Strange Bedfellows

by ElmiDol

Summary

On your way to the nearest refresher, you crash into someone--that someone takes offense to you telling them you don't care who they are. That same someone decides that he wants to insert himself into your life; of this you have mixed feelings. On one hand, he is a creepazoid in your opinion. On the other, you don't often have company. Slowly but surely you come to learn more about one another... And eventually you learn his true name.

Notes

Now that Love is Blind is completed, I am going to start reposting this fic! I hope you all enjoy, be this your first time reading or if you caught it when it was posted before.
I'm Your Guest

You were making your way down one of the more insulated hallways of Starkiller base—in truth, you were brisk walking your way, resisting the urge to all out run in order to prevent panic. Well, you were panicking. Your mind kept insisting that you were not going to make it this time. The mantra repeating itself in your head—shit, shit, shit—was, naturally, rather ironic and caused your already screwed-up face to devolve into a further scowl. You set a hand on your gut, dodged around a corner—and smacked straight into a random raven-haired man. You looked him up and down, though in truth you hardly spared him a glance, and resumed your darting towards the nearest refresher.

“Do you not realize who I am?” a deep baritone reached your ears. Huh, you thought; it must have come from the man you had bumped into.

You waved a hand over your shoulder. “Don’t know, don’t care, gotta rush—bye!” The final syllable uttered as you at long last were able to fling yourself into the refresher. You plunged forward into a stall, slammed shut the door, and yanked down your pants and panties. Sitting on the toilet, your stomach grumbled louder than the groan that escaped your lips.

It was beyond embarrassing, having to deal with IBS-D. Irritable bowel syndrome with diarrhea. Your coworkers never gave you crap—ha!—for it, however that did not change the fact that blood would rush to your face whenever you returned from one of your trips to the bathroom. Some days, naturally, were better than others. And you had medication to help. Hemorrhoid cream for those extra painful days. It was in the same drawer as a box of unused condoms. An unopened box.

The truth of the matter was that you were far too appalled at the idea of having anyone over for the night for fear of your intestines acting up as they currently were. That you had a room for yourself with an adjoining refresher spoke volumes of the mercy of the First Order on one of their lead consultants. It even had a fan. Plenty of air freshener. They did what they could to keep you comfortable.

Presently, you clutched your stomach. “I’m dying.” You reached off to the side and dragged the tiny trashcan over towards you, a wad of spit landing in it as you fought off the roll of nausea. You felt like vomiting, not that that would help any. Squeezing your eyes closed, you puffed out a stream of air through pursed lips and endured—your fourth trip to the toilet that day, which had started a mere five hours ago.

Feeling rather under the weather after your forty-five minutes on the toilet, you allowed the cool water to run over your wrists. You had washed your hands before, and now you were trying to shake off the last bits of nausea going through you. Your stomach was visibly less bloated, your uniform shirt fitting more to standards—again, they were so damn lenient with you, you would have been insulted if you weren’t so overcome with gratitude. You permitted your head to loll back a few seconds before you shut off the faucet and headed for the refresher door.

Across the hall, the raven-haired man was lurking. Glowering. His eyes narrowed and his hands in fists. “What were you doing in there?”

“Wh-what?”

His eyes pinched at the sides, the man’s brow furrowing. His gaze traveled to the door behind you
then back to your face. “…I see.”

“Uhm, dude, I can take a shit if I…” You fumbled for words, blood pulsing in your ears and your face. Damn was this churning your already-sensitive stomach. You balled your hands into fists. “Look, I don’t care who you are: fuck off!”

Not staying to watch the man’s reaction, you stormed back in the direction from which you had previously been rushing away. Your hand was once more on your gut, tapping it and hoping the bloating stayed away. There were still spasms occurring, you could feel them. A nagging at the back of your head, warning you that this might not be the last trip to the refresher. At that you made a mental note: use a different refresher. Creepazoid might still be lurking.

Thankfully, the next wave of diarrhea did not hit until after you had eaten a light dinner, which coincided with you being in your own quarters. You had quite literally tossed aside the datapad you had been working with to rush into the refresher. It was always easier to relax in the comfort of your private refresher. Never the worry of someone coming in to use a different stall—no stalls, you thought with a weak smile that morphed into a grimace. No worries that someone would comment on the smell—stars, you had forgotten to turn on the incense dispenser so that the awful stench would not permeate throughout your room. With a sniffle, you reached forward and flicked on the fan. That should help at least a smidge, you thought.

You were bent over nearly in two, your body tensing then relaxing as the waves hit. With a whimper, you would reach back and flush the toilet. The trashcan was once more in front of you in case you needed to spit or, on the worst occasions, actually vomit. You had not had it this bad in quite a while.

*Breakfast sucked, man. It tasted so good. What the fuck did I even eat? Never eat it again. Have to get the menu so that I don’t eat it again.*

You started to rummage through drawers. Currently there was a lapse in the actual *going*, though you could hear and feel your intestines making wet rumblings that indicated things were literally moving along.

“Oooh…perfume.” You seized the small vial, pointed the nozzle in the air, and sprayed twice. “Ah, fuck…shitty flowers.” You made a gagging face, set the perfume back into the drawer, and instead grabbed out a hair tie. You pulled back your hair, tying everything up prior to leaning forward and spitting in the trashcan. The bag made a sort of hissing noise at the contact, the plastic rustling. “Dying again.” You reached behind yourself and flushed the toilet for a third time.

When at long last you felt as though you were through, you applied some petroleum jelly to your sore behind, washed your hands with an excess of soap to erase the feeling of nastiness that overcame you whenever you had such horrific episodes of diarrhea, and with a sigh and deciding to leave the fan running for a few minutes longer, you exited your refresher. Only to jerk backwards and scream a sharp—Ah!

Creepazoid was in your room, the dark haired man wearing loose-fitting black sweatpants and a tanktop. His arms had *muscles.*

*Please don’t be here to kill me. You kept your hand resting over your heart, where it had flown during your initial fright. “Uhm…” Creepazoid was turning on your second incense device. Again did you feel shame and embarrassment over your condition welling up inside of you. Your stomach released a light grumble, and your hand dropped from your heart to your aching gut. Stars, but did it feel like someone had sucker-punched you. “This… How the fuck did you get into my quarters?”*
“I requested access to your passcode.” That deep voice. If only you were not so achy, you might have been attracted to it. Then again, there was also the fact that it belonged to a creeper who had entered your quarters without your permission. You squinted, attempting to make sense of what he was saying. The man’s head tilted to the side, and his Adam’s apple bobbed. “You…truly do not know who I am.”

“Uhm…uh… That… Dude, that does not give you the right to… Are you—how long have you been stalking me?”

That should be on the list of things to not ask your stalker—unless it already was on the list.

Your eyes darted around for a blunt object, anything with which you could defend yourself. “I will be remaining here as your roommate.”

“Uhm… I have… In my file, it’s—“

“There will be more incense brought.” You flinched at his words, feeling tears pricking the corners of your eyes. You retreated back into the bathroom, closing the door. “Even still?”

You chewed on your bottom lip and slipped down into a kneeling position. Feeling that it placed pressure on your stomach, you shifted until you were comfortable. Only then did you allow your head to tilt backwards so that you could stare up at the ceiling. The tears began to slip down your cheeks. You had already felt so miserable and now—who even was this guy?

Doesn’t matter, you thought, sniffling once more before forcing yourself to regain your composure. You stood back up on your feet, opened your drawer, and withdrew that ever-useful perfume. With your finger on the nozzle, you angled the bottle so that it was near your back, out of sight as you exited the refresher. The dark-haired man was still in your quarters. His gaze traveled to you, and you cautiously made your way further into the room this time.

“You were…crying…” His brow knit once more, as though he could not fathom why you would cry at all. This had you clenching your teeth. You were hunched over as you stood, the pain and discomfort in your gut not allowing you to stand fully erect. Another step in his direction. His eyes fell towards the floor before rising once more to your face. “What—“ Your hand shot forward, however he had rather quick reflexes. The man caught your wrist, pushing it down so that the shot of perfume hit his chest rather than his eyes. His nostrils twitched. “Perfume…”

“Who gave you the passcode?” you managed to ask with more brevity than you had expected; in truth, you had thought you would only manage a mash-up of syllables, given how he was holding your wrist—such a tight grip! The next breath you released was more in-tune with how you were feeling; shaky, ragged. “I’m supposed to get my own room. It’s in my file… Who gave you—“

“Your condition will not be of any consequence. I do not often need to utilize the refresher.”

“You weren’t officially assigned here, were you?” you asked. His eyelids descended then rose more slowly than previous times. As though he was actually considering what had been said to him. His lips parted, yet he said nothing. “Who are you then?”

“I recall you stating that you do not care.” So precise, so damn eloquent.

You screwed up your face, looking him up and down. “Fine then…” You searched your mind for something and grasped onto the first thing that came to it. “Matt!” You were quite adept at confounding him, catching him off-guard, for his eyebrows drew towards one another and his mouth opened a little. “Get the fuck out of my quarters.”
At the very least, ‘Matt’ relinquished his hold on your wrist. You retreated back to the refresher once more, this time to replace the perfume back into its proper place. Your eyes darted around for another weapon when—Damn it!

You had just enough time to slam the door closed, open the toilet, and shove down your clothes so that you could utilize the facilities again. From the other side of the door, you could hear Matt moving around. Looking through your possessions. You groaned, this time not because of your stomach. The squeaking of a mattress. Was that fucker—? You remained extra quiet, straining to hear. He was! He was on your bed!

“Get out of my quarters, Matt!” you shouted, your words garbled as your body decided it despised you and the stress Matt was putting you through.

It was when you were finished—and beyond exhausted—that you practically crawled out of the refresher. The incense had your quarters smelling mighty nice…and the individual who had turned on the two devices was indeed in your bed. Reading one of your holonovels. You scowled, adjusted your loose clothing as you slipped your bra back on in a way that helped you to conserve your dignity, and seized up your commlink.

“You do not need that,” he said in a rather calm voice.

“Yes I do,” you moaned out pathetically. You needed to contact one of your superiors. “I… You aren’t cleared… This is my room. Fuck off.”

“Just come to bed,” Matt said dismissively. You looked over your shoulder at him. Not only was he reading one of your books, but he was playing on your gaming datapad. Your arm dangled at your side, the commlink slipping through your fingers. “I will not kill you in your sleep.” You snorted, your mind attempting to come up with an answer as to why it seemed he knew your thoughts. It was a logical trail, after all, that you would assume this stranger wished to do you harm. “Nor will I rape you. You may place a pillow between our bodies.”

“Can… Can I just have my gaming pad—“

“No.”

Matt…straight up…sucks… you thought grimly, too weak and tired to fight. You placed several pillows between his body and yours, effectively dividing your bed into sides. You curled up onto your side, your back to the man. After getting another look at those damn arms of his, you decided it would not be worth even attempting to fight—at least not yet.
In the morning, you tiredly blinked open your eyes to greet the new day—and instead received an eye-full of Matt doing push-ups rather effortlessly. You felt your bottom lip threatening to pucker forward into a pout. You, however, managed to keep face and instead silently, inwardly fumed. The dark-haired man was ignoring you as though you were not even there. As though this wasn’t your quarters he had invaded. You shifted up into a sitting position, your legs dangling over the side of the bed. Still he did not so much as glance your way. Those muscles in his arms flexing as he completed another push-up.

He was acting as though you were insignificant. After he had insulted you and forced his way into your bed, your life. Your condition was difficult enough to handle when you did not have the added stress of…Matt.

You narrowed your eyes. *Fight me, you punk!*

At that, you launched yourself onto him, throwing your body over his and wrapping your arm around his neck in an attack to place him in a chokehold. Matt effortlessly rolled over onto his back. The air escaped your lungs in a hissed *oooh*, and then he was turning over further, onto his hands and knees. Your hold having been broken, you moved up onto your hands and knees as well, staring at him through a narrowed gaze. His eyes met yours. Brown. A pretty sort of brown, you noted; eyes you could drown in—if they had belonged to someone appealing rather than this…this… He did not have an unattractive face. Sharp nose. His ears a little larger than what some other men had, though they fit him in a way. His hair was… You were jealous of his hair.

*Fight me!*

This time when you went for him, Matt rolled back and caught you up in his arms. The man flipped you onto his shoulder and stood. You felt a wave of vertigo, forcing you to blink your eyes thrice before you were able to gather your bearings. You twisted, aiming a blow to the back of his head—with your elbow—and he flipped you forward, throwing you onto your back upon the bed. You bounced, kicking out your legs. You wondered what sort of training he had undergone, what with the ease it took him to catch your ankles. You were twirled around, your stomach on the mattress.

Huffing in frustration, you looked over your shoulder at him. Matt relinquished his hold on your ankles, slipped on the pair of boots he had left by the door to your quarters, and left. You turned back over, sitting on the very edge of your bed and staring at the closed door. Though you hated to admit it…that had actually been *fun*.

Rolling your shoulders, you rose from the bed and entered your refresher. There you showered, readied yourself, and at last exited so that you could dress for the day. As a consultant, there was a lot of downtime when you were not involved in meetings. The technicians who were under your guidance did pose questions to you, which was why you always carried around your commlink and at least one, if not five, of your datapads. You threw the strap of your bag over your shoulder then stuffed inside it three datapads, four holotexts, and your commlink. You began to head for the door, thought better of it, and grabbed some anti-diarrhea pills and antacids to help you get through the day.

Luckily, you found that your stomach was doing better than the previous day. You took only a few trips to the refresher, and that was due to needing to urinate. By the end of the day, however, your
intestines decided they wanted to be rather vocal. As with other times, this earned you attention that you wished you did not have. People asked you if you were hungry, when you had eaten last, or if you needed to use the bathroom.

This had been bad enough, and yet your luck ran out. Kylo Ren. You had heard of him on more than a single occasion, had been apprehensive when it came to actually meeting him. Now that he was in the room to overhear you running through a report, you wished you had met under different circumstances. His menacing form felt like it was towering over you. Rather than staring at the display of the report your team had formed over the course of a month, that visor of his was pointed at your stomach. Your intestines made a wet, gurgling sound. Grumbles.

Shut up, damn it! you screamed, lifting the datapad that you were holding a little higher. He started to lift his head, and yet your stomach released more noises and his chin again dipped. You raised the datapad even higher, nearly obscuring your face.

“Perhaps you should eat.”

“I… I’m not… hungry, s-sir,” you managed to squeak out. As if your face could not feel any hotter; your intestines seemed to only increase in volume.

“Have the report forwarded to me.” He turned on his heel and strode away. You lowered the datapad a fraction of an inch so that you could stare after him.

What an ass…

You well knew why he had left; the man could not stand the sound of your stomach. And it was not as though you could help it! Nostrils flaring, you huffed out a quick breath and turned to your aide. You handed the datapad to her, relaying Ren’s orders though you knew she had heard them. The young woman gave a quick nod then set off to do as she had been instructed.

Work lasted only three hours longer, and for this you were grateful. You could not get over your humiliation, the way Kylo Ren had walked away from you like that. You had been working for the First Order, had spoken with General Hux a number of times—and never had you felt so… so…

You lowered yourself onto the ground in your quarters after dressing in more comfortable clothing. You made sure to wear your bra.

I don’t want to deal with Matt… hopefully he doesn’t come back. How the hell did he even get the passcode? You rolled your eyes, adjusted your position so that you were sitting cross-legged. Doesn’t matter… relax…. clear your mind… You inhaled deeply through your nose then exhaled at a slow pace.

By the time you were on your tenth breath in your deep breathing exercise, the door to your quarters opened. You closed your eyes and did what you could to ignore the man’s presence. Still, you could hear the door closing. Shoes being taken off. Sock-clad feet pattering over. And—he was sitting across from you. You opened your eyes, pausing in your exercise of relaxation.

“Yes?” The man was also cross-legged, and those brown orbs were trained on your face. “Can I help you?”

“Are you attempting to keep in shape by doing this?”

“It helps with metabolism. I exercise in the gym for keeping in shape—all in line with regulations.” There was a moment of silence between the two of you. The man did not even blink. “Well…it works better when you’re not here staring at me like a creeper.”

The corners of his eyes twitched. Matt pressed his hands to the ground and hoisted himself up. The
man walked over to your bed, grabbed up your gaming pad and another of your holonovels. You
followed his every move up until he was sitting there immersed in your entertainment items. You
shook your head and attempted to clear your thoughts once more—a groan escaped you, though it
was quiet and you were not certain if Matt even heard you. The man was playing a game on your
gaming pad with the sound on.

Just listen to the music…let it relax you, you told yourself. It was not exactly easy, what with the
game the man was playing. There were more sound effects than there was music.

With a grumble, you decided to put your meditation on hold. You climbed up into the bed, grabbed
one of your other holonovels, and started to read. Your intestines decided they wanted to fill in
the silence. You sucked in your bottom lip at the first shhhkkkishhh. Movement beside you; Matt half-
turned so that he was able to look down at your stomach. You turned the page on your book, and the
second noise issued from your gut. Your unwanted-roommate slid a hand away from the gaming
pad, the man allowing the holonovel to slide off his stomach and onto the bed beside him as he
reached over and placed that hand on your stomach.

Your eyes whipped over to his face. Matt blinked three times as he rubbed light circles on your
stomach, as though attempting to soothe your vocal intestines. You nearly dropped your own
holonovel as you smacked at his hand. “Stop, you creep!” He blinked again, his gaze lifting to your
face though he refused to remove his hand from your gut. “I don’t need… I don’t even want you in
here. Taking my stuff. This is supposed to be where I can relax.”

