

Five Partners Gabrielle Never Had

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Crackfic. Really. This one is explicitly written to be the kind of fic that makes you want to clean your brain out with bleach.

Featured fandoms: Xena: Warrior Princess

Featured pairings: Gabrielle/various

A.S.S Story codes: ff,inc

Story rating: NC-17

Family

The fire crackled cozily in its little ring of stones. The bedrolls were laid out, one on each side of it. Over the fire a couple of spitted fish were giving off an increasingly appetizing aroma, and far above them stars graced the night sky.

"Do you miss her?" Eve asked.

"Yeah," Gabrielle said. "I always do, when she's not here. But she'll be back in a couple of days. I'll live."

They were somewhere between Athens and Corinth. Gabrielle didn't particularly care where. They were following a little stream that would end up crossing a road, and at that crossing would be a little village. Where they would meet up with Xena, who had had business elsewhere.

"I wish I was as close with someone as you and Xena are with each other," Eve said. "I feel so lonely sometimes."

"You'll find someone," Gabrielle said from across the fire. "You're a very beautiful and pleasant young woman."

"Most people hate me," she said.

"That'll pass."

"I'm older than you are."

"No, you're..."

Gabrielle's protest trailed off and was replaced by a frown.

"Yes, you are, aren't you?" she said after she'd thought about it. "By a year or two."

"But you're still prettier."

Gabrielle laughed softly.

"No," she said. "I'm really not."

Eve sat up.

"I think you are," she said. She crawled around the fire on her hands and knees until she could lie down with her face right next to Gabrielle's.

"I think you're *very* beautiful," she said.

Gabrielle looked away from Eve's intense gaze. It made her feel strange, and a little disturbed. It took her a little while to realize where her eyes had chosen to rest. She tore them away, embarrassed.

"You can look at my chest as much as you like," Eve said. "Here, I'll make it easier for you."

She reached behind her neck and undid the tie holding her top in its place. Predictably enough, it fell down, baring her ample bosom to the night air. In spite of herself, Gabrielle couldn't keep from looking.

"Do you like them?" Eve asked.

"Uh-hu," Gabrielle said.

"You can touch them if you want," Eve said. "I'd like it if you did."

Gabrielle shook her head, as if to clear it.

"I was a mother to you," she said. "I helped when you were born!"

Eve reached out and took one of Gabrielle's hands. She pulled it close and put it against one of her breasts.

"Have I ever properly thanked you for that?" she said.

Gabrielle swallowed heavily. She did not pull her hand away, even when Eve let go of it.

"No," she said. "I don't think you did."

Eve moved a little closer still, and placed a soft kiss on Gabrielle's unresisting lips.

"So let me," she said. "Let me show you what a girl can learn when she spends her teenage years among the wives of debauched Roman aristocrats."

The warm, soft feel of Eve's breast in her hand and the featherlike kiss went straight to Gabrielle's libido. For every moment that passed, it became harder for her to remember the reasons she shouldn't make love to Eve. It wasn't like they were blood relations. Or as if she'd even seen Eve grow up. She'd skipped directly from seeing her as a barely one year old child to a fully grown woman.

A very good-looking fully grown woman. Who, it seemed, had inherited many of the best features from both Xena and Callisto. And who was right there and more than willing.

"All right," Gabrielle whispered.

Eve smiled and started taking off Gabrielle's clothes.

Fairy Tale

The king stood up from his throne and looked uncomfortable.

"Are you sure it's dead?" he said.

"Oh yeah," Xena said. "The head's in your courtyard, in case you want to check."

The king looked at his guard captain.

The captain nodded.

"It'll take a team of oxen to get the damn thing out again," he said.

The king sighed.

"I guess you want the reward," he said.

Xena nodded.

"And just to make it fair," she said, "you'll split the kingdom into two equal parts and I'll choose which one I want to get."

The king looked malevolently at his head scribe, who cringed.

