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**Algorithms**

by greyorchids

Summary

I run out to the lobby, grabbing my tablet and try to remain cool in the face of Satan in a Suit.

“Mr. Ren, how can I help you?” He’s taller and more broad than pictures can translate. His black on black suit seems menacing, not a coincidence, I am sure. He seems a bit taken aback, something I am used to in this male-dominated profession. When most of the employees here come for help with their computers or experience network issues, they don’t expect me to know how to solve their problems. Challenging stereotypes one satisfied customer at a time.

He breathes in deep and pauses before he speaks. I think I see the flash of recognition in his eyes but I keep my body still and my face impassive. Yeah, I am an omega, Ren. Get over it.

Rey works in the IT Department for a tech company that is recovering from a recent hostile takeover. Ever at odds with the universe, Rey continues to live against the grain by excelling in a male driven industry and by redefining what it means to be omega.
Today is a textbook *bad day*.

Work has already been tense since the takeover. It is only a matter of time before I get called into HR and get handed a severance. To make matters worse, half my team is gone - either sick or vacation or who knows what else. So of course the phone is ringing off the hook and requests are coming in faster than I can respond to them.

I am sitting at a coworkers desk to keep my eye on the door, my podcast providing some respite from the stress of the day.

“And my guest Amilyn Holdo - famous political activist and feminist - is here to talk to us about the changing landscape of sexuality and how women, not just omega women, can empower themselves in a modern world.”

“Hi Rose, thanks for having me.”

“Amilyn, first I know you have some stats you want to share. Before I dive in, help me set the stage here.”

“I’d be happy to. We know that in the last fifty years there has been an increase in alphas in the western world - both male and female. I find it an interesting time to experience the Me Too movement and Trump presidency when ‘behind the scenes’ our biology is also adding a layer of significance on consent and how our bodies are a part of the conversation.”

“So what does that mean for the average woman?”

“It means now more than ever a woman, and I say that term inclusively, should be emboldened with the tools and access to conduct their lives and their bodies as they choose.”

I smile at her words. If it weren't for Amilyn’s lobbying, I wouldn’t have had access to suppressents and birth control - both items became free for low income teens before I presented. If it wasn’t for her, I am sure my life would have been much more difficult. And that's saying something.

The door to the IT department opens with a bang and an impossibly tall blonde enters, looking confused, nose in the air. I rip my headphones out of my ears and stand.

“Hi, how can I help -” I begin as the phone starts ringing again.

“Do you want to keep your job?” She interrupts, her mouth twisted in distaste.

“I’m sorry?” The *nerve*.

“I said,” she repeats, “do you. Want to keep. Your job?” Her eyes narrow and I feel a hot sting of anger pulse through me. Ignoring her question, I silence the phone at the unmanned reception desk and pull out my tablet.

“Ticket number?” I ask, typing quickly. She huffs at my response, shifting her weight.
“Excuse me?” She replies with a tight tone.

“I assume that you are here to check on the status of a request - do you have a ticket number, or are you here to begin a work order?” My voice sounds far more calm than it should - the blood surging through me is loud enough that I nearly miss her response.

“...I would assume that if the CEO has a problem, his ticket number is ‘figure it out yourself.’ Do you think you could find that?” She motions to the tablet and despite my eventual firing, I don’t actually want it to be today.

Her expectant look requires no further discussion. Of course I recognize her. Phasma. A ridiculous name but in the tech world it sounds clandestined. She’s a manager of - something, that I can’t remember. But she is always around the Devil Himself so I know she’s important.

“Okay, it looks like we are waiting on a part for the laptop -”

“No *we* are not. I don’t care what you have to do, we need that part yesterday.” She is flushed and her eyes have a wild nervousness to them. I get it. She doesn’t want to disappoint her boss. After a beat I sigh, dropping my arms to my side.

“Let me call the supplier, I am sure I can get a rush placed on the order.” She nods curtly, and I motion to the small sitting area near the reception desk, “Help yourself to some candy, it won’t take a minute.” She pauses a bit at the offer and sits gingerly as I dial the number. I try not to smirk as she rummages through dishes of assorted candy - not the cheap stuff either.

“People get uptight about technology - give them something to chew on while you figure it out.” Luke’s advice was as right as ever. The woman who answers the phone is as disinterested as Phasma is uptight. After a short exchange I hang up the phone and let out a deep breath.

“Okay, they agreed to send it out a week before the scheduled ship date, so it should be in-house Monday.”

Phasma nods, mouth full. After a beat she stands and wrings her hands together.

“Well, I suppose that will just...have to suffice.” She leaves swiftly without saying thank you. All thing considered, that could have been a lot worse.

I sigh deeply and replace my earbuds. I place the “ring bell for service” sign at the reception desk and hide in my cubicle, running reports and assigning work orders to the team while I return to my podcast.

“When I first presented as an omega there were few resources available to me. Now omegas have access to counselling, birth control, and suppressants through the Alliance Health Organization.”

“A common misconception is that Alliance Health is just for omegas, but it offers resources to both betas and alphas, isn’t that right?”

“It is, yes. When I was approached to represent Alliance Health I knew the only way we could truly see an improvement in the way any one group of people are treated is to invite everyone to be a part of the solution -”
A loud bang breaks through my podcast for the second time this morning. Someone is going to break that door if they keep -

“Who is working right now?” A deep and unforgiving voice fills the office space and I see a couple of my coworkers pop their heads above the cubicle partitions only to slink back into their seats. Cowards. I know they know who it is.

“I am - I’m here.” I run out to the lobby, grabbing my tablet and try to remain cool in the face of Satan in a Suit. “Mr. Ren, how can I help you?” I look at him as I pull up his work order. I haven’t ever actually met him before. Never been in the same room as him, now that I think about it. He’s taller and more broad than pictures can translate. His black on black suit seems menacing, not a coincidence, I am sure.

His eyes dart over me. He seems a bit taken aback, something I am used to in this male-dominated profession. When most of the employees here come for help with their computers or experience network issues, they don’t expect a young girl to solve their problems. I like to mentally record the look of surprised shock when I fix what they asked me to without batting my very young, very female eyelashes. Challenging stereotypes one satisfied customer at a time.

He breathes in deep and pauses before he speaks. I think I see the flash of recognition in his eyes but I keep my body still and my face impassive. Yeah, I am an omega, Ren. Get over it. I take daily suppressants and wear hormone neutralizing perfume. If he’s picked up on me so quickly it says more about his control over his body than it does about mine.

His body language shifts instantly, his back straightening and shoulders squaring towards me. Ren is a fairly well recognized alpha, as if you couldn’t surmise this obvious fact from his stature, or his attitude, or his complete and utter lack of humility. He steps towards me and I resist the urge the step back.

“You...are you the one who can’t get a simple part delivered?” He continues to walk towards me and I swallow the scowl that threatens to take over my face.

“I spoke with the supplier and they are placing a rush on the part we are waiting for - it will be shipped a week earlier than regularly scheduled.” I keep my voice as emotionless as I can but my heart has begun to pound in my chest. It isn’t every day that the CEO comes to check in on his IT department and I start to worry that maybe today really will be the day I get fired.

