

imagined how Gabrielle would be doing the same to her, that sweet mouth moving on her, tongue dancing within her.

Gabrielle moaned in her sleep as if she were somehow picking up on Xena's erotic reverie. Well, perhaps she was. She could taste Gabrielle now, feel the lovely pressure of damp flesh against her face, heated thighs wrapped around her head. Gabrielle's legs tensing as she cried out, Xena's name, and came hard and wet...and Xena did the same now, writhing in the night beside the silently sleeping body of the woman she loved.

=====Kundalini...Chakra=====

Soul's Journey

She always seemed to be saying goodbye to Gabrielle and yet, now she well knew, just how futile and impossible that really was.

Goodbye when she married Perdicus, when she thought she'd lost her nerve and wanted to return to her village, the time she went to attend the Academy in Athens, most painfully at Solon's death...and then the times death had threatened to part them and they both dug in and refused to leave out of sheer stubbornness or luck or...oh, Gabrielle. When she tried to leave her behind with Najara, when she left Gabrielle behind for Ch'in not knowing if she'd make it back to her...when she'd mourned her loss, heartbroken, wanting to die...and now this damnable Guru. The raw, naked longing she'd felt as she watched him with Gabrielle. The intense pain of yearning. Bending, shaping her...might as well have been the Kama Sutra they were practicing for the soul-eating jealousy she'd felt, and her brainfever flared again and she saw Gabrielle impaled on his long pole, legs wrapped around his back and she wanted to--can't allow myself to hurt her, I can't take her down with me--he was taking her lover, she rose up from his middle as he held her like the prow of a vessel and Xena spread her legs and she imagined Gabrielle's tongue, an extension of his phallus, entering her, driving her mad.

"Your heart is not open
so I must go...
I loved you so...
Give yourself to me,
You hold the key."
"Ray of Light"

As Xena sat in the corner, meditating, churning, thinking too much, fevered mind racing, imagination running wild, and the... jealousy, dammit! He was nothing to be jealous of. Scrawny little guru. He had no real hold over Gabrielle. Did he? She knew her friend better than that.

Mine. A primitive urge screamed in the back of her head. The woman is mine. You can't have her! I won't allow it. Grinding her teeth she watched Gabrielle sleeping...so peacefully. All care and sorrow gone from her lovely uncreased brow. Her golden hair spilled in a rill of radiant ecstasy on the pillow. 'All mine,' Xena insisted in internal incantation. Until she couldn't bear the thought that that might not always be true. The warrior stood, scowling in fury, and swayed over the young woman, yanking the satin sheet from her body.

"Xena," Gabrielle's eyes questioned her, assuming something exterior to themselves must be wrong. But Xena just stood there trembling. "What is it?" Gabrielle's voice was soothing, intending to calm her. Xena knew if she touched her now-- She'd been trying to hold herself off of Gabrielle for the past few days, though it was very difficult here, for fear of hurting her.