The First Lie

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Summary

A post-TLJ force bond fic (will contain accidental major spoilers).

The pressure rises for Rey to find an end to this war, as the resistance once again falls into dangerous territory. This time, Luke Skywalker will not be there to guide her to safety, and so she must learn the balance of the force by herself.

It has been months since they last saw each other, with Rey and Kylo both believing that the bond between them had disappeared after Snoke's death. When their connection reappears, this time more insistent and constant than before, they are forced to find new means to put an end to their bond.

An attempt to bridge the gap between TLJ and Episode 9.
hit me up with a fact check if i make a mistake, the world of star wars canon is a big and frightening place

title comes from the song of the same name on the stranger things 2 soundtrack.

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

It had been almost three months since the events on Crait. The resistance had now found their new base, another old relic from an era long past, that required well-overdue refurbishing. With news spreading throughout the galaxy of Luke Skywalker’s reappearance, there was a new energy amongst anyone who didn’t benefit from the reign of the First Order.

As Rey walked down the crowded market place, she overheard whispers of the force, of lightsaber’s, and of hope. She was equally filled with optimism and a yearning for a sense of comfort; she was tired of running away, packing up and moving onto another planet. It left Rey with no sense of direction. Except of course to bring peace to the galaxy, but that was such a far-off ambition she didn’t allow herself too long to think about how she would achieve that anytime soon.

“Rey, over here!” Finn called to her from where he stood on the threshold of a store. She focused her gaze and smiled as she headed towards him.

Today had been the first time in many weeks they had been granted the free range to move about during the daytime. The Stormtrooper presence that had been stifling the city this past week had finally lifted. The energy of the people had turned around so quickly and reached levels she had never experienced on Jakku. She wondered if she went back there now would it be different. Would the power of Luke Skywalker have reached there yet? Or was it impenetrable?

She followed Finn around for the rest of the afternoon as he searched for a present for Poe. He ended up deciding on a necklace, a fake kyber crystal (the real thing was close to impossible to find) tied by thread, as well as a bound leather journal.

“You think he’ll like these?” Finn hesitantly asked Rey.

“Of course he will,” Rey replied. “And it’s well overdue, you owe him back for the jacket.”

Finn smiled at that, and looked overly proud with himself as they wandered back to the Flash speeder. Rey piloted the speeder back to the small camp the rebel alliance inhabited outside of the main hub of the city. Even though the planet they were on was in the Expansion region of the galaxy, Rey was overly suspicious of every being that glanced her way for a second too long.

Only when they were back within the safety of the guarded base did she breathe a sigh of relief. She left Finn, who was still buzzing with energy, to sneak back to the small room she occupied alone. A bed was carved into the wall creating a hollow, a small wardrobe across from that and a small table at the end of the room. There was a door that led to a larger living space that she shared with Rose and
another two members of the resistance. She checked to make sure the lock was in place on both
doors into her room before collapsing onto her bunk, her eyes closing as soon as her head hit the
pillow.

She awoke later to a banging on her door. She shot up in her bed, glad she was short so that her head
didn’t hit the low roof above her head.

“Yes?” she called as her hand reached for the lightsaber in her backpack on the floor near the bed.

“Hurry up! It’s time for a feast!” Poe called to her through the door to the living room.

Rey relaxed instantly, gathering herself as she headed out to join her friends.

Rose, Poe and Finn sat on the couches, drinks in hand and smiles on their faces to greet her. Another
three pilots had joined their little area and looked far too happy for people in the middle of a war.

“Celebrating?” Rey asked.

“Another one of Leia’s old friends has decide to join us. They say they’ll be with us within the
month,” Poe replied. He held his glass towards Rey and smiled before turning his attention back to
Finn (that sat so close to him on the couch he was almost in his lap).

Rey sat with her friends for many hours, trying to appreciation the small moment of bliss that had
encapsulated her friends. She didn’t drink, and so the drowsiness that came with her short nap earlier
crept up on her quickly now.

By the time she left, Finn had completely moved to sit in Poe’s lap. Their lips pressed together and
drinks long forgotten. Rey felt a twisting in her stomach, a moment of longing, but was quick to cast
off those feelings that brought her weakness. As the two men paused for a moment, their faces
showed signs of only pure happiness. Their entire world was each other; they had grown so close in
the time Rey was gone. She felt cut out from them, they had shared experiences that didn’t include
her.

Rey re-entered her room. Shedding her arms wraps, capri-length pants, and off-white-coloured tunic
for a fresh one. As she laid down and the lights extinguished the gentle hum of the ship now roared
around her. Sleep was hard to find, and so she searched for the tranquility in the force that
surrounded her. Most nights she went to bed sooner and so she was not as tired, but tonight, by
mistake, she let her guard down.

Kylo stood at the window, overlooking the dark expanse that was space. It was early in the morning,
and there was only silence on the ship. He recognised the familiar feeling of being elsewhere long
before Rey even realised what she was doing.

He turned to see Rey lying on her side on his bed. Her body curled in on itself and her hands
clenched into fists near her head. He breathed slower, afraid to startle her.

It had been many long months, filled with stressful days and sleepless nights. The memory of the last
time he had seen her had become as faint as the recollection of a dream. He could only recall the way
he had knelt there. Waiting for a sense of direction to drift towards him. But there was nothing, and
no trace of her. Even the guilt, that had burned hot like fire through him on that day, now only had a
wisp of an impression on him. Kylo felt guilty now being in her presence without her being fully
aware, when he knew he was the last person she ever wanted to see.

Rey came to her senses, opening her eyes and sitting up almost violently, the overhead light cut
through the dark. A blaster shot to her hand, and she pointed it at Kylo. She searched within her for
the feeling of the heavy weight of the bond. She pushed at it with everything she had, trying to cut that part of her off from everyone other fragment of her body. But her power felt sluggish, exhausted.

“Leave,” she whispered, afraid of her friends in the next room hearing her speak.

Kylo closed his eyes, turning around so his side was to her. He sighed deeply, and Rey felt a jolt go down the line of the bond.

“Get away!” she said louder.

Her outstretched arm shook with the weight of the blaster, her finger feeling clammy on the trigger.

She blinked and Kylo’s figure disappeared. Her gaze tore around the room, but she was alone. She could still the faint murmur of the bond, as it petered out to silence. The dregs of the force bond took longer than usual to disappear and Rey felt nervous to go back to sleep. She wanted this to be a nightmare, that would explain why she could still see him, but no, their bond still existed and frightened Rey more than ever.

A burning rage still coursed through her and memories of him kneeling, peering up at her flashed through her mind. She sorted memories into two piles, before and after that day. Poe reminded her to stay in the present, to not think of the events before the day the resistance had almost been wiped out of existence. Their efforts were on the future, any mistakes made up until this point couldn’t be changed so there was no use trying to change what she had done.

She regretted going to Kylo, and leaving Luke. Snoke was dead and that was the only valuable thing that had happened that day. Ben Solo was gone, Kylo Ren was the Supreme Leader. And Rey, she was the last Jedi.

Rey walked over to a bag that sat atop a small table. She ran her fingers over the bound books that were inside; the Jedi texts. The language they were written in was foreign to Rey, but she had contacted one of the only people she could trust, Maz Kanata. The woman had promised to visit her soon, to transcribe the texts to Rey. Rey opened one, running her finger over the words and the illustrations. The books felt like the island; they contained a sense of familiarity and she swore sometimes she could hear voices when she concentrated long enough.

When Rey eventually laid back down, there was no impression of the bond left. She was alone.

Chapter End Notes

just finished watching the last jedi for the second time and decided I had to write about rey and kylo. this will be long and probably include what I think may happen in the next film.

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Chapter 2

Chapter Summary

Rey can't seem to stay angry at Kylo Ren.

Chapter Notes

I promise this will get more exciting soon, I only write slow-burn but sexy times will occur in the future.

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

Finn and Rey were outside, on the edge of a rocky cliff face. Each way Rey looked all she could see was clay-coloured dirt rock faces that stretched out to the horizon. Smog from the city reached all the way to the rebel base, the air thick with the polluting fumes. The sun was high in the sky, beating down on the two as they practiced.

Finn was the only one who had stepped up to train with her, everyone else was too afraid. They had been using replicas of Rey’s quarterstaff, and Finn was better than he let on. Rey found herself smiling as they circled each other, Rey ducking and sliding through the dirt. Both of them fed off each other’s energy; Rey could feel the burn in her arms and legs and welcomed the pain.

Rey swung in a horizontal arc, Finn swayed backwards, his hand supporting him from falling to the ground. He shot up again digging the staff forwards, a jab aimed for her shoulder. Rey spun, her feet dancing over the ground.

“You’re cheating,” Finn said.

“How so?” Rey asked.


“Maybe,” she considered, laughing, "Maybe you’re just not that good."

Finn stepped forward again, jabbing at Rey’s centre. He had strength, which he used as he moved his staff down in an arc towards her. But Rey was faster, she parried his blow, throwing his momentum out, allowing her to swing her staff at him, landing hard on his shoulder.

No matter how many times she hit him, Finn was only encouraged to keep fighting, his next move more animated than the previous.

Most days Poe joined them. He wasn’t one for weapons, but preferred to use his fists, and when he could, his gun. Pilot’s didn’t see much action so he didn’t have much use for learning anything more complicated. And Rose, she assured everyone she would be sticking to blasters as well.

Finn rushed towards her again, and Rey hit hard at his staff, the wood flying from his hand. She kicked out, staff above her head for balance, hitting Finn in the stomach. He stumbled back and fell,
landing awkwardly on his side - the strike should have thrown him further backwards but Rey had lost some of her momentum.

Suddenly, a wave of dizziness hits Rey as she’s drawn into a memory. The sound of her lightsaber, the buzz of it as she fought the Praetorian Guards. She could feel the faint presence of Kylo behind her as his leg brushed against hers.

Rey spun, facing away from Finn. There was no one else with them, but Rey felt a jolt inside her. A deadweight lifting.

She turned back to Finn, who had recovered and was standing in front of her, a puzzled look on his face. Then, like on Ahch-To, a silence filled the space around her. The rumble of engines and chatter of people on the resistance base faded away so all she could hear was her laboured breathing.

Kylo stood near her, just to the side of Finn. His usual pleated undertunic and pleated-arm shirt were gone, replaced with a simple black cotton shirt, similar to what Poe usually wore. His casual attire shocked Rey for a moment, and she stood stunned, and wondered where he was. Just like every time before, she could only see him and not his surroundings.

Rey’s gaze flashed to Finn who stood unaware that the leader of the First Order stood only an arm’s length away from where he was. Rey did the only thing she could think of and ignored that Ren was even there. She tried to push at the link in her mind, but it was stronger than she remembered. An invisible coil was wrapped around her, and her connection to the force felt stunned, as if it was unconscious.

“That’s enough for today,” Rey said to Finn who nodded his head in agreement.

In her peripheral, she saw Kylo’s brow crease.

Finn gathered his pack that lay in the dirt near them, right next to Rey’s. He tossed Rey’s water canteen to her. Rey began to follow Finn back inside when Kylo spoke to her.

“You can see me,” Kylo stated.

Rey kept walking.

“Are you doing this? How is this still happening?” Kylo asked, taking a step towards her.

When Rey turned to face him, he was closer than before, now only a few feet in front of her. Rey’s hand clenched around her staff.

She stared up at him, her teeth gritted together, her eyes ablaze.


Finn’s voice cut through the silence, “Rey, are you coming?”

Rey clamped her eyes shut, pushing at the alien feeling inside her. Rain falling, waves crashing on rocks, the low growl of a lighting storm. Like a band snapping, Kylo Ren disappeared.

Kylo doubled over where he was standing in his quarters. His insides felt like a knife had been ripped through them, the pain all too real. He pulled his hand away from his stomach to check for blood just in case. But the injury wasn’t real. Only the feeling of the bond being violently closed.

Kylo touched the back of his hand to his brow, it was damp with moisture and he swore he could
feel grains of sand.

For the rest of the day, Rey felt uncomfortable. She found herself sitting, feeling light-headed every time she stood. Poe noticed, and kept an eye on her. She knew she would have to tell them soon about her bond with Kylo, but she was afraid of what their reaction would be. She felt ashamed for keeping it from them for so long.

Luke was the only one that knew, and now he was gone. Rey had struggled after the events on Crait to try to explain her actions, she knew Leia didn’t fully believe her; that woman stared at Rey sometimes like she knew what was going on in her mind.

Rey decided that when she saw Maz next, she would ask her for help. Surely Maz knew someone who knew how to end her force-connection. Rey wanted it gone, the next time she saw Kylo Ren, she wanted to kill him and end this for good. She wondered if she could through the bond.

Well after the sun had set, Rey walked back out to where she had stood earlier that day. This time, her lightsaber was in her hand. This new one Leia had found for her didn’t feel the same as Luke’s old one that had been ripped apart. It still burned blue, but the weight of the handle felt bulky in her hand.

She closed her eyes, it would look to anyone else that she was meditating, but really, she was calling Kylo.

The night stilled, the sound of bugs and speeders died away. She opened her eyes.

Kylo glanced down, looking at the saber in her hand. His hand twitched above his own that was connected to his belt.

Rey cried out, running towards him, blue light cutting through the night. Her blow hit Kylo’s saber. The red illuminating her face.

“Stop!” he commanded.

Rey ignored him, dropping her arm and swinging in a new direction, aiming for his neck.

“Rey,” he said again, his voice loud. He defended her attack, trying to disarm her.

“You. Are. A. Monster,” Rey yelled. Twirling and swinging her lightsaber down hard against Kylo's. He stayed in a defensive stance, his eyes searching for Rey’s. She knew he didn’t deserve to explain himself, and so she wouldn’t let him.

Rey got close enough that Kylo grabbed her arm, twisting so the lightsaber was pointed away from his body. His un-gloved hands dug into both her shoulders and he steadied her so their faces were only a foot apart.

Rey cried out at his strength, unable to pull away. She tried to use his weight against him, kicking out her legs, but Kylo just reached for her wrists and twirled her, so not only did her saber fall from her grasp, but so her back was now pressed against his chest, her arms crossed in front of her.

“Stop this!” he yelled.

Rey continued to struggle, coughing as she tried to even out her breathing. She felt tears start to pool in her eyes. He held her tight, she could feel his chest move as he breathed in and out.

“Why didn’t you come with me?” she gritted out, her voice venomous. She hadn’t felt this anger
since Ahch-To, when she confronted Luke about the night Ben Solo turned on him.

Kylo’s grip loosened as he experienced the flashback she conjured up. He felt what she was feeling. He could feel the rain dripping down her face as if it was hitting his own.

Rey slipped back to reality, her breathing slowing. Kylo was calm, and she could sense this. The feeling washed over her like it was her own. He was pushing this feeling onto her, trying to soothe her anger. As she stopped her thrashing, his arms continued to loosen.

Rey stepped away from him, shaking off his touch. It wasn’t until she moved away she realised she had been touching his skin. He was wearing the black v-cut undershirt and no gloves on.

Rey, quite startled, looked around them, afraid that someone had seen him. Just like on the island, her touch would have pulled him into her world as she didn’t remember seeing his surroundings.

“You know where I am?” she asked, afraid.

“It doesn’t matter,” he said.

“Of course it does,” she said suddenly. “You destroy everything.”

“Why didn’t you stay?” Kylo asked, ignoring her.

Rey wiped at a tear beginning to roll down her cheek (she had forgotten how many times he had seen her cry). She looked down as she shuffled her foot in the dirt, refusing to look at him.

“The resistance will never win, how long have they been trying at this for?” Kylo said, his voice flat.

Rey grimaced, her response dying in her throat.

“You cannot win this, only I can change the First Order,” Kylo stepped closer to Rey, his voice now a rushed whisper, “We could have done this together.”

Rey thought of the vision she had of them together. The light, the essence of life and growth floating around them. She had been so sure it was he that gave into the light and came to her, she would never believe it was the other way around. He had tricked her and lied to her before. She would be above his ploys.

“That’s not what I want,” Rey hissed.

_Please._ His voice echoed through her head. She remembers how he had looked at her, begging her to stay. Rey now looked up into his eyes, noticing he was closer than before. She felt a twisting low in her stomach at the sight of him, he didn’t look away, he never shied away in front of her.

The wind rushed back to meet her. She exhaled, and he was gone. Rey was left feeling emptier and alone than ever before. Her muscle aching and her mind reeling.

Chapter End Notes

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Kylo spent his days aboard a replica of Snoke’s ship, *The Supremacy*. Hux’s presence was constant, and Kylo knew deep down he couldn’t kill the man, he needed a general to command the armies. There was no one Kylo trusted less than the red-haired man, he could sense Hux’s hatred towards him. The urge to suffocate Hux every time he saw him was overwhelming.

Their meetings bored Kylo to no end. Each day the First Order got closer to finding the new resistance base, and Kylo’s brain stumbled over a way to protect Rey. He didn’t know why, even now, he felt determined to keep her alive so he could see her again.

The words he spoke to Luke, that he spent every day trying to suppress, afraid that Rey would hear him, boomed inside his head.

*I’ll destroy her.*

But the fate of the resistance was tied to her. With the death of her would come the end of the resistance. Without the movement to protest the actions of the First Order, finally Kylo would have his chance to rebuild the entire galaxy.

He thought about it now, how close he had come in the presence of Snoke. His body physically shook at the thought of killing her by his own hand.

Kylo thought of the last time he had visited Rey through the force-bond, just less than a week before. Even though it was night time, he could still picture the sand and cliffs, the building that housed the last few resistance fighters. He didn’t know the planet, but if he gave the information to Hux, it wouldn’t take long for the First Order to find them.

With each day, the resistance grew boulder, and it would only be weeks until the First Order tracked one of their ships, even though lightspeed. Their technology was far more advanced now, only needing moments to identify a ship before it disappeared.

As the meeting ended, Hux motioned for him to stay. Kylo pursed his lips, locking his jaw. Hux spoke as the doors hissed shut.

“I won’t pretend to know anything about force specialities, but Snoke spoke once of force users to be able to pick up other force users,” Hux said.
Kylo stared at the other man, keeping his face blank.

“So why can’t you find her?” Hux asked, more forcefully.

“It doesn’t wo-”

“She is a powerful Jedi, and she’s the last one left aside from Skywalker,” Hux spat. “Better yet, they’re probably together. So, why can’t you find them.”

“It doesn’t work like that,” Kylo reiterated, stepping closer to Hux.

Hux stood his ground, but Kylo felt an echo of the fear that Hux felt.

“Well, you better find another way. Every moment we give them, the stronger they get.”

Hux headed towards the door, as the doors slid open Hux turned around and spoke.

“Impressive, don’t you think? How she could bring down Snoke and every Praetorian Guard, whilst you were...incapacitated,” Hux paused, “Was that the phrase you used?”

With that, Hux left, the doors hissed shut again and Kylo was alone. He knew what he had to do, but every part of his brain urged him to reconsider.

Rey sat in her room, her hands drifting over the sacred Jedi texts. Rey had been going through the pages trying to interpret what she could from the illustrations and diagrams, but it hadn’t been much use.

She heard the whispers, the voices like when she was on the island. The sacred tree where the books had been, kept calling to her. There was the cave on the island that represented the dark side, but Luke had never shown her the light side equivalent. Rey wonder if it had been the tree, or the room hollowed out in the top of the cliff with the small pool.

She tried to place herself back there now, trying to find some detail that she missed.

*Rey.*

She whipped around at the sound of her voice. Then looked back to the books. Someone called her name again and she realised it wasn’t the texts, it was a calling down the bond.

Kylo materialised behind her, without much of a physical warning down the bond.

“Where are you?” Kylo asked, his voice coarse.

Kylo’s eyes drifted downwards and Rey realised she was still touching the books. She moved away, hoping Kylo could no longer see them.

His gaze moved back to her face, he studied her like he did the first time they connected through the force-bond.

“I need to know where you are,” Kylo said again.

“I’m not telling you anything,” Rey replied curtly.
Rey felt a gentle caress down the bond and a shiver ran down her arms. Rey in response sent a pulse down the bond, attempting to cut it off.

“You can’t cut me off, not while you’re thinking of me,” Kylo warned.

“I’m not thinking of you,” Rey replied.

“If that was true, I wouldn’t be here - you could make me go away,” Kylo said, his lips almost quirking up – almost.

Rey turned away, facing the wall.

“Rey,” Kylo pressed, his voice soothing.

“I don’t want you here,” Rey said as she turned on her heel, raising her arm, her palm faced at Kylo.

She tried physical pushing his form away, but he wasn’t truly there, so it had no effect. Unless she was touching him, she couldn’t affect him.

“Where are you? I need to know,” Kylo insisted, ignoring her attempts at removing him from her sight.

“Give me one good reason. Finally decided to leave the First Order?” Rey taunted.

Kylo gazed around his surroundings, his eyes widening. Rey felt fear pooling in her gut, the emotions radiating down the bond to her. She knew what his was feeling was real.

“Rey,” Kylo warned again, his voice quavering. “They’re coming.”

Rey blinked and he was gone. Her heart thrummed in her chest, her fingers felt numb. Using the force, she propelled her two backpacks towards her, pulling her lightsaber from one before rushing from her room and heading to the main control room.

As she entered in the room, Leia looked up expectantly, just as a supervisor yelled out to the room, First Order ships dropping from hyper-space above their planet.

“Go Rey, take the Falcon,” Leia ordered, “Go now!”

Rey nodded, already backing from the room. Finn, she thought, turning quickly and heading to his rooms.

As she ran through the passage way she spotted Chewie.

“Get the Falcon ready!” she shouted, pointing towards the hanger.

She kept moving, as she went around the corner to the sleeping quarters she saw Finn standing with Rose.

Rose saw her first and pointed towards Rey, “Finn, she’s there!”

Finn ran to her, his eyes wide. Rey shook her head as if to say she didn’t have time to explain.

“We need to get to the Falcon now,” Rey said.

“Poe-”
Rey cut Finn off with a shake of her head, “He’ll be in an X-Wing, he’ll be fine. But we have to go!”

Finn looked conflicted, but motioned for Rose to follow and the three of them ran through the halls to the hanger. People were everywhere now. Techs filling fuel tanks, pilots strapping themselves in and everyone else trying to load what small things they gathered in speeders.

“Where’s everyone going?” Rey asked suddenly.

“They’ll lose us in the city, it’s our best shot,” Rose said quickly.

Rey pulled up, looking towards Rose.

“He’ll find me, I have to get away,” Rey said worried.

Finn stepped in front of her so that she had no choice but to look and listen to him.

“They won’t get you, Rey. You’re our best hope,” Finn said, assuring her. He looked sideways to Rose then back at Rey as he said, “We’ll get you to safety, okay?”

“Okay,” Rey echoed.

They left one of the hangers, having to exit outside to make it to the hanger where the Falcon was kept. TIE fighters screamed overhead, blasts throwing up sand and dust all around them. A blast to their left threw the three of them sideways, and Rey landed heavily on her shoulder.

Finn pulled her to standing, even limping himself. They ducked as they felt a fighter fly incredibly low.

“Wait!” Rey shouted.

She turned noticing one of her backpacks had fallen from her shoulder. *The Jedi texts.*

“Rey, no!” Rose screeched, but Rey headed back for her bag anyway. Those books were the most valuable thing she owned, without them the future looked bleak.

As she knelt down to retrieve it, tucking a stray book back into the bag, a blast landed less than ten feet in front of her, throwing her backwards.

Onboard a dreadnought, floating above the planet, Kylo Ren collapsed with pain. Blacking out for a few moments, he came to in the middle of a hallway, a Stormtrooper down the hall looking back at him expectantly.

Kylo took a deep breath and tried to move but the pain shot through him again, radiating out from his stomach, and from his ribs. Something was definitely broken.

He cut off every link he had to the bond, and it numbed the pain he felt, but only slightly.

When Rey came to it had only been minutes since she blacked out. Finn was pulling her to her feet, and she screamed out as a pain shot down her side.

“My bags, please. My bags,” she said faintly. Rey could taste blood in her mouth.

“I’ve got them, Rey,” Rose said close to Rey’s ear.
Finn pulled Rey forwards towards the Falcon. Aboard, Rey tried to head down to the gun position, but Rose pulled her towards a bed in the main room.

“Let’s go, Chewie,” Rey said urgently, her eyes closing.

For a moment, Rey felt the pull of the bond, but she shook her head trying to overcome the urge to open up to Kylo so he could speak with her.

The Falcon shot into the air, and Kylo was long forgotten. They kept low as they headed towards the city where the traffic of ships coming to and fro from the planet was at its thickest.

“Another round of TIE fighters, heading towards the base!” Finn’s voice roared.

Rey’s heart was racing, the push and pull of the force around her intensified. She felt every course of energy through the ship, and the nervous tension that rolled off in waves from Rose, Finn and Chewie in the cockpit behind her.

Chewie kept the ship low and they passed through the city, trying to buy time for Rose to calculate their jump away from this planet.

“Now,” Rose said.

They lost what TIE fighters tracked them from the base and jumped to hyperspace.

“Will they track us?” Rey called out.

“We won’t be able to tell until we stop,” Rose said unconvincingly.

“May the force be with us,” Finn said solemnly.

They stopped just near a planet on the outer rim, following a hyperspace trail that Rose promised to be rare and hardly used. Only if the First Order has used their new tracking abilities would they be able to find them.

“Where now?” Rose asked.

Rey forced herself to stand and walked into the cockpit, staring down at her friends she felt completely defeated. Weeks on work, and now they had to start all over again. Rose looked up to her worried and tried to hold up Rey’s weight.

“An old friend?” Finn suggested. Rey nodded in reply before blacking out.

Chapter End Notes

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When Rey woke, Rose was sitting by her bed. Rey looked around, feeling utterly lost. They were in a place that reminded her of the rooms on D'Qar; water damaged roofs and cracked circular windows. The air was musty and a chill was in the air.

“Are Finn and Chewie okay?” Rey asked suddenly.

Rose nodded, smiling a little.

“We haven’t heard from the rest yet back at the base, only Poe. He’s still in the city near the base,” Rose said.

Rey nodded, the churning of her stomach finally stopping.

“Where are we?”

“We travelled back to the Mid Rim, we’re in the Chalcedon system,” Rose informed her. “This place belongs to Maz.”

“She’s here?” Rey asked, perking up.

“She’s on her way back here, should be here later tonight.”

Rey nodded and tried to sit up, her hand instantly coming to rest on her left side.

“You need to rest!” Rose said quickly.

“I need to bathe, I’m covered in blood and dirt,” Rey winced, “Did I hurt myself bad?”

Rey looked over her arms, and lifted a blanket to look at her legs. There were cuts and scratches covering her body, purple bruising beginning to form everywhere else. Plus, a throbbing in her head.

“Just a broken rib or two, I think. You’re lucky,” Rose stated.

“Lucky?” Rey shot back.

“You could be a lot worse, Rey,” Rose said. “We all could be. We made it out, and they didn’t track us.”

“I feel guilty for not staying,” Rey admitted.

Rose took Rey’s hand, rubbing her calloused thumb over the back. “That base was never going to be one we kept forever. Everything now is temporary. There was no point wasting gun-power and
people defending a pile of crap.”

“But the others, we don’t know if they’re okay!” Rey argued.

“Poe wouldn’t have left if people were still in danger, you know him. If he got away, so did everyone else,” Rose said softly, she patted Rey’s hand once more. “Now, there’s a washroom through there, please don’t drown, I need to go find Finn and tell him you’re okay.”

Rose left through a door that whined as it hissed closed. Rey looked around once more and noted how run down the place looked; the washroom didn’t look much better. She hobbled over to a bath against the wall and began to run hot water. The floor felt grimy and the mirror above the sink was covered in marks.

Just by sitting in the water for a few minutes it caused the water to turn brown and Rey felt disgusted. She grabbed a rough cloth and began scrubbing away at all of the stains on her body. When she had finished, she let the water drain out before refilling it with fresh hot water.

Rey relaxed into the bath, feeling her muscles loosen and the pain that radiated across her back fade. She breathed deep, feeling the steam rise to dampen her face. Her arms that rested on the lip of the bath were cool, goose bumps running from shoulder to elbow. A sigh escaped her mouth and water splashed as she rearranged herself.

As she closed her eyes, time felt like it slowed and then she heard soft footfalls coming towards her.

Kylo was pacing in his room when he heard the smack of water against the side of a tub. He turned his head towards the open door of his washroom, ears plucking up.

For a second he thought someone had broken into his rooms, but then he senses flooded with the feeling of warmth and comfort, spreading out over his body and masking the pain he felt right down to the palms of his hands. For a moment, he took the time to recognised the relief he felt that she was alive, and hoped she didn’t pick up on how pleased he was by this.

He breathed in, and could hear – feel – her breathe out.

He walked softly, everything had become so silent. He was afraid any noise would break his trance, like when you open your eyes in the morning and all chances to return to sleep are gone.

Rey’s head cocked to the side so she could see Kylo’s figure appear on the threshold just over her shoulder. There was almost two metres between the door and the bath, so Kylo’s eyes didn’t angle straight down into the tub, but Rey still shifted her arms so they crossed over her chest.

Kylo felt her discomfort and slowly, carefully, slid to the floor so he was leaning against the wall parallel to her.

Rey relaxed again as Kylo dipped his head, hair falling in front of his eyes.

“Where am I to you?” she asked fearfully, afraid she lay naked on his floor. The image of her bare in front of him flashed quickly through her mind, and she was sure he saw a glimpse of it to.

“In my bath,” he replied suddenly, the words rushing from his mouth.

Rey relaxed, slipping deeper into the water. Her eyes left Kylo and instead focussed on her fingers as she dragged them through the cloudy water.
“You’re hurt,” Kylo commented. His voice was barely above a whisper, but the same abrasive tone he used was still there.

Rey didn’t reply, instead pushed energy down the force, she made him feel the pain she felt, the unease. Like a constant hum, she continued to press on his mental barriers. She found a gap and crept in, letting the restless, anxious feeling in her stomach pass on to him.

She felt Kylo push back, a strong blow that forced her to stop. They let the bond dissolve out, back to its neutral silence.

“Look into my mind, Rey. It wasn’t me that caused this,” Kylo said, clearly aggravated, his hands that were clasped together shook with irritation. His head stayed bent, looking down between his arms, elbows resting on his raised knees.

“You are the Supreme Leader-”

“Just look, Rey! This was not me,” Kylo growled.

Rey flinched at his tone. She drew her bottom lip between her teeth and sniffled. Kylo stood quickly, and Rey rushed to cover herself, sitting more upright in the bath so her body was curled away from him.

But Kylo kept his gaze on the floor as he crossed to the bath, he turned his back to her and sat just like before, but now leaning up against the side of the tub.

Now that he was closer Rey felt the opening at his end of the bond, and slipped into his thoughts. Rey recognised his alarm as she saw, through his eyes, his ship appearing above the planet the resistance base was on. She felt, as he headed for the bridge, his confusion and anger that he kept bottled up as Hux’s figure emerged in front of him, a grin on his face.

Rey sighed, still feeling tense, but let the scowl on her face slip away. Kylo felt her restlessness waver, and relaxed himself, his hands no longer clamped together.

Kylo felt reckless and weak, his emotions always flared up when he was around her. He felt like he had no control over his own body. His hands twitched for his lightsaber out of fear, and rage. But when he acted this way in front of her, she never panicked. He may have lost all sense of himself, but she remained sure he could never harm her.

“What happened to you?” Kylo asked suddenly.

“Fighters, a blast almost hit me,” she replied soberly.

Kylo paused for a moment, tempted to withhold information from her, but the words slipped out before he could stop himself, “I felt it. You were unconscious, so was I.”

Rey realised in that instance, the headache that had been aggravating her since climbing aboard the Falcon had disappeared. She passed it off as part of her injury, she assumed she must have hit her head hard. But since Kylo had walked into the washroom it had disappeared.

“You’ve been trying to reach me?” Rey asked, confused.

Kylo, obviously aware of the thoughts running through Rey’s head, realised what she had picked up on.

“Yes,” he admitted.
“The forcebond, your persistence, it’s what had been making me feel so sick,” Rey said running her hands over her face. Her fingers prodded at her temples.

“I thought you were dead,” Kylo said in a defensive tone. His voice lighter than she had ever heard him, for once she had the upper hand. Now he was the one weakened by their…relationship.

“I think you would know if I was dead,” Rey said.

Kylo breathing faltered, as he realised Rey was probably right. He hadn’t considered what would happen to him if she died, would the bond break completely? Would he be hurt?

He turned his head so he could peer over the lip of the tub at Rey. Her damp face glowed in the light from the window above the bath, baby hairs stuck to her forehead and the steam from the bath rose around her.

Kylo swallowed nervously. They both noticed in that moment their knowledge of this connection between them was quite limited. There were endless possibilities regarding how they could inflict pain on each other. Rey wondered why any Jedi would create a force bond, refusing to think anything positive could arise from it.

Kylo, sensing her animosity towards their connected, glowered. Rey wonder for a moment if his lips would form into a pout.

“What are you going to do, Kylo Ren, now that you’re afraid to kill me?” Rey teased, her voice haunting.

Kylo didn’t reply but instead leaned his head back against the metal of the tub, trying to savour this moment. She didn’t want to kill him tonight, he would count that as progress.

Rey’s eyes drifted down to the locks of Kylo’s hair that were now so close to her hand. She could easily reach up and drag her fingers across his scalp. Her cheeks flushed even redder than what they already had been from the heat of the bath.

She shifted her legs, her knees that poked out from the water had grown cold. Her hips had been locked so long in this position she felt the urge to get up and walk around. Rey and Kylo remained in silence as Rey stretched her limbs around in the bath, soaking up the last bit of warmth. Kylo had become so still Rey thought he may have fallen asleep. She realised this was the longest time they had spent together through the bond; she wondered why they hadn’t detached from each other yet.

When they were both calm, relaxing into the flow and ebb of the force, they were drawn to each other, she recognised. Or when, they called for one another: but those instances they never stayed with each other long, the flaring of emotions across the bond made it fragile.

“The water will go cold soon,” Rey remarked.

Kylo’s head shifted, and he hummed in reply.

He turned to look at her again, and Rey was embarrassed that he caught her staring at him. She squirmed, looking away, and as she did, he disappeared from her sight.

The cool temperature of the water now seemed colder. She rose from the bath without another thought about what just happened.

Chapter End Notes
lemme know what you guys think!! pls give me criticism, it helps a lot!

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Chapter 5

Chapter Summary

Bad news only.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

It was over lunch the next day that Rey realised she missed talking to Kylo Ren. Back on Ahch-To, every conversation they had felt like the rebirth of something valuable. She had believed, so fully, that he would turn from the dark side. But Luke was right, things did not go the way she wanted nor planned.

Communicating with Kylo had given her purpose. Many times, she convinced herself that the bond appeared, a gift from the force, to help Rey change the tide, giving the resistance an advantage. Right now, as she sat eating sticky rice and dried fruit with Finn at a creaky table, she became worried that she may have ruined the resistances chances for good.

She glanced over her empty bowl at Finn who ate his food slowly. Rey chuckled, and Finn’s head shot up to look at her. His lips quirked upwards, shaking his head as he joined in with Rey’s laughing. Finn distaste towards anything different or dangerous amused Rey. The smallest things trouble him, and it made Rey’s life feel more normal, more mundane. The worries of the resistance and the First Order disappeared. Rey was most grateful for the force bringing Finn and her together, and she clung to his presence, his innocence, as she struggled through each day.

Somewhere out the front of their small shack, Rose called out. As Finn and Rey raced outside, a small cruiser began its landing sequence, leaves, pollun and dust flying towards the shack.

Rey unclipped her blaster from her belt instinctively. A door opened below the ship, a small walkway dropping to the ground. A woman with beady eyes and large glasses walked in an angry manner towards them.

“Maz,” Finn said, relieved.

Maz instantly looked to Rey, stopping a few feet in front of her. Maz’s hands crossed in front of her, and she quirked her head, analysing Rey. She then hummed and then shook her head, obviously disappointed in what she had found looking at Rey’s appearance. But Rey knew Maz could pick up much more than she was letting on and it made Rey feel very nervous.

“Come on then!”

Finn, Rose and Rey followed the short woman inside to the kitchen table and waited until she got herself comfortable before joining her, broken chairs scraping across the concrete floor.

Finn nudged Rey’s leg, and she looked to him, he raised his eyebrows and motioned his head towards Maz. Rey shrugged her shoulders, unsure of how to cut through the silence.

“The codebreaker? How did it go?” Maz said suddenly, her voice harsh.
“Uh,” Rose mumbled.

“Yes?” Maz prompted.

“Not well, we got the wrong one,” Finn said.

“Bah! What one *did* you get?” Maz asked, clearly frustrated at the incompetency of everyone who wasn’t her.

“Uh, he said his name was DJ?” Rose offered.

Maz gave Rose a drawn-out glare, before huffing and looking away from the table.

“Don’t Join,” Maz muttered.

“What?” Finn asked.

“How did you two manage to get one of the most disreputable people in the galaxy to trick you? You should know better!” Maz bellowed, throwing her hands up in exasperation.

“Hey!” Finn said defensively. “What else were we meant to do, give up?”

“Try harder!” Maz answered.

Rey looked over to Rose who looked like she was about to explode with rage, her cheeks had turned red, the flush high on her cheeks. Her lips were drawn together tight, fist clenched where it rested on the table.

“We, um, wanted to know if you knew anything about, uh, hyperspace tracking?” Rey said, stumbling over her words. She was out of her element, Rose was the knowledgeable one when it came to space travel, but Rey was afraid if Rose spoke right now only expletives would spill out.

“Vague question, but yes, I know some,” Maz mused.

“And?” Finn urged.

Rey felt disengaged from the conversation as Finn and Rose spoke to Maz of Cronau radiation, the First Order, and another blasted codebreaker (this one will be easier to find, Maz promised). Rey’s palms grew sweaty as she practiced in her head how she would ask Maz for help. She had bitten her lip so hard she tasted blood and felt a blister swelling inside her mouth.

Rey looked to Finn who looked agitated. She reached over and patted his knee, giving him a small smile. She knew Finn was hesitant to go on another arduous mission, thus increasing the distance between him and Poe. Being away from Poe for less than three days was already having an effect on him.

“You’ll come with us this time?” Rose insisted.

“Yes, but I will not go aboard any First Order ship. I will help you find what you need, that is it,” Maz promised, her tone direct, like a parent talking to their child.

Rose smiled, looking positive.

“Now, you two scurry off. I must talk with Rey,” Maz said suddenly and Rey froze.

Finn and Rose stood, confused, and headed back outside.
“Come closer,” Maz said softly, curling a finger at Rey. Rey stood and walked around the table to kneel next to Maz’s chair.

Maz’s hand came up to rest at Rey’s temple, two fingers lightly brushing her face near her eye.

“Something is wrong,” Maz said, “What is it?”

“I’m afraid to say,” Rey replied.

“Sit,” Maz said pointing to the chair beside her, and Rey gingerly did so.

“How old are you, Maz?” Rey asked out of the blue.

Maz tsked, Rey cast her gaze to the floor.

“A rude question to ask, but I’ll answer. Older than anyone you’ve ever met,” Maz replied. “I have seen the rise and fall of the Jedi, generations and generations of rebels. I have seen marvellous things happen all because of the force, I told you once before, I have seen the same eyes in many people.

“And yours,” Maz continued, “I have seen them before. Qui-Gon Jinn, Ahsoka, even Luke – you remind me of him. The force connects you all through time, through space.”

“I remind you of Luke?” Rey said, hopefully.

“He was brave, and perhaps the strongest Jedi ever to exist. But then, you came along,” Maz said thoughtfully. Her hands came up to fiddle with her goggles, she turned dials and Rey could hear soft mechanical clicking.

“Did you know Darth Vader was born without a father?”

Rey thought for a moment, she realised deep down she already knew the answer. But she couldn’t remember how she become aware of such knowledge.

“Created by disturbing the essence of midi-chlorians,” Man continued, ”The Sith created a weapon disguised as a person. You can see of course how this upset the balance. And here we are, almost a century later trying to pick up the pieces.”

“Why are you telling me this?” Rey asked.

“Only a very strong force user could achieve such a thing.”

“What does this have to do with me?” Rey prodded.

Maz gazed across at her, her mouth quirked downwards, like she was deep in thought. Rey flushed under her stare, wriggling in her seat.

Maz held her silence, using it to make Rey grow uncomfortable, the words finally spilling from Rey’s lips as if Maz had pulled them from her.

“What do you know about force-bonds?” Rey said quickly, the words moulding together.

Maz made a deep sound in her throat, almost like a growl.

