

Punky's First Scene

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Quinn raked a rough hand across the back of her neck—chasing the dread that bristled there. The camera's red light blinked awake; its eye set on hers.

"Okay, Punky," the girl behind it spoke, smiling, "You ready?"

She felt she must have looked very alarmed. The girl behind the camera sort of snickered through her hand, clamped over her mouth.

She felt her own jaw clench, recalling a former disposition—the fourteen year old girl who stood before Sue Sylvester for the first time; straight-backed and daring, "Yes. I'm ready. Just tell me what you want." It was exactly as she'd said back then, verbatim.

Her puckered lips let out an imperceptible sigh—she *hoped* it was imperceptible.

The girl was focusing her lens on Quinn's body, teeth over her thin lips. Quinn closed her eyes. Months had been tearing by; New York minutes don't amount to much in your hands. They're pretty slippery. She couldn't exactly say how long she'd been away—it came in a flash, the idea and subsequent action; running away from home. And now she was caught in a whirlwind she'd started up, with her own bare hands, and it was hard to step away from; hard to focus in it.

Stupid girl.

Talk about solutions to problems that are—in themselves—pretty fucking problematic. Whatever. She was in New York wasn't she? On a nice couch. In a very nice apartment. In front of seven girls; one holding a camera, two holding boom mics, four draped over chairs with eyed fixed interestedly on Quinn (with her brow furrowed softly; slightly puzzled as to whose life she was living *now*).

That's always how these things happen—sort of by accident.

A shining pink flyer on a telephone pole had brought her here. The promise of money had brought her here. Hunger and loneliness, and sick sadness, and hollow anxiety burrowing into her stomach deeper and deeper by the day, had brought her here.

"Punky, eyes open, come on—time to start, okay?"

Green, exploding irises popped open—she was pop-eyed; mouth slack. She licked an anxious line across her bottom lip, "Yeah, okay."

"Don't worry—we're nice and we'll start slow."

"Okay."

The girl's voice was so soft and kind, it nearly made Quinn sick, "So, Punky. Where you from?"

She slid damp palms against the coarse material of her jeans, feeling the sensitive nerves there prick and come alive, "Um—Ohio. A small town in Ohio. I sort of come from nowhere, actually. I'm from nowhere." The girl's bright red, shark-fin tongue slid along her upper lip—sensing bloody water, "Hmm, cute, cute. That's adorable. And are you gay, straight, bi, pan—what?"

Quinn brows rose, eyes wide; face immaculate and pale, "Um uh...uh—*gay*." She said the word as if it'd been stuck in her throat for a decade; rough and dusty now.

"I feel like that's probably the first time she's ever even *said* that word out loud," some girl spoke, to soft laughter.

"Shut up Shana," the girl behind the camera spat gently, eyes fixed on Quinn's bright cheeks, "Why are you doing this today, Punky?"

"Need the money." Quinn's eyes rolled drolly. First time she'd managed not to stutter like a schoolgirl.

"Yeah?—gonna spend it on a pretty girl you like?" The girl beamed cheekily; she had deep dimples.

"No."

"Well what are you gonna spend all that money on then?"

Quinn looked up innocently (with those big eyes), "Food. Rent."

The girl watched Quinn derisively, smirking, "Food and rent," she mimicked, "Okay, *well*—do you want to take that awful cardigan off at all? And that little yellow peasant top might as well go too. You know—it's sort of time for you to start earning that rent money now."

Quinn swallowed, "Okay."

She dragged her cardigan down her shoulders—it was cold in this room. Her eyes stayed fixed to the lens as she plucked her peasant top up and off her abdomen too; goosebumps prickling to life through the skin.

The girl clucked her tongue against the roof of her mouth, "*Nice*. Good call on no bra."

Quinn's cheeks flushed, "Thanks."

She tossed her clothes rather meekly off-frame—there goes all sense of Christian virtue. Every little remnant. So—well, might as well—

"I'm uh, gonna take my jeans off too, okay? Might make it a little easier to get hard with all these...girls and cameras."

Quinn sucked a little on her bottom lip. The girl behind the camera, her eyes were dark. Blue, but not at all bright.

