

~ Gabrielle's Ancient Übers ~

by Red Hope

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Gabrielle tapped the tip of her quill against her bottom lip.

Xena was sitting on her log and was busy sharpening her sword but she stopped when she noticed Gabrielle's distant stare. She lowered the stone onto her blade and before she said anything, she just wondered what her partner could possibly be thinking about right now.

The bard tapped her lip a few more times with the tip of her quill. She just blankly stared at the tree across the camp.

"If you keep doing that, you're liable to have a black lip," spoke up Xena.

The Amazon Queen broke out of her trance. "Huh? What?" She looked over at Xena. "Sorry." She shyly smiled then explained why she was just staring. "I'm trying to think of a new story."

"Such as?" urged the Warrior Princess.

"Welllll... I was going to work on our latest adventure," started the bard.

"But?"

"But...." Gabrielle shrugged, her eyes lowered to her scroll. "I kinda wanna do something new."

"So do something new."

The Amazon Queen huffed and peered up at Xena. "I'm trying... I can't come up with anything." She chewed on her lower lip then muttered, "Nothing worth writing about other than you and I."

Xena shook her head and was about to continue with her sword but she hesitated. "Then write something new about us." Slowly, green eyes rose back up to her.

"New about us?" repeated the bard. "What you mean?"

"I don't know." Xena pressed her lips together as she really thought about it. "Maybe a story where we're not fighting for the greater good."

"Then what would we be doing?" joked the bard.

"Good point," teased back the warrior. She lifted her whet stone and brought it to the end of her blade. "We could be Amazons," she suggested and ran her stone down the blade.

"We're already that," reminded Gabrielle.

"Not me," taunted the Warrior Princess.

Gabrielle rolled her eyes. "You're one even if you don't care to admit it."

Xena slowly put the whet stone to the tip of the blade again. "You don't see feathers in my hair." She dragged the stone up her sword's blade then said, "What about pirates?"

"Xena," drew out the bard. "I'm not a pirate."

"Then you come up with something... you're the bard," snapped Xena.

"Okay, okay... wait." Gabrielle held up her free hand. "I got it... what if you're an Amazon right?"

"Mmmmm?" Xena lowered her stone near the sword's handle. She waited for Gabrielle to continue.

"And I'm some... well like a married villager, okay?"

"Go on," urged the warrior.

Gabrielle lowered her scroll and quill to the ground. "For some reason, you leave the Nation and come to my village."

Xena rolled her eyes. "Gabrielle, this sounds like our life already."

"Wait," growled the bard. "Let me finish."

The Warrior Princess let out a dramatic sigh and just remained silent.

Gabrielle waved her hands for a second as if in thought. "And... you come to my village right? My husband and I... we run a tavern. So you come to the tavern looking for a place to stay and eat." Gabrielle suddenly got excited about the idea. She jumped to her feet and started pacing.

Xena kept her eyes on her friend and simply listened.

"You come to our tavern and stay a night or two. While you're there... you realize that my husband is abusive."

The warrior raised an eyebrow at that. "Well, we know what I'd do if that was true."

"Exactly!" Gabrielle spun around and faced her friend. "You'd kick his ass and save me."

"And how is that different than us right now?"

"Xena, you're an Amazon and I'm a poor, abusive village... wife."

Xena drummed her fingers on her sword's blade. "And how's that any different than when we first met?"

"I wasn't abused," reminded Gabrielle.

"But you were a villager in distressed and I was a run-down warlord."

"Xena," growled the bard. "Work with me here."

Xena snickered quietly and said, "Okay so that's one idea. Any others?"

The bard's shoulders seemed to deflate. "I don't know."

The warrior shrugged and was about to start sharpening her sword again.

"Wait," yelled the bard. "I got another one."

Xena groaned but nonetheless, looked back up. "What's this one?"

"You're Xena the Conqueror!" Gabrielle threw her arms out and dropped them as she smiled brightly at Xena. "Hercules never existed so you conqueror almost the whole known-world."

"Almost?" complained the warrior. "Why almost?"

"That's just it!" Gabrielle continued her story, her voice much faster than earlier. "There's this last strip of land in Greece that you can't conqueror because duntahdah, the Amazons rule it. And guess who the Queen is?"