“You cannot get rid of it, child. Not even in death, both would simply suffer the same fate,” Maz said, guessing where Rey’s question would lead.
“But-”

“Even the wisest Jedi master could not supply any answer other than to break a bond it would require you to turn your back to the force.”

“I-I can’t do that,” Rey blurted. “Please, there must be another way?”

“None,” Maz said.

“I can’t do that,” Rey repeated, speaking mostly to herself. She said it as if to check if it was the truth. The force quivered around her. No, she couldn’t shut this feeling off, it would destroy her.

Rey got up suddenly and walked from the room. She stepped out onto the front path of the shack and headed towards the Falcon. Finn stood with Rose near Maz’s cruiser and called out to her as she marched past them.

Rey threw out her hand, dismissing his call. As she walked up the ramp of the Falcon she noticed Chewie standing near the top. He called out to her, his growl light.

“Can you just give me a moment? Alone?” Rey asked. Chewie growled again in response and exited the ship.

Rey found herself walking to the chess room and plunking herself down on the couch. She stuck her feet up on the chess board, careful not to accidently switch it on and began to cry.

The sobs squeezed the breath from her lungs, and she was left gasping, hurriedly wiping at the trails of tears down her cheeks.

Rey turned so she was completely curled sideways on the seat. Her arms coming up to cradle her head. She could feel the force murmur around her, pressing in on her. To give up the force, would be to give up who she was, to give up the future of the resistance. She was the last Jedi, but she would not be the last. Rey.

Her eyes opened.

Chapter End Notes

I may or may not have just started planning another TLJ/reylo fic.... I hate myself.

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Chapter 6

Chapter Summary

Sharing A Bed.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

*Kylo,* she thinks.

“What is it?” he asks, his voice demanding, but soft and barely audible.

She brings up the memories of her talking with Maz, her answer about breaking the bond. *You cannot get rid of it.*

“It doesn’t matter,” Kylo says. And Rey can’t tell if he’s trying to be comforting or not. The way he speaks still perplexes her sometimes.

“How can it not matter?” Rey shouts.

Kylo’s jaw clenches, his shoulders going stiff. He doesn’t have the time nor energy for this now.

Rey senses his desire to leave, he’s stressed, she can tell. She wants to ask what the problem is, but the idea of a conversation so *normal* panics her. She has to keep reminding herself that Kylo is her enemy, but every time she sees him her vigour wanes. Rey tries to console herself, agreeing that if anyone could understand the troubled life of Ben Solo, they’d also start acting sympathetic.

“I’m going to find another way,” Rey says, sniffling.

“You do that,” Kylo taunts, jerking his head towards her.

The both wait, unsure of what to say next. Kylo feels embarrassed, ashamed for some reason, like he wants to take every negative thing back he’s ever said. *Too late now for that,* he thinks to himself, making sure to close off his mind and emotions to her through the bond.

Rey notices he’s closed off from her, more so than usual. The loneliness that blooms inside her chest, grows stronger with every passing moment. She feels a pain in her stomach, like she's hungry, but she isn’t sure what for, she just ate.

Kylo pinches at the bridge of his nose before drawing his hands behind him, clasping his wrist with the other hand.

He waits for her to shut off from him so he can go about his day, already late to one of Hux’s unscheduled meetings.

Rey looks at him as if she’s waiting for an apology or some type of explanation, and it drives him mad.

He gives up waiting and turns from her, forcing himself to pay attention to his own environment as a
means of pulling himself back to reality.

Rey watches him walk away, down the corridor of the Falcon. She wonders if he could sense where she was. She peers up, listening to her surroundings, waiting, but it is silent, even though Kylo is gone.

Later that night she decides to sleep on one of the bunks of the Falcon, while Chewie, Rose and Finn stay inside the shack. A wind had picked up in the afternoon, it howled around the ship, finding gaps in the external walls. The cold of the planet was worse inside the ship; Han not bothering to fit the ship with any type of heating when the main energy was off. Rey pulled a scratchy blanket tighter around her.

She went to bed early, but had been unable to slip off to sleep. Her body felt beyond exhausted, her eyes stinging and her chest feeling heavy.

Rey turns in her cot and at the sight of Kylo Ren lying next to her she almost falls to the floor. Rey shoots up off the cot, blankets falling to the floor. Her legs are wobbly, electricity in her fingertips as her adrenaline spikes.

Kylo’s shock runs down the bond so suddenly it has Rey bending over, hands on her knees supporting her weight. Blood rushes to Rey’s head and she takes a deep breath. Her heart is hammering in her chest.

“I’m sor—”

“It’s fine,” Rey said quickly, cutting him off. It was definitely not fine. Rey’s heart was still knocking against the inside of her chest and she couldn’t seem to control her breathing. She was panicking, slightly.

“I’m sorry,” Kylo said again. He sounded like he was in disbelief, and slightly worried.

“Can you leave please?” Rey asked bluntly.

Kylo stammered. Another wordless apology echoing down the bond.

Rey walked around the ship, to the cockpit and back. Taking the time to circle the whole ship. She even stopped in the washroom to throw cool water onto her face.

Rey laid down on the bed again, tucking the blanket around her body. She felt rigid and tense lying there. There was an energy, buzzing around her. The shock both Kylo and her had experienced still resonated down the bond. But Rey was confident he wouldn’t appear again.

Kylo had felt so ashamed, aware that one of his actions had made their bond connect so suddenly. She hoped he was as mortified as her.

Rey turned, lying on her side, and resting her head on her hand. Their bond had never connected them like that before, but the fact that it did surprised Rey, even when it shouldn’t have. They had crossed a line Rey didn't even know existed. But at one point they both had to be lying awake in their beds, this was bound to happen from the start, Rey thought.

Rey wondered what other parts of her daily life would no longer belong purely to her. An image of Kylo shirtless flashes in front of her. Rey groans, slapping her cheek and pinching her arm, pushing away such thoughts. She lay still for a moment, listening to the bond wondering if Kylo felt her
thoughts wander. It was still and quiet.

If she was weak so close to sleep, what would stop them connecting whilst she was dreaming, or having a nightmare? A lot of bad dreams lately had resembled that night in Snoke’s throne room.

She remembers now, waking up after Luke’s saber had split to find Kylo unconscious. Completely vulnerable, and Rey could have ended a lot of trouble there, but she didn’t have it in her to kill the person who had taken control of Ben Solo. She didn’t think there would ever come a time she gave up hope for Ben Solo to return, no matter what horrors Kylo Ren inflicted on the resistance and on her.

Once, many weeks ago, the thought had crossed her mind that Kylo may have the ability to alter her thoughts and emotions to make her more likely to turn. So, every morning Rey would remind herself of the light that was inside her. Leia’s hope. Finn’s smile. Luke’s bravery.

She listened to the Force, focused on the light, sought out the balance in the energy. This mantra became a lullaby that would usual help her sleep. But not tonight, not now.

Hours later, still awake, the night encased the land in silence. Rey felt delirious, almost drunk on her lack of sleep.

*Go to sleep,* Kylo’s voice echoed off the walls of her room. *Please,* he added after a few moments.

“I can’t,” Rey said aloud, feeling stupid for talking to herself. Kylo hadn’t completely slipped into her world yet, he was still a faint mirage, somewhere far off in the distance.

*You’re keeping me awake.*

“I’m not sorry,” Rey replied.

She felt something pointy dig into her back, and she wriggled forward in her bed. She didn’t need to look to see that he still wasn’t fully there. The impression of him was faint, like she had imagined what it felt like to have him shift around in bed beside her. Rey had never shared a bed before, and the thought, honestly, frightened her. Such a moment of weakness, how did people ever sleep around others? Later, she would blame her worn-out state for lack of reaction and alarm.

Rey peered into the darkness. Light flashed before her eyes, and she saw the glow of Kylo’s eyes – he was looking straight at her. She blinked, the vision disappeared. He still wasn’t really there. Rey wasn’t about to start complaining, she wanted to be alone right now.

*That’s not true.*

*Stop it,* Rey shot back.

The bond snapped into place and all of a sudden Rey could feel a warmth against her back, a flutter on her neck and she shivered. For an instant, when she stared ahead, she saw the night sky, stars dotting a large window that looked out into space.

“Ben,” she said, without thinking, her mouth quicker than her brain. *Kylo,* she thought, correcting herself.

She blinked and was brought back to her tiny room. The space in front of her too dark to make out anything except the red light of the door panel.
Rey rolled onto her back, and turned her head, expecting to see Kylo there, but in the same moment he sat upright in his bed. His exposed back now faced her, illuminated by the light seeping in through the window. Freckles dotted his skin, her eyes followed the bumps of his spine trailing down below his waistband. She could feel the silk sheets wrapped around his middle, covering his legs. Rey kicked her own legs out in the bed, feeling the scratchy material. She frowned.

“It feels like I’m in two place at once,” Rey said.

“I know,” Kylo said softly. He was still sitting up, not looking at her.

Rey trailed her fingers across his smooth sheets, she could feel the heat from where his body had been. She let her body sink into the mattress, soaking up every sensation from Kylo’s room. The temperature was much better, being Supreme Leader really did come with its benefits.

“This can’t go on forever,” Kylo warned.

“What can’t?”

Kylo didn’t reply, he didn’t even turn to look at her.

Rey rolled back over onto her side, suddenly angry that Kylo thought she wanted this. He knew nothing of how she felt, the forcebond never told the truth.

*Go to sleep, Rey.*

*Don’t tell me what to do.*

Rey felt Kylo lie back down, his shoulder was pressed between her shoulder blades and down her back. Without wanting it to, Rey’s anger dissipated, and she found herself drifting off to sleep. *I want this to end,* she shot down the bond. Kylo’s presence was now so faint beside her, Rey was sure she was imagining it.

Chapter End Notes

kylo ren’s theme song is girl crush by little big town.

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Chapter 7

Chapter Summary

Rey and Kylo can't stay away from each other.

Chapter Notes

I promise some real plot will happen soon but this is just another chapter of fluff ...

WHOOPS

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

Rey’s momentary lapse in control, she called it, which occurred the previous night, kept her on edge all day. Every time her thoughts drifted towards him she scolded herself.

She busied herself the next day helping Rose and Finn plan for trip with Maz, which she convinced Finn to let her go on, instead of finding her way back to Leia and the rest of the resistance.

She wanted more time with Maz, alone, so the woman could help her with the Jedi’s texts, but there wasn’t enough time. “You have enough to go on right now,” Maz said, patting Rey’s shoulder.

Rey nodded her head, but on the inside, she was deeply upset she had to pause her training once again. If only Luke was still here.

Chewie took off in the Falcon back to the surviving hub of resistance ships docking in space somewhere in the outer rim, while Rey went with Rose and Finn aboard Maz’s ship. She had two Mon Calamari piloting, and the rest of the ship was empty. There was enough space aboard that Rey got her own room, the small bed not much bigger than the cots on the Falcon.

Rey felt like wasted space, here she was the, the last Jedi, who wasn’t even half as good as the Jedi’s Knights of the old republic. Maz told her as much, as she poured over details of Jedi abilities and the things they could accomplish at the height of their power. From sensory powers to those affiliated with control and the abilities to alter the force and those around you. Rey felt way out of her depth.

Rose and Finn listened intently to Maz as she spoke, mouths opened, gaping. Everything Rey had seen of the force so far was the complete opposite of this mystical, wholesome power Maz described. From Snoke’s Sith abilities, to Luke lashing out in anger, she hadn’t really seen anything that gave her hope.

As she sat there listening, Rey wondered if Maz would mention force-bonds. A secret she still kept form everyone. Her force-bond she didn’t associate with hope, but only with the foul and cruel powers of the Sith. The light side of the force didn’t have anything to do with this torment that would stay with her until the day she died.

“Anyway, enough of that. We should get to sleep, before morning we should arrive. And I want you sharp,” Maz said, and then pointed to Rey, “especially you!”
Rey readied herself for bed, making sure to have all her things together, ready to leave quickly in the morning. As she walked into the sleeping quarters corridor she heard Finn whispering. Rey walked up to the wall beside his open door and listened to him talk to Poe, the others man’s voice very faint. Finn’s voice was soft and tender, every inch of love his body held could be heard in his tone of voice. Rey tilted her head back against the metal wall, her eyes slipping closed, the pain in her chest felt too painful to move sometimes.

Rey walked away without saying goodbye, afraid she had interrupted enough already. In her room, she took off her belt and arm wraps, leaving just her dark grey tunic that fell just below her waistline.

She laid out fresh clothes for the next day, packing everything but her saber into her satchel, and rested it near the base of her bed. Rey tucked the saber into the space above her head and the wall, taping it once to check it was secured in place.

By the time her head finally hit the pillow it would only be a few hours of sleep before she had to be back up again. Their ship would dock at a new system, another face in a crowd to find and then to convince them to help bring the First Order down. Rey hoped Maz was as good as convincing people as she was intimidating them.

Rey thought back to hearing Finn talk to Poe, that side of Finn she rarely got to see, when he was so wrapped up in his admiration of Poe. Every behaviour of his became passionate and adoring. He was so full of sentiment, Rey sometimes forgot he was once a Stormtrooper.

Rey’s thoughts drifted and she wound up where she always did. Like humid air, the bond encircled her. Pulling tighter and tighter. Growing uncomfortable at an alarming rate.

“I can’t leave,” Rey said softly. Her mind felt paralysed.

She should have felt claustrophobic to be stuck in his presence, her mind and body in a trance.

“I know,” Kylo replied, “I can’t stop it either.”

*What do we do now?* They both thought at the same time, their words and feelings blending together into one. Rey wasn’t sure where what she felt ended and where Kylo’s emotions started. Everything felt illicit and drowsy.

He twisted behind her, and exhaled; Rey could hear – feel – the way his body shuddered. She turned her face into the pillow, trying to ignore everything about him. She breathed deep, her lungs filling with the smell of clean linen.

Rey wanted to turn over so she was lying on her back but there wasn’t enough room, so she rolled completely so she was lying on her other side. Kylo didn’t even respond as she accidentally knocked his arm. She tilted her head so she could look up at Kylo. Her eyes traced the line of his scar from his brow to below the collar of his shirt. The mark still looked painful, as if it would hurt every time he turned his face. She almost felt like saying sorry.

The space on her cot wasn’t big enough to fit them both, but somehow it did. She wondered how big Kylo’s bed was and how easily they could lie next to each, plenty of room to spare, she was sure.

Her fingers rested lightly on the sheets between them, one hand tucked under her head. Kylo’s lips pursed and then relaxed, she watched his throat as he swallowed.

The air around them felt sharp, bracing. It was the force, steadying itself; wrapping around them, pulling them closer together. *Kriff*, Rey thought.
“The closer you are, the more it feels like you’re really here with me,” Rey choked out.

“Is that what you want?” Kylo asked, the question stunned her.

*Stop it,* the words rushed through her mind. What Rey had directed at Kylo reached his ears as if spoken aloud. He could hear the shaky way she spoke, the hitch in her breath. He shivered.

“Rey,” he said and her heart tethered itself. The background noise from the room is sucked away, leaving just them.

His voice was soft. *Just you,* he had once said to her. He had looked at her mesmerized, unable to find reason and logic.

Kylo closed his eyes, making it look like he was asleep. Peaceful. When he opens them again, he’s looking straight at her. His hand resting over his stomach twitches, as if he was going to reach towards her.

“I don’t want this to happen every night for the rest of my life,” Rey said bluntly.

Kylo’s face remained blank. His eyes travelled down to her lips, and lower still, before darting back to her eyes. Rey’s skin burned every place his eyes had touched. She kept her gaze on his face, refusing to look down again where his shirt had parted over his chest.

*Kriff,* she thought again.

“What if it does?” Kylo tested. The promise of having someone lie beside her while she slept each night made her feel more alone than ever. She wasn’t quite sure how that could be.

She wondered if she touched him would she be able to feel the heat of his body -- would that make up for the hollow feeling in her chest.

Kylo, noticing her desires before she could even fully comprehend them herself, reached out, his fingers brushing the back of her hand.

Rey gasped as the touch, tremors travelling up her arm.

His hand stayed resting atop of hers, the weight of his touch real and solid. Rey wanted to turn her palm over and curl their fingers together. Light over Kylo’s shoulder caught her eye, and she realised it was the glow of a sun’s light off of a First Order base outside his window.

Kylo saw what she saw, but wasn’t alarmed. Nothing she saw would help her find him.

Rey finally noticed she was warmer now, the sheets softer again.

His touch had pulled her into his world, though she could still feel the cot she laid on back in Maz’s ship. She was in two places at once, her senses flooded by what she felt and what Kylo felt. Even her brain stumbled over thoughts that weren’t completely her own.

“You’re not alone,” Kylo said softly, his fingers brushing against her skin.

What they were doing, this felt forbidden, like she was breaking the rules of the bond that allowed them to do this in the first place. She pulled her hand back, suddenly cold.

“Don’t do that,” Rey said.

“Don’t be afraid.”
But she was afraid, and deep down, trapped somewhere secret, she felt something else, something terrifying.

Chapter End Notes

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In the distance as asteroid belt appeared, ships cruised around them headed for a centre asteroid, larger than the rest. A monumental construction had joined together two malformed planetoids. A spiral of lights and jutting structures became clearer between the two planetoids as they got closer.

“Kafrene? That’s where you’ve brought us?” Finn howled.

“What is it?” Rey asked, confused.

“A placed filled with Stormtroopers, that’s what!”

“Shh!” Maz hushed Finn, concentrating on steering the ship towards a landing bay.

“How are we ever meant to get around without being seen?” Finn asked as he began pacing across the control room. His hand coming up to brush through his short hair.

“You can stay here if you’d like,” Rose commented.

Finn opened and closed his mouth before shaking his head.

Rose looked to Rey, a smile on her face.

After they docked Maz fetched for them black cloaks, as well as a scarf for Rey to wrap around her face.

“Is this necessary?” Rey asked.

“You’re the most wanted person in the galaxy, after Luke Skywalker. One glimpse of you and we’ll have the whole First Order armada turning up,” Maz bellowed.

“Right,” Rey stammered, “Okay.”

Rose helped her get dressed and Rey made sure her lightsaber was easily accessible at her hip under the cover of her cloak.

The streets of Kafrene were packed with traders, every species in the galaxy had gathered here. Rey tried to keep her head down, but the intrigue of this place got the best of her. Rey found herself smiling as she watched people interacting. Languages she’d never heard before reached her ears. Objects and foods, she never could have imagined, filled the market place and the smells made Rey’s mouth water.

Maz turned and ushered Rey forward who had fallen behind the rest. Maz lead them towards a tight passage way in between two buildings. At the end of the passage a neon banner hung above an
entrance to a bar.

“We’re going down there?” Finn asked, hesitant about heading into a place with so few exits.

Maz didn’t falter and quickly descended down into the building. Rey couldn’t see the bottom, the force quivered around her. She had a very bad feeling about this.

Down the steps the passaged opened up to a room filled with people, music and noise. People were pressed shoulder to shoulder and Rey had to push between them to catch up to Maz who easily moved between the legs of people.

As Rey followed, she had the feeling she was being watched. A gaze burning into her back. A bead of sweat rolling down Finn’s head, his hand ghosting over the grip off his gun.

Maz suddenly appeared in front of Rey. “Finn, you with me. Rose, Rey, spread out.”

Rey backed towards the side of the room, keeping close to the wall made it easier to move about.

She caught a glimpse of Finn and Maz across the room, slipping behind a break in the wall. Rey’s lips drew into a thin line, her heart telling her to follow Finn.

Rey stumbled, tripping over glasses that had been dropped on the floor and almost fell into the lap of a Clawdite. Rey jumped back, her mouth botched up an apology as people at a nearby table began to yell at her for interrupting then. Rey backed away and kept moving around the room until she had a clear view again of where Finn and Maz had disappeared.

The music in the room was a mix of deep bass and synth, combined with acoustic instruments, that all blended together to make music Rey thought sounded awful.

Her eyes caught onto a cloaked figure, and she whipped around trying to get a better view, but the figure disappeared.

Rey pushed forward into the crowd, ducking below a Klatooian throwing a glass at another patron. Rey squealed, almost slipping on the wet floor and dropping completely to the ground. When she stood again she felt disorientated. Each way she looked the room appeared the same. The lighting was poor in here, and she had to squint to try and find the way she entered. Rey wondered if there was something in the air making her feel so dazed. Rey realised she was breathing hard and she rubbed at her eyes trying to clear the fogginess from in front of her.

“You alright girly?” someone said to her.

“Yes,” Rey said, although she was visibly worried, and moved away from the voice. She felt defenceless in this large shadowy room.

Finn, she pleaded in her mind, come back to me.

A hand grabbed at the bottom of her cloak and pulled her downwards and forwards. Rey stumbled, crashing to the floor.

“Get up! We’re going.” Rey tilted her head up into the face of Maz. She breathed a sigh of relief.

Before she could say anything, an explosion went off behind her.

“Run!” Maz shouted. Rey didn’t waste any time stumbling to her feet and following the small woman. Around her, panicked people crowded together, all trying to get to the door. Another
explosion went off. Light poured into the bar where the wall had been ripped away by the blast.

“Up, up!” Maz shouted.

Rey did so, climbing up over the rubble, through the hole the size of three Wookie’s, that lead out into the street. Over the ringing in her ears Rey could hear a siren, and the shouts of Stormtroopers.

Maz pulled at her cloak again and they moved with the crowd headed to where the street opened into a clearing in between the main section of markets. Rey made sure to pull her hood back up over her head, and readjust her scarf that had dropped to around her neck.

In her peripheral, she saw the hooded figure again. It stopped Rey in her tracks, and she turned.

You, she thought annoyed. Relief washed over at the sight of Kylo Ren’s eyes looking into her own. She wondered what had taken her so long to recognise him.

“Him,” Maz said coolly, her voice cutting through the terror and the noise of the bustling street.

Rey, eye’s wide, looked down to Maz who scowled at Rey.

“What,” Rey choked out. She looked back to where Kylo was standing but he had disappeared. “You can-”

“Rey!” Finn grabbed hold of her shoulders, almost tackling her to the ground. “Stormtroopers, we gotta go!”

Back on Maz’s ship Rey was afraid the short woman would open fire on her. She was anxious, her stomach in knots. She thought she might actually vomit every time Maz looked towards her.

Maz had seen him, or felt him. Somehow, she knew. Him, she had said, so clear, ice cutting through the air.

Once they had taken off and were a respectable distance from Kafrene, Maz jabbed her finger towards Rey, “You, with me, now.”

Rey cringed, head bowing. Maz made Rey follow her to an empty hallway, well out of earshot of the control room where Finn remained. Rey checked on Rose and the new passenger they had picked up in Kafrene as they passed by the opening to the storage bay. They two were deep in conversation and far enough away that Rey wasn't worried Rose would overhear.

“Why did you not tell me?”

“Tell you what?” Rey said calmly, even through her heart raced.

“That Ben Solo, he is the one you’re bonded with!”

“How could you tell?” Rey asked, realising there was no point denying it.

Maz turned her face away. “That amount of darkness, I would recognise it anywhere once I started paying attention.”

Rey wanted to defend Kylo, but Maz was right. He did feel like darkness, like everything bad in this world. Anguish and hurt, burning rage and grief.
“There may be another way,” Maz said, her fingers brushed at the underside of her jaw. “But you must be ready, and wanting, it will not be easy.”

“Another way?”

“To break the damn thing!”

Rey nodded, her head bobbing stupidly and her bottom lip quivering. “Please.”

Maz reached out and took Rey’s hand. “I can feel him on you, seeping through your skin. You must ignore this call to the dark side of the force.”

“I would nev--”

“You say that, but child, you have a gentle heart,” Maz closed her eyes, as if she was sensing the force, reading it, analysing it. “You have hope in him, you foolish thing.”

Maz dropped Rey’s hand violently. “Ben Solo is gone. Stop looking for him.”

Rey dropped to her knees. Her vision becoming blurred. She wiped at a tear with the back of her hand.

“Please,” she trembled, “I want to end the bond.”

Maz’s lips pressed together in a grimace, “I am not convinced. But, I will take you to an old acquaintance, regardless. We leave immediately.”

Chapter End Notes

I'm really angry at myself cause I just wrote a chapter that's four chapter AHEAD of this???? and I haven't written the chapters that link this one to that one!!!!!!!!!!!!

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They met Chewie halfway. Rose and Finn staggered from Maz’s ship confused at her sudden reluctance to explain anything. Rey bashfully fiddled with her tunic, standing at the base of the walkway up to Maz’s ship.

The new member of their team, Brandt Orutany, was an older looking man. With a bald head and tiny pair of glasses atop his wonky nose, Rey was happy to no longer have to share a ship with him. He nervously scratched at the stubble on his chin as Chewie carried a large suitcase of his onto the Falcon. Chewie called out, to which Brandt replied, “It’s important! I’ll need it if you want to sneak me anywhere near a First Order ship.”

Finn looked to Maz, hands on his hips. This was not the codebreaker and engineer he had imagined.

“Whatever this is, get it done quickly, alright?” Finn said to Rey as he pulled her off to the side. Finn’s face was close to her, if it were anyone else she would drop her gaze, but with him, she clings onto her last moments with him.

“I will, Finn. I promise,” Rey said.

“Why is it we always end up split apart?” Finn asked, his voice raspy.

“I don’t know, but,” Rey took Finn’s hand and held it between them, “I’m coming back, okay? I’ll be back so soon.”

They finished off their goodbyes with a bone crushing hug and then that was it; Rey watched the Falcon flying off into the distance night sky. Her temporary home, the place she felt most safe, was travelling away from her.

“On board, let’s go,” Maz said impatiently. Rey’s jaw locked.

Rey sat beside Maz in the cockpit, helping her to co-pilot. Maz had let her two tech’s go with the rest aboard the Falcon back to the resistance. Wherever Rey was headed now, Maz was being highly secretive about it.

“Is-is it safe?” Rey asked nervously.
“Nothing safe about cutting yourself open and ripping a part of you out.”

“Cutting open? Maz, I-”

“Figure of speech, child,” Maz said, and Rey could hear her snicker to herself. Rey was not amused. “But it will hurt. You are destroying a part of yourself, that’s what the bond is. The force connected you two for a reason, and to break the laws of what the force intended…dangerous business.”

“You think the force made this happen? For a reason?”

“Perhaps,” Maz said vaguely.

“Then do you think I should be doing this?” Rey asked, confused if Maz agreed with her bond or not.

“Of course!” she shouted. “The force’s intentions are not always good.”

“Okay,” Rey, her voice drifting off. Maz had made her feel more confused than ever before.

Maz entered coordinates into the system, and set the auto-pilot functions before rising from her seat and heading towards the door.

“Don’t let him connect with you.”

“I can’t always stop it,” Rey said as she fidgeted with the end of her tunic again.

“Stay on course.” Was the last thing Maz said to Rey before heading to sleep. Rey watched over the ship as it cruised on lightspeed. Soft beeps and murmurs coming from the control panel helped keep her calm. She tucked her knees up, feet on the dashboard in front of her.

She felt someone move behind her and looked over her shoulder to see Kylo walk behind her.

*She was bad at this,* she thought to herself. Just moments after she had promised Maz she wouldn’t do this again, and here she was.

Kylo sat somewhere, hands tapping at a holopad in his hands. He quickly glanced up at her before going back to his work.

Rey twisted her mouth, biting the side of her cheeks. She tapped her fingers on her thighs.

Kylo’s mind was closed off to her, and it felt refreshing not being overwhelmed with thoughts and emotions.

Rey kept flicking between her vision of Kylo and her view looking out the front of the ship. She kept checking to see if she was travelling safely before letting her mind pull her back to wherever Kylo was.

“I wish you were Ben Solo,” she said plainly.

“I bet you do,” Kylo replied. He picked up a pen and began to write on a notepad.

“Who do you wish I were?” Rey asked.

Kylo sighed, “I don’t know.”

Rey let out a lengthy sigh, being dramatic on purpose. It annoyed her that he kept tapping at that
stupid holopad instead of paying attention to her.

Rey must have accidently sent that thought towards him, because he looked up at her (finally) looking slightly amused. Kylo raised his eyebrows before huffing and going back to work.

Rey’s head lolled back, her eyes rolling to the back of her head. She slumped further into her seat and bounced her foot, bored to death (and slightly nervous). She let out another deep sigh.

Kylo dropped his pen dramatically, it clunked and rolled across his desk. Now it was Rey’s turn to lift her brow at him, lips quirking upwards. Kylo stared at her, eye’s blinking slowly. His languid demeanour irritated her, whilst making her feel cosy in her seat. His behaviour was so normal and commonplace it lulled her into a drowsy trance.

If she had stayed - if he had come with her - this is what every night would have been like.

She watched him go back to work for the rest of the night. Yawns escaping his lips and Kylo trying his best to ignore her. He rubbed at his face, brushing the hair out of his eyes every few moments. Rey wanted to stand and go over to him, massage his shoulders, or drape herself around him with her head curled into his neck.

*Maker*, she hoped he was too absorbed in his work to pay any attention to her thoughts right now.

“What are you doing?” she finally asked.

“What are you doing?” she finally asked.

“Writing a letter to the resistance telling them where I am.”

Rey’s head shot up, before she slumped back again, “sarcastic Kylo Ren sounds the same as normal Kylo Ren.”

“Mm-hmm,” Kylo mumbled.

She wanted to tell him this very well could be their last night together, but she was afraid of what he would say and what he would do. She forced herself to commit to memory the way he looked, peaceful, the violent side of him absent.

For the first time in many months, she felt whole. She wanted to preserve this feeling she felt inside her.

Her eyes followed the line of his scar.

“Stop pitying me,” Kylo said suddenly.

Rey didn’t miss a beat, “Maybe it’s what you deserve…Ben.”

She tested saying *his* name, wanted to know the way Kylo would react after so many months since the events of that day on the dreadnought.

“He’s gone,” Kylo said softly.

“That’s not true,” Rey said, jumping to her feet.

She walked over to him, and found herself standing in the middle of the control room on the ship. She slipped back into his world.

Kylo’s eyes traced her movements, his eyes everywhere.
In his mind she felt a force trying to shove her back, to create more space between them. *No,* she thought, *he would not push her away like this.* She was locked out, her face scrunching up as she applied more effort. Kylo’s movements were somnolent, the only tell-tale he was slightly struggling was the way he bit the inside of the corner of his mouth.

“I don’t care what you say, I know the Ben I came to know is still in there,” she pointed to his chest, her finger hovering just above his shirt. “He’ll come back to me, I know it.”

She was running out of time. By this time tomorrow the bond could be gone. This was her last chance. After this, the next time she saw Kylo Ren, one of them would probably die.

“I told you to kill the past, just like I did,” Kylo growled.

“No,” Rey said. She pushed with the force against the barriers surrounding his mind. He directed only anger towards her and it hurt her, overwhelmed what positive state of mind she tried to retain.

“Stop, Ben,” she said hoarsely. His hands gripped his thighs, nails digging into his flesh through the material of his pants. “Look at me,” she insisted.

She watched his jaw clench, gaze struggling to stay on her face. She felt his need to pull back, to look away. She noticed his shadowy sleep marks in the corner of each eye near his nose and the outline of his cheeks which had become more prominent.

Kylo stood and turned from her. She followed him, moving around him so she crowded into his space. They stood in the middle of the cockpit, Kylo towering over her, with Rey’s head obviously tilted upwards -- her face remained firm.

She brought her hand to his scar where it began below his left eye. Keeping her touch light, she let it travel down to the open collar of his dark shirt. She had grown so accustomed to his casual garb, the sight of his collarbones and chest didn’t startle her anymore.

“I’m awfully sorry about that,” Rey said.

Kylo watched the way her hand moved atop his scar, his eyes traced the line of her arm back to her face. Rey’s cheeks flushed red.

“No matter what, I’m not going to leave you and give up,” Rey whispered.

She could feel his warmth through the tips of her fingers, his smooth skin that beckoned her closer.

“Neither will I,” he replied without hesitation. “I saw the future we share. The dark side of the force calls to you.”

Rey’s body felt heavy suddenly. With his mention of the dark side, Rey pulled away, moment lost. The buzzing of the bond that had been growing fizzled out.

Kylo noticed, and tried to think of a way to recreate the connection they had existed between them moments before, his eyes pleading.

Rey chewed at her lip and looked at Kylo one last time before turning away.

Chapter End Notes
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Chapter 10

Chapter Summary

The last light at the edge of the galaxy.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Maz took Rey somewhere out past Jakku, past Rakata Prime, deep within the unknown regions of the galaxy. They were completely alone out here, the night sky looking darker than it normally did.

A large planet basked in the light of a sun near the end of its lifespan. From space, the surface of Ossus was not visible. Instead, the planet was covered in swirling storms of red dust.

As they broke through the thick cloud, Rey saw a planet that had been scorched by heat, no sign of vegetation or life each way she looked.

Maz steered them closer to the surface where the air currents were not as ferocious. Rocky peaks rose from the ground, towering over the ship as they manoeuvred between them. Ahead on the horizon, a lone building stood fixed against the weather-torn land.

“The Temple of Adas,” Maz said softly, peering out through the window at the front of the ship.

“You’ve been here?” Rey asked.

“No, but I have heard stories.”

As they got closer Rey could make out six tall columns lining the front of the building. The stone structure had two levels, another rising from the centre. To each side of the structure, ruins scattered the ground. This temple was once three times the size of what it was now. Rey still didn’t see any signs of life.

Maz set the ship down a hundred yards from the entrance to the temple. As Rey exited out of the ship she could now feel how dry and suffocating the air was. She wrapped her cloak around her mouth, feeling sand on her tongue. It almost felt like she was back home on Jakku.

Rey squinted ahead as she moved towards the entrance of the temple. As her eyes picked up a slight movement, Rey stopped in her tracks. A cloaked figure appeared at the top of the steps leading to the temple. A dark grey cloak was wrapped around his thin form, only a slit in the material for his eyes.

“Maz,” she said cautiously.

“Yes,” Maz agreed. Rey had never seen the small woman look so scared before.

“Do you know who we’re meant to be meeting?”

“Afraid not,” Maz replied and Rey almost shrieked.
She reached for her saber at her side. Holding it firmly in her hand.

“I wouldn’t do that,” Maz warned.

Rey ignored Maz, refusing to put away her weapon.

They reached the bottom of the steps and Rey noticed how tall the cloaked figure was. His eyes were dark, almost black, as his gazed locked onto the saber in Rey’s hand.

“I once knew a Twi’lek by the name of Zule,” Maz said, her tone all casual. The wind gently brushed Rey’s hair and grazed her face, almost soothingly. She squinted against the light reflecting off the cream coloured columns.

Rey was about to step away, and start walking back the ship when the hooded figure raised his hand, the smallest of movements, and beckoned for them to move closer.

She looked sideways to Maz, who nodded, both of them moving together after the figure that had turned and begun heading inside the temple.

Inside the temple, the figure led them down a narrow passage that led to a flight of stairs. The second level opened up to a small sitting room. A maroon rug lined the floor, with cushions for sitting scattered in a wonky circle. Steam rose from a pot of tea on a metal tray in the centre of the cushions.

“Your names?” The man asked suddenly, his voice was orotund, his question straight to the point.

“Maz Kanata.”

Rey poked her chin upwards, “Rey.”

“That’s it?” He asked evenly to Rey.

“Yes,” she said, her voice low.

He walked to one of the cushions and sat down gracefully for a man of his size. He dropped his hood and untied his scarf, that dropped from his face with a *swish*. He was human, and had the face of an old man. Wrinkles lined his eyes and his mouth, which was drawn together in a grimace (one he never seemed to drop). He waved an arm towards the other cushions. As Rey and Maz sat, he poured them cups of black tea.

“How do you know Zule?”

“He bought something from me once, in payment, I asked him to tell me a secret that would interest me,” Maz said, her voice sharp and sweet like poison.

“He was once a priest of this temple,” the man said, nodding to himself. “It was careless of him to tell such a thing to a person like you.”

“Like m-”

He cut Maz off, turning to face Rey. “You may call me Muhju. And I must insist you tell me why you are here, quite quickly, before I have the protectors of this temple come in here and dispose of you.”

Rey gasped. “I came here to break my force bond.”

“With her?” Muhju said, indicating towards Maz.
“No,” Rey paused, “Someone else.”

“Then she has no reason to be here,” Muhju said curtly.

“I suppose not,” Rey said, looking to Maz clearly worried, she didn’t want Maz to leave.

Muhju glared at Maz, waiting for her to move. The woman huffed, clearly offended, and backed from the room.

“That wasn’t very nice,” Rey said softly once Maz had left.

Muhju brought his cup of tea to his lips, blowing gently on the top.

“The bond, tell me about it.”

“Uh-like what?” Rey asked hesitantly.

“Firstly, why you would want to get rid of such a gift?”

“A gift?” Rey spluttered.

Muhju squinted at her, “Yes. You’re confused?”

Rey’s mouth opened and closed.

“In battle, for instance, can you not see the advantage? A complete awareness of your ally, your perception of the battle field an advantage no one else would have.”

Rey tilted her head considering. “It wouldn’t matter. That doesn’t apply to my situation.”

“You do not know, personally, who you are bonded with?”

“No, I do. It’s just, we would never be fighting together,” she said finally. *Again,* Rey continued in her mind.

Muhju took a sip of his tea, sighing as the warmth filled his belly. “What did you say your last name was again?”

“I didn’t.”

“A nameless fighter,” he chuckled, “Who travelled to the edge of the galaxy, into the path of the Sith to do away with her untimely gift.”

“Sith?” Rey asked, tensing.

Muhju leaned closer, “Of course, you think anything other than Sith magic has the power to do what you require of me?”

Rey jumped to her feet, her saber lighting up between her and Muhju.

“Who are you?” Rey snarled.

“A priest of a force-temple, and the one who *you* have come to for help,” Muhju said raising his hands between them, palms facing upwards, as a sign of good will.

Rey pointed her saber towards him, the blue light shimmering around the room.
“I don’t appreciate young Jedi pointing their weapons at me,” Muhju said calmly.

“You’re a Sith,” Rey spat, her hand holding the lightsaber began to shake.

“Put that thing down, you look like a fool.”

“No,” Rey said, attempting to compose herself. But she knew she was no match for this man. Now that she focussed, she felt the dark energy bouncing around the room. The power of the dark side of the force consumed this entire planet, every inch of her pleaded with her to leave this place.

“I can do it, you know. I can get rid of the bond, you just have to trust me.”

“There’s no way I could ever trust you.”

Muhju was clearly annoyed, but showed no signs of unleashing his power on her.

“Fine, do not trust me. But remember, you are no one to me. All I require is monetary payment, then I will perform the ritual, and you can be on your way.”

Rey held steady.

“Reach out with the force, if you must. You are strong, I sense that, and so you must have the ability to recognise when you are being lied to.”

Rey did as he said, focusing on the force that bounced between them. She listened to the atmosphere around him, felt the way the force curled around him, trusting him.

“Okay,” Rey breathed deeply, “okay.” She extinguished her lightsaber, as Muhju rose to his feet. She wasn’t convinced that he wouldn’t try to harm her or capture her, but at this point Rey had no other options – she had to get rid of this bond. She looked at Muhju’s tired face, and she saw no signs of the evil she had imagined Sith to resemble. He was nothing like Snoke, and he was definitely nothing like Kylo – Muhju reminded her of Luke.

“This will not be a pleasant experience,” Muhju warned.

“I understand.”

“And it does not always work, sometimes there are…complications.”

Rey nodded, understanding her life was on the line here.

“There is the option to detach yourself from the force, creating a wound in the force. And this method is reversible.” Rey had begun to shake her head sideways before he had even finished talking.

“No, it’s not an option,” Rey said firmly.

“I’m sure this is something you have been considering a long time, but I must ask once more, as you sure?”

Rey closed her eyes and Kylo’s face flashed across her memory. His voice, saying her name, resonated inside her head.

*Let the past die. Kill it, if you have to.*

She thought, *Damn you, Kylo Ren. I will burn every memory of you.*
Maz led her to a room, it was small and the air was sickly sweet. Unlit candles lined the room. On the floor in the centre of the room there was a large slab of black granite, only a few inches thick, lying atop the shiny marble floor.

Rey slowly lowered herself to the floor and lay down atop the cool rock. Two priest, dressed in the same dark cloaks as Muhju walked into the room, with him trailing slowly behind.

The two priests sat on either side of her, their hands pressing her arm lightly to the ground. Muhju stood above her at her head. He looked down at her, face blank.

“Are you sure?”

Rey nodded as best she could with her head lying against the floor.

“Just hurry up and do it,” Rey said.

