How Much Can Kylo Ren Endure This Christmas?

by reylology

Summary

As the CEO of the number one commercial enterprise in New York City, Kylo Ren would think that bringing home a girl for his parents to meet should be the least of his concerns. But when a phone call with his mother takes an absurd, aggravating turn, he finds himself shoved headfirst into a lie. Desperate to prove his parents wrong, Kylo would do anything in order to see the shocked looks on their faces.

Even if it means seeking help from the random girl that had just walked into his office for a job interview.

Notes

So, here we have it! My first ever fanfiction! Hopefully it serves its purpose and gets everyone in the mood for the holidays and The Last Jedi (it's only two weeks away!!) I'll be updating this fanfic every day, by the way.
See the end of the work for more notes.
December 19th

Kylo pinched his nose and exhaled angrily through his nose as he half-listened to the annoyed woman on the other end of the phone. This was not his day. Not at all.

The day had started off as a regular work day for him does at First Order Industries. He had woken up at his usual time of 6AM, showered and got dressed in a plain black suit.

Then everything started going to shit.

The traffic had been ruthless. His phone had kept going off. He had to wait twenty-five minutes instead of five for his usual hot venti Americano from Starbucks (and they even had the audacity to spell his name wrong on the shitty red holiday cup). By the time his extremely annoying ginger co-worker had come to remind him of some worthless interview that he had scheduled later today, Kylo’s patience had started drawing extremely thin.

And then she had called for the fifth time this week and he had the horrible idea to pick up.

In his defence, he had tried to be patient. Desperately. But the middle-aged woman on the other end of his mobile phone had made it extremely difficult for him to do so. She kept going on and on about different topics, changing them every few minutes as Kylo slouched in his desk chair and paid close to no attention to what his mother kept saying.

He had agreed to stay with his parents during the holidays two days ago, and since then his mom had begun to continuously bug him about different subjects regarding his visit. A few minutes ago he thought he’d heard something about eggnog. Then, after a few minutes he could’ve sworn that she talked about how Uncle Luke wouldn’t be coming to visit this year (Kylo thought he had heard something about his uncle being in Ireland). And now she was talking about some girlfriend.

Kylo rolled his eyes.

He hated the holidays with a- Wait… girlfriend?

“Girlfriend?” Kylo finally spoke into the phone, his voice gravelly from having stayed silent this long.

“Yes, Ben, a girlfriend.” Then, a groan. “Were you even listening to me?”

Kylo flinched at his given name. The tone of her voice reminded him of his childhood. More precisely, of the nights when he’d come back home late at night after hanging out with his friends. It reminded him of the times his mother had waited up, her mind set on grounding him.

“No.”

He heard his mother sigh through the phone.

“When are you going to bring a girl home, Ben? I know you’ve never been good at relationships…” Kylo’s mouth opened to interject before his mother spoke again. “I know, I know, busy schedule, busy work life, sure, whatever. Cut the bullshit, Ben. You’re thirty-two already! When are you finally planning on settling down?”

“Mom, not this conversation again…” Kylo groaned, feeling an urge to break something suddenly settling in his veins.
“I’m serious, Ben. I want grandkids! I’m not getting any younger here and you don’t even have a girlfriend, let alone a wife! You know, when Han and I were your age-“

“How the hell do you know that I don’t have a girlfriend, mother?” Kylo grumbled, spitting the last word out venomously. “You two weren’t all that interested in my life before. What changed, huh? What if I do have a girlfriend that you two never asked about?!“ He raised his voice.

His mother yelled back at him, mimicking his ferocity from before. “Well, do you?”

The frustrated man took in a deep breath before clearing his throat.

*He was going to regret this.*

“Yes.” He lied through his teeth.

“Brilliant. Your father and I are looking forward to meeting her tomorrow then.” His mother’s tone sounded way too enthusiastic and Kylo blanched.

He opened his mouth to make up some lame excuse like ‘Oh, she’s busy with work.’ or ‘She’s not in town for the Holidays.’ but that would mean that he wouldn’t get to see the shocked looks on his parents’ faces when they actually did see his girlfriend.

Well, pretend-girlfriend.

“Fine.” He muttered bitterly.

She sighed before ending the call with a soft “Bye, Ben.”

*He really was going to regret this.*

He threw his phone on the desk in front of him and massaged his eyes with the heels of his hands.

Surely he could find someone to accompany him, right? He was the fucking CEO of First Order Industries and he could damn well buy an actress to be his girlfriend for a week or something. And then, as soon as the holidays were over, tell his parents that she had cheated on him or died or flew to fucking Alabama.

It only took him a few moments to realise that he couldn’t keep doing this every Christmas, and the horrible truth that is the fact that he will inevitably have to settle down had him fighting against the urge to grab his Americano and throw it across the room.

This was a fucking mess. He had no idea why he even had the bright idea to actually agree to visit them at Christmastime in the first place, and thinking about actually having to spend time with them had his blood boiling. He snarled and grabbed the closest thing next to him, which just so happened to be his black pen and tossed it against the wall forcefully.

*There.*

To his surprise, that had actually relaxed him a little bit. He could already feel his headache starting to go away and-

“Ren.” Hux’s voice rang through the intercom on his desk.

“What?!” Kylo rasped at the device while kneading at his right temple with his fingers.

*Ah, there was the headache again.*
“The interviewee that you have programmed for today has arrived.”

“Alright, fine. Send them in.” He muttered and took his hand off the button of the intercom. He reached for his Americano and took a large sip before two knocks prompted him to swallow the now room temperature coffee. He looked over a couple of documents that were carefully organised on his desk. “Come in.”

He listened to the door open and after he heard the door close again, he looked up from his files. The last thing he had expected was to see was a young woman in a plain jade dress standing in the middle of his office. Was she the interviewee? She couldn’t be older than twenty-five, there was no way.

She clutched a folder close to her chest as she gave him a nervous smile.

Holy shit, she was the interviewee.

He only realised that he had been staring when she had started glancing awkwardly around the room. As if a spell had broken, he cleared his throat and gestured to the white leather armchair in front of his desk.

“Right, yes, sorry.” She said quietly as she hurried over for her seat.

Kylo’s eyebrows twitched. Was that a British accent that he’d picked up on just now? He observed her as she carefully put her coat on the other armchair and handed him the folder. He quickly reached for it, turning over the first page. He examined her curriculum vitae quietly.

“Rey Niima, is it?” He broke the excruciating silence as he raised his head slightly to look at her.

“Um. Yes, sir.”

Ah, so that was a British accent. Her voice was gentle and sweet, and he took his time to scan her head to toe. Her hair was up in a very unusual three-bun situation and she wore close to no make-up. She was slender (almost too slender, if he had to admit), but his eyes lingered at the sight of her legs a second too long.

She wasn’t horrible looking, but he’d seen prettier girls that she wouldn’t even compare to. He caught some movement in the corner of his eyes and Kylo glanced at her hands, and the way they were fidgeting with the hem of her clothing. He looked back at her file in order to hide a wicked smirk from her. She was nervous.

Good, he thought.

“You were born in a small town in the United Kingdom called Jakku?”

“Yes.”

“And you’ve worked as an mechanic before.” He raised his gaze back at her and frowned, watching her nod slowly. Her embarrassment was palpable. “And yet you’ve somehow managed to obtain an interview at First Order Industries, the number one commercial enterprise in New York City.” Her gaze shifted to something far more dangerous than jitters. He leaned back in his chair, and if looks could kill, he knew he’d be dead judging by the way she glared at him. “You,” he paused. “a mechanic.”

“Sir.” her voice pierced through the thick atmosphere, and he could practically hear the venom in her voice. “With all due respect, everything that I have achieved is due to years of work and
“I don’t deny it, miss Niima.” Kylo interrupted her shamelessly and she exhaled in annoyance. He smirked at her and noticed the way she flinched. He got up from his desk and walked towards the window, knowing full well that she would be staring daggers into the back of his head. “However, you have very little job experience.” He paused and glanced over his shoulder at her. “And you don’t particularly look like you belong in the company.”

“I beg your pardon?” She demanded coldly, and yet calmly, obviously irritated by his guts. He liked her spunk, he’d admit that. The last ten people he’d interviewed had just listened to his insults and did nothing but look down at the floor as if he were scolding a child. She was different. She seemed defiant, powerful, all while being nervous but determined and ambitious. Kylo associated her to the image of a perfect daughter that any parent would be extremely proud of.

Something clicked in Kylo’s mind.

Hold on a second. It sounded like the perfect daughter that any parent would be extremely proud of, and lucky enough for him, it also sounded like a more than perfect mix for a girl your parents would love to meet as well. Weighing the pros and cons, Kylo walked to his desk and started shuffling through her folder.

In the corner of his eye he could see her confused face, glaring at him and the way he basically tore through a folder that might have taken her weeks to put together by the looks of it. He stopped his ministrations and stared at her. She glared back, clearly no longer giving a fuck whether or not she’d get the job.

Kylo opened his mouth to say something, but then closed it back. He brought his hand up to his forehead and massaged it before blurting out one of the stupidest things you could say during a job interview.

“Miss Niima, are you single by any chance?” He grumbled, questioning his dignity the moment the sentence came out of his mouth.

Silence.

Silence.

Silence.

Then, a loud screech caused by the way her chair scraped the floor due to the way she abruptly rose from her armchair while glaring at the man.

“Excuse me?” She shouted. She grabbed her bag swiftly and held it close to her body, her hand clutching the strap tightly. “Is this how you treat all of your interviewees, Mister Ren?”

He scoffed at that. This day kept getting worse. “Not at all.”

“Oh, so after insulting me and my appearance at a professional-interview, you believe that now is an adequate time to actually ask me out to dinner?!” She was practically yelling now, and Kylo felt as if his forehead was about to explode.

“Miss Niima, please, it’s not what you think. I have no intentions of dating you.” He mumbled. He could hear her shuffle and sigh angrily. “I’m in no position to ask this of you, but I am in a
“desperate situation.” He looked at her and she frowned back at him. “Do you have any plans for Christmas?”

“You have got to be fucking kidding me.”

Kylo flinched at her foul language, but decided to keep digging his own grave. What else could go wrong on this horrendous excuse of a day?

“Listen, I don’t have any intention to sleep or start a relationship with you especially judging by your appearance and overall childish behaviour.”

“I’m sorry?!”

“However.” He raised his voice, irked by her interruption. “I told my parents I would bring a girlfriend home—“

“Un-fucking-believable.”

“-and honestly, I’m stumped because I don’t know any women—”

"Oh, I wonder why.

"-and I really don’t want to buy an actress to be my girlfriend—“

“This is highly unprofessional.”

“-because that would be insanely childish. Thus, I am making you an offer.”

Her eyes were as large as saucers. He’d mentioned earlier that if looks could kill, he’d be dead—now he knows for a fact that he’d be seven feet under and already rotting in his grave.

“An offer?” She yelled.

Kylo narrowed his eyes at her. “I’ll give you the job plus a raise if you agree to spend one week with my parents, and you have to pretend to be my girlfriend.”

She scoffed and looked around the room, as if searching for a hidden camera or a closet for a couple of dudes to pop out of with a camera while yelling ‘You’ve been pranked!’ She carefully put all of the documents splayed on his desk back in her folder, putting them in her bag.

“So?” Kylo, impatient as ever, prompted her to talk, to make a decision, to say anything. “Don’t you need the money anyway, by the looks of it?”

Rey’s mouth fell open, and Kylo knew that he’d made a big mistake.

She quickly reached for the Americano on his desk and ripped the lid off before tossing the beverage at his chest. Kylo raised his arms up in the air in shock, then slowly let them fall back at his sides. He stared down at his stained white shirt before looking at her with narrowed eyes.

Rey scoffed. “Yeah, no fucking way. And fuck you, sir.” She said with a fake smile on her lips. She quickly walked out of his office, glancing back at him and giving him a “Have a lovely day.” before slamming the door shut behind her.

Kylo groaned and closed his eyes, trying desperately to counting to ten.

Guess he’d have to hire that actress after all.
“Can you fucking believe it? He just asked me to save his ass from a family reunion or whatever-the-fuck after insulting me in my face! In my fucking face, Finn! While smirking too!” Rey huffed angrily, laid on her back on her roommate’s bed.

Finn, her best friend and roommate ever since he wound up in Jakku after leaving his fucked up foster home at eighteen just shook his head as he shoved a couple of shirts in a brown duffel bag.

“That’s just straight-up fucked, Peanut.” He paused and pointed his finger at her accusingly. “I did warn you about First Order Industries though. They’re a bunch of assholes.”

“Yeah, I kinda realise it now.” Rey smiled at him, handing him a pair of neatly folded jeans that he quickly shoved in his bag as well.

This would be her friend’s first year visiting his boyfriend’s family, and he couldn’t be more nervous. She found it extremely adorable, and she took pride in somehow setting him and Poe up a year ago. After all, it had been her idea to throw a Christmas party and everything, wasn’t it? Her roommate had been crushing on their neighbour for over month, and perfectly aligning them under a mistletoe had sounded like the perfect mischievous matchmaker plan. And she had executed it flawlessly.

“Are you sure you don’t want to come with us? I don’t want to leave you alone on Christmas…” Finn mumbled and hesitated on shoving more clothing pieces in the bag.

“What, and miss out on getting drunk on eggnog on Christmas Eve while watching Home Alone? No fucking way, Finn. You underestimate me!” Rey beamed at him with fake enthusiasm, and Finn smiled back.

Truth be told, she hated being alone more than being a third-wheel. And she knew spending time by herself on Christmas would surely hit hard at that particular issue of hers, no doubt. However, she would hate to intervene, so she had decided to just avoid the situation altogether.

She had decided to stay with Finn until he had finished packing before she had decided on letting him sleep. She settled down on the blue, cheap couch they had in their living room, (or would it actually be considered a living room-kitchen-dining room, Rey wondered) and turned on the old TV while surfing for an interesting show or movie to watch. She had decided to settle on a random Christmas movie that had seemed fun enough to distract her until the commercial break put a stop to her cheer-up band-aid. Rey glanced at the clock.

11:34PM.

She sighed.

Those nights had always been the most painful. The ones in which she would have difficulty sleeping. The ones when the loneliness engulfed her completely and had her reeling back into the
painful memories she’d tried so hard to move on from.

She felt a slight tug at her heart when she tried imagining what her Christmas without having Poe or Finn around would look like, and she absolutely hated the way it reminded her of the nights when she would sleep in the different cars that needed fixing. How she was able to feel the cold weather seeping through the car’s windows. How she would imagine different scenarios in which her parents would find her in the car and how they would hug her, and how she would finally feel as if she belonged. And how every single Christmas wish would be wasted on her hopes that her parents would come back for her.

The thoughts had brought a couple of tears in her eyes that she had to blink away.

She absent-mindedly focused on a commercial about… Hot chocolate, was it? She looked at the TV as on the screen, a family gathered up next to their beautiful Christmas Tree, the mother handing them all mugs of hot chocolate. A sad smile tugged at Rey’s lips.

“In the end we only regret the chances we didn’t take.” The woman in the commercial said softly before the logo of the hot chocolate’s company appeared on screen. Rey flinched, the words still echoing in her head.

‘In the end we only regret the chances we didn’t take.’

She frowned, sniffled and she reached for her phone. She refused to be alone for Christmas. Not again.

Never again.

She quickly took the folder that she’d brought for her interview out of her bag and turned to the last page, her eyes scanning the whole list of names.

Armitage Hux.

Gwen Phasma.

Kylo Ren.

Rey muttered each name as she looked for her phone, finding it under one of their decorative pillows. She unlocked it and carefully tapped each and every single digit on the touch screen and hit on the green button.

She waited a couple of beeps while her heart pounded loudly in her chest.

“Am I really doing this?” She muttered to herself.

Then, the beeps stopped, and shuffling was heard from the other end momentarily.

“This is Kylo Ren.” The same deep, raspy voice that had interviewed her (Pfft, interview? To her it had felt more like an interrogation) answered on the other end.

‘In the end we only regret the chances we didn’t take.’

“Mister Ren, I’ve thought about-”

“Well, who is this?” Kylo interrupted her shamelessly for the second time today. Rey frowned.

“It’s Rey?” She mumbled. When he gave no response, she decided to elaborate with an exasperated
sigh. “Rey Niima? You, uh… Interviewed me today.”

“Ah, yes, Miss Niima. The same miss Niima that threw my own beverage on my signature Tom Ford shirt.” He spit with venom in his voice and Rey to glare at thin air.

“Pardon? You deserved it! God,” She pinched the bridge of her nose. “why am I even doing this?! You’re one of the most frustrating pompous-“ Rey stopped herself and calmed down before clearing her throat. “-nevermind. That’s beside the point. I was calling to ask you if your offer still stands?”

“My… offer?” He paused, as if trying to figure out what the fuck she was talking about. “Oh, yes, my offer. Yes, it still stands.”

“Good. Then I accept.”

Fucking silence once again, thinning Rey’s patience. For a moment, she had thought that he had hung up and her anger spiked just thinking about the chances of it happening.

“Hello?-“ She started to ask when it had been more than twenty seconds of silence.

“Where do you live, Miss Niima?”

“Um, D’Qar Road no. 27.”

Kylo groaned.

“I’ll pick you up at 7AM tomorrow morning. Sharp.”

And with that, he hung up. Rey looked at her phone, still bemused at what she had decided to do.

“In the end we only regret the chances we didn’t take, I fucking guess.” Rey mumbled as she got up from her couch, heading for her small bedroom.

She had some packing to do.
December 20th

Chapter Notes

I was blown away by all of the positive feedback on this story, you guys...
Thank you all so much!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

She was late.

Kylo furiously glared at his Rolex, watching the clock’s needles move in their regular circle quietly.

There!

It had been yet another minute! Another minute of waiting to add up to the other four that had passed!

He sipped his large Starbucks drink, his usual Americano, and stared straight, frowning at thin air. Kylo placed the red holiday cup in the cup holder. He brought his hand up to massage his temples and closed his eyes, trying to think logically for once about this whole mess.

He had been packing when this girl- Rey, he remembered- had decided to call him. He had already made up his mind on hiring an actress, and had already decided on a woman that seemed acceptable (judging by the brief description that his assistant, Hux had attached to the photos he’d given him). But before he had gotten around to actually contacting the actress, this whirlwind of a young woman had called.

He should’ve just hung up after the whole wasted-Americano-on-his-shirt incident, he had known that. And yet, he didn’t, for reasons unknown to him, even now. Even-fucking-now, being stuck in his fucking car at 7:11AM in front of her small, cheap and horrible-looking apartment block on D’Qar Road.

Good lord.

How the fuck had all of this happened? This whole situation could’ve easily been avoided. He could’ve gone through with hiring the actress. He could’ve just told his mother that his girlfriend had just fucking died, cheated on him or she was busy with all of the kindergarten children that she would teach in her free time (because in Kylo’s little war against the truth, he’d imagined her that perfect) but he was certain that his parents wouldn’t believe one bit of his made-up story. Nor that he’d be able to land such a kind woman. There truly was no going back now.

Kylo sighed.

Why was he doing this? She was hardly one of the most beautiful women he had ever had the opportunity to meet, he’d mentioned that before- especially to her face. Unlucky for him, he’d only realised that he probably shouldn’t have done that the moment his coffee had hit his Tom Ford shirt.

If he were being honest to the small part of his mind that he would always choose to ignore, he’d
found her little glare and the small crease that appeared between her brows quite adorable. She had looked eager to punch him in the face, which, he’d realised, would have looked more than ridiculous, given their height difference. She wasn’t a short woman per se, but definitely short enough for him to tower over her in a situation in which he’d pin her against a wall and-

Kylo internally hit himself in the head.

He had deviated from the subject. Big time. This woman wouldn’t matter in a week anyway. He had made it clear enough that he’d have no intention of dating her. However, a slight tug of a minuscule physical attraction was apparent, and he had to shrug it off and toss it into the darkest parts of his thoughts.

She was, what? Ten years her junior? Far too young for him. Not to mention, they don’t get along. At all, and they probably never will. Tha is if she even accepts to take him up on the job he’d promised. And yet, there was something…-

Knock-knock.

Kylo startled and glanced up at his window. Rey was smiling back at him, standing right in front of his car’s door. He groaned and opened it just a bit before gruffly telling her to move. She frowned, but stepped to her right anyway.

He was hit with the cold winter air as soon as he was fully out of the car. His previous thoughts about how tall he looked compared to her seeped back into his mind. He cleared his head and exhaled through his nose before walking behind the car and cranking the trunk open for her to put her luggage in. He took a step back and looked at her. She stared back at him, as if expecting him to be a gentleman and helping her out with her bag.

Ha. Yeah, right.

He raised an eyebrow and nodded his head at her bag, and then at the trunk.

She rolled her eyes, walking past him and in front of the back of the car. “Good morning to you too, I guess.”

As she was throwing her bag in his trunk, he took the liberty to study what she was wearing. The first thing he noticed was her red hat, sitting awkwardly on her head. Her hair was out of the three buns hairstyle that he had seen her in yesterday, and her short hair was now flowing in the wind. He realised that she was also carrying a large backpack on her shoulders, for some reason unbeknownst to him.

Then, his eyes shifted to her black, thigh-length coat, and he frowned at how completely out-of-place the pink woollen mittens she was wearing looked. Her slender legs were perfectly-fitted in a pair of dark denim jeans. His gaze lowered, however, and then only then had he noticed the ridiculous fluffy red and white striped socks that were shamelessly peeking out of her beige combat boots. He glared at them as if they had just insulted his mother.

This woman was absurd.

She cleared her throat loudly, interrupting him from his reverie, and his eyes snapped back at her face. Was she done with putting her bags in the car already? He glanced inside his trunk, seeing the her duffel bag.

“Are your other bags upstairs?” He asked, and she frowned.
“No? This is it.”

His eyes widened. “You got one shitty duffel bag and that’s it?”

