At Least He’s Hot
by Avdal

Summary

“I can’t believe we’re about to fuck in the cockpit of the Finalizer.”

Kylo hums the words against her skin, pawing frantically at her clothing but too wrapped up in his rapidly growing lust to have any manner of finesse to his movements.

Rey, in turn, can’t believe a lot of things. The exact location of where she and her enemy-slash-bondmate are about to screw for the first time is but a faint whisper in the back of her guilty conscience.

Notes

See the end of the work for notes
Rey, in turn, can’t believe a lot of things. The exact location of where she and her enemy-slash-bondmate are about to screw for the first time is but a faint whisper in the back of her guilty conscience.

“I can’t believe we’re about to fuck at all,” she breathes, finally able to pull herself together enough to reply.

Naturally, they have to not only do it at all, but do it now. Get all worked up and horny while a battle is raging on in the distance. At least the deck of the Finalizer where they are now has been cleared from prying eyes, but…

They shouldn’t be doing this. They really shouldn’t. It was all kinds of wicked and terrible and that made it so delicious.

“You want this as much as I do,” her bondmate growls, the low reverberations sending little shivers along her upper body. “Admit it, Rey. You know it’s true.”

Before she has a chance to send back some sort of sassy retort to keep him in line, said bondmate flips her around and pins her from behind, nuzzling and nipping his way along her right shoulder blade.

Rey sighs, closing her eyes and giving in to this moment.

*Kriff* he’s good at this. Too good, honestly. What sort of a chance does that give her?

A nudge of his temple against her own has her rolling her head back as his affectionate, full lips reach the crook of her neck. They suckle there for a moment, and Rey absently wonders if he isn’t trying to leave a blemish on purpose.

He probably is. He absolutely is.

“I hate you,” she lies, her words coming out in a choked gasp as he aligns his clothed crotch with her ass and grinds against her.
Kylo murmurs something low and appreciatory sounding against her skin, but he seems to be too reluctant to leave her for long enough to allow him to be coherent. His hands rub along her arms, massaging from her shoulders down to her wrists which he grabs firmly when he reaches them. Then he pushes down the weight of his chest against her back, making her bend slightly so he can dry hump her with greater enthusiasm.

And she moans all the louder from it, not quite able to stop herself as the tidal wave of their shared desire crashes through their bond and into her panties.

“Yeah, that’s what I thought.”

He pulls his lips from her neck with a wet smack and she can feel his pleasure at her acceptance of him resonate through to her.

That’s it. She’s doomed. There will be no tolerating him after this.

“Don’t you dare get smug on me,” she demands, trying to hold onto even just a shred of her advantage.

It’s a weak remark. She’s about to let Kylo-Goddamn-Ren fuck her. And she’s more than okay with that. Any leverage she may have had has already gone up in the air.

Why is she allowing this at all?

Oh yeah… because she’s horny as hell and this has been such a long time coming.

“Mhmm,” he hums in agreement. “You were made for this. This is what we were both destined to do.”

Destined to fuck? Well gosh, how much more romantic can this moment get?

To prove his point, Kylo pushes her hands together. Has her interlock her fingers so he can hold both
her wrists within one of his giant hands. Then his free hand finds her body, stroking along the
column of her neck before lowering downward.

There’s so much blood flowing away from her head that Rey feels like she’s in a daze. Or perhaps
that’s simply Kylo’s own raging arousal that’s seeping into her through their connection.

His fingers dive under the edge of her shirt and her eyelids flutter for a second.

“It looks like I’m praying,” she murmurs, starting at how her hands are clasped together in front of
her.

“Praying for me to fuck you, obviously.”

Kylo nibbles her ear, not noticing when his callous words make her spine stiffen. She sputters on her
indignation for a moment before being able to form a proper retort.

“Did you really just say that, Kylo? Or am I hearing the voice of some creepy little psychopath in my
head instead?”

The barb in her tone gives him pause, and he finally stops consuming her with kisses to look at her
over her shoulder.

And he doesn’t answer, but he presses his lips together and gives her puppy eyes.

He mouths the word ‘sorry’. That’s all she gets.

“Kylo… what the fuck?”

She frowns, half glaring at him but it was hard to be too outraged when she was throbbing between
her legs and she can feel how he’s rock hard even through both their layers of outerwear.

Kylo leans forward again, going back to trying to kiss her annoyance away. She retracts, not quite
willing to give up her moral indignation and just let him fuck her into oblivion.
“You saying kinky shit that pisses me off isn’t going to be a thing, is it?” she snaps, dodging his lips and letting him kiss her chin instead of his intended destination. “Like, you’re not going to keep being nasty and ruin the mood, right?”

Rey has a terrible feeling that this may become a recurring thing in their relationship. Or she could just end this as an epically regrettable one night stand and begin denying and compartmentalizing as soon as she makes it out of here.

Kylo opens and closes his mouth. He clearly wants to say something to her, but now he’s worried he’ll stick his foot in it even worse.

Then he nods, settling on a safe course.

“I… you’re beautiful. I won’t say another word beyond that.”

She rolls her eyes. Then shrugs and gestures with her head for him to keep going. The man’s an idiot, but… well… all this touching and kissing and friskiness is getting their bond all excited and she’s feeling really horny right now. That’s a good enough excuse, right?

