



Hot Line



ALISON GREY



Excerpt

When Linda returned from the kitchen and handed her a bowl of ice cream, Christina said, “I stopped the movie.”

“Thanks. That’s nice of you.” Linda sat next to her and regarded her bowl and its contents.

“Want me to rewind? Should be about three minutes.”

“No, that’s okay,” Linda mumbled, her mouth full of ice cream. “Did I miss anything important?”

“Not really. He’s trying to finish the book. Oh, and he’s not taking his medication. He’s hiding the pills.”

Linda nodded and pressed “play.” Captivated, she watched the events in the movie and set a new record in emptying her bowl.

Does she always eat that fast? Probably not, or she wouldn’t have this killer body. Christina couldn’t finish her ice cream. She leaned across Linda to put her bowl on the table next to her. Their gazes met.

Linda licked her lips.

As if in slow motion, their faces came closer and closer until ... dramatically loud music made them look at the TV.

The movie’s main character was trying to escape from his prison.

Leaning back, Christina watched.

“Oh God, oh God. She’ll get him.” Linda squeaked. “She’ll kill him. Oh God.” She covered her face with one hand.

Christina regarded the woman next to her. She was much more entertaining than the movie. She smiled. One moment, Linda was totally serious, the next, she was almost childlike.

When the movie’s dramatic music gave way to quieter sounds, Linda turned her head but kept her gaze on Christina’s

knees. “I’m sorry. You probably think I’m totally ...”

“What?” Christina lifted her hand and softly stroked Linda’s cheek. “That you’re totally cute?” She smiled. “Absolutely.” The last word was just a whisper. She put her hand on the nape of Linda’s neck and carefully pulled her toward her.

Their faces moved closer until their lips met.

When they broke the kiss after just a few seconds, Linda blinked repeatedly.

Instead of kissing her again, Christina hugged Linda. She couldn’t help herself. *What the hell is going on with you? Are you getting sentimental now? Oh, who cares?* Linda felt good. Everything else wasn’t important. Christina’s eyelids fluttered shut.

Linda held her tightly. “Is everything okay?” she asked quietly.

Hesitantly, Christina nodded. *No, nothing is okay.* She was so confused.

Some time later, Linda let go of her and turned off the TV. She stood, reached for Christina’s hand, and led her through the hall and into the bedroom.

To hell with the end of the movie.