“Relax then,” he said nonchalantly. You glowered at him.

Had a shitty day… I don’t want to deal with him.

Matt tilted his head to the side. “Or do you wish to fight me again?”

“Do you get off on doing weird shit like this? It’s called stalking, and I’m pretty sure… I should
report you.” As you said the final portion, you started to rummage around the bedside table for your
commlink. This would have been a rather simple task had it not been bogged down with datapads,
holonovels, and—was that a dirty bra? “Are you under some delusion that we’re in a relationship?”

“No. I am your roommate… ‘Matt’.” You stopped your task of sorting through your bedside table to
turn around and meet his eye. More gurgling from your stomach, and thus more rubbing from this
stranger. You slapped his hand, which jerked and was around your wrist. You tensed, your breath
hitching. “I will not hurt you—that is not my intention.”

“Stop rubbing my stomach,” you said, your voice quivering only a little; for this you were proud.
Matt at long last withdrew his limb, twisted around so that his back was to you, and began to
entertain himself with your items. You lifted your holonovel once more, your eyes traveling over the
text.

Beside you, Matt was twisting to make himself more comfortable. You scowled when his feet were
practically on your pillow. Nearly snarled when the man placed his head on your stomach, his ear
flat against you. His breathing was rather level, indicating that he was relaxed…that your intestinal
noises were soothing to him. You looked over the rim of your novel at him. He had set aside the
holonovel he had taken and was now only playing on the gamingpad. You watched him, your facial
features relaxing.

Given that this was the man you had wrestled with that morning, he reminded you something of a
teenager with the way he was laying on you. Curled up almost. It reminded you of your days of
youth. Young love. Curled up on your bed. Of course, that had all been completely consensual, and
not some guy barging his way into your life because you had told him you did not give a flying fuck who he was.

Still…after the way Kylo Ren had treated you…it was almost nice to know that someone liked the noises your body made. Especially since you had no control over it.

“Just don’t rub it again,” you muttered, adjusting the novel again so that you could continue reading. Matt offered a small hum and did not pause in playing on your gaming pad.
Matt did not return to your quarters the following evening, and you found yourself sitting in the middle of your bed staring at the door. You tapped a low beat against your leg with your fingers. Waiting. Watching. Your stomach gurgled as anticipation threatened to upset it. When you looked at the clock and found that it was hours into sleep cycle, you decided to give up. It was not as though you had even wanted a roommate, your mind supplied as a means of comforting you. You shook your head at this and rolled your eyes. In some ways, it had started to feel natural. That your stomach noises had not turned him away—or had they?

You curled up on your side, huffing out a sigh. Your stomach had decided to begin gurgling again. ‘Talking’ some said. You never got over the stares people would grace you with on the days your intestines were exceptionally vocal. Matt had been the first to rub your stomach as he had. You could not recall ever having a boyfriend who had laid his head upon your gut. In fact, you distinctly remembered at least one of your past romances ending when the guy told you how utterly annoying it all was. You dropped that fucker instantly.

Unable to quite sleep still, you drew your gaming pad, which you had previously set beside your pillow, to you. You clicked open one of the games you often played and then paused in your actions. This had apparently caught Matt’s interest as well. There were characters leveled up that you had never played as. In fact, you noticed, the only characters Matt had touched were new ones that you had never given thought of using. You began to scroll through them, curious as to what teams he had used. What sort of strategy did he prefer?

The game he played had an application that allowed you to watch replays of previous attacks, and you started up one of them. One by one you found yourself watching these rather than sleeping. He played much differently than you did, as though he was somehow more familiar with the mechanics of the battlefield. You cupped your cheek in your hand when you were on the fourth replay. A part of you was rather tired, and yet your mind would not settle. Where in the past you would have fallen asleep while watching the video, instead you were growing more and more awake. As though you had had several cups of caf in one go.

Matt was brilliant in battle; or perhaps only in a fictional setting, in which case he was a great strategist.

Even when you had to use the refresher, you grabbed up your gaming pad so that you could continue to watch. If you had had any meetings set up for the following day, you might have worried more about getting some sleep. The work you would be completing, however, could be done from your own quarters. Thus you allowed yourself time to run through each and every one of his attack replays, analyzing them, before shutting off your game pad to sleep. It was hours into the morning by that time.

Aware that you would likely miss breakfast, you slept anyhow. Your mind raced even while you slumbered, providing you with dreams of the various attacks you had observed on the videos.

What woke you up was a noise quite like glass clattering against something solid—wooden, perhaps. You jumped, groggily turning over to discover a fold-out table had been placed at your bedside. Upon this sat a tray filled with a napkin, plate of food, and a ceramic cup with some steaming liquid. You shifted up into a sitting position, glancing over at the man who was reaching across you for the gaming pad.
It was strange, you thought, that it seemed almost normal for this man to randomly appear and take your device. Not that you could use it at the moment anyhow; you needed to eat the food he had brought for you, as well as get to work. First thing was first though; you slipped out of bed and used the refresher to shower, brush your teeth, and pull on some fresh clothes you had pulled out on the way. You did not take long, not wanting the food or drink to get cold.

You picked up three datapads to work with. After setting these on the bed, you sat cross-legged and reached for the cup of caf. It had cooled enough for you to drink without having to worry about burning yourself. “Thank you, Matt,” you said after replacing the cup on the tray. The man only grunted in response. You eyed him whilst opening up the applications on two of the datapads you would need in order to do the tasks you were assigned. “I was thinking I had my room all to myself again.”

“You believe I have no work to carry out?” he shot, his tone annoyed and accusative. You paused with your hands reaching towards your third datapad. Your eyes were directed on his face. He was staring at you in return, ignoring the gaming pad he had taken. “There are no idle hands here.”

“Uhm… That isn’t what I…” You growled in annoyance, seizing your final datapad and turning on the device. “I meant at night. I thought maybe we had similar hours.”

“Oh…” He sounded rightly sobered. You hoped he had learned to not assume things, and yet you somehow doubted it. This was, after all, the man who had forced his way into your life.

At least he brought food this time, you thought, picking up a bite for yourself and setting about to getting some of your work done. You were aware that there was a part of you that did not mind Matt’s company due to a longing to be social. Your condition rendered you lonely oftentimes, moreso recently because of the stress some of the First Order’s needs brought to you. It was horrible on your stomach, and yet the pay was good and medical care was provided that you would not elsewhere receive.

You switched between datapads at random, retrieving information off of one in order to put it on another. The majority of your work was completed on the final datapad you had powered up. The other two, however, still received a generous amount of your attention. The First Order wanted as close to perfection as possible—in truth, they had demanded actual perfection, however you were logical enough to know that this was not possible. There would always be at least one flaw; it was how one worked with that flaw that mattered. That was, after all, how the Empire’s Death Star had been destroyed. Had their flaw been better guarded, that defense may well have prevented the base’s obliteration. In that respect, you were beyond relieved that you were not working on Starkiller’s defense so much as the weaponry aspect.

The issue that had arisen was the way firing the weapon could potentially compromise the base’s shields. This flaw had been assumed to be under control, yet the size of the base had proven that this was not so. That was when you had been called in. You did have contact with those in charge of Starkiller’s defense, and you had been briefed on their adjustments five days previous. Now it was for you and your team to see if anything else needed to be tweaked.

The last thing you wanted or needed was for the weapon to backfire and implode—especially with you on it. Harnessing the power of the sun—any sun—was not the easiest thing. General Hux was stressing that he wanted results quickly. He demanded progress. Thankfully, he was realistic and did not expect everything to be worked through immediately. He was a brilliant man in that respect, someone you enjoyed working under. As for Kylo Ren, your only meeting with him had obviously not gone over well. You scowled at the thought.

Your eyes flicked over to Matt. “Hey… Er… Can I ask you a question?” He grunted, not tearing his
gaze away from the gaming pad. “Are my stomach noises… Are they really annoying?”

“Hmm?” You elaborated, making strange noises in your throat to imitate the sounds that had caused Kylo Ren to leave you. Matt looked up from your gaming pad. He blinked twice, his jaw in constant motion. As though perhaps he was forming an answer, some sort of lie. You fidgeted with the edge of your datapad. “It’s… calming…”

As he spoke, his eyes dropped to your stomach and then returned to your gaming pad. You narrowed your eyes and looked in the direction of the food tray. Had he brought you something to eat in order to listen to the noises your stomach made afterwards? You decided not to ask the question aloud; you would observe his actions closely in order to discover the answer yourself. Thus, you dropped all pretense of conversation and allowed him to play on your gaming device while you returned your full attention to your work.

You had divided up your team into three groups to sort out the various issues that had arisen. From there, you were attempting to discern which tasks would be best left to each group. You toyed with various scenarios and groupings before working out the final list. This you forwarded to each of the group leaders, reminding them to report everything to you so that you could later discuss the adjustments with the consultant for the defense systems.

It was towards the end of composing the final message that Matt climbed onto the bed with you. You bit the insides of your cheeks to keep from making a face. Your intestines had started their usual grumbling, which meant that Matt had fed you with the intention of using you as a sort of calming device. You did not understand why he didn’t simply request an audio feed of a similar nature.

Pulling your limbs closer to yourself and leaning away from your self-selected roommate, you forgot entirely about how you had sort of missed him the previous night. Currently he was getting on your last nerve, making you feel rather used. You reached for your gaming pad. Matt lifted it away, the man scowling at you as though you were the annoying one.

“Look, Matt,” you began, your expression and tone rather sour. “Give me that back—it’s mine.”

“You should finish your work before worrying about me.” His eyes pinched at the sides, a smirk forming on his lips. “You look rather tired. You didn’t sleep, did you?”

You huffed at his accusation. It was the fact that he was right that so irked you. The way he was scanning your face allowed you to know that you had bags under your eyes. You wiped at them, knowing it would do nothing. You sent off the final message, shut off two of your datapads, and began re-reading through older messages on the third. Matt was sitting beside you, his gaze constantly switching between the gaming pad he would not return and your stomach.

He wanted to lay on it, you knew. It caused a strange tingling to develop at the base of your skull. There was a rising urge to slam your datapad against his face repeatedly. Given that he had bested you in the previous wrestling match, however, you decided against sacrificing the datapad in a futile effort.

“Do you even do anything useful here?” you asked at long last, your irritation getting the better of you. Matt once more blinked at you when your gaze met his.

He tilted his head to the side. “I completed my tasks while you…” He paused, his attention falling to the gaming pad. “…you watched the replays.”

“Hmm… Well, what is it you do?” You were not going to let this go. Not with the way he was acting, with the way he was attempting to use you. The man had forced his way into your life, and
you were going to make damn sure he regretted it. The nerve of him; believing he could use you as some sort of… Your train of thought ended abruptly, your mind supplying you with the picture of a baby resting its head atop its mother’s belly. “Oh, kriff, no! Get out, Matt!” The man ducked to avoid your flailing hand, with which you had attempted to smack him.

“You are rather cranky when you receive an inefficient amount of sleep.” He spoke so matter-of-fact, so blunt, that it made your hand curl into a fist. You wanted to punch him in the face. The way he was holding your gaming pad, however, suggested he would use the device to swat at your hand should you attempt to do so. “You have been fed. You completed your work. Now, sleep.”

As though you were a child or some pet.

“I am reporting you to General Hux first thing when I wake up, Matt,” you growled out, turning over onto your side with your back to him so that he could not rest his head on your stomach as he clearly wished to do.

You heard the dark haired man behind you scoff. “You do not know my name. I look forward to watching you…report me…” He trailed off with an amused snort, climbing onto the bed with you and attempting to worm his way to where his ear was as close to your stomach as possible. You scooted further away from him, and did not reveal that you planned on taking his picture in order to hand it over to General Hux for identification purposes.
Boundaries

You awoke alone, and rolled out of bed to drag yourself in the direction of the refresher. Your gut released only a few noises, these all vocalizing the hunger you felt. After readying yourself for the day, you grabbed up a bag as you did most workdays, shoved in the various datapads you would need, and headed out the door for the cafeteria. There you grabbed a meal you could eat on the go. The thermos would help keep your caf warm on this maker-forsaken planet of a weapon. You downed your meal then sipped on the caf. Despite the thermos, it still cooled rather quickly. This had much to do with the fact that you were venturing outdoors in order to move to the building in which General Hux was said to be working for the day. You had every intention of reporting Matt—and discovering his true identity for that matter.

It was true that originally you had told him that who he was hadn’t mattered; yet now that he had made it a point to force his way into your life, that bit of information was rather vital. Especially if he ever made a threat on your well-being. You could not recall having ever dealt with a stalker like this. Sure, a few crushes had followed along after you while you were in childhood. They had never lasted long; children are cruel and look for every reason to poke fun at one another. Your noisy intestines had never before been viewed as endearing. Which caused your mind to wander back to the way Matt patted it and seemed to fawn over it.

Had he not been such a creeper, perhaps something would have come of the arrangement. Not necessarily romance, however a friendship may have developed. As it was, you were tired of him interrupting what would otherwise be a calming night for you.

You reached into your bag, finger drawing a line along the top of the datapad that contained the photo. It was your personal device; you were not permitted to put such photos on the ones used for business, else you would have created an assortment of back-ups. You doubted you would need any, though. Once you arrived at General Hux’s side, things would start returning to normal for you. Your quarters would once more be just that—yours.

It was a shame, you thought; Matt would have been a decent companion in other settings. Selfish, perhaps. But still decent.

The heels of your shoes hit against the pavement of the steps. Stone, shaped around the natural formations of the planet. The First Order had constructed the features of the super weapon in a rather intelligent fashion. Less digging into the surface for the purpose of creating stairs meant that there was less structural damage. Corporations you had worked for in the past had made unfortunate mistakes that had led to the collapse of projects. Your eyes darted along the numerous features of the current project that made your heart swell with pride to be involved.

You mounted the final step, walked up to the door, and paused as it opened. The warmth of the interior of the building hardly counteracted the cool air you had just endured. That was another intelligent thing the First Order had going for them; the temperatures gradually warmed in layers of the building. This prevented sudden fluctuations in body temperature, which could cause heart attacks as well as other medical traumas.

You were in the third layer of temperature rises when your walking ceased. Kylo Ren stood with his arms at his sides. His body was angled so as to prevent you from going further. “Sir?” You had nearly stuttered, yet managed to keep yourself from doing so.
Kylo Ren said nothing to you. You felt your stomach begin to churn, acid lapping at its sides. You were only thankful that you had eaten, else you would have been worse off. The man’s hand forced its way into your bag. Your own limb jerked away, the datapad you had been touching being snatched.

“Ah, that’s—“

“Quiet.” You silenced yourself, more-so because he had said this single word rather calmly. Dismissive even. You watched him as he began to scroll through the contents of your personal device. All the while your heart was hammering in your chest.

When he brought up the picture of ‘Matt’, however, you could remain silent no longer. “I was going to report—”

“I am aware of your intentions,” Kylo Ren said smoothly, once more cutting you off. His fingers worked on the datapad, erasing the only photo evidence of the man whose true name you did not know. You swayed where you stood. “Permission has already been given; he has authority to enter the quarters you now share.”

Bile rose in your throat. Stress was never kind to you; your intestines and stomach both suffered. All the while you were growing to despise this strange man all the more. Kylo Ren—every contact you had had with him, the handful of them, you had been left feeling so small. Your frustrations only grew when he replaced your datapad and walked away without another word to you.

You stood there, staring dumbly at his retreating form until he was completely out of sight. A large part of you wanted to scream, while another told you to crumple to the floor and cry out all your frustrations. You settled for leaning against the wall with your butt while allowing yourself to bend a little. The palms of your hands were also against the wall for support, your fingertips pressed firmly against the surface. The world seemed to spin ’round in circles. You inhaled through your nose and exhaled through slightly parted lips.

There was no time for a complete breakdown—you did have work to accomplish—however there was ample time for you to take a breather. You needed to gather your bearings before you left the building to meet with your team. They could not see you so shaken; your dealings with your intestinal issues were one thing, while being rattled by an individual, namely one of the triumvirate, was another.

The roiling in your stomach soon died down, and from there you pushed off the wall in order to exit the building. You felt rather foolish for even having entered the building in the first place. A wasted trip. Wasted time. A wad of saliva slid down your throat when you swallowed, and you blinked back your tears.

By the time you returned to the building in which you would be working, you had calmed yourself enough so that the tears were no longer forming. That did not stop your eyes from stinging a little due to the residual saltiness of the tears that had managed the find their way down your cheeks. Those you had brushed away before the frost could freeze them to your face.

Your team greeted you with the respect your position over them demanded. You forced a smile, getting straight to business. It was not only your fingers that were flying over numerous datapads; those under you each had a minimum of three datapads to work on. Truth be told, you were thankful there was so much work for the day. It helped you to forget all about that morning, about your foiled plans to turn in ‘Matt’ and discover his true identity. The majority of what was accomplished was you looking over the progress of various mini projects. There were some alterations that would need to be made, and you jotted down notes of these to send General Hux’s way.
As you were wrapping things up for the day, one of the supervisors who held the same rank as you—she had agreed to work under you for this project, which had been a pleasant surprise—asked if you would want to come over to her quarters. You had startled at the invite, your eyes widening and your jaw starting to drop. You caught yourself, sealed your lips, and nodded. “Great. Swing by around seven-ish. We’ll watch a vid and eat a few snacks—does popcorn bother your stomach?”

“Ohm…no…” You were attempting to process this. While the pair of you had worked together on a number of projects, neither of you had ever attempted to initiate a friendship outside of the work environment. “Popcorn is fine.”

