Tell The Devil To Take You Back

by SpaceWolfQueen

Summary

Something sinister lives in the Jakku desert. Ask any local and they’ll give you a number of conspiracy theories. But ask Rey, the bartender at Plutt’s Bar, and she’ll tell you she doesn’t give a damn. That is, until the night Kylo and his Knights of Ren come rolling into town and bring nothing but trouble. Soon, she finds herself pulled into a world she never dreamed existed.

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Chapter 1

The Jakku desert was not for the faint of heart. It stretched on for miles in either direction with no end in sight. In the middle of the wasteland, the town of Niima had stood for nearly a hundred years. Blink and you’d miss it as you drove through.

Plutt’s Bar sat among a handful of other buildings that’d all seen better days. Momma Leia’s Diner was just across the single lane highway. Its flashing neon sign signaled it was “Open” and served the “Best Coffee In Town.”

Motorcycles frequently lined the dirt ground in front of the bar. Their presence deterred most people from evening stopping for gas at Quike-Mart. Instead, they’d chance the endless road to the next town. The Snoke Motel had never once lit the “No” on its Vacancy sign; the only people who stayed there were the bikers too drunk to ride.

On the surface, Niima was a shit hole run by the biker gangs that frequented the bar. But it was much more sinister than that. The desert had a reputation for consuming the souls who dared to stay too long. Entire families had gone missing; the only evidence left behind, their abandoned cars on the side of the road. Some had flat tires, some empty gas tanks. But they all had one thing in common, the people were gone without a trace. No blood stains, no signs of a struggle. It were as if they’d simply walked away, into the desert to never be seen again.

The theories surrounding the mystery of the desert ranged from aliens to demons to a serial killer. Every theory claimed to have evidence to support its claims. But it’d been several years since the last disappearances. Conspiracy theorists had grown bored waiting for another one to fuel their claims and eventually the only person who still cared was the local sheriff.

The Sheriff had long ago stop trying to make sense of the disappearances. His theory was a Satanic Occult but he’d only voice this opinion once he’d had a few shots at Plutt’s.

Rey didn’t care one way or another. She’d heard every rant the sheriff had fired off but try as he might, his stories didn’t frighten her.

She’d called Niima home for a few years now. She’d taken up residence at the motel and worked behind the bar at Plutt’s. Each day, she woke up around noon and crossed the street for her breakfast coffee from the gas station. Lunch, around four, was peanuts from the bar while she passed the beginning of her shift waiting for the bikers to straggle in. Dinner was at Momma Leia’s, usually the same medium rare bacon cheeseburger with fries and a Dr. Pepper. Sometimes she’d switch it up and order a chef salad to make herself feel like she had somewhat decent eating habits.

People came and went. Rey hardly ever bothered to learn names or memorize faces. She liked Niima for its solitude. Despite its sinister reputation, the Jakku desert was Rey’s home and sanctuary. Dark forces be damned.

The wooden door creaked and groaned as Rey forced it open. The bar was dark, the afternoon light
spilling in behind her did little to illuminate the pool tables and barstools. In the corner near the jukebox, Plutt snored in a heap on the floor.

“Just where I left you,” Rey sighed.

The bar owner was a beast of a man. He’d drink until he passed out. Some nights he managed to make it upstairs to his apartment above the bar. But mostly, Rey left him to sleep off the whiskey.

“Hey!” She kicked his outstretched foot. “Plutt wake up!”

The man grunted and rolled his head to the other side but didn’t get up.

“It’s two o’clock in the fucking afternoon,” Rey grumbled under her breath. The bar didn’t open until three but she wasn’t in the mood to deal with Plutt’s drunken ass today.

Setting her coffee and black bag down on the bartop, Rey shrugged off her leather jacket and tossed it down next to the steaming cup.

She’d developed a routine for opening and closing the bar. At night, she’d count down the register first, then wipe down the bar, wash the dishes. She’d stack the chairs on the few tables scattered about and the stools on the bar. She even moped the floor, though no amount of bleach could clean the grime off the wooden floor. In the mornings, it was just a reverse process. Turn on the lights, the jukebox - she gave Plutt another kick while over there but again he just grunted- set the stools and chairs back down. Stock up the bar for the night, put the tray back into the register with just enough money to make change.

By the time she’d finished, Plutt was stirring and mumbling to himself.

Rey leaned against the rough edge of the bartop with a pint glass and rag in hand. She set to polishing the water stained glasses as she watched Plutt pull himself out of the heap he’d been on the floor.

“What time is it?” Plutt squinted at the dimly light bar as if it were too bright for him.

“Nearly three,” Rey replied.

Plutt finally looked at her, running his hung-over gaze up and down her. “You look like shit,” he stated.

Rey rolled her eyes. This was his typical greeting. Plutt had made it very clear from the beginning he was in no way attracted to her slender form. He claimed her body was that of a lanky teenage boy and no customer would tip a woman with a flat chest and ass. He’d hired her with the condition she’d have to wear make-up so as not to be confused for a boy.

Sexist pig.

Despite the horrible owner, Rey liked her job. It was familiar and stable and paid for her to continue living in solitude.

“You’re one to talk,” Rey snapped back.

Plutt’s shirt was stained with beer and whiskey. There was a red spot on his stomach from where ketchup had fallen from the fries he’d been shoving into his mouth last night. And he reeked. She could smell him from across the room.
“Go fix yourself up,” Plutt raised a fat finger to point towards the bathroom in the far corner. Staggering towards the stairs to his right, he left Rey presumably so he could fix himself up.

Rey rolled her eyes but set the glass and rag down. Usually, she’d put on her make-up before Plutt could make his horrible comments, but this morning she hadn’t felt like it. Instead, throwing what little make-up she owned in her black bag with the intent to apply it before opening. She retrieved it now and went to “fix” her face.

The single light bulb hanging down from the ceiling flickered and buzzed as Rey flipped on the switch. The single stall bathroom was about the size of a broom closet and had seen better days. No matter how often Rey cleaned it, it looked just as dingy and grimey as the bar it was in. The paint was peeling off the wall. The toilet had a crack in the seat. The mirror hanging above the sink was crooked and had a crack in the bottom right corner. The sink was so rusted, when you first turned on the water, it was stained brown.

Fortunately for Rey, she didn’t need to apply much makeup to satisfy the sexist pig. Her skin was smooth without a blemish. All she really had to do was apply some eye make-up around her chestnut eyes and add some red lipstick to her plump lips.

Despite Plutt’s outright disdain for her looks, Rey received plenty in tips and several come ons. The drunker the person, the easier she could flirt more tips out of them. Men, women, it didn’t matter. Money was money.

One last check to make sure there wasn’t any red lipstick on her teeth, and Rey was finished. She flipped off the light and went back to polishing the glasses.

Just another day in an endless cycle of days that were the same as the one before and the one to follow.

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Kylo Ren flicked his cigarette butt onto the hard dirt ground. He shoved his hands into the pockets of his leather jacket. Leaning up against his bike, Kylo looked around the desert wasteland. The sun was setting, casting a pale purple hue across the surrounding buildings.

“This place is a shit hole,” another biker growled. Wulf had run into the gas station to take a piss. The rest had waited outside, smoking cigarettes and checking their bikes.

The Knights of Ren were just passing through. They’d toss back some beers, maybe a few shots, and eventually be on their way. Niima wasn’t their territory. It was First Order’s territory. Kylo didn’t see any of them around at the moment but he did not want to deal with that reunion.

“It’s not so bad,” Kylo shrugged. “There’s a bar at least.” Kylo nodded his chin towards the general direction of Plutt’s Bar.

Wulf grunted his approval as he loaded a pack of cigarettes into the saddle bag on his bike. Of the Knights, only Wulf came close to reaching Kylo’s height. But where Kylo was broad, Wulf was slender, though he certainly wasn’t lacking in strength. It was why Kylo had made him his second.

“What’s the plan, boss?” Another biker walked over from his bike.

“Get fucking wasted, obviously,” Wulf chuckled.

Kylo ignored the other man and instead turned to Ash. “We’ll stay here for a few hours but I want to make it to the next town before we stop for the night.”
“Why don’t we just stay at Snoke’s Motel and then ride on tomorrow?” Ash crossed his hairy arms over his chest. He was the biggest of them all but also the shortest. Kylo swore the man could tackle a freight train and walk away unharmed.

“No,” Kylo shook his head and glanced around once more. “This town is a shit hole.”

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Once the sun set, the hell hounds came out to play. They flocked from whatever hole they’d been hiding in into Plutt’s Bar. They shouted out for beer, whiskey, bourbon. Rey had never made a mixed drink the entire time she’d worked behind the bar. No one ordered anything that wasn’t a beer or straight alcohol.

Rey finally had a moment to breathe, to lean back against the counter and eye the crowd around her. It was far enough into the evening that if someone wasn’t drunk then they were at least tipsy. Meaning the worst of her shift was over. Drunk people she could handle. They either flirted with her or left her alone until they needed another drink. Sober people weren’t black and white. They played games.

The bar door slammed open, sending the bell above it shaking violently. A brief hush fell throughout the bar as people looked to the new group of men and women entering the bar.

“Door sticks,” the man explained to the room.

Without further explanation needed, the crowd went back to playing pool and taking shots as if nothing had happened.

Rey hadn’t seen this biker gang before. There were seven in total, three women and four men, all clad in various leather clothes and shades of black. Six of them broke away to claim a table in the far corner near the bathroom. With their backs to her, Rey noted the large red letters embroidered on the backs of their jackets. “Knights of Ren” they all said.

The man who had shoved the door opened, approached the bar. He was the tallest of the gang. His dark hair fell in waves around his face, stopping just at chin length. A slight beard framed a set of full lips. When his dark eyes fell on her, Rey swore she was looking at the Devil himself.

“Open me a tab,” he ordered, tossing down a black credit card to the counter.

Slapping her hand over the card, Rey glared at him and then turned to open a tab, which really just meant she kept the card with a sheet of paper to track the orders until the customer was ready to close out their tab. It was an archaic way to do it but Niima wasn’t exactly up-to-date with technology.

Rey had a special lock box just for all the cards customers had left behind. Sometimes people came back. Most just canceled their card and got a new one. At least that’s what Rey assumed they did.

“Rey!” Plutt’s voices bellowed out from across the bar. He’d been playing pool with a couple regulars, no doubt betting away any of the earnings the bar was bringing in tonight. “Another round of shots over here! On the house!” The group at the pool table cheered and raised their glasses to the bar owner.

“Typical,” Rey muttered under her breath. She turned back to the man and began pulling out shot glasses. “What can I get you?”

The man turned his attention from Plutt back to her. “Your best whiskey, on the rocks. And whatever they want.” He pointed to his gang in the corner.
“They’ll have to come up and order. I’m not a waitress.” Rey poured four shots of the Evan Williams black label. She reached down to place a whiskey glass on the counter.

“Surely that’s not your best whiskey?” The man sounded appalled.

“Fuck no,” Rey scoffed, placing the bottle back on the shelf behind her. “What kind of ‘best’ are you looking for?” she asked the man.

“Excuse me?”

“Are you looking for the most expensive to impress your friends or the one that actually tastes the best?”

“Taste,” he replied simply.

“Old Forester,” Rey nodded mostly to herself. She poured a tiny amount into the glass then slid it over to him. “Try it first.”

He lifted the glass to his lips and threw the drink back. “Excellent,” he stated, though his tone didn’t sound like he actually thought it was excellent. He slammed the glass back down and motioned for her to pour more.

Rey filled the glass with ice and poured more of the whiskey into it. Once the man had his drink in hand, Rey collected the four shots in her hands and delivered them to her asshole of a boss.

She was making her way back to the bar when she got a front row seat to all hell breaking loose.

There was a grunt and the sound of shattering glass. The bar fell silent.

“You fucking asshole!” It was the man who’d just ordered the whiskey. Without warning, he grabbed the poor drunkard by the shirt and punched him square in the nose.

The bar erupted in shouts of encouragement. Even Plutt egged the fight on. Though it wasn’t much of a fight. The drunkard had apparently run into the other man and spilled the whiskey he’d been carrying. Which was a shame really; that was the best whiskey they served.

“Fuck,” Rey growled.

Bar fights were the worse. No one was going to call the cops but no one was going to try and stop it either. No, that fell on Rey to do, being as she was the only sober person ever present.

Behind the counter, Rey kept a double barrelled shotgun just for this kind of occasion. She grabbed it and climbed up on top of the wooden bar. She didn’t tolerate bar brawls. It just meant things got broken and she had to clean it up.

“Hey!” she shouted over the roar of the crowd.

But the man either didn’t hear her or didn’t care. He’d knocked the drunk man to the ground and was laying into him. Blood stained his knuckles.

“Knock it off!” Rey yelled, raising the gun up, hoping it would catch his attention. “Fuck it,” Rey growled.

No one was paying any attention to her. They were too distracted with blood lust.

She aimed the barrel of the gun at the ceiling and fired off a warning shot, effectively drawing every
eye in the room to her.

The man’s fist froze where he’d drawn it back, intent on teaching the drunkard a lesson.

“I said,” Rey snarled at him, her voice easily carrying across the silent bar. “Fuck off.”
Chapter 2

It was the shotgun in her hands that forced him to look at her, really look at her. He hadn’t given the tiny bartender a second glance before. After all, the Knights of Ren were just passing through.

Even standing on top of the bar, she still looked small. Too small to be working in a biker bar. She wore tight fitted pants and tall leather boots. The cream colored t-shirt fit loose around her torso and contrasted with the black leather jacket she wore over it. Her brown hair framed her face with soft waves. In her golden eyes, a fire of rage burned. Red lips snarled at him; he couldn’t help but imagine those red lips leaving marks on his bare skin.

Kylo Ren had never been more turned on by a woman. Even while she stood there pointing a shotgun at his head. No, especially because she was pointing a shotgun at his head.

Rey. That was the name some man had shouted at her earlier.

Letting the drunkard fall from his grip, Kylo Ren rose before the bartender. He had every intention of strutting over to her and showing her better ways of relieving her anger. But the spell of silence in the bar broke.

“Why the hell did you have to shoot a hole in my ceiling?” A voice bellowed out behind him. Kylo didn’t bother to turn and see who it was. He kept his eyes locked on her.

“Get the fuck out of my bar,” she snarled like a wild panther.

Oh but Kylo wanted her to purr. She would. Later. For now, Kylo would let her be, let her think she’d won this battle. Eventually, she’d lose the war.

Kylo raised his hands up in the air and took a step back, away from the poor man at his feet, signalling he meant no one else any harm.

The bar buzzed alive with people murmuring their passing judgements. Kylo walked by the various wasted men and women scattered about the bar. They’d all be gone with the morning sun; fuck their judgement.

Wulf met his gaze from the far corner with a question in his eyes. Kylo shook his head. No reason for the gang to all leave now when they’d only just sat down. He’d wait for them.

The cool night’s air hit Kylo as he stepped out of the bar. Its cool touch felt like a lover’s caress. He’d always favored the night over the day. The sunlight basked the world in stark, unyielding light. But the night, the night only highlighted the beauty of the world.

“Hey boss,” the voice was followed by the bar’s door slamming shut. The sound carried throughout the empty night’s air.

Wulf stepped up next to him, his demeanor calm compared to the still raging fire in Kylo.

The desert stretched out for miles in either direction. Somehow the empty vastness helped to ease the inner turmoil.

“Why didn’t you just pull your knife on the guy and threaten his life?” Wulf chuckled, referring to the instance which had occurred at the last bar they’d visited.
“Tell the others to drink whatever they want; put it on my tab,” Kylo took a deep breath. “We’ll stay at the motel tonight. Leave in the morning.”

If Wulf questioned Kylo’s orders, he didn’t voice it. They’d already ridden enough for the day. Despite it being First Order territory, they could chance staying one night.

Kylo pulled out his pack of American Spirits and placed one between his lips. The nicotine did little to calm his nerves any more but he hadn’t broken the habit just yet; he enjoyed the action of raising one to his mouth more than the actual cigarette.

Wulf left him to return to the company of the other Knights. It wouldn’t take long for the gang to drink through their fair share of all the alcohol the bar had to offer. The little bartender would certainly have her hands full.

Clenching his fist, Kylo took another drag of the cigarette. The smoke left his lips in a white puff of air, floating out into the darkness.

He wanted her. Fuck.

How long had it been? Too long. Long enough to lose track of time.

Kylo kicked a rock with his steel-toed boot covered foot, sending it flying out across the highway in front of him. It clattered somewhere along the dark alley between the diner and gas station. The noise startled its surroundings. Something, a cat perhaps, stirred in the dark alley.

Glancing down at the cigarette in his hand, Kylo almost missed it. A black shape, too big to be a cat, rippled in the shadows between the buildings. Two red, glowing eyes blinked at him. Perhaps it was the trick of the desert air, but Kylo swore the thing stood up on its hind legs, as tall as a man. In a flash, it turned and was gone, disappearing into the night.

“Fuck,” Kylo hissed. “I need a drink.”

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At last, the final drunkard stumbled out the door, leaving Rey to close up alone. Plutt had somehow managed to convince a female biker to take him back to her room at the motel and Rey could not have been happier for him; she wouldn’t have to deal with him in the morning.

She set about her routine, starting with the register. Despite her shouting out for people to not forget to close out their tabs and collect their cards, two people had still forgotten. Either they’d left before her announcement at last call, or they’d been too drunk to hear her.

