have you?"

"I was tempted." Leo jokingly confessed taking a seat on the stack of paint cans as Quinn investigated every inch of the place with great concentration. "But, no. She's been talking with Brittany on the phone for the last half hour."

"Hmm. Yeah, they have a lot to talk about..." Her voice trailed off as she vanished into the bedroom.

Leo was amused at her interest. "Are you sure social work is where you want to go with school? You seem more interested in the apartment's possibilities than anything else."

"Uh...I don't know. You may have me there. Then again, I have never really known what I wanted to do. When I was looking into colleges," She reappeared dusting her hands off from touching something. "I was looking at location not curriculum."

He stuck out his bottom lip and nodded his head in understanding. "Rachel was all about Julliard and Broadway while you were all about Rachel. That is a very nice fit. So what about Santana and Brittany? Where are they headed off to school at?"

Quinn set her purse down and took a seat across the room from Leo on a pile of wood. "Brittany is staying back in Ohio. Santana is going to Berkeley College in New Jersey, so she is close by. Which is absolutely hilarious to think about, seeing as she started to cry when Rachel and I were leaving Lima."

"She cried..." Leo feigned disbelief. "But New Jersey? Why doesn't she just go to the campus here in New York."

"I think she said the program she wanted was only available there. I think she said she could get the two year degree here, but not the four." Quinn shrugged her shoulders. "But like I said, she's still close enough. Thirty minutes in decent traffic." She joked, knowing there was no such thing.

"Just down the street almost."

"Yep. She could probably even stay here." Quinn waved her hand around the empty apartment. "Right down the hall." She met his eyes to see if she got her point across. He smiled, shaking his head and looking away. "It would definitely make your life much more interesting. More so than Rachel and I do."

Leo sighed and slapped his hands to his knees before standing up. "I don't know if I am ready for *that* much excitement."

Quinn shrugged her shoulders as she followed him out the door. "I think you are."

Chapter 11

A/N: Just some good Faberry fluff here.

"Hey, my baby." Quinn cooed as Rachel walked in the door. The diva smiled as the blonde met her at the door and kissed her lightly on the lips, draping her arms off the diva's shoulders. "I do like these half work days for you. I like you coming home early to me."

Rachel smiled into another kiss and cupped Quinn's hips in her hands. "It is nice for me too, just maybe not when it comes to the rent. And with school coming up..." She leaned backwards into the door, pulling Quinn to rest on her. "Those half days are going to be all I get. Any luck finding a job?" Quinn pursed her lips and squinted her eyes as she pushed off of Rachel. She grabbed the diva's hand as she turned and pulled her to sit on the couch. "Quinn Fabray, I know that look. You want something I'm not going to like."

"I...maybe. Part of it. The other part is iffy." She was biting her lips between her teeth as Rachel was already looking at her with disapproval.

"...what is it?"

"Well," Quinn began pulling her legs up on the couch to sit Indian style facing Rachel. "I did get a job as a waitress. But I had concerns about how you would react to my coming home smelling like fried animals." Rachel cringed and she thought. "Exactly. So, I mentioned my fears to Leo and he suggested something else."

"The iffy part?"

Quinn nodded. "He has talked with Mr. Weston and he has agreed to cut our rent and provide a reasonable amount of money if I were to start helping Leo with the renovation."

Rachel's initial reaction fell somewhere between an amused smirk and a flat out laugh. "Quinn Fabray, Do It Yourself Expert. Getting in touch with your butch side? Do we need to go buy you some plaid lumberjack shirts?"

"I can always borrow yours." Quinn jibed. "I'm serious, Rachel. Leo has showed me what all needs to be done...and I'm actually kind of excited."

"Really?" Rachel furrowed her brow. Quinn always had been hands on when it came to fixing things around the house but she always complained as well.

"Yeah. I mean, there is a lot of area to be creative. Paint schemes, selecting tile colors and patterns, fixture designs, the general layout of the kitchen and the cabinets. Those apartments are all blank, just dying to be painted on. Literally."

"Oh, an interior designer. I see now."

"Hey. I have always been supportive of your dreams and ambitions."

"No you haven't. You spent two years torturing me for them."

Quinn paused. Rachel hardly ever threw that back in her face. She had always said the past was the past and only breezed over the topic if she was providing anyone with a background story. "Ouch. I have apologized profusely for that, but I guess I will always have to. But to be fair, it wasn't done because you wanted to be a Broadway star. It was done because of the way you acted and what you wore."

Rachel threw her hands up in submission. "Fair enough. So are you serious about this?"

Quinn nodded her head. "It's perfect actually. I work when it is convenient, the money is good, and I'll learn some valuable knowledge for when we get a new place after you have made it famous and we no longer have to worry about paying the rent."

"Right...I'll be the breadwinner in this relationship."

"We agreed on that a long time ago. If we ever got married, you would be the one to work and I would be the one to have the kids and be a stay at home mom. Unless of course, you have changed your mind and want to have one of those, I quote, 'three or four little gold stars' yourself."

Rachel pursed her lips together, faking a consideration. "I just don't see how that would work with my timeline. I mean, I have things pretty set and taking maternity leave would just be devastating."

"I think you could manage it." Quinn stated seriously, drawing Rachel's attention. "I could see it now. You could shock the world by going into an early retirement. Push a little gold star out. And then give in to the pressures of your demanding fans and make a triumphant return to the stage. It would play out nicely in the papers."

Quinn held back her laughter as Rachel now seriously considered it.

"That might actually work. I could have one. But you would still have to have the other three."

"We will cross that bridge when we get there. When did you have the first one planed for again?"

Rachel scoffed. "I would never plan for something like that. It all depends on when we get married and how long it takes for-"

"The world to realize how amazing you are and lift you up onto your pedestal?" Quinn finished for her, granted a bit more narcissistically than she would have, and crawled over to Rachel's end of the couch to kiss her. Rachel moaned as the kiss quickly deepened.

"This is nice." The diva commented as Quinn pressed her to lay back on the couch and kissed a trail of light kisses down her jaw line to her neck.

"All this talk of marriage...made me horny." The blonde's hands trailed up the back of Rachel's thighs and hooked onto her panties, pulling the down with a little assistance from the brunette. Rachel pulled Quinn's hair out of the loose pony tail and ran her fingers through it, pulling lightly as the girl nipped her neck.

"I think...I think that we should talk about it more often then." Rachel's eyes flew open when Quinn suddenly abandoned her on the couch and began walking away. "Where are you going?"

"To lock the door." The blonde fastened the door knob, the deadbolt, and hooked the latch. Just for safe measures. "Though I do have every intention on making you scream so everyone will know not to come in." Rachel didn't waste any time and discarded her clothes before Quinn even made it back to the sofa. "now taking those off is half the fun. It's where most of my teasing goes."

The diva rolled her eyes. "I can always put them back on. However, I do believe that would be counterproductive."

Quinn's eyes scanned over her body as she slowly strolled towards her. "No, this will do. I just can't figure out what I should do to you first...any suggestions?" Quinn asked running her hand up Rachel's leg to her center. Rachel was about to open her mouth but Quinn's face lit up. "Actually, I know what to do."

Rachel raised an eyebrow. "You do?" The eyebrow fell as Quinn grinned the most sadistic smile Rachel had ever seen on her face. "Am I going to like it?"

The blonde shrugged as she began heading towards the bedroom. "I know I will. You've never let me do it before but I think it is time you give a little bit." All joyous expression fell from Rachel's face. There was only one thing she had never allowed Quinn to do to her during their intimate moments. "I'll be right back."

"Quinn, I...I don't know if-"

"Time to give Rachel. Although, you will very much be on the 'getting' end of this. Besides, it was your fantasy to begin with."

"To use it on you!" She argued fervently. "Not on me. It's too big!...Quinn?" The diva scurried her naked self into the bedroom after her girlfriend who seemed to be taking pleasure in ignoring her right now. "Baby, I...I just don't know."

Quinn removed the strap on from the box and twirled it around her finger by the harness. "Try it. If doesn't work for you, then I won't ever ask again. That is all I'm asking." The two stood there for several intense seconds as Rachel pondered her reply. She could easily say no and Quinn would be fine with it, but there was another side to her thoughts. A curious side. Quinn had been iffy about it the first time they had used it but absolutely loved it to the point Rachel began to think the blonde enjoyed *it* more than she did her.

"If I do this," Rachel began cautiously looking away from Quinn and fiddling with her fingers, "Then the next fantasy to be fulfilled will be mine."

"I thought we did all of yours?"

Rachel snapped her eyes to Quinn with a look of complete horror. "God no. I will never run out of them, which is a good thing with the longevity of our relationship. There will always be that little something extra to keep the spark going."

Quinn considered the offer knowing just by the look in Rachel's eye that whatever fantasy she had in mind wasn't going to be one Quinn would normally be a willing participant in. "One condition. No one else is to be involved."

The diva beamed. "Deal! I shall elaborate later."

"Good." Quinn set the toy down on the bed and moved to Rachel, running her hands over every inch of skin she could reach. With each pass of her hands and

press of her lips to Rachel's, the tension in the diva's muscles lessened. "Two years." Quinn said as she laid Rachel down on the bed and hovered above her. "I have waited two years to try this on you. So don't ever tell me I'm not the patient type."

Rachel nodded her head before Quinn looped an arm around her waist, lifting her to the middle of the bed and started her line of kisses from the diva's lips to her breasts. Once she reached the fleshy mounds she added her hands, kneading them while she teased each hardening nipple in her warm mouth. Once Rachel had had enough and began writhing in her eagerness, the blonde glided her soft hands down her torso and massaged her upper thighs, teasing with contact but never where Rachel wanted it. Quinn continued to work her hands to the inside of the diva's thighs as she moved hot, wet kisses down her flexing abdomen, slowing as she reached the neatly trimmed dark curls. It was all too much and Rachel whimpered in need.

Quinn looked up to her panting girlfriend, catching her gaze, before placing a firm lick to her clit. Rachel's back arched into the contact and begged for more. Each swipe of her tongue was slow but firm with agonizing pauses between them. "Quinn...please..."

The blonde lifted the diva's legs so they weren't bent at the knees and slid her index finger deep inside, curling it upward and stroking her inner walls in sync with the strokes of her tongue. Rachel rocked her hips in attempts to speed up the pace but Quinn maintained control. She withdrew her finger and added a second, lightly increasing the pace of her pulses, and the diva smiled in gratitude. When the blonde added the third finger she shifted her technique and began spreading them as she withdrew, stretching her girlfriend further, preparing her for what was to come.

"Are you ready?" Quinn asked kneeling between Rachel's legs, but continuing with her fingers inside. Rachel was getting antsy. She wanted her release but knew how Quinn was going to give it to her.

"Yes. Lets try."

Quinn smiled and withdrew her fingers, licking them clean before she reached for the strap on. Rachel saw her struggling with the harness and helped her adjust it, peppering her stomach with kisses as she did. The diva also grabbed the bottle of lube and coated the large dildo thoroughly. Her hand glided down the shaft and disappeared between Quinn's legs as Rachel pressed upward on the insert and Quinn gasped. The blonde captured Rachel's lips in a lingering kiss as she pressed her weight down on top of her until she was flat on the bed again.

The muscles in Rachel's stomach jumped each time the cold dildo glided over her skin, but Quinn quickly moved off of her. She bent Rachel's legs again and positioned herself between them, gliding the tip of the strap on up and down her slit, distributing the sticky wetness. She entered her three fingers one last time, removing them slowly with the maximum amount of stretching. The blonde scooted a little closer and pressed the dildo to Rachel's entrance, barely penetrating before removing it again. She repeated the process, deepening each push ever so slightly. She had known what it was like to be on the receiving end. What worked and what didn't.

The diva wasn't refusing as she made it half way inside, pressing a little harder in the tightness. "You are so tight and it feels so good." Quinn remarked as the force pressed the harness back against her clit. With each minuscule withdraw she inched deeper until Rachel had taken it all. There had been no gasps of pain or whimpers of protest, just steady breathing until she was in. "Are you okay?"

Rachel opened her eyes and called with her hands for Quinn to lay on top of her. "That was unbelievably gentle."

Quinn stole a long kiss from the diva's lips and pulled her hips back. Rachel broke from the kiss and moaned and she rolled them back in. "I told you it was going to feel good." Quinn moved her mouth to Rachel's neck and began slow, sensual pulses in and out as Rachel pulled her closer with eager hands on her back. "More?" Rachel nodded and Quinn sped up again, her pulses becoming more forceful thrusts.

"Oh shit...this is...oh my god." The blonde smiled and nipped her neck wanting to leave her mark so Rachel would remember this. "Again." The diva begged.

Quinn straightened her arms so she could watch Rachel's expressions of pleasure as she thrust harder until the slapping of wet skin reverberated off the walls. Her own moans and grunts added to Rachel's as the harness and insert worked her up. "I understand why...you like this...so much." Quinn dropped to her elbows and pressed her head to Rachel's shoulder as she fought against the burn of her abdomen.

"Oh, fuck. Me too...me too. Shit, Baby. Harder." Following orders Quinn's strokes became longer but harder, slamming into Rachel with such force the bed frame screeched as it slid across the floor slightly. "Oh my god! Yesssss. Fuck me. Harder." Quinn leaned her weight as far forward as she could, using her upper abs to continue her pounding. It was getting too much for Quinn and she bit back her own orgasm, hoping Rachel was nearing hers. "Oh fuck! Quinn!" Rachel's toes curled and her body shook uncontrollably as Quinn continued to move in and out of her, not by thrusting but the convulsions of her own body.

"Danm it...that is so good..." The blonde's body was so spent she couldn't pull out but Rachel didn't seem to care. She only ran a hand through the sweaty blonde locks and up her spine, cradling her close.

"Two years..." Rachel whispered breathily in her ear. "I waited two fucking years for you to talk me into that." Quinn could only laugh into Rachel's neck. Only the diva could turn this around on her.

"I have to get out...but I can't move." The blonde laughed as she lifted herself to shaky arms only to manage a little bit of a pull. It took a few more attempts before she was free and Rachel groaned.

"I feel so...empty...Is that weird?"

Quinn rolled on her back and blindly fiddled with the harness straps and discarded the appendage to the floor. "Not with that thing it isn't. You are going to feel that way for a little while yet." They both laid there panting, wanting to cuddle but still unable to really move. "So...how was work?"

"You're adorable, do you know that? But work was fine. Nothing overly exciting happened today. You seem to have had the much more productive morning. Finding a job, then already preparing to leave said job for another."

"Yeah. About that, you never really told me what you thought about that." Quinn waited for a response but it never came. "More specifically, would you have an issue with Leo and I spending time together?"

Rachel let out a long sigh and ran her hand through her own hair. "I'm not going to lie to you. Jealousy is still an issue for me. I trust you and I am learning to trust him, but the impulses are still there. I'm trying though. So, no. I don't have a problem with you two working together...right now." She added for safe measures.

"Well, if you ever get to that point, don't shut me out. Talk to me about it and I can try and help you get over it...in whatever way it would take."

Rachel smirked as Quinn turned her head to look at her. "Did you just suggest sex as a way to manage my jealousy?"

"It *will* be hard for you to get jealous that I am spending time with someone else while I'm screaming your name."

Rachel pursed her lips and nodded her head. "That is a very good point. Very

logical."

Chapter 12

A/N: Thank you all for the wonderful reviews. This is a bit of a filler as I am prepairing for Brittany's arrival. Enjoy.

When Rachel finally woke up it was to the smell of pasta wafting from the kitchen. She moaned as the smell made her stomach beg for food and she moaned again when she tried to move. "Ouch..." Harder might be nice during...but definitely not after. The brunette laid there trying to wake up completely before attempting to move again. "...holy shit... Quinn! You broke me!...I can't move." Rachel whimpered as the blonde perched herself in the doorway and smiled down at her girlfriend. "Help me..."

Quinn hesitated, soaking in the sight of her still naked girlfriend on the bed, before moving to the dresser and grabbing some clothes. "Are you going to be a drama queen or can you dress yourself?" Rachel's eyes danced on the ceiling as she thought about it but then quickly decided not to turn the conversation nor the situation sexual. She would get no enjoyment out of it.

"I think I can manage that. I just don't think I can walk."

"Wimp." The blonde teased throwing Rachel her shirt and a pair of baggy sweatpants.

"No underwear?" The comment was impulse. "Not that I am implying that I am in any way ready for another round."

"You wont be ready for sex again for at least 48 hours after *that*." Rachel impulsively tried to shoot up in bed in protest of no sex for two days but regretted it with a loud moan and clinched legs. Quinn laughed but crawled on the bed to comfort her. "And just remember what you did to me in the bathroom at school barely 12 hours after the first time you use that on me."

"I'm sorry. I am so, so, so sorry. Why didn't you say anything?" The diva's eyes were full of remorse as Quinn slid the sweat pants up her legs, wiggling them up her hips so she wouldn't really have to move yet.

"It wasn't that bad. I was sore and it hurt but nothing that I couldn't handle. *You* on the other hand, are a baby. I was surprised when you wanted it that hard." Both

were smiling in the memories of earlier events and shared a passionate kiss before Rachel pulled the shirt over her head.

"It was great. My only complaints are of the side effects..." She bit her bottom lip and looked into her lovers beautiful hazel eyes.

Quinn sighed, knowing that look. "What do you want?"

Rachel ducked her head and raised her shoulders. "Can you carry me out to the couch?"

"Oh my God. You are unbelievable." Quinn huffed before making the mistake of looking into Rachel's deep mocha eyes. "You better be thankful you are so tiny and I have great arm muscles from cheerleading. I'm not Leo you know....lift you up with a single finger." She grumbled as she removed herself from the bed and scooped the diva up in her arms.

"Oh, my hero." Rachel swooned as the blonde carried her out of the bedroom and set her down on the couch. "That was almost like one of those trashy romance novels, except of course, we were headed in the wrong direction. We should try that some other time with you taking me *in* to the bedroom."

Bang. Bang. Bang.

"You two stopped screaming hours ago. Now open the fucking door. I need to talk."

Quinn moved to the door and unfastened all of the locks just as Santana came bursting into the apartment. "Are you okay?" The blonde's hazel eyes were wide and full of concern.

"You were right." Santana began pacing frantically between the kitchen and living area. "You were right and I'm stupid and fucked and confused."

"And totally not making any sense..." Rachel commented from her seat on the couch.

Santana shifted her gaze between the girls and then moved to rest her head on Quinn's shoulder, much to the other two girl's surprise. "You were right and I have been stuck with him all day because you two just had to fuck each other into comas, leaving me there as he ignored me. *Ignored* me. It was torture."

Quinn wrapped her arms around the ranting Latina while Rachel just shook her head. "I am missing some vital piece of information here. What was she so right about?"

Santana turned her head to look at Rachel but never removed it from Quinn's shoulder. "You didn't tell her? I'm shocked." Quinn rolled her eyes and head in the belief that she told Rachel everyone else's business. "That makes this awkward..."

"Can I tell her?" Santana really wasn't wanting to deal with this again but caved in, removing herself from Quinn and wrapped her arms around her self protectively.

"Santana...um..." She looked back to the Latina. "She is ready for a relationship and has interests in Leo."

"Wait." Rachel held up her hand with the realization sinking in. "Wait...no, yeah...wait. You *like* someone...not just someone. But you like Leo? *You?*" As her patronizing ramble continued her smile only deepened. "Oh. My. God. Santana Lopez has a crush on someone."

Santana shifted her weight with a scowl of loathing. "Q...get her to stop." Quinn bobbed her head, unable to figure out exactly how to do that. "Make her stop smirking, Q." Rachel burst into laughter as Quinn sat down next to her and tried to cover her mouth. "Q..."

"What? I...what do you want me to do?"

"I don't care. Just make her stop or you wont have a girlfriend in like three seconds." The Latina's voice shrieked at the end in her frustration and seriousness. Rachel knew she was getting pissed but couldn't stop laughing. Besides, if Santana ever did really try and hurt her, Quinn *would* kick her ass.

The blonde held her hand up to Rachel's mouth and pressed harder but the diva slowed her laughing and removed it. "There's no point. She wont do anything to me?"

"Like fucking hell I wont. I will-"

"I'm not saying you wont *try*." Rachel interrupted between the uncontrollable laughing spurts. "I'm just saying, if you do...I'll call Leo...and then you will turn into a big mush of a love struck teenager." Rachel burst into laughter again and Santana lunged for her. Quinn moved quickly to prevent her from getting to Rachel and the two former cheerleaders shared a silent conversation with Quinn's index finger in

her face before Santana walked away.

"Rachel," Quinn called for her attention in a serious, this isn't funny any more tone, and the diva fought her laughter again.

"Oh come on. You were snickering a minute ago."

"That was a minute ago. Now we need to move on to the seriousness-"

Rachel scrunched her brow and threw her hands in the air as she straightened her posture on the sofa. "What is so serious about Santana's first real crush?"

Quinn hesitated. "...Brittany."

The diva instantly stopped laughing and shifted her eyes slightly in thought. "Okay. Yeah, that would definitely be something serious to talk about. Especially since she is going to be here tomorrow and all the time up until Santana leaves." She pivoted her head to see around Quinn, looking to the Latina who was now sitting on the floor, propped up against the kitchen counters. "Does she know? Or, more importantly, does Leo know?"

Santana scoffed and rolled her eyes, moving her head to face away from Rachel.

"I mean, I know he got the picture you want to sleep with him but...does he realize that you actually like him?"

"I don't think he does but I don't know. We kinda had a moment this morning and it may have been glaringly obvious. Was to me anyway."

Rachel bit her bottom lip as her smile crept back onto her face. She looked down and tried to hesitate her question to appear supportive but it still came out mocking. "...you had a moment?"

"Rachel!"

"Okay. Look. I'm sorry. I'm just trying to get all the facts so any input I may have on the topic would be based off of the most reliable information and therefore be the most helpful in this complicated and sensitive situation." Having the opportunity to harass Santana was also a plus.

Santana pressed her head back against the counter and growled. "Berry, it's after sentences like that where I use every ounce of self-control I have not to smother

you."

Quinn threw her hands up in the hair and took a seat on the far end of the sofa. "Dealing with the two of you is like having little kids. If we get married you may only be getting one." Rachel pulled her head back, dropping her chin, and opened her mouth to retort but shut it again. It would have only pushed Quinn more towards the idea.

"Okay...I am ready to have a serious discussion. No more mocking or teasing. But in order for me to understand what is really going on, I need some more information. What happened this morning? Does Brittany know?"

"B knows something is up, that I'm not happy. She's unhappy that I'm unhappy. She just doesn't realize it is because I am afraid of hurting her by...wanting to be in a relationship that would mean we couldn't be together anymore. B doesn't like giving people up." Both Rachel and Quinn nodded in agreement. "As for Leo," She shifted her position a little. "I let down my guard and he saw a little bit of...you know, my softer side."

To much of Rachel's credit, she hid her smile very well. Quinn only noticed the slight tweak of her bottom lip that wouldn't have been visible to Santana on the far side of the room. "And..."

"And he kinda stopped pushing me away for a few seconds. He was allowing me to try again. It caught me off guard and I faltered which, I think, made him more interested." Quinn nodded her head unconsciously. "We almost kissed, but then Q called."

"Sorry."

Santana waved it off. "It's okay. So we were trying again, but the phone rang again. He saw it was Brittany, handed it to me, and left. He hasn't talked to me since, other than your general comments. Yes' and no's, Some head nods and a few shakes. He seems to have forgotten we were ever considering kissing."

"He likes you but wont allow himself to act on it because of your 'relationship' with Brittany. He's the relationship kind of a guy." Rachel observed. "Not one to cheat *on* someone nor cheat *with* someone."

"How do you know that he likes her?" Quinn asked, her head resting on in her hand.

"He talks about her a lot. While you two were outside last night, he wanted to know how her and Brittany's relationship worked. He wasn't thrilled with the response but was still very interested with the topic at hand."

"See, this is what I was talking about last night." Quinn turned her attention to Santana. "Your thing with B is causing you to lose out on an opportunity with someone truly interested."

"You're encouraging this?" Rachel asked in a hushed tone.