"That’s not good enough.” He counters. Of course it isn’t. I take a deep breath to try to explain when I’m hit with a wall of his pheromones. Jesus Christ, I swear if I didn’t know any better I’d think he was using enhancers to -

The thought burns in my brain. Of course he would. What an arrogant, self-centered, uncaring, basic fucking alpha. I doubt very much that my expression has remained in poker-face, so I chance a look at him before speaking. His eyes are already barreling through me, but his forehead is creased and his confusion is apparent. I just need to get out of this interaction in one piece, preferably still employed.

I cough despite trying to stifle it.

His scent really is overwhelming. It is a heavy masculine smell that clings to my lungs and immediately fills me with a familiar and simultaneously foreign desire to please . I shake my head and pray to Holdo. She didn’t fight for my rights so I could crumble at the first challenging alpha that crosses my path.
“I apologize, but Monday is the earliest it will arrive.” Whatever he expected me to say, it wasn’t that. He works his jaw, eyes remaining pinned on me. I can almost hear him ask, “Do you know who I am?”

“You know,” he begins, but something changes his course of thought, “where is the supplier located?” He asks instead. His voice is like barbed silk and it stings and soothes in tandem. It makes my skin feel numb.

“Near the Flatiron District.” I answer with difficulty. My mouth has gone dry and I wonder if this is a reaction to his pheromone enhancers. He pulls out his phone and begins typing furiously.

“I’ll get a car out front for you.” He replies quickly.

“Pardon?” I stutter, feeling more and more that this haze is impacting my ability to think clearly.

“A car. It will be waiting for you downstairs in five. I need you to go to the suppliers and pick it up in person.” He doesn’t look up from his phone and now I am the one staring at him.

“Oh, was that Ren?” One of the coders pops up from his cubicle. I shoot him a glaring look and he promptly sits back down.

As I head down to the main floor lobby, I feel light headed. Enough to lean against the building and nearly gasp into the afternoon sun, the fresh air feels like ice water in my lungs.

Of course I have experienced the pull and lull of an alpha before, but not ever quite like that. In fact, there are a handful of alphas at work and they have never given me any trouble. After their heads snap in my direction they generally pick up on my perfume, designed to dull, and read it for what it is: a “not open for business” sign across my forehead. Why Ren would go out of his way to assert his scent onto someone I’ll never understand. He’s such a dick.

Finally able to breathe, I dial my doctor’s number with shaking fingers.
Chapter 2

Thank you for the fast and furious feedback! I had to update because 1) I like this verse and 2) you guys were super sweet and I feel like you deserve it.

As I hang up with the receptionist at my doctor’s office I let out a sigh of relief. The doorman motions to me and I walk towards him as he motions to a pitch black sedan. As he opens the door, I’m hit by that scent again - so much so that I almost expect him to be sitting in the car. He isn’t, thank stars.

The driver takes off before I have my seatbelt locked and I look around the car. There are a few small items - a pen and a pair of Raybans rest in an otherwise empty cup holder. I pick up the pen and roll it between my fingers.

Ben Solo - Jedi Tech and Innovation

I nearly laugh out loud. Well, if it isn’t an ancient artifact. I have half a mind to pocket the pen, but think better of it and drop it back in it’s spot. Jedi Tech and Innovation was the company I had been hired onto a year ago, before Ben Solo had purchased the family business. The press had a bit of a field day with that, naturally. Of course Ben Solo had become Kylo Ren before his twentieth birthday. Shortly thereafter, he began his own business ventures and endured a ruthless and successful climb to where he is today, over ten years later. Luke and Leia still sit on the board of directors - their two seats all that remain of Jedi Tech. I think his early claim to fame was selling the rights to a file sharing platform - Starkiller - before he graduated university.

The swell of his scent blooms in my lungs with every breath. It makes my head spin and I crack a window open, desperate to escape the overpowering blanket of him.

Luke is the one who scouted me in England during my last year in upper school. He held coding contests and tech seminars at schools all around London searching for fresh minds to join his company. After the takeover I expected Luke to be more angry, to sue or at least threaten to sue. He did neither. I cannot imagine treating a family that loves you as poorly as Kylo Ren did. As he does. Like everything else about him, he is too selfish and arrogant to appreciate it I guess. I wouldn’t know what it feels like to shut a family out, but I certainly know what it feels like on the other side.

By the time I get back to the office it is nearly three in the afternoon. I check my watch and wonder how backed up the request log will be.

Stepping into the lift I press the button for the top floor and step to the side. It is a painfully slow ride up, people get on and off as I ascend without a second look at me. When the lift jars to a halt, I step off and glance around. I have never been up to this floor and I don’t even know where his office is. I can smell him though, even from here. Is he bathing in pheromones? The musk seems to cling to everything and by now I am wondering how I have avoided this smell as long as I have.

“Excuse me, do you know where Kylo Ren’s office is?” I ask someone walking by. He stops, snotty
as all hell and motions behind himself.

“Back and to the left.” He answers curtly before resuming his stride. I resist the urge to roll my eyes while I follow his directions. As I round the corner, double wood doors fill my vision. In front, an older woman sits at the desk, typing furiously. She doesn’t look up as I approach.

“Hi, I am here to drop this off for Mr. Ren.” I motion to the bag but it is a futile gesture. After a beat she picks up the phone, speaking low into the receiver. With a sharp click, she disconnects, fingers flying across her keyboard.

“Mr. Ren will see you now.” She supplies and I feel my face heat at the prospect.

“No, no that’s not necessary. I just need to drop this off -” I am interrupted when one of the wooden doors fling open, the dark shape of Kylo Ren filling the frame. Does no one fear breaking doors in this building?

“Come in.”

It doesn’t leave a lot of room for discussion. I enter his office and ignore the way his scent envelops me instantly.

“I have the part here.” I begin, reaching out and placing it on his desk from as far away from him as possible. He stares at me intently as I complete the motion. I don’t know where to look or what to do so I cautiously look back.

“You’re one of Luke’s hires aren’t you?”

The question catches me off guard. What is that supposed to mean? “Um, yes. I am.”

“Where are you from?” It feels like the room is contracting, becoming smaller around us.

“London.” My throat feels dry again and I try to clear it without being rude.

“I pulled your file. You have no education.” There is no question in his words, just a lot of presumption.

“I am currently in school at NYU. Part-time.” I don’t tell him that this is courtesy of Luke and the full scholarship that he gave me in return for coming oversees to work for him. Ren nods tightly, eyes narrowing as if he knows this without me telling him.

I swallow, uncomfortable in my own skin. I can feel my chest tighten, the painful and beautiful ache that I haven’t felt in years and it annoys me that there are some things biology will not be outsmarted on. The authority and sureness that emanates from him pulls like gravity and I look away now, becoming quite desperate to get back to my cubicle. He might be used to people falling at his feet - for a variety of reasons - but that isn’t who I am and I am certainly not going to start now to appease the Gatekeeper of Hell.

“Do you want me to replace the part for you?” I ask, hoping to wrap up the conversation. He huffs with laughter but it is not unkind.

