A Longing for Warmth and Freedom
by Finding_Fate

Summary

Rachel takes Max on an incredibly memorable California spring break vacation. But at what cost?

Ch 5: It’s the last day of their trip, and Rachel ups her efforts to chip away some of Max’s shyer tendencies.
“First-Class Waiting Game”

“This. Is. Incredible.” Rachel fell back and relaxed into the soft cushiony bliss of a first-class, two-person, commercial airliner seat.

“I know!” Max added. “I never want to stand up again.”

But it wasn’t just a seat. It was the Supreme Grand Empress of comfortable sitting apparatuses.

“It’s better than my sofa,” Rachel said, reaching over and satiating her constant need to hold Max’s hand.

“It is a sofa! I can’t believe you talked your dad into paying for all this.”

“What can I say? My lips are good at lots of things,” the blonde said as she smiled and ran her eyes over Max’s figure.

Rachel had always been great at teasing, but after a few months together, she had pushing Max’s buttons down to a science. Though, Max had grown used to the intimacy. Enough that she was able to flash a tight grin, but contain her blushing. Mostly.

“Wait til’ you see the hotel,” Rachel said.

The whole spring break trip had been planned for weeks, but Rachel wouldn’t tell Max where they were going until they reached a big travel gate that said ‘San Diego’. She even OK’d it with Max’s parents directly just to keep the surprise.

“You’ve been there before?” Max asked.

“Yup. The hotel, once with my parents. San Diego, a few times. Long Beach is great, but the waves are flat, and I wanna take you surfing.”

The words jolted Max’s eyes wide open. “What?!”

Rachel chuckled and squeezed Max’s hand tighter. “You heard me, Maxie. You know I’ll be right there with you.”

“I think I’d be better suited just taking pictures of you.”

“Oh no. There's plenty of time for that. But like hell you're hiding behind a camera while I'm out there having a blast. It's basically a religious experience.”

What was once a look of glee and anticipation on Max's face, had quickly become one of worry and dread. She wasn't unathletic exactly, but the most extreme thing she’d ever done was hurt herself on Chloe’s skateboard.

Almost instinctively, Rachel picked up on Max's emotional dip, and scooted in close, raising the brunette's hand to her lips for a quick kiss. “Hey,” she said, gently turning Max's head so their eyes could meet. “Don’t underestimate how well I know your limits. We'll call it quits before anything happens you can't handle. I promise.”

Instead of responding with words, Max leaned into Rachel's shoulder after adorning it with a kiss, and waited for the plane’s takeoff announcement. And waited. And waited…
Finally, the Captain's voice broke through the loudspeaker and informed everyone of an ongoing delay, earning groans and eye rolls from most of the passengers, Max and Rachel included.

The two would normally have no problem finding an exciting pastime together, but they were effectively trapped in public. First-class did mean a bit more privacy. They had a big separator cutting off most of the view from the aisle. But the spacious legroom, which would normally be a great thing, meant anyone could just walk in.

To make matters worse, the girls had no choice but to drink-in each other's presence. Not that they'd object in either case. But you can only release so much tension by rubbing another person's thumb.

“What's it like?” Max asked, trying to distract herself from the intrusive, highly unchaste thoughts she was already having.

“What?”

“Surfing. You said, 'religious experience’?”

“Yeah. It's...hard to explain,” Rachel began. “It's-- freedom. Like all the weight is gone. Like all that exists is you and the ocean. Fun provided by mother nature herself.”

“That's...intense.”

“It is.”

“Chance of sharks?”

“Probably not.”

The conversation died as they both waited impatiently to get moving. After 15 minutes of waiting, their hand holding evolved into a highly competitive thumb wrestling match, filled with loud giggling nuh-uh’s and I-got-you’s.

After 30 minutes, they leaned together and split a pair of earbuds to listen to a playlist dubbed ‘Max & Rachel’ holding most of their favorite songs. They were saving it for the actual flight, so they wouldn’t have to watch some god-awful airline movie. But they needed the distraction from each other. Every glance, or brushing of fingers on skin, was only a reminder of the nearly three-hour flight that hadn’t even started yet.

An hour had passed, and Max dug through her bag for a jumbo travel blanket her mother sent for the trip. Despite Max’s insistence that she wouldn’t need it, her mother was adamant she be prepared anyway.

_I guess sometimes moms do know best, _Max thought.

She gave Rachel the blanket’s other half, then pulled it up to her shoulders, and leaned even further into the blonde, under its warmth.

The plane’s loudspeaker popped. “This is your captain speaking. Sorry for the delay folks. There was a security concern on the runway. It’s been taken care of, and we’re now ready to begin takeoff procedures. Thank you for your patience. If you’ll please take your seats, and fasten your seatbelts, we’ll be on our way.”

Max and Rachel were almost annoyed at the announcement. It would figure that as soon they’d found a position they didn’t want to move from, they’d be _required _to move from it.
Throughout takeoff, they couldn’t keep their eyes off each other for more than a few seconds. All the while, tightly lacing their fingers together as the plane made its climb.

About an hour into the flight, both girls had reclined in their half of the seat, laying on their sides, gazing at each other with the blanket pulled up to their chests. They’d exhausted every possible topic of conversation. Mainly because Rachel could see straight through Max’s thinly veiled attempts at breaking the tension. Whenever she tried, Rachel would slap it down with a quick response, and a knowing smirk.

Max glanced around and chewed her lip for a moment, before starting, “Have you seen…”

“No, Maxie. I haven’t seen your Final Fantasy movie,” Rachel teased, grinning at the girl’s growing frustration.

Several times, Rachel had started to ask Max if she wanted to head to the bathroom together. But she really did know Max’s limits, and bathroom sex on a full plane was certainly outside them. So instead, she wanted Max as flustered as possible.

Max blew out a heavy sigh and rolled onto her back, staring at the control panel above her. She was getting really warm, and it wasn’t because of the blanket. It was because every couple minutes Rachel would start a new game of ‘footsie’. It was because Rachel kept massaging Max’s palm in exactly the way that made her melt. It was because the girl she loved kept fucking her with her eyes, and there was nothing she could do about it.

‘Loved’?

Oh, dog.

She’d always loved Rachel. Of course she did. But they’d always had a mostly unspoken understanding that neither of them questioned what they were. They just… were. That’s how all this started, so that’s how it stayed. Until now. Max was in love. An admission to herself which helped the situation at hand exactly none.

For the first time in her life, Max squeezed her eyes shut and tried to meditate. She had to try something. It’s supposed to… clear your mind… right? How’d it go? Focus on your breath?

Max got about three breaths in before she felt Rachel’s hand under the blanket, sliding onto her thigh, and her eyes shot open.

Not helping, Rachel.

The two locked eyes only for a moment, before Max swallowed, and retreated her stare back to the very uninteresting panel above. Rachel’s hand started trailing up Max’s leg at a pace that, were it any slower, it would be still. Max gripped the top of the blanket and shuffled her feet to make sure she could feel its weight covering all of her.

Rachel went slow not just as a tease, but she wanted to watch Max’s face, to make sure every move she made wasn’t just accepted, but wanted.

“You still with me?” Rachel asked in a whisper, stopping her hand on Max’s inner thigh.

Max nodded, turning her gaze back to Rachel, and losing herself in a world of hazel. Her favorite color. Rachel’s hand inched higher, and higher, until it found its mark at Max’s excited center. Her eyes blinked and fluttered, as finally getting the contact she’d been aching for, sent warm heavenly tingles into her stomach.
What tiny shred of thought Max could manage, was spent praying she wouldn't get wet enough to soak through her jeans. She was helpless under Rachel's touch. Even through the fabric of Max's clothing, Rachel took her time, rubbing Max's nerves into a frenzy.

Max nearly forgot she was still on a plane. She sprung her head up to nervously watch, what little of the aisle she could see, for people. Then lifted her knee to block the sight of Rachel's hand ramping up its pace under the blanket.

Rachel whispered against Max's ear, “Don't worry, I'm watching. I promise.”

It's what Max needed to hear. The worry fell away as she gave up the struggle to hide her reactions, and trusted Rachel to watch over her. She grasped Rachel's arm and started losing control of her breath.

The closer Max was driven to climax, the harder she squeezed her legs around Rachel's hand, terrified of the pleasure being ripped away. Max felt the touch being pried from her clasp, bringing the fear to life, and drawing a quiet whine from her lips as she begged with her eyes to be finished off.

“Shhh, I know…” Rachel whispered, frantically undoing the button on Max's jeans with one hand, and keeping watch on the aisle like she promised. She shoved her hand into Max's panties, wetting her fingers against the girl's sensitive opening. Then sped her attention upwards, charging Max's clit with the strokes of her slick fingertips.

The grip on Rachel's arm started to tense. And the ever-building pressure burned through Max's senses while her lips flushed from the constant chewing.

Max panted, “Rachel...I'm gonna...”

“I know. I've got you.” Rachel covered Max's mouth with her free hand, trying to muffle the beautiful sounds she often made when Rachel sent her over the edge.

The pressure burst, and sparks crackled through Max’s body, forcing her to clench, and buck, and cross her eyes while Rachel nibbled her ear, adding grit to an already long sharp orgasm, pushing a moan into Rachel's hand louder than either of them had hoped.

Rachel kept her hand pressed against Max’s tender warmth, comforting her as she came down. They rubbed noses and held their foreheads together. And the heat Rachel felt radiating from the freckled cheeks she adored so much, turned her on in ways nothing else ever could. But when Max’s hand slid down Rachel’s toned abdomen and thumbed the button on her waistband, it was met with a quick lacing of fingers, and a smirking headshake of ‘No’ from the beautiful blonde.

