



"By the gods, Gabrielle, what are you writing?!"

Gabrielle turned, blushing rose red to the roots of her pale hair. Xena could see it even in the firelight. The Warrior Princess, who had been soundly asleep, she was sure, had stealthily shifted and was now reading over Gabrielle's shoulder.

"It's...a personal account."

"I'll say it is." Xena's eyes were the size of gold dinars as she read the scroll. "Is this...meant to be read? Wouldn't want this to fall into the wrong hands."

Gabrielle cleared her throat. "Are you...embarrassed?" she asked, still blushing furiously.

"It's just...I don't want to share you with anybody," came the reply.

Gabrielle melted at the soft caress of her lover's voice and relaxed. "Have I finally found a way to get you to read my scrolls?" The young woman lay on her back smiling up at Xena.

The dark woman smiled wickedly down at her companion. "I prefer doing to reading." Her flame blue eyes flickered to the parchment. She gasped audibly. "Did I really say that?"

"Every word."

"Do you write down everything?"

"As much as I remember. But it's all pretty... vivid."

"Want to get started on the next chapter?"

Gabrielle finally set her quill aside and, sighing, said, "Guess I won't get any more written tonight."

Xena caressed her cheek, "I'll attempt to compensate for that." The warrior's tender lips began their long, exquisitely slow journey once again. Gabrielle's skin, her taste, her soft, sweetly opening mouth. Intoxicating. Xena kept one eye on the scroll, the stark letters standing in bold relief, speaking of her prowess, her passion, the love they shared, the love they made. This paper Xena was good, she thought, as she began to follow her own script, but seeing herself through Gabrielle's eyes. 'Mm, so she really likes it when I do...this.' Gabrielle moaned beneath her, writhed wildly, exciting them both.

A lesser woman might've been cowed by the sheer panache and bravado of her depiction in her lover's adoring eyes, but not Xena. She was never--would never be "a lesser woman." She had no worry, not in this, this physical side of her nature, that she would ever fail to live up to her good press. Grinning, ego secure, supreme confidence in her ability to pleasure the Bard, Xena gave it a little more finesse, tried a delicious variation. Gabrielle whimpered her name and tremored wildly, calling on all the gods in the pantheon as she danced with ecstasy.