Xena rolled her eyes and replied, "Joxer?"

"Me!" praised the bard. "I'm like your worst nightmare come true. You can't conqueror me because-"

"Hades," cut in Xena, "I'd stick you on a cross and be done with you," she joked.

"Oh real funny, Xena." The bard glared at her partner but disregarded the comment as she continued her story. "But that's actually a good idea. I get up in front of you and verbally speak out against you. So you sentence me to the cross, breaking my legs."

Xena winced at just the thought.

"All is not lost though; I manage to escape with the Amazons help since I'm the Queen."

"Well since your speech didn't work, and your Amazon army is too small to stop me. What you gonna do?" probed the warrior.

Gabrielle opened her mouth to make a haste reply but she fell short. "Uh... well..." She got a sceptical look from Xena. "Errr... I end the cycle of hatred."

"Oh gods," groaned the warrior, "you love me."

"Exactly!" Gabrielle jumped in her spot and added, "I unchain your heart."

"Hey it worked for Hercules... should work for you," muttered the Warrior Princess. She peered up again. "Is that it?"

Gabrielle tapped her foot against the ground a little. "Well, then it all goes into how I seduce you."

"Seduce me?" Xena raised an eyebrow.

"Yeah, you know... get you to leave the darkness and all."

"Hmmm." Xena drummed her fingers on her blade again. "So that's idea number two. Any more?"

Gabrielle chewed on the inside of her mouth as her imagination filtered through so many thoughts and ideas. It suddenly came to a halt on one particular idea. "The future!"

"The future? You mean our future?"

"Sorta." The Amazon Queen stepped closer to Xena. "Like not us, us but our... descendents." She grinned then lifted her right hand up to tip an imaginary hat on her head. "How are yah, Mel?"

Xena raised an eyebrow at her partner.

"I need your help to translate another of Gabrielle's scrolls. What yah say, sweetheart?"

The warrior started to really worry about her friend at this point but she decided to just go along with it. "Ya'll ain't gonna get my help, Janis."

"Ooooh good name, I like that," agreed Gabrielle. "Where'd you get that?"

"Its Latin," simply replied the warrior. "Yah reckon Gabrielle came up with any other bad scroll ideas, ya'll?"

"Smartass," growled Gabrielle. She let go of that idea since she had really no idea what the future could be like let alone what tomorrow would be like. "Okay, totally new concept. How about a big role change for you?" She stopped pacing for a moment.

"Such as?" urged the Warrior Princess.

Gabrielle tapped her boot on the ground again as she stared up at the dark tree line above. "You're a healer," spoke up the bard.

"A healer?" whispered the amused warrior. "A healer?" she repeatedly dryly.

"Yeah!" Gabrielle bounced on her feet and strolled over to the other side of the camp.

"You're a travelling healer and you come to my village."

Xena groaned very loudly this time. "Not the villager in distress theme again." She almost dropped her sword at the thought.

"Okay, fine!" Gabrielle spun around and faced her partner. "I'm a travelling bard, that's it! I'm wondering around Greece... looking to write stories about heroes." She started to wave her hands around as she continued the story idea. "I'm travelling down a road and I bump into you. You come to tell me you're headed to a village due south or something because there's a plague that's settled on them." Her green eyes went from a deep green into a burning emerald. "So I decide to join you on the mission to save this village."

"Argh if I knew what was good for me, I'd left you behind." Xena snickered when she received a nasty glare for her remark.

"Anyway, we go to the village and you help out the local villagers. And right when you think everybody is healthy and past the plague, I fall sick with it."

"Of course," muttered the warrior.

"I become deathly sick and you struggle and fight to keep me alive."

Xena mocked yawned as her partner continued with the story.

"At the last moment, I pull through."

"And we live happily ever after, yadda yadda," teased the Warrior Princess. "Anymore bright ideas?"

"You're a tough audience," complained the bard.

Xena grinned back at her. "And why do you have to write us like this?"

"Because... there's nobody else worth writing about, sheesh." Gabrielle snickered at Xena's look. "I mean, I'll give us new names... maybe change a few small things. I'll be the tall one instead."

"Oh right, take my height away will yah?" Xena decided to make use of her height at that point. She sheathed her sword and stood up. She tossed the whet stone a few times in her hand. "Mind as well make your hair short," she taunted.