“I know you’re good for it, Max. You’ll get your chance. I swear. But I wanna hold this feeling.”

She gave Max a quick peck on her eyebrow, and fell back into her seat, drawing the hand she’d just pleased Max with, out from under the blanket. Her fingers glistened in the light, still coated with Max's arousal.

A middle-aged flight attendant popped her wide-eyed head into view. “Everything all right here?”

“I think so,” Rachel said, nonchalantly hiding the wet shine of her hand, under her arm, while Max blushed and avoided eye contact entirely. “Could we have some water, please? And some napkins?”

“Napkins?” the suspicious attendant asked.
“Uh huh.”

__________

“Rachel… are you sure this is the right place? You said we were staying at a hotel… not that it was in a resort…” Max stood in awe of the vast, intimidatingly classy complex while a bellhop loaded their luggage onto a dolly.

“Surprise! And I said ‘Wait until you see the hotel’. I never said we were staying there. And here it is! The hotel. Cool, right?”

“I-- What?” Max asked. “Where are we staying then?”

But Rachel only smirked, playfully refusing to answer any more of Max’s questions until they’d checked in then made it, by golf cart, to their home for the next five nights.

“You’ve gotta be shitting me…”

“No, Maxie. Hella not shitting you,” Rachel said, shutting the door behind them and dropping her bags to the hardwood floor.

It was a cottage… on the beach! With a fireplace! And a jacuzzi! And a kitchen! And a big-ass TV! And… Max wondered if maybe they’d been mistaken for pop stars. It was the only way any of this made sense! Could Rachel’s dad really be that loaded?

“Rach… I'm not-- I don't think I'm comfortable with your dad spending this much money on me…”

“Max… don't worry about it. It's already paid for.”

“Seriously, Rachel. I mean, it’s incredible and all… Like... really. But I feel guilty just standing here! He barely knows me!”

“I get it. I do. But you're worried over nothing. It was my idea, and it’s not like I’d come alone. He'll probably write it off as a graduation present or something. Besides, he pays big bucks for a membership every year. Visits don't actually cost that much.”

That... makes sense, I guess.

“You're sure?” Max asked. “I don't think my conscience could take…”

“Hella sure.” Rachel caressed Max’s face and gave her a gentle peck on the nose. “Come on. Bring your camera,” she said, taking Max’s hand. “There's still a lot of day left, and you have to see the pool.”

Rachel had put in lots of practice faking emotions over her lifetime, but none of it prepared her for how hard it was lying to Max. Her father had trusted her with vacation money, but it was enough for two standard plane tickets, and five nights at a very basic hotel. She was spending nearly every dime she’d ever saved. From birthdays. A summer job. Money her dad set aside saying, ‘This'll make college easier’.

The bank account Rachel’s parents opened in her name, was in danger of being closed because she was a junkie. Addicted, not to drugs, but to Max’s glow. To the warmth she felt when Max’s face lit
up. A warmth she was lost in, as Max beamed like an excited child over the sight of…

“A warmth she was lost in, as Max beamed like an excited child over the sight of…”

“Ducks?! They keep- **ducks** - by the pool!!”

A chorus of **quacks** sounded from the team of adorable, white feathered, orange-billed avians as if to answer Max’s question for themselves.

“Here…” Rachel drew the camera, and its strap, from around Max's neck. “Sit. I want ducks in-frame.”

Max sat cross-legged by the pool, trying her best to pause the giddiness washing over her, long enough to let Rachel get the shot. But when she heard several quacks at her back, waddling closer, the joy in her chest bubbled over.

The camera in Rachel's hands clicked, whirred, and gave a photo that she grabbed and shook, the way she'd seen Max do a thousand times.

They stepped into each other, arms wrapping around Max from behind, Rachel's face pressing flower scented blonde hair between them as they watched the polaroid fade into its image. An image of Max with radiant laughter on her face while ducks ran at her from behind.

“I think that's the happiest I've ever seen you,” Rachel said. “Didn't know you liked ducks that much.”

“It's not the ducks that make me happy.”

The plan was always, ‘Come clean to Max,’ after they had a chance to build wonderful, worthwhile memories with each other. But that didn't stop the guilt of lying to Max's face, from eating away at Rachel's gut. Max would never have let Rachel do something so wildly frivolous and excessive for her. Even though, to Rachel, it was already worth every penny.
Getting Handsy

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes.

Their first night in the cottage hadn't gone exactly like Max had expected. Instead of ending up in a sexy, sweaty, bedsheets burrito, she'd been an incredibly snug little-spoon, with an unconscious Rachel's hand keeping itself warm in the crook of her inner thigh. She couldn't complain, but she didn't get to satisfy Rachel often enough for her liking. It hurt Max's brain, trying to figure out why. Maybe she just… wasn't enough of a turn on.

On the upside, the bed they'd slept in was immaculate. Cloud-like even. Max had never felt so rested. It'd be quite the challenge to go back to the beds in their dorms after five nights of that.

Rachel made plain pancakes and coffee for breakfast, which they both happily devoured seated at the kitchen table. Pretty basic, and a step down from Joyce's. But Rachel made them, so they were delicious. Besides, she needed something quick. She'd scheduled an early surprise massage for the two of them.

“I'm not sure I can take any more ‘surprises’,” Max said, finishing up her breakfast.

“In that case, we're going surfing today, too.”

Fuck.

“Really? I thought… maybe… we'd save that for last.”

“Why? So you can find out how much you love it, and have to leave the next day? Good luck trying to surf in Arcadia's flat, rocky, death ocean.” Rachel finished gathering dirty dishes into the sink, then said, “Actually, I wouldn't let you. Come on. The cart's already waiting outside.”

“Are they gonna cart us around everywhere?” Max asked.

“Pretty much. It's a big place, Maxie.” Rachel swung Max to her feet, planting several quick kisses on her lips and face, and smoothly brushed her hair. “With the kinds of photos you pump out, you should get used to it.”

Was Max actually going to surf? It didn't feel like she had a choice. Rachel looked so excited. And maybe she was right. Maybe it would be fun. Floating on a chunk of wood. In the giant ocean. Repeatedly sucking at something in front of strangers. Where there are sharks.

Fuck.

Laying topless, facedown on a table, waiting to get groped wasn’t Max’s idea of a fun vacation. But Rachel hadn’t steered her wrong before. And she had to admit, the angelic smells of the spa’s scented oils were amazing. And seeing Rachel undress, in any context, was always worth while. Even if having to do the same, still stirred up Max's bashful nature no matter how often Rachel had seen her
“Lucky you,” Rachel said, laying next to Max, waiting for their masseurs to return.

“What?”

“Your guy looks like a Calvin Klein model. I think mine’s Jeff Goldblum. With a beard.”

“Trade you,” Max chuckled. “I love Jeff Goldblum.”

“Oh? Should I be jealous?”

Max knew it was a tease, but in all their time together they’d never talked about being exclusive. Were they allowed jealousy? The fear of scaring Rachel away kept Max from bringing it up. Part of her always had a gloomy expectation of finding Rachel with a guy, or another girl even. Because why would she be enough for someone like Rachel Amber? But it hadn't happened.

“I…” Max started. “Would you--”

“All ready?” a deep voice rumbled through the door. Following it were the two masseurs with an assortment of oils, taking their places alongside Max and Rachel.

Rachel sent over a small half-smile. A gentle acknowledgment of Max's unsaid words. “Yup. All ready.”

Warm oils encased the skin of their backs, and precise hands began to soothe their stressed muscles. Crackly moans vibrated from the center of Max's chest, as aches she didn't know she had, were expertly kneaded from her body.

“I've heard you make some of those sounds,” Rachel teased, winking at Max and earning a faint giggle from both masseurs.

Max laughed and buried her face into the table, trying to hide her pink cheeks. “Shut up.”

Max and Rachel walked with their fingers linked, barefoot along the cool beach sand, heading beyond the edges of the resort's property.

“Admit it,” Rachel said. “You're hella relaxed right now.”

“I am way relaxed right now. Still, if I have to let someone get all handsy, I'd prefer you.”

“Yeah? Over Jeff Goldblum?”

“Over Jeff Goldblum,” Max laughed, raising her camera and snapping a spontaneous selfie like it was second nature.

“I'll keep that in mind.”

Against a soft breeze, Rachel pulled Max to a humble beachfront shopping center and into a punked out surf shop.
The tan, tattooed, long blonde haired shopkeeper perked up at the sight of customers. “Yo, lady bros,” he said with a smile. “Buying, renting, or hangin’?”

“Two longboard rentals,” Rachel said, pulling Max’s shoulder against hers.

“Alright. Cool, cool. Wetsuits? They're clean, I promise.”

“Yes.”

“Right on. How long?”

“Til’ Friday.”

But… today's Tuesday. That means… Shit, Rachel.

“Rachel,” Max blurted, squeezing Rachel's hand. “Really?”

“Maxie...if you don't end up wanting to do this more than once, I'll eat my own hair.”

Max sighed. “Please don't.”

“Well,” the shopkeeper began. “If you bring it all back early, we'll refund the difference.”

“See, Max? No risk.”

“And wetsuit rentals come with a bag so, you can use the changing room if you wanna just head outside and go for it.”

“Great.” Rachel sent Max ahead into the changing room while she paid for everything. Mostly to keep her from asking questions about the payment itself.

Tak tak, Rachel knocked. “It's me.” The door opened and she slipped inside.