Quinn turned back to the diva with a blank stare. "You're not?"

"I...uh...I didn't. But then again, I was never expecting Santana to ever *want* a committed relationship. So, I tried to warn him to stay away..." Rachel could feel the Latina's glare burning her face. "I didn't say anything that isn't mendable. If he knows you are seriously interested, and I mean *seriously interested* - and you will have to prove it to him somehow, then I'm fairly certain he would pursue it. He just isn't going to share you like Brittany would."

"But what do I do?" Santana pleaded for the answer. She wasn't use to not knowing how to handle situations. She was always in control. Always. Now here she was wanting something she wasn't suppose to and not having the slightest clue what to do about it.

The couple exchanged glances, unsure themselves. "My suggestion," Quinn began. "Is deal with Brittany before you mention anything to Leo. Because if you are wanting a relationship with anyone, you have to get out of the...thing you have with her. Unless, of course, she is interested. If not, there is always the possibility that she just might be okay with letting you go. But *then* move on to trying to prove to Leo that you aren't the sex junky that you have made yourself out to be."

"You make that sound so easy." Quinn tilted her head in acknowledgement that it wasn't going to be. But then again, maybe it would. Brittany could very well wish her the best. "What about you, Berry? What do you think?"

"I agree that Brittany needs to be handled first. Then get a friendship with Leo. I think he would need to see your interest in that before he would make a move."

Quinn nodded her head. "Yeah. The friendship would be your proof to him."

"I don't think I can do that. Every time I see him I just want to...kiss him..."

"Oh, she's got it bad..."

Quinn threw the sofa pillow backwards to shut Rachel up. "Not helping. One thing at a time. First up...tell B. There is no getting around that."

Santana nodded and Rachel's will power failed. "...so...Leo? Is it like one of those you want what you can't have things? Or are you, like,...serious?"

Chapter 13

A/N: Sorry for the delay in update. I got a little distracted with my other fic and work. Thank you again for all the reviews. Feel free to leave me any comments on what you would like to see happen. I love any type of feed back.

"What time is it?" Santana asked. Leo and Quinn exchanged quick glances, rolled their eyes, and continued painting. The Latina narrowed her eyes on their backs and stood from her comfy, reclined position on a newly arrived sofa and strutted towards the pair. She caught Leo's arm mid-stroke and pulled it to her face, looking at his watch. "It's almost three, San." She mocked in a exaggerated deep voice. "Oh, thanks, Leo. I appreciate your cooperation." She mocked again before relinquishing his hand so he could continue painting.

"Exactly fifteen minutes since the last time you asked." He mumbled, stretching to reach the ceiling.

"Play nice you two. And Santana, you need to relax. You're making me nervous."

Santana abandoned Leo's side and moved over to the blonde, wrapping her arms around her torso and burrowing her head into Quinn's back. Leo furrowed his brow and gave Quinn a questioning glance as she stopped painting with the surprise actions of the Latina. She shrugged her shoulders. Santana had become more a softy over the last few years.

"Should I give you two a minute?"

Quinn shook her head. "No. We are just fine." She accented her last two words with pats on Santana's arm for reassurance. The Latina held tight as Quinn's phone rang and she shuffled over to the counter to answer it.

"Hey, Baby." It was Rachel.

Hi. So, I am leaving a little early today so I should be home about the time Brittany is due in. How is Santana doing?

Quinn took a minute to think of a joke to make about the brunette's current position on her back but decided against it. "She is perhaps dreading it more than

she should." She glanced over her shoulder before she continued, wanting Santana to pay attention. "I have a feeling that B will be okay with her decision. I mean, it's not like they haven't had this discussion before. Just nothing had ever changed with it."

And now it will. As strange as it is. But, anyway, what are you doing to pass the time?

"I'm in the office actually. Leo and I are painting while Santana is...supervising."

She's sitting around and watching you work while constantly asking what time it is, isn't she?

Quinn smiled. "She's not sitting anymore, but yes. It scares me how much you know her."

Let me talk to her.

The blonde tapped the tanned arms around her chest. "Rachel wants to talk to you."

Santana didn't loosen her grip on the blonde but only lifted her chin to rest on her shoulder, allowing Quinn to hold the phone up to her ear. "What do you want, Berry?"

Are you touching my girlfriend?

"I am. What are you going to do about it?"

Rachel paused and lowered her voice to a husky whisper. *Where are you touching?*

Santana smiled broadly. "You little perv."

Got you to smile though, didn't I? Just relax okay? I'll be back before B gets in. I'll see you then and give Quinn a squeeze for me, okay?

"Will do."

I got to go. Bye.

"Bye."

Quinn pulled the phone away and yelled as Santana squeezed her breasts. "What the hell?"

The Latina smirked and returned to the sofa. "Berry told me to. Yell at her, not me. I was just following orders."

Leo arched an eyebrow and mimicked Santana's smirk. "My kind of orders."

Quinn smacked him on the arm. "Don't you go turning into another little...*big* Santana as well. It's bad enough with one and a wannabe. I need someone on my side."

"I don't know." He teased. "She's kinda growing on me." Santana blushed, biting her lip to try and downplay her widening smile. Quinn narrowed her eyes at the Latina. Maybe helping these two get together wasn't all that great of an idea.

"You know, San. You could always help us. It would pass the time quicker. In fact, here." Quinn held out the paintbrush for her to take. "Paint while I go to the bathroom." Her eyes twinkled with an ulterior motive, getting them alone.

"I just sat down."

"Then get your ass back up."

"Does Berry know you still cuss. You know, when you're not in bed?" Quinn blushed but held firm in her request. "Fine. I'll paint. You pee. Take your time. No rush. I might be the next Picasso or something." She joked, snatching the brush from Quinn's hand and glared as the blonde exited the apartment.

There was a short, awkward silence before Leo caved in and spoke first. "So you seem nervous about Brittany coming. Is everything okay?"

Tell him. Tell him. But then again, Rachel said to wait until after you've dealt with B. Santana hated not knowing what to do. "I just really need to talk to her about something...in person."

"Sounds serious." He commented, stealing a glance as well.

"You're being nosy again."

"I'm being concerned."

"Funny how those two things as so easily confused and difficult to prove." She retorted dipping her brush into the paint again.

"How can I prove that I am concerned and not nosy?" She shrugged and ignored him. "Okay. I'll leave it to Quinn and Rachel then."

Tell him! "I'm breaking things off with B. Well, what there is to break off, that is." He stopped painting and turned slowly in his shock. "I just am worried that she will go into one of her super attached modes and cry or something."

He nodded. "So...do we need to change the sleeping arrangements? Will you two still be friendly enough to share a room?"

She shrugged again. "We will figure that out when it comes. I still don't know when I'm going to talk to her about it though." He clearly wanted to ask what brought the decision around but that would mean he was being nosy, not concerned. Santana didn't encourage him either. She could tell him *what* but not *why*. That needed to wait.

"So, how is it going in here?" Quinn asked as she bounced back into the apartment.

"Swell! You owe me for my services. I'll take my payment in liquor, kisses, or boob squeezes."

Quinn rolled her eyes and Leo laughed. "Talk with him. He's my boss."

He glared over his shoulder to the blonde. "That may be but I'm not the one with the boobs."

Santana beamed at his quick comment. "Perversion completed. You are on your own, Q. Now, pay up."

"Squeeze your own."

Santana scoffed. "That's not nearly as fun."

"Deal with it because I have no alcohol and Rachel will get pissed if I kissed you. Then again, Leo may not have boobs to squeeze but he does have a nice set of lips to kiss. Get your payment from him. Leo?"

"Ladies, I will have to survey the amount and quality of the labor provided and I

shall get back to you. Until then, please enjoy amusing yourselves with other squeezable options."

Quinn arched and eyebrow. "You've got something she can squeeze too, you know."

He quickly fell silent.

"Is she here yet?" Rachel asked as she dropped the towel from her wet hair and approached Quinn perched in their window. She slid her hands between the blonde's arms and waist, pulling her close, lightly kissing her neck.

Quinn closed her eyes and melted into her touch. "Yeah. Santana's down there talking with her mom. I don't know when she plans on telling her so I don't want to intrude."

The diva sighed. "Yeah..."

Quinn opened her eyes, knowingly. "What is it?"

"I need to find more self control..."

Quinn rolled her eyes and scoffed, turning her head to the opposite shoulder than the diva. "You do. You *really* do. They are down stairs, on their way up here any second, and all you can think about is having sex."

Rachel squeezed her tighter, rocking them from side to side as she growled in frustration. "I know. It's unbelievable, but I can't help it. I'm a sex fiend. *But!* Only when it comes to you! You should never have any worries about me cheating on you."

Quinn turned in Rachel's arms and the diva's hands fell to her lower back. "I don't." She answered her, running her fingers through her hair and tracing them over her neck and jaw. "Do you ever wonder how we got here? How we went from what we were to what we are now?"

"I do." Rachel nodded. "But then my head begins to hurt so I'm just thankful it all happened and try not to overanalyze it."

The blonde laughed and pulled her into a light, tender, but passion filled kiss.

"One day I am going to find the words to describe how much I love you. I promise."

Rachel stole another slow kiss from her lips. "I look forward to hear that." She moved to kiss Quinn's cheek and then her ear. "But I don't think there are any to describe how much I love you." Quinn felt a tear fall from her eye and quickly brushed it away. Rachel always knew what to say, what she needed to hear.

"Are you two screwing?"

Quinn sighed in frustration as she opened her eyes. "Fuck, San. You really know how to ruin a moment." Rachel laughed lightly against her ear, too amused to chastise her for cursing. "No. We aren't."

Brittany peered from behind the Latina in the doorway with her head ducked. "Hugs?"

Both Rachel and Quinn grinned at her adorableness and broke apart from one another to embrace the ditzy blonde. "Group's all back together." Rachel commented. "Time to add some testosterone to the mix. Let's go meet Leo."

Santana sighed from the doorway, glancing down the hall. "Might as well. That is where we are staying anyway, right?"

"Right." Quinn answered, taking the Latina by the shoulders and guiding her to his door as Rachel stumbled with Brittany wrapped around her shoulders. "It will be fine, San." Quinn comforted her and knocked on the door. There was a long pause before the door opened and a shirtless Leo opened it with wet hair. All four girls steadied their breath. "Leo, we have an introduction to make." Quinn began, pointing to the other blonde. "This is Brittany. Brittany, this is Leo."

The blonde smiled seductively, pulling herself off of Rachel, and raised her hand, rippling her fingers in a flirty wave. "Hi. So you are the hottie we are staying with?"

Leo braced himself for the start of yet another true character that his neighbors had acquired in high school. "I am. Come on in. The guest bedroom is back there and around the corner."

"And this is yours?" Brittany asked pointing to the nearest door.

"Yes it..." Leo lost his words as Brittany pushed his bedroom door open and carried her bag inside. "Is she...?" He asked turning back to the trio just inside the doorway. They all three nodded. He turned back to his bedroom door and stared.

"I'll take the couch then."

"She'll join you." Rachel commented flatly, moving into the kitchen to get a glass of water.

Santana and Quinn made their way further inside the apartment to the sofa but Leo grabbed Quinn's arm gently pulling her aside. "Am I safe?" The seriousness on his face was too much and Quinn failed to hold back her laughter and threw her arms around his neck, pulling him into a hug.

"Of course you're safe. You just have to be strong and as persistent as she is." Leo lightly patted her back in the embrace, shaking his head in his regret of offering them a place to stay. "You'll be just fine. Just say no."

"You sound like a 90's anti-drug commercial except you're talking about having sex with random women..." He paused. "Santana's right. I *am* weird. Who the hell turns that down?"

Quinn released her hold on his neck and continued into the living area. "A gentleman does."

Leo sat on the couch next to Santana and Rachel took her seat next to Quinn on the loveseat, sipping on her water before calling to Brittany. "So, Brittany, how was your drive?"

The blonde emerged from Leo's bedroom and ran to plop down in Santana's lap. "What drive?"

"The drive here."

"I didn't drive. I just walked. How would I get a car through the door?" Leo's head jerked and his eyes widened but he kept his mouth closed. Rachel wasn't joking when she said Brittany was slow.

"She meant the drive from Lima to New York, Babe." The nickname slipped out of Santana's mouth before she even thought about it. Old habits die hard. Harder still was trying to remind herself that she shouldn't be holding on to the blonde in her lap whose arms wrapped were securely around Santana's neck. Impulse told the Latina to hold her tight and kiss on her like she always would and that Brittany would be all lovie right back. But she had to remind herself that the blonde had been in the apartment for a mere sixty seconds and had already moved into Leo's bedroom. Brittany didn't want her, she just wanted the attention. That's all this was

ever suppose to be.

"It was okay. Mom drove so I slept. I should have lots of energy for tonight." She winked at the Latina.

"We'll talk about that later, B."

"But you don't talk *during*."

Leo raised his eyebrows as he bit back his laughter for as long as he could. "Really? I thought she would be rather vocal."

Brittany turned a flirtatious smile to the lone male in the room. "Only when we are playing parts." Santana slapped her palm to her forehead as the rest of the room erupted in laughter.

"Brittany, I do believe I am going to like having you around." He stated beaming at her in his amusement of her disregard for Santana modesty.

"You can have me anywhere."

Chapter 14

"Hey..." Rachel called out in a weary whisper to the blonde whose head was resting on her chest.

Quinn shifted slightly and pulled herself closer to her girlfriend as the snuggled on Leo's loveseat. "Yeah?"

"I heard at work that they are having a music festival tomorrow a few blocks away. Do you want to go? You know, spend some time out of the building?"

"What about those three?" Quinn asked pointing to the couch where Brittany laid draped across both Santana and Leo's laps, surprisingly lost in a deep conversation with one another. "B and S are suppose to be here visiting us."

Quinn's head bobbed as Rachel's chest vibrated as she chuckled silently. "Have you ever realized that together they are BS?" The blonde rolled her eyes but smiled in amusement. It took Rachel over two years to figure that out? "I think that's what I'm going to call them from now on, then again, I don't swear. But could you imagine walking in public and yelling 'How was your day bullshit?'"

"Santana would so kick your ass if you did."

"Language." The diva warned earning her a glare as Quinn raised her head to meet her eyes. "My curse was appropriate for the conversation. Anyway, they can come too so we aren't abandoning them. However, this is suppose to be a popular event so we may end up getting separated in the crowd..."

"Oh, I see..." Quinn teased as she returned her head to Rachel's chest and played with the diva's fingers than rested on her stomach. "I think that would be nice though. It would definitely be better than sitting here watching whatever the hell is going on over there."

Rachel didn't need Quinn to point a finger to know she was talking about Santana, Brittany, and Leo. Latina and Leo were on far ends of the couch, facing each other with their heads rested against the hand propped on the back of the couch. Santana was running her hands through Brittany's hair while Leo provided the blonde with a foot rest. They laughed at Brittany's jokes and general slow moments and exchanged flirtatious looks while Brittany only beamed.

"How do you really think that is going to play out?" Rachel asked furrowing her brow at the unusual development.

Quinn let out an exaggerated sigh. "I don't know. There are moments where I think Brittany would be fine letting San go, but then there are times where I think she might still pout. Even if she lets her go, San is going to feel guilty. There is either going to be a mess load of drama or a completely smooth transition."

"Hmm..." The brunette was lost in thought.

"There is one perk about them being so immersed in their own little world over there."

"What is that?" Rachel asked absently as she ran her fingers through Quinn's hair. Her attention finally restored as the blonde lifted her head again. She had that look in her eye. The look that Rachel loved to see. Quinn dropped her hand from Rachel's stomach to the cushions of the loveseat and pressed down to lift herself up, capturing the diva's lips. Rachel fought the moan rising in the back of her throat as Quinn shifted her weight to hover over her girlfriend and deepened the kiss.

The blonde's warm lips slowly trailed tender kisses down the diva's chin to her neck where she took her time teasing the skin. Rachel lifted her chin to give her better access and glided her hands up and down her sides in motivation to continue. Quinn decided on a spot and set to work leaving her mark, nipping lightly, then soothing the irritated skin with her tongue, only to do it all over again. Once she was satisfied with her work, the blonde moved to tease the diva's ear, suckling the lobe and outlining it with her tongue.

Rachel's skin was burning with each gaze of skin and touch of her lover's lips as she moved to the other side of her neck. Quinn shot straight up to her knees and gasped sharply. Rachel's reaction was delayed as the blonde caught the majority of the ice cold water Santana had just thrown on them.

"Get a fucking room."

Quinn was still gasping for breath from the sudden loss of oxygen to her lungs with the pure shock and sudden change in extreme temperatures. Rachel sat up, grabbed her glass of water and tossed it right back at Santana, beaming as the Latina mirrored Quinn's shrieks and gasps.

"Ooooooh, there's going to be a fight." Brittany whispered as she moved to find security against Leo who sat back and watched dumbfounded. Santana moved

towards Rachel but Quinn stood up and grabbed the Latina's arms. They both crashed to the ground after losing their balance in the struggle for dominance.

"Tag team." Leo announced to Brittany as Rachel joined the playful skirmish on the floor. Quinn had managed to find herself kneeling behind Santana and restrained her arms as Rachel began an assault of tickles, sending the Latina into a fit of shrieks.

"Looks like I'm not the only one who is ticklish." Quinn mocked as she struggled to hold her friend securely as she began kicking her feet. Rachel sat on top of her knees to keep them from bending and continued her torture.

"Are you not going to help her?" Leo asked curiously, expecting the blonde to have rushed to her 'girlfriend's' aide.

Brittany shook her head. "This is hot."

"...it's tickling..."

She nodded, never moving her eyes from the girls on the floor. "But this is how San got Q the first time they had sex." Leo's eyebrows jumped. That was new information. "I wasn't there for that, so this I want to see."

"I ca...I can't...breathe...I can't breathe..." Santana huffed between gasps for breath but Rachel kept going as long as the Latina had a smile on her face.

"See what happens when you mess with us during our intimate moments?" Rachel teased as she started running out of energy. Santana tried to respond but couldn't manage the words. Suddenly her arms were loose and she was able to fight back, but Rachel still held the upper hand. The diva looked back to Quinn but the blonde was gone, locked in Leo's grip around her arms and chest.

"Let's make a trade. You give up the Santana, and I will give you the Quinn." The diva struggled to secure the Latina on the ground before she looked back up to the towering man. "Those are the terms. Take it or leave it."

Quinn smiled and playfully pushed back against his strong hold but it was useless. "Don't do it, Rach." She called out imitating a bad romance movie with gusto, causing Leo to break from his serious façade and smile. He quickly recovered and painted his stoic face back on.

"You two are freaking loopy, you know that." Santana commented from her

position on the floor with Rachel nearly sitting on her chest.

"Look, Santana. Leo came to your rescue." The diva cooed. "He likes you." Both Santana and Leo blushed slightly. She deadpanned and played into her role. "Any room for negotiations?"

Leo dropped his brow and he playfully considered. "What's the offer?"

"I get a few more minutes of tickling with Quinn's assistance, and you...get to know a few of Santana's secrets."

"What?" The Latina screamed in horror of the betrayal.

"What kind of kind of secrets are we talking about?" Leo asked after considering the offer more seriously.

The diva looked down at the burning eyes below her and thought quickly. "She has let a lot of things slip during our drunken weekend get togethers in high school. Things like her biggest turn on in bed. A certain spot, that if touched, sends her over the edge or makes her giggle like a little girl...secrets like that."

The man smirked when Rachel met his eyes. "Those things..." He paused. "Are more fun to figure out for yourself. My terms stand."

"Damn it. Fine. Give me back my girlfriend." Rachel ordered as she stood but was quickly thrown back to the ground as Santana sought her revenge.

Quinn pulled at Leo's hold to try and help her girlfriend, but he stopped her. "I've got it." He walked over and lifted the Latina off of the smaller girl by her waist, and carried her to the far side of the room.

"Why couldn't you have done that to Berry earlier? Q would have caved right away!" Santana bellowed as she fought his hold.

He shrugged his shoulders as he held her in his arms. "Maybe I would rather hold you." His words were hushed for only her ears to hear but anyone could have seen the light, shy smile on his lips if they had looked.

She froze. "What?"

Finally he set her down and returned to the couch, never answering her question.

It was a few hours later when Brittany emerged from Leo's bedroom in her sleepwear and a look of confusion and disgust on her face. The tall man tried to hold back his laughter as he sat at the table eating ice cream. "Are they always that loud?"

He laughed into his bowl and nodded his head as Rachel screamed and moaned at the top of her lungs. "Yeah. Although, I do believe they are doing it on purpose tonight. Payback for Santana's water throwing stunt."

"When are you going to soundproof their bedroom, Sampson?" The Latina asked as she grabbed a spoon from the drawer and then stole his bowl of ice cream. Leo stared at her as she took the first bite and she looked back taunting him to try and stop. He reached over and scooped up a spoonful without breaking their dueling eyes apart, taunting with the same silent message. She let him have his bite as long as she could keep the bowl.

"I really thought of it as a joke when we discussed first. However, I am now changing my views. This is happening far too regularly." He stole another bite of ice cream. "No wonder Rachel is always so peppy."

"Sampson, you sound jealous. Are their sex noises making you horny?"

He froze and his muscles tensed as he felt fingers glide up the back of his neck and into his hair. Brittany leaned down and whispered in his ear. "I can make you peppy too." Leo nearly dropped the spoon from his fingers and Santana felt a flash of jealousy run over her body.

"Uh...no thank you."

The blonde stood up suddenly and looked to the Latina for an explanation of his refusal. "Leo only has sex when he's dating." He shifted his eyes to her in argument but she waved him off. It was better to sum up his disinterest like this.

"Why not?" Brittany wasn't giving up that easily and continued playing with his hair, leaning forwards against him for more body contact. Santana clinched her jaw. She didn't want the blonde touching him. He was hers....what was she talking about? He wasn't hers. If anything Brittany was, at least for now.

The Latina stood up and grabbed a hand from Leo's hair and pulled the blonde to follow her into the bedroom so they could talk. "I'll explain it to you in the bedroom, B."

"Is Leo coming?"

Normally Santana found the blonde's clueless moments to be endearing but right now they weren't. "I already told you no. He isn't the type for that." Then again Leo did mention he would be interested in a threesome. However, Santana was past the mood of sharing.

Santana released her hold on Brittany's hand and turned to shut the door. As soon as it clichéd, the blonde's hands were all over her. Her strong arms wrapped around the Latina's waist and began working to remove her belt while she pressed tender kisses to Santana's neck. The brunette lost herself in the touch for a moment. It had been too long since she had had sex, nearly a week, and the couple across the hall's sex noises *were* making her horny. She toyed with the idea of one more go before she broke things off with Brittany but decided against it. Leo would be hard to convince that she was seriously interested in him if he had to listen to them have sex in his bed.

"B, stop." She grabbed the blonde's arms and pulled them away from her, turning as she did.

Brittany's eyes were wide with confusion. "Is it that time of the-"

"No. No. Nothing like that. I just wanted to talk to you."

The blonde smirked and inched closer, tightening her arms back around the brunette's waist. "But you don't talk during. Remember?"

She pushed away and walked to sit on the corner of his bed. "Yeah, I remember. But I need to talk to you."

"Is this about Leo?" Santana's dark eyes shot up to the blue ones standing before her, her mouth hanging open. "I see it. You like him. But he doesn't want sex unless you are dating, so you want to date him." There were far too many times that people didn't give Brittany enough credit and this was proving to be one of them.

Santana only nodded.

Brittany sat down on the bed next to her with her hands in her lap. "So, does this mean no more sexy times for us?"

The Latina studied the blonde's face but saw no sign of hurt. "Yeah. No more sexy times for us."

"Not even once?" She pleaded with puppy dog eyes.

Santana smiled but shook her head. "Are you okay with this?"

The blonde nodded convincingly. "I have a new school I am going to. And I perfect record to keep, so I can't date you. But you and Leo make a cute couple, and maybe he might let us have sexy times later on."

That could very well be an option. Just convince Leo she wasn't a sex junky, that she would be a faithful girlfriend, prove it to him over time, and then bring up the topic of a threesome. Hell, if Berry could get Q to do it, she sure as hell could get Leo to. "I was a little nervous that you wouldn't be okay with this. You know, giving me up."

