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[2008-03-28](#) 01:12:00

Something... Performative - Minafic, Xena/Arc (sorta)

Disclaimer: Everything fabulous belongs to the lovely [mina de malfois](#).

Many thanks to [fierydream](#) and [karelia](#) for acting as last minute Clives. *hugs*

Warnings: This fic contains femmeslash and voyeurism, and has probably earned itself an NC-17 rating. Consider yourselves warned. I also have no idea what sort of pairing description to give it, so we'll go with, "Somewhere between Xena/Arc, Xena/Mina, and Xena/Arc/Mina."

Something... Performative

I hadn't *meant* to see anything. Really. And I hadn't meant to be *seen*, either. It just... happened.

My evening started out beyond boring, and completely innocent. I'd been cleaning my dorm for the first time in weeks. Since taking the library position and getting my own room, my roommate-induced tidiness had been somewhat... lacking, but Jen showing up at my window without warning the other night was enough to bring it back full force. While cleaning, I found a book that I'd borrowed from Seldom buried among clothing under my bed. I wasn't entirely sure how it had gotten under there, but when I unearthed it, I decided that returning it to him was the perfect excuse to go to the library and look for Arc.

I'd pretty much settled on arranging a meeting between Jen and Seldom—after all, it couldn't hurt, right?—but then began having reservations. There just seemed like so many variables in my plan, and I wanted Arc's advice before doing anything.

Pausing only long enough to pull my hair back as neatly as possible—really, I couldn't traipse around campus looking as though I'd just crawled out of (or out from under) my bed, could I?—I pulled on my shoes and hurried to the library. To my disappointment, though, one of the other Special Collections assistants, a new girl whose name I hadn't had the chance to learn yet, was locking the door as I arrived.

'Is Seldom still here?' I asked her anyway. 'I have a book of his that I need to return.'

She shot me an annoyed, weary look and bit out, 'He left *hours* ago.'

'Oh... all right, then. Sorry to bother you,' I muttered and was about to leave her to her bad mood

when she called after me, 'Silverman's still upstairs with that friend of hers, though, finishing up some work. I'm sure you could leave the book with her.' And without giving me a chance to respond, she unlocked the door again and held it open, waiting expectantly, then said, 'Well?' when I hesitated, tapping her foot impatiently.

Giving her a weak smile and saying a quick, 'Thanks,' I hurried past her, stopping just inside and nearly jumping when the door clicked shut behind me. I was happy that I'd get to talk to Arc, but now that I was here, I wasn't so sure that I really *wanted* to be. I'll admit, being in a practically empty library was eerie.

I rolled my eyes at my own nervousness, feeling ridiculous. *Honestly*, I chided myself, *you work here. What is there to be afraid of?* Shaking my head, I made my way towards the stairs, briefly considering calling to Arc so as not to startle her. But then I reasoned that she was probably in her office anyway, and a knock on the door would be more than enough. Besides, the grumpy assistant had said that one of Arc's friends was up here as well, which probably meant *Xena* was here, so it wasn't like she was by herself.

'Nan, I'm never going to get my work done tonight if you don't leave me alone,' I heard Arc say as I neared the second floor, and I frowned, hesitating halfway up the steps. 'I was supposed to be finished with all of this nearly two weeks ago.'

'And what will they do if you don't finish tonight? Say you can't work for free anymore?' I heard Xena ask, sounding amused. 'I came all this way to see you, and all you do is work.'

'How rude of me. Please, let me drop all of my responsibilities and be at your beck and call twenty-four hours a day,' Arc answered dryly. 'You know, I'd be finished much sooner if you hadn't taken it upon yourself to send Sara home.'

Peering cautiously around the second floor, I realised they must be behind one of the many rows of shelves, but with the way the sounds bounced off the stacks in the empty library, it was impossible to tell precisely where they were standing. I surmised that they couldn't be too far away—libraries *do* have a sort of sound-smothering quality to them, after all—and climbed the rest of the stairs quietly, listening to try and figure out where the voices may be coming from.

'The poor girl looked like she wanted to leap across the table and strangle you. It's Saturday night; she shouldn't have to spend it cooped up in the library,' Xena insisted, and I followed the sound of her voice down an aisle and turned a corner, catching sight of them at the far side of a small alcove, only feet away from me. I opened my mouth to say hello, but then promptly shut it again as I took in the scene before me, staring in... shock? Perhaps not shock, but something akin to it. Whatever the feeling was, it left me completely speechless and frozen in place.