Max hadn’t removed a single piece of clothing yet. She’d just been staring at her wetsuit as if it were a puzzle. “I don't-- How do I put this thing on?”

It was too convincing to be a real tease, but Rachel would never miss an opportunity to get Max all worked up.

“I think I can help with that, Max.”

Max grabbed her shirt tail and started to lift it from her waist, only for two firm grips to be wrapped around her wrists, guiding them back to her sides. Rachel's finger hooked into Max's waistband and pulled her close. Breaths were exchanged against chins and cheeks, and looks between eyes and lips. Static from Rachel's fingers licked at Max's stomach, grazing her skin as they slowly lifted her shirt off.

Max swallowed. “Do I...keep my…”

She was cut off by soft hands sliding around her torso and unfastening her bra, dropping it to the floor. Their lips seemed to drift towards one another instinctively. But Rachel would force just enough distance that they would never meet. Max hated it. But she loved it. The anticipation Rachel could fire up with something so simple, left Max a touch envious.

The button on Max's jeans popped open, and Rachel eased down to one knee while dragging pants and panties down together around Max's ankles. Rachel's face was close enough to Max's middle
that she felt a breath between her legs, causing her toes to curl into the ground. It had to have been on purpose.

“Step in.” Rachel held Max's suit for her, letting her step inside. Then pulled it up and helped with the arms, the neck, and the zippers. “You're good to go,” she said, running her hands over Max's body, still somewhat lustfully, but genuinely making sure the suit fit.

“Do you…need help?” Max managed to ask.

Rachel put on a smirk and guided Max's hands through the slow torturous process of stripping off her clothes. Only Rachel could turn being teased into a tease itself. Max was dying to actually touch her. To hold her. To rub her. To make her feel even a fraction of what Max felt under her touches. But she couldn't. Not there. Not then. They'd already taken too long. The shopkeeper had to be curious.

“Let's go,” Rachel said, lovingly scratching at Max's jaw, then smoothing out her own full-body wetsuit, skin-tight against her.

On the beach, they'd left their belongings with an eager-to-help lifeguard, and Max was run through the same beginner surf drills Rachel had been through at a younger age. How to lay. How to paddle. How to stand and turn. What to do if something went wrong.

“I think you're ready,” Rachel said.

“I don't feel ready.”

“You'll be fine. I'll be out there with you. And I can swim like a fish.”

With a few deep breaths, Max tried her best to break her nervousness and followed Rachel's lead into the chilled water. Suddenly she was thankful for the wetsuit. They paddled further and further into the ocean for what seemed like forever, until Rachel sat up and eyed the waves.

“Okay, Maxie. The bell tolls for thee.”

“Don't say it that way…”


“Shouldn't you go first?” Max asked, trying to stall as long as possible.

“I will if you want, but I'd rather not leave you out here alone until we knock some of those nerves outta you.”

Dog, Rachel. Phrasing.

Max tried again to settle her anxiety with a long exhale. Then waved her hands through the water, pointing her board's nose to the sand. But several perfect waves passed unused, as her fears repeatedly got the best of her.

“It's all right, Max. We're on your time right now. Hey…” Rachel began, as she sensed Max's anxiety starting to spike. “Tell me about how we met.”

“What? You already know…”

“I know. I just want to hear you talk about it.”
“It… was at the dorms. You saw me trying to carry boxes to my room, and came over to help. Your first words were ‘I bet you're the artsy type.’ When I told you my whole name, you picked me up and spun me in circles, then dragged me straight to Chloe’s house. She was so happy… You probably should've hated me.”

“A small part of me wanted to hate you,” Rachel laughed. “But… even as long as you were gone, Chloe never said a mean thing about you. So, I knew how much you meant to her. And you were cute, so...”

Max chuckled. “I'm glad you gave me a chance.”

“Yes. Me too.”

The nervous energy building up in Max's chest, had been wholly forgotten. Replaced by a calm sense of trust and focus.

As Max took in the moment, she noticed a wave rolling towards her. Without a second’s hesitation, she laid on her stomach, and paddled out in front of it, picking up speed until it was directly under her. She hopped to her feet, and all the world's weight disappeared. A salty mist sprayed against her as she cut through the cool water with a frictionless glide, getting lost in the fresh sense of freedom.

Max sat backwards, dropping herself into the water as the wave underneath her died, and felt the board's ankle tether yank at her leg. It was everything Rachel said it would be. Time and time again, it felt like she knew more about Max than Max did. Always knowing the right things to do and say. Not just taking Max's guard down, but giving her something she didn't even know she wanted.

“That was fucking amazing!” Rachel shouted, excitedly watching Max finish the long paddle back to her.

“I know!”

“No you don't, Maxie! Nobody actually does it their first fucking try!”

“What?”

“I fell like ten times before I made it half that far! You're some kind of fucking surf prodigy!”

“Then what was all that ‘You'll do great’ stuff about?!”

“I meant that you'd have fun learning, not that you'd instantly be a master surfer!”

“I didn't master anything,” Max laughed.

“Whatever you say, Kelly Slater.”

“Who is-- Nevermind. Are you gonna go, or just watch me take all the waves?”

“You don't have to ask me twice.”

The two spent most of the day’s light, in the water, living in their own world. A unique mixture of peace and adrenaline, gifted by the ocean. Max taking an occasional photo break, capturing Rachel in one of her elements. Only calling it quits when they noticed how much their fingertips looked like raisins.

After a surprisingly simplistic dinner at the resort, they decided the best possible end to the day, would be with the hot tub in their cottage. By the time the water was heated, Max had changed into a
two piece swimsuit, and come back to find Rachel sitting inside, completely nude.

“Max, why are you wearing… anything?”

“I… Umm…” Max reached to her back, starting to take her top off.

“Wait. You don't have to. It's just that we've…seen all of each other like three times today. It's starting to feel like not such a big deal. Ya know?”

Max gave a shy chuckle, and said, “I'm not sure seeing you like that will ever be ‘not a big deal’.”

“Well, you can stare at me from in here too so… Get your ass in here.”

“Is it-- Do they clean it?”

“Yes, Max,” Rachel laughed. “They clean it.”

Max swung her legs over the tub’s walls, sliding down to a seat across from Rachel, in front of a row of jets, getting her back blasted with hot water. Her second massage in one day.

The hum of the tub, and rolling of bubbles, filled the air while they enjoyed a comfortable silence. Comfortable enough to inspire Max to slip her top off and toss it aside.

Rachel flashed her patented Rachel-smirk while blatantly eying up Max's bare chest.

“I told you surfing was awesome.”

“I didn't expect it to be… relaxing.”

“That's what everyone thinks. That… it's just for adrenaline junkies or extreme dude-bro types.”

“I don't think I'll ever question you again,” Max giggled.

“I… appreciate that. But you should probably question everyone, Maxie. Even me. For my sake.”

Rachel grinned and stood up out of the water, putting herself on full display. Then flipped her hair to one side and took her time moving towards Max. She could have just moved through the water. This was another tease. Water droplets seemed to sparkle off her skin as they ran down her body. All Max could do was gulp as Rachel sat beside her, pressing their hips together and claiming her hand.

“So. There's something I've been wanting to try,” Rachel said. “Be my guinea pig?”

“Name it,” Max blurted, pepping up a little too excitedly.

“Let's just-- Here.” Rachel patted her legs. Less effective under bubbly water than she probably hoped. “Sit on my lap?”

Max threw a leg over Rachel, straddling her lap, face to face, and rested both wrists on her shoulders, wearing a flirtatious smile. “Like this?”

“Turn around, goofball,” Rachel giggled.

The touch of warm hands held Max's hips while she bit her lip, keeping their stares intertwined. She stood up and turned slowly, hoping to entice with her ass before sitting back into Rachel's embrace.

Rachel pressed her lips to Max's ear and whispered, “You know, I have eyes, Maxie.” Her
fingernails started leaving easy scratches over Max's ribs. “How you stare at me when you think I'm not looking… You think you're slick, but I catch every, single, glance.”

Max's attraction was obvious to everyone. But she imagined the looks she stole, or thought she stole, would often resemble a starved animal eying a steak.

A single hand slid its way upwards onto Max's breast, teasing her with a series of squeezes and gentle pinches.

“And I bet you've been wet since this morning,” Rachel said, still caressing Max's ear with her breath. “All for me.”

Max's heart raced at the words. The thought that Rachel knew her so intimately, and decided to use that knowledge to turn her on, made her whole body heat up, even more than the hot tub.

Rachel drifted her hand down over Max's waist and started tugging gently at her swimsuit. “It's a little frustrating that you're still wearing these, huh.”

She couldn't have been more right. Every syllable that Rachel uttered, every moment of skin on skin contact sent Max deeper into a state of need. She couldn't help trying to slip them off, but Rachel snatched her hands away.

“Not yet.”

It never took much from Rachel to bring Max to the edge of begging. She never actually had though. Speaking her desires out loud seemed terrifying. So when Rachel spread Max's legs around one of her own, and pressed it upwards into Max's middle, Max fought back shivers, trying not to give away how close she already was to a climax. This was something Rachel wanted, and Max was trying to make it last as long as Rachel wanted it to.

Rachel wrapped an arm around Max's chest and pulled her close, kissing her neck, and bracing the leg underneath her at a higher angle. The added pressure drew a quick gasp from Max's lungs, as she fought even harder to keep her composure while a hand pressed against her face, turning it towards Rachel, who locked their lips together, sucking and biting, barely containing the burning eagerness in her throat to lunge at Max and give in to her urges.

