

there."

"Yeah," Diana agreed with a slight smile.

The young woman felt the physical evidence of the imagery's effect upon her, especially as it had poured so sweetly from Diana's lips, and the fact was not lost upon her that the goddess' Greek name was just another way of saying...Diana.

Kris checked into her room, still hearing the lilt of Diana's voice evenly measured to the simpatico syncopation between them she was sure she wasn't just imagining. And all of it shot through with the interior melody of the musical notation taking form in the composer's mind. She writes an engaging through melody--but with all these tempest-tossed cues swirling about in a darkening dangerous maelstrom... Get a grip, Kris. Wonder how she'll score that. Oboes would be nice--and then a big fat violin solo. Made herself grin.

She was stowing her overnight bag in the closet when her roommate walked in.

"Hi." Calla, big as, no bigger than life and twice as intimidating. "Isn't this special? Oh, it won't be so bad, dear. And, no, I didn't make up the assignment list. Fate decreed. Funny how that works out sometimes. Cat got that lovely hot tongue, darling?" Kris' mouth quirked into a sickly approximation of a smile. Calla continued. "You know you really should be whipped," in a low purr, "for leaving a girl all high and dry like that."

"Hmm. Must've done it wrong."

Calla closed and locked the door. "Oh, no, you did it just right. But, why'd you chicken out? You're not otherwise engaged? Free, very white, and over 21. Despite your enticingly jail-bait appearance. We both like girls. I think I'm reasonably attractive. You--" and now she circled around the bed to place a hand on Kris' breastbone through which she could feel the sudden quickening of the young woman's heart, "--want to give me a reason why we shouldn't get naked and into that bed right now?"

"We have a performance."

"Honey," in an insinuating tone that almost ended on a cackle, "I'm talking about a major performance right here." She ran an anorexically thin finger down and around Kris' nipple which clearly erected beneath the cloth of her shirt while the woman's other hand deftly undid the first two buttons and then began pulling the shirt tail out of her pants. Oh, hell, Kris thought, why not just give in? And then she laughed in a release of tension as a knock came on the door. Vaulting to and scrambling across the bed, she reached the door and yanked it open. Diana to the rescue.

"Uh...am I interrupting...something..." A coolly appraising blue glance took in her state of dishabille and looked past her to Calla who was smirking like the Mona Lisa. "Wanted to go over the Williams. But...I can see you're settling in here...so."

"No!" Kris shouted. "Wait." She lunged for and grabbed her violin case and fled from the room without a backward glance.

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