

*'she's waiting for me.'* She had a further wild notion that if she even breathed Diana's name the glade would come alive with nymphs and satyrs and other unnamed ancient longings. Studying the silhouette for a breathless moment, she willed the woman to turn her head, to meet her ardent gaze, fire for fire. The scent of honeysuckle was overpowering. Lending an olfactory note to the music that still wreathed around them, briars twining in the forest primeval, limbs entangled, growing together side by side in the dark canopy, it pervaded her senses and woke her to a dream. This is supposed to be. She was afraid for a second that Diana didn't feel it too, this adamant pull between them, it was undeniable. She cannot deny me, or herself, this. Not anymore. Moving closer, following an invisible silver thread. This was...destined. She knew it somewhere deep down in a place stronger than instinct, greater even than the sense of purpose she'd felt when she'd first held a bow in her hand and the creative urge flowed through her fingers.

Diana hadn't moved, waited passively, dispassionately till Kris was close beside her and the young woman's breath blended with the night breeze to ruffle her dark hair. Pale eyes in the moonlight studied green fire and a look of defeat if not surrender was evident in the woman's expression and body language.

"You win," she rasped barely above a whisper and drew Kris into her arms for a kiss.

Now, they say true passion is an incendiary flame that burns too bright to bear, that it will extinguish itself if it burns too hot, however briefly, all oxygen consumed. Gasping for air they drew their breaths from each other's mouths, all-consuming, lips pressed hard, tongues stroking wetly, frenzied.

"So long," Diana murmured, "it's been so long," she swallowed the words on an uneven breath, captured the other tongue in her mouth sucking it greedily as if she would take all of the young woman's life force into herself. And Kris was more than willing to sacrifice herself upon this altar, to this divinity. If this wasn't communing with the goddess then she would never know that ecstasy. But here it was, within her arms, clasping her tightly. Diana's scent, of heated skin and delicate perfume reacting to the rise in body temperature. Both of them moaning into the kiss now, creating a vibrant humming sensation that tingled down their spines and into their beating wombs. When Diana loosened her grasp on the young woman, Kris slid from the voracious mouth to press her lips and slip her tongue between Diana's breasts on her way to a kneeling position before the goddess. Her hands were at the leather belt.

Working feverishly to undo it, her fingers fumbling until Diana grasped both her hands and forced her to stop. "Not here. Come to my room later." She struggled to control her breathing. "We have to put in an appearance at the reception."

Kris groaned and stood with the aid of Diana's hands on her elbows.

The composer embraced her, stroked her hair, "I want it too. You know I do." She kissed the center of each of Kris' palms and snaked her tongue in promise against the soft skin of the right hand before letting go. Kris moaned at the sensation. The waiting, the anticipation would just serve to make it sweeter.