She chuckled at Quinn, "Oh you *have* to get hard, Punky-sweetie. You want to get paid, don't you? Wouldn't want you to *starve*, poor baby."

Quinn cleared her throat, "Yeah..."

She watched the seam of her zipper gleam beneath the bright lights like it were fascinating. She tugged at the zipper's slider, watching the metal teeth split into a grin. She'd worn her lucky briefs—navy blue (nearly black) with little star-shaped golden polka dots. It was silly, maybe, but they made this all seem slightly less surreal.

"Pull them down all the way."

Quinn looked up for the first time in whole seconds, her bangs tickling her lashes, "Okay."

Keen green eyes stayed latched to the lens as she wiggled out of her jeans; tugging carelessly at the waistband. She kicked them off at the ankles.

"*Now* we're getting somewhere." The girl's eyes flashed at her. Quinn shut hers.

She cupped a soft palm over herself; curving lovingly over the swell.

"Eyes open, Punky."

Electric green popped awake again; focusing immediately on the lens—a glossy, impartial swirl.

"So, are you hard?"

Quinn squeezed herself softly, "Not really."

"Well show us how you *get* hard then," she told her in a low whisper, seriously.

Quinn gulped a little; feeling like her chest lacked air. Her tongue flicked quickly across her upper lip, "Umm—okay."

She was warm against her palm; soft and sweet. She rubbed at the curve, fingertips occasionally tickling her scrotum. A soft groan from her mouth made the girls sigh. Her eyes slipped closed again—weak and a little embarrassed.

Quick, happy memories of cheeky Rachel Berry smirks, plaid skirts, and honey-thighs flittered beneath her closed eyelids. She must have smiled.

"Ooh—whatcha thinking 'bout?" the girl's laughing voice interrupted her pleasure, "Because I'm pretty sure you're tenting, babe."

Quinn wrapped her fingers around her shaft. Yeah, she was hard.

"Don't keep secrets, Punky. And don't stall, either."

She flushed brightly (beneath a tense jaw), and her voice trembled, "I was thinking about a girl I...like."

She pressed her thumb into the head of her cock—visible now beneath the navy fabric—rubbing across it in tight little circles.

The girl behind the camera squealed aloud, giggling, "A girl she likes! *Adorable*."

A giddy chorus of patronizing "awws" filled the space. Quinn's face was slightly startled (approximating appalled).

"*Tell* us about her. You have to share!"

"No," she said, petulantly; eyes downcast.

"*Pleaseeeeeeeeeeeeeeeee*."

Their peals of happy laughter made Quinn's face burn, "Whatever."

The girl brightened—they all did, "What's she like?"

Quinn smiled, grudgingly, "She's very good."

"Oh *is* she?"

"Yeah," she drawled, dreamily, "She really is. She was the only other girl in celibacy club, actually."

Their laughter grew much harder—higher decibels; hyena-sounding.

"Are you making this shit *up* though?"

Her thumb's languid circles around the tip of her penis didn't cease; she shrugged, "No. I'm not."

"God—*more*."

"She was..." Quinn spoke slowly, "Glee club captain. In high school, back in Ohio—which is where I fell for her. She's probably a lot of other things now...but I'll always know her as glee club captain. Like, awful sweaters—um, white knee socks...plaid skirts that were like, super short, but you could tell she didn't do it on purpose. She was just...never aware of being...*tempting*, I guess."

"Glee club captain," the girl said wonderingly, "Nice. And who were you?"

She snorted; brows rising sardonically, "Head cheerleader."

The girl's entire entity shook with giggles, "Oh Jesus, help me."

"Hmm," Quinn nodded, "She was a wonderful girl, and I was a terrible one. That's the *real* gist, really."

"Mhm," she murmured through a grin, "And this wonderful girl...what were her titties like?"

Quinn bit her lip against the initial, visceral reaction (outrage, a fuck you). She waited a beat—squeezed the side of her shaft in a gentle palm. The slow, inevitable flare of arousal settled low in her stomach. She let her neck loll more comfortably against the couch, "They were fucking heavenly, honestly."

"Describe them," the girl urged her gently.