“Everything I need is in that shitty duffel bag!” She raised her voice, shooting daggers his way with her eyes.

Kylo sighed and nodded, clearly realising that it’s of no use to argue with her - it would only get her angrier. He closed the trunk and got back in the driver’s seat, and she quickly followed, getting in the passenger’s seat next to him. They both buckled their seat belts in silence. Kylo took a sip of his coffee and sighed, the hot drink calming him down. He set it back in his cup holder, and that’s when he heard her shuffle.

He turned his head towards her, looking at her as she took out a big green Thermos flask out of her backpack before setting it in the cup holder next to his Starbucks drink. His gaze followed her movements with a scowl.

“Can you explain to me why in the world you’re looking at every single item I own as if it has just insulted you and everything you stand for?” Her voice made him look up at her and narrow his eyes. When he refused to reply to her, she continued. “Is this like a Beauty and the Beast situation? Is my vacuum flask cursed and talking to you?”

Kylo ignored her horrible attempt at a joke (or at least that’s what he’d made of it) and started up his car with a long sigh. He glanced at his Rolex and started driving.

“You were twenty-two minutes late. Our whole schedule has been derailed now because of that.” He muttered loud enough for her to hear while keeping his eyes on the road in front of him.

“Oh, bite me.”

She exhaled through her nose and began rummaging through the belongings in his small glove compartment in front of her. Kylo stiffened.

“Hey, hey, hey, hey, what do you think you’re doing?” he demanded desperately as he glanced between her and the road multiple times.

“Shut up. I’m looking for some CDs or something.” She explained before stopping. “You do listen to music, don’t you? I mean, or do rich jackasses like you only listen to jazz and classical music?”

He opened his mouth to protest, when a gasp made him turn his head at her swiftly.

“Holy shit!” She exclaimed. She wore an evil grin as she held a dark blue condom package that she had found in her previous 30-second-scavenge of his drawer. “I had no idea that jackasses have one night stands in cars.” She studied the package, trapping it in between her index and middle finger. “And people say that chivalry is dead…” she ironically mumbled.

She studied the package as Kylo focused on the road ahead, a despairing look etched on his face. He could only hope that his hair covered his ears, that he knew for sure would be probably as red as Rudolph’s nose.

And he could only hope that this week would be over as soon as possible.

A loud ‘Ooo…” noise made him flinch, making his realise that the torment was not over.

“Extra Large…” She teased ruthlessly and made something that sounded like an acknowledging
‘Hm.’

“Alright, that’s enough, give me that.” Kylo grumbled, irritably reaching for the hand holding the package, snatching it and quickly tossing it in the backseat, away from her, before she could protest.

“God, boyfriend, you’re no fun.” She comically pouted at him, continuing her ministrations in his glove compartment.

“Can you fucking stop?” He groaned at her and frowned at the road in front of him.

“Woah!” She squealed and took out an old CD from his storage before shoving it near his face. “You used to listen to ‘The Empire’?”

Kylo’s eyes widened. He turned abruptly to look at her and her huge grin. Out of all of the things that could’ve possible come out of this girl’s mouth, her fangirling about his grandfather’s old rock band was the last thing he’d expected to hear.

“I- uh…” He stuttered and focused on the road once again. “I still do.” He paused and gulped. His voice came down to a whisper. “Darth Vader was my grandfather.”

Rey remained silent while Kylo grew more nervous. Was she going to fangirl and be all over him now? Or will she ask to leave because of all of the bad claims against his grandfather?

A scoff. “Nice try, Kylo—”

Wait, what?

She studied the cover of the CD. “—but I believe that Vader’s son is a loner and his daughter became a Senator and married an auto racer named ‘something’ Solo.” She glanced at him and gave him a mischievous smile. “Last I’ve checked, Mister Ren, your name isn’t Solo.” She opened the CD’s case and put the disc in, letting the rock music play in the background on low volume.

_Fuck being anxious about what she’d think of his blood relation, he needed to prove her wrong._

“I changed my name when I was twenty-three.” He said and grinned, noticing the way her head snapped at him with her mouth open in shock from the corner of his eye. “My real name is Ben Solo. When I got hired at First Order Industries, I was advised to change my name by the owner of the company. So I did.”

When he heard no reply coming from Rey, he turned his head towards her. She gaped at him.

“You mean to tell me that you basically tricked me into agreeing to a full week of hanging out with the Solos?!” She raised her voice, nervousness beginning to overwhelm her. She sat back in her seat and started biting at the cuticles on her right hand.

“Hey.” Kylo broke her out of her reverie. “Hey, it’s going to be alright. My mom is dying to meet my fake girlfriend.”

“Hold on a second.” Rey muttered and looked at him. “Does this mean that I have to call you Ben?”

Kylo flinched.

“No. No, only my family calls me that.” He muttered.
“Well, yeah, but shouldn’t your girlfriend.—“

“Fake girlfriend.”

“-you know, the one that you’re bringing home for the holidays call you by your real name aswell?” She frowned at him.

Kylo hated the fact that she had a point. He sighed and decided to push against it regardless.

“I still feel like Kylo would do.”

Rey shrugged as she grabbed her Thermos and opened it before carefully pouring some coffee for herself in the small cup that also served as a lid.

“Whatever you say, Ben.”

Kylo clenched his teeth, utterly aggravated by this *ridiculous* woman. He glanced at her before looking back at the road.

“God, how can you drink that?” he muttered, noticing the light colour of the beverage and catching onto a tinge of cinnamon.

She gulped the sip she had taken during his question and looked at him. “Drink what, coffee?”

“I can practically smell how horrible your coffee is.” He said while reaching for his red Starbucks cup.

Rey sneered at him.

“Well, not everyone has the financial stability to buy a $7 Starbucks beverage every morning, Kylo.” She watched him swallow his sip before confidently adding: “Speaking of, how’s your expensive white shirt?”

Kylo glared at her.

She glared right back, a smile tugging at her lips.

He shifted his attention to the highway before him and she continued to drink her coffee. This girl was getting on his nerves already, how is he going to handle a week’s worth of her constant jabs at his character?

“Hey, let’s get to know eachother.” She randomly said, breaking the silence. Kylo frowned as he took a turn to the right. *She had been just about to hit him seconds ago and now she wanted to get to know him better?* He opened his mouth to protest but the infuriating young woman interrupted him. “Here, I’ll start. Where did you grow up?”

He huffed through his nose. “Chandrila. My parents live in Coruscant at the moment, though.”

“Wait, so we’re going to Coruscant?” She asked loudly.

He nodded.

“No wonder you’re a pampered asshole.” She scoffed, and he had to fight the slight tug he felt at the right corner of his lips.

*Alright. He'll bite.*
“Alright, Rey, my turn to ask you a question.”

It had started snowing on the highway, and Rey’s excitement could not be contained.

Kylo had no choice but to listen to Rey’s story about the time she’d seen snow for the first time ever since she had moved from Jakku. In turn, she had listened to his story about that one time when he was eight and his father had forgotten to buy Christmas gifts, so Han had just decided to take him on a ride with his race car, the Falcon. He had talked about the way his mother almost dropped the Christmas cookies on the ground when she’d seen her eight year old boy climbing out of a race car.

“How about the Falcon? Isn’t it known for beating the world record and making the Kessel Run of 1979 in fourteen seconds?” She had asked him.

Kylo had just shaken his head and corrected her. “A common misconception. I had actually been twelve seconds.”

Now, after having gotten to know each other a little better for the past six hours, Kylo had begun to actually believe that he could maybe get through this holiday unscathed.

Rey was staring out the window when he rounded the corner and drove straight on the very familiar street that his parents lived on. He glanced at the girl. She admired each and every single house on the street, smiling at all of the colourful Christmas decorations that were hung here and there.

Kylo hit the breaks gently, the car coming to a stop. He turned the ignition off with a twist of his keys before sighing. He watched her put her vacuum flask back in her backpack, her mittens back on her hands and her red hat back on. She turned her head at him and he nodded.

They both got out of the car, the cold already causing Rey to shiver. Kylo walked over to the trunk and popped it open. She reached for her duffel bag, but Kylo snatched it from her and tossed it on his shoulder. She gave him a polite smile and helped him out with the rest of his bags.

Rey turned around, studying the house she was going to stay in for the following week. The first thing she had noticed was that the house was huge, nothing like any house she’d ever seen before.

The roof was beautifully decorated by silver lights flickered, as was the fencing on the porch. The second thing she noticed was that the front yard was huge as well. The fallen fresh snow had completely covered what she believed was beautifully green grass, probably perfectly trimmed and everything.

Kylo made his way towards the front door, and thus Rey noticed the big festive wreath hung on it. He glanced behind his shoulder and she quickly followed him on the wooden porch. He stomped
his boots on the steps, letting the excess snow fall, and Rey did the same while he knocked on the door loudly. She looked at him and he stared back at her while sniffling, giving her another reassuring nod.

The door opened wide with a loud creak.

“Ben!” His mother beamed at her son and threw her arms around him. Kylo hugged her back and Rey had to smile at how adorable the height difference between mother and son was.

“Hey.” His father walked into view. He smirked at Kylo, giving him a pat on the shoulder.

“Father.” Kylo nodded.

Rey smiled at the family in front of her while his mother’s eyes set on her. Rey’s heart skipped a beat but the woman smiled at her kindly.

“And you must be my son’s girlfriend!” she grinned.

“Hello.” Rey shyly smiled at the woman before Kylo intervened by clearing his throat.

“Mom, dad, this is Rey. Rey, my parents.”

Rey walked up to his mother and politely offered her hand to her.

“It’s a pleasure to meet you, Ms. Solo,” Rey’s eyes shifted to his father. “and Mr. Solo.”

“Oh, sweetie, please,” Kylo’s mother smiled at her as she gently took her hand in between her own. “call him Han, call me Leia.” Leia paused. “Oh, come on let’s gets you both inside, I bet the way here was exhausting!” Leia hurried them both inside impatiently. “Are you two hungry? Tired?” The woman asked after closing the door behind them all.

“Food does sound good, sweetheart.” Han said and kissed his wife on the cheek.

“I’ll get the food ready then. Han, why don’t you show the kids to their bedroom?”

Kylo froze.

Fuck.

He had completely forgotten about the fact that they would be also sharing a bedroom. He turned his head at Rey, who harboured his same shocked expression at the sudden realisation. Surely everything is going to be fine, it’s not like they have to share a bed this week anyway. He could sleep on the floor. This was fine.

Kylo watched Rey gawk at the beautifully polished wooden stairs as they climbed them. Han opened a door to the right of the stairs, and urged them to go inside. Rey’s breathing hitched. The room was massive and heavily decorated with lots of gorgeous vintage items. The wallpaper was a classic pale orange, and the colour beautifully contrasted the dark, shiny furniture.

“Han, this is beautiful… Thank you. ” Rey whispered. She stared at the ceiling, just not noticing the beautifully painted flowers.

“Don’t mention it, kid.” Han chuckled. “Alright, you two settle in, food’ll be ready in twenty minutes.”

And with that, he closed the door after exiting the room, thus leaving Kylo and Rey to their own
business. Kylo quickly rushed to the door and locked it with the key already in the keyhole before turning his attention to Rey and running a hand through his hair in an exasperated manner.

“I completely forgot about the fact that we would have to share a bedroom.” He whispered, hoping that neither on of his parents were actually eavesdropping on them.

“I know, me too!” Rey whispered back and glanced back at the king-size bed.

“I’ll sleep on the floor.” Kylo muttered and she nodded.

Rey walked over to her duffel bag and began unpacking, and, after a few minutes of fighting the urge to break something out of frustration, so did Kylo.

This had to have been the best thing to have ever happened in Rey’s life.

After unpacking, her and Kylo had headed downstairs for dinner, only to be greeted by a full table of delicious food. Rey could’ve sworn that she had never seen so many baked potatoes before, and the roast chicken was to die for. Leia poured each of them a glass of red wine and they all ate in silence.

That is, of course, until Leia decided to break the ice and pop a wonderful question.

“So, Ben, Rey.” Leia sipped her wine and swallowed the gulp. “How did you two meet?”

Kylo choked on his potatoes abruptly before regaining his cool, washing them down with his red wine. He cleared his throat and glanced at Rey, who froze with her glass midway to her lips. Rey glanced at Kylo and faked a smile that she knew would be perceived as shyness on the specific topic.

He stared at her. “Rey and I-“

“We met at work.” Rey interrupted him and took a sip of her wine. “I, uh, applied for a job at First Order Industries back in August and Ben interviewed me.” She set her glass of wine back on the table and smiled at Kylo with faked affection. He forced himself to smile back awkwardly. “I didn’t get the job back then, but Ben had tracked me down and on that night I got a call from him asking me out on a date.” Rey snaked a hand around his bicep, causing him to stiffen but relax once he remembered that his mother must be watching them with eagle eyes.

“She refused me.” He lied and looked at his parents. Leia smiled at Rey.

“Only the first time!” Rey gave him a feigned giggle. Kylo’s eyes widened a fraction, realising that this was the first time he had ever heard her laugh. He refused to admit to himself that it was sweeter than he’d imagined.

He mustered up some fake confidence and continued their made-up tale. “Long story short, we ran
into each other at Starbucks the following day and I asked her out again, and she said yes.” He looked at her quietly.

Leia and Han were both beaming at the two seemingly in-love adults.

“I still can’t believe they bought that shitty story.” Kylo muttered loudly as he threw one of the pillows on the floor, next to his duvet. He walked over to the door and locked it, in case his mother would attempt to barge in and see them not sleeping in the same bed.

“I know right?!” Rey shouted from their personal bathroom. She walked out of the room, turning off the light behind her. She grinned “You gotta admit, Solo-“

“Did you just call me Solo?”

“-we make quite the tag team.” She walked over to the bed and looked at him. “We’re, like, the ultimate power couple. We’re the ultimate power fake couple.”

Kylo scoffed and laid down on the floor with a groan, pulling the duvet to his chest. God, how old was this girl? Rey turned off the lamp situated on the nightstand as well before settling in bed.

For what seemed like hours, they had both remained silent. Until Rey shuffled on the bed and sighed.

“Night.” He heard her mutter unexpectedly.

He hesitated, taken aback, before he whispered loud enough for her to hear. “Goodnight...”

Chapter End Notes

Find me on tumblr @reylos-stole-purple
If anyone has any tips on how I can improve my writing, please tell me about it in the comments!
Comments are like sugar cookies to me <3
Thank you so much for over 100 kudos, everyone!

I still cannot believe the amount of support I've gotten, you guys are incredible!

“Shut that fucking thing off!” Rey groaned and shoved her head in her pillow at the sound of Kylo’s absolutely hysterical alarm. “Kylo Ren, I swear to fuck!”

“I got it, just calm down.” His gravelly voice rang from across the room. He got up from his makeshift bed on the floor and stretched. He looked in her direction and watched as Rey groaned and let out an exasperated sigh when she rolled on her back. She threw her forearm across her eyes.

“What fucking time is it anyway?” She grumbled.

“Well, someone’s not a morning person.” He teased as she listened to the way he shuffled around the room. “It’s 6AM, by the way.”

“This isn’t morning, it’s fucking torture.”

She heard him scoff and rolled on her right side once again, clutching the duvet up to her neck. She could feel the way she was slowly drifting back to dream world. The bed was so comfortable. And so warm…

“You’d better not be going back to sleep.” His deep voice rang through the room, shoving her back to reality.

“Fuck off, Kylo…” She grumbled and hoped that it was loud enough for him to hear her.

He chuckled.

Rey awoke for the second time that day feeling the most well-rested she had ever felt in her whole life. She huffed in satisfaction and sat up slowly, bringing her hands up to her eyes to massage them. Glancing around the room, she noticed how Kylo was nowhere to be seen. How long had it been since his evil alarm had rung?

She glanced at her right nightstand and reached for her phone, unplugging its charger. 10:34AM. She went into her messages and tapped her thumb on the group chat with Poe and Finn that they
had named ‘The Resistance’ along with a muscle emoji. Her thumbs slid across the keyboard before hitting send.

‘Morning, guys! How’s it going? Hope you two are having fun! ; )’

Sighing once more, she swung her legs off the bed and stood up. She walked to her wardrobe, picking a pair of underwear, her usual black bra, some light-grey skinny jeans and a loose fluffy green sweater. Feeling content with her selection for the day, she walked in the bathroom, locked the door with the key already inside the keyhole (for good measure), and began undressing. She set her pyjamas on the counter, next to the sink and grabbed the toothbrush, added some toothpaste on and started brushing her teeth.

Rey, used to wasting no time from an early age, got into the shower swiftly, turning the water on and feeling the water drops fall on her skin. She closed her eyes. She sighed contently, massaging her scalp and letting her hair get wet. She kept her toothbrush in her mouth when she opened her eyes, noticing all of the different hair products in the corner of the shower. She frowned and got a little closer, grabbing one of them and studying the label. She took the toothbrush out of her mouth and filled her mouth with the water spraying out from the shower head. She spit it out and placed her toothbrush on a glass shelf. Then, Rey turned her attention back to Kylo’s product.

“Mango Butter Shampoo...” She muttered quietly. She scoffed and put the shampoo back on the glass shelf of the shower cubicle. “Pampered asshole.”

She grabbed her own shampoo and glanced at it, narrowing her eyes. She glanced back at Kylo’s shampoo before looking back at hers. She groaned and set her shampoo down, snatching his shampoo again. Squeezing out a dollop, the smell of mangos reached her nose. She smiled despite herself and put the cream in her head, massaging it thoroughly.

*He’ll never know.*

---

Kylo glanced away from his laptop to reach for his coffee mug. He took a large sip when he heard the wooden stairs creak. He swallowed the hot beverage, shifting his eyes back to the screen as Rey walked in the kitchen. She looked at him, noticing the way he looked: hunched at a small laptop, sitting down at the kitchen island in the middle of the room.

“Look who’s up.” He mumbled, still focused on his e-mail.

“It’s a perfectly normal hour to wake up at.” She said as she headed for the coffee machine. She grabbed a nearby mug and poured some hot coffee in. “You however, you’re inhuman for waking up at 6AM.” He humourlessly scoffed at that. She glanced around the room before finally setting her eyes on him. “Where do you keep your milk?”

His eyes rose from his laptop, finally shifting to her. He sighed and hopped off his stool. Rey followed his movements, frowning when he passed her and his bicep touched her shoulder slightly. He cleared his throat and opened the door to the panelled fridge. Rey’s eyes widened, feeling a tinge of embarrassment when she realised that that was indeed not a regular cupboard.
He swiftly took out a carton of milk, letting the fridge’s door close on its own, before reaching up to the small cupboard above the sink and taking out an enamelled container labelled ‘SUGAR’. He set it down next to the milk and turned his body toward her, placing a hand on his shoulder. He leaned on the kitchen counter and shot her a look that said ‘Anything else?’.

“And some cinnamon, please?” She smiled at him.

His eyes narrowed. He shook his head and walked over to her right. She moved back, feeling the way her personal space was intruded, despite his good intentions. He grabbed a small shaker that, Rey noticed, was also labelled. It read ‘CINNAMON’ this time.

“Oh good! You’re showing her around!” Leia’s voice rang through the kitchen. Both Rey and Kylo’s heads snapped in her direction. Rey greeted his mother with a large smile, while Kylo kept a blank face.

“Good morning, Leia.” Rey said, hearing the way Kylo shuffled back to his seat at the small island. Rey focused her attention back to her coffee, adding one third of milk to her mug.

“Good morning. What are you two up to today?” Leia’s excitement was palpable.

Rey hummed in consideration. She reached for the sugar, adding three teaspoons and a little bit of cinnamon in her beverage. She turned her head to Kylo, who, once again was glaring at her mug of coffee. She glared back at him before turning around to face Leia. Rey leaned on the kitchen counter.

“I was thinking about having Ben drop me off at the mall- there is one nearby, isn’t there?” Rey said and Leia smiled as she gave her a nod. Kylo abruptly rose his head at the mention and shifted his glare at Rey. He continued watching the whole exchange. “Brilliant. I am in a desperate need to buy you all Christmas gifts.”

“Oh, Rey, but there is no need-“

“Nonsense, Leia, please! I’ve never had the chance to buy my family Christmas gifts. Buying you all gifts would make me incredibly happy.” Rey gave Leia a sad smile. Leia reached for Rey’s hand and held it with both hands.

“Rey. You are a beam of light.” His mother smiled at her.

Kylo’s eyes softened.

“You’re making my mother adore you.” Kylo muttered loud enough for her to hear it over the way his boots squeaked underneath the snow. He pressed a button on his car key and the car unlocked.

“I’m sorry?” Rey furrowed her brows, holding the handle to the passenger’s seat.

Kylo opened the door and hopped in the driver’s seat, and Rey followed after.
He inserted the key into the right of his wheel and ignited the engine with a twist. “You.” He paused and looked into the mirror before turning his steering wheel slowly to the left, making his way on the lane. “You’re making my mother love you.”

“And that’s bad?—“

“Yes!—“

“Why?!“ She demanded loudly.

“Because you won’t be here next year!” Kylo was full-on yelling at that point. Rey held her ground and glared at him. “After all this holiday shit is done I’m going to wait a month or so and then tell them that I ’broke up’ with the beam of light that is Rey!”

Rey huffed in annoyance and settled back into her seat quietly.

“You.” She seethed. “You’re afraid.”

His scoff was humourless. “Afraid?”

Rey snapped her head at him and glared. “You’re afraid that your fake-dating plan will end up breaking their hearts.”

Kylo stopped the car in front of the shopping mall abruptly. He exhaled through his nose, not even giving her a second glance when she got out of the car. She grabbed her bag and slammed his door.

The second she was gone, Kylo aggressively hit his dashboard. He growled and turned the car around, heading back to his parents’ house. This girl was infuriating. Perhaps he really should have gone for an actress, if he had cared about his mental health by the end of this trip. Unlucky for him, he hadn’t considered his mental health at all.

