

Prologue (Orgasms)

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Orgasms are the most accessible entry to Heaven.

While you're here in hell, seek them feverishly (this advice comes directly from Quinn Fabray's hazy subconscious whilst engaging in acts of knee-trembling friction with plaid-skirted show choir girls). It's a temporary escape, but all the good things always are.

Quinn bit Rachel's ear, hard, and rutted against her; breathing into it hotly, "You like this." It was accusatory, her tone thick and absolutely everywhere.

Rachel thought better than to answer.

The early afternoon sun hung over them—high and sweltering; they sweated through their school-clothes, outside some abandoned portable in the furthest edge of the school.

She wanted Rachel to feel the same distress she was under—she flicked a tongue into her mouth, grabbed her roughly by the ass, drank her soft sigh.

Rachel slid a reverent palm against Quinn's clenched jaw—pressed hard against the hot metal of the portable wall by slim hips.

Quinn's hands were trapped between Rachel and the corrugated wall; her knuckles forming indents—it felt good and painful; just like sliding her dirty, sinner fingers over Heaven's gate every afternoon. She was always putting her hands where they didn't belong, she thought, and squeezed the perfect curve of a buttcheek.

Rachel bucked into her.

"Yeah, you like this."

She pushed herself roughly into the place where Rachel was softest, with little dying moans crawling up from her sternum.

Rachel raked nails down a sweating nape; eyes drifting to half-closed—Quinn's smooth face, wet forehead, coming in and out of hazy focus with their manic undulations.

A spine-trembling burn crawled from her insides, to send electric thrills up to the crown of her head. She was wafting in air; shivering, hot, sweating—her body fell to contradictions; overwhelmed by every pleasure receptor being callously activated by rough teenage hands. She stilled the rocking of Quinn's hips, held her *there*—where she needed her. She buried her face into Quinn's breasts; Quinn nuzzled the crown of her head. She held her close while they hung suspended; all the worst things stripped away—the slow ticking off of time, the confines of their bodies, emotional complexities, earthbound injuries.

Pleasure twisted Rachel's insides; spun up and rocketed down. Her head shook fitfully back and forth; dragging along a smooth Cheerios top she wet with sweat.

She held Quinn at her lower back; crashing their hips together in abrupt, jerky intervals—still riding it out, on shaky tip toes.

"*God*, it's always so good against the portable."

Quinn giggled into her hair; still rolling her hips dizzily. Rachel glanced down (bangs sticking to Quinn's top); to look at how she'd marked the red pleats. She snuck a hand through the sullied slits, palming Quinn's erection through her spanx.

Quinn's body fell, heavy, against her—with plaintive moans.

Rachel slid a hand through a tight waistband; the sensitive pads of her fingers connecting with baby-softness, "God bless the perv indeed," she smirked, "Even if it's actually very likely that these skirts will kill me one day."

Quinn hushed her with rough lips; kissed her with her teeth—Rachel palmed her cock vigorously, wet with pre-come. She felt blood rush into the veins; Quinn's manic heartbeat resonated in her hand now.

Thumb sliding down the most vulnerable part of her cock; Rachel watched cords in Quinn's neck swell with tension. The girl swallowed many times in quick succession, and visibly. The head twitched spontaneously (with a quick stroke to its slit)—and she filled Rachel's palm.

A long, white line of jism was shot—like smoke from a jet's engine piercing a baby blue sky; to land on Rachel's meek cardigan. And then nothing. Just Quinn's still-convulsing hips and baby moans.

Something in Quinn's stomach took an acute fall—and shattered. Great waves of scorching blood reached their peak—her orgasm shuttled out of her to mark arbitrary places on Rachel's body she couldn't see. Her eyes were pinched closed—this was the best part; the part where she wasn't *there* anymore.

Too quickly the spine-popping pleasure fades to heart palpitations, ragged breathing, the slow return of dim awareness—back to hell you go.

When she slid open her eyes, Rachel was licking her palm. She felt dirty—a lusty response in her stomach *already*; battling deep post-orgasmic depression.

Rachel watched her carefully. She would never get used to the way Quinn's eyes went from fully blown out in pleasure to dull, cancelled. She pinched dirty blonde brows at the happy brunette, "Why do you do this stuff with me?"

"Because you're so charming," Rachel smirked sardonically, soft brow arched playfully. She waited a beat, just to watch hazel swirl confoundedly—"Because I *like* it, Quinn. Duh."

She wiped at her forehead—shaking the statement away.