“I think I can handle it.” He deadpans and I decide that is my cue. I offer a polite smile and murmur, “have a good day” as I sweep out of his office, making a beeline for the elevator and refuge from the throbbing ache inside myself.
I get to the doctor’s office in a fluster. I’m confused, uncomfortable, and borderline concerned.

“Rey, what can I do for you today?” Dr. Maz is impossibly old but wise beyond measure.

“I think my suppressants are wearing off.” I shift on the thin sheet of paper and it tears beneath me.

“Why do you think so?” She asks, moving around me, taking my pulse, looking in my ears.

“Well, something...odd happened today. I ran into a particularly pungent alpha at work and I’m still feeling the physical effects of him. Even now.” I hate how scared I sound but Dr. Maz’s laugh eases the strain on my shoulders.

“Well that can be common,” she begins, looking at my file on her computer, “you’re on a fairly strong dose as it is. Can you tell me the last time you let your natural heat cycle complete?”

“Um. Well I guess the truth is that...I haven’t actually.” Her eyes peer over her glasses and she nods softly.

“Everyone is different, however we see the most longevity in patients that find a balance between using medication and allowing their body to naturally regulate itself.” I sigh and clutch my chest.

“My breasts are so sore, and I feel...too warm.” I admit as she takes out a thermometer.

“Open up.” She gently presses the cold stick under my tongue and goes back to her computer, making notes.

“While you’re indisposed, let me tell you something else. You’re young but your body is only so forgiving. I’m surprised that you haven’t had a breakthrough-heat earlier.” That catches my attention. Mercifully the thermometer beeps and Dr. Maz inspects it with an unsurprised glance.

“Breakthrough what now?” I ask, still clutching my chest. Her eyes level on mine and her head tilts comfortingly to the side.

“You’re in heat dear,” she waves the thermometer in the air, “or I should say, you’re about go into heat.”

“No.” I shake my head, feeling dizzy.

“I assure you, yes.” Her smile takes the bite out of her words.

“But...I don’t want to be.” The words rush out and make me sound like I’m five years old. She laughs calmly.

“Yes, well I don’t want to be experiencing the terrors of menopause but here we are.” She scribbles something onto a script pad and hands me the paper, my fingers shaking as I reach for it.

“We can’t compromise with our bodies, only with how we accept ourselves.” At my silent and surely forlorn expression she continues.

“I’ve prescribed a few pills worth of a very strong suppressant. You might be able to postpone the heat for a day. Maybe two. I’ve included a refill of neutralizing personal wipes and topical cream for
good measure.”

“Thank you.” My voice comes out as a whisper.

“Now, this is isn’t medical advice but considering your reaction, you may want to speak to the person responsible. Especially if you’re sharing a workspace.” I smile and try to nod my head yes despite the fear that flashes through me.

“You’re right. I will.” Maz seems content with my agreement and I hop off the table, dread filling my lungs. Speak to Kylo Ren about the fact that he has triggered my first real heat? I absolutely will not.

When I get to my apartment my roommates Finn and Paige are playing cards and drinking wine by the open window. I wave to them but hustle into my room, sinking to the floor.

I don’t need to compromise with my body, I need to control it.

I pop one of the heavy-duty suppressors in my mouth and open my window. I start my diffuser, adding some neutralizing oils and strip my bed, gathering all the laundry I have and booking it to the laundry room. Neutralizing detergent and fabric softener will help. Maybe if Ren stays away from me the pills will work and I can get back to normal. I will do everything I can to prevent any alphas from picking up on my...biological siren. If no one notices, maybe the heat will disappear on its own. I feel myself becoming more and more anxious and I try to remember that worst case scenario is that I will need to call in sick.

By the time my laundry is done and I’ve re-made my bed it is past eleven. I collapse into the blankets, resolute in my certainty that I can beat this unfortunate and controllable quirk.

I just need Kylo Ren to stay the hell away from me.
My beautiful and thoughtful readers - your feedback has been so encouraging and lovely. Thank you for checking this story out and letting me know your thoughts! I've noticed a bit of a theme already - there is some interest in having a Kylo POV chapter. I'll admit, I don't generally like to jump POV within a fic, however I will see what I can do...

My dreams are a kaleidoscope of black and jeweled toned shapes that suspiciously resemble the outline of Kylo Ren.

Morning comes like a merciful tidal wave. The sun is barely pressing past the horizon when my eyes fly open, the ache between my legs positively throbbing. I fumble for the pills, popping one into my mouth and breathing deeply.

I shower until the hot water disappears, the neutralizing shampoo smells like nothing and it fills me with confidence as I rinse it out for the second time in ten minutes. My skin is so sensitive, alighting with every touch. I am desperate to relieve the ache but terrified it will open the floodgates so I grit my teeth and towel off, cursing him for being so stupid. Does he really care so little about other people that he would take such strong measures to poison the air with his presence? The company employs over three hundred people and I know of only one other omega who could corroborate what I am experiencing.

I think I need to have a conversation with her.

“Jessika?” My voice is wavering as I approach her desk. Her eyes immediately widen at the sight of me. The marketing department is on a meticulously decorated floor - much more beautiful than the IT area, I can’t help but notice. Jessika looks very much like she belongs - manicured everything and an outfit that looks like it came off a mannequin.

“Rey.” She looks me over like I might fall apart any second. And to be honest I might.

“Yeah, can I talk to you for a minute?” I ask and she nods, immediately grabbing my arm and leading me towards the bathrooms. They are as beautiful as the rest of the floor.

“Rey, what are you doing here?” She hisses, glancing around the office space. I can’t help the sound of offense from escaping my throat as I look down at my simple outfit.

“I know I’m not up to your 'public relations' standards but .-”

“No, crazy-pants I mean what are you doing at work? You’re very clearly about to go into heat.”

“No I’m not.” I answer quickly, “I just need your help.”
“I can’t help you with what you need.” She answers with a smirk and I groan in frustration.

“This is serious, Jessika. Something...triggered this and I need to know if it’s just me.” Her face eases out of her smile, sensing my distress.

“Okay, tell me. What happened?” In a fit of paranoia I look under the stalls to make sure no one else is in here with us.

“It’s Kylo Ren.” I spit his name out and she lets out a shallow breath.

“Well that is a bit of a problem, isn’t it?”

“What do I do?” I beg, a pool of need developing inside of me at the mention of his name.

“Well for starters - go home. Secondly, start taking suppressants.” I nearly scream at her advice.

“I am already on suppressants! A lot of them, actually.” I am gritting my teeth and my hands clench into fists. “Do you think I should go to HR?” I continue.

“What for?”

“To complain. That he’s using enhancers in a closed work environment.” Jessika laughs, her voice filling the bathroom.

“He’s not using enhancers, Rey.” What?

“Why?”

“He absolutely is.”

“He absolutely isn’t.” She tries to soothe me but her hand on my shoulder feels like a thousand pound weight.

“How do you know?” I ask, moving to lean against the wall.

“Because I don’t feel anything and I was just in a meeting with him this morning.” My eyes fly open and narrow on her.