Rachel gripped Max's hips tightly, digging her trimmed fingernails into soft skin, and started rocking her leg against Max's center. Teeth clamped around Rachel's bottom lip with a whimper, as Max clenched her pelvic muscles, struggling to keep her orgasm at bay, but it was a losing battle. Max shook and moaned in a downward pitch, unmistakable to Rachel's ears.

“Wow, Max. I was just getting started.”

“I know. Don't stop yet,” Max panted. “Wait…” Max snatched off her swimsuit bottoms, and slung them away, then resumed her place on Rachel's leg. Max had more to give. She needed to show that she was there for Rachel who, instead of saying some clever words, or trying to torture with more teases, wrapped Max in her arms and helped grind against her thigh.

This was Rachel's idea. It's what she wanted. To see Max turn into a quivering mess. Something that was bound to happen. Her core again started its climb towards release, making waves in the tub’s water as she held her pace thrusting her hips, rubbing her flushed sensitive pink skin into Rachel's leg.

They fed off each other's arousal. The sound and feel of Rachel's breath getting faster and heavier against Max’s ear, added heat to an already boiling tension. Rachel took the stress building in Max's
body as a hint, and clawed into her side while pressing teeth into her neck.

“Oh shit,” Max panted. “Fuck.” The sharpness of Rachel’s bite was all Max could take. The tension inside her stretched well passed the breaking point she was used to. “FFFuck!” she screamed, before it finally snapped. Rachel held her tight while she convulsed and spasmed and moaned over her second climax of the night.

Rachel didn't accept pleasure very often. On the few occasions it had happened, Max understood exactly why Rachel loved being the giver so much. Maybe tonight could be one of those nights. Rachel was definitely turned on. Her face was red, she was chewing her lip, and she was still breathing heavily.

Max turned and straddled her, face to face, and covered her in slow kisses. Her fingertips sizzled with excitement, as they slid over Rachel's bellybutton, down towards a neatly shaped patch of hair, but they were cut short by a grasping hand and a wide-eyed smirk on Rachel's face.

A dejected sigh expelled itself from Max's chest as she rolled to the side, sitting next to Rachel, with semi-pouty lips and a long stare into the water.

Rachel's smirk slowly turned downwards. “What's wrong?”

“I-- Do you…not like it when…when I make you…” Max paused hoping Rachel would fill in the blank. As willing as she was to give Rachel her body, there were certain words, or even entire concepts that she was still too shy to actually talk about.

“...Come?” Rachel finished.

“Yeah.”

“Of course I do.” Rachel held Max's face as if it were fragile and priceless.

“Then why don't you ever want to? Don't I…”

“You got it backwards, Maxie. I don't come often because you turn me on.”

“How-- What?”

“I walk around all day about to explode. And I love that feeling. Because you give it to me.”

“You're…teasing yourself?”

“Pretty much,” Rachel laughed. “It makes every time feel special. I'm sorry though. I should have thought about… how you must have felt.”

“Tomorrow then?”

Rachel smirked.

Chapter End Notes

If you have any criticisms let me know. :) Be mean if you gotta. I'd rather not write garbage.
Of all the vacation scenarios Rachel had considered, being squeezed awake then begged for an early morning surf session wasn’t one of them. She was starting to regret spending so much money. Thousands of dollars for a beach house with catering, pool and spa access, and maid services. But a surfboard rental was all Max seemed to care about. They even postponed a trip to an art gallery till later in the day, thanks to Max’s repeated insistence of ‘One more wave.’

They made it eventually. And San Diego certainly had incredibly diverse artists to showcase. Everything from hyper-realistic portraits, to mind-bending alternate realities, to pointless head-scratchers.

“What do you see, Maxie?” Rachel asked as they pondered a photograph together.

“Hmm... I think it’s about how...we’re all sorta stuck in place. No matter how much we want to be something else, it’s hard to fight against our own nature.”

“Really? Cuz I see a Coke bottle taped to a lamp post.”

“It’s probably just that,” Max laughed.

“What about that one?” Rachel scooted close behind Max and slipped both hands into her back pockets.

“Dog on a lawnmower?” Max slid a hand down Rachel’s abdomen and clutched the front of her waistband, earning a single hitched breath.

“Careful. This whole ‘Tease Rachel’ thing might backfire on you.”

“It’s too late. I know how much you love it now.”

“That’s the problem,” Rachel giggled. “It was enough when you weren’t doing it on purpose. And as much as I’d love to spend all day in bed, we should make the best of everything while we’re here. And we have to go to this taco place. It’s basically sex anyway.”

“I’ll take your word for it.” ‘Basically sex’ was an odd way to describe tacos, but Max had already learned her lesson about doubting Rachel’s wisdom.

“Uh huh......You’re just gonna keep that grip on my jeans aren’t you...”

“Yup.”

“Mmm. Oh... Wowser. This is...”

“Basically sex?” Rachel asked before taking a giant, crunchy bite of taco.
“Close,” Max giggled.

Their conversation the night before was still front and center of Max’s mind. Rachel had been purposely depriving herself of touch, just so she could stay hot for Max around the clock. Locking eyes was starting to take on a different meaning. Expressions Max had seen a thousand times had new intent behind them.

Apparently, she always had power over Rachel, but now that she actually knew about it, Max felt a bit like a cat playing with a mouse. And it was exhilarating. It’s why she sat across the booth from Rachel for a change. So she could savor the stares sent her way over something as simple as licking sauce off her fingers.

A bare foot pressed into Rachel's crotch and she gave a quick ‘Hmph’, crushing part of her taco. Max thought she was clever. Everything she did was slower now. More deliberate. Like a challenge. How much can you resist, Rachel? It was a good question. Max wasn't making it easy. Especially when her foot started moving.

Max questioned with her eyebrows, waiting to get stopped. But Rachel only swallowed and made a few short popping sounds in her breathing, occasionally biting her lip more than the food.

“I'm starting to think I made a monster,” Rachel joked.

Max grinned and said, “You just took the leash off. I know the deal, though. I'm only playing with you.”

“I...hn” Rachel cocked her head and clawed at the table, as the pressure from Max's foot stopped her thought in its tracks.

“Looks like I better stop,” Max laughed.

Max’s play was obvious. Tease Rachel until she couldn’t take anymore. Though, as sweet as it was, Rachel already had the day planned to its end. Complete with a big romantic finale that Max was unknowingly trying to sabotage with her advances.

“Finish your taco, Maxie. I want some more beach time before we head back.”

________

Cool ocean water washed against their toes while they sat at the edge of the tide with their arms linked, and their feet overlapped.

“Max. Tell me something. I've never pried, cuz you're your own person. And I hate when people do it to me. But... Why do you never submit your pictures to...anything?”

“Because... I'm worried they're not good enough.”

“Max!”

“I know...”

“I don't think you do. Remember that spontaneous shoot we did a few months ago? Those photos are fucking brilliant.”
“Because you’re in them.”

“No. Don’t do that. Don’t cut down your own talent. You took those pictures in natural light with an instant camera, and they belong in a magazine.”

“I'm just scared that I'm wasting everyone's time. Like, I think I'll be good enough eventually…”

“‘Eventually’ never shows up, babe,” Rachel said, holding a somber stare into the ocean.

“You...all right?”

Rachel chuckled, then tackled Max into the sand and held their faces close together.

“Never better. But we should head back,” Rachel said.

“Why so eager?”

“You've been teasing me all day. You really need to ask that question?”

“So... You want to... tonight?”

Rachel smiled. “Come on.” She hoisted Max to her feet, brushing the sand from their clothes, and they walked along the sight of a setting sun, hand in hand.

Max stepped into the cottage and was met with a crackling fireplace, rose petals strewn everywhere, and a bottle of coconut rum on the table. “Okay. How? You've been with me all day.”

“I left the maid a note and some money. And apparently, she's as cool as I hoped. You know the deal, Max. I won't push, but...”

“You're kidding, right? Of course, I'll drink with you.”

With a brilliant grin on her face, Max was led to a heavily pillowed nest in front of the fireplace, where she settled in while Rachel poured a drink for both of them.

“How safe is getting smashed with a fire going?” Max asked.

“It's on a timer.”

Max took the first gulp. “Woah! That's... awful.”

“Yeah,” Rachel laughed. “I can get something to mix it with...”

“No. It's all right,” she said, taking a much smaller sip.

“Oh god!” Rachel said, jerking the glass from her lips. “You're not kidding.”

They gave in to a few moments of rolling laughter, then let their gazes pull to one another. Rachel turned away and hung her smile at the fire, worried she might cave to the tension early if her eyes lingered on Max for too long.

Max took another swig. There's something she'd been trying to say since the airplane ride, and maybe the alcohol could give her the courage to say it. I love you. She'd said it before, in a friendly context. But this wasn't that. This was a ‘Head over heels’, ‘Future together’, ‘It hurts to be apart’ kind of ‘I love you’.
“Rachel.”

“Yeah?”

“I...... Thanks.”

“For what?”

“Seriously? For...everything. For this. For dragging me into the ocean, and showing me how much fun it can be to try things you’re scared of. For making me feel like... I'm worth the effort.”

“Max, ‘worth the effort’ is still selling yourself short.”

Max still couldn't say it. Rachel obviously cared, but what if this was still just ‘fun with a close friend’ to her? They still had two more days of vacation Max could ruin. Besides, Rachel was so laid back, surely she'd say it first if she felt the same.

Max poured a new, full glass of rum and turned it up, chugging half in one go.