Muhju walked around the room, lighting the candles that lined each wall. Maz stood at the doorway, not daring to step over the threshold. Muhju took from a table a pot of black powder. He knelt down at her head, dipping his finger into the paint and drew a line from her forehead, down her nose, to her chin. Next, with two fingers, he painted lines across her cheeks under her eyes. Next, Muhju reached into his pocket and drew out three black stones; one he placed on her forehead, the other two he passed to the priest on her left, who sat them over her heart and over her stomach.

Rey squinted down, her body trembling, but the stones didn’t move. They were grounded by the force to the ground beneath her, the weight of them was heavier than what she expected. Where the powder was on her skin she could feel a slight tingling.

Muhju looked at the two priests, nodding to them. Their grip on her arms became tighter, Muhju closed his eyes and then she heard the clink of chains as they appeared from the holes on in the floor at the end of the granite slab and wrapped tight around her ankles.

Rey suddenly found it hard to breathe.

Muhju placed his hands on each side of her head and that is when the pressure began.

Maz turned from the room.

The throbbing on the inside of her skull only increased, she gritted her teeth, trying to stop herself from screaming.

Then somewhere in the middle of chest, a burning began and she couldn’t stop herself now from screaming. The shriek that met her ears – her own scream – was blood curdling. Her throat stung and blood began to seep from her ears and her nose. She could feel the hot liquid trickle over her skin.

That was the last thing Rey remembered as the pain became so unbearable she blacked out.

Chapter End Notes

long chapter, sorry!
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Rey sat up violently, air rushing back into her lungs, as her hands pressed to her sternum. It felt like a knife had ripped from her jaw to her diaphragm. She tore at her shirt, eventually ripping it upwards to inspect if she had been cut open. Rey pulled her fingers away, checking to see if they were covered in blood. There was no blood seeping through her chest wrap but Rey still felt skeptical; the pain felt too real to be imagined.

“Rey,” Maz’s voice cut through Rey’s moment of insanity.

“It’s done?” Rey asked nervously, "I can’t feel it.”

Maz shook her head. She lifted her goggles so they sat upon her forehead and looked at Rey with deep sorrow.

“It’s been wounded, and so it may feel like it is gone. But it will come back,” Maz said.

“But, it hurts,” Rey implored, “the pain must mean it’s gone.”

“Some bonds are too strong to be broken.”

“But-” the words died on Rey’s lips. Her hands continued tracing the space between her breasts. Her chest stung each time she breathed, the pain radiating out. She wondered how her heart was still beating, the rhythm of it very faint against her fingertips.

“How long until it comes back?” Rey asked.

“Hard to tell,” a voice rumbled from the shadows.

As Rey turned, she let her shirt fall back over her torso. Stepping from the darkness of the room was the Sith that had performed the ritual on her.

“Why didn’t it work?” Rey asked, her voice rough.

“No fault on my behalf,” he replied defensively. “It was too strong, too developed.”

Rey ignored the glare Maz shot her way.

“What do I do now?” Rey asked hopelessly.

“You said you would not detach yourself from the force, so there is nothing left to do,” he said frankly. “Time and determination to close off the bond may work, but the kind of energy involved in doing so means you will not be able to keep it up forever. Your mind must have time to rest.”

Rey looked back to Maz. “That won’t do!” she shouted.

The Sith looked unbothered, waiting for Rey’s anger to pass.

The force bond was gone for how long, Rey did not know. But for now, she would savour this moment.
She laid back down, tears escaping from the corner of her eyes and rolling down into her hair line. She pulled her bottom lip between her teeth, and closed her eyes.

The agony inside her pulled her back into a deep slumber and the last thing she felt was Maz’s hand squeezing her own.

When she woke again, Muhju was the one looking over her. When he noticed she was awake he lifted a bowl of food from a nearby table and held it out to her.

“I don’t think I have the strength,” Rey admitted as she tried to flex her fingers. Her body felt stiff, all her energy drained. If she tried to stand now she was sure she would collapse to the ground.

“You have many questions, I can tell.”

Rey swallowed, trying to turn her face towards Muhju so she could see him better. “I won’t answer anything about myself, that’s the only rule.”

“That’s what every one of my questions refers to,” Rey said, her throat dry. She coughed trying to stop the prickly feeling. Muhju held a glass of water towards her head and helped her sit up enough so she could drink some of the liquid.

“Why didn’t it work?” Rey asked, already knowing the answer but just wanting to hear it again.

“Too developed. This has been going a lot longer than what your friend Maz realises,” Muhju scolded. “From where I’m standing, well sitting, you seem like a very stubborn child.”

“I’m not!”

Muhju shook his head, a smile appearing on his face.

“You won’t be able to do much for a while; your body will take a while to recover. The force’s way of getting payback is what I call it,” Muhju laughed, gazing out of the room. In the distance, Rey could hear the faint chatter of the two priests.

Muhju left her and Rey laid back down on the bed. She wondered who had carried her here after she passed out. She raised a hand and wiped her cheek, checking to see if the black paint was still there - her hands came away clean.

Rey wiggling, trying to get comfortable on the thin mattress, but when she did a coil of sharp pain around her middle increased. It felt like a thin wire was twisted around her middle, and when her chest expanded the wire tightened.

Rey was afraid to cough again, but she desperately needed to. The back of her mouth was dry and scratchy, aching every time she swallowed. Rey flexed her fingers, the greatest amount of movement she could achieve right now. Rey tilted her head to the side, letting her arm stretch out. She watched the way her fingers danced in the light that poured through the window above her bed.

The sun’s rays were not soothing, but instead made her feel cold. She closed her eyes and imagined her hand trailing across the sheets of Kylo’s bed. With her eyes squeezed shut, the dark gave away to her memory of his room. The stars shimmering, flickering wildly, outside of his window. She tried to imagined the smell of his clean sheets, the leather of his gloves, but she couldn’t quite remember it right.
A tear rolled down her cheek and dampened the bedsheet. *I can’t remember you,* she sobbed, *not like how it used to feel.*

She pulled forth her most vivid memory of him. The vision she had seen when they first touched hands.

In the distance water trickled down a stream. The air smelt of fruit blossoms and lemon scented gum trees. Here, the sun warmed her skin, welcoming her home. A soothing, cool breeze wrapped around her like a tender hug. In front of her, as far as the eye could see, were rolling mountains, and deep green fields. Rey had never been here before but she knew its name, Chandrila.

In the vision, Rey instinctively knew things, like she had actually stepped into the body and mind of her future self.

She turns, and Ben is standing behind her, his hair shorter, his face looking older. He smiles, a brilliant smile, one of his cheeks dimple and the corners of his eyes crinkle. Rey can feel a smile spreading across her own face.

Rey pulls out of the vision and wipes at the tears covering her face. She sniffs, an awful sound, and tries to cough away the tightening in her throat.

That was where the vision ended. There were snapshots of her and Kylo somewhere else but Rey could never hold onto the image of them long enough to decipher where they were or what was happening.

What Kylo had seen that night in the hut was something different. A vision of her parents, he said. But Rey knew he saw more than what he was letting on. She could feel the way he kept a secret from her; there was something he buried deep, always under lock and key.

They would never be truthful with each other; for how could Rey ever explain the vision she saw was of them together and happy. Whatever version of the future she had seen, it no longer existed. That day aboard *The Supremacy* had fractured time - the future they shared together had perished. Now they both walked down different paths, ones that would never cross again.

Chapter End Notes

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Chapter 12

Chapter Summary

The Balance.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Rey stood overlooking the arid, orange surface of Ossus. She finally had enough energy to get up and move around after two weeks of lying in her bed. Muhju walked up to join her, following her gaze across the horizon. Far in the distance, a storm picked up sand, and light flashed.

“Something is troubling you?” Muhju said.

“I still don’t understand why you choose to help me,” Rey said bluntly.

“Maz paid the fee for our services,” he replied.

“But, you didn’t have to help? You could have killed us. I am a Jedi, I am your enemy.”

Muhju nodded his head, and took a step forward, hands clasped behind his back.

“The Jedi for centuries worshipped a prophecy about the time of a chosen one, who would strike down the Sith and restore balance to the force,” he paused, “You are mistaken in thinking I do not wish for the balance as well.

“Those who use the dark side of the force are not so different from those that access the light. It is your actions, whether they be positive or negative which defines what category you fall into. For instance,” Muhju looked to Rey. “If I have managed to severe your bond, that would have been positive, yes?”

Rey nodded reluctantly, seeing where this was going.

“But I still used a power that the Jedi once considered dark, evil.”

They were quiet for a few moments, both gazing out across the plain. Muhju finally directed the conversation towards something he had been hinting at for days. “Inside you I sense balance, and Kylo Ren destroyed Snoke, did he not?”

“Are you saying Ren is the chosen one?”

Muhju chucked, “I sense the balance, the grey between the light and the dark.”

“You’re wrong,” Rey said firmly.

“Maybe so, daughter of light,” his words trailed off, like he suddenly realised something. “Darkness rises and light to meet it.”

“Snoke said that,” Rey said suddenly, her brows furrowing.
“An old saying, and through time has always proved truthful.”

“And? What does it mean now?” Rey urged.

Muhju shrugged and Rey had to stop herself from rolling her eyes or outwardly groaning. “Come here for a moment,” he beckoned, stepping around the side of the temple. Two rows of collapsed columns lead out into the distance, broken stones paved the space in-between.

Once, a very long time ago, this place would have been beautiful. They stayed silent as they walked down the path. Where the columns stopped, a circler indent in the ground appeared. Rey wondered why she hadn’t recognised this sooner.

Muhja paused, looking down, and when Rey caught up beside him she saw what he was looking at. It was almost a complete replica of the circular pool in the cave on Ahch-To. Although many of the stones and gems were missing, Rey could still make out a figure meditating, half made from black stones, and half made from white.

“You are the last Jedi, tasked with continuing on a very old and sacred religion. But did you ever think at one point it must end?”

“No,” Rey replied without hesitation. “The Jedi are important, I will not be the last.”

Muhju clapped his hands together causing Rey to jump. “The nothing I can say will change your mind, you are determined I’ll give you that.”

“What exists on the side of the light, must exist in the realm of darkness, yes? A balance,” Muhju insisted. He crouched down, his fingers tracing the artwork.

“I’ve seen this before,” Rey said.

“Yes, they exist in many places. Created where there was a vergence in the force. But there are two that call to each other more than the rest,” Muhju stated.

“What do you mean?” Rey asked.

Muhju tilted his head, giving Rey a one shoulder shrug as he returned to standing. Rey exhaled loudly, utterly exasperated.

Rey watched Muhju turn and head back inside, the thunderous echo of lightning caught up to the temple.

“You are needed elsewhere, Rey. You will find no more answers here,” he said, his back still facing her as he walked away.

Rey watched him go. A gust of wind lifted debris from the ground, swirling it around her legs. In the distance, a wall of sand moved towards the temple.

I have a crush on Kylo Ren, she tested the words, saying them in her mind.

Rey gave herself a moment to imagine admitting the truth to herself out-loud. In another life, another time, Rey could have acted on such feelings. But for now, these few moments of silence through the bond were the only time she would ever have to bask in such fantasies.

He can’t ever know - she couldn’t ever tell him.

The rain began to fall as Rey walked back into the temple. Her hand traced the cold stone walls as
she walked through the entrance hallway. The walls were wide and the roof was high here. She tilted her head back looking up at the ornately carved murals on the roof.

She kept walking deeper into the temple, through the archway at the end of the *cella*, into the prayer room. Smoke curled upwards from burning incense, candles were lit along the walls and at the front of the room at the base of a podium.

Behind the podium, Rey could see out through gaps in the pillars to the sand dunes and rocky cliffs beyond the terrace. As the afternoon gave way to early evening, Rey watched the sun’s rays move across the marble floor, the light seeping through the gaps in the clouds. This place felt pure, divine, but the stories told by the murals on the ceiling were not one’s about a saviour, but tales of the limitless power of the dark side of the force.

The sound of rain hitting the roof slowed, somewhere far away thunder crackled and lightning flared across the evening sky.

Rey turned, her neck straining. Kylo stared brazenly at her. His lips parted, and a surge of need streamed down the bond. His face glowed with the light from the candles, warm and sweet like nectar.

Rey walked slowly towards him, bracing herself, afraid Kylo’s rage could snap into place at any moment. She was scared, so afraid the hurt she caused him was something they could never come back from.

Kylo stayed unmoving, and the only thing Rey could think to do was to get closer to him.

She reached out, her hand touching the fabric over the sleeve of his arm. She sighed as the ache in her chest became quieter. She stepped around him, her arm trailing to the centre of his back. The brush of her fingers was light, and Kylo almost whimpered at the touch.

She was behind him now and leant her forehead on the space between his shoulder blades. Her hands curled together, thumbs nudging his spine. Kylo squeezed his eyes shut at the assault on his senses.

*Rey, Rey, Rey.* He chanted – pleaded.

“Just be quiet for a second,” Rey said quickly, her cheeks bright red.

Her cradled hands pressed into the middle of his back lightly, this was as close as she let herself be. It was all she needed, she convinced herself. She breathed deeply and tried to ignore the fact it was the scent of his tunic that filled her senses and made the pain of the bond dull. She could smell leather, and something smoky like the incense from the temple on Ahch-To. Kriff, she thought, *how could someone smell like warmth?*

Her lips were so close to his clothes she had to suppress the urge to lean forward just a little bit more. Rey pulled herself away, and took a moment to memorize what it felt like to be close to him again. The memory of him was enough to continue to soothe the ache in her chest.

Rey, feeling emotionally and physically exhausted, began to tremble. She pulled further away from Kylo and stepped back towards the edge of the terrace. She raised her hand and felt the cool kiss of the rain wetting her hand.


“I tried to end the bond,” Rey hiccupped, “It didn’t work, just muted it for a few days.”
Kylo flexed his hands by his side.

Rey’s voice broke, “I’m sorry. I didn’t know this would happen.” Rey pressed her fists to her eyes to try and stop the flow of tears down her cheeks. “I never meant to hurt you this way.”

Air was thick to swallow, but Kylo somehow managed it. He opened his mouth numerous times trying to find the right words.

“That’s not—that’s not why I’m angry,” he finally said.

“What then?”

“You didn’t even tell me,” Kylo answered breathlessly.

“How could I? You would never have let me out of your sight.”

Kylo huffed, his shoulders sagging. “I thought,” Kylo raked his fingers through his hair, “Maker, I thought the bond was gone.”

They both felt relieved and scared. Rey looked up at Kylo’s face: cheeks paled, eyes wide. The light bled from the room, the storm completely engulfing the temple now. The light of the candles reflected off Kylo’s eyes.

Rey felt exposed, her emotions some raw basic instinct that made her act foolishly. She had never felt so fully like this before - she didn’t know what to do with the pain and longing that built up inside her. The reawakening of the bond had intensified something within her.

“Why does it still hurt?” Kylo asked, cutting through her thoughts.

“I don’t know,” Rey said worriedly, “I just don’t know. I’m sorry.”

Kylo bowed his head and Rey watched as he pulled his gloves off his hands and dropped them to the ground with a soft thump.

“Come here,” he said, his voice gravelly.

Rey obliged, walking over to him and hovered just out of reach.

“I just—” his jaw clenched, “just want to try something.”

Rey nodded, her head moving the smallest amount.

Kylo stepped forward, his right hand coming out to touch the spot between her thumb and wrist. Rey’s heart crashed against the inside of her chest. His touch was light and trailed up her bare arm to stop at the crook where her elbow was. Rey shivered, his touch tickling her.

Kylo exhaled, and moved even closer. There was less than a foot between their chests now. Rey kept her head bowed, focusing on Kylo’s hand. If she looked up now, her nose would brush Kylo’s chin.

His fingers drifted higher, now hovering where her tunic finished on her shoulder. He trailed his hand back down her arm again, and stopped, his hand curling around her lower arm. Rey mirrored his movement, and curled the fingers of her left hand around the underside of his forearm.

They were locked together, the force pulsing between them and through them. Energy flowed through the spot where they touched. With every breath, the pain leeched away and was replaced
with burning, bright energy.

Chapter End Notes

merry christmas to everyone that celebrates! have a good holiday. I will be busy working for a few days, so I might not have time to update!

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Chapter 13

Chapter Notes

oh my god I'm so sorry about the time it took for me to update! I feel so bad but I haven't had the energy to write the last four days due to working 9 hours a day :( See the end of the chapter for more notes

When Rey made it back to the resistance base she was still feeling the aftereffects from the ritual. After three weeks of sleepless nights back with the resistance, she rose every day with minimal energy. She struggled through each day, her limbs tender no matter how much training she did or didn’t do. Rey tried to hide her lethargy but everyone seemed to notice.

Rose must have been tasked with checking in with her, as the girl continued to try and take Rey aside to talk to her, but Rey refused to and found a way to get away each time Rose came looking for her.

Rey, more than ever, felt disconnected from the resistance and her friends. As Poe tried to explain their upcoming mission, Rey struggled to feel inspired by what they were doing. There was something troubling her, somewhere deep in the back of her mind she knew there was something she had to do.

Each night Rey dreamed of Ahch-To. The place was calling to her, begging her to come back. But then some nights, she would dream of a place she hadn’t seen before. An opening at the top of a cliff, black rock beneath her feet, and a dark, cloudy sky above her. The wind whistled through the mountain; the air was cold against her skin that was damp with sweat.

Every time she visited this place she could only stare out straight ahead. Rey could never see below the ledge of the cliff, and she could never turn around to see the passage way behind her. Her body was frozen stiff, bracing for something.

Rey woke up drenched in sweat and her heart racing. She knew this wasn’t a memory, but a vision from the future. Each night was the same; first she would see Ahch-To, and then she would see the other cave.

She didn’t have enough details to try and locate the place and she had no one she could ask, so Rey was caught in an endless loop of not knowing what to do next.

Rey knew she had to get Kylo’s help, but she couldn’t bring herself to drop the barrier between their bond. She had been actively keeping him out of her mind since Ossus. Each day the strain on her mind became tougher; just as her body became frailer. When Rey looked in the mirror she noticed her cheeks had become thinner and her face no longer flushed with a healthy glow.

After Rey woke up one morning feeling so weak she couldn’t get up from her cot, Rey decided that night she would let Kylo come to her - if he even wanted to see her anymore.

That night, after she had spent the day staggering between her room and the food hall and slipping into restless naps, she turned off the lights and lay down on her side. Rey took a deep breath and then relaxed the link to Kylo; she felt the force shudder and then energy flowed into her, all the way down
her body to the ends of her toes.

His presence slowly materialised, like the bond had forgotten how to connect them. As his warmth touched her back, she heard him inhale quickly, like the touch of her had hurt him.

_No, it doesn’t hurt_, Kylo thought, reassuring her.

Rey was stunned for a moment, forgetting the way he could sense her thoughts. He did it so effortlessly, she didn’t feel any kind of tug on the bond. She had dropped the bond completely, and so every thought and feeling she had rushed into him. Just as Rey felt herself familiarise with him. She saw flashes of the First Order; ships, commanders, General Hux. Meetings and announcements ran across her mind, but she ignored them all. She didn’t want to have to worry about any of that.

Rey turned over in her bed so she faced him. He mirrored the way she was lying, and their faces were less than a foot apart. Kylo’s eyes swept over her face, focusing on the dark marks beneath her eyes and the sickly white of her skin.

Rey watched the way his brows creased, and his lips pinched together like he was biting at his lower lip. Kylo sighed and brought his hand up to brush Rey’s hair from her face, tucking it behind her left ear.

Rey felt a tightening in her throat, like she was about to cry, she swallowed and tried to push the feeling away.

“There’s something I need your help with,” Rey began, her voice quiet.

“Later,” Kylo’s voice rumbled.

“But-“

“Not now,” Kylo said again.

Rey nodded her head and Kylo lifted the blankets up to their shoulders and then draped an arm over Rey’s side, pulling her closer. She shuffled forward so her head rested below his chin, her face pressed to his shirt. He then moved his arm under her head so she had somewhere to rest it.

Rey breathed deeply, her senses flooded with the smell of _Him_. Her grasp tightened, fingers curled into his shirt, pulling herself even closer.

She was filled with warmth, Kylo completely wrapped around her. She could feel his chest rise and fall and the faint murmur of his heart beating. Their legs had tangled together so that their bodies were completely pressed together from head to toe.

Rey wanted to say something, but she was afraid to speak and break the moment. Her exhaustion crept up on her and her body was so relaxed she didn’t think she could move ever again.

Sleep tugged at the edges of her mind, but she didn’t want to stop experiencing this. For the first time in three weeks, there was no pain, no aching in her bones. Her lungs felt full and her body was warm.

She was angry at her body for betraying her like this. She should have been able to get better without needing Kylo. Why was it only when they touched that Rey felt normal? She was meant to hate him and forget about him, but how could she when her body ached for his touch.

His presence consoled her and Rey could pretend everything was fine.
But then she would wake, and he would leave, and she would have to try and get through to the next
time they saw each other.

*Just sleep, Rey,* Kylo whispered to her. His voice gentle and light.

She burrowed closer, squeezing her eyes shut. Her fingers relaxed and now rested lightly over his
chest. At some point whilst Rey had been lost in her thoughts, Kylo had finally relaxed. They fit
together at every point, but Rey tried to ignore this. This was *not right,* she thought, only temporary.

But at some point, they had crossed some kind of line and Rey couldn’t imagine a time when they
weren’t close like this in the future. Sleeping in the same bed didn’t startle her anymore, and it should
have. But she couldn’t bring herself to care, the force beamed around them, wrapping and sheltering
them together. It was like the force was content when they were together, like this is what was
intended from the beginning.

When Rey woke the next morning, he was still there. They had moved in the night so Rey curled
around his back, their legs twisted together. She nuzzled her nose into the back of his neck, strands
of his hair tickling her face. Light peaked through the window of her room at the resistance base. She
looked away, not wanting to get up.

As she hugged his waist tighter she realised she felt refreshed. For once, she had had a deep sleep,
and her body was revitalised. If this what one night of a shared sleep through the bond felt like, Rey
wondered how good she would feel if she ever got to sleep by his side when they weren’t light years
apart.

Kylo stirred in front of her - she could tell he was awake by the sudden rush of thoughts that joined
her own. She was noticing the world through her own eyes, and through his. Every movement he
made and every one he intended, Rey picked up on, like his body was just an extension of hers.

Rey lifted her hand so he could roll over, she moved so she was on her back, her head facing
towards him.

Still in a delirious, sleep-induced hazy, Kylo brought his arm across her and rested his head half on
her shoulder and half on the same pillow as her. Rey had to move her head so it was facing upwards,
otherwise her lips would have brushed his nose.

Rey felt a warmth begin at her cheeks and move down her body, finishing somewhere low in her
stomach.

“I need you to help me find something,” Rey said suddenly, her eyes still focusing on the ceiling.

Kylo hummed in reply, pushing his face further into the pillow. His lips brushed Rey’s bare shoulder
and she tensed, as shivers ran up her neck.

Kylo didn’t notice the effect he had on her, and keep breathing lightly, trying to fall back asleep.

“I want you to meet me somewhere,” Rey said, her voice so light she was worried he didn’t hear her
when he didn’t reply.

His hand on her waist began to trace slow circles and he didn’t make any acknowledge to her past
statement. Whilst Rey held her breath, her eyes wide and her stomach in knots.
She was about to say his name as he began talking.

“Where?”

“Ahch-To, the Jedi temple,” Rey replied.

At that Kylo sat up, leaning on his bent arm, while the hand that rested against her side stopping drawing shapes into her shirt.

“I can’t go there,” he said, his head sagging down, his eyes on the bedsheets between them.

“Why not?” Rey replied curtly.

“Will Luke be there?” Kylo asked, his voice steady.

Rey’s eyes widened and she looked sideways at Kylo. He looked almost frightened as he recognised the shock on her face.


“What?”

Rey sat up, learning forward so Kylo couldn’t see her face. She bent her knees so she could hug them to her chest.

“After Crait, he left,” Rey explained, “I mean, he became one with the force, or something like that.”

She felt Kylo take a gasping breath.

“I thought you knew, I thought you would have felt it,” Rey went on.

“No,” Kylo croaked, “I didn’t.”

Rey turned to him, his eyes covered by the sweep of his hair. His hands were clenched together in front of him, the veins along the back of his hands visible as he tensed.

Rey couldn’t tell if Kylo was grieving or was just angry he didn’t get to kill Luke himself. She needed to know which one it was before she continued. She felt down the bond, trying to decipher which emotion he felt.

“I’ll go with you, what do you need me to find?” Kylo asked, as Rey felt a jolt down the bond, warning her to stay back.

“Thank you,” Rey said breathlessly, “I need you to find a place.”

“Okay,” Kylo said bluntly, his voice returning to its usual bored tone.

“Okay,” Rey echoed. She felt tremors run down her arms as the force understood that soon they would be in the presence of each other. It was excitement mixed with fear, and Rey felt lightheaded suddenly.

“When?” Kylo asked.

“Tomorrow,” Rey answered.

Kylo looked up at her, their eyes finally meeting. She felt something cold and distant pass between
them. He nodded and then left with a rush of cold air, the bond snapping tight and Rey suddenly felt her energy drain from her.

Chapter End Notes

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Chapter 14

Chapter Summary

*finn voice* Back to Ahch-To??!!

Chapter Notes

hey guys !! once again, so sorry about the slow update!! you'll be happy to hear I'm finally home for two weeks which means I have time to write again

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

Rey had piloted the Falcon on her own before, but it was incredibly difficult. When she left for Ahch-To she decided to go alone; she didn’t want Chewie or Finn or Rose to know anything about her meeting with Kylo Ren.

Space was cold and lonely. Dark and endless. Sitting in the cockpit, legs crossed underneath her, Rey watched distant lights flare and flicker. There was a heavy feeling inside her, somewhere between her ribs and her lungs; the bond. Its presence was faint, but constant. She liked to keep it like that. The hazy, faraway feeling that trickled down the bond was Kylo, somewhere away from her but getting closer.

The planet Ahch-To appeared in the distance, a small orb of blue light. She had made good time getting here. Last night when Kylo had agreed to meet her she had laid still for a short moment before jumping from her bed and packing her things. It was late, and much of the base was asleep. Rey had passed Leia in the corridor and the woman had eyed her suspiciously; Rey had begun to explain but Leia smiled and kept walking, not needing an explanation.

Rey touched the Falcon down in the same spot as last time, powering down the ship before stepping out into afternoon sunlight.

Rey closed her eyes and listened to the waves crash against the rocks and the squeal and chirp of Porgs and other animals. When she opened her eyes she expected to see Luke, something inside her still hoped he wasn’t gone, but she was the only one that existed here now.

Rey lifted her hands in front of her, turning her palm to the sun and moved her hand through the air like it was moving through water. The force was stronger here than anywhere else in the galaxy, the feeling of it almost took a physical presence. The air felt dense, heavy, alive. There was energy here that wrapped around her body, filled her lungs and made her footsteps seem lighter.

Rey grabbed her things and walked towards the huts.

Luke’s was empty, his bed unmade, like he’d just awoken and left for the day to gather food. Rey rummaged through his things, looking for a note or a clue he may have left her, but there was nothing.
Rey went inside the hut that was hers that had been remade by the care takers on the island. She sat her things down and made sure the place was tidy, she felt oddly nervous.

Rey spent the rest of the afternoon gathering wood for the fireplace and checking to make sure she had enough food for her and for Kylo. As dusk crept closer, the temperature dropped and Rey pulled on a jacket she had found in the storage room on the Falcon. The leather was heavy on her shoulders and smooth on her bare arms.

Rey was constantly pacing the lawn between the huts, gazing upwards looking for Kylo’s approaching ship. She was jumpy and her stomach kept twisting and turning. She couldn’t sit still and she definitely couldn’t attempt to sleep. There was a nagging feeling, and she wondered if maybe he wasn’t coming at all.

Rey was tempted to open the bond to check on him but she wanted to wait, she wanted this to be a surprise for her. Rey wrapped the jacket tighter and sat down on the rock wall. Staff at her side and a cup of lukewarm tea.

Rey didn’t know what to say when she finally saw him. They had spent nights asleep by each other’s side, but Rey had convinced herself that when he visited through the bond it wasn’t really real. They weren’t their usual selves, it was like they were dreaming (this was untrue, but Rey didn’t like to think otherwise).

When she pictured him in front of her, her hands began to shake a little.

Rey jumped from the wall and began her pacing again. She drew her staff towards her and swung it through the air around her. Moving her limbs felt calming, she liked the feel of her lungs straining and her muscles starting to burn. She practised using the force to leap through the air, performing twists and turns, using the end of the staff to gain more height and momentum. By the time she stopped Rey realised there was a layer of sweat on her skin, and her clothes felt damp in places.

“Damn it!” she cursed. Rey usually wasn’t one to fuss over her appearance, or how clean she was, but for some reason now she was hyper aware of how bad she smelt. She looked at her hands in the dim light of the fire and saw the dirt marks on her palms and under her nails.

Rey scooped up the jacket and her small backpack and walked quickly back to the Falcon. She needed to shower, and now she was fearful that Kylo would arrive while she cleaned herself up. Just her luck that he would arrive at the moment when she was busy after she had just spent hours sitting around waiting for him.

Rey grabbed a holo on the way as she rushed to the ‘resher and set it to detect approaching ships. She turned the sound up high and sat it on the counter before peeling her belt and tunic off. She scanned the cabinet for body wash and something to clean her hair with, suddenly realising how flat and lifeless it looked.

Rey gazed at herself in the grubby mirror and took a deep, calming breath. Her cheeks were tinged red, and there were smears of dirt above her eyebrows. Baby hairs curled against her forehead, stuck down with sweat, Rey bit her lip and felt mildly ashamed of how poorly she looked.

She got in the shower and turned the water up hot, steam curling around her and making her feet turn bright red. The water scorched her skin and she hoped it burnt away all the dirt marks and the awful smell that followed her around.

As quick as she could, she lathered up her hair and the rest of her body. While she did so, Rey tried to listen for the sound of a ship approaching on the holo. Rey used her hand to wipe at the fogged-up
window so she could read the screen of the holo, but it hadn’t detected anything.

Without meaning to, she began to wonder where he was, if he knew the way from the directions she had sent down the force bond to him. She tried to picture where his ship would touch down, the only spot that was large and flat enough was next to the Falcon so hopefully there was no way he’d miss her.

Her thoughts of him must have strengthened the force bond, and of course, he must have been thinking of her. Rey heard the sound of the water in the shower begin to fade away, and her heart leapt. Rey held her breath as the world quietened and she felt the beginning sensation of the bond connecting.

Rey whirled her head around, seeing something in the corner of her eye, but no matter which way she moved she couldn’t see what it was. Rey pressed her front up against the tiles of the shower, her back facing the glass, and rested her forehead against the cool surface. She tried to calm herself and cut off the bond, but every time she tried to stop thinking about Kylo his face flashed across her vision and she choked a little.

She heard a sound like him inhaling sharply and Rey squeezed her eyes shut. Somewhere in the back of her throat she let out a high-pitched squeal.

*Stop!* She screamed in her mind, her entire body tensing.

For a moment she saw him, sitting in the pilot’s seat of a ship, his eyes wide, a flush on his cheeks.

Everything felt so sudden and the feeling of him came in short bursts until suddenly it was gone, the world around Rey snapping back into place.

Rey clutched a hand to her throat, letting air rush back into her lungs. She could feel her heart hammering against her chest and there was a throbbing at the front of her skull.

She rinsed the soap from her body and turned the water off. Once again resting her head against the shower wall as she tried to piece together what had happened. She didn’t think he had seen her, not fully, but she was still embarrassed and now increasingly nervous for them to meet.

“Idiot,” she whispered to herself, clenching her jaw together. She let out a groan before wrapping a towel around herself and exiting the shower. She leaned over the sink, hands tensed against the counter.

Rey was angry and nervous, and it was a very bad mix. She looked up at her reflection and sighed at the blush that stained her cheeks; she splashed cool water on her face but the colour stayed.

The holo beeped next to her hand and her stomach knotted together. Rey changed quickly into her white tunic and grey tights, grabbing her stuff and walked back outside the Falcon.

Coasting above the waves a ship moved towards her. Lights lined each wing, that rose in a V-shape from the cockpit. The black core of the ship was lost against the dark night sky and deep blue ocean.

Rey pulled on the jacket as the wind tore at her, raging through her damp hair. Water trickled down her spine and she shivered.

As the ship approached she heard the roar of the engine, and as it touched down on the flat rock just above the falcon she could hear the metal straining, exhaust being expelled through the vents.

Rey shuddered as the engine rumble died down to a faint murmur and then a stop. The door hissed
and the walkway below the ship dropped.

Rey looked down at her feet. She realised she needed to sit down, she could feel the blood pounding at her temples.

Energy fizzled through the air, the bond spoke to her in a soft whispered. A breeze touched her back trying to move her further towards Kylo. She obliged.

He exited from the ship with a slow stride. His hair bounced as he moved, all clean and full of volume. Rey suddenly remembered how tall he was, all broad shoulders and long legs. He towered over her, dressed in a black tunic and black coat that was unbuttoned, his chest bare a few inches below his collarbones.

Rey swallowed and pressed her lips together.

*Hello,* she said softly in her mind, sending the words towards him. He nodded, just a small movement. She noticed the small bag that hung off his shoulder and smiled slightly.

“This way,” she said, trying her hardest not to let her lips spread into a grin. She felt a bubble of elation rise within her. Excitement mixed with anticipation.

They walked in silence as Rey led Kylo to the huts. She realised suddenly she should probably move her things into Luke’s hut, as she doubted Kylo would want to sleep on a bed where Luke had once been.

“This is it?” Kylo asked as they walked down the cobble stone steps.

“You don’t like it?”

“I expected something grander from Luke,” Kylo replied, Luke’s name leaving Kylo’s lips like it was poison.

“It’s quiet, and simple. I like it,” Rey replied, feeling oddly defensive.

Kylo nodded, coming to a stop beside her.

“This one’s yours,” Rey said pointing to her old hut. She led him in and picked up her stuff from the bed.

“You’re staying here-” Kylo stopped short, his voice sounding panicky.

“No,” Rey replied quickly, “No, I’ll move to the other one.”

“Right,” Kylo said awkwardly, dropping his bag to the floor.

The fire still flickered in the middle of the room, and Rey readjusted the kettle so the water would boil again.

“I’ve been here before, when we touched hands,” Kylo said, looking around the room. He took a seat on the small stool, the same one he had sat on last time.

Rey nodded, tipping tea leaves into two cups and setting them on the floor beside the fire. She crossed her legs and sat on the floor, feeling too self-conscious to sit close to Kylo on the other stool at the moment.

The tried to focus on the kettle, checking the water, but she couldn’t ignore the fact he was staring at
her. She wondered if he was noticing her wet hair and realising that yes, the force bond may have just connected them while she had showered. She prayed he didn’t bring it up, she knew she wouldn’t survive the embarrassment.

She looked up towards him, meeting his gaze. His eyes were tracking the arm of her jacket, his lips parting.

“What?” she asked, worried.

“That’s my jacket,” Kylo replied smoothly.

Rey looked down, dragging her fingers down the seams of the opposite arm.

“Oh,” she gasped. She went to remove it, thinking he wanted it back, but Kylo’s arm stretched out and he shook his head.

“No, it’s fine,” he said gently, and with a smile, “probably wouldn’t fit me anymore.”

Rey smiled, pulling it back on. She tucked her hair behind her ears and scratched at a insect bite on her wrist.

They stayed in silence as Rey poured the tea and passed his cup to him, the tips of his fingers brushing hers. She ignored the jolt of the force, it pleaded with her, keep him close.

They both watched the flicker of embers, relishing in the heat that radiated out and warmed the cold hut.

She closed her eyes and listened to the bond, dropping any barrier she had created between them. She pictured opening the shutters of a bedroom. Sun and a gust of air drifted in, curling around the white curtains and lifting them from the floor. Outside there was a balcony, with red bricks on the floor and a lake stretching out beyond that. The light and the warmth that poured into the room was Kylo, the warm breeze swirling around her was the force.

When Rey opened her eyes again she could feel the heat from the fire on Kylo’s skin and she could see the way her flushed skin glowed in the light.

Chapter End Notes

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Chapter 15

Chapter Notes

can't believe ive written almost 30k words of this... I'm a mess

See the end of the chapter for more notes

“Do you feel it? The force?” Rey asked.

She saw the way his throat bobbed as he nodded. Rey scrambled to her feet so she could sit on the stool opposite him.

“This place, it makes everything so much brighter,” Rey continued. She clasped her hands together in front of her and traced the knuckles of her hands.

“Rey, why did you want me to come here?”

Rey bit her lip, wondering the best way to go about this. One wrong move and he’d realise her true intentions and leave, or maybe worse, take her with him. It was only now she realised how dangerous it was handing over her location to him.

“You remember the cave I told you about?” She waited for him to nod his head before continuing. “I think there’s another.

“And?”

“Well, I think that’s another place that’s the equivalent of the light side – as the cave I visited clearly had something to do with the dark side.”

Kylo looked around the hut, as if trying to sense the island around them. “You think it’s here?”

Rey pulled at the material of her tunic, readjusting the way the fabric tucked under her belt. Her eyes flickered across to Kylo – she was trying her best not to outwardly stare at him, but the way he was dressed so casually - it drew her curiosity.

Rey cleared her throat. “Luke never said anything about another place, but it has to exist.”

“There were lots of thing he didn’t tell you,” Kylo said softly.

Rey glanced away from him again, suddenly very aware of how close they were and how she could smell the cologne he used. His presence was overwhelming; every detail of his face, every movement seemed amplified compared to how he was through the force bond. He was here, in the same room as her, breathing the same air, skin warmed by the same fire. This was all too much for her to take.

“Do you think you can help? Maybe you know something?” Rey asked, attempting to ignore Kylo’s previous comment and the memories it reminded her of.

“I know a place – but it’s not here,” Kylo said.
Rey’s head shot up, feeling excited and disappointed.

“Where is it?”

“Somewhere difficult to get to,” Kylo said solemnly, “but it doesn’t mean we still shouldn’t search the island, I could be wrong.”

“Okay. Tomorrow morning then?”

Kylo nodded. He set his cup down and rubbed his hands together. “The pain, from the bond breaking – it’s completely gone now.”

“I didn’t even notice,” Rey said honestly.

“It’s because we’re both together like this. The further away we are, the more time we spend apart through the bond weakens the force connection,” Kylo paused, his lips pressing together. “If you had just come with me, it would have made everything easier.”

“Stop,” Rey said, louder than necessary.

“No, if you had just done what I said – if you hadn’t left – this war could be over by now,” Kylo said, his voice filling with anger.

“The First Order will not win, that’s not what I want,” Rey said.

“What do you want?” Kylo asked.

*It doesn’t matter*, Rey thought to herself. The vision of their future together flashed through her mind. She breathed out.

“If you think finding this place is going to change me, you’re wrong,” Kylo said, standing up and walking around to the other side of the fire.

She didn’t know how to tell him he was right whilst convincing him to not walk back to his ship. Rey held back a prolific amount of curse words and rolled her eyes.

Kylo could feel everything she did, understanding every conflicting thought that crossed her mind. He brought a hand to his forehead, pressing it against the pressure growing. He sighed, his body feeling tired.

“You will never stop trying to bring me back to the light, and I will never stop wanting you to give up this pointless obsession with the Jedi and the resistance,” Kylo said looking towards her, “So what do we do now?”

Rey stood, dusting off her tights. “Let’s stop our arguing then, you can leave. I’m sorry for wasting your precious time,” she said roughly, her throat feeling scratchy.

“No,” Kylo said, his words flared with annoyance, “I want to help you find this place.”

“I only wanted to find it because I thought it might help you see clearly through your distorted perception of everything,” Rey shouted, flinging her hands out in front of her. Kylo didn’t even seem shocked as the truth tumbled form her lips.

“It’s more than that, this place is essential to the force,” Kylo said, his cheeks flushing red with frustration.
Rey scowled, face turning to the window. She hoped her silence would inspire him to leave.

“Maybe it’ll show me a way to end you and the resistance,” Kylo said, his tone cruel.

“Well that’s great, we better go sleep so morning will come faster,” Rey said flatly. She stalked around the fire and pushed past Kylo to exit out into the cool night.

“Rey,” Kylo groaned, following her out.

Rey spun on her heel, her hands going to her hips. They stared at one another as they both listened to the thoughts that bounced between the bond. It was a muddle of exasperation and rage.

Kylo gave up first, his eyes rolling as he took a step towards her.

“I’m sorry. It’s been a long day,” Kylo said finally.

“This isn’t going to work if we’re always angry at each other. I would prefer not to spend the rest of my life always enraged.”