“Bring your own pop,” she said, flashing you two fingers in a peace sign and moseying on out of the room.

You lingered there, feeling more shell-shocked than elated for several seconds. A grin soon broke out across your face, and your next step started in a skip. You cleared your throat and proceeded to walk normally from thereon. You had to remain completely professional, you reminded yourself, or else there would be notations on your file that could potentially lead to you being dismissed by the First Order. That was one disadvantage to working in a military facility; they were less lenient than other employers.

As with breakfast, from the cafeteria you grabbed a dinner you could eat while walking. Your quarters were empty when you arrived. You hummed to yourself, dropping your bag in a corner and shifting close to your closet. You crossed your arms over your chest while examining the contents. What casual outfit should you wear? A large part of you wanted to throw on sweat pants. The walk to the other woman’s quarters, however, had you questioning that move. After all, you had to remain professional, right?

“Nah,” you said, grabbing out the comfortable sweats. You were in the process of dropping your pants when the door to your quarters opened. You squeaked, scrambled into the new clothes. Matt shot you a look as he entered. You scowled. He would have to show up before you could leave.

“What are you doing?”

This he asked the moment you placed your personal datapad into a bag you planned on taking with you. “Going to a friend’s.”

“No.”

“Wh…” You spun around, shaking your head. “Look… You don’t have a say.”

“Here.” The man was completely ignoring what you were saying. This wasn’t anything new. You scowled, wrinkling your nose as Matt shoved something into your arms. A stuffed bantha, you noted. Your arms squeezed the object. It was, from what you could tell, made of the same material that stress balls were created from. “You seem stressed.” Even as he was saying these words, Matt was going for your gaming pad. “It’s within regulations.”

Am I supposed to thank him?

You were too baffled to do anything at that point. It was not as though you wanted to reject the invitation; you wanted more to come. “It’s not an all-night thing.” You squeezed the bantha, wondering why you were explaining yourself to your unwanted roommate. “I’m going.”

“Why?”

“Because I want to be near other people—“
“I am another person.” You turned around to face him. The man was scowling, his bottom lip puffed forward as though threatening to form a pout. Your intestines seemed to swoop inside of you. This was followed by a fluttering sensation. Matt drew his knees upwards, rested your gaming pad on them, and transferred his attention onto the game he had opened.

You scratched your lower back as you stood there, allowing your had to loll back so as to stare up at the ceiling. What were you supposed to do? It felt unfair that you were pressured to experience guilt. This man had forced his way into your life—what the hell was there to feel guilty over? The bantha that was tucked under your left arm released no noise, not offering up any explanation other than its very presence.

“…it’s…girl time, I guess,” you said sullenly. Matt’s fingers paused in their movements, hovering over the controls. “A quick movie…and then I’ll be back.”

There was no response from him. His legs slunk all the more closely to his body, and he buried himself in the fictional world of the game. You sighed, forced away the guilt, and lifted up the bag you had previously prepared. You set the stuffed bantha on your dresser and patted its head before heading out the door. There was no way you were going to be forced to give up something that, quite frankly, did not happen often for you.

As you had informed Matt, you remained with your coworker for the duration of a single movie before leaving. The two of you spoke a little, although you each had a habit of bringing up work. The bowls of popcorn were quickly emptied, and you had agreed to host the next meet-up in your quarters. Through your entire walk back to your room, you had wondered just how that would happen. Especially given the fact that your current roommate likely would not leave.

He was still on your bed when you opened the door. “Since you seem so set on remaining here, I need your contact information.” He snorted, and you knew why this was—it would be too easy to obtain his true name if he gave you this. “Fine. In four days, I’ll be having a friend over for a bit…Girl time again.”

“You want me to be gone?”

“Yeah. I do, Matt.” His lip once more protruded forward, as though the man was insulted. You grabbed the bantha he had given you off the dresser, climbed into bed with him, and laid your head upon the pillow. “Not the entire night.”

Since Kylo Ren was refusing to allow you to report Matt, to kick him out of your quarters, you had decided to make the best of it. This could work…for now. Regardless, you knew that boundaries needed to be set up. It was the only way your nerves weren’t going to be shot—you’d rather not end up in the bathroom nonstop due to stress. Speaking of stress—

“Thanks…for the bantha.” You lifted the stuffed animal enough to display it. Matt’s eyes flicked to the object and then returned to the game. His way of responding was to alter his position in bed; you frowned the moment his ear rested against your stomach. Boundaries, your mind repeated. But you would work on this aspect later.
Insufficient Concerns

Chapter Notes

You've all been uber amazing and supportive. Thank you for the hit, kudos and reviews. Lately my intestines have been acting up, so I've really been feeling this fic. I'm hoping to have all the chapters I have prewritten uploaded before this month ends--hopefully within the next week to two weeks.

Insufficient Concerns

Despite all the discomfort and, in a way, mayhem that Matt had brought into your life with his actions, you could not deny that you were feeling rather comfortable with him. This, of course, had much to do with the fact that he had given you a gift. Plus, your mind added, he had previously brought you food. Had you not known any better, you would have believed he was attempting to woo you. His lack of sexual advances led you to believe otherwise. Perhaps he desired a mother figure? A sisterly figure? You wrinkled your nose. Given the nature of your cuddling, that would be borderline inappropriate. Still, he was quite obviously seeking companionship.

You could not deny, either, that you found comfort in his presence due to your own need for human interaction. And he had come to you despite your intestinal issues. While that first night had made you feel rather poorly about yourself, he had since been almost…supportive.

You chewed on your bottom lip as you mulled this over. It was morning, and realistically you should have either been getting ready for work or else catching roughly another half hour of sleep. Matt was doing neither of these; he was engrossed, as per usual, in the game on your device. Why he didn’t simply use his own device, you did not know. Nor did you much mind at the present.

“Are… I mean…” You ran your tongue along your lips, pinching the edge of the topmost blanket. Matt’s brown eyes flicked to you, remaining a few seconds longer than you had anticipated. It felt as though your heart fluttered in your chest, and your intestines responded in kind. You placed a hand atop your belly, rubbing. His eyes again diverted from the game, this time landing on your current actions. Matt’s index finger twitched away from the device, and the man sat up a little straighter. His leg began to bend at the knee only for him to then straighten it once more. “I know that when… When I get stuck in the bathroom, it smells—I get that. But…”

You were feeling rather hot, your embarrassment mounting. Matt did not make a single move nor say a word to dissuade you from continuing. And thus you went on, rambling shakily at first before gaining steam. “I always… It’s hard to make friends who are understanding. They say they do at times, but… The looks they give… It’s with disgust or irritation.

“It’s like they think that I shouldn’t be… That I should be ashamed of my own body! And… I am! I kriffing am!” Tears began to well up in the corners of your eyes, and a tightness began to grip your chest. Suffocation. You wanted to sob, yet you held it down. “That’s why… That’s why I kept fighting for you to be… To not be here. Because this is supposed to be my safe space. I should be able to be comfortable here! Not ashamed of who I am!

“And then… the way Kylo Ren walked away when I was giving him a report. All because my stomach made noises…” You curled your fingers, clenching your hands. “He didn’t even hear me
out when I… He dismisses me as though I’m insignificant!”

Matt slowly blinked, his eyes pinching at the sides and his brow furrowing. “Those are rather insignificant concerns.”

Your jaw trembled, lips quivering as you started to shake. You could not stop blinking. Over and over again, your eyelids descended and lifted in rapid succession. It felt as though he had sucker-punched you; your gut clenching, aching. The gurgling in your intestines only grew. This was followed by a sk-ishhh sound that prompted Matt to reach towards you. You jerked away. Your feet were on the ground, bare to the cold air of the room before you realized what you were doing.

Matt frowned, his expression clearly displaying his stance; he believed you were being unreasonable. You were not going to allow him to make you feel less than you were. Yes, you had made the mistake in trusting him, in believing that he cared about your feelings. You were not about to make it sting worse.

You instantly began grabbing out fresh clothes. Your stomach was clenching, painfully so. You darted into the refresher with your bundle of clothes in your arms. Flicked on the fan, locked the door, and headed for the toilet.

Hemorrhoid cream was your friend. You tilted back your head whilst washing your hands. Blood in the toilet would perhaps have unnerved a number of others, but for you it was…well, normal at times like this.

Kriffing stress.

You finished rubbing the soap along your flesh, rinsed it off, and proceeded to dry your hands on the towel. The smell of incense hit you the moment you opened the door that separated your room and the refresher. You sniffed, enjoying something much more fresh than…what had been in the toilet. Matt was rubbing the very tip of his finger back and forth on the piece of furniture that held one of the dispensers.

He looked rather, if you had to pick a term for his expression, morose. Somber. Guilty, your mind selected at last. He opened his mouth, however you cut him off. “It’s better to wait. I get it if you didn’t mean to hurt me with that, but… It hurt. I need some time to get over it. Even if I decide to forgive you… I don’t even know. That’s your stance, I get it. I don’t agree with it—at all. But I do get it.”

“The amount of time you put into those concerns…” When he realized that you were keeping quiet to allow him to continue, he did so. “To allow insignificant concerns to compromise your health in this way is foolish.”

“Maybe. I can’t erase the way it hurts me.”

“You can change the way you act.” You stared at him, not quite knowing what to say. What was there to say? It was as though the two of you were awkwardly attempting to find a common ground. Some points you would never agree on, but others… What was he trying to say?

The alarm chirped, startling you and causing you to jump. You turned your head to look in its direction. “The meeting…”

Matt did not say another word to you. The man who had wormed his way into your life soon walked out the door. You stared after him. All the while, your alarm continued to chirp. It took you another few seconds to walk over and shut it off. You imagined, as you did so, that Matt was preparing for
his workday—whatever it was that he did. He kept his uniform away so that you could not learn his true identity.

Upon arriving at the meeting, the true identity of the man you referred to as ‘Matt’ was the least of your concerns. Kylo Ren was standing across the room, like a shadow sulking in the corner. You wanted to jump across the table and fight him, however managed to control this urge. What helped, of course, was the fact that your intestines were still not exactly happy with you. Any sudden movements would worsen their discomfort, and so you sat there in your chair while listening to the report that was being read.

You folded your hands on the table, one atop the other, in order to prevent yourself from rubbing your gut. Your mind instantly darted to Matt.

Blinking, you furrowed your brow—then caught yourself and sorted your features into a neutral expression. Kylo Ren straightened a little in his corner; the current speaker’s voice faltered. Everyone was always so nervous around Kylo Ren. You wondered how anything got done with him around. Especially when he wouldn’t bother listening to reports half the time anyway.

With how smoothly the First Order ran, you started to wonder how this was even accomplished with Kylo Ren present. Your stomach twisted a little. Not now! Your face began to contort—

“A break.”

A hush fell upon the room. Or, would have fallen upon the room had your intestines not decided to let out a loud moaning. Eyes darted between you and the speaker. Kylo Ren repeated his words. It dawned on you that he was offering you an out—and, stars, did you book it out of that room.

Okay... he is only ninety-seven percent horrible.

These exact words you voiced to Matt when he entered your quarters at night. Incense was already burning though your bathroom trips had ceased more than an hour before. You had your gaming pad set out waiting for him. The bantha was in your lap. His eyes swept along this all, the man furrowing his brow as though attempting to sort out what you had said to him.

“He?”

“Kylo Ren.”

“You believe Kylo Ren is horrible.”

“Ninety-seven percent, yes. He’s three percent okay though.”

Without taking his eyes off of your face, Matt lifted the gaming pad from where you had set it. He then proceeded to climb onto the bed with you, angling his body so that he could rest his head upon your stomach. You did not move at all to prevent this. Instead, you stared down at him.

“Did you talk to him?”

“Hm?” he grunted, swiping through the gaming pad to open his preferred game.

“Kylo Ren—did you talk to Kylo Ren?” He was awfully quiet, not answering you at all. You felt goosebumps pimple along your flesh. “You’re, uh, on close terms with him then?”

“…yes.” It was phrased almost like a question. His nose twitched as he spoke that single word. You nodded. Though you had only known him a short time, you knew enough to be aware he would say
nothing further on the matter.

You curved an arm behind your head whilst lying back and stared up at the ceiling. Absently, you stroked the fur of the bantha that Matt had given to you. It made a little sense to you now why Kylo Ren had been so quick to dismiss your concerns over Matt inserting himself into your life. They were buddies of a sort—or something to that nature. And Matt had not done anything to harm you… In fact, he had assured you that he would not. Your gaze lowered from the ceiling to the man resting on you.

“Can we have separate beds when I’m on my period?”

Matt slid off your stomach, rolling onto his side and resting his head on the pillow beside yours—so that he was facing away from you.

“You know… I am actually trying to make it work now… To not stress about ‘trivial matters’.”

“I will seek a solution later.”

Never again were you going to shout out that you didn’t care who someone was before knowing who they were. Afterwards? Then you would or wouldn’t give a fuck.

“Whatever, Matt.”

In under fifteen minutes, his ear was once more resting on your stomach. It appeared that his disgust or unease over the topic of your menstrual cycle lost to his desire to listen to your intestines. You stared down at an angle, watching him play the game. It was interesting to observe it firsthand, his strategies. Things you would have taken for granted, Matt used to his advantage. Perhaps he was an officer who had been on the battlefield with Kylo Ren. It would make sense as to why he was on familiar terms with the man. Not quite friends in that case, which also explained the underlying question in his response.

You had heard that there was a level of camaraderie formed on the battlefield that was difficult to describe. “You’re really good at that game,” you said softly, feeling a little more tired as time went on.

Matt shifted, keeping his ear pressed to your belly though angling himself to where the display of the datapad could better be viewed from your angle. You appreciated the gesture. In some respects, Matt appeared to be starting to acknowledge unspoken boundaries on his own.
What's in a Name?

Given that you were experiencing a flare-up of your symptoms, you were granted a brief vacation for your intestines to calm down. It was a better alternative for the First Order than having you run out of the meetings every few minutes to use the refresher. Not to mention the fact that you were rather gassy for the first day. Incense once more became a rather good friend to you. Matt knocked repeatedly on the door, initially ignoring your insistence that he let you alone for the night. The message, however, finally got through to your roommate, who had not reappeared until two nights later.

When he did return, Matt brought with him a small treat for you. Tea that was said to help soothe your stomach as well as a cinnamon pastry. Nothing too rich. You gladly allowed him to take your gaming pad. This time, you did not immediately lay down on the bed so that he could curl up on your stomach. This resulted in the man sitting with his back to yours. You could feel his muscles through his shirt and yours. A soldier of some sort, you thought for the umpteenth time.

“I was told that Kylo Ren was the one to suggest I take a small break,” you said, looking over your shoulder at Matt. He merely grunted in response, something noncommittal. More and more he was shying away from conversations that revolved around the black-robed man. You narrowed your eyes, squinting whilst watching him. His fingers danced across the surface of the gaming pad. Such precision, you thought. “I…was thinking of doing something to thank him.”

“That is unnecessary. He values efficient work—re recuperating is sufficient on your part.”

“Humm.” You clicked your tongue against the roof of your mouth. You could tell that the conversation would go nowhere if you attempted to press it. Turning back around, you cupped your tea in both hands then took a sip. Would Kylo Ren truly turn away any show of gratitude? Your eyes slid over to the bantha Matt had gifted you then down to the liquid in the cup you were holding. “Is… What if I wanted to do something nice for… you?”

You could feel him straighten suddenly, stiffening and then squirming behind you. He did not know how to react. “It’s…unnecessary.” You frowned, leaning back into him. He pressed closer to you in return.

Perhaps… He can lay on my tummy again.

You spared a quick glance down in the direction of said portion of your anatomy. Your intestines had calmed during your time off. In fact, you had given notice that in two days’ time you would be ready to return to work. “Would… Would you like to… Uhm…” How the stars were you supposed to ask without the question sounding absolutely ridiculous? “Would you like to lay on my stomach?”

This time when Matt grunted, it was not a dismissive noise. He shifted away from you enough that you were able to lie down on your back. Matt curled up, his long body becoming somehow smaller, and placed his cheek on your gut. He did not once relinquish his hold on your gaming pad. You smiled down at him. Cautiously, you began to reach down towards his hair. Your breathing altered, slowing; in contrast, your heartbeat picked up pace. The tips of your fingers met those black locks. So soft. You pressed on, threading your digits through his hair.

Matt set down the gaming pad. You froze in place, ready to jerk your hand away. Instead you kept it in his hair as the man turned. He had his hands placed on either side of your hips. His forehead was
pressed to the upper portion of your stomach, his lips hovering nearer your belly button, which was thankfully covered by your shirt. You dared not move, unsure whether or not he would attempt to kiss you. Matt did not, opting instead to nuzzle you a little.

“Fight.” You sighed when he spoke the word. Your mind immediately went to the time you had attempted to fight him. Apparently he had enjoyed himself more than you had thought. You withdrew your hand, set it above your head, and continued to look down at him. Matt tilted his head, staring up at you. “Fight me.”

He pushed up, holding his body above yours. You scooted out from underneath him and set your feet upon the ground. Matt followed you, a smirk forming. It sent tingles down your spine. There was something so primal about his posture—and then he relented. Though he did not give off an air off defenselessness, he did seem more open to being tackled. You launched yourself at him, and Matt swept you up in his arms. Your stomach seemed to whirl inside of you as you were tossed over his shoulder on the bed. You whipped around, wrapping your arms about his waist. Matt twisted, tugging you off the bed.

