

~ The Stereotypical Xena Fanfiction ~

by Red Hope

Stereotypical Disclaimers:

Violence: Yup, wouldn't be xena without some violence eh?

Subtext: Wouldn't be a good fanfic without some subtext or rather maintext.

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Any feedback goes to me at redhope@redhope.net and thank you for reading!

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Once upon a time... wait this is the wrong stereotype. Hold on, let's try this again...

Xena was swaying back and forth in Argo's saddle as Gabrielle walked along side, her staff tapping along the road. Ah yes, here we are. Naturally, the pair was silent and walked down a dusty road, headed for some adventure. We'll find out this same old, same old adventure later, no foreshadowing needed.

So yes, the pair kept trekking. This is normally when a few thugs pop up, right? Well it just so happened that four ugly, stinky, flat out raunchy thugs rounded the bend ahead.

The Warrior Princess dismounted her mare, gave Gabrielle the 'look' that we all know of, whatever the 'look' happened to be.

Gabrielle nodded and raised her staff, prepared to fight. Oh forgot, this is late second season Gabrielle, so mentally picture that Gabrielle.

Now then, the warrior unsheathed her sword and grinned at the thugs.

The four thugs stopped in the road, removed their weapons, and flashed their normal smirks. They said their common line of, "Hey, looky what we got here."

"Sorry boys, we're free-range women," stated Xena. No... that's not a stereotypical thing Xena would say huh? Scratch that. "Look boys, you're toying with the wrong woman," she taunted.

The thugs bellowed with great laughter.

The bard just sighed and rolled her eyes. This was as stereotypical to her as to us. She is a bard, right? She lived, breathed, and wrote stereotypes, just like these thugs. "This gets old," she whispered to her friend.

Xena grinned. "Tell me about it." Wait, Xena would have said more to that... "But it's some entertainment."

The Amazon Queen chuckled and had to agree.

Where was this story going? Oh right, can't forget the thugs. So they started advancing with their very menacing looks and sharp weapons.

Gabrielle did her good old twirl of the staff trick, bent her knees into battle stance. Then there was a breeze that just ruffled her bangs so nicely. Shoot, wrong part of the story. Anyway, her two thugs closed in. She narrowed her gleaming green eyes and attacked.

The Warrior Princess's war cry just vibrated through the air. Her sword chinged when it met her enemy's sword. She did a few fancy moves such as kicks and sword thrusts.

Now normally this would be the point where Gabrielle is suppose to get hurt so let's see...

Gabrielle swiped one of her opponent's feet out from under him. He crashed to the ground and the bard almost forgot about the other thug.

The other thug sure didn't forget about the bard. He brought his mace down on Gabrielle's left shoulder.

The small woman crashed to her knees from the killer pain. It must have hurt, like a ton of needles getting rammed into your ass.

The thug kicked Gabrielle's staff out of her hands. He then struck her across the face.

Now then, Xena always would come jumping over and she so happened to now. She killed her two thugs and came up behind Gabrielle's thug. She simply jammed her sword through the thug's stomach.

The bard had fallen down onto her hands since she was in some major pain.

The Warrior Princess tossed the dead thug out of the way. She sheathed her sword. "Gabrielle?" she said hastily. Now wouldn't Xena have cleaned her sword blade of the blood... ah this is the Xenaverse. Who gives? Anyway, this is where Xena's panic started setting in along with her self-anger for not watching over her friend. That normal run of the mill bit.

Gabrielle closed her eyes and clenched her teeth against the lovely pain.

"Come here," whispered the warrior. She reached out and carefully lifted her friend into her arms.

As you know Gabrielle was suppose to be enjoying Xena's closeness and just ignore her pain.

The older woman placed her partner down on a rock. "Don't move." Well, Hades if

Gabrielle was going to protest so Xena went to Argo. She retrieved the medical kit and on the way back, she noted the one, alive thug moving.

The thug had a chance at staying conscious like the devil had a chance to be an angel.

Xena kicked him hard in the head and knocked him out. She shook her head and came beside her partner. "How's it feel?"

Personally, why would Xena ask that? Obviously the wound hurt like a mother *beeper*.

But the bard knew her friend was asking out of reassurance. "Not great," she muttered. Smart bard, she didn't lie nor make it sound bad.

The warrior sighed, knelt down, and then she started checking over the wound. The self-anger really picked up here. "Sorry," she whispered.

"For what?" asked Gabrielle.

"I wasn't being careful," stated Xena. Her magnificent, stupendous, blue eyes lifted to Gabrielle.