"I'm not giving you up." The blonde corrected her. "I just see this as a very long time when were are too far away to have our sexy times, so you find it with someone else. When we meet up again, it should be our turn."

Santana opened her mouth to protest but decided to leave it at that. Thanksgiving would be the next time they would see each other and four months would be plenty of time to get Leo hooked enough to go for the idea. "That sounds good to me."

Chapter 15

A/N: So, so , so sorry for the lack of updates. This story kind of got away from me for awhile there and I needed to pull it back together. This chapter is written a little bit differently. It's a longer chapter as well, tryig to make up for the lack of updates. I'll work on getting one up at least every other day. Thank you for all of you who have stuck with it. Reviews are always nice to read. Hope you enjoy.

"You know what's freeing? Quinn asked as she wrapped her fingers in Rachel's and pulled her as close as she could while they walked through the busy park looking at the different booths that encompassed a large grassy area that housed two stages for the musical performers.

Rachel looked at her and smiled in her contentment with the moment. "What's that?"

"This right here." Quinn held up their conjoined hands and waved around them with her other. "No one cares. No one's making rude comments or immature cat calls. We are just free."

The diva smiled wider and pulled her girlfriend into a quick kiss, never missing a step in their stroll. Lima was not a place to be free and open. They had been open but it was always accompanied by disapproving looks and angry stares. But here they were accepted. They were allowed to be happy.

"I'm glad you thought about coming here. We haven't had many opportunities to get out with one another beyond shopping or getting something to eat. How did you hear about this again?"

"This girl named Jessica at work told me about it."

"Well, tell her I said thank you for the suggestion."

Rachel pulled Quinn's hand to her lips and kissed it. If the roles had been reversed, Rachel would have been all over trying to figure out who Jessica was. Leo was right. She had some serious jealousy issues she still needed to deal with. "Let's grab a spot in the grass and listen to the band setting up."

The diva laid down and propped herself up on her elbows, facing the smaller stage, while Quinn laid down and rested her head on Rachel's stomach. This was heaven in Rachel's mind. It was a beautiful, warm day. No worries. No stress. Just her and the girl she loved more than anything.

"Quinn Fabray?"

The blonde tolled over so she faced the brunette and playfully furrowed her brow. "Rachel Berry?"

"I love you."

Quinn beamed at Rachel's openness. She always had loved this side of the diva. And Rachel had always loved that smile Quinn gave when she was so open. "I love you too." She sat up and braced herself on an arm on the far side of the brunette and kissed her, lingering in the moment. "Can I ask you an honest, off the wall, most-people-would-think-I'm-crazy type question?"

"Those are my favorite kind." Rachel jibed, placing a chaste kiss on the blonde's lips.

Quinn laughed and traced her finger's over the diva's lips, studying them as Rachel studied Quinn's eyes. She was so perfect. "Do you ever wish time would just hurry up until we were of a socially acceptable age to get married?"

Quinn's eyes snapped to Rachel's, nervously waiting for her answer. "I do. I figure twenty-one would be the earliest age that my dads wouldn't object to the idea. I'm the youngest of the two of us. Granted only by a few months, but that means we still have two years, a three months, and a handful of days to go. I find that unacceptable."

The blonde leaned forward and captured her lips again in a tender kiss. "I do too." She cupped Rachel's cheek and pulled her into a deeper kiss, moaning at the quick, light touched of their tongues.

"Can we not take you two anywhere?"

The two barely broke apart and rested their foreheads together, never opening their eyes in frustration with the Latina. "Can you control yourself not to interrupt nice moments with your...you-ness?" Quinn asked as Rachel licked her lips, still tasting her girlfriend's mouth on hers.

"Q, that's what makes me *me*. And you love me so get over it. Have you two seen B?" Quinn finally looked up to the Latina and the towering man standing behind her nervously with his hands tucked in his pockets. "You *lost* her?"

Santana reached back and slapped Leo across the chest and he cleared his throat to speak. "There was a man with some ducks. She said she wanted to see them. He moved and apparently she followed. And that is somehow my fault."

"Have you just tried texting her?" The diva asked as if the idea was so obvious...then again, it was.

"Of course we did. I'm not an idiot, Berry. I asked her where she was. She said with the ducks. I asked her where the ducks were. She said they were with her. You figure that one out Sherlock."

"Well," Quinn began laying back down on Rachel's stomach. "Since she is texting we at least know she hasn't been kidnapped. But you two lost her, so you need to find her."

"*Leo* lost her." Santana corrected the blonde leaving the man without words to defend himself. "He needs to hind her."

"But you need to go with him." Rachel added factually.

"Why?"

"Because once you leave, I have every intention of continuing my make out session with a certain gorgeous blonde I have wrapped around my pinky."

The Latina rolled her eyes and walked off. "You two are nauseating."

"I think it's cute." Leo remarked, following Santana closely.

"I would think it was cute if it was me kissing. But since it's not, it's nauseating."

"So you want to be the one making out with Rachel?"

She stopped and suddenly turned around to see Leo beaming with pride that she fell for his joke. She smiled and then blushed, turning back around and coyly tucking her hair behind her ears. "You're a dork."

"No arguments there. So...where would we find ducks?"

"The guitar is out of tune...and she's sharp...there's also too much-

"Will you shut up!"

Rachel looked down to the blonde in her lap and pouted. "This is *New York City*. Home of some of the greatest music ever preformed. They are disgracing that fact."

Quinn rolled her eyes and sat up, straightening her hair before she turned and locked onto Rachel's mocha eyes. "What will it take for you to stop criticizing them?" The blonde grazed the diva's arms with her fingertips. "What can I do to make you happy?"

Rachel swallowed hard. "For right now, you can kiss me again. I'll let you know more later."

The blonde gladly returned to their earlier displays of affection and upped the ante slightly, hoping to keep Rachel's mind off of the flawed musical performance. She moved her hand to graze her nails up and down the diva's side, eliciting a shutter as she moved over the sensitive part of her rib cage. That will keep her quiet for a while.

"There are so many people here." Santana noted in a slight whine as she fought through the crowd as it condensed. "How are we going to even see her?" Seeing wasn't a problem for Leo, so he ignored her question. He scanned the crowd from his perch several inches above the majority of the crowd, looking for the unnaturally peppy blonde. "Why do you do that?...Leo?"

"What?" He asked a little distracted with his search.

She softened her voice. That always seemed to get his attention. "Why do you ignore me like that?"

"I wasn't *really* ignoring you. I heard everything you said. I was just concentration on something else that seems more pressing and felt a response was unnecessary for your specific question."

"Okay, you're cute, but not cute enough to ramble like Berry and have me not want to hurt you."

He arched an eyebrow and smiled over his shoulder at her. "Sorry. But some

people like a little roughness."

"Are you one of those people?" Santana asked interested in keeping this light flirtation going, hoping it will lead somewhere.

He gave another smirk over his shoulder. "Are *you*?"

She bit the corner of her lip. "What do you think?"

"I think you are one who likes to keep things interesting. Roughness is not out of the question. *But!* I think you're more interested in the sensual side of things."

"You're a good read." She remarked, dropping her eyes to the ground.

"Why thank you." He playfully bowed his head.

"But you're still a dork."

He stopped and waited for her to meet his eyes and smiled flirtatiously. "Does that deter you?"

She hesitated with her answer, pushing past him. "Not really."

"Okay. Hold on." Rachel lightly pushed against Quinn's shoulder to put some space between their lips.

"What's wrong?"

The diva laughed lightly at the genuine concern in her hazel eyes. "Nothing's *wrong*. I just need a break...and a cold shower." Quinn smiled in self-satisfaction and returned her mouth to Rachel's. "Babe, I'm serious. I am uncomfortably turned on by you right now and we can't head home until we have Brittany again. I wouldn't be able to fully enjoy doing things to you until I know she's safe."

Quinn sighed and dropped her hand. "You're right. Then lets see if we can help find her and speed up the search. I've very interested in these things you want to do to me."

"Are you?" Rachel teased as they stood up and brushed the grass off of their clothes.

"I am. You have been in an especially creative mood lately. It's amazing that we still haven't done everything and that you always stumble upon something new." The blonde kissed the beaming diva's cheek. "You're still calling Puck, aren't you?"

"We're just trading tips and new techniques. I haven't hear you complaining." Quinn mashed her lips. "I didn't think so."

"Shut up." Quinn blushed, nudging her girlfriend before intertwining their fingers. "Lets go find B. Or the ducks and hope that they lead to B."

Rachel nodded sharply as they began their walk. "Because she will lead to a guilt free conscience."

"Which will lead to absolutely amazing sex."

The diva let out a sigh of satisfaction. "Life is so nice when things seem that simple. Now it is time to find a needle in a haystack."

"Are we walking around in circles? I could have sworn I've seen that booth with the guy who has facial tattoos before." Santana asked pointing a thumb behind them.

"Well, this is a park. There's only so far you can go before you have to turn. Try texting her again. Ask her...if the ducks seem to like the music."

The Latina glared at his back. "Are you serious?"

"Yeah. With any luck she'll mention if it's too loud or too soft and we'll have an idea how far away she is from one of the stages. Unless, of course, you think you can ask her that directly."

Not a chance. "Okay. I'll try your approach." Santana whipped out her phone and began typing her message when she unknowingly walked off the edge of the turning sidewalk and fell to the ground. "Fuck! Leo!"

Leo turned around but didn't see the Latina in the crowd behind him. He did notice a few people looking on the ground and moved to see. "Texting and walking require too much coordination for the former cheerleader?"

She glared at him coldly as s few bystanders enjoy a laugh at her expense. "I

twisted my fucking ankle and it hurts like a bitch."

"Okay. Okay." He grabbed her hand and pulled her to her feet and watched as she hobbled around a bit, looking for her balance. "Can you put any weight on it?" She tried and winced it off the ground as a burning, ripping sensation bored into her bones.

"Ah!...no..." She whimpered in genuine pain and his heart broke slightly. It really did hurt to the point she feared she had ripped something.

"Okay. Here," He wrapped her arm around his neck and lifted her in the air bridal style. "I'm going to get you out of the crowd but you are going to have to protect your ankle while I navigate the chaos. Okay?"

She nodded and hooked her hands together around his neck. Leo tried to hold in his laughter as the Latina sporadically lifted her injured leg high into the air as people passed too closely for her comfort, as if she was doing a choreographed routine. Santana found it a little less amusing but could see where the humor was coming from. "Glad to see you find enjoyment in my pain."

"I thought you liked a little pain."

She scoffed. "But not to the point I can't walk." She snapped her eyes shut as he grinned. "That was so not what I meant."

Leo deadpanned. "Of course not."

"Before we get carried away into our search. Why don't you check with Santana and Leo and see if they have already found her."

Quinn nodded and pulled out her phone.

-And luck yet? xQ

Leo jerked his head away as Santana's phone beeped loudly in his ear. "Holy shit! Is that loud enough for you?"

Santana smiled mischievously and looked at the phone in her hands. "It's Q. She wants to know if we've found Brittany yet."

-Nope. Done being gross and lovie? xS

Quinn's phone beeped and the blonde rolled her eyes.

"Did she make a joke about us kissing?" Rachel asked as she moved her now vacant hand into the back pocket of Quinn's jeans.

"Of course she did. She's Santana."

-Until we find B. Then were going home to have hot sex for you to listen to. xQ

Santana's phone went off again but this time she set it on vibrate and Leo broke out in chill bumps as it vibrated against his neck.

"Do you have a sensitive spot on your neck there, Leo? I'll have to remember that."

-Nice to know. BTW you just gave Leo chills. xS

Rachel scowled at the response but Quinn kissed her cheek and it faded.

"Just remember the source of the comment, Rachel. With San, it is hardly ever what it seems."

-Where are you? xQ

"You do realize you probably just sent Rachel into a jealous fit, right?"

"Yeah, but Q will fix that with the sex that they were apparently already planning on making us listen to.

-In Leo's arms. xS

Both Rachel and Quinn stopped walking to reread the text. Then the phone beeped again.

-I twisted my ankle. He's taking me to the clearing near the big stage. xS

"Oh." The chimed in unison before Quinn smirked and they continued walking.

-Go get 'em tiger. xQ

"You have no shame do you?" Leo asked as they reached the stage and he gently set her down.

"I do. It's just hard to reach."

He rolled his eyes. "Sit. Lets take a look at the damage. See how swollen it is." Santana followed instruction and then lifted her leg for him to see. She prepared herself for the pain as he squatted down and reached to touch the rapidly bruising skin.

She hesitantly opened her eyes and his hand was already wrapped around her ankle but there was hardly any pain. She studied his look of concentration as he gently examined the swelling. "You have a very gentle touch. Especially for a guy your size."

He smiled but kept his blue eyes on her foot. "We aren't all bumbling oafs. Just the vast majority. Well, it's definitely sprained but you don't need a doctor to tell you that. We need to get you home so we can ice it. You should probably stay off of it for a while as well."

"We still need to find Brittany though."

"We will look for her." Quinn announced as she and Rachel approached. "Because that," the blonde pointed to Santana's already purple ankle, "looks painful. You need to take care of it."

Rachel nodded in a cringing expression. "Dr. Leo, she is all yours. Leave the ducks and Brittany to us."

Quinn turned to the diva with a muffled laugh. "Dr. Leo and his Latina patient...sounds like a porno theme. Should we call before we come home just in case they're busy rehearsing their scenes?"

Santana glared up to the pair but then smirked. "Actually, the point of porn is *to be watched*." The duo stopped laughing. "Anyway. We were going to try a little reverse psychology to see if we could get B to somehow tell us if she was close to the stage by the volume of the music. See if you two have any luck with that. Especially since the band has now stopped playing."

Quinn shrugged her shoulders as she survived their surroundings, just on the off chance that Brittany was standing right next to them. "She wouldn't pay attention to the music unless it was Rachel anyway. That's why we are here at a *music* festival

chasing *ducks*. She doesn't care about the music."

"So why doesn't Rachel just get up on stage and sing?" The three girls deadpanned at the man's suggestion. Why didn't they think about that?

"Berry, go sing." Santana pointed to the vacant stage.

"Yeah." Rachel stumbled as Quinn gave her a light shove towards the stage.

"What? I can't do that."

Leo stood up and nudged her further with his index finger. "Why not? You're a singer. This is a music festival. So go sing."

"Show all those imperfect performers how it is done." Quinn added with another nudge and a humored smile.

Rachel dropped her blank stare to the Latina on the ground. "I'd nudge you too, Berry, but from down here all I can offer is a kick in the ass."

"I...we...but...but I can't just go up there and sing. Bands are lined up and have slotted-"

"Excuse me." Leo walked towards the stage out of the trio's hearing range and tapped one of the festival coordinators on the shoulder. "Hi. I'm sorry to bother you, but I was hoping to ask you a favor." The shorter, squat man looked at him coldly, but Leo didn't stumble. "You see, my friend over there, the cute little one. She's here in New York on a dream vacation. Sort of like the Make-A-Wish foundation. She had a terminal illness and her biggest dream is to perform on a stage in New York City." The man glanced back to Rachel with a lighter look in his eyes. "Now, getting her on a Broadway stage is quite a feat to accomplish, so I was wondering if you would be willing to allow her one song on stage *here*. I assure you she is an amazing singer."

The three girls watched unknowingly as Leo talked with the coordinator who kept looking back at them with sympathy in his eyes. "What do you think he's saying to him?" The diva asked Leo pointed to her.

Quinn shook her head. "I don't know, but it looks like it worked."

Leo shook the man's hand and returned to the trio. "You can sing a song. Now, go sing and draw Brittany to us so we can get the cripple home."

"Hey!" Santana objected, kicking the tall man in the shin with her good foot.

"Then you have to play for me."

Leo furrowed his brow. "I what?"

Rachel straightened into her diva stance and placed her hands on her hips. "I need a pianist at least. You have a piano in you apartment. I assume you play." She had him. She knew he played, and well. She and Quinn had laid in bed listening to him several nights.

He huffed in defeat. "Fine, what song?"

"Are you familiar with the music of *Wicked*?"

He scoffed at the insult. "Is this not New York? Defying Gravity?" She nodded sharply and beamed. "Then lets go."

Quinn sat down next to Santana and watched as the two walked to the stage. "Do you really think this is going to work?" Santana shrugged as she leaned back and propped herself on her hands. "Yeah, well, I guess if nothing else it will get Rachel performing again. She is slowly dying without a creative outlet."

"She looks good up there though...on stage." Santana noted as the two former cheerleaders watched their friends prepare.

"Yep. That is why we are here. No matter what happens day-to-day, there is a much bigger picture." Quinn explained. "It's our power motto. Always remember: Broadway."

Rachel walked up to the microphone and glanced back to Leo once more and nodded. It was easy to tell he was nervous as he let out a long breath before he began the intro to the song. Instantly heads turned to the stage. One, for the fact the music was actually in tune. Two, because of the popularity of the song. And three, because of the heavenly voice that poured out of the speakers.

Quinn's eyes were locked onto the diva as she did what it was she was born to do. It had been too long since she had witnessed this and she smiled unabashedly. If it was possible she was falling even more in love with the brunette with every perfectly hit note that carried effortlessly through the park. By the time Rachel was through with first chorus, she had hit her stride and the once barren grass clearing was half full of onlookers as immersed in her performance and Quinn and Santana.

"Q?" The Latina asked, her eyes transfixed on the diva on stage.

"...yeah?" Quinn asked obviously distracted.

"I want to have her babies."

"...me first."

"Okay."

Rachel had managed to bring the roaring park to nearly a standstill as she belted out the last portion of the song. Quinn found herself holding her breath the entire length of Rachel's last note as her heart fluttered in her chest.

"If I didn't know any better, I would say you just got off on that performance...that's impressive." Quinn slapped the Latina on the shoulder before burrowing her face in her hands to hide her blush. "Oh my God, did you?"

"No!" She shrieked in the applause of the gathered crowd. "You are so gross."

Santana rolled her eyes as she motioned for Quinn to help her stand and hobble to the stage to congratulate the diva. "Whatever. Just try and keep it down tonight when you let Rachel know just *how* good she is. I haven't had sex in a week and I'm already on edge."

Quinn laughed lightly as she wrapped her arm around the Latina waist and hooked Santana's arm over her shoulders. "I'll see what I can do...but I'm impressed you have made it that long. You must really like Leo."

If Santana hadn't been in need of her support, she would have shoved the blonde into the garbage can they were passing. "There's B." She pointed to the bouncing and clapping blonde in front of the stage. "But whose the redhead hanging on our future babies' mama?"

Quinn's hazel eyes quickly fixed on the woman in question who had her arms wrapped tightly around Rachel's neck while the diva's were firmly around her waist. Jealousy flared as the redhead pulled away to talk but neither removed their hands. "I don't know." Quinn replied in as calm of a voice as she could manage and tried to swallow her emotions, dropping her eyes to the ground as they hobbled slowly along.

"Down, Q. Down." Santana warned. She must have felt the heat radiating off of

the blonde as Rachel's perfect laugh filled the air and the diva smiled broadly at the woman. Santana caught Leo's eye and motioned for him to come. "Leave me here and go make sure your claim is known."

"San-"

"No. Leo's on his way. Now go." She slapped the blonde on the ass and hobbled a little as she walked off. "Keep calm, Q..." She whispered. "...and don't fuck this up, Berry."

Chapter 16

A/N: A little bit of a filler but with some crucial information, so I guess not. Just to give you something to read while I get to the good stuff that is taking me so long to write for some reason.

Anyway, thank you for all the reviews and I hope you enjoy. Also, if you have any suggestions or anything you would like to see...let me know.

"Looks like that angelic voice brought Brittany back to us." Quinn stated, breaking into the conversation Rachel was having with the nameless red head. The two broke apart and stood side by side facing Quinn but kept one arm still in place on the other. Thankfully Brittany bounced over and wrapped herself around Quinn, preventing her from feeling out of place and unwanted.

"Hey, Baby. Yeah, it did. It was amazing." Rachel beamed in her performance high and reached out for Quinn's hand which was happily provided to her. The diva then turned to the redhead on her other arm. The woman was a few yearsolder, maybe Leo's age, around twenty-one. She had perfect porcelain skin, speckled with light freckles, and her perfectly straight and white smile seemed to be made for toothpaste ads. "Quinn, this is Jessica. Jess, this is my girlfriend Quinn."

The red head met Quinn's hazel eyes with her blue ones and smiled warmly. Quinn tried to return the warmth but it was a challenge with one of Rachel's arms still around the woman's waist. Quinn knew she could get jealous but it was normally well managed. There was something that just struck her funny about this woman but she tried to ignore it. "Thank you so much for mentioning this festival to Rachel. It was nice to get out and do something and to see my baby on stage again." She couldn't help slipping in the 'my baby' part of the sentence. She needed to make her claim known, even if Rachel did introduce her as her girlfriend.

"She belongs there. The crowd's reaction proved it. They loved you." She continued turning back to Rachel, facing her slightly and somewhat cutting Quinn out of the conversation. "When are you going to start going to auditions? When school kicks in, it's going to get tough to find the time while you're also working."

Rachel shrugged. "Right now we are working on paying the rent. Auditions can wait."

No they can't. Quinn thought to herself. Auditioning is what Rachel should be doing. They were here for those auditions. They were here for Broadway, for Rachel to sing and win over people's hearts like she just had.

"You say that now, but just wait. Between school, any dance or vocal classes you are taking, work, and home life, you are going to be running low on time. Not to mention energy. Maybe Quinn could start helping out with the rent so you could have some time to breathe."

Quinn's eyes widened. *Oh no she didn't.*

"Thanks to her, we actually get a break on the rent. It gives us a little room to breathe." Rachel explained, apparently not hearing the snide insult as it was intended and Jessica smirked. This woman had some sort of game she was playing but Rachel didn't seem to be biting...if she was even aware of what was going on. The still beaming smile would suggest she didn't.

"I'm just saying, auditioning is a job in itself. Not just with time but with emotional stress as well. It's going to take a lot out of you. So that puts you at working two jobs *and* going to school *and* dance classes *and* vocal classes *and* anything else."

Quinn was suddenly feeling like shit. Jessica was right. She should be doing more so Rachel could focus on her dream. Right now she spent her days painting walls and looking at catalogs, trying to figure out what colors went best with different patterns and prints. They were here for Rachel to live her dream, not for the diva to work herself to death. Quinn could pick up a second job if need be and give the brunette the extra time to do what she was here to do. But the worst part about that realization, was that she had never thought about it. Jessica had to say something for her to see it.

Quinn gently squeezed Rachel's hand and their eyes met. One of the benefits of living with someone for two years was that you learned to read the signs. It was time to go.

"Alright, well we have an injured friend we need to go doctor up, so I'll see you at work tomorrow. Have a good night." Rachel tried to hug Jessica properly but Quinn refused to let go of her hand. Rachel suddenly felt like she was in trouble, and judging by the blonde's taunt bottom lip, she was. She delayed as the red head walked off before she hesitantly walked closer to the two blondes. "Hey, B. Why don't you go help Leo with Santana."

"You two aren't going to fight are you?" Brittany asked shifting her eyes between

the pair and pouted her bottom lip.

Rachel scoffed and rolled her eyes. "Why would we fight?"

The ditzy blonde stared at her for a long second. "If you have to ask that then I know you two will fight. You have some super slow moments for a brunette, Rachel." Rachel was confused while Quinn was thankful she wasn't the only one that got that funny feeling watching Rachel's interactions with Jessica. Brittany kissed Quinn on the cheek and then ran to join the other two, walking in front to them so Leo could keep an eye on her.

"Why are we going to fight?" The diva asked as they watched the trio walk out of sight.

"I don't want to fight. I wouldn't have used the word 'fight'. I would have said...talk about an unpleasant topic." Quinn explained as she turned and began a slow walk, Rachel followed still holding her hand and still confused.

"Did I do something wrong?"

The blonde shook her head. "No. I just...I don't know. Maybe I'm jumping to conclusions but Jessica just-"

"I knew it." Rachel chimed with a large smile. "You are so jealous of her. I knew you would be."