Both cards sat with their list of drinks. It didn’t really matter when people left their cards; Rey still charged them for whatever was on the tab. The first had a list of multiple beers and a couple of shots. Rey instantly recognized the second card. White raised letters stuck out against the black card. She ran her thumb over the name.

Kylo Ren

So that was the bastard’s name. His tab was the longest she’d seen in a long time. Buying drinks for a whole group added up quickly. Served the asshole right. Most likely his friends had taken advantage of his absence to drink more than usual.

Ding!
The bell above the bar rang out in the now silent bar.

“We’re closed,” Rey said, placing the card down next to the register. It would take her a few minutes to ring up the numerous drinks.

“I know,” the man replied.

Rey most certainly should not recognize his voice after only one previous interaction. And she definitely shouldn’t like the sound of it, shouldn’t like how even when he spoke in a soft tone, his voice still held power. Dangerous power to be sure.

“Mr. Ren,” Rey turned to face him. “I thought I told you to fuck off.”

Leaning back against the register, Rey crossed her arms over her chest. His eyes followed her movements, pausing briefly on her chest. Rey cheeks flared. Surely he hadn’t just checked her out. Even if he had, it wouldn’t matter to Rey.

Kylo smirked as if he’d read her thoughts. Following her lead, he crossed his arms and leaned against the door frame. He took up the entire entryway, leaving the door slightly propped open behind him.

“Later,” he responded smoothly. “For now I just need my credit card back.”

If possible, Rey’s cheeks flamed even hotter as a shiver ran down her spine. She whirled around, startled by her reaction to him. There was something unsettling about him. A darkness hiding just below the surface.

“I’m just closing out your tab,” she threw the words over her shoulder.

Her fingers fumbled with the numbers, trying to tally up the multiple drink orders. It didn’t help that she could feel his eyes boring into her back. If only he had arrived just five minutes later, she could have thrown the card at him and walked away.

Run away more likely.

He moved like a silent devil. All at once his presence was just there; the dark energy surrounding his person consuming her as well.

“Seems like they went easy on you tonight,” Kylo whispered near her ear, the heat of his breath brushed against her still flaming cheek.

“Excuse me?” She turned her head to the side. Their mouths were too close, dangerously close. Rey glanced down at his plump lips and then back up to stare him in his dark eyes.

“The gang,” Kylo replied, seemingly unaffected by the closeness of their bodies. “They didn’t drink you dry. That would have been a shame.” His eyes flickered down to her lips and then back again. If Rey hadn’t been watching him so closely, she would have missed it.

One of them or both of them leaned in. Rey couldn’t be sure who. All she knew was this man, this very dangerous man, was mere moments away from kissing her and she wanted it. Some crazy part of her actually desired him.

No.

The single word in her mind steeled the blood running through her veins. She’d never done
something as foolish as a one night stand before and she wouldn’t start now. Not with a man who’d she’d had to kick out of the bar for acting like a wild beast.

Taking a deep breath, Rey stepped back, into the counter behind her. The spell was broken. Kylo looked at her as if he’d only just realized what he was doing and took a few steps back as well, distancing them once more.

“I frighten you,” he stated.

Rey straightened her shoulders and raised her chin, trying her best to appear tall even though his height dwarfed her.

“I’m not afraid of anything,” she growled.

“You aren’t?” There was just the barest hint of a challenge in his even tone. Taking a step towards her, Kylo tilted his head and searched her eyes. It was several heartbeats before he spoke again. “Ah, you aren’t,” he said with a slight nod.

Perhaps he found some answer he’d been searching for, perhaps he was lying. But the look in his eyes and the sigh in his words sent a shiver down Rey’s spine.

Breaking the eye contact, Rey stepped back to the register to finish ringing up the drinks. He didn’t say anything more as she finished but she could feel him watching her.

It took her entirely too long to enter in the drink orders and charge his card. When she’d finally finished, she handed Kylo back his card with the receipt.

“Goodnight, Mr. Ren,” Rey said the word with finality. She needed him gone, out of here before she did something foolish.

“I do believe I am being dismissed,” Kylo’s lips curled ever so subtly.

“You know where the door is,” Rey squared her shoulders as he stared her down. There was something in his eyes, something wild and dark.

She liked it.

With a slight cut of his head to the right, he denied her dismissal. “You don’t want me to go,” it wasn’t a question but a statement of fact.

The air between them was alive with energy, pulling them towards one another. Rey fought it. He wasn’t the first man to come through town that she’d had an attraction to. Though the attraction had never before been so, so primitive.

“Goodnight, Mr. Ren,” her words were steel as she jutted her chin towards the door.

Instead of walking away, he approached her in two quick strides. His legs were so long, sinfully long.

“Say it,” he commanded. His body towered over her like a dark beast in the night. “Tell me you want me to leave and I will.”

She parted her lips, the words on the tip of her tongue. But she couldn’t say them, couldn’t force herself to lie. He was standing too close but not touching, giving her the chance.

Damn him for it.
Rey grabbed the collar of his leather jacket, tugging him towards her. It was all the confirmation he need.

Tomorrow she would tell herself she should have made him leave. But tomorrow wasn’t here yet.

The moment their lips touched, the fire exploded inside Rey. She’d held it back for so long, snuffed it out when it threatened to consume her. But his lips were gasoline against her skin, spreading the flame. And Rey wanted it to burn through her, through him, through them both.

“Let go, Rey,” he growled into her ear.

Let go? Wasn’t she letting go? She’d let the fire roar.

“You’re still holding on,” he rocked his hips against her so she could feel his arousal. “Let go.”

Rey gasped at the contact, looping her fingers in the waistband of his jeans and pulling him closer. His gloved hand fisted in her hair, the other wrapping long, leather clad fingers around her neck.

“You don’t know anything about me,” Rey hissed. Her body was reacting to him faster than her mind could. She wanted him here and now but her mind was a fickle thing. It didn’t want to give in so easily.

“I know that you’re hiding from yourself,” Kylo’s voice was deep and dark, penetrating the black corners of her mind. He reached up to run his thumb over her bottom lip. “Why?”

She hadn’t signed up for this. She’d just wanted a fling, a few moments of letting go, of forgetting herself. Biting down on the edge on his thumb, Rey yanked at the glove. She needed skin on skin.

He complied, pulling his hand back for her to remove the glove.

“Don’t,” she growled around the black leather dangling from between her teeth. Turning her head to the side, she spat the glove out. “Don’t pretend to understand me.”

“Oh, but I do,” he placed a chaste kiss at the base of her throat, once more covering the skin with his now naked fingers “I understand how alone you are, how desperate you are to feel.”

“Fuck you,” she growled, her fingers tangling in his stupid lush locks. She clawed at his scalp, bringing him back down to cover her lips with his.

“Please,” his voice was but a whisper against her lips before covering her mouth with his.

Was it a plea or a command? Rey didn’t care. He’d be gone in the morning, why was she trying to to convince him she wasn’t just another lay when that’s exactly what she was going to be? Just another one night stand, another notch on his bedpost. And she didn’t give a damn. She wanted this. No, she needed this.

He lifted her legs up and she complied, wrapping them around his waist. His erection nestled against her core, bringing a moan to her lips only to have it swallowed by his mouth.

She pulled back from his demanding lips, just enough to breath the words she wanted to scream but only came out as a whisper, “Fuck me.”

His body, the body completely engulfing her form, froze. “You’re sure?” The question was almost hesitant, completely in contrast with the man who had strutted through her bar and demanded attention.
“Fuck me,” she whispered again before pulling his lips back down to hers.

The words ignited a fire in him, in them both. He shoved her against the hard surface of the bar. Rey fumbled with the clothing he was wearing, but couldn’t figure out where the buttons were. Instead she focused on her own clothing.

“Leave it,” he growled when she went to remove her leather jacket. “Only two things need to be naked.”

His words sent a shiver down her spine. But damn him, he was right. This wasn’t the world where boys got undressed as girls sat back and waited. He was a man and Rey wanted every inch of him to consume her.

Her fingers fumbled with the button of her own jeans but his strong fingers brushed her feeble attempts to the side as his mouth covered hers. With a couple quick movements, he had her pants and underwear pulled down to her knees. She gasped when the cool air hit the heat between her thighs. But the coolness was soon replaced by Kylo’s hand, the skin hot against her.

“Fuck,” she hissed. His hand was so large, so powerful and demanding. His fingers teased her, stroking her slit but not entering her.

Kylo’s lips were leaving a trail of bite marks along her throat; she’d have to cover them tomorrow to avoid unwanted questions.

“Stop thinking so damn much,” Kylo growled.

“I- oh,” Rey gasped as Kylo slipped one finger inside the wet heat. He had such long fingers, long enough to curl inside her as he stroked at a frustratingly slow pace. Her lips parted in a wordless plea. Not one to disappoint her, Kylo slid another finger between her folds, quickening his tempo.

“What do you want, Rey?” His eyes locked onto hers.

What had he asked? Why was he even talking? Did he expect her to be able to hold a conversation while he was bringing her dangerously close to the edge? Damn she wanted to drive head first off that ledge.

“Say it,” he growled. The pace of his fingers increased, demanding answers from her and her body. “Say it.”

“Fuck me, Kylo,” she cried. Her hands clawed at his chest, his shoulders, anywhere she could find purchase.

His hands left her to release his cock.

“Holy hell,” Rey breathed at the sight. He didn’t give her much of a chance to admire it before he was bracing himself against her entrance.

“Look at me,” his voice was husky, a mix of lust and control.

Rey’s eyes met his. Their gazes stayed locked as Kylo thrust his hips forward and Rey matched the movement.

Her body burned with desire, with need. She needed more, more of him. She was desperate, clawing at him, pulling his mouth to hers. He bit her bottom lip but soothed the wound by licking up the small drop of blood he’d drawn.
Their bodies collided and separated, over and over, as they built up to the crescendo. The flame between them roared as it consumed them, burning through them a path of destruction and desire.

“Rey,” Kylo gasped her name, his breath hot and heavy on her skin.

They came as one. They came like a gunshot firing through the silent night. They came on a wave of sinful passion and pleasure.

Rey would never be the same. She’d slept with a devil and he’d called her by name. And she didn’t give a damn. She’d liked it.

The bar door slammed open, destroying their spell of passion. Kylo quickly replaced himself back into his pants and pulled Rey down from the bar. He shoved her behind him, placing himself between her and whoever had just burst into the building.

Rey took advantage of his body shielding her to pull her pants up and run her fingers through her hair. She wiped at her lips, realizing that her red lipstick was smeared all over her mouth. It took several swipes before her fingers no longer came away red.

“You’ve got to help me!” a man’s voice pleaded. He sounded terrified, as if he were running for his life.

“What the fuck?” Kylo darted around the bar, catching the man before he could tumble onto one of the pool tables and helped him to sit down at a table instead.

Without Kylo blocking her vision, Rey could clearly see the man. He was big and muscular and dark. He wore biker boots and dark leather clothing with spikes and chains. It didn’t make sense for someone who looked as intimidating as him to sound so afraid. His eyes darted around the room wide with terror until he finally saw her standing there, just behind the bar.

“Please!” he cried out like a wounded animal. “They’re coming for me!”

“Are you hurt?” Rey asked.

“Who is?” Kylo spoke over her, his voice calm but demanding.

“The- the First Order,” the man struggled to speak while trying to regain his breath. He shook his head to answer Rey’s question.

Rey snapped into action, grabbing a glass and filling it with water. The man gratefully took it from her when she offered it. He chugged the liquid like he’d been lost in the desert for days.

“Why?” Kylo’s voice cut through the air.

The man swallowed the water before replying. “I- I managed to escape. But they’ll find me.”

“I’ll call the police.”

“No,” Kylo’s voice stopped her in her tracks. “The police can’t help against the First Order,” he spoke in a calm tone but there was something else, something just below the surface.

Rey turned back to look at him. His eyes met hers and she knew, they were all in danger.
Chapter 3

“Oy, Hux!” the dimwitted biker shouted out into the silent night air.

Hux ground his teeth together and pinched the bridge of his nose. Honestly, he was surrounded by idiots. Why their boss thought he could carry out his orders when those at his disposal were dumber than goldfish, Hux would never understand.

“I told you,” he took a deep breath but still his next words came out loud and harsh, “to keep quiet!”

Despite the anger in his voice, the idiot still approached him, intent on conversing with Hux. The rest of the dimwits around them, sensed the tension in the air; something was about to happen.

They had gathered around a large bonfire in the middle of the trailer park, smoking and drinking and God knew what else. But now they inched their way closer to where Hux rested against his Harley.

“I’ve got some news might interest ya,” the biker grinned at him, revealing very few remaining yellow teeth.

Hux resisted the urge to roll his eyes. The man was hoping to please Hux with whatever news he had. The men were constantly doing this; competing for his favor by bringing up trivial nonsense.

“Tell me then,” Hux glared at him and tossed back a swig from the bottle in his hand.

The man was absolutely vile, like the trailer park surrounding them. Hux never understood why they behaved like wild animals. Just because they were bikers, didn’t mean they had to ignore things such as personal hygiene.

“Get on with it,” Hux ordered once more.

“We tracked the traitor,” the biker’s grin widened, like this little tidbit would impress Hux.

“Yes, I know,” Hux signed. “He’s in Niima; there wasn’t very many places for him to run, now was there?”

“There’s more,” the biker’s voice changed, sounding more desperate. The men knew when he was losing interest. The moment that happened, they were in for a world of pain.

Hux didn’t bother to prompt him. Instead, he motioned for Phasma, his second, to join them. While he loved smelling the fear radiating off the men when they screwed up, Hux never soiled himself by dealing out punishment. Instead he left that to Phasma. She thrived in the thrill of teaching them a lesson.

“No!” the man shouted, his wide eyes following Phasma’s approach. “Listen. Listen!”

“I tire of waiting,” Hux turned from the man. There was a bottle of bourbon in the hands of a pretty little blonde calling his name and he had every intention of answering. He’d already sent a few men to chase after the traitor and soon he’d be dead like a bug squashed under Hux’s boot.

“Kylo Ren was spotted in Niima!”

The words stopped Hux dead in his tracks. The very name was enough to ignite the flame of fury inside him.
“He and his Knights of Ren were seen at Plutt’s Bar,” the man’s anxious words flowed from him in a last ditch attempt to save himself from Phasma’s hands.

“Well,” Hux took a deep breath and straightened his shoulders, not bothering to look back at the poor idiot. “Phasma, please show this man how grateful I am for his message.”

Phasma grinned at him. She was the only person in this gang he could rely on. She understand him and he her.

“With pleasure, Hux.”

***

“If we can’t call the police then what are we supposed to do?” Rey’s anxious words hit Kylo like a ton of bricks.

There was nothing any of them could do. The First Order was coming. Nothing could stop them.

“You need to get out of here,” Kylo replied calmly though he wanted to lash out and break every table and chair in his path.

“What about you?”

It wasn’t possible for her voice to be filled with that much concern. Kylo was only imagining things.

“I’ll deal with the First Order,” Kylo replied simply.

“Wait,” the man at the table interjected. “You can’t face down the First Order by yourself. It’s suicide.”

“Good thing I’m suicidal,” Kylo replied in a dry voice. “Besides, I won’t be alone. You’re here.” With that, Kylo pushed back the chair he was sitting in and stood to face Rey. “The First Order won’t care who you are or whether you’re involved in this or not.”

“Your point?” She raised a brow at him, daring him to try and order her around.

“You need to get out of here. The First Order is only after him,” Kylo jerked his head back to indicate who he was referring to.

“He needs our help,” Rey cut him off, something Kylo was not too fond of. People listened when he spoke.

Kylo approached her with his hands spread out as if he were trying to reason with a wild tiger instead of just some woman.

“We don’t know if we can trust him,” Kylo spoke low so only she could hear his words.

She hardened before him, turning back into the woman who had pointed a shotgun at his head. Jutting her chin forward and squaring her shoulders, Rey managed to somehow look down her nose at him even though he towered over her.

“And I don’t know if I can trust you. But right now we’re all the three of us have and this is my bar-”

“Excuse me, I don’t recall your name being Plutt,” Kylo interjected.

Rey glared at him but went on speaking as if he hadn’t interrupted her. “And I’m not going to let
some biker gang come in here and attack anyone.”

“Hold on,” the other man jumped up and forced his way past Kylo to talk to Rey. Kylo didn’t like his actions, clearly the man had no respect for personal space. “There’s no fighting the First Order; they will kill you.”

Kylo grabbed his shoulder and pulled him back away from Rey. “What did you say your name was?” he asked, ignoring the man’s desperate tone.

“I- I didn’t,” the man blinked at him, suddenly sounding unsure of himself.

With a sigh, Kylo turned back to Rey. In the brief exchange between the two men, she’d already made her way back behind the bar and was grabbing her shotgun. The sight of it stirred up the image of her pointing it at him. Kylo would never look at a shotgun the same way.

“What do you think you’re doing?” he demanded.

“If anyone tries to get through that door,” she pointed the gun in her hands towards the entrance. “I’ll shoot them.”

“That won’t stop them. Bullets don’t-”

“Rey,” Kylo cut the man off with a look. The less Rey knew about the First Order, the better. “You’ve never faced men like this,” he tried to reason with her even has her jaw was set in determination. “They will kill you.”

“So, what? You want me to run?” she sounded offended.

“Yes,” he replied simply.