You landed on the ground, though not too roughly. He was on you instantly, his hands grabbing your hips and yanking you backwards. Your eyes bulged when you felt him. He was turned on by this. You released a noise that was akin to a squawk, and you slapped at his hands. Matt relinquished his hold on you, and the man backed away.

You turned around. “What the hell, Matt?” His brow was furrowed in what you could identify only as confusion when you peered at his face. Perhaps touching his hair as you had…perhaps that had been too much. “I… That’s… This is a bit much right now.”

He ran his tongue along his lips, his jaw moving constantly all of a sudden; as though the man did not know how to react. His hand went to block his lap, the bulge in his pants. Matt averted his gaze, stood, and went into the refresher. You knelt where you were. Stared at the closed door while your mind raced. Was…was he masturbating? Judging from what you had felt against you, the man would have quite a handful.

You stop that!

You rose to your feet, walking to the door. “M-Matt?” Pacing. You could hear footsteps going back and forth. Was that less awkward than him masturbating? I don’t know. “I just…wasn’t expecting it.”

A pause in the pacing. The footsteps returned, this time drawing nearer to you. Matt opened the door, and the two of you stared at one another. You kept your eyes on his face. Always careful to not drop your gaze. “There is no need to apologize.” A hesitation no his part, his lips pursing then relaxing. “An uncontrollable response.”

“Mmhm.” Your body was reacting without your mind telling it what to do. Your breath hitched the moment you cupped him through his pants. His hand flew to your wrist, the limb shaking around you. As though he did not know if he wanted to push you away or pull you closer. Your pupils and his both dilated. “Sex is a bit much.” Your fingers curled around him more, stroking him through the material. “I don’t even know your real name.” You blinked—thrice. “I don’t…know your…real name.” The hand on your wrist released you, and Matt took a step back.

This time, however, he did not close the door to the refresher. The pair of you simply watched one another. You pulled your hand back to your side, fingers pinching at the material of your bottoms. Your relationship with this man was, for lack of a better word, bizarre. The way to pair of you had met…how he had then inserted himself into your life. You still sometimes wished you had your room to yourself again, and yet he was definitely growing on you. In many respects, he relaxed you
as much as he irritated you. Whether or not you knew his name, you highly doubted it would make a difference.

“Do…you think a bigger bed would be more reasonable than a cot? Which would you prefer?” It was the only thing that would run through your mind aside from items and actions of the sexual assortment. Matt’s shoulders were less tense when you posed the question. He blinked once then squinted at you, his brow furrowing in what you believed to be thought. You could not help but wonder if he had ever had such a relationship with anyone before. Coming into their lives… It was intimate in a nonsexual way—though, obviously, things seemed to be leading to that point.

Matt stepped around you towards the bed that you currently had. His back was to you, however you knew exactly what he was doing. Visualizing what a bigger bed would look like in the room compared to a cot. Perhaps he was also assessing how comfortable he would be sharing a bed when during your time of the month. In many ways, he was easier to be with than any of your exes had been.

“What are you ever going to tell me your name?” Though it would not change things, it would make you more comfortable should this continue developing as it was.

When Matt turned, he was smirking. You knew why. It was obvious—he was thinking of the moment you had told him it didn’t matter who he was. You rolled your eyes. “If you can pin me, I will tell.” Your eyes swept along his muscles. “You were supposed to pin him? Growling lowly in your throat, you lunged for him. Matt did not sidestep you. Instead, his hands went to your waist as you wrapped your arms around his torso. It felt much like hitting a brick wall. “Poor strategy.”

“Stars,” you said, your feet scrambling against the floor, shuffling as you attempted to push him. Nothing. Matt was not even trying to do anything to you. If anything, his hands were keeping you from slipping and falling on your face. You loosened your hold on him, smacking his ass with the flat of your hand. “Stars!” you repeated, hissing out the word this time. “You’re toned everywhere.”

Matt grunted in response, the man pulled from you and seated himself on the edge of the bed. He tugged you with him, maneuvering you so that you were seated sideways on his lap. You swallowed thickly. Your gaze was glued to the ground; you were feeling too shy to meet his eye. The dark haired man slipped one of his hands from your waist upwards, feeling along your entire side and leaving it directly below your breast. You waited for him to press onward, for him to grope you. He did not.

“How horrible do you believe I am?”

The question caused you pause. Where had it come from? You tipped back your head and met his stare. “You’re slowly growing on me, if that’s what you mean.” How else were you supposed to respond?

Matt’s expression did not change; it remained on that you couldn’t read. “What percentage?”

You knit your brow. What was he asking? Your mind dredged up the memory of what you had said in regards to Kylo Ren. Ninety-seven percent horrible. A hum of thought from you. “I don’t… Don’t be paranoid because of what I said about Kylo Ren.” Slow blinking from him, much like a loth-cat.

Air felt rather thick for you. Too heavy to breathe. You leaned back from the man though you did not climb off his lap. There was always the chance that the conclusion your mind had jumped to was wrong. It could be incorrect. It needed to be incorrect, as you were uncertain how to proceed. Did it really not change anything between the two of you? If he was truly…
It made sense in some respects.

“Do you not realize who I am?”

His ability to gain access to your quarters; not to mention that Kylo Ren prevented you from reporting Matt… It made sense in a lot of respects.

“You’re…” You swept your eyes along his entire body, reassessing him. Memories of his gameplay entered your mind. All of your mini conversations. The way he placed his head upon your belly. The way Kylo Ren had left when your intestines were noisy—he hadn’t found you annoying… He had rubbed your stomach that evening. Had he withdrawn in order to prevent himself from doing as such in public? “For one more night…we’ll just say you’re Matt.”

“Are you afraid?” It was not accusatory, and his voice held only a light note of curiosity. You shook your head. You were not afraid. Confused. One-hundred percent baffled that you felt more at ease with the knowledge that Matt was Kylo Ren. It explained his behavior so well. You felt safer with him in a way. Which was ridiculous, wasn’t it? You had told this man to fuck off when he had first entered your quarters.

Your stomach released a light noise as food you had eaten previously continued through your digestive track. Matt set a hand on your gut, rubbing it. “You always steal my gaming pad,” you muttered.

“I do not have one.” You waited for more, for him to say why this was. He did not.

For once, you did not bat away his hand. You sat there on his lap, allowing the man to rub your stomach as it released digestive noises.
Some Things Do Change

You did not know how to address the figurative bantha in the room; that you, ultimately, disapproved of the manner in which he had wormed his way into your life. His company, though enjoyable in some respects, could have been presented in a much different way. In your opinion, he had abused his position to gain access to your quarters. It was not as though he was oblivious to your feelings in these regards. Now that he had revealed his true identity, however, you wanted to verbalize them in full. Yet when he had been Matt he had treated it all as trivial.

The man was asleep, his chest rising and falling evenly with each of his breaths. He was facing you as you continued to lie there on your side. His face was rather peaceful; nothing like how you had previously imagined Kylo Ren looked underneath his mask. In your mind, you repeatedly referred to him as ‘Matt’. A half second later you would remind yourself of his true identity. You slipped a hand underneath your pillow and cupped your cheek through the layers.

Time ticked by, counted somewhere by clocks and those worrying over busy schedules. Kylo Ren shifted, his eyelids rising and his lips parting as he released a small breath. “Hmm?”

“I didn’t say anything,” you said in a voice barely above a whisper. Those brown eyes traveled down the length of your face the back up, meeting your gaze. “I was… You’d say it’s insignificant.”

A moment in which he did nothing more than blink a single time. This was followed by a small hum of acknowledgement. The man you had been referring to as Matt rolled onto his back. “Your privacy?” You nodded without making any noise. Your hopes that he would see this in his peripheral were granted. “Any other means would have gained attention.” You felt yourself frowning. He was excusing his actions for selfish reasons; not that you were completely surprised. “You were…afraid?”

“Wouldn’t you be if you had been in my position?” The man’s lips began to form around the word no, however he paused and appeared to consider the question in full. “Without your power,” you reiterated. “Someone like me… Your physique…not having anyone to turn to, because all my means kept getting cut off… Of course I was afraid. Then annoyed. It was stressful.”

“Do you wish me to leave?”

“I don’t know,” you said, still softly. These three words caused the man to turn his head. He furrowed his brow, his lips pinching together. Your uncertainty seemed to catch him off-guard more than anything else. He preferred confrontation, you imagined. Something he could meet head-on. “In a way, you did let me start putting up boundaries. But… It was a matter of you not having respected them in the first place. Knowing who you are now… I want to—well, it isn’t starting over.”

“You wish to create new boundaries?” His tone suggested that he was not accustomed to allowing others to command him in this manner. That he was allowing you to speak this way to him, he
viewed it as a privilege. You released a guttural, indecisive noise as you rolled off the bed and up onto your feet. Behind you, Kylo Ren sighed. He knew immediately that you were avoiding things, even if only temporarily.

Perhaps he was happy to allow you to do your own thing. He did not enjoy sentimental things. At that thought, you wrinkled your nose. All this time, he had been talking about himself in the third person...feeding you information. Was he shy? The man exuded such confidence; it baffled you that he could have any sort of insecurities. Then again, you noted, he was human. You raised a hand, running your fingers through your hair. Why were people so confusing?

You lacked enough of a social life to truly judge him.

“In a way...you were correct.” You blinked at his words, turned around, and watched as he sat up on the bed. Kylo Ren bent a single leg, rested his elbow on his knee, and cupped his chin in his hand. “It did not matter my identity. My reaction to you... Your response was genuine. It has been some time since anyone has spoken to me in such a manner.”

“What...”

“I wanted to experience it for at least a few days longer.”

A game of sorts. Something to pass the time. In a strange way, it was also rather sentimental. You did not say this aloud, however, unsure how the man would react. You settled for nodding. From this point on... That was what you were attempting to understand; how would things proceed?

Knowing his identity was not supposed to change anything.

Except it sort of did.

“I shouldn’t tell anyone about...Matt...should I?” A sharp intake of air. Once more, you had taken him by surprise. “Er...unless—“

“This arrangement can be extended,” he said, lifting his chin a little as though he were proud that things were heading in this direction.

What a lonely guy, you thought. “Definitely need to...Uhm...”

“Reduce your stress. I value efficient work.”

As he spoke to you, Kylo Ren removed himself from your bed. You stood there in the center of your room watching as he pulled on his socks and shoes. He exited your quarters, informing you that he would send a message with any future arrangements. You barely had time to mutter out an acknowledgment before the door closed behind him. When you were completely alone, you tilted back your head with your eyes closed. A few days left of vacation to figure this all out.

Knowing that Kylo Ren had plenty of duties to attend to, you did not stress in the least about him showing up before dinner. It allowed you to go through your day at your leisure. Shower. Dress. A bit of light stretches to calm your nerves—you noticed the thermos filled with calming tea halfway through your routine. It was not special treatment so much as an agreement, you thought. Your presence calmed him, and he wished for this to continue. An arrangement. You lifted up the tea, sipped it, and hummed your approval.

Importing this tea was way above your pay level.

Who would have thought mouthing off like that...would lead to this? The bumps in the road could
potentially be worth it, so long as things continued on this track.

Though you were on vacation still, you decided to put in some work. It was the least you could do to show your appreciation for the tea. You piled four datapads around yourself on the floor and sat cross-legged. Your fingers began to swipe along the devices, your eyes drinking in information. There had been plenty of progress since you had taken your break. Things were running without a hitch, which meant that soon the next phase would begin.

You pulled up your notes for that, reading what you had already jotted down. Three untouched files were in your inbox from those assigned under you. You left your quarters a handful of times, mainly to make a quick trip to the cafeteria for your meals. You also made a single trip out in order to grab a few holotexts from a high-ranking First Order officer. Your intestines were cooperating rather nicely, in part due to the tea and also due to you avoiding some trigger foods.

Sucking in your bottom lip as you worked, you tried to keep out of your thoughts some of the interactions you had had with Kylo Ren. The wrestling; namely the result of it—his erection. You had then groped him. You had groped Kylo Ren.

Again did you shove aside those thoughts. There were other matters to attend to first. Work-related, and also the way you and Kylo were now working on boundaries. You pulled up a new display on the datapad that was closest to you. You needed to prioritize when it came to Kylo Ren in the same way you did with your work; sorting through various issues and knowing which needed to be brought up first. Other things would develop as time went on. You would better know where you stood, where you were in life.

When Kylo Ren returned to your quarters in the evening, you muttered, “Hey, Matt,” without looking up from the text. He grunted in response to you. His boot steps caused you to jerk your attention away from your reading. You looked over your shoulder, your spine straightening as you took in the sight of Kylo Ren in his robes and helmet. “Uh…”

“A new bed—larger, as you suggested.” You returned your attention to the texts. He wanted to supervise without anyone realizing he would be staying with you. Less than five minutes elapsed before there was a knock. You allowed Kylo Ren to oversee this while you busied yourself with moving out of the way. You sat on the edge of your dresser, reading the holotext as the beds were switched out.

Kylo Ren left your quarters directly behind the workers. You moved from the dresser onto the bed. So much larger. You had all your texts spread out and there was still room where you imagined Kylo Ren would be laying. Your gaming pad was there waiting for him.

He did not take long to return, and when he did he no longer wore those robes or mask. You smiled to yourself. He crawled over your datapads and laid exactly as you had pictured.

Socializing without worrying about him judging you if your intestines acted up… It was a new experience.

“Okay…you’re thirteen-percent horrible.” He opened up the usual game. “A strong thirteen though.” His lips twisted into a satisfied grin the moment you uttered the word strong.

Oh, stars… He has a praise kink…
Mr. I-Do-What-I-Want-Real-Name-Not-Matt-Rather-Kylo-Ren was beginning to grasp the concept of boundaries when it came to you. Rather than barge into your quarters, despite having had the larger bed brought in, he had taken to knocking. Or making some other noise to indicate his arrival and give you time to object. You quite appreciated this, moreso as it allowed you to have your female coworker over for some more girl time without stressing about things. When your coworker left, Ren slunk into your room and made his way onto the bed. There he curled up, as he was wont to do. Your gaming pad was in his hand, and his head was near your belly.

Like a feline, you thought, observing him in your peripheral. It nearly made you want to reach over and scratch his head. Your fingers twitched. Kylo Ren peeked at the digits, his gaze wavering from the game. Rather than return his attention to the game, however, he continued to stare. You felt your chest tighten, your toes curling at the suspense. How was he going to react—could he tell what you were thinking about?

Your heart nearly exploded out of your chest when the man leaned to the side, his head now pressed firmly on your stomach. Your intestines released one of their normal ksssh noises, and the dark-haired man exhaled quietly. Your fingers once more twitched. His head was closer now, his hair all the nearer to you.

Would it be strange if I pet him?

It would be a rather intimate gesture, though no less so than the way in which he had cuddled against you. It was the memory of how he had felt against you when you had wrestled with him the last time… You swallowed thickly. With a shuddering breath, you shifted your hand to his hair. Soft. Unbelievably soft; you had forgotten how nice it felt. You pressed on, skimming your fingers through his locks. At the second pass, you set your fingertips gently against his skull. You trailed them along his head to the back of his neck.

Kylo Ren lifted a single hand from the gaming pad, and this he set on your gut. He pressed lightly, yet it was enough to have your intestines vocalizing their protests. Ren turned his head, his open mouth skimming along where his ear had previously been. You felt heat rushing through you. The fingers that were in his hair jerked away. Not in disgust. You simply did not know how to react to him. You were not sure where this was about to go. Kylo Ren tilted back his head, staring up at you as he placed his mouth over your stomach again. It did not close around you.

He was waiting for permission, as though he well understood what sort of boundaries should exist despite the pair of you sharing a room, a bed.

You stretched out a single leg, the one he was not leaning on, and Kylo Ren raised his torso to allow you to extend the other. His tongue flicked out, running along his lips before disappearing back into his mouth. He eyed your belly; it was quite refreshing in comparison with the past experiences you had in the bedroom. You grabbed the hem of your shirt, lifting up and tossing aside the article so that it fell on the floor. His gaze wandered momentarily to your cleavage. Kylo Ren smirked then returned his attention to your stomach, which he tackled with his mouth.

“Oh, kriffing stars!” you said, inwardly cursing yourself for such a phrase having left your lips. It felt fantastic, the manner in which his lips were puckering against your flesh. Then his mouth would open, wet lips and a hot tongue slicking up your skin. The tip of his nose pressed into you, followed
by his forehead as he kissed lower.

You cringed, a light sob-filled moan escaping you as your intestines once more made their presence known. “So wet,” Kylo Ren said, his breath further warming the areas of your body that were coated in his saliva. He tilted back his head, and you managed to peek down at him. “Such wet noises.” That smirk of his formed anew. “What other wet sounds will be coming from you?”

“Uhm, I don’t know!” you said, your voice pitched. You set a hand on your face, covering your eyes to avoid seeing his reaction.

“Mm…I do.”

Oh…my… “Ahhhh!” you moaned, throwing back your head as Kylo Ren’s mouth now tackled your clothed pussy. “D-damn.” You could feel his teeth gently skimming along your flesh despite the layers of clothing you wore. Your hands were on head, urging him closer as you bucked your hips. That is, until his fingers began to dip into your pants. That was when you thrust yourself backwards. “Oh! Uhm… I, uh… Dry humping?”

His eyes pinched at the corners as he narrowed them. Not in anger, you noted, as you scanned the positions of his eyebrows. He was confused; and, you supposed, rightly so. You had misjudged exactly how far he intended to take things, and felt a little guilty for this mistake. Rather than be angered by this, Kylo Ren grabbed hold of your hips and jerked you down. Your head thumped down on your pillow, and the Force user hooked your legs around his waist. He rolled his hips into yours. Your lips formed an o of approval as you felt the hardness of his erection pushing up against you through your clothing. You were thankful that the material was nothing too thick, allowing you to better enjoy the feel of him.

