

# Xena's Fantasy

By Kodi Wolf



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Wolf Moon Rising Productions

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## Author's Notes

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This was my first attempt at writing a Xena/Gabrielle alternative piece of fan fiction. It started out as a somewhat facetious psychological exploration of the question: Is it rape if you enjoy it?

Now, don't get upset. I know perfectly well that a person can be raped and still enjoy it. The fact that your body responds to stimulus does not negate the fact that it's happening without your consent and is a horrible violation of your body.

What I mean is, if your perspective changes after the fact, does it change what actually happened? I personally believe that perspective is the most important factor in judging whether something is right or wrong because I think there are very few absolutes in this world. This story just explores that notion a little.

This story takes place sometime after *Fins*, *Femmes*, and *Gems*, but before *Sacrifice*.

Though I never continued this story (which I had planned to call the *Shield and Spear* series), my series *Xena: Warrior Slave* sort of took over the premise of Xena as Gabrielle's love slave.

*I don't think I can take much more of this.*

Xena sat ramrod straight atop Argo, drawing from her years of experience as a warlord to keep her emotions in check.

First, Gabrielle had convinced her to go swimming in a lake that morning, before heading out on the road again. This had, of course, necessitated total nudity on the part of her companion and Xena had been forced to follow suit, watching her friend's body move about in the water, under the water, and on top of the water.

Then, Gabrielle had decided that letting the warm sun dry her body, while laying out on a flat rock near the water, would be better than using one of their towels. Finally, after nearly an hour of this torture, they had dressed and gotten on their way.

Then, they'd been attacked and, after dealing with the men charging her, she'd been forced to watch her friend take out several thugs with her staff, Gabrielle's compact muscles rippling and flexing as she did so.

*And that look in her eyes. So focused. So intent. So gods be damned primal.*

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Gabrielle let her staff lightly touch the ground, as she walked calmly beside the woman on the horse.

*A few more minutes and I should be able to start up another story again, maybe get her to relax a little.*

She went through her list of tales to tell, discarding all the romances first. After a battle, she found it difficult to be soft enough to tell a romance. *Too much adrenaline.* Then she tossed out all the stories she had recited for her companion recently. *Don't want to bore her to death with a repeat.* Then she got rid of all the overtly bloody tales. *I want to relax her, not pump her up.* That left the parables, comedies, and tragedies. *Oh no, I'm definitely not telling a tragedy today, and I don't feel like waxing philosophic with a morality tale after beating up some idiots. Maybe a comedy.*

After narrowing down the possibilities, Gabrielle finally decided on a humorous adventure story that had gotten a real belly laugh out of her stoic companion when she'd told it shortly after joining the older woman on the road.

*Well, you're the bard. Just jump into the silence anytime now.*

"Hey, Xena?"

"Yes, Gabrielle?"

"Would you like to hear about the time..."

The afternoon slowly turned into evening and Gabrielle finished up her third comedic tale. Xena was actually paying attention and laughed in most of the right places. That was part of what was making Gabrielle nervous.

*Xena's trying too hard. That last fight must have really bothered her. But neither of us got hurt.*

"It's getting dark. We should start looking for a place to camp," Xena announced.

With that, Xena guided her horse off the trail they'd been following and headed into the brush. It wasn't long before they found an abandoned campsite that was quickly made livable by the two women working together.

"I'll go catch us some dinner. You get the fire going," Xena instructed.

As Xena headed off into the forest, Gabrielle continued setting up the camp. She had a good fire started when Xena returned with a large skinned rabbit. Spitting the rabbit, Gabrielle added some herbs to the flesh and set the meat to cook. Xena had just set her saddle on a handy tree branch when Gabrielle looked up from her cooking.

"Hey, Xena? I think I'm going to go wash up, while you take care of Argo. You said there was a stream just down the hill, right?"

"Yeah. Be careful. And don't forget about the food. You don't want me trying to cook now, do ya?"

She smirked at the reference to the one skill she was well known *not* to have.

"Oh no, that's quite all right, Xena. I'll be back in plenty of time to take care of dinner."

Picking up the soap and a towel, she trudged down the hill, grabbing her staff on the way. Out of the corner of her eye, she noticed Xena smile and nod her head at the action.

*Yeah, Xena, I remembered this time.*

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Xena pulled out the grooming brush and started working on her horse. It was usually very calming, to both her and Argo, but right now, she was anything but calm.

*I have to tell her somehow, before I end up doing something that we both regret. Tartarus, it's not even about telling her, now is it. It's about having her. You know she loves you, but what if it doesn't go that deep? Or in that direction? I can't be around her and not... I need her. I can barely think an entire thought without seeing her naked and writhing from my touch. I love her, but I don't think I can settle for anything less than all of her. But I can't leave her either and if she ever left me again, I don't know what I'd do. Yes I do. I'd keep fighting for the greater good until I could find a suicide mission that would let me die without looking like that's what I was trying to do.*

“Aw, son of a Bacchae. What am I gonna do?” Xena rested her forehead on Argo's back and took a deep breath before raising her head again to get back to her grooming. “Even if she didn't know it was me, as long as I could have her, I'd be content. I'd be able to think again.”

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Gabrielle finished drying her arms and dabbed at her face again. Her bangs had gotten a little wet when she'd splashed the cold water on her face to rinse off the soap. She put the towel on a bush to dry a little and then sat on a rock to rest for a minute.

*Dinner won't need to be tended to for a little while yet. And I need to think.*

Running her fingers through her bangs again to help them dry, Gabrielle leaned back and looked out over the darkening waters of the stream. The sun would be fully set in another hour.

*She was really worried about me today. But I didn't get hurt. I didn't even get a scratch. I know she loves me, but is there more? Yeah, right, that's just wishful thinking. All right, why can't I get past this? I'm in love with her. Great. It's wonderful. Now, it's time to move on. For one thing, she would never go for me. I'll always be the naive little village girl tagging along with her for some adventure. For another, she apparently only likes men now. I mean she's never shown the slightest interest in any women we've met and she's bedded practically every man we've come across. Okay, maybe not every man, but all the interesting ones, at any rate. I guess after Lao Ma, everyone else kind of pales in comparison.*

*Especially me. I can't be her mentor. I don't have any special powers to show off with or teach her about. I'm certainly not in Lao Ma's league when it comes to wisdom. By the gods, the woman had her own book! So, I just need to get a grip and come to terms with the fact that Xena has had her one true love and lost her and I'm just her friend. It's not like that's a bad thing. But gods I want her to touch me. More than that. I want her to take me. Rule me. Own me. And then I want her to learn that I can give as good as I get. There have to be some perks to being Queen of the Amazons, besides being the number one target for certain gods' revenge.*

Gabrielle leaned back and looked up at the stars that were appearing in the sky and thought about her various "lessons" with some of her subjects. The topic had come up when she'd asked Ephiny to tell her about some of the ceremonies she would have to preside over while she was at the village. One of them happened to be a joining ceremony. The conversation progressed from there and she'd quite enjoyed all the touching and caressing, though nothing much more than kissing had transpired that first time.

Then Ephiny had made the mistake of showing Gabrielle where those "special scrolls" were kept and Gabrielle had insisted on trying out all the things she'd read about, improving on quite a few things with her ready imagination and enthusiasm.

*I can't believe she really couldn't walk the next day. I think she just wanted the day off while I was there to handle things. Solari walked just fine that morning.*

Without it ever being spoken, everyone involved knew that what had passed between them was mostly academic rather than romantic.

*It was just sister Amazons enjoying each other with no strings attached. There was something so freeing about that. But that's not how it would be between me and Xena. I could never settle for that. I need her to want me. Me. Not just a roll in the hay, but me.*

She sat up, and then stood up, and grabbed the towel off the bush and placed the soap in the towel. Grabbing the bundle and picking up her staff, she made her way back to the camp.