Quinn furrowed her brow as Rachel nearly danced in how pleased she was with herself. She wasn't really jealous. She was concerned. Something about the red head raised every red flag she had. Rachel jumping to the conclusions that she was simply jealous, and that she *knew* she would be jealous, only pissed her off. "I'm not jealous."

Rachel rolled her eyes and swung the conjoined hands playfully as they walked. "Yeah, whatever. I know she's gorgeous and everything but you have nothing to worry about, Baby. I'm all yours. She's just been really nice to me at work, making me feel more at home. You know, she goes to Julliard too. She's going to show me all the ins and outs and get me the right connections."

Quinn blew out her frustrations with a slow breath. Maybe she was jealous. The woman was attractive but she wouldn't have gone as far as saying she was *gorgeous*. And the fact that she could help Rachel in ways that Quinn was useless for, it made her feel, well, useless to the diva. She knew it wasn't the case and tried

to throw the thoughts out of her mind. The blonde did know enough about herself to realize when she was being ridiculous. "I'm glad you have someone to help you like that." It was true. She paused, trying to come up with a way of saying she wasn't too thrilled about another woman hanging all over the diva without it coming off like she didn't trust Rachel. "Santana had me a little worried that you already had a groupie throwing herself at you when she mentioned you had a red head hanging all over you."

That worked. Rachel bashfully chuckled, apparently liking the attention Jessica had given her, which only aggravated the blonde more. It was only attention though. She trusted Rachel to stop it if it ever went anywhere else. Granted that didn't mean she trusted Jessica not to try. "She is a really affectionate person. She is all about hugs." Quinn jaw clinched. "It's nice though. I'm use to getting all those hugs from my dads, so she is just helping to meet my daily quota."

"You know, if you need more you can always ask me."

Rachel stopped walking and pulled Quinn around to face her, a sly smile on her face. "I figure she can take care of the hugs since it is you who I go to for all of my kisses." How can someone argue with that? Quinn couldn't and melted into the simple, tender kiss her girlfriend used to perfectly illustrate that she had nothing to worry about. Quinn still didn't like the red head, but she would trust Rachel to handle it if she needed to.

"So..." Quinn began as they started walking again. "Some of what she said did get me thinking. You know, I don't have to work as much as I have been on the apartments with Leo and I can get another job. That way you have plenty of time to go to auditions."

"Quinn," Rachel whined. She knew the blonde was feeling guilty.

Quinn cut off the oncoming rant with a childish jump in front of the diva. "The longer we take to finish the apartments, the longer we get a break on the rent. It's only logical to draw out the process. I was getting carried away with them anyway. Like, every free minute I had I was working on them."

"That's because you love it. You finally found something that you seem as passionate about as I do with music. I don't want you to stop-"

"I'm not stopping." The blonde pointed out in her you-have-no-valid-reasoning tone. "I'm just slowing down with it. I will still have to help Leo in order to get the break on the rent, but I can still have time to pick up a second job. You need to go to

auditions. Always remember: Broadway. That is what we are here for. For you to be seen as the star you are. How can you do that if you aren't being seen? Also, the second job will help pay for the dance and vocal classes that you still aren't taking."

Rachel rolled her eyes and pulled the blonde along. "I know, I know. I really should start on those. School starts soon." Sooner than she thought. She had been so wrapped up with work and their company that she had forgotten to panic about classes. "They are just going to cost so much."

"And I will find a way to cover it."

There was no point in arguing right now. Quinn had her mind set and there was nothing that Rachel was going to be able to say in the next few minutes that would change her mind, only cement her decision further. Strange thing was, Rachel was beginning to feel guilty solely because Quinn was feeling guilty. What a twisted circle they just stumbled into.

"So, who was the fiery vixen latched onto Berry?" Santana asked as Quinn knelt on Leo's guest bed and positioned another pillow under Santana's leg. "Do I need to find out where she lives and beat her down? Though, I have to warn you. It's been a while since I've actually had to do that. I may be a little rusty, but the bitch could be practice."

The blonde pressed her lips together in deliberation but hesitantly shook her head. "She rubs me the wrong way but not to the point of needing you to inflict any physical damage. I will most definitely call you if it gets to that point."

"Good." Santana nodded and waited for Quinn to sit back and get comfortable. "But who is she?"

"She works with Rachel. Her name is Jessica, the one that mentioned the festival. She also goes to Julliard so the two of them have a lot in common." She tried to hide any jealousy in her voice.

"Uh-huh. And the reason she was hanging all over Berry like she belonged to her was....?"

Quinn met Santana's narrowed eyes and smiled lightly, knowing the Latina wasn't going to approve of the answer. "She is apparently a rather affectionate individual who enjoys hugging. Rachel doesn't mind because it helps her with the lack of

connection with her dad's right now."

Santana's gaze was locked onto her and her posture was unmoving. "But do you mind?"

The blonde sighed forcefully in her frustration. "I'm jealous, yes, but I'm not unable to control it. I can handle it. I trust Rachel. She loves me far too much to do anything stupid, right?"

"Are you actually asking me if she loves you enough not to screw this up?"

"No. I'm not asking. I know she won't." She nodded her head, telling herself she was right. Rachel had never given her a reason to doubt her and she certainly wasn't going to start now. Even through high school, once the diva had lost her 'dork' status and people started taking notice, she never gave them a second look. Male or female. She had always been all about Quinn.

"I actually believe you." The Latina admitted, turning to grab the magazine off of the night stand.

Quinn straightened her posture. "Were you expecting me to doubt her?"

"I guess not. You're not normally the jealous type so I don't have a lot of history to go on, but your jealousy issues have always seemed to be directed at the other person, like with Finn. It's less damaging to your relationship than Berry's issues. She takes out her anger not just on the other person, but you as well. She would start to doubt you. So, as long as you keep your emotional bitterness directed at the vixen, you should be good to go."

"You know...it takes a really good friend to be able to pick apart your flaws and weaknesses, but not make you feel like shit about them. Thank you."

Santana lifted her eyes from her magazine and furrowed her brow. "Was that sarcasm?"

Quinn shook her head. "No. You really are a good friend. I don't think I've told you that enough in high school. I honestly would be a lost mess right now if it hadn't been for you."

The Latina relaxed her brow and softened her posture with her friends' unexpected honesty. "...you're welcome. You've been a really good friend too. Like, besides B, I never had anyone at school that I could actually trust to care other than

you and Berry." Quinn smiled warmly and Santana quickly returned to her magazine. "Now that the mushy shit is over with, I hope we don't have to revisit the topic for a long time."

"Sure. Long time." Quinn dropped her eyes to the mattress but was losing the battle with her smile of adoration. Once she surrendered to it, she threw herself across the bed to the helpless Latina and wrapped her in a hug. "But San! I love you and I have to tell you every day so you believe it. You can't deny me that. I need you to know!"

"Oh my God, woman get a hold of yourself. You're embarrassing."

Chapter 17

A/N: I know, I'm sorry it took so long. I know where this is going now so hopefully the updates will be a bit more regular from now on. Thank you for sticking with me. Also, thank you for everyone who reviews. They really do help motivate me when I get stuck like this. Thank you. Hope you enjoy.

"I want to meet her."

"Santana. No."

"No...I want to meet her. If you noticed, that wasn't a request." She informed the blonde. "Hey, Berry!"

Quinn slapped her hand over the Latina's mouth and waited to see if Rachel heard her call. Foot steps approached the guest room but they were far too heavy to be the petite diva. It was Leo. The large man slowly opened the door and peaked his head inside, catching sight of the blonde with her hand tightly covering her vocal friend's mouth. "I take it that it is a good thing for me to tell you Rachel just ran over to your place and didn't hear you. She'll be right back though." Santana ripped Quinn's hand away. "Leo, come here. You meet the ginger." He furrowed his brow in disapproval as she snapped her fingers and called him to the bed like a dog, but he did as she wanted anyway. "What vibe did you get from her?"

He sat down on the foot of the bed near Santana's feet but made sure not touch the swollen ankle and ran his hand over the back of his neck as he bared his teeth in deliberation.

"So you don't like her either. Good. I want to meet her." Santana ordered, peeking around the man to see out the still opened door for Rachel's return.

"I don't think that is a very good idea."

The Latina glared at him. "And why not?"

"Because you're rude and forceful *before* you are given a reason to be. And I never said I didn't like her." He corrected her, laying down across the foot of the bed. "She's just very...physical."

Santana arched an eyebrow. "Do you think she's trying to get in Berry's pants?"

Leo scrunched his face. "I honestly don't know. She was hanging all over some blonde guy before she tackled Rachel."

"Maybe she swings both ways." Santana nodded her head, already making it a fact in her mind.

"You don't know that, San." Quinn interrupted, feeling a little better knowing about the blonde man. Maybe Jessica was just a huggy person and lacked general tact in conversing with multiple people at one time. Quinn didn't believe that but it did make her feel better to think about.

"I don't need to know if she does guys too. The way she was latched onto Berry...only you should be like that. For a second I could have sworn she was going to bend down and kiss her." Neither Quinn or Leo argued with the observation. They did too. "Exactly. I want to meet her. Berry! Hey, in here."

Quinn rolled her eyes and covered her face with her hand in defeat as both Rachel and Brittany climbed onto the bed to join them. Santana was going to get her way no matter how much Quinn protested. She would probably even limp all the way to Rachel's work to meet the woman.

Rachel approached Quinn on her knees and tackled the smiling blonde to the mattress. She held the former cheerleader in place while she peppered her cheek with kisses. Brittany sat at the foot of the bed with Leo, lifting his head to rest in her lap. He was tired of fighting the persistent blonde and let her have her way.

"What did you want, Santana?"

"I want to meet the woman you are keeping on the side. The red head that hugs you like she's going to jump your bones."

"My woman on the side?" Santana nodded as if the question didn't even need to be asked. Rachel paused and Quinn began playing with the diva's hands that were still wrapped around her from behind. "You don't have a problem with me hugging people do-"

"No!" Quinn answered with undeniable conviction in her voice. "Hugging is fine and I trust you not to do anything else. San just feels left out that she hasn't met her and the rest of us have."

"That and I don't trust her. She's far too affectionate with someone she knows is already in a relationship than is appropriate. I just want to get a read on her. I'll play nice." She received a raised eyebrow from the other four bodies on the bed. "Okay, fine. I'll play nicer. If she's really just a nice friend then there is nothing to worry about. Just invite her over for a group thing. She can even bring the blonde guy Leo mentioned."

Rachel lifted her head away from Quinn's neck and looked down at the foot of the bed to the half sleeping man who had Brittany's fingers running through his bushy brown locks. "So you were all talking about her?"

Leo lifted a light hand in his defense. "The information was demanded. Conclusions were jumped to. I only corrected the inaccuracies. Santana is the one with the issues." But they were all a little apprehensive.

Rachel laid her head back down against Quinn but couldn't help feeling a little betrayed by her friends. Did they not trust her? Was every female friend suppose to be a threat that needed to be investigated? "Do you have a problem with me being friends with Jessica?" She whispered in the blonde's ear.

Quinn rolled over slowly, trying not to bounce the bed or Santana's fragile foot. She lightly ran her thumb over the diva's jaw line and kissed her nose. "I don't mind you having other friends, male or female. I trust you. But it did catch me a little off guard to see her so close to you. If that's just how she is, like B, then I don't mind. I just can't tell if that is the case yet."

"But if you trust me, then you should trust my opinion of her as well."

Quinn sighed lightly. "You're right. I should. *I will*. But Santana probably won't see it like that." Rachel rolled her eyes. "She'll cite your failed relationship with Jesse as her proof that you aren't always such a good judge of character."

"One mistake." The diva scoffed with a playful smile, causing the mood to lighten and Quinn to laugh. "I'll invite her and Mark over Friday night, that way Santana can calm down."

"I am calm. I just want to know if I *need* to get worked up. Hopefully my ankle will be better by then just incase I do have to kick her ass."

Over the next few day, Quinn spent her time finding a second job, working with

Leo, and trying to keep Santana from working herself up into a feeding frenzy as news came that Jessica and her boyfriend, Mark, would be joining them for a little get together Friday evening. The only disappointment was by the time Friday came, Santana was still only hobbling around. She figured she would only have to tackle the bitch to the floor and then she wouldn't have to worry about it.

"This is the place?" A shorter, lean built blonde man asked as he and the red head approached the group's building.

Jessica looked up to the third floor to try and gage where Rachel and Quinn's apartment was by the gold star decal the diva had stuck in their middle window their first week in New York. "Yep. This is the place. She said the elevator works but she wouldn't trust it. So, we are going to take the stairs." She grinned at him and patted his stomach before entering the building.

"Whatever. I am in perfect shape." Mark retorted as his brown eyes fell to the dimly lit stairs at his feet. "Why am I even here? I thought this was your little project."

Jessica turned around and waited for the man to stop his pounding steps so she could respond in a whisper. "Because you're suppose to be my boyfriend. I can't look like a threat if I want this to work."

He rolled his eyes and pushed past her. "So she has a girlfriend, so what? Just swoop in there, break them up, and take what you want."

"It's not that easy this time. This is going to take planning and patience."

Mark was unimpressed by her determination. "I still think you are getting far too much pleasure out of this. Which door is it?"

"Their's is the second but we want the first."

"The first?" The blonde man asked with a sneer of this thin lips.

"Rachel said their place was too small so we are doing this at a friend's place."

"Great. More people I don't want to deal with."

"Hey. Do this for me and I'll make it worth your while." He arched an eyebrow and smirked. "Not right away. It's going to take time, but you have my word." She finished as she raised her hand to knock on the door but hesitated. "Rachel

mentioned there is a girl that already decided I'm trying to break her and the blonde up."

"Insightful creature, isn't she?" He mocked.

"Rachel seems to give her a lot of credit so we need to be careful." Mark rolled his eyes again. He still didn't see the big deal about the whole thing. Okay, so Rachel could really sing, but being a star requires much, much more. He also didn't understand what was making his friend so meticulous. She read the look on his face. "Just help me with this. I'll explain it in more detail to you later. Trust me."

"Fine." He relented. "Just knock on the damn door already."

She did and within seconds Rachel swung the door open and Mark beamed with a sudden faux smile. Such the good actor. "Jessica!" Wasting no time, the red head wrapped her arms around the tiny diva's waist and pulled her into a familiar and far too friendly hug. Mark tried to hide his laughter. "Hi, Mark."

"Rachel."

"Come on in and let me properly introduce you both to everyone again." She waved them in to Leo's busy apartment, pointing to Leo and Brittany who were in the kitchen preparing drinks. "This is Leo. This is his place." The taller man greeted each with a friendly smile and a handshake. "This is Brittany." Rachel stated looking to the red head with a warning glance. She had tried to prepare Jessica for the uniqueness that was Brittany as best she could.

"Hi!" She greeted, hopping off the counter and giving each guest a drink. "Santana said no shots tonight. That those were for fun times and tonight was strictly business. No smiles." She finished with a little bit of a frown.

Rachel's smile dropped slightly. Not at the comment but the fact that Brittany seemed to know exactly what was meant by it. Did Brittany not even like Jessica? "Right...thanks, B. This is Quinn, my girlfriend."

As Quinn approached, Mark's fake smile faded to a genuine beam of interest as his eyes discretely took in her beauty. "It is a pleasure to meet you, Quinn." He accepted her hand shake lightly and kissed her hand, earning a raised eyebrow from the blonde.

"You as well...Mark, right?" He nodded and resumed his smile of adoration. Quinn shifted her eyes uncomfortably and excused herself to hide in Leo's comforting

presence. He crepted her out.

"Last, but not least, the cripple on the couch is Santana...who has agreed to play nice this evening." Rachel explained with a warning smile as her guests sat down across from the Latina.

"Actually, we agreed that I would play *nicer*, which doesn't mean much. So, you are Jessica and you are...?"

"Mark...Jessica's boyfriend." He leaned over and shook her hand.

She stared at him with narrowed eyes and slowly let his hand go. "Sure you are."

Both guests' smiles faded slightly and Jessica's mind began to race. Santana *was* going to be a challenge. At least for now. Rachel said she was leaving Monday. "So, how long have you all known each other?" Jessica asked sipping on her drink.

"A long, *long* time." The Latina glared. The quartette fell silent until Rachel excused herself to find Quinn. The blonde always had more luck keeping Santana in check. Until then, Santana looked the pair over, studying them.

"So, Santana," Jessica began, faking nervousness to make the brunette feel empowered. "Rachel said you'll be going to school near by?"

"Yep. I'll be a half hour away. I'm even considering moving into this building to keep an eye on Q and Berry."

"Berry? You mean, Rachel?"

"I mean Berry." Santana corrected her, showing the vixen her place as a newbie in the diva's life. Jessica was unimpressed. Giving the brunette control had no effect on pacifying her. Time to try a new approach. Take control.

"Why do you refuse to call her by her name? Do you enjoy degrading her?"

The Latina smirked. "Last time I saw her driver's license, her name was Berry."

"Oh, denied." Mark mumbled, earning him a quick glance from Santana. He reached over and cupped the red head's shoulder affectionately. "Looks like you have met your match, Sweetie." Santana made up her mind right then. She didn't like either of them and knew right off the bat that the 'couple' weren't even fond of each other.

"Go over there and keep her in line." Rachel ordered to an unimpressed Quinn who arched an eyebrow over her glass. The diva shifted nervously. "...please?"

"Don't pout." Rachel stuck her bottom lip out further. "I warned you not to pout." Quinn stated as she set her drink on the counter and locked the diva against the kitchen island with a hand on each side. She smiled and Rachel giggled as the blonde closed the gap between them and kissed her neck slowly. "It drives me nuts when you pout like that." She confessed and kissed her again, leaning her body against the brunette's.

"I know it does." Rachel admitted, teasingly sliding her thumbs up from Quinn's hip, under the hem of her shirt, to run over her soft skin. "But getting you a little worked up makes you more pliable. You're more likely to do what I want you to."

Quinn found the diva's pulse spot and nipped at it lightly, getting Rachel to lick her lips instinctively. "And what is it that you are wanting to be done?"

"I would like for," She was cut off by a tender kiss.

"I'm sorry, I didn't catch that."

Rachel smirked. She loved this girl so much, especially when she was being playful. "I said, I would like someone to go and make sure Santana is behaving herself. She doesn't listen well to me."

"Send Leo. I'm busy." Quinn tilted her head to begin her teasing of the other side of Rachel's neck. "And before you say anything, it's your own fault. I told you not to pout."

"They're cute aren't they?" Santana asked, following Jessica's gaze over her shoulder to the smitten pair. The Latina smirked as Quinn delved into the diva's neck making her giggle. "They are truly meant to be together. Nothing can break them up." Santana locked yes with the red head to make sure her point got across.

"Definitely seems that way." Mark commented with a smile and finished his drink. "It would probably take an act of God to get between those two, wouldn't you say, Sweetie?"

Jessica met his eyes with a fiery glow in her. "Or something pretty damn close to it."

Chapter 18

A/N: Okay...So I seem to be averaging an update every three to four days. Not as often as I thought I would, but still not too bad. Thank you all for your reviews.

In the next chapter or two I will be hitting on Jessica's and Rachel's friendship a bit more. How Quinn is handling her newly added pressures and how Rachel is handling her girlfriend's newly added pressures. As well as how things progress when Santana heads back to Ohio.

Leave me your comments on what you would like to see happen. I'm interested to know your thoughts.

"Hi!" Leo greeted, uncouthly falling onto the couch and meeting Santana's stare intently.

"...hi. What are you doing here?"

"I," He began, reaching over and patting her leg. "Am here on orders to make sure you are nice."

She arched an eyebrow. "Are you? And just how do you intend on accomplishing that?"

He smiled and dropped his eyes in unconditional defeat. "Santana, I am under no false illusions that I, in any way, have control over your actions nor the words that fly out of your mouth. I am simply here to reword them when appropriate and apologize when necessary."

"Yea?" She asked with a bit of a smile and he nodded with his own version of the 'Rachel Berry' grin. "Well, I'm glad to know you know your place, under my feet." She beamed as she kicked her feet into his lap.

He accepted them, resting his hands over her shins, careful not to touch her sore ankle. "I don't mind being on the bottom. I find it more interesting." Santana's blush was apparent from across the room and Jessica took the opening.

"So you two are dating?" She asked, very interested. Leo only shook his head

while Santana avoided the woman's knowing gaze. "That's a shame. You two would make such a cute couple. But if you're interested in meeting someone, Leo, I have a few single friends I could introduce you to. From what Rachel has told me, you are quite the gentleman and a real catch for someone with enough maturity to see what she has."

Santana's jaw clinched but she still couldn't bring herself to meet the vixen's dominant stare. This is what unnerved her now. That the red head never said anything negative, only meant it that way. She was asking if they were dating and offered to introduce Leo to someone. Nothing but politeness. But the feeling Santana was getting was anything but warm. She wanted to call her out on it, but was given nothing to go on.

"Thank you for the offer, but I have no interest in meeting anyone new at the moment. This quartette keeps me fairly busy."

"Well, just let me know if anything changes. My friends are all very beautiful and intelligent women." Mark absently nodded his head in agreement as he sipped his already empty drink, looking at Rachel and Quinn.

"He creeps me out." Quinn stated as she released the diva from her hold around her waist.

"You don't trust her, and *he* creeps you out...jealous much?"

Quinn caught the brunette's shoulder, turned her to face her, and took the drink from her lips, setting it back down on the counter. The blonde stared intensely into Rachel's eyes and the diva swallowed hard. She was in trouble. "I am not jealous of your friendships with them. Trust and being creeped out have nothing to do with jealousy. Don't get things twisted in that dramatic brain of yours." She ended the conversation with a peck on the diva's lips. "I love you."

"I love you too." Rachel responded as she picked up her drink again and studied the blonde who busied herself wiping down the countertops. Quinn was upset but not at Rachel. She couldn't quite put her finger on the cause, but her girlfriend was definitely not her normal self. "Why does he creep you out?"

The blonde's posture softened slightly and she halted her movements. "He's been watching us. It's like, stalkerish."

Rachel smiled broadly and set her drink down again, walking over and pulling Quinn's hips to face her. "There were two girls making out in the kitchen. Tell me

what straight man *wouldn't* be staring."

Rachel was right, they had been putting on a bit of a show for him. "I guess...so, shall we go join our guests?" Rachel nodded. "Come on B." Quinn wrapped her arms around the other blonde's shoulders and walked with her to the love seat, leaving Rachel to do what Rachel does best, play hostess.

The diva spent the evening refilling glasses, offering snacks, and adding bits and pieces to the conversations that Santana and Jessica were struggling for dominance in. Everything was very polite and well mannered, but tense and seething with hostile undertones, most only apparent to the dueling pair. Quinn sat back and watched the exchange silently. This was Santana's fight. She needed a clean of a slate as possible with Rachel, just in case shit did hit the fan. She didn't want to be trying to get her way with the brunette already upset at her over something trivial in a conversation.

Leo was handling things pretty much the same, listening to the conversations but while Quinn's focus was on Rachel, his was on Santana. Every time she would get to the breaking point and he thought she was going to start screaming or say something that was uncalled for, he would lightly grip her leg and calm her down. This was just a first encounter. There was no need to start drawing blood. Rachel was sure Jessica was a friend and would need serious proof to believe otherwise, and right now, the conversation wasn't providing any proof. Just funny feelings.

As the alcohol ran out and the night grew late, they all said their goodbyes, Mark with another kiss to the back of Quinn's hand, and Rachel offered to walk her friends out of the building, pleased with how the evening progressed.

"I don't like her." Santana stated with a scowl on her face as she stared at the door the trio just exited. "But...I don't know...it's just...something different than I had expected."

"I don't like *him*." Quinn added as she wiped the back of her hand again. "And I *do* know why. I feel like he's undressing me with his eyes."

Leo nodded. "Yeah. He gave me that feeling too." Santana moved her confused glare from the door to his blue eyes. "Not about me. *Her*." He pointed to Quinn. "He was undressing *her* with his eyes."

"Yeah, okay. I got it. But what did you think about Jessica?"