This girl was the complete opposite of him. She was kind (with anyone but him, it seemed) and he was hostile. They were both quick to anger, but she controlled it far better than him. And the most infuriating thing of all, she had the ability to read him like a book and get under his skin.

His parents took a quick liking to her, far quicker than any of his other girlfriends from before. They loved the way his (pretend) girlfriend seemed to be his only weakness - some light that managed to thaw at the cold corners of his heart. They loved her light.

He would never admit it out loud, but her soul was radiant, and it drew him like a moth to a flame.

And it terrified him.

Rey glared at the Grumpy Cat plush toy that she was holding. She sighed, fishing her mobile phone out of her pocket. She walked over to the cashier, placing the plushie on the conveyor belt. Having
spent more than five hours shopping, she checked to see if Kylo had replied to the message she had sent twenty minutes ago asking him to come pick her up soon.

*Seen 4:54PM.*

She huffed and replied to the messaged Finn and Poe had sent her through *The Resistance* before shoving her phone back in her pocket by the time the cashier had gotten to her plushie. The two exchanged a polite greet.

“That’ll be $15 dollars.” The cashier said while carefully putting the plush toy in a plastic bag. Ask Rey searched through her wallet, the cashier kindly asked, “Is it for a child? Kids love Grumpy Cat.”

Rey smiled at the woman as she handed the woman a $20 dollar bill. “Something like that.” She grabbed the bag and walked to the exit before glancing across her shoulder. “Keep the change!”

“Oh!” The cashier exclaimed. “Okay! Thank you! Happy Holidays!”

“You too!”

The cold air hit Rey like a slap in the face as soon as she got out of the shop. Her teeth clattered as she looked around the parking lot for Kylo’s signature rich jerk car. The minute she spotted it in the corner of the parking lot, she sprinted towards it. She opened the door in the backseat and placed all of her bags inside carefully.

She got in her passenger’s seat and muttered a hi to Kylo that he chose to ignore. Rey sighed and looked out her window as he took a turn and drove back to the house.

The whole car ride had been minutes of Kylo brooding and Rey seething underneath her skin. As soon as they had arrived, he turned off the engine and practically scurried out of the car, slamming the door closed.

“Hey!” Rey swiftly got out of the car, slamming her door aswell, aggravated at the way he continuously chose to ignore her. He walked across the front yard and towards the door.

And that was the moment Rey had had enough.

She crouched down and grabbed a bunch of snow in her pink mittens, forming it into a ball, before throwing it at him. Rey had aimed perfectly, hitting him square on his back.

“Asshole.” She muttered when he turned around with a confused expression on his face.

She glared at him and turned around to open the door to the backseat for her bags. The moment she touched the door handle, she heard a loud *thump!* and felt a small pressure on her back that went away in seconds. She turned around, staring at him with a perplexed look on her face. He bent down and grabbed more snow into his bare hands and began shaping it.

“Did you just…” She muttered.

Kylo just shrugged with that damned blank expression. He threw another one at her and she ducked it, squealing loudly. She groaned and grabbed more snow, throwing it back. They exchanged a few snowballs here and there, Kylo and Rey both ducking their own amount of snowballs.

Rey grabbed snow, shaped it into a ball, threw it at Kylo, managing to hit him-
Straight in his face.

Kylo groaned as his back his the snow.

“Kylo!” She shouted, rushing to his side quickly. She knelt by his side, checking to see if he was okay.

Then, two strong arms engulfed her and rolled her around, her back on the snowy ground, and Kylo hovering over her, his face barely a few inches above her face. She stared at him, completely flabbergasted. He looked into her eyes, and she could’ve sworn that she saw him lean in an inch before pulling away from her and standing up quickly. He offered her his hand, and she took it as he quickly pulled her up in a flash.

He cleared his throat and headed for the car rapidly, grabbing her shopping bags. “We should get inside before we catch a cold.”

Rey nodded, feeling a flush flow to her cheeks, but hoping she could pass it off as the cold causing all of the red patches on her face. They walked to the front door and Kylo opened it, letting her go inside. She sighed, still cold from how wet her clothes were.

“I’m gonna go take a shower.” They both said at the same time.

Rey stared at Kylo.

Kylo stared at Rey.

“Here’s an idea.” Han said, leaning on the doorway to the kitchen. Rey flinched. Kylo glared at his father. “Share the damn shower.” He said as he brought the cup of coffee he’d been holding in his right hand up to his lips and taking a sip.

Kylo’s eyes widened, feeling a slight flush rise to his face. He glanced at Rey, back at his father, and then at Rey again.

He cleared his throat. “Actually, you can take the shower, I’ll just-“

“Yeah, yeah, thanks, it won’t take long-“ Rey smiled awkwardly as she headed for the stairs.

“Yeah…” Kylo muttered. He took in a deep breath and looked at Han, who in turn just raised his eyebrows a fraction and walked back in the kitchen.

Kylo brought his hand through his wet hair. She was no-one, wasn’t she? But if that were true, then why in the world would the idea of taking a shower together sound so appealing? His thoughts came transformed into images. Images of some very explicit situations in which he’d have her pressed against the tiled wall, gasping and moaning as he’d nip at her jaw, and how she’d squirm against him when his hand would go down to-

No.

Stop.

Kylo exhaled through his nose. “This is fucked.” He whispered to himself, failing miserably to shoo away those thoughts.
Dinner had come pretty quickly. Once Rey had been done with her shower, Kylo had taken one himself. A cold one. And after they all ate the food Leia had made them, they had all moved to the living room so that Leia could talk about what had been happening with Luke lately.

Kylo had given a half-assed attempt at actually listening to what she was actually saying, and Rey (even though she had no idea who the fuck his mother was talking about) had been extremely interested in any news regarding his uncle. Kylo downed the last drop of red wine from his glass and quietly rose from the brown leather armchair he had been sitting in.

“Anyone want any more wine?” He asked, drawing all of the attention back to him.

He shrugged when no one replied. He walked towards the kitchen when a hand grabbed his forearm, stopping him dead in his tracks. Kylo glanced back, and his eyes met Rey’s. She smiled.

“I’ll get the bottle.” She mumbled and grinned kindly at him. “You go sit down and listen to the news about your uncle.”

Kylo frowned.

“What, no.” He muttered. Getting more wine was his ticket getting out of this conversation!

“It’s fine, Rey, just-“

“What are you two whispering about there? Oh, lookie here!” Han smirked from behind the couch. Rey and Kylo’s heads snapped in his direction. Han whistled and pointed above them.

Rey frowned confusedly at Han. She raised her head at the ceiling, her eyes widening. Kylo followed her gaze, only for it to be met with the bane of his existence in that moment. He shot daggers at the wickedly green mistletoe that hung above them. Kylo’s gaze shifted to his mother, who had a wicked grin plastered on her face.

“Mother.” Kylo spat. “Since when do we hang mistletoes in the house?”

“Since two days ago.”

Kylo pinched his nose for a second, put his hand back to his side and looked at Rey, who was staring off in the distance with her brows furrowed. She was chewing on her lower lip, and Kylo glanced –for just a second- at them before averting his gaze.

“Oh, just kiss her, son!” Han encouraged him.

“I shouldn’t be forced to kiss my girlfriend in front of my parents!”

“Ben, come on, it’s just a kiss.” Leia grinned.

Kylo seethed. “This is-“

A pair of lips on his interrupted his tantrum. Rey mashed her lips to his gently. As if urging him on, she wrapped her arms around his neck. Kylo’s eyes widened a fraction before closing them and turning his head to the side, deepening the kiss. He put his hands on her hips, dragging her closer to
his body. She smelled like something tropical, and he breathed in deeply through his nose.

His mouth moved slowly against hers, relishing in the softness of her lips. It was addicting and he needed more. He parted his lips slightly, letting his tongue dart out across her bottom lip and-

And that’s when she broke away from him. Kylo opened his eyes abruptly and stared at her with soft eyes.

*Shit.*

*Fuck.*

He had lost his head and went too far.

Rey turned to him and smiled, then glanced at his parents- *wait, how long have they been clapping for?*- and smiled at them as well. Kylo huffed a shuddering breath, then frowned.

“Have you been using my shampoo?” He muttered.

Rey’s eyes widened and he saw the blush making its way up to her cheeks.

“No! Yes?” She paused and shyly looked into his eyes. “Maybe.”

He exhaled.

He was in a *desperate* need for another cold shower.

“Sorry I jumped on you like that.” She mumbled as she laid on her back underneath the duvet on her bed. Kylo frowned into his pillow, the floor still his giant, *luxurious* bed. She had nothing to apologise for. If anything, *he* had to thank *her* for not letting his own stubbornness expose them both.

He heard her sigh.

“And sorry I used your shampoo.”

“Don’t be.” He whispered loud enough for her to hear. “It smells good on you. It suits you…”

She remained silent, and for a second, he had thought that she had gone to sleep.

Then, she cut through the silence. “Thank you, Ben…”

The whisper sent shivers down his spine. And in that moment, he realised that, like she’d said before, he actually was afraid. He was afraid that the fake-dating would break his parents’ hearts.

But in that moment, he realised that he was afraid that, if he got too attached, it would break his
heart too.
December 22nd

Chapter Notes

All embark on the angst train, please don't forget to fasten your seat belts and without further ado, enjoy the trip! (pff, yeah right)

Damn her.

As an important CEO of the number one commercial enterprise in New York City, his sleeping schedule had to be pristine. It was simple. Go to sleep after your work is done, wake up at 6AM and go to work. Rinse and repeat.

Never had Kylo thought that his sleeping schedule would ever consist of zero sleep, and five full hours of searching the internet for a Christmas gift. More specifically, a gift for a girl that he had met not even a week ago, and that probably hated him anyway.

And yet, here he was, on the 36th page of the Jewellery department on Ebay. Which would be fine, normal…

If this weren’t the third website he’d visited thus far.

He scrolled through the items on his iPhone, examining each image carefully with a frown plastered on his forehead.

Was Rey even a jewellery person? Was she a watch person? Did she like earrings? Necklaces?

A slight feeling of embarrassment worked its way through his brain. ‘You don’t even know her and yet you’re putting so much thought into it.’, it said. He quickly dismissed it and sighed.

Kylo glanced at Rey’s sleeping figure on the bed as she gently turned on her right side with a huff. He looked back at his phone and checked the time. 5:30AM. Might aswell get up thirty minutes earlier, right? It’s not like he’d be able to go to sleep without completely fucking up his usual, perfect schedule.

He closed his eyes tightly in frustration and got up from the floor. He winced at how frigid his back felt because of his uncomfortable makeshift bed. He raised his arms up and stretched. His gaze turned to Rey once again and it stayed there, watching the way she snuggled her duvet closer to her neck while she huffed.

The corners of his lips twitched and, as if a spell was broken, he looked away and walked out of their bedroom and made his way downstairs, and to the kitchen. Walking to the counter next to the sink, he opened a cupboard and grabbed the large enamelled container that his parents usually kept the ground coffee beans in.

He cleared his throat and prepared his daily, usual cup of his favourite beverage. While waiting for his coffee to brew, he put some water in a random kettle he’d found next to the pots and frying pans and waited. He chose to pass time by looking at 7 more pages of the jewellery department until he ultimately decided to give up.
Truth be told, he did buy her a gift. However, given all that had happened in the past two days and him making Rey put up with his parents for these couple of days, he had come to the conclusion that he needed to get her something else. Something more. Something far better than a regular agenda and an expensive pen.

And so the search had begun, completely disrupting his sleep.

Grabbing a tall mug from another cupboard, he poured the coffee in, added the boiling water and yawned quietly. He set the mug back on the counter and opened the cupboard so he could put the coffee container back. He stopped dead in his tracks when he noticed the small shaker labelled ‘CINNAMON’ and his mind instantly flew to his girlfriend’s strange taste in coffee. He quickly snatched the shaker and glared at it. He glanced at his cup and sighed.

Great, now even mere, bland objects brought the girl back into his thoughts. He scoffed. As if he’d actually needed help with that. After last night’s incident, his mind had completely been plagued by her, and he hated it deeply.

And yet…

And yet, he was curious about her. Intrigued. He wanted to know her- the girl that his parents (and himself) had grown accustomed to in a heartbeat.

And still, he needed more.

He scoffed at his thoughts. This had been a constant feeling lately: everything about her had left him hanging for more. He sighed and sprinkled some cinnamon in his black coffee before putting the shaker back in the cupboard. He grabbed his mug and brought it closer to his lips, taking a sip of the hot beverage. His coffee with a bit of cinnamon tasted… different.

And he’d find that he didn’t hate it one bit.

Rey woke up up… surprisingly, no alarm. She would’ve imagined that it would screech from the depths of hell like the morning before. But, boy, was she glad that it didn’t, especially after the fact that she had only been able to finally sleep only after two hours of intensive overthinking. She sat up on her bed, looking around for any trace of Kylo. She frowned and grabbed her phone, checking the time.

Of course Kylo wouldn’t still be here, he wakes up together with the sun, way earlier than a regular human being would. She laid back on the bed and stared at the ceiling.

How had last night happened?

One minute she was listening to Kylo argue with his parents in what was an attempt to get out of the puzzling situation, and the next she had risen to her tiptoes and pressed her mouth to his.
Granted, she would have never done that if it weren’t to keep his secret as farther away as possible from his parents.

...Would she?

A hand flew up to her mouth and she traced a finger on her lower lip.

Truthfully, that was what she had told herself before she felt the way his hands felt on her waist. Or the softness of his lips. Or how, for a slight second, she could’ve sworn that she felt his tongue against her bottom lip, demanding an entrance. She felt the way her heart fluttered at the thought of ‘What if I hadn’t pulled away?’

She huffed in frustration and frowned. It was better that she had.

This man that she had agreed to help merely because of a moment of desperation was infuriating. He was a complete asshole most of the time, and his grumpiness and bitterness preceded her levels of understanding. And yet, last night he had told her something nice- a shadow of a compliment that had her speechless for more than a few minutes.

It was clear to her now that they’d be inevitably hit with more situations like the one from last night. They’d inevitably have to be more lovey-dovey to each other, and Rey felt a shiver up her spine at the thought. She’d had a couple of boyfriends before, and she was accustomed to showing public displays of affection.

But this felt different.

‘Because it is, you numpty.’ She thought to herself. ‘You don’t know this man, the feelings aren’t there, it’s all pretend.’

Yes. Pretend is all it was. Rey knew that. She could damn-well vouch for it. It wasn’t what she was scared about, oh no. Her fear was situated in the future. She was afraid that-

A knock interrupted her thoughts and she jumped at the sound. She quickly let the hand that was touching her lip fall back on her abdomen, her eyes snapping to the door in time to see it open slowly.

“I figured you’d be awake.” Kylo muttered before closing the door behind him. He placed a mug on a dresser and then looked at her softly. “Good morning.”

“Morning.” Rey mumbled, holding his gaze. “Sorry, what time is it?”

He cleared his throat. “It’s- uh-” He mumbled as he looked at his Rolex. “It’s 12PM.”

Her eyes widened. Had she really spent the past hour just overthinking this minor thing that probably meant nothing?

“12PM?!” She frowned at him, swinging her legs over the side of the bed and walked towards the wardrobe. “You let me sleep until 12PM? Why would you- What if your mother needs help in the kitchen or with the decorations?”

“I figured you needed the rest!” Kylo said defensively and watched her rummage through her wardrobe. He heard her let out a humourless scoff, to which he rolled his eyes. He walked towards her but stopped when she quickly moved to another drawer near on her bedside table and begun searching for something in that. “My mother doesn’t need help in the kitchen, she’s-“
“Kylo Ren, it is the 22nd. What about the other decorations or, or the- ugh! Where the fuck is-“

“Rey!” He raised his voice and she turned around, seething. Her features softened when she realised that he was at an arm’s length distance from her. “Calm down, okay? You’re freaking out.”

She exhaled the breath she had no idea she had been holding. “Yeah, sorry. I just- Sorry I yelled at you.” She looked away, to the side, finding that she couldn’t hold his gaze. Not when he was this close.

“It’s fine.”

“Thanks for letting me sleep.”

“Don’t worry about it.”

They both stood in silence for what seemed like minutes, when in reality, Rey knew had been pure seconds. Her eyes trailed to his boots, and she frowned.

Had it really taken her this long to realise that Kylo had been wearing his coat this whole time?

“Why are you dressed in your coat?” She asked him, her eyes finally finding his again. *Had he been staring this whole time?*

“Oh, right. I came here to tell you that my father and I are going to be working on the Falcon in a bit.” He didn’t miss the way her eyes lit up when he mentioned his father’s speed car. “If you want to join, you’re free to.” He muttered.

She smiled at him. “Give me twenty minutes to get dressed and I’ll be there.”

Kylo nodded and headed back to the door. Rey took in a deep breath and walked to the wardrobe before resuming her search for a sweater to wear.

“Oh- Rey?” She heard Kylo call her name again and her head snapped around immediately. “I brought you a coffee.” He pointed to the mug that he had placed on the dresser when he walked in. “If you call that a coffee. Lots of milk, tons of sugar and some cinnamon.”

“It is coffee.” She smiled at him softly. “Thanks.”

Kylo fidgeted slightly.

“Well, we’ll be in the garage.” He mumbled and closed the door behind him after exiting swiftly.

Rey stared at the mug that he had brought and smiled, letting out a sweet scoff.
“Why isn’t my daughter-in-law with you?” Kylo heard his father ask from under the popped hood of the Falcon as soon as he closed the garage door after him.

“She’s not your daughter-in-law.” Kylo narrowed his eyes at Han in confusion.

Han smiled as he reached for a wrench. “Yet.”

Kylo cringed inwardly. “You don’t know that for sure.” He mumbled and stared at the components of the Falcon, watching the way his father used the wrench to tighten a bolt.

“Like hell I don’t.” Han muttered and straightened his back. He looked at his son and his son looked back with a frown on his forehead, curious as to what the old man would say. “I’ve seen the way you look at her, kid. And the way she looks at you. And I surely saw how into the kiss you both were.”

His son looked away.

It seemed that Kylo had underestimated both his and Rey’s acting skills then.

Han shrugged and focused his attention back to the Falcon once again. “I’ve never seen you look at a girl that way before, you know?”

“Dad-” Kylo muttered before Han shushed him interruptedly.

“You look at her as if she saved you.” His father said while inspecting the components.

Kylo wanted to scoff at how right his father was about that. Rey did save him. She had agreed to pretend to be in love with him after all, hadn’t she?

“She did.” Kylo muttered while looking away. He could see the way Han’s eyes snapped at him and softened, before staring at his toolbox and picking something from it.

Silence set in between the two men for a couple of minutes, and Kylo remembered the reason why he had always hated spending time with his father. Their conversations were different from the ones he had with his mother, the latter flowed easily. They would always find something to talk about with him mother, but with his father… Kylo always ran out of subjects with his father and, after that, the conversation would slowly die down since neither of them actually knew how to salvage it.

“You love her, don’t you?” Han muttered. Kylo’s head snapped in his direction only to find him staring back at him. Kylo opened his mouth to say something. Anything. Anything at all.

A door creaked, snatching both men’s attention.

“Sorry it took so long!” Rey beamed, whispering a ‘Hi’ to them both before walking next to his father, and in that moment Kylo could’ve sworn that he had never been so relieved in his whole life.

“Hey, kid.” Han smirked at Rey. “You studied engineering, right?”

Rey smiled and shoved her hands in her black coat. “Yeah.”

“She was also a mechanic for a few years.” Kylo added, and Rey’s eyes settled on him questioningly. He gave her a slight smile and shrugged before leaning on the wall of the garage.
“Well.” Han smiled at Rey. “Do you know how to fix the brake rotors?”

Rey slowly tore her eyes away from Kylo and looked at Han. “Yeah. That’s a piece of cake. Although I’ve never actually had the chance to work on a race car before. Always wanted to, though.”

“Brilliant. Here.” Han smirked and handed her the toolbox. Rey grabbed it hesitantly. “I’m going to get inside. My hands are freezing.”

Rey grinned at the man. Kylo frowned. “Wait, hold on. Are you seriously exploiting my girlfriend’s knowledge in cars right now?”

“It’s not exploiting if she’s alright with it. Plus, she’s making a new memory, working on her first race car.” Han smiled and made his way to the stairs in front of the garage door. “Knock ’em dead, kid!” He gave Rey a thumbs-up before walking inside hurriedly.

Kylo looked at Rey, finding that she’d already begun working on his father’s car with a smile on her face. He thought back on Han’s words.

New memories, huh...

An idea popped into Kylo’s head and he quickly headed for the door leading to the front yard of his parents’ house.

“I’ll be back in a few hours!” He grumbled urgently.

“What- Hold on, where are you going?” He heard Rey yell after him.

“And he didn’t tell you where he went or what he was doing?” Leia asked. Rey shook her head as she helped Leia wash the dishes.

The food had been brilliant, as usual, but the fact that Kylo had missed it because of his completely random adventure had Rey feeling a little bit suspicious. Leia and Han had been incredible hosts and a sliver of feeling out of place had crossed her mind. Her heart ached knowing that she’d probably never see these people again. The same people that had made her feel as if she finally had a family.

The front door unlocked and Kylo stepped inside in a hurry, sniffling. Both women looked at him confusedly and he stopped in his tracks when he noticed them. His right hand quickly went behind his back awkwardly, and only then did Rey notice the fact that he was carrying a gift bag.

Had he gone to the mall to buy a gift for his parents?

“Ben Solo!” Leia muttered and walked towards him. “You had me worried sick. You left your phone in the garage and we couldn’t reach you. Have you eaten?”
“I’m fine, mother.” He muttered and ran upstairs.

Rey grinned. He looked as if he were a little kid that had been caught by his mother doing something improper and childish.