The fight had begun. Who do you think will win- Xena or Gabrielle? Gee, like we don't know.

"Xena, I should be apologizing." The bard sighed and said, "I wasn't the one being careful."

"No... you're still learning your staff," mentioned the older woman.

Ha, the major conflict has roared up. Was Gabrielle just a child or not? The endless question....

"Xena, I can take care of myself," declared the small woman. Yup, here we go... "I can handle my own enemies."

The Warrior Princess stopped and peered up. "Then why did you get hurt?"

The bard groaned dramatically. "I made a mistake." She hissed when the poultice touched her wounds, which looked like a porcupine made with his spikes. "Not like you ever make mistakes," she argued.

Xena narrowed her eyes because the truth hurt her. "That's not the point." Actually it really was huh? The Warrior Princess got her pride pricked.

"Then what is the point?" Yeah, what was Xena's point? Gabrielle has her own point about Xena needing to make a point.

The older woman sighed and replied, "You just need to be more careful." She paused. "A mistake could mean your life." That was a good point.

The bard narrowed her eyes. "Xena, I think I can handle a couple of thugs."

"Well it sure didn't look it to me." Xena's voice was definitely showing some anger.

The Amazon Queen growled and stood up. She completely ignored that pain in her arm. She stalked off.

The warrior rose up with the used poultice in her hand. "Gabrielle..."

Was Gabrielle's wound clean yet? Yeah sure, Gabrielle's wound was clean but not quite wrapped.

Gabrielle breathed calmly, however the green-eyed monster in her wasn't gone. She whirled around while she pointed a finger at Xena. "I'm not a child."

"I didn't say you were," stated the warrior. Well, she mind as well had said it, personally.

The small woman took menacing steps towards her friend. "I grew up a year and a half ago."

The Warrior Princess looked away. Oh, she knew Gabrielle was darn right but this is stereotypical story. So that meant Xena hadn't yet accepted that her little bard had grown up.

The younger woman growled, threw up her arms, and went up on the road. She collected her staff from the road and traveled down the road. She was pretty hot... in more ways than one!

Xena ran her fingers through her bangs. She did her normal, go into stoic mode, and took the medical kit. She neared her mare and put the kit away. After she mounted Argo, she followed her small friend.

This story needs some romantic, love emotions going on. Mmm, here we go, this'll be perfect.

Gabrielle couldn't help but be angry about the situation. Yet she still recalled that wonderful bath from a day in a life and... that makes no sense. Wrong episode. She was still angry with her friend about Ulysses. Yes, that had pushed the bard to the limit. What just happened with the thugs was the icing on the cake... they didn't have cake and icing back in those days. It was the nut in the bread for Gabrielle; it'd finally caused her to go nutty.

Well at least Xena didn't ever share a bath with Ulysses, which would have made the Amazon Queen go double nutty.

Xena, on the other hand, felt guilty about the Ulysses episode. She had just wanted some... action to get her juices flowing. Unfortunately, she'd chosen the wrong time and the wrong place. But in all reality, Xena had done it on purpose and made sure she did it in front of her friend. The only reason to this explanation is... well... hmmm... Oh this is why because she wanted to see if Gabrielle would become jealous. She was

never sure because Gabrielle had hid her response very well.

But there was one thing that the warrior was sure of; it was her own emotions. Somehow, someday, sometime, she'd fallen for her little, precious bard. Can you blame her? Yet, being the warrior she is, she wasn't about to reveal her love to Gabrielle. No, no she couldn't afford losing her friendship with Gabrielle if Gabrielle did not feel the same way. We know how it goes.

So this is the delay in the perfect, love relationship that we all wish for or wish to be in. The equation is, one stubborn warrior, plus one stubborn bard multiplied by a life-threatening situation equals a hackneyed tale.

The warrior, currently, glanced westward; the sun was preparing to set. With a heavy sigh, she kicked Argo into a trot.

The mare caught up with Gabrielle then slowed down.

"Gabrielle, we need to setup camp."

"Yeah sure," grumbled the bard.

The older woman sighed, tugged on her horse's left rein, and went into the surrounding woods.

The Amazon Queen followed behind. She glimpsed at her left shoulder. It was still red, pricked with blood spots, and hurt like Tartarus. But hey, at least it was clean considering the unclean ancient days.

Xena halted her mare on the edge of a clearing. She dismounted and had begun removing the tack.

Gabrielle strolled in, amazed as always how her friend found these spots.

Conveniently, there was a log in the clearing plus a perfect rock for Gabrielle when she would write later. Oh then we mustn't forget that just clear, crisp, clean, charming, little lake not too far away, which the friends may go skinny dipping in.

