

thoughtful one, I'm the doer, the woman of action. You're feminine and demure--"

"Demure? You really think so?"

"And I'm...well, look at me--"

"You are the warmest," Mel kissed the palm of her hand, "the softest," a breast was gently engulfed, "beautiful woman," the lips taken in a sweet kiss, "oh, yes, just look at you." Mel pulled the blanket with her as she worked her way down, further enumerating Jan's charms. "Mmm...I was working on a theory...or something...here and you're...you are distracting me."

"I should think so."

"Isn't it fascinating, though? Wouldn't you expect our...souls...who we are deep down--"

"Yes...deep..." Mel's tongue was in her navel, moving lower, "down," stroking her thighs.

Jan went valiantly on, "--to remain pretty much the same? And, yet, they, we, seem to change places, become more like each other."

Mel paused and Jan stroked her dark hair. "We've become one, we share a soul, the yin and yang as you said, one circle, each side incorporates a seed of its opposite, its other half. We learn from each other, we reflect the one we love. This act of pleasure, this...coming together...this urge..." Mel's fingers played with the curly blonde hairs, "What attracts people to each other in the first place? I look in your eyes, Jan, and I'm home."

"They vowed to each other. It was a marriage."

"Yes." Mel clasped Jan's hand, their fingers entwined, held fast. "It's already been said."

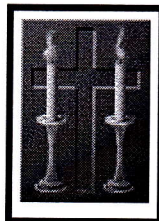
"Yes."

"Despite everything they--we found each other again. Fate conspired to tear them apart...but nothing ever could," she said. "Is there a reason?" Mel rubbed her soft cheek against Jan's smooth belly, "do you think?"

"You mean why? Why...us? Love doesn't need a reason. Maybe I'm here for no better reason than to hold you...like this. Is that enough?"

"That's..." Mel's voice was choked with emotion, "everything," and she slid between Jan's legs to lose and find herself in the body of the woman she loved.

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