

Changing Lanes

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Changing Lanes

by [kalex814](#)

Summary

It's the summer between college and graduate school. Daria is back home and got asked out by Trent before she even had time to unpack. Daria still has a thing for her best friend's older brother and wants to see where this goes, and find out if they have any sort of a chance this time. Meanwhile, Quinn is also home from college and seeing Jamie in a whole new light.

Notes

DISCLAIMER: This story is inspired by the characters from MTV's "Daria" (1997-2002). I do not own any rights to the television show, nor to any of the music created by Splendor (nor other musicians/lyricists) for "Daria" referenced in this text. This is merely a work of (fan)fiction.

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

Chapter 1

CHAPTER I

*"I'm a teen 'oliday,
And it sucks!
I'm a teen 'oliday,
And it sucks!
I'm a teen 'oliday,
And it suuuucks!"*

"Who did you say this was again?" Daria asked Trent, who was driving her back home after a night at the Lanes' house.

"Some guy who calls himself Guy Fawkes," replied Trent, his raspy voice still husky from sleep.

In her usual monotonous voice, she said, "I see. Guy Fawkes. Tell me, Trent, when you play his music backwards, does he tell you to remember the fifth of November?"

Trent laughed himself into a cough. "Good one, Daria. All I know is that Janey said his music makes her feel like Cleopatra."

"What?"

By the time they reached the Morgendorffer house, the music had almost grown on her. Taking off her seat belt, Daria said, "Thanks for the ride, Trent."

"Any time, Daria," he replied, his tone as mellow as it ever was. Before she stepped out of the Tank, Trent asked, "Hey, Daria?"

"Um, yeah?"

"What are you doing this Saturday?"

"Avoiding Quinn while she figures out how to match her shoes to the color of her date's eyes," she said. "Why?"

"I was wondering if you wanted to go out for pizza, or something."

"Um, sure. Tell Jane I'll be there."

"No."

"Excuse me?" Daria asked, her monotone only slightly altered.

"Janey's not coming."

"Why not? Um, did you and Jane get into a fight this morning?"

"No."

"Oh," said Daria, trailing off. "Then what?"

"It's just," began Trent, taking his eyes off her briefly to look at the road ahead of them before turning back to face her, "well, guys don't usually ask their sisters to tag along on their dates."

If it were possible to blush any harder, Daria was sure that she did. Trent noticed, and his smile softened. "D-date?" asked Daria.

"Yeah," said Trent, keeping his eyes locked on hers. "So, what do you say, Daria?"

"Um... okay," she replied, hopping out of the car door as quickly as possible. Before she closed it, Trent asked, "Pick you up at seven?"

"Seven's good," she said, her face bright and burning.

"Cool," he replied, nodding his head. He was in beat with the next song starting up on his cassette player. "See you then."

Daria watched as the car drove away and disappeared around the corner, then ran into the house. She closed the front door behind her and released a sigh of tension, slightly embarrassed that she had not gotten over her schoolgirl crush over her best friend's older brother after all these years. Daria was just glad that the only person who seemed to be aware that she was even back home from visiting Jane was her oblivious father.

"Damn, tuition bills!" yelled Jake, throwing his calculator onto the coffee table, which proceeded to blink a few times before promptly dying. "Gahhh!" Jake slumped forward, placing his head in his hands, muttering something about damn cheap products under his breath. He perked up when he saw Daria's combat boots. "Oh, hey, kiddo!"

"Hi, Dad," Daria replied, turning the TV on.

"*They drank the Kool-Aid. He punched through a wall! Carbonated cults next on 'Sick, Sad World.'*" Jake cringed when he saw the Kool-Aid mascot's face. "Eww. No daughter of mine is going to join a cult! Right, Daria?!"

From behind they heard a familiar high-pitched voice on the phone. "And then Tiffany said that she *wouldn't* join Dappa Dappa Olanda, because *they* wouldn't accept her community service hours after she gave makeovers to the seeing-eye dogs they were distributing with that service club. ... I *knooow!* I know if *I* were going to get a seeing-eye dog, I would want it to look as fabulous as me. You know, coordinating outfits and collars. That would be so *cute!* So, anyway, now she's gonna pledge for Panda Ortega Bi, and that's fine, because they have the better parties anyway, and the *cutest* Brothers. ... No, of *course*, Tiffany doesn't have an older brother. ... No, Tiffany *doesn't* have a sister either. Stacy-I," Quinn sighed, "I'll explain it to you later. Anyway, so about our shopping trip next week..."