"I'm sorry, sire," the scribe said, "but she can demand that. Really."

"Very well," the king said. "The paperwork will be ready by morning. Come noon tomorrow, you'll be able to call yourself Xena, Warrior Queen."

"Good," Xena said. "And the other part of the reward?"

The king glared at her.

"Surely you cannot be serious?" he said.

"Oh yes we can," Gabrielle said. "We want your daughter too."

The kingdom sat down on his throne again and did his best not to look at the two warrior women.

"I'm sorry," he said, "but my kingdom does not acknowledge that sort of marriage."

"So we'll wait until the afternoon to make it official," Gabrielle said. "Because *Xena's* queendom certainly will. In the meantime, just send her around to our quarters after dinner, will you?"

"Why do you want a kingdom of your own anyway?" Gabrielle said later, when they were alone in the ridiculously large quarters the king had given them when they arrived.

"Never had one I got the honest way," Xena said. "I just want to see how well I can run it, when I'm the rightful queen instead of a conqueror."

She sat in a priceless old carved chair, sharpening her sword and occasionally testing the sharpness by randomly altering the carvings.

"I'm sure you'll do it just as well as you do everything else," Gabrielle said.

"We'll see," Xena said. "Why do you want a princess?"

Gabrielle, who had been standing at the window admiring the beautiful landscape, turned around so she could look at Xena.

"Promise you won't get angry," she said.

Xena stopped sharpening the sword.

"Promise!" Gabrielle said.

"All right," Xena said. "I promise I won't get angry."

Gabrielle hesitated.

"I love you very much, all right?" she said. "And I do really love to make love to you. Just so that's clear?"

"You want to fuck her?" Xena asked. "Is that it?"

"Look, don't get me wrong here," Gabrielle said. "The thing is, you're a tough woman. A *very* tough woman. Which is good, and which I like, a lot -- but I'm kind of curious what it'd be like with someone really pampered and soft and sensitive."

"We could go visit princess Diana," Xena suggested.

"Which would totally rock," Gabrielle said. "Except I already tried to seduce her, and she doesn't go for women. Or at least not me."

"You tried to seduce Diana?"

Gabrielle nodded.

"And Leah," she said.

A slight touch of revulsion passed over Xena's face.

"Meg?" she asked.

Gabrielle shook her head.

"There are limits," she said. "Meg likes *Joxer*."

There was a knock on the door. Both women turned to look at it.

"Enter," Xena said.

The door opened, and a slender young woman with waist-long pale blonde hair entered. She was dressed in a white dress that somehow managed to look chaste at the same time as it left no doubt that there were quite enough curves under it. She bowed.

"I am the princess Iris," she said. "I'm told that I am to be your wife."

Xena pointed at Gabrielle.

"Mostly hers," she said. "And how do you feel about it?"

The princess smiled.

"I expected to be married off to some brutish neighboring ruler as part of some alliance," she said. "You two are, if nothing else, more famous and cleaner. I will do my best to please you."

Gabrielle left her spot by the window and walked up to the princess.

"Are you sensitive?" she asked.

The princess looked confused.

"I have this pea allergy...?" she said.

Gabrielle ran her hand softly down the princess' cloth-covered breast. The princess gasped.

"Oh!" she said.

"Oh yeah," Gabrielle said. "I'll say you are!"

She turned toward Xena.

"Can I borrow your whip?" she said. "And where did we put the rope?"

"Er..." the princess said.

Xena threw the whip to Gabrielle, who nimbly caught it.

"The rope's over there," Xena said and pointed. "And if you get the whip handle sticky, clean it off."

With her free hand, Gabrielle grabbed the neck of the princess' dress and tore it open right down to the waist. A lovely pair of breasts came into view.

"Sure you don't want to join?" she said, looking at Xena.

"I'll save myself for the wedding night," Xena said. "Have fun."