“You feel...nothing?” I ask, unsure why she’d be lying but certain that she must be.

“Nothing more than usual from any regular old alpha.” She shrugs, inspecting her nails. The fact that she is so calm and collected makes my already hot blood boil even more.

“Okay, but something really strange is happening here.” I say, motioning to my face and body. I think I need reassurance...I know I definitely need help.

“Rey. Biological chemistry is a part of life. The fact that he caused you to breakthrough so fast on suppressants probably means he’s experiencing something too. Might explain why he was so miserable earlier.”

“Biological chemistry?”

“Yes,” her eyes are soft and confused, “haven’t you experienced this before?” Her voice lowers.

“No.” It comes out as a sob and she immediately wraps me in a hug. The sensation is overwhelming and when I go to pull back she lets go immediately.

“Sorry, sorry. I just feel bad for you.” I laugh at that, pinching the bridge of my nose and trying to
regain composure. Of course I know what biological chemistry is. From an intellectual standpoint. But I didn’t know it would feel like this. I guess there are some things books cannot adequately explain.

“It doesn’t happen often, only once before for me.” She slips into a memory and a smile fixes onto her face. “I was on vacation in Mexico, he was from France. It was...the most intense thing I have ever experienced.” She leans on the wall next to me, unseeing. “We literally didn’t even speak the same language.” She continues, her voice becoming wistful and faraway. Watching her develop heart-eyes in front of me doesn’t fill me with a huge amount of hope for what is about to happen to me.

“Okay, I should go. I appreciate you trying to help.” I flash her a weak smile and I try not to let her beaming face scare me any more than I already am.

“Yes, go home, Rey. Try to relax and don’t try to fight it.” I agree quietly, following her out of the bathroom, head low.

When I look up, my heart stops beating and the air is sucked out of my lungs. Kylo Ren. Kylo fucking Ren is standing in the middle of the office, looking around, eyes dark. When they land on me they don’t falter. He moves then - walking straight for me, nearly pushing people out of his path.

“Too late, I guess.” Jessika laughs lightly, slipping away from the oncoming wall of darkness. His scent curls around me, burning my throat and making my legs feel weak. As he gets closer I realize I feel...empty. It feels like he is the only thing that could possibly -

“A word, please.” He barks and the low timbre of his voice causes me to shiver. Ah, shit. This is happening. I follow him down the hallway until we reach a conference room. I don’t particularly think a closed space is the best idea but I try not to react when the door clicks shut.

I can only stare at him - he’s pacing, hand running through his hair. After a beat he opens his mouth but stops himself. Deciding I cannot take a second more, I clear my throat. “I was just about to go home.”

“Bit late for that.” he counters quickly. I wince at his words, his proximity is making my skin thrum with nervous energy.

“I’m sorry, I didn’t know-”

“Didn’t know?” He asks, face creased. Suddenly his face loses colour.

“How old are you?” He asks, eyes narrowing.

“Nineteen.” He relaxes at that - only slightly. “I thought you looked at my file?” I snap, immediately hating myself for engaging.

“Yes, well. I’ve been distracted.” The way his voice punctures the word I swear I feel it between my legs. It causes me to sigh involuntarily and I bite my lip to stop myself from falling further down that rabbit hole.

“Nothing like this has ever happened to me before,” I blurt out and shift my neck to ease the ache that has begun to throb up my spinal cord, “I thought you were using enhancers.” The confession comes out as a whisper, my throat raw.

“Enhancers?” He laughs as though offended, “I don’t need enhancers.”
“Evidently.” I breathe, my eyes meeting his although I immediately look away, rolling my neck again to break the tension I’m feeling. I hear a rumble from deep within his chest.

“Stop doing that.” He commands and I freeze. “Stop moving your neck. Please.” He tries again.

“Oh.” I agree quietly and he softens.

“Let me offer you a hotel for the week. It is the least I can do after triggering your heat.” He tries to catch my eyes and I cross my arms over my chest, head already shaking no. This is by far the most humiliating thing that has ever happened to me.

“This has nothing to do with you.” I spit, and I know I am ridiculous for even trying the lie. The smirk that turns up at his lips is almost playful.

“Let’s try this again, shall we?” He steps forward and I move back, nearly tripping over myself.

“I know that I’ve triggered your heat. I’m sorry about that, it wasn’t intentional.”

“How do you know it’s you?” I ask suspiciously. Maybe I frequent a harem of alphas every night. Howe dare he assume.

“Because of how your body reacted to me when we met. Because of how you’re reacting to me now. I know you feel it too.” He supplies cooly. Fucking alphas are always so god damned sure of themselves.

When I don’t respond he speaks again. “Consider this a professional courtesy...I’m sure you have roommates. Let me book you into a hotel until it passes.” I feel my face flush.

“Alone.” He adds after a beat and my face snaps up.

“Alone?” I ask, feeling slightly less hostile.

“Yes. Alone,” he repeats, shaking his head, “I have never in my life met such a difficult omega.”

“Good.” I reply without thinking. His mouth hangs a bit before he shifts and regains composure.

“So it’s settled then. I’ll have my car take you home to collect your things and then it will take you to the hotel.”

There it is - the typical alpha control freak, always has to be in charge. I relax a bit, remembering that he is my boss and he is offering something nice. It’s his instinct to protect I try to remind myself. It’s his instinct to control. The burning ache between my legs reminds me that wherever it is I’m going, I need to get there fast.

“Fine.” I agree and he visibly relaxes, the darkness in his eyes doesn’t fade but at least he seems less intimidating. I go to crack my neck and stop instantly, sparing a cautious glance in his direction. His hands are in fists and his eyes don’t leave my neck as he grits out, “Let’s go.”

Walking towards the exit, he flings the door open with a crack against the wall. The staff do not try to hide their rapt interest as we walk towards the lift - as far apart from each other as I can manage. Jessika’s eyebrow is hitched and I know I will have a text waiting for me. When the lift opens, Ren snaps at the occupants.

“Get out.” It takes a second but slowly the people file out, bewildered but compliant. If possible, my face adopts a deeper shade of red. We step into the space and when the door closes he moves
towards me. I flatten myself against the wall in an attempt to move away from him.

“I just want to scent you.” He supplies, as if it is the most obvious and not horrific thing in the world.

“What!? Absolutely not.” I sputter, covering my neck with my hands and shooting him what I am sure is a scandalized look.

His brow furrows, “If I don’t then you’ll excite every alpha within a mile of you.” I huff and turn away from him. Instincts or not, he is not scenting me. What the actual fuck. He stands too close the rest of the way down and I shrug off his guiding hand as we approach the vehicle. I can feel his alpha pride bruising, his pheromones surging through me as if they could change my mind. They can’t. He opens the car door and I nearly block the entrance when he tries to follow.

“You’re not coming with me.” I can’t stand how hysterical I sound.

“I most certainly am.” He demands, pressing past my arm and sitting next to me.

“Why!?” I ask as the car door slams and his driver takes off. Ren doesn’t answer, instead he leans over and begins pulling my seatbelt across my chest. I promptly swat his hands away despite the urge to do something else with them entirely.