“Damn,” Rachel said. “You're really goin’ for it.”

Max gasped as she pulled the glass away and said, “Uh huh. So should you. Don't make me be the only drunk girl.”

“Wouldn't dream of it.” Rachel sat her empty glass down, and much to Max's delight, started drinking straight from the bottle.

They passed it between themselves, sharing laughs and teasing glances, until Rachel got too loose and spilled booze down her chin and neck. Before she could raise a hand, Max pressed her tongue to the base of Rachel's throat, and slowly licked the trails of rum all the way over her chin, up to her lips for a brief kiss, then parted.

“Mmaxie... I think..I'm about done with this.. game,” Rachel slurred.

Max laid back with a drunken laugh. “I knooow! You're sssoo hhomey right now! It’s hilaariouss! I bet -hic- you haven't even nnotice yur thighs rubbing together!”

“Take that back! I... Nootice... Everything,” she said, waving her hands through the air, sloshing around what was left of the rum.

“LLiiiar... YYYou didn't nnotice how much I wanted to...to make you have... big...sloppy..wet..orgasms.”

Rachel feigned a deep gasp, and clutched her chest. “Do you..kiss yourr mom with that mouth?!”

“nnnFUck youu.”

“Wow Maxie. Yur hostile-nness hurts my feelings.”

“Wwhat? Noo. I mean.. I wwant..to ffuck you.”

Rachel's smile shot wide.

“Yerr...so soft...” Max said. “And you ssmell like.....something that smells good.”
“Poetic.”

“And...I want to...put my tongue on your...” Max kept her lips pressed together, struggling to pop the first letter from her mouth while Rachel watched with bated breath, “...puss-”

They both burst into laughter, Max laying on her back and holding her ribs before she was straddled abruptly. Rachel sat the bottle aside and peeled Max's top off in a hurry, then her own, and charged their lips together. Gripping brunette hair and pulling into a deep kiss. Sharing the aftertaste of rum, and tugging at Max's bottom lip with her teeth.

“Max...I need-” The waistband on her jeans pulled tight, as the hand shoving its way into her panties cut her speech.

Max didn't waste any time. Her fingers slipped into Rachel without resistance, drawing heavy breaths against her jaw.

Rachel ripped the fly of her pants open, taking the waistband’s pressure off her hips. Then gasped as the fingers inside of her pulled hard, deeper towards her stomach.

“Max...” The name felt like candy on Rachel's lips. She whispered it against Max's shoulder as the fingers toyed with her senses.

An arm wrapped around Rachel's neck, holding her close while she was driven wild by Max's touch until all strength and movement faded.

“Max?”

Max snored, entirely unconscious.

“Fuck!”

Rachel rolled over into some pillows next to Max and sighed. “Sorry, Maxie. No booze next time. Or... Less booze.”

She thought about finishing the job herself, but it wouldn't be anywhere near enough. And as much as Max wanted to do it, it wouldn't feel right anyway.

“Fuck.” She sighed again, and cuddled up against Max, petting the hair along her gorgeous freckles and pressing a long kiss to her cheek. “Can you... hear me? At all?”

Max snored.

“I...... hope you'll understand when I tell you everything... ‘But Rachel,’ you'll say. ‘Why would you spend all your money on me?’... And I'll say, ‘Because I'm scared, Max.’” Her voice shook, and her eyes welled with tears.

“‘Scared of what?’ you'll ask. ‘Of not having these memories with you, silly.’ ‘But Rachel, we have all the time in the world.’...... But what if we don't, Maxie?” Drops rolled down her cheeks as she fought to hold a sob in her throat.

“...... I need you.... And... it scares me, but I do. And if you go to college, and I start modeling, and something splits us apart, I'll never forgive myself for not giving you everything I could give right now... But I don't want that. I want you.
Please, Max.

Don't leave me alone.”

Chapter End Notes

Hope you didn't mind a few feels at the end there. As always, leave any criticisms (or praise) in the comments. I like getting them. :)
A sick, grimy feeling, wrapped itself around Max's stomach when she woke. It didn't come from nearly doubling the amount of alcohol she was used to, but the heart-wrenching realization that she'd passed out under Rachel's warmth during such a passionate moment.

“Shit! Rachel?” Max called out.

Opening her eyes without finding any blonde hair to reach for, left Max with a brief twinge of emptiness. Though it was washed away with adoration brought on by a soft mattress, rather than the floor she last remembered laying on.

“Yeah? Wush-up?” Rachel stepped from the bathroom, brushing her teeth.

“I'm SOO sorry!”

She pulled the toothbrush away with an empathetic, foam-covered grin, and said, “Don't worry about it. Wasn't your fault.”

“Really? How do you figure?”

“Tell me who's idea it was to throw rum into play,” Rachel said, clearly alluding to herself. “Anyway, I'm serious. Don't think about it anymore. Today's a new day. Spa day. We'll find the moment again.” She winked and disappeared to finish up at the sink, leaving a fresh anticipation bubbling in Max's chest.

Spa day. They'd scheduled a special bath and facial treatment Max could only remember how to pronounce for five minutes at a time. Hydra-derma-lumino-foliation... Or something. Some of those syllables were probably right.

“Did you...carry me to bed?” she asked to the other room.

Rachel showed herself again, with a green towel hung over her shoulder. “Yeah Max,” she snarked. “With my big, drunk weight-lifter muscles.”

“Oh, smartass. How’d I get here then?”

“You woke up. Sorta. Enough for me to help you stumble to bed. Then you said something about how ‘digital is bullshit’ and passed out again.”

“...That's plausible.”

Rachel laughed. “I'm gonna shower. I'd ask you to join me, but...I'm worried we'd lose the whole day if we went in together.” Despite her words, the smirk on her face still felt like an invitation. Another Rachel-game. One that Max couldn't make heads or tails of. But knowing Rachel, that was
the point. To plant the idea and give a push, then give away the freedom of choice. “...And you know us model types and our skin care obsessions.”

The door shut, and Max was left dopey and clueless, wondering if she should listen, or strip down and march into the shower, finishing what she started the night before. One thing was for sure. She was thirsty. Like, for actual water. The alcohol had left her throat bone-dry. She slipped into her Jane Doe tee to break the chill, then grabbed a glass in the kitchen, gulped it down, and hoped that staving off dehydration would help make up her mind.

Staring at the bathroom door wasn't getting her anywhere. Rachel could've been on the other side wondering why the fuck Max wasn't in there already. Then again, Max could've seen flirting where there wasn't any. Maybe it's what she wanted to see. But she wouldn't have to decide right then, as her phone was rattling against the bedside dresser.

“Hey Chloe,” she answered.

“Max......Hey. Are you... all right? Where are you?”

“...What do you mean? I'm fine. I'm...on vacation with Rachel. You already know that...”

“Right. Well, I know that's what you told me. But Rachel's parents just called my house, flippin' the fuck out.”

“Why? What happened?”

“They think you two ran off together. Like, forever.”

“What?”

“...Yeah. Rachel's fuck-stick of a dad snaked her email. Which is fucked up, but I can't say I'm shocked. He's probably been keeping tabs on it the whole time, or something. And I guess her bank decided she doesn't have enough money, so they're threatening to axe her account.”

“Her... account?”

“Yeah, I didn't know she had money either. Apparently, surprises are a thing with her. But however much she took out, was enough to make daddy Amber think she was starting a new life with you. I mean, you guys are old enough. They couldn't really stop you. You're not though, are you? Did she just... buy something crazy?”

The deepest of deep pits formed itself in Max's gut. “Chloe, why didn't you call her?”

“I did! She has her fucking phone turned off. Her dad said he called and texted, and all she'd say back is 'I'm fine, explain later'. You are both okay though?”

“Yeah. We're fine... Tomorrow's our last day here. We didn't run off, Chloe. Promise.”

“All right. I didn't wanna get involved, but if you two just ditched me in fucking Arcadia Bay, I'd have to go bitch hunting.”

“Not happening, Chloe Price.”

“Do you... know what's going on then? Or...”

“I think so. But I wanna get it straight with her first.”
“I bet there hasn't been much of that going on. Getting it straight, I mean.”

“...”

“Sorry. It was funnier in my head.”

“I'll call you back when I know something.”

“You don't have to. I just wanted to make sure you didn't pull a classic ‘Max Caulfield’ and...”

“Chloe...”

“Shit. Sorry. That really was just a joke. Talk later?”

“Yeah. Bye, Chloe.”

That sick, grimy feeling was back, tenfold, sinking from her neck to the bed she sat on. The puzzle wasn't hard to piece together. Max had been lied to from the start. To what extent, she didn't know yet, but she needed answers. To hear from Rachel herself, why she would lie over a vacation.

The bathroom door pulled open, and Rachel sauntered through, wrapped in her towel with tendrils of damp hair hanging free. She took one look at Max's face, then the phone in her hand, and Rachel's smile dropped.

“Max...” Rachel swallowed, a blank stare prodding at her eyes. “...Are you gonna say something?” she asked.

“I'm...giving you the chance to explain everything.”

“What do you know... Who'd you talk to?”

“Does it matter?”

“...My dad called Chloe, didn't he?” Rachel shuffled her feet and twiddled her hands with a nervousness she never showed. “I.....paid for most of this myself.”

“How much is ‘most’?”

“My--My dad gave us about two grand for a trip... He doesn't have a membership like I said...”

“Rachel... How much have you spent?”

“Max...”

“How much?”

“...... Twelve thousand.”