“And what about the two of you?” She looked at each of them in turn. “I’m to leave you to die.”

Kylo opened his mouth to respond but she didn’t give him the chance.

“No,” she shook her head. “No.”

Clenching his fist, Kylo tried to come up with a different argument, a different tactic.

“We need to get out of here,” the nameless man’s voice was starting to get on Kylo’s nerves. “We need to get as far away from the First Order as possible. Load up a truck with supplies and drive as fast as we can.”

“Load up a truck and just drive?” Kylo turned on him with a fury in his eyes. “That’s your plan is it?” He took slow, deliberate steps towards the other man, emphasizes his words with heavy footfalls. “The First Order will find you. No matter how fast or how far you run. You are wanted by the most dangerous gang of men and women and your plan is to run.”

The man shuddered at the words. No doubt, he had seen first hand just what the biker gang was capable of. Even so, he clenched his jaw and stood just a bit taller.

“There is no fight against the First Order,” he repeated.

The two men glared at one another, neither wanting to give in.

“He’s right,” Kylo said at last through a clenched jaw. “We need to leave here. I’m sure the First Order has already tracked him to this bar.”
“I can’t just-”

“You must,” Kylo stepped past the man and stood toe to toe with Rey. “Put your stubborn pride aside for one fucking minute.”

She glared up at him with the same fire in her eyes as when she’d told him to fuck off. The flecks of gold burned against the molting browns and greens, like a beautiful forest caught in a wildfire.

“You think I’ll just listen to you because we-”

“I know you’ll listen to me because I actually know what I’m talking about,” Kylo interrupted her with a soft but demanding tone. “We need to go someplace else. At least for tonight.”

“And what about in the morning?”

“We’ll deal with it when the time comes.” It was the only answer he could offer her at the moment. The less information she had, the more likely she wouldn’t get too tangled up in the First Order’s web. Perhaps she could go back to her normal life after tonight was over. Kylo would deal with the First Order himself. The reunion had been a long time coming.

“Fine,” Rey sighed reluctantly. “We can go to Maz’s. Her garage is practically a fort.”

“Maz?” Kylo raised a brow.

“She’s owns the auto shop just down the road,” Rey explained, already grabbing her bag and the keys to the bar in her free hand, keeping her hold on the shotgun. “She’s got weapons and knows how to use them.”

Kylo remembered passing the garage on his way in. It had looked abandoned, though so did every other building in this town.

“Can we trust her?” the other man asked, looking between the two of them.

“Of course,” Rey shouldered past them both. “She’s the only person in this town with her head screwed on right.”

“Let’s go,” Kylo said, grabbing the man’s arm and dragging him out the door with Rey leading the way.

***

“Special Agent Dameron,” General Leia greeted him as he walked into her office.

The room was brightly lit and warm despite its bareness. The walls and floors were all white, making it feel like a sterile room in some kind of hospital. A vase of fresh flowers set on her desk, the only pop of color in the room. Next to these were a single framed picture, facing towards her, and the government issued computer.

“Yes, General?” Poe entered the room and the door shut quietly behind him.

Two armored guards had first checked his ID badge and then checked with the General before even allowing Poe to enter. Security had been on high alert for the past few days after the reports of events in the Jakku desert.

“Please,” Leia motioned towards one of two chairs sitting in front of her desks. “Have a seat.”
Poe did as instructed, feeling somewhat at ease with her casualness. The General was known for being harsh when the situation called for it. But when she spoke to her agents, she had a more motherly type attitude. She genuinely cared about them.

“What’s this about, General?” Poe asked.

Folding her hands on top of the desk, Leia smiled at him. She’d aged since Poe had first started working for her. There were more lines along her forehead and a look in her amber eyes that spoke of the dark things she’d witnessed.

“I’m sending you out on assignment,” she said, leaning down to open a drawer to her left. She pulled out a folder filled with papers and notes. It was larger than any other assignment’s folder he’d received. “To the town Niima.”

“Jakku?” Poe was shocked. He’d assumed they’d send someone with more field training. His training in the Air Force hadn’t exactly prepared him for his time with the Jedi Alliance. Leaning forward, he took the folder she offered him.

“You are to collect and report,” Leia continued. “You are not to engage with the SD’s.”

“SD’s?” Poe’s eyebrows rose at the term. So far he’d only dealt with alien and ghost “sighting” and other random paranormal investigations. He’d heard rumors of SD’s in other countries where Jedi Alliance agents had been fighting on the front lines but not here.

“It’s all in the report,” Leia motioned to the folder he was now flipping through. “You leave in an hour.”

“General—”

“There’s one more thing,” Leia sighed, straightening up the collar on her gray jacket though it didn’t need it. Her gray pant suit was perfectly tailored without a wrinkle in sight. “I want you to collect information on a specific person. He’s been spotted in the area. Goes by the name of Kylo Ren.”
“Maz!” Rey banged against the metal door with the butt of the shotgun. “Maz open up!”

“Do you want to alert the entire First Order to our location?” Kylo growled at her.

Ignoring him, Rey pounded on the door with more force. The deep night around them was silent, as if holding its breath, waiting to see what would unfold.

“This Maz person,” the nameless man shuffled on his feet as he took in the surroundings. A single floodlight illuminated the front of the old building. “She’s not a First Order sympathizer is she?”

“What does that even mean?” Rey shot him an annoyed glare. She was just about to knock on the door again when it swung inward, opening up to reveal a tiny figure.

“Get inside!” Maz ordered, motioning the three of them past her. Her large eyes darted around the empty desert before she closed the door behind them.

Inside the auto shop was dark. All around them, odd black shapes dotted their surroundings. There was a low humming sound coming from under their feet but what was generating it, Rey had no idea.

“You’ll be safe here,” Maz said in a low tone. “For now. Come,” she motioned them to follow her.

With a glance at the other two, Rey stepped forward, following the small woman up the stairs to the loft above the garage.

It was better lit upstairs, though still dim. The loft acted as Maz’s living quarters with a small kitchen and a bed. The kitchen was mainly a fridge and a few countertops. The table which had once acted as a place to eat, was covered with different car parts and cleaning supplies. On the other side of the room, a small twin bed was neatly made with stained blankets. Next to it, a pile of books acted as a nightstand. Between the two spaces, an old van’s backseat and some stacked wooden pallets served as a couch and coffee table.

Other than her basic necessities, Maz didn’t have many possessions. Most of her time was spent working on cars. The old woman kept to herself, causing rumors to spread throughout the small town. Rey had heard some of the gossip when she’d first rolled into town. She’d stopped at the gas station and asked if anyone could look at the old pick up truck she’d been driving. The man had directed her to Maz but not without warning her the old woman was a witch who fed on the hearts of men.

Even so, Maz had taken her in, helping her fix the bad exhaust pipe on the truck. Rey had spent a few days helping around the shop to work off her debt and then she’d ended up staying in Niima longer, eventually getting a job at Plutt’s and living in the motel. Maz had been the one to help her throughout it all. And not once had she pressured Rey to tell her how or why she’d wound up in the desert town.

For that, Rey would always be grateful.

“Sit,” Maz ordered the three of them.

Rey pulled out one of the dining room chairs and sat down, leaning the shotgun against the table next to her. Out of habit, she picked up an alternator bracket and rag from the table and began cleaning it
as Maz set about making a pot of coffee.

“Bit of a mess you’ve landed yourself in, Rey,” Maz threw over her shoulder. She busied herself with the coffee pot. Once she’d gotten the coffee going, she used a footstool to reach the upper cabinets and pulled out four mugs.

“Um,” the nameless man looked at Kylo and then Rey, clearly confused. “Would you like some help?” he asked Maz.

“You keep quiet,” Maz rounded on him.

The old woman may have looked frail but she had the bite of a rattlesnake. She didn’t even reach Rey’s shoulders but that had never stopped her from standing her ground. Whether it was against a biker trying to talk down the price or one of Snoke’s men trying to buy up her land, Maz had never taken anyone’s crap.

“Maz,” Rey said in a warning tone. “We just need to lay low for the night.”

Maz placed a mug in front of each of them and then leaned into Kylo where he sat next to Rey. “Who’s this?” She looked him up and down from behind the goggles she was still wearing from working.

Kylo glared back at her, unphased by her frankness. “Nobody,” he replied before Rey could come up with an answer.

Pushing the goggles back to rest on top of her head, Maz regarded him for a few more moments before moving on and turning her attention back to the nameless man.

“What are we going to do about you?” Maz looked the man up and down, taking in his rough appearance.

“I just want to get out of this town and as far away from the First Order as I can,” he replied.

“The First Order?” Maz raised an eyebrow at this.

“Seriously?” Rey caught his eye and he shrugged in response.

“In the fridge. Sugar’s in that tin over there on the counter,” Maz pointed it out as Kylo took his mug to dilute the perfectly good coffee.

“Am I the only one here concerned that the First Order is going to murder us?”
With a sigh, Maz sat down at the table on Rey’s other side. Kylo took his seat and the three looked at the nameless man before them.

“The First Order can’t get to you in here,” Maz replied at last.

“A little tin building isn’t enough to stop them,” Kylo smirked into his mug as if the mere thought of Maz thinking anything otherwise was humorous.

“No, but my wards are.”

Rey spun in her seat to face the older woman and Kylo choked on his coffee at her words.

“Your wards?” Rey couldn’t even wrap her brain around the statement. Perhaps Maz was crazier than she thought.

“Yes, my wards,” Maz shrugged and drank some of her own coffee. “They keep out the First Order’s kind.”

“Maz,” Rey forced her voice to remain calm and even. “What are you talking about?”

“The First Order keeps humans on its payroll. They can get past your wards,” the nameless man’s voice was on edge, still full of fear. “Or did you miss the part where I walked through the front door?”

“What else would they keep on their payroll?” Rey’s voice was a notch higher than before.

She was surrounded by crazy people. That was the only explanation for the turn this conversation had taken. She needed to get back to the bar, finish closing it up, and pretend like none of this had happened.

“You haven’t told her?” Maz glared at the two men in turn. “You dragged my Rey into this shitshow and you haven’t even told her what she’s getting into?”

Kylo sat up straighter, glaring back at the older woman. “There wasn’t exactly time,” he replied through his teeth.

“And there isn’t much time now,” Maz nodded her head with a thoughtful look in her eyes. “You,” she pointed to Kylo and tossed him a key she pulled from her pocket. “Go downstairs and go into my office. Behind the back bookshelf, there’s a door. Take whatever weapons you need.”

“Maz-”

“You,” Maz turned to the other man, ignoring Rey’s questioning tone. “Go downstairs and find something else to wear from one of the lockers.”

Neither of them moved but just stared at Maz as if she’d grown another head.

“Move!” she barked, waving her hands at them.

Once the two men had made their way downstairs, Maz turned to Rey and sighed.

“I don’t have much time. The boy is right, the First Order will send humans to get past my wards,” Maz paused to take another drink of coffee. “You’ve landed yourself in a mess, Rey.”

“Maz,” Rey wrapped her fingers tighter around the warm mug in her hands; the heat a horrible reminder that she wasn’t dreaming. “What is going on?”
“The First Order is a biker gang of demons,” Maz said bluntly.

“D-demons?”

“Yes.”

Rey shook her head though in denial or shock, she wasn’t sure. She wasn’t sure of anything.

“Demons? As in Satan’s minions?”

“That’s one way to describe them,” Maz said into her mug, taking another drink.

“How?”

“Their kind has been around for some time, taking a different name throughout the decades. Now they call themselves the First Order,” Maz paused to look at Rey as if gauging her sanity level. “They’ve been cursed to roam the Jakku desert until the day the one foreseen comes to face them.”

“I don’t understand,” Rey shook her head again. She raised the mug to her lips but then sat it back down without taking a drink.

“It was foretold, an heir, someone of the Skywalker bloodline, would return to Jakku and destroy the demons once and for all. So far, two stepped forward. But each failed in their lifetimes for they were not the true Chosen One.” Maz pushed back her chair and went to refill her mug, giving Rey a chance to take in the information. “One still lives, Luke. But he’s gone into hiding, swore he would never return to Jakku after his failure.”

“Why?”

“A story for another time,” Maz replied as she sat back down.

“Then what now? How can they be stopped?”

Maz leaned over to pat Rey’s arm. “Come, I have something for you.”

Leaving her steaming cup of coffee, Maz left the kitchen and went to the other side of the loft. She leaned down and pulled out a lock box from underneath the bed. Rey joined her, still holding on to the now chilled mug.

“I’ve been saving these for a time such as this,” Maz explained. She took off her necklace that had a small key hanging from the chain which she’d hidden beneath her shirt.

Inside the box where a number of papers and odd things Rey couldn’t make sense of. From the box, Maz pulled out two crystals, each attached to a chain.

“This is the only protection I can offer you on such short notice,” Maz held out the two necklaces to Rey.

Holding the cup in one hand, Rey reached out for the crystals. They seemed small and insignificant in her hand.

“What do they do?” Rey asked, tilting her hand back and forth, allowing the clear crystals to catch the light.

“They don’t do anything. But I cast a protection spell on them,” Maz explained. “It’s better than nothing.”
“Maz,” Rey looked to the older woman, almost afraid to ask the question. “Are you a witch?”

***

Kylo pulled the chain on the light bulb, casting the small room in a dim yellow glow. It was just where Maz had said, behind the shelf in the back of the office, one of those safe rooms people built into their homes. Only Maz had turned it into an armory, stocked full with guns and knives and explosives. The closet size room held more weapons than Kylo had ever seen in one place before.

He made his selections carefully, not wanting to take too much but also knowing they needed all the weapons they could carry.

It had been some time since he’d last seen the First Order. But no amount of time could be long enough. He’d hoped to never see them again.

“Should’ve left when I had the chance,” he grumbled to himself.

If Rey hadn’t pointed that damn shotgun at him, Kylo and the Knights of Ren would already have been long gone.

And Rey would still have been in this mess.

Kylo sighed. It was a double edged sword. He would have been gone, far away from the ghosts of his past but Rey still would have helped the other man and been caught up in the clusterfuck.

“Anything good in here?” the nameless man asked as he joined Kylo. He’d changed out of his other clothes and into a simple black shirt and jeans. He looked much less intimidating without all the spikes and chains adorning his clothes.

“Grab that duffle bag,” Kylo motioned back to where he’d seen it on the office desk.

The man followed his instructions and brought the bag to Kylo who began loading it with multiple guns and ammunition he’d already selected.

“You know bullets won’t kill them.”

“No,” Kylo agreed. “But they’ll slow them down.”

Once he’d filled the bag, he grabbed a couple pistols, handing one to the other man and shoving the other into the back waistband of his jeans. He took some knives and hid them among his person until satisfied he had enough.

“Take the bag upstairs,” Kylo shoved the old army bag into the man’s arms. “I want to double check the doors.”

He was just about to lock the room back up when something caught his eye. Along the top of the far wall, mounted on a plaque, an old sword gleamed in the dim light. The hilt was wrapped with black leather and the blade was made from some kind of black steel. It was simple in design but it radiated power.

Without thinking, Kylo reached out for it, wrapping his long fingers around the hilt. The moment he touched it, the air around him swirled and crackled as if some energy were enveloping him.

In an instant, the energy exploded, throwing him back as he struggled to keep his footing. The unseen force echoed around him and the room, knocking guns and boxes of ammo off the shelves.
“It’s them!” The other man shouted, his voice carrying throughout the garage. “It’s the First Order.”

Kylo shook his head, knowing the man was wrong.

“No,” he whispered to himself. “This is something else.”

***

The strange force was felt across the Jakku desert, like an earthquake rippling through the land. To those unaware of the sinister world around them, they shrugged it off as nothing more than a natural quake; stranger things had happened in the desert.

But to the rest, they knew it for what it was.

To the First Order, it was the warning they had been preparing for, the incoming storm. It would be their downfall or their ticket to freedom. Throughout the trailer park where Hux and his men waited, a battle cry rang out filled with rage and excitement.

For the Jedi Alliance, it was the sign they’d been waiting for, a sign that not all hope had been lost.

As Poe drove along the highway, headed towards the small town of Niima, he radioed in to headquarters.

“General, did you feel that?”

Leia sighed into his ear piece. “Nothing has changed, Agent Dameron. You are to collect and report. Do not engage.”

The line went dead before Poe had the chance to respond.

“Like hell I won’t,” Poe mumbled to himself.

General Leia was wrong; this changed everything.

The heir had returned.
Rising from the cold concrete floor, Kylo glared down at the black blade in his hands. The steel hummed as if it were alive with energy.

“You,” Maz’s voice cut through the room, pinning him in place. “The heir?” She sounded shocked and unsure; confused the words were even being spoken aloud.

Kylo swirled around and faced her. She was eyeing him with a look that spoke volumes but in a frequency he couldn’t pick up on.

“Who are you?” She asked.

“No one,” Kylo replied.

Adjusting his grip on the hilt, Kylo turned away from her and replaced the sword back on its plaque. He wasn’t in the mood to deal with the witch’s mumbo-jumbo. There was enough shit hitting the fan with the First Order’s impending arrival without adding magic swords to the mix.

“You must have the sword warded as well,” Kylo said in a casual tone to explain the odd occurrence.

“Bullshit,” Maz spat the word out. It was surprisingly venomous for someone so frail looking. “I know who you are; you’re a Skywalker.” She said it as a fact but it hit Kylo like an accusation.

In a fluid move, Kylo turned and was in front of her, faster than she could blink. “You don’t know shit,” he growled.