“I don’t need your help.” My voice is loud in the small space and he backs off until the seatbelt locks. His scent is so powerful it nearly knocks me out cold. Leaning back against the seat, my vision blurs. It feels like I’m drunk and I’m horrified to discover that my hand is reaching for him when I feel his fingers interlock with mine.

“I have to scent you.” He insists. As I try to pull my hand away his grip tightens. In a haze of overwhelming warmth I try to think clearly.

What Would Holdo Do? I smile at that, feeling a small amount of calm return to me. “You don’t have to do anything.” I remind him and he growls.

“You don’t understand. I really have to.” He continues, his face already too close to my neck. “I triggered this, you’re in heat for me. If I don’t it will be worse for us both.” He’s murmuring into me and I wonder if he feels as beside himself as I do.

“No.” I begin to feel feverish. His closeness burns through me and I suddenly need him to fill all the spaces that he isn’t. I twist in my seat, uncomfortable and desperate. I’ve never felt this strongly that I need another person inside me. The thought causes me to shiver with fear.

“Would you just let me help you?” He grinds, “It will make it a bit easier, just let me scent you. Please.” His mouth is at my ear, his hot breath setting me on fire. He’s not wearing a seatbelt, his body finding a way to pretzel around me. His hovering form makes me feel too small in the luxury sedan and my fingers are aching. I realize my hand that isn’t in his iron grip is fisting his shirt so tightly I’m cutting off my own circulation. I let go and run the hand down my leg, which is shaking beneath my touch. This is insane.

“Fine.” I relent for the second time today and his mouth seals over the flesh of my neck so fast I wonder if he even waited for me to answer. Oh. Oh. A hand shifts through my hair, tugging gently to the side to give him better access. His tongue drags over that spot. The spot that begs to be claimed and in this moment I’m in total surrender. He pulls at the fabric of my shirt, exposing my shoulder. His mouth sucks gently on my neck and I feel a blanket of relief. It is as if a question mark in my chest has changed to a period. I moan into his hair, feeling a rush of contentment.

After a moment he nips gently down along the side of my throat, his grip in my hair tightening.
When his mouth lands on the round of my shoulder he bites hard, a thrum of restraint rolling off of him. I stiffen instinctively.

“Don’t worry. I won’t do anything stupid.” He mouths into my flesh. Too late, Ren, this is already stupid. When his tongue drags over the span of my neck again I cannot help the shudder that wrecks through my body. I wasn’t prepared for this.

“That should work for awhile.” He sighs as his back hits the seat beside me. His laboured breathing rivals my own. I get what he means now. I do feel better. I feel less...chaotic. Satiated. I am boneless in the seat when the car pulls to a stop. We both stay still for a moment too long. He eventually sits up and opens the door.

“I’ll come around.” He announces and the door slams. I don’t even bother to open my eyes. I feel the cool air when he opens my door and he releases the seat belt with a deft movement. When his arms score under me, my eyes fly open in time to see him lifting me against his chest. This will absolutely not do.

“Put me down immediately.” I try to demand but it come out like a sigh. He laughs, the bastard, and his grip tightens.

“Not a chance.” He’s so warm. I can’t even control myself as I press my face into him, breathing deeply. Okay, fine, sure. Whatever. You’ve won this round, Ren.

“What floor?” He asks, already fingering my keys.

“Third.” I nuzzle deeper into his chest as if I had plans to merge my face with his shirt. This isn’t my finest moment. When I open my eyes to see where we are I realize we are already in my apartment, heading for my bedroom door. I hope my roommates aren’t home to see this. He places me gingerly on my bed and I whine in protest. In response he presses a hand around my wrist and I sigh. This is not what Holdo would do.

I can hear him breathe deeply and he swears under his breath. “Okay, what will you need?” I lift my head slightly and point to my backpack.

“My laptop should already be in there - just fill it with whatever.” I drop my head to the sheets and he shifts uncomfortably, finally releasing his grip on my wrist.

“You’ve got a very...commanding scent.” He finally spits out, opening my underwear drawer. I smile at the compliment. Commanding. I'm content to lay still and watch him try to maneuver his too-big body around my tiny space. As he picks out a handful of underwear to add to the bag he stops dead and turns to face me.

“You’re a virgin?” He half asks, half states and I can’t place his tone. He doesn’t have the decency to pretend to be embarrassed which annoys me deeply. His body language stiffens as he waits for my answer.

“First of all, how dare you, and secondly yes. Not that it is any of your business.” I don’t take my eyes off of him as he places the bag down and kneels on the edge of the bed. His eyes fall dark and he runs both hands through his hair, cradling his neck.

“I’m not sure I feel comfortable dropping off a virgin omega in heat at a random hotel.” He says softly.

“You don’t have to feel comfortable with it. I feel comfortable with it. Or I can stay here.” He shakes his head.
“No, I don’t like either of those options.” Dick. I roll my eyes and try to sit up only to have a dizzying spin push me back down.

“Don’t try to get up.” His hand wraps around my ankle and pulls me towards him at the edge of the bed. My ears fill with the sound of pleasure and I realize with a healthy amount of shame that the noise came from me.

“We don’t have a lot of time.” He says, looking down at my withering form.

“A lot of time for what?” I ask.

“Before your heat really hits.” His body stalls, his eyes clouding over.

I scoff. “You mean this isn’t it?” The question scares me into stillness. His smile doesn’t reach his eyes.

“No.”

I groan. “I don’t think it can get much worse.” I am desperate to touch myself and soon it won’t matter whether or not I’m alone.

“It will,” he assures me, “and it will be even worse for me.” His face has gone white, his hands gripping my sheets.

“What a self-centered, egotistical, textbook alpha,” I start, “how could this be worse for you?”

“Because you’ve triggered my rut.” My veins tighten.

“Have you gone completely mad?” I nearly scream in his face. “If you knew it was so easy to trigger, WHY would you be around me this much?”

“I am on some pretty strong suppressants…” He trails off, hands sliding to my hips and gripping painfully. His breathing sounds different and I feel a lightning strike of fear. One of us has to be the sane one in this scenario.

“Okay, get off of me.” I demand. When his grip tightens further it pulls a hiss from lips. “Now.” I add, trying my best to ignore the urge to press up into him. He slowly moves back, eyes glossy.

“I don’t remember the last time someone defied me.” His voice is criminally low and I laugh without humour.

“Yeah well, get used to it.” I warn. He growls in protest and I reach for my bag, head spinning. I don’t want Finn or Paige to come into the apartment and see this. Grabbing some soft clothes from my laundry pile I fill the bag. He hasn’t moved from his frozen position against the wall, fists balled, chest rising in uneven spurts.

I pause and try to look at him out of the corner of my eye. “I am willing to stay at the hotel. Alone. If you have any respect for me whatsoever, you’ll agree to do things my way, or no way at all.” My body screams bloody murder at me in protest. Every molecule begs me to touch him, to bury my face in his neck, feel him slowly stretch me as he presses into my core. I am trembling in front of him.