Jake and Daria shared glances after Quinn went up the stairs to her room, shutting the door behind her.

"You were saying?" asked Daria. Jake just put his head in his hands again and sighed.

Chapter 2

CHAPTER II

Daria was nearly finished unpacking her clothes and boxing up stuff she would no longer need from her dorm, when she heard her Nokia ringing. "Hey, Jane," she said, continuing with her chores. "What's new? You know, in the seventy-five minutes since I last saw you? By the way, did I leave my book at your house? I can't find it anywhere, and I wanted to do some research before starting today's writing."

Jane walked over and opened the door to her fridge. "Hmm, nothing," she said. "But, hey, who needs to study the Cold War when you can study human anatomy?" she asked suggestively.

"Excuse me?" asked Daria, dropping the shirt that she was folding.

"Oh, Daria, when are you doing to learn that you don't have to play coy with me, especially when it comes to my brother? The boy was giving you 'come hither' looks all last night, had a goofy grin when he came back from driving you home, and told me to shut it when I gave him a smirk to show I noticed. And just so you know, Jesse and Nick noticed, too."

"Oh god," said Daria, rubbing her temples.

"Hey, don't you use that kind of language with me, sister-in-law," said Jane, chuckling. "You know how it is with guys, especially when they've known each other as long as they have."

"Yeah, yeah," said Daria. She rolled her eyes and switched her phone to her other hand.

"Guys can always tell when another guy is into someone."

"Especially when that other guy has puked on the guy in a drunken stupor as often as they have," added Jane, as she walked into her room and picked up her trusty glue gun. As she continued working on her latest project, she asked, teasingly, "So *tell* me, Daria, you little vixen, just what did you do to get Trent to notice you after all these years? Did you bat your eyelashes, drawing attention to how much *lovelier* you grew by the day in his absence?"

"I told you once, and I'll tell you again," said Daria, "I still have that god awful bridesmaid dress, and I will not hesitate to kill you and bury you in that dress."

"Yeah, yeah," said Jane absent-mindedly. "Oh, hey, I found your book. *The Rise and Fall of the Soviet Empire...*" She thumbed through the pages of text. "Looks like a light read."

"I'm thinking of bringing it the next time Quinn makes me cover her baby-sitting gig at the Gupty's."

"Hey, Daria?"

"Yes, Jane?"

"Why are my brother's initials scribbled in the margins?" she asked, snapping a Polaroid of the evidence.

"What?" asked Daria, dropping a box of her last semester's paperwork.

Jane gave a small laugh, shaking the printed photo. "Time to add this to my list of proof that you are, in fact, a member of the human race." Daria mumbled. "Hey, there's no need to be embarrassed. Remember? No need to play coy? I think it's *sweet*."

"I think it's nauseating."

Chapter 3

CHAPTER III

"Oh, so *that's* what you meant," said Stacy, who was looking through Quinn's closet for an outfit to borrow for tonight's party. "It certainly explains that weird look Jeffy gave me when I asked him what his Brothers were like growing up at that first fraternity party we went to after Sigmund Dude took him on as a pledge.-Wow, this dress is too cute! Mind if I try this on?"

"No, go ahead," said Quinn, giving her friend a sympathetic look. "How is Jeffy these days? I haven't seen him or Joey since spring break."

"They went that long without seeing you?" asking Stacy, poking her head from behind Quinn's decorative changing screen. "That's incredible..."

"I know, it's so sad," said Quinn, "but I really needed to focus on my classes if I wanted to transfer over to the business school.-Stacy, that looks great on you!"

"You really think so?" asked Stacy, smiling sheepishly.

"Uh huh! You should totally wear it to the fraternity party tonight!"

"Thanks, Quinn, you're the best," said Stacy. "You're really inspiring, too. I was so happy for you when you got the good news about the business school. I wish I were smart enough for that type of program..."

"What are you talking about, Stacy? Of *course* you are," Quinn retorted.

"No, I'm not," said Stacy. "Sandi said-."

"Enough!" said Quinn, getting up from the bed to hug her friend. "Forget about what Sandi said. You *are* smart enough. You're doing well in the community college business program. Why don't you study with me and Jamie? We're both doing that intensive online summer course to catch up, and we can help you study. I know he wouldn't mind another study partner, and if things go well, maybe you can look into transferring to our program for the spring."