“Over,” she says, and Kylo pulls off of her enough that she can flip onto her back and settle in against the cushions of the chair they’ve been going at it on.

Kylo grins then, a wicked look forming in his eyes that immediately makes her suspicions rise.

“Oh what is it now?”

She unceremoniously yanks her tunic off, leaving her in just her undershirt.

Kylo bites his lower lip, eyes burning like two lasers as he gaze zeroes in on her hardened nipples.

“This chair-” he starts to say, then interrupts himself by reaching his massive paws out and cradling her breasts.
She sighs into the contact, feeling how the crotch area of her pants is already sticking to her swollen lady bits.

“What about it?” she asks breathily.

Kylo kneels down and half-straddles her, keeping most of his weight off of her with careful placement of his knees. Then the chair in questions begins to recline, bringing their pelvises together at a more strategic angle.

“It’s Hux’s.”

Rey frowns, trying to figure out what he means.

“The… General? This is the General Hux’s chair?”

Kylo grins widely and nods.

“We’re going to leave a stain. It’s gonna to be so great.”

He whispers it, looking for all the world like a horny angry teenager for just a flash of a second.

Rey rolls her eyes. She knew this was a bad idea. This kind of thing is exactly why.

Well, that and other reasons.

She shakes her head, chasing off the line of ‘don’t do it, you dumb slut’ that has begun to howl louder in the background of her mind. Then she grips his still idiotically grinning head with both hands and guides it lower down to her torso.

“Just… shut up and pleasure me. Get to it.”
Kylo doesn’t need to be told twice.

Her undershirt and breast band both get yanked up and wadded out of the way under her armpits. Good thing she hadn’t been expecting any sort of slow and sensual undressing. With both of them as amped up as they are, combined with the risk of being caught since they’re still in the middle of a damn battle, fast and efficient is probably the way to go.

He starts to caress her breasts, tracing around them in half circles while his breath warms and tickles her.

Rey closes her eyes. Tries to concentrate on the feeling of his hands on her skin and not her rising nervous anticipation. His touch feels so welcoming, but… it could be better.

“Take your gloves off,” she whispers, nearly moaning from her want to feel him despite the interesting pleasure of the seam in his gloves rasping against her nipples.

The hands disappear and she immediately misses their warmth. So she bucks her hips backwards, grinding herself against his hard length that’s remained firmly pressed against her for this whole entire session.

Rey had expected him to return his attention to her breasts promptly, but instead a still-gloved hand rises up to caress her mouth. It pushes on her lower lip and she frowns before realizing what he wants.

He wants to watch her suck on his fingers. Wants to pretend that she’s sucking on his cock. The need to see that reverberates through her whole being and for the millionth time this evening she wonder just what the hell kind of pervy Force-magic is their bond after all?

“Open, Rey,” Kylo whispers against her ear, making her back arch and her skin prickle. “Open up and pull them off me.”

Well gods… when he says it like that how could she possibly refuse?

She opens her jaw and two of his fingers immediately plunge into her mouth. His middle and
forefinger. The thought that those are exactly the two he wants to use on her flutters through her head before she shakes her thoughts free of the tangled web of his mind.

But she sucks on them, trailing her tongue over that raised seam and finding the earthy taste not as unappealing as she would have expected.

Just for fun – just to be a bit naughty- she gives an exaggerated “mhhmmmm...” noise as he pumps the digits in and out.

Kylo grins, smiling form ear to ear and pulling his fingers out with a wet and juicy ‘pop’.

“I love you,” he says.

Rey pauses in her come hither stare to blink once. Twice. Thrice.

Kylo freezes in his movements to stare at her with bugged eyes as the full weight of what he just said falls down up them both.

“I love it when you look at me like that,” he quickly corrects, pretending like that was what he meant to say all along.

Oh. Thank the gods. It’s not too little too late. He totally didn’t just kill the mood by declaring anything at her.

She smiles softly, swallowing down a fresh wave of nervousness as well as the extra saliva pooling under her tongue.

Then she kisses him, gentle and sweet. When she pulls back, his damp glove is presented to her again and she catches a fingertip with her teeth. Lets him pull it away. His bare hand is wrapped around her neck and his other is presented for her again.

“Power kink much?” she asks, raising an eyebrow.
Kylo laughs softly behind her.

“Just the tip of the iceberg, darling. Just the tip.”

Rey frowns, feeling like something slightly untoward is going on with his words. But she obligingly opens her mouth and snatches of his glove again. He wraps his hand over her mouth and she peppers his palm with awkward kisses as she bucks her hips forwards, grinding against him.

Kylo groans and the hand on her neck tightens momentarily before releasing.

“Are you ready?” he asks.

Gods she’s so damn horny, no point in even contesting that. But is she ready? She doesn’t know. She trusts him, despite knowing better in every way. But now she’s pretty sure that she’s about to have sex for the first time and he’s asking her if she’s-

“Oh...”

His face is flushed and his eyes are dilated and staring at her in shock.

“What? What is it?”

“Rey… you’re a virgin?!”

Kylo stares into her eyes, pushing the Force into her head as if to suss out any lies she may be about to tell.

His scrutiny makes Rey flush, and she shoves his clinging presence out of her head with ease.

“I… so what if I am? That’s nothing to be ashamed of.”
Kylo… the way he is looking at her is different. Even their bond is surprised by his reaction.

