Unwanted Games

Posted originally on the Archive of Our Own at http://archiveofourown.org/works/12617532.

Rating: Mature
Archive Warning: Choose Not To Use Archive Warnings
Category: F/M
Fandom: Star Wars - All Media Types, Star Wars Episode VII: The Force Awakens (2015), Star Wars Sequel Trilogy
Relationship: Armitage Hux/Reader, Kylo Ren/Reader, Hux/reader/kylo ren, General Hux & Reader, Kylo Ren & Reader
Character: General Hux, Kylo Ren, Reader, OCs
Additional Tags: Mourning, Some Fluff and Angst, Sex, Threesome, some voyeurism
Stats: Published: 2017-11-03 Completed: 2017-11-29 Chapters: 8/8 Words: 18712

Unwanted Games

by ElmiDoL

Summary

Though you had previously married, your husband had died before the marriage could be consummated. You were a virgin widow, and some viewed that as a game. Your virginity was some prize to be won. You despised those games.

Hated them until THEY showed up. For the first time, you began to feel your emotions stirring.

*Reuploading; Fic originally posted between between September 2016 to January 2017*
Introductions

You were a virgin widow—and you hated it. You had married an officer of the First Order only to have your wedding night turn into the worst moment of your life. An accident, one in which your husband had not survived. You had been injured as well, though you had managed to survive; and that had all been close to a year ago. You had no interest in dating. A number of other officers had allowed you to grieve, though now apparently they believed you were ready for something. Namely sex. You were not oblivious to their leers, which you found distasteful. You had saved yourself for marriage for a reason; it had meant so much to you—and that had all been stolen from you. Your father, a higher ranking officer, scowled each night when you informed him that you had been approached by another man—occasionally woman—and asked for a date. Both you and your father wondered if it had become a game to them. Your mother, meanwhile, tried to remain out of it; she offered you comfort in another form, allowing you to speak of your dead husband. You valued your relationship with both your mother and your father.

Being of a higher rank, your father sometimes had other superior officers visit the household when he was home. You recognized a few faces here and there, yet it was the first time you found yourself familiar with a certain man not because you had seen him in person in that past, but because of who he was. General Hux stood beside your father, the two of them discussing matters that were most likely business-related. Catching yourself staring, you jerked away your gaze. There was another in your home who you found yourself curious about. Kylo Ren, whom you had heard of in the past, was standing off by himself. The officers were tense whenever they walked by him.

“Miss (L/n).” You bit back a grimace; few respected that you wished to be referred to by your husband’s last name. Some, because you had not consummated the marriage, claimed nothing was actually official. You turned to the speaker, regarding him with a mask of calmness. “H-how are you?”

“I’m doing well, thank you.” It was politics to you, playing nice. Given your father’s rank, you knew that it would be best for you to play along with civility. “And you?”

“Ah, I’m fine.” The man smiled, perhaps a little too widely for your liking. “Perhaps... In the morning, if you are free—”

“No thank you,” you said, cutting him off and then dipping your head in a nod of dismissal as you moved away from him. You scowled while walking, only to pause when you noticed in your side view that Kylo Ren had turned his head and was regarding you. You looked his way, your brow furrowed. It was the first time he had shown interest in anything within your parents’ home. “Er... Is... is there anything you need?”

The man did not respond to you. Instead, he returned his attention to the window, staring out it at the line of trees that was in the backyard. You blinked, told yourself to not offense, and bit down on your bottom lip as you forced yourself to walk away. You could feel a few stares on you as you mounted the stairs and headed to your bedroom. Perhaps you were being a little rude, however you were exhausted when it came to dealing with individuals who wanted something from you—romance or, worse, sex. Countless offers to take you out, the underlying note that they were hopeful to get you into bed.

With a groan, you entered your bedroom; after your husband had died and you had been released from the hospital, you had moved back in with your parents. Your mother enjoyed the company,
given that your father was coming up on a deployment. It helped you to cope—you had never been able to set foot again into the house you had shared with the man you loved. Your parents had packed away all your belongings and his. Slowly, over the course of many months, you had started to go through things. Many things you kept in storage, though certain things you were able to let go of. One of the things you had kept, however, was set on your bed. A small stuffed animal, which he had given you when the two of you had first started dating.

You plopped down on the bed, rolled onto your side, and curled up into a ball with the stuffed animal drawn to your chest, over your heart. With a sigh, you closed your eyes and tried to remember what it had felt like, to be held by him.

Footsteps interrupted your thoughts. You blinked open your eyes, cursed yourself for not closing the door, and then furrowed your brow when the footsteps carried on past your room. The sound of a door closing. Ah, you thought, the upstairs refresher. You ran your fingers along the stuffed animal’s head. The toilet flushed, and once more there were footsteps. You sighed softly when you heard those feet pause at your doorway. A light creak, as though the individual was turning to regard you.

“Mrs. (Husband L/n).” You felt goosebumps pimple along your flesh. Turning, you stared at the man who had spoken so smoothly. General Hux’s eyes swept along your face. “Are you not feeling well?”

“I…” You considered lying to the man. It was preferable to the truth that his subordinates were annoying you with their civility, with their very interest in you. Your shoulders slumped. “I am not fond of being referred to by my maiden name.”

“I see.” He tilted his had to the side a fraction of an inch, pausing as though offering you time to say something further if you so wished. “Will you be joining us for dinner? I could inform your mother if you feel as though you would prefer avoiding company.”

He had said nothing yet in regards to the stuffed animal that was in your grasp. You still had it clutched to your chest, still over your heart. Perhaps he had been plenty capable of discerning its origins. You considered his words. It would be less stressful—less annoying—to avoid current company. Though not all of the officers had approached you with romantic or sexual intent, there remained those three who had. You lowered your gaze to the floor, eyeing the redhead’s boots. So clean. The man wearing them so patient, given that a full minute had elapsed and you had said nothing.

“I am…undecided.” For his part, the man did not react negatively nor annoyed by this admission. He merely dipped his chin in a brief nod of acknowledge, dismissed himself, and headed back down the stairs. You stared after him until he was no longer in sight. At that point, you looked down at the stuffed animal that was in your hands. This you set down in your lap.

For my father’s sake, *I should at least eat dinner with them. Take a break now… Not that mother would mind if I stayed in my room all night—I don’t even think father would mind.*

Thus you remained conflicted, a scowl upon your face. A large part of you was wondering why it was General Hux had seemed to be so understanding a person; generals did not gain their ranks by being pushovers. He had gone above cordial, had been… You ran a hand along your forehead, shaking off the notion. Too many men had made a game out of trying to win your favor, namely for the purpose of sex. Surely General Hux was not such a person. The idea of it was, in a way, flattering; and yet it was also highly cumbersome. An annoyance. Such a messy ordeal, needing to turn down the general of the First Order.

Don’t be so full of yourself. You at last rose from your bed, setting the stuffed animal on your pillow.
When you straightened to leave your room, however, you found yourself freezing up. There in the hallway stood Kylo Ren. You had not even heard him mount the stairs, you had been so wrapped up in your own thoughts. “Er…” His helmet was tilted to the side, as though he were considering you. Your throat bobbed as you swallowed, the man taking a step forward. He did not quite enter your bedroom, however he filled the doorway easily.

“You…saved yourself your whole life…only to have the moment stolen away—you crave it, and yet you hold it with such disdain.”

“Sex?" you asked, your tone quite bitter. It was as though he had been inside your head. You were no stranger to his abilities; is that what had occurred?

“Yes. Sex…and romance as well.” It felt as though a void had developed around your heart. You felt yourself swaying, blinking three times in rapid succession. “Sentiment is useless.”

“Oh, so you’re here simply for the sex?” you snapped, having recovered from your shock. A chuckle, rich in sound, from him.

“The bathroom.” With that, he turned and headed for the refresher. You pressed your lips into a thin line. You were going to join everyone for dinner, you decided then, even if it was to end whatever games both Kylo Ren and General Hux seemed to want to play. If, your mind added, the redhead was just as guilty as his companion.
Paranoid Dreams

When at last you exited your room to join the household for dinner, you discovered that the majority of those gathered had already seated themselves. Thus it said much when General Hux, one of the few who remained standing, pulled your seat out for you. You paused before accepting the behavior as nothing more than being civil or a proper gentleman. It did not have to mean that he was interested in you romantically nor sexually, you chastised yourself. The universe was not obsessed with you. In a way, you felt rather egotistical for having harbored such paranoid delusions, that a man of the redhead’s rank would be fancying you like that. You managed to quietly thank him as you took your seat, and felt as though your face were heating up as he slid the chair forward with you on it.

It was when General Hux took the seat to your left that you felt your back stiffen. You had not realized that he had intended to be your neighbor while everyone ate. This allowed for him to converse with you, something you now wished more than anything to avoid. Still, you reasoned, it was more acceptable to you than having to speak with those who had openly asked you out for a date.

While the redhead situated himself, you found that your gaze traveled to the other being who had captured your attention. Kylo Ren was also seated at the table, though he remained on the opposite side. The darkly clad man—he was a man, wasn’t he?—had not removed his helmet and had turned both his plate and cup upside down so that nothing could be served to him. How awkward, you thought, glancing towards your mother. Her lips were pinched as she regarded the dishes when the food was being served. One leather-covered hand had its fingers drumming a light rhythm. Your eyes were glued there, on those digits.

You shifted your gaze only when the food had all been served. It was then that you sat more comfortably in your chair, and at the same time you attempted to convince yourself that you had nothing to fear in terms of dinner conversation. With all the eating that would be occurring—already a number of the officers and both your parents had started to pick up their utensils to take their first bites—little would be said for at least a few minutes. You lifted your fork and prodded at the potatoes that were on the plate.

“Are you not feeling well?” General Hux inquired for the second time that evening. You paused in your actions, the hairs on the back of your arm standing on end as you realized that the question had aroused Kylo Ren’s attention as well. Both men were watching you, perhaps others too. You forced a smile, only half-lying when you uttered out a response that your stomach was simply feeling rather sensitive. “I see. Perhaps it would be best to avoid the gravy.” Your eyes darted to his plate, his fork hovering roughly an inch from it with evidence of potatoes and gravy having been contained on his previous bite. “It’s rather rich.”