"You really think so?" asked Stacy, tearing up.

"Absolutely!"

"Oh, Quinn, thank you!" said Stacy, sniffing.

"Anytime," said Quinn. She pulled away from her hug to get her friend some tissues. "Now, no more crying, you'll ruin your mascara."

Stacy sniffled again and smiled. "You're right. Thanks. Only..."

"Only what?" Quinn asked, returning to her bed to brush her hair in attempt to match the hairstyle of a model in a magazine she was flipping through.

"Well, won't I be... you know, third wheeling?"

"Third wheeling *who*?" asked Quinn, confused.

"You and Jamie, of course," Stacy replied.

"Stacy, don't be *silly*, you can't third wheel a boy who spent all of high school being part of a set," Quinn said, chuckling.

"But we're not in high school anymore," said Stacy. "And Jeffy, Joey, and Jamie aren't exactly a set these days. Unless we're all out together like old times. We're all trying to figure out where and how we belong, but you and Jamie seem to be forging that path together. Quinn, what do you think about Jamie?" she asked outright.

"Well, I-I-I don't really know," stammered Quinn. "He and I have some really good talks, and it's nice when he gets all serious and protective, and stuff, but I've never really thought about it."

"Maybe you should start thinking about it," Stacy suggested. "Like I said, we're not in high school anymore. We've grown up. Well," she said, with a small laugh, "except Upchuck."

"*Eww!*" shrieked both girls together, thinking back to what he did during spring break.

"But, seriously, Quinn, give it some thought," said Stacy, fixing up her hair. "Having a study partner is nice, but so is having someone to walk you back to your dorm late at night, send you good morning and good night texts, and who cares about you and wants the best for you."

"But Jamie already *does* that-. Oh," said Quinn, covering her mouth with her hands. Stacy gave her a knowing look. Quinn hoped she wasn't blushing too hard. "I see your point," she said, finally. "I'll think about. *Gawd*, Stacy, when the hell did you get so insightful anyway?"

"Philosophy class!" replied Stacy, clasping her hands as she smiled proudly. "But, Quinn?" she asked, suddenly very serious again.

"Yeah?"

"I just have one more question. If you don't mind."

"What is it, Stacy?"

"Are fraternity brothers and sorority sisters the same thing as the Big Brothers Big Sisters of America?"

Chapter 4

CHAPTER IV

While Quinn and Stacy got ready for their party, Daria got ready for Melody Powers' next assassination behind the Iron Curtain. Her mind was so far lost in the tundras of the Soviet Union that Daria didn't hear her mother calling for her. Daria jumped when Helen handed her the cordless phone.

"Sorry to startle you when you're undercover in the shadows of a Kremlin fortress," said Helen, "but you have a phone call."

"Oh, that's okay," said Daria, taking the phone. "Is it Jane?"

"No, actually it's Trent," said Helen with a suggestive smile. As she closed the door, she reminded Daria not to use the phone for too long, as her father was expecting a call from a very important client that night. When Daria was sure that Helen was out of earshot distance, she answered, "Hey, Trent... What's up?"

"Hey, Daria," Trent replied. He opened the fridge, looked through, and said, "Hm, nothin'. How's the writing coming along? You still working on that espionage story?"

"Yeah," said Daria. "Speaking of, give me one second..." She cradled the phone between her neck and cheek as she typed out a few more sentences. Trent waited, listening to the fast clicks of Daria's keyboard as she found a suitable place to stop her writing. "Okay, you now have my undivided attention." Their talk drifted easily between topics, ranging from his music and her writing to Daria's upcoming graduate school plans.

"Daria!" called Quinn, not waiting for acknowledgement before coming into her sister's room. Quinn glanced around uneasily. "Wow, your room still looks like this?... Anyway, Dad needs the phone now. Only, I hope he doesn't take too long, because Sandi and Tiffany are supposed to call me and Stacy about where we're meeting for the party tonight, and I would *hate* to be anything but fashionably late. I know Tiffany wouldn't try anything sabotage-y, or whatever, but you never know with Sandi. The last time I was *unfashionably* late, she made me go out with Jimmy for a week, and he *frosts his tips*, can you *imagine*? Boy bands are *so* 1997, and-"

"Um, Trent, I gotta go," said Daria, interrupting her sister, "before I lose any more brain cells."

Trent nodded, "I understand. That girl who lives with you sure sounds like a piece of work."

"Tell me about it," said Daria, ignoring Quinn's look of annoyance.

