

woman lead.

"Mm. Now we're getting somewhere. You're a much better dancer than I would've thought--and that, I've found, is often directly correlative to other skills..."

"We'll see," Kris echoed her teasingly.

"Oh?" the blonde eyebrows were raised. "You never answered my question..."

"Is this contingent on that?" Kris asked innocently.

Calla smiled, "And I thought you were just a guileless little girl when I first saw you."

Whether it was more the intoxicant or the comparative novelty of having a woman in her arms after a long, largely self-imposed dry spell she didn't know upon reflection, but at the moment she responded by aggressively pushing Calla up against the nearest wall and shoving her tongue down the woman's throat. "That tell you what you wanted to know?" she asked breathlessly when she broke from the kiss.

"Ladies, time to take it on home?" a passing waitress suggested with a grin.

Calla obviously hadn't expected that, it blindsided her and left her at a rare loss for words. When she could finally say something, she managed a breathless, "You're full of surprises."

The woman was not unattractive and Kris was sorely tempted--especially when she considered that sleeping with Calla may be as close as she'd ever get to Diana--if they had ever been lovers. Her body was betraying her--the need was concentrated in the heat between her thighs. She could see herself tearing the woman's clothes off, having her right there on the floor. It would be...such a release. And lord knows she needed it. No one could begrudge her.

Sighing inwardly she thought about those eyes again--between the devil and the deep blue sea. So, you think I'm full of surprises...well, here's another one for you. She dug into her pocket and pulled out a few ones--"For the drink." Pressing the bills on Calla she muttered something about forgetting a previous engagement and headed quickly for the door. Instinctively she knew it was probably not a very good idea to make an enemy of this woman, but right now she was in danger of drowning and it was every woman for herself. She wasn't going down...without a fight.

A short time later Kris was standing in a hot shower using the hand-held massage to very good effect.

She exposed her clit with one hand as she played the powerful jet of water over the swelling bud. This was so intense she'd come without having to work at it or think about it too much, but her sexual reverie turned to images of Diana from a recent and very wet dream. In fact, they were swimming naked in a pond or large spring, tall trees surrounded them on all sides.

There was something, too, wild and untamed about the dark haired woman in this setting. She was drawn to the raw, sensual power the woman exuded, trembling as long arms caressed her and pulled her close, nipples distended, touching. The woman's hands descended her slick back to cup each full cheek, lift her till she wrapped her legs around the taller woman, welcoming and melting into the sweet kiss when it came and as the woman's tongue entered her mouth the skilled fingers stroked her open and moved inside her and she gave herself over to it, to her, to