

# Love On A Knife Edge

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*Alex uses his brand of shock therapy on Kendra*

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Kendra was preoccupied with the upcoming trip to New Orleans. After that uncomfortable few minutes at Sanctuary with Micheal and Alex deciding who would come with her, Alex had taken her to Denmark for doughnuts but now it was time to get ready and go. They were both back in Sydney for some last minute preparations, Kendra had spent the day running errands and she had no idea what her favourite vamp had been up to. She called out as soon as she stepped into the apartment. "Alex?" There was no answer. She frowned, clearly feeling his presence. What could the man be doing? Kendra kicked off her shoes, put the bags she was carrying on the breakfast bar and pulled off her leather jacket, leaving it on the back of a chair. The place was dark, nothing but a small lamp in the living room on. Not that Alex needed any light to do anything he wished to do. "Alex? I know you're here somewhere" Still no answer. She shrugged and emptied a bag, putting the milk carton in the fridge and fruits into a bowl. Sasha came trotting over, eyes gleaming strangely. Kendra chuckled softly and opened the fridge again, pulling out a few strips of steak and tossing them to the wolf. "Where is he?" she asked him, washing her hands in the sink. The pup ignored her, deciding instead to enjoy his feast. "Right. You males always stick together". She left the kitchen and headed down the hall to the bedroom, undoing the first two buttons on her blouse, it had been a long day and now she was eager to get out of her clothes and into nice warm pyjamas. They'd be starting out first thing in the morning. She passed the bathroom and with a swiftness that startled her, Alex stepped out of the shadows and had her pinned against the wall by the door, both her wrists wrapped in his one hand held above her head, the length of his body pressed against her. Kendra gasped and startled wriggling against him, this kind of playful mood not that unusual, but she quickly stopped, sensing something different in him. She went still, staring at nothing but the middle of his bare chest, biting her lip, his skin only a few tempting inches from her mouth. "Kendra" She swallowed hard at the sound of his voice and slowly tipped her head up, what she saw in his blue eyes took her breath away. "Yes?" A slow devastating smile pulled at his lips and he lowered his head so that his cheek brushed hers, his lips almost touching her ear, Kendra shuddered. "Do you trust me?" She blinked, the question catching her off guard. "You know I do" He grinned. "Yeah, but how much?" His thumb was tracing

circles on the inside of her wrist, still held above her head, making it hard to think. Without realizing it, her body arched slightly against his and his grin widened. How to answer that question? Kendra stared up at him, the answer in her face if not in her words. "implicitly" "Yeah?" Without taking her eyes off his, she nodded. "Yeah" "Then you know I won't hurt you if I do this.." With the help of his supernatural speed he had her wrists wrapped in duct tape and back above her head before she realized what he was even doing. A small nervous laugh parting her lips. "I know you won't hurt me" He brushed soft kisses along her jawline, starting at her ear and working his way to her chin. "Good, good, cause I wouldn't want you to think so." Her lashes fluttered down, the small kisses enough to make hunger flare deep within her. He chuckled softly and without preliminaries slid his hand under her silk skirt and cupped her moist heat with his hand, Kendra moaned softly and stuck as she was between his strong body and the wall, she still managed to press herself into his hand, wanting him, needing him to touch her. She felt more than heard his laughter against her neck and Alex pulled his hand away, Kendra whimpered a plea, urging him to return, and he did, only this time she felt something different. Something cold and hard pressed against the tender skin of her inner thigh. More specifically his Applegate-Fairbairn Covert knife. Her eyes flew open and she went impossibly still, not breathing except for the sound of his name, uncertainty lacing her voice..with perhaps an underlying thread of fear. "..Alex?.." He pulled his upper body away from hers only slightly to be able to look down at her, but the knife stayed where it was. He let go of her taped hands, allowing them to come down between them to rest against his chest, with a gentleness that few ever got to see, he slid his now free hand behind her neck and ran his thumb across her cheek, tilting her head up a little further. Kendra couldn't help it, despite how uncertain she felt, as soon as he touched her, her eyes closed again, another shudder running through her. Alex lowered his head until his mouth was hovering over hers. "You trust me remember?" Tears prickled her eyelids. "Yes, but you know..." He cut her off with a kiss nothing like his previous soft ones. "Yes, I know. I won't hurt you. Open your eyes Gidget." She did and for a moment the stark fear he saw in their dark depths made him reconsider. Her chest moved against his with shallow breaths caused by terror, not passion. Yes, Alex knew what she had been through. He knew she had been held against her will, restrained, cut and repeatedly taken against her will. Which is why he thought this was so important. He eased the pressure of the knife only slightly, his other hand stroking the soft skin of her throat and neck. "Easy Gidget, I won't hurt you" he repeated. "I won't take you until you beg me to, I'm not him" The last three words were enough to calm her, at least slightly. She did trust him, and he wasn't Cain. If Alex said he wouldn't, then he wouldn't. If he was doing this, knowing what he did about her past, then he must have a good...oh good goddess! Her mind went blank as his mouth trailed heat along her collarbone and Kendra tilted her head to the side, catching her lower lip between her teeth to suppress a moan. His hand left her neck and slipped beneath her blouse, fingers skimming her taunt stomach and sliding over her ribs, she sucked in a breath at the exquisite feeling. Alex felt the change in her and smiled. He eased the knife away from her thigh and moved back a little, pressing the flat of the blade against her stomach, looking down at her with a raised eyebrow. "Do you mind?" Kendra looked down, seeing that he had slipped the edge of the black blade beneath a button. She considered then