Quinn passed a hand across her brow, sighing softly—a halo of pre-cum darkened her brows around the head of her cock, "They're...golden—like honey. And small. I have a pretty broad palm...they'd fit right into the flat of it, with room to spare."

"Yeah? Ever test the theory?"

Quinn swallowed—dry all the way down to the column of her throat. Sure, swift thumbs hooked into her waistband, "Is it—is it all right? I'm ready to do it now."

"Mmm," the girl nodded at her dazedly, "I *love* the sudden enthusiasm, by the way."

Quinn tugged her waistband, teasingly—almost mimicking a model; giving them a final pose before sliding down her briefs. The pulsing marble pillar pointed inwards, brushed lightly at her stomach.

"I'm no connoisseur—but that sure is a nice cock," the girl winked and everything.

The camera settled on the pretty furrow in Quinn's brow; she watched the lens and asked: "Can I have some lotion or something, before I start?"

"Maria can you...?"

A diminutive brunette in tan slacks giggled towards Quinn; hunching over her with a shiny black bottle of lubricant. She squeezed a generous drop into Quinn's broad palm, "*There* you go."

"Th-thanks." It was the closest any woman had ever come to her naked cock. It wasn't particularly erotic—rather sad and surreal. But it was exciting.

The needy ache spiked up her cock—she grew a little bolder, a little harder, and grabbed herself almost poignantly (hand wet and cool). The moment was emphasized with a soft, murmured 'fuck.'

She held herself at the base, in a loose, soft fist. Occasionally the strokes would turn to a soft caress of her testicles, or a flick of her thumb across the dips and ridges of the tip.

"So it's sort of just a gentle flick of the wrist. Duly noted," the girl cocked her brow, "Don't think I'd forget, by the way. You never answered. Did you ever get to test your theory?"

Quinn's cold, pretty face grew hazy (eyes fluttering closed and opening to reveal the dewy green gleam that replaced electric). She let her free hand loll to her testicles; passing a thumb along the crease. She could almost *feel* the camera shift its focus there—evaluating their shape and tone (both like a ripe, dusky peach).

"Of course—not. If you'd known us then, it wouldn't even be a question," a certain light faded from her eyes.

The girl watched Quinn shift and fidget; hand knotted despondently over her oiled appendage—caressing it occasionally.

"She'd never...she'd never let me touch her. I was mean to her, because of this freakish obsession," she nodded absentmindedly toward her erection, "The dumb thing is now that I'm older...in *retrospect* and everything, I think I'd have had a better shot of getting close to her

owning up to it than I had repressing it. But I was scared of myself...the things I wanted."

"What did you want?"

"*Her*—escape—independence. Things that were out of my reach. But I wanted them so *bad*. It wasn't fair," it was a softly murmured plaintive tangent; hazy, "God—Rachel. I wanted to touch her so bad it made my palms...*ache*. Almost painfully. I just needed to put my hands on her, y'know?"

Quinn's lips moved silently, breath hitched, "Just like—*grab* her...hard and..."

Her hips jerked involuntarily—the glittering head of her cock came in and out of focus; slipping wetly through her fist. Her 'damns' and 'fucks' were hardly audible; but occasionally piqued cutely, turned into little whines.

"I think *someone's* going to come."

There was the spastic flutter of her eyelashes, followed by a strangled "*hmmm*." Hot licks of pleasure went up her cock at every wet stroke; her lip curled.

The girl fixed her camera's gaze on Quinn's fluid abdomen, twisting itself into her own fist. "Come on yourself, okay, Punky? Come on your face."

Quinn's eyes rolled—even in the throes of self-gratification, she was constitutionally bad-tempered when it came to absurd sentiments:

"Mhm."

She bent her golden head close to her lap. She watched her own slick flesh twitch at her—splash against her blushing cheeks, "*Ugh*."

She came to the squealing giggles of a bevy of young girls.

"Aww—look at those pretty cheekbones getting all pink."

"And white."

"—*Nice*."

Someone—far into the background—was clapping.

The girl behind the camera seemed to revel in her soaked cheeks; blue eyes bright and playful, "How do you feel, Punky?"

"Sticky."

She laughed—"Did you have fun? Are you coming back?"