“Mm—Matt.” He paused, tilted his head to the side, and then resumed just as you had opened your mouth to correct yourself. “K-Kylo!” you stuttered as the first thrust caught you off-guard.

Ren lowered his face, his nose ghosting along yours. You turned your head a little, tilting back your head and offering him better access to your mouth. This he claimed with enthusiasm. His tongue immediately entered the equation rather than the man building up with tentative pecks. You were all too pleased this was so. Your tongue touched along his, submitting on the occasions he pressed down on it.

Crunch

The pair of you broke apart. You looked down the length of your body, meanwhile Kylo Ren shifted off of you. He laid on his side, his hand going for the larger two pieces the gaming pad had broken into. “I knelt on it,” he said by way of explanation. You were too busy staring at it with your mouth hanging open. “I’ll…replace it.”

“I…forgot that was in bed with us.” You did not know what else to say. Needless to say, the mood had been killed. Kylo Ren’s fingers were working at pinching up the smaller pieces. With a grunt of annoyance, he waved a hand across the mess, and all the pieces arose. You marveled over his manipulation of the Force; he had used the gaming pad more often than you, and so it was not as large a blow as it otherwise may have been. “Why do you like it so much—the game?”

“A distraction.” With another wave of his hand, the pieces moved over to the trash bin that was in your room. He deposited the mess there, walking over and placing in the large pieces he had previously picked up. “Though perhaps I should not ‘play make-believe’.” He scowled at this latter portion, and you found yourself frowning.
“If it’s a calming tool, I don’t know if that exactly counts,” you countered. Kylo Ren looked at you, his expression showing that he was considering your words. “Keeping sane is a good thing. It helps us put other matters into perspective rather than acting out or making brash or rash decisions. It really doesn’t matter who you are, this rings true for everyone.”

“You’re so right,” he said. Ren climbed onto the bed with you again, his lips instantly going to your collarbone. This time the kiss was more gentle. Perhaps a display of gratitude, you thought when he broke away, reached over the side of the bed and grabbed your shirt. You accepted this, pulling it back over your head. You slipped your arms into the sleeves. “Comfortable?”

“Once we lay down, I will be.” As you spoke, you stretched your arms above your head and arced your back a little. Work had hardly been stressful, which had been a relief. The following day, however, there was more on your plate. You needed the rest, and you were under the impression that Kylo Ren did as well, judging the way he slipped under the covers with you. This time he laid on his stomach. You hummed, rolling on top of him and resting your cheek on his back. “Is this okay?”

“Yes.”

You could easily understand it; the appeal of lying on top of someone in this manner. It was calming. Having been the one to have someone lay their on you as of late, you quite enjoyed this change. From your position, you were able to smell his conditioner. Subtle, yet enough. You closed your eyes, basking in the sensation of laying there with him—on him.

Your mind replayed the way he had kissed you. How he had felt against you. More than anything else, you were grateful that he had stopped pushing himself into your life. He was allowing you to take charge, to choose what you were comfortable with. It made it much easier to accept him—to find yourself enjoying him.

“It kind of matters who you are now,” you whispered. “I like you being here.”

Kylo Ren did not respond aloud. With your ear pressed to his back, you could hear his heartbeat, the way it quickened when you said those words to him.

It was in that comfortable silence that you fell asleep. You imagined Kylo Ren lost consciousness as well. When you awoke in the middle of the night, you used the refresher and then returned to the bed. Ren had rolled onto his side, allowing you to curl up against him. His hand was on your belly, rubbing.

“Why do you like the noises?” you asked tiredly.

“I don’t know.” You smiled at his answer. For some reason, it was the perfect response.

He slipped his hand further down then pressed upwards so that the limb went underneath the material of your shirt. You closed your eyes, relishing in the feel of him rubbing the flesh of your stomach. Kylo Ren did not move to touch higher or lower on you. It was not about sex. Such an odd thing; that he did not fully understand it himself made you feel more comfortable with him acting in this manner. His fingers hand calluses on them that were normal for warriors or anyone who used their hands frequently. You imagined the calluses would have been worse if it were not for the fact that he wore gloves during his battles.

“Why aren’t you angry,” he whispered.

You hummed in response, at first not speaking a reply. He trailed two fingers up and down from your belly button to the tip of your sternum. You swallowed thickly whilst suppressing a shudder. “I
would have been upset if it had been a work datapad. But the other… It was an accident regardless.”

Kylo Ren slid the hand from your stomach to the center of your back, the man urging you closer. You scooted forward until your chest was flush with his. He whispered something, though you did not catch all the words. You understood that he was ultimately pleased you would not be stressed about the damaged item. A snort escaped you, this soon followed by a yawn. The pair of you readjusted yourselves, once more comfortable and able to fall asleep.
A small gift of hemorrhoid cream had been a rather surprising thing to discover on your pillow in place of Kylo Ren. The man was said to be on a mission. Now that you were aware of Matt’s true identity, you did not fool yourself into thinking he would be there. You spread several datapads across the surface of the bed. All the while you were grinning like a fool over how much room you had. The larger bed was preferable, that was for certain. Though, at the same time, it was rather lonely. You reached behind yourself, seized the stuffed bantha, and pulled it into your lap. You crossed your arms atop it, leaning your full weight on the plush whilst peering down at the nearest datapad.

Your part in the project would be over in a month or less. As for what came after that—did the First Order have other ongoing projects they would contract you for? If not, you risked leaving them completely. Or, more specifically, you risked leaving Kylo Ren.

Pinching the bridge of your nose, you found yourself shaking your head. Given that the man distanced himself from anything sentimental, you doubted he would be interested in anything long-distance. You drew your legs closer to your body. The bantha was squeezed tightly, however its innards prevented you from truly curling up on yourself without offering resistance.

The spreadsheets you had on another datapad displayed the progress of both the defensive and offensive operations of the super weapon. A third had a message open from General Hux himself. It outlined his desires for secrecy. You narrowed your eyes at that. Secrecy. What would happen to those working on Starkiller? Would you even be permitted to leave? Your heart skipped a beat at the idea that you would be executed in order to be kept quiet.

*Let’s not think about that right now,* you told yourself. It would be best to not irritate your intestines with undo stress.

You checked with each task, messaged those who needed additional information or permissions, and contacted the other heads to ensure that you all remained on the same page. A *ding* from your inbox had you rummaging through four datapads before locating the correct device. You tugged it closer, opened the message, and saw that it was an order confirmation. A new gaming pad was set to be delivered in under a week.

The specifics were not included in the email. It was set as a “gift”, which meant that the only information you had been offered was the delivery date and item type. No specifics on model. Once it arrived, you would look up the price—you wanted to ensure Kylo Ren did not go overboard. He was rather enthusiastic in giving a strong impression. As though always seeking approval. It caused you to wonder why this was. You knew so little about him.

The gaming pad arrived on the Starkiller before Kylo Ren’s return. You opened the package after having worked long hours that day. An upgrade from your previous model. You swore, shaking your head and setting the device on your bedside table. You could not accept this. Perhaps he would be willing to take it off your hands?

Although, you recalled, he was not to have such things. Perhaps it would not be so bad. He would play it more than you, as usual. That would work out, you told yourself.

With this in mind, and not wanting to leave him with the impression that you were in any way
ungrateful, you eventually took the gaming pad onto the bed with you. One thing you immediately noticed was there was a feature to create multiple users on this device. You chewed your lip while mulling over whether or not you should set up an account for Kylo Ren or keep everything on a single account.

You wound up making the two separate accounts, although you linked two of the games between them. Otherwise you kept some of the games he had never touched strictly on your own account. Anything he wanted for himself, he could do the same.

Three nights later your self-elected roommate made his return. You cradled the gaming pad, rather excited to show it to him. Kylo Ren kicked off his shoes while the door slid closed. His eyes lingered on the gaming pad for only a fraction of a minute prior to moving to the datapads that were strewn across the bedding. “You will not be permitted to leave.” Your grip on the gaming device faltered. It slipped past your fingers and onto the mattress. “I have ensured that you will not be placed under additional surveillance—the remainder of your team, however, shall endure such precautions.”

“You’re keeping an eye on me then?”

“The amount of individuals in possession of this information is limited.” You nodded; your mind was more preoccupied with being relieved that you were not going to be executed for you to feel much else.

The overcoat he had been wearing, Kylo Ren removed as well. He set this in a pile, which grew with the addition of his socks and pants. The latter had your eyes bulging. He was wearing silk boxers. Thin. You could see the outline of his—you tore your eyes away, half turning so that you could begin collecting all of your datapads to make room for him. You had not realized he would be returning this soon.

Rather than joining you on the bed, Kylo Ren first entered your refresher. You did not fail to notice the toothbrush that was in his hand. A smile crept to your face. You had missed him, especially given the last night you had had with him.

You set the datapads onto your dresser, lunged for your closet, and shimmied into a more inviting attire. Nothing that screamed sex, per se, but that encouraged another fondling session. You managed to return to the bed before he exited the refresher. Kylo Ren paused in the doorway, his hand on the frame. You could both see and feel his eyes roaming along your flesh.

You fiddled with the hem of your shirt, which hardly passed over your rather short shorts. Kylo Ren slid his foot forward then took a second step. His eyes were locked where your fingers were touching. You could see his nostrils flare, his lips curling backwards to display his teeth. That predatory expression caused your stomach to flutter.

Before he reached the bed, you quickly set the gaming pad safely away. A chuckle entered your ears—and then you could hear only your moans as his mouth tackled your neck. His hands were on your waist, flipping you over so that he could sit on your bed and force you to straddle him. You instantly rocked into Kylo, bending your knees into a more comfortable position. His boxers and your shorts were hardly a barrier between your bodies. You could feel yourself growing wet, and you could also feel his cock stirring.

Jaw dropping, you inhaled while rubbing your bodies together. His hands were still on your hips, assisting in these movements. All the while, Kylo Ren suckled at your flesh. “Don’t leave a mark,” you said softly. “I—“

“Work tomorrow,” he muttered, his tongue flattening against your collarbone the next moment. He
had tugged at your shirt, drawing its neckline out of his way. One of his hands journeyed from your hip to your back before running upwards. He cupped the back of your head. You groaned at the feel of his fingers in your hair, their tips along your scalp. It was impossible for you to not shudder. The tingle that ran up and down your spine repeated itself thrice, that final occurrence joined with a throbbing in your pussy. You felt your own juices beginning to drip out—they would leave a visible mark on your shorts. Perhaps on his boxers.

You seized your bottom lip at that thought. *Oh, stars!* you thought, placing your hands on his shoulder. This allowed you to better rock into him. Kylo Ren bucked up his hips, his cock nudging against your clit despite the layers of clothing you wore. Your lip was released immediately as a gasp tore itself out of you. Your eyelashes fluttered and your vaginal walls clenched around nothing.

You imagined how he would feel inside of you—*not yet,* you told yourself. You required more time, especially with the fact that your team members would be under surveillance, potentially facing death if they acted out of line. You wrinkled your nose at that line of thought, told yourself to think about it afterwards, and then immersed yourself in the sensation of his body working against yours—with yours.

The fingertips against your scalp ghosted down to the base of your neck. You trembled at his touch, more wetness gushing from you. You could feel it gathering in the material of your underwear, no doubt spreading into your shorts.

“I want to taste you.” You swallowed thickly, weighing your response. “I won’t…” He grunted, nibbled gently on you, and then tilted back his head. “My mouth.”

“Your mouth,” you repeated, nodding in permission.

Kylo Ren pivoted you off of him, laying you down on the pillow. His mouth met yours a single time, venturing downwards. Your chin, which he nibbled. You fist his hair, tugging your fingers through his strands, though not in a hurtful manner. His hips undulated with yours, his cock pressing against your slit. You moaned out a *yes* and threw back your head as his open mouth found your chest.

His thumbs hooked into your shorts, your panties as well—in a single, swift movement he tugged them down. By then his mouth was on your belly. His teeth pinched at you, causing you to release a noise of uncertainty. The action was not repeated. Kylo’s nose met your skin. He dragged it down the remainder of the way, tickling your flesh. Your body shuddered, your heart fluttering and vaginal walls pulsing in anticipation. You propped yourself up on your elbows to stare down at him. Ren’s eyes flicked up to you, a smirk on his lips as he slipped out his tongue and nudged your clitoris.

“Oh!” You jumped at the contact. He chuckled at you, and then his tongue prodded you a second time. This time you rolled your hips towards his tongue, reveling in the way felt. Kylo Ren did not waste any more time—he traced around your opening. You ran your tongue along the inside of your mouth, tracing that same circular pattern on your cheeks. The slick organ slipped into you, a fraction of an inch, and then he yanked back his tongue, noisily slurping up the juices that trailed from you.

He groaned, a whispered swear caressing you as his breath washed over your lower anatomy. “So *wet—I knew it would be so wet.*” You bit down on your lip at that. You could not help but recall how he had teased you the previous time. Kylo Ren nearly swallowed your lower lips with his mouth. Kissing you—you felt hot all over at the thought of lips meeting lips. His tongue thrust out again, a groan as his saliva mingled with your juices. Then he puckered his lips once more, sucking and slurping.

“Mmm—M-Ren!” you hissed.
Kylo Ren smirked; you could feel the way his mouth quirked. “So tongue tied,” he said. He then flattened his tongue against the entirety of your cunt, arcing the organ to collect the wetness of the saliva-juice mix. You could feel him drawing it all into his mouth. You waited, listening, to see if he would swallow. He shifted away from you. Your heart began to hammer; Kylo Ren crawled up the length of your body.

Lips met new lips. He pried open your mouth with his tongue, urging forward a wad of the mixture. You tasted yourself, and your body responded by producing more natural lubrication. Kylo Ren’s hips were between yours. His clothed erection brushing you. It prodded your entrance.

Stars, if only there were no layers between you.

Not yet, you reminded yourself, mentally cringing and whining. His hands were all over you, and yours were feeling the muscles of his torso. His cock stimulated your clitoris, and you squirmed underneath him, trying to get him to move faster.

“More!” you practically screamed.

And he seemed to know that you still had your limitations. Kylo Ren rutted against you faster, harder. Your tongue and his colliding as you came. The man atop you did not stop kissing you, even when you grew sloppy. The moment you were panting for breath, he shifted from your mouth to your cheek. His body began to tremble atop yours, and you basked in the expression he made as he ejaculated.

“So good,” you said quietly when he rolled off of you. Kylo Ren had curled his arm around you, holding you near him. “That was….really nice. Better than the relaxing tea.” The arm that was around you twitched. You turned your head, smiling at the man whose brow had furrowed. He clearly did not know how to take the comment. You patted your belly. “I haven’t felt this good or relaxed in a while—especially given the information you dropped.”

“The….monitoring?” You nodded. “Mm… The Resistance would do what it could to gain such information if any leak occurred…which would place all who had worked on the project in danger. As well as their families. There is such gray area in war.”

You well understood this; it was one of the reasons your intestines had been in such poor condition. Stress in no way helped your condition.

“I’m glad you didn’t let me kick you out.” Though he opened his mouth, no words came out. You rolled to your side, gave him a quick peck on the cheek, and then turned your back to him. Kylo Ren instantly spooned with you, his hand going to your belly, which he began to rub. You smiled.

You truly did feel far more relaxed than you had in quite some time.
Chapter Notes

This is the fic that got selected to be updated when I asked on instagram. So here we are! It's a little shorter, sorry. A lot happened in the evening as I was writing so I got interrupted quite a bit.

Wasteful

The entire work day, you did not catch hide nor tail of Kylo Ren. You did, however, spend a large amount of time with General Hux. The man held onto his datapad while you grasped yours; his eyes were glued to the reports that the two of you scrolled through. Every so often the pair of you walked. The superior officer addressed his subordinates here and there. You would have walked away had it not been for the way he held up his hand, a silent order for you to remain with him. You always did enjoy working with him. The man had this air of professionalism that drew you.

It was as the workday, for you, was ending that you made an offhand comment about gamingpads. General Hux tilted his head from side to side. “I hardly use mine. It may still be on the Finalizer. A waste, in a way.”

“Oh, they are allowed…” Your voice trailed off. Initially his brows furrowed, however he seemed to catch on quite quickly. A light grunt, almost a hum. General Hux likely did not know the full details. He knew that Kylo Ren was monitoring you to keep you from spilling any secrets. Everything else…

“Did he call it a distraction? Do not take such things to heart when they come from Ren.”

You nodded to keep from revealing anything. One thing you did know about Kylo Ren and General Hux in terms of their relationship was that they were rivals. In some respects they reminded you of brothers. Always bickering. Sibling rivalry. You did not want to get into the middle of it.

“His presence is not worsening your condition, is it?”

“No. No, it’s… He’s tactful,” you replied, earning a nod. The redhead and you parted ways following the exchange of a handful more words. You stifled a yawn with your hand, adjusted the bag that held numerous devices, and walked in the direction of your quarters.

The man you called tactful was standing in the middle of your room with nothing more than his helmet in front of his lap. You scrambled to close the door. Kylo readjusted his weight onto his left leg. You could not help but look him up and down. You wanted to touch him. It was encouraging to know he wished for you to touch him as well. With the door closed, the two of you in the room together, Kylo Ren set aside his helmet, allowing it to fall to the ground. You felt yourself clench around nothing.