“The sword,” Maz jutted her chin back towards the blade, ignoring his animal-like voice. “Take it.”

Kylo regarded the old witch for several long moments until finally responding. “No.” He brushed past her without a parting glance, intent on checking the doors. The locks wouldn’t keep out the First Order for long, but it was more out of a sense of habit, a familiar action he could cling to, that drove Kylo to check them.

“Hey,” Rey’s soft voice reached out to him like a soft caress. She joined him as he unlocked and then relocked the back door. Once, twice, three times just to be sure. “Do you know what that was?”

“No,” Kylo brushed passed her, not bothering to meet her questioning look. If he looked at her, he may end up confiding in her, and the leader of the Knights of Ren did not confide in anyone, especially not some lanky bartender.

“That biker guy thinks it’s something to do with the First Order,” Rey’s voice trailed behind him as he went to check the side door.

“Did he ever give you a name?” Kylo asked. He unlocked the side door and relocked it. Once. Twice. Three times.

“No,” Rey sighed. “He mumbled something about not having a name.”

Kylo grunted in a noncommittal way. He didn’t actually care one way or the other if man had a name; he just wanted to shift the conversation onto a safer ground.
“So,” Rey sighed and dragged out the word like a question.

Turning to her, Kylo could see she was clearly uncomfortable, unsure of herself and the situation. It was only natural for her to be. After all, it wasn’t everyday a person found themselves being hunted by a demon biker gang. Instead of responding, he simply raise a brow, giving her the opportunity to ask the question which was so clearly burning in her mind.

“Demons then?” Her voice matched her body language.

“Demons,” Kylo affirmed.

“What about angels?” 

At this, Rey grabbed his full attention. Of all the things she could have asked him in that moment, this had to be the last one he could have expected.

Kylo shrugged. “I don’t see why not,” he replied, throwing the statement back over his shoulder as he walked towards the front door, the last lock he needed to check.

“I always thought things like that were just a myth,” Rey’s voice followed closely behind him.

When he checked the lock, he was surprised to find it open. He locked it, counted to three, and then unlocked and locked it again. Once. Twice. Three times. Satisfied the doors were secure, Kylo set about checking the inner perimeter; Rey hot on his heels.

“You thought wrong,” he at last replied.

The witch had obviously explained a few things, enough so Rey wasn’t starting at square one. Yet she still had question. Had it been anyone else, Kylo would have already told her to fuck off. Something about the bartender’s presence was oddly comforting. Perhaps it was simply because he’d fucked her.

No.

The immediate denial in his mind was as shocking as when he’d touched the sword. He shook his head, not wanting to relive that moment.

“So what are you then?” Rey pressed. Her voice had hardened but he could still hear the mild anxiety behind it.

“I’m no one,” Kylo grabbed a flashlight sitting on a nearby workbench and flicked it on. The yellowish glow was contrastingly bright in the dim garage, but his eyes adjusted quickly.

“Join the club,” the words were so softly spoken, Kylo wasn’t even sure she’d actually said them.

Kylo spun on her, the light from the flashlight causing her to squint until he lowered it off her face.

“What brought you to the Jakku desert?”

“Excuse me?”

“Of all the places to run and hide, why Niima?”

Her eyes narrowed and she crossed her arms, instantly defensive against his personal question.

“You could go anywhere and instead you settled for working in a junkyard,” he pressed more, wanting to know. The only kinds of people who stayed in Jakku were those who were either forced
to or wanted to because of the lack of law enforcement. “Why here?”

“None of your business, that’s why,” she snarled at him. Her feet stomped against the hard concrete floor until she was upon him, shoving her shoulder into his. She was too small to have enough force in the movement but it got her point across all the same.

Clearly she didn’t feel the same comfort in his presence as he felt in hers.

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“Do you see anything?” Rey kept her voice low, too afraid to speak louder than a whisper.

“Not yet,” Maz replied, her focus on whatever she saw through the binoculars.

They had gathered upstairs and turned off all the lights except for the three floodlights Maz had on different sides of the building, illuminating each entrance. The lights were bright enough to flood through the few windows around the garage. It hadn’t taken long for Rey’s eyes to adjust to the dim surroundings.

“They’re coming,” the unnamed man whispered. “I can feel it.”

Rey glanced over at him where he crouched on her other side. The slit in the wall was eye level for Maz but the others had to lower themselves if they wanted to look out.

To be honest, Rey felt bad for him. He hadn’t given her many answers about why he was running from the First Order or why he had even been with them to begin with. But to not have a name? Everyone had a name. Even if a person didn’t like their name, they at least had one. What kind of life had he had with the First Order to not even have a name for himself?

“Well, they’re not here yet,” Maz said. She handed the binoculars to Rey and shrugged. “Might as well get some sleep. One of you keep guard for a few hours,” she motioned between the three of them, including Kylo who had stayed back in the kitchen where he leaned against a counter with his arms crossed. “Take turns. But get some sleep,” here she pointed specifically to Kylo. “If we’re to face the First Order, we’ll need our rest.”

Rey watched the old woman as she waddled over to her bed, just a black lump of furniture in the dark space.

“She’s right,” Rey straightened up as she looked down at the man next to her. “Try to get some rest; you’ve been through a lot.”

“What about you?” he asked. His knees popped as he stood up. “You need sleep too.”

“I’ll wake you up in a few hours if nothing happens before then. Now go.” Rey pointed behind him towards the old backseat that served as a couch. It wouldn’t be the most comfortable bed but it was better than the floor.

He nodded, his eyes already partly closed. He didn’t need much convincing to flop down on the somewhat soft surface.

Rey had meant what she’d said; the man had been through a lot. She could tell. He needed his rest and this wouldn’t be the first time Rey had been up for two days straight. Though it had never before been because of a demon biker gang.

Feeling his eyes on her, Rey turned to glare at Kylo. His eyes glinted in the darkness as he followed
her movements toward him.

“You can sleep downstairs,” she hissed at him. Already Maz and the other man were snoring softly. It hadn’t taken long for exhaustion to hit them.

Rey busied herself with the coffee pot to avoid looking at the dark form next to her for too long.

“And leave the girl with the least amount of knowledge of the First Order to stand watch?” His tone was as low as hers but with more bite.

“Why are you such an ass?” Rey slammed the coffee pot down on the counter, hard enough for the sound to echo around them but not hard enough to break it, fortunately.

“Why are you so stubborn?” Kylo uncrossed his arms and placed one hand on the counter next to him, leaning in so he towered over her and forced her to look up even more.

“I’m not stubborn,” Rey said through clenched teeth.

Kylo chuckled, the sound a low grating noise from the back of his throat. It sent a shiver down her spine for more than one reason.

“Exactly what a stubborn person would say.”

He was baiting her, trying to get a rise out of her. Rey knew this at yet she still couldn’t stop her reaction.

“Fuck you!” She turned on her heels, nearly tripping in her haste to fill the coffee pot with water from the sink.

“Only if you say please.” The words were but a warm breath against the sensitive skin at the nape of her throat.

She hadn’t heard his approach, too intent on her own actions. But now he was there, just behind her, his arms braced on either side of her to trap her in place.

“There’s another couch downstairs,” Rey tried to make her voice sound calm and even but instead it came out in a breathy whisper.

“Good,” Kylo said from further back this time, though his hands still rested on the edge of the counter. “You can go get some sleep.”

“Like hell I will,” Rey muttered, knowing he would still hear her.

Kylo let out an audible groan and left her to make the pot of coffee while he took a seat at the table, giving up the fight for the time being apparently.

As she went about the kitchen, scooping out the coffee grounds, pressing buttons on the old machine, Rey could feel his eyes on her. It was unsettling. The hair on the back of her neck stood on end.

“There’s no sense in both of us staying awake,” Rey said even as she grabbed two coffee mugs from the cabinet. Somehow Maz had still made time to wash and put away the ones they’d used earlier. While the surrounding apartment didn’t appear to be that of a neat freak, when it came to dishes, Maz never left any in the sink or lying around.

“I’m not tired,” Kylo replied in a low voice. He was busy picking at his neatly trimmed nails when
Rey glanced back at him, his attention for once on something besides her making a pot of coffee.

“No rest for the wicked?”

Kylo grunted. It wasn’t quite a chuckle but Rey assumed it was close enough.

When the coffee was finally finished, Rey poured them each a cup and set them down on the table. Before he could even ask, Rey walked over to the fridge to grab the cream along with some packets of sugar from the counter.

“You’re ruining a perfectly good cup of coffee.”

Kylo shrugged his shoulders, not at all bothered by the bite in her voice. It wasn’t that he was sweetening up the coffee, but that he looked so… at home doing it. He acted as if he’d always come over to Maz’s in the middle of the night to drink coffee. There was no sense of unease or awkwardness coming from him. It was the same kind of presence she’d sensed from him back in the bar as she’d closed out his tab.

“You’re staring,” Kylo said without looking up from the now light brown coffee.

Heat flushed Rey’s cheeks as she busied herself with taking a sip of her own mug. She wished she could blame the steam rising from the cup but there was no point in lying to herself now. After all, she had slept with the man.

Thinking about that was a mistake. Heat flushed in completely different areas without even a chance of blaming the mug in her hands.

“Rey,” Kylo’s voice was a purr in the darkened kitchen.

Rey’s eyes snapped to his at the sound of her name coming from those sinful lips. She expected him to have that smug look of his painted all over his face. What she saw instead was the match to the gasoline in her blood. He must have seen the same look in her eyes. They both leaned forward, coffee mugs forgotten on the kitchen table.

BANG!

Rey shrieked. Kylo cursed. The man in the other room bolted up. Outside, cries of excitement and laughter rose up.

“It’s the First Order!”

“Shut up, you fucking idiot!”

“Shit,” Rey hissed, darting to one of the several slits Maz had cut into the walls and peering out into the night. “He’s right.”

There were at least twenty men and women surrounding the auto shop. They must have walked or parked their bikes further away because no one had heard their approach. Now it was too late. Each one of them circling the building had weapons either in hand or strapped somewhere on their person or both.

“Fuck,” Kylo spat out the curse. He kneeled next to Rey, surveying the threat just outside. “Took them long enough.”

“Are you serious?” Rey’s voice cracked a bit as she tried to remain calm. A part of her still believed
she might wake up at any moment and be forced to go open up the bar once more.

“The First Order has a chip in each of their,” Kylo paused as if searching for the right word. “Employees,” he finished, referring to the man who was trying to quietly wake up Maz. How she had slept through the gunshot, Rey had no idea.

“And you just now decided to share this information?”

Kylo shrugged but didn’t answer her question, too focused on the figures moving around outside.

“What! What!” Maz startled awake, drawing Rey and Kylo’s attention to her as she tumbled out of the bed. “Calm down!” she snapped at whatever the other man had said to her. She padded over to where Rey and Kylo kneeled.

“Maz-”

“Those beast,” Maz’s hiss cut off Rey. “Their witch sent them with Hell’s Fire.”

“H-hell’s fire?” Rey couldn’t fully process what exactly Maz was saying. Below, a man clad in dark clothing and a black cloth wrapped around the lower half of his face approached the building but stopped about ten feet from the door. He was carrying what looked like a flamethrower.

“It’s dark magic,” Kylo’s soothing voice spoke low enough for just Rey to hear. “It has many powers. One being able to burn through certain wards, destroying them.”

“In other words, we’re fucked,” Rey responded in a shaky voice.

“Not yet,” Maz pushed Rey to the side, coming face to face with Kylo. “Get the sword. You can stop this.”

“What sword?”

“I told you, no,” Kylo hissed.

“Skywalker blood runs through your veins,” Maz pressed forward. “With the sword, you can stop the First Order.”

“Wait, what?”

“You don’t know what you’re talking about, Witch,” Kylo jumped to his feet and glared down at Maz.

“Excuse me,” Rey stood too, glaring at both of them even as they ignored her. “What sword?”

Maz continued eyeing Kylo as she finally answered Rey’s question. “The sword of the Chosen One. It is said that in the hands of the true heir, it can destroy the demons and cast them into Hell once and for all.”

“Ha!” the other man’s bark of laughter broke through the tension sizzling in the air. “I’m sorry,” he laughed again as the three of them turned their attention to him. “You think this guy is the one that’s gonna bring down the First Order,” he shook his head and laughed to himself.

“Hold up,” Rey raised a hand, signalling everyone to stop, for time to just slow down. “Everyone just hold on for one fucking minute. This guy,” Rey jutted an accusing finger towards Kylo as she questioned Maz. “Is some kind of chosen one?”
“He’s the Chosen One.”

“Like hell I-”

Kylo’s denial was interrupted by the blast of the flamethrower outside.

“Knock knock motherfuckers!”

Chapter End Notes

So this story was originally posted on FF.net. But once I set up an account on here, I went ahead and posted all the chapters for both my Reylo fics. I didn't bother with posting the author's notes. But just a few quick things:

1. I'm completely shocked at how much response this story has already gotten. Both here and ff.net. I love reading everyone's reviews and comments!
2. This story idea original started out with Reylobitch and me talking on Tumblr about a Reylo biker AU. But then I was also rewatching Wynonna Earp at the time so I was like.. why not add some demons? So yes, this story has some Wynonna Earp influences but it's going to go its own way.
3. I have moodboards and cover art and a music playlist on my Tumblr page. Here
4. And to be completely honest, this chapter is the first chapter of this story that I've written completely sober each time I worked on it. I was in the mindset of "write drunk, edit sober" for awhile but I'm retraining my brain. Hopefully you guys still enjoy it as much as the other chapters!
“Right, okay.” Rey took a deep breath to steady her nerves even as the gang outside hollered with excitement. “You,” she pointed to Kylo, “go get that sword-”

“I am not-”

“Go get the fucking sword,” Rey practically shouted at him. “And you,” she pointed back at the other man who was already rifling through the army bag. “Good, grab a few guns to pass around.”

“I don’t take well to being ordered around.” Kylo still stood firmly in place, despite the edge she’d had in her voice; the edge she used on drunken bikers making passes at her.

Closing the distance between them, Rey narrowed her eyes up at him. “I don’t give a shit what you take well to or not,” her voice came out low and even despite her heart pounding in her chest. “I didn’t move out into the middle of a fucking desert to get away from shit heads just to be killed by fucking demons.”

Kylo’s dark eyes watched her as she snarled at him. He kept his face smooth, giving her no hints as to what he was thinking behind his apathetic mask.

“Now,” Rey straightened her shoulders, trying to appear taller. “I don’t care if you’re the Chosen One or just some alcoholic asshole. Go. Get. The. Fucking. Sword.” With each word, she poked him in the chest to emphasize her command.

Before he had the chance to argue with her any further, Rey gave him a shove towards the stairs. His dark eyes cut to hers with a warning but of what she couldn’t be sure.

“Where’s my gun?” Rey mumbled to herself, searching around the tiny loft until she spotted it leaning against the table. She checked it was loaded and then patted down her pockets to reassure herself she had ammo.

“Guys!” The man’s voice called out. “You’ll wanna see this.”

With the shotgun in hand, Rey darted over to where Maz and the man were looking through the slit in the wall.

The men and women were unloading weapons, passing around ammo and other unpleasant looking items. The light from the Hell’s Fire cast the group in harsh shadows and highlights, confusing Rey’s eyes. She could have sworn she saw someone with a human finger dangling from his lips but she blinked and it turned back into a cigar.

The man with the flamethrower had paused his assault as if experiencing some sort of issue with the weapon. He gave it a few hits and then tried again. Red flames leapt forward like an eager serpent lashing out at its prey. When it hit the ground, blue lines formed in the dirt, bright and powerful but soon cracks spread across the lines like the shattering of glass.

“The wards?” Rey asked but she didn’t have to turn and see Maz’s nod to know she was right.

They were cutting through the wards fast. Soon those protecting lines would be destroyed and
nothing would stand between them and the demons hungry for blood.

“Let’s do this,” the man cocked his gun and aimed through the slit.

“Hold on,” Rey reached over and placed her hand on the barrel, hoping to stall his actions. “How can we tell the difference between human and demon?”

“Humans won’t get back up after you shoot them,” Kylo’s voice was a knife in the dark, cold and sharp. He stood at the top of the stairs with the sword in hand, looking the part of a dark knight of death.

“Well that’s very helpful,” Rey replied dryly.

“Cover my back,” Kylo said, ignoring her comment. “I’ll deal with them.”

“By yourself?” Rey jumped up to follow Kylo as he raced down the stairs. Their footsteps seemed loud, echoing around the quiet garage.

At the bottom of the stairs, Kylo whirled around to face her. Rey almost ran into him but stopped on the last step, bringing them eye to eye.

“What would you suggest we do? Hm?” His eyes bore into hers as if searching for an answer to his own question. “Let them burn through the wards and slaughter us all?”

“No but-”

“I didn’t ask for this! I didn’t ask to be some- some chosen fucking one,” Kylo’s dark words were just a growl. He reached a gloved hand up to brush the hair out of his face.

Outside the gang was still yelling their threats and excitement, but inside Rey could only hear the sound of their breathing. Each of their chests were heaving from the adrenaline.

Bang!

A shot rang out followed by several curses from outside. Rey jumped at the sound. Had he hit a human? Someone she knew?

“I got one!” The man’s voice hollered, sounding both surprised and awed by his own statement.

