



Postscript--Reading in Bed (or The Scroll of One Hand)

"I knelt and clasped Xena's legs, begged for forgiveness, pressed my burning face against her hardened thighs, her soft skin, she would draw me up like the moon or I would draw her down to sweet perdition on the soft mossy ground."

"Don't stop."

"Can't quite make it out...oh...mm...that's nice--"

"What?!"

"Alright... She drew me up to her, lifted my thigh over her hips and pressed my body into the bole of a tree. Her passion ignited might treat me roughly at times but I would glory in the release."

"Oh...yes. More."

"I can only translate so fast, you know. Hold on."

"I...guess I'll have to." Janice grunted and rolled onto her stomach, hand beneath her and Mel continued to decipher the scroll.

"I was aflame, my warrior, my princess, how she excites me with one ravishing glance from her Aegean eyes, the deepest depths, the bluest blue."

"I know how that is," Jan assured her, smiling at the lovely length of the dark-haired woman stretched naked beside her on the bed. Mel tore her eyes momentarily from the precious scroll and met Jan's.

"This was a good idea."

"MmHm. Very good. Bless Gabrielle and her powers of description."

"We'll have to keep the erotic scrolls to ourselves for awhile."

"Alright with me."

"Can't publish these... Not yet. But how lovely when the world can see that two women--" Jan cleared her throat. "Preaching to the converted."

Mel smiled with the sweetest indulgence at her lover. "Sorry." She cleared her own throat and began to read once more.

"We had almost lost each other yet again and so now we tore at each other with a savage desperation."

"Oh my," Jan gasped.

"It gets better."