He looks her over, slowly from head to toe. And then one of his massive hands leaves her breast to trace her cheek.

Pure reverence. That’s the only word she can think of to describe the look in his eyes right now.

“Kylo...”

This, this, is why you shouldn’t let yourself get fucked by a lunatic. Because they’re inevitably going to make it weird.

Kylo exhales, swallowing loudly, before he speaks.

“You were waiting for me.”

He says it like a fact, and Rey doesn’t immediately realize what he means. Then it hits her and she scrunches up her face. This is so…

“Kylo, just… goddamnit. Can you stop being so you for, like, ten or twenty minutes? Is that so much to ask?”

His hand rubs her cheek until the muscles relax. She glares up at him with a scowl, and he smiles down softly.

“You were. I know it. You were waiting to give this to me.”

Rey starts and stumbles on trying to find the words. There are none. Nothing can describe the man that is Kylo Ren.

“I was… I was categorically not ‘waiting’ for anyone, Kylo. The opportunity had just never presented itself and.”
“This is a gift for me, Rey. It’s amazing. I can’t believe you would give me something like this.”

She should put a stop to this now. Every part about everything is sheer insanity.

“Kylo...” still she’s at a loss. “I told you ‘no talking’, remember? So... no talking. Just shut the fuck up and fuck me, okay?”

Kylo falls silently, staring at her with a new level of intensity.

Oh whatever you lunatic…

Fine, she’s going to do this herself if she has to.

Rey shoves at his chest to give herself enough room to reach down and yank off her pants and panties in one go. And she can actually hear Kylo’s heart skip a beat through their bond. It’s a flattering enough reaction to smooth back some of her loudest concerns about all of this.

Kylo draws back and looks down at the juncture between her thighs.

Yikes.

Rey crosses her ankles, shielding herself from his view. Kylo looks from her legs up to her face.

“You don’t trust me.” He sounds so hurt.

“I trust you.”

“Then don’t be afraid. All I want to do is make you feel good.”
Rey nods stiffly, taking in a deep breath before unlocking her ankles and resting her feet on the footrest of the padded chair. Kylo breaks eye contact as he grabs her hips and pulls her further down. The motion effectively opens her legs and she can’t help but make parallels to when she had undergone a complete physical when she joined the Resistance and a gynecologist had examined her for the first time.

“You’re so beautiful,” he praises, shaking his head slightly as she blushes deeply.

“Please don’t say that now.”

He’s staring at her cooch as he says it. Is practically addressing it. Why is she doing this again?

“It’s true,” he finally looks down, glancing up from between her legs for just a moment to meet her eyes again. “Every part of you is flawless.”

Her embarrassment wavers, but still runs strong. She stares at the ceiling as he rises up to kiss her mouth so softly. She wants this. She doesn’t want this. She wants this.

“Just say the word, Rey.”

She nods, eyes never leaving the little corner of the ceiling she has dibs as her own.

“I… go on.”

How eloquent, but he understands. Of course he understands. They are bonded, after all.

So he work before he works his way down and down, kissing along the center of her torso. Giving each nipple a playful peck that makes her smile. Kylo is… such a dufus. Really. There’s something so undeniable sweet and ungainly about it. That’s why. That’s the reason.

“You want to fuck me because you think I’m a dork?” he raises his eyebrow, face hovering just over her navel.
She shakes her head at him. That little ego of his… it’s so paper thin, isn’t it? Maybe this is why the Force bonded them: because it knew that Kylo was too much of a whiney bitchbaby to take care of himself without constant reassurance.

He makes an offended snort. It tickles the hyper sensitive skin of her most delicate parts.

“A whiney- Rey, I am NOT a-”

She shuts him up with a finger pressed to his lips. He glares but falls silent, then his expression softens as she traces along his full lipline. The way he stares at her now tell her *exactly* whose in charge right now, and just how wonderful is that? She’s tamed the Commander of the First Order, and all it took was a little pussy peek. Incredible.

The knowledge gives her a headrush, and she presses her finger into his mouth. He immediately, without hesitation or pause, begins worshiping it with his tongue.

Wow… Okay. So there’s that.

“Kylo?” she asks sweetly, wanting to see just how far her command of him will go. “You complain too much. That makes me wonder things.”

Kylo pulls back to answer, pressing a quick kiss to her fingertip to let her know that he wasn’t shirking on his duties to her.

“Wonder what?” he asks.

She smiles. Closing her eyes halfway and suddenly feeling so much like a grown woman.

“Wonder if your mouth would feel like on my pussy.”

Kylo blinks, as shocked by her crass words as she is when they leave her mouth.

But then his eyes darken, pupils blowing wide, and he obligingly dips his head down. Two strong
hands grab the insides of her knees and she squeaks when he spreads her.

He immediately dives to her center, tonguing her in a wet and wide swath.

“Oh!” she cries out, hips bucking.

She’s not quite sure if she likes that first initial contact of his tongue along her slit, but it definitely didn’t feel bad per se Just very sensitive and so foreign.

Kylo’s hands slide down her thighs to the apex where they meet her legs. She shifts her heels to splay her feet out and give herself a little more stability. Then he dives in again, this time focusing on her clit.

Her throbbing, aching, budding clit.