“Ah…yes. Uhm, thank you,” you said, swallowing thickly a moment later. Your head felt almost as though it were spinning. He’s not interested in you. You’re being paranoid. You slipped a bite of potatoes, sans gravy, into your mouth and started to slowly chew, dragging out the simple act.

You felt the moment his eyes left you, as it coincided with him stabbing some of his meat and placing the cut into his mouth. There were small conversations occurring around the table, you noted, hearing the murmuring of many voices at once. Some commenting on the food. Others speaking of things work-related. You could not help but wonder if things would have gone similarly had your husband not perished. Again did your gaze dart over to the second man who had intrigued you. Kylo Ren had ceased his drumming. His head was tilted ever so slightly to the side, and you could have
sworn that visor of his was pointed in your direction. When you stared for more than a few seconds, the man tilted his head to other side.

*Clearly he is interested in me,* your mind shot as you began to once more eat. *As far as why...*

A grunt from General Hux drew your thoughts away from the mysterious, robed man. Your eyes swept over to the redhead, and you found that he was staring at your fork from the corner of his eyes. You followed his gaze. Ah. You had taken a bite of the gravy despite his suggestion to not due to your stomach. You quietly cleared your throat. “A little shouldn’t hurt, I think,” you remarked.

“I find it best to not chance such things—with guests present, especially. Should it irritate the stomachs of multiple individuals, I foresee that there will be a bathroom shortage.” Your lips twisted upwards. He was quite efficient, wasn’t he? At the same time, you could see the fact that it would be wise to listen to him.

You avoided the gravy with the next bite, and that contemptuous stare abandoned your fork. He really enjoyed his position of authority, didn’t he? It caused your heart to flutter in your chest, realizing that this only made you wonder why it was he would be this way—curiosity in regards to his history rose within you.

*That doesn’t equate to romance,* you assured yourself, partaking in small talk with another officer when she began to speak with you. The entire time, you could sense that both General Hux and Kylo Ren were listening. You, for whatever reason, interested them. Perhaps it had much to do with your attitude, your passivity.

Following dinner, you were quick to dismiss yourself once the dishes were cleared away. A few of the officers, General Hux, and Kylo Ren would be staying the night. To say the least, you had spent *too* much time already being social. The storm outside had much to do with the reason your parents would be harboring guests overnight. There were two guest rooms, which the redhead and cloaked man would be taking; while the other officers were taking the living room. You entered your room long enough to grab a few extra blankets that would be offered to those individuals. Your mother took these from you; she seemed to understand you well, appeared to know that you were attempting to avoid further conversation with others.

“General Hux will be taking the room beside yours,” your mother informed you. Gesturing to the other guest room, the one that was diagonal from your room, she continued, “Kylo Ren will be in that one.”

You nodded. “I see. Thanks. Uh...goodnight, mom.”

“Goodnight, sweetheart,” she replied, turning and walking away from you with the blankets in tow.

When she was out of sight, you went to the bathroom so that you could brush your teeth and ready yourself for the night. After returning to your bedroom, you closed the door and released a sigh of relief. At last you could relax again. Not have to worry about entertaining others, or being wooed. You were able to ignore the paranoid part of your mind that was telling you General Hux held an interest in you. That Kylo Ren, too, wished to have further interactions.

That paranoid part of your mind, however, was not done with you. It was as you drifted off to sleep that it again reared its ugly head. The stuffed animal you were cuddling did nothing to protect you against your subconscious.

*Hot breath trailed along your cheek, the mouth hovering near your face raising as the man inspected you. You could feel his lips ghosting over your flesh. Hands moved up your body from*
your hips to your breasts. You swallowed hard, one hand twisting the sheets underneath your body and the other set against the man’s chest, your palm flat. The muscles underneath your touch rippled at the contact, the body pressing further into yours. The faceless man, his hips slid between your legs, and you could feel his hardened member prodding at you. His erection threatened to enter you, and yet the man did not push into you. Always teasing.

You gasped then moaned when those lips ventured to kiss you—next to your mouth rather than on it. Turning your head, you attempted to capture them, however the man chuckled—such a rich sound—and pulled back. You whimpered in want and need. Wrapping your legs around the man’s waist, you tried to secure him into a position where you could press down onto him. Another chuckle. Then at last was he pressing up into you, filling you. It ached. It felt fantastic. The stretch, the fullness—the ripping of your hymen caused you to cringe and bury your face into his shoulder.

You were breathing heavily as your eyelids fluttered open. A sheet of sweat was gathered on your body, and you were clutching the stuffed animal oh-so tightly. Your chest heaved a final time before you held your breath in an attempt to calm yourself. Stars but did your cheeks feel hot. Your underwear rather…wet. You winced at the thought, swiping a hand along your forehead. It was bad enough when you had erotic dreams, knowing that you would never experience such things with your late husband; and yet to do so when there were guests in the house… Knowing that it was likely the presence of two specific guests that had aroused such a dream.

You set aside the stuffed animal and slipped out from the covers of your bed. Mentally cursing yourself, you tiptoed to the door and did what you could to quietly open it. The rest of the household was rather silent, indicating that those under the roof were sleeping. Thank goodness, you thought as you exited your bedroom. Only to release a light oomph when you hit into a darkened shape.

“Perhaps you should be more careful,” a familiar voice said to you. Your lips parted and yet no words were released. As your eyes adjusted to the darkness, you took in the figure of Kylo Ren. He was looking down at you. Not moving despite that you had set a hand to steady yourself—set that hand upon his chest. Your blush grew once more; visions of your dream invaded your thoughts. He chuckled, and you felt your breath catch. His hand, gloved as always, met your hip. His fingers slipping around back, his thumb pressing on the front of your body.

You jerked away from him, shuffling around him and rushing for the bathroom. Kylo Ren allowed you to leave; you knew he could have stopped you had he so wished. You closed the door perhaps too loud, and your fingers worked the lock into place. You flicked on the light and stared at your reflection in the mirror. Your eyes were those of a spooked woman. Shoulders heaving with each breath you took, as though it was with great effort that you remained in your own skin. And that body of yours—how warm it felt. Hot, in fact. A throbbing had developed between your legs, every memory of your dream haunting you and worsening the sensation.

With shaking hands, you turned on the water and splashed some onto your face. A chill ran along your spine at the sudden contact of cold water. You pursed your lips and released a more even breath. It did not take you many more times of acting similarly before at last you had calmed yourself. Only then did you move to the toilet, the reason you had left your bedroom to begin with.

When you were finished and had washed your hands, you hesitated at the door. Your hand was hovering above the handle and your heart was racing in your chest. Narrowing your eyes, you pressed onward. Opened the door and discovered that there was no one in the hallway. This time you had allowed your eyes to adjust to the darkness after shutting off the light. No silhouette. No Kylo Ren; the man had retired to the guest room. You walked to your room without bothering to rise up onto your tiptoes again.
This time, not only did you close your bedroom door, but you locked it too. Paranoid, paranoid, you chastised yourself. You climbed onto your bed. With a sour expression, you sat there with your legs crossed and the stuffed animal pulled onto your lap. Your fingers absently ran along the object’s body. It’s because of your stupid dream… Relax… Get some rest. It will be better in the morning. Another voice in your mind assured you that it would not, in fact, be better. After all, the officer that had asked you out for breakfast was still present. You decided to ignore that voice for the time being, laid down, and pulled the covers over both yourself and the stuffed animal.

What woke you next was a light knocking on your bedroom door. The noise repeated itself on two separate occasions as you tiredly blinked and stared at the wood. You cleared your throat, sat up, and ran a hand along your tangled mess of hair as you hummed out a tentative hmm? The individual apparently had been listening for a response, for the knocking did not return. Instead, you were greeted by a voice that, in your opinion, you should not have had to deal with for at least a few hours more.

“Your mother asked that I inform you she is readying breakfast. She wishes to know if you are in a mood to join the household, or if you feel it would be better served should you remain until the present company leaves for the day.”

For the day? you thought, your brow furrowing. A strangled noise caught in the back of your throat. “You’re…” You paused, ran your tongue along your lips to wet them, and then started anew. “You aren’t leaving today then?”

“I was informed early this morning that it would be prudent to remain here for another three days. The reasoning cannot be revealed to civilians, mind you.” You listened as General Hux spoke to you, the man ever professional. Your late husband had looked up to this man—your father did as well, which was something given the age difference. General Hux was younger than your father yet held a higher rank—higher by a single rank, you reminded yourself. “In answer to the question posed by your mother?”

Your mouth twisted upwards. He was so…stiff. So rigid. You could not help but wonder what it would be like if he loosened up…like Kylo Ren. Your mouth ran dry at the thought. Cursing the two men in your head, you rose from the bed and walked to the door. There you undid the lock and opened the wooden barrier enough so that you could angle your body to hide the fact that you were not wearing a bra.

“Good morning, Mrs. (Husband L/n),” General Hux said upon seeing your face.

You dipped your head in a nod of greeting. “Good morning, general.” An amused smirk formed on his lips, a quiet chortle leaving him. As with Ren’s chuckle, you felt your body react. Your stomach fluttered, your thighs clenching together. “Uhm… I…Perhaps I—“

“Is your stomach still ill at ease?” he asked levelly, his eyes sweeping along what parts of you they could. You dropped your gaze to his feet. They were clad only in socks. Hmm… “Mrs.—“

“(Y/n) is sufficient,” you mumbled, unable to tear your eyes away from those feet, those socks—the ones your husband used to wear. In fact, you could have sworn they were the same size. “I’ll just eat a small breakfast. That should be fine.”

You could not help but wonder if General Hux was aware of the fact that he wiggled his toes every few seconds. It seemed almost uncharacteristic—not that you knew him well, yet for a man of his rank to be fidgety when under the scrutiny of someone of your own stature—and you found it…

It isn’t endearing, you hissed at yourself.
“I will inform your mother then,” he said, turning and walking away.

