

"I'm hoping. Don't disappoint me."

"You know if I didn't need my glasses to read this, I could prop it on your belly while I--"

"Oh...Melinda." Jan writhed against her own hand.

"Where was I?" Watching Jan with her peripheral vision she now slid her own hand underneath her body and matched her lover's motions. "Gabrielle writes: She ripped the clothing from my body and had me with her fingers. Xena's hands can be hard and merciless, exacting the sweetest price, the dearest vengeance. I was open and aching with my desire for her and I hoped my body would not betray me by reaching my climax too soon. I wanted this delicious punishment to continue as long as possible and untiring as Xena was this would likely be a long session indeed."

"Oh, Gabrielle, you lucky little girl," Jan gasped between moans.

"I do try to do my best, you know," Mel said, self-mockingly amused. "Sometimes three hands would be very useful," she inched closer to Jan and sighed, replacing her right hand with her left she continued to stroke herself and now ventured between Jan's legs with her right. The younger woman jumped, almost smashed her crown into the headboard. "Calm down. It's only me."

"Thought you had your own hands full. I was doing very nicely without any assistance. You're going to make me climax before you reach the, uh, climax."

"Do you want me to stop? You're so juicy, darling, just dripping with excitement."

Jan spoke with some effort, Mel's fingers were still gently exploring her. "Just...keep your hands to yourself--for awhile. And concentrate on your own pleasure. A little race...to see who gets there first."

"You're so competitive."

"Don't stop...reading, that is."

Mel sighed again and reluctantly took her hand away.

"Xena could bend me to her will, however she wished, especially in this. I would do anything for her, stirred to this intensity of emotion. And she knew that about me. She counted on it. A wrathful kind of lust that thrilled us both and left us breathless and begging for more."

"Mother of Mercy," Jan intoned, voice hoarse, breathing ragged, panting. Almost there.

"Those girls," Mel shook her lovely head, then continued, "Xena's fingers could tear me apart, then bring me more to myself than I had ever been. I was so wet and open wishing I could take her entire hand within me--"

"Oh, yes."

"--four fingers were thrusting--"

"I'm coming, Mel."

"--and her thumb pressed and rubbed against the swelling bud of sexual release."

"Now."

"Me too, baby."

"--Her eyes blazed blue fire and I belonged to her, my body, my soul, she could have anything of me this moment if she would only ask and I came, her name upon my lips."

Both women lay languid now, catching their breath.

"Now, that's real passion," Mel mused.

"I'll say."

"And, I'll wager, the only thing Xena ever feared."

"Hmm?"

"Things haven't changed, we're, women like us, not expected to pledge our lives to each other...they knew what they felt, but could they ever really make that complete commitment?"

"Xena must've known how Gabrielle felt about her, if she 'had' asked--demanded--"