"That girl who lives with you' has a name you know."

"Oops, uh, tell Quinn I said sorry," said Trent, surprised that his voiced managed to carry. "And, Daria?"

"Yes, Trent?"

"I'm really looking forward to our date tomorrow night. Oh, and tell Quinn not to do anything I wouldn't do," said Trent, coughing as he laughed at his own joke. "See ya."

"Yeah, um, bye, Trent," Daria managed. She handed the phone to Quinn. "Tell me you didn't hear any of that."

"Oh, Daria!" Quinn exclaimed. "I always knew this day would come, and now that it has, I feel so... serene." Anything but serenely, she asked, "What are you going to wear? Where are you going? Do you want me to help you with your-?"

"Hold it right there, Cher Horowitz-" said Daria.

"Wear your blue sweater," Quinn offered, walking out of the room with the phone. "Now that you can actually *see* your eyes behind your thinner frames, it'll really bring out their dark blue color. Bye!"

Daria turned back to her computer to continue her story, but the snow behind the Iron Curtain seemed to have thawed. She decided to put aside her writing for the night. Feeling tired, she took off her glasses and rubbed the space between her eyes. She looked at her frames for a minute and cleaned her lenses. When Daria felt satisfied, she put her glasses back on and turned to her closet, setting aside her blue sweater for tomorrow night.

Chapter 5

CHAPTER V

"Oh, the Big Brothers and Sisters of America sound *nothing* like the ones you meet in college," said Stacy, laughing at her own expense. "That sounds really nice what they do though. The kids must really appreciate it. Especially if they get paired up with somebody cute! Maybe *I* should volunteer," pondered Stacy.

"You should *totally* do it!" encouraged Quinn. "Not only would you be giving back, but it'll look great on your transfer application and resume."

The girls continued their conversation as they drove to the local pizza place, where they coordinated to meet up with the former Fashion Club members before the party. One of the Three J's would drive them all to the frat house once Joey joined them after his last final. While waiting for the group to arrive, the girls ordered their usual salads with oil and vinegar on the side and a diet soda. Sandi and Tiffany joined them shortly after the food arrived and placed orders for themselves.

"I sure hope the boys don't take much longer," said Sandi, removing the sliced cheese from her salad. "I mean, how hard could computer science be? Everybody knows that the key to fixing computer problems is to try turning it off then on again."

"Yeah, but doesn't computer science involve a lot of coding, and website and program design?" said Quinn. "I remember when Joey helped me put together my old fashion blog. That looked pretty complicated."

"Desiiiiiiiggnnnn?" asked Tiffany in her usual drawl. "Maayybee we should aask Joeeey to jooinn the Fasshionn Cluuub."

"Tiffany, dear, the Fashion Club formally disbanded four years ago," Sandi reminded her. "And as much as we would like to enjoy the glories of the past and our esteemed fashion choices and accessories, while conveniently forgetting about fashion don'ts-which we *never* committed-" The girl all murmured in agreement, thinking back in horror to the times of tube tops, scrunchies, and platform jellies. "-we must remember to look forward to the future. Towards the rise of a fashion empire. Unless *Quinn* thinks *that* sounds too *complicated*."

"What? Sandi, I would *never* diminish *your* dream," said Quinn, tired of this familiar exchange. "I only meant that without *your* kind of drive, realizing your actuality by conceptualizing your dreams into a reality *could* be considered complicated. But not for *you*, Sandi, because you know very well what you want."

"Driiiiivee?" asked a confused Tiffany. "Buuuuttt Saandi juust goot aa neew caarr."

"You did?" asked a familiar voice. "That's cool! When are you going to show us your new ride?" Jeffy, Joey, and Jamie finally arrived. After devouring an entire pizza pie, the group

was ready to head over to the party. Jamie turned out to be the J driving that night, giving highest priority to Quinn for shotgun. As the rest of the group maneuvered into the back rows, Sandi grumbled, "*Gee*, Quinn, I hope you won't be *too* lonely sitting up front without the *rest* of us."

"What? Of *course* not, Sandi," said Quinn. "I only wish *I* could be sitting with the rest of you, my friends, but then *who* would keep *Jamie* company?"

"Are you saying that I am not a good hostess?" Sandi accused. "That I need *help*, or something?"

"Not at *all*, Sandi. I just mean that you're *so* good at being a good hostess that *I* want to try out the hosting skills I learned from *you* on Jamie."