“You’d better be downstairs in a minute, we’re watching a movie!” Leia shouted up the stairs. She shook her head and walked back to Rey. The girl smiled at Leia shyly. “Alright, Rey, let’s make some popcorn for the movie.”

Rey nodded and grabbed a bowl from the cupboard above the sink, having remembered that was where they kept their dishes. She set it on the counter as Leia popped the popcorn bag into the microwave. She waited for the first bag to be done and handed it to Rey before grabbing another bag and repeating the process.

“Hi.” Kylo exhaled when he walked inside the kitchen, looking at Rey. She smiled at him and Leia grabbed some salt from a cupboard, sprinkling some extra on the popcorn. He opened the fridge and grabbed a beer bottle off one of the shelves. He opened it with a bottle opener and took a swig. “What movie are we watching?”

“Home Alone.” Leia muttered.

“Again?” Kylo glared at his mother.

“We have to watch it.” Rey intervened. “I always watch it during the holidays.”

Kylo’s eyes softened. He nodded quietly, giving Rey a slight smile. He made his way into their big living room, noticing how Han was reading his newspaper, sitting in one of the armchairs. His father mumbled something in acknowledgement of his son’s presence and Kylo asked if he could get the remote to the TV, to which Han nodded absentmindedly. He thumbed a few buttons and prepared the movie. He walked next to the other armchair in the room when his mother walked in.

“Ah-ah-ah!” His mother said loudly. Kylo stopped to stare at Leia like a deer in headlights. She placed the popcorn bowl on the coffee table as Rey plopped down on the couch. “Ben, sit on the couch next to Rey! Why do you two always sit so far apart?”

Kylo narrowed his eyes at his mother.

“Leia, it’s fine. I don’t mind sitting next to you-“ Rey attempted to intervene, but his mother was ruthless.

“Ben, come on, on the couch.” Leia said authoritatively. Kylo rolled his eyes and sat down next to Rey. Leia sighed. “I shouldn’t be the one to tell you to sit next to your girlfriend, Ben.”

Kylo’s head snapped in the direction of his mother. “What is that supposed to mean?”

“I’m just saying, it’s a little fishy. You two seem close, but never that close.” Leia muttered as she poured herself a glass of red wine. Kylo glared daggers into the woman’s head.

“Are you insinuating that we’re not actually together?” Kylo was seething.

“To be fair, it is a little weird that the only display of affection we’ve seen so far was the kiss. A kiss you didn’t even start, Ben.” Leia took a sip of her wine innocently.

“I’m sorry, mother, I didn’t realise that you should be a witness to whatever happens in the bedroom with me and Rey.” He ignored the fact that Rey flinched to his right. His voice was calm.
But his words were like knives.

Kylo felt Rey shuffle next to him. “Ben-“

Leia scoffed. “Ben, that is nonsense. Let’s end this conversation at once.”

If Kylo were wise, he’d let the conversation go and forget about his mother’s doubts. This whole situation was beneath him.

But Kylo would never describe himself as wise.

He turned to Rey and smashed his mouth on hers. His right hand cupped the side of her face, his other arm snaking around her waist. He felt a sense of deja-vu when parted his lips slightly and let his tongue roam across her bottom lip. His thumb began shyly brushing her cheekbone as an attempt to soothe her or to calm her down or to tell her to goddamn react and move. He felt her exhale through her nose and then her mouth opened shyly, their tongues meeting and- Kylo’s mind went blank.

Their mouths moved rhythmically and her hands flew to his hair, gently tugging at it. Kylo groaned quietly, further deepening the kiss. He indulged in the taste of her and in the way her hands felt in his hair. And the way their kiss quickly turned into a clash of tongues and teeth and lips and desire. She gently nipped at his bottom lip before slowly parting away.

He opened his eyes and looked right into her hazel eyes, noticing how dilated her pupils were from their previous moment. He glanced at her bruised lips and leaned in once more to give her a short peck before parting, the both of them breathing heavily. Kylo had only just then realised how fast his heart was beating and fluttering.

“Where did you two go?” His father joked, and both of the two young adults looked at him abruptly. “The movie’s already started!”

Kylo glanced at the TV and then at his mother, only to find that she was smirking with her gaze trained on the movie. He narrowed his eyes at her and took a deep breath. He settled back into the couch, watching one of the scenes. He felt Rey shuffle on his right and, the next thing he knew, a blanket was being draped on top of them both. He turned his head to look at her.

Rey got closer to him and placed her head on his shoulder, bringing the blanket closer to her neck, snuggling closer. He looked at the crown of her head and smiled before settling his head on hers.

His smile faded when an intrusive thought made its way into his mind.

It’s all pretend.
December 23rd

Chapter Notes

The fanfiction is slowly starting to live up to its title...

Kylo cursed, deeply irritated by his stiff neck. He exhaled through his nose, a frown appearing on his forehead. What time was it? He moved his arm- or, rather, tried to, because it wouldn’t fucking budge. Then, he heard a small huff to his right.

His eyes snapped open, just now noticing the sleeping figure of Rey. Her breathing was even and he stared despite himself. She looked peaceful, the crease in between her brows that was usually there because of him completely out of sight. Her lips were slightly parted, bringing flashbacks of the kiss they had shared the night before. His gaze lingered on them, the bittersweet memories overflowing back into his mind.

He swallowed the lump in his throat and slowly brought his left hand to her face. He tucked out of the stray hairs that had come out of her messy bun behind her ear gently. His eyes scanned every inch of her face, as if trying to memorise it for the rest of his life. His hand moved up to her forehead, gently brushing the place where her slight crease would be. She stirred and he stiffened. Why the fuck had he done that?

His hand immediately flew away from her face as if her skin had turned to burning ember, but, unlucky for him and everything he stood for, her eyes had already opened, blinking away the tiredness. She looked up at him and stared back at her.

She lifted her head off his shoulder almost instantly, and Kylo had to hide the longing that he knew he felt for her touch. For her. She cleared her throat and got up from the couch, and he watched silently. What was she going to do? Yell at him? Ignore him? Slap him for yesterday? Her choices were infinite, and he was ready for whichever one she'd pick.

Instead, she turned around at him and smiled softly. He frowned, completely confused. Out of all her choices she could’ve picked, this was the last one he’d expected her to choose.

“Do you want me to make some coffee or anything?” She asked sweetly, however Kylo could sense the dismissal in her voice.

“Uh, yeah.” He mumbled. “Yeah.”

“Alright.” She muttered.

Kylo sighed and straightened his back. He groaned, feeling the stiffness in his neck and tilting his head from side to side as an attempt to reduce the pain. He cursed.

“You okay?” She wrapped her arms around her abdomen and frowned at him. There it was. That crease he’d been talking about earlier.

“Yeah, it’s just-” He closed his eyes and exhaled through his nose. “My back’s all fucked up because of the past few nights, is all.”
“Oh.”

He cleared his throat and rose from the couch slowly, walking up to her but keeping his distance. “Rey, listen, about…” He looked around prematurely before whispering, “About last night, I-“

“You don’t have to apologise.” She smiled at him, but Kylo was able to look right through it. “It was something you had to do, I get it, Kylo.” She glanced around the room, then continued. “It was part of the role anyways, wasn’t it?”

No. It wasn’t.

He remained silent, narrowing his eyes at her suspiciously. Ah, that name again. He’d noticed beforehand that she had grown used to calling him Ben around his parents and Kylo when they were on their own. It was yet another wall that he felt her shove in between them. Without realising that he’d stayed silent this long, Rey simply smiled at him, nodded and left the living room quietly. Kylo sighed and glanced at his Rolex. It was a few minutes past 10AM.

He cleared his throat and made his way upstairs. He gathered some new clothes (yet another black sweater and some jeans) and hopped in the shower, attempting, and failing miserably, to clear his head. Too bad his thoughts went in the cubicle along with him.

He glared at the tiled wall, feeling the droplets of water hitting his back. He closed his eyes and placed his forehead on the wall. He knew that he was attracted to her. This lowly mechanic that had an unusual preference for coffee. This woman that his parents had so quickly grown to adore. The same girl that had managed to get under the skin of Kylo Ren.

He felt his anger spike inside his chest and, before he knew it, his hand pulled back swiftly, punching the tiles violently.

The way he had yearned for more after their kiss under the mistletoe. The way he had spent a whole sleepless night because of her and looking for a perfect gift- just to see him be the reason for her oh, so beautiful, smile. The way he had used the argument with his mother just as an excuse to kiss her again, to breathe in her scent, to feel her lips against his. The thoughts added up and then his mind was reduced to one single conclusion; an obvious one, and one that lingered and echoed in every small part of his brain:

*He was falling in love with her.*

He heard her laughter before he even set foot into the kitchen, and he felt his heart do backflips inside his chest. He turned the corner and walked inside the room. He stopped dead in his tracks when he saw both Leia and Rey sitting at the small island in the middle of the room staring back at him. He glared at them when he realised what it was Rey had been giggling at.
“Mother.” Kylo mumbled, staring daggers at Leia.

The woman merely grinned at him. “Good morning, Ben. Nice of you to join us after finally waking up like a normal person.”

Rey snickered, shoving her nose back into his photo album. “His sleeping schedule really is inhuman, isn’t it?”

Kylo stared at Rey, and he knew his mother wouldn’t miss the way his eyes softened at his girlfriend’s- fake girlfriend, Kylo had to remind himself- laughter, but he found that he didn’t care one bit. The sight of Rey’s honest smile was worth more to him than what Leia thought.

Kylo turned to one of the cupboards and took out one of the mugs, placing it on the marble counter. He filled his cup, trying his best not to listen to what the two women were mumbling about regarding his childhood pictures. He sprinkled some cinnamon as he did last morning and turned around to face them, leaning back on the counter.

Rey’s eyes rose up and met his for a second before she glanced at the counter. Her grin appeared on her face once again, and Kylo felt the tips of his ears redden.

Ugh, why was he behaving like this?!

“Since when do you put cinnamon in your morning coffee?” Her eyes met his again.

Kylo flinched. He brought the mug to his lips and glared at his right. “Since yesterday.” He muttered quietly, shrugging as an act of defence.

“Oh! Rey, look, this is Ben with his uncle Luke!” Leia interrupted enthusiastically. Rey’s eyes snapped back to the album and Kylo felt a lump in his throat.

“Oh, that’s adorable!” Rey exclaimed.

“Mmmhm! He was around eight years old in this picture.” His mother beamed at the picture and Rey laughed once again.

God.

He could listen to her laughter for the rest of his life.

Rey pointed at another picture. “Were you baking Christmas cookies in this picture?”

“Oh, yes!” Leia smiled at the girl. “Christmas of ’95.”

“This is adorable! Look at how huge his ears used to be!” Rey giggled.

Kylo stiffened. He hoped on his life that no one noticed his red face. He was torn between leaving, but that would just add satisfaction to the observant hawk that was Leia Organa.

“Ben’s always had big ears.” Leia laughed and told the girl. “It’s just that now he uses his hair to hide them.”

He was about to interrupt when he heard Rey’s quiet mutter as she was smiling at the picture. “I’ve never baked Christmas cookies before.”
Now that was definitely worth an intervention.

“We could bake some.” Kylo mumbled all of a sudden, gathering the attention of both women. He ignored the way his mother attempted to hide a smile and, instead, he focused on Rey.

“Are you serious?” She muttered, seemingly completely puzzled.

Kylo merely shrugged. “Tomorrow’s Christmas Eve…” He looked away from her gaze. He must be as red as a fucking tomato right now. “Why not?”

Rey’s expression turned from utter confusion, to realisation that his proposal was more than real, to complete joy, and Kylo found himself smiling back at her beaming face.

“Well, I was planning on baking some cookies for tomorrow anyway.” Leia said as she got up from her seat, taking the album with her. She smiled at them softly. “But now that you two offered, I guess I can relax for a bit.”

Kylo kept his eyes trained on Rey as she turned to his mother and smiled. “Personally, I’m a mess in the kitchen. But as long as Ben knows the recipe, we’ll be fine.”

Leia Organa was up to something.

Kylo had no time to dwell too much on the thought, as Rey quietly walked to the sink that happened to be next to him. He cleared his throat and put his coffee mug on the counter, before moving away, keeping his distance from her.

“Allright, chef.” She grabbed a paper towel and smiled at him. “What do we need?”

He walked up to the cupboard and took out some dry ingredients. He looked around the kitchen, noticing two sticks of softened butter placed suspiciously next to the mixer. “Could you grab two eggs for me?” He muttered, glaring at the butter. Rey hummed an affirmative response, already heading for the panelled fridge.

Leia Organa was definitely up to something.

He shrugged the thought away, grabbing his father’s brown apron and putting it on. His gaze snapped at her when he heard an amused huff. “What?”

“You’re actually going to wear an apron?” She grinned, bringing a hand up to her mouth to conceal a giggle. His heart fluttered at the sound, and Kylo had to bury alive a sudden want of striding up to her, grabbing her wrist and kissing her senseless. He merely decided to grab one of his mother’s red aprons and toss it at her with a smirk.

She quickly reacted, her hand grabbing the piece of clothing in mid-air. She looked at him questioningly.

“Faster, sweetheart, we ain’t got all day.” He muttered with a smirk.

She continued to stare at him quietly before suddenly lowering her head so that she could tie the knot of the apron behind her back. He observed her then, noticing the way a few strands of hair
falling out from the same three-bun hairstyle that he’d seen on the day he’d met her, when she’d come for her job interview. Was that a blush creeping in on her cheeks?

“Okay, what’s the first thing we have to do?” Rey smiled at him.

Kylo awkwardly cleared his throat. “Well, first of all, we need to cream together the sugar and the butter.”

He continued instructing, telling her what to do step by step, and she followed ardently. She had enthusiastically beamed at him with childlike joy when he let her add every ingredient on her own, and soon enough he had stopped hovering and ended up leaning on the counter, observing her.

She looked beyond cheery, and Kylo allowed himself to admit that he’d never seen anything more adorable in his life. She’d carefully listened to his teachings, and they soon enough had the cookie dough done.

“Now you have to wrap it in some plastic wrap and put it in the fridge for an hour.” He mumbled while she was grabbing the plastic wrap. She visibly deflated.

“You mean we have to wait for an hour?”

“Yeah, then we can cut them out, bake and decorate them.” He said, leaning his side on the counter while looking at her.

She frowned at the ball of dough and carefully put the wrap on it. “What the bloody hell are we supposed to do in the meantime?” She muttered quietly.

Kylo had a few (very explicit) ideas, but she wouldn’t consider those appropriate, for sure.

Then, something clicked in his head and he grinned at her softly. She put the dough in the fridge and frowned at him, puzzled. “Why are you looking at me like that?”

He walked up to her and she visibly stiffened. Kylo thought nothing of it and put his hands on her shoulders, turning her around so that her back was in front of him. He then proceeded to untie the apron.

“Rey, do you like dogs?”

Rey squealed as the dog jumped on her and excitedly licked her face. She closed her eyes and laughed loudly, and Kylo chuckled. He let out a short whistle and the dog quickly came to his side.

“Come on, boy, let’s walk around the block for a bit.” He attached the leash to the collar of the dog and glared at Rey. “You alright?”

She nodded, quickly getting up from her kneeling position. “Yeah.” Kylo started walking and she followed him quietly, looking at the excited dog. “He’s an Otterhound, isn’t he?”
Kylo’s head snapped at her. He looked shocked, a small trail of admiration grazing his features. “Yes.”

“She’s always wanted a dog.” She confessed and shoved her hands inside the pockets of her coat. She noticed the way Kylo walked slower than usual, letting her keep up with his huge strides. “My best friend’s boyfriend has a cat, though.”

Kylo looked at her, and she tried to focus on the steam that was coming out of her mouth when she breathed out due to the cold weather. He hummed in response, urging her to continue, looking at the path before them.

“His cat is an Orange Tabby. His name is Bebe.”

“Bebe?” Kylo echoed.

She huffed in amusement. “I also told him that it was an unusual name for a boy, but apparently when he was a kitten they’d thought he was a she.” Kylo narrowed his eyes at the path before them. “And Bebe just stuck, I suppose.”

“Chewie’s probably my father’s only friend.” Kylo mumbled, nodding at the dog. “The day Maz, our neighbour,” He paused and looked at her. “the woman you just met, brought him home. This little fellow and my father just automatically clicked.”

Rey smiled at the dog as Kylo continued his story. “I remember this one time, I was visiting my parents, and my uncle Luke and I were sitting in the living room.” Her gaze shifted to the side of his face, her expression softening. He smiled at the memory. “Han opened the front door and Chewie just bolted straight into my uncle’s lap. He was licking his face and wagging his tail. Luke was fine with it, until Chewie out of nowhere took his prosthetic arm in between his teeth and began running around the house with it.”

She giggled loudly, and Kylo turned to look at her. “That’s a wonderful memory, Kylo.”

“We spent twenty minutes chasing the dog around the house. It drove my mother insane.” He grinned, his eyes piercing through hers. Rey turned her head back to the path in front of them, but Kylo’s gaze lingered on her face a little while longer.

Silence overtook them, and after a few minutes, they’d reached Maz’s place once again. Kylo muttered a ‘wait here’ to Rey, and she nodded. He strode up to the woman’s front door, knocking loudly. Maz opened the door and put a hand on her dog. Her gaze met Rey’s and the old woman waved at her. Rey smiled and waved back.

She felt at home here, playing the role of belonging in someone else’s family. Playing the role of someone that loved Kylo. The role of someone loved by Kylo. She urged the thought away, forcing a smile at the source of her thoughts when he walked back to her. He quickly checked his Rolex.

“I think our dough is ready to bake.”

She beamed, and felt a flush rise to her face when he smiled down at her with soft eyes.
Kylo closed the oven door shut, putting his oven mitts away on the counter. Rey was laughing and grinning at the oven. Her eyes were lit up and slightly wet, and he had realised in that moment just how beautiful she was.

She was exquisite.

She brought a hand to her face and wiped something- a tear, perhaps?- from her cheek. Kylo couldn’t help the quiet chuckle from escaping his lips, and she brought her gaze up at him, grinning widely.

“What is it?” She muttered at him happily.

“You got flour on your cheek.” He said and pointed to his own cheek, as to show her where exactly it was. Rey flushed before quickly walking up to him, reaching for his cheek and smudging some flour on his.

“So do you.” She muttered, looking up at him with a large smile.

Kylo’s eyes softened as his smile faded. Looking down at her, he found that his mind had gone rather blank, lost in the moment. He walked forward and leaned down, only to be met with-

Flour?

He waved his hand in front of his face while coughing. His eyes snapped at her, shock etched on every single feature of his. “Did you just throw flour in my face?”

Rey walked back and leaned on the counter. She smiled at him innocently. Kylo narrowed his eyes, his hand slowly reaching in the bag of flour discreetly. Too bad Rey noticed his plan and quickly ran behind the island in the middle of the room. Kylo walked to the other side of the island and tried to think of her next move.

“Why is it that you always instigate the whatever-fights between us?” He asked loudly in an attempt to talk over her laughter, referring to their snow fight from a few days ago.

She quickly made a move for the living room door, but Kylo reached for her in two long strides. He threw his arms around her abdomen, encircling her from behind. She squealed loudly and laughed. Kylo turned her around so she could face him and poured the flour that he had kept in his fist in her hair. She closed her eyes and cackled, clearly not that bothered by her now white-grey hair.

Kylo chuckled, staring at the woman quietly. He swiftly leaned down, colliding their lips together roughly. He hummed silently when she kissed him back with equal fervour. He sighed into the kiss and-

she stopped moving.

Then, she backed away abruptly, their noses touching.

“Ben…” She muttered, staring up at him, the crease in between her brows appearing again. He looked at her with hooded eyes and she took a step back, putting some distance between them.

Kylo’s eyes widened, realising what the fuck he’d just done.
“Shit, Rey-” He muttered. Why the fuck had he done that? He felt his anxiety piling up. He had to think of something, fast. He could always lie about it and say that he saw his father passing through or that he heard footsteps in the living room coming this way. However, he was convinced she wouldn’t buy those one bit. In the end, his fear got the best of him and he decided to back-track like an idiot. “I’m sorry, I shouldn’t have- I slipped up.”

Rey let out a shaky breath, and she hoped he wouldn’t see the disappointment etched on her face.

“It’s fine!” She forced a smile at him, and Kylo searched her eyes. “I know how easily the role and real life gets mixed together.” She whispered quietly, her gaze completely focused on the flour that had fallen on the floor.

Wait, she knows?

Rey walked back to the counter and checked the oven. She continued to put more distance between them, and Kylo’s heart fell at the loss of contact.

What? No!

Kylo sucked in a breath. “I’m-“ He paused. What was he going to say?

–sorry?

–not playing a role anymore?

–falling in love with you?

“We should probably clean this up.” She looked at him, forcing that damned smile at him again. “Also, I think the cookies are done. It’s been around ten minutes, I think.”

He mentally gave himself a punch in the face. He’d broken out of his role, and so had she, judging by the name she’d muttered near his lips: the name she had only used around his parents, when she was being affectionate. He shooed away the hopeful thought still lingering in his mind: that she’d probably wanted this too.

“Kylo?”

God, curse that name again!

He never thought that he’d say this about a person, but dammit if he didn’t want her to call him by his real name. To hear her whisper it. To hear her moan it- It felt as if he’d taken a sip of the forbidden river and now he wouldn’t stop drinking it, aching for it.

“I’ll get the cookies out of the oven.” He muttered. “And we should get working on the icing.”

Rey nodded. And the silence that followed for the next thirty minutes had been merciless.
Kylo was getting ready to settle down in his make-shift bed on the floor when she spoke to him again.

“You could sleep in the bed, you know?” She muttered from the bed. She was laying on her back, her fingers intertwined over her abdomen. “I could sleep on the floor–”

“Absolutely not, Rey. I’m not letting you sleep on the floor.” He huffed, looking at the way she swallowed and the way her breathing hitched at the tone of his voice. Kylo internally frowned at himself. She had seemed quite uncomfortable ever since his slip-up, and he had never felt so torn between wanting something to happen again and wanting to take something back before.