The moan she makes to that is deep and guttural. Every time he circles that little nub of heaven, she pushes the feeling back into him through the bond. He moans in response, and her eyes fly wide open as she feels her stomach flutter.

Rey had heard through the horny grapevine that men were supposed to have trouble finding that spot. Good thing that Kylo gets built-in crib notes, because he zones in on it immediately.

She feels herself become so much wetter as he begins to suckle on her clit in earnest. Occasionally he’ll dip a little further down to massage the space between her nub and entrance with the tip of his tongue. And the slurping noises he makes are… a lot to take.

Kylo hadn’t been joking. They’re going to ruin this chair. It looked so expensive. Pity.

Skilled fingers join in with his ministrations and she has to force herself to keep breathing. He strokes the outside edges of her labia before gently easing them into her.

Rey wants to howl his name, but all that comes out is a guttural curse. He’s only using two fingers, and it’s already stretching her.
That’s kind of the point, isn’t it? She needs to get loosened up thoroughly before she can take him inside of her.

It’s a strange thought, and she greatly prefers to try and just lose herself into this moment.

His mouth and tongue are perfection. They keep working on her clit, keeping her blood hot as her body flutters in uncertainty to the foreign movements happening within it.

And the two fingers aren't so bad, nothing she can't handle, until he begins to scissors them. That brings little sharp jolts of pain and she feels a random impulse to smack him upside his head. When a third finger pushes inside she can’t hide her wince.

Kylo pulls his mouth off of her to climb up and murmur soft encouragements into her ear. Her clit immediately misses the contact, but his thumb quickly replaces where his tongue just was.

They kiss then and of course she can taste herself on him but oddly it down bother her one bit. He swallows down her startled gasp as three of his fingers press in to the final knuckles and then crook themselves inside of her, stroking along her inner walls.

Oh… gods yes. She knows that spot well on her own explorations, but it feels infinitely better when he does it to her instead.

“Harder,” she demands, biting his lip while aggressively grinding her hips down onto his hand.

Her entrance still stings and hurts, but the sheer pleasure of having her G-spot rubbed so vigorously more than makes up for it.

Their kisses become sloppier and more frantic as Rey feels a climax start to rapidly build inside her. For a few moments she feels so… different. Almost full and like she wants to pee which is ridiculous, but she pulls herself lips away from him and shakes her head, not knowing what she wants but feeling so close to whatever it is.

His thumb presses harder on her clit, mashing it in circles, and her eyes widen. Her whole body tingles, and she needs to stop him now before she finishes on just his fingers alone.
“Kylo,” she whimpers, “hold on… I’m going to…”

He brushes her words off, humming as he works. The rapid rhythm of his hand sends vibrations through her that are nearly too much.

“Kylo, please,” she tries again, tugging on his shoulders as much to hold him in place as to push him away.

Using her voice isn’t working. She can barely even form syllables, let alone express herself. So she tries the Force instead, sending her request directly into his head through their bond.

_I want my first orgasm with you to be when you’re inside of me._

Kylo stops his movements. Holds still in place before slightly lifting his head up to look at her.

“That’s the most beautiful thing I’ve ever heard.”

She blushed. Despite him just eating her out and having his lower face still glistening with her juices, Rey still feels a little embarrassed by what he just said.

Maybe there’s a little bit of a romantic in him after all?

“Kylo,” her voice is a little steadier now, “I want you inside of me.”

She knows it’s going to hurt. Knows that he had been preparing her but that she should have cum first to ensure that it would go as easily as possible. But this detail is important to her.

Kylo seems to think about it for a few breaths. Then he nods, pushing off her and coming up into a crouch. He starts to untuck his shirt and she forces herself to lean up onto her elbows so she can help.

He unzips his pants himself, but when she tries to ease them and his boxers off down his hips they
get caught. The passage of his divestments literally obstructed by his massive, rigid cock that jets out like a flagpole, tenting the predictable all-black fabric.

“Um...”

She stares down at the problem, completely at a loss.

Kylo smirks and kisses the tip of her nose. He catches one of her hands and wraps his own over it. Then he guides it inside his boxers and shows her how to pull his cock out from over the top. He finishes with pushing the waistband of the two garments down, eases them lower on his hips and out of the way.

Her mind goes blank and she stares mutely at his exposed flesh.

“Oh, why thank you.”

Rey blinks, unable to take her eyes off of his length as he pumps their hands together over him.

“W- what for?” she stammers, eyes widening as she catch literally feel him twitch and grow under her palm.

“Thank you for giving me the absolute best reaction,” he clarifies, dropping his hand from over hers and putting her in charge.

Her grip trembles. She pumps it slowly and softly, barely even touching him. Her fingers have to strain to form an incomplete circle around his girth.

Did she mention that this was a bad idea? Because this is a bad idea.

He unexpectedly touches her pussy again, making her jump and her hand squeezes, drawing out a groan from him.

Kylo scoops his fingers, coating them in her slickness. Then he pulls it away, bringing his hand back
to himself, and she gets it.

They work together then, stroking his length and making him slippery enough for them to continue.

When the time comes, she hesitates. Draws her hand away and fists it in the soft upholstery underneath her.

“Rey.”

It’s just her name, but she still can’t bring herself to look in his eyes. Maybe she’s afraid of seeing her own reflection there. This is... the biggest mistake she could ever possibly make. There will be no going back from this.