"I'd probably look good with short hair," mused the bard quietly.

Xena went over to her saddle bags near the fire. She slipped the stone away and when she stood up, she asked, "And what do you call these types of stories? You're writing about us but...."

"But it's not us, us," agreed the bard. "Like... a copy of us but not really because it's not us."

The warrior put her hands on her hips. "Copy of us that are not us?" She gave Gabrielle a very sceptical look.

The Amazon Queen just groaned loudly at how hard Xena was making this for her. "They have our qualities but there might be different things like... hair, or age...."

"Sex?" suggested the warrior.

Gabrielle's face suddenly shifted into a disgusted look. "Gods no." She waved her hand at Xena and walked back over to her scrolls. "They have to be women."

Xena stared at her partner's back after she sat down. "Call them... ubers."

"Ub-a-who?" The bard turned her head around and looked up at her partner. "What's that?"

The Warrior Princess shrugged and said, "I've heard the word somewhere before. Has something to do with over or weird... I'm not sure." She came over to her partner and sat beside her. "But at the rate you're going, these stories are overly weird."

"Oh come on," whined the bard. "It really isn't that bad, is it?"

Xena kept her expression blank and she didn't reply.

Gabrielle pushed Xena suddenly and said, "You're a bratt." She then looked down at the grass in front of her feet. "Wait... here's another good idea." Suddenly she heard Xena whimper and fall backwards onto the ground. She ignored it and whirled around. "What if we met when we were young?" Gabrielle moved closer to Xena and sat on her friend's stomach.

"Kids?" Xena shook her head and closed her eyes. "You wouldn't want to know me when I was a kid." She covered her face with her hands.

"Why not?" probed the bard. "I bet you were a lot of fun." For a response, she got an evil snicker from Xena.

"Yeah, when we're kids," mused the bard aloud, "I can write about how we get into

these little adventures." Gabrielle ran her right hand through her hair. "We have to fight against the bad kids in the towns. We get into snowball fights with them and try to constantly trick them when they torment us."

"Gabrielle," whispered the warrior, "I didn't do that stuff when I was a kid."

"Yeah sure," teased the bard. Her eyes lowered and met blue ones. "I bet you were a little terror."

Xena didn't deny it but didn't agree either, she simply grinned from ear to ear.

"How about something really different?" Gabrielle had that far off look again as she thought about another idea. "You're a god!" she squealed, "And I'm your chosen."

"Oh gods," moaned the Warrior Princess. Yet as she considered the idea, she began to grin again. "Hmmm... not that bad."

"See!" Gabrielle laughed and lowered her hands to grab Xena's sides. "You could be the Goddess of the Amazons and I'm your Queen."

"Okay, not a good idea anymore," teased Xena. "I wouldn't pick those feather heads for my followers."

"Oh what? You'd be an Ares?" tormented Gabrielle.

"Actually...." Xena didn't finish her sentence as she let Gabrielle process it.

"You mean?" whispered the bard. "Really?"

"Ssssure." The warrior's eyes seem to grow dark. "You'd make a great warlord."

Gabrielle rolled her eyes and said, "Xena, I couldn't do it."

Xena shifted her hands under her head and said, "You'd be surprised at what you can do once you've set your mind on it... especially you."

"What's that suppose to mean?" Gabrielle now had her hands on her hips.

The Warrior Princess shrugged. "Gabrielle, you're just one of those people that once you have your mind and heart set on something, you do it."

"I guess," agreed the bard. She then decided to get more comfortable; she lowered herself down onto Xena's body. "You think I'd make a good chosen?"

The Warrior Princess couldn't help her smirk. "Yeah, I think so."

Gabrielle though wasn't pay attention to her friend at all, she was thinking more about the relationship between a chosen and a god. Slowly, her crunched up face focused on Xena. "If I'm your chosen do we... you know...?"

Gradually Xena's right eye rose up in question. "Do we what, Gabrielle?"

The bard giggled and shifted uneasily on Xena's hips. "You know...." She waved her right hand in the air to express her thoughts.

The warrior knew what her partner was asking but she was wanted to hear Gabrielle spit it out. "No, I don't know. What you mean?"