Arc was standing facing the shelves, a clipboard in one hand and pen in the other, looking as though she were trying very hard to concentrate on something—and failing—while Xena stood behind her, one hand resting lightly on Arc's hip and the other loosely tugging on the collar of her shirt, moving it gently out of the way as her lips trailed slowly down the back of her neck. I stared, mesmerised, unsure whether to turn and run away or just stand there and pretend to be

invisible.

It took me what seemed like an eternity to react, but finally I managed to practically drag myself back around the corner, leaning carefully against the shelves. Every instinct told me to get out of the library as fast as possible before one of them came my way and caught me standing there, but despite those instincts, I was more than a little tempted to peek around the corner again. For just a *second*, mind you.

'Besides,' Xena continued, and I held my breath, struggling to hear her words as her voice grew softer, 'I couldn't effectively distract you with her sitting on the other side of the room, and I was *bored*.'

Arc laughed incredulously and muttered something about not understanding how anyone could be bored in a library—I wasn't really paying attention to the words. To be honest, I was having trouble understanding how Arc could be carrying on a conversation normally when someone—especially *Xena*—was... well, doing what Xena was doing. I'd all but melted into the floor after just *seeing* it.

Cautiously, nearly trembling with nervousness, I tiptoed back to the end of the row of shelves, leaning far enough to the side that I could once again see everything going on in the alcove.

By this point, Arc had given up all attempts at getting her work done, it seemed. The pen was tucked neatly into the top of the clipboard, which dangled precariously from one hand and then finally fell to the floor. The only attention it was given was a quick nudge with Xena's foot, which sent it skittering a few feet out of the way. Xena had pulled Arc towards her, and the hand that had previously rested on her hip now crept down Arc's leg and curled under the hem of her skirt. Moving at a maddeningly slow pace, she bunched the thin material in her hand and pulled it up, revealing—as I'd once suspected (and I nearly died at the realisation that I'd been right)—stockings that stopped mid-thigh and lacy black garters that instead of being practical, which was a trait I'd always associated with Arc, seemed more for show than anything else.

Suddenly, without warning, Arc spun around, her hands on her hips, and Xena and I both took startled steps back. Realising that it would only take the slightest turn of her head for her to see me standing there, only a few feet away, I leaned further into the shadows. I couldn't very well leave *now*, could I? They'd be sure to see me. If I stayed still and quiet until they were... otherwise distracted... I could slip away unnoticed, I reasoned.

'You're not going to let me get any work done tonight, are you?' Arc asked, looking mildly annoyed, but as always, Xena didn't seem the least bit intimidated.

'Wasn't planning on it, no. Sorry,' she said with a shrug, not sounding sorry at all.

There was a long moment of silence, Arc's eyes narrowing a bit, and then Xena grabbed Arc's arms, turned, and all but pushed her backwards onto the table, which creaked ominously. Arc froze and glanced down for a second, probably wondering if she was going to crash to the floor, and before she had a chance to react, Xena was hovering over her, one knee resting on the bit of

table visible between Arc's thighs and Arc's wrists captured in her hands, pinned to the table on either side of her head.

I think I would have jumped back in terror at the glare that Arc was giving Xena, but she seemed undaunted, kept her self-satisfied smirk plastered across her face, and said, "One of these days we're actually going to break this table."

Arc shook her head slightly and muttered sarcastically, "And won't explaining that be fun?" She tried to sit up, but couldn't pull her wrists free from Xena's grip. "You're lucky that I let you get away with this; if you were anyone else I'd have kicked you out of my library a long time ago."

Looking pleased with herself, Xena answered by leaning down and capturing Arc's mouth with her own, and then kissed and licked her way along the edge of her jaw and down to her neck. No longer bothering to act annoyed, Arc only murmured something that sounded appreciative and turned her face away, exposing more skin to Xena's persistent mouth.

I shouldn't be here. I shouldn't be seeing this. I really, really shouldn't be here, I kept thinking, but I couldn't stop staring. Literally shaking with anticipation (and no small amount of guilt), I watched as Xena finally released one of Arc's hands, once again wrapping her fingers around the hem of her skirt and pulling it up as far as she could with Arc still pinned to the table, though this time she wasn't going about in nearly as slow or gentle of a manner. From my vantage point behind the bookshelves, I still couldn't see *exactly* what she was doing, but just watching Xena's hand disappear under the thin remaining fabric and hearing Arc's barely audible moan was almost enough to kill me. I'd *never* seen anything like this before. I mean, I'd seen it on the internet—*everything* can be found on the internet—but never in Real Life, and it was far more... *interesting* in person.