Quinn looked up from her lap, eyes meeting the lens.

"Yeah—I guess so. As long as filth sells, anyway. And *pays*."

Giggles, "Hint, hint."

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Present Time

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Quinn leaned unhappily against their den's doorframe, watching Rachel watch *her* on the TV screen.

The little brunette (who lied supine on the couch, with both hands folded cutely over her stomach) turned to her with the smug, dark quirk of a brow, smiling cheekily, "Talk about humble beginnings, huh baby?"

"Please shut up."

She walked up to Quinn, kissing her along the jaw the way she woke her every morning.

"Why do you insist on watching all these dirty movies about me, Berry?"

Rachel passed a hand along the freshly-tinted blonde hair at her nape,

"Gets me going. Plus, I wanted to see what Erin's filming techniques were like."

Hazel widened, "Oh—she's good. I mean, she likes to talk to you a lot during but she's pretty funny. You'll like her."

"Hmm," Rachel nodded, "I sure do like her *idea*."

She twirled a finger through the perfect curl of Quinn's ponytail, "I finally get to suck the pretty blonde cheerleader's cock."

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Brunch, a year ago.

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The décor scarcely registered. They were in some tea room in Manhattan that served sublime earl grey. Quinn sipped and watched Rachel eat many cucumber sandwiches.

"Sorry," she had told her, "Good sex always makes me so hungry."

Quinn hummed a reply. She couldn't shake the dread—the thought that this might be the last she'd ever see of Rachel Berry. And the last Rachel Berry would ever see of her. She'd liked the mystery of her departure from Ohio. She could've ended up becoming *anything* for all this wonderful girl knew. But now it was solidified—she was a runaway, a libertine, an underground fetish exhibition for filthy, filthy masturbators. Quinn drank her image in—sitting high upon her seat; back straight, legs crossed daintily at the knee.

She turned to Quinn, brown eyes rimmed in gold; shining like beacons, "So— where's the girl who wore white cardigans and read *Wuthering Heights* quite rudely and apathetically during Mr. Schuester's admittedly useless harangues?"

The tea settled hotly in Quinn's stomach, "She's still here—ready to bore you at your earliest request."

At its best it was just feeble, flippant self-deprecation. Rachel categorized it very easily.

"I'm serious," she whispered.

Quinn looked past her, at the face of a bronze, antique mantel clock; eyes misty, almost chastised.

"You know how once the superhero realizes their superpower they go home and immediately craft a costume?"

Rachel licked her lips at her, absentmindedly, and nodded in acquiescence.

"Well that's sort of how *this* happened," she waved a hand as if to present herself for the first time, "At first I just didn't want to use my name. *Any* of my names. And then, after my first scene...I thought—hey, maybe I'll give Punky a try. My whole life's just been...one giant clusterfuck of personalities all squabbling to form a sense of identity out of a giant, repressed, gay mess."

Rachel watched her, sympathetically.

Quinn shrugged it off, fleeing the softness of her eyes to stare at the clock again (noting despondently, the way it was steadily ticking off the minutes of this final moment with Rachel), "Or maybe I've *always* been one of satan's girls in disguise. And I'm just owning it now."

Rachel sighed resignedly.

"Quinn—do you want to come back to my apartment?"

It was abrupt, and slightly startling.

Rachel closed her eyes, brow furrowing.

"I'm not *inviting* you—I—I'm merely gauging your interest. Perhaps I should phrase it better...okay—Quinn, are you *trying* to come back to my apartment?"

"Yes," it was shamefully easy to say, "But I think I won't get to."

She watched Rachel's pretty little foot dangle—and occasionally shake, "Not by being a giant jerk, no."

Quinn nodded, wasting minutes watching the time go by on the clock. A figure shot through her heart and mind—of Rachel in a long, red graduation gown, walking away from her.

"I uh...", she swallowed, "I used to write you poetry in the blank spaces of the books you'd see me reading during glee club meetings. Like...if you just finished singing something...or if you were talking or...if you were sitting directly in front of me, and I could smell your hair."

Something thickened in Rachel's throat, like syrup, and spread—warm and tender—through her body.

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Present Time, several hours later.