He watched the way her mouth opened and closed again. “We could both sleep on the bed.” She muttered. Kylo opened his mouth to protest, but she continued. “Your back is hurting from sleeping on the floor, you told me that.”

“Rey–”

“We can share the bed. We shared the couch last night.” She mumbled and sat up to look at him.

True. But that was before he’d admitted to himself that this woman was like an oasis in the desert.

“Just sleep on the damn bed, Kylo.” She concluded and turned her back to the other side of the bed.

Kylo swallowed a lump in his throat and walked over to the bed. He turned off the light on the nightstand and sat down, watching the mattress dip down from his weight. He carefully laid down, placing the duvet on top of his body and he turned to face Rey’s back. He exhaled through his nose, staring at her messy bun, letting the minutes pass by unknowingly.

“Goodnight, sweetheart.” He whispered, but it was rendered too late.

For Rey had already fallen asleep.
December 24th, Christmas Eve

Chapter Notes

Quick warning: This chapter contains alcohol use, NSFW!

Actually, this is one of the chapters that I was most anxious about posting, but hopefully you all enjoy!
Psst, they REALLY needed a push.

Kylo breathed in, his lungs filling with air. He gulped and snuggled closer to the pillow he was holding in his arms. He didn’t know what time it was, nor did he really care. He’d had a hard time going to sleep anyways, what with the big mistake he had made the day before and all. He frowned, realising that he absolutely despised the way the mere thought of that moment had him thinking of Rey once again. He groaned silently.

She was intoxicating, this woman. She crept her way right into the smallest crack of his armour and reached his heart. She had him starved for her touch, for her attention, and for her love, regardless if it were real or not. How had he let this happen? He exhaled, nudging his nose closer to the pillow, and the pillow in return-

…moved?

Kylo’s eyes snapped open, only to realise that his pillow was- indeed- not a pillow. Instead, the object of his shameless (now shameful) cuddling was no only but the woman that he had been fantasizing about just a few minutes ago. He stared at the woman’s back, his eyes trailing down, inspecting what kind of situation he was really in. He glared at the arm he had draped around her waist and noticed the way her arm completely encircled his forearm, clinging onto him desperately. He observed further, also noticing how close his crotch was to her ass and-

No no no.

Abort.

Abort, Kylo.

Keep your eyes trained on the back of her head.

He let his head fall back on his pillow and attempted to manoeuvre his arm out of her lock. She shifted and grabbed his forearm tighter unconsciously. He sighed aggravatingly and took a deep breath. Big mistake. His lungs filled with her scent, immediately bringing back memories of their kisses, or of the very explicit dreams he’d been having lately, and he felt his sweatpants tighten considerably.

His mind shifted quickly to a big, red stop sign when she wiggled her body closer to his waist, something that reminded him a little too much of the way she had grinded her ass against him in a previous dream. He forcefully but slowly tore his arm free from her grasp and exhaled in a hiss. He sat up, swinging his legs off the bed and put his palms on his face. He flinched when he heard her whimper and make a sound very similar to a moan in her sleep.
That was it.

He suddenly and roughly got up and made a beeline for the bathroom.

“Kylo?”

*He was cursed.*

_Someone had cursed him, Kylo was sure of it at this point._

He stopped dead in his tracks and closed his eyes in frustration before turning _only_ his head to look at her. Her face seemed slightly flushed and—wait, _flushed? Why?_

“Yes, Rey?” His voice came out strained and he inwardly cringed at the situation.

“Everything alright?” She muttered, concern engraved on that beautiful face of hers that he’d grown to absolutely adore.

“Fine. I’m gonna take a shower.” He quickly mumbled and continued his path to the bathroom and turned to close the door quickly.

“Alright, I’ll make the coffee!” She shouted from the other room and jumped to her feet before the door shut.

He moved to lock the door and ran a hand through his hair. He glanced at the mirror, noticing his red face and he inwardly groaned. He seemed like such a child, hiding in the bathroom after being too close to a girl, waking up with morning wood and having to deal with an erection _quietly_. He was cursed. Or was it the bad karma that he had piled up in his life? He was a jerk in his free time, after all.

He grimaced, suddenly reminded of his _problem_ and hissed.

He needed a cold shower.

---

Kylo had walked downstairs dead set on keeping his distance from Rey, start being cold to her again, at least for the time being. They were scheduled to leave in approximately two days, and he had no interest in being tormented every minute of the rest of his trip. Especially if the torment was not only emotional, but also physical.

He had grown attached to her, and fairy so. He had admitted to himself that he was falling in love with her only a day ago, realising that he wanted her affection and love. And now, reality was apparently one-hundred-percent adamant on smacking him in the face with the realisation that he also _physically_ wanted her, hence the little complication this morning. Little being an understatement.

He had come out of that cold shower determined to completely react indifferently to anything she stood for. After all, it should be easy, shouldn’t it? She was an ordinary mechanic that had turned
his whole world upside down.

Wrong.

His intransigence had completely faded once he turned right and headed inside the kitchen. Rey had her earplugs in, quietly humming to the tune of what sounded like ‘All I Want For Christmas Is You’. Kylo let out an unamused huff at the irony of her song choice, instantly relating the lyrics in his head to his own circumstances.

She was, judging by the smell and the way she swung the spatula around, making scrambled eggs, with her back turned from the doorway. She moved her hips from side to side, in some sort of awkward, shy dance. Kylo smiled amusingly and his eyes softened.

She was adorable, and he had to resist the urge to casually walk up to her and hug her from behind while resting his chin on her shoulder, breathing her in before leaning in for a-

Stop.

Distant and cold, remember?

He cleared his throat loudly and she visibly jumped and turned around in a flash. Taking out an earphone, she stared at him. Her mouth hung open and her face turned intensely red. Kylo raised his eyebrows slightly, awaiting any kind of reaction from her. She looked about as shocked as a child would when their parents caught them eating cookies from the cookie jar. Kylo’s eyes glanced to the frying pan and then shifted back to hers. She still looked like a flustered deer in headlights and he hard to swallow down a laugh.

“Rey.”

“Hm?” She squeaked loudly.

He glanced back at the frying pan, once again meeting her eyes. When he realised that she was in a whole other place in her own mind, he clarified what he had meant.

“Your scrambled eggs are burning.”

That snapped her back into reality. She turned back to her food, muttering an apology. She cleared her throat quietly. Kylo walked over to the coffee machine, pouring himself a large mug and sprinkling some cinnamon when his father barged into the back door. Rey and Kylo both turned around to look at him as he sniffled his runny nose caused by the cold.

“Morning, kids.” He grinned at them.

Rey smiled back, carefully putting her scrambled eggs on a plate. “Good morning, Han. What are you up to today?” She asked while placing her plate on the island and sitting on one of the stools.

“I’m helping Leia with the decorations, you know, for the party. We’ve already decorated the tree in the living room and everything.”

Kylo nearly dropped his mug on the floor. “The party?”

As if summoned, Leia walked inside the kitchen and immediately begun barking orders at her husband. “Han, I want you to call the caterers and ask them how the roast turkey is coming along, and ask them when will actually fucking get here.”
Han rolled his eyes and took out his phone, walking into the living room for a quiet chat with the chef. Kylo frowned at his mother.

“Leia, if there’s anything Ben and I could do to help?” Rey politely asked.

Leia hurriedly looked at a list that she had taken out from her pocket. “Actually, there is. If you two could go to the market to buy some bourbon for the eggnog, that would be more than great. Oh, and-“

“Hey!” Kylo yelled, drawing all eyes on him. “What party are you talking about?” He gritted through his teeth.

“I invited the neighbourhood over for Christmas Eve!” Leia cheerily said. Kylo glared at her desperately. “They’re all excited to meet Rey, of course!”

Kylo paled. “You invited every-fucking-one into my personal- No, our.” He muttered angrily as he gestured to Rey. “Our personal business!” He glared at his mother. He was in a desperate need to either have the ground swallow him whole or have it swallow his mother whole.

“Why are you making such a big deal out of this, Ben?” Leia asked, frowning at her son. “I’ve organised Christmas parties before and you’ve attended them before!”

“Not when everyone gets to find out who I’ve been sleeping with for the past couple of months!” He yelled and Rey flinched. She turned to look at him, and not meeting his gaze proved to be more difficult than he had thought.

“Why are you so afraid of your neighbours meeting Rey?” Leia raised her voice back. Damn her senator skills, Kylo had backed himself in a corner with the previous line and he had realised a moment too late. His eyes softened but he kept his frown, as if attempting to keep his ground but failing miserably. He set his mug down forcefully.

“It’s not like that…” He muttered as he grabbed his coat off the rack and headed outside, completely ignoring his mother calling his name.

He needed to get out of there, he needed to be as far away from his parents as possible, and he needed time to clear his head. Kylo sighed loudly, watching the steam come out of his mouth as he stormed down the road angrily. He wanted to end this trip, to go back to New York and continue his robot routine all over again. To ignore his parents’ calls and to not be forced to see or be reminded of Rey ever again.

Too bad the last part would never happen, for in the end, he had promised her a job, hadn’t he? Maybe he could pass her off to Hux. She could be the assistant of his assistant and that way he’d see her a little as possible. Despite the way his mind grew more and more satisfied at his plan, his chest ached at the thought of not waking up to see her or to talk to her every morning.

Growing attached had been a mistake. A huge one. And now, his mother had planned a fucking Christmas party, in which he’d probably have to introduce Rey to all of his parents’ friends. He had already dreaded the idea of letting his parents know that him and Rey would have broken up, but no, now he had to let everyone else know as well.

He’d already made up the scenario in his head: Kylo visiting his parents again next year, and his neighbours asking about the beautiful girl that he had been so in love with the year before, how perfect she had been for him, how stupid of him to let her be the one that got away.
This woman was going to haunt him for the rest of his life.

“Kylo!” He heard a familiar voice call out from behind him. He decided to ignore her and continue stomping through the snow like an angry moose. “Kylo!” He heard an exasperated sigh, and the next thing he knew, Rey ran in front of him. He stopped.

“Rey.” He muttered in acknowledgement, not even glancing at her.

_Distant and cold._

“Could you fucking look at me, you actual prick?” She nearly growled, and his eyes shifted to hers. He kept his frown plastered on his face in some childish act of defiance. She exhaled through her nose, holding his glare. Then, a hand reached out to him and she held out her green Thermos flask that he’d seen her take with her on the day of their road trip. The day this shit show had all started. He glared at it before shifting his glare at her instead.

“Take it, you idiot. It’s the coffee you left.” She looked behind his shoulder, averting his eyes, and he didn’t miss the pink creeping up on her cheeks.

He grabbed the green flask hesitantly, grumbling out a ‘thanks’. She walked alongside him on the road, and although his mantra for the past couple of hours had continuously been _distant and cold_, he slowed down his pace for her to keep up with his strides.

“You mother just wants to make this a memorable experience, you know.” She muttered. Kylo chose not to reply and instead took a swig of coffee from the flask, the hot beverage comfortably going down his throat. “You had no reason to get angry at her. After all, all she knows is that we’re dating and we seem to be happy together.”

He fought the urge to scoff humourlessly at her. His mother was up to something, he could feel it. “Even if we were.” He muttered. Her head snapped at him, and he chose to reinforce his thoughts. “Hypothetically, if we were, actually together. I’d still hate her going behind my back and inviting everyone to meet you.” He drank from the flask again. “Have them gawk at you as if you were some kind of trophy.”

“I wouldn’t mind that, you know.” She mumbled, focusing her eyes back on the road. It was his turn to stare at her. “Not to pull the orphan card, but I’d kill to have what you have. Family, family friends.”

He scoffed. “You really don’t know my parents.”

“See, this is exactly what I’m talking about.” She glared at him. “You have everything I’ve ever wanted. I don’t understand how you could possibly be so dismissive when it comes to them. Han and Leia have been more of a mother and father figure to me than anyone else I’ve met.”

Kylo’s eyes softened slightly, but they quickly had their sharp edge back in a second.

“They’re not as perfect as you make them out to be.”

She groaned. “You’re a spoiled brat.” She muttered. “You’re insufferable. They don’t have to be perfect. They just have to exist. To come back home after a long day.”

Kylo bit the inside of his lip as silence overtook them. After five minutes of walking into the snow, Rey cleared her throat.
“Anyway, where are we going?”

“You heard my mother, she needs bourbon for the eggnog.” He said, his voice gruff from the lack of conversation. He nodded at a small building and Rey followed his gaze, the big ‘Market’ sign standing out.

She frowned at the market and then at Kylo as he entered the building casually. He headed for the alcohol section, and she followed him as he made his way thought the aisles. He reached for the largest bottle, which he thoroughly inspected. He handed it to Rey and she held onto it confusedly as he reached for another one. And another one.

“Why are we getting three? A bottle’s holds, like, 1 liter. She would need two large bottles at most.” She asked him.

He turned to look at her and huffed in amusement. “I’m going to be needing one of those myself if I want to survive one of my mother’s neighbourhood parties.”

Rey smiled softly at him.

Perhaps this night wouldn’t be such a disaster after all.

This night was a fucking disaster.

His tipsiness was an issue, but staying sober was completely out of the question. Kylo had already downed two glasses of eggnog while talking to a couple of his mother’s senator friends, and, he admitted to himself, that ten minutes ago he’d also snuck upstairs and dug up his bourbon bottle from the small dresser and had taken a few swigs of that as well. Rey was nowhere to be seen. How was he supposed to show off his perfect girlfriend to everyone if he had no idea where the fuck she was?

He practically rushed out of his room when he saw one of his mother’s old colleagues, Ransolm Casterfo, head toward him. He checked the kitchen, greeting some other acquaintances dismissively, and completely ignoring yet another colleague of Leia’s.

Where was Rey?

He decided to check the backyard, although he doubted that she went outside in the cold. He walked upstairs, awkwardly pushing past his parents’ neighbours on the stairs, and headed for the door to their bedroom. Kylo swallowed a lump in his throat. Their bedroom. He pushed the thought aside, opening the door slowly.

Rey startled and sat up on the bed at the sound of the door creaking, then, she relaxed, her shoulders falling back down. Kylo had to blink a couple of times while looking at her due to the dim lighting in the room, the only light source being the small lamp on the nightstand. She was wearing the same jade dress that she had worn the morning they’d met, during that interview.
His eyes trailed across the piece of clothing, inspecting it for the second time in his life. It was a casual dress that reached a little bit past her knees in the front, and flowed all the way down to her ankles in the back. Her waist was defined by a small, dark green ribbon tied into the fabric. His eyes trailed back to her chest and his throat went dry at the sight of a pretty modest cleavage. He shrugged off his thoughts and met her gaze.

“You alright?” He asked, closing the door behind him as he walked in.

She nodded vehemently, and Kylo frowned when he noticed her puffy eyes.

“Have you been crying?” He muttered, taking a step toward her. “Did something happen?”

She scoffed humourlessly and sat back down on the bed. “It’s not as horrible as you think.” She muttered and looked at him. He raised an eyebrow, urging her to continue. She sighed. “I had a conversation with one of your mother’s friends, Lor San Tekka, was it?” She asked for confirmation and he nodded. “Everything had been going fine, but then I found out that he was also from Jakku and he started telling me this story from there and,” she paused and glanced at her bracelet. “I just got emotional, I suppose.”

Kylo sighed, reaching for his bottle of bourbon. He grabbed it, locked the door and sat down on the bed, leaning back on the headboard with his legs stretched out in front of him before handing it to her. “Talk to me about Jakku.”

Her eyes snapped at him. “Right now?”

He merely shrugged. “Why not? We have alcohol, and this could be my ticket out of the hell that is happening downstairs. You know, Shakespeare? ‘Hell is empty and all the devils are here’? or how about, ‘the skies of earth are full’?” He blabbered.

She eyed him before exhaling through her nose. She swung her legs on the bed and mimicked Kylo’s pose, her back pressed to the headboard as well. She took the bottle of bourbon from him and took four large gulps while grimacing. Kylo chuckled when she handed it back to him, and he drank from the bottle once again.

She had started talking about how she would get food for herself, and how heavily it had affected her choice to settle as a mechanic, and he had listened carefully. Afterwards, they had drunk the remaining alcohol.

She had then started talking about how she’d wait for her parents every single night, while freezing in an old, broken car, and he had listened carefully, looking at her curiously afterwards staring at her in awe. They had shared the remaining alcohol, before Kylo tossed the bottle down on the carpet, both of them clearly intoxicated at this point.

Kylo groaned as he felt lightheaded and dizzy, glancing around the room until his eyes settled on her. She was smiling at her lap softly, and he stared despite his efforts,

“God, honestly.” He grumbled, looking at her. “You’re the best fake girlfriend.” He cringed at his lack of a filter, but honestly, who even cared at that point?

Definitely not him.
Rey laughed. “Am I?”

Kylo nodded.

“I still think an actress would’ve done a better job.”

Kylo scoffed. “No chance, sweetheart. My parents love you. You’re,” He paused, looking at thin air with a frown on his face. “I think!” He looked back at her. “The most ambitious person I know.” He didn’t miss the flush that crept on her cheeks when he continued. “You’re beautiful.” He felt a tinge of embarrassment at his confessions, but shrugging the overthinking aside. He had nothing to lose, right?

She smiled, glancing at her hands. “An actress could’ve had all of the traits you’re described. The ambition. The looks.” She muttered quietly, slurring slightly, and Kylo scooted closer to her, lying to himself and saying that it was only to hear what she was saying.

“You’re not an actress though. That’s what makes you...” He paused. “You’re perfect.”

She exhaled a breath that he had no idea she was holding. Was she blushing at his compliment? Her head turned to look at him and her grin faded slowly. Kylo focused his gaze on her eyes. He noticed the way her gaze shifted lower, to his lips. Was she getting closer or was it just his imagination? Was he seeing things now, because of the alcohol?

Her eyes moved back to his eyes and Rey leaned in quickly, colliding their lips, and he kissed her back with a hunger mimicking hers. He brought one of his hands up to her jaw, brushing her cheek with his thumb gently. He groaned quietly when he felt her warm tongue, licking at his lower lip. He almost instantly opened his mouth, letting her in, teeth and tongues clashing, yearning for more.

She threw a leg across his lap, straddling him, and Kylo was utterly shocked at her overflow of confidence. He exhaled through his nose, removing his hand from her face and placing it on her hip. He groaned, shifting them around so that her back was on the mattress and his body was hovering on top of hers, no intention of breaking their kiss just yet.

Her hands flew up and around his neck, her hands grabbing fistfuls of his dark hair. He groaned again, a guttural sound emitting from his throat, breaking the kiss as they attempted to catch their breaths. They both smelled like alcohol, but he couldn’t care less. The woman of his dreams was looking up at him with hooded eyes and dilated pupils. He knew he’d wanted this, despite the intervention of bourbon, but did she?

“Is this okay?” He asked, his voice lower than usual.

She nodded. “More than okay.” She breathed out, and Kylo felt the way his heart did flips at her permissive words.

“You’re perfect.” He murmured quietly before leaning down again, biting and sucking on a spot behind her ear. “If you want to stop, just say the word.”

She let out a huff and nodded again as Kylo smirked into her skin before making his way lower, sucking on her pulse and nibbling on it. She tugged at his hair before lifting her pelvis and grinding impatiently. Kylo let out a breathy sigh, instinctively giving her a response as he lowered his hips, grinding down, earning a quiet moan from her.

He reached under her, his hands frantically searching for the zipper of her dress as he bit down on her collarbone. She whimpered and squirmed underneath him. He quickly unzipped the dress, letting it fall down to her waist, surprised to see that underneath it all, she was wearing no bra. He
wasted no time and gently placed his hand on her right breast, leaning down to the other one and taking her nipple into his mouth. She arched her back and moaned. Kylo flicked the peak with his tongue.

“Kylo…” She moaned quietly, grabbing the locks of his hair forcefully. He took his mouth off her breast with a loud pop and she whimpered at the loss of contact.

“Ben.” He muttered breathlessly. “It’s Ben.”

She looked down at him and nodded. Kylo shoved the rest of her dress off. Rey sat up on the bed and grabbed the hem of his sweater, putting it over his head. Her eyes fixated on his chest for a moment, and she traced her fingers on his chest before he reached back down, kissing her as she her back descended to the mattress once again. The kiss was way softer than before, but their mutual desire was still very palpable as their lips fought for dominance.

His hand slipped underneath the elastic band of her underwear and began stroking her (now wet) folds. She broke the kiss to blurt out a whimper, and Kylo smiled down at her. He kissed her cheek gently as he carefully inserted a finger inside of her, rubbing her quite awkwardly. He cursed inwardly, blaming it on the blurred mind of alcohol-influenced mind.

Despite his not-as-perfect-skills, she breathed out loudly. “Ben..!”

Kylo groaned at the sound of his name on her lips.

He had thought about how many times he had fantasized about this in his many cold showers ever since this trip had started, but none of his fantasies had ever depicted her making such a wonderful noise. He inserted a second finger, speeding up his pace as Rey moaned out his name again. She licked her parted lips and arched her back, mewling as he added a third one, stretching her out slightly. He pushed deeper, curling his fingers inside of her, and she bit her lower lip to supress a squeal.

She took in short breaths, her moans getting louder and louder, and he watched her slowly come undone due to his ministrations. He bit down on her shoulder and licked it sensually when she reached her high. She moaned loudly, and Kylo felt the way her walls contracted around his fingers. She gulped for air and he chuckled darkly, turning to give her a peck on her forehead.

His eyes widened when he felt her hand greedily rubbing at his crotch and he sucked in a breath.

“Fuck, Rey…” He groaned, low and guttural and she snickered.

She quickly unbuttoned his pants. He rolled off her momentarily and he heard her whine confusedly. He reached for the drawer inside his nightstand, and, swiftly opening it, he grabbed a condom package. He dispensed of his pants and underwear quickly, tearing the package open with his teeth.