The Amazon Queen groaned and dropped her head back because she didn't want to explain it. Her eyes lowered back to Xena and Gabrielle grumbled at how Xena was incredibly serious. "You and Ares... you know... slept together." She was just able to get the words out, stumbling over each of them. "That's a... a typical thing between the chosen and god. Right?"

Xena was just able to control her smug look as she replied, "Normally."

"Yeah so would we...." Gabrielle trailed off as a blush developed on her face.

Xena couldn't control the smirk on her face and her cat grin spread across her lips. "Oh anything for my chosen." She then laughed when Gabrielle suddenly jumped up and walked over to the other side of the camp. Xena hastily sat up and chuckled when a bright red bard stared at her from across the camp.

"I do not write sex stories," stated the bard.

The warrior laughed. "They can be... interesting, Gabrielle."

"Sssure." Gabrielle put her hands on her hips. "There is no plot." She threw up her hands and said, "Plot, what plot?" She shook her head and walked to another spot on the edge of the camp.

"Gabrielle, there is a plot," countered the warrior.

"Oh yeah, sex... I forget," joked the Amazon Queen and she grinned at Xena's laughing expression.

"Sex can be a beautiful thing," commented Xena.

Gabrielle stared at Xena and slowly her jaw went slack as she realized at what Xena just told her. She regained control of herself and finally said, "That's called making love."

Xena's smirk pulled at her lips. "Then there's fucking."

Yet again the bard found her jaw hanging down by Xena's comment. "I cannot believe I'm having this conversation with you!" She laughed in a surprised tone; her right hand against her forehead. She stared mindlessly at a tree beside her.

Xena's head dropped to one side and she studied her partner's face, trying to read her emotions. Slowly she pushed herself up onto her feet and approached her friend but stopped when she got into a certain close nearness to Gabrielle. "Gabrielle... we're both human, remember?"

The smaller woman let go of her shocked expression and a grin curled at her lips as she peered up at Xena. "I just never expected it from you."

The warrior chuckled. "I can be very open... about some things."

"Rrrright," teased Gabrielle. "And that'll happen when I fight with a pointed object." She suddenly stepped around her friend and went back to where her scrolls were resting by her satchel.

Xena inwardly laughed at Gabrielle's proclamation and the best part was she could see Gabrielle fighting with a sword or any other pointed object. "So we tried the uber idea."

"The 'plot what plot' idea," added the bard.

"The future," also added Xena. "What's left?"

Gabrielle grumbled but more to herself for the lack of material to write about. She sat down in her spot from earlier when this all started. She stared down at her partially written scroll and wondered if any of her hair brain ideas would work.

Xena curiously watched the shifting expressions on her friend's face. She quietly came over and she noted how Gabrielle didn't seem to notice her at all. She decided to take that to her advantage and she went behind her partner then knelt down silently. She grinned as she leaned in; her lips close to Gabrielle's ear. "How about a fall in love story?"

Gabrielle stiffened at the sudden nearness of Xena behind her back. But just as fast, she calmed back down and actually leaned back into Xena. "In love?" whispered the

bard, "but we're not... remember?"

The warrior decided to be bolder; she slowly and gently slipped her arms around Gabrielle's waist. "That's why its called fall in love," she reminded in a deep voice.

Gabrielle felt intense shocks ripple through her stomach when Xena's arms encircled her. She couldn't control her body's urges; she leaned back completely into her friend. "But these are... general stories," she whispered.

Xena slightly laughed but she lowered her head and pressed her lips against Gabrielle's neck. She pulled back just enough to say, "There's always an alternate story."

"Mmmm," was all the bard could manage; her head dropped back and eyes now closed. "Alternate... I can do that." She grinned when she felt Xena's own grin spread across her skin. Then a thought occurred to her and she had a confused look. "We're in love?" repeated the bard, "you're in love... with me?"

"More and more each day," whispered the warrior as she lifted her head some. Gabrielle met her halfway with her head lifting back up too.

Gabrielle turned her head as her dark green eyes opened again. "Really?" She was still uncertain that her friend could be in love with her at all.

"Yeah... really," quietly answered the warrior. She smirked and said, "It wasn't just a crush."

"Crush?" croaked the bard. "You... you had a crush on me?" She then giggled but more in surprise at the situation.

"Oh yeah," whispered Xena; her blue eyes swirled with hunger. "I just hid it very well."