Leo saw for the first time that Santana was at a true loss and played the night

over in his mind. "If she's actually up to something, it's like...I don't know..."

"Insightful, Leo. Thanks."

Quinn pulled Brittany's legs up into her lap and thought about the night too. She was fairly good at reading people but something wasn't adding up. What she thought based upon what she saw conflicted with her gut feeling. "Okay, lets look at it in simple terms. Is she trying to get into my girlfriend's pants?"

"I think that's what has me confused." Leo answered first. "She is, but she's not fully...committed to the act. It's like she's letting it be known that she's interested-"

"Without actually trying for it." Santana finished, nodding her head in agreement.

"So, she wants Rachel to know she is interested, but wont actually try? So, is she respecting that we are in a relationship?"

"My head hurts." Brittany stated, pressing her temples. "This is more confusing than making macaroni-n-cheese."

Quinn patted the other blonde on the head and pulled her head down into her shoulder. "Anyway, thoughts?"

"It would make sense that she's not trying because she respects your relationship, but-"

"She obviously doesn't respect you." Santana cut him off again. "So, does she respect the relationship as another way to show Rachel that she likes her? You know, I care about you so I'll let you be type shit."

Quinn now joined Brittany, pressing her fingers to her temples.

"Something still doesn't add up though." Leo commented, stretching his arm the length of the back of the couch. "If she's doing all of this to show Rachel how interested she is..." The three women looked at him and waited. "Sorry, I was waiting for Santana to chime in and finish."

The Latina rolled her eyes and slapped her hand down on top of his. "Just finish. What's the problem with our logic?"

"Well, out of all five of us, Rachel is the only one that doesn't realize what she's doing. How is it that she is wanting to show her interest in Rachel, yet isn't *showing*

Rachel? I mean, Rachel is known for seeing the good in everyone and overlooking some of the negative, but the girl isn't *that* oblivious. She always sees the bad but just looks around it."

"She's not even seeing it this time." Quinn mumbled, chewing pensively on her finger.

Long seconds passed in silence until Rachel walked in and approached the group, standing behind the couch. "So, has this evening calmed everyone irrational fears and concerns about her?"

Everyone looked to Santana. "I...I don't know."

"You don't know?" Rachel exclaimed, throwing her hands in the air in a show of frustration. "How can you not know?"

"If we are getting back into that, I'm going to bed." Brittany informed them as she moved off the loveseat and walked past Rachel into Leo's bedroom and shut the door. The action garnered Leo confused looks from both Quinn and Rachel.

"I sleep on the couch." He explained, followed by a decisive 'oh' from the couple.

"But seriously, San. How can you not know?"

"I just...I don't like her. I can't put my finger on the exact reason but she is going cause nothing but drama." Rachel huffed and rolled her eyes. Santana could see she was definitely not in the mood to deal with this. "Look, if you and Q keep your shit together, she won't be able to do anything to break you up. Even if she does like you, she's obviously not letting you know about it because you're in a relationship. She may be after you, but she's not actually trying."

"So there's no reason not to be friends with her then." Rachel concluded before cutting Santana's rebuttal off with her raised hand. "You said that she isn't trying because I'm in love with Quinn."

"I like how you reworded that, by the way." Quinn added.

"Thank you. So, as long as Quinn and I are together, she shouldn't be a problem. And if she does try anything, then I'll step in and handle it. Can you accept that, Babe? Can you trust me to handle it if she makes a pass at me?"

"Of course." Quinn answered as she stood up and wrapped her arms around the

diva. "I trust you. That was never the question."

"Good. Then it is settled. I am well aware that you don't trust her and that I need to be aware of the *possibility* that she likes me. If such an event arises, it will be dealt with. Until then, she is my friend."

"Fine." Santana relented, unable to tell the diva exactly why she didn't like the red head. It was just her gut feeling. "Just make sure you handle it so I don't have to. Because after I'm done handling her, I'll be putting my hand to your throat and squeezing." Rachel nodded her head in acceptance of the terms and the couple left for their apartment, leaving Santana to stew in her uncertainty.

"You alright?" Leo asked, wiggling his hand that was still under hers. She shook her head and frowned. He could tell this was really bothering her and just how much she truly cared for her two friends' relationship. "At least you'll only be thirty minutes away for school. You can always just drive over and help sort this out if she really does screw things up."

She gave a faint smile in thanks for his reassuring words but then let it quickly fall. "Or I could just move into the building."

He slowly nodded his head. "But the first apartment isn't going to be ready by the time school starts in a week. Especially with Quinn getting a second job."

"Well," She hesitated, pulling her hand off of his to run through her dark hair and diverted her eyes to her jeans. "Could I move in here until it is? In the guest room." She assured him. "Just until the next apartment is ready?"

"I...think...that...could be arranged."

She smiled but fought allowing it to grow too large. "Good. Glad to hear that." She patted his hand playfully. "Now, if you wouldn't mind, can you carry me into *my* room?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"Ma'am?...hmm...I like that. It's empowering. It's...a turn on."

Leo rolled his eyes as he scooped the Latina off the couch. "You are something else, I'll tell you that much."

Chapter 19

A/N: When I started writing the chapter I had originally planned, I realized there was a bit of a time gap, so this is a filler. The real, real chapter will be up either tomorrow or the day after. I promise. Thank you for your reviews and your patiences.

"Hey you..."

"Hey me..." Rachel teased as Quinn crawled up the foot of the bed and took the book from the diva's hand, throwing it to the ground. "I was reading that."

"Yeah?" Quinn asked as she straddled Rachel's waist as the diva sat in bed, her back up against the wall. "Read something else. Like my mind."

Rachel cupped the blonde's hips and massaged the skin through her light cotton sleep clothes, and kissed the encroaching lips tenderly. "I've gotten good at reading your mind." Quinn tweaked an eyebrow as she ran her thumbs over the diva's jaw line. "...about some things."

"About some things." Quinn echoed back in agreement and then kissed Rachel's full lips again, slightly deeper than before.

"Like, right now, I know you are thinking that this shirt you are wearing, is just simply too uncomfortable for you to stand any longer."

"It is." Quinn agreed as Rachel ran her hands up her side, bunching the material as she went, until it was over her head and flying through the air to the floor. "What else?" Quinn leaned down and suckled the diva's ear lobe as the brunette's tiny hands massaged the blonde's now exposed breasts.

"Well, now you are thinking that my shirt is scratchy against your bare skin." Quinn nodded and helped Rachel out of her shirt, adding it to the book on the ground. "And that this would be much more comfortable if you were on your back." The brunette captured the blonde's lips in a heated kiss and pushed her back to lay down on the bed, lowering herself between her legs, their bare chests touching.

Quinn nipped at the diva's retreating bottom lip as she hovered above her, locking their eyes together as she released the hostage from her teeth. She ran her hands

through Rachel's hair, pulling it back behind her shoulders as the brunette studied her. "And now what am I thinking?"

"That you're tired of me talking." Rachel lowered her mouth to Quinn's neck, instantly finding that treasured spot and the blonde was hers. She gasped at each nip and lick, each hot breath the diva panted in her ear as she began rocking into Quinn. "Unless that is..." She pinched the blonde's earlobe between her teeth. "...I'm talking dirty to you."

Quinn smiled and she gasped as Rachel resumed her hot, wet kisses over her throat, grunting throatily with each pulse of her thigh. "That's true. Although...mmm...I love what you're doing with your mouth now." Rachel began to build the pace of her rocking, working Quinn from gasps to moans.

"Does that feel good?" The diva asked lifting herself to look at Quinn's face as she writhed against her.

"Yes." Rachel changed her approach with a more fluid roll of her hips, elongating and increasing the pressure of her connections. "God, so fucking good."

"It would probably feel better without these in the way." Rachel said sitting up to remove Quinn's shorts and the returning to her spot, moaning at the wetness that greeted her. "I love that." The diva whispered in her ear between pants and kisses. "Were you that wet before you came to bed?"

Before Quinn could answer her phone beeped for a received text message. Rachel glanced over to the night stand but kept her rhythm as she stared at the phone. "Don't you dare even think about it."

"But it could be an emergency."

Quinn locked her hands behind the diva's neck. "We have been over this before. If it was an emergency, they would call. Don't you even think about it."

Rachel relented and lowered herself back down into another kiss, occasionally thrusting her leg into Quinn's core with a bit more roughness that the blonde loved, earning her loud moans of approval. The diva beamed as she watched Quinn build to her climax. It was something so addictive to her, to see what she could do to the blonde. To watch her gasping for air and lick her lips with each moan and arch of her back.

The phone beeped again and Rachel bit her bottom lip.

"Rachel Berry...Don't you-" Quinn's warning was cut off by a chaste kiss from Rachel before she pushed away from the blonde and scurried to the phone. "I cannot believe you!" Quinn exclaimed squeezing her legs together for some relief from the ache and ran her hands through her hair in frustration. Rachel's need to know everything was tolerable...most of the time. This, however, was clearly not one of them. Rachel opened the messages, both from Santana. One said to stop it, it was too late to be doing that. And the second one said roughly the same thing, just in more vulgar language. The diva set the phone down and crawled back to the blonde only to have her hands slapped away. "Don't touch me."

Rachel watched in disbelief as Quinn rolled off the bed and headed for the door. "What? I needed to know. I wouldn't have been able to enjoy this with that little voice in the back of my mind wondering if something bad had happened."

Quinn threw her hands in the air and left the bedroom, leaving Rachel to watch her naked body as it went.

The diva kneeled pensively on the bed, fiddling with her fingers as she thought. "You've got to be a little uncomfortable, Quinn. Why don't you just come back to bed and let me help you out. I'll make up for it." The diva bit her lip and listened as the blonde made her way back to the bedroom. Quinn went to the closet and pulled out their box of toys. Rachel grinned knowing what she was going to pull out, her new favorite. As Quinn turned the diva's smile faded. "What are you doing?" Quinn held a small vibrator in her hand as she walked back out of the bedroom. "I am going to take care of it myself. You can go to bed now. Don't wait up." Rachel's jaw dropped and she scoffed when she heard the bathroom door click and lock. Quinn definitely knew where to hit to cause the most pain. Rachel laid in bed for the next several minutes listening to Quinn exaggerate every moan and gasp that echoed off the tile bathroom walls.

"This is just fucking torture." Rachel mumbled to herself, not even caring that she had just cursed. The diva caved and inched her hand between her own legs and worked herself up over Quinn's moan, coming at the same time. At least she got some satisfaction out of it all.

"Did you have fun?" Quinn asked as she walked in the bedroom with a beaming smile. "Maybe next time you will learn to control yourself so you can play too."

Rachel rolled her eyes and pulled the covers up to her chin, trying to ignore her girlfriend who crawled into bed next to her, kissing her on the cheek before turning the light out and rolling over to face away from the brunette. The diva stared into the darkness, knowing she wasn't going to be able to go to sleep any time soon. "I'm

sorry."

"For what?"

Rachel rolled her eyes again. Quinn was string her along. "For lacking the self-control necessary to make you happy."

Quinn flipped over onto her back and stared at Rachel. "Don't turn this on me. I am perfectly fine with your lack of self-control when it is appropriate or cute. That was not one of them. That was...frustrating. Not only because I was already worked up and you just left me, but because you would rather look at the damn phone than be with me."

Rachel caught herself from warning the slightly aggravated blonde about her language. "That's not true."

"Maybe not, but that's how it felt." Quinn rolled back over on her side.

Rachel couldn't take it anymore and rolled over, wrapping herself as close to Quinn as she could, burrowing her face against the blonde's shoulder blade. "I'm sorry. I wasn't thinking about it. I love you and I love being with you. You mean everything to me. I'm sorry. I'm sorry. I'm sorry."

Quinn pulled Rachel's arms tighter around her as the brunette snuggled into her back. One of Quinn's bad habits that she had yet to fully void of was the guilt trip. It was impulsive for her, not even realizing it was happening until Rachel was begging for forgiveness. It broke her heart. She was trying though. They were lessening in frequency, but they were still there. "I know and I love you too. I'm not mad at you. Just...frustrated. But I love you more. Now, let's go to sleep and we can try again tomorrow, or better yet, wait until Santana leaves."

"Yes. I love her but she's got to go for a few days. Weekly visits are manageable. I could even handle every other day."

Quinn laughed and pushed back against Rachel playfully. "No you couldn't."

"I could try."

"Wait, wait, wait." Rachel held up a hand in front of her closed eyes. "You're moving in?"

The Latina narrowed her eyes at the diva as they both stood in the couple's kitchen while Quinn cooked breakfast with an equally confused look on her face. "You sound like you have a problem with that, Berry."

"I do." Santana arched an eyebrow. "Not with you being around," *Well kinda*, "but because of *why* you are moving in. I can't believe you don't trust me enough to-

"I do trust you. More importantly, I trust Q who trusts you, so you are in fact doubly trusted by me. Look, it will give me piece of mind to be closer to you two, not just because of whatever her name is, but just life in general. And...I'll get to know Leo better. Start that friendship you two told me I need to have before anything else can happen. I have my other reasons and you're just jumping to conclusions."

Rachel let her hand fall. "Well, what else was I suppose to think? It was really convenient timing."

"It was my in. I took it. Not that I'm not going to be watching her closely or anything. That is my job after all."

"Let her worry, Rachel." Quinn urged as she deposited the food on the counter top. "She's going to do it whether you like it or not. It's best that you don't stress yourself out over it."

Rachel pulled up a stool to the breakfast bar and nibbled on her fruit, her bottom lip still pouting. Santana rolled her eyes and snatched a strawberry from her plate and walked to the couch in a similar sulk. The blonde took her time surveying the two before moving to the diva, wrapping her arms around her and leaning in to her neck. "She loves us. That's all that should matter, Baby."

Rachel let out a sigh and played with the food on her plate. "I know. I just don't feel like she trusts me. I need to know that I'm trusted."

"You are. And even if you don't think you are from her, you are from me." She kissed the brunette's neck and accepted the grape offered to her over the diva's shoulder. "But, I *am* going to talk to Leo about that sound proofing, because I am not going to allow her to continuously interrupt us like she did last night. If I want you, she needs to deal with it."

"Can you imagine if her and Leo get together? I mean, you know how loud she can get with Brittany."

"I can hear you, you know?" Santana called from the couch with a faux expression

of aggravation on her face.

"Good!" Rachel spit back as she popped a grape into her mouth. "Then we can come to an agreement. You let us have our time and we will let you two have your time. Otherwise, this living arrangement isn't going to work and our friendship will be ruined."

"Over sex?"

"Over a *lack* of sex that *you* would be responsible for. You see, those intimate times are crucial in a relationship. The connection and bond you make and share your passions over allows you to-"

"Save it, Berry. I got it...you little midget sex addict." The diva pulled her head back in offense at the mumbled insult, but her frustration fled when she hear Quinn giggle in her ear.

"I'm glad you found that comment humorous."

"Well, it's true. You are short and you are an addict."

"I-" Rachel's protest was cut off as Quinn turned her around in the stool and pecked her lips.

"The definition of addiction is to require something to such an extent that if it is denied to you, your daily lifestyle and your personality are severally altered. So, you," Quinn pecked her lips again. "Are without a doubt, a sex addict. You are irritable as hell when you don't get any. The good news for you, is that you've pretty much turned me into one as well."

The diva diverted her eyes away from Quinn's in slight shame. "Do I want it too much?"

Quinn's mouth pulled at one side in an adoring smile and she leaned in to kiss her girlfriend's cheek. "Sometimes. But I don't mind because it's not like you're trying to get it from anyone other than me. It's quite flattering actually."

"You two are making me sick..." Both girls glanced over to a repulsed Latina curled up on the couch, her arms wrapped around her stomach and her knees pulled up close. "If I ever get with Leo...and we start talking like that...slap us, please."

"I could do that." Rachel retorted flatly, earning her a glare.

"Whatever happened to that fear you had of me? I'm not liking this assertion crap you are displaying more and more freely lately."

The diva shrugged her shoulders and turned her attention back to her breakfast as Quinn moved to sit on the sofa with Santana, the Latina instantly shifting her position so her head was in the blonde's lap. "I don't know. I guess it disappeared when I realized Quinn would never let you hurt me. My fear was voided."

"...I don't like it. Q, we need to come to some sort of arrangement where I can get her back in line. I'm really not liking this untouchable crap she's pulling in her attitude."

The blonde smiled down to her friend as she wove her fingers through her hair, nibbling at her bagel at the same time. "Well, I kinda like it. The confidence is sexy. So it looks like we have conflicting interests."

"Then what the hell am I suppose to do? I feel like I'm losing my touch. Leo is unaffected by my show of dominance, he ignores it. You have always stood up to me. Berry is indifferent and may actually retaliate...I can't even find my control over the vixen. What the fuck is wrong with me?" Rachel bit back her laughter while Quinn looked genuinely concerned as her friend sat up in her disgust.

"San, maybe..." Quinn looked to Rachel for help.

The diva shrugged her shoulders. "Maybe when you start dating Leo he'll let you push him around more." Quinn tightened her bottom lip and glared at the diva and Rachel rolled her eyes. "Okay, you are just being challenged by life right now. It's part of growing up. Once you adjust to everything, you'll be right back in control. It's what you do. It's who you are. You'll find a way and when you do, you'll know you have earned it, making it that much sweeter...you big power hungry giant."

Quinn scoffed and released the hand that she had resting on Santana's shoulder to comfort her. "You can have a free shot for that one, San." Rachel's mouth dropped open in the betrayal.

"I don't even feel like it." Santana confessed, crashing her head back down to Quinn's lap. "I'm losing my...*me*-ness."

"...meanness..." Rachel corrected her in a mumble.

"Maybe you're finding your *you*-ness instead. You have just as many protective walls as I do. Maybe the attitude was just one of them. It's not all gone." Quinn

assured her. "I highly, *highly* doubt it ever will be, but maybe you're just opening up more than you are use to."

Santana shifted in her lap as she thought about it. "Maybe you're right."

"I think I am. It does happen every now and then."

"Lets not get too ahead of ourselves just yet, Q."

Chapter 20

A/N: As promised. Here is the next shapter posted only two days after the last. I'm getting better. Hopefully you all enjoy. Feel free to leave your thoughts and opinions. I love to hear them and take them into consideration. I've kind of left an opening in a few of the story lines so I can go either way with them.

Thank you to everyone who reviews. It is my motivation not to forget about this fic. Since you are all still sticking with it I will keep it going. I'm figuring it will last somewhere around 25 chapters, same as Love Me Any Less. I haven't figured it out exactly yet. I'll let you know when I do.

"So, how was the rest of your weekend?" Jessica asked as she sat down at the small table outside of their favorite lunch break retreat. It was Rachel's favorite time of day. She enjoyed her job but was rather bored by it. Her job was simple, sit behind a desk, answer phones, and schedule appointments. All very simple, all very stress free, all very boring. The diva swore to herself that Jessica's presence was the only reason she had not been fired by hounding her bosses in the lulls of the day. The red head kept her occupied with conversation, seemingly interested in all that Rachel had to say, and therefore out of her bosses' hair. Jessica listened to her rants so her bosses wouldn't have to.

"It was pretty good. Uneventful except for Brittany and Santana's departure. It is weird to not have them around again. We spent so much time together in high school, then they were gone, then they came back, and now they are gone again. Although, it has recently be decided that Santana shall be returning to live with Leo." Rachel explained and Jessica dropped her brow. "I know. I still find that match a little weird. Leo is just too calm while San is in your face."

The red head nodded slowly, looking down to her food. "I was actually hoping to talk about her, well, not her per say."

"Then what?" Rachel asked as she sat back in the chair, the sun warming her face as she waited in her curiosity.

"It was very clear to me that she doesn't like me. I don't know what I've done to upset her, but I'm afraid that...oh, don't worry about it. I don't want to start any drama or anything."

"No, no, no. Go ahead. You won't start any drama. I know Santana very well and understand how she works." More importantly she understood the vibes the Latina projected outward. While Santana may still be sticking to her disliking of Jessica, Rachel was trying to find an explanation for how she could see Jessica as a caring friend, but the Latina was set on her being the enemy. Maybe there were some crossed signals. Or was she just that oblivious?

"I just think that maybe Leo and Quinn are feeding off of her opinions of me." Rachel nodded absently. Quinn may not have been saying it out right, but Rachel could see it in her eyes that she truly disliked Jessica. "When I met both of them briefly at the music festival everything was very...pleasant. But Friday night, I just felt like they were tearing me apart with their eyes. The only difference is that Santana was voicing her disapproval in her attitude. I'm not saying I don't like her or anything like that. I hardly know her." She assured her, not wanting to push too much. "I'm just unsure."

That rang in Rachel's head as she nibbled at her food. Santana had gotten the same vibe from Jessica. Neither could state exactly why they disliked the other, but they were certain they did. However, the diva was oblivious to the fact that this conversation had already been planned out to make her realize that.

"I was hoping to try again with Leo and *especially* with Quinn, to see if they would be able to get a more accurate opinion of me without Santana's negative influence."

"Santana's just protective." Rachel assured her. She wasn't a negative influence, just cautious.

Jessica nodded her head and shifted her weight in her seat to break any tension she may have built. "I respect that, Rae. And I'm happy you have someone looking out for you. I'm only trying to do the same." Rachel's eyes shot up in confusion. "Not from her. That's not what I meant. You have an amazing amount of talent and I want to make sure you get to the top. You've become a good friend over the last few weeks. I know how tough this place can be and I want to be there to support you. To help you. Guide you. I'm not trying to cause trouble."

"I know that. Look, maybe we could schedule another get together before Santana gets back on Saturday. It would just be Leo and Quinn. Maybe if they got to know you better, then they could help ease Santana's worries."

"My thoughts exactly." Her plan exactly. "How about we try for Friday night again?"

"That sounds wonderful."

Rachel was thrilled that Jessica was trying to smooth things over and she understood where the red head was coming from. Attitudes were important and very influential in groups. One person's mood could change the entire dynamic and atmosphere. This get together could very well resolve any trust issues they were having. She couldn't wait to tell Quinn. She figured the blonde would like one more chance to ease her own worries as well. Quinn had been trying to walk a thin line of protecting what she had with the diva but showing that she trusted her as well. Rachel knew it and appreciated it more than anything. She just hoped that her gut was right about Jessica and that she had good intentions.

"Quinn?" Rachel called out as she entered the apartment, dropping her bag and keys on the makeshift table they had by the door. It was nothing more than a few of their moving boxes stacked together. They needed the table but also needed to pay the rent. Auxiliary furniture could come later. Their needs were met. "Baby? I'm home. How was your day?" Rachel asked as she opened the fridge then shut it again. There was a note on the door.

Hey Babe, Got that second job and they wanted me to start right away. I wont be home until closing at eleven. Sorry about diner but there are left overs in the fridge still. I'll see you tonight. Love you. Quinn.

Rachel sighed and she abandoned the idea of eating. That's one thing she wished Jessica had never said. She knew Quinn well enough by now to know that she was going to do whatever it took to make Rachel happy, or what she *thought* it took to make her happy. The diva was thankful that her girlfriend cared enough to take on the stresses of a second job so she would have the time to audition and the money to pay for lessons and classes, but she couldn't help but feel guilty about it. Quinn was doing so much for her and she felt like she was unable to return the favor. There was nothing that the blonde seemed to want other than to help Rachel accomplish her dream in anyway. Always remember: Broadway. So, she didn't complain about Quinn wanting the second job. It made her happy, so how could Rachel stop her from doing it?

The diva ventured from the kitchen to the couch to the bedroom, then back to the couch in boredom. She laid sprawled on the sofa and eyed the book resting on the floor next to her but never attempted to read it. She was too bored to even read. Too tired to go out in the city. Not tired enough to sleep. So she laid there for about twenty minutes listening to the light bangs and buzz of the tools from the apartment across the hall before she forced herself to her feet and out the door.

The third floor of the building had somehow gained a kind of open-door policy. With Leo always there there was no need to bother locking doors and eventually the trio just abandoned closing them completely, unless privacy was needed or they were sleeping. Rachel leisurely strolled down to the next apartment and peeked inside to find Leo working on the counter tops, adding the handles and hinges that Quinn has spent a half hour trying to decide on. "Hey."