With a huff, Xena started setting up camp.

Gabrielle decided on helping but kept a certain distance from her friend. She then went outside of the clearing and collected sticks.

The Warrior Princess silently left. She went in search of a dinner.

When the bard returned, she dropped the wood by the pit for the fire. Then she decided she needed time to relax. What better than the lake? So, she trundled on down to that likable, lovely, little lake. After stripping, she dove into the lake.

Xena returned with a rabbit, like always. Once she realized her friend was probably at the lake, she decided to go down and check on her being that oh so protective warrior that she was. Upon arrival at the lake, she saw her friend swimming.

The warrior didn't join; instead she sat down on a nearby rock. Gabrielle hadn't noticed her yet. So she let her eyes freely roam over Gabrielle in the gleaming waters. Yes, the bard was so perfect to the warrior. The bard just sparked Xena's inner fire like a flamethrower. There were no flamethrowers then... hmmm like the hottest flames in Hades.

However, the Warrior Princess couldn't believe for a moment that her little, itty, widdy bard could ever love her like she loved Gabrielle. No, it was just not possible! Gabrielle was too young to understand two females being together. It wasn't like the bard was a queen of a tribe of women.

After a long sigh, Xena decided to make her presence known. "Gabrielle?" she called.

The younger woman, in the lake, looked up then spotted her friend. She caught the sight of those intense, profound, deep blue eyes locked on her and it made her heart skip the biggest beat. "Yes?" she said while she came towards the shore. She stopped closing in right when the tips of her tits almost surfaced the water.

The warrior was very happy about that cool breeze blowing on her. She was definitely thanking the breeze god. "There's a rabbit ready."

Gabrielle nodded. "Is that all?"

Xena narrowed those baby blues for a moment but said nothing. She got up then strolled into the camp.

The bard sighed sadly. She felt bad but hey, Xena had disrespected her earlier. It served that brassy, ass warrior right... right?

Gabrielle got out of the water with glistening beads of water rolling slowly down her tanned skin. She collected her skirt and put it on. Not like she needed to dry herself off huh? Once the green halter-top was on, she laced it up. Her thoughts went to her best friend.

The Amazon Queen loved the warrior dearly. So much so, it hurt her in her heart. But she didn't think Xena would ever want to be with her. Especially after things with Ulysses then with the fact that Xena still thought her a kid. She was no immature teen!

After a heavy sigh, the bard made her way for camp. She had a skinned rabbit to fricassee.

~*~*~*~

It was after sunset now and after dinner time too. Xena was doing her typical thing of sharpening her sword. Gabrielle was also doing her typical evening ritual with her scrolls and quill. Yet tonight, the bard could not focus on her scrolls all that well since her thoughts were mainly on her charming partner. At the thought of Xena, her misty green eyes traveled over to the Warrior Princess.

Xena felt those fiery eyes on her and she lifted her own brilliant blues up. "Something

wrong?"

The bard shook her head and looked back down at her scrolls.

The warrior corked an eyebrow like she'd always do. "Writing isn't going well?"

"Not really," confessed the struggling bard. "Got any ideas?" she chided.

Xena lowered her sharpening stone onto her blade. "Do I look like the bard?"

Gabrielle tossed a glare at her friend. "Hades I wish you were... so many things would be so gods be damned easier." And with those words, she jumped up onto her feet and left her stuff in a pile on the ground.

"What the Hades does that mean?"

The bard threw up her hands and tried to think of a good smartass comment but fell short. She just hastily replied, "Figure it out." She stormed off into the woods.

Xena turned her head and watched her friend disappear into the woods. "What in Hades?" she whispered to herself. She could not figure out what bug went up her best friend's butt!

Gabrielle went deep into the surrounding forest and thank the gods for the full moon or else she'd never see where she was going. She suddenly started pacing back and forth between two trees. She was doing her bard thing with all the huffing and puffing, getting some steam off.

"That gods be damned warrior." The bard stopped in front of a tree. "Why can't she ever treat me like a normal person huh? That's all I ask. I mean gods, it's not like I can't protect myself either, you know!" She took a few steps closer to the tree. "I mean seriously, she acts like I'm some... preschooler." Oh wait, they didn't have preschool back then, let's try that again. "I mean seriously, she acts like I'm some... wet nosed baby!" roared the bard. "I mean hello, tree! It's not like I haven't been using a staff for two plus years. Not to mention that it was she! that taught me. Xena thee Warrior Princess herself taught me how to use the staff! Gods!" she yelled at the top of her lungs. She spun around on the heels of her boots oh so gracefully and stomped over to another tree. "I mean, don't you agree? I can protect myself right, tree?" She stopped and just stood there fuming with her temper, making her look rather sexy at that!