“I’m... let’s keep going.”

She had meant to give him some sort of reassurance or permission. Instead, Rey scoots up a little on the chair and bends her knees, staring at a spot on the ceiling as Kylo moves between her legs.

“Kiss me,” she whispers.

Sealing your fate with a kiss. How poetic. And Kylo does exactly that. He cradles her cheek in one of his palms and he kisses her, distracting her with their liplock. His other hand moves between their two bodies to better guide his movements as he aligns himself then pushes inside her.

Rey had expected searing pain and... that’s kind of what she gets. Maybe not pain as in pain, but an intense and all-consuming sense of sharp discomfort.

Taking him inside her body for this first initial time is brutal, there’s just no other way to describe it. He burns and stretches and makes her ache, but it’s all in an incredibly intense ‘yes no yes keep going dear gods yes’ sort of way. It’s as if her body wants this so much, wants him so much, that it’s willing to put up with all the suffering that’s required to accommodate Kylo.

“Rey,” the well-hung man in question whispers her name, nuzzling her temple with his full lips.
He’s still trying to be so sweet about this. Rey doesn’t know why that astonishes her as much as it does.

Oh. Wait. This is Kylo Ren that she’s currently ensconcing. Is it too much to ask to just forget about that nasty little detail and get screwed in peace?

Kylo keeps their lips fused together as he pushes in a little deeper, taking his time and she’s so terribly grateful for this unexpected new side of him. But then she makes the mistake of pulling her face away and looking down between their bodies. Gods, he’s not even halfway in. Just the tip, basically.

Oh.

Oh.

So that’s how that joke goes. Now she gets it.

And Rey starts to giggle, despite herself and everything happening.

It makes Kylo freeze mid...mid-insertion, for lack of a better term.

“Rey?” he asks, looking down at her. Baffled at her sudden burst of contextually inappropriate humor.

“*Just the tip,* get it?” she whispers, not letting him catch up with the schizophrenic jumps of her mind.

When he frowns and stills, she encourages him to keep going by seizing the globes of his ass with both hands and gently -ever so gently – pushing him deeper inside her.

“Oh! G- Godsdamn!” she cries out.
Maybe that also wasn’t a good idea either. Kylo continues to seem confused, but he also looks pretty
damn pleased with himself. As if her overwhelmed reaction to taking on his girth is some sort of
alpha male accomplishment or something.

No. Fuck that nonsense.

“I’m unstoppable,” she mutters, recovering enough to lean up and sink her teeth into one of his
clavicles. “I’m the damn hero here for taking you on. This is all me, you’re just the accessory.”

Just to prove it, she bucks her hips up, sheathing him deeper.

Both of their eyes bug. Kylo stills again, watching her with rapt fixation as she whimpers from the
newness of it. Her inner walls are twitching on their own accord, flexing and changing to fit him
better.

It feels… she likes it. Yes. It hurts and burns and stings, but there’s some undeniable part of herself
that wants more and more and more.

“Deeper,” she pants, willing her body to relax as he carefully obliges.

Oh gods he was right… she was made for this. Her body takes him so well. Her muscles contracting
along his length almost like she’s-

“It feels like you’re pulling me into you,” he whispers reverently.

That’s exactly what her body is doing, even if she consciously has sent no order through the neurons
of her brain and into her pussy to tell it to suck him in.

“Do you like this?” he asks.

She nods frantically, rapidly reaching her body’s maximum capacity. The head of his cock rubs up
against some special little place very deeply inside of her that makes her toes curl and her back arch.
“Ah!” she cries out, panting in short, choppy breaths.

Kylo again pauses, and this time she feels him prowling around her mind, trying to determine out exactly what she is physically unable to tell him.

He figures it out quickly and starts rolling his hips in a different way. Giving her the deep but steady thrusts that her body is suddenly craving insatiably. He never withdraws very far. Rather he focuses all the pressure against that part very deep inside her.

Dimly, she realizes that he may be rubbing against her cervix, and to her surprise it feels fucking amazing.

Then he thrusts a little harder, gliding past that deep and throbbing spot, and finally bottoms out inside.

“Oh gods!” she howls, gripping him in an instant, and he mutters something quite profane against her skin as he tries to control himself.

Every part of her suddenly possessed with the urge to cling and become one with him. Her legs wrap around his hips, giving her the leverage to both encourage or back off the depth of his thrusts as she needs. And her arms hold him close, scratching and clawing at his back. She wishes she could leave welts against his skin. A mark of her ownership is very much called for right now.

“You’re fucking mine now, Kylo. You belong to me. You know that, right?”

Her pussy grips him the tightest of all, and she instinctively clenches down as he tries to pull out of her. The tightness forces a gasp out of him, and whatever rebuttal he was about to make to her comment fades into their symphony of moans and mewls of shared pleasure.

She’s brought herself off with her fingers more times than she could possibly count, but this feels different. Not just the burning stretch within, but something else is now building inside her as well.

It’s almost like an itch. A deep, deep pussy itch. And she wants him to keep scratching it. Needs him to, or she might honestly go out of her mind. She holds his hips in place, pistoning her own legs to control exactly how he’s thrusting. Working their bodies together to suit her own needs and not caring if he gets off as well.
Except Kylo wouldn’t be Kylo if he wasn’t difficult. He ineffectually attempts to set the pace of their rhythm by pumping his hips, but she gives him no room. This fuck is going to be her way or nothing.