“What do you suggest?” Kylo asks.

“Let’s just stop trying to turn each other to the other side and realise that we are opposites when it comes to the force,” Rey said smoothly. She raised her eyebrows waiting for Kylo to agree.

“Fine.”

“Fine.”

Rey turned to walk away but Kylo spoke again.

“About earlier,” Kylo said, sounding uncomfortable, “I apologise, I don’t know what happened.”

“Earlier?” Rey asked, confused.

A pained expression crossed Kylo’s face. “When we connected,” he clarified, “the shower.”

“Oh!” Rey gasped. She turned her face towards the ground, feeling heat rise from her chest to her face. “I’m sorry, I shouldn’t have – it’s my fault…sorry.”

“No, it’s fine. I’m sorry,” Kylo said weakly.

An awkward silence settled over the island. Kylo looked like he wanted to say something else but was afraid to make the situation worse.

“Nothing happened, I didn’t see anything. If you were worried about that,” he said eventually.

Rey let out a breath she didn’t know she’d been holding. She nodded, still afraid to look him in the eyes.

“It’s fine, can we just forget about it please,” Rey insisted.

Rey turned to leave but Kylo continued, “It was bound to happen eventually.”

Now it was Kylo’s turn to shy away from Rey’s gaze as her eyes widened. He was worried he’d overstepped some invisible line talking so casually about things that were so personal. They rarely spoke about the delicacies of the bond, of whatever this relationship between them was.
“Well, let’s hope it doesn’t happen again,” Rey said, her tone turning hard and bitter.

“It will,” Kylo said firmly, “if this is to go on forever, it will surely will happen again.”

Rey took a step back, her arms crossing in front of her. She didn’t like to be reminded of her failed attempt at stopping the bond. She knew this position they were in could last a lifetime, but it was something she tried to push to the back of her mind – there were more pressing issues to think about.

“This isn’t my fault,” she said, her jaw gritting together.

“I never said it was,” he replied, his voice suddenly soft again. “I’m just saying – it’ll happen again. And probably in more awkward situations.”

Rey sighed. She kicked dirt with her foot, wanting this conversation to be over. She could feel the anger from their previous argument rise again and this time she was worried it would turn into a physical fight. Her hand itched to light her saber.

“Goodnight, Kylo,” Rey said slightly irritated.

He clicked his tongue and turned around, making his way back inside the hut. Once Rey was sitting on the cot in Luke’s old hut she closed her side of the bond. She had had enough of Kylo Ren for one day.

That night she tossed and turned, feeling uncomfortable each way she laid. No matter how much she wanted to keep him locked out of her mind while she slept, she decided a good night’s rest was more important. As she let the force connect them and she could feel his warm body pressed beside her, her body finally began to drift off to sleep.

He never went to move closer to her or touch her; it was enough that he knew she was there. Her breathing evened out, her chest rising slower. He tilted his face sideways, eyes following the curve of her waist. The blanket pooled over her legs, she kicked it off even though it was cold.

Kylo pulled the blanket back up so it sat around her shoulders. She twisted under the weight, turning so she faced him. Her eyes were closed, but he knew she was still partly awake.

Thanks, she sent down the bond.

You’re welcome, Kylo replied.

Her nose was close to the shirt on Kylo’s shoulder and he could feel her breath through the fabric.

I’m still angry at you, Rey said.

Kylo looked at her face that looked peaceful as if she was asleep. He found a smile spreading across his face and he had to grip the blankets between his fingers to stop him reaching out to touch her.

Electricity buzzed between them, around the small cot they were both squeezed onto. The force bond defied the laws of how much space existed on one of these beds; somehow, they both still fit, even with Kylo lying on his back.

Rey wriggled closer, her face now pressed to his shoulder. Her arm curled up to grip at the fabric near her chin. She huddled into the warmth, her body cocooned by comfort. Kylo could feel how snug and secure she felt. The feeling oozed from her down the bond. It made heat rise across Kylo’s
face and his fingertips begin to tremble.

In the morning they wouldn’t speak of this. They would always act as if these nights never happened. Kylo wondered how long this could go on. He could feel himself slipping, falling, into something that terrified him.

Chapter End Notes

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Chapter 16

Chapter Summary

Force-bonding.

Chapter Notes

im so glad lots of you are enjoying this!! makes me so happy to read your lovely comments

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

The morning sun shone through the gap in the cave entrance that looked out over the ocean. Kylo stood above the small mosaic pool with the image of the meditating Jedi.

“Feel anything?” Rey asked from where she sat near the steps up to this ridiculous high and rocky ledge.

“Should I?” Kylo replied.

“If the other cave was below the island, then it would make sense that this one is above it,” Rey said flatly.

“I think you’re being too literal about this,” Kylo replied.

He walked around the carved-out section of rock, letting his hand slide across the cool surface. To him, it felt like the rest of the island did; awake. There was something else, something beating and warm and trembling. He looked to Rey; having her so close interrupted the flow of the force.

“I’m not leaving,” she said out loud to him.

Kylo sighed, letting his hand drop from the wall. He walked out to the opening, where a waist high mound of rock sat alone. A crack ran across the stone below his feet. When Kylo touched the stone ledge a jolt ran up through his arm.

Images of Luke and Rey flashed across his memory, so strong he had to remove his hand.

Rey had appeared beside him and she watched his face, trying to understand his surprised expression.

“It’s not here,” he said to her.

“It should be,” Rey said.

“You’ve considered there’s another island, right?” Kylo asked in his usual modulated voice.

“Yes, but I don’t want to think like that because I have no idea how I’m going to find it.”
Rey walked to the edge of the cliff and looked out over the ocean. The tide would draw breath and let go in a deep sigh, crashing against the rocks below. Water sprayed upwards, a breeze carrying the taste of salt water to Rey’s lips.

The sun shone off the rippling water, golden light reflected up to where Rey stood. The heat of the day was growing and she could feel her skin dampen near the collar of her tunic.

“What would you do if I said the other place was in the heart of Sith territory,” Kylo said smoothly, the words jarring Rey and bringing her back to reality.

Kylo closed his eyes and the image of a dark, burning planet scorched Rey’s memory. Black rock and grey skies; thunder boomed and the air was hot and sticky.

“Where is this place?” Rey choked out, feeling overwhelmed by Kylo’s memories.

“Thule.”

“The first Sith temple?” Rey asked. Kylo was slightly shocked by how she knew this. There were things about the force and the Jedi that came to her, knowledge she couldn’t possibly know. Kylo ignored this, for now.

“Yes,” Kylo answered.

Rey’s gaze turned to Kylo, the ocean and the sun long forgotten. She felt disappointment rise within her. This would have been so much easier if the other place was here on Ahch-To.

“I could take you there,” Kylo said suddenly.

“No, you couldn’t.”

“I’ve been thinking about it, and I know I could get you there,” Kylo said, “If you wanted to go.”

“I do want to go. I think it’s important.”

Kylo crossed his arms, his black v-neck shirt tightening across his back. His lips pursed together and his brows furrowed, eyes turning towards the ground.

Rey climbed onto the rock near him and crossed her legs underneath her, like she had so many months before when she was here with Luke. Rey watched Kylo thinking, resting her chin on her palm. He noticed her observing him and moved so he was behind her and out of view. Rey exhaled noisily for effect.

“What’s your plan?” Rey asked.

“You’re not going to like it,” Kylo began.

Rey turned on the rock so she faced him.

“We could use the bond, so you weren’t really there and in danger. But that means you might not be able to fully sense the place.”

“No, I need to be there,” Rey said sternly.

“Okay then,” Kylo replied shortly, “The other option is you dress up like a Knight of Re-”

“No,” Rey said, swiftly cutting him off.
“It’s the only the way to make sure you were safe, Thule is swarming with First Order officers and those that are strong with the force,” Kylo explained.

“Are they going to be able to sense that I don’t draw from the dark side?”

“I don’t know,” Kylo admitted.

Rey huffed, “How can you not know?”

Kylo’s face turned pink, the line of his jaw becoming prominent. “It’s difficult for me to… tell the different between how you feel through the force and how you feel through the bond.”

“What does that even mean?” Rey shouted, her eyes scrunching up as she glared at him.

“I don’t know how to explain it, okay?” Kylo flexed his hands as his body tensed. “You’ve become so familiar it’s difficult for me to pick apart how the force acts differently with you.”

Rey sighed, giving up.

“I’m not dressing up in one of those stupid capes and masks,” Rey said, holding her palms up in front of her.

“You’ll have to, everyone knows your face.”

“And who’s to blame for that?” Rey questioned, brows raising.

“You,” Kylo replied without thought, his voice thick with sarcasm.

Rey lifted her hand towards him, flicking her finger in his direction and sending a short burst of a force-push. Kylo stumbled back a little on his feet and his eyes widened in shock as he looked towards her. Rey’s heart beat faster, afraid he might think she was seriously trying to attack and hurt him.

Her breath hitched as the corner of his lips curled upwards, a small huff of laughter escaping from his mouth. Rey smiled back.

“I promise I’ll help you make a saber if you promise to wear the mask,” Kylo said, tempting her with something he knew she’s been thinking about for months.

Rey’s face twisted as if she was considering his proposal.

“I want to make a double bladed one, a saberstaff,” Rey insisted, her voice become all high-pitched and excited.

“I can teach you that,” Kylo agreed.

Rey was hesitant to agree to leaving the Falcon behind on Ahch-To, but Kylo insisted the piece of junk would only lead them into certain danger. So now she was sat, her backpack on the ground between her feet, in the co-pilot seat in Kylo’s Upsilon-class shuttle. The interior was black like the outside, and most of the buttons glowed red; Rey had to actively stop herself from rolling her eyes at the absurdity of the whole place.

Everything she looked at reminded her of Kylo Ren, Supreme Leader of the First Order. He had dressed back into his usual outfit, cape trailing behind him but his helmet still missing.
Rey looked at the clothes on her lap that he had given her. A black leather vest and cotton tunic, there were even leather gloves and boots to match. She fiddled with the hem of the shirt, trying to think of a way to delay getting changed. Rey was afraid to see what she would have looked like if she’d chosen Kylo that day aboard Snoke’s ship.

“You should get dressed soon,” Kylo said beside her, fiddling with the dials of the ship.

“These clothes aren’t cursed, are they? Like, if I put them on I’ll never get them off?”

“Why would you think that?” Kylo said, cocking his head.

“Because that’s the only reason I can think of as to why your friends legitimately walk around wearing this,” Rey said honestly.

“Right,” Kylo drawled and turned his face back out to the view through the window ahead. “They’re not my friends by the way.”

“Ah yes, I forgot. You have no friends,” Rey said coarsely. She felt unease shift down the bond to her. Rey gulped, her throat feeling dry. She was worried she many have just reopened Kylo’s overemotional and melodramatic side.

She stood abruptly, leaving the cockpit and moving to the room at the back of the ship. She descended the stairs that led to a lower level which was used for storage.

Rey held the new clothes up in front her, turning them over so she could inspect them. She didn’t want to ask why Kylo had a spare set of clothes, that just happened to be in the size of a small woman.

Rey gingerly replaced her own clothes with that of the usual garb of a Knight of Ren. The material was scratchy against her skin, and the coat didn’t really sit right over her shoulders. It had a wide neck that jutted out around Rey’s collar bones, making the upper of her body seem badly proportioned. The leather arms had a scaled pattern that stretched out over her wrists and made her arms feel heavy, she wondered how any part of this outfit was practical. Rey tightened a thick belt around her middle, attaching her saber, comforted by the feel of it.

She looked at the cloak which was the only piece left and realised she had no idea how to wear it. It looked similar to the poncho Luke had made her wear, but this one was one long piece of fabric that needed to be wrapped around her and secured.

“Kylo?” Rey called out, her voice echoing off the walls of the ship. She heard his reply, a muffled ‘yes?’.

Rey waited a moment to see if he would come to her but she knew he wouldn’t. She climbed back up a level and found him still in the pilot’s seat, the ship on autopilot.

“Can you help me put this on?” Rey asked.

Kylo turned at the sound of her voice and his lips parted as he took her in. She was clad in black from her neck to her toes and Kylo had never seen anyone look better in such unflattering clothes.

Rey cleared her throat, a light cough, and Kylo realised he had very openly been looking her body up and down.

“Put what on?” Kylo asked quickly.
Rey held out the cap and Kylo stumbled to his feet, closing the gap between them.

He took the material and wrapped it around her body, insisting she be the one to reach behind her to grasp the end of material so he didn’t need to be *that* close. He latched the material with a clip on her right shoulder and took a step away.

Rey fumbled behind her head and then lifted the hood to cover her face.

“Do I still need to wear the mask?”

“Yes,” Kylo said forcefully, “what if you trip and the hood falls off?”

“I’m not going to trip!”

Kylo replied by widening his eyes as if to say, *really?*

Rey settled back into the co-pilot seat and looked ahead.

“Once we get there, you know where to go right?” Rey said hesitantly.

“Somewhat.”

“Somewhat?” Rey spluttered.

Kylo huffed, “I’ve never been to Thule with the purpose of finding some secret Sith cave, okay? I’m assuming it’s here, I’ve never actually heard of it before.”

“But you were so sure when you spoke of it earlier!” Rey hissed.

“Listen,” Kylo cleared his throat, “You dreamed of Ahch-To, yes?”

Rey nodded.

“Well, I dreamed of this place.”

“That’s what we’re going on? It might not even be this place, I’m sure lots of planets have the same characteristics!”

*Rey!* Kylo yelled down the bond, trying to silence her constant fury of questions.

*Kylo Ren!*

“Trust me?” Kylo asked of her.

Rey stayed silent, her lips forming a thin line.

“If it’s not here, then it doesn’t matter. We just leave. I drop you back off with your precious Falcon and we’ll never talk of it again, alright?”

“You promise you’ll let me go?” Rey said, her voice going quiet.

‘Wh- of course,’ Kylo said, his voice deep.

They looked across at each other, Kylo now back in the pilot’s chair. Kylo felt her fear all of a sudden spreading down the bond. He was ashamed he hadn’t noticed her panic earlier.

He took a steady breath, trying to fill himself with a sense of stillness that he hoped would calm her.
I wouldn’t do that, he murmured.

“Okay,” Rey said. But she still curled up on herself, even in the restricting cloak and jacket.

Kylo gripped at the arms of his chair, his face jolting forward. He dropped his side of the connection to the bond, fearing that if she stayed too long in his head she would find something disconcerting.

They sat in silence, the bond sealed shut for the rest of the journey. He wondered how he had messed this whole thing up so quickly.

Chapter End Notes

dark!Rey is a big mood and I can't stop drawing her dressed up as a knight of ren so I finally decided to write it into my fic

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Chapter 17

Chapter Summary

Kylo and Rey team up again and it all goes awfully wrong.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

As they touched down on Thule, Rey felt an overwhelming sense of dread rise to meet her. The force pressed down on her, trapping her body in the seat. She glanced across at Kylo, a bead of sweat trickled from his hairline and his breath came in short gasps.

Rey squeezed her eyes shut.

_This is going to be fine. We’ll be fine. I’m safe with him._

Rey continued her mantra as she followed Kylo to the exit of the ship. Her mask was clutched tightly in her hands. Rey normally wasn’t one that struggled with the confines of small spaces, but looking down at the mask now had Rey’s heart beating faster.

Outside the ship, Stormtroopers lined the landing pad and a Lieutenant waited ready to greet the Supreme Leader.

Kylo and Rey had spent the last few hours of their space travel going over their plan. Kylo would do the talking and Rey would keep her mouth shut and act like a good soldier. Rey still wasn’t convinced this was going to work out.

As soon as they exited the ship, people would be demanding Kylo attend to First Order duties that he had abandoned these past few days. They would have a very limited time to search the temple and the rest of the planet. Rey hoped her hunch about the dark side point being at the top of the temple turned out to be correct.

The First Order base was crowded into the cradle between dangerous mountains, which gave it perfect protection against any kind of attack. The stone walls surrounding the temple rose from the ground just behind the landing pad with a backdrop of cliffs behind that. The soil was ash-grey and matched the architecture of the stone city. Green lights glowed from the spires and towers that were built here to house the First Order’s collection of Sith artefacts and documents; just from her view out the window of Kylo’s shuttle, Rey could tell there were thousands of First Order sympathisers here that would do anything to see her captured or worse, dead.

“Will there be Knights of Ren here?”

“Maybe,” was all Kylo said in reply. He looking completely on edge and Rey wanted to scream. Kylo checked his lightsaber was in place and readjusted his tunic. “Okay, put the helmet on.”

Rey almost cried out in distress as she lifted the helmet, slipping it over her hair that had been pulled back tightly into one knot at the base of her skull. The metal was cool against her skin but Rey still began to sweat.
She looked up through the small eye slits to Kylo. He gave her a quick nod and pressed the button for the door.

Everything hinged on right now, Rey pulling this off. She thought of the cave, what it would offer Kylo.

The cave on Ahch-To offered her a glimpse of the past, maybe this would show Kylo would his future. Their future.

She looked up at him, drinking in the sight of him like it was the last time she could. She suppressed every wicked thought she had, calming her body and her breathing, and opened the bond.

Kylo had insisted they try to keep it as open as possible, hopefully giving them an advantage if a fight broke out.

Rey kept her gaze forward as she followed Kylo. He exchanged a brief word with the commanders waiting for him on the landing platform. They directed Kylo and her towards a small open aired shuttle.

It transported them towards the main entrance of the temple, a large square opening that was lined with sculpted figures holding weapons. The figure rose from the ground to the top of the high building and acted as columns to hold up the stone roof that stretched back ten feet before an inner level appeared from the centre. The building continued to rise in the air, ending with pointed spires scratching the belly of the grey clouds that hung over the entire planet.

They exited the shuttle and Kylo signalled for Rey to wait by the entrance. She noticed the way he found it amusing she couldn’t fight back against him here in front of all the soldiers.

The Stormtroopers and officials that passed around her didn’t give her a second glance. She wondered if it was because she looked intimidating or if it was common for Knights to be seen here.

She couldn’t remember Leia or Luke ever saying anything to her about Kylo training more force-sensitives other than the ones that left with him from Luke’s temple. And for Snoke, Rey knew that Sith only took on one apprentice at a time.

The sky growled above them but the air around her felt dry. Rey could still feel condensation on the inside of the helmet near her nose and mouth. She was choking on her own warm breath and Rey really needed Kylo to hurry things along right now or she’d have no choice but to rip off her ridiculous outfit. The poncho weighed down her shoulders and knew she wouldn’t be able to form any kind of arc with her lightsaber. It would be the second to go.

Rey looked down at the clip on her shoulder holding the piece of fabric in place, trying to figure out the best way to rip it undone when the time came.

Kylo stomped back over to where she was. And brushed past her, heading into the heart of the temple. Rey followed him, rushing to catch up with him, his pace relentless.

At the end of the long hallway, a flight of almost a hundred steps led up to the next level. Yes, Rey could see the similarities between this place and Ahch-To now. They didn’t pause for breath as they made their way up, and when they got to the next level Kylo led her around to another corridor where an identical set of steps appeared.

Are you sure you’re going the right way?

Yes, Kylo urged down the bond.
Rey was breathing heavily by the time they reached the top. The temple opened up a room that was covered in dust, a cool breeze floating in from an archway at the end of the room.

“I've never been up here before, but this should be it. There's no tunnels beneath the temple and this is the only structure for miles,” Kylo said breathlessly.

Rey hands came up the side of her head.

*Keep the helmet on.*

*Why?* Rey asked.

Kylo didn’t reply. He walked around the edges of the room, feeling the walls and observing the room from floor to ceiling. The room was empty and as it seemed long forgotten; Rey was quickly running out of hope.

“This isn’t it,” he barked, looking up, “but there’s no place higher than this.”

Rey ignored him, stepping towards the archway. A mountain rose behind the temple, the side of the cliff only 20 feet from where she stood. *I could jump,* she thought. She flexed her hands, testing the feel of the force.

“Stop!” Kylo shouted. He ran to her side, pressing a hand down hard on her shoulder. Rey tried to shrug him off as she extended her arm to point to the top of the cliff.

Above them, there was a gap between two sharp piece of rock, a shadowed entrance to the mountain.

Kylo looked across at her in shock, his lips parting and his eyes wide. He couldn’t believe her ridiculous theory might actually be true. Kylo was filled with excitement and dread. He had been hoping this would all fall through and they could finally put this argument to rest and give up trying to change each other.

Rey stepped towards the edge, peering down. They were up high, and all Rey could make out on the ground below were tiny Stormtroopers and shuttles waiting at the loading bays.

She heard the drone of an engine and tried to search for the sound. But it wasn’t below her, it was above.

Rey and Kylo looked to sky at the same time as resistance fighters dropped through the cloud and began bombing the temple.

“You did this?” Kylo asked.

“What? No. I wouldn’t,” Rey protested. She couldn’t take her eyes off the x-wings as the tore around the temple. One of them had to Poe. *Oh, how have I managed this?,* Rey thought; she had never been less excited to see the resistance.

“I don’t know how they found me,” Rey said weakly.

The temple shook as the walls were torn apart. She could hear the stone crumbling as the floor began to tremble beneath her feet. If this was a rescue mission, the resistance might actually end up accidently killing her in the process.

They both stumbled, reaching out the grip each other and the walls as they attempted to steady
themselves.

“We have to go!” Kylo insisted.

“No, we’re so close now,” Rey howled over the roar of ships flying close to the temple. She reached out to grasp Kylo’s wrist, her touch shocking him.

He nodded. Rey walked back a few steps and shed her cape and mask, the metal hitting the floor with a thud. Her face shone with sweat and her hair had been all mused up, baby hairs clinging to her forehead and jutting out atop her head. She took two paces towards the mountain, and then leaped.

Chapter End Notes

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Chapter 18

Chapter Summary

Hand Scene 2.0

Chapter Notes

short chapter because there's a really long one coming up next
also warning, this chapter include descriptions of a violent scene (only a few sentence long I promise)

See the end of the chapter for more notes

The cave was just like Rey imagined. Obsidian rock lined the floor, so dark Rey feared she was walking on nothing. Small blue marks of fluorescent liquid dotted the ceiling, like the cave had created its own version of the night sky. The rock above them was higher than both of them could reach. Rey couldn’t tell if the top of the cave was as far away as it seemed or if the light was creating some type of illusion.

Kylo appeared behind her, his footsteps sounding heavy against the floor. The sound echoed around the cave, then slowly faded and silence returned. The entrance to the cave swallowed the sound of the fighting outside, only a soft thud as blasts hit the temple, the noise so quiet it could have been Rey’s heart beating.

“This is it,” she whispered.

“I know.” Kylo stepped around Rey and headed deeper into the cave. “I think I should go alone.”

“No, we do this together,” Rey insisted, worried to let Kylo get too far away from her. The black of his clothing made him blend into the walls around them. Rey could just pick out his eyes as the blue light reflected off his irises.

“Just…step back,” Kylo ordered.

“This is a bad idea,” Rey said.

“Just,” Kylo pressed his lips together. “Move back. I think I need to be alone.”

Rey grudgingly did as he said, moving backwards so she stood in the light from the entrance.

Kylo moved further into the darkness, his hand raised in front of him. Rey watched as Kylo became engulfed by shadow and she held her breath.

She didn’t dare move as she listened for the sound of him. Her eyes were slowly readjusting to the poor lighting of the cave as she noticed a swirling, thick smoke that crept along the floor of the cave.
She went to call Kylo’s name but her lips were frozen shut in fear.

_Ben._

There was no answer.

A vortex of blinding light made her call out as she dropped to her knees. Rey blinked, looking ahead, but the cave was still pitch-black.

The light stunned Rey again and she gasped for breath.

A vision appeared before her, so real Rey almost started to believe she had been teleported someplace else. Kylo must have now reached the end, the power of the force cloaking him and trapping him in a dream-like state.

It was midday, the sun beating down. He – they – walked across a field of burnt and scorched grass. Ash blanketed the ground and all Kylo could smell was burning earth and burning flesh. The smell had him coughing, his eyes starting to water.

Ahead of him lay a mass of dead bodies, torn apart ships and burning wreckage.

Rey could feel Kylo’s attempt to turn and walk away by his body kept moving him forward, the force dragging him to what he needed to see.

Kylo stepped carefully between the bodies, checking their faces to see if they had any signs of life. The air was thick with rot and decay, but these people had only just died.

A TIE fighter zipped overhead, the screech of its engine turning Kylo’s stomach to mush. Kylo turned on the spot, trying to understand where he was. The fighter disappeared, like it hadn’t been there at all. Kylo was alone again; it was as if he was only seeing half of what was around him, the rest censored out. The vision grew hazy, blurring at the edges.

The force wanted him to keep moving straight ahead, not to look around and try to escape.

Rey knew what he would see before it happened. The image changed and suddenly Kylo stood gazing down at his saber that hummed in his hand. The weapon felt foreign in his grasp, dangerous even; Kylo wanted to drop it, but he couldn’t make his body obey.

A body lay at his feet, blood seeping from wounds that covered her body. The crimson colour covered half of her face and dripped to the ground beneath her. A gash across her body had been the killing blow, the skin seared and singed.

The wind blew a strand of hair across her face as her empty gaze looked out across the field.

Rey was thrown from the vision, landing hard on her back, temporarily winded. Her hand touched her stomach making sure she wasn’t injured. Rey breathed a sigh of relief as she felt her clothes completely intact.

“Kylo?” she called.

A figure slowly staggered toward her, his hand clutching at his stomach. Rey watched with wide eyes as he drew his hand away; his glove clean.
“I-I thought,” Rey choked, as a cry escaped her lips. The pressure that had built in her chest suddenly released as she realised Kylo wasn’t injured.

“I’m fine,” he said. He eyes didn’t meet hers and the bond lurched, like it couldn’t decide if it wanted to connect them or not. Kylo and Rey hovered on the brink of something, like when you tried to remember a dream but the images floated away faster than you could grab onto them. Rey could see Kylo’s hand trembling.

“You saw?” Kylo asked.

Rey nodded from her place cowering on the floor. The force inside of her told her to run.

“I didn’t – I won’t,” Kylo started.

“That’s not what it looked like,” Rey mumbled.

“When you were in the cave, it tricked you, yes? That wasn’t real,” Kylo said, his voice getting louder with each word.

Rey pushed herself to standing. “We should go.”

“Rey,” Kylo swore, “It won’t happen.”

Kylo had caught up to her and went to grab her arm to stop her walking away from him. Rey turned violently, pointing her finger in his face.

“You asked to see the future, the one where you win? Well that’s it!”

“That’s not what I asked for,” Kylo said stammered.

“Then what? What happened?”

Kylo paused, his mouth opening and closing.

“Well?”

“I don’t know!” Kylo huffed. “I don’t know why it showed me that.”

Rey turned towards the exit. “I do.”

The cave shook as the mountain was hit by something, Rey now noticing the sounds of the world outside the cave coming back to her. The Resistance.

“I need to go,” Rey said, letting the offer hang in the air. Her mind and her heart betrayed her, still offering up everything she had to the man that would one day kill her. She knew Kylo would come with her if he wanted to, she never really needed to ask - doing so made her feel vulnerable. Rey almost raised her hand towards him, her fingers twitching at her side. She wanted him to ask her to stay.

He still wouldn’t look at her.

*Ben.*

His jaw locked together but his eyes remained trained on the ground between them. He had heard her, but refused to acknowledge her calling him by his old name. She knew he hated it when she did that.
"I need to go," Rey said again, this time Rey believed herself when she said she would leave.

Chapter End Notes

hey if u want please follow me on tumblr and read my rants about how much I love adam driver

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Chapter 19

Chapter Summary

Rey is so small next to the six foot two Kylo Ren.

Chapter Notes

my friend: that’s not how the force works
me: shut the hell up

See the end of the chapter for more notes

‘I’ll help you get to them,’” Kylo said, his voice void of emotion.

Rey and Kylo jumped back to the temple, racing down the stairs. It wasn’t until Rey reached the landing on the lower level that she realised she left her helmet behind.

She skidded to a stop.

“Kylo,” she warned, going to pull her hood up but realising she had left that as well.

He was almost 20 feet ahead of her when he slowed to a stop, looking back. Rey watched as he went to speak but the sound was cancelled out by a bomb hitting the temple above them. Rey looked up as the roof began to crumble, she went to call out but the air was pushed from her lungs as she was thrown backwards.

When her head stopped spinning and she sat back up she saw a wall of rock separating her from the exit, and her from Kylo. She called out, but there was no reply. Rey knew he wasn’t hurt, otherwise she would have felt it.

Dust and smoke drifted around her and she could feel an itch in her throat. The smoke was seeping into the room from another room, something was alight. The dark smoke wafted upwards to the large gap now in the roof. Through the small hole, Rey could see fighters fly overhead.

Rey tried to reach out to Kylo but the bond felt fuzzy, like her rush of adrenaline was temporary blocking it.

Rey struggled to stand, feeling a stabbing pain in her lower back. She took one last look at the collapsed rock in front of her and then turned back the way she had come from, looking for another way out.

The visibility in the room was becoming worse due to the fumes and Rey started to run. She knew the temple could completely collapse on her at any moment.

Rey rounded another corner and found a wall blown apart, a broken TIE fighter half hanging out of the wall. Rey reached the point where the wall used to exist and looked down. It was a fair jump, she was still on the second level of the temple. Below the ground curled away from the bottom of the
building, so at least she could roll down until the earth flattened out.

Rey jumped like she did before, but she had put too much strength into the movement and found herself coming down too far out from the wall. Somehow, she missed the debris on the ground and rolled herself into a ball to ease the pressure on her legs.

She felt the blaster catch her leg before she heard it. Rey looked across at where a group of Stormtroopers had spotted her, rounding the side of the temple. She looked down at her leg, a red gash across her thigh. It burned, but it wasn’t bad.

Rey leaped behind a shattered TIE fighter as the Stormtroopers opened fire on her. The bolts hit the metal plate protecting her, rebounding off in the air looking like millions of tiny stars.

Rey gripped her lightsaber in her hand. She had fought off praetorian guards, but that was hand-to-hand combat; she hadn’t really mastered the repelling of blaster bolts yet. She could imagine Luke’s irritated expression.

“Dammit!” Rey shouted.

She looked up trying to signal to resistance fighters but they flew past too fast to even recognise her. Rey ignited her saber, maybe this would catch Poe’s eyes – or maybe a Stormtroopers. She switched it off.

She looked back to the break in the wall, she could jump back inside the temple but then she would be more trapped than she was now. If only Kylo had stayed with her.

She called out, letting the panic inside her build and spread down the bond, maybe that would scare him into action. She felt a faint pulsing and thud. He was out there somewhere.

Rey peered around the corner of the scrap metal. Blasts still rebounded off, and over the noise Rey could hear the troopers moving closer.

“Rey,” Kylo’s voice boomed inside of her head. Rey turned, but there was no one behind her.

Rey heard the scratch of the Stormtroopers coms. A TIE fighter appeared in the sky, whipping around the side of the temple. It started firing on her, bolts hitting the dirt less than fifty yards from where she sat.

“Kylo,” Rey screams. The sound vibrates Rey’s ears and Rey can feel the thumping of her heart against her chest. Fear engulfs her conscious, knocking all other thoughts aside other than him - Kylo. For a moment, she thinks she can feel his rapid breathing and the way his hands curl into fists.

Time slows and Rey predicts the places where the blasts from the fighter will land in the dirt just before it happens. Bolts pierce the ground, throwing up rock and dirt, a line of dust comes at her like a wave, creeping closer and closer. She waits for it to consume her, as fear immobilizes her, her body locking into place.

“Rey,” Kylo’s booms again, but this time she can see him beside her out of the corner of her eye.

Rey can’t take her eyes off the ship in front of her but she feels Kylo take her hand, his grip painful.

“Rey,” he says again, his voice soft, and Rey wonders if that’s how he would say her name if he loved her.
I don’t die here, she thinks. Maybe badly wounded, but this doesn’t end here.

She relives the vision from the cave, and looks down at her torn body. That will come, but not today. I’m wearing different clothes, Rey thinks stupidly, feeling relieved to be in her Knights of Ren outfit and not her cream coloured tunic.

She looks to Kylo, their eyes locking. His face is so close and his body feels so alive.

Suddenly Rey is no longer sitting on the dirt in the middle of the battlefield, but she is in the hull of Kylo’s ship. She is standing and her hand still rests in the palm of Kylo’s. Rey pulls her hand from his, but instead of the world around her morphing back, she remains in front of Kylo.

Rey lifts her hands in front of her, turning her palms over. She clenches her fists. This feels real, she thinks.

“It is,” Kylo says, and Rey notices he sounds out of breath.

“Where am I?”

“With me,” Kylo said dumbly, his hands flinging out as he gestures to the ship around them.

“I was out there,” Rey says, turning and pointing to the door of the shuttle.

Kylo stood up straight, his expression unreadable. “I know.”

“I’m still out there, I’m stuck in the bond,” Rey said suddenly. She should have felt the blasts hit her by now. There should be pain coursing through her body.

“I pulled you here.”

“What?”

“I felt you were in danger and I just,” Kylo blurted, “I just wanted to bring you here, and then I touched your hand and pulled you through the bond.”

“But I was out there?” Rey protested, her voice all high and screechy.

“I don’t know how it happened, okay? I just wanted to help, and it happened,” Kylo stammered.

Rey rushed forward and wrapped her arms around his neck, standing on her toes so she was high enough.

“Thank you,” she whispered into the material of his shirt, her face pressed against the space between his shoulder and neck.

Kylo was slow to respond, but his arms eventually came up to circle around her waist, pulling her flush against him. Her middle was so tiny his arms completely surrounded her and lifted her higher so that her toes now barely touched the floor.

Kylo breathed in, a deep and shaky breath. Rey’s arms tightened around his neck, her fingers winding into the hair at the base of his skull. He could feel her breathing and her heart racing. Her breath was warm on his neck and he shivered, his whole body shaking.

Kylo slowly let her slip back to the ground as they reluctantly began to let go of each other. The
force protested, trying to keep them locked together for as long as possible.

He bowed his head so that his nose moved along the line of her cheek. She was so close that he could feel the softness of her lips as she trailed them from his ear nearer to his mouth. Rey’s hands fumbled to press against the sides of his neck as she attempts to stable herself, a giddy feeling rising within her.

Kylo tried to stay very still, but they both still breathed heavily from their escape. Puffs of air hit his cheek, and he noticed his skin was very, very hot.

Rey closed her eyes and leaned closer, just a little. Her fingers sprawled from his shoulder to his ear, her touched burned and Kylo didn’t know if he wanted to push her away or pull her impossibly closer.

With their cheeks were pressed together, the corner of Kylo’s lips was so close to Rey’s own. Rey wanted to say something but her mouth couldn’t even form his name. This was dangerous and Rey was terrified.

*Help, help, help.*

This was not meant to happen. Rey was not meant to hug Kylo, their lips shouldn’t have been so close.

The rush of energy from their escape finally started to die down and Rey could feel her head clearing. That’s all this was, her lack of control was just the rush from the fight. The force temporarily ignited something within her.

Kylo pulled away, his hands dropping from her side so quickly it was like her touch had shocked him.

“They’re coming for you. You should go,” Kylo said softly.

Rey didn’t know what made her do it, or where she had gotten the strength from, but she left him there; her body going cold as soon as she couldn’t see him any longer. The force-bond twinged, something deep within her screaming at her to stop, but she didn’t – couldn’t.

When Poe’s arms wrapped around her, drawing her in painfully close, tears began to stream down her face with no sign of stopping. Her mind fell into a dizzying state of unawareness, with people dragging her from the temple and loading her onto a ship back to the resistance. It would take days for the pain to finally subsided and the world around her to reappear. And when it eventually did, Rey knew that she had to keep the bond closed off for as long as she possibly could if she ever wanted to be at peace ever again.

Chapter End Notes

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ill probably be updating again in a few hours, I somehow managed to write like five chapters yesterday!
Chapter 20

Chapter Summary

Rey had done her fair share of waiting already.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Finn and Poe sat across from her on the Falcon, Chewie was in the cockpit. Rey picked up a Porg feather from the seat and let it go, watching it drift towards the floor. Her head felt heavy as Poe talked to her, the words going in one ear and out the other. They revealed to her that they had tracked her to Ahch-To, and when she had been found and ‘taken’ by Kylo Ren, they followed her to Thule to save her from the monster.

Rey hadn’t spoken since they’d left Thule, not really. Poe and Finn interpreted her silence to mean she was still reeling from the fear of being kidnapped, but really, it was her terror of having to tell her friends the truth about her force bond.

Finn was on edge, his body still on a high from the fight. Rey was afraid he would react by turning the ship around and heading straight back to Thule.

She had to do this gently and very carefully.

“I need,” Rey coughed into her fist, “I need to tell you something.”

Finn dropped to his knees beside the lounge Rey sat on, his hands coming to rest atop Rey’s hands that shook on her lap.

Rey didn’t know how to best break it to them, so she ending up deciding to just tell the story from the start.

She began with Ahch-To, even though the story started a lot earlier than that. There was the forest, the interrogation when it first happened – the connection. She hadn’t known what it was back then and if she had maybe she would have killed him when she got the chance in the forest.

She told them of Ahch-To. The first time she saw him, the first time they touched - but not of the vision she saw.

She watched as the confusion they had surrounding Snoke’s death disappeared as she explained why she had gone to Kylo that day. Poe looked at her in wonder, Finn looked at her with anger.

After that, everything became patchy. The quiet-period, as Rey struggled with the idea that they may be connected forever, and when she tried to break the bond. She made sure to skip over the parts about the nights she spent sleeping by Kylo’s side. If Finn had known, he would have torn apart stars, entire systems, with his rage.

When she got to the part about the dark-side cave Rey felt bile rise in her throat and her head began to swim. She choked out how the vision had shown Kylo the future, but not describing what exactly, just something horrible. “He won’t turn to the light side, not now, not ever.”
“Is he here now?” Poe said hesitantly.

Rey shook her head.

“You can’t stop it?” Finn asked.

“Not really,” Rey said softly, “maybe for a couple of weeks, but it gets tiring.”

Finn stood, his hands running through his short hair. He swore as he paced from the room.

“Finn?” Rey asked, her nerves making her voice waver.

“I just-” Finn began from the other room, his voice muffled.

Poe signed, and rested his head in his hands. “We need to tell Leia.”

“I know,” Rey agreed, “but I don’t know if I can yet. She’d going to hate me, Poe.”

“She won’t. She couldn’t hate you Rey.”

“I’m not so sure-”

“You tried to save her son,” Poe said suddenly. “She still loves him more than anything, and you were able to look past the darkness and try and help. You have no idea how much that means to her.”

“But I didn’t save him, I can’t,” Rey sobbed. She wiped her nose with the back of her wrist. She still wore the black tunic, having removed the leather jacket. It reeked of smoke and ash, and Rey liked the way it didn’t smell of Kylo.

“You just need more time,” Poe said.

“Time? It’s been months. I’ve done everything.”

Finn walked back into the room, his cheeks pink and his nose flared. Poe motioned Finn over so he stood by him and wrapped his hand around Finn’s lower back. Finn leaned into the touch, his expression suddenly looking lighter.

“What if you went to him again?” Poe said.

Finn when to talk but Rey cut him off. “No, Poe aren’t you listening? It’s done. I can’t change him, he’s gone.”

Poe looked at Rey, trying to cut through her façade with his gaze. But Rey wasn’t feeling this anger and despair just to help play the part. She felt the force inside her, quiet and hollow, and knew her time had run out.

“You never did strike me as someone who gave up easily,” Poe said, his tone steady.

At that Rey stood abruptly and left the room, heading towards the bunks. She found multiple blankets to wrap around herself and curled up facing the wall.

She heard Finn call her name but he never entered the room. He respected her wanting the time to brood. Poe was right, he always was. But Rey was so tired, she didn’t want to build her hopes up trying to scheme a plan to bring Ben back. She couldn’t stand the pain which came with losing.
When they made it back to the base Finn eased her suffering by promising to tell Leia about the bond. Rey made sure she was hidden away in one of the many living compartments when that happened. She didn’t want to face the real world, especially Leia. Leia and Ben had the same eyes and Rey really wasn’t in the mood to see disappointed reflected back at her.

When Rey finally ran into Leia the woman wrapped her into a tight hug. Her frail arms circling around Rey and easing the twinge in her stomach.

“Finn and Poe told me,” Leia began. “I want you to know I don’t blame you, not for anything, not ever. Han always wanted him to come home.”

“I’m sorry I couldn’t do that.”