Max's heart dropped all the way to her ankles. She jumped up, and paced along the foot of the bed, thoughts racing around how to unfuck Rachel's overzealous spending. “Maybe- Maybe we can get a refund...”

“Max, this place doesn't give refunds.”

“We could leave early! They'll probably give you that much back at least! They have to!”

“I don't want the money back...”
“Why lie? Why didn't we just take the normal vacation your dad was paying for?!”

“Because you-- We deserve this!”

“Rachel. There are things more important than...”

“Than WHAT, Max?!... Than us?” Water started to break over the brims of Rachel's eyelids.

“No! I-- There's just... so much you could have used it for. Think about the future for once. And... we have all the time in the world for things like this,” Max said, gently clapping Rachel's face with cool hands and thumbing hair from her cheek.

“...Do we?” Rachel's weak voice trembled.

With a stunned shake of her head, Max let loose a tear of her own. “...... What does that mean?”

“We've never-- I always thought... maybe-- I don't know how much of me you have in your plans. Or how much those plans will change. I don't want to be in a world where I never got to have this with you. You're worth more to me than money. Or fame. Or art. I don't want a future without... us.... I......”

“You what?” Max begged, needing Rachel to finish every thought.

“...Max...”

Max didn't answer. She only waited, light-headed, heart speeding, starting to scratch at the jaw against her fingertips, her blue eyes trapped in the way of hazel, her favorite color, praying she was right about the words forming in Rachel's throat.

“...I love you.”

Their mouths crashed together. A sloppy mess of a kiss. No form, or teases, or pacing. Only lips and tongues and teeth pouring an ocean of sparks into stomachs and beyond.

The towel keeping Rachel covered was ripped away by Max's grip before they shared grasps and clawings over each other's backs. Max with tight handfuls of smooth skin and damp blonde hair, shoving into their still rabid kisses. Rachel clutching the cotton of Max's shirt, listening to the threads pop as she pulled at its neck from behind.

The backs of Max's legs clipped the bed as Rachel drove her backwards, tumbling onto the mattress, only leaving their kiss for a second to keep from cracking heads. Max's shirt was ripped away, and her wrists pinned while teeth clamped her bottom lip, kicking a sharp moan from her lungs.

Rachel released her holds and pried Max's bottoms off. They were both completely bare in front of each other. Wilfully exposed and vulnerable. Asking to be given to and taken from.

Weight pressed down on Max's hips as she was straddled. And the naked skin on skin contact told more than the words they'd often searched for possibly could. Hands trailed Max's arms, from her elbows to her palms, then laced fingers and squeezed tight. More kisses lashed at her mouth, stealing her breath and infusing her skin with electricity.

“I...love you...too,” Max whispered through Rachel's kiss.
Hearing it out loud, something turned over in Rachel. She sat up, straightening her spine, licked her lips and swallowed, sending a ferocious gaze to eager blue eyes. Her hands squeezed Max’s with all the strength she could spare, searching for any way to possess as much of her as possible.

Max’s knuckles were slammed above her head, trapped against the bedsheets, and the straddling hips slid to her stomach, leaving a slick trail over her waist. It was a helpless position. Whether or not she was her lover’s plaything would be entirely up to Rachel. But a beg for exactly that, was on the tip of Max’s tongue until the brilliant body looming above started hypnotizing with its movements.

Rachel's form imitated waves, rolling from her chest to her hips, rubbing her wet, heated, sex-starved center over Max’s bellybutton. Rachel panted, and moaned “Max,” the name of the girl she loved, who stared up at her in awe as she steadily drove her clit against the skin of a beautifully pale torso.

The pulse between Max’s legs grew stronger with every thrust from the hips keeping her captive. She could feel her inner thighs getting slicker as she rubbed them together, trying to relive her untouched arousal.

The clutches on Max’s hands released, and elbows braced beside her head, leaving a supple chest inches from her face. As in need of being touched as she was, her need to touch Rachel pulled harder. To give the gift she’d been given so often. To see Rachel unravel in a perfect moment of absolute warmth and freedom.

Max’s fingers roamed every inch of skin she could reach. Loving squeezes, and gentle pets complimenting kisses to Rachel's breasts.

The grinding had drifted upwards to Max’s ribs. Far enough that the sweet scent of Rachel’s desire was taunting Max’s need to give. They locked gazes, anticipation heightening around whatever idea Max was wearing on her face. She glanced between busy hips and hazel eyes, licking her lips, and crept her hands under creamy thighs, lightly pulling them towards her chest, not hard enough to force movement, but enough to hint at what she wanted.

Rachel's face widened in surprise as she took a pause amidst her panting to ask, “…Are you..sure?”

Max nodded a non-verbal ‘Absolutely’.

With a contagious smile beaming down at her, knees walked up around Max’s shoulders and rested by the sides of her head, leaving her enthralled as the flushed shine of Rachel’s folds lowered onto her lips.

“Fuck... Max...” Rachel gasped.

Max was instantly absorbed into the taste, tethering a buzz to her mind, being pushed by Rachel’s moans and whimpers to find a climax.

Making sure of Max’s comfort had become instinctual for Rachel, but with the vicious sucking, and swiping of the soft tongue on her clit, the overwhelming pleasure was sending her spiraling away from any lucid thought. She recklessly clutched two tight handfuls of brunette hair and pulled Max’s mouth harder between her legs, surrendering to the urge to thrust into Max’s lips.

“Max!” she screamed, grinding on the face she cherished more than anything. Her abs flexed as the fire in her core slowly spread through her tensing body, getting hotter and hotter until Max planted her mouth around Rachel’s boiling bundle of nerves with a fervent suction and a lapping tongue. With watery eyes and a choked moan, the fire exploded and rained over Rachel’s senses. She seized and spasmed, falling backwards to the bed while Max kept her grip, lips refusing to retreat before
Rachel’s ecstasy had been ridden out entirely.

“Max...” she huffed, “That was...... wowser...”

“See what you’ve been missing?” Max gave a slow, passionate kiss, with Rachel unflinching at the lingering taste of herself still shimmering on Max’s mouth, chin, cheeks, and nose.

“Well...” Rachel giggled, “Now I know...... I’m sorry, Max,” she said to her love laying at her side. “I never should have lied to you. I was terrified of losing you, and I wanted to do everything we could together before that happened. I thought living this big crazy rich lifestyle for a few days would be the absolute peak of it.”

“You're not losing me. And if you'd just invited me over to stare at your trash can, it still would’ve been the best day ever.”

Rachel palmed Max’s face, softly brushing her cheek with a thumb. “It’s already passed checkout time, so the full day is paid for no matter what, but later I’ll see if we can get a downgrade for tomorrow. Like, a BIG one.”

Max sighed. “Rach...”

“I feel bad for lying, Maxie, but we’re not leaving early. I promised five nights away, and that’s what we’re getting.”

“......Okay. So, Spa day?”

“Are you kidding? Fuck Spa day.” Rachel rolled onto the girl she loved with a series of kisses, and burned through the daylight with a blur of mouths and fingertips.
They’d readily paddled into the ocean for one final surf session, but Max and Rachel spent most of their time floating face-to-face on a single longboard together, palms pressed against palms.

“I wanted to talk about something specific,” Rachel said.

“Whatever you want.” Max smiled back.

“We’re... pretty open with each other, physically. But, you always just sorta...take whatever I give you in the moment.”

“Isn’t that...what sex is?”

“Sssorta. But what I’m trying to say is... What do you actually want?”

“I... just want you.”

“I get that, Maxie. And it’s sweet, really. But I don’t think you’ve ever said out loud that you like when I do a certain thing, or if there’s something I haven’t done that you want me to do. I know you’re kinda shy, and it’s adorable, but if there’s someway I can be even better for you, then I want to.”

Max’s face reddened as she glanced around and swallowed. “What about you? You’ve never said...”

“I know. It’s because I can see how uncomfortable it makes you. But I thought, now that we’ve professed our undying love for each other, It might be a little easier.”

Max’s stare into the ocean grew longer. It’s not that she wasn’t into certain things. It’s that her lips wouldn’t move when she tried talking about them, even when the love of her life was asking point blank how to please her better.

“It’s okay, Max.” Rachel rubbed Max's thumbs with her own, one of several reflexive comforts she soothed anxieties with. “I'll get it outta you. Since I brought it up though, I guess maybe I should open up first. I might have an idea for later, if you're game.”

“You always have an idea for later.”

“It’s the Rachel-way,” she teased. “Come, Max. Let's away to prison.”

“Uhh... What?” Max laughed.

“We two alone will sing like birds in the cage. When thou dost ask me blessing, I'll kneel down, and ask of thee forgiveness: So we'll live, and pray, and tell old tales, and laugh at gilded butterflies, and hear poor rogues talk of court news.”

“Yo ho ho and a bottle of rum?”

“That's beautiful, Maxie. Truly. I'll tell the drama kids to guard their roles.”

“Rachel, I'm sure the fish love Shakespeare, but my skin is still very Irish, and this wetsuit doesn’t
“cover my face.”

“Shit. Are you burning?”

“A little.”

“Alright.” Rachel gave a quick kiss, slipped into the ocean water, and climbed on top of her own board. “One more wave. Make it count. I’ll be right behind you.”

“Maxie, I fucking swear to you, it’s pronounced ‘Yee-row’!”

“Then why’s it spelled ‘Jye-row’?!”

“Because it’s greek!”

They argued with big adoring grins on their faces, waiting in line at a busy food truck advertising gyros.

“Fine,” Max said. “You can order for both of us. That way I don’t sound like a dummy when I say ‘Ghyee-row’.”