The tall man glanced over his shoulder and nodded his head. "Hi. How was work? If you're looking for Quinn, she said to tell you there is a note on the fridge."

"Yeah, I got it. Thanks. And work was...work. But, um, I wanted to ask for a favor." Leo set the cupboard door down and turned his attention to the diva in interest of her request. "I was hoping to assemble another get together on Friday with Jessica and probably Mark too. I was wondering if you would be interested in trying to get to know her again. You know, that way if you have changed your mind about her, then you could help convince Santana that she's not all that bad of a person. You might realize you don't need to hate her."

"I don't hate her. I never said I even disliked her."

Rachel moved a rag off of a chair and sat down and Leo slid down to the floor against the wall. "What *are* your feelings on her then?"

"Honestly, I don't have any. I can't sway one way or the other. I'm not use to this drama stuff anymore. Not saying that I don't enjoy hanging out with you all. You have become sort of like a dysfunctional family to me. I just cut out all of the drama from my life a few years ago. I'm a little hesitant to get back into it."

Rachel smiled. She couldn't blame him. "Is that why you're hesitant to date Santana? Is she too dramatic for you?"

The blue eyed man ran his hand back and forth through his hair in the awkwardness of the whole situation with the Latina. "That is one of many reasons why I am hesitant about anything relating to Santana."

"Enlighten me then." Rachel demanded, crossing her legs and getting comfortable. She and Leo had never really talked. She still harbored a bit of jealous with him, but had managed to avoid it escalating by avoiding him. Quinn was always around which made it difficult to get to know him without seeing the two together and having all the possibilities pop into her head. "What else is keeping you from going after her?"

"Well, the biggest one is that she still loves Brittany."

"She broke that off." Rachel reminded him, thinking she negated his excuse.

"She may have but that doesn't mean she doesn't still have feelings for her. If Brittany would give her the relationship, she'd be there in a heart beat."

She couldn't argue with that. "But Brittany won't give it to her so she is moving on."

"That's why I said I was *hesitant*, not completely ruling it out."

"Okay. Then what's another reason?"

He stretched his legs out in front of him and tossed the screwdriver from his hand to the ground next to him, giving up on ever returning to his work. "Compatibility." Rachel arched an eyebrow and laughed at that. He was so right. "Exactly." He lifted his hands in response to her amusement. "Santana is...feisty, all attitude, and in your face. I am incredibly boring and happily complacent."

"You are boring, it's true."

Leo rolled his eyes. "My own doing. But I prefer it over my past."

"What was your past? I mean, I'm not trying to pry. I...well, I guess I am. Quinn just said that you two could relate in a lot of ways and I know her past very well. It just makes me curious as to which portions are so alike. Did you grow up in a super Christian family who thought they were better than everyone else?"

He diverted his eyes and gave a half smile. "No. Definitely not. Let's just say, from what she's told me at least, that my dad makes hers look like a saint."

The diva's eyes widened in the comparison. She couldn't stand Russell Fabray. He was a horrible excuse for a human being, but how much worse of a person would it take to make him look like the perfect father? "I'm sorry." Leo shook his head and waved it off. "What about your mom? Quinn's had a few redeeming qualities, did yours?"

He shrugged his shoulders. "She didn't stick around very long. Don't know much about her."

Rachel was starting to get a better picture of who Leo was. He wasn't boring. He

was closed off. Protecting himself by shutting everyone else out. "I can relate to that a little bit." He met her eyes in interest. "You know about my dads, but I don't believe we ever touched upon the topic of my mother." He shook his head. "She was a surrogate, obviously. Just a kid looking to make some money to head to New York and make it big."

"Sounds like someone I know."

Rachel nodded her head. "More than you *even* know. But anyway, she signed a contract that she couldn't see me until I turned eighteen but she reached out before then anyway. I met her my sophomore year. She had come back to Ohio when her dreams didn't pan out and ended up working at a rival high school. I had always wanted to know who my mom was." Rachel stated as looked down to her fingers, playing with them to try and stop herself from crying already. "When we first met, it was a disaster. She realized that I wasn't that baby that she wanted and that she felt she had lost out on getting to know me. So, she pulled away. Didn't want anything to do with me because she couldn't have her baby girl. She got stuck with a teenager. She said I didn't need her." She finished, raising her shoulders in her lack of control over the situation.

Leo furrowed his brow in anger. "That's not fair to you. She could have gotten to know you as a teenager. You always need your parents, no matter how old you get. Even if she didn't fill that mother gap, you could have at least had some sort of relationship. To know who you came from."

"I know. But what can I do about it? Nothing. That's the way it is. But I know what it's like to have your mother just walk away."

"I wish you didn't." He confessed and the room fell silent for several seconds before Rachel cleared her throat around the hard lump that had developed there.

"Yeah, well, anyway. Back to my original question." She ventured off as she stood up from her seat. "Would you be interested in meeting Jessica again? Just to see if you can filter through the drama to see who she actually is?"

He nodded. "Yeah. Her friendship obviously means a lot to you, so I'll try. Maybe I'll get a different vibe than Santana and we could sway her opinion. We shall see."

The diva nodded her head in appreciation and left for her apartment again, collapsing down on the bed until Quinn came home. She heard the click of the door and the keys fall into the glass bowl on the boxes and left to greet her girlfriend.

"You're still up?" Whispered the blonde as she noticed the diva emerge from the bedroom.

Rachel nodded and looked her girlfriend over adoringly. She missed her. It was nearly an entire day since she had seen her last and she moved to wrap her arms around her waist. Quinn matched the gesture with her arms draped over the diva's shoulder and they met with a light, tender kiss. "How was work? By the smell of you, you got your job and the diner back."

Quinn pulled away and dropped her eyes in shame. "Yeah. I know you aren't happy about me smelling like fried meat, but it was a job. It's money. It's time. It's dance classes and vocal lessons. It's-"

"Fine." The diva cut her off. "It's fine."

Quinn's face lit up in her acceptance. "Good. Well, I'm at least going to take a shower before I go to bed. That way *you* won't end up smelling like fried animals."

"I'd appreciate that." Rachel replied, moving closer to the blonde with that look in her eyes.

Quinn moved to prevent Rachel from nuzzling her neck, kissing the diva lightly instead. "Baby..."

Rachel pulled away to look at her girlfriend in concern, seeing for the first time just how tired she looked. She had been up since seven in the morning with Rachel, leaving to work with Leo when the diva went to work at the office, and then just worked another job until closing, even walking home several blocks after that. The diva smiled in her understanding. Quinn was too tired for anything other than cuddling. "I'll wait for you to get out of the shower, then you can tell me about your day if you don't fall asleep first. Deal?"

Quinn placed a chaste kiss to her lips and smiled as she shed her close, walking into the bathroom. "Deal."

Chapter 21

A/N: Okay. So I know you all are stressing about this fic coming to an end somewhere in about five chapters, but I never said how long they were going to be. I promise not to leave you hanging. Also, this chapter is a little bit different. It's more of snap shots of the week versus a day by day account.

And before you say anything, I know the Faberry is a little lacking in this chapter...that's kind of the thing with Quinn having two jobs...she's kind of gone all the time. Have patience and you will get your Faberry. I promise. Everything has its purpose right now.

Thank you for your reviews, as always. I hope you like this chapter even though it's not the norm. Sorry for any typos as well. Rushed proofing.

"Fancy meeting you here." Rachel teased as she entered the apartment under construction. Leo smiled at her and shifted some paint cans out of the way so he could work on installing the last section of lower cabinets in the kitchen. "This place is coming along nicely."

"It is. Just wait until it is finished. Quinn did a great job pulling everything together. You two might want to snag this place and give Santana the one bedroom."

Rachel looked around the apartment and pondered the idea. It was a much bigger place. The door opened to a long living area with the master bedroom to the immediate left, the kitchen tucked in the corner next to it. On the right, there was another opened area for maybe a dining table and then the second bedroom and general bathroom. It would be nicer to have more space, but that would mean more rent which Quinn would most likely try to get a third job to pay for. "I'll keep it in mind."

"Okay. So, how was work? And isn't tonight the thing with Jessica and Mark?"

Rachel slowly walked around the apartment, trying to mentally place their belongings in it just in case. "Work was...work. It was an early day so I got to come home early. Hence why I am here now. And, yes. That 'thing' is tonight. It's still okay if we have it at your place, right?"

He looked to her quickly and nodded his head as he moved that last few paint cans

away. "Sure. I don't mind." She grinned at him and went back to her inspection as he inspected her. "Is everything okay? I mean, I've enjoyed your company these last few days, but you haven't exactly been eager to spend time with me before."

Her smile faded a little in her shame. He was right. She avoided him. So why was she there now? There were other things she could be doing right now, especially with the impending gathering only a few hours away. So she shrugged her shoulders and looked away again.

"Okay. Well, if you do need anything or talk about anything, I'm here."

"What if I have questions?" Rachel asked quickly, pulling his attention back to her.

"Sure. Ask away."

"We are going back to Lima for Thanksgiving. Would you like to come?"

Leo stood motionless for several seconds as Rachel watched him and waited for his reply. His jaw bobbed for a second and he cleared his throat, looking back to his work. "That's the time you should spend with your family."

Rachel slowly stepped closer to him. "I thought you said we had become sort of your dysfunctional family. Do you have anyone else you would spend it with?" She was trying to close the gap between them, friendship wise as well as physically. Leo was a good guy and she had remembered that over the last few days she had spent bugging him while Quinn worked late. They had talked for hours, forming the friendship that she had refused to even attempt before, when her jealousy had gotten in the way.

"No. I don't."

"Then it is settled. You are coming with us. Besides, my dads are eager to meet you. Santana's going home as well. I don't want you here by yourself." She finally admitted, still failing to pull his attention away from his work. "I want you to come with us. You need family around during the holidays. Please?"

He didn't say anything and still refused to meet her eyes. Drastic measures needed to be taken. Rachel grabbed his water bottle and uncapped it before throwing the liquid at his back. He gasped and turned to look at her in shock. "What the hell?"

"You were ignoring me. I do not like to be ignored. Now...here is how this is going

to work. We are off of school the day before Thanksgiving, Wednesday. We are leaving Tuesday after class and making the whole trip that night. According to our schedules, which we have already received, my last class ends at three, Quinn's at two thirty. We will be departing by four which will have us arriving at my dad's house somewhere between midnight and one am. You will be staying in the guest bedroom, not some hotel. You will also be eating every meal with us. Do you understand?"

Leo stood wide eyed with his mouth dropped, frozen from the shock of being hit with the water still. She hadn't left him any time to recover from that before listing her plans. After a few silent seconds she grabbed the extra water bottle from the floor and opened it, preparing to throw it at him again. "Whoa, whoa, whoa. Okay. I got it. I'm going."

Rachel capped the bottle and smiled her Rachel Berry smile. "Good. I'm glad to hear that you have made such a wonderful decision. I will go call my dad's and let them know right now. They will be thrilled to meet you."

It was Friday night and Jessica and Mark had arrived early, sitting in their chairs and sipping their drinks while Quinn and Rachel finished up in the kitchen and their friend cleaned up from working down the hall. The red head watched the pair in the kitchen with intense interest as Mark watched her.

"Okay, so now that you have me here *again*, I think you should finally let me in on your little plan. What the hell do you have going on in that sick little mind of yours?"

Jessica pursed her lips and exhaled through her nose, but never removed her eyes from her target. "This is my last year in Julliard, and I have been forced to face some...realities. There is a lot of talent in that school and let's face it, I'm not the best." Mark raised his eyebrow in agreement as he sipped his drink. "But listen to her." Jessica whispered and pointed for him to pay attention as Rachel sang effortlessly in the kitchen. "No warm ups. No music. No lessons. No direction. Pure talent."

He shrugged his shoulders in his jealousy. "So you're right. She's a star in the making. I assume that your plan then is to latch on somehow until she gets to the top. You, of course, being tugged along the way. But how is it that you are planning to accomplish this?"

"Well, I originally thought I would be able to just step in and break them up and

take Rachel on for myself, but it's not going to be that easy." She leaned over in her chair and turned her attention to him. "These two have a long history and are stronger than your typical high school romance. But, I have already begun to sow the seeds of destruction."

"Have you?"

"I've taken the friend role. One thing I have learned as a 'friend' from talking with Rachel at work, is that she is very, *very* needy. In every way. I'm talking acceptance, approval, attention, support...sex..." Mark tweaked his eyebrow and then Jessica lost her playful tone. "But she's faithful to the core. There is no way I can steal her away. Even trying would have her running into Blondie's arms, rolling in guilt. They have to break up because of them, not me."

Mark sipped his drink again and crossed his legs, stealing glances around to make sure no one was paying attention still. "I understand that, but how are you planning to get them to break up without you being the cause...or not *seeming* to be the cause, I should say."

"In phases." Jessica said plainly. "I told you this was going to take patience. I need to get those who give her what she needs to stop, by convincing them that she needs something else more. That actually proved easier than I had expected."

"Really?" He scrunched his face. It had sounded far too complicated to be worth his efforts, but when Jessica set her mind to something, she was going to see it through to the end, no matter the results.

"Yes. I mentioned to Quinn that maybe Rachel was going to be too worn out with school and auditions, to work *and* be happy. So what does the love sick puppy do? She goes out and gets a second job, working long hours so Rachel can have more free time. However, all that free time is being spent all alone in an empty apartment. Now the diva feels guilty that her lover feels the need to work herself to death for her benefit. The more Rachel tells her it's not necessary, the more Quinn believes it is. On top of that, as a bonus, long hours make Blondie tired and never in the mood...Rachel's already mentioned that they've cut back on sex and it's only been a week. Can you imagine what it is going to be like when school starts?"

Mark followed along, nodding his head. "So our attention seeking sex addict is now lonely and horny, frustrated, as well as feeling guilty. You sure know how to cause tension."

The red head beamed in her accomplishment. "I've already begun crumbling her

support and acceptance too. Santana played a key role in that and the bitch doesn't even know it. The more she tells Rachel I'm no good for her, and the more she gets the other two to agree, the more betrayed Rachel feels. I haven't given her any reason to think of me as anything less than a straight friend." She leaned over and patted Marks leg. "But to them...I've provided hints of something else. To Rachel though, I have no intentions of breaking her and Quinn up so I can date her."

"No." He corrected her. "You are trying to break them up so you can literally *ride* her to the top of her success and use the spot light to further your own career." Jessica s

Jessica smiled in self-satisfaction. "There is one more phase that I am going to need your help with. Besides playing the role of my boyfriend, this is what you are here for. Her biggest weakness, by far, is jealousy. She's already mentioned that she isn't too happy with her love sick puppy working so closely with Leo." She pointed to the tall man as he emerged from the bathroom to help the couple in the kitchen, placing supportive touches on each of their shoulders to indicate his silent approach as so not to startle them. "So, on those long and lonely nights that she now finds herself in abundance of, you and I will be taking her out on the town, gaining her trust and becoming her new support and approval system. All while whispering in her ear about Quinn's lack of understanding about what it is like to be in this industry and why is it that she spends more time with him behind closed doors than she does with her."

"You are absolutely evil, you know that?" There was no humor in his tone. He meant it.

She smiled deeply, knowing that he did.

The evening had progressed a little more smoothly than their previous attempt but Jessica continued to play out her plan. Picking and choosing her words carefully to entice Quinn to try harder to help Rachel and making Rachel feel as if she had managed to find a true friend in New York. But she avoided Leo. She got a funny feeling off of him. Last week he had been focused on keeping Santana in line, this week, his focus was on her. She had to watch herself and be careful.

"What did you think this time?" Quinn asked as she leaned into Leo's breakfast bar as Rachel escorted her friends down stairs.

"The same as last time. Something is there but as to what it is, I can't tell you. If she's plotting something, it's deep and well thought out. More so than I would expect from anyone simply interested in Rachel." Quinn arched an eyebrow. "Not that she isn't worth the effort. That's not what I meant. What about you?"

"I'm not a fan of the subtle digs she's making at me. Trying to tell me I'm not helping Rachel out enough or that I won't be able to understand what she will be going through." Quinn was puffing in frustration now. "I may not know *exactly* what she is going through, but I'll be there for her in whatever way I can be."

"And she knows that." Leo reassured her as he dried the glasses and put them away. "I think that's another reason why I'm not really worried about her like Santana is. I don't see where the threat is. You love Rachel unconditionally. She knows that and she loves you just as much. I honestly can't see anything that Jessica could offer that would tempt Rachel away from you."

"I don't either, but at the same time...I think that's what is missing. Because she has to know that as well. So, why does she keep coming back if not as just a friend?"

Leo shrugged. "Maybe she is just a friend, or is trying to be and can't help but to try and cause a little drama because she knows she can't have Rachel. I mean, the possibilities are endless. It just comes down to how strong you two manage to keep your relationship."

Rachel had slept better Friday night than she had in awhile. She didn't even want to wake up. Until, that is, she felt the bed dip down and Quinn kiss her lightly on the cheek. She opened her eyes to see her girlfriend leaning over her with her hand braced in front of her. "Good morning."

"Good morning." Quinn replied with a smile and another kiss, this time a light one on the brunette's lips. "I'm heading out. I have an early shift today but I should be back just after lunch."

"Do you need to help Leo today?" Rachel asked as she sat up with the blonde who nodded.

"There are some things that requires two people that we have been putting off so I could go to work at the diner. I'm not sure how long it is going to take. He said if everything works like it is suppose to, we could be done within an hour...but judging by the way he said it, that is highly unlikely."

"What are you still having to do? I've been in there and everything seems to be coming together nicely." The diva traced her eyes over Quinn's features. The tiredness seemed to fade and they appeared to light up more when they discussed the renovations. It made Rachel sad that she spent all the time she did at the diner

instead of what was obviously making her much happier.

"We need to instal the actual counter tops, the surfaces. And the upper cabinetry. Definitely takes two people."

"Definitely."

The two met each others eyes and smiled. "I love you, Rachel Berry."

The randomness of her timing made the statement just that much more real to the diva. Quinn always knew when to say it. Rachel leaned forward and crashed her head into the blonde's shoulder, pulling close with her hand. "I love you too, Quinn Fabray."

"We are going to get our schedules worked out so we have some more time together eventually. I promise."

Rachel sat back up and nodded. "I know we will. We are in a transition right now."

"We are. But I need to get to work." Quinn reminded her with another chaste kiss to her lips. "I'll see you tonight. Maybe you can keep Leo and I company."

Rachel nodded as she watched Quinn walkout the bedroom door and then collapsed back down onto the bed when she heard the front door shut. Things had changed between them since they had moved to New York. Rachel couldn't quite place it or pin point what even made her think about it, but things had definitely changed. It wasn't necessarily a bad change, the diva just hadn't found a way to feel like it was within her control. She was just along for the ride, waiting to see where it was going to end. As long as Quinn was there, it didn't matter where it was.

The pounding of Leo's hammer thudded in the walls as Rachel laid in bed lazily. She tapped her foot with his rhythm, trying to guess when he was going to pause. She had gotten pretty accurate and then the poundings stopped. Bored again, she rolled out of bed and out of the apartment, not caring that she was still in her sleeping short and tank top. She strutted into the vacant apartment and took her usual seat, legs curled under her indian style, and waited for him to notice her.

He was focused on the crown molding or something that she wasn't all that interested it with his back turned to her. He marked the board for length and stepped down off of the step ladder before turning to her. "Jesus! Shit!...scare the fuck out of me why don't you...damn..." Rachel laughed as the tall man dropped the board and gripped his chest as his heart raced.

"Good morning, Leo. How are you this morning?" She barely managed to control the pitch of her voice through her beaming smile as she fought back the laughter when he glared at her.

"I was alright until you tried to give me a fucking heart attack."

"Language, Leo. Language. It is very unbecoming to swear." He shook his head at her as he picked up the board again and set it down in its proper place. "So what is on your agenda for today, may I ask?"

He was still reeling from his morning scare as he tried to run through his mental checklist. "Today, or this morning, I need to finish this crown molding along this wall. I have to wait to finish it in the kitchen until we get the last cabinets up. I also need to hook up the sink." He added grabbing the plumbing pipes next to his hand and moving to the sink. That was one thing that she found drove her crazy during the time she spent with him in the apartment. He didn't seem to have an order to doing anything. If he remembered it, he did it. Then he would go back to what he was doing before he did.

"Quinn said you would be putting up the cabinets this morning." The diva commented as he sat on the ground with his back to the sink, preparing to crawl into the cabinets.

"Yeah, sorry for stealing her away on one of the off days you would have had together. Mr. Weston is just wanting to see more results with our time. The cabinets make a big impression. Sooner we get them up, the sooner he will be happy."

"Not a problem." She left him off of his guilt. "This is her job anyway."

"True, which leads me to a question I've been wanting to ask. If Quinn is working these jobs for you to go to classes and lessons...why are you here? Why aren't you in your classes."

Rachel shrugged her shoulders. "I haven't signed up for any."

Leo hesitated as he repositioned his tools so he could still reach them once he went to work under the sink. "From the way Quinn described you in our initial conversations, I was expecting you to be like, annoyingly motivated to accomplish your dream. I guess I was wrong." The diva lifted her eyes to his and dropped her hands into her lap. "I mean, you've been in here every day for the last week for hours that you could have been honing your talents."

He was right. How had she managed to lose her motivation? Why wasn't she jumping at the opportunity to take the classes that Quinn was working for? That was why. She dropped her eyes quickly from his but it was too late. He had seen the look.

"Nope...spill it. Why?"

She rolled her eyes and slouched down into the chair. "Because I feel guilty. *She's* paying for them. I should be paying for them. They're my classes. What is she gaining from it?"

"She's helping you achieve your dream." Rachel just shook her head. She still didn't get it. "Rachel, Quinn loves you. This is her way of showing it. I mean, like, what do you do to show her how much you care, that you are willing to do anything to make her happy? It's the same thing."

The diva frowned as Leo went back to work, wiggling under the sink. She got it now. She understood Quinn's motivation and why she was able to take so much on without complaint. Rachel was frowning at his question. What does she do to show Quinn how much she loves her and would do anything to make her happy?

"Does sex count?"

She heard Leo laugh. "No. Sex is because you are horny, or so it seems to be with you. Do you ever cook her favorite meal?" *No. Quinn's favorite meal has meat included.* They didn't even keep any meat in the apartment because Rachel was vegan. "Do you ever take her out on a romantic and thoughtful date that doesn't result in sex?" *No.* There were always comments made not even half way through the evening about how Rachel would 'take care of her' when they got home. "Have you randomly bought her flowers or chocolate?" *No.* Again with the vegan thing. "Anything like that?"

Rachel sat there and frowned deeper. "Does it mean I'm a bad girlfriend if I say no?"

Leo emerged from under the counter, resting his arms over his knees and looked at her with a furrowed brow. "...yes."

Chapter 22

A/N: Long chapter. Description: Turning point.

Also, I'm not even sure if this will make it to 25 chapters. I'm writing them longer so it may just be twenty four...but before I do wrap this up, let me know what loose ends you would like to see taken care of.

Thank you for all your reviews and for sticking with me on this one. Just another chapter or two to go.

Rachel sat there as Leo's words soaked in deeper and deeper. "I must be doing something right if Quinn stayed with me for two years." The diva spit back defensively. Was she really a bad girlfriend? Did she really fail at providing Quinn with the feeling of how much she loved her. How could she fail at something like that? She couldn't possibly...

Leo rolled his eyes. "Drama queen. I didn't say you were the world's worst girlfriend. I'm sure you do a lot of things right, otherwise Quinn *would* have left you by now. However, you are going to have to figure something out to show her how you feel. That's insanely important in a mature relationship. You've fallen into a rut. Just think back to high school. What did you do then to show her how much you loved her then?"

Rachel thought back to high school and how their relationship had worked...but it was so different then. Quinn was still trying to prove that she wasn't the same slushie throwing cheerleader. *She* had taken the lead in the department of showing how much their relationship meant because she was trying to prove herself to Rachel. *She* made the move to tell her mother. *She* made the hallway confession in front of half the school. *She* decided her college and life plans around Rachel's. She even dealt with Rachel's sex...addiction back in high school.