“You think I asked for any of this?” Rey drew Kylo’s attention back to her. She grabbed his jacket, pulling him towards her so she could throw the words in his face. “I didn’t ask for demons or prophecies or witches!” Taking a deep breath, Rey let him go, letting him put a little distance between them once more.

Kylo watched her collect herself, his gaze intense. It was almost as unsettling as the thought of demons surrounding the small building.

“Then leave,” Kylo hissed. He didn’t bother waiting for a response. Instead, he turned and left her standing on the bottom step, speechless.

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Kylo kicked the door open, breaking the lock in the process. He didn’t care. The adrenaline and anger coursing through his veins was all he needed in the moment.

Silence greeted him. The group around him freezing in place at his unexpected entrance. Or exit
rather. The man with the flamethrower held the weapon in his hands but didn’t continue his assault on the wards.

“Who the fuck are you?” a man asked in a heavily accented voice. He sounded like he’d just step out of the South without an education to back him up. He stood behind the one with the flamethrower. Neither of them had very distinguishable features. They were pale and boring, real average joes except for the fact they were either demons or worked for demons.

To the left, a body lay in a pool of its own blood. Apparently the man had actually hit one. Must have been human since it hadn’t gotten back up yet.

“Where’s Hux?” Kylo asked them, not bothering to answer the question. They’d find out soon enough.

“The boss?” The man with the accent stepped around the other, approaching Kylo with steady steps. “How do you know the boss?”

Kylo didn’t answer. He watched the other man’s movements, calculating. He was taking slow, casual footsteps but his right hand resting on the butt of his gun twitched, giving away his attentions.

The sword in Kylo’s hand felt hot, hotter than when he first picked it up. He had the sudden urge to slice the man’s head off.

Bang!

The shot rang out through the night before Kylo could process what had happened. They both looked at the man’s chest where a bullet sized hole was leaking blood. The man looked up, behind Kylo towards where the others were upstairs for cover fire.

“This was my favorite shirt,” the man shouted towards where the shot had come from. “Guess this means I gotta kill you all now,” the man laughed, showing off his pointed teeth.

Another shot rang out, this one from closer behind, hitting the man in the chest for a second time. Kylo didn’t turn to see who it was; he couldn’t risk taking his eyes off his target.

In a few quick strides, Kylo was before the man, grabbing him by the hair to hold his head in place. The man struggled to untangle Kylo’s fingers from his greasy hair but his efforts were in vein. Raising the sword, Kylo brought it down at an angle, slicing through the man’s throat.

The sword’s blade glowed red with Hell’s Fire, singeing the demon’s skin as the body fell with a thud. Kylo looked from the head in his hand, to the glowing sword in his other grip.

“That’s new,” he said to himself.

“It’s- it’s the heir,” a woman’s voice echoed in the still night but Kylo couldn’t tell which one had spoken.

“We were told to get the traitor, not fight off the heir!” Another shouted in response.

The crowd around him rippled in unease, murmuring to one another. A few started to inch backwards, looking as though to flee.

“The fuck?” Rey’s voice was just behind his shoulder. When he glanced back, she was staring wide-eyed at the sword as the Hell’s Fire crackled along the blade. She held her shotgun in both hands, ready to fire again.
“Apparently the old witch got something right,” Kylo replied. He tossed the demon’s head towards the man with the flamethrower, who jumped back, avoiding it just in time. “I thought I told you to leave,” Kylo growled, just loud enough for Rey to hear him.

“Fuck this,” the man with the flamethrower looked around at the others. “We’re the First fucking Order! We’re not afraid of some heir with a glowing stick!”

“Couldn’t let you have all the fun,” Rey replied to Kylo with a grin.

They were outnumbered. Even with two down, the odds weren’t in their favor. If she stayed with him, Rey would get herself killed or worse.

“Get back inside,” Kylo pushed at her without looking. His actions had brought him past the wards and Rey had followed. If she refused to go back inside, the least she could do would be to get back behind the protective lines.

The gang was closing in now, their earlier fear replaced with a hunger for blood. He could see it in their eyes. They were after him but they’d kill anyone who got in their way.

A shot rang out, flying just past Kylo’s head, missing him by inches.

“Don’t!” One of the men shouted. “Hux will want him alive!”

An attack came from their left, catching Kylo off guard. Rey let out a yell, firing off her gun, hitting two of them. One stayed down but the others kept coming. Jumping in front of her, Kylo launched himself at them, sword drawn.

It was like an extension of himself. Like he’d been born to hold this sword, to wield it. Two demons went down, heads rolling across the desert ground. The smell of burning flesh filled the air around him.

A round of gunfire rained down from the witch and the man upstairs. Several shots missed but a few hit targets. One of the bullets hit the tank on the flamethrower. It explode in a wall of red fire, sending body parts flying.

Kylo grabbed a woman running towards Rey, slicing her head off in the process. The fire from the sword burned bright along with the burning body pieces raining down, casting his surrounds in a red glow.

“Kylo!” Rey’s voice broke through the animalistic thoughts him his mind. He glanced up to see her staring wide eyed at a spot behind him.

A blinding pain shot up from his side. One of the demons had stabbed him in his side. Kylo reached back with his free hand, grabbing the woman by her neck and flipping her over his shoulder. She landed on her back with a dull thud and a curse from her lips.

Kylo raised the sword and brought it down, severing her head before she could cry out.

The air was a storm of gun fire, curses, and the smell of burnt flesh. Kylo felt like a beast lusting for blood. He didn’t think, didn’t question. His instinct kept him alive, kept the sword in his hand, kept Rey behind him. Anytime she moved, Kylo moved between her and the demons. She’d fire two shots, reload, and fire another two. She never missed.

If the body got back up, Kylo jumped on it, cutting its head off. The gunfire from above, offered a shield of sorts, slowing down the demons and killing the humans.
He fought like the devil until one last demon stood among the fallen bodies. Blood pooled around the humans, while the demons were scattered about, headless. The flame from the sword was so hot, it burned the wounds closed, preventing the blood from spilling out.

“What’s your name?” Kylo asked the lone demon as he stepped around a headless body.

He wasn’t someone Kylo would send out as a hellhound. The man was large but most of it was fat, not muscle. Even though he was tall, the man was far from intimidating. He had red hair and round cheeks. He’d grown a small beard to appear older but it hadn’t worked; he looked like a boy playing a man.

“Uh,” the demon glanced around him, taking in the battle wreckage and the sword still glowing in Kylo’s hand. “Chase,” he swallowed.

“Not a very intimidating name for a demon,” Kylo took another step towards him, like a predator slowly approaching its prey.

“It was my name before—” his voice cut off with a snap of his teeth.

“Before what?” Kylo pressed, hoping he’d slip up again with more information.

“You already know don’t you?” The demon asked, eyeing Kylo as he took another step forward. “You know all about the First Order.”

“Perhaps,” Kylo shrugged. “Perhaps not.” He swung the sword casually, admiring the blinding arc it burned in the night air.

“I remember you,” the demon raised a shaking finger to point at Kylo. “It’s you. You’re the one—” Kylo leapt forward, grabbing the front of the demon’s shirt. “You don’t know shit about me,” he growled. The sword crackled in his grip, itching to cut through the demon’s throat.

“But—”

“Shut the fuck up,” Kylo spat in the demon’s face. “You pathetic excuse for a demon.”

“Kylo,” Rey’s voice sounded small and far away. There was a note of fear in her voice, fear of him.

“I have a message for Hux,” Kylo growled, ignoring her. He brought the tip of the sword to the demon’s face. It singed the skin of his cheek, causing him to cry out in pain. “Tell him the heir has returned.” With a flick of his wrist, Kylo sliced the demon’s ear off. His cry of pain was a satisfying sound; it brought a grin to Kylo’s lips.

Letting go of the demon’s shirt, Kylo pushed him away, towards the vast desert. “Go!” The demon shot off, clutching the side of his head. He didn’t need any more motivation to run. Kylo watched him, the sword in his hand still alive with an energy he couldn’t tame.

“Tell your boss, Kylo Ren is the fucking heir and I’ll kill you all!”

***

Poe Dameron watched the fight play out in front of the auto shop. It was a sloppy mess if he’d ever seen one. The Jedi Alliance wouldn’t be happy with it. More bodies to hide, more cover ups.

“Fuck,” Poe hissed to himself.
He’d parked his car a ways off the road, far enough back they couldn’t see him, but close enough he could watch them through his binoculars. The floodlights on the building illuminated the scene enough he didn’t have to use the night vision setting. But that meant they had put themselves on display for anyone to see.

He took a bite of his hamburger. He’d stopped at the diner in town, grabbing one to go.

Momma Leia’s. Poe chuckled at the name.

If he’d realized he was going to watch a series of beheadings, he would have left the burger in the car. But he was hungry and besides, he’d witnessed worse.

Poe had seen enough to report back to General Leia. It was as she feared. SD’s, Suspected Demons, were in fact demons running around the Jakku desert without anyone keeping them in check. The Alliance wouldn’t be happy about that. As soon as Poe told them, they’d send in the cavalry to wipe out any SD’s they came across.

But she’d given him the orders before they’d known the heir’d returned. Poe had seen him with his own eyes. The man was an unstoppable beast.

If the legends were true, this could mean the end to the cycle, an end to the dark cloud hanging over the Jakku desert.

Raising the binoculars up, Poe watched as one lone figure raced away from the fight. The other two, one being the heir, didn’t chase after him. Instead, they turned to each other. It looked like they were yelling but Poe couldn’t hear anything at this distance.

The arguing pair went back into the auto shop. Poe finished his burger and crumbled up the wrapper, throwing the trash in the backseat.

With his mind made up, he started the car and drove towards the shop. He kept his headlights off, until he was back on the main road. As he got closer, the smell of burnt flesh filled his nose, threatening to bring the burger back up.

He parked just outside the ring of light surrounding the building. Bodies and heads littered the ground. He would need to get this cleaned up before someone could see and call the local authorities. Poe hated dealing with overweight and under qualified law enforcement. They made everything more complicated.

“Can I help you?” The man’s dark voice carried out from the broken entryway.

It was an odd question to ask someone as they walked through a minefield of bodies and blood.

Poe stopped in the middle of the wreckage, looking around him and then back up at the man now standing in the doorway.

“I think I can help you,” Poe replied as he crossed his arms.

The other man was tall, filling up the entryway. He had blood splattered across his gray t-shirt and jeans. His boots were covered him dust and spots of blood. In his hand, he held a rag which he was using to wipe at the blood on his hands and arms. There was a dark spot of blood at his side and a tear in his shirt. He must have been wounded in the fight though he didn’t act like it.

So he was the heir then? The other figure Poe had seen was too small to be this man. The heir had been large and powerful looking. This man fit the description.
“Unless you want to end up like your friends out here, I suggest you leave and forget what you saw,” the words were said in a casual tone, like the man was referring to the weather and not a pile of dead bodies.

Reaching into the inner pocket of his jacket, Poe pulled out his badge. “Special Agent Poe Dameron,” he smiled as he flashed the silver badge. “We need to talk.”

Chapter End Notes

Sorry for the delay in updating! Action scenes are not my strong suit. I had my bestie Reylobitch (follow her on Tumblr cause she's the best) look over it to make sure the fight scene makes sense! But it was a struggle to write that, not gonna lie. As always, comments are appreciated! I try to respond to everyone but obviously I can't answer all plot related questions cause of spoilers. If you're enjoying this story, be sure to check out all the extras I've made for this fic! Click Here
Chapter 7

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Kylo regarded the man before him. He was slightly older, probably around thirty years of age. His entire get up screamed he was sure of himself. From the freshly polished brown leather boots to the faded, well-worn leather jacket, he looked comfortable and at home, despite being surrounded by a number of dead bodies.

Stuffing the rag into his back pocket, Kylo stepped forward, reaching out for the badge. The movement pulled at the wound in his side. He’d wrapped it up in a hurry, planning to look closer at it once the dust had settled. He’d probably need to stitch it up.

“Jedi Alliance?” Kylo looked from the badge to the agent, taking in his cocky grin and the way he crossed his arms over his chest. “You work for the government?”

The last thing Kylo wanted was to get tangled up with some government agent. Anytime the law got involved, things got messy. Well, messier than they already were.

“No,” Poe chuckled and uncrossed his arms to rest his hands on his hips. “The government doesn’t know we exist. Not unless it becomes completely necessary.”

“And when is it completely necessary?”

“No,” Poe chuckled and uncrossed his arms to rest his hands on his hips. “The government doesn’t know we exist. Not unless it becomes completely necessary.”

“Let’s just hope we don’t get to that point here,” Poe said, still at ease but with an edge to his voice, a warning.

Deciding the badge looked real enough, Kylo handed it back to the other man. “So what are you here for then?” Kylo pressed.

The man spread his arms out, emphasizing the carnage around him. “I think you know why I’m here.”

Kylo didn’t reply for several moments. He could always kill the man and be done with it. But knowing his luck, it would be like beheading Hydra. Poe would be gone, but two other lackeys would take his place.

“Care for a drink?” Kylo offered, motioning behind him towards the broken door frame.

“Thought you’d never ask,” Poe grinned, walking forward without needing anymore of an invitation. As he passed by Kylo, he gave him a friendly slap to the shoulder.

Glaring down at the back of the man’s head, Kylo followed him into the auto shop. Kylo had already made up his mind he didn’t like this Poe Dameron. At all.

Just inside the door, Kylo grabbed the sword where he had leaned it against the wall when he realized the person driving the car wasn’t a demon here for round two. Poe turned back at the movement, raising a brow but saying nothing about the weapon.

Upstairs, the others were gathered around the table. When they’d seen the headlights, Kylo had told the others to wait upstairs. Though at first Rey had refused. Once she’d seen it wasn’t more demons, she’d gone to join the others, grumbling under her breath as she did so.
First chance he got, Kylo was going to lecture the lanky bartender on the importance of listening to
him.

“-wait around for more of those things,” Rey’s voice carried down the stairs as the men made their
way up, Poe leading the way as if he owned the damn place. “We need a plan.”

“I don’t believe it!” Poe suddenly exclaimed at the top of the stairs. He made to dart forward but
Kylo caught his arm, rooting him in place. The moment he realized he wasn’t actually moving
forward, he looked from Kylo’s grip up to his face, glaring all the while. “Do we have a problem?”

“Poe?” Maz stood, fixing her eyes on the shorter man. “Poe Dameron?” She laughed, clapping her
hands in excitement. “I thought we might meet again.”

Poe raised a brow at Kylo as if to say he had more of a right to be standing in the middle of the loft
than Kylo did. Reluctantly, Kylo released the man’s arm, letting him plow forward to join Maz at the
table. He gave her a hug before sitting across from her in the last available seat.

For a moment, Kylo felt like Poe was right; he didn’t belong here. The others looked at home sitting
around that tiny and messy kitchen table. Rey held a steaming mug between two hands as she smiled
at the agent. Maz was practically beaming at him and the other man was clearly intrigued by the
latest addition to the group.

Kylo shook away the thoughts and entered into the kitchen area to make himself another cup of
coffee. He leaned the sword against one of the counters, feeling the agent’s eyes following his
moments. He’d only fought with the sword one time but already he didn’t want it out of his sight.

Who cares if these people didn’t like him as much as Agent What’s His Name? Kylo would be gone
soon enough.

“I didn’t think I’d find you in the middle of the Jakku Desert,” Poe chuckled as if this were some
inside joke between him and the older woman. “Last I heard, you were running some kind of
operation on the Takodana islands.”

Once he had fixed his coffee, Kylo leaned against the counter to watch the exchange.

“Pft,” Maz waved her hand in the air as if waving away his words. “Ended poorly. Some union fuss.
You do not want to hear about it,” she chuckled.

Poe nodded in agreement. “It seems we have more pressing matters to attend to. Now,” Poe rubbed
his hands together and looked around the table. “Who has the chip?”

Every set of eyes turned to the nameless man who stared wide-eyed at Poe.

“What?” he asked in a dumbfounded voice.

Kylo rolled his eyes and took a sip of his coffee. He glanced over to the sword, just for reassurance.

“The chip,” Poe repeated like it would clear everything up. “You think it’s a coincidence I was able
to find you? The Alliance has been keeping an eye on the First Order.” Poe leaned back in his chair,
resting his folded hands against his stomach; the picture of at ease.

“You hacked into their trackers?” The man sounded impressed.

“Of course,” Poe grinned and shrugged his shoulders. “Want me to remove it?”
The man glanced from Poe to Maz and then back again. “Can you do that?”

“Buddy,” Poe leaned forward again, resting his elbows on the tabletop. “I wouldn’t offer if I couldn’t.”

The man grinned back at him. They seemed to share a silent exchange between them for a moment before remembering they weren’t alone.

“But,” Kylo set his coffee down on the counter behind him and stepped forward, interrupting their moment. “We have dead bodies to deal with.”

The group glanced over to him like they’d forgotten he was even still there.

“Unless you want the sheriff to come rolling in with his lackeys and throwing us all in jail,” Kylo concluded.

“Right,” Poe slapped his hands against his thighs before standing up. “Maz, you got a truck?”

“Parked out back,” Maz gestured behind her for emphasize. “Keys are in the ignition. Need shovels?”

“Just some gasoline,” Poe replied with a grin. “Let’s go have ourselves a demon barbecue!”

***

Rey was covered in blood. Human blood. She’d never before had an issue with blood but now she understood people’s aversion to it. It was sticky and smelled awful. And there was so much of it.