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“Good rabbit,” Xena commented.

“Thanks.”

Gabrielle handed her dish to Xena's outstretched hand and watched her head toward the stream. As soon as she was out of sight, Gabrielle pulled out a scroll and her quill and began catching up on her writing. She didn't really get into the swing of her story, though, until Xena came back and began sharpening her sword. Something about the rhythm of the whetstone gliding along the metal made her writing flow more easily. Then it stopped and she looked up to see Xena putting her sword away in its scabbard.

“You gonna stay up much longer?” Xena asked.

“No, I'm just going to finish up this story. Why? Are you worried about getting an early start in the morning? Are we headed anywhere in particular?”

“No. Just make sure you bank the fire down before you go to sleep. Goodnight.”

“Goodnight, Xena.”

Xena gathered her blanket over her shoulder and turned her back to the fire and Gabrielle. She listened to the quill making

scratching noises against the parchment, as Gabrielle continued to fashion her story out of the endless depths of her imagination. Ever since Xena had encouraged the young woman to try her hand at fiction, even though the first attempt had been a bit of a disaster, she had been producing incredible tales of fantasy almost nonstop. Most of the dinars Gabrielle kept for her private use went directly towards buying more scrolls.

Xena let her eyes close and drifted off to sleep. It wasn't too much later that Gabrielle finally put her scroll away and went to sleep as well. She was quite satisfied with how the story was coming along. She would probably be finished with it in another few days, if she kept working on it every night.

*If only I could be finished with this infatuation with Xena as easily. But it's not really an infatuation is it. I'm in love with her. That doesn't get tossed aside very easily. Zeus, just go to sleep, Gabrielle.*

She turned over and settled more completely into her bedroll and let the flickering of the firelight in front of her closed eyelids soothe her to sleep.

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*The chains felt heavy against her arms and she could feel the metal cuffs biting into her wrists. Gabrielle was suspended from the cave ceiling about 20 feet in front of her by several ropes that pulled her arms above her head. She was naked and the pose was unnervingly erotic. An unremarkable man in warlord attire strode into the cave and stopped behind Gabrielle.*

*"Bet you thought I'd have you strung up here, didn't ya? Well, this is going to be a whole lot more fun, making you watch your beloved Gabrielle come for me instead of you. Yeah, I know you want her. But you only get to watch."*

*He smirked and began playing with Gabrielle's nipples, flicking them a little, squeezing them lightly, then hefting an entire breast in each of his hands. Gabrielle moaned slightly and looked imploringly at Xena. She couldn't speak past the gag in her mouth, but the look in her eyes made it clear to Xena that she*

*didn't want to be enjoying this, but was anyway. Then her eyes rolled up into the back of her head and her eyelids fluttered closed and Xena saw the unnamed warlord playing with the young woman's clitoris.*

*Xena felt herself getting wet from the scene being played out in front of her. To have Gabrielle like this... No, she had to stop this bastard from touching her bard.*

*"Let her go. She's innocent. She didn't do anything to deserve this."*

*Xena could hear the begging tone of her voice and it disgusted her. It seemed to please the warlord, however.*

*"Ah, but you certainly did and I can't think of a better way to get revenge than to take the woman you so obviously want, can you? The best part is that I know you want to be the one that's doing these things to her. It will be so sweet to hear her screaming for me to let her come. I'm sure you've imagined those sounds before. I wonder how close the reality will be?"*

*He slid his finger around her clit and coated it with her fluids. He brought the finger to his lips and then changed his mind at the last second, offering the finger towards Xena.*

*"Want a taste?"*

*Xena felt her nipples contracting at the offer. She could almost smell the young woman's arousal and to taste it would be a gift from the gods. He grinned from ear to ear and then brought the finger back to his mouth, as he sucked it clean. Gabrielle whimpered slightly and tried to pull away from him, but his other arm snaked out around her waist and pulled her back against his body. He ground his hips into her and Xena was shocked to see Gabrielle grind her ass back into him and hear her moan. It doubled the wetness gathering within her.*

*"You know, Xena, I think she's enjoying this."*

*Xena tried to turn her head away, anything to regain some sense of control, but she couldn't. She let her senses focus on her head and neck and could feel nothing that would prohibit movement. Gabrielle moaned again and Xena tried blinking her eyes, realizing she hadn't done that since the warlord had walked into the cave. That's when she knew.*

*"All right, enough of this! AGGHHHHHHH!"*

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Xena jerked awake, the scream dying on her lips. She immediately felt the slickness at her center and tried to ignore it. She looked over to see Gabrielle startle and sit up. Gabrielle turned to face her.

“Xena? You all right? What’s going on?”

“It’s all right, Gabrielle. Just a dream. Go back to sleep.”

“You sure? What was it about?”

Gabrielle’s head was already falling back against her bedroll.

“The usual. Now, go back to sleep. There’s still a few hours ‘til morning and I, for one, intend to take advantage of them.”

She turned over and covered herself with her blanket again and hoped Gabrielle would take the hint. She realized she hadn’t actually lied to her friend. That dream hadn’t been all that different from the many other dreams she’d had about Gabrielle, but she knew Gabrielle would assume she’d had a nightmare about her evil past deeds. This dream was different in one way, however. This one gave her an idea.

Just that day, she had told herself it didn’t matter whether Gabrielle knew it was her or not, she just needed to satisfy her craving for the young woman. She let her tactical mind take over the problem and began to work on a solution.

*The question is: How does one person pleasure another person without the second person figuring out who the first person is?*

She placed herself in the situation, taking on the captive’s role.

*What would alert me to my captor’s identity? Sight, of course. Well, that’s easily fixed with a blindfold. What else? Scent. With all the time we spend together, my scent must be unconsciously embedded in her nostrils. Well, some type of perfume to cover up my own scent... No, even minor sweating and I’m bound to wash it away. And I know I’ll work up a sweat. What about dousing the blindfold with the stuff? Yeah, that would work. I can just add an extra bit to cover her nose and make sure it’s been dipped in some scented oil first. What else...*

Xena continued through various possible scenarios, trying to work out the different ways she could be found out.

*I don't dare kiss her on the mouth, though I know I won't be gagging her like she was in the dream. I want to hear her voice. Which reminds me, I certainly won't be able to speak during any of this. But if I were to kiss her, somehow, I know she would know it was me.*

Xena continued thinking through her plans, making sure there were no mistakes.

*A phallus. I need to get a phallus. The second she realizes she's being taken by a woman... She's shown interest in women before, but this will be totally different. That also means I'm going to have to get different armor. I'll need to tie my hair back, too, wear it in a more masculine style. She won't be able to see me, but she'll be able to feel me and the image in her mind needs to be male.*

By the time morning came, her plan was complete.

*Now, to put it into action.*

Xena rose and put her armor on and rolled up her bedroll to store it on Argo. Less than half an hour later, she had caught breakfast. Stoking the fire to bring it up a little for cooking, she leaned over and gently shook her friend's shoulder.

"Gabrielle... Come on. Wake up. It's time to get up. Come on, I've got breakfast all ready for you to cook. Hey, come on. Up 'n at 'em."

Gabrielle made a little squeaking noise and opened her eyes up to slits.

"Didn't I just go to bed?"

She was whining, but it was really adorable on her.

"Come on. Aren't you hungry? I caught some fish for breakfast. Look, I got the fire all ready for you."

The slits opened a little wider and she sat up and stretched.

"Ugh. All right, you convinced me."

She threw back her blanket and walked over to their saddlebags to bring out the frying pan. Breakfast was ready half an hour later and was consumed not much longer after that. A couple trips to the bushes and a few packed saddlebags, and then they were back on the road they'd been on the day before.