I can see his jaw clench and he artificially relaxes before he answers, “Your way it is, then.”
Firstly, a very big thank you to Levi2225 and reylo-convert for the fic recs on the ole Tumblr! All of the comments/kudos/bookmarks mean a lot to me and you guys have warmed my heart. I love this trope, I’m glad you do too.

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

He agrees to my terms but his body does not.

To get to his vehicle I am all but walking over him, he’s so close to me.

“Would you please back off a bit?” I hiss at him despite the rising heat in my body. He growls and I roll my eyes. My shaking hand begins to open the apartment building door when his long arm emerges from behind me and slams it shut, pressing me hard against the weathered wood. His face nuzzles into the curve of my neck. I swear loudly as his hands grip my waist, his mouth open against my throat.

“You’ve got to get ahold of yourself.” I whisper, my body vibrating between him and the door.

“You’ve got to stop telling me what to do.” He grinds out while his fingers dig into my hips with a painful twist. I can feel how hard he is and the length of him is equally terrifying and alluring. For the love of all that is holy. This is bad.

“Get your fucking hands off of me!” I snap, bumping against him. He groans into my neck but his hands slowly release me.

I turn to face him and my lungs seize in my chest. His face is flushed, hair disheveled. His dark eyes look straight through me as he places his hands against the door at the sides of my face. I don’t look away, my arms crossing over my chest. I can play this game all day, Ren. His eyes flutter over my features, trying to read me. After an eternity his breathing finally reaches a more reasonable tempo and he gingerly removes his hands from the door, immediately running his fingers through his hair as he lets out a deep and defeated breath.

“This isn’t normally how I conduct myself.” He clears his throat. “Can we discuss this further in the car?” His mouth is tight and his body looks like it is caught in an invisible vice. He’s so weird. Like two different people and I can’t say it has anything to do with him being an alpha. I sigh, feeling an unbearable ache inside of me - my fingers twitching to disappear into his freshly smoothed hair with intent of decidedly un-smoothing it.

“Can you please control yourself?” I ask. I fear I should be asking that of myself - his lopsided smirk makes my thighs throb.

“I can only promise that I’ll try.” He doesn’t break our eye contact and after a stifling hot beat I nod, pushing off from the door and turning to open it once again. He manages to get into the vehicle without incident, for which I am deeply grateful. He slides into the seat next to me and doesn’t try to do up my seat belt this time, so I think we might be making progress. His hands run over his legs and
he’s fidgeting - he’s breathing way too deeply - but it is still progress.

“Boss, Hux called for you. Said it was an emergency.” The driver passes a sleek black cell phone into the back of the car and Ren grabs it, dialling a number with muscle memory speed.

“Hux. What is it,” his free hand twists into his pant leg, “why on earth would you do that?” The driver is already speeding away as I try to listen without looking like I’m listening. “It would be in everyone’s best interest to wait.” He glances at me and I can’t help a furious blush that blooms over my cheeks. Ugh, this is the worst. He mumbles something non committal into the phone, his hand drifting towards me. I slap it away and he flinches, shooting me a disgruntled look. Refocusing on the call, he listens impatiently for a brief moment before he interrupts the voice on the other end.

“Enough. I’ve booked my usual suite. She’ll be settled in within the hour. He disconnects the call with a swipe of his thumb and his attention immediately resets on me.

“Can we talk about the plan now?” He asks, moving closer to me.

“What plan? And can you stay on your side of the seat?” He laughs but sits back, eyes dancing.

“We need to have a plan.” He repeats. He relaxes into the leather and the wide span of his legs knock into me. I scoot away from him, the jolt of pleasure silencing me for a minute too long.

“There is no we.” I mutter darkly.

“Hux is bringing someone from legal to the hotel to speak with you. I’ll help you get settled in.”

My eyes are slits as I study his face, “Don’t you think for a second that I don’t know what you’re doing.” He doesn’t flinch, instead his eyes cast a dangerous look in my direction as a darkness settles over his features.

“What is it that you think you know? It may surprise you, but I don’t need to distract you with pretense.”

“All of you alphas are exactly the same. Manipulative, forceful, relentless. I know that you’re thinking I’ll let my guard down. That eventually I’ll just do whatever you want me to. It isn’t going to happen.” He sucks the air in through his teeth at my manifesto and cocks his head to the side.

“What a narrow point of view from someone who professes to be more than their biology.” He tosses the observation out into the space between us and I shake my head.

“I am more than my biology.”

“But no one else is allowed to be?” He shoots me a look as his leg bounces under the stress of his discomfort. I stay quiet. Yes, you’re allowed to be, Ren. I just don’t think you are. When the driver pulls up to the hotel, I laugh. Of course it’s the Ritz-Carlton. Of course it is. The driver exits and bounces into the lobby as I undo my seat belt - I wait a beat before opening the door. His arm reaches across me with a jolt and pulls it closed with a loud thud. That is the second time you’ve closed a door on me, Ren.

“Wait.” He demands. I sit back, my icy glare remaining fixed onto the nothingness in front of me. It takes three painful minutes for the driver to re-enter the car, taking us into the underground parking. After he pulls to a stop, I give Ren a pointed glare.

“Am I allowed to open the door, now?”
“Yes.” He replies, exiting the vehicle without a look back. He meets the driver at the side of the car, for the room key, I assume. I join them and reach for my phone. I can see the notifications piling up and I shove it into my pocket, swallowing hard. I swing my backpack over my shoulder and my skin buzzes at the contact. I shift and try to straighten my back as I wait.

“This way.” He motions with his head and I walk slowly behind him as we approach another lift. This time, when the door closes he remains on the other side of the small space. Good. He flashes the room key over the sensor and presses the top button.

I follow him through the hallway, stopping an arms length behind him when he reaches the hotel door. He steps inside, holding it open for me. I step over the threshold with apprehension.

You’ve got to be shitting me.

The foyer of this place is bigger than my bedroom. I try not to react as I walk through and into the living room. It is massive and the view is gorgeous. Really gorgeous.

“Was this really necessary?” I ask, turning to face him. His face is glued to his phone but he’s still fidgeting.

“Your bedroom is in through the right if you want to get settled.” He dismisses me and heads over to the dining area, sitting in one of the chairs and accepts a call. “Yeah, we’re here.”

I turn towards the bedroom, which by the way is bigger than my entire apartment. It’s almost obnoxious. I drop my backpack off on the bed and saunter into the bathroom. There’s a large tub and I can’t help but feel a bit excited about that. I haven’t had a proper bath in ages. I duck into the toilet and the shower, inspecting everything like it might disappear into a cloud of smoke. It feels like my heartbeat is between my legs and I have a unmistakable urge to find Ren and -

“Rey.” His voice is calm and flat from the doorway. I try not to linger on how his voice exercises the syllable of my name. “Yes?” I reply, coming around the corner.

“They will be here shortly. I strongly recommend given your state that you...let me scent you again before they arrive.” This time the bravado is absent from the low bass of his voice. He’s nervous to ask.

I almost feel bad. Was I too harsh on him earlier? Not possible I quickly remind myself. Not possible. He seems ready to combat my refusal so I shrug, eyes shifting over his features.