Something is changing within them both. She can feel it humming between them along their bond.

“Do you feel that?” he moans, leaning forward and kissing her while rubbing her shoulders in affectionate circles.

The intimate gestures distract her, and he manages to partially untangle himself from her clutches.

He grips her hips, shifting them with him still inside her and Rey doubts she’ll be able to move at all tomorrow. That’s it, her pussy is done for. She should have just had him eat her out. Then, at least, she’d be able to walk.

“Yes,” she whimpers, answering him after a few more thrusts.

She has to sink her teeth into her own lips as she allows him to set her upper body down flat against the padded surface of the great General Hux’s goddamn command chair.

Their bond is what’s doing this to them.

When she concentrates on that uniquely delicious throb that’s building so deeply inside of her, she can feel it. Their bond is encouraging them, literally pushing them together. Maybe he was right about all that “they were made for each other” nonsense after all.

“More,” she begs, needing an even deeper connection.

No, she doesn’t beg. She demands. Rey bucks her hips up, taking him in deep again just as he had nearly pulled out.

“More? You want more?” he taunts. “All you need to do is ask, my darling.”
He punctuates the last word with his deepest thrust yet, filling her completely. Her eyes actually roll back in her head from the force of it. She’d thought that only happened in porn.

Then he grabs one of her ankles in each of his hands and unlocks them from around his hips.

“How do you do it?” he orders, and it takes her a few breaths to hear him over the ringing in her ears.

Something is happening to her. She feels like her soul is expanding. This should hurt more than it does. It barely stings at all now, and she offers no resistance as he pulls out and grabs her ass. He yanks her down lower onto the chair, adjusting her body into a different position.

“Shoulders,” Kylo growls, and Rey realizes that he’s holding himself back. Goddamn, this is him holding back? It’s not easy for him. She can feel his desperate urge to really give in and lay into her resonating through their connection.

She curls her legs up to her chest, and he helps her wrap her ankles over his shoulders.

Instead of immediately skewering her again in this new position, he hovers over her and stares. Rey looks up at him and their eyes lock.

“Rey...” he reaches down to stroke her face.

Even that -that innocent, mild touch- makes her gasp. Their bond all but crackles, sending sparks of pure desire shooting through her.

There’s only one thing a look like that can mean.

She’s so completely vulnerable to him now like this. To him, her worst enemy. She is literally pinned under him, spreading herself for him, and he has the nerve to look at her like that.

A feeling starts to grow in her chest and somehow she knows what it is even if she’s never experienced it before.
So this is love, huh? It’s a lot messier than she’d imagined.

“Take me, Kylo,” she whispers, ready to see this through to the end. “Please. I need you inside me again.”

His eyes darken and it makes her lower body twitch, reminding her how empty she is.

She reaches up for him, pulling him down to her and locking their lips in a desperate frenzied kiss. Their bond leads them forward from there. Guides him back into her and he swallows her rasping sob of pleasure.

They connect again, this time in a new angle and a snarl of limbs pulling and grasping at each other. Trying to touch as much of each other as possible.

He strokes that spot inside of her again and Rey didn’t know she could become so wet. As the head of him rolls over and past it, filling her to the brim, she begins to shudder.

She meets him thrust for thrust, rolling her hips in perfect synchronization with his own movements inside of her. Their bond is insatiable. Demanding something unknowing from her and Rey couldn't stop it now if she tried.

Stopping this is the last thing in the world that she wants to do. She didn’t know that he could make her feel like this. If she had-

“We should have been fucking from the beginning.”

She pants the words out in those rare moments that his lips leave hers long enough for them both to take in a much needed mouthful of air.

And they really should have, if this was what it was really like. They should have been screwing then and there in the forest and who the fuck cares if someone saw them? Wouldn’t have mattered in the slightest.

A little bit of that cocky Solo smile tilts up his face. He gives her an especially sharp thrust that nearly
sends her over the edge, but she fights it. Not yet. Whatever *this* is that’s happening to them, they’re going to do it together.

“I love you, Rey.”

He repeats those same words he’d said before. The first time had been a distraction. Now they make her clench. Her body begins to lift and swell as he rubs against her sweet spot with each roll of his hips.

“Kylo, I-”

She can’t quite bring herself to say it back. This is all too overwhelming. Too much all at once and she barely even knows her on name right now, let alone be able to untangle the labyrinth of feelings racing through both her mind and body.

It feels like a spiritual expansion. She kisses him again because she has nothing else to say. She can’t speak the words, but she can *show* him.

“Oh...gods...” It’s his turn to whimper.

He grunts the words into her ear, resting his forehead against her shoulder when his thrusts take on an erratic quality to their movements. Hearing how utterly destroyed he sounds is all it takes to convince her to finally give in to what her body is begging her for.

She reaches between them, snaking her hand down between their tightly interlocked body to touch her clit. It makes her walls flutter in sharp clamps and Kylo cries out, being pulled down into this as much as she is.

“I need to...”

Her voice breaks. She can’t even say it. Can’t say anything other than a plea of his name and she psychically begs that he will understand.

“Rey, I-” he slams into her erratically twice. She nods, giving her consent.
She wants to feel him flood her. Somehow, right at this moment, that seems like the hottest thing she could ever imagine.