Suddenly Rachel realized that she had had this problem with Quinn before. The blonde had gotten frustrated with her for only ever wanting sex, rarely just a conversation, and hardly ever taking her mood into consideration. Hell, to make up for that she took her on a date and ended up talking the blonde into having sex in public. She knew Quinn was aggravated with her and wanted something else, so she tried to give it to her, but in the end Rachel still got what she wanted. But she didn't really understand the big deal about it even then. Sex was being intimate.

"I don't get it." Rachel blurted out. "Sex is intimacy. What is wrong with using it to express how you feel for someone?"

"Nothing. If that is what you are using it for. And that that message is equally conveyed." Leo explained, returning to the sink. "Sex is an action. *Making love* is an emotional and spiritual connection. Each has its time and place."

"So, I'm a bad girlfriend because I want to have sex with Quinn to show her how I feel?"

"No. You're a bad girlfriend because you just want to have sex with Quinn. You aren't using it to express how much she means to you."

Rachel dropped her brow in anger. "And just how the hell do you know that?"

He returned her firm tone. "Because I hear you two all the time. When she's screaming that she's yours and no one else's, it's because of *your* insecurities about losing her. When she's screaming that she needs you, it's because *you* need to hear it to ease your fears that you aren't enough for her. Those things said while making love can mean a very different thing, but you tell me which one they are meant as."

Again, Leo was right. Rachel could remember the times those things were whispered between them in desperation and honesty. Now it was screamed in response to what Rachel's tantrum had been about recently. Quinn knew what she needed and she gave it to her. Sure they had their moments, but nothing romantic like they use to be.

"And Rachel, before you go beating yourself up, this can be easily corrected. Just find a way to show her how you feel that doesn't involve sex. Simple as that."

"Right..."

"Hey." Quinn greeted as she walked into Leo's apartment. "Are you ready to get going?"

"I am." He smiled his response and threw her a water bottle and the two headed out the door.

"Do you know where Rachel ran off to?"

He nodded as he took a swig of his water. "Yeah. She got a call from Jessica about an open audition on Monday. She is meeting up with her and Mark to get the details. Said she was going to go out with them for drinks afterward. Apparently they know a place that will look the other way that she is under twenty-one if she is with them."

The blonde's smile dropped slightly. "Oh. Okay."

"Is something wrong?" Clearly there was but he wasn't sure if it was any of his business.

Quinn shrugged her shoulders and helped him lift the counter top off the ground and into place. "It's just that this morning, I thought we had made plans that she would keep us company while we did this. I haven't really been able to see much of her and this was kind of my chance." Leo mashed his lips between his teeth as he looked at her. He could tell by her change in mood that she had really been looking forward to this. She shrugged again. "It's an audition though. That is what we are here for."

He nodded his head slowly. "So...how was work?"

"It was steady." She answered as she crawled inside the cabinets to fasten the counter top down. "Nothing too busy for once. You know, for such a small place, they do a lot of business."

"I'm glad it was a good day. There are some days when I see you, I fear that you are working yourself to death."

"I'm fine, Leo." She assured him before he could say anything else, *knowing* he was going to say something else. "I'm motivated and determined. Nothing can stop me."

"I guess I just don't see why you won't let Rachel help out more. She seems to want to."

Quinn held out her hand and Leo handed her more screws for the counter. "She wants to but it's only out of guilt. She knows that Jessica was right. To be able to do everything that she is going to need to do for her dream, she won't have time or energy to work as well."

"Yeah, but what about your dream?" Leo asked trying to persuade the blonde to step back and see that she was taking on too much.

"She is my dream."

Leo raised his brow and took a deep breath in and let it out slowly. He couldn't even try to argue with that. "Okay. What are you going to do when school starts Monday, though. Are you even going to have enough time to go to school, work at the diner, and help finish up here so we can move on to the next apartment?"

There was a pause. "I don't know. I was considering redoing my schedule and being a part time student."

This was slowly killing Leo. He didn't know where he really stood on Quinn and Rachel's relationship anymore. Not even twelve hours ago he thought they were perfect together. Maybe a little rough around the edges, but nothing that time and maturity couldn't fix from Rachel's end. But now...all he saw was the beginnings of a slow destruction. He had Rachel who seemed incapable of showing Quinn appreciation for everything that she does, instead only requiring more from her that she isn't even aware of. And now he had Quinn slowly beginning to give up absolutely everything for her. They were missing level ground. It was a high school level relationship that was starting to produce real world consequences.

But what could he do about it besides hope that Rachel got her shit together and eased off on the 'center of the universe' trip she was on, and may always had been on. But he also wasn't wanting to lose either girl's friendship. Especially not Quinn's. They were a lot alike, went through a lot of the same type of things growing up. He could relate to her more than anyone else he knew. He didn't want to push her away right now. Especially on the off chance that things did go bad between her and Rachel. She was going to need someone around. He thanked God that Santana was coming back tomorrow.

He decided against the lecture on keeping a full time class load. "Part time?"

"Yeah. Just for a while. The way I'm looking at it, is if Rachel spends the time auditioning, she has more opportunities to get a role. Even if it is something small in some rat hole, it is a paying gig *and* experience. I don't want to cheat her out of the chance, you know?"

He did. He didn't want to, but he did. He also knew that there was a lot of competition in New York. Rachel could very well nail the first audition she went for, but it was unlikely. Leo was just worried that Quinn was putting her life on hold, for years maybe, for someone that couldn't even buy her flowers once in a while. He tried to push it to the back of his mind and continued to hope that Rachel had gotten the picture from their conversation.

"Rae, you aren't a bad girlfriend." Jessica assured her. "You are amazing. I've seen all the attention you give her. He had no right to say what he said to you. He's just jealous that you have someone in your life."

Rachel shifted her eyes to Mark who nodded his head. "I don't want to start any trouble or anything, but did you ever consider the possibility that he may be trying to...I don't know, like, get between you two? I've only met him a few times but each time he constantly looked at her."

The diva shook her head. "No. Well, even if he did, it wouldn't happen. Quinn wouldn't cheat. I know that for a fact."

"If you say so." He retorted before ordering another round of shots, sliding Rachel hers. It was her seventh.

"What is that suppose to mean?"

Mark held up his hands in surrender. "Like I said, I don't really know the whole situation. I'm looking at this as an outsider. I see the broadest details, not the complications of your friendships. But I just find it a little odd that Leo and Quinn are spending so much time working on that apartment and yet it still isn't done. How long has it been under construction?"

"Since before we moved in." The answer fell from the diva's lips without her knowing it. She was drunk.

"Right...Wonder what they are doing with their time that is causing it to take so long."

"Hey!" Rachel stood up and swayed slightly. "Don't you try and make it sound like my girlfriend is cheating on me. She's not. She wouldn't."

"Okay. I'm sorry. I said I didn't have all the details. I don't know about your relationship with Quinn. All I can do is call it like I see it."

"It's okay, Rae." Jessica eased her back down onto the stool and ran a comforting hand over her back. "He didn't mean to upset you. He's just worried that Leo is looking for more than a friendship with Quinn and that is why he was trying to make you feel bad."

Was it possible? Some of the things Leo said were true, without a doubt, but some of the others only pissed her off. Who was he to tell her that her having sex with her

girlfriend didn't mean anything? Of course it did. He was just jealous. Yeah. He was jealous that he was all alone in his apartment. That's why he turned Santana down...he likes Quinn...maybe...no. No. Quinn wouldn't do that.

"Quinn wouldn't do that."

"I'm sure you're right, Rae. I'm sure your right." Jessica studied her drunk friend's face, the furrowed brow and scowl, and then looked up to Mark and smiled lightly. Leo was out of the picture now. Santana was causing issues. Quinn was always busy. And now Leo was jealous and trying to force his way between them. Everything was right on track. "Let's talk about something else besides Leo. How are your classes and lessons going?"

Rachel grumbled to herself and downed her shot. "I'm not taking any yet."

"Why not, Babe?" Mark looked questioningly to the red head as the pet name came out of her mouth. She was devious and sly, slowly moving in.

"I just...I don't want Quinn to pay for them."

"Did you tell her that?" Rachel nodded. She told her...sort of. She told her that she didn't need to work the second job and that Rachel would find some way of taking care of it. Quinn told her it was already being taken care of so she didn't have to worry about it. It all made Rachel feel incredibly guilty. She felt like a burden to the blonde. "And what did she say?"

"She's still working at the diner, isn't she?"

"She should understand your wishes, Rachel." Mark added, signaling for yet another round of shots. "Maybe she's just not listening to you. She's not seeing how it is making you feel. You should tell her."

The diva shook her head. "I can't. It makes her feel better to do it."

"But it makes you feel worse." Jessica added. "She should be wanting to make you feel better. If she cares as much for you as you say she does, you wouldn't even need to tell her." Rachel's head was spinning. She knew better than to believe what they were saying, but at the same time it did make sense. Quinn having the second job was creating obvious problems that even the blonde couldn't ignore, and yet still seemed oblivious of. She was never home, always tired, making Rachel feel guilty...she should see these things.

"I want to go home."

Jessica and Mark's eyes met in hesitation before they nodded. "Sure. It's been an emotional night. You should probably just go home and sleep it off."

She didn't sleep it off though. As she made her way up the stairs she could hear Leo and Quinn laughing in the apartment. Not much work being done right now... She couldn't even bring herself to go in. Instead she went to her apartment and shut the door. For an hour she sat fuming as loud, energetic conversations rippled down the hall followed by bursts of laughter and giggles. She couldn't even remember the last time she and Quinn had talked for that long, let alone shared so many laughs.

When Quinn finally walked in the door she was greeted by a scowling diva sitting on the sofa. "Are you alright, Baby?" Quinn asked as her warm smile faded to a concerned look.

Baby... The name made her angry for some reason. Rachel couldn't even find the words to say to the blonde so she got up and walked into the bedroom. She heard Quinn's hesitant steps behind her. Great, now Quinn was afraid of what she was going to say. She managed to scare her girlfriend. That's another thing for Leo to tell her that makes her so horrible for Quinn.

"Rachel...are you okay?" The blonde asked, holding the door frame as she watched her girlfriend change.

"I'm fine. Perfectly, happily, wonderfully fine."

Obviously not. Quinn hadn't seen Rachel this upset since they first started dating and it scared her. She didn't know what she could say that wasn't going to upset the diva further, and Rachel knew that. She knew it and it made the part of her that knew Quinn didn't deserve this feel guilty, but she couldn't stop. Because part of her wondered if Mark and Jessica were right. But wondering about it only added to her guilt because she shouldn't even be questioning her girlfriend's loyalty. It was an internal battle that was only going to be fueled by the blonde's words...hell, even her presence. Rachel saw it all happening but couldn't stop it.

Quinn was afraid and unsure, so she spoke in soft, slow words. "Okay. Well, I'm just going to get a shower before I come to bed. Okay?"

Rachel didn't answer. She would have said something in a harsh tone if she had, so she decided it would be better to just stay quiet. Quinn stood in complete confusion as Rachel ignored her and climbed into bed. She couldn't figure out what

she had done wrong to be getting this much of a cold shoulder. The brunette spent the time Quinn was in the shower trying to sort through her conflicting thoughts until she fell asleep. All she remember about Quinn was the blonde kissing her shoulder lightly before falling asleep as well, facing away from the diva, giving her her space.

Rachel was the first to wake up. And she felt sick. The emotional bile that had been churning in her stomach all night left a bitter taste in her mouth. She rolled over and saw Quinn still laying in bed, but far over on her side. Rachel felt sick again She couldn't even remember what had made her so upset last night, why she had been so cold to her girlfriend.

The blonde was sleeping on her side, her back to the diva and the brunette just watched as she laid there, studying her breathing. She was so peaceful. They had been doing this for two years. Nearly everyday, waking up with the other curled up next to them. But here they were with a three foot gap between them that Rachel had caused.

She felt alone, empty, lost. What was she without the blonde next to her? She was that unhappy and insecure diva who wanted things too much and who realized once she managed to get them, they weren't really what she was needing. What she needed was Quinn, that feeling of understanding and acceptance that she provided with every look, every smile, every touch. She wanted that comfort and completeness that she had been missing in the blonde's absence. She could be the big star on Broadway, be on the cover of every magazine, and have millions of fans throwing flowers at her feet, but she would still be missing that one thing that made her truly happy if Quinn wasn't there.

Quietly the diva abandoned the bed and eventually the bedroom after one last look back at the love of her life. She slowly opened the apartment door and slipped out and across the hall. She was thankful that they trusted each other so much to leave the apartments unlocked and walked in unannounced. She headed straight for Leo's bedroom, knowing he would still be asleep. It was only six in the morning. Rachel walked over to the side of the bed and shook him gently until he woke up.

"Rachel?" He asked groggily as pushed himself from the mattress and wiped the sleep from his eyes. "Are you okay? Is everything okay?"

The diva paused and worried her lip as she allowed him to wake up more. "I need to ask you a question. I'll only ever ask it this once, but I need an honest answer."

The man rolled over on his back and squinted his eyes at her, seeing the seriousness on her face, and nodded his head. "Are you romantically interested in Quinn?"

He huffed a laugh and then dropped his head back down onto his pillow, covering his face in disbelief that she had just woken him up for this. "Rachel, please tell me you are joking." He begged, muffled through his hands. She didn't answer so he looked at her once more. She was serious. "No. I'm not. If anything, she has sort of become like a little sister to me. Both of you have."

Rachel nodded slowly as she processed his words, believing them. "Okay. I just needed to know. I also have a favor to ask of you, but not right now. That will be latter."

"Okay...so, can I go back to sleep now?"

She nodded her head again, still lost in thought. "Yeah. I have to go anyway."

Quinn woke up feeling more rested than she had in a while. She stretched and then pulled the sheets up around her chin as she looked at the alarm clock. "Shit!"

She jumped out of bed and ran to get dressed. She was late. In all the drama of last night, she forgot to set the alarm. She pulled on a sports bra and a white cotton tee shirt over her head and hopped into a pair of jeans, jumping out of the bedroom as she tried to put on her socks as she went.

"Good morning." Rachel called out from the kitchen as the blonde searched the living room floor for her shoes.

"Morning, Baby. I'm late. They're going to fire me."

"No they wont." The diva reassured her. "I called in for you today. You don't have to work."

Quinn froze in her search and stood up straight before she turned around to face the diva. "What?"

Rachel still had her back to Quinn as she cooked on the stove. "I've also talked with Leo. You have today completely off. Now sit. I've made you breakfast."

Quinn hesitated, thinking that maybe she was still sleeping or just had missed

some piece of information that would make this all seem completely normal somehow. Last night Rachel couldn't even stand to look at her, now she was cooking breakfast for them. "Is that..."

"Bacon and eggs and sausage and hash browns...toast with real butter. I even got you some milk and chocolate syrup in case you wanted chocolate milk instead of plain." Rachel listed as she pulled the pan off of the hot burner. "Now sit down." Quinn was still processing as she sat down slowly on the stool at the breakfast bar. Rachel already had her bowl of fruit prepared so she could eat with the blonde once the eggs were done. "I also have a few things that I would like to discuss." Rachel explained further as she placed Quinn's overflowing breakfast on the counter in front of her.

"Rachel,"

The diva straightened her posture as she sat down and looked to Quinn with pleading eyes. She wasn't done yet. Her posture relaxed when Quinn relented and closed her mouth, signaling for her to continue. "I need to start off this morning by apologizing for last night. I don't know what exactly caused my foul and inappropriate mood other than a combination of guilt, jealousy, insecurities, and a massive amount of alcohol...but I'm sorry. You didn't deserve that and also shouldn't have bailed on you last night. We had plans to be together and I should have kept them."

Rachel paused and looked down at Quinn's breakfast before back up to the blonde with concern in her eyes. Quinn realized she hadn't touched her food and the diva was probably fearful of not cooking it right. She quickly took a bit of eggs and smiled, relaxing Rachel's fears so she could continue.

"You and I have been together for two years. Two amazing years. But I've been letting you down." The blonde dropped her brow as she looked up from her plate to her girlfriend. "I'm sure you are not seeing it that way yet, but it's only a matter of time. I've been taking you for granted."

"Rachel, you-"

"No. Quinn, listen to me." She met the blonde's hazel eyes with a pleading stare. "It's not just because of your second job. You being gone all the time and then being so tired when you get home...that's just what made me realize it. With a little help from Leo as well. I love you, but I haven't been showing it. All I've been doing to try and get closer to you, is to have sex. And while I absolutely love being with you like that, it seems to have lost its meaning."

Quinn opened her mouth to speak, a confused expression on her face, but Rachel shook her head.

"After two years of using sex to be close to you, it's time I find another way of expressing how much I love you. This relationship needs to mature, and that's not because of you." Rachel cut off another interruption. "You have been absolutely amazing. You have shown me that you trust my judgment, even if you don't necessarily agree with it. You are working yourself to death for my benefit. And don't tell me it's for both of us, because it is solely for me. You aren't benefiting from me taking lessons. I don't care what you say. You have found ways to show your love that mean so much, and that is where my guilt is coming from. I haven't been even trying to find a way to show you. But I'm going to. I'm going to find a way."

Rachel finally dropped her eyes from Quinn's and waited, looking to the counter in shame for her immaturity. Quinn leaned forward and cupped the diva's cheek with one hand and pulled Rachel into a deep kiss. There was that spark that had been missing. That need and desire. Not lust, but true need. That knowing that the connection they were feeling was something they couldn't live without. Rachel returned the kiss, whimpering slightly as she felt the tears brim in her eyes. She was happy. Quinn held her in that kiss for as long as she could stand before slowly releasing her, their breaths panting together as their foreheads met. "I love you, Rachel Berry."

The diva pulled away and walked around the counter to her girlfriend, wrapping her arms around her neck and pulling her close, nuzzling into her neck. "I love you too, Quinn Fabray. And I'm going to prove it to you every day. I'm going to find a way. I promise."

The blonde ran her hands up and down the diva's back, comforting her, but also just needing to feel more. This was her Rachel, not the one from last night. "So, what exactly do you have planned for the rest of the day?"

"Well," Rachel began pulling back just a little, but remaining in the blonde's arms. Quinn had only released one hand so she could eat the breakfast that Rachel had prepared. It smelled too good to ignore any longer. "Whatever we do, I'm not leaving your side. Today is our day. I know Santana is coming in so we will have to help move in her to Leo's place...but I'm yours." Rachel stated with a kiss on the blonde's cheek. "Oh...until eight. Jessica didn't have all the details for the audition so I had already made plans to get them from her this evening."

Quinn met her eyes with hesitation but nodded. "Can you do me one little favor though?"

Rachel smiled and ran her fingers through the blonde locks of hair, wondering when it was she had forgotten just how soft they were. "Of course."

"Try not to come home drunk this time. Or, at least not *that* drunk."

The diva nodded her head. "I promise there will not be a repeat of last night. I swear on my collection of playbills."

"Sounds like you mean business then." Quinn teased as she continued to eat her breakfast, noticing Rachel's eyes on her bacon and sausage. Thankfully she had already finished the eggs. "Thank you for breakfast. It has been a long time since I have had something like this."

"Well, we can have it more often if you like."

"Baby, I don't want you to feel uncomfortable."

Rachel shook her head. "No. This is fine. I'm not eating it. You don't to change your whole life to fit mine. We can compromise on some things. If you are still insisting upon working your second job, then I am going to start cooking dinner for us. For both of us. Though...I'm not too sure how to cook meat. I didn't know when this was done." She stated, poking at the bacon with a knife.

"If it's crispy, it's done. If it's smoking...it's too done. As for other meat, just make sure the center isn't raw. It's really not that difficult." Quinn smiled as she watched a cringing diva continue to poke at her food, probably waiting for it to move on its own. "Keep doing that and it may oink at you."

"Oh, God. Quinn..." Rachel exclaimed, dropping the knife and pulling away from the blonde, but Quinn kept her arm around the petite diva, moving with her a step away from the counter. "Why did you have to do that? Now I'm just going to-" Rachel's words were cut off by an unexpected, tender kiss that knocked the breath from her lungs. "-to forget about whatever it was I was just saying..." She beamed up to her girlfriend who leaned down for one more light kiss.

Things were back to what they were suppose to be. It seemed like a completely new and fresh start. Everything seemed like it was happening for the first time. Quinn's hand on her lower back sent tingles up her spine. The soft kisses stole her breath. Just looking into those hazel eyes made her smile. Why hadn't Leo told her she was a bad girlfriend sooner? They could have been doing this long ago. Rachel shrugged internally. It didn't matter anymore. She had what she wanted and saved herself from losing it. Judging by Quinn's reaction to her apology, the blonde had

already been noticing what was wrong but just never complained about it. But *again*, that didn't matter anymore. All that did matter was that smile on Quinn's face.

Chapter 23

A/N: One more chapter. I know a few of you have mentioned maybe doing another sequel...make it a trilogy or something. And I'm tempted but I'm not sure. Let me know if I should or if I should just end it with the next chapter.

"So, what's with those two?" Santana asked Leo as Rachel and Quinn walked back into the building with boxes in their arms, beaming obnoxious smiles at each other.

He smiled and leaned against her car to watch them as they went. "I told Rachel she was a bad girlfriend and now she is being a good one. It is making Quinn very happy."

The Latina dropped her brow and watched the pair disappear. "I thought they were happy before though."

Leo nodded his head before pushing away from the car and removing the last box from her trunk before closing it. "They were happy but it wasn't going to last much longer if things didn't become equal. Quinn was taking it all on, which, I guess, works for them. But Rachel wasn't doing anything to show her appreciation for it." Santana frowned and he nudged her, setting the box down on the sidewalk, seeing as she had no intentions of moving. "What's wrong?"

She shrugged and shook her head. "I've known them for two years but never caught on to that. How come you step in for a few weeks and have them pegged? Am I a horrible friend?"

He smiled at her and she hit him. "No. You're not a bad friend. You have just been distracted with other things like school, Jessica, Brittany. You can't always see everything. Don't be so hard on yourself. I wish I had a friend like you."

"You do." She answered looking up to him with a sadness in her eyes. "But..." He waited in the long silence for her to reply but she didn't.

"But what?"

She let out a frustrated sigh. "I don't want to be your friend, Leo. Well, not *just* your friend. I've been trying to take the lovebird's advice and be your friend first, but here you are, still thinking I wasn't. I've been trying really, really hard to show

you that I want more than how this started out. You know, not just sex. I...I want a relationship. A committed relationship." He fought with himself to keep a straight face as she pouted her way through her confession but she could see the amusement in his eyes and slapped him across the chest before walking off in her embarrassment.

"Hey, hey, hey. Where are you going?" He asked, catching her around the waist and pulling her back towards the car. She fought him in her aggravation but he grabbed her wrists and bent down and kissed her lightly. All the fight went out of her as he pulled away, leaving her staring at him with wide eyes and an open mouth. "Slow. I would like to take this slow, because I'm still not sure you are over Brittany and I'm really not looking to get hurt."

She nodded her head slowly, her mouth still hanging open as she processed what just happened. "Uh huh, yeah. Sure. Slow...I can do that."

He smiled and she blushed a little as he picked up the box and motioned for them to head inside. She grinned and opened the door, but shut it quickly again, looking up to meet his confused gaze and she smirked. "Kiss me. I'll open the door for you but only if you kiss me."

"I just kissed you."

"Yeah, but that doesn't count. I wasn't ready for it."

Her arched an eyebrow but she never faltered in her conviction. "Fine." He leaned down and placed another light kiss to her lips. She returned the kiss this time, deepening it slightly. She had wanted this even in it's most simplistic form since she had first met him.

"Ewwwww! Get a room! Quinn, bring me the water gun, we have two animals in heat out here!" The two broke apart and looked up to see Rachel poking her head out of the widow and looking down at them, Quinn suddenly appearing by her side. "It's alright. They've stopped."

"Berry, you are going to die." Santana called up as she pulled the door open.

"You can't threaten me when you are standing next to my bodyguard."

