

no dance, across the tightrope stretched taut between them, taking her cue from those impassioned lapis eyes. Plunging forward into the depths and releasing the tension she'd feel the reverberation and not just from the music, deep in her gut, radiating into her womb, vibrating along the length of her sex.

Kris had always thought music the next best thing to orgasm--but this...communing between them was something yet again of a higher order. Mouths slightly parted to voraciously draw in more air, Diana would place her baton on the rostrum and give a barely perceptible nod. There would be appreciative murmurs from those seated around Kris and already the empty ache would start ticking in her chest--until the next time. Once Diana even passed near her on their way out of the hall and said in a low, thrilling, throaty tone, "Better than sex." Kris smiled and felt the blush slowly heat her face. I might agree, Kris thought, if it were anyone but you saying that.

Calla caught up with her outside. "Hey. Want to go for a drink...or something?"

"I was...uh...just going to walk for awhile."

"Good. I'll walk with you."

Can't object to that, I guess, Kris thought. She was in 'a mood' and really didn't want Calla around if it should suddenly overwhelm her.

"You know what they said about Paganini," the taller woman intoned.

Kris knew where she was going with this. "Yeah, that he sold his soul to the devil."

"Mm. And not only that but that the devil stood behind him when he played and pulled...or plucked, I suppose, the strings."

"Is this a compliment of some kind?"

Calla laughed lightly, a rather unpleasant sound. "Just wondering. What did you sell? Anything going on between you two?"

Kris gritted her teeth, felt her celtic temper rise another notch putting her already swirling emotions into a further chaotic spin.

"Who, me and Paganini? Or me and the devil?"

"You know who I mean. The devil with blue eyes."

"You're very intent on making that your business. But is it a professional--or a personal interest?"

The woman gave her an enigmatic smile. "Ah, here we are. Join me for a drink," Calla gestured toward the bar's entrance.

Kris debated with herself...but acquiesced without much of a struggle. It was a dyke bar. One she hadn't been in before. Very dark, but not too smoky. A few couples were dancing. The place probably wouldn't liven up much till well after midnight.

"What would you like?" Calla asked and then added with a wicked gleam in her eye, "To drink, I mean."

"Surprise me."

"Sure, baby."

Kris knew that had been a mistake when the woman returned with a very tall glass of Long Island ice tea.

"Oh, you are trying to get lucky, aren't you?"

Calla clinked their glasses and zeroed in on those pretty green eyes, "We'll see."

Halfway through her drink Kris allowed herself to be led onto the dance floor. She was even pliant enough to graciously let the other