“That’s the last of them,” Kylo called out as he tossed one of the heads into the back of the truck.

It’d taken a few trips but they’d loaded up all the bodies and driven them out a ways from the auto shop. Agent Dameron and the other man had stayed with the pile while she and Kylo had come back to load up the truck. After the first load, the agent had doused the bodies with gasoline and lit a fire. With each load, they added to the flames.

Rey wasn’t sure which would have been worse, staying behind with the smell of burning flesh, or loading up dead bodies. The men didn’t seem to react to the odor. They didn’t even have much of a reaction to the fact that they were burning bodies.

“This is so not how I thought my day was going to go,” Rey mumbled to herself as she climbed back into the driver’s seat.

Already, dawn was creeping up over the horizon. Pink and purple hues were shooting across the sky. Rey was surprised at just how comforting the sight was. All night she had been in survival mode, unsure if she would even see daybreak. Yet here she was, watching the sun rise.

“Are you going to drive?” Kylo’s voice broke through her thoughts, pulling her back to the present.

“Yeah, I-” Rey fumbled with the gear shift for a moment. “Sorry, I- I’m just tired,” she tried to explain as she pulled the truck around the auto shop and headed towards the fire burning in the distance.

“Once we unload the last of them, you should head back. Get some sleep,” Kylo stared straight ahead out the windshield, not looking at her as he said the words. “It’s been a long night.” His eyes shifted down to the sword resting across the dash; he’d loaded it into the truck first thing without so
much as an explanation. Rey suspected he liked having it within arms reach, just in case.

“No shit,” Rey let out a humorless laugh. “How’s your wound?”

Rey glanced over to him and then towards the spot where his shirt hid the poorly done bandaging. She’d tried to convince him to let her look at it but before she could even begin to succeed, Agent Dameron had pulled up, halting her efforts.

“It’s nothing,” Kylo replied in an apathetic tone. “There’ll be more of them,” still he didn’t look at her. “You should get out of Jakku while you still can.”

“I’m not going anywhere,” Rey’s voice was hard, determined.

She couldn’t explain it but this fight was hers too. The Jakku desert had been the first place she felt like she could call home. It was the first place she had finally felt safe even if she was alone. Her home, her safe place, was being threatened. She couldn’t turn a blind eye to it.

Kylo sighed but didn’t say anything. When she glanced over at him, he was staring out the passenger window but the hand in his lap was clenched into a tight fist.

When Rey pulled the truck up to the other two men, they were laughing about something. The sound was odd with the pile of burning bodies as the backdrop. Agent Dameron clapped the other man on the shoulder before heading to the bed of the truck.

It didn’t take long to unload the last of them since there were fewer bodies this time around. Rey tried not to gag each time the wind shifted, blowing the fumes towards them. Perhaps part of it was because some of the bodies had been demons. But Rey had never been around a human bonfire to know if it smelled the same or not.

“You all should head back,” Agent Dameron said after some time.

They’d been watching the flames lick at the brightening sky, each lost in their own thoughts.

Rey swayed on her feet, blinking several times to try and fight away the weariness creeping over her body. Now that the adrenaline was wearing off, she felt as if she could collapse from exhaustion at any moment.

“What about you?” the other man asked, sounding genuinely concerned and curious all at once.

“I’ll keep an eye on the fire,” the agent grinned at him. “Make sure none of the locals get suspicious.”

“What about the chip?”

“I’ll come back once the fire has died down. I’ll need to get the supplies out of my car. But,” the agent shrugged, “no need to rush it. The First Order already knows you’re here,” the agent turned to Kylo at this. “Thanks to this guy over here.”

Kylo only glared in return as if daring the agent to say more. Rey watched the exchange with half-lidded eyes. She really needed to get some rest.

“They would have known either way,” the other man injected for which Rey was grateful. Kylo and the agent seemed to have some tension between them, like two prowling wolves waiting for the other to make a move.
“Fair enough,” Poe winked at the other man, his cocky grin returning once more.

“I think-” Rey began but paused as a yawn broke free. “I think I’ll go back into town. I need to get some sleep before I have to open up the bar this afternoon.”

It was odd to talk about something as normal as opening the bar. Nothing had changed really and yet everything had.

Kylo’s gaze snapped to hers, his face unreadable. “I’ll join you,” he said in an even tone.

Rey nodded; she’d drop him off at his bike or wherever it was he was staying. “You?” she asked the other man.

“Uh,” he looked from her back to Agent Dameron. “I’ll stay here. I’ve got a few questions for Agent Dameron.”

“Please,” the agent clapped the man’s shoulder in a friendly gesture. “Call me ‘Poe’.”

Barely waiting for their exchange to finish, Rey made her way back to the pick-up truck, with Kylo followly closely behind her. Neither said a word to one another until the fire was growing smaller in the rearview mirror.

Maz had said they could use the truck as long as they needed. Rey was too tired to walk from the auto shop to the motel. She’d return the pickup once she’d gotten some sleep.

“Did you leave your bike at the bar?”

“Yes,” was his curt reply.

“I can drop you off there and-”

“No.”

Rey’s head whipped around to eye the man’s face. He wouldn’t look at her, keeping his head face forward. His strong profile stuck out in contrast with the sun shining through the window next to him.

“Excuse me?” Rey questioned him. She glanced back ahead to make sure she was still driving straight.

Kylo sighed and finally looked her way. “The First Order will be after you now, Rey. They saw your face. If you had stayed inside like I’d told you, they wouldn’t have known you were there.”

Again Rey glanced ahead and then to either side as she pulled out onto the main road. Only then did she throw a glare back at him. “I can handle myself.”

“Against drunkards, yes,” Kylo let out a low, dark chuckle. The noise was an odd thing to hear on such a bright and warm morning. “But not the First Order.” He turned to look ahead once more as did Rey.

“What do you care anyways?” Rey shuffled in her seat, using the movement as much as a distraction as a way to keep herself awake and focused.

“I care,” he said the words so softly, Rey couldn’t be sure he’d even said them at all. “Until this all blows over, I can’t leave you vulnerable to their ways,” he continued as if he hadn’t said the first part.
Perhaps Rey had imagined it anyways, some sentimental part of her thinking she’d heard the words she subconsciously wanted to hear.

“I don’t need a babysitter,” she huffed, insulted at his words. “I’ve been taking care of myself long enough now. I’ll be fine.”

“Rey.”

Her name coming from his lips was enough to draw her gaze back to him even as she turned into the motel’s parking lot. Only a few motorcycles parked along one side was a sign that the place was even in business. The L-shaped two story building had seen better days.

“Humor me,” Kylo said once he had her attention.

Rey let out an annoyed sigh as she parked the truck in a spot close to the stairs leading up to her room on the second floor. She glanced up, perhaps looking for a sign that someone might have broken into the room. A ridiculous thought to be sure. And yet with the night she’d had, she wouldn’t have been very surprised. But she didn’t see anything. The curtains were still drawn tightly closed against the morning light. The faded number “13” still hung crooked on the room’s door.

Further down the line of motel rooms, an early riser stood outside his door, smoking a cigarette as he leaned his arms on the faded red metal rail. Rey thought she’d seen him last night at the door with the group Kylo had brought with him but after awhile, all the bikers looked the same.

“Just for today,” she finally relented. “And only because I’m too tired to argue.”

Kylo nodded. Though if he was agreeing with the first part or the part of being too tired to argue, Rey couldn’t tell.

“And you’re sleeping on the floor.”

Chapter End Notes

I wasn't planning on Stormpilot sneaking its way into this fic yet here we are! And I PROMISE Finn will get his name. It was going to be in this chapter but now it'll have to be the next.

Big thanks to everyone who's left kudos and comments so far! I love you all!!! And appreciate all your kind words!

For fic extras like moodboards, cover art, a video trailer, and more go here
Chapter 8

Chase was one of the sleaziest demons Hux had ever had the displeasure to meet. And Hux, leader of the legion of demon and human members of the First Order, prided himself on his conniving nature. There was just something about Chase that made Hux wish the demon was nothing more than a lowly desert beetle he could crush under his boot and then zap back to life only to crush him once more.

“The heir,” Hux tested the title on his tongue, wondering how it would taste after such a length of time. “Has returned.” It wasn’t a question. He knew this time was coming. He’d hoped it wouldn’t be quite so soon.

“It’s undeniable,” Chase answered unprovocated.

“You witnessed it,” Huz said. He was working out the event in his mind, trying to picture that which the demon had described. “And you did nothing.”

“I fought for my life,” the words were growled between the demon’s teeth.

“You and all the rest, yet,” Hux took a few steps, his hands clasped behind his back. “None of the others returned.”

“They were slaughtered by the heir,” his tone held a hint of truth.

Hux listened past it, knowing there was a lie somewhere beneath the surface. The First Order had spent night and day combing over the prophecy, searching for hidden ways around it. There was something the demon wasn’t telling him.

“A single man with a sword took out an entire group of demons?” Hux didn’t care about the human lives they’d lost. Humans were easily replaced.

“He had help,” Chase replied reluctantly. “There was a girl.”

Hux stiffened at the words. Words he had dreaded. It was the one thing the First Order had feared from their extensive research of the prophecy. While the heir was a threat, the heir could be turned, used for their gain. It had happened once. An heir had joined their side. This was different. This was something to truly fear.

“Captain Phasma,” Hux called out, burying his dread deep below the surface.

“General,” Phasma approached him. She was dressed in a practical outfit, dark pants and a long sleeve top. Her leather boots came up past her knees, an extra layer of protection. Her clothes were smart, thought out for her surroundings, but they were also flattering to her toned and trimmed body. Though she was taller than him, Hux enjoyed looking her up and down, taking in every inch of her well-oiled machine of a body.

His appreciation of her was leading to a dangerous train of thought. Those thoughts would have to wait until he was alone in the darkness of his trailer. For now, he would drink her imagine in and save it for later.
“Take our little friend, Chase, and find out what you can about this girl he saw with the heir,” Hux smirked at the fear in Chase’s eyes. He was sure Chase would give him all the answers he asked for, as long as he asked the right questions. But he didn’t feel like wasting precious time. While Hux could pick apart a person mentally, Captain Phasma picked apart a person physically to gain the knowledge they sought in half the time.

Phasma was a sight to behold as she made her approach on Chase. She was like a dark and deadly panther, circling its prey, enjoying the fear radiating off the poor thing. The aura around her exuded power and control and sex. When she turned that onto a single person, it was a marvel. Hux loved it; he craved it.

Captain Phasma was a witch after Hux’s own heart.

***

After ensuring the fire wouldn’t spread and the evidence was destroyed as much as possible, Poe and the other man returned to Maz’s shop. She had hot coffee and fried eggs waiting for them but she herself had already returned to bed.

While the other man had been full of questions in their time together, at the sight of the coffee and food, he dove on it like a starving dog, words no longer a priority.

Most of his questions, Poe hadn’t been able to answer. He’d asked too many prying questions about the heir and the sword, making Poe wonder just how much Maz had revealed of the prophecy. Or what exactly the man had picked up on while he’d been with the First Order. Even Poe wasn’t privy to finer details of it all. When he’d gone snooping, he’d almost been caught. Twice.

There was something the Jedi Alliance was hiding from him.

He’d answered what he could, explaining how the Alliance dated back far longer than most could recall. Back before a government have even been properly established, they’d been tasked with keeping the average human ignorant of the darker world going on around them.

The Jedi Alliance only recruited the best of the best, Poe had told him with pride in his voice. Once, their numbers had been in the thousands, spanning across even the darkest corners of the Earth. Now, after a dark period in the recent past, something Poe had skirted over when telling the man the history, their numbers had dwelled to a few hundred, scattered across a handful of different countries, in only the largest cities where the human population was dense. Poe’s presence in Niima was an exception to that only because his presence was necessary. No longer could the demons in the Jakku desert be ignored. Something Poe hadn’t understood until he saw the heir at work.

“Are you ready to get that chip out of your head?” Poe asked once the man had eaten more than half his share of the eggs and drank a fair amount of coffee.

“More than you could know,” he replied, a smile on his full lips.

Poe smiled back. He couldn’t help it. The man’s joy was infectious.

When they’d gotten back from their early morning bonfire, Poe had grabbed the few items he would need from his duffle bag in his car. The chips weren’t as hardcore as one might think. They were mainly just a tracking device, a way to insure if one of their brainwashed humans escaped, the First Order could hunt them down before any secrets were revealed. But there were rumors of another chip the First Order had been working on, a chip that would somehow fuse with the human brain. With a press of the button, the First Order could kill the human without having to bother to track
them down first. Poe hoped those were just a rumor. If this man somehow had one of those chips, Poe would kill him just by tampering with the device.

“All right, buddy,” Poe clapped the man on the shoulder for reassurance. “Just relax and this’ll be over before you know it.”

Poe moved a chair around to sit behind the other man. Behind his right ear, there was a small scar, from where the chip had first been implanted. Poe cut along the line, careful not to cut too deep. He blotted at the blood with a towel and then used some tweezers to extract the tiny device. It looked like a small memory card you’d find in any camera. There was nothing noteworthy about it, except for the red blood coating it from where it had landed hidden, under several layers of skin.

“See,” Poe grinned as he dropped the chip onto a napkin, careful not to drip blood on any of Maz’s things. “That wasn’t so bad.”

The man shrugged without comment as Poe cleaned up the small wound and stuck a bandaid over it. Once that was taken care of, Poe picked the chip back up and swiped the blood away with his thumb.

“FN-2187,” Poe read. “Mean anything to you?”

“It’s the only name they ever gave me,” he said it casually but there was a note of pain to his words.

“FN…” Poe trailed off, looking from the man to the chip and back again. “Well, I’m not gonna call you that. FN, huh? What about Finn?”

The man perked up a bit, turning more to face Poe. “Finn? Yeah,” he grinned. “I like that!”

“Good to meet you, Finn,” Poe grinned right back. Finn’s joy was infectious.

***

“What the fuck?” Rey startled awake, unsure why the words had even flown from her lips. Usually she woke up slowly, feeling the sheets caressing her skin, tempting her to fall back asleep while her mind whispered words of logic. She needed to wake up, get dressed, and go to work.

This morning was a completely different story. She woke up in a blunt and unsettling way, all at once. There was no lull of returning to sleep, no sweet whispers of the dream she had just been engrossed in. One second she was dead to the world, and in the next breath she was violently aware of the reality she had to face.

Demons.

Demons were after her.

Well, maybe not specifically her, but she was tangled up in a mess of people that could call something a demon and not even bat their eyelashes at how ridiculous that should sound to their ears.

Kylo.

Of course he was her second thought; the thought following closely behind the things that had rocked her world.

He’d rocked her world in an entirely different way. He’d strode right in and shifted the tides of her routine. And she’d let him. Asked him to. She’d been dying for something to shake her so violently
that she could never be the same again.

Here he was, with his arms wrapped securely around her waist, snoring in her ear-

Wait.

That bastard!

Rey sat up in a flurry of sheets. She’d told him to sleep on the floor, to keep his distance. He was a one night stand and nothing more.

But he’d turned into something more. Something more than a one night stand. So much more than that. She wasn’t sure how she felt about it.

“Get up!” Rey shoved at his bare chest. It was too broad for her taste. It was a chest designed by extensive exercise, extensive practice. He had worked hard to have a chest like his. It was entirely too sculpted and defined for her to be comfortable with.

“Calm down,” Kylo tightened his hold on her waist, pulling her closer to him even as she sat there pushing against his chest.

“I will not!” Rey huffed. “Get out of my bed!” With each word of her command, Rey shoved at his chest. The man didn’t budge. It was like pushing at a brick wall.

Kylo peeked at her with one eye and then opened the other, looking her up and down. Rey blushed at the hunger she saw in those dark pools. Suddenly, she was aware of the sleep in her eyes and the mess her hair must be. She should have slept in a hoodie, not her favored oversized t-shirt which exposed more of her skin than she was entirely comfortable with at the moment. In her defense, she hadn’t planned on waking up in his arms.

“I’m so comfortable though,” Kylo smirked at her.

“You were supposed to sleep on the floor!” Rey shoved him again; she hated herself for wanting to lay back down next to him, hated the desire to let him hold her for a bit longer. “Let me go!”

Kylo released her at once, no arguments or wordless requests with his hands. One moment his arms were securely around her, and the next, he’d retracted, retreating to the other side of the bed, his eyes never leaving her.

“The floor is a cesspool of grim and things I’d rather not come into contact with,” Kylo replied coolly.

He was right. The floor was a thin layer of dark burgundy carpet over hard concrete. It was highly likely it had been a much lighter color when it had first been installed, whenever that was. The idea of sleeping on it caused Rey to repress a sudder.

“You could have asked,” Rey crossed her arms, hoping to hide some of the bare skin the worn t-shirt was revealing.

“Once I had finished showering, you were already asleep. It seemed pointless to wake you; I knew you must be exhausted,” Kylo shrugged again. He let out a long sigh, rubbing at his eyes as he did so.

Damn him. He was right. Rey valued sleep as much as she valued her next meal. Ever since she could remember, sleep hadn’t come easy to her. Usually she had nightmares and woke up feeling
even more drained than she had before falling asleep. Other times, she tossed and turned, praying for a peaceful moment. Last night had been different. She’d slept and couldn’t even recall whether she’d dreamed or experienced a nightmare. Surely it had been because she’d been both emotionally and physically drained by yesterday’s events; it had nothing to do with the man now sitting up and extracting himself from the bed they’d shared.