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Quinn lied supine and relaxed on their bed, with an impish arm behind the crown of her head.

Rachel stood at the foot of it; digging a thumbnail into the little bone in her wrist.

The lens raked over them, slowly.

It was the strangest feeling for Rachel, to be watching her like this. So many mental snap-shots swirled inside her—her mind wandered—to bare arms, McKinley High's colors, slit pleats.

"Please stop staring lovingly at each other's faces," Erin told them, wryly, "This isn't the woman who clings to you at night—this is the girl you never got to fuck."

Green eyes turned cool, and ambiguous, upon hearing the words.

Rachel gasped, "Quinn, are you *acting*? For *porn*? Are you—taking something *seriously*?"

A dark-blond brow rose vaguely, "I'm recalling an old emotion to properly portray a scene. Big deal, Berry."

Rachel scoffed, shaking her head, "*Hmm*—tell me more about how you used to come on your own palms thinking about me."

"She's out of character," Quinn turned to Erin; staring with droll, impassive eyes, "The glee club captain would've stared down at the floor and silently creamed her panties at my proximity."

Erin tsked, "Rachel, get back into character. Let's see—what would Liz Errol do? She'd motivate you. Okay, Rachel, pay close attention—it's

2012 again. You've got the head cheerleader in your bed, lying there like she owns the place—and she's finally asking you to...ya know..."

Rachel smirked, "Help with her Yale application?"

Quinn snorted.

"*Whatever* you kids are calling it," Erin sheeshed sharply at them, "Now think about how you'd feel...having her there. Real and ready."

Whatever relief Rachel had gotten from being in her own, adult home, easily dissipated. She was seventeen again, watching Quinn Fabray disappear and reappear at will; but never letting her hold her.

She slid her eyes up this esoteric, recumbent figure on her bed-sheets—pale knees bent inwards towards each other, pleats split to reveal the shining material of her spanx (lifted up in a crimson steeple), eyes distant and threatening but breaking for second-long moments where they'd grow dark and close.

Rachel sighed; falling onto the bed on her knees and hands. Her little tartan dress hiked up her thighs.

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Rachel's bangs grazed Quinn's stomach through the polyester (bright red, a replica)—glittering headband bobbing back and forth as she nuzzled her nose against her.

Quinn's vision was hazy; focus drifting from the Jesus pendant glittering between her breasts, lower, to where Rachel's face floated in and out of focus. She had butterflies—little-girl ones.

Rachel kissed the lowest point in her abdomen. Quinn's eyes grew wide with barely-controlled emergency—she squirmed and gasped.

Rachel pressed a palm to her stomach, lightly holding it down, "Jumpy?" Her un-confinable brown eyes glittered, expressive; gloating noticeably.

Quinn grabbed her by her soft nape and slid her cheek against her erection, "Fucking *not* jumpy. *Hard*, all right?"

Rachel nuzzled her face into her, "*Mhm.*"

Quinn's hips jerked up; thumbnails hooking into the waistband of her spanx, sliding them down her legs.

Rachel bit her lip. She didn't want to say something stupid and obvious: 'Wow' or 'You're so *big*.' Epithets that would fall out of her turncoat-tongue so easily if she didn't imprison it.

Her cheeks flushed though—and that was enough for *Quinn's* ego.

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Lips wet and puckered on the head of Quinn's cock, Rachel whispered, "Be sure to tell me how this stacks up to all those vivid little fantasies you used to have."

She pulled back. Her tongue (the underside), and her pouty bottom lip, dragged down Quinn's cock, from tip to base. And then, the bridge of her nose nuzzled the sensitive skin underneath her cock as she sucked at her scrotum.

Quinn's pupils swirled back, "*Fuck.*"

Rachel was a girl she'd watched adoringly, from a distance, leant heart-broken against her locker. Now she was a gentle suckling at her testicles.

Her own whimpering shook and vibrated within the column of her throat (Rachel's soft bottom lip was sliding against the crease).

Rachel licked a line back up the length of the shaft, "You're so brilliantly long, Quinn."

Quinn giggled happily, grabbing herself, and slapping wetly against Rachel's cheek. It was absurdly exciting, "Mmn—do you like it?"

