

someone...being able to put the pieces together."

"As long as they have the proper cross- references." She hefted a helpful tome.

"It won't be that hard. We'll know it when we find it."

"Ah," Jan rolled onto her back, "you're starting to believe I know what I'm doing."

Mel smiled, contemplating the smaller woman on the bed. Surprised by the rush of love that pumped the blood faster through the chambers of her heart. "Mind if I turn on the radio?"

"Go ahead."

She found the music station and then resettled on the floor--until she heard the strains of a familiar song. Looking over to Jan who had stopped reading and was also listening, Mel caught her eye and grinned. "Wanna dance?"

Jan looked balefully around the littered floor.

"Here. I can clear a little space over here. Come on." Mel held out her hand and helped Jan to step down from the bed and into her arms. They hugged each other tightly and moved slowly in place, listening to the words of the song: "We looked at each other in the same way then, but I can't remember where or when..."

"I love this song," Mel sighed.

"You're such a romantic."

"Thought you were rather glad of that fact."

"Wouldn't have it any other way." Jan hummed a few bars and then Mel sang the rest softly in her ear.

"And so it seems we have lived before and laughed before and loved before--"

Jan kissed her hard on the downbeat and broke away, breathing ragged. "Rather a profound topic for a popular tune."

"My yankee aunt in New York knows the lyricist, Larry Hart, he's...um...you know..."

"One of 'us'?"

Mel nodded, "I don't know what to call... it...everything sounds so clinical or like a slap in the face."

"I know what you mean. But...woman, friend, lover," she nuzzled the taller woman's breastbone, "that's enough for me. I've never been one to want to label myself."

"I've noticed. You do stand out in the crowd."

"Look who's talking."

"Why, thank you, sweetheart." Mel playfully fluttered her lashes.

"Aw, I can do better than that. You do know that you're the most beautiful woman I've ever met, don't you? That you're elegant and special and I'd take a bullet for you without a second thought."

"Please don't go that far."

"Try not to," Jan grinned.

"Hold you to that."

"Oh, honey...just hold me."

Soon the bed was cleared of its books and maps and their passionate adagio continued.

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Jan was lying on her belly pointing to a spot between two hills on an ancient map. "Midway between Potadeia and Amphipolis. Yeah, I like the symmetry of that."

"So would she."

"Exactly." Jan rolled onto her back, held the parchment at arms' length above her head. Mel pointed to the spot and read from one of Gabrielle's scrolls. "We meet each other half-way. We come to the spring, between us the valley, between us the lush terrain, between us everything. We lie together there, the heart, the womb, waiting..."

"We have seasonal markers, we know the approximate era."

Mel continued, pointing to their paper grail tacked to the wall, "Zodiacal sign for Pisces,