You remained in your doorway, watching the man’s retreat until you heard the door across from you open. Your eyes swept over to Kylo Ren. Still in those robes and mask. “Is that a fresh set?” The words left you before you could stop them. Kylo Ren stared in your direction without responding. “Last night…why were you in the hallway?”

“I was listening to the storm.” It caused you pause, that he had answered. Your mind ran back over the night. You, too, had heard thunder though your mind had not registered it at the time. You had been much too preoccupied with your dream, with Kylo Ren himself. “It was relaxing.”

“They used to keep me up when I was little,” you admitted.

“And now you hardly notice them—or was that an exception?”

Though he had posed the question, Kylo Ren did not wait for a response. The man walked towards the stairs down which General Hux had left minutes before. You stared after him the same way you had observed the redhead.

Since your husband’s death, no one had seemed to capture your interest. And now, suddenly, there were two men who baffled and intrigued you. You could only hope that to them this was not some game as so many others had believed they were playing. You did not want to be toyed with, and yet at the same time you truly did feel as though you were a mouse being batted around by two cats.

You pressed closed the bedroom door and quickly moved to your closet, rummaging through your clothes so that you could dress for the day. It was time to level the playing fields with Kylo Ren and General Hux. You were up to the challenge, you told yourself. You would not allow them to best you.
Small Conversations

Small Conversations

It did not take you much time to dress, nor to descend the stairs in order to join the others who were awake. One of the officers was still in the process of rising from sleep. He yawned, adjusted the blanket over his shoulders, and rose with the item wrapped around himself whilst making his way towards the downstairs refresher. You smiled to yourself at that. In truth, had you not been awoken by the general, you would likely be acting similarly. Given what had occurred, however, you were more on your guard. You wove your way into the kitchen, slipping past three officers. Your mother had prepared a thermos of caf for you, and the pastries she was making were cooling.

You leaned your hip against the counter, eyeing the food. “Thank you,” you said to your mother, who smiled warmly at you. You pecked her on the cheek then looked around for your father. Upon noticing that he was speaking with a certain redhead, you frowned and turned back to the pastries. “I’m going to go for a walk while I eat.”

“I was thinking you would,” your mother said in an equally quiet voice. She gestured to the thermos. “That’s why I prepared it for you.”

“I appreciate it beyond words,” you replied, giving her another quick kiss on the cheek before snagging one of the pastries that you knew would have had the most time to cool. You wrapped this in a napkin, and holding this along with your cup of caf, you moved out of the kitchen and towards the front door.

A certain masked individual was absent throughout this, leaving you to wonder if he had developed a similar plan to yours. Avoid everything by getting out of the house. It was rather crowded in your opinion. Your room was not much of an escape—and, more than anything, you were not in a mood to hide in the confines of those walls. You sighed the moment you exited the house. Fresh air really did the body good, you thought, tilting your head back and taking a moment to simply breathe. You could hear a few cracks coming from your back as you relaxed further. You had not realized exactly how tense you were until that moment.

Lifting the thermos towards your mouth, you took the first step away from the house. The path was one you had walked on many occasions, yet never before had it promised such relief. You took a bite of the pastry and gave a light moan at the taste of it. Stars could your mother bake. This was a newer recipe; you did not recall having this specific pastry in the past. You took a second then third bite before at last taking another drink of your caf. Your light breakfast coupled with the fresh air and the walk you were taking was doing wonders to assist you in clearing your troubled mind.

They’ll leave, and my problems will be over, you told yourself. No reason to stress. Just stop stressing. And yet your mind threw at you the image of General Hux wiggling his toes at your bedroom door. It seemed so uncharacteristic of a man who always appeared to be in control of everything. Given what you had heard of him, you had expected someone…older. Despite knowing that he was younger than your father, you had still believed he would look older. More gruff. He did have a severe appearance in many respects, however there was an underlying softness to him as well. Perhaps this had to do with his age alone. But what if it is something more?

You had a weakness for officers, in part due to your late husband. You sometimes found yourself staring at them longingly when no one was looking; pretending that it was your deceased love who was in uniform. Though you had accepted his death more fully, that had only lessened the amount of times you entertained such notions; it would never fade completely, this you knew.
All at once you were drawn out of your thoughts and back into the moment. A light breeze ruffled your hair, which you had to brush away in order to see more clearly the individual sitting on a large rock. The boulder was one you had climbed on as a child. There upon it was Kylo Ren. His clothing gave him away, and the helmet that was set beside the rock. Otherwise you would not have recognized him for his face. Prominent features, namely his nose and ears. You found your eyes scanning everything about him. Soft-looking hair. Another individual you had imagined as being older. Not this…youth.

Perhaps not quite a youth; he had to be close to his thirties judging from all you had heard. He did appear young, his face so filled with expression. You could not help but wonder if he wore the helmet to not only protect him in battle, but to hide this expressiveness as well. His eyes turned to you, his face all at once becoming guarded—though still you could see the tinge of suspicion there.

“You are not the ideal hostess,” the man said levelly. All the same, you could hear the mocking tone that threatened to overwhelm everything about him.

You ran your tongue along your lips, wetting them and giving yourself a few moments to think of an appropriate response. “I have permission.” You bit back a scowl, feeling your facial muscles twitching and knowing that he could likely see this. You almost sounded like a little kid with your response; getting your parents’ permission. The man’s lips quirked upwards for a fraction of a second, and you prepared yourself for another subtle attack. Nothing came from his lips.

For want of something to do in order to avoid the awkward silence that had come between the two of you, you once more lifted your thermos to your lips. That single drink caused you to wonder if Kylo Ren had consumed anything that morning—did he eat at all? Your thoughts then traveled to the redhead you had left behind. He would likely be eating with your parents, perhaps still in conversation with your father.

“You’re not unused to male attention,” Kylo Ren said. Coming from any one else, you would have taken it as an insult. Given that this man did not seem to say anything to you save for when something became an interest to him, and coupled with the note of curiosity with which he spoke, you found yourself merely tilting your head to the side in hopes that he would elaborate. “You avoid conversation with the officers. And yet…it is only with the general and myself that you become so…flustered.” As if on cue, there was heat rising in your cheeks. “What rank had your husband held?”

“It… It doesn’t have to do with rank.”

“Then what?” His eyes pinched as he narrowed them. There was a certain impatience that sprang forth. Perhaps, you noted, he was merely disappointed in himself for failing to properly discover what it is about the general and him that so flustered you.

You gave a weak shrug and shook your head. “I don’t know. Maybe…the confidence? The way neither of you are so direct when it comes to—you each speak with me, yet it hardly seems anything akin to flirting.”

“You think all men should be interested in you—should flirt with you?”

You paused for a moment, your mind reeling back over what you had said. Okay… I can see where he would arrive at that conclusion. Clearing your throat, you found yourself fidgeting and adjusting the way you were standing. “Not all the officers here flirt with me. That isn’t what I meant. At the same time…their intentions are easier to read.”

“You wonder why the general and I speak to you at all?” At this, you nodded emphatically. Kylo Ren released a small hum prior to turning his head so that he was facing away from you. You
attempted to follow his gaze, however were unable to discern what it was he was staring at. “It will storm tonight again.”

“Do you like the rain?” you found yourself asking before you could think on what it was you were saying. The dark-haired man glanced at you, looked away, and remained silent. You remained standing there for several seconds longer before deciding that he did not appear to be in a mood for elongated conversations. Uttering out a quiet farewell, you returned to your walk and headed down the path you had previously started upon.

The issue, you decided as you strolled, was that following the dream you could not help but wonder how it would feel to kiss either of them. Your mind was attempting to dig up the reason behind why they were speaking to you; of that, Kylo Ren had been quite astute. A large part of you loathed that he had not seen fit to divulge any further information in regards to that matter. No hints whatsoever. Even if not about the general’s motives, but more so his own. Given that he was less social than the redhead man, you were all the more baffled.

You spent the better part of two hours away from home before at last resigning yourself to the return trip. On your way, you passed a few of the officers who were staying at your parents’ house. A large part of you was rather thankful, what with knowing that meant you could avoid conversations with them. Especially with the man who had been intending to take you out for breakfast. He cast you a flustered look before averting his gaze away, a scowl forming. It appeared that the message of your not being interested had been at last received.

General Hux was seated alone on the porch, the man occupying the wooden rocking chair. You set your thermos on the railing that surrounded the porch then slipped onto the swing. Placing your feet on the ground, you rocked the swing a little, all the while you met the man’s gaze head on. He was quite content with studying you and saying nothing at all.

*Almost as though he knows I’m curious about his intentions,* you thought, narrowing your eyes. This caused his lips to twitch. A lazy smirk settled on his face, and you found your mouth opening enough for you to issue out a tiny noise of frustration.

“Did the walk do you such little good?” he inquired, drumming his fingers against the left arm of the chair. You studied those digits whilst providing an answer in the form of a shrug. You felt rather like a petulant child being lectured by an adult, and you absolutely detested feeling as such. This may have shown well on your face, for the man across from you adopted a different approach. “If you so wish, I will have my men informed that they are not to approach you with unwanted invitations.”

“It’s… That I’m treated like a prize—as though whoever *fucks* me wins a game I didn’t even…” You growled lowly, wringing your hands in a strangling motion. The smirk upon the general’s face stretched into an amused grin. Flustered, you cleared your throat and dropped your hands into your lap while also lowering your eyes. “Sex wasn’t supposed to be meaningless for me. I was going to… with my husband… We waited so long, and—not that I was oblivious to death. That he could die. But I hadn’t expected… not like that, and not so soon.”

“And now there are those who view the situation as you being a prude.” He said this so casually, and yet it struck you, causing you to reel back. “I did not mean to offend you—to me it is hardly a game, and I rather find your self-control astonishing. You are not doing anything to tease those interested in you. You make it quite clear that you have no intention of… And yet I do find myself… intrigued by you. That self-control.”