Rey gulped in anticipation as she stared at him, her eyes half-lidded. He wrapped the condom around his cock, before settling in between her thighs once again. He glanced at her, wordlessly asking for permission. She nodded urgently and her head leaned back into the pillow as he gently slid inside her carefully. She bit her lip, grimacing at his width. He groaned loudly before stopping, letting her adjust to his size.

“You alright?” He whispered.

She exhaled and nodded at him, and a couple of seconds later, he started moving slowly. She whimpered, crossing her legs around his hips for better access. Kylo grunted loudly while rocking
inside of her slowly. Rey moaned out his name when he sped up his pace, pounding into her rougher than before. Gasps, grunts and moans filled the room, a symphony of ecstasy and desire.

Her breathing and moans became more and more erratic and so did his thrusts. Kylo sneakily reached his hand down, slowly rubbing her clit in circular motions, and Rey cried, reaching her high. She arched her back and scratched at his shoulder blades. Her insides clenched against his cock and he spilled himself inside the condom as his thrusts slowly died down with a guttural moan.

He rested his forehead on her shoulder as they both tried to breathe air into their lungs. Kylo smiled into her neck. He rolled off of her, getting up to dispense of the used condom. When he came back, he reached for his nightstand and turned off the lamp. He reached for the duvet and wrapped it around themselves carefully, throwing an arm around her abdomen and nuzzling closer into her hair.

“That was amazing.” She whispered after her breathing had steadied.

“You’re perfect.” He muttered quietly into her shoulder, wondering if she’d heard him. He placed a chaste kiss on her shoulder, closing his eyes and focusing on her warmth.
So, yeah. This is the chapter I have been most anxious about, so everyone's opinions would matter dearly. Please keep in mind that I'm still trying to get the hang of writing, and any advice would be brilliant!

Please enjoy the angst train.

Kylo is the biggest fucking idiot, I swear.

“Ben! Rey!” Leia shouted at them as she entered the room loudly, the epitome of a bull barging inside their bedroom. “Get up! It’s Christmas! Gifts time!”

Kylo groaned and removed his arm from Rey’s waist, sitting up on the bed. He pinched his nose and closed his eyes tightly. His head was killing him.

Killing, was, ridiculously enough, an understatement.

He opened his eyes and frowned at his mother, glaring at the door.

Wait-

“How the fuck did you get in?” He grumbled quietly, tiredness and ‘hungoverness’ - was that a word? - Kylo didn’t care, to hell with grammar.

“I have a spare key.” Leia said abruptly.

Kylo felt Rey shuffle next to him, now suddenly grateful that she’d let him sleep on the bed and not on the floor. If his mother had walked in a few days ago, he would’ve been a completely lost cause. Wait- spare key? His eyes widened. “You have a spare key?!” He raised his voice.

Leia merely grinned at him and walked over to the window, opening the curtains. Kylo groaned at the sudden light that shone in the room. He narrowed his eyes and glared at his mother. Leia turned around to face them again and said nothing for a second. Then, she started clapping her hands a little too enthusiastically and headed for the door.

“Up, both of you!” She shouted again. His mother walked out of the room and shut the door behind her loudly. Kylo flinched, his eyes still piercing daggers at the door. “Enough fucking! God, I think the whole party’s heard you two going at it last night!” Kylo stiffened. Uh, what? “Get dressed and I want you two downstairs in five minutes!” She yelled from the other side of the door.

Kylo groaned and laid back down, his head falling into the pillow. God, his head was really hurting. He’d have to take an ibuprofen for that, surely. He scoffed inwardly. He hadn’t even had that much to drink, had he? He remembers drinking some eggnog while talking to his mother’s old friends, and then drinking from the bottle he’d bought, sharing it with Rey for a while.

How he’d managed to get into bed, he had no idea. He had slept, for the first time in a couple of nights, peacefully. Not a single thought of Rey had gone through his head, no explicit dreams whatsoever. He suddenly shivered. Why was it so cold in here? Had his mother forgotten to turn on the heater again?-

“Ben?” Rey’s voice broke through his reverie, almost as quiet as a whisper.
His attention immediately flew to her, noticing how mortified she looked. She was sitting up, clutching the duvet up to her collarbone. Her mouth hung open, staring at him and Kylo frowned.

He sat up confusedly. “Rey?”

Rey looked at him and her eyes widened a fraction. “I’m not wearing any clothes.”

Her words pierced through his head similar to how a bullet would, and he was visibly taken aback. “What?” He asked, looking at her collarbones, the sliver of skin peppered with love bites. Were the hickeys because of him?

Shit.

His eyes drifted back to hers.

She looked at him with a frown plastered on her face before her eyes lowered. They widened considerably, her breath hitching. “Your shirt’s gone.” She said, quickly getting the words out. She looked back at his eyes. “Did we…”

“Fuck…” He cursed. Kylo’s mouth hung open as he searched her eyes. Shock was etched all over her face, and he felt his anxiety grow more and more. “God dammit.” He muttered before reaching for the pants that were laid down on the floor.

He quickly put them on and got up from the bed, running a hand through his hair desperately. He paced around the room in an attempt to relieve his fear before he eventually walked over to the drawer, grabbing one of his large black sweaters. He turned to look at her, and the sight of her shocked and regretful face had his heart aching. He shook off his disappointment, throwing the sweater he was holding at her gently.

She quickly caught it in mid-air with one hand (the other still holding the duvet close to her neck), before frowning at him, seemingly puzzled.

“Cover yourself up.” Kylo muttered, breaking eye contact in order to reach for one of his sweaters and putting it on.

She looked at the sweater, quickly slipping it on as she got out of bed. His sweater reached down to her mid-thighs, and the sleeves reached well-past her. She looked absolutely adorable with her hair let down and in his oversized piece of clothing that Kylo had to bite down on the urge to just take her in his arms and make love to her again.

He felt anger spike up inside of him, and he tried not to laugh bitterly at the shit situation he had found himself in. He had slept with the girl that he’d fantasized about, grown to care about and had begun falling in love with, and he couldn’t remember a single detail about it.

He knew that it would come back to him eventually, all drunken escapades usually do. But now, when she was wearing his sweater in the middle of their room, he really would’ve loved to know what had actually occurred the previous night. Had she enjoyed it? Had he loved it?

“Ben, I’d better not have to come back again and drag you two off the bed!” Leia yelled from downstairs, and they both jumped at his mother’s raised voice.

“It’s fine, it meant nothing” She paused. “Didn’t it?” Rey muttered, looking him straight in the eyes with a spark of fear and a sliver of hope and a bucket of regret. He decided, poorly and stupidly, to focus on the latter. He blinked, his mouth shut, his mind connecting the invisible dots in his head.
She regretted it.

She didn’t want him.

But, oh, did he want her.

He couldn’t say that he was surprised. He was an asshole. A spoiled brat. That was what she’d called him, among other things. He was a man with deeply rooted issues, and she knew that. She was a beacon of light that could shine blindingly even inside the abyss, and he knew that. She was so forgiving and understanding. She was perfect. Too perfect.

And yet, he had grown attached.

He had grown attached to a woman that he could never have. A perfect woman that wouldn’t ever choose him, an imperfect man. At least, not without having her play a role. She had acted so in love with him, but that was all it was. An act.

It’s all pretend.

After minutes of waiting for any kind of reply, Rey downed down her disappointment, swallowing the lump in her throat. She quickly grabbed the first clothes she had seen in her dresser and hurried to the bathroom with the pieces of clothing clutched to her chest. She turned around nervously.

“It’s alright.” She mumbled, averting his gaze. “It was to be expected it wouldn’t. We can act like it didn’t happen.” His eyes trained on the floor instead.

No!

Say something, Kylo.

Kylo gulped, his eyes looking back up at her, and oh, she looked so beautiful in the beaming light that came from the window. She smiled at him, a sad smile, and in that fraction he stopped and asked himself, did she want him as well?

Say something, you idiot!

 Anything!

He looked at the floor, clearing his throat. “I’ll be downstairs.”

Anything but that!

Kylo found himself not wanting to participate in any kind of scheme his mother had planned for the gift unwrapping. He walked downstairs, attempting to make a beeline straight to the kitchen when Leia walked in front of him with her hands on her hips. He looked down at her with a blank expression.

“ Took you long enough.” Her frown quickly turned to a grin. “What, did you two have another quickie while we were waiting?” She gesticulated to Han, who was sitting down near the Christmas tree with a mug next to him.

Kylo merely sighed and walked past her, going straight for the coffee machine and grabbing his usual mug, pouring the liquid in. He thought about pouring some leftover bourbon in, but decided against it when his last night’s adventures came to mind.

He had decided to skip on the cinnamon today, swallowing a big gulp and he cringed at how bland
his coffee was tasting, having already grown a little too accustomed to the spice. He had downed about half of his coffee when heard the door shut quietly, but paid no attention to it. Leia crossed her arms across her chest, eyeing him like a hawk would its prey.

“What shat in your cereal this morning?” She asked, a sharp edge to her words. “What happened?”

Kylo shrugged. “Nothing happened.”

“Don’t internalize your feelings like this, Ben.” The gentleness in her voice made its way back to the surface. She walked towards him, reaching for his face. She cupped both hands around his jaw, making him look at her. “That girl out there is worried about you, I saw it on her face.”

He fought the urge to scoff. It would completely blow their cover, wouldn’t it?

*Did it really even matter anymore?*

“Pull yourself together, Ben.” Leia muttered as she let go of her son.

She walked to the door and looked at him. Kylo said nothing, her intentions automatically known as soon as she turned to look at him. He grabbed him mug, following Leia out of the kitchen. His heart skipped a beat when Rey turned her head to look at him, but he kept his eyes glued to the floor.

“Now that everyone’s here…” Leia said as she sat down on the couch. “It’s time for the gifts.”

“Jeez, kid, we thought you’d never come.” Han grumbled with a grin on his face.

Kylo hummed in response, sitting down on the carpet, opposite of Rey. She had starting handing out her gift for Leia, which had turned out to be a really beautiful and seemingly expensive ring. It had two dark blue stones attached to it, and Leia had practically swooned at the sight of it.

Her next gift had been for his father, a brand new toolbox for his future fixes on the Falcon. She took her time to explain each brand new tool to him, sprinkling some mechanic advice to him that Han had quickly memorised. He thanked her for it with a hug and Rey had beamed.

Her honest smile had quickly shifted to a sad one when she grabbed the last gift she’d bought from underneath the tree. She glanced at Kylo before handing it to him, and he hesitantly took it, examining the red wrapping it had been engulfed in. He frowned. It felt… soft? He looked at Rey confusedly as he ripped the wrapping carefully.

He took out his gift and glared at it, only to find the plushie glaring back at him. His eyes shifted to Rey before they shifted back to the gift.

“What the fuck is this?” Kylo grumbled.

Rey giggled quietly at his reaction. “It’s a plush toy.”

He groaned silently before looking at her again, a frown plastered on his grumpy face. “Yes, I can see that.” He gazed back at the toy. “But what is it?”

“It’s you.” She said innocently.

“I’m afraid I don’t understand…?”

“It’s Grumpy Cat.”
Leia started laughing loudly at Rey’s gift choice, her head thrown back. Han was chucking and Kylo glared at them both before turning his head to the side in an attempt to hide the crack of a slight smile at the plush toy. He cackled silently as Rey beamed at him.

“Thanks, sweetheart.” He grumbled with a smile as he set the Grumpy Cat on his lap.

“You’re welcome, Ben.”

Kylo’s heart skipped a beat at the sound of his name. He closed his eyes shut momentarily, wishing his chest would stop aching whenever she said something that would end up haunting him after the trip. Anything she said had begun aching and clawing at his heart.

“Okay, Rey, your first gift is from me and Han.” Leia smiled at the woman as she handed her a squared box.

Rey gaped at the box in her hands, and Kylo noticed the way her eyes grew softer when she opened the box. Inside was an old book, and Kylo immediately recognised it, his eyes widening a fraction.

“It’s Leia’s mother’s cookbook.” Han explained. Rey’s head snapped up at him, her mouth open in shock. She looked back at the book.

“All of the recipes in our family are handwritten down in there.” Leia smiled. “I want you to have it.”

“Leia, you know I can’t.” Rey protested politely, but his mother raised her hand, interrupting her.

“Nonsense, Rey. No matter what happens between you and Ben from now on, you’re a part of this family now.” She paused with a smile. “We love you.”

Kylo slowly raised his head up to look at her. She sniffled and let out a laugh. She reached her hand up to her eyes, wiping away any tears that were threatening to spill. Kylo found himself wanting nothing more than to reach out to her and cradle her in his arms and kiss every inch of her face. She was absolutely beautiful.

Leia nudged him gently. “It’s time for your gift now.”

Kylo swallowed the lump in his throat, reaching for the last gift under the tree. He glanced at Rey, who, in turn stared back at him with a soft, sad smile on her face. He handed her the large gift, and she took it. Her fingers lightly brushed his, sending a shiver down his spine, and making her stiffen.

“Merry Christmas, Rey.” He muttered, smiling at her as she impatiently ripped open the gift. She gasped quietly.

She took out a dark blue leathered photo album, staring in awe at it before reaching out and touching the rest of Kylo’s gift. Her fingers traced along the lines of a green Polaroid instant camera.

“Ben…” She whispered. “This is…”

“It’s so you can hold onto the memories.” He explained softly.

Her eyes shifted to his, and he just then noticed the happy tears on her cheek. She breathed out a
loud laugh as she scooted closer to him and placed a short, chaste kiss on his lips. Kylo’s mind went blank, his heart beating like crazy. Her attention shifted back to the camera. His mind told him not to look into her sign of affection. His parents were right there. Of course she’d do this for the show.

“Say cheese!” She happily said in between sniffles, breaking him away from his thoughts. She was looking through the camera’s lens, aiming it at his face.

He quickly reacted with a scoff, smirking as he turned his face away from the camera.

_Click!_

Rey smiled at the small picture that came out and began hastily shaking it a couple of times. When the color had finally printed on the piece of photography paper, she gawked at it. She grinned shyly, her eyes welling up with tears again. They all watched her grab the album and sliding the photo inside the small compartment on the cover. She then showed the picture to everyone, filled with childlike joy.

Kylo smiled. His side-profile was in the front of the picture, the smirk still visible despite his attempt to hide it. Behind him sat his parents, Leia’s head lovingly resting on Han’s shoulder as his father admired his new tools. It was a good picture, one of the only times when him and his parents seemed happy to be under the same roof, and Kylo was convinced it was all because of her.

_Rey._

She had begun crying happily, shyly attempting to conceal her face. It was as if a dam had finally broken, and now the tears had sprung free. She muttered an apology, scoffing, as she got up and headed upstairs quietly. Kylo frowned at his Rolex when she’d been gone for more than five minutes.

“I’ll be back.” He mumbled, walking upstairs hesitantly.

_Should he be going upstairs? Would it be appropriate to comfort her? Would it change her mind?_

“No, of-fucking-course not, dumbass, she was crying on the floor!” He asked, after a loud knock on their bedroom door. His anxiety spiked up when he heard no reply coming from the other side of the door.

He cleared his throat and opened the door slowly, hearing the soft and quiet sobs ringing out in the room. His eyes searched the room, noticing her small figure with her back leaned against a wall. She hugged her knees close to her chest, sniffling. Kylo quietly closed the door behind him and walked toward her.

He knelt down in front of her and remained silent, not knowing what to say. _Fuck_, what _was_ he supposed to say in a moment like this? His mind rummaged for any casual option.

‘Are you okay?’ No, of-fucking-course not, dumbass, she was crying on the floor!

‘It’s going to be alright.’? He couldn’t make the promise for her, for he had no idea why she was crying.

‘I love you.’?

Kylo just shrugged the last one off. Surely that would make her feel worse.

Lucky for him, she decided to be the one to talk first.
“I’m overwhelmed.” She whispered into her knees, barely audible, and if Kylo hadn’t been fully entranced by her, he would’ve missed her words.

“Overwhelmed?” He echoed. He sat down next to her with his legs sprawled out in front of him. He stared at her, patiently waiting for a reply.

She merely nodded into her knees. “I’ve never had a family before.” She whispered. Her head rose and she turned to look at him. Kylo’s breath hitched in his throat, looking at her puffy, red eyes. “And your parents and…-“ She paused, glancing away. She bit the inside of her lower lip. “And…” She clearly shrugged a thought off, and Kylo couldn’t hide his curiosity regarding it. “It all made me feel like I belonged.”

“My parents love you.” Kylo huffed with a smile on his face in reassurance. ‘As do I.’ He thought.

“I’ve never felt this content with other people before, aside from my best friend, Finn.” She sniffled. Rey rolled up her sleeves and wiped her face using her fingers, and Kylo noticed that she was still wearing his black sweater.

He felt a warmth in his chest. A flutter.

“You’re always welcome here.” He muttered. “After this trip ends, I could send you the address. You could come here anytime.”

Rey scoffed, meeting his gaze. She smiled at him thankfully, and he kept his eyes trained on her, maintaining the eye contact for longer than usual.

“I don’t want this trip to end…” She whispered, and Kylo froze.

‘Neither do I.’

It had felt so easy to think it, what he’d wanted to tell her.

So why was it so difficult to say it?

She looked at him, and he looked back at her like a fool. The second her eyes laid on him, the overthinking had begun in his head.

He still had no idea what had transpired last night, however, the little snippets of memory that were coming back to him told him that she did actually enjoy herself that night, and he’d loved it. He’d remembered telling her that she was perfect, then it all cut off raggedly.

In the little scenario he had made for himself, he was the one that had initiated it, and she had complied because of a sexual attraction, something physical - not at all her feelings for him - that would be pure fantasy.

In his scenario, he had been the one to ruin everything, driven by his own desires.

How close to the truth his speculations had been, he’d find out once he’d remember more about the night.

“I feel like I belong here…” She whispered, drawing Kylo’s attention back to her.

There was no way she was talking about him as well. He had made her whole trip a mess. He had fucked it all up by sleeping with her and constantly arguing with his parents and just continuously
being a huge asshole. He had no right to be put in the same pot as his parents. They had been nothing but caring to her.

*She didn’t want him.*

*She didn’t want him.*

*She didn’t want him.*

Kylo sank deeper into his own insecurities, and the decision was made for him: he had given no response to her subtle confession.

And thus, he had unknowingly shattered her heart into pieces at his lack of courage.

For the rest of the day, Rey had isolated herself with Leia and his family’s - now hers - cookbook. She had helped Leia make dinner, preparing a delicious serving of mashed potatoes to go along the leftover roast turkey they had from Leia’s Christmas Eve party the day before, completely avoiding Kylo by all means necessary.

Kylo had focused on replying to his assistant’s emails. Hux had tried reaching him constantly throughout these past few days, so by the time Kylo had actually gotten bored enough he’d decided to reply. Unfortunately for them both, Kylo’s memories had become clearer and clearer, flashbacks of his previous night with Rey seeping into his mind, and he had managed to piece some together, coming to an unexpected conclusion.

*She had wanted him that night too.*

She had initiated the kiss.

She had straddled his lap.

She had been as eager as him.

He had tried focusing on his work, and desperately so, but the only thing popping into his head over and over again were the breathy moans that Rey’d made at his ministrations the previous night. How perfect it had all been, how perfect she was in every waking moment.

*He loved her.*

Kylo had skipped dinner, determined to get his emails sorted, and his work done. His mind, being all over the place and in a constant contradiction with his heart, had made it extra hard for him to finish the work at a reasonable hour.

Yeah, that didn’t happen.
He glanced at his Rolex, frowning at the late hour. He turned off his laptop and got up from the couch, heading upstairs. Kylo opened the door quietly, met with the darkness of the room. He sighed, letting his eyes adjust, glancing at the bed. His eyes softened at Rey’s sleeping figure. He changed into his sweatpants and got under the duvet quietly, as to no disturb her sleep.

However, she was not sleeping.

Rey turned on her side, her back facing Kylo near the edge of the bed. He stared at her back, sadness enveloping him when he noticed the huge distance she’d put between them. He rested his head on the pillow when he heard a breathy sigh followed by a silent sob coming from her.

Kylo’s heart shattered and he had realised just how big of a fucking coward he had actually been.
December 26th

Chapter Notes

Oh boy here we go ;)

Kylo had listened to her crying in silence for a while.

He had attempted to soothe her that night. Had rolled over on his side, had tried to reach for her, to hold her in his arms while she’d sob into his shirt. To breathe in and feel the way his lungs filled with her scent.

That intoxicating scent he’d grown to love.

He had reached for her arm, and his heart broke when she had shrugged him off powerlessly as soon as hand touched skin. He exhaled a shuddering breath, watching her calm down quietly. Kylo got up from the bed after minutes of staring at her stiff form with soft eyes, quietly heading to their dresser. He grabbed one of his sweaters and some black jeans and slipped them on before making his way towards the door.

“Where are you going?” Rey whispered gruffly and Kylo stopped mid-way, shock and pain equally etched on his face. He closed his eyes tightly, noticing just how vulnerable her voice was.

“I’m going for a walk.” He muttered quietly, his back turned against her. He cringed at how vulnerable his voice sounded as well.

He walked out, closing the door behind him. As he descended the stairs, he thought about that specific night. The night where he’d ruined everything because of his stupid alcohol, because of his stupid desires and the way she had leaned in for the kiss that night. The way she’d straddled his lap.

He’d known that he should have fucking kept his distance. He shouldn’t have grown attached.

He grabbed his coat and walked outside in the cold morning air. He locked the door behind him and made his way through the yard. Kylo’s mind had wondered to the ‘before’. It had all been so much easier back when he had considered her ‘Rey, the ridiculous mechanic that hated him’ instead of ‘Rey, the ridiculously adorable woman that he had grown to love’.

“Maz!” Kylo shouted loudly as he knocked on her front door continuously.