You were gentle with your bag. There were too many expensive pieces of equipment inside to let it drop. Your roommate did not say anything to you. His eyes followed each of your movements, his lips graced with a smirk. Your eyes were on him. You used your hand to grope around, to ensure that where you were setting your bag was safe. When it was down on the floor, you nearly threw
yourself at him. Your knees hit the ground and your hands shot up.

“Eager little thing,” he teased. You wrinkled your nose, a smile of delight breaking across your face. His voice was so husky. Perfect. The tips of your fingers grazed along him, ghosting on his flesh. You wanted it, yet at the same time you knew delayed gratification. His trembling body alerted you to the fact that he did as well. His next breath was heavy, shoulders rising and falling. “Even when you did not like me here…you enjoyed my body.”

“It’s a nice body,” you admitted. Only then did you allow yourself to properly place your fingers on his cock, which twitched at your touch. You puckered your lips, blowing a thin line of air at him. Kylo Ren swore under his breath. “I guess… I suppose I’ll be tasting you now.”

“Yes,” the man purred. You leaned forward and swiped your tongue from the middle of his shaft up to the head of his erection. Beads of precum clung to your tongue, which you pulled back into your mouth. Kylo Ren’s eyelids fluttered. His hands came forward, one on your shoulder and the other cupping your wrist. You lifted your eyes to meet his before repeating your previous action. This time, you swirlled your tongue around his slit then sealed your lips on the head of his cock. Rather than press forward, you drew back and released him with a pop.

His lips drew back from his teeth; not in a threatening manner. You would have ended things then and there. This was something more primal. He was holding himself back as well. Otherwise he may have pinned you and had his way—so long as you did not tell him to stop, of course.

For a second time you puckered your lips and blow air on him. With his cock slicked up with your saliva, the sensation he was experiencing was amplified. His whole body shuddered, enough to where you felt it through the limbs that were in contact with you. It was your turn to smirk.

You drew your hands away from his cock, instead placing your palms on his thighs. The muscles were toned. He was like a brick wall. “Completely amazing,” you whispered. The hand that was on your wrist tugged, urging you back towards his erection. It twitched again in want. Stars, but you loved that you had this effect on him. It was flattering, not to mention a huge ego boost. Especially because he knew of your condition. Because he was, for some strange reason, attracted to you in part due to it.

You let him lead your hand, which you curled around him. The first stroke had his hand falling away from your wrist in favor of moving to your hair. A gentle caress. A nudge at the back of your head. Once more did you oblige. You opened your mouth and took him inside the first few inches. Stars he was thick. You moaned around him, enjoying the feel of him in your mouth.

The man either did not notice or did not care that drool dribbled out of your mouth and down your chin as you bobbed your head, shallowly swallowing him. You pulled back long enough to utter out the words: “You can pull my hair.” Then you were on him again.

He was smart, not taking things overboard. He tugged lightly at your hair, enough to where it was pleasurable, sending waves of arousal through you. Your panties were growing wet, yet it was not your pleasure that you were seeking. You wanted him to cum. You wanted to know what noises he could make.

The first was a stifled groan, and the second a gasp following closely by a hiss. You had kissed down his cock, flicking your tongue against his sac then licking upwards. Your name spilling from him was your favorite thing. You did everything in your power to get him to repeat it. Grazed your teeth along his cock, burying your nose in the curls of his pubic hair while he was down your throat. You pulled back for air—repeated the act. There it was, your name in a whisper. Almost as though he was pleading.
“Mmmm,” you hummed around him. His body spasmed, the man lurching forward, ejaculating in your mouth at the vibrations. You swallowed—stars, you had almost gagged.

When you pulled back and released him, Kylo Ren turned his back to you. He walked over to the bed without climbing on.

It was clear that he had not expected to cum that soon.

“I’m pretty talented,” you said, trying to erase his unease. He could hold his load—after your previous experience, you knew he did not always cum so soon. Kylo Ren half turned. His eyes went up and down your face, to the floor, and back to your face. “If you’re worried, I can…uhm, I could buy a cock ring for you as a gift.”

*Don’t finger-gun him!*

It was too late.

Kylo Ren sat down on the edge of the bed you shared. His shoulders had relaxed. Finger-gunning him was apparently acceptable behavior. “A cock ring?” You fidgeted with your sleeve and swallowed, feeling some of the remnants of semen sliding down your throat. “I could use the Force.”

“That is, er… Okay, it’s a bit impressive,” you said, feeling yourself blinking repeatedly. He sat up straighter.

*Praise kink confirmed.*

Eyelids descended partway over those brown orbs, which slid to the side. His jaw worked back and forth. You waited, patient and aware that he wanted to say something but was debating. “If… Should you find the urge something you are unable to control, you may purchase the ring.”

This gave you a sort of warm and fuzzy feeling that was not arousal—though, admittedly, your panties were still wet.

As if on cue, Kylo shifted and gestured for you to come over to him. “I’m fine,” you said. “I want to watch you play that new game again.”

“Do you think I am incapable of playing the game while tending to your needs?”

“Uhm… I hadn’t… Er… What if you use the wrong hand and get the—mess up the screen.”

“Then I will use the Force to make you cum if you are so worried.” As he spoke, Kylo Ren had grabbed the gamingpad that was waiting for the two of you underneath the pillow.

You licked your lips. “Maybe another time. For now…I could hold the gaming pad for you while I…” You trailed off. Would he think you were weird? Granted this was the man who had just agreed to a cock ring. “I want to sit on your face while you play. You can use your eyes and hand for the game…and your mouth on me.”

The more you spoke to him, the hotter your cheeks felt. Kylo offered you the gamingpad without any further encouragement. For a second time you launched yourself forward, taking the device into your hands, switching the device from one hand to the next, and climbed onto the bed with him. His breath was hot against you. Moist. His tongue skilled.

You held the gamingpad where he could easily reach it, though not too close where it would bother
his eyes. His fingers were on the pad. With each swipe across the screen to control a character, his tongue would nudge your inner lips one way or the other. His tongue flicked back and forth, in and out of you. Moaning, you rolled your hips.

Gamingpads were *not* wastes.
In many respects, you found it to be quite cruel on Supreme Leader Snoke’s part. To demand that his apprentice not use the Force to keep his own body in equilibrium after doing so for years. At the same time, a part of you also understood it. There could very well be times when doing so would be to Kylo Ren’s detriment. That being said, it had not meant that the Master of the Knights of Ren should have his trials increased via food poisoning. You silently speculated that this had been intentional; not that you would bring it up aloud. Whether or not your current roommate believed so, it was not going to change anything.

The sound of a swear being hissed out entered your ears despite the bathroom fan running. You had both incense dispensers running.

So this was what it must have been like for him when you had been the one stuck in the refresher. Thank the Maker that your IBS-D was not acting up. You doubted either of you could have made it to the next bathroom. This line of thought caused you to cringe. Gross. Time to move on.

Over the course of the last three days, it had become known amongst your team that they would not be permitted to leave nor communicate with those outside the First Order. It was rough for those with children. A large part of you regretted having agreed to sign them on for this project. Not that you had known the full details either, however you were their supervisor. It was because you knew that they would be less disheartened if they had something to pass the time that you had begun working with General Hux to ensure members of your team could be placed on other projects. You were currently composing a message in response to one of your team members who was requesting such a thing.

An issue of the limitations in which jobs the First Order would allow your personnel to be placed was arising more and more frequently. This was a matter that Kylo Ren refused to concern himself with even when he was not stuck in the bathroom—vomiting? You paused for a moment to listen.

Upon hearing that he was indeed throwing up for what you believed to be the third time, you set aside your datapad and instead rose. You would bring him supplies to keep hydrated. While he might be willing to do so on his own, he was not exactly in a position where he could order such things. Unless, of course, the Force—wait, no. He was not supposed to use the Force by Snoke’s orders. This was going to assist in training his body physically. And boy what a nice body it was.

Strengthening through weakening…
Or perhaps it was to re-build the Knight’s natural immunities. The logic was completely confusing to you all the same.

When you reentered your quarters, you noticed immediately that the gaming pad was missing from your bed. The door to the refresher was closed, which meant that he had emerged only briefly. You shook your head. “I would have given it to you,” you muttered lowly, not sure whether or not you wished for him to actually hear you.

You set the tray off to the side where Kylo Ren would be able to access it when he was in a position to do so. Taking the sandwich you had grabbed for yourself as well as the drink, you returned to your bed in order to finish composing the message. You were already preparing yourself for a complaining response; the man was not going to appreciate being told to work with the training droids. Their defense systems, however, could use improvement. It was something General Hux himself had said to you in passing.

*Character building,* you thought to yourself as the toilet flushed. The man may not like the position you were offering him, but it would help him. And you weren’t going to give him food poisoning.* Ten points for me on being a good supervisor!*

You took a bite out of the sandwich, hit *send* and then started to look around for your gaming pad. You paused almost immediately, remembering that Kylo had it. With a quick shrug, you instead seized up your holoplayer, which you had not used in a while. There were new holovids added to the library after having been approved by the First Order. That was *another* thing that sometimes irked you. You had not signed up for the First Order—why were you restricted? Then again, if they succeeded in their endeavors, it would be their laws that you would be following completely.

You puffed out your cheeks. The company you worked for was non-partial; they worked for both sides of the government, the Centrists and the Populists. This was the first time you had been placed in a position where you would be essentially held captive once you completed your work. It was the first time you were starting to question what side of the government you preferred.

*Dangerous thoughts,* you thought with a shudder. Even more given that your roommate was a member of the triumvirate. Supreme Leader Snoke’s prized apprentice no less. What all did the Force allow him to do? *How about we don’t find out.*

The toilet flushed when you were close to a third of the way through the film. This time Kylo Ren exited the refresher, though he left the fan running and was clutching both the gaming pad and trash. “I have a newfound respect for your situation.”

You looked away from the film at that. Blinking, you could not help but think that this experience was truly a humbling one for him. Perhaps Supreme Leader Snoke *did* know what he was doing with Kylo Ren. Said man climbed onto the bed with you. The man was hunched over with a scowl plastered on his face. The gaming pad he nudged closer to you. “To be fair, I usually don’t vomit like that. Are you allowed to take any anti-nausea medication?”

“No—the side effects may be more detrimental.”

*That seems like strange logic to me,* you thought without arguing aloud. You were somehow more thankful that you weren’t Force sensitive than anything.

You grabbed the gaming pad, opening up a monster-fighting game that you enjoyed playing from time to time. “Have you tried this on your account?”

“Yes.” He made a strange noise that preceded him repeatedly swallowing. You hoped that he did not
You waited for the game to boot up, collected the daily reward, and moved to where you could obtain a new mystery creature. Thus far you had been having poor luck in getting good monsters save for a medic unit. The medic monster kept you alive, which was helping you to slowly get through various missions. You nearly leapt from the bed, your entire body jumping a bit as the new monster unit proved to be a super rare attacker unit.

“You’re a nerd.”

“What?” you asked, grinning and looking at the man with your eyes alone. He repeated the term, causing you to snort. “This monster is amazing. Watch. I’ll show you how amazing it is. You’ll be jealous.”

“I have the other element of it.”

“…I hate you.” You began to equip armor and runes to your new monster. “You better join my team.”

“When you leave, it will become irrelevant.”

All at once your excitement level deflated. True, you did want to be allowed to leave Starkiller eventually. For your team to not be executed because of secrecy. That aspect of it, however, had not fully hit you. You chewed on your bottom lip, and allowed your fingers to continue with their tasks. Later you would upgrade the armor once you progressed further in the game.

“What if… What if you did get a gaming pad for yourself. Put the gaming accounts on there. We could… That is to say, so long as it didn’t interfere with—“

“A moment.” He said this so swiftly that initially you winced, thinking he had yelled at you. Kylo Ren leaping off the bed and racing into the refresher, however, was what prompted you to work out what he had said. It was open for discussion. Your heart raced in your chest. Not an automatic no—unless this was solely due to him needing to use the bathroom and not wanting to argue. Either way, you decided that you would make it your mission to convince him to purchase a gaming pad for himself. Or allow you to gift him one. Not that you could give him one so nice as this.

The film was completely finished when next you saw Kylo Ren. He groaned, slipped underneath the covers after placing the trash bin next to the bed, and curled his body around your hip. “When you’re feeling better, will you give me pointers?”

“Yes,” he said quietly. His arm wormed across your back, his hand touching your other hip. “There is another base—the First Order will be requesting someone of your expertise.”

“You’re…asking me to take the job?” The fingers on the hand that was touching you twitched. Kylo Ren shifted ever closer to you. Your mind, meanwhile, felt both blank and full. What were you supposed to say? You would love it, being able to see him more. Yet to consistently take work orders for the First Order would be choosing sides in this oncoming war. Rejecting it at this point could be as well. It could potentially sign your death order, could result in the execution of your entire team.

“Remaining neutral is rarely a permanent luxury.” He released a hum following a pregnant pause. “You have more time to indulge.”

“I appreciate that.” You dropped a hand to his hair, running your fingers through his locks in what you hoped to be a soothing manner. “Unless you’re only comforting me because I’ll fight you for the
bathroom if I’m stressed.” His body shook with laughter; you felt him wince as well. “Rest well, Kylo Ren.”
All Just a Name

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

All Just a Name

You were making frequent trips to the toilet, which is why you had informed General Hux that he would need to reschedule the meeting he wished to have with you. You knew what the meeting was about even though he had not been entirely forthcoming. The open position that Kylo Ren had previously mentioned. It was the cause of your unease, a possible trigger for the stress that was aggravating your condition. Time was up: you would be forced to choose a side in this war.

The First Order wished to shape the government similar in style to the Empire. Less freedom for the people; the Resistance fought to protect that freedom. You placed a hand over your mouth and squeezed your eyes closed. The weapon that you aided the First Order in building could be used to destroy planets, any that resisted. Whole systems blown away. Worse than a Death Star.

I must be crazy, to have helped build this machine.

The current government was not perfect though. They ignored issues on planets, save for when it might impact the senators who had a vote. Selfishness. Things needed to change, which was what had been in your mind when you had been working for the First Order. You hated war. The Empire and New Republic had both ignored issues on planets in the Outer Rim. Issues that had cost countless lives. The First Order promised to change that. Some promises were broken though.

I hate politics.

Doubled over, you returned to the bed to wait until the next bout of diarrhea hit. Instead, your stomach cramped however nothing came of it. You stared up at the ceiling with a hand rubbing your belly. More time to indulge, Ren had said. Three days was not exactly what you were thinking. That was far too short. General Hux, however, wanted an answer from you. The chiming of your messaging center was enough to inform you how adamant he was that you answer immediately.

Free my team then ask me, you thought, though these words never were voiced. What if they had bugged your quarters?

Another chime, another new message.

You reached for the datapad. There was nothing good that would come over delaying any longer. You opened the messaging center, your eyes scanning over every line of text that had been sent to you by the General of the First Order. He understood your reluctance though found it distasteful; it called into question whether or not you and your team should be released—clearly there was a possibility of a leak in regards to Starkiller.

No, no, no!

Another message, wondering if it was purely stress that caused your hesitation. He was curious why you would not voice it if this were the case given how accommodating they had been thus far. Your impartiality could not continue. This was war: you would choose a side.

Free my team. Please, please free them.
Opening up a blank template on which you could formulate a response, you found yourself staring at the presented emptiness. The fact that you were being forced to choose left a bitter taste in your mouth. You wanted to lash out against the First Order, however you were not oblivious to the consequences that could occur. Consequences that would extend beyond just you. Your decision, no matter what it came to be, also extended beyond yourself. You had never thought to consider what political views your family held when it came to the division within the New Republic. Centrist or Populist. Perhaps your parents were split on this.

Regardless, did not the First Order branch away from even those? Another aspect you had failed to take into consideration. How much of the New Republic did the First Order abhor? There were statements that they wanted to improve upon it, which was what had drawn you into accepting the job that had been handed to the company that you worked for. Not to mention the pay.

_I would sell my soul for money?_ you thought bitterly. Memories of what you knew of the Death Star floated through your mind. Amplify that and you had Starkiller Base, the weapon that you had been working on.

Kylo Ren entered your thoughts next, though you could not say for certain why that was. Him resting his head upon your stomach when you had believed him to be ‘Matt’—that is to say, when you had not known his true identity.

Yet it was a good analogy, you thought. You learned about Kylo Ren, which erased the importance of a name. Because names did not define a person. Would that not be true for the First Order? Their name meant nothing in the longrun, and the same with the Resistance. What was important was all they truly stood for, and all that they hoped to accomplish. The First Order banned propaganda and even leisurely reading materials that they deemed inappropriate. It felt suffocating in many ways. On that same note, you could not help but remember your classmates when you were younger, the names they would call you when you expressed an interest in learning more of the fallen Empire. It was in childhood, because of the derogatory names and bullying, that you had stopped seeking to know more of anything political.

You knew better than a lot of people that honesty was, in truth, not always the best policy. It could get you killed, or worse. In this case, however, honesty was indeed the correct route to go.

You began typing up a response to General Hux, who had always been rather accommodating. You explained your failure to truly appreciate that you were taking part in a war by accepting the job that had been given to you. You informed him of your neglectful ways when it came to attempting to learn more of the Resistance and First Order; telling him that you wanted to make an informed decision—regardless of the outcome. You also expressed your desire that your team be released if so possible. You did not want your decision to be the determining factor as to whether they lived or died.