And she had been so certain that he would reach his peak first that her own orgasm shocks her. She screams, actually screams, and claws at him. That spot within her pulses, making her whole body lock up with each wave of pleasure as she climaxes.

Kylo follows almost immediately after. He moans her name against the skin of her neck as his hips rock against her, driving him deep as he finally spills into her.

It feels… gods, his cum feels wonderful inside her. Exactly like she’d imagined. Hot and thick ropes that coat her and she can feel her body suck him in. Her muscles hold him tight, not letting him pull out even a millimeter, and her pussy spasms with renewed vigor to the sensation of being filled.

This is how it's meant to be. This is what their bond had wanted all along.

Kylo’s thrusts grow weaker and he trembles above her. She is too locked up into the feeling of his ejaculate to return the frantic kiss he gives her.

Maybe he’s talking to her. He probably is. Probably saying something filthy, because the man just never seems to shut up.

When he finally stills, buried inside as deeply as physically possible, he rest his head against the crook of her neck. She whispers soft words of encouragement, reveling in how she made Kylo literally shake and tremble.

Maybe it wasn’t just his own climax that did that to him, though.

He’s afraid of her leaving him. She can feel it through their bond. What a silly, possessive man. He’s just finished filling her with his cum and now he’s already fretting about their inevitable separation.

The newly awakened woman in her knows that she needs to comfort him and help him through this next step. Rey nuzzles his hair, working her face deeper into his inky dark locks. He smells so good. She hadn’t noticed it before, but the smell of his sex sweat is surprisingly erotic.
“I love you too, Kylo.”

She makes herself say it because she knows that’s what he needs to hear right now.

When he doesn’t answer, she wriggles her hands up under his shirt. Rubs his back in circles.

“I love you. Did you hear me?” she asks.

For a long moment, he doesn’t reply. Barely even moves. Then he looks up at her, searching her face for sincerity.

She smiles and kisses the tip of his nose. Dips her head lower and kisses his chest over his heart.

One of his hands holds onto hers, interlocking their fingers.

This time, the eye contact they share is as equals. They both are on the same playing field. Even and perfectly in matched.

“So I guess this means we’re in love.”

She squeezes his hand as she says it. It’s hard not to feel a little resigned to this. Destiny took the choice away from them, so they might as well go along with the flow.

“You’re going to leave me, Rey. Don’t lie.”

She hesitates, then nods.

“Yes. I have to. We both need to go back to… our own people. I wish we didn’t, but...”
Her voice fades off. They both know this. Fucking each other doesn’t change the fact that there is a war going on and they’re on two different sides of it.

Kylo swallows, and she watches as his throat contracts. Then he nods as well and kisses the knuckles of her hand.

“Yeah,” he agrees, “but...”

Rey’s legs are still splayed over his shoulders, and her hip flexors are starting to cramp. He catches that through their bond, and he reaches up and gently lifts them off and brings her feet back down onto the soft upholstery.

Then he pulls out of her and she tries to hide how much it makes her sting.

“I’m sorry,” he says reflexively, pausing halfway in, halfway out.

She shakes her head. Wills him to just get it over with as she’s starting to feel quite self-conscious again. Putting her clothes back on would be a big step in the right direction.

He pulls himself out with a squishy pop that seems to echo off every surface of the room.

And then, just to make her really feel uncomfortable, he stares at her pussy. Actually, he does more than stare. He’s almost gawking at the space between her legs and Rey flushes with her suddenly reinstated embarrassment. She can feel him leaking out of her. A little rivulet of liquid heat that spills from her sore and aching cunt and dribbles down the crack of her ass.

“Fucking incredible,” Kylo praises.

Rey scowls and tries to close her legs, but Kylo sinks between them and holds her knees apart.

“What are you-”

He pushes on her lower abdomen. Another wet and hot wave oozes out of her.
“Kylo!” she squeaks, abruptly kicking him away with a heel to his shoulder.

Well, that sure is one way to completely and utterly ruin their moment.

“Did you just...” her mind reels as she tries to interpret what just happened. “Are you seriously trying to make the stain bigger? Is this really happening?”

She locks her ankles together by her butt, blocking his view. No one in the entire galaxy other than Kylo could infuriate her as much as he just did. The man-child is a *kriffing moron*...

“You should see Hux’s chair.”

Kylo’s voice has a hint of boylike wonder to it. No wonder his mom packed him away to the closet equivalent of Force User Boarding School. He must have been a very, very bad child to need love this desperately as an adult.

Rey begins to kick at him with renewed vigor, feeling seriously pissed that he would ruin their beautiful moment together in such a revolting manner. Then she stops when the sudden pricks of soreness shoot up her pussy and make her eyes narrow.

Okay… this was a terrible idea. The worst idea that she’s ever had.

Not just the whole ‘giving it up to Kylo Ren, aka. Her mortal-goddamn-enemy’, but also the very act itself.

Sure, Rey had known that losing one’s virginity was a ticklish subject at the absolute perfectly best of circumstances. She had expected soreness, braced herself for pain. But she hadn’t been prepared for *this*.

Her pussy is filled with a cold burn. Not even the soothing creaminess of his semen coating her can take the sting of it away.
Kylo is a big man. Every part of him is proportional. It probably would have been a fantastic idea to first lose her cherry to someone… smaller? Less hung? Someone who wouldn’t have stretched her out then creeped her out?