“If you think it’s best.” I respond and his whole body alights at my compliance. I wince a little at that. Moving forward I will choose my words more carefully.

He steps towards me, hand twisting into the hair at the back of my neck before his body reaches mine. It sends an impossible shiver through me and my eyes close at the contact. It is different than being in the car - his height means he’s dipping down and lifting me up towards his mouth. When I feel the wet heat against my neck I’m on tip-toe, my hands gripping his shoulders for support. He circles his arm around to pull me flush against him and a restrained sound of pleasure breaks through my throat. His heat soothes my skin but it feels too...good. Way too good.

His teeth nip below my ear and I gasp, my body jerking against him. The grunt of satisfaction it pulls from him is like electricity in my veins. His shallow bites continue down, over my collar bone and back up to my jaw. He sucks hard over my neck and I feel the a rush of warmth between my legs. I press my hands against his chest to pry myself away but he pulls me tighter, his teeth sinking in a little too close for comfort.
“Okay, okay. Wait.” I whisper. I’m drenched, I know it. He definitely knows it from the way he presses harder against me. This is such a humiliating process. I remind myself of all of the “pointless” evolutionary quirks living species have developed over time. Holdo once gave a talk on evolution and how humans no longer benefit the way they once did from things like wisdom teeth and goosebumps - but it is part of the human experience all the same. Scientists say that goosebumps aren’t for nothing, however. They are good indicators of emotional response. If you get scared or listen to a piece of particularly moving music...goosebumps. Even things we have “grown out” of still have meaning, even if the meaning changes. I try to find solace in that while his mouth makes me feel like I’m collapsing into the ether but it doesn’t come easy.

Ren either doesn’t hear me or doesn’t want to hear me. He shifts so that my back is against the wall as he pins me in place with his hips, pulling my legs around him. The grind and weight of his body nearly makes me scream. I swear, gasping against his immovable grip and painful bite. When he shifts to press his length against me I see stars. It feel like a punch to the lungs, the way I struggle to breathe around his touch.

“Ren.” I warn, the friction of him between my legs burns with satisfaction. “Just wait, please.” He slows, mouthing and nipping at me as he lets my legs slide back down. My body shakes horrifically at the movement and the loss of his weight. I lean against the wall to stop myself from falling, his hands pulling away from me carefully. His cell phone buzzes and he presses his hand around my shoulder. I look up at him, his lips bruised and eyes dark.

“They’re here. I’ll give you a moment.” He walks towards the door, adjusting himself as he goes. He hesitates at the door frame before looking back. Whatever he wants to say he doesn’t. He closes the door softly and I am left alone in a massive room with soaked underwear. His mouth leaves me feeling drowsy and my limbs feel like I’m moving in jello. After a minute I let out a shaky breath, grabbing my bag and heading towards the bathroom.

I slowly open the door after a ice cold shower and a change of clothes. The moment I step out Ren’s outline fills my line of sight and his scent fills my lungs. I feel a pooling of want and warmth and that is enough for me to look away. It takes less than a minute for me to realize why Ren asked to scent me again.

There are six alphas staring at me as I walk towards the sofa. Their eyes linger and I suddenly feel a wave of fear. My worst-case-scenarios begin to take shape as Ren steps in front of me. So much for someone from legal joining us.

“These are my lawyers. I don’t know why all six of them needed to come.” He sends a weighted look to the side of the room and that is when I notice Hux. Okay, six alphas and Hux.

“Considering the way you left the office, yes, I think we needed the whole team here.” Hux’s pinched face nearly causes me to laugh outright. One of the taller lawyers stands next to Ren, eyes fixed on me.

“I just have a few questions to get started. Are you planning on using this encounter to later blackmail or otherwise extort Mr. Ren?” His face is devoid of emotion.

“What?” I ask, huffing a little at the accusation and looking around the room to make sure this isn’t a joke. “No.”
“Do you intend to mislead Mr. Ren in terms of your use of birth control, suppressants, engagement with other alphas or past sexual history?” I am too angry to feel embarrassed.

“No.” I spit. The other lawyers are typing furiously, pulling paper out of briefcases and discussing things amongst themselves. That’s when I recognize them. The media had a field day calling them the “Knights of Ren” - largely in part for their medieval slaughter of any one and any thing that stood in Ren’s way.

“Is this really necessary?” I whisper to Ren, who leans against the wall, eyes already on me with a hungry expression.

Hux pops into view, his creased forehead and bulging veins cause me to step back. “It is absolutely necessary! I won’t have Ren’s carelessness be the reason we get dragged into a sexual harassment suit.” He eyes me like I am a bug to be swatted and I shoot a glance back at Ren who doesn’t seem to be phased by any of this.

“We just need you to sign this non-disclosure agreement, a workplace relationship declaration form and this waiver absolving Ren and Ren Industries of any liability.” The tall alpha explains. Now I really do laugh.

“You’ve all lost your minds if you think I am signing any one of those things.” The alpha looks to Ren, who still hasn’t released me from his gaze.

“Ren.” He prompts. When he receives no response, the lawyer steps forward. “Ren.” he repeats.

“What?” Ren snaps, refusing to look away from me.

“What?” Ren snaps, refusing to look away from me.

“She needs to sign the documentation!” Hux snaps as he paces around the hotel.

“I heard them the first time, Armitage.”

Ren lifts off the wall, stepping towards me. “I know you don’t want to hear this, but with these other alphas near you, it takes every ounce of my willpower not to sheath myself inside of you and claim you in front of each and every one of them,” his volume lowers as he stands an inch from me, “I won’t claim you, until you ask me to. But you will ask me to.”

“Ren!” Hux explodes.

“I really must advise you not to use that type of verbiage until she’s signed the documentation.” One of the lawyers coolly supply.

“Everyone needs to get the fuck out.” Ren growls, his hand reaching for my neck. The same lawyer tuts, motioning to the crew that it is their cue to leave with a swift circle motion of his finger. They begin packing up and Hux places his head in his hand.

I can’t stop the way my body responds to him. It feels like I am running for my life - I can’t catch my breath and my limbs are numb. Ren’s authority and dominance over the other alphas is nearly tangible. It feels like I can taste him in the air and is makes my mouth water with need. My core clenches and I feel so desperately and completely empty.

“I cannot believe you’d say that to me.” I say aloud, but it is less than a whisper. The smirk that splits his face makes me feel delirious. His hand is tight at the back of my head, fingers weaving in my hair as he grinds out my name.

“I might be experiencing a bit of an alpha-high right now, but don’t let me convince you later that I
didn’t mean every word of it.”

“That’s enough.” Hux expels, grabbing his coat. The lawyers place three separate stacks of paper on the dining room table and head towards the door.

“Have her sign the damned papers, Ren.” The tall lawyer shakes his head as they file out of the room. Our breathing goes from indistinguishable to deafening as the door finally closes shut and we are alone.

Regaining a sliver of composure I brace my hands on his chest, trying to push him further away but the action spurs him on. He leans into it and I feel the rumble in his chest before I hear it. I shiver, my head lowering. I don’t know him. He doesn’t know me. No matter what it feels like, it isn’t real.

