

## *I'm Shure*

The average person doesn't have a full P.A. in their livingroom. But I like to think I'm not the average person. It is called a livingroom for a reason; it's where you live. Generally along with other people. I live in that room a lot and I live in my music. My band is my family. I like having monitors, microphones, guitars, mixers and speakers there.

The other band mates have gone and Tess and I are listening to a Melissa Etheridge CD over two cold bottles of Zima with lime, and talking about how hot Melissa is. I comment about how great it would be to go to bed with such a passionate woman.

"Passion?" Tess says. "What's that?"

Tess and I enjoy our status as the only lesbian band in town. "Oh, are you having trouble with your love life?" I ask her.

"I'm having NO love life," she complained.

My heart goes out to her because I've been there, so I say, "You should just grab one of the groupies. You don't have to enter into a betrothal to get some release, you know."

She looks at me like I'm some new creature, freshly sprung from a Petri dish.

"Sara, you know I don't get into one-night stands."

I grin at her devilishly. "Then do it in the middle of the afternoon, and do it twice. . ."

Tess leans back against the sofa cushion and regards me with surprise. "Are you offering your services?"

"Are you interested?"

Rehearsals in a lesbian band can be a lot of fun, and Tess and I have had some great times teasing women from the stage: her with a driving rhythm guitar, and me with lead vocals. But we are always too tired after a gig to talk about our love lives. The only bed-talk we have is how we want to get in one and go right to sleep.

She sighs and shakes her head at me. "Don't tease."

I consider her ragged 501's and T-shirt that had *So Many Women, So Little Time* written across the front, and look down at my own T-shirt with the words, *Let go of my Ears, I Know What I'm Doing*, and wonder why I haven't had this conversation with her before. "I'm not teasing," I say, with a lift of one eyebrow. I always lift one eyebrow at women when I want them to hear what I'm not saying.

She takes a pull from her Zima while I snub out my cigarette in the ashtray. Without much thought, I swing one leg over her, straddling her lap, and drop my mouth to her neck. She sucks in her breath real quick as I brush my lips on her soft skin. She smells like a sugar cookie. I take a nibble on that cord that connects her neck to her shoulder and I feel her shudder. Pulling back, I look right into her eyes. "How frustrated ARE you?" Now I am teasing, and she knows it.

Tess pushes me off her and at first I think she's mad—passion and anger being so easily confused. I stumble over a guitar cable and land on my backside on the carpet near my vocal monitor. She jets off the sofa and falls on top of me. I wiggle out from under her and pin her down. As she lifts her head to kiss me and I pull away just out of reach. Her hands come

up to embrace me, pull me down, and I grab them in mine, interlocking our fingers and trapping them at her sides. Tess is petite, and I'm stronger than she is. Every time she tries to kiss me, I move away, brushing my lips over hers, but not letting her have a full kiss. "Sara. . ." she whines at me.

"I didn't say you could kiss me, yet," I inform her.

"Oh you are so bad—"

I give her what we all laughingly call The Good Bone—nestling my hip bone between her legs and push upward slowly, grating it over her muff, which already feels moist through the fabric of her 501's. She groans again, trying to free her hands. One hand breaks loose and she clutches the fabric at my shoulder and I move my hip out of the way so I can slide my hand over the warm place between her thighs. My middle finger finds the knot in the seam of her jeans and I use it to press her clit. She gasps and says, "Christ, Sara. . ."

"You can kiss me now," I say.

She mashes her mouth to mine, whimpering as I release the buttons on the denim, invading her with two fingers. As Melissa breaks into the chorus of Brave and Crazy, some odd twitch makes Tess's leg shoot out, and she knocks over the mic stand, liberating the Shure 58 from the clip. She grabs the mic and presses it to my chest.

"I've always had this fantasy about you, Sara."

I look down at the mic. "You're kidding, right?"

"No. Use it."

"Are you sure?"

"Shure?" she cocks an eyebrow, referring the brand of the microphone.

We both burst out laughing.

"Do it!" she commands, still giggling.

Up for an entertaining kink, no matter how bizarre, I take the mic from her as she wriggles out of her jeans. From the speakers, Melissa is now rasping, ". . .if wishes were horses, this beggar would ride. I'd have my cake and eat it, with a little on the side. . ."

Carefully, I position the ball shaped end of the mic against her and begin to push. She opens to it like a puffer fish and it slides inside. The moan this action evokes is at the least raw, and at the most animalistic. An awful lot like the way Melissa sings, actually, I think. I pump the microphone in and out and watch her give in to the wildness of it, the sheer taboo. The roughness of the screen on the bulb grates over her G-Spot, and only seconds later, she comes, flailing to find something to hang onto for leverage; which at that moment happens to be the side of my face. Her fingernail clips my cheek and opens the skin, drawing blood.

A few minutes later, we're both sitting on the sofa, having fresh Zima's, staring at the practice room before us. I'm toying with the scratch on my cheek, and she's running one hand through her short blond hair, our eyes drawn to the microphone, back in its clip on the stand.

"I don't have time to clean that before the gig tonight."

She smiles. "I want you to sing on it just like that."

"You are evil and you must be destroyed."

We clink our bottles together in a toast and finish our Zima.