“A challenge?” you spat, swinging yourself up into a standing position and snatching up your thermos. “You want to break that self-control? See me—you know, general, I have heard many loathsome things. What you’re saying isn’t anything new.”
He chortled, also standing from where he had been seated for who knew how long. The man closed the distance between the two of you in a few short strides. “You misunderstand. This alone is well enough.” His face drew closer to yours. “You do your husband proud, (Y/n). Carrying yourself as you do, respecting yourself… That self-control—I would hate to see it fade entirely. Watching you lose your composure in conversation is a treat all the same.”

Your eyes were traveling up and down his face. From his mouth to his eyes, back and forth. “But you would fuck me if given the chance.”

“I would.”

You inhaled slowly through your nose, allowing his words to settle. He had not denied it, which for some reason caused your respect for him to grow. Perhaps this had much to do with what he had said—and you were under no impression that he had lied to you at all. His face remained close to yours as you gathered your thoughts.

“Are you waiting for permission to kiss me?” you asked.

“I am.”

You blinked a single time and then dipped your chin to stare at the ground, at his feet, which were covered by boots. You wondered if he was wiggling his toes at all. “I won’t give it.”

Thermos in hand, you turned away from him at last and headed into the house.
You stood in the doorway to your bedroom, your entire boy leaning up against the doorframe. After literally crashing into the man for a second time on the way to the bathroom, you had realized that he was listening to the storm. Deciding to be a gracious hostess—knowing that the room in which he had been assigned had only a small window—you had asked him if he wanted to watch the storm from your room. You had turned on the lamp above your bed and kept the door open to avoid anything awkward or else allow anyone to misconstrue what was occurring. Naturally, you had not counted on the man sitting on your bed to watch out the window. Nor had you believed he would ever lift up the stuffed animal your deceased husband had gifted you. When Kylo Ren placed that object into his lap, you had frozen in the doorway. That was where you were now.

Staring at the back of the man’s head—he had removed his helmet and set it on your headboard—you hesitated at the edge of the bed. Would it be inappropriate of you to join him on the piece of furniture? Swallowing thickly, you did so. Sitting there. Remaining above the covers and a few inches away from him. Kylo Ren’s head cocked to the side, however he did not tear his stare away from the window. Lightning streaked through the sky. You waited half a beat, and there it was—the rolling rumble of thunder.

“You don’t often have the chance to watch storms,” you state quietly. You had expected no answer from him, no reaction at all. Thus you arched your body further away when he did turn his head to look at you. “They’re dangerous but beautiful. My husband… He liked them too.”

“They can be rather calming,” Kylo Ren conceded, returning his stare to the window. “You see him in many things. Are reminded of him. Do you refuse to move on, or is that a different matter?”

“I don’t know,” you admitted, removing your gaze from him in order to also stare out at the storm. “I know he would wish for me to be happy. He wouldn’t hold it against me if I entered into another relationship… It’s finding an understanding person, someone who won’t want me to never think of my husband.” A low hum emerged from the man beside you. In your peripheral, you caught sight of him stroking the stuffed animal. “I am pretty sentimental, I suppose.”

“And yet clear-headed.” It was, perhaps, the first time he had complimented you outright. You sat there frozen in place, your mind reeling at his words. This was a man obviously not fond of sentiment, however he had seen fit to allow you this moment of weakness without berating you. “Most allow it to cloud their vision, to alter their morals. Many change how they behave and hate themselves for it. Your pride is not unearned.”

“Pride?” You chuckled as you repeated the word and shook your head. “I was thinking of it as self-respect.”

“That as well.”

“You’re rather prideful, too, then,” you said softly, looking again at the man. His eyes were on you, freely roaming your face. “I suppose, in your case, it is also earned…to an extent.” His lips quirked, his eyes pinching in the corners as though challenging you to continue. You met the challenge. “You seem to use your pride as a tool to measure others. Or is that a separate matter?”

Rather than answer you outright, Kylo Ren reached a hand towards you and stroked the side of your
face. You kept perfectly still, allowing him to caress you in this way. It was difficult for you to tell what inspired this action from the man. He was not overtly sentimental, though you suspected he had moments of what he may very well consider weakness; he obviously felt things on a certain level to be so drawn into conversing with you about your late husband. Perhaps it was that he sometimes had to remind himself that he was human and capable of feeling. He seemed, to you, the type to hide away sentiment in order to protect himself on both the battlefield and in every day living.

This man, whom you knew had killed many, had a gentle hand when he touched you. His touch brought to mind your husband. Where many would be appalled at the comparison, Kylo Ren smiled knowingly. “Even this?” he asked. There were no traces of mockery, only genuine curiosity. It was because of this that you found yourself respecting him. He was more human than most people you knew; more capable of compassion and empathy when he allowed himself to feel anything other than the forced numbness you had come to sense from him.

“Yes,” you said, closing your eyes for the three seconds longer during which he touched you. As his limb drew away and you reopened your eyes, you spoke again. “When a stranger touches you like that, it’s uncomfortable. You never know their intentions. Awkward… You’re the first person since my husband that I did not feel that way. There was nothing…pervasive about it.”

“And if I were to tell you that I did it because—“

“I am weaker than you…physically,” you said, cutting him off. The smile dropped from his face, though he did not quite frown. Instead he had an expression of curiosity that prompted you to wave your hand in the air between your body and his. “It wasn’t about demeaning me. I don’t think so at least. You do not—I have not seen you really touch anyone at all. You’re allowing yourself to… accept that I am smaller than you…weaker… But you aren’t doing it to insult me.”

“You read people well,” he said, another compliment that had your mind spinning around as it fought to process his words. Thunder cut through the silence that fell between the two of you.

You sat there staring at him even when the man focused on the window, on the lightning streaking along the sky. He seemed to be absentmindedly running his thumb up and down along the stuffed animal. Petting at it, in a way. Your gaze lingered on his hands, namely the one that had touched you. Your own words replayed in your head. This man did not often touch another. He avoided human contact in a way that had you rethinking the way he had touched you. It was all the more intimate. In a way, less with having to do with him accepting your weaknesses; he had wanted to feel you.

The leather of his glove had not permitted full contact, you noted. It was…a tease—for him. He had not allowed himself to fully commit to the act. “May I touch you?” you asked. As you had begun to suspect, the man tensed. His eyes were wide, as though no one had ever ventured to be so bold. Catching himself, Kylo Ren resumed his mask of indifference. You waited, without results, for another thirty seconds before deciding to accept that he would not answer either positively or negatively to your inquiry. You lifted your hand, pausing in the act of reaching towards him when your hand was a mere four inches from his face.

He had tensed all the more. Had he been anyone else, you would have expected him to be trembling. Touch-starved, your mind supplied. Or perhaps he did have contact here and there—a hired girl, or maybe a one-night stand. It could very well be the nature of the conversation the two of you had shared that left him so vulnerable. Intimacy was more than sex; this you well knew. Kylo Ren may not have had anything to be nervous of when it came to anything more carnal. Yet your touch, you knew, was not about sex. Nor hatred or battle. It was a more human gesture, something innocuous and yet so personal.
You allowed more time for him to object. When he did not, you closed the distance and set the tips of your fingers against the corner of his mouth. His flesh was smooth. There were no signs of facial hair, no stubble. Either he used the suppressants that had been popular during the Empire’s reign or else ensured that he shaved daily. Ren’s eyelids descended as you shifted onto your knees to better touch him; your hand cupped along his jaw, his chin against your palm.

“No one ever seems to appreciate simple gestures,” you whispered. Kylo Ren leaned into your touch at that, his lips meeting your fingers though he did not press to kiss you. You traced your thumb up and down along the edge of his mouth. “The more powerful the individual, the more I saw… So many superior officers thinking the world owed them such behavior. It was shocking—my father was never like that.”

“And that is something that attracted you to your husband?” he asked. “Endeared him to you?”

“Yes…it was. It is worthy of admiration; being able to hold a position of power while at the same time not taking for granted that someone…so small…can hold such sway.” It was why, you knew, there were occasions when the First Order obliterated entire villages. Though you loathed the actions, you understood where the orders came from. “Maybe it’s why I haven’t moved on from my husband. Because those interested in me don’t have respect for me. I’m an object. A prize. Or else a prude. Someone needs to put me in my place. I’ve heard so much.”

“They believe, because they are officers and thus in a position of power…that you should sway and kneel before them.” He stated it as fact, as though he understood exactly what it was you were attempting to convey. You hummed in agreement while nodding. “Such loyalty needs to be earned.”

You lifted yourself, your face drawing nearer to his. Kylo Ren at last reopened his eyes. The two of you watched one another. Your tongue traced over your lips, and you noticed the way the man observed the action. Shifting your hand out of the way, you finished leaning towards him and pressed your mouth against his. He eagerly returned the kiss, his hand meeting the back of your head and keeping you there as the first kiss turned into a second, third, fourth. Your hip met his knee, and the man altered his position, slipping his legs between yours and keeping them outstretched so that you could comfortably move into his lap.

When the need for air became too much, you tilted your face so that your forehead met his, your mouth and his hovering near one another. “I don’t—“

“You do not need to explain,” he murmured, cutting you off. “Your intentions are clear.” You waited, ticking the time in your head to see if he meant what he said. The man did not push you against his lap, did not buck up against you—nothing. This had nothing to do with sex, and everything to do with what the pair of you had spoken of. Your shoulders slumped as you dropped your guardedness. Kylo Ren chuckled. “Another time, I may pursue you.” You bit down on your bottom lip and shuddered at the promise. “You should sleep.”

Having spoken these words, Kylo Ren slipped out from underneath you. He placed your stuffed animal beside your pillow, lifted his helmet, and quietly walked across your room. He lingered for a moment in the doorway, his head tilted back. You waited. Kylo Ren said nothing; he finished exiting your bedroom, pulling closed the door behind himself. You listened to his footsteps making their way to the bedroom he had been given to stay.

Your hand found your mouth, your fingers grazing over your lips as you recalled the feel of his kisses. In the distance, the thunder still rumbled.
In the early hours of the morning, you found yourself awake. You remained lying in bed. Someone else in the house was also awake, this individual moving around. You heard boot steps quietly making their way down the stairs. The front door opening and then closing. Rolling out of bed, you opened your bedroom door long enough to confirm your suspicions; the door of Kylo Ren’s temporary room was open. More movement from the room beside yours allowed you to know that General Hux was also awake. There was no surprise there—the man was rumored to sleep very little.

