

Sharp

thingsarequeer

Summary:

"Do you trust me?"

It's not an idle question. Gabrielle swallows down another breath of air, her eyes searching Xena's face frantically. The other woman's smile is a bright glimmer in the shadows with just a glint of teeth betraying the edge to her words. Gabrielle catches the shine of something silver gleaming between them – a sharp edge to match Xena's sharp smile.

Notes:

Knifeplay written at the request of a friend. Originally posted to Tumblr. Moved for archive.

Work Text

It's so very hard to breathe like this, with nothing above her but the stars – and one star that's more important than all the rest. A star with blue eyes and dark hair that matches the rest of the sky. A star that lives every detail of life with such ferocity and intensity that sometimes Gabrielle is taken aback. Even now. Even after what seems like years of this.

"Do you trust me?"

It's not an idle question. Gabrielle swallows down another breath of air, her eyes searching Xena's face frantically. The other woman's smile is a bright glimmer in the shadows with just a glint of teeth betraying the edge to her words. Gabrielle catches the shine of something silver gleaming between them – a sharp edge to match Xena's sharp smile. It's almost a dare. Gabrielle's eyes take in the length of the dagger in the other woman's hand. It's slight, but sharp.

Gabrielle knows from experience. She knows that just a stroke can kill a man, if Xena uses it right. If Xena wants to use it right.

Gabrielle's gaze lifts to Xena's face almost defiantly. "You know I trust you."

"Well then." It's as snarky of a comeback as the other woman can make in that moment. Gabrielle recognizes the flash of lust she sees in those brilliantly blue eyes. Xena's difficult to read sometimes, but not like this. At least not now. There had been a time, long ago, where she hadn't known how to discern the other woman's moods. Lust was so easily mistaken for anger back then. But not now. She knows Xena's face like the back of her hand. She knows each tiny detail and how it shifts with her reactions. And right now, Xena wants.

The cold feeling of metal tapping against her breast bone makes Gabrielle's breath catch sharply. The contact is light. Careful. But intentional too. One slip of the hand and Xena could cut her. But Xena won't make that mistake. No, if she does it, it will be completely intentional. Gabrielle's eyes slide shut on a shudder, her body trembling when she feels the blade slide smoothly up to caress her cheek.

"Xena." Her voice breaks on a crack, and she can feel more than see the slightly pleased smile that slides across Xena's lips. And then those deliciously curved lips are against her own, pressing the lightest of kisses there. It's in complete counterpoint to the sharp fear of having metal against her skin, and yet erotic even still. Xena is warm against her, the feeling of leather more annoying now and less erotic.

Gabrielle wants skin.

"Please," she whispers, a soft sound breaking free from her throat when the knife moves again. Gabrielle gazes up at Xena, torn open and raw and vulnerable. The other woman wears an expression of infinite tenderness coupled with the dark desire in those eyes. There's an almost indiscernible sound – a soft hiss – as

Gabrielle feels the pressure of the dagger being applied. There's a line of soft stinging between her breasts, and the fabric of her shirt loses some of its tension. Gabrielle gasps but doesn't move. Xena smiles a little and then leans down, nuzzling lightly where it stings the most. She feels Xena's lips like a shock, soft and warm and moist against skin open to the air. The subtle lick of her tongue has Gabrielle whimpering, legs shakily shifting when she feels cool metal against the inside of one thigh. It's too much. Too hot, too tight, too tense. She's shaking so badly –

"Don't move," Xena orders, her tone as sharp as the edge of the dagger. Gabrielle freezes with an obedience that's unparalleled to any of her responses in the light of day. The tip of the dagger dances higher, following the tender skin and dragging the fabric of her skirt up, up, up...

A light touch where she's most sensitive has Gabrielle gasping loudly and jerking. But it's not sharp. It's soft and knowing, circling where she likes it best. Relief and arousal wash over her jointly, making her quiver so hard. Xena's working harder now, sweet pressure that has Gabrielle calling out and shivering and freezing like stone. She pulls a gasp of air now and then, almost forgetting to breathe until Xena reminds her in that sweet way that she adores. Breathe, Gabrielle, breathe, my darling...

It's too much. Gabrielle's body goes tight and still, hands gathering and twisting in Xena's dark hair long ago. It's that way for just a moment before pulsing light finally lets her fall. She dips with the wave of one shock at a time, each pulse sweeter and softer than the last. Until it's just her and Xena again, laying under the trees with the fire cracking in the background. Gabrielle distantly recognizes that she's still shivering, fingers trembling as they trace the delicate cheekbones of Xena's face.

Xena's looking down at her, concern making her features tight. "Are you alright?" Gabrielle lets out a choked laugh, reaching up with one hand to wipe back her bangs. "You're crazy. But I'm fine."