Now let's see if this could be spiced up because Xena should be in the shadows somewhere right? Well somebody would be in the shadows. And it so happened that a really mean nasty bad guy was behind Gabrielle.

This mean nasty guy stepped out of the shadows and cut into Gabrielle's conversation with the trees. "Let's see if you can protect yourself," he taunted.

Gabrielle suddenly spun around with her hands up and surprised. "Wait, who are you?"

The man shrugged and replied, "I'm the bad guy that's suppose to attack and rape you

so that Xena can stop me, you know."

"Oh right."

"I just wish I had some kind of weapon," mentioned the bad guy.

Gabrielle pointed at the sword at his side. "How about that sword?"

"Hey that's perfect," stated the bad guy. "Must have just reappeared."

The bard chuckled. "That seems to happen a lot in this fanfiction."

"A what?" asked the confused bad guy.

The bard groaned and shook her head. "Never mind... just attack me, will you."

"Okay, right." The bad guy grabbed the hilt of his sword and started to unsheathe it.

Gabrielle readied herself yet she dropped her head to one side as she watched her enemy having trouble pulling out his sword.

The bad guy shyly laughed and explained, "I normally don't use a sword... I usually have a mace. So kinda new at this."

Gabrielle only groaned again and smacked her forehead. "By the gods," she moaned. "I can't even have a normal attack and rape scene. Just for once I'd like a normal attack and rape scene in my life. That's all I'm asking for."

"Wait, I got it." The bad guy held up his sword in pure happy triumph. "Are you ready?"

"Yes!" yelled the bard. "Attack me, idiot!"

The bad guy cleared his throat then screamed as he ran up to Gabrielle.

The bard shook her head then once her attacker was close enough she suddenly punched him.

The bad guy stumbled back several steps and covered his face with his hands. "Gods! that hurt."

The beautiful Amazon Queen just sighed dramatically but waited for him to recover.

The bad guy finally pulled his hands away and readied himself again. "That's it, girl. You are...rrrrrr... dead!" He twirled his sword so perfectly then took a swipe at Gabrielle.

The bard jumped out of the way and spun around in time to duck out of the way of her enemy's swipe. Yet the cute Gabrielle was caught off guard and took a terrible kick to her stomach.

The bad guy smiled gleefully when he saw Gabrielle on her back and coughing up a lung. "Yes!" He closed in the distance between him and Gabrielle. He held up his sword.

Gabrielle closed her eyes and waited for him to kill her. She felt her entire body tense yet... the sword was taking forever to pierce her heart. She cracked open one eye and saw the bad guy still holding the sword up. "What's wrong?"

"Well... I'm waiting for you to scream for Xena."

"Oh Hades." Gabrielle sighed, licked her lips, and took a deep breath. "Xena!" she screamed in sheer fear.

"Now what?" asked the bad guy.

The Amazon Queen put her hands under her head. "Xena will be here any second."

"Okay." The bad guy waited and started tapping his foot. "Does she always take this long?"

Gabrielle curiously thought about it. "Normally... no."

"Ooooooh by the godssss." Xena stood up while pulling her skirt back up, adjusting her leathers back into place. She quickly went back towards the camp. "Bless the laxative god." She laughed to herself as she bent down to pick up her sword off the ground she'd tossed aside when nature called.

The bad guy looked turned his head back to Gabrielle, he was still stuck in his same position. "Where's Xena?"

"Hold on, let me try her again." Gabrielle took a huge, gigantic deep breath then screamed with all of her lungs, "XENA!"

Xena threw her head up when she heard Gabrielle's outcry. "I'm coming for gods' sakes!" She shook her head while strolling into the woods and muttering, "No gods be damned patience."

She came up to the scene to see her precious bard about to be cut in half by a lone bad guy. "Gabrielle!" she called out.

"Xena!" yelled back Gabrielle, "Help!"

The warrior suddenly stopped running and said, "Oh wait, you're old enough to take care of yourself. Never mind."

The bad guy was already bringing his sword down finally.

"Xena!" growled the bard. She'd rolled out of the way of the bad guy just in time.

The Warrior Princess smiled at her best friend. "You have it under control."

Gabrielle's eyes widened when the sword breezed over her head. "Xena!" she yelled.

The bad guy laughed hysterically and brought his sword back around coming right at Gabrielle.