You leaned against your doorframe, much as you had the previous night, and waited to see if the man was going to emerge soon. He did not disappoint. His eyes flicked to you, however he did not stop walking. You felt your cheeks heat up a little when you realized he was going into the refresher. You turned back into your room. Rather than close your door, you left it open as a sort of open invitation. General Hux did not seem like the type of man who would misunderstand your intentions; in that way, he was identical to Ren.

The toilet flushed, and the water in the sink ran. You sat on your bed after pulling on a light over shirt to hide that you were not wearing a bra. The ginger paused upon realizing that you had left the door open. He turned his head, the man watching you from his spot in the hallway. You nodded when he made no move to enter your room. General Hux accepted the invitation, walking only a few inches past your doorway. He stopped there and crossed his arms behind his back.

“Good morning,” he said stiffly. You bit down on your bottom lip, your eyebrows rising. Given that your room was directly beside the one he was staying in, you began to wonder if he had heard you and Ren conversing the previous night. It could explain his current attitude. General Hux cleared his throat. “My assessment of you was incorrect.”

“I’m not... It isn’t about teasing anyone,” you said softly. You had snubbed this man and then, that very night, had kissed Kylo Ren. “I...” You ran your tongue along your lips, eyes darting towards the ceiling as your mind tried to sort through the last few days. “He asked about my husband. He isn’t... It wasn’t anything sentimental probably. But I was comfortable with him. Talking about my husband—most people seem uncomfortable when I do.”

The man was standing a little less stiffly. General Hux took another step into the room, as though accepting your explanation for the truth that it was. You pinched the knee of your pants, tugged, and then released the material. You dropped your gaze to the mans’ feet. He was not wearing any boots nor socks, which allowed you to once more observe his toes twitching. It brought a smile to your face. Tilting your head to the side, you raised your stare onto his face and found that he had also cocked his head, leaning it to the right. The pair of you stared at one another without speaking for several minutes before the man broke through that silence.

“You should not be made to feel ashamed for wanting to speak of your deceased husband.” You extended your legs so that they were dangled off the edge of the bed, your knees bent. Placing your hands on either side of yourself, you cupped the mattress and leaned forward. “You are an attractive woman, and, while I refuse to hide my interest in you, I am respectful enough to back off if that is what you wish.”

“I...waited and waited—and I was supposed to have that moment with my husband. It suddenly seems so cheap and meaningless to have sex at all. That’s all anyone is after... Or maybe not.
Perhaps some who have been interested in me actually would care, and yet I…” You shook your head. There was a feeling of a thickness in your throat, the urge to cry welling up inside of you. “I’m constantly wondering if they would treat me differently the moment I spoke of my husband—stars, most people don’t even refer to me by his name. You did, and I… I appreciate it. Both you and Ren are the only two since my husband to have ever… I haven’t bee interested in anyone else before.

“And while I do recognize that both of you respect me, I still wonder if it is about sex. Is that all it is? While you’ll respect my decision regardless, what other reason do you have for speaking to me? The goal is sex. And then now you and Ren… You’re both, in your own way, speaking with me. Is it just for sex?”

“I cannot speak for Ren,” General Hux said simply. “I do enjoy your company. I will continue to enjoy it should nothing sexual be the outcome. It is not often that I can converse with another, especially one who is not an officer.” He was speaking of mutual respect, you realized a few seconds after his last sentence ended. Respect on a personal level rather than in terms of authority or position in the militaristic hierarchy.

It dawned on you once more that this was the man your husband had served under. You and General Hux would have likely crossed paths eventually regardless if you had been a widow or not. That likelihood was higher, given your father’s rank in the First Order. You at last rose fully from the bed. The redhead was out of uniform, which meant that you could not stare at his chest and pretend that he was your husband. You set your hands on the back of your head, speaking aloud without realizing you were doing so until after the words had left your lips; you admitted your habit to the man in front of you, telling him of how you liked to make-believe that your husband was there with you whenever you saw a uniformed man.

General Hux closed the distance between the pair of you. He set a hand on your upper arm, and you let your eyelids descend. “His death was in no way dishonorable.” One of your unspoken fears; that others thought less of your husband because he had not died in battle. “Do not be ashamed to speak of him.”

“I wanted him to hold me—I want him to hold me. Now. Right now. It’s not fair… and I feel so childish for saying that. I get that people die every day. But people telling me to move on—I am getting on with my life, but that does not mean I need to date or have sex, or… Or anything else they think I should be doing. Because I still love him, and I will always love him!”

“That is what I admire about you,” he said. Your eyes snapped open, and you stared at him directly in the eyes. There was nothing to imply that he was being anything less than genuine with you. General Hux blinked a single time. “Your feelings are not fickle. His death should not stop you from loving him.”

Your eyes darted towards your closet, wherein you had some of your late husband’s possessions in a box. One of his uniform shirts, however, was hung up so that you could wear it on occasion. It was the closest you could get to him holding you. A bottle of the cologne he had sometimes worn was on your shelf.

General Hux followed your gaze. The man turned away from you in order to walk towards your closet. He opened the door. You imagined that his eyes were scanning along your belongings. His hand went for the uniform shirt, and you felt your legs tensing. General Hux ran his fingers along the sleeve of the shirt. He drew it out of the closet, tugging it over the plain white undershirt he had likely worn to bed. Your breath stilled. He had lifted his hand once more, this time grabbing the bottle of cologne.

It was as he was applying some of the cologne to himself that he spoke to you, his voice soft. “If you
blindfold yourself, it will be easier.” You were flabbergasted. It dawned on you exactly what he was offering, and you were more than a little apprehensive when it came to accepting. You rubbed the sides of your thighs before walking to your dresser. You reached inside for a silk scarf that you hardly ever wore. You wrapped it around your eyes, tying it loosely in case you decided to change your mind.

You moved back onto your bed, feeling the way with your hands. You kept your head tilted partway to the side in order to better hear each and every one of the redhead’s moves. His feet were pattering on the floor of your bedroom, the sound becoming louder as the man drew nearer. The mattress shifted when he climbed onto the bed with you. His arms wrapped around you, and instantly you were overwhelmed by the smell of your husband’s cologne. Not that the man was wearing too much; it was the memories that stirred within you that caused you to experience such vertigo.

You curled your arms upwards, holding the arm against you. The feel of your late husband’s clothing on you, the way his cologne washed over you—the blindfold allowed you to truly feel as though it was him holding you there. You felt the first tear slip past the blindfold, others collecting against the material. Your body was trembling, emotions threatening to overwhelm you completely. You shifted in the man’s arms, turning around and cuddling against his chest. You inhaled deeply, allowing yourself this moment to pretend that this was truly your late husband. He was here with you, a moment you had never believed you could experience again.

“I love you,” you said after having whispered your late husband’s name. The body that was against yours shifted. He curled his arms, cupping your upper arm with a hand and then rubbing along you with this thumb. Up and down. You tucked your face into the crook of his neck. “I miss you.”

You were thankful for the general’s silence; it would have broken the fantasy.

For a while longer, you remained quiet in his arms. When at last you had stopped crying, you told yourself that you could not cling onto this fantasy forever—even if a large part of you wanted to. “Thank you.” You had not made any move to reach for the blindfold. Every millisecond before General Hux spoke counted. He grunted, and you easily imagined it was a noise the man you loved would have released. You swallowed thickly at that, fought to suppress a shudder, and at long last removed the scarf.

You kept the material in your hand, clutching onto it as you stared at the man’s chest. Your eyes darted along your husband’s shirt. General Hux slid his hand down the length of your arm to your hip, which he patted. At that, you tilted back your head to meet his gaze. When he leaned down, you did not move back in retreat. On the contrary, you met him halfway. The kiss was gentle, a brief meeting of the lips. His tender actions towards you ran through your head.

“In some ways, the two of you… You’re like him.”

“Does that terrify you?” General Hux asked. You nodded, not trusting your voice entirely. You imagined it would crack if you tried to once more speak. “You needn’t be afraid.”

“Except that…both of you will move on. And I’ll be here. Alone again. Wondering what my life would have been like if my husband hadn’t died…or… Since he did die… I will be wondering what…” His mouth was on yours for a second time. You bunched up the front of his shirt—your husband’s shirt—and kissed him in return. “I don’t want it to be meaningless…or some game… And I don’t want to be tricked…into having sex with either you or Ren. Is that what you two are doing?”

“Initially I did consider it,” the man replied. “Yet you do intrigue me. You have earned my respect.”

“If that’s true then…visit again. After this. I want to see both you and Ren—after I’ve had some time
to think.” He brushed back some of your hair. “Please stay for a little longer, but… This time as you. I want to feel what it’s like for you to hold me.” General Hux wound his arms around you again, pulling you to him so that your body and his nearly melded into one.
Life had a strange way of going on even when one wished for time to stand still; time did not follow orders from anyone. You knew this well enough based on your past experiences. After all, time had failed to reverse when your husband had passed away. The two men who so reminded you of him left your parents’ home and the planet you were living on. That first day they were gone, you had gone for a walk down the path you had first seen Kylo Ren unmasked. When you returned, you stopped on the porch and sat where General Hux had been that same day.

Now that they were gone, you felt free to go over the time you had spent with them. Each had admitted to an interest in having a physical relationship with you. Both had developed respect for you as a person, and neither complained or admonished you for thinking of your late husband. It was more than you could say for anyone other than your parents. They were the first two where you did not mind that they held a sexual interest in you; it was something you would not feel ashamed exploring with either of them.

That was one of the issues, though. You felt an equal attraction to both of the men—for similar and different reasons. It was not love, that much you well knew; the two men and you were not well enough acquainted for something so deep as love. That had been the issue in their presence, or one of the issues at least. Lust had set itself inside of you. Such a foreign concept in a few ways—not that you were oblivious to passing longings for a physical relationship, but more that it had previously only been with your husband that you had entertained such thoughts for a prolonged period.