"Oh, Quinn, that's so thoughtful of you to be thinking of Sandi and of others," said Stacy, supporting her friend. "That must come in such handy for the Big Brothers and Big Sisters we were talking about before! With you looking out for all of us, you'd be a natural at a program like that. No wonder people say that Big Brother is always watching!"

Chapter 6

CHAPTER VI

"I'm just saying that if I were your consultant, I'd give your line something a bit more... edgy! Like The Elegante," said Jake, throwing around his fall-back pitch to his latest client. "Uh huh," he replied back enthusiastically to the client on the phone. "Uh huh. Well, sure! See you Thursday!"

"How did the pitch go?" asked Helen, who was reviewing case files across the coffee table from him.

"It went great!" Jake exclaimed. "I really showed my clients that I, Jake Morgendorffer, am big, strong, and tough!" Helen responded with a tired glance. Jake deflated and said, "I told my clients that they were right and I was wrong." He sighed and rested his head in his hand, mumbling about damn lousy motel chains under his breath.

Still looking at her file, Helen said, "I'm sure if you just give them a little more time, they'll see what a wonderful consultant you would make for them. All you have to do is get off your tookis and keep showing initiative. You know, when Quinn has a-" Helen looked up from her file, as if coming out of long forgotten dream. Her eyes wide, she said, "Oh, no, Morgendorffer. Don't you dare go down that road again..."

"What road?" asked Jake, looking up at his wife. "Does some construction company need a consultant? 'Cause ol' Jakey's just perfect for the job! He's cool, he's tough, he's... elegante..." He cocked an eyebrow and held a martini glass in his hand that wasn't there.

Helen rubbed her temples. "Keep it together, Morgendorffer...Anyway, Jake, there's something that I wanted to talk to you about."

"Talk?" asked Jake, looking slightly horrified when Helen placed her files aside. "Um, honey, actually, I just remembered that I had a chore to do, all the way at the other end of the-"

"Jake, sit down," said Helen, tugging on her husband's suit jacket. "You're not getting out of the conversation this time. It's about Daria."

"Daria?" asked Jake. "It's not another damn tuition bill, is it, Helen? There's only so many calculations a man can take! Oh, god, why didn't I go into accounting like Mother asked? The girls are too young for this much debt."

"Jake, pull yourself together!" said Helen. "It's not about the tuition. Although, I agree with you there..."

"Phew," said Jake with a sigh. "Then what is it?"

"It's about Trent, Jane's older brother."

"Oh, Trent, yeah! Good kid!" said Jake. "Very cool, very... relaxed. It's that beard of his, very manly. Maybe I should grow a beard..." he said while stroking his chin, his imagination wandering back to his youth in the '70s.

"Jake," said Helen sternly. "I need you to focus."

"Sorry," Jake squeaked. There was a pause. "So, what were we talking about?"

"About Trent," said Helen, looking up at the stairway to check that the girls did not overhear her.

"Right, Trent! Good kid!"

"Jakey, he's not a kid anymore," said Helen, "and neither is Daria."

"She's not?... I mean, of course she's not!" he added, seeing Helen's glare. "Aw, shucks, but no matter how old she gets, or however many walls she puts up, she'll always be Daddy's little girl."

"Um, yes. Of course. Well, I'm glad to hear it, Jakey, but that doesn't mean she won't grow up," Helen reminded him. "And she has, Jakey. She's grown up into a fine, beautiful, intelligent young woman."

"She sure has," said Jake. "But, um, Helen, what does this have to do with Trent?"

"Jakey, do you remember back when Daria was in high school, when she had her little crush on him?"

"She did?"

"Jake!"

"I'm sorry, I didn't know..." said Jake, hiding from his wife behind a throw pillow. "Wait a minute, how old is he?"

"I'm not sure," said Helen, "but I would think he's around twenty-five or twenty-seven by now."

"TWENTY-SEVEN?! Gahhh!" Jake exclaimed, bursting a blood vessel.

"Jake, would you please calm down? Daria might hear you," Helen cautioned.

"My little girl," said Jake, "going out with some who's... who's..."

"Who's what?" asked Helen worriedly.

Jake glared at Helen, looking half-deranged with his swollen eyes glowing red with blood. One eye twitched. He raised the brow of his opposite eye, and said, "Who's almost thirty."