“You can’t see it, but the war is changing. I’m not about to pretend it’s not because of the way the force moves around you two,” Leia smiled at Rey, grasping her hands, “I always knew you would bring great things to this world. You have a strong heart.”

The resistance carried out two attacks while Rey was with them. The second led to the First Order splitting. Poe understood it as, General Hux and Kylo Ren had reached the end of their ability to be able to cooperate with each other. Hux took half of the fleet, whilst Ren took the other half.

With the attention of both sides of the First Order split it gave the resistance the opportunity to build up their resources. A more permanent base was set up on Waoter, a small planet near Polis Massa, and with defences set up, allies of the resistance flocked.

Their numbers doubled overnight and the small base became so crowded Rey began to wish for those solitary nights back on Jakku. Poe and Finn had become even closer in the time Rey had been busy chasing Kylo across the galaxy. Watching the two together made Rey incredibly irritable and she despised the feelings of jealousy which grew within her.

Poe invited her to spend time with him and his friends every night, and after weeks of declining, Rey finally said yes. Even though she’d done it a lot recently, she still hated rejecting people’s offers of kindness. After one night of drinking with Finn and Poe, Rey found herself meeting with them every night. When she woke the next day after blacking out the bond felt like it had completely disappeared. Aside from the headache, she felt at peace.

Each night she drank until she couldn’t remember, every time stumbling to bed or having one of her friends carry her there. She fell asleep instantly and if she did dream, she never remembered it.

It was in the late afternoons when the force began to come back to her, and that’s when she found herself wandering into Rose’s apartment and pouring herself a drink of a pink liquid that tasted like sugar.

Finn noticed, of course he did.

“I know what you’re doing,” he said to her one night after escorting her back to her room.

“What are you going to do about?” She asked the question as if they were discussing relationship advice. Rey felt sick.

“This isn’t good Rey, I hate that he’s done this to you.”

“But I don’t hate him,” she mumbled, her head hitting the pillow. She breathed in deep, the sound coming out like a snort.
She didn’t hear Finn’s reply but she guessed it wasn’t positive or very friendly.

When they had to move base again, switching to a complete new system, the liquor supply somehow vanished. So Rey turned back to what she did best to pass the time on Jakku; manual labour.

She followed Rose around all day helping her tend to the new base and new equipment that was shipped in every day. She met new people and discovered new ways to tire herself out so she still slept like the dead every night.

But some nights were better than others. After sitting in the dining hall watching Rose and her new girlfriend cosy up to each other, Rey had a sleepless night.

She showered, twice. The first time scolding hot and the second-time ice cold. Both left her body feeling shaky, the ghost of Kylo’s touch all over her body.

Rey was too afraid to wake up to Kylo next to her that night, so she never slept. Instead she walked the base, even found herself sitting in the control room keeping C-3PO company. Her nights and days went on in this pattern until Kylo stopping became a daily thought and Rey tried to forget she had the power of the force thrumming beneath her skin. She liked to pretend she was like everyone else and didn’t have a lightsaber in her room or a force-bond with the Supreme Leader.

One night, when it was late, the sky beginning to turn orange, Rey wondered if the force kept her and Kylo apart for a reason. To exist together they needed to be certain versions of themselves, and maybe they hadn’t reached that point yet – or maybe they’d already missed their chance. If they had met at a different point in time maybe the force would have drawn them together.

Maybe there was a version where Rey was never left on Jakku. She imagined growing up with the resistance, being with Poe and Ben when they were younger. If Luke had never decided to train new Jedi, if Snoke had never gotten a hold of Ben, her and Kylo may have had the chance to exist in peace with one another. But in that version, Finn and Poe would never have met. With the removal of one bad thing, also meant that one good thing disappeared from existence as well.

Or maybe they didn’t need another version of themselves. Maybe this Rey, and this Kylo, would be brought together by the force and now they just had to wait until the time was right.

Rey had done her fair share of waiting already, and didn’t like the idea of spending any more of her life alone.

Chapter End Notes

hope you like this one! I should be updating again tomorrow :)

find me on tumblr - http://kenobsi.tumblr.com
Chapter 21

Chapter Summary

Rainy nights and lonely mornings.

Chapter Notes

long chapter to make up for there being no update yesterday :)

See the end of the chapter for more notes

The new planet the resistance decided to inhabit had two bases. Rey choose to go to the smaller one; Finn, Poe and Rose stayed at the other.

The low-lying buildings spread out across a clearing in between a thick pine forest. It reminded her of the one where she’d first met Kylo, but she ignored that similarity.

The earth was damp beneath her feet and the air around her was always sticky. What Rey loved the most about this new place was the storms that swept down over the mountains and blanketed the base in cloud.

Sheet lighting spread out over the forest at night as rain fell light and steady whilst Rey slept. She never got to experience weather like this on Jakku and she relished the feeling of experiencing something new.

Her room overlooked the valley and she spent most nights curled in a blanket in a seat she dragged closer to the window. Her apartment was bigger than what she was used to with, with a built-in kitchen and bathroom. She enjoyed not having to share a shower hall with almost fifty other soldiers. They had even given her a double bed, thinking she must have been someone important, Rey wanted to tell them they were wrong. Rey felt safe being able to lock herself away in her room, the act of distancing herself both physically and mentally from the past helped her look towards the future.

She had opened the window that night so a cool breeze could help her sleep. A storm had passed over earlier that day and once it had left, a smothering heat had crept in.

She was stripped down to a flimsy white singlet and her skin coloured underclothes. Her sheets and blankets had been kicked to the end of the bed and she was stretched out on her back. Rey had wet her hair before getting in bed and she now left it flared out around her head, the drips of water trailing across her skin cooled by the draft.

Outside her room, one of her neighbours played music. An instrumental track sung by someone with a lovely voice. Rey couldn’t pick out the words but she tapped her foot to the beat.

There was something about the midnight hours, the way her small part of the galaxy got a bit quieter. Somewhere, far away from this place, it was morning and people were drinking coffee and eating sweet fruits. On the other side of this planet, Finn and Poe laid wrapped around each other. Skin
warm and hearts steady.

On a ship, light years away, in the shadow of a planet, Kylo laid on his bed, his fingers trailing across the bedsheets. He thought he could smell the sea breeze from Ahch-To, taste salt on his tongue.

Rey dragged her arm across the bed and thought she could feel granules of sand. Back on Jakku, Rey never thought she’d get what she wanted. That night in the hut, when her hand touched Kylo’s, she thought maybe she had been wrong.

It felt like a lifetime, and it felt like no time at all since the events on Thule. All these weeks of insisting to herself that the vision she saw was truth, and now, in the space between dusk and dawn, she doubted herself.

She thought of the future the first vision had shown her. She thought that was true, but here she was sleeping alone on a hard mattress nowhere close to happiness. She was a hypocrite for thinking what they’d see on Thule was unchangeable. Rey knew the flaws in her own design, she knew.

A pretender and a fraud. A liar that couldn’t admit to herself what her friends had already figured out.

She liked to hold onto her anger and her resentment, it kept the other feelings at bay.

Rey tilted her head to the side, feeling her skin tickle along her jaw.

“I can’t sleep, I feel like my skin is on fire,” Kylo said casually.

The world was gone, there was only him. She was in exactly the same place she’d been trying to escape from for weeks.

Rey’s eyes were soft, her face relaxed. She parted her lips, running her tongue over her bottom lip. Her skin was flushed sunset-pink, clouds of freckles dotting her cheeks and shoulders.

She watched as Kylo swallowed, the movement looking painful. His position on the bed mirrored Rey’s own. His brought one hand to rest atop his stomach, the other gripping the sheet out of Rey’s view.

Rey tried to speak but her mouth wouldn’t open.

You should leave, she thought instead.

“‘You know I can’t,” Kylo replied.

Rey looked away and shuffled on the bed, unsticking her legs from the covers.

“No air-con?”

“Afraid not,” Rey replied.

Kylo sat up suddenly and pulled his shirt over his head, tossing it across her room.

“Ben,” Rey said worriedly, his real name slipping from her lips.

“I won’t be able to sleep,” he said.

“I won’t be able to sleep,” Rey hissed. “I mean-”
Kylo laid back on the bed very slowly and very carefully. His hands coming to rest either side of his torso. There was static in the air. Rey wanted to take back every word she had ever said to him, the good and the bad.

Rey could feel the heat radiating off of him and instinctively moved her hand away from his. She wanted to roll over so she was no longer facing him but remembered suddenly, almost violently, that she wasn’t wearing any sleeping shorts, only her undergarment. She stayed still, her mind going blank, as she tried to not draw attention to the fact she was very much underdressed.

Her eyes flickered down to her chest, checking everything important was still covered and not slipping out the side of her singlet.

Kylo’s breath hitched and she noticed the way the muscles along the side of his neck and jaw fluttered.

Rey couldn’t take this much longer. She didn’t want to move but she knew in this position she would never get to sleep.

She quickly sat up and drew the sheet up to her waist from the bottom of the bed, and moved onto her side so her back faced Kylo.

“Rey,” Kylo scolded, “You don’t have to do that.”

“Shut up,” Rey said, clearly fed up.

She felt him tense, the feeling of annoyance roaring down the bond.

She let herself slip into his head, just a little. An image flashed across her mind of his fingers trailing up her spine and back down again. The bond practically purred.

Kylo noticed the intrusion and drew back, somewhere deep and far away. Rey went to apologise but noticed he had left, all that was left was a dip in her mattress where his body had been. Rey rolled to the edge of her bed, far away from the memory of him.

Rey was leaning over the sink when she felt it. Like a rift in the world around her, the force shuddered. Rey exhaled as she felt pressure release within in and around her. For a moment, she thought gravity had stopped and the world had turned upside down. She slipped against the side of the cabinet to the ground, holding her hands to her chest.

Leia.

The force continued to jolt and wobble. It constricted around her and then slipped away, like the beat of waves against the shore. She had felt this before, but in a kinder more peaceful way; what she was feeling now was cruel and intense.

The building pressure around her began to pull away, drifting somewhere she could not feel nor see. An emptiness opened up in the space that was left, a cavern of dark, swirling space. And then, the force quaked once more, rippling out across the galaxy before smoothing over. The world tilted back to its normal position like nothing had happened, but Rey could still feel the hole it had left inside her.

Rey brought her hand up and rubbed at the tears trailing down her cheeks. She walked over to the bed where her holopad sat on the bedside table.
She tried to call Finn but he didn’t pick up. She tried Poe, then Rose; nothing. Rey threw the holo on the bed.

She didn’t need them to confirm what she felt; she knew what had happened. Leia had died.

“So,” the name left her lips, and as her mind and body connected to him, a wave of grief swept over her. “So,” she called again, her voice a whisper through the sobs that escaped from her.

Rey rushed from her apartment, searching for him using the bond. She saw the edges of the forest and her feet moved faster.

Kylo knelt in the damp grass on the edges of the forest surrounding the base. They were out the back, out of view from anyone else. His head was bowed and his shoulders shook as he screamed into his hands.

Once Rey saw him she slowed to a stop. The sound of his voice, broken and raw cut her to the bone, and her heart felt like it was tearing. His pain slashing at it and splitting it open, blood pouring from every part of her. Her bones ached and her lungs stung.

There was static in her head and her body was frozen into place. She had never comforted someone before; she’d never had to. Rey didn’t know if she should leave or if he wanted her to stay.

Kylo fell silent. But his screams were quickly replaced with the sound of him crying. His sobs were stifled at first as he attempted to hide his grief from her, or maybe he was trying to ignore it all together.

Tears slid from Rey’s cheeks and dampened her shirt, her face felt sticky. The pain came in waves, dissolving for a moment before hitting her again. She thought of Leia’s face, especially her smile. Rey could hear Leia’s voice in her head, her soft tone that Rey always imagined mothers would have.

When Rey finally plucked up the courage to approach Kylo, his sobs had died down to just a strangled gasp for breath. His shoulders trembled every once in a while, and all Rey wanted to do was hold him tight until he calmed down.

She knelt on the ground beside him, one knee bent beneath her and the other stretched out behind his back. Her arms wrapped around his middle and she rested her head against his upper shoulder. Kylo sat with his hand locked together in front of him, circled around his knees as he rested the weight of his legs against his arms.

Kylo didn’t respond to her touch, and she noted the small victory in him not flinching.

She didn’t want to disturb him by talking but she had to know.

Is this okay?

Kylo breathed deeply, his entire body shuddering. Kylo curved his body towards her, the smallest amount, but it was enough. Rey rested her cheek against his shoulder, her lips pressing against his arm. She tightened her arms around him and waited.

Leaves rustled above them and Rey could hear birds chirping. Sun filtered through the trees and cast patterns over the ground. Rey watched sunlight trail up her arm. Warmth.

She focused on the feeling, pulling light and life into her, letting the force build inside of her. She let it track down to her toes and back to her hands. Where her skin touched Kylo’s, she let the feeling
flow from her into him.

But it wasn’t enough. She could still feel the darkness swirling at the edge of her mind. Rey focused on every happy memory she had, the list wasn’t very long, but she made herself fixate on anything but the sadness that crept up at her.

Rey pressed her lips against Kylo’s shoulder again, light but steady. She looked down to where her tears had stained the black material. She felt embarrassed.

Kylo moved his head towards hers, her forehead now almost brushing his ear.

“I’m so sorry, Ben,” Rey said, mouthing the words onto his shirt.

“It doesn’t matter,” he replied.

“Ben-”

Kylo cut her off, “I don’t want to talk.”

“You can’t jus-”

“You,” he paused, “Please?”

They stayed in silence until an ache began to grow in Rey’s leg and her throat felt raw. They had drifted apart from one another, now only Rey’s leg brushing against his side connected them. She had noticed an increasing number of voices and sounds around the base as the news began to spread. She needed to talk to Poe to find out what happened, and what they were going to do next.

“I wish none of this existed, I want it all to go away,” Kylo said abruptly, dragging his hands across his face. “This shouldn’t be happening, I shouldn’t feel this way!”

Rey’s bottom lip wobbled and she tasted something sour in the back of her throat. Her mouth formed his name but no sound came out. She reached her hand up, tracing the line of his scar and Kylo looked towards her, his eyes still glassy.

“If I could,” Rey said, “I’d take away all the pain and every bit of darkness. I’d get rid of it all.”

You know that, right? Rey continued.

Kylo took her hand gently, bringing it to his lips. He pressed his mouth against her skin, against her knuckles. Her skin burned and the force flickered, as if for just a moment, it stopped – the galaxy coming to a halt.

Chapter End Notes

if u guys have any reylo prompts you want to see written, send them through to my ask! (http://spacetico.tumblr.com)

can be for this story or a stand alone! I'm working on a neighbours modern au atm!
Chapter 22

Chapter Summary

the tag Hurt/Comfort explains it all

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Shortly after, Kylo’s form vanished. He didn’t visit her again for a long time, but the bond had opened back up to a constant and gentle hum. She could feel distant echoes of what he felt throughout the day. When she laid down to sleep at night, if she listened closely enough, she could hear the faint sound of him breathing.

Rey kept her distance, Finn told her that was best. Rey had travelled back to the main base the night Leia died to seek comfort in those that were feeling exactly how she was.

Before the sun had risen on the next day, Poe had been named the new leader of the resistance. For a week following her death, the resistance came to a stand-still as the vigil began. Her body was burned on a pyre, like that of Jedi. As the embers drifted upwards into the night sky, Rey thought she felt the presence of something truly celestial.


“What?” Finn asked from next to her, leaning closer.

Rey sighed, “Nothing.”

She looked around the fire, through the sea of people that had come to farewell Leia. She couldn’t see him, but she knew Luke was there.

They crowded into the dining hall afterwards, where food and drink was handed out, and Rey filled her stomach with three times as much food as rations usually allowed.

Poe sat down beside her, squeezing onto the bench, struggling to fit his long legs under the table. He plonked a bottle of dark brown liquid on the table in between Rey and Rose, who sat across from her.

“Is that wise?” Rose asked.

Poe looked to Rey, eyebrows raised. Rey flinched.

“Just for tonight,” he said assuredly.

Finn joined them soon after that and between the four of them they finished the drink in a half hour. And were halfway through another bottle when dinner finished.

Someone had started playing music and a temporary dance floor had been created in the space where tables and chairs had been pushed to the side of the room.
Rey made it through the whole night without crying. She came close as Finn pulled her onto the dance floor as a slow song began.

“I can’t dance,” Rey said.

“I must have missed that lesson at the Stormtrooper academy, as well,” Finn replied.

Rey giggled and let Finn draw her close, wrapping an arm around her waist and with his other hand, cradle her own as he spun her around.

“It’s really not fair,” Finn said softly.

“What’s not fair?”

“All this. The stupid war and the fact you drew the short straw.”

“I think we all drew the short straw,” Rey said as she shrugged.

They came to a stop. Finn looked away. “You know what I mean.”

“I really don’t,” Rey replied.

“I just want you to be happy,” Finn breathed.

Rey tried to say ‘I am’, but her body wouldn’t let her. She blinked, feeling the world begin to spin. She turned from Finn and left the room, heading in no apparent direction.

She found herself drawn to the Falcon, asleep and silent waiting in the hanger. She slept on one of the cots on the ship that night. As she shivered from the cold and her vision swam, Rey wondered if Kylo had once slept in this same spot when he was little.

She trailed her hand across the metal wall, her finger dipping through dents and scratches.

The next morning, Rey vomited five times before she made it back inside the base. She packed up her stuff from Rose’s room, where she had been staying temporarily since Leia’s death.

As she went to leave, Rose walked back into her room.

“You’re leaving?”

“Back to the other base.”

“I wish you would stay,” Rose said gently.

Rey smiled, her lips pressed tightly together. She wrapped the smaller girl into a tight embrace.

“Goodbye Rose, let the others know I left,” Rey brushed past, heading for the door. “And when you see Finn, let him know that I am happy. He’ll know what it means.”

Rey heard Kylo before she saw him. She was curled up on the seat near the window when she heard someone turn on the taps in the bathroom.

“Is that you?” she called.

“Yes,” he replied.
“Are you in my bath?”

“I sure hope so,” Kylo said. She heard the sound of him sitting down in the water.

“Don’t make a mess,” Rey said.

Rey could have stayed where she was until Kylo finished bathing, or until he disappeared altogether, but she didn’t. She rose from the seat, letting the blanket around her shoulders drop to the floor. She was still fully dressed in her daily kit, belt and boots and all.

She tiptoed to the bathroom of her apartment, an open doored room that somehow squeezed a shower, bath, and sink into the tiny space.

“Can I come in?” Rey asked from where she paused leaning on the door frame.

“Yes, I’m wearing pants,” Kylo said smoothly. He had purposefully left his underwear on just in case she wanted to come and speak to him. Rey didn’t realise he was capable of such levels of thought and consideration.

Rey wandered in and stood awkwardly in the centre of the room. Now that she was here, she wondered what wild part of her brain thought it was appropriate for her to do this.

Kylo looked up at her in awe, like he hadn’t seen her in years or like she was wearing something much more beautiful than her desert tunic. His expression soon turned into confusion. He wasn’t used to her being so brash. He rubbed his neck and sat upright in the water, his back curled as he leaned further forward. He dipped his hands into the water and brought it to his face before running his hands through his already wet hair. It sat back out of his face, looking darker, accentuating the paleness of his skin.

The way he sat reminded Rey of the day on the edge of the forest. She blinked away the burning in her eyes.

No, she thought, she couldn’t think of that day.

Kylo’s arms fell down, water spilling over

He tried to hide it, but Rey noticed the way Kylo held back a smile. His face had become more
relaxed, the crease between his brow disappearing. Rey would have left the resistance to come to
him right then and there, if that was what he needed to feel better.

She could feel the water soak through her clothes and she felt uncomfortable, with every second
passing she became more painfully aware of how see-through her bottoms had become. Rey sunk
further into the tub so her breast band was now fully submerged.

Kylo purposefully kept his eyes trained on the room around them and not on the way the water
lapped against Rey’s side.

“Please don’t kick your leg out,” he said suddenly.

Rey smiled, “I won’t.”

Kylo leaned backwards, his eyes coming to rest on Rey’s face over the top of her knees. He looked
down, inspecting the small amount of room that was left between them. Somehow, they both fit in
this tiny bath, and Rey thanked the force for its bending of the rules of reality.

“You don’t look comfortable,” Kylo said.

“I’m fine.”

Kylo hummed, the sound jolting something inside Rey.

“Just-” Kylo stopped what he was about to say as his hands dipped under the surface of the water.
When she felt his touch around her ankle, Rey almost yelped.

Her eyes were wide as they peered into the water, watching Kylo lift her legs so they rested atop his
thighs, the movement making Rey slip further into the water. Rey’s stomach hollowed out and she
couldn’t breathe; her chin was still above water but Rey couldn’t suck any air into her lungs. Her
whole body was drawn tight and even slight pain in her body became amplified. She could feel the
warmth of Kylo’s skin where her leg rested along the side of his ribs.

“Rey,” Kylo said, trying to break through her panic attack. His voice was soft and his fingers trailed
up the outer side of her legs, stopping just below her knee.

Rey closed her eyes, inhaling deeply. A sweet smell drifted through the air and Rey realised Kylo
must have put some kind of bath soap or oil in the water before she came in.

You’re fine, he said through the bond. Rey tried to believe him.

Rey wasn’t sure how long had passed as they sat there silent and still. Rey only noticed herself
coming back to reality when she could feel the force poking and prodding at her, demanding she do
something. Rey almost wanted to shout at it to stop irritating her.

“Rey,” Kylo said again, gently sitting further up so he could lean his head closer to hers. Rey looked
down, feeling her chin dipping into the water.

“I don’t know what happened,” Rey breathed.

Rey was embarrassed that she had broken down in front of him. Now, as the panic drifted away
from her, Rey found it absurd that she couldn’t control her emotions. Kylo lifted his arms so they
were on the lip of the tub again, giving her the room to move away from him.

“I’m sorry,” she whispered.
“Why are you apologising?” Kylo asked genuinely, before a smile crept onto his face, “I think anyone would be a concerned if they were sitting in the same bath as me.”

She was silent for a moment, her brain needing the time to process Kylo’s attempt at a joke, before she kicked her foot out, digging her toes into his ribs. She smiled, her nose crinkling.

*Thank you,* she said to him.

Rey relaxed back into the water, her bum slipping further down, as she used one leg on Kylo’s shoulder to keep her in place, whilst the other one attempted to squeeze into the space between Kylo’s back and the tub.

Kylo leaned his head back, his eyes closing. From where she was, Rey could see the entire line of his scar, the deep slice across his jaw and the jagged skin crossing over his chest. It wasn’t the only mark he had. A lightsaber burn on his other shoulder, she had made that mark as well.

“I’m still not sure you managed to do that?”

“Do what?”

“Beat me,” he said.

Rey scoffed, “Don’t sound so surprised. I grew up fighting.”

“So did I.”

Rey noticed the pain in his voice. She tried to soften the blow to his pride. “It was the bond – your abilities must have transferred to me. That’s how I beat you.”

Kylo’s gaze flickered to the bathroom door as he brought his hands back into the water. She wondered if he could see into her bedroom or if he was back looking into his own world.

“That makes it difficult, seeing as one day one of us will have to destroy the other,” Kylo said calmly.

“We already know who wins.”

Kylo’s hands curled around her ankle, his touch blistering hot in the cooling water. “That vision isn’t real, it’s not set, Rey. Futures change once you know they’re going to happen, that version of our lives that I saw doesn’t exist anymore.”

“Futures change once you *do* something to avert them,” Rey growled, ripples appeared across the water of the bath as the force trembled.

“What are you saying?”

Darkness began to swirl. “You know exactly what I’m saying, Ben.”

Kylo snorted, “That doesn’t work on me.”

Rey trailed her foot along Kylo’s ribs, applying enough pressure to make him nervous, she let her foot rest over his scar. “It did once,” was all she said.

Chapter End Notes
this chapter is actually like 4k words long so I had to cut it off abruptly here!

also I’ve never watched girls (never will) but I saw the gifs of adam driver in a bath and knew I needed to include this scene
Chapter 23

Chapter Summary

Finally.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes.

Darkness began to swirl. “You know exactly what I’m saying, Ben.”

Kylo snorted, “That doesn’t work on me.”

Rey trailed her foot along Kylo’s ribs, applying enough pressure to make him nervous, she let her foot rest over his scar. “It did once,” was all she said.

“It did?” Kylo asked, “I don’t remember.”

“I do,” Rey mumbled.

“Go on then,” Kylo said.

“In the throne room, when you were about to kill me,” Rey replied firmly.

Kylo’s throat bobbed, “I think it was more than you saying my name.”

“What was it then?” Rey pressed.

His voice went soft and careful. “I shouldn’t need to say it.”

Rey shook her head, drawing her bottom lip between her teeth. Her brows drew together as her vision started to blur. “If you don’t say it, how am I supposed to know?”

Kylo tilted his head, exhaling a shaky breath. He couldn’t keep his eyes on her face, all the blame was on him for the pain she felt. He grinded his teeth back and forth, trying to hold back the wave of emotion that built inside of him.

“Just tell me, I don’t want to have to guess,” Rey said, her voice breaking.

Kylo’s looked to her, his face pleading.

Rey, he sighed.

“You sound like you’re giving up,” Rey said. “But you never really started did you?”

Rey went to move away but Kylo’s hand tightened on her legs. He leaned further forward, drawing her towards him so Rey slipped, her skin sliding against the bath. It forced her to sit up, her face moving so close to his. His hand glided further up her leg, fingers pressing into the softness of the underside of her thigh.
Rey breathed out.

“I am giving up everything for you,” Rey said, fumbling through the words. She thought of the sleepless nights and the pure terror that flooded through her body every time she thought of her future without him in it.

Kylo’s expression turned hard. His eyes glancing from her eyes to her mouth, to down to the water. They were so close.

“Rey,” he whispered, her name sounding like a prayer when spoken from his lips.

She flinched, turning her head away. Rain began to fall outside, soft and light. Rey’s skin was flushed from the heat of the water, but a shiver still ran down her arms. She wanted time to slow, for the rain to fall in an unhurried and gentle way, for the storm to stay. But like every other night, the storm would pass and Rey would still be lying awake in her bed with no sound to soothe her.

Rey wanted to leave. But a part of her told her to stay, to wait to hear the words she knew he would never say. He would never change, she knew this deep within her bones. Her heart thudded against her chest, trying to get out.

“Say something,” she pleaded.

Kylo stayed silent, like Rey knew he would. *Coward.*

“And to think you are the last Skywalker the galaxy is left with, what a shame,” Rey said. The words slipping from her lips before she had the chance to realise the mistake she’d made.

Kylo didn’t react, simply stared at her like she wasn’t even there. Every place where their bodies touched felt cold.

Rey was too proud to apologise; darkness gathered around her, tunnelling her vision. Rey wrapped her arms around her middle, trying to hide herself. His darkness had crept down the bond into her, stealing away her light, turning her into something cruel and unforgiving.

*I am not like him,* Rey thought, *this is not me.*

Rey, realising the water had grown uncomfortably lukewarm, stood. Water cascaded off of her, the sound deafening in this small and silent place they had created.

Rey stumbled from the tub, pulling a towel from the rack and half-heartedly drying her face and hair as she made her way to the wardrobe in her room.

Rey didn’t attempt to dry her body fully before pulling on her long sleeve shirt, that fell well below her waist and covered up the underclothes she was still wearing. Water trailed uncomfortably down her spine. Her shirt soaked through in the places that touched her skin.

“I can’t live like this,” Rey said, spinning around to face the ‘fresher.

Kylo stepped out into the room, having managed to pull on a pair of loose fitting pants, the type that tightened around his ankles. Rey thought he looked absurd.

“Why do you own pants like that?” She asked.

Kylo looked down, his face full of confusion before it turned into an expression of annoyance.

“You think I don’t care?” he said, his hands clenching by his side.
“I know you don’t.”

“I’ve never-” Kylo sighed, “I don’t know how to make you see.”

Rey rolled her eyes, crossing her hands over her chest. She leaned on one foot, cocking her hip to one side.

“We share every thought when we’re together, when we’re bonded, yet you still don’t know how to show me you’re not a cowardly child?”

“If you can see my every thought, why do you struggle so much to understand how I feel about you?” Kylo said, his voice low and grating.

Rey’s straightened, feeling something tighten in her chest.

“I know you want my friends and me dead, so I understand that you hate me, if that’s what you mean,” Rey answered.

Kylo made a noise somewhere between a growl and a groan.

“You’re right, I can’t live like this,” Kylo said, changing the subject.

“Finally, he speaks his mind and the truth comes out,” Rey mumbled, mostly to herself. The force pressed down on him, what do you want, it asked. Kylo didn’t know, his life lost any sense of direction since he met her.

“I will never understand why you insist on lengthening out this war, when you had the chance to end it – for good,” Kylo said, his tone patronising, “At first, I thought it was because you hadn’t really thought the whole thing through, now I realise, it’s because you’re blinded by the garbage my mother and her colleagues preached to you.”

“That has nothing to do with this,” Rey murmured.

Kylo ran his hands through his hair, droplets of water flying. “It has everything to do with it, if we weren’t on opposite sides, everything would be different.” Kylo paused, wanting for Rey to agree with him. He wanted her to say it, to say she didn’t think he was a complete monster; that if the situation were different, he would be also. Rey’s mouth stayed tightly shut, as if she was holding back a chorus of swear words. “If you just-”

Rey snarled, “If you.” She took a step towards him. “I was willing to give up everything for you.”

Kylo’s jaw tensed, “I killed Snoke for you, I was willing to end the First Order – was that not enough?”

“No,” Rey said, “you just wanted to make yourself leader, so you had full control of everything. Don’t twist things, I was there, I know what happened.”

Kylo inhaled, his hands flying through the hair. He turned on the spot, searching for restraint. If he had his lightsaber in his hand he would have destroyed half of her room by now.

You’re wrong, he muttered. About everything.

“I’m not,” Rey bit back.

Kylo drew in a long breath and let out a mirthless laugh, feeling quite shocked at how ridiculous she was being - he didn’t think it were possible for someone to be so unaware.
“You always-”

“Shut up, just shut up!” Rey barked. She drew her lightsaber to her hand, igniting it.

“I won’t fight you, there’s no point in that,” Kylo said, his voice steady even with a weapon pointed at his face, “Your body is as powerful as mine, all the skill I have, you automatically have as well. We’re more likely to die of exhaustion.”

Rey switched her saber off, the weapon feeling heavy in her hands. Her rage disappeared as quickly as it had arrived. “Plus, we can predict each other’s next move.”

“You’re right, there’s that too.”

“What do we do now?” Rey asked.

“You could admit that you’re wrong?”

“Shut up,” Rey said breathlessly, her voice soft and gentle. Light flooded into the room as lightning crackled outside. The storm was right above them now.

She crossed the space between them, lightsaber dropping to the floor, and Kylo thinks for a moment she’s going to attack him. But the force is sweet and smooth like honey around him, unworried and calm - unlike how Kylo is feeling right now, his entire body alight with anticipation.

Her hand comes up to his face and he shuts his eyes, every muscle tensing. Instead of striking him across the face, her hand wraps around his neck and she’s tugging him down as she leans up on her toes to reach his lips.

The press of her mouth is light against his, and off centre, but it doesn’t matter – nothing matters anymore. Rivers run backwards, and the stars burn out, darkness finally swallowing the galaxy whole. Time, he wishes he had more time.

The force erupts around him, a surge of light behind his eyelids. She tasted angry, starving, and-

It’s over before Kylo has the chance to decided how to respond, as Rey draws back as if she’s been struck.

Kylo can’t think, let alone breathe. He feels the force lingering, waiting. Rey’s eyes are searching his and he thinks he has never seen her look this afraid before. Kylo dips his head before she has the chance to back away, his mouth closing over her upper lip.

He kisses her, gently at first. Rey makes a noise like a whimper and Kylo parts his lips trying to swallow the sound. Their noses bump together and Kylo has never been more aware of how inexperienced he is. He can feel her trembling against him and so he presses harder, trying to steady her.

*I want her*, Kylo thought ferociously.

Rey’s heart tethered itself.

She kisses him harder. Kylo lets out a moan against Rey’s lips, and reaches forward, grabbing her hips to drag her closer to him. Rey breathes out, and it’s warm against Kylo’s cheek. Her heart is racing so much it’s becoming an unbearable pain. *So, this is what I’ve been waiting for*, she thinks.

She can hear the slick sound of their lips meeting and their rushed breathing, and all Rey can think is how obscene this feels.
Afraid the bond will snap and pull them away from each other, Rey wraps her arms tight around Kylo’s neck. He responds by bringing one hand up to cradle her face, fingers curling into her wet hair and drawing her closer.

*I’m not leaving*, he hums down the bond.

His bare chest is pressed against hers and, even through the fabric of her shirt, she can feel the heat which radiates off of him. His heart beats wildly against her own and Rey digs her nails into the flesh of his shoulder. She strokes her hand over the muscle, feeling the power that surges within him.

Their lips break apart as Kylo moves his mouth along her jaw, leaving wet kisses on her skin. His lips are then on her neck, sucking hard and leaving bruises against her flushed skin. Rey bites down on her bottom lip as she whimpers again.

At the sound she makes, Kylo tightens his grip on her waist, fingertips digging into her skin. His hand curls into the fabric of Rey’s shirt and the air leaves Rey’s lungs as she wonders for a moment if he will try to undress her.

Her hands press against the sides of Kylo’s face, bringing his mouth back to her own, his tongue tasting sticky and sweet.

“Ben,” she mumbles against his mouth and Kylo presses another kiss against the corner of her lips. He exhales, resting his forehead against hers as he squeezes his eyes shut, trying to stop the dizzy feeling sweeping over him.

Kylo moves his hand across Rey’s face, his thumb coming to rest over her lower lip. Rey feels a rush on heat within her body, the muscles in her stomach contracting. Her face flushes as she sighs. Kylo presses a kiss to her lips over his thumb before pulling away from her completely.

They both breathe heavily and Rey adjusts the shoulder of her shirt, pulling it back to where it should be. The space between them now feels like too much and Rey can feel the draw of the force spreading out from where Kylo stands.

Kylo abruptly walks back into the bathroom and she can hear the sound of him splashing water against his face.

Rey scrubs her hands across her face, drawing a deep breath, trying calm her body down. She can feel her heart still racing, and she rests a hand over her chest, applying pressure.

Kylo is still in bathroom, his hands shaking as he leans over the sink, head dipped towards his chest. She feels his darkness rising within him.

*No,* she pleads, *stay here. Stay with me.*

Kylo walks back out into the room, his skin still flushed and his hair hanging around his face. She takes his hand and walks them towards her bed, letting go so she can crawl to the centre of the bed. Without instruction, Kylo follows her, kneeling softly on the mattress. When he gets within reach, Rey pulls him closer so his chest presses against hers, one of his arms coming to rest beneath her head.

“This is all I want,” she whispers. “Just to stay like this for a while.”

“Okay,” Kylo says weakly.
Rey tangles her legs with his, one of her hands coming to rest over his chest, her nails lightly pressing against his skin. Who was this Rey? She felt braver than when she held a lightsaber in her hands.

_Rey_, Kylo whispers, pressing his lips to the spot between her brows. _We should talk—_

“No,” Rey says out loud. “Just let me pretend for a moment, please.”

_I want to know what I can’t have_, she thinks. Knowing that once they leave this room the moment will be broken. The light and the dark forced to separate, as the galaxy snaps back to how it was. Tomorrow they will be back to fighting - hating - each other and the things they both stand for.

Some things were never meant to be together. Night chases away the day, as time crumbles palaces built of stone. Stars burn and empires end, that was the way things were always meant to be. Rey’s heart is circled by complete light, and she is at peace.

Chapter End Notes

find me on tumblr - spacetico.tumblr.com

p.s. don't worry, there's plenty more chapters to come!
Chapter 24

Chapter Summary

Rey only knows one truth.

Chapter Notes

hi im back on my bullshit

sorry for the delay, i was forced to socialise with my friends!!!!!!! but don't worry, thanks to five cups of coffee today i wrote three chapters for this fic

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Rey was trying to install a new air conditioning unit to her block of apartments when Poe arrived. He walked towards her, his gait one of a person of power. He held his chin high, but it was not arrogance that oozed from him, it was instead honour.

“Hello, Poe,” she said, and Rey felt genuinely delighted to see him.

“We miss you, back over at the other base,” he admitted.

“I miss you too,” Rey said.

Poe looked around them, squinting against the sun. His eyes tracked the line of the forest as it curved around the mountains. A grimace crossed his face and his thick brows drew together.

“Rey, is there a place we can speak alone?”

Rey nodded, dropping her tools and picking up a rag to wipe the grease from her hands. She rubbed at her brow with a clean hand, feeling a line of sweat.

“This way,” she said, leading him inside to her room.

Once inside, she rushed to straighten the sheets of her bed and toss all her dirty clothes into one pile. “Sorry, I don’t expect company.”

“Just him, then,” Poe mused, his voice quiet.

She turned from the bed to face him, “What?”

Poe ducked his head, placing his hands on his hips.

Rey bit down on the inside of her cheek, tasting blood. Her entire body hummed with energy. How much did Poe know? She wondered. There was no way he could know what had happened the
night before, she reminded herself, she was getting riled up over nothing.

She kept her expression neutral, the force swirling around her as she prepared to pry into his mind.

“I had a thought the other day,” Poe sighed, “I haven’t told Finn yet, I wanted to run it by your first.”

“Okay,” Rey breathed.

Poe looked up at her, raising a brow. He gestured to the seat by the window. “Maybe you should sit?”

“I’m fine,” Rey responded.

Poe huffed, readying himself. “I want you to go to Ren, I want you to become a spy for us,” he took a deep breath, “Before you say no, let me outline the benefits—”

“I’ll do it,” Rey rushed. Her eyes going wide at her own response.

They were both silent for a moment. Rey closed her eyes. Images crossed Poe’s mind; his memories of Kylo. From a young boy in Jedi robes to a man in a helmet; confusion clouded every version he knew of Kylo Ren.

Poe looked at Rey like she was someone he’d never met before. Rey withdrew from Poe’s mind, wondering if he could feel her snooping around.

“You will?” Poe asked. Rey’s cheeks flushed.

“I’ve been thinking about it too. I know why it didn’t work last time, this time, I’ll get it right.”

Rey thought of Snoke, of Luke; of Kylo’s fear of letting her go and never seeing her again. Back then, when everything was so new, so overwhelming. They had no idea the impact this bond had on them and would have on them in the future.

Every moment in the throne room had felt like her last, she had never pictured her life beyond that point. She thought of the exhilaration that had swept over her as Snoke’s body dropped to the floor. A rush of light, going straight through her, somewhere near her heart. Rey wondered if she would ever feel that hopeful again.

Poe dragged his hands through his hair. “It’s not about turning him, that would be good, but…I want you to gather information. Find out where he keeps his ships, weapons, resources. Tell us the numbers left in his army, they’re weaker than what they seem – but by how much? Find out, then sneak it back to us.” Poe said. “We’re so close, Rey. So close. But every time we’re about to finally end him, he just sneaks away.”

Rey looked across at Poe, his words sounding so enthusiastic. He eyes alight with nerves, and with optimism. Rey was his life line at the end of the road. “I can do it, I know I can,” Rey said steadily.

Poe nodded and let out a breathy laugh, “This was much easier than I thought it would be.”

Rey flushed and turned to face the window.

Poe moved so he stood by her side. He rested a hand on her shoulder. “You’re not,” he paused, “you’re not leaving us, are you? You’re going to come back?”

Rey smiled and turned to Poe fully so she could wrap her arms around his neck. He brought her into a tight hug, his hands around her waist. “I’m coming back, I’ll always come back.” The force
darkened around her; she pushed it away, keeping at bay the enticing feel of power.

“Yeah, of course. Sorry,” he whispered into her shirt. They broke apart and Rey inhaled deeply, trying to hold back the burning in her eyes.

“I feel useless here, and this will let me help the resistance the way no one else can,” Rey said, “We’ll win this thing, I promise you Poe.”

Poe looked at her and Rey could see the face of a young boy, one that was willing to give his entire life to the resistance. He was born into this world, and he would only leave once they had succeeded or died trying. The resistance gave him something to fight for, just as it had given Finn something to fight for. Rey only knew one truth; she knew no matter what future the force offered her, she would always do everything she could to bring peace back to the galaxy, even if it meant giving up what her heart wanted most.

Her nights alone on Jakku were spent imagining what it would be like to be surrounded by heroes and saviours; the names Han Solo and Luke Skywalker were more than just rumours for her. She always dreamed of a world, of a life, where it was all true. The Jedi, the force; everything.