You rose from the chair on the porch and headed inside the house. Immediately you went to your room. Your parents were out at the time, which you were grateful for. Time alone was exactly what you needed.

Pulling the stuffed animal off the bed, you cradled the item in your arms and looked up at the ceiling whilst standing in the center of your room. There was a chance you would never see either General Hux or Kylo Ren again. But, you thought, if you did… What then? And would it be inappropriate to reach out to them? Your father would be able to deliver a message if he humored such a request from you.

*Of course*, you thought while tilting your head to the side, *if I gain access to father’s datapad, I could learn an address at which to contact them.*

You waited until evening, after your mother had gone to bed and your father was going through the routine of straightening the living room before joining her, to confront him. When you asked for information that would allow you to get in contact with General Hux and Kylo Ren, your father paused. His hands released the blanket he had been holding, and he turned around to face you. You lowered your gaze to the ground. You felt embarrassed, moreso at the expression of surprise that was on his face.

“*I…I have some questions I need to ask them.*” When you raised your gaze, suspicion was etched over your father’s face. “Please. I don’t want to explain further.”

Though his lips pressed into a thin line, he obliged your request. Your father drew out his work datapad, picked up yours as well, and input the information you desired onto your device. He put an encryption on your messaging system so that nothing could be traced—not that he had not already bogged down your device with such defenses. You thanked him, gave him a kiss on the cheek.
goodnight, and took your datapad to your room.

There, you sat on your bed with your stuffed animal in your lap and the datapad in your hands. You had opened the messaging center and then paused. Which man would you contact first? And what were you going to say? The time you had spent with both ran through your head again. Your fingers were moving along the keyboard of the datapad before you realized that you were typing out a message.

To: Kylo Ren, Commander

Before my husband died—during the wedding ceremony, I remember picturing what that night would be like. Not only the sex. Though that was sure to be a highlight of the night, I also fantasized about sitting there with him afterwards. Talking or sitting in silence. Simply being there with one another. When you mentioned the storms, I did not realize until I was sitting here that I fantasized about such a moment. Waiting for a storm so that I could watch it with him. Being in my parents’ home, visiting them.

I am, perhaps, too sentimental. And you, someone who keeps his distance from such a thing, allowed me to be that way around you. Though you taunted me on occasion, it always seemed more playful than malicious. You did not once tease me when it came to how I felt about my husband. It was other, smaller things. What sort of hostess I was.

And you pointed out one of my delusions; that I expected everyone to flirt with me. It was what I had become used to, in part because I avoided many things that would involve socializing. I had to take that step back, thinking that perhaps I had become conceited. It was not that, though. It was paranoia. The thought that everyone wanted to use me. That they would never truly care.

Your emotional distance from things put so much into perspective for me, and I cannot thank you enough. You expressed a desire to have sex with me, while at the same time you have not hidden the fact that it would never be anything long term. It can’t be—for you, due to your position and other things that I cannot begin to imagine. Maybe one day you will be able to allow yourself to feel things, to have that sort of relationship. I cannot begin to tell you how much I respect and admire you for being able to have such control over yourself.

You have such a gentle touch. I think of it from time to time. Since you left, I have imagined sitting with you at night. Watching storms again. Not necessarily for anything romantic either. It was comfortable being near you. I could be myself, accepting that you would be honest yet still tactful. Perhaps ‘friend’ would be too sentimental a word, but I do consider you something close to that.

You signed your name at the bottom of the message. Your finger hovered over the send button for several seconds before you at last pressed down. With what you had written having been sent, you turned to look out your window. The curtain was drawn aside. Rain was hitting lightly on the glass. There would likely be no thunder, no full storm. A ding from your left brought your attention to the datapad you had set down.

A response, which had you staring at the screen without touching anything. You simply stared at the name of the sender. Kylo Ren had replied to you—not knowing how he had responded caused your stomach to churn. At the same time, you dreaded reading a negative response. You puffed up your cheeks before slowly exhaling. You lifted up your datapad again, setting it in your lap and opening the message.

Such astute observations. Your assumption that I find your sentimentality, in some form, acceptable, is correct. As I previously stated, you do not allow it to interfere. You possess enough confidence to send a message to me. Not many can claim to have done so, even when their job or life depended on
I will not allow love nor other sentiments to interfere, you are again correct. My interest in a physical relationship with you remains. You are an attractive woman—and strong of mind.

The storms on your planet were calming, and yet they allow one to appreciate the destructive forces of nature. I would sit through more with you. As you stated, our relations would not have sentimental touches. Still, your company is plenty sufficient.

A smile played on your lips as you read his words. He had again complimented you, had in a way teased you with the way he spoke. And he had attempted to keep up the pretense that he felt nothing sentimental towards you; yet actions spoke louder than words. That he had answered at all, that it had been so quickly after you had sent the message, meant that, on some level, no matter how small, he did care for you. Even if romance could never happen, there was a level of friendship, of camaraderie between the two of you.

You imagined what your first time would be like, if it was with Ren that you experienced such a thing.

You imagined his touch on your cheeks again, that gentle caress. He would move it down to your neck and then along your collarbone. His mouth would be upon yours. You remembered the taste of his lips, the way his tongue had felt against your own. How much more intense would it be, you thought, if he did rock up into you? The two of you, naked, and him pressing you down onto the mattress.

What would it feel like to have someone who could harness such power inside of you?

Biting down on your bottom lip, you swallowed thickly when your mouth watered. In some ways, it would almost be a tease—knowing that you could never completely have him. And yet it was someone you could trust. He was someone you would be able to trust with your body.

As that thought ran through your head, another ding issued from your datapad to indicate a new message had arrived. You blinked, looking down at the display. All at once, your mouth ran dry. General Hux had messaged you—before you could first contact him.

To: (Full Name)

I have respected your wishes, that you wanted time to think on all that had occurred between both yourself and Ren, and yourself and me. I, too, have recounted our interactions. My thoughts towards you have not changed in that my interest has not wavered. It is not, however, an entirely sexual interest in you that I hold. I am not blind to your fascinating with Ren, nor with his curiosity when it comes to you. Thus I believe it is necessary that I address this:

It is not your virginity that I desire. Had your husband died in another manner, I still would have desired you. In that case, you would have had your wedding night with him. Now you dwell on the 'what may have been' line of thinking. I believe that will repeat itself with you when it comes to Ren. You are not oblivious to the fact that he shies away from the sentimental, and yet I will not delude myself into believing that he would not allow for a single night with you. And thus, if you and I were to enter into any sort of relationship—I do have every intention of courting you—there would be those occasions when your mind would wander back to him. Our own first, were we to have one, would be sullied by your thoughts wandering to him.

Though one does not forget their first, and though you may subconsciously compare the two of us, it would be more fleeting.
You may believe it to be rather peculiar that I urge you to entertain thoughts you may have towards another man when I wish to have you as my own. It is in understanding your loss and how much of a repeat it would otherwise be that I am taking this temporary step back.

Whether or not you do lose your virginity to Kylo Ren, I will wait for you to approach me on your own. I will not force my company upon you. In saying this, I am leading to the point where I can reveal that in less than a month, Ren and I shall once more be paying your household a visit.

You stared at his message with an assortment of feelings rushing through you. Tears were running down your cheeks, of this you were conscious. His words touched you deeply. Even if, at one point, it had been a game for him—one the others played, the prize of which was your virginity—it no longer was. Your mind bounced back and forth between Kylo Ren and General Hux.

You groaned, gently tossed your datapad onto the ground, and collapsed into a more reclined position on your bed. Less than a month. In that time, you could message them a few times. Or not. Perhaps just one. You had to make a decision.

“I don’t know.” Your voice was quiet, no more than a whisper. You pulled your stuffed animal up against your chest, cuddling with it and allowing yourself to drift off to sleep.

That night, in your dreams, there were thunderstorms. Your head was rested on the shoulder of Kylo Ren as the pair of you sat together. You each stared out the glass of the windows though your minds were on other things. You could not help but wonder what it would have been like to have been with him. In your dream, you had ignored the Force user until after delving into a relationship with General Hux. Ren sighed to himself and pulled away from you in your dream. Darkness swirled around you, and you were alone—

—until the next scene swirled into focus. You lying in General Hux’s arms. The two of you not speaking to one another. A comfortable yet uncomfortable silence.

When you awoke the following morning, you knew that ignoring either of them would be wrong. In part, it was due to the respect both you and Ren had for one another. Snubbing him would be unforgivable. Whether or not you had sex with him—your interactions would continue regardless of that; you knew this. Groggily, you lifted up your datapad to compose another message. This one you addressed to the both of them.

To: Kylo Ren, Commander; Armitage Hux, General

I do not want to live a life of regrets. Both of you seem so aware of this, even when I am fighting against everything. I am resisting change while at the same time lamenting over the idea of remaining idle. Life is filled with choices, numerous decisions yet to be made. I will always and forever wonder what it would be like to be with either of you. The best anyone can do is find the path that allows for the least amount of regrets. The least amount of thinking you made the wrong choice. To do that, you have to know what you want.

With my husband—he was my best friend. I wanted that. I wanted a deep friendship, something that would last forever. Or, given that I am realistic, as long as possible. You are the first two people I have ever felt that towards. I don’t want to lose either of you. And that is the only thing I know that I want. Time with the both of you. Not necessarily romantic. And yet, I cannot help but wonder, could that ever happen?

You sent the message and then proceeded to live out your day. You did not check your datapad until that evening. Because, you decided, that was something else you wanted. You wanted to stop waiting. You wanted to move forward in life—and you could do that while holding onto things from
the past. It was how anyone lived. It was how both Kylo Ren and General Hux lived, you thought. That was why you felt as though you needed them both in your life in some way.
In the evening, when at last you picked up your datapad once more, you found that there was waiting for you a reply from each of them. Your eyes glazed over as you stared at the messaging center without opening either. You had no idea which to read first, or if you wanted to read them at all. You were already aware that you would meet with them face-to-face in under a month. It would not benefit any of the three of you to ignore them. Knowing this, you settled for putting it off for at least an hour longer. Everything you had said to them had been true; and there was a small part of you that feared their reactions.