"So, where're we headed?"

Gabrielle looked up expectantly at Xena, who was sitting in her saddle.

"I was thinking we could head toward Athens."

"Really?"

"Well, you said a few days ago you missed your friends at the Academy, and I heard Hippocritus set up a teaching hospice there, so I figured you could visit with him, too."

"Oh? When did you hear that?"

Gabrielle had the most innocent look on her face.

"I think I heard it the third or fourth time you mentioned it, I'm not sure which," Xena deadpanned.

Gabrielle laughed.

"Well, sometimes you don't seem to be listening to me and I just wanted to make sure you knew."

"Right."

Gabrielle mock glared at the woman on the horse and then cleared her expression.

"Anyway, did I ever tell you about the time..."

As the bard warmed up to her story, Xena realized she'd heard her tell it before and decided it was safe to stop listening. She needed to go over the plan again. A thought she had pushed away the night before surfaced again and claimed her attention. To anyone else, what she was considering doing to her friend could be called rape.

*But most people haven't seen a real rape.*

Though she didn't allow the murdering of women and children when she was a warlord, she'd known that forbidding her men from taking the women of the sacked villages for their pleasures would gain her a mutiny and lose her an army. However, she herself considered it a point of pride that, when she eventually got around to taking the women for her pleasures, there were definitely no protests. In fact, it was quite the opposite. She had once told her lieutenants one night, as they were comparing conquests, "You can't rape the willing."

She understood the dynamics of power involved in rape. For most of her men, it seemed to stop with a physical need to prove dominance. Being a woman, she seemed to need more than that. Plus, she had no need to prove she could take anyone she wanted by physical force. That was simply a fact and there was no one

who would dispute the claim, at least no one who lived for more than a few minutes after having said anything to that effect.

*No, I always had to have them mind, body, and soul. Nothing less would satisfy me.*

It was the feeling of power that came with the knowledge that the woman beneath her had usually just had her life destroyed by Xena and yet was begging Xena to make her come, to give her more pleasure.

At times, Xena wondered if maybe she was the slave rather than the conqueror and sometimes she was sure she was, though she would never have admitted it to anyone else. It was that very dynamic that had enabled Lao Ma to so completely capture her attention. Her need to please as a means of holding power didn't work on Lao Ma the way it had on countless others and it had actually been used against her.

Would this just be another conquest?

*No. I love her. I want to show her every kind of pleasure I can. She just can't know it's me. I would never hurt her. I just have to be with her once. I need to know what her body feels like. I need to know what she sounds like when she's in ecstasy. Maybe then I'll be able to let go of the fantasy... Be honest with yourself, Xena. The truth of the matter is, if she knew it was you giving her the pleasure and she didn't want it, didn't want you, it would be rape. So where does that leave me?*

Xena brought her attention back to the bard and realized she was only halfway through her story, so she went back to her thoughts.

*Am I really considering taking her against her wishes? If she enjoys what I do to her, will it really be rape? And what if, for some reason, she feels no pleasure? That's never happened before, but what if it did? I could scar her for life with a trauma like that. I'm just as much the warlord now as I ever was. Gods, what was I thinking? I've gone insane from lust! This is crazy!*

*Wait. Never in all my seductions have I failed to give pleasure and a large amount of it. Why should this time be any different? If anything, I'll simply make the next person look bad in comparison. Well, way to go with the modesty bit. Hey, modesty never got me anywhere. I am the one with the many skills.*

Xena smiled to herself.

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It had been over two weeks since Xena had decided to go through with her plan to have the bard. They had traveled to Athens without incident and Gabrielle had gotten to spend time with her friends, including visiting Hippocritus and helping him out at his hospice. This had allowed Xena the time to gather the items she needed without alerting the young woman. It had been tricky getting everything to her old hideout in the hills to the east of the great city without Gabrielle's knowledge, but with a little encouragement from Xena, Gabrielle had spent an extra day at the Academy, while Xena left her on the pretense of getting together to talk with some old "war buddies."

When she'd arrived at the old bunker, it had immediately reminded her of the armory she'd taken Gabrielle to after the young woman had been shot with an arrow. She'd quickly unloaded Argo and set everything up.

Now, they were a day's ride out of Athens and it was time to bed down for the night. Tomorrow would be a long day. But first things first. Xena added the belladonna to Gabrielle's tea and made sure she drank all of it. In less than an hour, the bard was calling it quits on her writing and fell asleep before she could even pull the covers over herself. As soon as Xena was sure the young woman was out, she gathered their things and packed up Argo again. She slung Gabrielle over her thighs and headed for the bunker.

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Gabrielle opened her eyes to darkness. She blinked again. Still no change.

*Okay. I can deal with this.*

She ever so slightly tensed her right arm and found it was stretched above her head. So was her left arm. Her wrists were

bound together and she felt the thick rope extending tautly up between her hands.

Her focus moved to her legs. She remembered to remain limp, letting her feet drag along the floor, so as not to alert her captors to her consciousness, but a little exploration with her right ankle, and then her left, let her know that both were bound with ropes. They were bound separately though, and there was enough slack that she could stand on her feet if she chose to, but her legs would remain spread a little more than shoulder width apart.

Moving her head slightly made her notice that she had some kind of mask on. She tried to rub it off against her left arm, but it didn't budge. That's when she realized she was naked. *Oh, shit.* She felt the blush all over her exposed body. She'd gotten used to being naked around Xena. *Gods know, the woman has no modesty.* But with anyone else, it was a little different. *And in this situation, I can only think of one reason why I would be naked.*

As soon as she thought of Xena, her mind began to reel.

*Where is she? What happened?*

The adrenaline moving through her veins brought her to a standing position. That's when she heard the sound of a body rising from a chair not more than a few feet in front of her.

*By the gods, they've been watching me the whole time.*

Fear made her heart beat even faster.

"Wh-who's there? Where's Xena? What have you done with her?"

She had started out with fear making her voice tremble, but her last question had been spoken with pure defiance in its tone.

The person, whoever it was, made their way around behind her and stood there. The proximity was close, very close. Gabrielle guessed they weren't more than an inch or two from her back.

"What do you want?"

*Stupid question.*

She tried to turn her head to get a look at her captor, and realized three things. One, that her arms pulled up by the ropes made it impossible to look behind her. Two, it was pointless to try to get a look at anything with a blindfold covering her eyes.

And three, she could smell roses. Then she realized the blindfold was scented.

*Why in the world would anyone want to perfume their blindfolds?*

She felt lips press against her shoulder and went completely still.

“Don’t do this.”

She realized she’d spoken it as a command. She softened her tone to try to reason with her captor.

“Please, you don’t have to do this. Just let me go. If anything happens to me, Xena will spend the rest of her days hunting you down. If you let me go, I can talk her into just walking away.”

*Great, why don’t you just tell him his dick is too small while you’re at it?*

The lips, however, weren’t paying any attention to what she was saying and traveled down her back. They decided to come to rest above the left side of her buttocks. Gabrielle felt a slight pulling sensation, as the lips sucked slightly on the flesh there. She felt her stomach muscles clench and a slight tingling began in her groin. Then the lips worked their way across to her right side.

Gabrielle felt her breath pick up a bit and tried to steady her heartbeat.

*I need to remain calm. So, this just happens to be a fantasy of mine. No big deal. And remember, this isn’t Xena. This is probably some smelly warlord, or worse, and the blindfold is scented so I won’t realize he hasn’t had a bath for the past decade.*

Seeing an ugly, gap-toothed, hairy, sweaty, thug clumsily bending over to kiss her ass almost made her laugh out loud and definitely calmed her libido. She decided to take a different tack.

“What’s your name?”