Rachel looked up silently through dark lashes.

"Do you like it?" Erin beamed at them, "How's it feel, Rachel?"

She sighed, "Heavy."

"I *bet*," Erin chuckled, "I fucking bet. That's the weight of *years* of repression smacking you in the face, Rachel. It's serious."

Rachel laughed, gently slapping Quinn's cock off her face, "Idiots."

Quinn watched her—eyes lit up like dewy green stars, "Suck me."

"While the sentiment makes my heart seize up in quixotic joy, really-it-does," Rachel shook her head, "Just—no. What if you jerk your jumpy hips and wreck my vocal cords? You can forget it, Quinn Fabray."

She cupped her palms against Rachel's nape, lacing her fingers, "Please? I'll um—you can wear my Cheerios jacket to school. Like, whenever you want."

Rachel latched the lines of her lips onto the head of Quinn's cock, "OK—go."

Her hips lifting up gently, Quinn watched, with an innocent sort of fascination, as she disappeared into Rachel's throat, "Oh-my-god."

Slow, corkscrew motions of her hips wound her in and out of Rachel's mouth, "Fuck, fuck, fuck."

Rachel turned her tongue into a sharp blade that flicked its tip against Quinn's testicles occasionally, whenever her nose brushed Quinn's abdomen.

"*God*—who would've thought Rachel Berry sucked dick so creatively? Guess I've got some new things to draw on bathroom walls, huh?"

Rachel's lips stroked against her in a smile. She swallowed around the appendage; hollowing her cheeks.

"Yeah—suck me good—it was so hard, the things I went through back then over you."

"I agree," Erin nodded gravely, "You sounded like such a tease—knee socks and cardigans? You insensitive slut."

Rachel rolled her eyes—Quinn felt her lashes flutter against her pelvic bone. She jerked her hips back sharply, afraid she'd selfishly orgasm if the tender suction at her flesh didn't immediately cease.

An iridescent web of pre-cum and spit latched to Rachel's chin, attached to Quinn's quivering tip.

Quinn looked up at the lens, smiling, "Don't ever underestimate just how fun this is."

She twirled a finger around the sublime substance attached to the head of her cock, offering it to Rachel's parted mouth with an upturned palm.

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The camera was watching pale digits disappear into Rachel, hooked dangerously upwards into her.

They were nude. Save for Quinn's cheerleading skirt, which Rachel had requested stay on: "Because symbolism is important. And the things that little garment symbolize for me are...unmercifully complex, Quinn." Quinn had asked Rachel to keep her headband and knee socks on for this same reason.

A little fist wrapped itself around Quinn's wrist, tugging her back and away from her, "Quinn—I want more now."

Quinn pressed a third finger against her entrance.

"*Nooooo*—more—I want—" she caught herself with wide doe eyes.

Quinn giggled, "You want...?" She dragged the vowel.

Rachel kept obstinately silent, mood darkening. Loving Quinn and hating Quinn had never been in separate categories for her—*especially* during sex.

Quinn grabbed her cock with a grin, pressing it up to Rachel.

Rachel could feel the sensitive dip of its slit; the ridges of its mushroom-shaped head grazing the raw nerves of her clitoris. She'd never felt so helpless.

"*Don't* rub yourself on me like that—I don't want to be teased, I want to *be fucked*."

Quinn's breath hitched, "I wish you'd told me that a long fucking time ago. I would've..."

Rachel's hands closed themselves around the pleats of Quinn's skirt, pulling her in, violently.

"*Fuck*," Quinn groaned quietly, hips shocked to stillness, "You're so fucking soft inside, Rachel."

She sighed into the crook of Quinn's shoulder, Quinn soothingly kissed her temple.

She wasn't prepared for how gentle Quinn was being; how heavenly-soft Quinn's nose was as it brushed hers in a kiss (she found herself missing a little, the sharp bite of metal).

"Just for the record," she slipped nakedly in and out of satin bliss, slow, "I would've been so gentle with you back then."

She looked down at her cock—shiny with everything that was twisting rhapsodically inside Rachel. She had to close her eyes.