Kylo made his way over to the mini fridge, pulling it open to reveal the very few contents. There was a box of half a burger leftover from the other night, a few water bottles, some at different levels from being drank out of before Rey had finished the last, and few cans of beer. Rey wasn’t much of a beer drinker. If she was going to drink, and she rarely did, it would be from the good bottle of scotch currently hidden away in the back of her closet; she’d spent too much on it for anyone to just walk in and take it. Though to be honest, Kylo was the first guest she had ever had. Old habits died hard. Anything she valued, she’d learned to either keep on her person, or hide it away.

Grabbing one of the beers, Kylo stood back up and nudged the fridge closed with his barefoot.

“Can’t you put on a shirt or something,” Rey growled, turning from the sight of Kylo drinking beer clad only in his boxers. She’d blushed at what the thin fabric barely kept concealed. Not to long ago, it had been inside her, fulfilling her dark desire. “Shit.”

Rey visibly shook herself, hating the train of thoughts she’d just gone down. She took the thoughts, every erotic detail she’d pictured, and shoved them deep into a padlocked box in the darkest corner of her mind. There it would stay, until she could open it and deal with it. Demons of her past threatened to break loose from the box, but she shoved back at them. Those memories she’d deal with at a later time.

“I could ask the same of you,” Kylo tossed back.

Rey felt his heated gaze taking in the hole-y, threadbare t-shirt she was wearing. It was so big it was like dress on her, covering her underwear. But with his eyes scanning her from head to toe, it felt too thin, too worn, like it revealed more of her body than if she’d been wearing the barest of lingerie.

With a slur of curses mumbled under her breath, Rey shoved past him, grabbing jeans and t-shirt she’d just worn the other day, and headed into the bathroom for a cold shower. She’d showered last night- or, er, this morning- washing the smell of human blood and demon flesh from her hair and skin. But she still felt dirty, in ways she decided to ignore, checking the padlocks on that little box to make sure it was secure.

Rey needed to focus, to get back to the person she’d been before this, the person who could wake up every day and open up Plutt’s bar without questioning her surroundings or anything unusual she had encountered the previous night.

She’d seen them before. Things that weren’t quite human, things she’d denied even existed. Who would have believed her? She didn’t even believe herself; it was easier to ignore than to try and figure out what the things were.

Once safety locked inside the bathroom, away from Kylo’s dark and piercing gaze, Rey took stock of her body, insuring she hadn’t missed anything from the mental tabs she’d made right after the battle. She’d been spared any harsh blows, thanks to Kylo placing himself between her and the others. Mostly, she was just sore, not accustomed to going through a battle. Or even having the word ‘battle’ as a part of her every day vocabulary.

Rey hurried through her shower, towel drying her hair quickly before throwing on the clothes she’d worn just a few days before. Her wardrobe was seriously lacking. She got by with a few staple
items, washing them in the sink as needed until she couldn’t get by with doing that—jeans didn’t wash well in a sink and had to drag her clothes down to the laundry room that looked like it hadn’t been upgraded since the 70s. Her clothes from last night would need a serious cleaning. Her shirt would probably end up being thrown away.

When Rey opened the door, Kylo was standing there, at the sink just outside the bathroom. He was redressing his wound and didn’t look at her. “Do you know what that is?” Kylo nodded to the object on the counter, next to the pile of bloodied rags. “I found it in my pocket.”

Rey knew exactly what it was without even looking. It was one of the crystals Maz had given her. On a whim, Rey had shoved it into his jeans before he’d gone to confront the demons. He hadn’t noticed because she’d been yelling in his face.

“It’s a gift from Maz,” Rey shrugged one shoulder and walked by him, being careful not to brush up against him.

“So it was her hand I felt sliding into my pocket and not yours.” Kylo’s voice was as dry as the desert. “I know the old witch is crafty but…” his words drifted off in implication as his eyes found hers in the mirror. He finished dressing his wound and began washing his hands in the sink.

“I didn’t think you would take it if I offered,” Rey crossed her arms, suddenly embarrassed by her actions on those stairs. She’d done it on a whim, grabbed his jacket as she’d yelled in his face while her other hand had slipped the necklace into his pocket. She’d been worried about him confronting the demons and Maz had said the crystals had been spelled for protection.

As if the heir needed a silly crystal for protection.

“Perhaps,” Kylo dried his hands off and turned to her. His mouth opened to say more but he was interrupted by a knock at the door.

They both froze, staring at the door. Without a word, they looked to one another. Kylo’s eyes seemed to ask her how often she received visitors.

Never.

He must have seen the response in her eyes. His jaw tightened as he straightened his shoulders and strolled to the door in long, determined strides. There was a violence in him, boiling just under the surface. Rey couldn’t understand it but she could sense it. He flung the door open but his body blocked whoever it was from Rey’s view. She could only hear him.

“Boss,” the gruff voice addressed Kylo. “We’ve got a problem.”

Chapter End Notes

I’m so so so sorry I’ve taken so long to update!! Life got a bit crazy, I was dealing with a personal shitty situation, and I got writer’s block. But I’m back! I’ve got some big plans for this fic now! I’m actually really excited with some of the turns the plot is gonna take. Thank you everyone for your lovely comments! And Finn FINALLY has a name! Poor guy. But shout out to @27vampyresinhermind for figuring out how he was gonna get his name. I think you predicted that like 2 chapters ago? I wanted to tell you you were right but didn't wanna ruin the surprise. Several of you also predicted that Kylo was not
gonna sleep on the floor. Who was Rey kidding? Kylo Ren doesn't sleep on a floor. Especially not when pretty bartenders are in the same room ;)
Poe thumbed on his phone. As the bright scene came to life and unlocked, he glanced from Maz to Finn, noting they were both still asleep. Good. He didn’t want to chance either of them following him outside and listening in on his phone call. He should get some sleep as well. But he needed to check in with Leia, tell her what he’d seen.

Outside, the temperature had risen with the sun. It wasn’t hot but warm and dry. The Jakku desert had always been a visible oxymoron. A person passing through could look out their closed windows and assume the desert was stifling with heat. But, if they rolled down their car window, they’d realize it wasn’t hot at all. They were far enough north for summers to be reasonable but winter’s to be harsh. Snow was a rare thing, as rare as rain, but the dry cold was unforgiving. Fortunately winter was still a couple months away.

“Poe,” Leia answered on the first ring. “I assume you have something important to report. And you’ve only been there a day; I’m impressed.”

“The heir has indeed returned,” Poe confirmed. “I saw him take down a group of demons with the sword.”

“Was he alone?” Leia was intrigued yet kept her voice calm and collected.

“No,” Poe shook his head even though the General couldn’t see him. “I found them holed up in an auto shop. The heir, a First Order human who’d managed to escape, and a girl.” He decided to leave out Maz’s involvement. Maz and the Jedi Alliance had a rocky history with one another; Poe wasn’t about to stir the pot. Besides, the information wasn’t pertinent to the situation in Niima.

“What girl?” Leia’s voice cut quick and sharp like a blade poised at the throat.

“She’s just some local bartender; name’s Rey,” Poe shrugged. He couldn’t fathom why the general would all the sudden be interested in something so trivial. Perhaps, if he played his cards right, faked disinterest, Leia would reveal something.

“How long has she and the heir been with one another?” Leia pressed.

Poe scratched at the stubble on his jaw. Something was definitely up. This Rey girl was more than what meets the eye. Poe had made the mistake of assuming she’d innocently gotten caught up in the crosshairs, somehow been tangled up with the heir. Now he wasn’t so sure.

“I’m not sure,” Poe replied truthfully. As far as he knew, Kylo and Rey could have met years ago or just last week. Though the way they acted around each other suggested a familiarity. They had some kind of connection at least.

“Find out what you can about the girl,” Leia ordered. “Report back to me directly.”

“General,” Poe called out before she could hang up. She usually kept conversations brief, direct to the point. “There’s more. You said to find out what I could about a man called Kylo Ren.”

“Yes,” Leia said the word with a question in her tone, urging him to go on.
“It would appear that he’s the heir.”

***

Across the country, the words rang through Leia like a blast of hope and a stab of pain to her heart. Her emotions battled one another. Part of her had always known he was still alive despite the body they’d found. Another part of her had hoped he wasn’t, knowing the physical and mental torture he would suffer at the hands of Snoke, Supreme Leader of the First Order.

Kylo Ren. The heir.

When she’d first seen the pictures of him in one of the files on the Jakku desert, she knew exactly who he was. She couldn’t- no, she didn’t want to believe it. How could she live with herself knowing what he’d been through for all those years since they’d been told he was dead.

Leia closed her eyes and rested her head in her hands. Poe was still on the line; she could hear his soft breath through the speaker phone.

“Then you know what must be done,” Leia finally responded. “Protect the heir at all costs. He must not be allowed to join the First Order.”

“Understood.”

Leia pressed the end button, not bothering with a goodbye. She’d practically sent Poe on a hopeless mission. If Kylo Ren was truly the heir- and there was no question about it for Leia- it was too late. All those years they’d thought him dead, Snoke had been corrupting his mind and soul, filling his head with lies.

The demons had managed once before to turn an heir. They were doing it again. Only this time, Leia would stop them, whatever the cost. They may have turned her father but they would never take her son.

Ben.

For years she’d tried searching for him. She’d known the body couldn’t be him, her precious son. Even her husband, Han, hadn’t believed their Ben could really be dead. But after he’d seen the body, it broke something inside him. Leia’s search had only caused Han more grief. He’d thought she was going mad, didn’t trust her claims of “motherly instinct.” The body had been too convincing for Han. Eventually, Leia stopped her search. It was tearing them both up too much to hold onto foolish hope.

But Ben Solo was alive! Leia saw the pictures. The heir had returned. And Poe had just confirmed it. It could only be him. Leia and Han never had any other children. It could only be Ben. He may have a different name now but that was still her son, her Ben.

Leia pressed the speaker back on her phone and dialed a number she knew by heart.

“Admiral Holdo,” she answered on the first ring.

“It’s me,” Leia replied. They would need a plan. “I require your assistance.”

***

“What?” Kylo snapped even though it wasn’t Wulf’s fault he was so testy this morning.

“Hello, Ren,” a snarky voice announced his presence before he stepped into Kylo’s view. The red
headed general narrowed his eyes at Kylo’s appearance. If possible, his sneer deepened.

Kylo slammed the door in his face and whirled around to face Rey.

“Who is it?” Rey’s brows deepened in confusion, causing her nose to scrunch up. If they had been anywhere else, anyone else, Kylo would have smirked at the adorable look.

“Go hide in the closet and don’t come out until I tell you to,” Kylo ordered, his voice low but firm.

“Demons,” Rey spat out the word like a curse. How quickly she seemed to have adjusted to this new world. Instead of seeing the darkness and running from or even denying it, she’d just shifted her view on life. Rey was a survivor. What else had she been forced to adjust her way of life to? “Grab your sword and kill it,” Rey demanded.

Kylo’s fingers twitched, his body all to willing to do just as she had said.

“It’s more complicated than that,” he sighed, running his hand through his hair so he wouldn’t pick up the sword. It leaned against the wall next to the bed, just where he had left it last night. Had he seen it before Kylo slammed the door shut? It didn’t matter if he had. Kylo had already pronounced himself as the heir in the heat of the moment. He couldn’t hide the sword now. They all knew he had it. And what that meant. It had been foolish to leave a survivor last night.

“What’s so complicated about killing a demon?” Rey crossed her arms over her chest. She wasn’t budging. “You are the heir, are you not.” It wasn’t a question. “You kill demons.”

“You don’t know shit,” Kylo growled, anger bubbling up to the surface, out of his control.

“I know there’s a demon outside my door and it should be dead.” Her eyes narrowed as she somehow managed to look down her nose at him even though she just barely reached his chest in height.

“Closet. Now.” Kylo jabbed a finger in the general direction, not taking his eyes off Rey, hoping his glare was enough to scare her into listening to him. He didn’t have time to explain the complications of their current situation. All he could hope to do would be to hide her for now.

“Fuck you,” Rey sneered.

Those words coming from her lips would always make Kylo’s cock twitch in interest. But now wasn’t the time. It wasn’t even the right time for him to clap back with one of his sarcastic remarks.

Clenching his jaw, Kylo jumped into action. He grabbed Rey by the arm, dragging her towards the closet. When she opened her mouth to protest, Kylo covered it with his other hand.

“You have no idea what you’ve gotten yourself mixed up in,” Kylo growled into her ear. He’d be lucky if they hadn’t already been overheard. How thin were these walls? Could he convince them that Rey was nothing more than some random hook-up? Wasn’t that all she was? “They will kill you if they get the chance.”

How much had that demon last night revealed to the others? How much had he said about Rey? If Kylo believed in luck, he’d had horrible luck his whole life, meaning that pathetic excuse for a demon would have given the others too many details about Rey. Including her looks. She needed to stay hidden, out of sight.

Rey bit his hand but Kylo didn’t even flinch. Freeing her arm, he yanked open the sliding door to the closet, practically ripping it apart. It was one of those flimsy accordion type things that served more
as dividers than doors.

He shoved her inside, trying to be as gentle as he could while still being firm.

“How dare you!” Rey growled, her voice level with contempt.

“I have no other choice,” Kylo shrugged, his shoulders brushed along either side of the opening.

“No,” Rey shook her head. “You just made your choice.” The words had a ring of finality to them. She wasn’t going to scream and yell and throw things at him. In her eyes, he had just sealed his own fate.

“Rey, wait,” Kylo reached out to her but she pushed his hand away.

“No,” she shook her head again.

“You don’t understand!” Kylo shoved his way into the closet, forcing Rey to back up against the wall. He had to stoop low to avoid hitting his head against the empty clothes bar. “Don’t pretend like you understand shit just because you’ve faced a few demons.”

“Don’t pretend like you can order me around just because we fucked,” Rey snapped back at him. Again the word “fuck” coming from her lips stirred a primal heat inside him.

“You think because you stepped into the darkness and danced with the devil that you’re tough shit?” Kylo glared at her. His large frame cast her face into shadow but he still saw that flash of anger spark in her eyes. “You wouldn’t survive a single night in my world without me watching your back.” He really hadn’t meant it to sound like such a threat but from the look on her face, Rey had heard it as one.

“Where exactly do you fit into ‘your world’ Kylo?” Rey took a challenging step towards him, bringing their bodies flush with one another’s. “Are you demon or heir? Or are you the devil himself?”

Kylo’s eyes bored into hers, trying to see past the wall she’d built up between them. He didn’t have an answer for her. He didn’t even have an answer for himself. Where exactly did he fit into this world? The First Order had been telling him his place ever since he could remember. He’d ran, not wanting to believe them. The sword claimed him as the heir but to be an heir, wouldn’t one have to be a good person to fight the bad?

“Stay in here,” Kylo finally spoke. “If they see you, you’ll be marked for dead.”

***

“You’re sure it’s him?” Holdo sat across the desk from Leia, shuffling through the different photos within the folder Leia had handed her moments ago.

“I’ve never been more sure of anything before,” Leia responded. It was true. In her heart and soul, Leia knew that was her son.

Somehow, the First Order had taken him and kept him from her for all these years, corrupting his mind with lies.

“What’s the plan?” Holdo asked, already shifting gears from disbelief into action. She’d been there when Leia and Han had been told Ben’s body had been found. She’d seen the body herself. And yet
here she was, ready to help bring Ben Solo back.

“He’s the heir. The same blood that ran through my father’s veins, now taints my only son,” Leia sighed, closing her eyes for a brief moment.

“And your brother,” Holdo said matter-of-factly. “Your brother was once thought to be the heir.”

Leia’s eyes snapped to attention. “He ran from that role long ago.”

“Things have changed; perhaps he’ll return, offer to help.” Holdo’s voice filled with the hope Leia had been struggling to keep in check.

She hadn’t heard from her brother in years, ever since Ben had disappeared. When she’d needed him, he’d simply vanished. No note, no phone call, nothing. Gone without a trace.

“Have you spoken to Han about this?”

Leia shook her head and looked down at her hands crossed upon the desk. “Not yet.”

“He’s the boy’s father; he has a right to know,” Holdo said as she closed the folder on her lap. She reached across to rest her hand on Leia’s. “Maybe he can bring your son home.”

“Perhaps,” Leia sighed. She’d felt so lost for years, like a very piece of her heart had been buried with what she had been told was her son. And now everything had changed. She had grasped onto hope for so long. And now… was this all too good to be true? Had she been foolish to hope?

***

Once Poe hung up, he moved into action.

Protect the heir.

He had his orders. Through Kylo Ren seemed to be the last person who would ever accept any form of protection, the Jedi Alliance could not afford for Poe to screw this up. From the looks of the fight last night, Kylo could hold his own against the demons. Physically at least.

What little Poe had been able to dig up on the prophecy, one thing had been clear. Should the heir align himself with the demons, all hope would be lost. The world would fall to darkness. A real doom and gloom footnote of the prophecy. Whoever had written it, hadn’t been much of a happy person if you asked Poe.

There had been something about what should be done if that happened, but Poe hadn’t been able to research it further. He’d almost been caught. Before he had the chance to go digging again, he’d been assigned to the Jakku desert. He still wasn’t sure what Jakku had to do with anything. Why had the heir shown up here in the first place? The desert hadn’t been a focal point for the Jedi Alliance for some time. They’d marked it as a demon zone but had never said or done anything more than that. Why?