The lips parted and she felt a wet tongue gliding up her spine, as soft kisses were planted on her skin every few inches along its journey. She shivered and had to concentrate for a moment to keep from arching her back.

*Okay, I really need to get that smelly warlord image back in my head.*

Her hair was brushed to the left and a soft kiss was placed on her right shoulder. A hand grazed the back of her neck, as it held her hair out of the way.

“Won’t you at least tell me who you are?”

Her voice was a lot higher pitched than she’d intended. Then she felt lips on her neck behind her ear and the skin being sucked. She was instantly wet.

*Oh gods, this is crazy. Am I really so hard up that I’ll let some filthy stranger take me just because I can’t have Xena?*

The lips wrapped around her earlobe and sucked so softly, it startled her.

“Xena!”

It was a breathy cry of wanton desire. She knew it. She could hear it in her voice. She wasn’t calling out for Xena to come save her. At least, not that way. She was calling out to Xena because it was reflex after the countless times she had touched herself, thinking only about the woman she was in love with, and these sensations brought that reaction to the surface. She could only hope her captor would mistake the exclamation of her friend’s name as a cry for help. If this guy thought they were lovers, things could get much worse.

The body pressed against her within seconds of her shout. She could feel the armor of a warlord pressing into her back and the unmistakable sensation of a hard cock pushing at her backside. Hands ran down her sides and rested on her hips, holding her still. The lips on her earlobe never stopped their sucking and all the sensations combined to cause her to moan deep in her throat.

*Oh gods, I hope he didn’t hear that.*

“Stop! Please, stop. Don’t do this. It’s not right. Please...”

The hands left her hips and the body backed away.

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Xena focused on breathing. When Gabrielle had said her name, she couldn’t stop herself from making full body contact.

*That was stupid. I have to take this slow, build up the pressure. She has to want this or there's no point. But that moan. I didn't imagine that moan.*

Xena knew she had to give Gabrielle breathing room, though she could certainly use a break herself.

She decided to stand there and see what happened next. Would Gabrielle try to talk to her again?

*No, she's still trying to gather her wits. And probably trying to figure out why I stopped when she asked me to.*

Xena didn't move. Gabrielle got her breathing back under control in less than a minute and shifted slightly on her feet. Another minute went by and then another.

"Are you still there?"

Gabrielle's voice was strong, but held a touch of timidity. Xena slowly stepped back, not wanting to create any change in the air currents that might alert the bound woman to her movements, and made her way to the table she'd prepared. It was difficult to move quietly in the full body armor, but her "many skills" came into play again and she knew Gabrielle was unable to tell where she was, or even if she was still there.

She looked down at the many items laid out on the table and picked up the bowl with the slices of fruit in it. She slowly crossed the room to stand in front of Gabrielle. She picked out a piece of fruit and slowly brought it to Gabrielle's lips. She lightly touched her bottom lip and Gabrielle jerked back and licked her lips in reflex. As soon as her taste buds registered that it wasn't poison or a dead rat, she calmed down and brought her head back to its former position.

Xena brought the fruit forward again and gently rubbed it along Gabrielle's lower lip, then her upper lip, before pushing it into the now parted lips. Gabrielle accepted the offering and ate the fruit. Xena knew that if any juice had spilled over the young woman's lips, she would have been hard-pressed not to break her promise about kissing her on the mouth.

Xena brought up another piece of fruit and again massaged the young woman's lips with it before allowing it to be taken inside. She noticed Gabrielle's pulse point had increased its pace.

*This is going well.*

She continued feeding the slices of fruit to Gabrielle, always running the fruit along her lips first. On the last two pieces, she allowed Gabrielle to taste her fingers slightly before pulling back again. It was only her incredible self-control that kept her from gasping at the sensation.

*That was definitely for me and not her. I need to distance myself a bit or I'm going to lose it.*

She let her tactical side take over again and backed away from Gabrielle. She walked over to the table to return the now empty bowl.

*What next? Meat? I want to save the nutbread for later. I think we'll wait a bit on more food. However...*

Xena picked up the jar of honey.

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Gabrielle licked her lips again to get the last of the sweet juice.

*This is crazy. I'm being tenderly seduced by a complete stranger. No, not a complete stranger. The man who's probably already tortured or even killed Xena, who happens to be the woman I wish was doing all these things to me. And that's where my mind goes fuzzy.*

Gabrielle shook her head slightly to try to regain her equilibrium.

*If I could just stop thinking about Xena, maybe I could get myself out of this. But that's the problem, isn't it? I don't want out, I just want Xena.*

Gabrielle felt a slight tickle above her right breast and bowed her head to try to scratch it with her chin. As soon as her chin touched her chest, she felt the stickiness. Then she felt a similar touch above her left breast. It came again on her sternum and she felt the sticky substance slowly making its way down the middle of her torso.

She felt more of the stuff being dripped onto the tops of her thighs and then her lower back and calves. She reached out with her tongue to lick her chin and tasted honey. She felt a few more drops on the tops of her feet and then an entirely new sensation

replaced the slow rolling tickle that was being caused by the honey dripping down the sides of her feet. She knew without a doubt that her captor was licking the honey off her skin.

The thought occurred to her that she should probably be trying to pull away, but instead she moved slightly into it, curling her right foot so that the top arched up to provide more skin. The tongue licked between her toes and she shivered. Whoever her tormentor was, he knew exactly what he was doing and was very aware of erogenous zones.

He switched to her other foot and cleaned it of all the honey, then licked up her ankle and around to the back of her calf. The muscles clenched under the skin and she tried as hard as she could not to react to the soft wet tongue. She felt teeth bite into the fleshy part of the muscle and scrape over her skin, and then lips kissed the area. Then she felt the tongue licking again and her eyes rolled back in her head beneath the blindfold. Somehow, she kept from whimpering.

The licking at the crease behind her knees should have tickled, but instead it sent tingles to her center, which caused her to thrust her hips out slightly in an unconscious bid for contact. Then the lips and tongue were gone and she felt them on the bottom of her right calf. She was licked and bitten and kissed and licked all over again.

Then she felt the mouth moving up the back of her thigh, planting little kisses along the way, and then it moved around to the front. She felt the tongue licking at the honey coating the front of her thigh and it licked all the way to the crease at her hip before moving over to her left thigh. The honey was lapped away and then more kisses and a few nips were placed on the flesh at the back of her thigh.

Kisses and playful little bites were given to the fleshy cheeks of her buttocks. Then her captor's tongue was licking at the honey he'd placed at the base of her spine. Gabrielle gritted her teeth. She'd never been tortured with pleasure like this before. She wasn't sure how much longer she could hold out.

The kisses and licks made a path around her right hip and began working on the honey that had dribbled down from her chest. Her abdomen was softly cleaned and the undersides of her breasts were sucked on. Then her breasts were licked everywhere

except her nipples. Her captor's tongue swirled around each of her nipples, but never actually touched them. She felt them contract as pleasure shot to her groin, adding to the wetness already there.

It made her blush to know that she was showing her arousal in such a way, that she couldn't stop it, and she was reminded of how exposed she was.

*This man killed Xena.*

She tried to conjure up an image of a broken and bloody Xena lying dead on the ground. But then the moist pressure traveled down again and went in circles around her navel. Her stomach tightened and it pulled her mound up just enough to make her undeniably aware of what her body's reaction was.

The delicate contact was moved lower and she tensed, being sure it was going in a very particular direction, when suddenly it moved to her right and played along her hip. It was taking all of her self-control not to try to maneuver herself toward the sensation. As it was, she couldn't make herself pull away and that left her standing perfectly still.