You sat curled up on your bed with your datapad sitting to your right while in front of you was a small holoprojector on which you were watching a vid. If either man, or even both, was turned off by your honesty then, you decided right then, it was for the better that you had not touched them. That they had not touched you. A smile played on your lips. Your focus returned to the holovid, some romcom your mother had watched during your childhood. Sometimes, you thought, older videos were better than those they currently made. It could have been the lighting, the script—you could never quite put your finger on it.

Ultimately, it was Ren’s message that you opened first when, halfway through the holovid, you lifted the datapad back into your lap. You could nearly hear that laughter in the written words: *Again with the sentiment; and yet so eloquently phrased.* His words brought a smile to your face. The tension that had been building in you, namely your shoulders, began to ease.

For so long had you avoided flirtatious contact that you felt at a loss how to act now. In that respect, you understood Ren’s aversion to sentiment all the more. Perhaps that was one reason you so connected with him. A reason he held a certain level of respect for you.

The romcom continued to play in the background as you switched to the other reply. General Hux’s response had your face feeling rather hot. It was an inquiry:

*Time with both of us—are you requesting a ménage a trois?*

That was *not* what you had been asking, and yet… The head in your face only increased, traveling through your body the more you thought of it. A nervous chuckle arose, erupting from your mouth. You paused the holovid after realizing that your mind was not going to return to it any time soon. Scratching the side of your head with one hand, you tapped the other against the keyboard without actually hitting a key. You puffed out your cheeks and released a long breath.

Just as you were about to truly begin typing a response, another message hit your inbox. You squinted—and then groaned upon realizing that the messages sent by Kylo and Hux went to you and the other man. Which meant Kylo had seen the inquiry, and he had responded.

*I was under the impression that tonight’s meal had been for the sake of business, General. I am unimpressed.*

You placed your forehead in your hand, your eyebrows drawing up towards your hairline. Was… Was Kylo Ren playing hard to get? Was he *flirting* with General Hux? Or did he know that you could see the message as well? Was the Force user attempting to get you interested? Because, kriffing hell, you were suddenly interested to have the two of them in the same room.
You worried at your bottom lip, half-hoping that the redhead would respond. This was a more playful side of Ren that you had not fully seen while he had been visiting. You wondered if Hux could match him. Your toes were wiggling back and forth in your socks. You could hear them hitting back and forth against one another yet did nothing to stop yourself. Your heart stuttered in your chest, or felt as though it had. Between each and every breath, you paused to listen for that tell-tale ding of a new message arriving.

It was only when that ding echoed in your ear that you swallowed and forced yourself to stop your fidgeting.

*I had not realized you were so desperate to be seduced, Ren.*

You snorted, laughter catching in your throat so that you were forced to cover your mouth with your hand to prevent your parents from overhearing your mirth. You were still not entirely certain whether the two men were outright flirting with one another, or if they were simply keeping their tone light due to you being able to see their interactions. Either way, you were thrilled to read them. It had you relaxing all the more at the thought of being near both of them at the same time—sexually or not.

Your smile only grew broader when the next message came in:

*You are incapable of seducing me, General.*

The fact that the lines were more playful than hostile allowed you to enjoy the conversation rather than feel awkward viewing each response. Still, you felt quite like a voyeur and so decided to partake in the discussion. It was appropriate after all; you would be the third party involved in whatever they had planned.

*I may have misworded things in my message. I had not been seeking out a threesome—stars, I have no sexual experience, and being with a single man has me nervous. Not that this would be news to either of you, of course.*

It was Kylo Ren who first responded; his wit never seemed to fail him.

*The General frequently miscalculates.*

You sincerely doubted this true, else the man would not hold the position he did. Still, it had you smirking and rolling your eyes. There was a certain freedom you could experience in chatting with the both of them over the messaging center as opposed to face-to-face. You did not stumble over your words, for one. And it would be easier to retreat from the conversation if you started to feel uncomfortable in any way.

*Your hypocritical sentiments are not worthy of note, Ren. As for you, (L/n), I do apologize if my mistake has caused you any discomfort.*

The contrast in their personalities, as well as the similarities, had you becoming more and more endeared to both of them. You found yourself, thus, all the more conflicted—any of your actions or words could cause you to lose contact with one or both of them. You sighed, shook your head to rid yourself of such negativity, and began to type out another response.

*I admit that I became flustered, but otherwise I have enjoyed the outcome of the mistake. There is a certain freedom, being able to speak this way.*

The responses from Kylo Ren and General Hux came in simultaneously:

Hux: *I am relieved that you are comfortable.*
You tilted your head at both messages. In their own way, they were saying something quite similar. They were so accepting of you that you found yourself unsure how to proceed. Had you not met and spoken with them in person, you would have attributed their stances to those of people whose interest was to solely have sex with you. And yet, with them, it ran a little deeper than that. In your own ways, you had similar experiences to one another. They were some of the first people, aside from your parents, since your husband had passed away where you felt yourself missing them. Your eyes traveled up towards the ceiling.

A ding drew your eyes back to the datapad.

You need not decide immediately. You have time to learn what is best for yourself.

Again did both men provide you with similar responses, and again did you feel your heart ache for both of them.

It was less than two weeks later when you found yourself before them in person. General Hux was dressed impeccably as always, and Kylo Ren still wore his robes. This time, however, the latter had his helmet removed. Your eyes roamed over their faces, and your heart continued to race in your chest. You had not known they were to arrive this day; the men had walked up to you while you were out for some fresh air. All at once your clear head and fogged with a surge of emotions.

Ren’s eyes were ever expressive, though his body language bespoke of the indifference he tried to assume. General Hux, meanwhile, allowed his shoulders to slump the slightest bit in a display of how comfortable he was near you.

“Do you need an answer now?” Your voice was rather meek. The two men smirked your way, amusement dancing in their eyes. Kylo Ren dipped his chin, though it was not in a nod. The redhead man shook his head almost imperceptibly. You inhaled deeply through your nose, releasing a sigh a moment later. “I do want to experience it…my first time… With one of you, that is. People I trust. Where it isn’t just a cheap reward for some stupid game.”

At this, Ren lifted his head again and observed you with a curiosity that nearly was borderline innocent. He knew death, true. And, to an extent, you were aware that he knew love. Perhaps he was not a stranger to the lust-filled games others played—however you knew he had never cared for the people in those previous games. Yet you held his respect, and thus it did matter to him whether or not you viewed his actions as being akin to such people as were in your past.

General Hux’s gaze traveled over to the man at his left. “I won’t fault you, (Y/n).” Once more he was giving you permission to have sex with Ren—not that you needed his permission entirely, and yet it offered such a generous amount of relief to know that no ill will would be sent your way.

“I don’t want it to be about sex right now,” you said, gesturing to the both of them. “I just want to spend some time with you together.” The playfulness they brought out in one another was something you desired to see in person.

Kylo shifted from one leg to the other, his fingers twitching. “Should we have dinner… I am willing.” You furrowed your brow, and General Hux released a noise of confusion. The redhead then angled his body away from the dark haired man, a rosy hue dusting his cheeks. This prompted a blush to rise in the Force user’s face as well, his gaze flickering from the General to you and finally to the ground.

It dawned on you what he was saying.
“I…I really hadn’t been asking for a ménage a trios,” you stammered, gulping a moment later. You were feeling rather hot, a little overwhelmed at the prospect. Yet there was a part of you that was undeniably flattered. “Let’s just…enjoy one another’s company for now.” Hux and Ren nodded, and you wrapped your arms loosely around yourself; in each of them you could see the portions of your husband’s personality that had drawn you to the man. And yet you could also see their own, distinct characteristics, and you were all the more in love with each.
Heat; you felt it traveling through your entire body as lips met the side of your neck. Kylo Ren’s arm was cradling you, the man nuzzling you. General Hux sat nearby, two fingers to his own lips as he observed the Force user with you. You were fully clothed—this was not about sex. It was learning what was most comfortable for all three of you. Ren had not so much as batted an eyelash when the redhead had pressed his lips to yours. A gentle kiss on his part. The darker haired man, meanwhile, was more bold. A sort of game, in a way.

“Not a prize,” you mumbled. Kylo Ren chuckled, his breath hitting along your flesh as he nodded. His lips puckered forward for one final, more innocent kiss before he drew back. “It isn’t a competition.”

“Mm.” The sound had come from the other man, which prompted you to turn his way. You quirked a brow at General Hux. His fingers drew a line from his lips to his cheek, and he leaned against his own hand in this manner. “I believe, in this, Ren is acting appropriately. Not a game, no. It is testing how true my standing will be—I did say that I would not object to you losing your virginity to him.” A pause, during which time the hair on your arms stood on end. “That still stands. My interest in you extends beyond that. I want you comfortable. Watching…”

“It’s a bit awkward,” you said. Both men offered up indecisive noises, as though they could not tell how comfortable or uncomfortable they were with this arrangement. They were obviously still willing.

Needless to say, this was not how you had imagined things. You had always believed you would have your first time with your husband, and then he had perished on your wedding night. After that, you had doubted you would ever experience anything sexual at all. Two men at once? Kylo Ren’s lips lifted on one side. You knew he was in your mind; he had told you a little of his abilities with the Force. Not at once, you reminded yourself. General Hux, to ensure you were most comfortable, had instead suggested that he observe your first time with Ren—to see if you would even be in the mood to have anything else.

Kylo Ren’s abilities with the Force would allow him to help you relax, to make your first time more enjoyable than it otherwise would be. You had initially balked at the idea then wondered if you had been influenced in any way to become attracted to them. Ren had been insulted by the idea, and General Hux had shot the Force user a glare, telling you that you had every right to be suspicious. That had been a little over three days ago. And now here you were—

—in your own room. They had arranged for your parents to be away; your mother and father were on a date, and knew nothing of what you were about to do. It was not even decided yet whether or not you would be losing your virginity that night. There was no pressure, not with them; and you were more than grateful for this fact.

