

# Morpheus' Influence

By Kodi Wolf



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Wolf Moon Rising Productions

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# Author's Notes

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I'm not sure where I got the idea for this one. I just remember getting this scene in my head of Xena being frustrated, while listening to Gabrielle dreaming. I think it turned out pretty well, and it's still one of my favorite stories.

“Xena?”

“Mmh,” Xena grunted.

She’d almost managed to fall asleep, when she heard Gabrielle call out to her.

“Xena.”

“Hmm? What.”

“Xenaaa.”

“Gabrielle?”

“Unnghh.”

Xena rolled over to face the bard, who was on the other side of the low-burning fire. Xena sat halfway up and leaned on her elbow to get a look at Gabrielle in the dim light.

“Oh, by the gods, Xena.”

“Gabrielle.”

Gabrielle gave no acknowledgment of Xena’s voice. Her head moved slightly to the side. Her breathing was a little fast for someone in deep sleep and Xena realized Gabrielle was dreaming.

“Gabrielle, wake up.”

“Xena, pleeease.”

Xena felt her cheeks flush. Gabrielle couldn’t be dreaming what Xena thought she was dreaming.

“Oh, Xena, gods, yes!”

Xena sat straight up. Gabrielle’s hips were gyrating under her fur blanket and Xena found herself unable to blink as Gabrielle began to moan in earnest.

“Yes, Xena, deeper, pleeease,” Gabrielle groaned at the end, as her dream lover obviously complied.

Xena wiped a hand over her face. What was she supposed to do? She couldn’t sleep with Gabrielle making all that noise and she couldn’t join in, and if she woke the bard up now, it would be way too embarrassing for both of them.

Xena stood up and grabbed up her leathers.

“Oh gods, oh gods, Xena, yes,” Gabrielle panted out.

Xena dropped her leathers. She held her hands out in front of her and saw them shaking in the firelight and clenched them into fists. She looked over at Gabrielle’s writhing form. It wasn’t fair that her dream self was getting to have all the fun with the bard.

Why couldn't Gabrielle have just told her or asked her or something, anything other than this torture.

"Xena, oh gods, I need you, please, I love you, yeesss," Gabrielle hissed out.

Xena walked around the side of the fire and knelt down by Gabrielle. She reached out a trembling hand and laid it on the bard's shoulder. She gently shook Gabrielle's small frame. She watched as a frown creased Gabrielle's face and then her eyes blearily opened. Gabrielle looked around for a few seconds, before her eyes focused on Xena kneeling by her side.

"Xena? What is it?"

Gabrielle tried to sit up, but Xena's hand, still on her shoulder, kept her down.

"Is there something you want to tell me?" Xena asked.

Gabrielle's frown came back even deeper.

"Tell you? What are you talking about, Xena?"

"Do you remember what you were just dreaming?"

Gabrielle looked away and tried to think about any images she might have seen on her way to consciousness. A few flashes of Xena sweating and lying on top of her came into her mind and then the acute sense of feeling Xena's fingers inside her. Gabrielle felt the blood rush to her skin.

"I, um, I... Uh," Gabrielle seemed incapable of making a complete sentence at the moment.

"How long?"

"H-How long what?"

"How long have you wanted me?"

Gabrielle felt her blush deepen.

"I-I... I, uh..." She couldn't meet Xena's eyes.

"Why didn't you ever tell me?"

Gabrielle snorted out a laugh.

"Oh, right. I was just supposed to tell you, like it's no big deal? I suppose if you wanted me, you would have just told me, right? Well, maybe that's why I never said anything. I know you don't want me like that."

Xena looked out into the night. Well, she'd thought about it. Both having Gabrielle and telling her that she wanted to have her. She'd just as quickly discarded both ideas. Gabrielle was her

only friend and Xena didn't want to lose her because of some less than pure thoughts.

"I guess it isn't that easy to tell the most important person in your life that you're in love with them," Xena mused aloud.

Gabrielle laughed and relaxed back against her bedroll.

"No, it isn't easy, but you don't have to be so smug about it, Xena."

Xena brought her eyes back to Gabrielle's.