Helen turned her head to look at a camera that wasn't there, as Jake rested his head on his hands. "My little girl," he mumbled. Helen turned back to her husband, walked over to his chair to rub his back, and said, "I realize the age gap is a little less than ideal when you put it that way, but they're both grown adults, and I think he likes her, Jakey. A lot. And I can tell she still likes him very much, so we have to keep an open mind about this if or whenever something happens. And I think something might."

"What makes you say that?" Jake asked, turning his head to look up at his wife.

"He called her tonight," Helen answered. "Quinn found out about their date when she went to get the phone before your conference call."

"I'm always the last to know," bemoaned Jake. "I told you, Helen, I'm no good at this parenting crap."

"Oh, Jakey," said Helen, wrapping her arms around her husband's shoulders. "We all know you try your best, and the girls and I love you for it."

"You really mean that?" asked Jake.

"Yes, sweetie," said Helen, kissing her husband atop his tuft of brown hair, now showing signs of graying. Jake took one of her hands in his and kissed it. "Just keep loving them, Jakey. Try to guide them. Be there for them. It's all either one of us can do. But no matter what-"

"She'll always be my little girl," said Jake.

Chapter 7

CHAPTER VII

"La la la la la"

Quinn was dancing with her friends, feeling lost and energized in a crowd of her peers, as the band played beside the deck of the frat house. The summer haze was thick. The scent of sweat and bodies, alcohol and chlorine filled the air.

Turn the sun down

Turn the sun down

Turn the sun down

Dozens of shirtless and bikini clad college students treated the last night of finals as a revolution and a victory, exchanging carefree looks and saliva like peace treaties.

"Hey!"

There was a ruckus from the pool. Quinn saw a guy in boat shoes chase a girl in a sarong around by the edge of the water. When he caught up to her, he picked her up from behind, carried her bridal style, and threatened to toss her into the pool.

"Oh, no! Don't say surf's up

I don't hang ten, in fact I hang none

Dig the undertow

Hurry up and row"

Quinn laughed when by an unfortunate twist of fate, both the boy and the girl fell into the pool together, and laughed harder still when she saw who it was.

"Ooooh, Kevvy! How could you?" Brittany splashed Kevin angrily.

"But, babe!-H-hey! Cut it out!" Kevin exclaimed, failing to block himself from Brittany's wrath.

"I could have had my new pink Razr in my bag! *Then* what would have happened?"

"Babe! I would have gotten you a new one. You can buy them for a pack of twelve at the Payday warehouse store."

"Maybe, someone could turn down the sun, hey!

Turn the sun down

Turn the sun down

Turn the sun down"

The former Fashion Club members and the Three J's naturally started pairing up. Stacy with Jeffy and Tiffany with Joey, leaving Quinn with Jamie. He danced behind her with his hands

resting lightly on her hips. One of her hands was on his, while her other drifted to the side of his neck. Jamie crouched down slightly to give her easier access and pushed aside strands of her long red hair that were flying into her face. Jamie kissed her on the cheek. Despite the heat, Quinn shivered slightly when she felt his hot breath by her ear.

*"Where's Jaws when you need him?
A tsunami would just be too grim"*

"Gee, Quinn, are you alright?" asked Sandi, returning with drinks. "You're so red, you look like you've been *exercising*."

"What?" asked a startled Quinn, breaking away from Jamie. "Don't be silly, Sandi. I would never."

Sandi stepped in Jamie's direction. "*Perhaps* you need to take a break," she said, handing Quinn her drink.

*"Hey, don't block my shade
Hold the lemonade"*

As she wrapped her arms round Jamie's neck to dance with him, she suggested Quinn visit the powder room, warning her of the startling and primitive conditions the boys of Melta Chai Tea left it in that semester. "The line's pretty long though, so you might be a while. But don't worry, I'm sure we will have *plenty* of fun without you in the meantime."

"Right," said Quinn, becoming more flustered as Sandi started dancing with Jamie. "Of course. Thanks, Sandi. I'll, uh, I'll be right back."

She furrowed her brow as she walked towards the frat house. Unbeknownst to her, Jamie stared at her when she left him to go inside to Sandi's annoyance, who led their dance to turn him away from Quinn's direction.

*"Maybe, someone could turn down the sun
Turn the sun down
Turn the sun down
Turn the sun down
Turn the sun down"*

End Notes

Author's Note: I've been publishing this story on fanfiction.net and will keep publishing the rest of it on both websites to compare fanfiction platforms.

Please [drop by the Archive and comment](#) to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!