Your assessment of General Hux was proven correct; he, albeit with some reluctance, provided you with material from both the Resistance and First Order. You read through much of it while taking another few trips to the toilet. Your stomach had mostly settled, especially now that some of the stress had dissipated. The item you were presently reading, you were doing so whilst sitting in bed. Kylo Ren had returned from wherever he had been. He was dressed in nothing more than loose pants, and he curled up with you on the bed. His head, naturally, was rested on your stomach.

Sparing a quick glance down at him, you saw that he had his eyes closed. Your attention shifted back to the page you were reading through. The dilemma was that you could understand and agree with ideas from both sides. How were you to choose?

“You can be my prisoner—my guest,” Kylo Ren said, his voice rather husky due to the angle of his
You snorted. How fantastic that he was thinking such things. “The new project is a medical facility. Should you choose to align yourself with the First Order, that is where you would be working. It needs protection against assaults.”

“War is kriffing ugly,” you said through grit teeth. The idea that a hospital would be attacked—you hated that it occurred. Though this would be no different than the First Order using the weapon you had already worked on. Ugh! “I didn’t think any of this through.”

“You tell yourself that it’s ‘just a job’ and remain detached.” The way he spoke was rather revealing. Your lips parted and you stared blankly ahead at the page. What sort of horrors did Kylo Ren commit in the name of good? And the Resistance? You knew the Rebel Alliance was responsible for many deaths as well. Innocents got caught up; the casualties of war.

You ran your tongue along your lips prior to speaking. “Let’s just remain in bed forever. Here. In this moment.”

“Perhaps if you were naked, the idea would be more appealing.”

You cleared your throat. It was not that you would not be willing to have sex with him—eventually—but more that you were so not in the mood with everything that was going on. Still, his words were flattering.

“You just want me for my body then?” you quipped.

“I would not speak to you if that were the case.”

“Then how would you seduce me in the first place? Whipping out your cock, even though it is a nice cock, wouldn’t do it for me.” It was the man’s turn to snort.

Making a political decision based on a relationship with him would be foolish as well. Relationships could end. And you would not sacrifice your morals, would not pretend to be someone you were not, all for someone else.

“I don’t want war,” you said softly.

Kylo Ren pulled away from you enough so that he was able to sit up. His shoulder brushed along yours, and he set a hand on the other side of your hip. You tilted back your head to look up at him. Brown eyes traveled along your face, though it felt as though he was not truly looking at you. He was wrapped up in his own thoughts, you realized. But what was it he was thinking of? There was much about him you were oblivious to or else ignorant of. It went beyond his capabilities with the Force; Kylo Ren himself was a mystery.

His internal conflict shined through his eyes. Even before he spoke, you felt your heart beginning to race. “I feel torn as well. A weakness.”

“There isn’t going to be a quick end to this either then…is there?”

“You can pretend, for a while longer, that it is…Matt.”

You furrowed your brow, confusion gripping you. Slowly your mind unraveled the riddle. Do not heed its true name for a little while longer. This had always been war, had always been you choosing a side. You had made your bed with the First Order already. Had agreed to work on a weapon for them; knowing what it was capable of, you had aided them in creating and perfecting it. Things did not magically change all because you had finally say it aloud. You could pretend to remain neutral, but that would not erase what you had done.
“You know, it’s strange… I heard the stormtroopers are taken from birth. I acted as though I was like them: that this was the only thing I knew. But I did know more. I… I don’t know, Kylo.”

“You feel callous.”

“I helped build a weapon without caring that it can kill people. If I worked for the Resistance, I would be doing the same thing in a way. If I truly wanted to remain neutral, I wouldn’t have accepted this job. But I also rushed blindly into this place.”

“Don’t know, don’t care, gotta rush—bye!”

Your first words to him, parroted back to you. How perfectly they described everything.

“I need to start learning from my mistakes,” you said with a sigh.

“Should you… accept,” Kylo Ren began then paused. You looked at him with wide eyes. His jaw worked against itself, the man struggling. He tried to never be sentimental, and yet… “I can ensure you work only on projects you feel morally sound with. Aiding in protecting a medical facility…”

“You would do that for me?” Your voice barely raised above a whisper. Kylo Ren dipped his chin in a nod. “I feel like I would owe you so much.”

His lips curled upwards at the corners, a rather predatory glint in his eye. You bit down on your bottom lip, thinking it was inappropriate in some respects—but at the same time, you did not care. You could throw caution to the wind, because you felt as though this man was someone who would catch you if you started to fall.

“Okay,” you said, and his mouth slammed onto yours.

Chapter End Notes

Yes, next chapter there will FINALLY be the sex. I needed more to the slight plot that there is here.
Aaaaand the smut! At long last! I started this last night but was having an immature bout of giggling, sooo had to wait until today.

Your heart hammered in your chest; this was it! His hands were on your bottoms, tugging them down, Kylo Ren moving as though he did not want to wait a second longer. Not that you could blame him—you were beyond ready for him. His hands cupped your breasts before he even made a move to rid you of your shirt. You whimpered into the kiss, enjoying the way he kneaded your chest. Not too gentle, but at the same time not too rough. He was skilled; somehow knowing exactly how you liked to be touched. You flattened your palms on his abdomen, feeling the muscles underneath his shirt. Slipping your hands downward, you then moved them in reverse so that they were touching his flesh. Kylo groaned against your mouth, drawing back and whispered your name prior to flicking his tongue out to trace your lips. His next kiss was on the side of your neck. You tilted back your head, sighing in pleasure as he suckled your throat.

You bent your fingers and ghosted your nails along his flesh down to the hem of his pants. You tugged a single time then allowed the elastic to snap back into place. Kylo swore, his voice husky. He flicked his thumbs against your nipples through your shirt and bra. Drawing your hands back to yourself, you practically ripped off your shirt in order to eliminate the barriers between his touch and your flesh. Ren dipped his thumbs past your bra, the pads of his thumbs circling your areolas.

He nipped your throat where he had been kissing then set his lips on your collarbone. You placed one hand on the back of his head, your fingers running through his hair. You spread your legs, placing your feet on the back of his thighs and curling your toes against the material of his pants. As he nipped the sides of your breasts, you worked as his pants with your feet, inch by inch, and used your hands to yank at his shirt. You wanted him undressed. You wanted him inside of you.

Kylo reached behind you, unhooking your bra, yanking it down your arms and tossing it off to the side. You managed to pull his shirt off his head, and Kylo worked the sleeves off his arms. Nearly frantic now, each of you finished stripping. Your eyes were locked together. You laid back, Kylo Ren climbing on top of you, his pelvis crushing into yours as he rocked up against you. You felt his cock slip between your folds, and a moan escaped you. He repeated the action, giving his hips more of a roll.

“Oh, stars!” you groaned, trying to push him onto his back. Ren smirked at you, pressing back and preventing you from doing so. “Nnn… I’m gonna fight you, I swear!”

“Oh?”

His teasing only urged you on. You bucked up your hips in a new attempt to turn him, this time bracing a hand on the mattress for further support. Kylo quirked a brow at you. You glared half-heartedly at him. Leaning up, you captured his bottom lip between your teeth and gave it a quick suck. He chuckled. Kylo let his lips caress your cheek as he moved his mouth closer to your ear. A whispered challenge: were you even trying?
You used all your strength to try to flip him—and you felt the moment he allowed you to do so. *This nerf-herder!* You straddled him, trying to not pout in frustration.

Kylo placed his hands on your hips, urging you to roll them. You ground against his cock, and he bucked up to meet you. He moved one hand off your hip just as you were reaching down to position him at your entrance. Your hands met. With a smirk of your own and a teasing lilt of *desperate, aren’t you?*, you sank down onto his cock. Goosebumps. You felt so filled with him inside of you. You whispered out a swear, your eyelids fluttering. The man underneath you was again holding your hips with both hands, wasting no time in fucking up into you.

You set your hands on his chest, doing what you could to take lead. Ren leaned up, his mouth once more seeking your chest. He ran the underside of his tongue against your left nipple, teasing its twin with his thumb. You felt your inner walls clench around him, wetness slicking up his cock. His teeth sealed around your breast, enough to where you had to slow your pace. Ren tugged, releasing the nub and then going for it again. You moaned, whimpering grabbing hold of the back of his head. Your fingers clenched and unclenched in his hair, tugging.

He pushed you off of him, his hands on you the entire time, turning you around. You gasped when he reentered you, one of his hands on your breast, groping, and the other on your thigh, thumb hooking towards your clitoris. You reached behind yourself to hold onto his side whilst turning to capture his lips. He nearly bent you in two as he thrust his tongue into your mouth, tugging you so that your ass pressed against him; the man buried himself fully inside of you and started to fuck you in quick, small thrusts. His thumb brushed your clit back and forth then grazed directly beside it.

“Oh, fuck!” you panted, your body spasming a little when Ren gave your breast a light slap then bounced it in his palm. You again clenched around him, your vaginal walls being to pulse as your orgasm continued to build.

Kylo removed his hand from your chest, pushing against your spine so that your cheek met the mattress and then grabbing your hips. He stopped teasing your clit as well, the man fucking you harder. Pulling out almost completely then snapping his hips into yours. It caused your entire body to jerk forward, your nipples brushing the sheets. It felt as though your body was on fire. His hands began to work the muscles of your ass, kneading the cheeks. It made your pussy throb.

You set your feet on his thighs, pushing away and turning over. Kylo Ren smirked down at you, the man content to part your legs and fuck you while claiming your mouth with his. His tongue traced the roof of his mouth, his body brushing against your clit with each thrust and sending you over the edge. He slammed his hands on the mattress on either side of your head, his cum filling you as your vaginal walls tugged at his cock, milking him.

When he pulled out of you, Kylo Ren rolled onto his back and eased three fingers into you, the heel of his hand on your clit. You nearly screamed, the over-stimulation causing you to scramble with your hands to find something to grab onto. “Come on,” he whispered huskily. “Cum for me again.”

“Oh!” Tears pricked the corners of your eyes. You didn’t protest though a part of you screamed that you should. Instead you rocked against his hand then tried to yank away—and rocked again. His fingers curling and uncurling, thrusting in and out of you. You trembled, those tears spilling down your cheeks as you gave a silent scream when he brought you to orgasm so soon after your first.

Kylo set his hand on your right breast whilst turning and kissing the left. “You enjoy wrestling during sex?” he asked.

It took you several seconds to catch your breath, all the while you were waving your hand. “I just… fuck… I….” You took a gulp of air. “I wanna… win… one… time… at least.”
“Mmm.” He puckered his lips again for another quick kiss of your flesh then moved up onto his forearms. You closed your eyes when he leaned forward and kissed your forehead, then reopened them when he rested his forehead on yours. You stared down the length of his nose at his mouth. “You needn’t stress about morals. You’ve won that argument.”

“I really do appreciate it,” you murmured, winding your arms around his neck. “That’s been one of the most complicating things about this war for me. Trying to figure it all out. I hate war. I hate death.”

“War brings about larger jobs for your company.”

“I’m not in this for the money,” you said, unsure how to feel. Was he trying to insult you, or was he honestly at a loss when it came to understanding this part of you? “I know some people are. They say they’re neutral because they don’t care so long as there is war. I enjoy doing my job, but there are other projects that can… Take the medical facility you’ll have me working at—medical facilities exist around the world. There are gangs and pirates and… Defenses will always need to be created and improved upon because of those. As much as I wish it, life isn’t going to magically be a paradise even when the war ends.

“And, at this point, it probably sounds stupid but I’m going with the job that you offered because it’s where I can save the most lives. At least within my company, what jobs they take on. I don’t care about the money, Ren. It’s what twists politics and morals. Buys people. I’m not for sale that way.”

“You’re for sale another way?”

You huffed, your eyes rising to meet his. Kylo Ren pulled back a little so that there was less strain in looking at one another.

“I respect your neutrality whereas in others it is an annoyance. For them, it is about the profit, as you said. There are evils on either side. Things that should not occur. Ultimately, one side is wrong—and they delude themselves into thinking they are right.”

“So, you’re thinking the Resistance is delusional while they’re thinking you are?”

“And you,” he countered, “are thinking we should all just fuck off because a part of you doesn’t give a shit.”

“Pun intended?” You fluttered your eyelashes at him, unable to keep the cheesy grin from your face.

“Yes,” he said with a chuckle. “The First Order has allies who will need to hire contractors to improve on things for their everyday lives. You will not want for work nor stress about giving up your morals.”

“The things you give me,” you said with a soft sigh.

“Such as multiple orgasms?”

You swallowed thickly, bobbing your head from side to side before nodding. Kylo Ren drew his knuckles down the side of your face in a caress, and then he moved down to rest his head on your stomach. You closed your eyes, your breathing level. You would try to wrestle him later. Perhaps when he was ready for another round—you would win eventually, you told yourself. You simply needed to find some sort of advantage.

I wonder if he’s ticklish?
You peeked down at him, your smile warm when you realized he had fallen asleep. You would check at a later time.
The formalities of accepting a job were sometimes far too involved than you liked. Paperwork. Forms to sign. Waivers. When it came to working with the forms that would allow your team members to be released, you hardly complained. It was what you had been hoping for all along. You knew things would not end there for them; they would be monitored. If it was ever believed that they would leak secrets to the Resistance—you tried to not think of such things. You had to believe that they would play it smart.

A couple of them had been signed on to work for other First Order bases as well. One individual was staying at Starkiller. These members of your soon-to-be disbanded team were safest. A few of them did not have families that would be worrying over them. You didn’t know how the ones with families managed it. Yes, it was a part of life. That did not make it any easier.

These thoughts you did not relay to Kylo Ren. He would likely tell you that you were being too sentimental or worrying needlessly. You did speak up of one of the matters.

“Why is there so much damn paperwork?” The man paused with the spoon of ice cream inches from his lips. He muttered out a quick I’m not officially part of the First Order as a dismissive then shoved the bite into his mouth. You rolled your eyes, grabbed up your spoon from the carton and took a bite, set the spoon back down and returned your attention to the task.

More release forms. These took up another fifteen minutes of your time, and then you discovered that you had to resubmit paperwork on your medical condition. Your scowl deepened. It would be simple enough for the files to be forwarded. Your condition was chronic; it wasn’t anything new. Then again, you could add on how some of the stress of your previous job for the First Order had worsened your symptoms. Perhaps they would be more apt to include the tea that Kylo Ren had taken to bringing to you. The Force user had already informed you that the new job should prove to be less stressful, however you thought it best to include this additional information all the same.

“One of my team members from here is coming as well, correct?” you asked without looking up from your work. Kylo Ren offered a grunt that was a sound of affirmation. You nodded, rather pleased with this. “Part of a different project though?” The same noise escaped him. “Do you think this sort of thing happened during the rise of the Empire?”

“You pushed the device forward, twisted around, and once more grabbed up your spoon. This time you took several bites. Kylo Ren clearly liked his ice cream, judging by how much he had eaten. You wondered if he often ate sweets. It was better for your intestines if you did not eat too much of the dairy product. Such a shame; it was absolutely delicious. Given that you were on a frozen planet, one would think it odd that you had wanted ice cream of all things.

“I put that I’m opting in for birth control once I transfer. If you want, I have condoms in the drawer for the meanwhile.”

“That would be wise,” Ren conceded. “If they deny your tea request, I will have some imported to you.” You bit down on your bottom lip to keep the cheesy grin from spreading too far. “I will also ensure that your quarters are suitable for my presence for the times I visit.”
You had expected as much, though you did not say this aloud. If you brought too much attention to what he had said, and if Kylo Ren realized that it was even remotely sentimental, he would likely shy away. And so you gave a quick nod whilst taking another bite of ice cream. The carton was nearly empty.

“I didn’t realize that the tea helped with men…with cramps,” you commented after setting down your spoon. Ren blinked a single time, the man tilting his head to the side. He did not seem to have known either. Kylo did not mind that you spoke of your menstrual cycle; if anything, he had been relieved that you had started since the pair of you had not thought of using protection when engaging in sex. As a show of his relief, he had had the ice cream carton brought.

The climate of the base on the other planet would be far warmer than that of Starkiller. You would require a new wardrobe, which you had been informed would be provided. First Order uniforms. That would take some getting used to. It would save some money though. Pros and cons.

According to Kylo, you would have more freetime on the new base. You had managed to persuade him to get a tablet of his own. It was due to arrive before the change of bases, which would give him ample time to transfer some of his game data onto it. The applications that you both enjoyed you would now be able to play together. That was something you were looking forward to.

“On two of the forms, I was asked if I was in a relationship,” you said. It was something you had been putting off. Brown eyes flicked over to you, those orbs searching your face. “I said that I was, especially with my request for birth control. There was nothing more indepth than that that I needed to put. But I didn’t want any questions asked.”

A single, slow dip of his chin as he allowed the information to process. He mouthed the word relationship without quite uttering it. Testing the term. It wasn’t too sentimental; Kylo Ren nodded a second time. He commented on how nosey some of the forms were, how unnecessary portions got added for reasons he did not understand. You shrugged, commenting that the First Order was thorough without a doubt.

Since the ice cream was finished, Kylo stood from the bed to set the two used spoons in an area where they would later be taken and the empty carton in the trash. He then grabbed his thermos, the liquid inside cooled enough for him to drink. He referred to it as a cocoaccino—a mixture of hot cocoa and cappuccino mix. The man had quite the sweet tooth in his own way, which you enjoyed. Ren sipped his drink before setting it down on a tray closer to the bed. He then grabbed hold of the device you had been using to fill out the forms. His eyes began to scan all the lines. You appreciated this as well; it was something he had agreed to doing before you submitted everything. Though he was essentially outside the First Order, his contact with them made it to where he would know of any red flags you might mistakenly raise. Incorrect wording of anything could mean more paperwork and delays in the transfer.