"I'll give you that," agreed Gabrielle. She mirrored back Xena's grin but hers slowly fell as she touched Xena's cheek with her fingertips. "I'll admit we're suppose to be partners but I'm just a little obsessed with you more than a partner should be."

Xena chuckled at the bard's words. "That's a good thing."

"Mmmm," agreed the bard. She then leaned and smiled when Xena also leaned into her. Her lips met with Xena's and they started a gentle kiss.

Xena then sensed Gabrielle's hand slipping off her face and going to the back of her head. She sucked in her breath when Gabrielle pulled her head in more and the kiss

became full of passion. Her mouth opened and warm tongue slid in to dance with her own.

Gabrielle moaned then decided to turn around more.

Xena pulled back and grinned at her bard's desire.

"I'm human," reminded Gabrielle, "I have needs."

Xena laughed but she suddenly stopped when a growling bard took her lips again. And suddenly found herself pushed back so she let go of Gabrielle. Her hands came behind her and let her lower down onto the ground with Gabrielle lying on top of her.

Gabrielle was still kissing Xena as her small fingers worked at the buckles and hooks on Xena's armour. She then pulled back from the kiss and her lips were brushing against Xena's ear. "By the way...."

The warrior started to grin and she let her hands slide down Gabrielle's waist.

"I've had a really big crush on you too," teased the bard.

Xena quietly laughed she then grinned more when she felt her armour go loose. "So does that mean you're in love too?" She suddenly started to sit up, bringing Gabrielle up with her

Gabrielle sat up and tugged the armour off her warrior. She tossed it aside then looked back at Xena. She leaned in for a long kiss and pushed Xena back down on the ground. She slightly pulled away after the kiss; her forehead pressed against Xena's, her nose against Xena's. "Yeah." Her right hand was on Xena's inside thigh and slowly gliding up her leg. "I'm really really really in love," she whispered and she grinned wildly when she heard Xena suck in her breath and she closed her dark blue eyes. She then lowered her lips and captured Xena's again in an urging kiss.

"Gabrielle!"

The bard's head shot up from looking at the scroll in her lap. "Yeah?" She stared across the dark camp to her partner on the other side of the fire.

"That's the end?" Xena held up the scroll in question.

The Amazon Queen giggled and nodded her head. "Yes, it ends there."

The warrior shook her head and rolled up the scroll.

"You said fall in love... not PWP," reminded the smirking bard.

Xena opened her mouth to protest but she clearly recalled telling her bard to write a fall in love and not the plot, what plot story. "What was I thinking?" she muttered under her breath.

Gabrielle had a grin because she just made out her partner's words. "You were thinking no sex."

The Warrior Princess was shaking her head as she came over and handed back the scroll to her lover. "I think you found a new fan," she teased.

The bard peered up in question. "Fan?"

"Mmmm." Xena squatted down in front of her bard. "I wish I'd read your work sooner."

Gabrielle blushed some and dropped her head. "It's okay."

The warrior reached forward and tilted her bard's head up to meet her gaze. "It's beautiful. Thank you."

Gabrielle tried not to be embarrassed but she muttered a, "Thank you." She fumbled to put her scroll away in her satchel to her right.

Xena in the mean time took the current scroll and was about to skim it when Gabrielle caught her.

"I don't think so," teased Gabrielle. She snatched the scroll back.

The warrior grinned and said, "What's it about?"

"You and me... who else?" joked the bard.

Xena grinned from ear to ear then asked, "A PWP?"

The younger woman giggled at her partner's persistence for a PWP story. "I told you... I don't write that stuff."

It seemed impossible but Xena's grin was able to grow even stronger. "Not even for me?"

Gabrielle's hidden blush suddenly reappeared and she looked down at the scroll in her lap. "It'll be called *Sensual Delight*," she read from the scroll's title. She then lopsidedly grinned at her lover. "And it'll be an... uber too. For once I'll be tall and with blue eyes," the bard joked.

Xena laughed for a moment but then softly smiled as she leaned in for a tender kiss. As she pulled back, she whispered, "I can't wait to read this."

Gabrielle studied how Xena's eyes glowed and her smile suddenly grew with Xena's. Xena couldn't wait to read it and she couldn't wait to write it for her.

The End.