He heard Chewie bark twice and scratch at the door from inside the house. The lock clicked and the door opened quickly with a creak. Chewie rushed out and jumped on him urgently. Kylo knelt down and pet the dog’s head. He rose as soon as he noticed the old woman that appeared in between the ajar door and Kylo had to look down at her due to her impossibly short height.

“Ben Solo-”

“Can I take Chewie on a walk?” Kylo interrupted, the desperation he was feeling flooding in his voice.
“No.” Kylo visibly deflated, his expression harbouring on panic. Maz considered, eying him up and down. “Do you have any idea what time it is?”

“No—”

“It’s 4:53AM.” She frowned at him, continuing in her specific accent. “You look horrible. Care for some coffee?”

Kylo hesitated, but Maz dragged him inside by his forearm stubbornly. He sighed, closing the door behind them. He admired the long hallway that he’d been inside back when he were a little kid. He glanced at the dark oak wood on the walls quietly.

“You still drink Americanos?”

He focused his gaze back at the woman and nodded. Maz looped around and walked inside the kitchen, gesturing for him to follow. He hesitantly did, and she sighed as she was turning on her espresso machine. Kylo sighed and sat down on one of the chairs at the dinner table, patiently waiting as he quietly pet Chewie’s head.

He admired the paintings on her wall when the woman put a large cup of a steaming hot beverage in front of him. He muttered a thanks and Maz slouched in the chair across from him. She took a sip of her own cup and savoured it before her eyes met his again. Kylo averted her piercing eyes and looked down at his Americano.

“So.” She broke the silence. “What’s up with you?”

He stiffened. “Nothing—“

“Ah, so it’s the girl then.”

Kylo snapped his gaze at the old woman, and the satisfactory look on her face told him that his response had given him away. He glared back at his cup of coffee, taking a sip from the beautifully decorated cup. He set it down on the table again and sighed.

“You love her.”

He scoffed humourlessly, and she perceived his reply before he even got to answer.

“Then what’s the issue?” Maz asked as she scratched behind Chewie’s ear.

Kylo raised a hand up to his face and massaged his tired eyes. “It’s… complicated.”

Maz took off her round bulky glasses and set them aside her coffee mug, on the polished oak table.

“You leaving in an hour?”

He shook his head confusedly. “9AM.”

“Then we got time.”

“I’m not sure you’ll like me that much in the story I’m about to tell you.” Kylo muttered.

“You’re wasting time with excuses.” Maz grumbled. “Ben Solo. I’ve known you since you were a little boy. I don’t like you anyway.” She joked teasingly.

And so Kylo had begun explaining everything. And he had never really known how much he
needed to talk about it until after he’d actually told someone.

He had begun with coming clean and telling her that his relationship with Rey had been fake all along. He told her about the day he’d asked for her help and how she had refused him (and Maz had laughed copiously at the coffee incident) before confessing how relieved he had been to hear her change her mind that night.

Then, how during their trip she had become a beacon of light.

How he’d wake up every day with the urge to talk to her, to embrace her, to kiss her and show her how much she meant to him. How he’d tried desperately to stay afloat and not give into any of his temptations, how he’d tried to keep his distance either in fear of doing something wrong or in fear of drowning further down in his affections.

He had told her how soon he had actually stopped pretending to be in love with her.

When he’d gotten to the particular night in which he had ruined everything with a bottle of bourbon, Maz had simply nodded sympathetically. He explained how Kylo felt the world crushing down on him when Rey had been so eager to let him know that it had meant nothing, when in reality for him it had meant everything. How his heart had shattered piece by piece when he thought about how beautiful she had looked that night in her gorgeous jade dress. He mentioned how perfect she was, then he went on describing every inch of her face with a slight smile on his face.

He talked about how afraid he was of what the future held. How convinced he was that his parents loved her.

How convinced he was that he loved her.

And lastly, how convinced he was the she didn’t love him back.

“How do you know?” Maz asked him abruptly, preparing Kylo’s second Americano of the day.

He frowned at the old woman. “What do you mean?”

“I mean, how do you know that she’s not stuck in the same position that you’re in right now?” She questioned as she added the boiling water over the espresso. When he hadn’t replied, Maz’s head turned to him, and she explained further. “Anxious. Insecure. Feeling unloved.”

Kylo stiffened and shook his head with a frown. “No, she’s none of those. I’ve told you, she’s too damn-“

“Perfect?” Maz cut him off sharply. She sighed, placing the cup in front of him and sitting back down on her chair. “You need to take her off that damn pedestal, boy.”

He opened his mouth to interject, when she interrupted him again.

“The girl’s been alone almost her whole damn life. She could very well be all of those things.” She watched Kylo glare down at his coffee thoughtfully. She reached out her hands and clasped his own one in between them. “Child, I see your eyes.” He glanced up at her. “You already know the truth.”

He scoffed. “What truth-“

“The only one keeping you away from your own happiness is yourself.”
He looked at the woman in silence before speaking up.

“Maz…” Kylo whispered, a very subtle pained expression crossing his face. “She can’t- I’m a mess.”

Maz smiled softly. “You two are more alike than you think.”

Kylo narrowed his eyes at her, multiple thoughts flooding his mind at once. What did she mean? How could he even begin to compare to Rey? Was she as insecure as him? Did she really seek belonging as desperately as him?

A loud knock on the front door cut through his thoughts ruthlessly, followed by his mother’s loud “Ben?”

Maz glanced at the grandfather clock in her hallway before turning her attention back to Kylo. “I think it’s time for you to go, child. It’s almost 9AM.”

What?

Kylo frowned, glancing at his Rolex. Maz got up from her seat at the table and smiled at him softly.

_Had they really been talking for so long?_

“Right, yeah. Yeah.” He muttered and got up from his chair. He walked over to the old woman and hugged her awkwardly (especially because of their height difference). “Thank you, Maz.”

“Ben!!” Leia shouted from outside the door. Kylo cringed.

“The door’s unlocked.” Maz gave him a pat on the back. “Good luck out there, Ben Solo.”

As he headed to her front door, he called Chewie to him with a whistle. The dog obediently came to his side and Kylo knelt down, petting him goodbye. After putting on his coat hurriedly, Kylo walked to the door, swinging it open and catching his mother’s angry gaze.

“How did you-“ He muttered as he walked out on Maz’s porch, closing the door gently behind him.

“I followed your footprints in the snow. No one else has feet as huge as you do, it’s like they’re a Grizzly Bear’s paws.” Kylo frowned, utterly bemused at the comparison.

He swallowed the lump in his throat before Leia grabbed him by the forearm, leading him into Maz’s yard swiftly. She sighed, coming to a stop in the middle of the yard and turning to glare at him.

Leia put her hands on her hips stubbornly. “What did you do?”

He frowned. “What do you mean?”

“You look like shit. You haven’t slept.” Leia explained. He averted his gaze. “Rey also looks like shit. Her eyes are puffy and she looks tired. And unless the sex is so incredible that she was happily crying while you two were having at it all night, then there’s something wrong.” Kylo was physically taken aback by her words before his eyes softened. If _only she knew_. Leia softened her tone. “Ben… What’s wrong?”

He summoned his previous shield and muttered out an “It’s complicated.”
Leia glanced behind his shoulder. She met her son’s eyes before whispering quietly. “Love is always complicated, Ben. But I know,” She paused. “I know you love that girl. And I know she loves you. Tell her that, will you?” She kissed him on the cheek and headed back to their house.

“Ben?” Rey’s mutter had him turning around abruptly.

She was walking toward him with her hands in the pockets of her coat. His eyes softened when he met her tired, red ones. His mother had been right, she looked horrible and he was sure that so did he. Only fools wouldn’t know that there was something going on between them that would be bigger than words.

*Say something, you idiot.*

“Rey…” Kylo’s breathing hitched. “Listen, I-“

“I’m ready to leave. So, anytime now.” She muttered coldly. She turned around and walked away from him.

Kylo froze, looking at her back as she made a beeline for the car. He watched his mother tell her something, to which she cracked a sad smile and nodded before hugging his parents individually. Rey got in the passenger’s seat before glancing at Kylo with a piercing gaze.

He hesitated before making his way to the car as well. He walked to the back of the car, popping the trunk and glaring at the fact that his bags were inside.

“I put your stuff inside the car, kid.” Han grinned at his son. “Don’t worry, I promise I didn’t miss anything.

“Thank you.” Kylo grumbled. He hugged his father, and Han him a pat on the back.

“Do something about your best girl, wouldja?” Han muttered into Kylo’s shoulder.

Kylo scoffed. “Bye, father.”

*Okay, Kylo, time to clean up the mess you’ve made.*

Kylo got into the driver’s seat, turning his head to look at Rey. She had her back turned at him, and he noticed her phone in her hands, her earphones plugged in. Her hair was tightly bunched up in the weird three-buns and her red hat had hung loosely off her head. She turned away from him, staring outside the window before she silently inserted the earplugs in her ears.

An obvious ‘leave me be’.

*_Not if he had anything to say about it._

*He needed to fix things, on this car-ride, here and now.*

Kylo inserted his key inside and twisted it, starting off the engine. He carefully drove away from his family home and they remained silent, Kylo occasionally glancing at her, then back at the road.

*Say something.*

Minutes later, he cleared his throat in a futile attempt to break the silence.

“So, my parents…” He asked her despite the music playing in her hears. “What did you think about them?”
He turned his hear toward her, waiting for a response. However, the only thing he got from her was her shuffling when she unlocked her phone, turning her music’s volume louder. Kylo grimaced at her. He quickly raised his hand to her head, plucking the earphones out of her ears.

“What about me, what did you think of me?” He asked hurriedly. He cringed at his unusual confidence, his courage having been boosted by Maz and his mother.

“You’re insufferable.” Rey sneered at him.

Well that’s a reaction, alright.

“We’ve established that before.” Kylo mumbled at her. She groaned. “Now c’mon, what did you think? How did you feel about it?”

“About what?”

“About the trip.” He tested the waters, attempting to earn a hint, anything that could lead him to finding out what she had really begun thinking about him.

“It was nice.” She muttered, frowning at the road ahead of them.

“Yeah?”

She remained silent.

Okay, now say something nice.

“Would you be willing to do it again sometime?” Kylo asked, and if he were to judge solely on the way her eyes widened a fraction, he had probably said something wrong.

“Are you joking right now?” She turned to glare at him.

Shit, wrong button?

Kylo shrugged. “I just thought that-“

“That because I said that the trip was nice, I’d be willing to be your go-to fake-girlfriend?” Rey said with venom in her voice.

“Rey-“

“No!” She raised her voice in a resisting manner. “Let me answer that for you. The answer is no. No, I would not do any of that ever again!”

“Rey, would you fucking listen to me?” Kylo shouted, glaring at her.

“God, Kylo,” She groaned and threw her head back into her seat furiously. He fought the tinge of sadness that came over him when he’d realised that she’d used his other name.

God, he’d grown to despise that name so much.

“What is it that you want from me?” Rey continued, shouting at him bitterly.

Kylo whirred right, pushing the breaks abruptly before coming to a stop, pulling over. He reached his temple with his hand and exhaled a shuddering breath.
“What- Why did we stop?” Rey muttered confusedly. She glanced outside, not recognising any of the landscape.

Was he planning on murdering her and dump her body here or something?

“You.” He grumbled, glaring at the road.

“What?”

“I want you.” He breathed out, turning his gaze at her.

She kept his gaze, their eye contact penetrating, her mouth open due to her surprise. He noticed the way her eyes had begun welling up. She swallowed the lump in her throat, her breathing shallow and quick. She blinked away the tears and finally averted her gaze, focusing on her lap instead.

“I- I need time to think.” She muttered. “We can talk about this when we get back home.”

Kylo let go of the breath that he had no idea he had been holding inside his chest.

It wasn’t a rejection.

“I’ll give you time, if you’d like. I’ll-” He paused, twisting the steering wheel to the left and heading back onto the road again. “I’ll stop talking so you can think.”

Rey nodded absent-mindedly, and Kylo struggled between feeling anticipation regarding their talk or feeling the need to walk away from it.

He had a bad feeling about this.

Kylo took the turn on D’Qar Road silently. He had kept his promise of leaving her alone, and he had been relieved that she’d chosen to spend their time on the road getting the sleep that she very much needed after the previous night.

During the silence, he had rummaged his thoughts for every possible outcome regarding their future confrontation. He’d made his own little speech about how everything had happened without his own accord-

Wait, no.

Scratch that. It would only get her riled up again.

Everything had happened unexpectedly. There, that was a better fitting word. Everything happened unexpectedly and he’d never known he’d be able to feel this strongly about someone. He’d tell her how she had been the highlight of his days this past week, and how much he’d look forward for any future days they’d plan together.
Kylo hit the breaks gently, then looked at her. She was curled up in her sweater, her face just as peaceful as the day he’d admired her sleeping form not too long ago. He unbuckled his seatbelt as quietly as possible.

“Sweetheart.” He muttered, reaching out for her shoulder. He gently moved his hand up and down her arm and she whimpered. “Come on, you’re home.”

“Home?” She mumbled, slowly opening her eyes. She blinked the tiredness away and Kylo smiled. She was beautiful.

*He wanted to wake up next to her for the rest of his life.*

Rey muttered a thanks as she put her red hat on, before they both quietly got out of the car. She shuddered at the winter air, feeling it wake her up. She sighed and followed Kylo to the back of the car. He popped the trunk and reached out for her bag, which she instantly grabbed before he had the chance to offer to carry it upstairs.

“Thank you, again.” Rey muttered shyly. She moved back and Kylo frowned. “Goodbye, Ben.” She breathed out.

“Wait, weren’t we supposed to talk about-“

“Kylo, just don’t.” Rey said, her voice cracking slightly. “Please?” She exhaled a shuddering breath and turned around without another word.

His eyebrows twitched. He watched her walk away, hearing nothing but the squeak of the snow underneath her boots. His heart shattered. *Was that a rejection?*

*Say something.*

He watched her make her way to her apartment block’s front door and attempt to fish out her keys from her backpack and his eyes prickled with tears.

*Say something, you idiot!*

“Rey!” He shouted and hurried over to the stairs in front of her apartment block.

She turned around hesitantly, and Kylo noticed the wet sheen on her cheeks. She was crying again. And once again, it was because of him. Rey choked a sob and shook her head.

“Listen, Rey-“

“You don’t know what you’re getting yourself into.” She blurted out.

Kylo frowned, walking up a step slowly, as if not to startle her. “What do you mean?”

“No one ever stays, Kylo.” She sighed. A humourless scoff ripped out of her mouth. “I mean, why would they, really? God, I’m a mess.”

A thought of a sentence said not too long ago echoed in his mind.

*You two are more alike than you think.*

Kylo smiled softly at her. “I mean, you’ve met me.” He put his hands inside the pockets of his jeans. “I’m a bigger mess than you are.”
“Kylo, I’m serious.” She sniffled and wiped her cheeks with her sleeve. “You don’t want this, trust me-“

“Yes, Rey.” He muttered, emphasising on the first word. “I do. I can’t go back to how the things were. I refuse to. I don’t want to.” He swallowed the lump in his throat. “And I know you don’t want to either.”

She inhaled sharply, a sob emitting from her throat as she shook her head. “No, Kylo, you-“

“Rey.” Screw his insecurities. She needed to hear this.

“Ben-“ She began, but Kylo interrupted her shamelessly again.

“I love you.”
Chapter Notes

Here we have it folks! The penultimate chapter!

**I want to mention that the next chapter is going to be shorter than all of the other chapters, mostly because it’s sort-of-not-really an epilogue-ish chapter. So if my usual chapters are around 3.3k words, the last one might be about half that size, or around 2k, but yeah.**

Without further ado, enjoy the fluff and smut form today's chapter! ;)

She must have heard it wrong.

Rey exhaled the breath she had no idea she had been holding up until now, staring at him like a deer in headlights. This had to have been some kind of mistake or- or some weird joke. A cruel joke. He couldn’t possibly love her, could he? He’d only rejected her a day ago, did his feelings change? Did he pity her?

She watched him take another step up the outdoor stairs and Rey averted her gaze. He didn’t know what he was saying. He had no idea what he was getting himself into.

“Rey?” He grumbled and she’d only then realised that she’d stayed silent for more than a minute, her mind trying to process whatever the fuck just came out of his mouth. “Sweetheart, say something.”

_Sweetheart._

Was that why he had kept calling her that over and over again? Because he…

Rey shook her head. There was no way. He could have anything he’d ever wanted. And yet he’d just mentioned that he wanted _her_ hours ago. _Why her?_ He wouldn’t settle for a mechanic when she knew for a fact that he could have any girl he wanted, as long as the woman wouldn’t mind his guts.

Which Rey clearly _did_. She _hated_ his guts, and _more_. He was a spoiled brat. A pampered jerk, rude to almost everyone and his grumpiness exceeded his reputation. He got on her nerves and she considered him absolutely infuriating.

*But if all of those were true, then…*

*Why did her heart beat so fast in anticipation whenever his eyes met hers?*

*The answer, of course, was obvious to her.*

But she had decided to keep her expectations low, ever since she was little. Hoping was what got her forward in life, it helped her survive. Hoping for her family to come back, hoping for belonging. But the disappointment that had later come along with it had once been too much to handle.
“You don’t know what you’re talking about…” She muttered in a hushed tone, feeling the tears threatening to flow down her cheeks for what seemed like the 6th time these past couple of days.

“I do.” He heard her scoff. She shut her eyes tightly and shook her head softly. “Rey…” He paused. “I love you.” His voice sounded so close and it had her rise her eyes back at his face and meet his involuntarily.

She looked at him, utterly bemused once again. Kylo was situated on a step lower than the one she was standing on, and yet she still had to crane her neck in order to look at him because of their height difference. He was so close. Rey swallowed the lump in her throat. Her shock turned to relief. He actually did feel the same as her.

Then, relief turned to confusion.

And lastly, confusion turned to anger.

She frowned up at him, completely ignoring the tears that had begun spilling from her hazel eyes. “Then why the hell did you reject my confession?!” She asked, her annoyance palpable.

Kylo’s eyebrows twitched slightly, before his eyes narrowed. “Your con- Uh, what?”

Rey sniffled. “My confession!”

He stared at her in utter confusion and remained silent.

“Last night?!”

“I don’t… Follow-“ Kylo muttered, a tinge of embarrassment crossing his features. What could she possibly be talking about?

“When I told you that I didn’t want the trip to end?” Rey mumbled.

“You- You were talking about-“

“I was talking about this!” She gestured wildly at the tiny space between them, and she cringed at the way her voice broke to choke down a sob. “Us!”

“But,” he paused, raising his hand to run it through his head. “when we slept together, you said it didn’t mean anything.”

“Because I thought you wanted it to mean nothing!” She exhaled a shaky breath, more tears falling down her cheek. She averted her gaze once again, out of pure shyness. “Of course it meant something. It meant everything.”

It was Kylo’s turn to freeze, complete surprise and confusion and relief all together engraved on his face as he kept his eyes trained on her. He’d thought back on the day he’d kissed her in the kitchen, before back-tracking and telling her it meant nothing, that it was a slip-up, afraid of her reaction if he admitted that it had meant a lot.

She sighed and sniffled her nose, glancing back up at his face, her eyes searching and waiting for his response. He huffed and she noticed the way his shoulders began shaking with laughter. She frowned at him as he attempted to suppress his chuckles.

“Why are you laughing?” Rey muttered frustratingly. She glared at him.
“Sweetheart, we’re more alike than you think.” Kylo mumbled, smiling down at her.

She frowned at him.

“What do you-“

Her sentence was cut short by Kylo’s lips pressed against hers. She exhaled into the kiss and moved her mouth against his with equal passion. She felt him smile into the kiss while he reached for her face, cupping her jaw gently.

As gentle as his touch was, the kiss soon enough turned into something anything but gentle. She opened her mouth eagerly when she had felt his tongue press up against her lips. She could taste the longing and desire and devotion on his lips and she wanted more. She tangled her fingers in his hair, tugging at it gently, earning a low grumble from him.

Someone cleared their throat from behind her, and she jumped away from Kylo. She turned around abruptly, ignoring Kylo’s whine.

“Hey, Rey, sorry.” One of her neighbours, Snap Wexley muttered apologetically. “You guys were kind of- uh- right in front of the main entrance, and I kinda… have to go outside.”

Rey glanced at Kylo, a tinge of amusement passing over her when she noticed the way he was glaring at her neighbour, and then back at Snap. “Sorry.” She smiled at him, feeling a blush creeping on her cheeks.

She moved to the side awkwardly, dragging Kylo by the forearm to her side. Snap thanked them both, averting his gaze away from her kissing-partner’s death stare. Rey bit her lip in order to not burst out into giggles then and there.

Rey threw her head back and laughed loudly at the way Kylo narrowed his eyes at the man until he was gone. He quickly turned his head to her. “So, where were we?” He grumbled as he closed his eyes and leaned in once again.

“Look!” He heard Rey gasp, and his eyes opened instantly, watching the way she was staring up at the sky. “It’s snowing!” She beamed, innocently giggling.

Kylo followed her gaze curiously watching the snowflakes float to the ground before settling his eyes back at her. Her cheeks were rosy red and she looked at the afternoon sky with childlike wonder and fulfilment. He smiled at her, admiring her whole.

Kylo swore that he had never seen anything more gorgeous.

“You’re beautiful.” He muttered, pressing a kiss to the crown of her head.

Her eyes snapped back at him and she snickered. “Do you want to go upstairs?” He looked at her, suddenly flustered by her overt invitation.

Her eyes flashed with desire and lust for a mere second before she searched for her keys in her bag, unlocking the door to the apartment block. She walked inside the dimly lit large hallway, holding the door open for him. A smile tugged at his lips as he took a hold of her duffel bag and walked inside nervously. She grabbed his hand and they walked up the stairs in a hurry, before coming to a stop in front of a green door.