"I wasn't talking about you."

It took a moment, but when understanding sunk in, Gabrielle was, for the third time that night, speechless.

Xena pulled her shirt over her head and tossed it over the fire to land on her bedroll. She glided her naked body to lie next to Gabrielle's and propped her head up on her elbow.

"So, what do you want to do?" Xena asked quietly.

Gabrielle's eyes were wide and she still hadn't blinked.

"Gabrielle?"

"I'm still dreaming. That's it. I never woke up."

"You're not dreaming."

"I have to be."

Xena leaned over and brushed her lips against Gabrielle's. She drew away and continued to stare into Gabrielle's eyes.

"Did that feel like your dream?"

Gabrielle made no reply. She lifted her head and pressed her lips to Xena's. Her body followed, and within moments, Gabrielle had pushed Xena onto her back and was combing her fingers through Xena's hair. Xena planted her hands at Gabrielle's hips and just held on. Gabrielle pulled away after several moments and looked down into Xena's eyes.

"Say it."

"Say what?"

"Do you love me?"

"Yes."

"Then say it."

"I love you, Gabrielle. I want to make love to you. I don't want you to have to turn to a dream for my love."

Gabrielle lowered her head again and kissed Xena. Her tongue entered Xena's mouth and Xena made no protest. Gabrielle's right hand slid down to cup Xena's left breast and she squeezed.

Xena moaned around the tongue moving inside her mouth and Gabrielle used her thumb and forefinger to roll Xena's nipple. Xena broke the kiss.

"Is this what you do with me in your dreams?" Xena gasped out, trying to catch her breath.

Gabrielle grinned.

"No, this is what *you* do with me in my dreams. I want to make sure this isn't a dream, so I'm doing things differently."

"Then by all means, continue," Xena smiled her encouragement.

Gabrielle scooted down a little and licked at the nipple she held trapped between her fingers. Then she moved her fingers away and simply squeezed the entire mound, as her lips descended over the erect nipple. She sucked gently and rolled her tongue around the hard little protuberance.

As her lower body repositioned itself for more comfort, since she planned to spend a lengthy amount of time at Xena's breasts, her right thigh found its niche in between Xena's legs. Xena automatically parted her thighs and tilted her pelvis up to greet the new contact at her sex.

Xena's fingers stroked up the bard's sides and she ran her hands through Gabrielle's long blond hair. She combed it to the side, out of Gabrielle's way, and out of her own line of sight, to watch Gabrielle suckle her. The sight made her groan out loud.

"Ungh, Gabrielle."

Gabrielle moved to Xena's right breast and took up where she'd left off with the other one. Her left hand found its way to Xena's shoulder and then slid up to cup Xena's neck. Gabrielle pulled away from the taut little nipple and slithered up to capture Xena's mouth again. Her right hand kneaded and massaged Xena's breast while her tongue filled Xena's mouth.

Gabrielle slowly disengaged her mouth from Xena's and stared into her eyes. Her right hand glided smoothly down Xena's torso, and Gabrielle offered slow wet kisses to Xena's lips, as she felt her way to Xena's center. Just as she dipped her fingers into slick wetness, Gabrielle pushed her tongue inside Xena's mouth and delivered a long, slow, sultry kiss.

Xena moaned as the sensations of pleasure rolled over her. Her mouth was filled with a strong wet tongue and her clitoris

was being rubbed by slick fingers, while her breasts were massaged by the bard's own fleshy globes, as Gabrielle rocked her thigh between Xena's legs to add to the pressure her fingers were applying. Xena couldn't remember ever being so well taken care of.

Gabrielle felt one of Xena's hands come to rest on her left butt cheek, while the other began squeezing and fondling her right breast. Xena pinched at her nipple and Gabrielle moaned into Xena's mouth. Xena gladly accepted the sound into her mouth, along with Gabrielle's enthusiastically moving tongue, and pulled at Gabrielle's ass to draw her more tightly to her body.

Gabrielle circled her fingers around Xena's clit a little faster and then slid them lower to tease Xena's entrance. Xena bucked her hips up and managed to get the tips of Gabrielle's fingers inside her. Gabrielle took only a moment to decide she desperately wanted to feel Xena around her fingers and pushed them inside the writhing woman's vagina.