"Oh, I plan to," Gabrielle said. She put a hand at the back of the princess' head and pulled her into a rough and intense kiss. When she let go, the princess was flushing all the way down to her nipples, which were standing out.

"The bedroom's over there," Gabrielle said, nodding towards a door. "Get in there. I'll be along as soon as I find the rope, and if I don't find you naked then there'll be a spanking."

"Yes, mistress," the princess said. She set off for the bedroom, smiling and without any attempt to divest herself of any clothing.

Gabrielle retrieved the rope and headed after the princess. With her hand on the door latch, she turned to Xena.

"Don't wait up," she said.

Amazon

It was Saturday night, and Gabrielle was sitting in a dive of a bar in the part of the city where the police didn't go without escort. She was trying to drink herself into oblivion, and it wasn't working so well. Oh, the drinking part she had down pat by now. Order bottle. Get a glass. Pour stuff from bottle into glass. Empty glass into mouth. Swallow. Real easy.

It was the oblivion part that wouldn't cooperate. Too many things to think about. Too many memories. Waking up in a clone lab. Narrowly avoiding being used by Alti. Getting married to and dumped by Xena in the same week.

Gabrielle downed another glass, and filled it back up. The label on the bottle was worn, as if the bottle had been used and refilled over and over. Which was probably the case. It was cheap, she didn't care.

She couldn't get over Xena dumping her. All those years together, and she took off with some super-powered tramp in black spandex calling herself Huntress. Like that'd ever work out.

And as if it wasn't enough that she missed Xena like crazy, she was also getting really horny. After being used to the Warrior Princess' strong sexual appetite and, back in the old day, the supernaturally insatiable Aphrodite, going without for weeks was driving Gabrielle crazy. Crazier.

While pouring herself another glass of whatever it was she was drinking, she noticed someone over at the bar looking at her. She turned her head that way and glared back.

Or, well, would've glared back if her eyes hadn't sort of got stuck around the someone's very ample bust. With an effort, she tore her gaze away from there and took in the rest of the person.

She was not small. About as tall as Xena, and rather curvier. She had long, black hair, red boots and under a haphazardly thrown-on trenchcoat Gabrielle could see what looked pretty much like a red and blue swimsuit. And she was looking at Gabrielle as if she was seeing a ghost.

"Buy me another bottle and you can stare as much as you want," Gabrielle said loudly in her direction, not expecting anything but an embarrassed turning away for a response. Instead, the woman came closer.

"Queen Gabrielle?" she asked.

Gabrielle frowned. *That* was a long time ago. About two thousand years, she was told.

"Used to be," she said. "Who the fuck are you?"

"My name is Diana," the woman said. "I have seen your picture many times, in the Hall of the Ancient Queens on the Amazon island Themyscira. I thought you dead millennia ago."

"Used to be that too," Gabrielle said. "So you're an Amazon, huh? Didn't know there were any of those still around."

"We are few, and live apart from the world of men," Diana said.

Gabrielle looked up at her. She had to tilt her head uncomfortably far back to see the tall Amazon's face.

"So what are you doing here?" she said. "And sit down if you want to talk to me, you tall freak."

Diana sat down.

"I am Themyscira's ambassador to the world of men," she said. "The gods have given me great powers, and I do my best to help those in need."

"Well, I need some more booze," Gabrielle said. "Can you fix that?"

"Certainly," Diana said. "Your wish is my command, my queen."

She walked over to the bar, got a bottle and returned. She put the bottle in front of Gabrielle.

"However," she said. "I would like to point out that you seem to be behaving self-destructively, which is not fitting for an Amazon queen."

Gabrielle hesitated with her hand just about to open the fresh bottle.

"Yeah," she said. "You're probably right."

"What can I do to make you feel better?" Diana asked.

A bitter smile twisted Gabrielle's lips.

"I miss Xena," she said. "Like crazy. I miss Aphrodite. And I'm horny as hell, which makes it really hard to forget either of them."