When the tongue reached her hip, it stopped. Lips were added and she felt her skin being sucked softly, and then there was just the licking again. Then it slowly made it's way to her inner thigh. She tried to bring her legs together, but the ropes at her ankles kept them apart. The tongue stroked up and down her inner thighs, planting little sucking kisses every inch or so, along with full-mouthed bites of her tensing muscles. Then the licking seemed to take on purpose and the tongue focused on the soft, and highly sensitive, skin just an inch away from her throbbing mound. Her brain took this opportunity to mutiny against her and she saw Xena between her thighs in her mind's eye.

She inhaled deeply and slowly to try to calm the sensations running through her body that seemed to want to center in one particular area.

*I have to stop this.*

"Stop. That tickles."

*Okay, that was lame.*

The mouth pulled away. A breath later and she felt a single finger slide over her clitoris.

"Oh gods!"

She jumped, starting to pull away, then moving forward into the pressure, but the finger was gone even before she had completely registered being touched.

*Gods forgive me, but I want that finger back.*

Moving off her tiptoes, she could feel that the finger had drawn her wetness over her clit. Any movement now would remind her of just how ready she was.

*And that was the point, wasn't it? To let me know I'm not fooling anybody.*

"Please, stop this. Just let me go. I won't tell Xena about any of this, I promise. What have you done with her? I need to know she's all right. Where is she?"

*I'm babbling. I hate it when I'm like this. I need to see. I need to see Xena. I have to know she's all right. Damn it, where is she? How did this happen? Gods, what if she's dead already?*

"Xena! XENA! Help! Xena!"

Gabrielle was crying and she knew she was panicking. She was near hysterics and she wasn't even sure why. Then Gabrielle felt a strong hand on her back. It slid up to her neck and brushed her hair aside and began to massage. It was joined by another hand and then both hands slid along her shoulders and up her arms, squeezing the muscles along the way. Then they descended to her shoulders again and rubbed the muscles there. The tension that had built up in her melted away. She let her head roll to the side.

*I don't care anymore. If Xena's dead, then there's nothing left for me. If she's alive, then she'll get me out of here. Right now, either way, I need all the comfort I can get.*

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Xena eased the taut muscles and worked her hands down Gabrielle's back. That outburst had almost been her undoing. But the memory of how wet her bard was kept her from aborting her plans. They just changed direction a little.

She continued her massage over the young woman's lower back and moved to her buttocks. She squeezed and caressed each

cheek and then moved back up. She brought her hands around the sides of Gabrielle's hips, and then ran her palms up the taut stomach until they covered hard nipples.

Touching Gabrielle this way was having a very pronounced effect on the warrior. Her skin was on fire. The palms of her hands seemed to be relaying messages to her mouth about what the bard's hard nipples felt like. She swallowed, the taste of honey and the salty sweat of Gabrielle's skin reminding her of where her mouth had just been, and she tried to focus on giving pleasure.

She massaged each breast, rolling and squeezing. Then she tightened her focus on each nipple and pinched and flicked them until they were standing straight out from the soft breasts. As she cupped her hands around them again to squeeze, she pressed the full length of her body against the back of Gabrielle's.

Gabrielle moaned. It wasn't quiet either. Xena rewarded this small surrender by grinding her hips slightly into the backside of the bard and was in turn rewarded with a reflex reverse grind against the phallus she was wearing.

It was a very special phallus, too. It was designed specifically for role-playing and was quite ingenious. It was double-ended, and even now, as Xena moved, she could feel it shifting slightly inside her. What was so unique about it was its versatility.

The base of the phallus was a flap of pliable, yet hard, leather. The phallus itself was made bendable by the many slices carved almost to the center of the shaft and it actually wasn't all that large. But the hard leather sheaths that could be fitted over the phallus not only caused the phallus to become "hard," but also changed its size to please whoever happened to be using it. For Gabrielle, she would use one of the smaller sheaths that didn't enlarge the base phallus too much. Gabrielle had only had the one night with her husband and that had been quite some time ago. Taking Gabrielle now would be akin to taking a virgin and Xena had no intention of causing the young woman any pain.

Xena reached her right hand down and brushed her fingers against wet curls. Gabrielle moaned again. As she reached a single finger between Gabrielle's nether lips, she heard her name called.

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Gabrielle was trying to think rationally. It wasn't working.

*I have to stop this. Yeah, right. I'm tied up, blindfolded, and ready to come for this son of a Bacchae, who has quite possibly killed Xena. Gods, Xena. I'd give anything for you to touch me like this. Well, if I have to go through this, I might as well enjoy it. Just imagine it is Xena who has me trussed up and so wet I'm putting the Nile to shame. It's my thoughts of Xena that are doing this to me anyway, not the scum who's touching me.*

"Xena."

She didn't care if it did infuriate the bastard that she was calling out Xena's name instead of his. Tartarus, maybe he'd stop and beat her to death, if he realized it wasn't him she was reacting to. At least, she'd be free of this torture. But instead, the fingers playing in her curls became more insistent and the hips that were pressing into her backside ground into her even harder and she couldn't help but press back.

*Gods, I've lost my mind. I just need release.*

"Please."

Gabrielle realized she'd just spoken aloud, continuing her inner dialog. The fingers dragged over her clitoris, spreading her wetness everywhere and then massaged her. Her breathing immediately became panting and she decided there was just no point in trying to hold back anymore. She wasn't going to win this battle.

"Oh gods, harder, please."

The fingers obeyed and also lengthened their strokes. Her moans came in short gasps. She felt lips sucking at her neck and kissing her. She felt long hair brush against her shoulder.

*Just like Xena's.*

"Oh, Xena."

The fingers at her center pulled her in closer and the hardness at her butt thrust forward.

*He doesn't care that I'm pretending he's someone else. It's turning him on.*

“Gods, Xena, I love you. I love you. Gods, Xena, fuck me, please. Xena...”

*What in Tartarus am I doing?! Fuck it. I don't care. I have to have release or I'm going to go insane.*

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Xena was close to coming. She knew Gabrielle didn't know it was her. She was apparently living out a fantasy in her mind to deal with the situation, but that made it all the more erotic for Xena.

*Gabrielle wants this. Wants me. Should I tell her now? No, not yet.*

She stepped back and heard Gabrielle cry out for her. She quickly released the cover of her trousers and slipped the sheath she'd chosen over the phallus. She returned to Gabrielle and kissed her shoulder, as she stood up to her full height to bring the phallus up between Gabrielle's thighs. Gabrielle gasped when it touched her.

Xena brought her hands around the young woman and cupped her breasts again, while she slid the phallus along Gabrielle's opening, coating it with the wetness it found there. When she was satisfied with the amount of lubrication, she moved her hands down to Gabrielle's hips and held her firmly. She brought her own hips back and placed the phallus at the entrance to Gabrielle's vagina.

“Gods, Xena, please. I need this. Please. Please.”

Xena pushed forward before the second please left Gabrielle's mouth. There was definite resistance and Xena slowed her entry. The groan that issued forth from Gabrielle nearly drove Xena over the edge. She considered it nothing short of a miracle that she hadn't made any sound yet.

As she pulled back, Gabrielle let out a breath. Then she pushed forward again and made it three quarters of the way in before pulling back again. The groan that came from her bard was pure desire.

*There's no way I'm going to survive this.*

Xena pushed forward again and completely filled the young woman.

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The feeling of being filled was intense. She remembered being with her husband, but it hadn't felt like this. She was pretty sure the sizes were comparable, but this...

*I've never felt so much desire to be entered. I love Xena more completely than I could have ever imagined possible.*

It occurred to her that Xena didn't have the right equipment to do this to her naturally, but she'd learned from her "studies" with Ephiny and several others that there were "toys" that could be used to supplement nature's bounty. Her imagination took over to cover the discrepancy reality was causing and she saw Xena with one of those toys attached to her body, making love to a very willing bard.