*"Oh gods, Gabrielle!"* Xena practically shrieked.

Gabrielle grinned. She'd never heard Xena's voice so high-pitched before. It was a testament to the pleasure Gabrielle was giving to her and Gabrielle took it as the compliment it was. She pulled her fingers almost all the way out, then slid them back in again. Xena moaned at the slow hard entry and pushed up to meet the bard's thrusts.

Gabrielle watched Xena take her fingers in and felt overwhelmed. Her dreams had always had a hazy quality to them, but this was crystal clear. She was watching Xena accept her love and enjoy it and there was nothing in the world that could compare to that.

*"Gods, I love you, Xena,"* Gabrielle breathed out, as she pushed her fingers inside Xena a little faster and with a little more strength.

*"Yesss,"* Xena cried out, though Gabrielle couldn't be sure whether it was in response to her words or her actions. At the moment, Gabrielle didn't really care.

Gabrielle covered Xena's mouth again and her tongue worked in concert with her movements down below. She used her hips to add force to the thrusts her fingers were making into Xena's body, and Xena's breathing sped up as she neared her peak.

Gabrielle pulled her mouth away from Xena's and just watched the woman in the throes of ecstasy. Her own body was having a serious reaction to rubbing against Xena's upper thigh and hip, and she was beginning to pant right along with Xena.

Xena felt the change in Gabrielle's movements and pulled tighter at the woman's ass, forcing the small body harder against her own. She twisted to the side just a bit and raised her right thigh a little and Gabrielle groaned. Her thrusts took on more strength and Xena grinned at the idea that her attempts to increase Gabrielle's pleasure had caused an increase in her own. Her left hand squeezed Gabrielle's breast a little harder and she felt Gabrielle's entire body undulate into the touch.

"Gods, Xena, this feels... Oh gods, this feels incredible, Xena," Gabrielle gasped out and pumped even harder into the woman beneath her.

Xena could only groan her agreement. She wasn't going to be able to hold back much longer, but she wanted Gabrielle to climax with her. The fingers of her right hand drifted down a little more and she felt between Gabrielle's butt cheeks. She wormed two fingers to Gabrielle's center and let them become coated in the wetness they found there.

Gabrielle tilted her pelvis back to give Xena more access, but Xena seemed in no hurry to enter the bard. Then Gabrielle felt Xena's fingers begin a deep massage of her anal entrance and she felt like she was going to pass out. Not a single one of her dreams had included the pure rapture that touch created in her.

Xena felt the change in Gabrielle's body as it jumped several levels closer to orgasm. Gabrielle was thrusting against her body with abandon, and then Xena felt a third finger added to her body and she couldn't stop the gasp that precipitated the first waves of her climax. As her body began to jerk with release, her fingers pushed inside Gabrielle's ass, and Gabrielle screamed as she came with the older woman.

Gabrielle slammed her fingers inside Xena again and again as she rode out her orgasm. She hoped she wasn't hurting Xena, but she seemed to have lost control of her muscles and they pounded Xena hard. Xena's body was jerking up into the thrusts, so with what little coherent thought Gabrielle was capable of, she figured Xena wasn't in pain.

As their breathing calmed and their movements ceased, Gabrielle opened her eyes and lifted her head off Xena's chest where it had come to rest after she'd collapsed in satisfied exhaustion. She stared down into Xena's eyes, which had taken on a warm glow in the aftermath of her climax.

"Please, tell me again I'm not dreaming. I don't think I could take it if I woke up from this."

"You're not dreaming. At least, you better not be. I better not be, either. I promise, if I wake up from this, I'll tell you the truth about how I feel. I love you. I don't want to hide that anymore."

"I promise, too."

Gabrielle bent her head down and gently kissed the warrior. She eased her fingers out of Xena as she brushed her lips back and forth over the soft ones below her mouth. Then she lifted her head back up and brought her fingers to her mouth to take a taste of the warrior's essence. Xena grinned at Gabrielle's expression of bliss.