A smile just about flickered across Diana's lips.

"As you wish, my queen," she said.

Before Gabrielle realized what she was about to do, Diana had slipped gracefully under the table. A powerful pair of hands gently pushed Gabrielle's knees far apart, and a series of kisses started making their way up the insides of her skirt-clad thighs.

"Hey!" Gabrielle said. "What do you think you're...?"

Her protest died down when the kisses reached high enough that she could feel Diana's breath against her wet labia. Fingers ran through her pubic hair.

"I'll stop if you want, my queen," Diana said.

A sense of unreality swept through Gabrielle. Having a voluptuous Amazon between her legs meekly asking permission to fuck her was something that had not seldom been on her mind back when she really was an Amazon queen. There certainly had been enough voluptuous young Amazons more than willing to do it. But she had never done it, out of faithfulness to Xena.

But now Xena had left her.

"Go on," she said. "Go on, if it pleases you, my Amazon."

For a reply, a warm, wet tongue pushed into her slickness and slid along her vulva from bottom to top. Gabrielle gasped and let her head fall back to rest against the wall. By the gods, it had been long!

"Oh yes, like that," she said. She reached down under the table and ran her hands through Diana's hair. She wanted to touch more, much more, to return the kind of licking and finger that Diana was doing to her.

Climax took her by surprise. It came fast and hard and quite a long way from the best she'd known, but still oh so very welcome. She gently pushed Diana's head away.

"Enough," she said.

Diana climbed into her chair again.

"Do you feel better, my queen?" she asked.

A few strands of her dark hair were wet and stuck to her cheek.

"A lot," Gabrielle said. "Thank you."

"You're welcome."

"I would like to return the favor."

Diana hesitated.

"You don't have to, my queen," she said.

"I know," Gabrielle said. "But I want to. I have sort of a weakness for tall dark-haired warrior women."

Diana's eyes narrowed ever so slightly.

"How do you know I'm a warrior?" she said.

"Have the Amazons changed so much that they aren't warriors any more?" Gabrielle said. "Also, I think I've seen you on the picture box. You're the one they call Wonder Woman, aren't you?"

"The Amazon are still warriors," Diana admitted. "And I am her."

Gabrielle pushed the still unopened bottle aside and leaned forward.

"So, Diana," she said. "Do you want to spend the night, at least, with me? And for what it's worth, it is my royal *command* that you answer exactly as you wish."

Diana smiled. "I have a room I use when I stay in the city," she said. "It has a large bed."

Smiling, Gabrielle stood up and extended her hand to Diana, who took it. Together they walked out of the bar, where Diana took Gabrielle carefully into her inhumanly strong embrace and flew with her through the night.

Blue

Xena tugged the ties holding her armor together loose and let the whole thing drop to the ground next to her bedroll.

"No," she said.

"Xena!" Gabrielle said from the other side of the fire. "She only wants to thank us for the help we gave her village."

"I don't help people to get thanks," Xena said.

Gabrielle leaned on her staff.

"You like blondes," she tried.

Xena pulled her sword from its scabbard and started cleaning blood off it.

"I like *you*," she said. "Not just any blonde. And even if it was just any blonde, I'd like them close to my own size."

"Hey, don't knock it until you've tried it," Gabrielle said. "She can do some interesting things with her hands."

Xena turned around and glared at Gabrielle.

"And how would you know that?" she asked.

Gabrielle took a step back.

"Look," she said, "we were waiting for you, and we got bored. It doesn't mean anything."

Xena looked long and hard at her young companion.

"Right," she finally said. She sat down and continued cleaning her weapons and armor.

"Look at it this way," Gabrielle tried. "She likes women, just like we do."

"Just like *you* do," Xena said.

"What?" Gabrielle said. "You like me that way. Don't you?"

Xena looked up at her.

"Yeah," she said. "I like guys, and you. Don't ask me why."