Rachel's nails raked up the knolls of her spine, digging in at her shoulder-blades, "Quinn! You—*mmn!*"

She reached for Quinn's pleats again, knotting her hands haphazardly around them—urging her on with quick, eager tugs.

Their bodies slapped wetly against each other, at Rachel's desired pace. Quinn whispered romance and filth into her ear; lips sliding against the sensitive shell.

"Quinn! *God*, Quinn!"

Rachel's brow wrinkled; legs crossing delicately at Quinn's lower back. Quinn could feel the cool fabric of Rachel's knee socks brush her butt-cheeks—her languorous jerks turned hectic.

She muttered half-threats into Rachel's ear, "God—Rachel—you—you fucking—*mmn*—come, come for me; come on, come for me, c'mon, c'mon, *come* for me."

Rachel's legs tightened around Quinn's twisting hips—suspending their riotous, winding movements; her insides burned white, heavenly-hot.

"Ahh-h-h-h, yes—*fuck!*"

Quinn's head was hazy—whole body straining to empty itself into the tumult of Rachel's frantic contractions.

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Rachel wiped the sweat lovingly from Quinn's brow, before kissing it.

"Hey—" Erin interrupted, "Can I get a shot of that creampie?"

"Can we have a moment?" Quinn snarled back, "*Jesus.*"

"No, yeah—you're right," Erin drawled drolly, "Nevermind my battery life—go ahead and stare tenderly into each other's eyes for another mind-numbingly boring fifteen minutes."

Quinn's eyes rolled, pulling out (the room was piercingly cold).

Erin focused the camera; zooming in, "Um Rachel—all I can see is sort of a *dot*. You think you can squeeze some of it out?"

Doe eyes went wildly large, "*No*. It went where it was *supposed* to go. I don't care how hot you think it is, Erin, I'm not giving birth to Quinn's semen."

"Don't blame *me*, miss thang," Erin's brow quirked up, "Quinn should've pulled out and come on your face or stomach or pretty much *anywhere*. You can't take the *money-shot* out of porn. And it's not like I can just digitally add it in. Do you know what kind of production

values that would take? I don't have the budget for CGI. Rachel—Rachel, think of the *children*."

Quinn chuckled softly into her palm, fingertips grazing her wet forehead, "It's okay, it's okay—I got this."

She pressed her cheek against Rachel's honey-thighs; wet and warm, before sliding up them. She latched her mouth devotedly to the sweet curl of Rachel's lips, sucking at her.

Rachel felt the rhythmic movement of Quinn's jaw on her inner thighs, "*Fuck*, Quinn."

Quinn's tongue wiggled into her, chasing the salty wet swirl. She pulled back for a moment, "C'mon Rae, give it up," before she snuck her tongue back in.

Rachel squeezed Quinn's tongue in warning, "Finders keepers, Quinn." Quinn's eyes lit—challenge accepted. She suckled hectically.

"*Fuck*," Rachel whispered, into the crook of her arm—covering her eyes from—she looked down: god, how long had she wanted to look down and see the blonde curl of a ponytail in her lap?

"*Mmn!*" Quinn pulled back, mouth full. She stuck her tongue out, "Ahhhh—happy now?"

The camera traced the curve of Quinn's tongue; dipped in white.

"You look like what I've been dreaming of," Erin told her.

Rachel sighed, "What've you been dreaming of?"

"A white Christmas."

Quinn's cheeks puffed out to hold in her laughter—choking on your own come was a *horrible* way to go.

"Okay, okay—swallow it. Or spit it out. But—ya know—*swallow* it."

Quinn gulped, "*Gah*—gross. That was definitely all me."

"What'd it taste like?"

"Salt on salt."

"*Mmn.*"

Rachel covered her eyes.

"Did you have fun, Rachel?" Erin asked, as she tended to.

Brown cheeks turned a little ruddy, "Yes, I did."

"Are you coming back?"

"As long as filth sells and pays, yes."

Erin smirked, "Damn it, but I love my job."

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a/n: Happy Birthday Jay! This is dedicated to you—although, I have no idea what fucking day it is in Germany. I clearly don't understand the way that works. HAPPY BIRTHDAY IN AMERICA THOUGH!

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