"You like the way I taste?"

"Mm hmm," Gabrielle mumbled around the fingers in her mouth.

Xena took one last dip into Gabrielle with her own heavily coated fingers and then brought them to her own mouth for a taste. She smiled.

"Mmm. You, too," Xena said after cleaning her own fingers of Gabrielle's essence.

Gabrielle finished her little midnight snack and then cuddled up into Xena's waiting arms.

"I love you, Xena," Gabrielle whispered sleepily.

"I love you, too, Gabrielle. Sleep now. We'll talk more in the morning."

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Xena opened her eyes. The sun was higher than it usually was when she woke in the morning and she sat up to clear the sleep from her mind. She tossed her fur covering aside and then

grabbed a stick to poke at their campfire a little. It sprang to life once again and Xena set the stick aside.

Xena scooted over to sit on the log she'd rolled into their camp the night before for her personal comfort and unlaced her boots, then retied them tighter. She straightened her leathers and reached for her greaves. Once they were buckled in place, she slipped her vambraces over her lower arms and tied them off. She picked up her breastplate and slung it over her shoulders, then clipped it in place.

She looked over to Gabrielle's sleeping form and wondered what the young woman would want for breakfast. Rabbit would be easiest. Suddenly, Xena saw the bard resting in her arms. She'd held Gabrielle before going to sleep.

Xena shook her head. That had just been a dream, just like all the others she'd had since Gabrielle had come into her life. Xena picked up her sword and attached it to her back, then fitted her chakram onto its hook at her right side. Hunting for breakfast would distract her from the pain of not having Gabrielle the way she wanted her. She headed off into the forest.

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Gabrielle slowly opened her eyes. She looked around the campsite and saw that she was alone. The morning still held its chill from the night before, but it was rapidly being burned off by the rays of the sun. Gabrielle was surprised Xena had let her sleep in so long.

She sat up and stretched and then stood up to straighten her twisted skirt. She tightened the laces of her halter top as she retied them, then bent over to pick up her blankets. She rolled them up, then set them aside in preparation for packing them on Argo.

She went to their saddlebags and brought out their frying pan. Xena would probably be back with breakfast soon and she wanted to be ready. A vision of Xena climaxing in her arms made her stumble and she landed on her knees, her breath coming out in pants.

“By the gods, that was sure different than the other dreams,” Gabrielle whispered to herself.

Gabrielle got back to her feet and set up the fire with the cooking stone she’d used the night before to heat the pan she’d cooked the fish in. With her duties fulfilled, Gabrielle picked up one of their water skins and took a long drink. Her mouth had gone a little dry with the memories of her vivid dream.

Gabrielle turned at the sound of Xena walking back into their camp. Xena glanced at her and then quickly looked to the fire where everything had been prepared to cook breakfast.

“Good morning,” Gabrielle said.

“Morning,” Xena replied a little tersely.

Seeing Gabrielle awake, Xena remembered the promise she’d made to the imaginary Gabrielle that she would finally tell her, if she did indeed wake up to find that it had all been a dream. But now, it all seemed stupid. A dream promise wasn’t real, was it?

Gabrielle took the rabbit from Xena’s outstretched hand and began the process of turning it into food. She watched the food cook, but all of her attention was focused on Xena. She’d promised to tell Xena, if the dream turned out to be just a dream. Now, she wasn’t sure. She knew it had been too much to hope for that she’d finally been able to be with the warrior and that Xena had felt the same way, but she’d really been hoping it was true.

Xena watched Gabrielle dish up their food onto a couple of plates and accepted her share. She refused to meet Gabrielle’s eyes, instead staring just to the left of Gabrielle’s face, as she took the plate from Gabrielle’s hand.

“Thanks,” Xena mumbled.

“You’re welcome,” Gabrielle offered quietly.

Gabrielle nibbled at her food, completely lost in her thoughts. She had to tell Xena, no matter what the consequences were. The dream had showed her at least that much. One of these days, Xena was going to hear her calling out in her sleep and then there would be no denying what she wanted from the warrior.