The Latina looked to Leo who then looked back up to Rachel. "Sorry, Rachel. But boyfriend overrides bodyguard."

The diva paused. "Yeah...well...my girlfriend will kick your girlfriend's butt." Quinn only chuckled, wondering how she got thrown into this.

"That doesn't sound nearly as threatening with the word 'butt'." Leo noted quietly. "Especially since I know she swears all the time."

"Yeah, but that's how Berry functions. Cussing is beneath her unless she's drunk or getting some. Speaking of getting some..."

He narrowed his eyes at her. "I said slow."

"You say a lot of things though." She teased as she followed him into the building. "Besides. Girlfriend overrides personal convictions."

"Alright guys, I've got to go. I shouldn't have even stayed this long." Rachel said as she stumbled from her bar stool before Mark grabbed her by the waist and guided her back to it.

"Not yet you don't. We still have two more rounds that's I've paid for, Rae. Come on." The inebriated man pushed the shot glass in front of her.

"I can't. I seriously have to go. Quinn-"

"Oh, whatever. Quinn can get over it. You need to relax tonight before your first day at Julliard and that audition. Kill the nerves before the nerves kill you. She'll understand. And if she doesn't, get rid of her and give me a ride...I mean, a try."

Rachel rolled her eyes and pushed him away from her. "I can't do that."

"That's right." Jessica agreed, swaying her glass in the air before sloppily setting it back down on the counter. "She can't get rid of Quinn. Who else will pay the rent?" They all laughed at the joke except for Rachel.

"I'm going."

Mark grabbed her again. "You're staying."

"Get you fucking hands off of me." She shoved him as hard as she could but only managed in knocking herself off balance and into Jessica. The red head caught her and held her close to allow Rachel to regain some of her balance back before

nuzzling into her neck. "What are you doing?"

"You smell good. Even though you reek like liquor, you still smell good." Rachel tried to squirm away as Jessica nuzzled closer against her, kissing her neck.

"Now that's hot. Get her Jess!" Mark edged her on as she sucked the sensitive skin and Rachel fought against her tight hold. She was going to leave a mark. Finally Jessica lifted her face with a huge grin. "Try explaining that to your rent check."

Rachel scowled and pressed her hand to her new hickey as Jessica released her hold on the diva. "Damn it. What the hell did you do that for? Quinn's going to kill me."

The red head rolled her eyes. "No she wont."

"She'll *dump* me, thinking I cheated on her though."

"Good." Mark retorted. "Then Jess just did you a favor. I know you love her, Rae, but she's not meant for our world. She'll never understand certain things. The stresses you are going to be under, the heart break of failed auditions. You might as well end it now before you do something stupid, like, get married."

Rachel stood there and looked at him in disgust. "Fuck you." She grabbed her jacket and headed out the door, dialing her phone as she went.

"Hello?" Quinn's voice was heavy with sleep. Rachel looked at the time. Midnight. Where the hell did the time go?

"Quinn, I'm sorry, I didn't want to wake you, but-"

"Are you drunk?"

"No." Rachel answered instinctively, distracted by hailing a cab. "I mean, yes, but I'm having a sobering moment, climbing into the back of a cab to come home."

There was a pause on the other end of the line. "A sobering moment? What did you do that I'm not going to like?" Damn her for knowing how Rachel worked.

The diva ran her free hand through her hair as the cab pulled away from the bar, dreading this next part. "It wasn't really me. It was Jessica. She gave me a hickey." There was a longer pause this time so Rachel decided to take the opportunity to explain better. "I stumbled and she caught me and I tried to pull away but I couldn't.

I didn't do anything. It was all her. I tried to stop it and then I left." Again there was no sounds form the other end. Rachel pulled her phone away and looked at it to make sure she hadn't been hung up on. "Quinn?"

"I'm here. Just...just get home, okay?"

Rachel nodded her head, despite the fact Quinn couldn't see her. "Do you still love me?"

"Of course I do, Baby. I'll see you in a little bit. Bye."

"Bye."

Rachel walked in the door and the first thing she saw was Quinn sitting on the couch with her arms crossed over her chest and a tight bottom lip. The diva hesitated, taking a deep breath before closing the door. Quinn stood up and walked towards her.

"Alright, lets see it." Rachel brushed her hair behind her shoulders and tilted her head to expose her neck. "Eh, it's not too bad. Not really dark so I know she wasn't there for long."

Rachel dropped her brow and looked straight on to her girlfriend. "You don't seem pissed that she marked me as hers."

Quinn shook her head. "I am. But that is nothing compared to what I am going to do to you." Rachel's eyes widened as Quinn pressed her hard against the door and licked her neck before going to work leaving a mark of her own. At first it was aggressive and actually frightened the diva but just a few seconds into it, the blonde relaxed and brought one hand up to the other side of Rachel's neck, leaving the other on her hip.

Rachel closed her eyes and placed a small hand on Quinn's elevated forearm and melted into her touch. She focused on the soft lips on her neck, the massaging strokes of her wet tongue, and the occasional scrape of her teeth. She slowly dropped her head back against the door, exposing her neck further, surrendering to her girlfriend. She was Quinn's to do with as she pleased.

When the blonde was satisfied with the incredibly visible and dark mark she had left, she lifted her eyes to Rachel's, looking deep into them. She saw the surrender.

She saw that Rachel was holding nothing back from her. Quinn studied that look and leaned forward slowly to a short, gentle kiss. Rachel imagined this is what their first kiss would have been like if they hadn't been drunk. It was cautious and tentative, but perfect in its own way. It wasn't rushed or demanding or even passion filled. It was beautiful in its simplicity and innocence.

The second caress of their lips was a little longer but just as gentle, feeling each other as if for the first time. This was what Quinn had been needing, to know Rachel was there unconditionally. That no matter what she wanted or needed, the brunette was there. It wasn't an insecurity, needing to know that Rachel was hers. It was a comfort to know that she came willingly. That she had turned something else down for her, to be with Quinn. They weren't in high school anymore, having to worry about slipping in popularity if they broke up or feeling like they already had the best the school had to offer. This was real life. Rachel was given a real opportunity with someone else, someone she could relate to in a much deeper level, but she still chose Quinn.

When they pulled apart this time, Rachel's eyes had changed. Somehow this feeling of newness had cut straight through the alcohol and she felt more alert and focused. Quinn dropped her hand slowly from her neck, taking the smaller hands in hers and guided her to the bedroom, every other step, looking back into those chocolate brown eyes. She stood in front of the bed and pulled Rachel into another light kiss, but as she deepened it, Rachel pulled away.

"I-I...I don't want this to turn into sex." Quinn dropped her brow slightly. "That's my problem. It's always sex that I use to be close to you. I-" The blonde cut her off with an index finger over her perfect lips.

"This isn't sex. This isn't *you* trying for sex. This is me...and I'm going to make love to you." Rachel's heart broke at her voice. Quinn's words were spoken in soft whispers with emotion tearing at her throat. Rachel did the only thing she could think of, she surrendered again. She let the blonde step forward and close the gap between them. She closed her eyes and let her senses fly as the blonde wove her fingers lightly through her hair. And she let the faint gasp escape her throat as she felt Quinn's lips brush hers lightly before they were captured in a slow but deep kiss.

Rachel kissed back but let Quinn make every forward move. This was her. This is what Quinn wanted. Rachel opened her eyes as Quinn pulled away and removed her hands from the dark locks. The blonde reached down and lifted her night shirt over her head and stood silently in front of Rachel for several intense seconds. Rachel held her gaze and never moved to touch her. This was her move to make.

The blonde smiled in her approval and stepped back to the diva, hooking her fingers under the bottom of her shirt and hesitating before lifting it over Rachel's head and throwing it across the room. Rachel had never felt so exposed before. She and Quinn had been intimate countless times, but this felt just like the first, maybe even causing her to feel more vulnerable than the first. But Quinn stepped even closer until their chests met and she wrapped her hands around to the small of the diva's back, pulling her in for comfort. The warm touch of Quinn's hands turn her breaths to ragged exhales and emotion filled intakes as she pressed her temple to Quinn's, slowly, both moving to nuzzle into each other's necks.

Quinn gently glided her hands up and down the diva's spine until she pulled them back to the brunette's front, separating their bodies slightly so she could reach the button of Rachel's jeans. She released it and lowered the zipper, pushing the rough material and her underwear down her thighs for Rachel to step out of, discarding hers as well. Then she pulled Rachel to lay down on the bed next to her, tracing her fingers in light designs over the diva's shoulder and down her arm, all while Rachel's chocolate eyes studied her face. "How did I get you?"

The blonde's snapped her eyes up to Rachel's and smiled lightly. "You climbed into my bed when you were drunk and confessed your need to be with me." Both girls laughed and leaned into a loving kiss as Quinn rolled Rachel over and preceded to kiss every inch of exposed skin on her face and neck. "And I thank God that you did every day." Quinn kissed away the tear that fell from Rachel's eye before continuing her endless kisses further down to her collar bone as the diva's fingers ran lightly over her back, sending chills throughout her body. Rachel gasped and arched her back as her girlfriend reached her breasts and worked them painfully slow. She wanted Quinn to do anything she wanted to but was pretty sure it would be the death of her.

But as just another reminder of how perfect they were for each other, what Quinn wanted was everything that Rachel needed. The blonde's long fingers ran down her sides to her hips and then as far down her legs as Quinn could manage without releasing her lips from Rachel's nipple, and then back up the inside of her legs. She kissed a slow trail of wet kisses down the diva's stomach as she massaged her clit with her fingers and the diva wove her fingers into her hair as she worked lower.

Rachel closed her eyes and focused on her lover's mouth as it passed her naval and continued downward, each kiss lasting longer and sending another wave of arousal through her. She needed her girlfriend inside of her. She needed to feel everything she could give. As Quinn reached the diva's clit with her mouth she lowered her fingers and slid two in as she ran a firm broad stroke of her tongue over the sensitive bundle of nerves and Rachel nearly came right then.

Quinn's swirls were slow and deliberate, hitting with just the desired amount of pressure to pleasure Rachel without working her up any further, but her will power faded quickly. This was her girlfriend, her best friend, her lover, she needed her. Quinn moaned as she assumed a bit more aggression and sucked her clit into her mouth, over and over, teasing with swirls of her tongue between them. Her focus was so closed on what her mouth was doing and the desperate moans that Rachel released that she had forgotten about her fingers. She pulled them out and slipped a third inside, sending Rachel arching off the mattress.

"Fuck. Oh my God...Baby..." Her cries were whisperers as Quinn pulsed in and out, feeling her muscular walls tighten down. She removed her mouth, replacing it with her thumb and hovered over the diva, studying the look of bliss on her face as she neared her edge.

Quinn leaned down to the diva's ear and kissed it lightly and whispered. "I want you and I need you. Because without you, I'm nothing, Rachel." She wasn't saying that for Rachel's benefit, but because it was true. She couldn't even remember her life before Rachel. She didn't want to. Obviously it hadn't been anything worth remembering.

Rachel gripped tightly around the blonde's neck as she pressed her thumb to her clit and she came, pulling the love of her life as close to her as she could as she shook in ways that only Quinn could make her and she cried. She cried in fear of what she had almost lost. She cried in regret of not saying how she felt sooner. She cried in joy that she had managed to find the one person in the world that she was meant to be with. And she cried because that person loved her too.

"I love you, Rachel Berry." Quinn whispered as she moved off of the diva and laid down next to her. Rachel rolled over and wrapped her arm around the blonde, pulling her as close as she could, burrowing her face in the crook of her neck.

"I love you more, Quinn Fabray."

The blonde laughed lightly and brushed her fingers through her dark hair and smiled. "I don't think that's possible."

"I'll find a way."

"I don't think there is, Baby."

Rachel wiggled closer as she felt sleep creep in. "I'm going to try any way."

Chapter 24

"I knew it! I fucking knew it!" Santana yelled as she dropped her back pack to the floor. Quinn and Rachel...as well as Leo, opted to wait until after she returned from her first day of classes to tell her about Jessica and Mark. "I'm going to beat some asses tonight."

"No you're not." Leo corrected her, hooking his arm around her waist and dragging her down onto their sofa. She had no choice but to follow.

"Don't tell me what I am or am not going to do! If you and I are going to work, we need to get that fact straight real quick."

The fact that he was unphased by her warning pissed her off even more. "Just...calm down for a second."

"Don't tell me to calm down either! These are my friends that this bitch is messing with. She almost fucked up what I have spent the last two years trying to protect."

When she started to struggle against his hold he released her. "You can't protect it this time, Santana." He called after her as she made her way towards the door.

"And why the hell not?"

"Because *they* need to learn to do it." He stood up and met her gaze, just as certain in his decision as she was in hers. "Rachel needs to handle this."

"She should have handled it in the first place. And since she didn't, now I get to."

Leo shook his head and slowly walked forward. "Santana," His was quiet and calm, easing some of her anger. "We all agree that she should have taken care of it in the beginning, but it is because she didn't, that she needs to now."

"They're my best friends, Leo. I can't just sit back and not do anything."

"I know." He assured her and she stepped into a hug. "I know. And I don't expect you to. All I'm saying is let Rachel do what she needs to. After that, I will drive you to wherever the bitch lives myself." The Latina laughed in acceptance. "Just let Rachel handle it first."

"I can do that. Yeah. I can do that. I still get my personal satisfaction and Rachel can prove herself." Leo nodded his head and smiled as she pulled away to look up at him. "If I beat her ass, do you think she would press charges?"

He answered without hesitation. "Most definitely."

"How much jail time is that?"

"Depends on how badly you mess her up. Probably thirty days if you draw blood. And that's a lot of school to miss seeing as you just started."

"Well," She stood up on her tiptoes and pecked his lips. "They I guess I better have an air tight alibi."

"It's weird." The pair turned to see Rachel standing in the door way. "You two together...it's weird. Is it for real?"

The two looked at each other and Leo sighed. "We're taking it day by day. Right now we are working under the title of friend's with benefits who aren't interested in anyone else."

"But you call each other boyfriend and girlfriend?"

Santana nodded. "Yeah. You have a problem with it?"

The diva held up her hands in surrender, knowing that she was already on thin ice with the Latina. "No. It just sounds a lot like what you had with Brittany, and you weren't happy in that situation."

"It's not the same." Leo assured her as he took a seat at his table and Santana sat down in his lap, smiling as he rubbed his hand up and down her back comfortably. "I'm interested in a relationship with her, Brittany wasn't. I just want to make sure the feelings are mutual, so we are taking it slow."

Rachel dropped her brow and crossed her arms over her chest. "I thought it was pretty clear that Santana wants to be with you."

"He doesn't believe me."

"I believe you." He corrected her quickly. "I just still feel like you would drop me if Brittany was ever to change her mind. It's an insecurity that I have which fades every day. I'm working on it. I'm just protecting myself while giving you what you

want."

"Part of what I want." Santana confessed looking into his eyes. "I'll give you the time you need to see that I'm for real about this, then I want all of you." Their eyes locked and he nodded his head.

"Is this whole bile rising in the back of my throat thing normal in situations such as this?" Rachel asked, breaking the moment. She was so a little Santana.

"Berry, go deal with you vixen like you should have in the first place or I will kick you ass and then hers." The diva winced and slowly backed out of the doorway.

When Rachel arrived at the theater, Mark and Jessica were already there, sitting on the stoop waiting. "There's our little heart breaker. Did your rent check keep you up all night screaming at you for Jess-ic...wow..." Mark's words faded as Rachel flipped her hair behind her shoulder to reveal the dark mark Quinn had left in response to Jessica's.

"I so did *not* do that." Jessica announced, standing to inspect Rachel's neck. "How do you plan on covering that?"

Rachel sharply pulled away as Jessica moved to run her finger over the bruised skin. "With makeup."

"A lot of it." Mark jibed.

The diva turned her attention to the red head and smiled her beaming smile. "Quinn would like me to pass on a few friendly words."

"Yeah?" Jessica straightened her posture and smiled widely in her ignorance.

"Yeah." Rachel mocked her before dropping her smile. "Try anything like that again and she *will* kick your ass." Jessica dead panned, unaware of Quinn's head bitch in charge side. The blonde had always seemed more like a door mat to her. Love sick and willing to do any command Rachel barked out. Rachel then turned to Mark who seemed to share the red head's shock with the statement. "And I would warn you not to push her. You have met Quinn, my girlfriend. But you haven't been introduced to Quinn *Fabray*. She will hurt you...in one way or another." The diva smirked and left the two on the stoop to flounder in their silence.

The theater was small, definitely not Broadway, but it would be a start, a paycheck to help Quinn out. Rachel needed this badly. Not just to start her career, but for her relationship. Quinn wasn't complaining about working two jobs and trying to go to school, but Rachel still felt like she was letting her girlfriend down. It didn't help that Mark and Jessica had taken to referring to the blonde as Rachel's rent check or sugar mama. The diva needed to contribute to their relationship more than just adding stress. And she needed something soon.

Rachel stood in the back and watched a few performers sing their pieces and her confidence was shaken. These weren't her peers in high school. These were talented preforms, as driven, as talented, and as experienced as she was. These were people who had also taken lessons in dance and singing since they were old enough to. These were people whose dreams were to be the biggest thing to hit Broadway in decades. These were people who were her. And it shook her. She wished Quinn was here.

Jessica approached Rachel cautiously as they waited to be called for their turn to sing. Rachel tried to ignore her. "So...Quinn never really struck me as the possessive type...or the violent type."

She couldn't help but smirk at the woman's newly installed fear, but refused to make eye contact with her, keeping them fixed on the performer on stage. There was something about seeing her 'friend' cower in fear of her girlfriend that made Rachel feel alive in a way that she hadn't felt lately. She felt...proud.

"Quinn is whatever she needs to be. A sensitive friend, a sweet lover, a protector, an aggressor...a battering ram." She added the last one meeting Jessica's eyes with a glare of seriousness. "Quinn can be your greatest friend of your worst enemy. You crossed a line so now she can either tolerate your existence...or destroy you. That choice is still yours. I suggest you choose wisely."

Jessica nodded her head and attempted a smile to hide her discomfort. "And here I thought I should be worried about Santana."

Rachel let out an evil sounding laugh that knocked the smile from the red head's lips. "Please. I guess I never told you how things worked, did I? Ask anyone that went to school with us and there is no mistake about it. When it comes to being the top dog, Santana is second in line. Quinn was the head bitch in charge and ruled over everyone. Always has, always will."

"You're up." The stage hand tapped Rachel on the shoulder. "Good luck."

Rachel took one more look at the red head and smirked at the fear in her eyes. The diva was back in action. She left Jessica in the wings and when the spot light hit her, she didn't falter for a second. This is where she was suppose to be. The light blinded her from making out any details of the darkened theater but she held her smile.

"You may begin." A booming voice echoed.

"My name is Rachel Berry and I will be performing On My Own from the Broadway classic Les Mes." She felt like she was back in sophomore year, auditioning for Mr. Schuester. Back when she knew and believed she was the best. Back when there was no pressure to do anything but enjoy that moment. She sang with that emotion, that freedom from judgment. It was just her and that song, everything else blocked out by the blinding lights. Her heart ached and soared with the music and tears formed as she heard her voice echoed back at her with the pain of the lyrics apparent in her words.

Rachel held that moment as the song ended and she was excused off stage. When she faded out of the light, she faded back to what she had started to feel when she first walked in. Small, insignificant, and not quite good enough.

"You were amazing."

Rachel smiled faintly and turned to thank the friendly voice and she froze. "Quinn? Wha-what are you doing here?" She stood up and wrapped her arms around the tall blonde and felt the warmth return to her body.

Quinn held her tight, very much aware that both Mark and Jessica were watching from a distance but she didn't care. She wasn't here for them. "I had an hour for a meal break and this place was only two blocks away, so I thought I would come and see you. I made it in time to see most of the song. You were great, Baby." She gushed as she reluctantly let the smaller girl go.

"I don't know if it was enough."

"It was enough." Quinn assured her. "You had people packing up their bags and leaving, knowing they couldn't compete."

"She's right." Both girls turned to a tall man as he approached them. "You have something special and I am hoping that you will get to show it off in our show." *Our* show. Suddenly Rachel knew who she was talking to, the man whom she needed to improve

Rachel could only nod as she watched the composed man vanish back into the darkness of the theater seats. Thankfully, Quinn still had an arm around her waist because Rachel's knees buckled and she nearly fell. "Oh my God."

"Oh my God." Quinn echoed. "You've been cast?"

"I think so, maybe. I don't know. It's a second audition if nothing else. Oh my God." She nearly tackled Quinn in a hug. Even if she didn't get the part and it was just a call back, it was something. It was progress, confirmation that she was able to do this. This was proof to her and to Quinn. "Oh shit. What time did he-"

"Three." Quinn answered with its importance dripping from the word. "Three. Three. Three. Three. So you will be here by two." Rachel nodded. "And call me as soon as you can with any details."

"Call you?" Rachel's smile fell.

"I can't exactly come with you. One, I have to work, and two...it's not very professional to bring your girlfriend until you already have the part in the bag. I don't want to risk anything. I mean, I don't even think I'm suppose to be here right now."

"You're not." Mark stated as he and Jessica approached the couple slowly. "But I wont tell if you don't."

Quinn wasn't amused by his attempt at a joke to lighten the hostility between them. Instead she narrowed her eyes at him and he dropped his gaze. She couldn't stand either of them. "If you're done here then how about you come keep me company at work. Maybe you can talk the boss into investing in a few vegan meals to add to the menu." The blonde suggested to the diva, ignoring the other pair's presence.

"That actually sounds like a really good idea." Rachel answered, cupping the blonde's face and pulling her into a kiss before they started to head for the exit.

"Quinn."

They both turned around to face Jessica and her puppy dog eyes. Even Mark looked annoyed with the expression. "What do you want?" Her words weren't cold, just flippant. This woman wasn't worth her time.

"I wanted to say that I'm sorry for-"

"No you're not." Quinn cut her off forcefully, dropping the diva's hand and taking a few slow steps closer to the surprised red head. "You aren't in the least bit sorry for anything. I know what you did and what you have been trying to do." Jessica shuffled her feet back slightly as Quinn kept coming, never getting in her face, just closing the distance. "So let me make it very clear right now. Whatever game you are trying to play...it's not going to work. Nothing you ever try is going to work. She's mine and I'm not going anywhere."

Jessica couldn't meet her eyes, shifting them around the theater instead while both Mark and Rachel tried to hide their smiles as Quinn stopped within inches from the other woman's face.

"So back, The fuck, Off. Or I'll do it for you." The red head didn't respond. She just pursed her lips and found a spot to stare at. Quinn smiled and turned around to head back to Rachel but stopped after a few steps. "Don't push me. You really don't want to push me." The diva stepped forward and grabbed her girlfriend's hand, pulling her towards the exit as she stared Jessica down.

The couple burst into laughter as soon as they broke out of the darkness and began their walk to the diner. "I think you got your point across quite well today." Rachel applauded her girlfriend and hooked her arm around her waist as Quinn draped hers over the shorter girl's shoulders.

"I think so too. So...we need to celebrate. The bitch is gone, school has started, and you, my darling, may have just landed your first job. How firckin exciting is that!" Rachel blushed and buried her face in the proud blonde's chest. "This is what we're here for, Rachel." Quinn beamed, pulling her girlfriend closer. "We're here for Broadway."

Rachel nodded her head. She was on her way. "Always remember."

"Always *remember*." Quinn echoed. "Now just don't *forget* to call your dads. Otherwise they may disown us both and I really don't want to test the whole 'third time's a charm' saying."

"No." Rachel agreed, pulling herself into the blonde's body. "I love you, Quinn Fabray."

"I love you too, Rachel Berry."

The End!

I want to thank all of you who have stuck with it. From the very beginning of LMAL and those of you who jumped in at the middle. You all have been so awesome and supportive. Thank you. Thank you. Thank you.

So, I'm still undecided if I am going to do a third part. Keep a look out just in case.

And for those of you who aren't already following it, I have another Faberry fic going (and seems to be never ending) called Beautiful When You Don't Try. Check it out. Once again. Thank you all.

Also, if you happen to have any other suggestions for a story, feel free to send me a message.