shook her head and with a quick flick of the wrist, the button popped off and fell to the floor, the others quickly following suit, all of them making a small pinging sound as they hit the floor. He raised the hand holding the knife, held the tip of the blade against the skin of her chest, right above the swell of her breasts, and gently pushed the fabric of her blouse to the sides revealing a lacy red bra. He grinned at her, knowing the panties would match. Prim and proper indeed. Kendra's cheeks turned pink and she dipped her head low, clearly sensing his thoughts. He laughed and with the tip of the knife nudged her chin back up until she looked at him again, cheeks flushed with colour, most of the fear gone from her eyes. Almost. Alex kept his blue eyes locked on hers and lightly trailed the steel tip down her throat and down the center of her chest, effectively sectioning her bra in half, once again he used the knife to nudge the scraps of fabric away from her breasts. Her breath caught again and he smiled. Oh yes, he could read her like a book and that breath had nothing to do with fear. Pink nipples puckered invitingly and he leaned down, catching one in his mouth, rolling it between his teeth. Kendra cried out, bound hands reaching for him, the cry turning into a groan of frustration when she realized she couldn't touch him or hold him as she wanted to. Soft laughter rumbled through his chest and his lips moved to the other breast, giving that nipple the same treatment, also taking the opportunity to slide the knife down her stomach, only very lightly scoring her skin. A long soft moan left Kendra's lips as liquid fire pooled between her thighs and she wriggled ever so slightly against him. He pulled his mouth away from her breasts and straightened slightly, taking her mouth instead, the knife sliding into the waistband of her skirt. She was so dazed by his kiss that she didn't realise it was gone until she felt cool air touch her now bare legs and hips, leaving her in nothing but a barely there scrap of red lace. Alex's other hand went to her waist in a firm grip, holding her back against the wall, she moaned again as she felt his ragged breath against her neck. Kendra slid her taped hands up his chest, brushing his skin with her fingertips, he shuddered and she smiled, satisfied that his game didn't leave him indifferent. She cried out again when he bit down on her neck and growled low. "Stay...still.." And she did, except for the way she pulled in her stomach and quivered when she felt cold steel as Alex once again slid the knife against her skin, this time running it along the top of her panties to her hip, slicing through the delicate fabric with ease. The knife slid back along her stomach again to the other side and he repeated the motion then he lowered the knife, blade still held against her sensitive skin and he tugged the ruined fabric away, letting it flutter to the ground. Kendra made a strangled noise low in her throat and sagged against him, at least as much as she could with her hands pinned above her head again, Alex's hard body against hers and a knife trailing along the front of her left thigh. Alex's breathing was as ragged as hers now and Kendra shivered every time it tickled her skin, the knife inched its way up her inner thigh and he deftly turned the blade, laying it flat against the most intimate part of her. She must have tensed because with one subtle move, the pressure never easing, Alex's mouth was one against at Kendra's ear, his cheek against hers. "Sssh, it's alright, it's just me...wanting this.." Without moving the knife away he brushed his fingers against her, stroking the apex of her thighs, working his way around the blade. She gasped, feeling like a tightly wound coil on the verge of springing. Again, he shifted the knife so that the handle was now pressed against her, the blade pressed against the length of her inner thigh. With just a little pressure