Now able to move at least a little, Arc reclaimed use of her other hand and pushed herself up until she was almost sitting up straight, and then wrapped one arm around Xena's back, her nails digging into the skin there. For a second the image of the long scratches I'd once seen in that very spot flashed before my eyes, and I leaned against the bookshelf, biting my lip in an effort to keep completely silent as Arc began moaning again, the soft noises growing louder and more insistent with each passing second as Xena continued moving her hand behind the concealing bit of skirt and mouthing her way along Arc's neck..

Suddenly Arc let out a particularly loud cry as Xena nipped lightly at the skin along the curve of her neck, arching her back and knotting the fabric of Xena's shirt in her hand. In my surprise, I accidentally lost my grip on the book I was holding, watching in horror as it fell to the carpet with a dull thud. My gaze quickly returning to the scene before me, eyes wide, to find that while Arc was too... *preoccupied* to have even heard anything, Xena was staring right at me.

I swallowed hard, waiting for her to call attention to my presence, already trying to come up with excuses for why I was standing there, wondering if I could convince them that I'd only just walked in and then remembering that the door was locked and they'd know I was lying... But Xena just watched me, her lips curving into a mischievous grin as I continued to look more and more flustered.

Her eyes never leaving mine, she ran her tongue along Arc's neck and again bit roughly at the skin there. With one final cry, Arc seemed to collapse back onto the table, her breath coming in small gasps and her hands still clutching at Xena's back. I stared, my mouth almost hanging open in shock and my face turning what I'm sure was a violent shade of red, as Xena once again grinned at me, still never dropping my gaze. Arc's eyes slipped shut for just a moment, and as soon as Xena knew she wasn't being watched, she held out a hand in my direction, motioning for me to walk closer.

Horried, I backed away slowly, waiting until I was completely out of view before rushing down the stairs as fast I could. Thankful for all the carpeted surfaces, I hurried out the door, making sure to shut it quietly behind me.

I ran back to Cersei House as fast I could, drawing odd looks from the few students I passed, and fumbled with my key, finally getting inside the door and slamming it shut. I turned on the light and stood for a second, leaning against the door, unsure of what to do or what to think. Then, unable to resist, I turned the light back off and quickly made for my bed, dropping clothing to the floor as I went and letting the images of everything I'd seen in the library flood my mind.

Epilogue

'Will you *please* come home now?' Nancy asked, watching as I straightened my clothing and ran my hands through my mussed hair, trying to look as though I hadn't just been doing completely-inappropriate-for-work things in the library.

I sighed, retrieving the clipboard from the place where it had fallen on the floor. 'You're not allowed to be up here anymore,' I said instead of actually answering. 'I never get *anything* done when you're here.'

Nancy only shrugged. I suspected she fully intended to be back in the library whenever she pleased, but also knew me well enough to know that arguing the point right at this moment would do very little towards getting me to continue the events of the evening whenever we finally did go home. Since I wasn't overly interested in arguing right at this moment anyway, I let her lack of agreement slide.

As I turned back to face her, something on the floor across the small alcove caught my eye. It was a book. 'Where did this come from?' I asked, walking around to the other side of the shelves and peering into the darkness.

'I pulled it off the shelf earlier,' Nancy answered, 'and left it on the table. We must have knocked it on the floor.'

'...Oh,' I said, frowning. I didn't remember seeing anything on the table. In fact, I distinctly remembered putting everything that *had* been on the table away over an hour ago, and Nancy

hadn't left my side since Sara went home. Looking inside the front cover, I saw that it wasn't even a library book. Nancy was lying, and I wanted to know why.

Meanwhile, Nancy was slowly walking toward the stairs, still looking at me pleadingly. 'C'mon, let's go.'

'All right, all right. Let me get my things.' Carrying the book into my office, I moved to tuck it into my bag, deciding that I'd have to look into its *real* origins later. As I turned the book on its side so that it would fit, a slip of paper shifted between the pages, a corner poking out into view. I pulled the piece of paper out of the book and unfolded it, realizing it was a note.

Mina-

Hope you like the book. It's one of my favorites. No rush to return it, just get it back to me whenever you're done.

-Seldom

'Judy?' Nancy called from the doorway. I glanced up, giving her a contemplative look. 'Are you ready?'

Looking back at the note in my hand, I re-folded it and tucked it neatly into my bag beside the book.

I would deal with Mina later, I decided. But for now I wanted to go home. After all, Nancy had *lied* to me, and *had* to be punished... Already planning, my gaze raked down her body, a slightly predatory look spreading across my face. Nancy gave me a questioning look, and was met with only a small smile. 'Yes,' I said, 'let's go home.'

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[mina de malfois](#)

March 28 2008, 11:29:30 UTC

My *goodness*. *collapses in molten heap*

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March 28 2008, 13:43:39 UTC

grins