"Huh," Gabrielle said. "Well, I like women. Particularly you. And so does she. Well, the women. Maybe not particularly you. Anyway, she lives in a village with only men, apart from her. So she's a bit... on the frustrated side. And what about M'lilah?"

Xena glared at her again.

"Still not interested," she said.

Gabrielle pondered for a few moments.

"It'd be a new experience," she tried. "I mean, you've tried pale, blonde and blue-eyed, you've done dusky-skinned and dark-haired, why not give blonde and blue-skinned a chance?"

Xena put her sword and sharpening stone down.

"If it's so terribly important to you," she said, "why don't you spend the night with her yourself?"

"You wouldn't mind?" Gabrielle said.

"Not if its gets you to stop nagging," Xena said.

Gabrielle glanced towards the edge of the area lit by the fire, where a small blue figure in white dress and cap stood.

"All right," Gabrielle said. "I'll, um, see you in the morning."
"Yeah," Xena said. "Or I'll come looking."
The three-apples-high girl squealed in delight.
"This is going to be *so* smurfy!" she said.

Traveling Companion

Xena leaned back with an expression of stunned disbelief on her face.

"You're leaving me?" she said.

Across the dark corner table in the shady inn, Gabrielle nodded.

"I'm sorry," she said, "but that's how it has to be."

"But... why?!"

Gabrielle couldn't quite look her in the eye.

"Sometimes things happen without you realizing it, you know?" she said. "And when you do realize, it's too late to do anything about it?"

Xena leaned back, looking slightly revolted.

"So you're saying this has been going on for some time?"

"Well, I wouldn't exactly say going on," Gabrielle said, her bright yellow clothes almost shining in the dim light. "But it's been... happening."

"So... when?"

"I learned many things in India," Gabrielle said. "And one of them was that love has to extend to *all* life."

Xena leaned forward over the table again.

"You can't even talk to her!"

Gabrielle leaned back, her arms crossed across her bosom.

"We communicate," she said. "Perhaps not with words, but we do."

"You're not even the same species!"

"Neither were Ephiny and Phantes, but you had no problem with them."

"Phantes could *talk*!"

"Well," Gabrielle said. "I choose not to limit myself, or my capacity for love, to those with certain abilities."

"All right," Xena said. "So you two go off together. How are you going to present yourselves when you meet others? Are you going to try to get a single room at inns?"

Gabrielle shifted in her seat.

"We understand that there will be... challenges," she said.

"Challenges," Xena said. "That's what you call it? People will shun you!"

"In time, I hope that people will manage to see beyond our physical bodies, to the spiritual purity of our love."

"Spiritual purity. So there's nothing... physical going on?"

Again, Gabrielle shifted and looked away.

"Well, we are physical beings," she said. "We both have certain needs, and..."

"No, stop," Xena said. "I *really* don't want to hear this."

"You asked," Gabrielle said.

"And now I regret doing that," Xena said.

"None of this would have happened if it wasn't for you anyway," Gabrielle said.

"Me?" Xena said. "How can this have anything to do with me?"

"You said that you wished that Argo and I would get along better," Gabrielle said. "Well, now we do."

Xena nearly choked on her wine.

"This is *not* what I had in mind when I said that!"

Gabrielle stood up.

"I see that now," she said. "And I'm sorry that you can't accept our love, but since you can't, we have to part ways. I wish you luck, whatever you do in the future."

"I wish you'll come to your senses so I can have my horse back," Xena said.

Gabrielle did her best to force a smile. Xena didn't even look at her.

"Goodbye, Xena," Gabrielle said. She turned around and walked out of the inn. A few moments later, a joyful whinny came from outside.

Xena shuddered.

"Barkeep!" she shouted. "Bring me a *large* tankard of the strongest drink you have."

She put a purse heavy with coins on the table.

"And keep them coming until I'm unconscious," she added.