And here she was, standing across from the leader of the resistance, and he was asking her to risk it all to end the war, once and for all. There was not a version of Rey that turned him down, in every parallel universe that existed, she would always say yes.

“So, how’s this going to work?” she asked.

“You need to convince him you want to go there, he can’t be suspicious. How long do you think that will take?”

“Give me tonight,” Rey answered.

Poe’s eyes widened, his mouth opening. “A day?”

“Yes,” Rey said, trying to hide the dread simmering inside of her. Poe was going to guess at any moment now the reason this had all become so easy for Rey to convince Kylo of anything.

*I love Kylo, and I think he knows*, Rey thought to herself. The sight of Kylo’s face close to hers flashed across her mind. His parted lips and hair across his face, the feel of his mouth on her neck.

Rey inhaled deeply. She blinked away the memory, making her mind come back to the present. A shiver ran down her neck.

“Are you sure?” Poe asked, looking at like a worried parent.

“Yes!” Rey insisted, trying to cut this conversation off. Surely there were other topics that were more important.

Poe nodded, and Rey relaxed slightly.

Poe began to explain the details of the mission. He handed her a bracelet similar to the tracking beacon she had used with Leia. This one look more sophisticated, and when Poe tapped on a screen he pulled from his pocket, a message lit up on the bracelet. Rey strapped it on as Poe continued to describe the information she could be listening out for, and of course how to send these details back to him.

“Is there a certain message I send for when he realises what I’ve done and is about to kill me?” Rey
asked, cutting Poe off.

Poe made a sound like he was giving it a thought. He eventually said, “No, a simple ‘I’m about to die’ will do it.”

Rey laughed at the absurdity of his reply.

“Anything else?” She asked.

“Yes, um,” Poe chewed at his lower lip. “You’re going to hate me for even saying this, but, be careful! I know him Rey, I grew up with him. He’s good at reading people, he knows how to get things out of you and trick you into doing what he wants. He’ll make you think he cares, but that won’t be the truth.”

“Okay.” Rey nodded. She wondered if he’d tricked her already.

She stared across the clearing outside the window, a flock of birds overhead catching her eye. Maybe he doesn’t love me like I love him. Her bottom lip wobbled.

This was a daily thought that crossed Rey’s mind since the time on Ossus, when the bond had reappeared after she tried to break it.

She had been trying to hide the way she felt since then, since when she’d finally figured it out, but she knew he could sense it within her. He must have felt the ache in her chest, he must have understood why her skin flushed and her hands shook every time he looked at her. He had to know.

But if he knew, why hadn’t he said anything? She asked herself.

Rey’s hands began to shake and she grasped them together in front of her, feeling a dizzy, troubling feeling sweep over her. She needed to sleep, or to sit down. Rey wished the world would become quieter, if just for a moment. The sound of the base, the light pouring through the window; everything was just too much.

“You can do this,” Poe said, sensing her unease. But she wasn’t worried about dying, wasn’t worried about being tricked, she was worried about something much worse.

“I know,” she said, clutching Poe’s arm and giving it a gentle squeeze. “I can do this.”

Chapter End Notes

I know this trope of rey joining ben on his ship has been done to death but I promise *luke voice* this is not going to go the way that you think

I have plans for a cops/robbers AU or an AU where Rey knew Ben at the jedi academy so please comment/or message me on tumblr and tell me which one I should start first !!!!!!! please!!!!
Chapter 25

Chapter Summary

Rey forgets how to talk to him.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Rey’s nights were always for him.

Anticipation always rose within her, her stomach twisting and turning. The feeling then slowly morphed into delight and bliss as he appeared before her. Her entire body relaxed as if she was dunked into a warm bath or wrapped up tightly in soft sheets.

She was heating up a bowl of soup when she felt everything go quiet, the sound of insects and frogs and birds all disappearing, the forest becoming as silent as the dead.

“Hey,” she said as she stirred her soup with a spoon. The hearty smell of her food rising to her face.

Rey had imagined the next time they met would be awkward, but she hadn’t quite imagined this.

She turned and he was sitting on her bed, head in his hands and wearing the familiar black shirt, sleeves rolled to his elbows.

“Ben?” She asked, testing the way his name sounded. Something instantly felt off about calling him by his real name, but Rey was worried calling him Kylo again would mean backtracking the last few weeks.

“Is something wrong?” she asked.

"Rey,” he said quietly. He looked up at her, his eyes burning, wide and hungry. She felt a light push against the barrier she had around her mind. She pressed back, keeping him away, for now.

“I’m sorry, about the other night. I didn’t–” his voice caught in his throat, “I don’t know what happened.”

Rey’s stomach felt heavy, and she was tired. So tired. A pain radiated through her, cutting through anything else. This was the only feeling she had ever known.

Kylo was the sea that washed over her, draining her of everything. It was the sound of waves crashing and the taste of salt that remained. Miles from shore, you could still sense she was there. Somewhere far away and very hard to find.

“C-can we...forget it happened?” he asked of her. The bridge between them felt strained. Like it was made of ice and the sun was heating up. Rey could feel it wobble.

No, no, no. How could you ever ask me to forget?

“Yes, I’m sorry. I don’t know what came over me,” she choked out, trying stifle the feeling within
her.

Why are you asking this from me?

He tugged at the bond again, calling to her, trying to make contact. *Let me in*, the force whispered to her. Rey pushed back with everything she had, and held.

“Okay,” he said. She could feel him pull back completely. He was a distant island across the waves, shrinking further back into the horizon.

Rey carried her food to the table and sat. She ate slowly, trying to make it seem she was deeply involved in her task so he wouldn’t speak to her again. Her hands were trembling and she tried to hide it. But Kylo was looking at her, and she knew he could see her all worried and restless, but he didn’t move. His hands tightened on his thighs and he looked around the room at everything but her.

Useless and unwanted, Rey dumped her half-bowl into the sink, watching it smash against the side, spoon flying. Kylo flinched at the sound.

_Tell me about the life where none of this happens, tell me about my vision of the field, of clear blue skies and sun-kissed skin,_ she wants to say. But Rey is afraid to make the first move; the last time she did it had turned into one big colossal mistake. Her courage had washed away when he asked her to forget.

She didn’t think she had it in her to ever make a step towards him again. And he, he would never reach for her. Rey’s pulse slowed, she didn’t want to ever get used to this.

“Can we go back to how we were?” Kylo asked suddenly, and Rey felt like running from the room.

“Back to how we were when?”

Kylo face contorted into a troubled expression, “I don’t know. How we were a few months ago? Like before Skywalker left-

“Before Luke left?” Rey gasped, turning from the sink to face him fully.

“I don’t know! I just mean,” Kylo groaned, “just, not this.”

Rey shied away, pressing herself into the counter top. *Not this*, his words echoed in her mind. Regret and distress coursed through her and she wanted to take back every moment they had shared together. She wanted to light her memories on fire, let them turn to ash and be carried away by the wind. She wished she’d never got used to him sleeping in the same bed as her, that was truly when her downward spiral began.

_No_, she corrected herself. Things had started going downhill from when he had said her name, followed by him asking her to join him. Shame burned through her like she’d swallowed poison.

Rey felt a sour taste in the back of her throat and pressed her lips tightly together, afraid she might vomit.

Rey thought of Poe, of Finn, and of Leia. Their fate was more important that her unruly heart. After saving the galaxy, she would cut it out.

“Oh okay,” she said, her voice sounding hollow and unfamiliar. Her mission Poe had assigned her, she remembered suddenly, with startling clarity. She really needed to get this conversation back on course.
Rey crossed the room to her dresses and pulled out a fresh shirt and underwear. After changing in the bathroom, she laid down on her bed, her legs curled up to her chest and her back facing Kylo.

He hadn’t moved, and still didn’t.

Rey knew her shirt didn’t really cover her bare legs but at this point she didn’t care. He wasn’t looking at her anymore.

She hears him sigh and then feels the dip of the bed as he lies down next to her. The space between their bodies feels like too much and not enough.

“I don’t like it when you close the bond off,” he said, his voice low and rumbling in his chest.

“I thought you said you couldn’t live like this - with the bond,” Rey replied, “I was only trying to help.”

“Why do you have to be like this?” Kylo grumbled.

Rey lifted one shoulder weakly before letting her body sink back towards the mattress.

She felt the tug on the bond again, like the force was trying to roll her over on the bed. She strained against it.

“Please,” he whispered.

“Don’t.”

He tried again, softer, more tender this time. She felt the ghost of his touch, a finger trailing down her spine. Rey thought of Poe. She turned.

He was lying on his back, staring at the ceiling. Rey studied his face, his lips, always pouting. His eyebrows, always drawn together, his mind always straining against something.

“Had you kissed someone, before me?”

“Yes,” Kylo answers, and he’s surprised by how steady his voice sounds.

She had been crumbling to ruins ever since her lips first touched his. Rey takes his words as another blow against her body, this one hitting her low in the stomach. Every wound had the shape of his mouth.

“I thought Jedi weren’t about all that,” she said, her voice soft.

“Well, I’m not a Jedi,” Kylo said. His eyes flicking down.

“Does this mean I can’t be one now?” Rey asked.

He looked across at her, his lips parting. “I thought we weren’t going to talk about this.”

Rey moved so she was lying on her back, her hand fisting the sheets between them. Some cruel and bold part of her was trying to convince her to open the bond, so everything she was feeling would rush to him. She didn’t, she wouldn’t.

“Okay,” she said, mostly to herself. “You once said you’d help me make a lightsaber, is the offer still there?”
“Yes,” he said, “of course.”

Rey inhaled deeply, her heart racing. “Then can I come to you? And you’ll teach me?”

Kylo stirred next to her, like he couldn’t get comfortable.

“You don’t-” he cleared his throat, “I can tell you, you don’t need me. We can just use the bond.”

Rey chewed on her bottom lip.

“But, wouldn’t it be easily if I was with you? Unless-” Rey pressed her lips together, and sat up, moving her legs off the bed so they rested on the floor.

“You can,” Kylo said suddenly, “But, you don’t have to. Maybe it’s best if… we’re not…”

Rey listened to him trail off, his words lacking their usual bite. Everything felt hollow. *Just say it,* she thought at him, but not too him.

“The other night, it didn’t happen, okay? This isn’t about that, I just want you to help me do this. That’s all,” she pleaded. Kylo still didn’t reply. “That’s all, I promise.”

She turned to face him. “Ren?”

Rey tasted blood in her mouth. Kylo’s mind was chaos. The night time was cruel, and everything was so quiet. His soul was the ruins of a kingdom brought to its knees. Loneliness opened in his chest like darkness.

“If you let me come, I’ll give you five minutes to try and convince me to stay,” she said.

“Fine,” Kylo said at last. “But, when - if - you leave, you have to let me wipe your memory of where I am.”

Her eyes were locked on his, and she found it hard to look away. Brown eyes, flecked with gold, stared back at her. Rey trembled.

“Fine.”

Chapter End Notes

if you couldn't tell, I love rey more than anything she is my sweet little baby
Chapter 26

Chapter Summary

The belonging you seek.

Chapter Notes

hi it's 3:10 am and i'm going to go over and edit this in the morning but i just really wanted to post something tonight

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Unlike before, Rey got to pilot a ship to Kylo’s Star Dreadnought, the Executor - which happened to be much less embarrassing than turning up in an escape pod.

What was still embarrassing, was Kylo had asked her to wear material around her face so she couldn’t be recognised.

Rey had especially gone out and bought black clothing so that she blended in better. She left her arm wraps behind as well as her gauze crosspiece, instead replacing it with a thick black material she wore wrapped around her neck and face, with just a small gap so only her eyes were visible. Her cream tunic and tights had been replaced with black versions as well and she even purchased a cloak to wrap around her shoulders to cover her saber.

Finn and Poe had seen her off and she felt terribly uncomfortable dressed like a female version of Kylo Ren in front of them. The way Finn looked at her, it was like the sight of her repulsed him. Rey swallowed the feeling of guilt and fear, and boarded her ship, taking with her a small shoulder bag of items.

Tears dampened her cheeks as she flew away from the planet, the only two people in this galaxy she cared for getting smaller and smaller, lost against the green and brown hues of the land. Rey in that moment realised she already wanted to go back; but knew she couldn’t.

When the Executor came into view, Rey held her breath as dread washed over her. Kylo’s ship was only half the size of Snoke’s old ship, but it still looked every bit as dangerous. The doors of the hanger were open for her to enter, and she could see lines of Stormtroopers ready on the platform, but no Kylo. Rey stiffened, blood rushing to her ears, remembering the solid press of cuffs against her wrists.

Kylo? she called down the bond.

The last time she had come to Kylo, she hadn’t really had a plan. This time, she still didn’t have a plan – although she did feel a little less fearful for her life. Her fighting skills had improved and so had her control over Kylo Ren – he was the most dangerous person she would have to face and she knew she could beat him if she really had to.
Rey felt a ripple of pressure against her skin. A suffocating wall of air trapping her for a moment, before it released and she could feel Kylo near her.

*Everything’s okay. Keep going.*

Rey set down the ship and powered it off. She grabbed her shoulder bag and adjusted it so it sat against her hip and pressed down on the saber attached to her belt underneath her cloak.

When Rey exited the ship, Kylo was there. He stood ahead of the line of troopers, his hands stiff by his side and his head tilted towards the ground. Rey wanted him to look at her and tell her what to do. Her black clothes made her look like one of the Knights, but underneath she was the furthest thing from a Sith warrior.

In another time, another life, this reunion would have gone a lot different. She imagined wrapping her arms around his neck, dragging him down to her level, her face pressed into the space between his ear and his shoulder.

*This way,* Kylo projected towards her, effectively shaking her from her daydreaming.

He beckoned her forward with his hand, covering for the fact they didn’t need to speak aloud to communicate. As Rey stepped forward, Kylo turned swiftly on his heel and headed towards the lifts, the troopers parting to make way for him. His leather shoes squeaked against the polished floor, his reflection a ripple of the black shadow of his cloak. Rey kept her head high, attempting to make her frame look bigger than it actually was.

Kylo entered the lift and Rey followed to stand behind him, pressed against the back wall. No one else followed them in. As the lift jolted and shot upwards Rey went to speak but Kylo cut her off with a forcepush against the bond, one strong enough to make her gasp for air.

*Not yet,* he said, which was followed by a tempering gaze in her direction.

She followed a few paces behind him the entire time it took to walk from the lift to his private quarters.

The door required his own hand signature and password, one that Rey was not quick enough to catch. Inside the room, from the ceiling to the floor, everything was entirely black. Shiny fixtures and plush, leather upholstery chairs and couches were spread around the room. Everything was aligned and perfectly straight. The symmetry and proportion of the room was so overwhelming Rey didn’t think she was even comfortable to pull one of the chairs away from the table, in case she didn’t put it back right. Beyond the spacious living room, glass triple-glazed windows took up the entire wall, showing a luxurious view of space.

“This is it?” Rey asked.

“Yes, through there,” Kylo pointed to their left, “is my room. And down that corridor,” Kylo pointed across to the right, “and through two more doors, there’s a spare room and private refresher.”

“Okay,” Rey said, “We can talk now?”

Kylo sighed as he pulled out a seat at the dining table and sat. “About what?”

“No, I just mean,” Rey swallowed, “we can…talk normally now? No one’s listening?”

“Yes, it’s fine.”
“Right, well. Tell me what the rules are? Are you going to put me in a cell or do I just have to wear cuffs?”

Kylo stared at her for a moment as if waiting for her to continue talking and say she was joking. She stared dumbfound back at him, patiently awaiting instruction. Kylo shook his head, and let out a breathy laugh. *After all this,* he thought to himself, *and she still thinks I am a monster.*

“Rey,” he started, “It’s not like that. You’re a guest, my guest. I would prefer if no one found out it was you, you know, friend of the resistance and all, but if you want to go strolling around – do so.”

“What?”

“What?” Kylo echoed. “What don’t you get about that?”

“It’s not that I really wanted to go wandering around, but, you’re not going to…restrain me or anything? Not even take my lightsaber?”

Kylo tilted his head, peering up at where she stood beside the table. She looked frightfully out of place; a girl with a soft face, spotted with freckles, dressed in a black cloak, standing on a First Order ship – everything seemed wrong.

“Do you want me to take your weapon?”

“No,” Rey said quickly, sounding like a child. “No, I just - this feels odd.”

Kylo stood up from the table and made his way to the door leading back to the rest of the ship. His paused, eyes cast towards the floor.

“I have to go…look after some things,” Kylo said abruptly. “No one will bother you here, only I have access to these rooms. Are you right here until dinner time?”

Rey chewed on her bottom lip, wringing her hands together in front of her. “What am I supposed to do?”

Kylo shrugged, and it made him look so childlike and innocent. Every once in a while, small fragments of Ben Solo slipped through Kylo’s façade. Rey’s heart beat a little faster when she picked up on the behaviours obviously inherited from Han or Leia. As she looked at him now, his face was relaxed, all soft lines and smooth skin. The jagged scar down his face could have been a trick of the light.

Rey blinked and Kylo Ren came back into view.

“I don’t have anything to do,” Rey said simply, gesturing around her and to the one small shoulder bag she had brought with her.

“There’s extra clothes I had brought to the spare room. They’re not black, and there’s some training outfits as well, in case you’re interested later,” Kylo quickly gazed to the door, “But, I really have to go. I apologise. I will be back soon.”

“Okay,” Rey said softly, shifting from one foot to the other and swaying on the spot.

“I said you could go anywhere, but maybe, not yet? It’s easy to get lost. I can show you around later.”

Rey nodded and turned towards the spare room. She heard the *swish* of the doors shut as Kylo left in
the same moment she opened the door to her room. It was small and simple; a double bed pressed against the middle of the wall and a holoscreen hanging on the wall opposite. The refresher was the same size as Rey’s last one, however this one didn’t have a bath.

On the bed, three sets of fresh clothes had been folded and neatly arranged. They were a mix of deep blues and faded whites and Rey smiled to herself.

Until Kylo returned later that night Rey laid on the bed, flicking through the different options on the holo. Everything was new to her, but nothing interested her. When she heard the door open again to the living quarters, her heart began to race a little and her stomach growled. It was way past whatever was normal dinner time, but Rey didn’t want to feel stupid racing out to meet him, like she was some lost thing that didn’t know what to do without someone to guide her.

She opened the bond slightly, prying into Kylo’s mind, to check what he was doing. She felt Kylo latch onto the feeling of the force, dragging her further into the connection. It was like she was dangling a rope in front of his face and he grabbed on, and Rey had no choice but to be propelled towards him.

He was in the kitchen, cooking – making something for her. She could hear through the door the sound of him moving plates around, dragging a chair from the table.

Are you coming to join?

Rey sat up from the bed and slowly padded towards the door. She rested her hand over the button on the lockpad beside the door, her hand beginning to shake. Rey looked down at her clothes, she was still dressed in the same thing she had worn here. She looked towards the clothes on the bed and shook her head, pressing her hand down and opening the door.

Kylo sat at the head of the table, a bowl of food in front of him, and another still sitting on the counter in the kitchen.

“That’s mine?” she asked.

Kylo nodded, his food untouched in front of him, his hands resting atop the table.

Rey took the bowl of soupy noodles and moved to sit on the lounge near the window, her back to Kylo. It felt too normal to sit at the same table as him and share a meal. That was what she did with Finn and Poe, not with him. She heard Kylo begin to eat and began herself, the room suddenly alive with the sound of awkward chewing. The food was slimy and without taste, just like everything else she’d been eating since she could remember. But at least this food had been partially warmed up, making it easier to swallow.

When Rey finished, she sat the bowl on the floor next to her and curled up on the couch, now able to see Kylo out of the corner of her eye.

He sat with his hands resembling a steeple, the line of his pointer fingers resting against his mouth. His eyes were focused on the wall ahead of him, his attention seemingly diverted from Rey.

Rey watched him, her mind trying to remember the feel of his skin on hers. She had once wondered what it would feel like to sleep beside him, without the help of the bond. Now she wondered what he would taste like if she walked over and kissed him.

His lips were red, like grape wine, the colour of scarlet madness and rusted blood. Rey’s hand twitched by her side, the force telling her to move closer, to raise her hand to his face. To trace the line of his scar – her scar. He looked across at her, eyes darting down towards her lips and Rey felt
something catch in her throat. She detached herself from the bond.

Kylo blinked, and looked back up. His eyes collected the light of the stars, keeping the energy and the heat and warmth trapped within his own body. He must have stolen the gravity from a star as well, as Rey could feel herself being pulled closer with every passing moment – no, this feeling was more like falling. Her feet were no longer beneath her body and her head felt light. She was tumbling through space, her heart and head throbbing from the hangover of waiting.

The force was a storm in the space between them, growing and building, ready to be pierced by mountain tops and wash away the valley below. The bond’s patience was greater than her own, she wondered how many sleepless nights it had endured.

Rey wasn’t sure who pulled away first, but they both moved from where they were sitting, making their way back to their separate rooms. Kylo paused at the doorway to his room. His face was harsh again, even fragment of Ben had been washed away, or hidden somewhere deep.

Here they were, after spending months with each other, standing a room apart and Rey couldn’t think of anything to say. It was like her first time talking to a stranger; a stranger that she couldn’t read. Her brain forgot every language that she knew, her mouth stumbling over silent sounds.

It felt like everything that had connected them had been burnt out, and now Rey had to rewire everything from scratch. She thought she had figured out how to bring him to the light side, but now she wasn’t sure. Every time she saw him he was a different person, his emotions constantly in flux.

Kindness. That was the only way to deal with the ball of fire which was Kylo, Rey finally decided. It was the one thing she knew best - other than how to fight. Rey wasn’t going to beg, she wouldn’t stoop to such lows. Instead she would wait; what was meant to happen would happen – it wasn’t like she had anywhere else to be.

Chapter End Notes

hi follow me on tumblr I promise I'm gonna start posting fan art soon (I keep getting distracted and making gifs) spacetico.tumblr.com (yes I did change my url)
Chapter 27

Chapter Summary

"They made quite the pair, she thought, Kylo with his bad heart, his hands covered in blood. Her, with her bad head; sorrow and fear following her through every moment of each day."

Chapter Notes

this fic about to get very explicit very soon

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Kylo got back in the afternoon, his whole body on edge and his throat hoarse from having to suffer through numerous meetings and briefings. At the sight of Rey in his apartment, his mind and body instantly calmed. It was strange really, how he couldn’t tell anymore if it was the force or if it was her that was affecting him.

Now that they were together, everything was louder, everything about her flooding his senses. The way her hair curled around her chin, the sound she made when she was frustrated with him. Rey made up a part of who he was, ignoring her could never deter her – she wrapped around him like air, she had found a place between his ribs, carving a home for herself.

Once Kylo was in the same space as Rey, nothing else mattered. All his anger, every pressing thought of war and destruction, was swept away and lost in her light.

Rey was seated on the floor in the middle of the lounge room, facing the holoscreen (which was turned off). Her eyes were closed and her legs crossed beneath her as she meditated.

“Rey?” he said softly, trying not to startle her.

“Mmm- yes?”

“Uh,” Kylo croaked, “would you like to make your saber now?”

Rey’s eyes shot open.

“Now?” she asked, sounding alarmed.

_No, it’s too soon!_ Rey shrieked.

She thought she would have a few more days, at least, to gather information for Poe. This was too soon, she hadn’t discovered anything yet – other than the layout of Kylo’s apartment, which at this stage was not helpful _at all_.

Kylo cringed, hating that he sounded so forward. “We don’t have to – we can do it later-”
“No,” Rey said loudly, as she shot up from the floor. She swallowed, and then said softly, “Now is fine.”

Kylo’s brows drew together as he studied her bizarre behaviour. Rey brushed her hands against the material of her pants, and chewed on her lip as she waited for him to say something.

Kylo’s mouth parted, the silence between them becoming suffocating. He blinked away his dazed expression, shaking his head.

Kylo pressed his lips together, a slight pout forming as a dimple appeared on his chin. He raised his arm from his side, pointing towards his room. “Uh…this way?” He said – asked – sounding unsure.

Rey’s eyes widened, and she breathed out loudly through her nose, trying to slow her heart rate and force her body to settle down. She was trying her best to act normal, but Kylo all tongue-tied and flushed was putting her on edge – he knew something was up and any second now he would understand.

With her brows halfway towards her hairline, she botched her attempt to look the part of someone who was comfortable and relaxed. She could feel the tingle in her fingers and toes from the adrenaline coursing through her body.

“Okay,” she squeaked.

Kylo guided her into his bedroom and through to an adjacent room, which looked something like a study, but was filled with enough crates and boxes that it also looked like a storage room.

“Take a seat,” he said, pointing to the chair at the desk which was pressed against the wall.

Rey did so, and tried to pick up the details of the room around her without it being overly obvious.

“So, how do we start?” Rey asked Kylo, who was leaning against the frame of the doorway.

“Normally, a padawan would travel to Ilum, to the crystal caves, to choose their own kyber crystal – it would call to them, it would be unique. But, there’s none left there now. There’s hardly any left in the entire galaxy, actually.”

Rey’s face fell and she went to stand up.

“But,” Kylo said suddenly, and Rey stayed seated, “I happen to have two old sabers here. I don’t need them anymore, and there’s something we could try.”

“I wanted to make my own,” Rey said.

“And you will. You wanted to make a double-bladed one, right?” Kylo said. Rey nodded in reply.

He walked to a chest of draws against the far wall of the room and pulled out two lighsabers. Kylo placed them on the table in front of her. He then turned back to the cupboard and fetched a small toolbox from the bottom. He placed it next to the sabers and then looked to Rey, the start of a smile creeping onto his face.

“When someone who is force-sensitive has a white saber it means, they are not light, not dark, but both. Something in between,” Kylo pointed to one of the sabers, “A red crystal can be brought back to white light when held in the hand of someone with pure intentions. Crystals turn red when they have been corrupted, for instances when a Jedi turns from the light side and embraces the dark.
“Rey, you’re more than just one type of the force. I can sense the light and the dark within you – even if you don’t want to admit it to yourself, there is still a part of you that calls to the dark side. You’re no Sith, but you’re not fully a Jedi either. I think you have the power to restore the crystals in these lightsabers.”

“But they’re yours,” Rey said stubbornly.

“And…we’re connected. I think it makes it more likely this will work. Besides, I don’t need them anymore.”

“Are you sure?” Rey asked, her voice faint.

Kylo dragged an arm chair from the corner of the room so it was closer to the desk and sat down.

He took one of the lightsabers in his hand and held it out towards her. Rey blinked up at him and he nodded back at her.

Using the force, she lifted the saber from his hand, so it floated in mid-air between them. Slowly, she pulled it apart, unlatching the clips and loosening the screws. Bits of metal flew away from the saber and Rey let them drop to the floor.

Finally, the long casing came apart and inside was the crystal, locked in a tiny compartment. Rey took the last bit of the lightsaber back into her hand.

She gasped, “It’s hot.”

“It’s just the feeling of the power, it won’t burn you.”

Rey used her fingers to release the crystal from the rest of the casing.

The length of it was just shorter than her pinkie finger, and thin enough that she could easily wrap her fingers around it. Cocooned in her palm, the heat didn’t seem as painful now, more like a dull ache.

“Now what?”

“Focus - imagine purifying it. Feel the darkness, make that turn, not into light, but into a mix between the two. Find the balance.”

Rey closed her eyes and focussed on the feeling of the crystal. With Kylo around her she could always sense the presence of the dark side of the force. But now, it was distracting, she couldn’t differentiate between the crystal and him.

She sensed the power of the crystal seeping into her skin, finding her bloodstream. Like on Ahch-To, she could feel the call to the dark side. It was a deep well of power; lucid, pure, intoxicating.

Rey’s breath quickened as she started to worry what would happen if she couldn’t unlatch herself from the dark side.

“Rey,” Kylo murmured. Shadows crept around the room, the air pressing against her on all sides.

She imagined the field on Chandrila. The smell of fruit blossoms and lemon scented gum trees. She left herself get lost in the memory; in the feel of the breeze and the sun. She couldn’t see him, but she knew Kylo – no, Ben – was there with her. Always at the edge of her mind, in the corner of her vision. In her mind, she opened her palm and the crystal glowed white, the sun reflecting off the
Rey opened her eyes, the memory fading, but the feeling remaining.

The crystals began to burn white, a brilliant, blinding sight, and Rey could feel the heat of it in her hand. The light escaped through the cracks between her fingers, her hand looking almost translucent. She felt the pull towards the crystals as energy flowed from the centre of the light into her. She could feel it travel up her arms, ending somewhere in the centre of her chest.

The crystal began to draw power from around the room, as Rey felt her body being tugged different ways, like there was a string connecting her to balls of energy around her and they all wanted to feel the power she emitted.

She looked up at Kylo and he was watching her with his mouth parted, eyes wide, like he couldn’t believe she’d actually done it.

“Well?” she asked.

“Now the other one.”

Rey repeated the process. The second crystal feeling the same as the first. This time she didn’t have to strain as much against the pull to the dark. Her body remembered the feel of the light and that was enough – for now.

“Time to put it together,” Kylo said, as he continued to gaze at her in wonder.

Rey smiled, her face feeling tight, like her muscles had to reacquaint themselves with the movement. Her eyes crinkled at the corners, her nose scrunching up as well. Kylo’s eyes never left Rey’s face, and he welcomed the feeling of the wind being sucked from his lungs, it reminded him to cherish how much his body liked the taste of air.

It took Rey all night, and well into the morning, to build the metal casing for the crystals and the handle for her lightsaber. Kylo kept watch over her the entire time; he made himself comfortable in the arm chair, reclining with his legs on the work table, a holo in his hands. Every once in a while, he would pick up she was starting to struggle with something and would offer some advice. Other than that, they stayed in silence.

“How about some music?” Rey had asked about half way through.

“Any suggestions?”

“I don’t really know any,” she replied woefully. The way Kylo looked at her, Rey almost thought he felt bad for her.

Kylo tried his best to search through what the holo could offer him to find something appropriate. They ended up listening to a playlist of slow acoustic music, something that Rey had never heard before, but it still was definitely not what she expected Kylo to choose. He looked uneasily over at Rey every time a new song started to play; trying to see if she liked it or not – Rey made sure she gave nothing away. Each song that played next sounded the same as the previous track, all mellow and soft. Rey decided it was definitely not improving her concentration as her mind began to wander to thoughts of Ben Solo.

Kylo at one point fetched her a pot of caf to keep her awake. He didn’t have any himself and ended up dozing off in his seat, his hands resting in his lap atop the holo and his head lolling to the side. It was Rey’s voice that woke him, making him jump in his seat, the muscles of his neck complaining.
“I think I’m done,” Rey said finally. She suspected the time was somewhere around the early morning, the time in-between dinner and breakfast, when they both should have been sound asleep. Kylo turned the music off and sighed, like it was a great relief.

“Can I look?”

Rey handed the lightsaber to him, holding it horizontal. She could feel the hum of power in her hand, and felt the urge to click the button and watch the light glow.

Kylo took it from her hand, turning it over and inspecting it. His fingers ran along the grip, and the flat edge where she had connected the two separate sabers, making them into one long handle.

Kylo passed it back to her, and Rey noticed he took extra care to not let their skin touch. She frowned as she took the saber back into her right hand, moving her wrist to get a feel of the weight.

“Go on, light it up,” Kylo said.

Rey stood, and backed away from the table so she wouldn’t ignite Kylo or his bookshelf, or maybe put a hole through the wall. After checking her surroundings, Rey looked back to the saber and clicked the button.

The white light of the kyber crystal lit up the entire room. The glow reflecting off her eyes and off Kylo’s. She could feel the blistering burn of power, the way it purred and pulsed, like something alive.

With two hands, she twirled the saberstaff, a graceful circle of light as she tried to not think about how this weapon was part him, part her. She didn’t know why he had those spare sabers, but she knew they must have been important to him once, and for him to just give them to her – that meant something. Her saber was more than just a weapon now, it was proof she could turn dark to light – to wonderful, bright, white light.

“It looks good, Rey,” Kylo said slowly. “You finished it much quicker than I thought you would.”

Rey switched it off, and smiled across at Kylo. “How long did you think it was going to take?”

“Days, maybe like a week. But, you sat here and didn’t take a break once, I’m impressed.”

“Oh, thanks,” she said quietly. Rey looked about the room, it had grown so dark and silent. The only light came from the lamp on Kylo’s desk, a warm yellow hue that created inviting shadows in the corners of the room.

She looked down into Kylo’s face, his eyes looking obscure and tired. There were shadowy lines beneath his eyes and the planes of his face looked longer than usual.

“We should probably go to sleep,” Rey said. The pain of having sat in the same position for hours was finally catching up with her and she felt her legs wobble.

Kylo sighed, looking down at the time on his holo, “I actually have to get ready to go to the bridge.”

“Oh,” Rey breathed, looking down at her hands, feeling slightly guilty she’d made him stay up all night. “Well, I’ll see you later then.”

Kylo nodded, giving her a quick smile. Rey stepped past him, and started heading back to her room. She paused near his bed, turning around slightly to say, “Thank you for this. It means a lot.”
“It’s nothing, you’re the one that did all the work.”

“But you still let me come here and you taught me how to build something that will probably be used against you in the future.” Rey watched as the smile on Kylo’s face faded, his teeth gritting together. “You never had to do any of this, and you still did – thank you.”

“I wanted to help you, I don’t care what you use them for,” Kylo replied, his voice so low Rey struggled to pick up what he said.

Rey stayed silent, distrusting herself to say something wise. Some indescribable feeling of loss consumed her. She felt an itch in her throat, a thought that maybe if she talked for long enough she’d begin to make sense. Rey shook her head, stepping backwards from the room.

Space was constant, but Rey felt the room grow dark, like the stars were beginning to fade out. She looked out the window and tried to memorize the pattern of the stars, so when she was long gone, she could imagine for a moment her and Kylo still slept beneath the same stars.

They made quite the pair, she thought, Kylo with his bad heart, his hands covered in blood. Her, with her bad head; sorrow and fear following her through every moment of each day.

Rey returned to her room, resting her new lightsaber beside her pillow on the bed. She didn’t bother changing her clothes before she slipped beneath the covers, the tension in her body releasing as her head hit the pillows.

She felt as if she’d been standing in rain, the water coming down hard, ice starting to form. She was soaked to the skin with emotion.

Rey could hear the faint sound of Kylo moving about outside. Her ears perking up as she tried to hear what he was doing. She closed her eyes, and tried to imagine she wasn’t on a First Order ship. Instead they were somewhere safe, somewhere quiet.

The impression of him followed her into her dreams. Where everything reminded her of him.

In her dreams, his eyes were wild, his skin soft and warm beneath her touch. The skies were no longer an empty aching blue, instead everything was alive with colour. Bright, clear light. Her version of Kylo never touched her with gloves on, he never spoke of the war. Rey no longer felt like running.

And every time after she dreamed of him, she would wake in the morning, and for a second, she would forget that her mind and body were not at peace. Instead, she felt whole.

Chapter End Notes

sorry for the mistakes it's 3am and my brain isn't working properly.

I've been posting some reylo edits/art on tumblr which is why it's taking me so long to post chapter updates! sorry!!!!!!!!!!!

so if you're interested, go check them out > spacetico.tumblr.com
Chapter 28

Chapter Notes

so sorry about the delay I've been super busy with work!!!!! next chapters get so much better so I'm excited to write those so there shouldn't be too much of a delay

also I love to read your comments so if you like the story please let me know :)

See the end of the chapter for more notes

There was a throbbing above her brows and a sour taste in her mouth when she woke. Rey headed to her refresher and splashed cold water on her face and at the base of her skull. The water dripped down her back, beneath her tunic, making her feel all clammy and not at all refreshed. She fixed her hair in the mirror, pushing back her baby hairs with a damp hand, so the hair clung to her head, before exiting back out to her room.

She had decided to try out a new style with her hair that morning. Instead of her usual buns, she tied all her hair back high on her head, and then braided it so it fell down the line of her spine. The braid just skimmed the space between her shoulder blades and spun out dangerously when Rey turned her head. She knew that when she trained with her new saber she should probably tie her hair into a tight bun so it was flat against her skull; otherwise there was a very high chance she’d be leaving her training with only half a head of hair.

Rey walked from her room to the main area to find Kylo’s cloak draped across the dining chair and his shoes kicked up against the wall. She hadn’t remembered hearing him come home, but then again, she had been slipping in and out of a dreamless sleep for hours.

“Kylo?” Rey called out, stepping carefully towards his room.

The door was open and the room inside was dark. Rey could just make out half of his bed, the covers kicked to the end and the bedcover a crinkled mess.

She called his name again but there was still no reply. Rey rounded the corner of his room and spotted the glow of the desk lamp in his study. Rey breathed a sigh of relief, her body slumping at the sight of Kylo sleeping in his desk chair, his head resting on his shoulder.

Rey stepped closer so she was just behind his chair. She could only see the half of his face that wasn’t covered by his hair, but that was enough to tell he was in a deep sleep. His body was almost completely still, except for the slow rise and fall of his chest. On the desk in front of him was his holo that still hadn’t been switched off.

Rey continued gazing at Kylo’s face as she pulled the holo through the air into her hand. As her fingers wrapped around the device she took a step back towards the door, so there was now a good distance between her and Kylo if he happened to suddenly wake.

Rey knew the unease that built within her would soon affect Kylo and pull him from his sleep. So she tried to keep the bond shut tight, but her hands were shaking and she was so nervous that she
couldn’t even process the effort needed to fully close the bond.

Rey chewed on her lower lip as she flicked through the device. She hadn’t really used one before, and so everything was a bit confusing. But eventually Rey found a list of reports sent to the device; there was at least five for each day.

*This is going to take me forever,* she thought.

Her eyes skimmed over the words looking for anything important, anything that mentioned the resistance. But she couldn’t find anything. Not only were the reports filled with codenames and numerical identifying tags, but they spoke of nothing Rey had ever heard of before.

Her mouth read out-loud as her eyes burned from the glow of the holo. “Four Star Destroyers down in the Tapani Sector...breach on board two Dreadnoughts, entire crew missing, now considered dead—”

Rey’s head snapped up to look at Kylo but he still hadn’t moved. Rey let the bond trickle open for a moment to check if he was still in a peaceful, deep sleep.

She felt the whisper of the bond, something stirring, something shuffling. Rey looked back to the holo and continued flicking through, checking for the most recent updates - her finger was beginning to ache.

“Cera Ren has disappeared from New Coruscant, position now vacant—” she paused, “Ren?”

She read the name again and looked to Kylo. This was the first time she had seen proof that the Knights of Ren actually existed, until now, Rey was doubting their whole existence. She thought back to her vision she had had at Maz’s, of the clocked figures in the rain, all wearing black masks. She shivered. Rey hoped she never ran into them.

*Damn you, Poe,* she thought to herself. *I need to leave this place.*

Rey continued to find details about the damage that had been done to numerous First Order ships, but the attacks were not consistent with what Poe had told her about Resistance strikes. This was someone - something - else.

As far as she knew, the other half of the First Order that had broken away had now been completely destroyed, so it was unlikely they had the capacity to take down Star Destroyers and steal Dreadnoughts.

Rey found next a spreadsheet of coordinates and bit her lip as she held back a yelp of excitement. She quickly moved back to Kylo’s desk to search for a pen and paper. In her agitated state, Rey didn’t realise the holo slipping from her hand until it was too late.

It clattered against the desk and Rey jerked away from the noise. Her eyes darted to Kylo’s face and watched the way he slowly woke, his brows drawing together.

Rey pulled the holo back into her hands, thinking she had enough time to exit from what she was looking at. She was wrong.

Kylo ripped the holo from Rey’s hands, glancing quickly at the screen, checking to see what information Rey now knew, before he sent it flying past them to hit the wall.

Rey’s eyes followed the movement and flinched at the sound of the glass shattering on impact. She looked back to Kylo, her vision starting to blur as tears began to pool in her eyes.
“Kylo, I’m-”

“What are you doing?” He asked thought gritted teeth.

“I was just.. I didn’t see anything, I swear,” Rey spluttered.

Kylo tilted his head, gazing down at her, a sneer beginning on his lips. “Rey, don’t lie.”

“I’m not,” she replied, her voice weak. Kylo continued to glare at her as he moved closer, his height forcing her to raise her chin to keep her eyes on his face. “I’m not!”

Kylo pushed closer, still, so now he was well within arm’s reach. Rey’s arms tensed by her side, fingernails digging into her palms.

She inhaled deeply, a wheezing sound filling the room. “Kylo, what is it? What’s out there attacking you?”

Kylo made a pained noise, somewhere between a groan and a growl. “Kriff, Rey. You shouldn’t even be in here,” Kylo said as he stepped closer, forcing Rey to take another step back.