“The ‘G’ is silent.”

“Of course it is.”

A low voice interrupted. “I'm on your friend's side. Jye-row sounds way better,” the stranger said to Rachel. He was a tall twenty-something with dark features and an expectant smirk.

Rachel shared a subtle eye roll with Max. She’d seen that exact smirk what felt like hundreds of times. Almost always from guys she had no interest in, which, since her first night with Max, was all of them.

“Oh?” Rachel said.

“Mhm,” he nodded. “You two from around here?”

“We're on vacation.”

“Yeah? Where from?”

Max answered, “Out of state.” She might not have minded the small talk, but the tall stranger was eyeing Rachel up a little too intently for Max's liking. Though Rachel didn't seem offended, just annoyed she couldn't spend time alone with her girlfriend.

“Right. Well...” He returned his attention to Rachel as if he were inconvenienced by having to address Max at all. “I'm on my way somewhere, so I guess I'll get to the point. There's a party later...”

“Wait,” Rachel said, “you're not actually here, at this food truck, for food?”
“Nah. I just thought you were hot, and wanted to come ask...”

“Look. Guy...”

Before Rachel could add to her thought, a small hand turned her cheek, then a familiar tongue shot forward and caressed her own.

For a moment, Max forgot she had an audience. The taste of Rachel never failed to physically make her stomach burn with excitement. It kept her waiting for Rachel to be the first to pull away like usual, because Max couldn't, but the kiss went on, passionate as ever. It was starting to feel like a dare. To see how long Max would make out in front of who knows how many people. But she finally backed off.

“You bitch,” Max laughed.

“You started it.”

The tall stranger was nowhere to be seen, but the lady in the food truck was waiting impatiently for their orders.

“Fuck,” Rachel said. “Sorry.”

“I've seen worse,” the lady deadpanned. “Whatcha havin?”

“Two chicken yee-rows, please?”

“Comin up.”

__________

Click.

Max’s camera spit out another photo, a selfie in front of the cottage they'd left behind for one last night at a much smaller, cheaper hotel room, mostly to ease Max's mind a little. Rachel still didn't see past the moment far enough to do anything but enjoy their time together, even at the price she'd paid.

“Rachel, I only have three photos left.”

Rachel scratched at Max's jaw. “Well, we'll make sure they're good ones.”

They'd been on something of a farewell tour, making sure Max had plenty of pictures to cherish. The beach they'd spent most of their time on. The surf shop guy that liked calling them 'lady bros'. The pool they'd been too distracted by the ocean to use more than once.

They waited for the elevator, alone in the hotel lobby, hand in hand, fingertips rubbing around Max's knuckles.

“This is...our last night here.” Max stared at the steel doors, only flashing quick glances in Rachel's direction, as she remembered something said about an ‘idea’ for later. “What's the plan?”

“What do you mean?”
“Earlier. You said...you had an idea.”

“Oh.”

The hand holding Max's tightened, and a dry smirk rose across Rachel's face, leaving the question unanswered as they stepped into the empty elevator.

“Rachel...You...know how I feel about...surprises.”

“You don't like them?” Rachel’s smirk held, unchanged, her stare locked forward, avoiding Max's eyes entirely. It was some next level teasing, not even giving Max the release of eye contact.

An eager huff blew through Max's nose as she chewed her lip and swallowed. She'd hoped for a more substantial response.

“Here.” Rachel slipped to Max’s back, and rested her chin on a shoulder, sneaking her fingers under the waist of Max's cotton and denim. “Take this selfie. We'll want to remember this.”

“This...elevator ride?”

Again, only a quiet smirk in response, letting Max crave more attention than she was getting.

“Two left,” Max said, shaking her polaroid.

“That's plenty.” Rachel calmly scratched her way to Max’s ribs, exposing her stomach, and earning an audible gulp, but the elevator’s camera caught Rachel’s attention, and she pulled away.

“You are gonna tell me what's up though, right?” Max asked, twiddling her fingers in anticipation.

But still, only a smirk, no eye contact.

“Rachel!”

Fingers laced into Max’s as the elevator opened, and pulled her towards their room. Max’s insides were buzzing. This was the first time Rachel had taken a tease this far. It was maddening, but Max had to endure if she wanted to find out where things were headed, and she really did.

Rachel swiped a key card, and leisurely pushed into their room. Then, still guarding her eyes, watched Max’s feet straggle by, and closed the door. She took Max’s hips from behind, and pressed her lips to a soft ear and whispered, “How much do you trust me?”

“...With my life,” Max said, the touch of lips unsteadying her breath.

“...If anything’s too much for you, ever, tell me right then and there, okay?”

“All-- All right.” Max nodded.

A thick, dark cut of fabric flipped over Max’s eyes, blacking out the world, stealing the nearly desperate hope of finding Rachel’s hazel. Max wasn't just turned on, her stomach was in big nervous knots as her head waded through the possibilities. Rachel was into...blindfolds? Or was there something she was hiding? Whatever the case, Max made the decision early to play along. It's not what she'd imagined, but her increasingly rapid heart rate didn't lie, and if it's what Rachel wanted...

“I got you, Maxie. Walk with me.”
Light holds on Max's hands led her to the bed, where she was helped to its center, and her head was gently guided backwards to a pillow.

“Your...thing is blindfolds?” Max asked through heavy breaths.

The mattress flexed and shifted along with Rachel's weight climbing on top of Max's waist.

“Nope,” Rachel said.

Warm, tender hands eased under Max's clothing, stirring her skin and lithely undressing her. Her shirt and bra. Her shoes and socks. Her jeans and panties. All of it, a process she'd always watched, putting her remaining senses further on edge without her sight.

“Don't move,” Rachel breathed against Max's cheek.

The mattress flexed again as Rachel crawled off its side, and Max crossed her legs, clinging to the small release the pressure gave. Being left to herself made it nearly impossible to resist the urge to rip the blindfold off and pounce on Rachel outright. But now, as much as she told herself it was for Rachel, she needed to see where this was going.

Max focused in on the sounds. A zipper, or two, it was hard to make out. Different fabrics rustling and scraping each other. A solid thud of some kind. Rachel walking around the room, spending small amounts of time at the sides of the bed.

“So,” Rachel said, “I might have packed a few things that I haven't...told you about yet.”

Max gulped. Cold leather encased her wrist, and the sound of metallic buckling tickled her eardrums. “Fuck. Rachel... Are you...sure...about this?”

Rachel paused all of her movement and asked, “Do you wanna stop?”

“I-- No...”

Max was straddled again, only this time by bare skin. Rachel had stripped naked, and the contact sped Max's breath, as she grew more needy with every touch she felt.

The second wrist was strapped like the first.

“Try moving,” Rachel said.

Max tugged upwards to no avail. “I can't.”

“Perfect.”

Just when Max thought that was all, the weight above shifted, and she felt her ankles being strapped as well. “Oh, god,” she uttered.

“‘Oh, god’? Not, ‘Oh, dog’? I think I hit a nerve.”

Max’s legs were trapped wide open. No matter how much she twisted and turned, she couldn't squeeze them shut for relief like she always did. She could only wiggle and squirm and jut her hips upward, hoping Rachel would give her what she needed.

“Now, weren't you making fun of me for being so horny a few days ago?” Rachel sassed.

“What? I was-- I was drunk!”
“Maybe,” Rachel laughed. “But I can tell, you're about to pop already, and I haven't even touched you yet. I could just make you lay there...”

“B-But...”

“...I'm not that mean.”

Max squirmed some more, the heat between her legs yearning for Rachel’s care. “Rachel. I need...”

“Shhh, I know you do, Maxie,” Rachel whispered as she pet Max's face, gentle fingers over sun-kissed freckles, thumbing flushed lips at a pace all her own. “That's why this is gonna work so well.”

“...What is?”

Max got no response. Only more rustling and weight shifting.

“Rachel, what is? What's gonna work?” Max begged.

This time, a response came in the form of a SNAP and a dull humming sound.

“What?”

A soft rubber bulb pressed an intense vibration between Max's ribs, radiating trembles through her body. “Oh my god... Rachel...” Max laughed, “You have to be kidding.”

“I can put it away if you don't want...”

“No! I mean-- Don't.”

“Don't what?”

“Don't... put it... away.”

“Why not?”

“B-- Because...”

“Because what, Max?”

“I--”

Rachel leaned in, the warmth of her breath caressing Max's neck and collarbone, and with a silk voice said, “Babe, you really wanna know what I'm into?”

Max nodded. “Yeah.”

“The blindfold’s for you. The straps, the vibrator, it's all for you. But those words swimming around in your head, I just want to hear you say them.”

Every syllable was spoken against Max's lips, sapping her willpower and building the unbearable, neglected warmth in her core.

“Maxie, please.” Rachel's tone was growing wild, a gravelly, nearly desperate whimper of a plea. “I'm ready to do whatever you want me to. I just need to hear a few dirty things come from these lips.” Her thumbs again played with Max's mouth, hoping to be the spark she needed to give in. “If you need me to beg, I will. Please, Max.”
The vibrator drifted down to, and stopped at, Max’s waist, prompting a shiver and a shaky inhale.

“Rachel, please...”

“Please what, Max?” Rachel held torturously close, enough that the heat from her lips teased Max’s senses. “I need to hear it. As much as you need me to touch you right now. What - do you - want?”

“I want-- I...want to feel...your lips against mine.”

“Uh huh.” She slid a hand up Max’s side.

“I...want to feel...your teeth, leaving marks on my skin.”