The Amazon Queen didn't duck down far enough as the blade sliced through. It sent her onto the ground on her stomach. "Oh gods, Xena help me!" she begged in pain.

Xena felt her heart skip a beat and she charged into the battle. "No! Gabrielle!"

The bad guy spun around and met Xena's sword with his own.

"You hurt her!" hollered the warrior.

The bad guy covered one ear with his free hand. "I can hear you just fine, don't need to scream." He took a stab at the warrior.

Xena parried his attack away but doubled back, up, over and around then through with a beautiful sword thrust. She plunged her blade into the man's stomach.

The bad guy dropped his sword; fell to the ground, then look up at Xena. He smiled and gave a thumbs up. "Nice one."

The Warrior Princess gave a big smile back. "Thanks." She suddenly lost her smile and she kicked him off her blade. She then hastened her way to Gabrielle's side, kneeling beside her. "Gabrielle, Gabrielle?" She grasped her partner's shoulder. "Where'd he get you?"

"Oh gods, Xena," whimpered the itty bard. "It's terrible," she whispered between her whimpering.

"Where is it, Gabrielle?"

Gabrielle lifted her head up and held out a clump of hair with her right hand. "Right there! Look how short my hair is there compared to the rest."

"Gabrielle!" roared the Warrior Princess. "That's it?"

"Is that it?" The Amazon Queen rolled over then sat up. "You know how long it takes for my hair to grow out?" She dropped the lock of hair.

"You're okay though, seriously?"

"Yes," whispered the sad bard.

Xena sighed and slightly rolled her eyes. "Let's go back to the camp... we need to talk."

"I can't walk," mentioned the bard.

"Sure you can." Xena waited and realized her friend wasn't going to stand up. "Oh gods." She held out her sword.

Gabrielle took it as a huge smile plastered to her face. "Thanks."

The Warrior Princess groaned but slipped her arms around her friend and picked her up while standing up as well. "Always wanting attention, bard."

"Hey... you owe for this afternoon."

"Yeah, yeah." Once into the camp, Xena carefully placed her best friend on the ground next to the fire.

Gabrielle held out the sword.

The warrior took it back but only placed it off to her right side.

"So... what you want to talk about?"

"Look Gabrielle, I'm sorry about this afternoon."

Uh ha, now were getting to a good part of this story!

"Its okay, Xena." Gabrielle reached over and took one of Xena's larger hands into her own. "You just have to realize, I'm not a little kid anymore."

"Yeah I know... my bard it all grown up."

The little bard glared at her best friend. "Thanks," she deadpanned.

The warrior snickered then went oh so stoic again. "I am sorry though. I'll try to back off for now on, okay?"

"Okay," whispered the happy bard.

"If you stop treating me like some kind of... old ox."

Gabrielle crinkled up her nose at the words. "Old ox?" She shook her head as her eyes focused on Xena again. "More like old ass."

"Gabrielle," warned the warrior.

"Okay okay!" Gabrielle wiped her cute smirk away. "I'll lighten up too."

Xena smiled at that and squeezed the hand under her own.

And now, there has to be some stereotypical line to bring these two sexy gals together. Hmmmmmm....

"And Xena," whispered the small bard, "you're fucking hot. Can we hook up?"

Oh Hades! Gabrielle wouldn't have said that, wait hold on here.

"And Xena," whispered the small bard, "I know what other things your two pinch fingers can pinch."

Oh gods, that's not a Gabrielle line either huh? We need romantic!

"And Xena," whispered the small bard, "you mean everything to me."

Xena sat there absolutely flabbergasted. "Gabrielle...." She wasn't sure what to say now.

"Xena, just kiss me already," growled the grinning bard.

The warrior chuckled deeply but leaned in and started the French kiss. Wait, France wasn't around back then? So what in Hades did they call French kisses back then? Wait!

Gabrielle moaned in the middle of the Liberty kiss and quickly returned the tongue action.

Xena did a little moan of her own and then somehow her hands left Gabrielle's and found their way onto Gabrielle's hips.

The Amazon Queen went with the 'flow' and was pulled forward on top of her partner.

The warrior decided to really get the juices flowing between her and Gabrielle.

Now we're onto the best damn part of this fanfiction, the only stereotype anybody wants to read over and over! But I'm afraid this wasn't one of my stereotypical 'Talk About' stories; too bad! Next time, the story title will have to be 'Let's Give them Stereotypes to Talk About.' So our sexy gals get to enjoy the ending in private and we're left to our own drool and imaginations. But Xena and Gabrielle lived happily ever after!

The End