“Kylo, what is it? What’s happening?”

“It’s nothing, just stop!” he shouted as he brushed passed her, heading back out to the main room.

Rey was left standing in the middle of his bedroom, her entire body humming with exasperation. She blinked, and felt a tear stream down her cheek. She never made a move to wipe it away.

“What is it? Is it bad?” she said evenly, her voice low.

“Just…leave it,” he said from the other room.

“No, don’t be like this,” Rey said as she stepped into the main room to find Kylo leaning over the kitchen cabinets. His dark hair mused up around his face, his entire body looking ridged and on edge.

“Don’t be like what?”

Kylo threw his hands up in disgusted resignation, waving them towards her, his lips opening and then closing. His face turned red, and then a deeper shade of purple.

Rey stuck her chin out and pursed her lips.

“I don’t know…distant,” Rey grated out. Kylo rolled his eyes and entire head as he looked away. “If something’s wrong, just tell me. Don’t hide things, you know I’ll find out eventually.”

“Will you now?” he asked, his voice taut.

She felt an itch in her throat, her expression hardening. “Kind of inevitable when I can read your mind,” Rey replied.

Kylo’s shoulders slumped, and he turned his face to her. “Not everything gets through, there’s many things you don’t know.”

“Keep telling yourself that if it helps you sleep better at night,” Rey taunted.

He glared at her, waiting for her to crack, to slip up. But Rey noticed the way his cheeks paled.
“It goes both ways,” he said.

“It does, but I’m stronger than you. There’s lots of things you don’t know,” Rey said, her voice close to breaking, her nerves well and truly about to get the best of her.

Kylo hummed, taking a step towards her. “And what is it you’re hiding?”

Rey forced a smile onto her face, her lips pressed tightly together.

Somewhere between when they first met and now, Rey had created a monster within. One that could spin lies and swallow heartbreak for breakfast. Rey’s mouth had forgotten what the truth sounded like.

Rey began to walk to her room, moving within an arm’s reach of Kylo. She could feel the presence of the force around him as she moved past; like a caress against her own aura that she projected.

Some part of her wanted him to reach out to her. But he didn’t.

This will take time, she thought, undoing him from my blood and bones. Getting to know him was like remember who she was. To rid him of her body and mind was going to take everything she had. Rey had already reached the impossible conclusion that she had met Kylo before in another life, another time, another place - they had been though all of this before. Maker, I’m sorry I messed this one up.

“Rey,” Kylo said from behind her. Rey kept moving down the corridor to her room, each step she took feeling harder than the next. “It wasn’t important, it was nothing. These attacks, they happen all the time. The resistance isn’t the only militia group out there. It’s nothing I can’t handle.”

Rey opened the door to her room.

“Rey,” Kylo said louder, “can you just stop?”

“What is it?” she asked, hovering at the entrance to her room.

“You said once I helped you, you’d give me five minutes to try and change your mind,” he said softly.

Rey sighed, turning her face away. “Well, go on then.”

“Five minutes isn’t exactly fair, so how about five days?”

Rey took a deep breath, trying to school her features into not giving away how helpful his proposal was to her. Perhaps with more time her abilities at sneaking around would improve. Rey crossed her arms over her chest, one hand coming to rest at her mouth, her finger rubbing across her upper lip.

“Even I could get you to come around in five days,” she said, her voice light.

“Ah,” he breathed, “but that’s not what you promised.”

“What? I’m not allowed to argue back?” Rey said, her hands coming to rest on her hips.

Kylo’s mouth twisted to the side, his brows pulling together. “Fine. But I get to tell you when you’re being too overbearing.”

Rey shook her head, eyes rolling. “Fine.”
Kylo adjusted the end of his tunic and took a step back, moving towards his room. His lifted a finger towards her as he said, “Tomorrow. A training session to test that new saber, what do you say?”

Rey tried her best to keep a smile from appearing on her face. Her entire body still on edge and her emotions didn't feel like her own. The static she felt in her fingertips wasn't going away. “Prepare to lose.”

Chapter End Notes

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Chapter 29

Chapter Summary

Rey from nowhere.

Chapter Notes

so sorry for the delay! promise the next update should come quicker

if I ever go longer than five days between updates please feel free to hassle me on tumblr!!!!!!!!! I do need a bit of encouragement sometimes - spacetico.tumblr.com

After breakfast, Kylo led her down the corridor outside of his room. At the end of the hall they entered into a room that was four times the size of his living quarters and designed especially for force training.

In the centre of the room, the floor was a step down and covered in padding, not thick enough to slow you down, but enough that you wouldn’t be winded when dropped on your back. Different training apparatus lined the walls, from rope and climbing frames, to different weapons from swords to short handled blades. As Rey walked towards the centre of the mats, a set of staffs against the wall at the back of the room caught her eye. She drew one towards her and caught it with her arm raised and a steady hand.

Rey turned her head and found Kylo watching her, his lips slightly parted.

Rey twirled the staff in her hand, and on either side of her body, before bringing it above her head in a swirling arc, never once breaking eye contact with Kylo.

He coughed, shaking his head as he turned away from her gaze. Kylo watched her out of the corner of his eye as he took off his leather jacket and let it fall to the floor. Underneath he wore a loose fitting, short-sleeved tunic. The strings at the top were loose and the collar opened across his collarbones.

He then took off his gloves and let them drop to the floor before he bent down to unlace his boots. He removed his socks as well and rolled up the ends of his pants before drawing a staff towards him and stepping towards Rey.

“No lightsabers?” Rey asked, unlatching hers from her waist belt.

“Not yet, let’s just stick with these for now,” Kylo replied, nodding towards the staff in her left hand.

Rey moved to the corner of mat and placed her saber carefully on the floor before matching Kylo and removing her shoes and socks.
She looked down at her clothes and then across at him. They were dressed almost identically, with Rey still wearing the clothes she had arrived here in. She winced thinking about the similarities between them.

“What are you waiting for?” Kylo asked. He was still standing in the middle of the room watching her.

“Nothing!” Rey replied quickly, walking back to join him. “So, how are we judging this?”

“First to surrender?”

“I was thinking more like first to five, but…”

Kylo twirled his staff in his right hand, a smile creeping onto his face. His rotated it across his body and back again, before he stepped in a circle and brought the staff towards Rey’s own.

She knocked his staff to the side, blocking the weight of his blow.

“Rule one, keep the bond closed – no cheating,” Rey said as she swung her staff sideways towards Kylo’s shoulder. He stepped away, bending slightly backwards as he knocked her staff end towards the ground.

Rey’s hand tightened, feeling her skin blister.

“Rule two, don’t go for the face,” Kylo said smiling.

“Rule three – shut up,” Rey said, gritting her teeth together as she swiped for Kylo’s legs but ended up rolling away to escape the swing of his staff. She planted her feet onto the ground, ready to leap.

“Now, where’s the fun in being quiet?” Kylo replied smoothly, his voice low and intense.

Rey inhaled suddenly, feeling the burn of cool air against her heated lungs.

“What? You think now’s the perfect time to try and talk me over to joining the dark side?”

Kylo made a face like he was considering it, his lips pouting and his head quirking sideways. Rey jumped to her feet, using the force to add weight to the blow she landed against Kylo’s staff that was horizontal across his body. He stumbled backwards, and Rey quickly spun the staff around, hitting Kylo’s shoulder – hard.

His mouth opened like he was about to yell at her, but instead he just panted, taking another step back. His free hand came to massage the place where she’d hit him, his eyebrows scrunching together for a moment.

“You know I’m going easy on you, right?” Kylo asked, straitening his body so he was at his full height. His shoulders rolled backwards as his shirt strained against the size of his chest. Rey tried her best not to roll her eyes.

“I’m going easy on you, too.”

She swallowed thickly and held her staff outwards from her body in a defensive stance.

“Why’s that?” Kylo asked as he took a step towards her.

Their staffs met as they both aimed at the others stomach. Kylo’s blow came down hard against Rey, and her arms shook under the impact. Her hands slipped against the handle as sweat shone on her
“Don’t want you to know what I’m really made of,” Rey replied.

She ducked underneath his next swing and spun so she was behind him, an open shot at his back.

Like he could see though her eyes, he blocked her staff as she when to point it at the middle of his back.

“I could fight you with my eyes closed,” he said. “You’re so predictable.”

Rey groaned, throwing her staff to the side and drawing her lightsaber into her hand.

“Let’s up the stakes a bit then,” Rey suggested as she ignited her saber, the white beams shooting out from either end of the handle.

“You sure you know how to use your thing? It’s not like a staff, you have to make sure to only hold the centre.”

Rey rolled her eyes as she spun her saberstaff across either side of her body. “I know not to touch the light beam, thanks.”

Kylo smiled as he let his staff float towards the edge of the mat and drew his cross-blade lightsaber to his hand, which ignited as it touched his palm.

They spent another good hour fighting, with Rey refusing to admit how difficult it was to use her new weapon. Kylo could tell, and a smile crossed his face each time Rey stumbled, or flinched as her hand almost grabbed the wrong part of the saber.

By the end of their training session Rey was completely exhausted and had sweated through the layers of her clothing, her black tunic turning a shade darker. Her hair was matted against her forehead and she could swear she smelt burning hair. She felt relieved to see that Kylo was also equally exhausted. Halfway through he had shed his shirt and now stood across from her, his chest practically glowing in the light.

“Okay, so you’ve proved you know how to use a saber,” Kylo began. He looked across at Rey as he pulled his tunic over his head. She tried to keep her face blank but she could feel her eyes widening. “But, correct me if I’m wrong, you know nothing about force powers. And seeing as you’re the last wannabe Jedi, that’s not a good star-”

“Do you have a point?” Rey asked.

He looked at her blankly for a second, like he was stunned she had cut him off mid-sentence.

“As I was saying, luckily for you, you just so happen to be in the presence of someone who learned pretty much everything there was about how to be a Jedi,” Kylo said with a smirk, looking prouder than ever. “And although I can’t demonstrate to you all the things I know, I can teach it.”

“Why are you telling me this?”

“It’s my offer,” Kylo said, his voice smooth and low.

Rey blinked, “Your offer?”

“Well, one of many. If you decided to stay, it's something I could help you with.”
“Kylo-” Rey began.

“No, don’t say anything yet. First, let me teach you something - so you can get a taste of the things I could show you.

The air escaped Rey’s lungs as she paused motionless in the middle of the training room. She chewed at her lip as she looked up and across at Kylo through her hair that had fallen around her face.

“Make it something good,” she said eventually, cursing at herself in her mind.

“Alright,” Kylo said, a pleased look crossing his face, “what I’m about to explain to you is called force ghost. The ability to manipulate the force around you so that you seem invisible.”

“That sounds ridiculous and stupid,” Rey said suddenly.

Kylo scoffed, “Wrong. It’s a useful skill, especially for you if you ever need to hide while you’re here.”

Rey crossed her arms over her chest. “Why would I need to hide?”

Rey’s heart raced and an acidic taste was rising on her tongue. Her eyes stung and she wondered if Kylo was cruel enough to trick her into showing her hand. She thought she had played off the other night when he’d caught her snooping – but now she wasn’t so sure.

Kylo hadn’t seemed bothered at the time, but now Rey wondered if he’d been watching her every move since. Maybe he picked up on bracelet, he knew things, more than Rey could ever understand.

Kylo shrugged his shoulder, over-exaggerating the movement. “I don’t know, Rey,” he said sarcastically, as he shook his head. “You’re right, a completely useless skill I’m sure you’ll never use it.”

“Fine,” Rey said loudly. “Get on with it. How do-” Rey halted, feeling her throat tighten. She brought her hand across her forehead, wiping at the sweat forming above her brow. Damn it, Maker, why couldn’t she get a grip on her emotions?

“It’s easy.”

“It doesn’t sound easy.”

Kylo raised a hand, his eyes fluttering closed, “just listen.”

Rey breathed heavily, the air whistling out her nose.

“Close your eyes. And listen,” Kylo said, his eyes still closed. “To hide yourself it means you have to create a…barrier around you. Imagine you are putting on an actual cloak. Picture it as black, or even translucent, just…imagine this cloak can bend the light around you. Picture light as wind, and instead of letting it hitting you, command it to wrap around you and keep moving.”

Rey did as Kylo instructed and pressed her eyes tightly shut, focusing all of her energy on listening and feeling the force around her.

“It’s not just light, you need to bend sound as well. I shouldn’t be able to hear you either.” Rey tried to pick up all the sounds her body made, from the sound of her breathing, to the slowing beat of her heart. But above it all, she could still hear Kylo; even from across the room, it felt like he was right
by her side. “You have to find the gap between the force and hide yourself within it.”

“I can’t-”

“Keep trying,” Kylo demanded with a steady voice.

“It’s draining me, I can feel it in my limbs already,” Rey said with a strained voice.

Kylo waited silently, and Rey could feel his eyes burning into her skin. Her face flushed as she clenched her hands and her eyes tighter. Her face was probably contorted into a horrible expression but she couldn’t find it within her to care; the force was draining her, even more than usual.

“Move your hand,” Kylo instructed next.

With her eyes still closed, Rey lifted her hand from her side out towards where she knew Kylo was standing in front of her.

“Open the bond for a moment, I just want to check if you’re doing it right.”

Rey should have been used to the feeling of failing, but her cheeks still burned and fire coursed within her veins. She couldn’t stand not being able to get things right; she didn’t have time to be stumbling over the opportunity to learn Jedi techniques.

“I’m trying, okay?” Rey gritted out.

“I know, just...open the bond.”

Rey could feel the familiar feel of exhaustion begin to sweep over her. It started in her feet and crept up her legs, stopping only when it reached her forehead. A pulsating ache, that wouldn’t ease and only grew worse.

Opening the bond took more energy than she thought it normally did. But eventually, like she was forcing herself to wake after only an hour’s rest, the connection to Kylo slipped open and his consciousness rushed into her own.

“Rey,” Kylo said softly.

Rey was only slightly worried at his tone. Even on death’s door, she would still keep two secrets tightly locked within her. No matter how hard Kylo pushed, he would never break through the defences she set up. Something steadied within her, knowing he would never know the real reason she was here – at least not from reading her mind.

“Rey,” Kylo said again, his voice light.

“What?” Rey asked.

Rey almost flinched as Kylo began to laugh. Her eyes shot open to look at him, surprise all over her face.

“What?” She asked again, her voice wild.

“You’re...” Kylo trailed off, shaking his head in disbelief as he rubbed at his neck.

“Kylo, what is it?”

“You did it,” he said, smiling as he turned back to face her.
Rey looked down at her hands, turning them over to inspect her palm and her then her knuckles. Everything look the same, there was no bending of light that she could make out. She looked back up to Kylo, shaking her head.

The feeling of air being sucked through a vacuum surrounded her, and like a bubble popping, she felt the pressure around her dampen. Without the press of the force against her, energy drained from every synapse at once and Rey felt herself wobble.

“I did it?” she asked, completely stunned. Kylo bobbed his head happily, bringing his hand to his mouth trying to cover his smile.

“You should sit,” Kylo offered, his eyes opening as he absorbed what she was feeling and felt his own eyelids begin to droop close.

Rey did as he said and plonked herself down on the mat, crossing her legs beneath her.

“Somehow, you keep surprising me, again and again,” Kylo said gently, “Rey from nowhere, Rey the scavenger.”

Rey frowned, and bit her tongue as she looked towards the floor. Sadness flooded her senses, an unbearable ache pushing her down towards the ground. Her stomach rumbled but she wasn’t hungry.

“Stop saying that,” she mumbled, “why are you saying that?”

“Rey – the last Jedi.”

“Kylo Ren – the Jedi killer,” Rey said mockingly. “How guilty do you feel that you just helped me?”

“I don’t feel bad at all,” Kylo replied quickly. “What did you think the first time you saw me? In the forest?”

Rey blinked, slightly stunned by his question. She was quiet for a moment, trying to think of the first time her eyes had looked upon him. The mask, the cape, the red of his saber against black. She thought of Takodana, but that wasn’t it. “That wasn’t the first time.”

“What?” Kylo said, his voice echoing around the room.

“It wasn’t, uh – I’d seen you before…in a vision.”

Confusion crossed Kylo’s face as his body swayed on the spot.

“When Luke’s saber was first given to me, I had this vision-thing,” Rey blanched, not knowing how to best explain what happened. “It was nothing, I think I just was reliving Luke’s memories-”

“Of what? Where was I?”

“I don’t know,” Rey groaned, struggling to recall. “It was raining, and it was dark – night time. You were wearing your mask and surrounded by others dressed like you. You killed someone and then you looked right at me and started walking towards me and then that’s it. The vision shifted to something else.”

Rey looked to Kylo who had gone still, his head bowed. She swallowed, looking nervously around her.

“And then, I saw the forest – on StarKiller base. Where we fought.”
“Before it happened?” Kylo looked up, his eyes finding hers.

“Yes,” Rey answered.

“Was there…anything else?”

Rey shook her head, diverting her gaze from Kylo’s.

“You’re lying,” Kylo said softly.

“No, that’s all there really was. The rest was hazy – they were just my memories and Luke’s. And voices, saying my name and-”

“Voices? Rey, what did you hear?” Kylo asked, his voice much louder than before.

Rey sighed, crossing her arms over her chest, feeling slightly attacked. “I don’t know. Something about the force…energy…that surrounds us-”

“And binds us...For my ally is the force, and a powerful ally it is. Life creates it, makes it grow...” Kylo spoke, his voice trailing off as he took a step away from her, moving to pick up his jacket from the floor.

“How...how did you know that?”

“It’s something that Luke used to say a lot,” Kylo said gently. He pulled his jacket back over his tunic, doing up the button slowly.

Rey nodded her head as she pressed her lips tightly together. She stretched her arms above her head, feeling her shoulders pop, and then repeated the movement pulling her arms behind her back. She twisted her head side to side, shivering as she felt her neck crack.

“Ready to go?” Kylo asked, moving towards the door now that he was fully dressed again.

Rey rolled her shoulders and arched her back once more before she painfully moved to stand, feeling an ache down her right leg.

“Sure,” she said and she breathed heavily though her nose, trying to not put weight on her sore leg.

“Day off tomorrow?” Kylo asked, his voice light.

“No,” Rey replied quickly, “I’ll be good by morning. It’s you that’ll be in pain this time tomorrow.”

Kylo nodded his head, raising his eyebrows as he replied, “Sure.” He smiled at her once more, before they turned together and left.
Chapter 30

Chapter Summary

Rey would spend a lifetime convincing him to stay with her if that’s what it took.

Chapter Notes

this is almost 4k words? wow, enjoy!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Rey slipped into a routine of waking early to train with Kylo and then spending the rest of the day lying on her bed staring at her plain walls and plain ceiling. Kylo would leave straight after breakfast to attend to duties on the ship and she wouldn’t see him again until very late in the evening.

Rey still hadn’t quite worked up the courage to start adventuring the ship beyond the training room. She had tried once, but got freaked when she saw people in the corridor. Even though the entire crew probably knew she was here, she still felt like she was unwelcome here. She couldn’t imagine how embarrassed she would be if Kylo was to find her snooping around his ship. Rey couldn’t tell if he would be mad or amused.

Rey was curled up on the couch watching a holodrama when he got back. She barely lifted her head as he walked in, but her eyes still followed his movement as he walked in the dark to his room, the door hissing shut.

When he reappeared later, he was freshly showered and wearing a white shirt and thick pants that came in around his ankles.

“Hungry?” Kylo asked as he walked to the kitchen area.

“No, I’m okay.”

She heard him shuffling around behind her and then he walked around the front of the couch, a blanket in his hands. He offered it out to her and Rey smiled as she took it from him and draped it over her legs.

He sat at the far end of the couch, his arm perched on the side. Rey slumped further into the cushion, her head resting on a pillow made by her arms.

Rey had never watched holovids before, she never had the money to pay for them on Jakku. When she’d found out to work the viewscreen in Kylo’s living room, Rey was overwhelmed with how many options lay before her. The viewscreen even categorized the videos by genre, and so picked the first ‘romance’ film and let it play. That was hours ago, she was now up to the third video on the list.

Rey sat there now, hyper aware that the video she was watching wasn’t really that good:
unbelievable plot, and boring characters. She desperately wanted Kylo to get up and leave so she
didn’t feel so self-conscious of her poor choice in film.

Luckily for her, it didn’t take long for him to leave. As soon as the two characters began to lean
towards each other, about to kiss, he abruptly stood up and headed back to his room.

Rey felt something like relief as she lay down completely across the couch, stretching her legs out to
place where Kylo had been sitting. She tucked her arms beneath the body as she felt a chill creep
under her blanket. Space was cold in an unfeeling, distant way. The things she would do to be back
in the heat of Jakku, if just for a day. To feel the warmth across her cheeks, to feel it soaking through
her skin and into her bones.

She could still hear Kylo softly moving about his room; the sound of water running and cupboards
closing. She wondered if he would stay up all night, sitting at his desk, busying himself with work.

When she had wondered how Kylo spent his time, it wasn’t this dizzying routine, these sleepless
ights and early mornings. She imagined him bold and arrogant, sitting in some throne room and
barking orders while he got someone else to clean his weapons and polish his shoes. But no,
everything about how he performed his duties as Supreme Leader was all-or-nothing, and everything
about how he spent his down time was solitary and detached. He lived with the lights off, plain food
and cold *kaf* – if Rey wasn’t here, she was sure he would never speak to anyone unless if it was to
relay an order.

Rey knew loneliness well, and she knew that being disconnected and unemotional was the best way
to stay alive. She practiced it for many years, trying to make herself seem dangerous and cruel. But
when she had met Finn, every bold thing about her dropped away and she was filled with a *want* to
get close to him, to talk about everything and anything.

And now Finn was lightyears away and she was cold and filled with so many stories she could talk
for days. She wondered what she would tell Finn and Poe first when she saw them again; maybe
about how she could probably beat Kylo in a fist fight, or that when he sleeps, every hard line on his
face slips away and is replaced by something much softer.

Rey sat up and switched the holovid off. The shadows in the room ate away at all of the edges, and
darkness crept towards her like a cowl being draped over her shoulders.

Rey headed to her room and readied herself for bed, splashing water on her face and combing her
hair back into a braid down the middle of her head. She could have had a hot shower, but the effort
of taking off her clothes and putting them all back on again seemed overwhelming. Instead, Rey
pulled on a grey sweater she found in the pile of clothes given to her and pulled the sleeves down
well beyond her wrists and climbed into bed.

Rey burrowed further beneath the covers, so just her eyes peeked out above the blanket. But she still
felt cold. She wished Kylo would just turn the heaters on rather than turning the cooling up. Rey was
not used to this constant chill sweeping over her body.

She made a sound close to a whine and turned over in the bed, searching for warmth. Rey opened
her eyes to find Kylo lying under the covers next to her.

His eyes were closed, but she could tell he was still awake. Rey sat up and looked towards the door
of her room that was still shut. She laid back down, her eyebrows drawn together.

“Are you-?” she began.
“No, I’m still in my room,” he replied, sounding exhausted.

Rey hummed in reply, drawing her knees closer to her chest. “I’m cold.”

“I know,” he intoned.

“I think your bed is warmer than mine,” Rey said in a hushed voice. She waited for his reply with an unblinking gaze.

His face remained blank and Rey would have thought he was asleep were it not for the humming of the force around them, the bond alive like fire within her.

“Okay,” he said finally, his voice cutting through the night and making Rey shiver.

The bond steadied itself by latching onto Rey’s beating heart. This relentless and constant feeling within her, that was the only certainty right now. Rey wondered why she found it so much easier to be brave in the dark.

Rey suppressed the urge to pull away, to stop this before it even began.

When her door slid open, and Kylo padded softly over to her bed, Rey forgot every thought that had crossed her mind before that moment.

Everything was slowed, his movements gentle and un-rushed. He lifted the heavy cover so he could slip in beside her, a soft humming sound coming from his throat as he shifted closer to her.

“Is this okay?” he asked. Rey could only reply by frantically bobbing her tiny head, that was still half covered by sheets. Rey dampened the connection between them, so the bond was only open a tiny bit. In this late hour, when her heart was beating wildly, she became fearful of what secrets she may accidently let slip out.

A thick silence enveloped them, but Rey felt calmed, she drank it in through every pore. Her body had warmed slightly with Kylo’s heat soaking across the bed to her. Rey could have fallen asleep if she really wanted, but her body craved more; it knew of the comfort in warmth and wanted to feel whole again.

The bond was only open a crack, but Kylo must have understood the yearning that emanated from her.

“Come here,” he murmured. Rey shuffled closer and when her front was almost pressed to his chest, his hands found her waist beneath the sheets and rolled her over. Her kept one arm across her, his hand flat against her stomach and pulled her tighter back against him.

Rey wiggled so the pillow was beneath her head, and her hands were beneath the pillow. Kylo didn’t remove his hand, it stayed on her, like a heavy weight, keeping her against him.

Rey decided Kylo must have been exhausted beyond compare, it was the only reason he was being so forward with her. She couldn’t imagine him physically crawling into her bed and pulling her close when he was in his normal state of mind.

But down the bond, everything felt clear. Like untouched water on a lake; the reflection of a cloudless sky unbroken and unwavering.

Rey realised she felt too hot now, her entire body was burning. She couldn’t stop thinking about how close they were and how long it had been since she’d felt his body against hers. She squirmed again,
trying to move her body down the bed so his hand wasn’t so low on her stomach.

“Stop that,” he whispered, mumbling into the mess of her hair that was escaping from its braid.

Maker, help me, she thought.

Her shirt had ridden up and she could feel the cool air hit her uncovered skin above her waistband. Her lungs strained, blood rushing to her head. Kylo surely could hear her heart racing.

His fingers began to move in slow circles against her shirt, dangerously close to her bare skin.

She tried to say his name, but her tongue felt heavy and she choked on the word. Shadows danced at the corners of her vision, and the darkness felt so wet and raw, so enticing.

She could feel Kylo’s breath against her neck and her chest heaved. His arm felt so heavy across her side, it was like she couldn’t pull away even if she wanted to.

Rey couldn’t help but notice that the line of his body was pressed completely against hers and his size engulfed her. She could curl away and hide within the shape of his shoulders if she really wanted to – if he let her.

He drew her impossibly closer, their legs twisting together, and his fingers dipping under her shirt and ablaze against her skin. The muscles of her stomach fluttered under his touch as he continued to draw circles onto her skin.

“Kylo,” she warned.

Her hand came down to rest over his, and he paused.

They waited like that and Rey tried her best not to move, afraid of him pulling away from her. She could feel the heat pooling in her lower stomach, right beneath his hand and her thighs clenched together, her entire body on edge.

Kylo exhaled against her neck and Rey squeezed the bond shut with a gasp.

“Too late,” he said, his voice flat and empty like it always was.

“Kylo,” she said again, her voice barely audible. She could feel her body melting, everything feeling soft and languid.

Please, she thought, say something.

The bond was closed, but she could still feel it waiting. Like he was on the other side of a door, all Rey had to do was let him in. Her cheeks burned and she couldn’t breathe. All she could feel was regret and longing for the impossible and the absurd.

“It’s okay,” he breathed. His lips were so close to her neck and Rey shivered, wanting to press back into him.

“Shut up,” she hissed, but her voice didn’t sound demanding in the slightest. She could hear her own unease and discomfort.

Rey want to run and hide. Maybe have a cold shower and shove herself out into space.

“Rey,” Kylo said, and his voice didn’t sound like his own. It wasn’t cruel and it wasn’t menacing, it was something else entirely.
Kylo made a sound like he was going to say something else so Rey said quickly, the words stumbling from her mouth, “Shut up. Just don’t, okay?”

She pushed away from him, her fingers digging into the back of his hand and wrenching it from her stomach. She moved towards the edge of the mattress. The cold of the untouched sheets stinging her skin.

Rey slowly opened the bond, feeling that trickle of darkness travel through to her.

She sighed, closing it again. Not wanted to know where that feeling came from and where it led to.

“Would you like me to tell you about my day?” Kylo asked, his voice calm and steady.

“What?” Rey squeaked out.

Kylo spoke again, and with each word, Rey felt calmer. “Do you want me to tell you about what I got up to today?”

Rey rolled over to face him as her mouth opened and closed, as she searched for something to say. “I- uh.. I suppose, if you want to?”

“Well, okay. Firstly, people keep asking me why you’re here,” Kylo said with a sigh, “they keep enquiring about where you’re staying and why I’ve been seen training you. They keep insisting that you be moved somewhere more secure and keep under armed guard. And so, I have to keep reminding everyone that it’s none of their business. And I’ve been trying to play it off that you’re keeping me super busy and that I shouldn’t have to take on so many responsibilities. But unfortunately, there’s not really anyone else who can do my job properly,” Kylo finished with a huff, and exhaled loudly for effect.

“That sounds rough,” Rey said.

“It is, you’ve become a real nuisance,” Kylo said, but his voice was light and Rey could tell he was joking.

“You like having me here, I can tell,” Rey said gently, her voice all slow and sweet.

“Would it be so bad if I did?”

Rey pressed her face further into the pillow, curling her body around itself. She couldn’t stop thinking about how her body had responded to Kylo’s touch - and how he knew completely. Rey kept wondering how she could play this off as not a big deal, but she could still feel the tension in the air between them now. The fact Kylo refused to even acknowledge what happened showed just how much it affected him. She wondered if he felt as disgusted as she did.

“Nothing would change if you came back with me, it could be like this. Everything would be so much easier,” Rey said, turning the conversation towards their favourite pass-time.

Kylo didn’t respond, instead he closed his eyes, the lines of his face smoothing out.

“Ben, please. Why do you have to make this so difficult? Come back with me, come home. You can leave all this behind and never have to worry about this fighting ever again-”

“You think they’d just let me hide away somewhere? Rey, I’d be put on trial, imprisoned forever, if they didn’t kill me first,” Kylo said roughly, his eyes fluttering open.
Rey’s heart leapt, this was the first time Kylo had even humoured the idea of him turning to her side. Maybe he was doing it to make her feel better about the embarrassment that was rolling off of her in waves.

“You don’t know that,” Rey said sharply, “they’d listen to me. Poe would listen to me.”

“Rey-”

“I’d make them listen, I wouldn’t let anything bad happen to you. Ben, I promise,” Rey choked out, her eyes beginning to sting.

Kylo rolled over onto his back, his hand coming to rest above his chest. His skin looked sickly and pale in the dim light; the marks under his eyes were almost as dark as his irises.

Staying still in the darkness, Rey could pretend for a moment she wasn’t really here; less convinced that she ever really existed in this world. So still and quiet, she lay beside Kylo and just watched the way his chest rose as he breathed gently.

Rey had gotten used to the life of never getting what she wanted, and so, over time, she had forgotten what it was her heart truly desired. Her habit of despair had become worse than the feeling of sadness itself.

She needed to pull herself from this deep pool of water, this creeping darkness, that pressed down on her chest and made every memory foggy.

“Whatever it is you need for me to do – to say – to make you change your mind, I’ll do it,” Rey assured him.

“That’s not it, there’s nothing you can do,” Kylo mumbled, grating out the words.

Rey scrunched up her face as she tilted her head into the crook of her elbow. Her arm rested beneath her head was starting to go numb, but she didn’t want to move. “Let me make you a deal,” Rey hesitated, “I’ll disconnect myself form the force, if you agree to surrender.”

“What?”

“If you come back with me. I’ll close myself off from the force so the bond disappears, you – we – won’t have to worry about this ever again.”

“Rey, that’s-” Kylo looked towards Rey, a frown on his face. “You can’t do that.”

“I can and I will. I’ll do anything to end this war.” Rey swallowed, a nauseating feeling rising within her. “I lived without the force my entire life, it’s nothing to me.”

You’re nothing to me, were the unspoken words that Kylo heard and his hand tighten into the material of his shirt.

Fighting was Kylo’s first memory; it was the only thing he ever knew, the only thing he was ever good at. His body was covered in scars, having been battered and bruised since he was a child. But the deepest cuts, they were all carved by her. He was living with an open wound.

This feeling he got when he looked at her, he still hadn’t found the words to describe. It was like staring at the sun for too long, and once you look away, the entire world is out of focus. Her face now reminded him of a storm, a promise of rage and stark beauty.
He thought leaving her would be easy. Forgetting every memory of her face, of her skin, of her touch. But this feeling of her would burn his soul forever, marking his every day and refusing to let him be.

Rey knew nothing but the sight of Kylo’s head against her pillow. Black hair splayed out, and eyes fluttering closed. His scar looked raw and aching, his entire face pained and pleading with her. She didn’t know what he wanted – she had never known what he wanted.

“I don’t want you to do that. I don’t want you to disappear,” Kylo said, his low and rumbling in his chest.

“I’m going to disappear anyway if you don’t leave with me,” she replied.

Kylo shook his head sideways, the smallest of movements. Rey shuffled closer to him on the bed, readjusting her head so she could look at him properly without the pillow shielding half of her face.

“I wish you’d just tell me what is it I have to do,” she said softly.

“It’s not like that,” Kylo sighed, his eyes looking upwards to the ceiling. “That life, I can’t just go back to how things were. That’s not who I am anymore.”

“You can’t go on like this, I can feel how miserable you are. This is never going to go your way, believe me,” Rey said.

“I have to try, I’m not giving up what I started.”

Rey nibbled on her bottom lip and looked over Kylo’s face one more time before she rolled over on the bed, readjusting the blankets over her shoulder.

“It’s late,” she mumbled in the sheets.

She could hear Kylo sigh and shuffle around. “You’re just going to not talk to me anymore?” he asked.

“I’m tired,” Rey replied bluntly.

She felt Kylo press against the bond, a gentle touch against her mental defences. “Just sleep,” she said sharply.

Kylo recoiled, the bond going numb. Like a physical punch to her chest, she felt the force her rejection had on him. He hated the silence, hated not talking. For once, both Rey and Kylo had felt like they were close to some kind of breakthrough; moments away from convincing the other to join them. But like every other time, their conversation fizzled out as both were left angry and drained.

“Come here,” she said quietly, her voice a whisper. Rey reached beneath the blankets behind her trying to find Kylo’s arm. She caught the cuff of his sleeve and tugged him towards her.

He caught on to what Rey intended, and moved himself closer to her, so his front was lightly pressing into her back. His arm wrapped around her waist, his hand squeezed into a fist and resting on the mattress just near her stomach. The memory of what happened before all too fresh in their minds. Rey hated being in this vulnerable position, she hated him knowing everything about how she felt, and her know nothing about him.

“Sleep now,” Rey said as she felt her body melt into his and the warmth that was suddenly around her, and don't make fun of me, were the unspoken words she let pass between them. Kylo didn’t
complain, she didn’t feel him tense or recoil from her touch. Instead he relaxed against her, moving his body into the gaps between them so their bodies touched at every point. He pressed his head into the space between her shoulders and her head, warm puffs of air against her skin.

Kylo held onto Rey like it was the last time he would ever touch her, like this was what he was born to do, and without her close his body, he would die of starvation.

Rey had never known what it was like to have a home, but now she thought maybe her place was somewhere amongst the stars. It didn’t matter if she was in the shadow of a planet, or on the left side of the brightest star. Connected to him, that was where the force intended for her to be. No matter what she led him to believe, that was the truth, she could never part from him, she would never close off the bond. And she would spend a lifetime convincing him to stay with her if that’s what it took.

Chapter End Notes

just a reminder that I appreciate everyone that reads this fic I can't believe you're STILL reading it! thank you thank you thank you!!!!! love you all so much
Chapter 31

Chapter Summary

forcebond goodness

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

If someone told her to point to where it hurts, Rey wasn’t sure where she’d start.

Sometimes she traced her skin, wondering if there were physical wounds that accompanied the aching in her chest. Her fingertips followed the line of her ribs, the soft skin over her hips and the tender place between her collarbone and shoulder, but they always came away clean. Rey thought it was stupid that even though Kylo was oblivious to her feelings towards him, he still managed to break her heart anyway.

By this stage, she knew, she should have gotten used to the idea of Kylo being beyond her grasp. He was lost, gone; Ben Solo an illusion she’d dreamed up. But somehow, every time that he reminded her of the fact he wasn’t leaving the First Order, it hit her, all over again. Like a startling revelation.

“Get up,” Kylo half shouted as he walked into the room.

Rey moved her arm from where it rested over her eyes. “What?”

“You’ve been lounging around for days – did your legs stop working?”

Rey sat upright, and looked over the back of the couch at Kylo who stood with his arms crossed by the front door of the apartment.

“No, they didn’t,” Rey told him. “Did your manners stop working?”

Kylo gave her a closed-lip smile. “Never had them in the first place.” And yeah, Rey could believe that.

“You better have a good reason for disturbing me, Kylo.”

“Come train with me, let’s see if those fighting skills of yours still exist.”

Rey cocked her head to the side, and pursed her lips, as she considered getting up from her comfortable spot nestled between her blankets. She stretched her back, feeling an ache across her shoulders and up the sides of her neck. Kylo was right, she really did need to get up.

Rey sighed loudly as she slowly stood up, exaggerating each movement to make it look like it was the most difficult task she had ever performed.

“Great, perfect. Let’s go!” Kylo said as he turned on his heel and headed towards the door. He had disappeared down the outside corridor before Rey had even fully shook the blankets from around her body.
Minutes later she had changed into her training kit and was racing down the corridor to the training room. Kylo turned as he heard the sound of a lightsaber igniting, and shook out his arms, readying himself. His bare feet pressed into the floor, as he moved his weight forwards.

When Rey fought, she held nothing back. Even though it was just practice, sometimes Kylo feared that she was about to take it a step too far and slice off his arm, or worse, his head.

Her eyes burned with passion and fury, her face becoming something of madness. She became a vessel of pure, unleashed power. The force curled around her, and backed her every move. As her lightsaber came down against Kylo’s, each time, the force of it almost threw him to the ground and he found his arms trembling within minutes.

After Kylo had accidently singed a good part of Rey’s tunic, and less than an inch of her upper arm, he made them switch back to staffs. Rey protested, insisting that she was fine, but turned off her saber anyway.

Kylo was pleased for multiple reasons, but mostly for the fact it was less likely she would hurt him with a staff. Rey knew this too, and so every attacking move she made with her staff was twice as dangerous as when she held her saber.

The only advantage Kylo had was the size of his body compared to hers. He could easily knock her to the ground, and spin her body around. But Rey’s lack of height had its advantages as well. She was quick, and could duck and leap into the air, and it was all a blur before Kylo’s eyes.

But like always, he could predict the way she moved, what strike she would attempt next.

Rey kicked out towards Kylo’s chest, but missed as he dipped and aimed his staff at her other leg, taking it out from underneath her.

Rey fell down hard, landing on the middle of her back, and the air was knocked from her lungs.

Kylo leaned down towards her, the end of his staff just above her chest.

Rey’s face twisted into a scowl just before she kicked her leg out, making Kylo collapse beside her.

Rey rolled over him, pushing her staff against his chest so that his arms that were bent beside his face, trapped under her weight.

“Got you,” she said.

“I can see that,” Kylo groaned, pushing upwards gently. If he really wanted to, he could have sent her flying across the room in seconds. But the pride that settled over her face was enough to keep his fighting instincts at bay – for now.

Rey dug her knees tighter into his side, leaning her face down more towards his. Hair that had fallen loose from her bun tickled his face. Kylo couldn’t stop noticing the stained red colour of her lips and the way her skin glowed from the fight. The sight of her made his pulse race and his breath quicken.

“Going to let me go?” Kylo asked.

Rey moved her head sideways so her hair drifted across the bridge of his nose. Kylo closed his eyes and let Rey torment him. His hands flexed by his face – he didn’t know what to do with them; whether to pull away, or to grip her shoulders and drag her closer to him.

He wanted to ask her - what are you doing? But his mouth couldn’t form the words. His senses were
being overwhelmed by the feel of her body so close to his. The smell of her skin and of her hair which wouldn’t let him be.

Kylo looked up at her and found Rey smiling down at him. Her nose scrunching and her cheeks dimpling. He wanted to roll her over and press her into the mat, but she wasn’t just using her arms to pin him anymore, he could feel the press of the force. Light, but steady. He was strong, but in every sense, Rey was stronger – even if she didn’t know it herself.

“I haven’t decided yet.”

His gaze softened and his lips pressed together. Rey breathed in, and minutes could have passed in the time she spent watching his face. She threw her staff away, somewhere above their heads, and the weight of it against Kylo’s arm was replaced by her hands. He could feel the light scrap of her nails against his wrist, above the place where his pulse was.

“Are we still talking about now?” Kylo said eventually.