The portions he would be paying most attention to regarded your team members. Though they had been cleared, if you misworded anything, it could mean a delay for them as well. Not to mention increased tensions, which could lead to the flagged individuals reacting poorly and thus causing an execution. You shuddered at the thought. War was far too terrifying for your liking. Precautious, necessary as they were, could lead to far too much confusion as individuals adapted to them.

Drawing your knees towards your body, you rested your arms across them and stared at the man. He looked absolutely bored. It made sense; he was one for action rather than paperwork.

“Do you want a blow-job while you read?” you offered. One annoying thing about being menstrual was an increased libido. His eyes flicked up to your face without delay. “Or do you think it’d be too distracting?”
“It wouldn’t be distracting,” he shot immediately. You held in a smirk.

Moving into a more comfortable position, the pair of you maneuvered yourselves so that he could read while you began to undo the front of his pants. He shoved one hand down to assist you. So eager, you thought while allowing a smile to form. It made you all the more giddy now that he had accepted the term relationship to apply to what the pair of you had. This is my boyfriend, Kylo Ren. You waggled your eyebrows despite that he wasn’t watching. This is my lover, Kylo Ren.

Withdrawing his cock from his pants, you gave it a single, quick pump then trailed a lone finger down its length. Air escaped through his lips.

“Boyfriend or lover?” you asked, engulfing him the next moment. His response was a curse, his body trembling as you deep-throated him.

You nearly choked on him when Kylo Ren offered the response of: “Bedfellow.” Pulling back, you squeezed your eyes closed and finished your mini bout of laughter. Your eyes met his. “We’re bedfellows.”

“You are so kriffing strange,” you said, shaking your head and using your head to tease him. “This is my bedfellow, Kylo Ren—I can’t even…pfft.”

“You laugh, and yet…here it is, in your file.”

“Stars, Ren, no… You did not… You did.” The final portion mumbled when he turned the display screen to you. You dipped your tongue out of your mouth, tracing his slit with quick flicks. Kylo’s hips bucked off the bed, his hand going to the back of your head to urge you forward. You once more took him into your mouth, though this time more shallowly. Using a single hand, you reached down to his perineum and attempted to tickle him. He jerked, his body spasming. His cock slipped from your mouth, and you grinned up at him in victory as he stared down at you with wide eyes. “Ah-ha!” You shifted your hand away from the area, patting his inner thigh. “But don’t worry, my strange bedfellow. I will use my tickling powers for good.”

Before he could comment, you deep-throated him again, earning a loud groan. You rubbed his thigh, caressed his sac—and tickled him a second time. He spilled into your mouth, his body in spasms for a second time. Kylo Ren swore. He had obviously wanted to last longer.

You pulled back whilst licking your lips. “So sensitive. I love it.” Kylo Ren nearly pouted, his jaw working against itself. “How’s your progress on the paperwork?”

“Such a mouth on you,” he purred, the man relaxing. He bent his leg at the knee then straightened it. You could tell immediately that he was not accustomed to being taken advantage of like that. You flashed him a teeth-filled grin. “Next time perhaps I’ll have to pin your hands.”

“That’s not very nice,” you teased. It was his turn to smirk at you.
Packing your few belongings into bags took less time than you had thought it would. Which left more time to dwell on the fact that Kylo Ren would not be visiting the base to which you were being transferred until, at a minimum, two weeks later. It was not as though the two of you hadn’t been separated, and for lengths of time as well. The issue was that you would be somewhere new, trying to adjust again. Alone in a way. Your bedfellow gone. No more wrestling to get out excess energy. One good thing was that the possibility of your IBS-D acting up was higher, so having the refresher and room to yourself for a period of time would be less stressful. Kylo wouldn’t have to worry about the smell. As patient as he was with it, you could sometimes tell that the smell still bothered him. Stars, it bugged you certain days.

One of your bags had some tea to hold you over until it could be determined if the base would supply you or if you would have to order it yourself. Kylo had transferred things onto the gamingpad he would be keeping with him. The previous night, after sex, the pair of you had laid on your bed while playing together, him teaching you battle strategies.

“What about—“

“No,” he said simply, cutting you offer. You shifted your finger away from the monster you were wanting to use. You’d try out the strategy you had in mind when you played alone. That way if you lost, it wouldn’t have a negative impact on his game. When you became more confident in your own skills and strategies in the game, you would have to challenge him to some pvp. “You need to work on your dots.”

“My what?”

“Damage over time. Poison monsters, for instance,” Kylo Ren commented, dipping his chin to glance down at your screen. You hummed in response to acknowledge that you had heard him. Those were another thing you would worry about later. None of your dots were leveled enough for the mission the two of you were undertaking on the game. You had focused more on survivability. Tanks and healers. “If your intestines bother you, ensure that you bring your gaming pad in with you to refresher. You can practice there.”

You rolled your eyes. Part of you wanted to call him obsessed with the game, however who knew how he would take it. It could potentially dissuade him from continuing to play, which you did not want to do. You opted for sticking your tongue out at him then proceeded to finish your team selection.

It was as the pair of you began to embark on the mission in the app that you questioned Kylo Ren as to how long he believed your journey would last. There was a moment of silence wherein you believed he was either doing calculations in his head or else attempting to recall what he had been told. Including hyperjumps, the trip to the new base would take roughly half a day. A lot of this was due to necessary caution; it would not due to have curious passersby decide to follow. It would not be the first time such a thing had occurred.

“Maybe I’ll take a nap,” you said quietly. It was either that or you would be playing on your gaming pad when not reading a holonovel. An uneventful trip in this case would be a good trip. Perhaps you would socialize a little with the team member who would be joining you on the base.
“You’ve taken herbal supplements?” your companion questioned. You answered in the affirmative. They would help keep your intestines from irritating you during the flight. “I hear they do not taste good.”

“Not at all,” you said with a shrug. “I’ve tasted worse things though.”

Time felt as though it sped up when you were spending time with Kylo Ren. You hated that about time; how minutes never felt equal to one another. He walked you to your ship under the pretense of escorting everyone. Mask on, businesslike. Only a brief dip of his chin to say goodbye. You wondered if he would have kissed you or done anything sentimental had the two of you been departing in a more private area. You hadn’t even kissed before leaving your room, so you supposed not.

Sitting in your seat, you watched as the ramp was raised. Kylo Ren disappeared from view. And then you were headed away.

Your team member was something of a chatterbox, and you found yourself being dismissive when you grew bored of the conversation. He did not seem to mind much; he was likely speaking out of nervousness. The man did not enjoy flying from what you could remember. And you? You were accustomed to Kylo Ren’s company. Some conversation, but plenty of periods with silence. You enjoyed that—and you’d miss it until he joined you at the base.

When at last your team member fell silent, you brought out your gaming pad. The display showed that Kylo Ren was not playing at the time. You were not entirely surprised, having thought he would be getting work done once you left. He likely had multiple missions he needed to carry out. You picked a few DOTs to work on, using them in some of the beginning dungeons in order to get their levels up. You stuck a healer with them to keep them from dying. That was an unfortunate thing; their HP tended to be lower. Which was funny given that in real life one’s position did not exactly change how wounds would kill them or not.

Or is it because in real life they’re more apt to be injured?

It was an interesting question, and one you would ask Ren later. It was one topic he did enjoy discussing with you: battle tactics. Things he understood intimately. Otherwise sometimes he would let you talk while he rested his head on your stomach. Maybe you would put a pillow on your stomach while he was away. Or the stuffed bantha he had given you. That was currently in your bag. At night, you would probably curl up with it.

The first day of you being on the new base revolved around going through security clearances, obtaining your badges and room, and then starting to unpack. You did get lost on the way to a few locations, which resulted in one of the officers on the base giving you a map. You marked all the refreshers on the map so that they stood out all the more, and quickly made your way to your room in order to unpack. Once you finished, you laid down on the bed. A larger one, which gave you the impression that Kylo Ren would bunk with you when he was on the base. In the meanwhile, it was a little lonely. You sat your stuffed bantha on the pillow where his head would rest.

They want me to take a week to adjust. This is horrible, you thought, frowning. Work would have kept you busy. You supposed you could familiarize yourself with the base, where each location was. Perhaps read up more on what the First Order allowed and did not allow. Drown your depression out with some good food that would likely cause you to wind up in the bathroom for hours at a time. You felt both trapped and freed. War made you choose a side. You had to live with the repercussions. Second thoughts… Maybe should have run away. I hate people dying. Ugh.

You pulled your gaming pad to yourself, logging onto the game. Your heart leapt in your chest upon
noticing that Kylo Ren was playing. You requested to join a mission with him. Nothing. No response. Sighing, you—nearly squealed with joy as you were accepted at last.

The two of you did not use the chat feature. It would cause a lag and potentially cause the game to crash. You enjoyed playing with him all the same. Trying to guess what moves he would want you to make. Hoping he would be able to plan for your moves as well. You wondered if he was pleased that you had leveled up one of your DOTs. You pictured him straightening up in a proud way like he had in the past. All confident. Smug even. But in a loveable way.

*I wonder if they’d let me train? That way I can beat him once when wrestling. Or at least last longer.*

Thus your second day you spent getting lost again then at long last locating the training facilities that you would be allowed to use. You used the equipment, did some stretches, and left only when you were hungry. It took you several attempts to find the cafeteria. When you did, your appetite had only increased. You loaded up a tray, and several people stared at you as you ate it all. Fifteen minutes later found you in the bathroom.

*At least the morning was productive,* you thought, all the while you were outwardly groaning. You wrapped your arms around your stomach. The different temperature here was making you more queasy than you had been in some time. The cold could be refreshing; Starkiller had been nice in that way. The heat here was not exactly overwhelming. At the same time, it was a bully.

Kylo Ren was not on the game that evening. You played for only a few minutes then switched to watching a holodrama. You pulled the stuffed bantha to your stomach, clutching it there and pretending it was Ren’s head.

Another three days of rotating between the training facility, cafeteria, and refreshers. In the evenings you would log onto the game in the hopes of playing with Kylo Ren. He was not on until the fourth evening. You perked up immediately at that. You would soon be started on the new project. Maybe he knew? He likely knew. Perhaps he logged on because this was the day you had been told that you would be starting on the project. You could not ask him on the chat though. Even games like this could be intercepted, especially given the distance that was between you. So instead the pair of you embarked on a mission.

Your second week on the base was busy. You and your team attempted to learn one another’s habits. Only the one individual was someone you knew. You and he stood off to the side when members of the First Order began talking. By the fifth day, however, both of you felt more integrated. You and a member of the First Order co-worked as leads. The First Order members respected you as a person, however tended to ignore your orders. Thus you had to waste time by going through your co-lead in order to delegate tasks.

Four more days and you awoke in the middle of the night to a pressure on your stomach. Your intestines gurgled, and the individual sighed happily. “Hello there, bedfellow,” you whispered. A grunt. “These First Order personnel don’t like to take orders from ‘outsiders’.”

“Tell them you don’t care who they are. It doesn’t matter.”

“Don’t know, don’t care, listen the fuck up?”

“Exactly.” You smiled, happy that he was there with you again. Running your fingers through his hair, you fell back asleep.
Perfect

When you entered the room and declared that you did not give a flying fuck who they thought they were, you were their boss and they would have to respect you as much as the other lead on the project—the officers smirked your way. A few released nervous chuckles and one whispered to another a question: had you gone off the deep end? Was it that time of the month? You scowled. One of the other officers responded by poking at you. All your training and wrestling with Kylo Ren paid off. Not only did you swat away the man’s hand, but when he went to retaliate, you deflected and managed to pin him. The others in the room straightened up. They had obviously expected you to bend to their teasing.

No one pressed to defend the individual you had pinned. You weren’t aiming to harm him. Pulling away, you discovered that your team did respect you more. Rather than asking your co-lead for information that you held, they came straight to you. It was a great improvement. Yet at the same time it annoyed you that you had had to use brute force to sway their opinion of you. It made you miss your old team members. But you would make do with what you had.

At the day’s end, when you entered the quarters you were sharing with Kylo Ren, you were in even better spirits. The package you had ordered in secret had arrived. You finger-gunned the man, who furrowed his brow and watched you with a cautious stare from his position on the bed. You threw the box to him, and he caught it in one hand.

Kylo Ren titled his head a little while opening the package. You shuffled forward, hearing the door close behind you. His pupils dilated, and you held in giggles. The man shifted on the bed. Was he uncomfortable or happy?

“You like it?” you asked, closing the last bit of distance with a single skip. “You want to try it?” He mumbled something you could not quite hear. His fingers dipped into the box. “I’d be surprised if it didn’t fit.”

“I had not realized you were serious,” he stated then withdrew the cock ring from the box.

“Can I put it on you? You know what they say, don’t you? If you like it then put a ring on it.” His head shot up, and you grinned in victory.

You had come to terms with the idea of not being able to defeat him when it came to wrestling. When it came to other things? Oh yeah. You would give him a run for his money, that was for certain.

As for sex, even when he wore the cock ring, you were the one to ultimately succumb to him. You lay panting on your bed. Sweat covered your body, and you did not doubt you needed a shower. Kylo Ren was sprawled out beside you. His hand was on your stomach instead of his head. His fingers walked up and down in random patterns on your belly. You dipped your chin to watch him. He had enjoyed the cock ring. What other things would he be into? It was nice to be able to let loose like this. Experiment with different things.

“I have to wrestle with people to get them to respect me,” you said, raising your arms above your head and stretching. It made his touch on your belly tickle a little. You grinned. “I like wrestling with you though.”
“I did tell you it would be effective.”

_Not exactly_, you thought. You were a bit too tired to argue. Plus the man had started to rub your belly, which you found to be quite soothing. You closed your eyes, enjoying it. You could feel him shift on the bed. His mouth on your stomach. Lips giving kisses. Around your belly. Around again. _Oh, stars._

“Are you putting a ring of kisses around my belly?”

“I like it,” was his response, and your hand went to your forehead before you could stop it. You then slipped your fingers into your hair and peeked down at him. Ren was smirking up at you. “You’re enjoying your job here.”

You shrugged in response, not wanting to give him the satisfaction of hearing you say it aloud. He had done right by you, had truly secured a position that you enjoyed and felt comfortable with. The man was smart. You wondered how often people told him this, that he had a good understanding of the human psyche. Was it because of his abilities with the Force? You weren’t exactly sure if you wanted to know the answer.

“You want to keep my stomach?” you asked to break the silence that had fallen between the two of you.

Kylo Ren sat up on his knees. His hands trailed up your sides until they were able to cup your breasts. He released a hum that sounded more like a thought than an answer. His eyes flicked up to your face then lowered again. Ren’s jaw was working against itself. A telltale sign that he wasn’t sure how to react. He wanted to say something yet didn’t want to say it. You grinned, pleased that you were able to read him as well as he was able to read you.

“You don’t have to say it.”

“I’m keeping you.” You snorted. Kylo narrowed his eyes at you, jutting his chin forward in a challenging way. “Stop laughing.”

“You’re adorable.” His cheeks flushed at your words. “Come here, my strange bedfellow.” His nostrils flared when he exhaled, yet the man came to you. He laid with his body stretched out along yours, your mouth and his aligned. A gentle kiss preceded his tongue thrusting into your mouth. You moaned, spreading your legs and wrapping them around his waist. Kylo Ren ground against you, his cock stirring.

He placed his hands on your hips, holding onto you as he turned over onto his back. You straddled his waist, lifting up your hips enough to position his cock at your entrance. Both of you sighed in pleasure as he entered you. Neither of you moved to set a fast pace. You were still a little tired from the previous round of sex, and he was not pressuring you at all. His eyes were roaming along your face then chest. Down to your stomach when your intestines released audible gurgling. His lips twitched, as did his cock within you.

“Stars, you really are strange.” Kylo chuckled, clearly pleased with this assessment. You rocked your hips. He shuddered underneath you. “I think telling you off was one of the best things I ever did.”

Ren sat up, bucking into you whilst claiming your mouth again. He seemed to agree with your statement. You ran your hands along his chest. It was familiar and comforting. Better than the plush bantha he had given you, even though you did love and appreciate the gift. You imagined he felt similarly when it came to you and the cock ring you had bought for him. You had definitely enjoyed the result of the cock ring. Multiple orgasms, the ring allowing him to last longer. To remain inside of
you for longer.

“I want to get you something that is all for you.”

“I told you,” he said, grunting. “I value hard work.”

“One day I’ll think of something,” you sighed out. The two of you did not speak again until after you had both climaxed. You let him lay you down on the bed and again rest his head on your stomach. Running your fingers through his hair, you closed your eyes. There was no work the next day because Kylo had insisted you take a prolonged break. He probably had a mission he would have to leave for. “In the meantime, I suppose I am gifting you my stomach as a pillow.”

“Such wet noises,” he murmured.

It truly did make you feel good. The way you had always been made by others to feel embarrassed about something you could not control, that something Kylo Ren found endearing. You were becoming more confident with yourself. It did not eliminate all of your flare ups, however you had noticed an improvement. Less stress that stemmed from self-contempt. You were happier.

Recalling his praise kink, you admitted this aloud. “You make me very happy, Ren.” You could feel the slight adjustment in his body. He was happy in return. Perhaps that was more than many others had given him. Happiness. Something the two of you could give one another.

“I bought more hemorrhoid cream for you.”

“Oh, the gifts you bring,” you said, smiling widely. One day you would find a gift he enjoyed. In the meantime, it was perfect to know that he viewed you—you yourself—as being enough.

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