*I want Xena inside of me.*

"I love you, Xena. Gods, you're so deep inside of me. Yes. Don't stop."

The thrusting in and out of her was causing sensations that were nearly indescribable to run throughout her body. Her thighs were tingling, her calves ached. She noticed her shoulders were aching a bit, too, from her arms being pulled up above her head for so long. Her breasts were almost as heated as her center and she longed to have them touched again.

*So say it.*

"Xena, touch me. Touch my breasts. I need to feel you there."

The hands on her hips complied and her nipples were lovingly pinched by soft fingers in between the times her breasts were squeezed by large hands.

"Yes."

She thrust back against the cock that was digging inside her. It felt so good to have Xena inside her.

*This is a fantasy, bard. Xena's probably dead and this scum is the one that killed her. Shut up! Gods, I need this. I need Xena.*

The thrusting inside her increased its pace. Her moaning was becoming ragged and high-pitched.

*Oh gods, I'm going to come.*

"Xena, don't stop. Oh gods, this feels so good. Xena... Xena..."

She felt the pressure build and her muscles tensed. Even before it hit her, she knew it was going to be the most intense climax she'd ever experienced. In the space of a heartbeat, she went over. Her body spasmed and her vagina clenched the shaft of the cock still pushing in and out of her. It only intensified the wave of pleasure moving through her body. She screamed Xena's name and then language left her. Tears sprung in her eyes and she couldn't stop the gasping yells that were leaving her body with each breath she exhaled. She felt several spasms come from the body behind her and several gasping breaths that let her know her captor was enjoying his release as well.

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*By the gods, I've never felt anything like this.*

One second, she had been mostly in control, and the next, she'd heard and felt Gabrielle coming. Then she came with a force she hadn't felt in years, if ever. Without volition, she pulled Gabrielle's body into hers and sunk her teeth into the young woman's shoulder. Gabrielle moaned her pleasure at this, as she came down from her own peak. Within a minute, Gabrielle was breathing a little more steadily, while Xena tried to make sense of reality again.

*I'm inside Gabrielle. I just made her come. She just made me come. What in Tartarus am I supposed to do now? Do I tell her it was me all along?*

Xena stood still for several moments and then gently slipped the phallus out of her bard. Gabrielle groaned slightly at being emptied, but then let her head hang limply again and allowed her arms to take most of her weight, as Xena pulled away from her.

*Now what?*

Xena's legs were shaking and her stomach was still clenching from her climax. She walked around the bard and sat in the chair she had used, while watching Gabrielle wake from her drug induced sleep.

*If I tell her, she's going to hate me for deceiving her. But now that I know she wants me, too, I could just finish up this little encounter the way I planned and pursue her without her ever having to know about any of this.*

Xena watched Gabrielle regain her strength. The young woman was breathing normally again, though her face and chest were still slightly flushed.

*Her breasts are so beautiful.*

Before she even knew what she was doing, Xena had her mouth wrapped around a nipple and was suckling as though she might actually receive sustenance from the act. Her hands went to the sides of the bard and pulled her forward, as she tried to draw an entire breast into her mouth. Her ears picked up Gabrielle's moans and the young woman was thrusting her chest forward to try to help.

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Gabrielle was losing herself in the sensation of being suckled. Her hands began unconsciously working at the ropes that bound her wrists. She wanted to run her fingers through Xena's hair.

*Wait, this isn't Xena. This bastard probably has her chained up in some dungeon somewhere, while he has his way with me.*

For some reason, though, she was finding it very difficult to muster up any kind of real animosity for her captor.

*This doesn't make any sense. There's something I'm missing. What did Xena call it? Her sixth sense? The way she could tell when there were brigands around the bend or that an arrow was headed for her heart. She said it was an awareness of her surroundings that was subconscious, until her life was threatened.*

Gabrielle felt the mouth move to her other breast and didn't try to stop herself from pushing into the touch.

*I shouldn't feel safe, but I do. I should feel repulsed by this, but I don't.*

Gabrielle inhaled a sharp gasp through her nose, as she felt teeth lightly bite down on her nipple.

*Oh my gods! I know that scent. We use the same soap to wash each other's hair.*

Gabrielle breathed in deeply again through her nose, but she only caught the scent of roses.

*Was I imagining it? Do I need to believe so bad that this is Xena that I'm hallucinating her scent?*

She tried to take slow deep breaths through her nose to pick up the scent of her captor again, but the rose perfume kept getting in the way.

The mouth on her breast moved down to her taut stomach and licked. Her stomach tensed in response and Gabrielle could feel her arousal drip down her thighs. She pushed her pelvis forward to hint at what she wanted. Then, she took a shot in the dark.

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Xena was thoroughly enjoying her activities at the bard's breasts. But she couldn't hold off any longer. She wanted to taste her.

*No, I need to taste her.*

Her tongue ran over Gabrielle's stomach and she kissed at various points along the way. Gabrielle pushed her mound into Xena's face and the warrior grinned at the offer.

"Xena, I know it's you. I can smell you. It's all right. I don't know why you did it this way and I don't really care, but I need you. I need to see you. Please. Kiss me. I want your tongue in my mouth. Now."

Xena's heart leapt into her throat and she almost stopped breathing. She looked up and tried to gauge whether Gabrielle was bluffing or not. She realized it didn't matter now.

*I stopped like I was caught in the act. If it was a bluff, I just confirmed it.*

Xena slowly stood and backed away. She began removing the armor that covered her body and let it fall audibly to the ground. She watched the bard grin in triumph.

“I wanted it to be you. I just never knew you wanted me, too. Do you have any idea what you’ve done for me, Xena? This is one of my fantasies.”

Xena smiled to herself.

*I knew she had a fire inside her, but this is so far beyond my expectations. This is going to be fun.*

As Xena divested herself of the last piece of armor, she decided to leave the phallus on.

*I’m definitely going to take her again, but this time, I’m going to watch her face and she’s going to see me fucking her.*

“Xena? Please, kiss me. I want to taste your tongue.”

Xena’s temperature rose several degrees.

*It never occurred to me what making love to a bard could be like. Her voice alone could throw me over the edge.*

She stepped forward, but remained about a foot away. She reached out with her right hand and touched her first two fingers against the soft lips of the woman she loved. Her fingers were pulled into the warm, wet mouth and Gabrielle commenced sucking on them.

Gabrielle groaned deep in her throat and tried to draw the fingers deeper into her mouth. Xena moved her fingers around a little in exploration, but she couldn’t really concentrate. The sensation of being sucked on almost had her on her knees.

*I can’t think.*

She pulled her fingers out of the protesting mouth and tried to regain her composure.

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Gabrielle was sure it was Xena standing in front of her now and she was also pretty sure that Xena was naked from listening to the clanks and thumps of metal and leather hitting the floor. But Xena hadn’t spoken to her yet and it cast a little doubt on her hypothesis that her captor had really been Xena all along. She

couldn't really come up with a reason for why Xena had done all this, or rather why she'd done it in this way, but at the moment, she just didn't care.

"Xena, I want your mouth on mine. I want to feel you inside me. Please."

Gabrielle waited a moment. She could hear breathing quicken and realized what her words were doing to the person standing in front of her.

*This is going to be fun.*

"Xena. Fuck me."

She felt her vagina being entered, as a tongue was forced into her mouth. She heard a deep groan come from the body pressed against hers, and matched it, and then felt the mask being ripped back from her face. She kept her eyes closed, though, until the tongue inside her mouth retreated a bit and they broke apart.

As her eyes opened, she saw bright blue eyes looking into her own, framed by the most beautiful face she'd ever seen. The same face that had captured her heart the first time she'd seen it several years ago. Then Xena pulled out of her slightly and thrust into her again and her breath came out in a gasp.