Rey sighed and lifted her weight from his body. Kylo stayed still as she rolled away from him and pushed herself to standing.

Rey peered over her shoulder at Kylo, taking in the rise and fall off his chest, the damp hair around his forehead. She noticed the emptiness in his eyes, a smudgy grey like there was a lash caught in her own eye, blurring her vision.

She clicked her fingers at him. “Get up.”

As gracefully as he could manage, Kylo stood. His body felt overloaded with energy, whilst feeling drowned out by exhaustion. Rey was continually having this effect on his mind, body and soul – and Kylo still hadn’t figured out how.

“Let’s go hom- back,” Rey sighed, “Let’s go back and you can make me dinner.”

Kylo let it pass, ignoring the mortified look on Rey’s face. She rubbed a hand across her brow and he felt the force around her recoil, drawing backwards into itself.

Kylo looked away from her. “Of course.”

Back in his own room, Kylo finally let out a pained breath, and threw himself down onto his bed. He pressed his face into the cover and squeezed his eyes shut. His entire body shook, and he scrunched the material of the bed cover in his hands.

His skin was burning and the smell of her was still all around him. Like a tropical storm or the aching blue ocean, Rey filled up every empty space. Kylo could still feel her touch on his skin; her fingerprints scorched into the place on his arm where she had held him down.

He needed to rid his mind of every thought of her if he ever wanted any chance at functioning normally again.

Kylo brought his hands up to his hair and twisted his fingers until his scalp started to sting. The bed rumbled as he took another shuddering sigh. He didn’t know where this overpowering haze had come from and why it wouldn’t go away. She wasn’t even near him anymore, he couldn’t see her – couldn’t hear her anymore.
But that raw, searching, feeling of the force still hovered around him. When he breathed in, it still felt like he was breathing in her light.

“Fuck,” Kylo groaned, forcing his face into the mattress again to muffle the sound of his voice.

Every minute he spent with her felt more familiar, more normal. This consistency they had slipped into was driving him mad. Always on the brink of something more, but still something invisible holding them both back.

He needed to leave this memory, of her face close to his, somewhere far away from this place. Somewhere locked away and never to be remembered again, so he could go back to his routine of ignoring her.

If there was any chance he was going to survive her leaving him – again – he needed to get better at this whole cutting off all channels of emotion. His fear of what would happen otherwise was making him cruel. And Kylo didn’t want to spend his last days with Rey in a fit of rage.

He just wanted everything to go back to normal, dammit.

Kylo sprang from the bed and stripped himself of his clothes as he walked towards the ‘fresher. He turned the water of the shower onto the coldest setting and stepped under the stream of water. Kylo bowed his head so that the water hit his neck and coursed down his back. His muscles tightened and the chill finally reached his throat, making it difficult to breathe.

Kylo braced his hands on the tiled wall in front of him as his body continued to tremble. His skin was freezing, but his chest felt warm. The burning, blistering heat travelling further south. Kylo let his head smack against the tile and brought one hand down towards his stomach.

Rey was pacing in her room and humming to herself, at she attempted to stop herself from thinking. After fighting, her body insisted that she keep on moving, as her hands flexed, ready to hit something hard.

Her body felt unnecessarily hot. There was a searing heat travelling from her face to her toes and she couldn’t understand why it was happening - Rey hoped she wasn’t becoming ill.

Rey half-screamed, half-groaned, into her hands as she hurled herself across the room and down onto her bed. She curled into a ball and took deep breaths, just to clear the racing thoughts in her mind. With her eyes squeezed tightly shut, visions of rolling, deep and dark waves crashed through her mind. Wild winds raging through rich green forests. Her mind reeling, thinking of all the places that reminded her of Kylo.

Why now? Rey thought. He had just wasted part of her day, forcing her to fight and get all riled up. Now that she was alone, why couldn’t she be truly alone?

Rey’s skin felt sticky and grimy and she suddenly longed to wash and scrub away at every inch of her body.

Rey undressed and moved to the shower. As she rested her hand against the glass door, she shivered, as she felt a pleasant warmth creep up her neck. Her mouth went dry and she felt something shift within her. Rey inhaled, the cool air burning the back of her throat. Her entire body was on fire.

She could hear the sound of water hitting the shower floor but she hadn’t even turned the tap on yet.
“Shit,” Rey swore, as the force completely connected her to Kylo.

Chapter End Notes

I couldn’t resist a forcebond shower scene! whoops

part 2 of this scene coming tomorrow!
The image of Kylo came to her in flashes. Like light was streaming down from the ceiling, and she could only see Kylo in the gaps between the light. She let out a shuddering breath at the sight of his back, the muscles tensing across the broad line of his shoulders. Her eyes travelled lower, down the defined curve of his back. She squeezed her eyes shut.

Just one look, and Rey knew she had memorized each scar on his body. Her fingers thrummed with energy by her side, pleading with her to reach out. Her pulse was fast and hard in her ears.

She blindly reached for the towel on the rack beside her instead. She cupped it to the front of her body as she stumbled against the shower door. The cool touch of the glass against her forehead was doing nothing to still the burning of her skin.

The tension in the air was stifling, the bond rigid. Rey could feel everything and it was all too much. She was surprised she didn’t combust right then and there.

Her chest heaved, and her breathing was matched with Kylo’s. He still hadn’t noticed her here, too occupied with the task in hand. Literally.

She felt a building tightness in her chest and in her core, as every sensation that Kylo felt was echoed down the bond to Rey. The sound of his breathing was deafening to her ears. She blinked, and he reappeared before her for just a moment. The hand on his dick was finding its slow, familiar rhythm. Rey almost screamed at the sight.

The image of her hovering above him in the training room flashed across her mind. And Rey’s breathing stopped. He was thinking about her.

The fuzzy image of him formed again, and she caught a glimpse of his face. Eyes squeezed shut and wet hair falling around his face. She made a pained noise, high in her throat.

Rey clapped a hand over her mouth. Her skin flushed as she begged, please don’t have heard me.

She couldn’t completely see him, but she could feel every inch of his body. As if it were beneath her own hands, like she could scratch her nails over the plains of his chest. His head felt close to her own, and she swore she could feel his breath hit her skin right above her collarbones.

Force, she hated him.
Rey kept her chin high, refusing to look further down. The pressure between her own legs was becoming more unavoidable with every passing second. But she refused to let this go on. The longer she stayed here, watching him, the more horrified she became as how her body was responding.

“Kylo,” she said, her voice straining. Her throat was coarse and her tongue felt heavy in her mouth. She heard him exhale.

“What are you doi-” she cut herself, she didn’t need to ask what he was doing, it was agonisingly obvious.

Kylo’s gaze snapped up. His hand stilled at the base of his cock. And Rey really had to stop herself from looking down. The image of him was becoming stronger now that he was paying attention to her. She swallowed thickly.

“Fuck, fuck, fuck!” he shouted.

She felt his mind working frantically, his breathing becoming erratic. He hit his hand hard against the wall in front of him. He was looking everywhere but her eyes. Rey tightened her hold on the towel.

“I’m going to kill yo-”

The bond snapped shut as Rey was left shouting at her empty refresher. She whirled around her, turning on the spot, but he was definitely gone - and she was left standing there stupidly, her towel only just covering her chest and her peaked nipples that scratched against the material.

For the briefest of moments, she considered storming over to Kylo’s room and slapping him. Or punching him hard in the stomach.

But then she felt her body shudder, still wound tight and on edge. She couldn’t stop shivering and every part of her was hypersensitive.

Rey walked back to her room and dressed in her underwear, hating the idea of the bond opening again and he seeing her as naked as she saw him. Her eyes burned at the memory of water dripping down his back, down his chest. The muscles of his lower abdomen flexing.

Rey scrubbed her hands over her face and let out a groan. She stepped back into the shower, still dressed in her underwear, and turned the water onto the warmest setting.

Her body melted under the water, and she let out a sigh. Every place where the water touch, gooseflesh appeared and she felt a wave of pleasure radiated out from that spot.

Rey scrubbed at her skin and tried to wash off the feel of him on her. She stood under the cascading water until her entire body had gone numb. Until every inch of her felt hot in an uncomfortable way. It was what she needed. She needed to burn away the memory of his body near hers.

Eventually, the shower switched itself off, some water-saving setting that Rey hadn't figured out how to turn off.

“Son of a bitch,” Rey swore to herself as she was left standing there, completely drenched and unsteady, her legs threatening to give out at any moment.

She stumbled her way back to her room and dressed into her most baggy and comfortable clothes. The multiple layers over her skin made her feel like she had some kind of control over the situation.
Rey worried that the embarrassment that built within her would have no end. Her skin was flushed pink from head to toe and it wasn’t just because she’d just stood under scolding water for almost half an hour.

She felt a hint of the force – of the bond – but she refused to even acknowledge it right now. She started to hum to drown out the growing intensity of it. Kylo Ren was the last thing she ever wanted to think about ever again.

Rey was about to roll over and scream into her pillow when she heard him approach her door, her entire body going taut.

“Rey?” he asked, the sound of his voice almost completely stifled by the weight of the door between them.

Rey didn’t reply. Forcing her lips into a hard line.

“I’m sorry,” his said gently. There was something about the muffled sound of his voice which made her heart ache. “Rey, I feel awful. You know I – we – can’t control it.”

“It’s-It’s fine,” she stammered.

There was a long pause. Maybe he hadn’t heard her. Rey licked over her lips, trying to gain the strength to speak a little louder.

Her breathing hitched as she heard him ask, “Are you sure?”

Rey nodded, even though he couldn’t see her. She was mostly trying to sole herself, and work up the courage to speak again.

He had come to her door and initiated conversation, which in any other situation she would have thought a blessing. But right now, she couldn’t look at him, let alone speak to him, without the memory of the sound of his laboured breathing as he’d worked his hand over himself rushed to meet her.

She could turn him away now and destroy his pride forever, but something inside Rey wouldn’t let her do it.

Rey walked towards the door, feeling a tremor go down the invisible line between her and Kylo. Rey placed her hand on the keypad of the door, and it opened with a swoosh.

Kylo stepped back at the sight of her, his feet tripping over one another as kept his eyes on her.

“Kylo, it’s fine,” she said with a smile, one that made Kylo feel like he was in danger.

Rey walked towards the door, feeling a tremor go down the invisible line between her and Kylo. Rey placed her hand on the keypad of the door, and it opened with a swoosh.

Kylo stepped back at the sight of her, his feet tripping over one another as kept his eyes on her.

“Kylo, it’s fine,” she said with a smile, one that made Kylo feel like he was in danger.

Rey moved past him, careful to keep a notable gap between them as she walked towards the lounge area. With poise, she let her body sink down onto the futon by the window. She had a clear view of the entire apartment from here, and could see every painstakingly slow movement Kylo made away from her door and back to his.

“Where are you going?”

“I thought-” his breath caught as he looked to Rey and found she still had that smirk on her face. He tried his best to keep his eyes on her face as she shifted her leg forward and the curve of her waist became more pronounced. “I thought I should leave you be.”
“You don’t have to hide away in your room. There’s no need to be so mortified.”

Kylo’s brow creased. “I know,” he hissed in a low breath. Rey quirked her head letting him know she heard him anyway. “I just thought you might like some space.”

“Well, you thought wrong. I don’t want to miss this opportunity to see you all nervous and uncomfortable.”

“I’m neither of those thing,” he said, sounding offended.

Rey got up and moved to the couch closer to him, she kneeled on the cushion and lent her arms on the back of the couch, resting her chin in her hand.

“Sure,” she said, with a roll of her eyes.

Kylo swayed on the spot as he considered moving closer to her just so he could prove his point, but his feet felt glued to the floor. He placed his hands on his hips and bowed his head.

“I’ll,” he sighed, “I’ll be back in a moment.”

Rey watched him make the trek back to his room, the door hissing shut, and wondered if it would ever open again. She moved to rest her head over her crossed arms, so she could keep his door in full view.

Her eyes had just slipped closed when she heard him come back out. Her eyes opened slowly as she watched him move to the dining table. He placed his holo down along with a notepad and pen.

“Come here,” Rey said as she patted the spot on the couch beside her.

Kylo didn’t even glance her way as he made his way into the kitchen. “No.”

“Don’t be like that,” Rey huffed, “come watch a holovid with me.”

“No, thank you.”

“If you don’t come over here and spend time with me I’m going to start being really annoying.”

“Start?”

Rey rolled her eyes. “Very funny. Now come here.”

After some rustling around in the kitchen, Kylo eventually came over to the couch. He sprawled himself out in the arm chair beside the couch, letting his feet slide out across the floor so he was close to horizontal. She noticed he hadn’t brought the holo with him.

“Comfy?”

Kylo just hummed, bringing a hand to the corner of his lips. So, this was how it’s going to be, he thought. They weren’t going to speak about what had happened. It was going to become one of those unspoken things that definitely happened, but was too raw and dangerous to even talk through.

Kylo didn’t know the extent to which Rey had been present, but the sound of his name from her lips had told him enough. The flush on her skin currently, which didn’t seem to be fading, was enough to have Kylo’s heart racing. She had completely seen him, and he had barely caught a flash of her skin. That dammed towel.
Rey turned back to holoscreen and using the remote in her hand, scrolled through the options until she found something that promised to be filled with action and absolutely no chance of romance.

As they watched the video, Rey noticed that Kylo couldn’t stop shifting around. He was constantly making noises and every once in a while, he groaned as if he was in pain.

“What’s wrong?”

Kylo’s gaze flashed across to Rey, his jaw locking. He shook his head, looking away from her again.

“You’re acting all agitated.”

“Yeah well, haven’t exactly had a pleasant night.”

Rey flashed Kylo a grin. “You sure about that?”

Kylo glared at Rey and kicked out his leg against the corner of her couch. The impact had little to no effect on Rey.

She continued to smile sweetly at him.

“You’re so…” Kylo trailed off, drawing his lower lip between his teeth.

“Hmm?”

“Do you ever shut up?”

“Never,” Rey hummed, her voice close to a purr.

Kylo stood up and let himself collapse onto the couch beside her. He pulled at the blanket that was across her legs so it fit over both of them. The place where she sat was at a better angle to watch the holoscreen, Kylo told himself.

Rey cooed, extending her hand towards Kylo’s side as she went to tickle him. Kylo gently pushed away her arm.

“I get you’re finally happy to have the upper hand, but I’d really appreciate it if you stopped.”

“Upper hand? Since when did you have any kind of advantage?”

Kylo’s eyes gleamed.

“Since you kissed me?” Kylo offered.

“I- I didn’t” Rey gasped, her mouth falling open. “You kissed me! I am definitely not the only one to blame here.”

“Don’t start that. It was you, all you.” Kylo lifted his hand towards her head. “Do I need to bring back up the memories to prove it?”

Rey scowled, slapping away Kylo’s hand. Her lips curled as her face scrunched together.

It wasn’t difficult for her to remember that night. The memory of him was as intense and powerful as if it had only happened moments ago.

She let herself connect to the force, becoming one with the energy around her. Rey’s eyes slipped
closed as she reached out for the bond, grabbing a hold of the link to Kylo. She pushed down the bond her memories of their kiss; the feel of his hands on her waist, and his mouth against her jaw. Her whole body felt warm again, and she let the feeling wash over her.

What she felt wasn’t just her own, it was what had slipped through unintentionally from Kylo. She could feel the effect of her touch against his skin, the way it made him shiver and ache all over.

“Rey,” Kylo said flatly. “I was joking.”

Rey kept going. Kept letting the image of him pulling her close replay through her mind - and through his.

Kylo sighed, his jaw going slack. “Stop. Rey.”

Rey opened her eyes, and like a band snapping, closed off the bond, letting the energy of the force give out around her.

“You’re doing this. You’re reminding me of that night like it’s going change this whole thing,” Kylo said, waving his hands around, signalling to the space between them. “I was angry, and you were there. That’s all it was, all right?”

Rey wanted to say that is was definitely not all right, but instead she said, “Fine.”

She wanted to know what his excuse for tonight was. But, by the way he was acting, it made Rey guess he didn’t realise she had slipped into his mind and seen the fantasy that had been playing out. If he was aware that she knew, he definitely would not have been as calm as he currently was. If he knew, he would be on a ship halfway towards the furthest edges of the galaxy.

Rey had driven Kylo mad these past few days, and yet-

Kylo had never really cared for anything before, well not someone. Snoke had invaded his mind, his entire soul since before he was even born. The call to the dark side was all he had ever known. Fear, anger, and hate had been engrained into him since a child. A hatred of his father, anger towards his mother, and fear of not being good enough in the eyes of his uncle.

He needed to sort this out – and sort himself out, mostly. It was agony not being able to express to her how he truly felt, but it was something he didn’t fully understand himself. The shadows of darkness itself settled beneath his skin, and multiplied. His lips were coated in blood and ash fell upon his air, weighing him down with inky blackness. This need, this aching and longing within, had grown teeth.

“I wish we had met differently,” Rey whispered, her voice sounding chaotic, cutting through the night, slipping in Kylo’s bloodstream. The playful mood she had been in was slowly slipping away, and was being replaced by this starved, sorrow that followed her even into sleep.

The desire of having her and the fear of ever letting her go were equally building within Kylo. When Rey and Kylo looked upon the stars they saw such different things. One was hope, and light and courage. The other saw forest fires burning, and a fury that could not be compared to anything else.

“I know.”

Kylo felt the world slipping around him. He needed the common sense of the morning to sort this whole thing out, nothing could ever be achieved in these small hours.
“I won’t ever leave you, even though you’re always leaving me,” Rey whispered.

“I haven’t gone anywhere.”

Yet, Rey finished.

“I can feel you pulling away from me. You always do this.”

Rey rested her hand on his forearm, applying a light pressure before she let go.

“Can we go back to watching the video or something? Or talk, about anything else,” Kylo pleaded.

Rey without missing a beat, asked, “How long did you know you were going to betray Snoke?”

Not that, Kylo thought. He clicked his tongue, feeling frustration rise.

“Always,” he said smoothly. Kylo chewed as his lip, his mind slipping back, remembering, remembering.

Rey sighed. “How long did you know you were going to do it for me?”

Kylo opened his mouth, but shut it and swallowed, that fragile control of his winking out. “A long time, okay?”

“Ben-”

“Stop.”

Kylo watched a smile appear on Rey’s face and she shook her head in disbelief. “You’re a better person that what you think.”

“You’ve called me a monster on multiple occasions.”

“I can sense the good and bad in you.” And I want both.

“Just because you can, doesn’t mean anyone else can.”

“Not yet, but I told you. I can convince anyone,” Rey said brightly. Kylo’s mouth opened as he went to reply, but Rey leaned forward and placed her finger over his lips. “I got you to come sit and watch an awful video with me, isn’t that proof that you should trust me when I say I can win over even the most stubborn of people?”

Kylo wanted to tell her he was definitely the exception to the rule. That she couldn’t just go around making everyone care for her the way he cared about her. And kriff, he was meant to be keeping these useless thoughts and emotions on a short, short leash.

He wanted to psychically pull them from his mind.

Kylo looked to Rey. She must have known - she must know.

She continued to smile at him, and Kylo thought it was the most peaceful she had ever looked. Her skin was almost glowing, her cheeks bright with colour and her eyes alert and focussed, completely on him.

“I suppose you could convince anyone-” he began.
Rey cleared her throat, cutting him off. “I think I’d start by describing the time I caught him pleasurin-”

Kylo stood suddenly, shaking off the blanket and letting it fall to the floor. “I’m going to bed.”

Rey laughed, and Kylo thought it sounded more like a cackle. Madness, and utter delight.

She didn’t protest as he stormed off to his room. And when the door closed, Kylo could still hear her laughing.

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Chapter End Notes

Can't wait for the next chapters!!!!! shit getting real!!!!!!!!!!

I post a lot on tumblr about upcoming updates if you wanted to stay in the loop - spacetico.tumblr.com
Chapter 33

Chapter Notes

hey so I started back at uni this week so I've been super busy !!!!! sorry !!!!!

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

The next day Kylo somehow convinced Rey to come explore the ship with him. He was dressed in his usual attire, even including the cape which Rey hadn’t seen him wear in a very long time – long before the forcebond.

Surprisingly, he allowed Rey to dress in whatever she liked – and so she did. She wore her plain white tunic, the material softer than she remembered, her collared grey vest, and arm wraps – which were less practical now and more for comfort.

“What would you like to see first?” Kylo asked as he watched Rey attach her saber to her waist belt.

“I don’t really know what there is to see?”

Kylo nodded and held his hand out towards the door. They walked in slow steps towards the lift at the end of the corridor; every movement feeling more like a memory and less like Rey was living in the present. Most things seemed like a dream these days; everything blurry at the edges, Rey never really sure how she made it from one moment to the next.

The first place Kylo showed her was the largest docking bay at the end of the ship. Rows of TIE fighters lined the walls and stretched farther than Rey could make out. She had spent her life crawling around inside of Star Destroyers, and the place she was in seemed large enough to fit one in completely.

There was enough fire power in this room to bring down the resistance without raising a sweat. There was no way they could every beat the First Order without taking it down from the inside.

Rey looked across at Kylo. He was her only hope. Her ability to manipulate him was the only thing that would allow the resistance to win.

Her force abilities were strong, but they were nothing compared to the fire power of thousands of TIE fighters.

“Impressive,” Rey said coolly.

“Scared yet?”

Rey felt her stomach knot. “You have no idea,” she replied breathlessly.

He led her to the main command bays, a show of trust, Rey assumed. It was doing nothing to persuade her, only helping her map out every part of this ship. She noticed the ship was a lot quieter than what she expected, as if they were understaffed. Outside the control windows she could see countless Star Destroyers and Dreadnoughts. All hovering in space together, like they were preparing for war.
Even the crew seemed to be on edge, like they had been waiting for something to happen for days.

Rey kept her mouth shut, attempting to read Kylo’s emotions as he surveyed everyone working. He gave little to nothing away. Rey picked up a slight edge of nervousness, but Rey couldn’t tell if that was due to her or something else.

*Come this way,* Kylo spoke to her as he led her back towards another set of lifts.

When the doors opened again, Rey felt her body shudder, her heart beginning to race. They stepped out together into a room that was almost identical to Snoke’s throne room. However, this one was empty; no Snoke, no Praetorian guards.

Kylo walked ahead of her towards the dais, instead of taking his place on the throne, he knelt before the stairs.

Rey quietly moved to stand behind him, close enough to rest her hand upon his shoulder.

“It’s yours,” Rey said, perplexed as to why he refused to take his place.

“I told you I never wanted it.”

“And you think I do?” Rey asked, stepping around Kylo to stand in front of him.

Kylo kept his eyes on the floor. “No, I have realised all you want to do is go hideaway like Skywalker. After destroying me, that is.”

Rey’s vision began to blur. “Is that so bad? To want to find peace, to grow old?”

*You could have – do – so much more,* Kylo spoke in his mind, his eyes finally finding Rey’s.

“I know you don’t think you deserve to be happy, but you do, Kylo.” Rey turned from him and walked back towards the lift.

With every step that she took away from him, she felt his anger grow and his shame burn within him.

He hated when people expected this goodness out of him, especially her – especially Rey.

Kylo took a deep breath, trying to dampen his irritation at her comment. After a few long moments, he finally stood and made his way back to her. She was waiting for him patiently, a soft smile upon her face. She was far too relaxed and at peace than she should be, and it put Kylo on edge.

As the lift doors shut and they jolted upwards, Kylo finally let himself speak, his mouth tasting like blood.

“You don’t get to say things like that,” he snarled, his voice low and rough.

Rey didn’t flinch. “I’m the only one who gets to say such things. I know you better than you know yourself-”

“You don’t.” he interrupted. Rey stepped towards Kylo, making him take a retreating step backwards. Kylo swallowed thickly. “Stop expecting me to be worthy of you saving me.”

“You are,” Rey said possessively as the lift jolted to a stop.

Kylo and Rey jumped back from one another at the same moment the doors opened to reveal a man standing outside. Rey felt the bond between her and Kylo snap tightly shut, yet she wasn’t aware they had let it trickle open.
At the sight of Kylo, a smile spread across the man’s face. Just as Kylo’s body tensed, but his face relaxed.

Rey took a step back towards the wall of the lift, half hidden by Kylo’s body as the man stepped into the lift with them. Rey’s eyes locked onto the saber at the man’s waist, and her brain finally clicked, taking in the dark robes, cape and leather details of the man’s outfit. He must have been a Knight of Ren.

Rey tried to subtly move further away from him, letting her body curl in on itself so she made herself seem smaller.

The lift came to life again and Rey held her breath. She felt a throbbing above her temples, assuming it to be the sudden pressure of moving so quickly upwards.

Kylo and the Knight didn’t speak, but the smile never once left the Knight’s face. He was cleanly shaven, and his face full with colour, rather than looking sunken and pale like Kylo’s. There wasn’t a scratch on his body that Rey could see, and the force hovered around him with a limitless, youthful energy.

Kylo kept his gaze ahead, and his hands clenched by his side, one hand right above where his saber rested at his hip.

Rey felt a shiver travel down her arms, as the persistent throbbing at her temples grew stronger.

_Kylo?_

Her mind felt foggy, trying to sound out his name. She thought for a moment she may even faint, her lungs feeling tight and her skin clammy.

The space around her felt too small, like the air was being sucked from the room. Rey wanted to reach out for Kylo’s shoulder, but was afraid to even acknowledge his existence when in the company of a stranger.

The Knight wasn’t facing her, but she knew he could sense her every move.

An energy suddenly took hold over her body, coursing through her like fire, a sudden jolt of strength. At once she could tell that something wasn’t right, that she wasn’t fully herself.

Rey began to sense the force around her, pulling at invisible threads, trying to place herself within her surroundings. As if before, it had been dulled - knocked out for a moment.

She felt herself slip from her mind into someone’s else, with close to no effort at all - like the bridge between them had already been established, as if it was just patiently waiting for Rey to notice it. For less than a second, she was surrounded by darkness, rage, a blinding desire for power.

Rey gasped and pulled herself from the mind of the Knight, stumbling back against the cold metal shell of the lift.

She put up every mental and physical defence she had, but she felt drained, like even the weakest of force users could break through. Kylo and the Knight showed no sign that they were aware of what had happened. But Rey knew, it wasn’t just the Knight’s mind that had been breached.

The lift came to a stop again, and Kylo stepped out without glancing behind at her. Rey didn’t know if she was supposed to follow or not, and she was too afraid to let her mental guards down to ask.
Kylo noticed she still hadn’t moved when he was a metre from the door, and in a lifeless tone simply
commanded, “Follow.”

Somehow Rey found the strength to move her feet, and with her head bowed, she followed Kylo.

They didn’t stop, they didn’t speak, until they had reached Kylo’s rooms. When Rey heard the lock
click shut, she found herself stumbling into the dining table, catching herself with her hands, as her
body gave out beneath her. Her legs felt useless, and her brain completely turned to mush.

“Are you-?”

“Kylo, I think… I don’t know-”

“What is it?” Kylo asked, sounding terrified.

*He read my mind, Kylo. I didn’t realise until it was too late and…and I don’t know how much he
saw,* Rey thought quickly, projecting the message towards Kylo.

Kylo brought his hand to his head and squeezed his eyes shut.

“Shit,” he whispered, stepping away from Rey.

“Kylo, is this bad? Who was he?” Rey asked, her voice high and a little bit squeaky. “How could he
do that! I’m stronger than you, how could *he* get through?”

Kylo sighed, and scrubbed his gloved hands across his face. “He’s a Knight of Ren, and he’s
exceptionally good at Force sense, mostly telepathy.”

“Tele-what?” Rey asked.

Kylo groaned. “Reading minds, Rey,” Kylo answered, “and he’s much better than me. I- I should
have warned you.”

Rey took a deep breath, trying to calm herself. She pressed her hand across her diaphragm, trying to
slow her racing heart. “It’s fine,” Rey said eventually, giving Kylo a weak smile. “How were you to
know?”

“I should have known. I’m meant to be protecting-”

“What? Protecting me?” Rey asked suddenly. *Well you did a shit job,* she thought to herself.

“Well…yes,” Kylo said reluctantly.

Rey pointed her finger towards Kylo, her other hand coming to rest on her hip. “I don’t need anyone
to protect me. That’s not your job, never has been.”

Kylo shook his head and turned away from her.

He purposefully paced back towards his room, and let the door stay open. Rey crossed her arms over
her chest as she watched him tear his cape from his shoulders and throw it to the ground along with
his gloves. He walked out of view and Rey heard the sound of rustling at his desk, and the beep of
his holo.

“You’re such a child,” Rey shouted out to him. “You can’t just leave me here to freak out by myself,
or have you forgotten that one of your buddies may have just worked out we have some ridiculous
force-powered bond?”
“No, I didn’t forget,” Kylo barked. He was still out of view and Rey swayed on the spot as she considered barging into his room.

“Did he read your mind? Could you tell?” Rey asked, her voice somewhat back to its usual octave.

*No, he didn’t. He wouldn’t dare use any force power against me.*

Rey took another deep breath.

“Well, I don’t think he got anything from me, but…” Rey trailed off, looking down at her feet.

Kylo moved back to the doorway so he could see her. “But what?”

Rey sucked her bottom lip between her teeth.

*I was thinking about it when he came into the lift.*

Rey felt a surge of anger from Kylo. She lifted her head to face him. *How dare you blame me for this?*

“I’m not blaming you!” Kylo said, raising his hands between them.

Rey quirked her head to the side. “Then why are you angry at me? This isn’t my fault.” Rey hated how much she sounded like a complaining child. But she couldn’t stand Kylo being mad at her when all she really wanted was for him to comfort her.

Kylo's brows shot upwards, as if he had read the unspoken thoughts reeling through her mind.

Rey huffed, turning around so she wasn’t looking at him any longer.

*A child, indeed,* Kylo thought gently.

“I have to go,” Kylo said.

“Go where?” Rey asked incredulously.

“A few of the Knights are back from a mission, if you hadn’t noticed. We’re debriefing over drinks,” Kylo explained, “And perhaps I can figure out what you managed to let slip.”

*Over drinks? Will he be there?*

“Not him, but others that he is close with,” Kylo answered. “And yes, believe it or not, we are normal people, and not up-tight Sith warriors. We do normal things sometimes.”

Rey squinted at Kylo over her shoulder. “I thought you said you weren’t Sith?”

Kylo forced a smile onto his face. “I was joking? I thought you asked me to comfort you?”

“Get out,” Rey said coolly, waving her arm towards the door. “You’re not helping.”

He stared at her for a moment longer, trying to decide if she was actually angry or if this was just the rude tone they had begun to talk to each other in, which was a cover for their attempt at light hearted humour.

The corner of Rey’s lip tilted upwards, just the slightest amount. And it was enough to reassure Kylo that she won’t attempt to disappear back to the Resistance hideout whilst he was gone.
After Kylo left, Rey let herself collapse onto her bed, her limbs spread outwards from her body so she took up the entire space.

She felt something damp roll down her cheek from her eye, but she didn’t raise her hand to her face to wipe away the tears.

A light passed across the room, some ship moving about outside the window. The red glow touched her face, before sweeping down across her body. The light was replaced by shadow soon enough and Rey was reminded how much she hated space. How dark and empty it was.

She wished to be back at the resistance base, listening to the sounds of the forest, the soft fall of rain as it hit the roof and passed through the trees. Rey liked when the rain came down hard, when lighting splintered the night sky, it matched the way she felt.

Rey felt a light tap against her wrist and raised her arm to look at the bracelet Poe had given her. She had to squint to look at the faint change in colour beneath the face of it; a thin line of the white band, flashing to grey. A communication code that allowed Poe to communicate with her, and vice versa.

_Not planning to attack anymore. You ready to come home?_

Rey chewed on her lip as she considered her response.

Another message came through; _Not much more for you to do now._

Every few days Rey had been sending Poe any detail she could find, anything she thought would be important. When Poe first sent her here, the plan was that the resistance would eventually attack, using the information that Rey had discovered regarding the security of the First Order armada, and the number of weapons and troops they had left.

But now, what, they had given up? Her intel hadn't been enough? Everything she had found out here had been a waste; her time here had been a waste!

_When do you want me back?_

Rey sent her message back using a small dial on the side of the bracelet to send the coded message of dots and dashes.

_You've got a day, Poe replied._

Chapter End Notes

hopefully another update tomorrow or the next day!
Rey felt breathless as she read the message. She gripped her arm tightly to her chest and closed her eyes, feeling herself sink deeper into the mattress.

A day.

She needed more time, so much more time. She came here to spy on the First Order, but there was no way she was leaving if Ben Solo wasn’t by her side.

But she had to go – even if he wouldn’t – Poe and Finn would worry. If she didn’t meet them at the rendezvous point, they would find an army twice the size of the First Order and travel to the ends of the galaxy to bring her back.

Rey ripped at the bracelet on her wrist, her finger frantically trying to undo the clasp. When she succeeded, she threw it to the side of the room, both hating and enjoying the sound of it hitting the wall.

For as long as she’d been here, she’d spent every day trying to think of a new way to turn Kylo. And so far she’d come up nothing that had worked.

The closest Rey had ever got to seeing any real emotion, other than anger from Kylo, was when she had let herself become vulnerable. When she had let herself get close to admitting the truth to him about how she felt.

She knew by now he must have guessed – he couldn’t be that thick. But if he had, the closest he had come to acknowledging it was the night after they’d force connected while they’d both been attempting to shower.

Rey liked to make herself drunk on the idea that because it was her, it had caused a different reaction from him. That maybe living in such a close proximity with her, had made Kylo realise whatever existed between them was something more.

She wanted to think the sight of her drove him crazy.

But it that was true, she wouldn’t be lying here alone, her body feeling cold and an invisible pressure weighing her down.

She bit down hard on her lip as she trashed around on the bed trying to do damage. The part of her which had grown from her connection with Kylo, told her to light her saber and destroy everything in her room.
She didn’t.

As she always knew, she was too gentle. And growing more cowardly by the day. This place was making her soft, and not in a good way. Not only were her muscles slipping away, but her sense of what was right was fading as well.

Rey released her lip from between her teeth, tasting blood in her mouth. She exhaled, trying to relax her muscles.

With each breath her body felt more like putty. But no matter how much calmer she felt, her tears continued down her cheeks. She could feel the heat of her face, like she’d been burnt from the sun, but no, her skin hadn’t felt the sun is a very long time.

She only had a moment to try and register the noise outside her room before her door opened and Kylo staggered in, his feet dragging against the floor as he made his way over to her.

“Kylo?”

Rey tried to sit up, but her head felt foggy when it wasn’t down against the pillow. She let herself collapse back down, eyes reeling to the back of her head. Her heart hammered, trying to ready her body for a fight.

“Rey! Is everything okay?”

Rey wiped at her eyes and her cheeks with the back of her hand, trying to make the movement as inconspicuous as possible. She knew her face must have looked blotchy and her eyes red rimmed. At this stage, she was almost past caring.

When Kylo reached the side of her bed he dropped to his knees, his hands coming up to gently touch Rey’s shoulder and arm. Rey could smell the alcohol on his breath and the smell of smoke that wafted off of him. She went to sit upright in bed so she could move away from him, but the firm press of Kylo’s hand kept her still.

“Rey? What is it?”

“What are you doing here?” Rey asked, ignoring Kylo’s question.

“I felt how unhappy you were and I had to come back.”

Rey stilled, taking in his words. She sighed, out of relief, and then covered her eyes with her arm. She heard Kylo shift, his body feeling closer to hers as he moved from kneeling to leaning over her. Rey didn’t dare move other than to breathe deeply through her mouth.

Kylo toed off his shoes, letting them fly across the room as he kicked them away from the bed. Rey didn’t shift her arm from her face as she heard his heavy tunic drop to the floor. Kylo was working with drunken precision, like the task at hand was the most important thing in the world, but every movement came off sloppy and slow.

Kylo crawled over Rey, arms beside her head, and knees pressing into the mattress beside her hips for a dangerous moment before he collapsed onto the centre of the bed. Rey felt winded, having felt his body shift so close to hers. She was afraid to remove her arm from her eyes, still afraid to look at him. Rey shuffled further towards the edge of the bed, searching for the refreshing feel of cool sheets.

No, Kylo thought as he wrapped his arm around her waist and moved her across the bed so she was
closer to him. He pulled her against his side, so his leg was pressed down the side of her body and his head rested over her shoulder, light puffs of air against her neck.

Still unhurried in his movements, Kylo’s lips found her collarbone, and then travelled their way up her jaw, stopping just below her ear. His breathing was steady, relaxed, as if this was a pleasant dream. Rey listened to the force, and found nothing of darkness.

“Kylo, what are you doing here?”


“I thought you had some important meeting?” Rey asked.

Kylo moved his lips away from Rey’s skin and settled his head over her shoulder, the ends of his hair tickling her. He burrowed closer, trying to get comfortable; he seemed to want to find a spot where he could still see Rey’s face. She refused to tilt her downwards, instead jutting her chin out and keeping her eyes on the ceiling. If something bad happened, Rey wanted to make sure none of the blame could fall on her. This was all Kylo.

The spark that had settled in her heart, and begun to grow since he entered the room, filled even the saddest place inside her.

“It was boring, I wanted to come back to you as soon as I got there,” Kylo replied softly.

Rey hummed, placing her hand over Kylo’s arm that was still around her waist. “You should go to sleep, Kylo.”

Kylo made a voice in his throat something close to a whine.

“Call me by my other name,” Kylo pleaded.

Rey sighed and brought her hand to his face, tucking a strand of hair behind his ear. “Ben,” she breathed, so softly, like she was afraid.

“Again,” Kylo said, his voice breaking.

“Ben, Ben, Ben,” Rey continued, as she sat up, resting her weight on one arm. Kylo pulled her closer by the waist, and she leaned now half on top of him, her face so close to his.

Surrounded by his arms, she was reminded just how tiny she was in comparison to him. Rey rested one hand over his chest, marveling out how her hand spanned hardly any space at all.

“What are you thinking?” Kylo asked, and his voice sounded clear, like the act of her moving closer to him had a sobering effect. She curled her fingers in the soft material of his shirt, making her hand seem smaller still.

“Just how this is all very strange. I don’t think I could have predicted this.”

“Predicted what?”

Rey lifted her hand so it hovered between them. “Nothing,” she smiled, the movement feeling strained. “Nothing at all.”

Kylo looked at her like it physical hurt him that she wouldn’t tell him what she was really thinking. His hands gripped her tighter, worried to let go. His head was spinning and he was trying to fight the feeling, but every time his eyes closed, he was worried they wouldn’t open again.
“You should sleep,” Rey said again, pulling away, this time successfully. She nudged at his side, trying to roll him over, or at least further away. His body was ridiculously solid, and the only way she’d every move him was using the force.

“I don’t want to. I don’t want to leave, you’re never this kind to me during the day.”

Rey hummed, lying back down on her side of the bed.

Now that there was a defined space between them, Rey’s head felt a little clearer. She was meant to be done getting close to him. This wasn’t part of her grand plan at all. Things had gotten way too familiar and Rey couldn’t believe she was letting him sleep by her side once again.

Rey rested her hand over the bedsheets between them, letting her fingers run over the cool fabric. Kylo’s eyes traced the movement from where he lay on his side facing her. His eyelids were drooping closed, and Rey could see how he was fighting to stay awake. Sometimes she didn’t know which one of them was more stubborn.

She knew she shouldn’t have, but Rey let the bond open realising she’d never get him in this compromised position again.

The world became quieter, the darkness in the room spreading. The force matched Rey’s breathing to Kylo’s as she let his emotions flood her senses.

Rey felt breathless as she let the force overpower her. Her eyes locked onto Kylo’s and her mouth felt dry.

All of his thoughts were of her. She felt the way it drove him mad, deciding whether or not to reach out for her hand.

Rey wanted to pull away, wanted to leave. But she didn’t. She knew how much that would hurt him, cutting deeper into some invisible wound that has never been able to heal.

Rey felt powerful knowing the things she would have to do to hurt him, and to comfort him. Her silence, the way her body curled away from him; everything added to his grief. Every moment was torture.

Rey withdrew from his mind, closing the bond almost violently.


Afraid that he had imagined it, Kylo was slow to move. But Rey’s hand gripped onto his shirt, insistently tugging it. He moved towards her, the air escaping his lungs as he let himself wrap around her once more.

“Sleep,” she insisted, her voice gentle. She would scold herself in the morning for allowing this, but she knew deep down she couldn’t push him away; after knowing the effect it had on him, she would not be the one to cause more pain.

Finally convinced that Rey couldn’t escape from him in the night, Kylo let himself be pulled into a deep sleep.
thank u for all the lovely message I receive every day on tumblr about this fic!!!!!!!

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