Gabrielle stopped chewing in mid-bite. Xena had been acting strange all morning. Maybe she had been crying out in her sleep last night and Xena had already heard her. Gabrielle closed her eyes as she felt her cheeks get hot. If that was the case, Xena

obviously felt rather uncomfortable about being the object of Gabrielle's desires.

Gabrielle slowly resumed chewing. It didn't make any difference. She still had to come clean with Xena. Maybe if she just got it out in the open, she could get past it and then they might end up being even closer friends. Gabrielle didn't let herself think about the other possible reaction Xena might have to her disclosure.

"Um, Xena?" Gabrielle hesitantly started.

"Mm," Xena grunted in acknowledgment without looking up from her plate.

"I, um... There's something I... I..." Gabrielle faltered.

Xena finally glanced up from her food.

"What is it?"

Xena made eye contact for all of half a heartbeat and then looked away again.

"I have to tell you something. But I don't know how."

Xena stilled. She wanted to tell Gabrielle to just say it, but her voice chose that moment to go on strike.

"I, um, I made this promise to you, sort of... I mean, I had this dream last night and I told you if it, I mean, I told you in the dream that if it really was a dream, I'd still tell you when I woke up... I know, it's silly, it was just a dream, but..."

"I promised you, too," Xena quietly interrupted the bard, finally meeting Gabrielle's eyes head on.

Gabrielle's mouth opened to continue speaking, but nothing came out.

"I promised I would tell you I'm in love with you, if I woke up without you in my arms. I should have said something earlier, but I got scared when I realized it had just been a dream. I can't lose you, Gabrielle. Not again."

Gabrielle put her plate down and went to sit beside Xena on her log. She took the plate that was being held limply in Xena's hands and set it aside as well. Then she reached up to grasp the sides of Xena's face and turned her head to meet Gabrielle's unwavering expression of happiness.

"I love you, Xena of Amphipolis. You will never lose me."

Then Gabrielle gently pulled Xena's head down for a kiss. Their lips brushed lightly and then Gabrielle released her hold on Xena and Xena drew back.

"You always did do better with the sensitive chats," Xena grinned. Then her expression became serious. "I love you, Gabrielle. What we did in that dream... What I remember... Is that something you really want? Or was Morpheus just jerking me around for a few laughs?"

"I don't know. Do you remember me making love to you?" Xena nodded. "Then we had the same dream and that's what I want."

Xena leaned down for another kiss. She rubbed her lips against Gabrielle's and then pressed harder to sustain the contact. She was a little surprised when she felt Gabrielle's tongue trying to poke between her lips, but she readily gave access to her mouth and whimpered slightly, as the bard took full advantage of her newfound permission to explore the woman she loved.

Finally, they separated and Gabrielle opened her eyes to look at Xena's face. Xena was flushed and her breathing was a little fast. In fact, she looked a lot like she had in most of Gabrielle's dreams. Gabrielle frowned in concentration, then grinned a little mischievously.

"Xena, how many dreams have you had about me?"

Xena smiled and looked down a little bashfully, then met Gabrielle's eyes again.

"I've been dreaming about you since that day you bought that breast dagger. I, uh, couldn't help thinking about where it had been and... Well, I guess it just got my imagination going."

"That was when Manus tried to turn me into Morpheus' bride."

"Yeah."

"Why would... I mean we defeated Morpheus, why would he give us dreams to help us... be together?"

"Well, I never actually fought against Morpheus. It was Manus that twisted the Mystics' worship of him into something evil. Maybe by defeating him, we helped Morpheus out." Xena shrugged her shoulders.

"Maybe you're right." Gabrielle grinned, as she remembered images from her dream of the night before. "You know, I should

have known it was a dream. You never wear just your slip to bed.”

“And I’ve never known you to sleep in the nude,” Xena grinned back at her, her own memories of their shared dream making an appearance in her mind’s eye.

“You’ve got a point. It did make things a little easier, though, wouldn’t you say?”

“Yeah. Maybe it’s something we should keep in mind for the future.”

“Oh, most definitely, Warrior Princess.”

They both grinned at each other, images of a future of shared *wakeful* experiences giving them plenty to smile about.