"Oh gods, Xena! Deeper. Please, don't stop."

Xena claimed her mouth again and Gabrielle did everything she could to push into the body that was wrapped around hers. She forced her tongue past Xena's and took control of the kiss. With a little grind of her hips, she could tell that the strap-on Xena wore was double-ended, and that she would very easily be able to return the pleasure she was receiving. Now, it was up to Xena to relinquish some of her control.

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If she hadn't reached up to hold onto the ropes above Gabrielle's bound wrists, she would have fallen over.

*Where in Tartarus did she learn to kiss like that?! Son of a Bacchae, of course. The Amazons. But which Amazons?*

Before her thoughts could turn deadly, she felt Gabrielle maneuver the phallus inside her and her stomach clenched against it.

“Oh gods! Gabrielle, do you know what you’re doing to me?”

Her voice came out in a low growl and she felt Gabrielle clench her stomach muscles. Gabrielle’s hips circled again and Xena pushed hard against her to force the anchoring end of the phallus deeper inside herself. She felt completely connected to the young woman and thoroughly under her control.

In all her fantasies, Gabrielle had been the hesitant virgin. Xena knew Gabrielle had only spent the one night with her husband, and she was sure Perdicus hadn’t been very worldly in the pleasure department, simply because Gabrielle had never really talked about her wedding night.

At first, Xena had thought it was because her friend was too grief-stricken to talk much about her dead husband. But then, after enduring several conversations in which Gabrielle had talked at length about the young man, Xena had noticed that she never once mentioned being physically aroused by her husband at any time. Never talked about a kiss sweeping her off her feet, or a touch quickening her pulse, or any of the other many ways she described the romances that occurred in the stories she told in taverns.

Xena had assumed that Gabrielle simply didn’t have any firsthand knowledge about physical love being as pleasurable as it could be. That was why her fantasies always had her in control of the young woman. Xena realized that reality was immensely more satisfying, as she felt Gabrielle take control of the phallus and push it deeper inside her. She couldn’t help the groan that escaped her throat. She brought her left hand away from Gabrielle’s hip and loosened the straps that were making it difficult for Gabrielle to really get any length to her thrusts.

Gabrielle attacked Xena’s throat, nipping and licking at the corded muscles of the warrior’s neck. Xena moved her head to the side to give Gabrielle better access. She was so focused on the sucking at her neck and the thrusting at her center that she never noticed the hands busily working at freeing themselves from their rope prison above her head.

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*I had no idea a person's sweat could taste so good.*

Gabrielle sucked hard on the flesh under her lips. She intended to mark her warrior. She also knew she needed a distraction in order to keep Xena occupied, while she worked her wrists free.

*Guess she forgot she taught me how to undo this type of knot. Just one more tug...*

The knot slid free and her hands came loose to immediately fall on Xena's shoulders and run through her hair, pulling on the leather tie that was holding Xena's hair back from her face. Gabrielle dropped the tie and gripped the hair between her fingers. She pulled Xena's head down for a kiss, as she relinquished the strong, salty neck. She thrust her hips hard up into the taller woman, as she claimed the warrior's mouth as her own. She heard Xena's high-pitched moan and it only made her drive deeper into the woman she loved. She could feel Xena's legs shaking and quickly lowered her to the floor.

As soon as she had Xena on her back, she picked up the pace of her thrusts.

*I can't think. I just want to go deeper. Gods, this feels so good.*

Her hands had somehow found their way out of Xena's black mane and were now holding onto Xena's upper arms, pinning them to the floor, as Xena's hands gripped Gabrielle's upper arms in return. She held her body up and used her strong stomach muscles to thrust against Xena's willing opening. She circled her hips, as she ground into Xena, letting her pubic bone stimulate the clitoris of the woman under her. She looked down at herself, saw her flexing muscles and the phallus moving in and out of Xena. She raised herself up a little more, giving herself more leverage against the body beneath her.

"Gabrielle. Please. Gods, Gabrielle... Anything. Anything you want. Please..."

Gabrielle felt herself clench around the phallus embedded inside her. Xena was begging her and nothing in her short life could have prepared her for the erotic effect that was having on her body. She rammed the phallus deeper and harder into Xena,

the sexual intensity adding power to her thrusting. She felt Xena's legs spread wider apart to let her go even deeper and then felt Xena's calves press into the backs of her thighs.

Xena was straining for release, Gabrielle could tell.

*She wants more before she'll let go.*

Gabrielle let her stomach muscles take on the effort of holding her body up, as she moved her arms to the sides of Xena's breasts. She lowered her mouth to suck on a nipple and then bit lightly. Xena moaned and Gabrielle felt a wave of power come over her, as she rose back up.

*I decide whether Xena comes or not. I'm the one that brought her to this point. And I'm the only one that can push her over the edge.*

The smile that grew on Gabrielle's lips was downright evil.

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Xena looked up to see a feral grin slowly fading from Gabrielle's features. She shuddered.

*She knows she's in control. Oh gods, what is she gonna do to me?*

Gabrielle leaned down and entered Xena's mouth before their lips even met. Xena just accepted the kiss and didn't even try to take it over. She knew she didn't have a chance. She couldn't think beyond the next thrust of Gabrielle's hips. When Gabrielle had released her arms, they had instinctively gone to the younger woman's ass to pull her in deeper. Xena closed her eyes, as Gabrielle conquered her mouth. She opened them again, as Gabrielle pulled away. She looked up into dark green eyes.

"Can you feel me inside of you, Xena? Do you feel me fucking you?"

Xena let the bard's deep voice flow through her and her entire body tingled from the effect, making her shiver slightly.

"Answer me. Can you feel me fucking you?"

"Yes. Oh gods..."

She barely got the words out between her moans.

*She must have realized what her voice does to me.*

“Do you like it?”

“Yes. Gods yes, Gabrielle.”

“Do you want me to stop?”

“No! Please, don’t stop. Oh gods, Gabrielle. Please, don’t stop... don’t stop...”

Her hips were meeting Gabrielle’s halfway, as she pulled at the bard’s ass to bring her closer.

“I love fucking you, Xena. I can’t get enough. I just want to go deeper inside you. I’m going to make you come. But not until I say so. Do you understand me? You will not come, until I say you can.”

“Oh gods...”

Xena clenched up and almost came.

“No, Xena! If you start to come before I say you can, I’ll stop.”

To prove her point, she stopped all her movement and pinned Xena’s hips to the floor. Xena continued to grind her hips against Gabrielle, but it was nowhere near enough stimulation to bring her over.

“Oh gods. Gabrielle. Please. I’ll do anything. Anything. Please. Gabrielle, please.”

Gabrielle slowly started moving in and out of the warrior princess. Xena groaned and tried to make her move faster, but Gabrielle was having none of it.

“I decide *if* you come, *when* you come, and *how* you come, Xena. I own you. I own your cunt. In fact...”

Gabrielle suddenly stopped and withdrew the anchoring end of the phallus from Xena, as she stood up.

“No! Gabrielle...”

Xena watched, as Gabrielle removed the other end of the phallus from herself and turned it around. She looked more closely at it for a few seconds and then strapped it on and removed the hard leather sheath that was keeping it stiff.

“This is a really nice one, Xena. You made a good investment when you bought this.”

She bent down and untied the ropes that were still around her ankles. Then she straightened back up and turned her head to take in the table with the items Xena had collected. She walked

over to it and set the sheath down and picked up another one, a larger one.

Xena ached inside from the emptiness. She almost tried to get up, but as her stomach muscles tensed to raise her body, another spasm of pleasure swept over her and she clutched at the floorboards under the palms of her hands. When she saw Gabrielle slide the new sheath over the strap-on, and secure it to the base, her hips bucked in unconscious response. Gabrielle smiled and Xena could feel herself actually blush at the display she was putting on for her lover.

