

"Yes," Xena mused on that strange thought. "But, we would've been totally aware this time. You...with a penis, taking me with all the passion you possess."

Gabrielle blushed. And Xena laughed and drew her into her arms. They were lying by the campfire. Xena still in her indian silks. She'd been so happy, she'd leapt for your when Gabrielle had called her 'sexy.' The young woman was usually shy about declaring her feelings in public or showing her affection in daylight. But, at night, by the fire all inhibitions left her...and Xena became a very lucky woman indeed.

She stroked the shaggy blonde head fondly with great tenderness. "Sorry about your hair. Your beautiful long golden hair. It seemed like a good idea at the time." Cutting it short with her chakram. To save her from Alti's wrath. The terrible soul-wrenching power of The Vision. But now, sadly too, just another bit of the fateful dance toward... what--oblivion? Never that. As they both had learned.

"Gabrielle, I prefer you just the way you are."

"Even with short hair?"

Xena ran her fingers through it, kissed Gabrielle's forehead, the space between her eyes, her gentle lips. "In this life...or any other. It's you. Always you. The one I love. That I'm destined to love. And I wouldn't have it any other way."

Go on to next page for more excerpts from The Blue Scrolls...



[previous page](#)

Powered by WebTV

[next page](#)

if we don't have your book, nobody does.