“Nothing you regret,” Kylo Ren intoned, and you released a hum while nodding. In a way, it was still so foreign to you; finding two people who understood you as well as your late husband had.

Your eyes roamed about the room and settled on General Hux. He had his head tilted to the side as he watched you with Ren. The darker haired man had set his hand on the lower part of your back. “I’m just nervous… That it’ll hurt…and that everything will collapse once it happens.”
“It won’t,” General Hux said gently. For a man who was usually so stern, he was striking you as an attentive companion. “The idea of you with another man, in a way, is not appealing—and yet I do not want you to live with regret. I informed you of this in my message to you. There is also the fact that, when you and I do pursue a relationship, I can see the respect Ren has for you—he would never put you in a position where I would question whether or not you were cheating on me. If it were not for those factors, I doubt this would be comfortable for me.”

“I really do appreciate your honesty,” you said, taking a deep breath a moment later. You leaned into Kylo’s touch, now all the more comfortable with it. That was one thing that had definitely been going through your mind; how the two would interact with you once this was over—if General Hux would be suspicious of you or Ren. His eyes were sincere when he spoke, which made you feel as though you need not question his motives. It truly was about more than just sex for the General. In a way, you believed this was true for Ren as well, though his position in the First Order—or outside of it, as it were; as a Force user—prevented him from fully committing to anything sentimental in nature.

You patted Ren’s hand, the one that he set on your hip. “There is no need to rush,” Hux reminded you again. “They are out for the night, and… Even still, we can arrange for a different time.”

“Thank you.” You did not know how many times you had uttered those words this night alone. “I think this is fine… I have the option of stopping at any time.” Both men answered, in their own way, in the affirmative. General Hux’s voice rang out with an of course, while Kylo Ren said lowly yes.

Biting down on your bottom lip, you leaned forward and put some distance between Ren’s body and yours so that you could lift your shirt over your head. Immediately you felt your face heating up. It was strange, and in a small way uncomfortable, to be in any state naked before…well, anyone. You could feel their eyes traveling along your body with curiosity and lust. What saved you from feeling entirely embarrassed was that neither said a word. Kylo did lean forward to offer your throat another quick kiss. You shuddered at the contact, feeling a tingling sensation running up and down your spine.

You pointed at Kylo Ren’s shirt, but did not say anything. The man took the hint, pulling off the article of clothing; he had previously shed his robe before you and he had climbed onto your bed. Your hands were fumbling with your bottoms when Ren began to do the same with his pants. You were not yet ready to take off your underclothes. Sweat was beading on the back of your neck, and your hands were feeling rather clammy.

Hux stood from the chair he had occupied for the better part of the last half hour. His toes were shifting about, which you could see since he had previously removed his shoes. You smiled at this, finding comfort in the familiarity of the sight. The First Order General moved onto the bed with you and Ren. This was another thing the three of you had discussed; you wanted Hux to hold you while Kylo Ren took your virginity. You could not explain, exactly, why this was. The urge had simply presented itself, and both men were willing to entertain the idea.

When you were ready, the redhead undid your bra’s hook and slipped the straps down your shoulders. Your hands were clutching the front, keeping the material against your breasts. Kylo licked his lips; at that point, he was wearing only his boxers. You could see the bulge straining against the front of them. To say you were intimidated would be an understatement. You well knew how sex worked, having taken health courses in school, and so you knew that your body would accommodate him. That hardly eased your case of minor anxiety.

What did help you was the feel of General Hux’s lips on the top of your head. His kisses were soothing, and the way he rubbed up and down the length of your arms with both of his hands
allowed you to know that he was there for you. “I’ve got you,” he whispered.

Kylo Ren’s expressive eyes were searching your face. This was one time when he was not teasing you; his humanity was all the more apparent, and you nearly pitied him that he had to hide it so often. You reached forward for his hand, holding onto it and allowing your bra to drop. His lips parted at this, and it was when his shoulders slumped that you realized he had been nearly as tense as you. You used your other hand to dangle your bra over the edge of your bed, dropping it a second later.

You once more appreciated the way both men worked with you. Neither of them reached for your panties. They were moving slow, allowing you time to grow more comfortable. Kylo Ren had leaned down and given your nipple a tentative lick. You gasped at the sensation, moaning the next moment when General Hux’s lips, tongue and teeth found the side of your neck. He suckled on you, nipping lightly and kissing. Ren’s hands were kneading your breasts while his mouth sealed around the nipple he had previously lapped at. You arched your back, which granted each man better access to the portions of your body they were paying such careful attention to.

Your lips were parted when Kylo began to trail kisses down the length of your body. General Hux pinched both of your nipples, tugging on them. You mewled in pleasure, panting and feeling heat and wetness pool into your panties. These Ren drew down your legs, his mouth on your mound. You bit your lips again, opening your eyes to stare down at him. His eyes met yours, a smirk playing on his lips as he kissed you there a second time.

“You don’t be afraid,” he said, and you found yourself nodding. You were not quite afraid anymore, though you could not say that you weren’t still a little nervous. Ren’s fingers teased along your inner thighs, skimming over your flesh without ever completely meeting your lower lips. The sudden anticipation had your heart racing. It felt as though it was also skipping some beats, the way it would hiccup in your chest when he moved those digits closer only to pull them away at the last second.

You curled your toes, shyly spreading your legs for the man. General Hux had taken to kneading the entirety of your breasts, rolling them in his hands while kissing up and down your neck. You turned your head, capturing his lips with yours. It was at this point that Kylo Ren moved back long enough to finish stripping. You openly stared at his cock, your eyebrows rising towards your hairline.

“He’ll be gentle,” Hux assured you, and you reached for one of his hands, squeezing it when Ren slipped his middle finger inside of you. You felt it, the very moment his finger hit against your barrier, when it broke through. Gritting your teeth, you hissed and growled in pain. Hux’s hands were again on your arms, rubbing you in a soothing manner. You shook your head, though you were not telling them to stop. Kylo Ren appeared to realize this; he continued, albeit a little slower than previous.

You winced your way through it, both men whispering words of encouragement and massaging various portions of your body. The dull ache did not entirely fade, but it did become tolerable. You wrapped your hands around Hux’s when Kylo Ren aligned his body with yours. Your mouth dropped into an o as he thrust up inside of you. Hux grunted, and Ren moaned. The redhead kissed the top of your head, meanwhile you kissed Kylo Ren in full. His tongue entered your mouth and began to freely explore.

It was much different than how you had ever expected to lose your virginity, and yet in a way it was perfect. You could not deny that there was pain, but this was something you had expected—and you had always believed the pain would be worse than this. When the pain did return in light waves, you would squeeze Hux’s hand. The First Order General was only too happy to allow you to use him in this manner. He tended to kiss your head or your neck. All the while, Kylo Ren proved himself to be a rather attentive lover. His caresses sometimes came as a surprise, until you remembered that he
could easily read your mind and mood due to the Force.

The moment your orgasm washed over you, you were in such a euphoric state that Ren’s continuous thrusting felt so normal, so natural. He groaned above you, whispering your name as he came.

General Hux did not press to have sex with you immediately despite that you could feel his erection straining against his pants. On the contrary, he massaged your shoulders, your hips. You curled against him, resting your head on his chest as Kylo Ren laid his head against your shoulder.

The three of you rested, continuing only when you felt ready. General Hux was as excellent a lover as Kylo Ren, whom you leaned against as the redhead made love to you. Each had their own technique, but both ensured that you were enjoying yourself, that you came.

No matter what came of things, you decided in that moment, this was not something you would find yourself regretting. For your first time, it was intimate in a way that went beyond the physical. The way the three of you trusted one another—a sentiment that was deepened in your mind, given that you knew the two men were rivals of a sort—stood out.

Close to a year had transpired since that night, and you sat on the front porch of your home. Not your parents’ any longer; you had one of your own, though the planet was the same. In your lap was the stuffed animal your late husband had given you. It now wore a mini First Order hat, which your fiancé had seen fit to gift you. You had smiled at him, and General Hux’s toes had twitched in response. It truly was a habit of his that you found endearing after all this time.

When it came to Kylo Ren, you and your fiancé were of different opinions. The two men were nearly always at one another’s throats in some form; their passive aggressive rivalry constantly had you rolling your eyes or else smiling in amusement. They remained on their best behavior—for the most part—when you were present. In this you could truly see what General Hux had meant when he said that Ren respected you. This had remained true, and your relationship with the Force user was not as awkward was one might expect. In fact, you were perhaps the one person who caught his moments of sentimentality.

Such as now. He was seated beside you, his brown eyes searching the sky he watched the storm rolling in. You leaned to the side, resting your head on his shoulder. Ren glanced down at you.

“You’re content,” he stated.

“Mm.” You patted his knee. “You are as well.”

“Yes.” There was a pause during which time the pair of you listened to the distant thunder. “I see now what you had meant…desiring a path with the least amount of regrets.” You hummed in thought, tilting back your head to stare at his face. “Losing you would have been…unfortunate.” It was the closest he would come to saying that he cared for you; the man still had to deny himself much when it came to things sentimental. His friendship was enough for you, and he had all but stated that this arrangement suited him as well.

“I do enjoy your visits.”

“Your fiancé would have preferred I remained on the Finalizer.”

You snorted. “Well… The two of you, from what I’ve managed to hear, did get into an argument in front of Supreme Leader.”

“Bitter… He accuses me of allowing my personal feelings to get in the way of things.”

“I won’t speak ill of my fiancé,” you said. Kylo Ren hummed in understanding.
A hand met your shoulder. You reached up, capturing it with your own and rubbing your fiancé’s fingers with your thumb. “I will retract my previous sentiments regarding having Ren visit.”

You took that to mean that your presence, coupled with the Knight being able to watch the storm, had a calming effect on the Force user. You smiled, this widening when Kylo Ren spoke. “You have been known to make plenty of miscalculations.” When you looked up at your fiancé, you found that he was smirking. You wondered if, like you, his mind had wandered back to the night you had lost your virginity. It had been his miscalculation that had allowed that moment to happen.

Sometimes, you thought, miscalculations had an ironic way of being more beneficial than anything.

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