“Mmm. That’s beautiful, Max. Keep going.” She said, her focus raising to Max's breast, rubbing and massaging.

“I want... your hand around my throat.”

Rachel's breathing pulled deeper as her hand climbed to Max's neck, subtly squeezing and scratching as she nudged the fierce vibrations harder into Max's waistline.

Max groaned at the rumbles coursing deeper. “I need your fingers inside me.” Easy kisses rained down on Max’s neck and jaw and ear. “I need you to make me come, and scream, and beg, and I need to see your eyes when you do it. Please...”

Their tongues lashed at each other, Rachel stealing nibbles and brief moments sucking at whatever she could, Max only wanting Rachel to take everything.

The vibrator drifted even lower, making circles in Max’s small patch of fuzz. Her legs tried to snap closed instinctively, needing the relief of pressure, but the restraints caught her ankles, and her limbs shook as her unchecked need for direct touch kept growing.

“Rachel,” Max whined, “I need it. Please... I can't take... that. Lower.” Max wiggled and writhed, trying to force the vibrations downward.

“Lower? All right.”

The vibrations pulled away and another SNAP rang out. The hum, louder, even more intense, pressed into Max's inner thigh, barely an inch away from the feverish sweet spot she'd urgently hoped for.

“Oh my god..” Max panted. “Rachel.. Please! Seriously! I have to- I need it- I can't!”

The blindfold was torn away, and perfect golden hazel locked with vibrant pools of blue, yanking a lightheaded gasp from Max’s lungs. Rachel gripped Max’s delicate throat, and pulled the vibrating wand away, hovering it below her elevated hips, then lowered herself, and pushed it’s violent rumbling between both their waiting sexes.

Max heaved out several heavy, broken moans as the new sensation turned her composure to mush, rolling her eyes, and sending shivers all over that tested her restraints. Rachel’s moaning was softer, but slowly growing more frantic as she repeatedly thrust into the vibrations.

“Did you...come?” Rachel asked amidst her huffing.

Max shook her head ‘No’.
“Try not to...without telling me first, okay?”

“I’m already... I’m gonna....”

Rachel rose up and hurried herself between Max’s knees, Max breathing faster and faster. Two fingers shoved inside, and furiously pumped Max’s center while the vibrator held its assault on her clit.

But Max didn’t climax when she expected. Instead, it kept building. The rumble tangled with Rachel’s fingers, and the swell Max thought would burst kept burning hotter, pulling tighter, clawing deeper than she thought it could. She howled brutal moans and yelled sacrilegious swears and pleaded for release, but Rachel was already trying her hardest. Just when Max thought the unendurable agony of pleasure would never stop climbing, Rachel’s teeth sunk into her thigh.

Max’s eyes went cold and blank as her body seized and shook and arched. It was a thousand releases all at once. Wave after wave crashed against her. Hot, cold, harsh but soothing tingles engulfing all that she was. A never ending symphony of tiny explosions through every inch of her body and mind.

Click.

......

“Max!” A panicked Rachel shook Max’s shoulder. “Are you okay?! I need you to answer!”

It was unclear how long Rachel had been trying to get Max’s attention, but the only response Max managed was a spastic head nod that she could only hope would be taken as such.

“Jesus Christ, Max!” Rachel said with a hint of relief. “Squeeze my hand if you’re okay.” She placed her palm in Max’s still restrained hand, and it gripped tight. “Fuck! You scared the shit outta me.”

Max’s breath rattled, and her eyes fluttered and twitched as she said, “I-IIm... s-s-ssssssorry.”

“It’s all right.” Rachel gently pet Max’s face. Her forehead, her freckles, her lips, trying to give as much comfort as possible. “I’ve just...never seen your eyes that empty before. I thought you had a fucking aneurysm or something.”

Max was still shaking, riding out left over tremors that kept flinching her eyes closed, and small spasms running through her neck and shoulders.

“And... I don’t think I’ve ever heard a person make that sound,” Rachel said. “A goat, maybe.”

“Sh-s-sh-shut up...”

“Maxie, babe, I know you can usually come a few times, and that was the plan here, but...”

“I w-w-would d-die.”

“Was it the vibrator?” Rachel started undoing Max’s restraints.

“I think...it w-was...the blindfold.”

“Really?”

“Yeah. The-- The eye contact...t-tease. You did that...on purpose, right?”

“Of course,” Rachel laughed.
The final restraint was tossed aside, and a warm head of blonde hair snuggled into Max’s chest.

“Earlier, it sounded like you...had plans for those last two photos...” Max said.

“Right. About that. There's...only one left.”

“What do you mean?”

“I...might’ve taken your picture while you were mid-orgasm.”

“Rachel!”

“What?! It's not that bad. It's mostly just your O-face...and like, half a boob.”

“If people see that...”

“They’ll what? Know you have orgasms? Here. Look.” Rachel snatched the photo from the dresser, and handed it to Max. “We’ll burn it if you want, but that might be the hottest thing I've ever seen.”

*Other* people seeing Max in an orgasmic state would be humiliating. But knowing Rachel had a picture to hold close, to soothe her longing for Max's touch, might have been worth the risk.

“I planned on another, much dirtier pic of both of us,” Rachel said, “but I guess...I overloaded your senses a little too early?”

Max gave the photo back. “If you're gonna keep this, I feel like...I should have one of you.”

“Well, here I am. Snap away.”

“I don't think so. You're not gettin’ off *that* easy,” Max said with a smirk of her own, lifting the wand vibrator towards Rachel's face.

Rachel chuckled, “Okay, Maxie. Fair is fair. I'm all yours.”

Max eased her forehead to Rachel's, and nuzzled their noses together. “Just like that?”

“Just like that.” A short kiss smacked off Rachel’s lips. Then another. Then a longer one as Max’s fingers ran through long blonde hair.

“So, you're into dirty talk. That's your thing?” Max asked.

“Only from you.”

“How-- How dirty?”

“As dirty as whatever you're thinking, Max. It's the honesty of it that turns me on. Hearing what you want, what you love, out loud.”

“I love you.”

“I love you too.”

*SNAP!* The wand switched on in Max's hand, and she lunged forward, mounting and smothering Rachel in kisses.

“I...love...your body,” Max said, through the pressure of their lips untamed embrace.
“Yeah?”

“Yeah. Your figure. Your soft skin, the way it tastes.” Max worked her mouth down to an enticing chest, and pressed the wand into Rachel's thigh.

“Oh...Max...”

“I love...when you're rough with me. The way...you bite me, and...dig your nails into my skin.” Max teethered at the lovely breasts below her as fingernails scratched into her shoulder, freeing light moans from both lovers.

“Mmm, Maxie.”

“That's another thing. I love hearing you say my name so often. Sometimes...I get wet just hearing you say 'Maxie.'” Her kisses trailed to Rachel's bellybutton where she loosely swiped her tongue. Then she twisted the vibrator closer to Rachel's center, spilling more moans from her lips.

“I want you...to pull my hair more often,” Max said.

“Done,” Rachel said, gripping tightly at a handful of messy brunette hair.

“I love...when you take me. When you push your fingers deep...and fuck me.”

Max pressed the wand’s overwhelming vibrations into Rachel's soaking folds, driving thick, guttural cries from her lungs. Then firmly squeezed Rachel's ass with her free hand, and stuck her mouth to Rachel's swollen clit.

"Fuck..." Rachel panted as she fell deeper in love with the sight of Max devoted to her pleasure.

A watery smack sounded from Max's lips as she lifted her head to say, “I love how-- I love how your pussy tastes when you're dripping wet like this.”

“Max,” Rachel pleaded while the vibrator worked vigorous circles into her slit, arching against Max's taste buds, losing her grasp on everything that wasn't Max between her thighs.

The wand drifted upwards, and Rachel's nerves were caught between its harsh rumbles and a lashing tongue. She clawed at everything. Pillows, bedsheets, brunette hair, even herself before she reached out, searching for Max's hand in vain. “Maxie,” she yelped, “I need-- I want-- Use your fingers...please!”

Three fingertips slid deep into Rachel's warm opening, thrusting, coating themselves in her fluids, drawing gasps from her mouth, and writhes from her body. “That's so good, Max!” she panted, “I'm so close! Please don't stop!”

Max pumped harder, savoring the feel of Rachel’s soft insides gripping tight.

“Fuck,” Rachel cried, “Max! I'm so-- I'm-- I'm gonna-- Right now! Fuck!”

Rachel's hips shot upwards, fluids spurting from her center as she squealed. Pulses and spasms clenched around Max's fingers as throbs from Rachel's clit pounded against her tongue. The vibrator was switched off and sat aside, and Max clasped Rachel’s ass with both hands, supporting her airborne waist. Shivers crawled over, as Max slowly and softly licked and sucked and kissed at everything between Rachel's legs.

The arched hips were eased back to the bed, and Rachel watched through fluttering eyelids as Max
passionately sucked her own fingers clean.

For the first time that Max could remember, Rachel had nothing to say. She just laid with her lips parted and hair disheveled, out of breath and thanking with her eyes.

Max mounted Rachel’s slender rib cage, tightly lacing the fingers of a single hand, and stared down at the blonde-haired knock-out that brought her so much happiness, who finally wore the look of absolute satisfaction Max had only dreamt of seeing.

_Click._

The End

Chapter End Notes

Thanks a lot for sticking it out all the way here, I love these two together. I'm considering something of a oneshot rework of the concept in this last chapter. Speak up if that interests you. :) Also, if you're wondering what Rachel was reciting to Max, it's 'King Lear'.

Please drop by the archive and comment to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!