*By the gods, she really does own me.*

Gabrielle walked back over and knelt between Xena's legs. She leaned her body over and placed her weight on her arms, as she looked into Xena's eyes. She let the tip of the phallus graze against Xena's clitoris.

"Remember, not until I say."

She waited and Xena finally nodded her surrender. As Gabrielle lowered her body, Xena heard the words that melted her heart.

"I love you, Xena."

Then she felt the dry phallus pushing into her wet center and could only groan as a reply.

Gabrielle worked her way inside Xena slowly. Finally, she was pushing all the way in and out on every thrust and Xena couldn't hold back her cries of ecstasy.

"Feel me, Xena. Feel me fucking you."

Xena could only moan.

"I'm so deep inside you, Xena. I can't believe how good you feel on my cock."

Xena whimpered. Gabrielle's voice was throwing her perilously close to the edge.

"I can feel you tightening around me, Xena. I can feel how close you are. You want to come, don't you? You want to come all over my hard cock."

*Please let me come, Gabrielle.*

Xena was surprised at how easy begging was coming to her in regards to the bard.

*I would willingly be her slave. I am her slave.*

Her entire body started to shiver at the thought. She tried to hold back, to focus on something else, but she could only feel Gabrielle digging inside her, deep groans issuing from the back of the younger woman's throat.

"Ga-Gabrielle. I.. Oh gods, I can't hold back. Please... Gabrielle, please..."

The intensity of emotion was too much for her. She felt tears come unbidden to her eyes.

"Come for me, Xena. I love you."

Xena's whole body released and she screamed out Gabrielle's name over and over again, along with a few others, as she realized she had also apparently become rather religious in the heat of the moment.

*Aphrodite is never going to let me live this down.*

She felt Gabrielle shudder against her and then heard her gasp and cry out her own release.

It was several minutes before Xena's body stopped spasming and she relinquished her death grip on the woman that had just turned her inside out. Gabrielle raised herself up and slowly removed the phallus from Xena and then undid the straps to remove it from herself. She laid it on the floor a few feet away and then sat next to the spent warrior and stared at her.

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*She is so beautiful.*

"You are so beautiful. Do you know how many times I've looked at you and nearly passed out because I was so overcome by your beauty? No, don't go bashful on me now, Xena. You are the most beautiful woman I've ever seen. Sometimes, it actually hurt inside, I ached so much just to touch you."

Gabrielle reached out her right hand and caressed Xena's cheek, then laid her thumb on the woman's lips.

"I hope this wasn't just a one-time thing, Xena, because I will never be able to not touch you again. I'll take you by force if I have to, I'm addicted to you."

Xena smiled up at her and raised her hand to cup the hand that was still resting on her cheek.

“I love you. You can touch me anytime you want.”

She rubbed her cheek into the hand and closed her eyes, as she soaked up the contact. Then she opened her eyes and turned her head back to face her new lover.

“When did you learn how to... to do all that you just did to me?”

Xena smiled and Gabrielle realized she was just curious and still a little in shock from the whole experience. Gabrielle grinned down at her.

“I guess you could say it was all part of my queenly lessons with the Amazons. Actually, I was talking with Ephiny when the subject came up and it went on from there.”

Gabrielle wasn't sure how much Xena really wanted to know.

“Uh, exactly what ‘went on from there’?”

Xena had a slight frown on her face and Gabrielle tried to decide how to put it delicately without offending her warrior.

*Well, she asked. And the fact of the matter is, she's gotten quite a lot from my 'lessons,' so I'll just have to remind her of that if she starts feeling a little jealous.*

“Well, first there was just touching. Ephiny showed me that-”

“Ephiny, huh... Well, I think we're going to have to have a little talk about who gets to teach what the next time-”

“Xena. Shut up.” Xena blinked and then stared at Gabrielle. “Thank you. Now, as I was saying. Ephiny showed me that my body has many places on it that can be sexually stimulating. I'd had no idea there were so many. I mean, I knew about my nipples, and kissing of course, things like that, but... Well, anyway, that was my first lesson. Then, Ephiny told me about some scrolls in the Amazon library that I could read if I wanted to learn more. Xena, it was incredible. You remember Aphrodite's temple? When we were trying to get the Mystic Diamond back?” Xena nodded. “Well, you remember those poses on the walls of her temple... Those were nothing compared to what I found in those scrolls. I realized, though, that reading was one thing. If I really wanted to learn about pleasure, I would have to put those ideas into practice.”

Gabrielle waited a moment for Xena to take in that idea. Now that she was talking about it, she knew she had to tell Xena everything.

“So, I talked Ephiny into letting me practice on her, to actually do the things I’d read about. Then, for some things, more than two people were required, so Solari joined us. I made them promise not to tell you or anyone else about any of it. I never told them why I wanted to learn those things, but I think they sort of knew,” Gabrielle finished.

“I never did,” Xena admitted. “I never saw it. I never saw you look at me like that. I wanted you from the beginning, but you were so young. I spent so much time pushing those thoughts away, pushing you away, it became a habit. I was afraid I would... Gods, I was afraid I would do what I did today. I just couldn’t not have you anymore, Gabrielle. I’m sorry I took you without your consent.”

Xena closed her eyes and turned her head away, as several tears rolled across her temples toward her ears.

Gabrielle let her hand rest on Xena’s chest between her breasts.

*What do I say to that? She did take me against my will. But I wanted her to. How do I explain that to her? That even when I thought I was being taken by a complete stranger, who had probably killed her, I couldn’t stop thinking about her taking me instead.*

“Xena. Look at me. Do you remember what I said? That you had made one of my fantasies come true? I was serious. The whole time, all I could think about was you, doing those things to my body. By the gods, Xena, you must know how much of a turn on it is to be at another’s mercy. You were a warlord. You set this whole thing up today. Don’t apologize for having the ego to pull this off. That’s one of the things that drew me to you in the first place. The first time I saw you, you were taking on a group of armed slavers in nothing but a shift.”

Xena’s lips quirked into a roguish smile.

“I guess I do have a bit of a commanding presence.”

She grinned and let her teeth show between her lips.

“That’s the cocky warrior I fell for all right.” Gabrielle grinned back at her. “Anyway.”

Xena looked like she wanted to say something, but she was obviously struggling to come up with the right words, so Gabrielle waited.

“Gabrielle. I’ve never felt that kind of pleasure before. I know you know I’m not even remotely a virgin and haven’t been for some time. But in all my experiences... Well, there was nothing that compares with what you did to me. I’ve never let anyone have control like that. Especially over whether I... whether I get satisfaction or not. I never even knew I wanted someone else to be in control.”

Gabrielle stared down at the warrior.

*Is she saying what I think she’s saying?*

“Xena, are you... Um, are you asking me to...”

*Okay bard, where did all your words go?*

“Gabrielle, I... I want you to own me.”

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*Did I really just say that? I can’t believe I just said that. And she probably doesn’t understand what I’m asking of her. How much responsibility I’m asking her to take on, the self-sacrifice...*

“Xena, do you know what you’re asking of me?”

“Yeah... do you?”

“Yes. I’ll be responsible for your pleasure. As my slave, what do you want your safe word to be?”

*Oh gods, she really does know what she’s getting into. What in Tartarus was in those scrolls anyway? Safe word, safe word...*

“Um, how about ‘spear’? And if we just need to slow things down or ease up a bit, just say ‘shield.’”

“Yeah, I think that’ll work. And it won’t destroy the mood either.”

*I have to know...*

“Gabrielle, what exactly did you read about in those Amazon scrolls?”

“Guess you’re going to find out.”

*Oh, that smile does not look nice. I think I’m going to enjoy this.*