Her pussy freaking hurts, okay? And she’s just fallen in love with this idiot. She has no idea why. There’s no excuse at all.

“Did you mean it, Rey?” Kylo asks, face a portrait of uncertainty. “When you told me you loved me, did you mean it?”

She could really destroy him no like none other.

Good thing for him that she has no desire to. As intolerable and insane as Kylo is, she wouldn’t change him for anything. Correct certain key behaviors of his, surely, but not fundamentally change him.

“Yes,” she tells him in a sigh, reach out again and catching his hands in her own. “Yes Kylo, I meant it. I love you.”

He blinks. She blinks. She tugs on him and he steps closer, bringing himself back into her arms. Their bond hums, sings, practically crows its delight over them giving in and accepting each other.

Stupid bond. It acts like all of this is so easy. Oh, fine, just be together. It’s all gonna be good. No responsibilities. No other lives. You two crazy kids just boink and breed without regrets. No worries.

The happiness she’d just felt is a fleeting feeling. Because, as much as she would love for this soft moment to last forever, they both are still who they are. Caught on opposing sides of an endless conflict. Forever destined to be mortal enemies.

“Don’t think like that,” Kylo whispers against her hair.

She forgives him for being in her head. This time. Just this once.

“We…”
Her voice fades so quickly. We shouldn't have. We can't do this again. We have no future together. The universe wills us to stay apart.

All of those are what she knows she should say, but who the hell does the universe think it is telling her what she should and shouldn't do?

“Kylo?” her words are muffled against his cowl as she snuggles her face into it, taking another deep breath of the scent of him.

He rubs his head against her forehead. Kisses her temple and tries to coax her to lift her face up by nudging her with the tip of his nose.

It makes her giggle. If only someone could see them now. The great Kylo Ren, cuddling the freshly sexed last Jedi apprentice while giving her Eskimo kisses. It's all so surreal.

“Kylo?”

She pulls back to speak and he immediately pounces on her lips, giving her a slow and lingering kiss goodbye.

They both start to put their clothing back on. Neither of them speak as they dress, but Rey can't help but shake her head as he beats her to the finish in a third of the time.

She has to clear her throat twice before she can speak.

“You should leave first,” she says softly. “In case someone is watching. We can't be seen together.”

Kylo holds his mask in his hands, staring at it but not putting it on yet. Then he bends down to kiss her forehead and the soft gesture makes her heart hurt.

“Of course.”
He turns and leaves, and she quietly stares at the floor until she hears the door click behind him.

Then Rey leaps to her feet, ready to make her run for it.

And she promptly winces and has to catch herself from buckling down onto her knees.

Her pussy… godsdamnit. Now that's a whole different sort of ache then she’s ever felt before. And Kylo had even tried to be gentle to her, but sweet mercy is she sore.

She probably really shouldn't have let him finish inside her, either. But it had been so kripping hot. The feeling of him coating her and filling her. She can still feel him inside her, trickling out or being kept in by body parts that just plain refuse to give up what they just shared.

Okay, this is all kinds of messed up. Rey needs to get out of here right now.

So she runs, limping and bow-legged but determined, hobbling towards the Finalizer’s hangar. When necessary she uses tricks of the Force to hide her movements until she’s safely on her own shuttle and jetting the hell away into hyperspace.

Kylo doesn’t try to stop her. But he also doesn’t try to hide how hurt he is when she closes off her side of the bond to him. She’s gone with only a stain on both the chair and their souls to commemorate this occasion.

It’s harder to keep him out of her head now. Fucking and making love and falling in love has made their connection stronger than ever. He probably could push through the hasty barriers she’s set up right now, but he doesn’t.

Next time, and there will inevitably be a next time since fate has decreed it to them, but next time she doesn’t know what to say or do or what will happen. Maybe they’ll fuck again or maybe they’ll fight or more likely they’ll do a mix of both.

And, yes, Rey was in love with him. She knew that with a certainty. Making love had done exactly that: it had literally made love.
Kylo had fucked her. He’d taken her innocence from her and she’d welcomed him to. And now she
was in love with him. In love and *desperately* praying that was just the sex hormones talking and it
will fade along with the residual tingles and purrs between her legs.

Because, if it doesn’t, *oh fucking gods what has she done*?!

All the attraction and lust and animosity and ‘I don’t know, you tell me’ had been melded together
with the force of his thrusting inside her. And it had forged this feeling of overwhelming devotion
that has taken hold of her heart now that she’s doomed herself by embracing it completely.

Everything is… it’s all too much.

She just lost her virginity to Kylo Ren.

Is there anything, any excuse at all, that Rey can come up with to justify the situation in her head?

Well, he’s hot. There’s that.

Sadly Rey can’t think of any other reason.

End Notes

A little rough around the edges but I’ll edit it in a few days once I’ve had a bit of a breather.
This might be as close to a romantic sex scene as I’m capable of writing. I’d been sent an
anonymous prompt for “lovemaking that does exactly that”, so I hope this fulfills everything
that anon was looking for.
If anyone else has any other requests, drop me a line here or at ava-dalo.tumblr.com and I’ll
see what I can come up with

Please [drop by the archive and comment](#) to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!