the very tip of the hilt rubbed against her clit and another cry rang out, quickly followed by a second one as Alex slid two fingers into her. Unable to move, Kendra simply let her head fall forward against his shoulder as he moved his fingers in and out of her, the knife still held against her, gently pressing against her clit with every stroke. She cried out repeatedly and shivered uncontrollably now, the tension in Alex's body, as well as his own suppressed need only pushing her higher. "Alex...." The sound was nothing but a ragged whisper, as if torn from the deepest recesses of her mind.. He stopped moving. "Yeah?" She groaned, desperately needing him to move again. "Please.." "Please what?" She groaned again, cheeks blazing with heat. Without moving his fingers he simply added a little more pressure to the hilt, tearing another moan from her. "Please what?" His own voice infinitely patient yet also tense, his accent stronger than usual. Kendra moved her head slightly so that her lips brushed across the side of his neck and she whispered in his ear, his shiver matching her own. "Please make me cum.." He pulled his hand away and before she could protest, he took a step back, grabbing her bound hands and started towards the bedroom, almost dragging her behind him. He tossed her unto the bed and she landed on her back, bouncing lightly. Alex tossed the knife to the floor and before she knew it, his jeans were undone and halfway down his hip, hands reaching out for her, gripping her thighs and pulling her roughly to the edge of the bed. Without hesitation he lifted her legs and parted them, thrusting his throbbing cock into her in one fluid movement. Kendra arched off the bed with a loud cry, her head rolling back, hands reaching up to grip the sheets overhead as well as she could and Alex reared back as well. He moved her so that the back of her thighs rested across his chest, both her feet over his right shoulder, a strong arm wrapped around her legs and proceeded to fuck her fast and hard, her hips tilting upward, taking him in deep. A few hard thrusts is all it took, Kendra writhed on the bed, her repeated cries filling the air. Alex let himself fall forward on top of her, resting on one elbow, his other hand gripping her hip so tightly it was sure to bruise her, he buried his face in her hair, another hard thrust enough to push him over the edge. He came hard, growling in her ear. "Fuck!...Christ Kendra" Once he started breathing again, he helped her slide her legs down and she stayed beneath him, her face turned away from him as she still struggled to catch her breath. He shifted to the side and she whimpered at the sudden loss of him inside her, he smiled a little and reached for her hands, lowering them to her stomach then gently grasped her chin and turned her head so he could see her. He ran the pad of his thumb over her lips. "Are you okay?" She nodded, unable to speak, her face still flushed, eyes wide and dark. Alex frowned, suddenly unsure of her answer. He sat up and quickly unraveled the tape at her wrists, being as gentle as possible when he pulled it from her, slowly rubbing the chafed skin; Kendra never never moved, never made a sound. Once that done he laid back down and gathered her against him, worried that she still hadn't said a word. She curled up against him, resting her head on his chest and he felt the slight tremble still wreaking havoc with her body, he tightened his arm around her, his frown deepening, truly worried now that maybe he had pushed her too hard. "Kendra...I.." Her head lifted and she shook it briefly from side to side, turning to look at him and pushing herself up until her lips touched his, a hand pressed to his cheek. Alex returned the kiss and when he tried to pull back, her mouth simply followed, kissing him deeply, languorously. He groaned and wrapped both arms around her waist,

pulling even closer, her hair falling forward, hiding both their faces in a silken cocoon. She let him know she was all right the only way she knew how at that moment; with lingering kisses and wandering hands. Alex rolled her onto her back and stared down at her, brushing tendrils of hair away from her face, carefully studying her. Kendra raised a hand and smoothed out the frown on his face, lifted her head and kissed him again, this time sliding her hand down his back and pressing herself to him. The frown left his face and he laughed before settling in to making love to her with unabashed tenderness until she rested once more in the circle of his arms, drowsy and satiated. No more words had been spoken, but he knew that she was okay, more than okay. He placed a kiss on the back of her shoulder and held her to him as they both fell asleep wrapped up in nothing more than each other.