It seemed the few answers Poe found only led to more questions without having answered enough of the questions he already had to begin with.

“What a shitshow,” Poe mumbled to himself. He was busy gathering up his things, loading up his car.

First things first. Poe would track down the heir- more than likely he was cozied up with the girl- and
then he’d demand some answers. Surely the infamous heir, the epicenter of the entire prophecy, would have some answers. If not? Poe would cross that bridge if he came to it.

***

“What the hell do you want, Hux?” Kylo threw the door open. Now that Rey was hidden away, even if she hated his guts for it, Kylo could confront the bastard at his doorstep.

“You’ve been gone for some time, Ren,” Hux grinned. It was all teeth, pointy and not at all warm. “We’ve grown worried.”

Kylo let out a humorless laugh. “Worried your plan had gone to shit more likely.”

“Snoke demands your return.”

The leader’s name sent a chill down Kylo’s spin. “I don’t heed his orders.”

“You don’t?” Hux raised a brow. “But you’ve already uncovered the sword, just as he order.” With that said, Hux jutted his chin towards the sword, inviting Kylo to look back at it.

He didn’t. Instead he glared daggers at the snake-like redhead. “Nothing more than a coincidence.”

“Did you think the Supreme Leader would allow your defiance to continue?” Hux’s grinned widened, revealing more sharp, white teeth. “You didn’t think you could actually keep running, did you?”

Kylo didn’t respond. He didn’t want to give Hux any kind of satisfaction. Of course he had been planning to run and continue running for as long as he could.

“You can never escape the First Order, Ren,” Hux tsked at him, adding insult to injury. “Just as you can never escape your fate.”

Kylo knew he was right. No matter how much he hoped the demon was wrong, Kylo’s fate was sealed. As the heir, he could bring death or salvation to the demons. All his life, the First Order had been showing him the way. The way of liberation. And time was up. Kylo had no choice.

“Bring the sword,” Hux ordered. “Our Supreme Leader awaits.”

The day of reckoning was upon them.

Chapter End Notes

Wow. I am so so so sorry it's taken me so long to update! I've got 2 jobs now and in the month of May I think I've gotta maybe a total of 3 or 4 days off and none of those were in a row. Today was my first day off in 15 days and I still had to work on some session edits for work. BUT, I updated! yay! This chapter was difficult. Not gonna lie. Plot points are beginning to be revealed but there's still some twists to come. Hopefully this chapter makes sense plot wise. Please let me know what you think! And again, I am sorry I took forever to update. I'm loving this story and I hate that I don't get to work on it as often as I could before. But adulting comes first unfortunately.

By the way, I commissioned the lovely and amazingly talented Pandacapuccino for an
art piece based on this fic. Check it out here! I'm in love and in awe of how it turned out! I've already ordered a print of it from her Society6 page.
He left her. He just fucking left her.

Rey threw the bottle back again, downing another shot of the expensive whiskey she’d kept hidden so far back in the closet of her hotel room in hopes no one would ever find it.

What did it matter anymore? Why did she try to smuggle away things she thought were even a little bit of importance? She’d fooled herself into thinking anything actually mattered. It didn’t. None of it did. She’d subconsciously let herself think this guy might be different. She’d thought she’d formed a connection with him. All her life she’d done this to herself. She’d meet someone and have a somewhat meaningful encounter with them and the next thing she knew, they’d moved on. One small connection for them would royally fuck her up.

Hadn’t she told herself that was exactly what she wouldn’t do this time?

She should never have slept with him. Throughout the years she’d met a man here or there she’d thought would be different. But she’d rarely allowed herself to sleep with any of them. Of course this time she’d given into her body, given into that weakness. And look what had become of it!

Slamming the bottle of whiskey back down on the bartop, Rey glared at the bar around her. Plutt was nowhere to be found. He’d slithered home the night before with some random girl and wouldn’t be seen again until after sundown.

The bar should have been opened twenty minutes ago. Did Rey care? No. Fuck this bar and this town.

After Kylo had left her, Rey had tried to steel herself. After all, it had been a one night stand and nothing more. Right?

No. It wasn’t even about the sex. They’d had sex, fine. But what about all the bullshit she’d been dragged into. She’d even believed the mumbo jumbo about those stupid crystal necklaces. She’d given Kylo one because she was worried about him. She should have been worried about herself!

Demons! She was now in a world where demons existed. The Jakku desert had always had its fair share of weird, unexplainable things. But demons?

Rey grabbed the bottle again, taking another shot. Honestly, it wasn’t even very expensive whiskey. It was just expensive to her. After Kylo had stormed off, Rey had grabbed the bottle of Jameson and stormed off to the bar, hoping to return to business as usually.

That hope had been short lived.

Everytime she closed her eyes, she saw heads rolling on the ground. Anytime the wind shifted, she swore she could smell burning flesh.

A shiver ran down Rey’s spine, though whether it was from the burning liquid or the dark thoughts clouding her mind, she couldn’t be sure.

The door flew open, hitting the wall beside it and bouncing back only to be stopped by the stranger’s
"We’re not open yet," Rey glowered at the dark figure. She couldn’t make out any details of his shadowed face. She hadn’t bothered to turn the lights on in the bar, instead she’d made her way around by what little light filtered in through the cracks and holes in the walls or the thin curtains on the few dirt covered windows. All in all, not very much sunlight was able to breach the bar.

"According to your sign, you should have been opened twenty minutes ago," the man jabbed a thumb over his shoulder towards the sign he spoke of, as if Rey didn’t already know it was out there, mocking her.

"I don’t see the sign running this bar," Rey snapped as she slammed the register drawer closed to emphasis her anger. She’d just finished counting down the money from last night and putting together the deposit- what little there was. She still had to clean the dishes from last night, wipe down the tables, restock the bar, and probably a number of other things she hadn’t been able to get to because she’d been too busy fighting demons.

And dealing with a certain very attractive Chosen One.

Rey shook the thought away even as her cheeks flushed and turned her attention back to the man who was just being joined by someone even taller and larger than he.

"We’re looking for your boss,” the first man said, taking a step inside. He braced his feet slightly apart and rested his hands on his hips, one falling on the butt of a pistol. “He’s got something that belongs to me.”

The man’s companion followed him through, having to bend down low so as not to hit his head on the doorframe. He was a burly man from what Rey could make out, covered from head to toe in thick, wiry brown hair. It covered his head, face, arms, even his hands. He looked like a lumberjack who’d stepped straight out of the woods and suddenly found himself surrounded by the desert without a razor in sight to shave his unruly beard. The deep set eyes which starred back at her seemed to be filled with warmth and wisdom and a great amount of patience.

"He’s not here,” Rey replied to the first man, finally turning her attention back to him.

No wonder she’d first glanced over him in favor of his friend. He was much less impressive in appearance. In fact, the gun at his hip was about the only part of him that even looked threatening. His graying, almost white hair contrasted with his tan skin. He had a dark brown, lightweight leather jacket over his button up white but dingy shirt. He’d tucked his dark brown pants into a pair of dark brown, almost black, leather boots. All in all, his demeanor seemed more casual arrogance than the typical clientele who frequented her bar.

Seeing her sizing him up, the man shrugged with a grin and a raise of his brow as if to inform her he knew precisely what she was thinking.

"Are you expecting him back anytime soon?” As he spoke, the man took a few steps around, looking the bar up and down with a sneer on his face.

"Plutt comes and goes as he pleases,” Rey shrugged, grabbing a towel to begin wiping down the bar top. She watched her own movements as she scrubbed in tight little circles but from the corner of her eye she followed the two strangers. Slowly, her other hand crept underneath the counter, resting on the cold metal of her shotgun. She swallowed the sign of relief even as she cursed herself for the alcohol now invading her system.
Rey had never been one to delve into the temptation of alcohol. She’d seen the effects it had on those around her. Occasionally she’d pour herself a single shot and sip on it throughout the night as she enjoyed an old movie or listened to music. The single glass was all it took to give her a slight buzz, just enough that her insides felt warm and fuzzy.

How many shots had she had exactly? That bottle sitting atop the bar had definitely had much more in it when she’d left the room this afternoon. And how long ago had that been? Shots of alcohol should be taken across a period of time. She knew that just by watching the drunkards at Plutt’s.

“You okay, kid?”

Rey blinked and forced herself to refocus on her surroundings. She’d been scrubbing the same spot of the bar for too long. The men must have noticed.

Panic rose up like a dark wave inside her, cutting off her voice. Looking at the men, she noted how much closer they were standing to her than they had been just moments before.

“You need to leave.” her voice sounded too small even to her own ears. “Come back later.”

“Listen,” the first man waved his hands in front of him as if to clear away something between them. “I’m not looking for any trouble. I just want to get back what your boss stole from me. I mean,” the man chuckled and placed a hand on his hip- the one without the gun strapped to it, Rey noted. “You’ve met the guy. You know he’s a sleaze ball.”

“Get out of my bar,” Rey replied without a hint of any shared humor between her and this stranger, no matter how light hearted he was playing his actions off as.

The burly man behind him shuffled on his feet and made a low grunt. Rey’s eyes snapped to him, taking in the guns strapped on his belt and the many bullets wrapped across his chest. How had she missed those details before?

In what she hoped was a smooth movement, Rey yanked the shotgun from under the bar and aimed it at the larger of the two men. She only had two shots but her vision was compromised. Already she was beginning to see the odd outline of a double version of the men. She kept blinking to force it away.

“Hey kid!” the other man gruffed. “What the hell you got against Chewie?”

Was that his name? What an unfortunate name for such an intimidating man. It was the sort of name you gave to a fluffy, sweet dog- a loyal family pet. Not the name of the lumberjack standing before her.

Ignoring his question, Rey blinked once more. “I said get out of my bar. We’re not open yet.”

The two men glanced at one another as if having an entire conversation with only one look. The first man shrugged and threw his hands up in the air. Rey had been right: casual arrogance. He wasn’t actually scared of her or the shotgun in her hands.

Only once the two of them had left did Rey lower the shotgun, placing it on top of the bar to keep within sight. After looking the front door, Rey eyed the bottle still sitting where she’d left it before the strangers had sauntered in. As tempting as it was to take another shot, her still racing heart knew a slightly more drunk version of herself in that situation could have been in serious trouble. Besides, she had to get the bar open. She couldn’t risk losing her job, even if some of her customers so happened to be demons.
The situation was a shit show. Not at all the reunion Kylo had been planning on having. No, he’d prefer to skip this little reunion all together.

“You’d better have a good explanation for your prolonged absence,” Hux sneered at him as they walked through the trailer park, heading towards what looked like the only livable structure within miles. In fact, compared to the trailers surrounding it, this trailer looked brand new. “And for that horrible display in Niima.”

Kylo didn’t bother with a retort. Hux constantly tried to rile him up but after years of listening to the constant jabs, they were much easier to ignore now.

Of course he could come up with a reasonable explanation. He’d had the entire car ride from Niima to all the way out here, the absolute middle of fucking nowhere, to think up a vague but somewhat truthful explanation. If he even had a chance to speak.

Snoke had sent him on a mission. Missions were bound to have complications. Even when it came to their very much complicated situation. The fight would be trickier to explain away. Kylo would need to factor in for Hux’s conniving nature too. There was no telling what lies he had fed to the Supreme Leader in Kylo’s absence. Kylo wouldn’t put it past Hux to have claimed seeing him siding with the Jedi Alliance.

Ha!

The thought was laughable. Kylo hated the Jedi Alliance almost as much as he hated Hux and the First Order. At least the First Order stood for equality. Any sort of movement was bound to have a few bad eggs. If Kylo could just continue weeding them out, the First Order could be something truly spectacular.

Hux was at the top of his list. Most of the demons were. Snoke had employed them because of their drive. But look at Kylo! He’d proven his commitment and eagerness for their goal of equality without snacking on human meat for lunch. But it would appear Snoke was bound and determined to include the deplorable demons in on his plans to destroy the Jedi Alliance.

Fuck. He would probably have to think up an explanation for Poe. Perhaps no one had seen them together. It had been after the fight and before Hux showed up. Though, to be fair, Kylo never tried to be nice to the Alliance member; he’d just acted like he didn’t know the organization.

Kylo and Hux both entered the spacious trailer. It was baron except for the single large chair sitting at the end, next to it was a small table where Snoke had placed a gun. Kylo had always thought the trailer odd. It had been striped of the living room furniture and kitchen appliances. Without glancing into the single bedroom, Kylo assumed it had been gutted as well. Red curtains draped down to cover the windows on each wall. A few members of the First Order stood guard, as if anyone could make it through the biker camp and attempt to kill the leader himself. Snoke rarely stayed at the camp. Kylo assumed the leader had some fancy house somewhere out in the desert, off the map to hide from prying eyes.

Snoke fancied himself a God amongst mortals. Even in a dump like the Jakku desert, Snoke aimed to mark himself as king. Which would explain the oversized throne like chair he sat upon.

“You have been gone for some time,” Snoke said without looking up from the tablet he held in one hand as he scrolled through whatever material he was browsing.
“I left under your orders,” Kylo replied in an even tone. Until he knew exactly how much Snoke knew, he wasn’t going to show his hand. Next to him, Kylo could practically feel the eye roll Hux gave.

“Your orders were to search the desert for the sword,” at this, Snoke’s eyes flickered to the hilt strapped to Kylo’s waist, “and then immediately return to me.” At last, he leveled his eyes with Kylo’s guarded stare. “Imagine my surprise when I was informed not only did you not do as ordered, but in fact, after at last locating the weapon, you harbored a fugitive and killed those in your own organization.”

The smug grin spreading across Hux’s face was audible in the stifling trailer. He’d always been jealous of Snoke’s favor towards Kylo.

“In fact,” Snoke set the tablet aside on a small table next to his chair. “You decided to declare yourself the heir and threaten the Order.”

At his side, Kylo clenched and unclenched his fists, an action which did not go unnoticed by the leader.

For as long as Kylo could remember, their had always been the First Order and Snoke. They trained him from a young age, teaching him their ways and the histories of this world. They showed him the darker side of existence, all the creatures humans had one day decided to no longer believe in. He had been told one day, he would be the key to their freedom. Humans had locked them away, banished them to an unforgiving land to live out eternity. What right had the mortals to lock them away like animals?

Kylo had never understood his importance until he’d grasped the sword in his hand and felt raw power surge through him. He’d thought for years he was simply a human the First Order had taken in and decided he might one day be helpful to their cause. Now he understood.

Fate was a bitch.

“It was a moment of weakness,” Kylo said. “Forgive me.”

Snoke regarded him with a question in his eyes he didn’t speak. Perhaps he was wondering whether or not he could trust Kylo to fulfill his role. Perhaps he was deciding if he should just kill Kylo right there on the spot.

“Since your birth, the First Order has known what you are,” Snoke braced his hands on either arm of the oversized chair. “It has been foretold you would either be our liberation or our downfall.”

Kylo breathed in deeply, closing his eyes for just a moment. Parts of this speech he had heard before. Parts of it he wasn’t sure he was prepared for.

“You know what shall happen to this world should the First Order fall,” Snoke paused for emphasis. “I sent you searching for the sword believing once you found it and discovered your true role in this story, you would at last stand tall and firm.” Snoke shook his head in disappointment. “Unfortunately, you have proven to still be at war with yourself.”

Kylo took another deep breath, struggling to contain his anger; lashing out at the leader would only result in punishment from the guards on either side.

“I see the conflict in you,” Snoke continued. “You’re unbalanced. You know our mission to be true yet you doubt the morality of our methods. You want the freedom of your brothers and sisters in arms but lack the strength to fulfill your destiny.”
“That’s not true,” Kylo spat out the words, unable to contain them.

“You have proven you cannot be trusted,” Snoke spoke as if Kylo hadn’t said anything. “Now, you must prove yourself or face the consequences of your actions.” Snoke looked at him expectantly, as if waiting for Kylo to offer up some sort of payment.

“I have given everything to the First Order,” Kylo ground through his teeth. “What else do you want?”

Snoke’s thin lips lifted into a sneer of satisfaction and Kylo realized his mistake; he had walked right into Snoke’s trap. Next to him, Hux’s pleasure rolled off him in waves.

“Kill the girl and prove your loyalty. Kill the girl and your disobedience and your rebellious episode will be forgiven.”

The words took a moment to register.

Kill the girl.

“The girl?” Kylo swallowed, trying to soothe his parched throat.

“The bar wench. The little distraction you allowed to cloud your mind with ideas,” Snoke slowly stood, his longer dark coat falling past his shins.

“She means nothing,” Kylo said, swallowing once more. Rey had been marked.

Of course she had. Hux may not have seen her at the motel but she’d been at the fight. How could Kylo have been so foolish? He’d sent that demon fleeing in a fit of anger and hadn’t thought about the consequences his actions would bring down on her.

Snoke smirked. “Then her death will mean nothing.”

Chapter End Notes

Whoa ho. So it's been a minute. Or two. Sorry for going MIA. I had zero motivation to write anything. Plus things have been kinda crazy in my personal life. I hope a few of you guys stuck around to keep reading this little fic. I've really missed writing it! Your comments are always encouraging. And anytime someone has messaged me about hoping I would update, it gave me a little push closer to getting back into this story. Thank you all for your support and kind words! Also I apologize if the flow is a bit off now. I think I'll go back at some point and update previous chapters to better fit with the flow of where the story is going to go. Buuuut maybe not. We'll see.

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