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Rey unlocked the door and turned around to face him. She smiled sheepishly at him and he walked forward, clashing his lips on hers impatiently. She relaxed into the kiss, and Kylo pressed her against the door. Their tongues danced together desperately and urgently. She let out a moan when Kylo nipped at her lower lip, and her hand scrambled behind, attempting to find the doorknob and, finally succeeding, she twisted it hurriedly.

The door opened and Kylo pushed them inside, letting it fall back closed. He let her duffel bag fall to the ground and she wrapped her arms around his neck, not breaking the kiss. He grabbed her thighs and hoisted her up before turning around and pressing her against the wall, next to the closed door. She steadied her legs around his waist and whimpered, grinding her pelvis down and-

“Well, out of all of the things that could’ve come through that door, this is the last thing I was expecting.”

Rey broke the kiss, glancing behind Kylo’s shoulder. He groaned, letting his head fall forward, his forehead hitting the wall as he shut his eyes tightly.

How many more times were they going to be interrupted?

“Hey, guys!” Rey squeaked awkwardly, forcing a smile at her two best friends that were sitting on the old couch. Their eyes had bemusement written all over them as they both stared at the two lovers that had just barged into the apartment and she cleared her throat. Kylo’s eyes trained on her, an irritated look on his features.

She attempted to detangle her legs from his torso, but they wouldn’t budge, as Kylo was holding onto them stubbornly. She remained silent for a short second before trying to get off him again, her second attempt also unsuccessful. Rey glared at him, and he sighed before letting her down gently.

She straightened her coat, glancing at Poe and Finn, realizing that their previous stares hadn’t faltered, but instead have moved onto Kylo. Rey cleared her throat, drawing her partner’s attention. His eyes lifted to meet hers, and she glanced back at her two friends before they moved back at his. He frowned, turning around to face them awkwardly.

“Finn, Poe, this is Kylo.” She pointed to him, her palm faced up, and her two friends glared at him protectively. Kylo glared back. “Kylo, this is Finn,” She pointed to her first friend, “and this is his boyfriend, Poe.” Rey smiled, pointing to her other friend.

“Hello.” He grumbled, raising his hand to run it through his messy hair due to her previous tugging.

“Kylo…” Finn mumbled. “Wait, a second, Kylo Ren?” His eyebrows raised up, focusing his gaze on Rey. “The guy that you threw coffee on during your job interview on his shitty shirt of his?”

Poe frowned at his boyfriend. “She did what, now?”

“I’ll have you know that the shirt had been a limited edition Tom Ford-“ Kylo began, but was quickly cut off.

“Yeah, the one and only.” Rey interrupted with a hand raised in front of him.

Finn looked as confused as a penguin in the fucking desert, and Poe looked almost as puzzled. Rey cleared her throat, and Kylo shot her a glance.

“Guys, if I could just- uh-“ She walked towards them hurriedly. “Hi, um- Poe, can Finn sleep at your place tonight?”
Poe smiled at her, giving her a knowing look. “Sure, no problem.”

“Wait,” Finn interrupted. “Sleep at his place? Why would I need to sleep at his place when I-“ He stopped his protests, and Rey’s eyebrows lifted slightly, as if saying ‘get a hint, dude’. Finn groaned. “Oh, you have got to be kidding me.”

Kylo watched the exchange from afar, observing how cheap her apartment actually looked, and he felt his heart sink. She didn’t deserve this.

“Come on up.” Poe muttered, amusement in his voice, as he got up from the couch and looking at Finn.

His boyfriend soon got up from the couch as well, and they both headed for the door. Finn grumbled something as he passed Kylo. Finn also made sure to give Kylo the ‘I’m watching you’ hand gesture before exiting the apartment, to which Kylo scoffed as soon as Rey’s best friend had been gone.

Kylo glanced around the small apartment, frowning at all of the different doors. “Which door here is yours?”

Rey followed his stare and pointed to a door on the right. “That one.” She muttered. “Why do you- ooh!” She squealed when he scooped her up his arms swiftly. He hooked a hand under her knees, the other one supporting her waist. She instinctively wrapped her arms around his neck as he walked inside her bedroom.

He gently placed her on the bed, the mattress dipping underneath them due to their combined weight. He wasted no time in colliding his mouth with hers eagerly. She returned the kiss, and he pushed her forward on the bed, and she slowly laid down on her back. He carefully got on top, his body hovering over hers. She broke the kiss abruptly in order to reach for the hem of his sweater, trying to tug it up and off of him. His chest rumbled with a chuckle, helping her out by taking off his shirt and tossing it behind him.

“Impatient, aren’t we?” He muttered as he ducked down again, softly placing open-mouthed kisses on her jaw.

“Shut up before I change my-“ She paused and gasped before huffing a shuddering breath when he bit at the skin behind her ear. “-my mind.”

He smirked into her skin, eagerly unbuttoning her black coat before letting his hand wander down to her abdomen. His hand slipped inside her sweater, gently touching the skin. Rey arched her back as she shook the coat off her shoulders, making contact with his bulge. Kylo groaned quietly, instinctively grinding down on her clothed sex, and her breath hitched. He helped her out of her sweater.

Kylo leaned down, licking and sucking and nibbling at her collarbone. Her hands flew up to his hair, tugging at it and earning a low, guttural groan from him. He unclasped her lacy grey bra from the back, and she let her bra straps fall off her shoulders. She opened her eyes, looking at him with her pupils blown and hooded eyes, licking her lips in anticipation.

His gaze trailed up to her lips, placing a chaste, and yet passionate kiss on her lips. Their mouths moved rhythmically as he jerked his hips down again. She whimpered into the kiss, and Kylo did it once more as his hand reached for her left breast, caressing it lightly. She broke apart in order to let out a squeak followed by a moan. He gave her nipple a slight pinch, and she arched her back deliciously.
Squirming underneath him, she threw her head back into the mattress, shutting her eyes tightly, no longer being able to ignore the throbbing between her legs. Kylo put his mouth on her other, left out breast, and she moaned.

Kylo loved the sound.

“Ben-” She moaned, and Kylo’s attention piqued. He hummed questioningly against her skin, making her shudder underneath him. “Please-“

Knowing exactly what she wanted, Kylo obliged, reaching a hand down in between their bodies, quickly unbuttoning her jeans. She kicked off her combat boots followed by her dark denim jeans. His hand reached past the waistband of her panties, stroking her with his fingers. She moaned loudly, her hands reaching for his face before bringing his face down to hers into another bruising kiss. She opened her mouth and huffed, and he smiled, barely an inch above her lips, as she moaned his name- his real name- urgently, over and over again.

He cursed, and huffed amusingly. “You’re pretty wet, sweetheart.”

Rey whined loudly when he pinched her sensitive nub lightly. She arched her back into him, looking for more friction as he let his index finger slip inside of her. He pushed back and forth, listening to her loud, desperate breathing hitching and inserted another, continuing his ministrations at a faster pace.

“Ben!-“ Her words were cut off by a loud moan emitting from her throat, and he smirked at her.

Kylo kissed her cheek before ducking down. He discarded of her underwear quickly. He grabbed her right leg and lifted it on his shoulder, his face right in front of her sex. She gasped loudly, followed by a moan when he put his mouth on her folds, lapping at her juices. Rey’s back rose from the bed, her hands reaching to his dark hair and grabbing at it. He let out a chuckle that vibrated on her pussy.

She neared the edge of ecstasy fast with Kylo’s mouth attacking her intimate areas. Her breathing was becoming more and more erratic and raspy. Her moans echoed in her bedroom, and, when his hand came up and his fingers pinched her clit, she reached her highest peak, coming loudly with his name on her lips.

Her breathing steadied and he returned to their previous position, his face now hovering inches above her face. She looked at him with hooded eyes and he smiled.

“Hello.”

She huffed out an amused breath, giving him a peck on the lips before breaking apart and smiling. “Hi. We’re not done yet.”

Her eyes shifted back to desire, and she snaked a hand downwards, grinning wickedly when he visibly held his breath. She unbuttoned his jeans and he slid them off urgently, her arousal coming back to her again. He grinded against her and she moaned-

Then he stopped, his head falling into her shoulder with a frustrated growl.

“I don’t have a condom, do you?” He muttered into her skin.

A flush rose to her cheeks. “Check the right pocket in my coat…” She grumbled, looking away.

Kylo raised his head to frown at her, his eyes all confused. “You have a condom in your pocket?”
“I-uh.” She stuttered. “I kind of took it from your car. I was mad at you, and I thought ‘hey, I’ll take his emergency-car condom, that’ll show him’”

“You stole my condom out of spite?” He fought back his smile, failing miserably.

“I didn’t steal it out of spite, I simply just…” She searched for her words, and Kylo raised an eyebrow at her, utterly amused. “I just took it because I was mad?”

“It’s literally almost the same thing-“

“Hush and get the condo already.” She huffed, frowning at him, her cheeks completely red.

He chuckled, reaching for the coat that had been tossed on the floor, fishing out the condom packet out and tearing it open. He wrapped himself up and grinded down against her bare folds without warning. She moaned, and he aligned himself at her entrance. He pushed inside slowly, and she gasped, grabbing a hold of his shoulders and lightly scratching at his shoulder blades.

He gave her time to adjust to his length, placing a chaste kiss on her cheek as her eyes shut tightly. She gave him a nod, and he began shifting in and out of her slowly. Her legs hooked at his back, giving him a better angle, and he fastened his pace.

She moaned with her eyes closed. “Harder-“ She whispered into his skin, and Kylo complied urgently, groaning while at the same time getting more moans and whimpers from her. She bit into his shoulder and he moaned, his thrusts becoming urgent and irregular.

“I love you.” He whispered into her skin, kissing her jaw. “I love you.” He repeated, moving his hand down to where their bodies joined and rubbing at her sensitive nub.

His ministrations sent her over the edge and her voice broke when she squealed one last time, her pleasure reaching its peak once again that afternoon. He groaned, feeling the way her insides contracted, and soon enough, he let his seed spill inside the condom, breathing heavily as he muttered ‘I love you, I love you, I love you.’

His body collapsed on top of hers, the both of them attempting to catch their breaths after their lovemaking. Kylo was the one that moved first, slowly getting off of her and taking off his condom carefully.

Rey laid on her back and stared at the ceiling, smiling despite herself. She felt the mattress dip to her side after a while, and Kylo draped an arm around her waist, tugging her closer to his chest and kissing her temple, then her cheek.

She grinned. “I love you too.”

Kylo smiled back at her, completely elated for the first time in a long while.
Kylo awoke to an empty bed, a slight tinge of disappointment gripping at his mind. His disappointment turned to anxiety, and his anxiety quickly dissipated when he heard Rey’s humming from outside the bedroom door. He smiled, and swung his legs off the bed, getting up and searching for his clothing.

Unable to find his sweater, he simply settled for his underwear and black jeans, hoping to God that his lover’s roommate wouldn’t be around. He slowly swung open the door, walking into the living room (that was connected to the kitchen and dining room, apparently). He saw Rey humming to a tune and wiggling her hips around rhythmically, similar to a few mornings ago, and—

Oh.

There it was.

His black sweater was being worn by the subject of his affection and he grinned as he walked up to her, encircling his arms around her torso from behind. He kissed her cheek and she giggled, turning around in his embrace and giving him a soft kiss on the lips.

“I made you coffee.” She said, grinning at him, as soon as she broke the kiss. She twisted out of his grasp and he whined comically, as she reached for a mug that she had set on the counter. “Large Americano with just a sprinkle of cinnamon. Beware though, it’s my first time actually making an Americano.”

She handed him the beverage and he brought the mug to his lips, taking a sip.

*It tasted incredible.*

“It’s perfect, Rey.” He gave her a smile. “I’m actually considering ruling out my daily Starbucks drink for this one.”

“See, I told you cheap coffee wasn’t that bad.”

“Now, let’s not get ahead of ourselves here.” He quipped back and she let out an amused huff.

She walked forward and collided her lips with his again, nipping at lower lip. He grabbed her thighs and lifted her up on the counter, kissing her passionately. She tasted like cinnamon, and regardless of the negative opinion he’d had at the beginning of the week when it came to her coffee choice, he’d found the spice interesting and had grown accustomed to the taste.

In that specific moment, however, he absolutely loved cinnamon.

Then, the front door opened. “Oh, *for fuck’s sake!*” Finn interrupted them, and Kylo growled when she broke apart.

Poe hurried into the apartment as well, groaning frustratingly when he saw the two lovebirds.

“For God’s sake, we prepare our food on that counter!”
December 23rd, One Year Later

Chapter Notes

Thank you all so, so, so much for embarking on this journey with me. I was and still am blown away by all of the positive feedback I've gotten on this fanfic and on my writing as well. It's completely insane to me, since this is my very first fanfiction and you all have no idea how much it means to me. I am blessed to be in such a lovely community as this one and I hope my story has served its purpose of making everyone excited and enthusiastic for The Last Jedi and the holidays in general. Thank you all, truly. There are no words that could possibly explain how much I love you guys.

I want to mention that this chapter is shorter, due to the fact that it's more of an epilogue than an actual continuation to the same time period. Keep in my that this happens one year after the events in the previous chapters.

I might write more fanfictions after The Last Jedi.

Ben chuckled into his glass of wine at one of his uncle’s jokes. Despite being busy in Ireland doing God knows what, Luke had managed to surprise his mother and visit unexpectedly. The moment he’d walked through the front door, his mother had already rushed every family member into the living room, bringing out the cookies Rey had prepared without anyone else’s help.

His family’s cookbook had come in very handy. Ever since they’ve moved together, she’d suggest a recipe and they would prepare it together. Out of all of the expensive and elitist recipes that Padme Naberrie had written down there, it would only be typical for Rey’s favourite food to be something as bland as Spaghetti.

Rey shook with laughter from his right side, interrupting his thought process. They were both sitting on the long couch that they had once fallen asleep on a year ago. The reminiscent thought brought a smile to his face as he turned his head to look at her. When she noticed his gaze she gave him a big grin, craning her neck to give him a peck on the lips.

He draped his hand around Rey’s shoulder as she reached for one of the cookies on the plate his mother had placed onto the coffee table. She hurriedly munched on the sugar cookie, eagerly listening to his uncle’s story about Ireland. Her eyes were sparkling with joy as she silently observed.

He had granted her wish and had agreed to visiting his parents’ house the following year. She would always go on and on about how much she missed them and they would always go on and on about how much they missed her. She had grown absolutely adore his family, and they loved her deeply.

He smiled at the way her eyes lit up as his uncle started and shared another story, and laughed at all of the funny bits. She sighed contently, pushing the cookie crumbs off her thighs before she
snuggled closer to Ben’s chest. He nuzzled his nose into her hair and inhaled. He smiled and kissed the crown of her head. His eyes shifted to his mother’s, only to see her grinning at him back.

Truth be told, granting Rey her wish wasn’t the only reason he’d agreed to visit his parents.

Once Luke’s fourth-or-so story had finished, Ben cleared his throat, drawing all of their attention to him and Rey. “Actually, I want to share something with you all.”

Luke smiled at him and poured himself another glass of wine.

Leia scoffed. “We know you quit First Order Industries, Ben.”

No, not that.

“No, that’s not it.” He explained, a slight smile tugging at his lips.

“It’s actually…” Rey intervened. She raised her head, glancing up at Ben lovingly with her palm placed on his chest. “It’s actually about the both of us.” Her gaze lowered back to the rest of his family. She gave them a shy smile and Leia’s expression cracked into an amused one.

“Oh, I get it now.” Leia snickered, waving her hand around dismissively. “Don’t worry, hun. We already knew.”

Ben frowned, narrowing his eyes as they shifted from Leia to Han in a matter of seconds. “You… You know… what?”

“Oh, Ben, of course we knew! It’s no secret that you two weren’t actually dating last year!” Leia said with a grin on her face and confidence.

“They what?” Luke asked, completely bemused. His twin merely nodded at him as if what she’d said had been completely normal.

Ben and Rey’s faces both blanched. They looked at Leia with gaping mouths, and Ben knew for a fact that their reactions would for sure be completely amusing if they weren’t so fucking surprised.

What did she mean that she knew?

All along?

“You knew it was fake?!” Ben asked, frowning at the sneaky woman. Leia smiled at him, and her son shook his head, his gaze trailing off at the floor. This woman was a hawk, and now he was more than sure about it.

In turn, his mother snorted. “Of course I knew! Who do you think set you up?”

“Set us… up?” Rey echoed, her features just as confused as her boyfriend’s. She glanced up at Ben and he shrugged in response, frowning at his mother.

“Why, Leia arranged everything!” Han intervened cheerily. He set down his bottle of beer on the table next to the armchair and smiled. He raised his hand up, and started counting each point on his hand. “She made you two share the bedroom, she hung the mistletoe, she arranged the neighbourhood Christmas party.” Ben felt his anxiety piling up.

Why the fuck did God put him in this family?

Han continued. “Not to mention all of the verbal traps for you, kid.” He nudged Ben when he
spoke about the last part.

“That’s fucked up.” Ben protested, but Han defended him and his wife.

“You two definitely had feelings for each other, or at the very least an insane sexual attraction—” Ben flinched at that. “What the fuck—”

“-so Leia took matters into her own hands and now here you two are!”


Rey knew that if she could see herself in that exact moment, she would be laughing at herself loudly while clutching her stomach. But in that moment, she had never been more embarrassed in her whole life.

“To be fair, though, sweetheart.” Han turned to his wife. “You didn’t have to do half of the things you had done last year. I mean, after all, Ben here would’ve just used any excuse to put his tongue down Rey’s throat.”

Rey’s eyes widened, her head snapping at Ben confusedly. He could feel a flush form on his cheeks as he averted his gaze.

“Rey wasn’t all too innocent either!” Leia smiled. “She would have used any excuse to climb our son like a tree!” Rey flinched, and Ben noticed the way her cheeks had a tinge of a dark red. “Who could blame her? Our son is a stunner! I’m telling you, the sexual tension was running high way before I—“

That was the last of it.

“We’re engaged!” He raised his voice, and the silence that followed was more than comical if someone were to see this from an outside perspective.

Leia and Han were staring at him as if he’d just announced the last thing they had expected, and Luke was now more confused than Ben’s ever seen him. Rey, however, just took her time to grin at his parents, clearly amused at their shocked faces.

Then, as if she had been set on fire, Leia jumped to her seat with a squeal, and Ben’s eyes widened. “I can’t believe my son is going to get married! Fucking finally!” She gasped. “I must tell Casterfo about this! And San Tekka, that old son of a bitch.” She rushed out of the living room, shouting loudly around the whole house. “Oh! Did you tell Maz?” His mother started blabbering and Ben had ultimately decided to ignore her.

“I think some congratulations are in order.” Luke smiled at Ben and Rey.

“Congrats, kids.” Han smiled at the two, and Rey rested her head on Ben’s shoulder.

“Han!!” Leia shouted from the kitchen, making Han flinch in his seat.

“Coming!” He grumbled back loudly. Han got up from his armchair with a sigh, and Luke quickly followed.

Ben leaned in closer to Rey’s ear as his mother went on and on about wedding plans to his father and uncle in the other room. “Are you sure you want to join this family?”

“I do.” She smiled at him, leaning in and giving him a chaste, slow peck on the lips.
When they broke apart, he gave her a small smirk. “I did tell you that my mother was up to something, remember?”

She paused to think about it playfully, her lips pursed. “Hm…” She hummed. “No, I don’t think you did.”

He smiled. “I love you, you know.”

“I love you, too.” She leaned in for another kiss.

It wasn’t too long until their moment was quickly shattered by the intrusive woman that was Leia Organa. Ben’s mother quickly walked in front of them and grinned mischievously.

“So when am I getting grandchildren then?”

“Mom-“

“Hey, don’t make her set you up for a pregnancy this year!” Han warned the newly-engaged couple, peeking his head out the door connecting the kitchen to the living room. "You know she'd think about it!"

“Not this year, Leia.” Rey smiled at the woman. Ben whipped his head at his fiancée. She looked at him and gave him a smile and a shrug.

“You actually want children?” He muttered, awe transpiring on his features.

Rey grinned shyly. She nodded her head, and Ben smiled at her, completely enthusiastic to the idea. “Just maybe not this year.”

“Okay.” His smile softened as he leaned in close for a kiss.

“Okay.” She mumbled, pressing her lips on his.

He felt like the luckiest man alive.

“Fuck!” Ben groaned, shutting the drawer that his hand had been rummaging through closed.

He lifted his face from the shoulder he had been previously nibbling on before setting it back into the crook of Rey’s neck. He stilled his hips, stopping himself from grinding down on Rey’s unclothed pelvis.

“What’s wrong?” His fiancée breathed out, utterly puzzled by the interruption of their lovemaking. Well, almost lovemaking.

Ben sighed. “There are no condoms in the drawer.”
“What?”

“I don’t know!” Ben grumbled. He bit down on Rey’s pulse gently, and the sigh that escaped her lips made his arousal worse. “It makes no sense. I put them in the nightstand myself when we got here.”

“Well, we can always just-“ She grumbled. Rey arched her back, brushing into him. His breath hitched. Her voice came down to a whisper. “We could always just forget the condom.”

“You want to forget the condom?” He frowned down at her.

She shrugged shyly as he stared down at her.

“What else can we do? It’s not like we can stop now.”

“Well, I have a few other ideas.” Ben smirked before sighing. He ducked down to kiss at her jawline. “I just don’t know where the fuck they went. The condoms were there, they couldn’t have just disapp-“

Wait a second.

He raised his head, looking at her with wide eyes. She must have thought of the same thing since she was looking at him with the most shocked face, her lips parted.

Then, they shouted in unison.

“Leia!”

“My mother!”

End Notes

Find me on tumblr @reylos-stole-purple
If anyone has any tips on how I can improve my writing, please tell me about it in the comments!
Comments are like sugar cookies to me <3

Please drop by the archive and comment to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!