“Ren, stop,” I whisper, pushing away from him, “we need to talk.” He stiffens under my touch and lets out a low breath.

“Famous last words.”

Chapter End Notes

Thank you for reading and sticking with me! If you’re bored, please come say hi to me onTumblr!! feel free to fill my ask box, I recently cancelled a Tinder date to stay home and eat cheese, so that is where I’m at in terms of free time.
Now that we are alone in the hotel room, his breathing softens against me. The grip his alpha-blueprint has over his disposition loosens and I can feel him find himself, regaining balance and his senses.

I try to take stock of my current situation. Ren smells phenomenal - that’s annoying but unavoidable. The authority and control he emanates is like an invisible noose that tightens around me unexpectedly and with incredible force. I feel itchy all over and far too warm to be comfortable. I pull gently on the neck of my t-shirt, feeling like it is trying to choke me to death.

“You have to agree, this cannot continue.” I start, trying to press out of his grip around me.

“I don’t have to agree, actually.” He replies, his head ducking to give his mouth access to my neck. I groan out of frustration and lean all of my weight into pushing out of his embrace.

“Would you let go?” I snap and he abruptly releases me - I feel myself flying backwards until his hand catches my arm, pulling me upright in front of him.

“Sorry, I didn’t mean to -” He starts, eyes wide.

“Listen, Ren. You’re making this a lot more complicated than it has to be. I only agreed to come here because...I thought it would make things easier, but we can’t stay in the same space together. We just can’t.” I feel a frenzy of neurons buzzing in my brain and I sigh, stepping further away from him and nearly ripping my shirt off in desperation. I scratch at my neck, and I feel my face getting hot.

“So no part of you thinks it is worth exploring this...connection?” He asks quietly, motioning to the space between us.

“There isn’t a connection to explore! It is an archaic and biologically redundant artifact from our ancestors.” I spit. When I look up he looks pained.

“You can deny the rationality and the necessity, but you cannot deny that it exists.” His voice is low and it scrapes against my bones. I find myself leaning towards him to catch a deeper drag of his scent when I stop myself, legs aching.

“I have never experienced anything this overwhelming before. Don’t you feel even the slightest bit curious?” He continues, shoulders falling under my gaze. I can hear the blood rushing past my eardrums and I swallow.

“I don’t know,” I start, pushing back my hair and sucking in a deep breath, “if I would call this curiosity.” The painful emptiness at my core pulses and my vision goes dim as another wave of blistering heat flows through me. I gasp and promptly fall to my knees. I feel him kneel slowly in front of me, my eyes close with a painful squeeze.

“What is happening to me?” I ask quietly and I hate how scared I sound. It feels like I am burning from the inside out. “I’m so hot.” I choke out and I feel his arms wrap around my ribs, pulling me up into his chest. His body is as hot if not hotter than my own. I hiss at the overwhelming sensation. With a swift movement he collects my legs and I am being carried into the bedroom.
“Wait.” I protest from the bunched layers of his shirt, where I have presently buried my face.

“We are just going to cool down, that’s all.” He mumbles and when he gently deposits me on the cool tile of the bathroom floor I press my cheek into it with a sharp breath of relief. The sound of the bathtub faucet is like thunder in my ears and I slowly press away from the floor, sitting myself against the tub.

“What are you doing?”

“Running us a cold bath. It will help.” He assures and I glance up at him, sitting gingerly on the rim of the tub. He runs his fingers through the water to test the temperature.

“Us?”

“I am afraid you might drown otherwise. And there is plenty of room.” He moves to pull me into a standing position and I brace myself on his chest, my face pressing into him on its own accord. I have to stop doing this.

I feel him pull at the hem of my shirt as if to remove it and I pull it down, stepping back. “I’m not taking off my clothes.” My voice is shaky and it sounds like a question.

“Okay, suit yourself.” He goes to remove his own shirt and I pull it down with more strength than I thought I had.

“You’re not taking your clothes off either!” I gasp, horrified that not only am I in this situation but I am reacting as childishly as possible. This heat is making me crazy.

“Okay, clothes on.” He concedes.

He gives me a once over before he slowly and very pointedly steps fully clothed into the tub. He extends his hand to mine, offering to help me in and after a very long second, I take it. Shit shit shit. I step in and immediately sigh at the ice cold pool of water around my ankles. The relief is instant.

“Oh.” Is all I can say as he turns my body so that my back is to him, his mouth at my ear.

“I’m going to sit down. When you’re ready, you can sit down too.” He lowers himself into the tub, his long legs arching as he sits back, leaving room for me to get comfortable between his legs. I can’t believe he got into the tub with his clothes on. I can’t believe I got into the tub with my clothes on. I sit down carefully, taking every measure to sit far enough ahead that when my bum hits the water I am not touching him. He relaxes and gives me a beat to acclimatize. The water feels like heaven itself between my legs and I moan, not caring in the slightest about how weird this is. He huffs and pulls me back against him, leaning me against his chest.

“Hey!” I start, but he cups some water and lets it fall over my burning neck so instead of arguing, I shiver against him.

“Can this be our compromise?” He asks and I pause against him. I breathe deep and every molecule is him and it feel so achingly perfect and frustratingly right. I am a fully evolved adult, I can compromise. I can try to compromise, I correct myself.

I nod as another handful of water runs down my neck. As the tub fills, I feel less and less crazed. The water is cold enough to make me shiver, but he’s warm enough that I feel...comfortable.

I can feel how painfully hard he is behind me, despite the ice water and I feel a flash of empathy. His body is a slave to this as much as mine is. I relax a bit against him when he turns the faucet off with
his foot, an arm coming around me and holding me lightly against him. Compromise, I remind myself. When his voice cuts through the silence it sounds infinitely deep as it echoes around the bathroom.

“Can I ask - how have you never experienced a heat before?” I breathe in and close my eyes.

“Well...when I first presented I went straight to the doctors and started taking suppressants. And it didn’t develop into anything that first time and I haven’t had any issues since...until now.” He shifts slightly and I take in the reassuring scent that fills my lungs.

“So you never had any breakthrough heats before? Never met an alpha you had chemistry with?” He asks the questions like any person would, but I find it hard to articulate.

“To be honest I haven’t really given anyone...or myself the opportunity. This shouldn’t even be happening.” I confess. I can’t help the rush of guilt I feel. What would Luke say if he knew I was laying in a tub with his Satanic Nephew? After everything he’s done for me? Oh my god. I haven’t even had a chance to think about him, or anyone, since this insanity started. I press my head back into Ren and I relax when cold water trickles down the side of my face.

“If it makes you feel any better I wasn’t trying to make this happen either.”

“I know.” I relent and hope he knows that my frustration is only mostly because of him. The chill from the water eliminates any discomfort I would have felt from my soaking wet clothes. The tub is deep enough that the water comes to my shoulders and I feel for the first time like I am not going to hump any and all objects around me.

“Why did you decide to come to New York?” He asks, not knowing how impossibly difficult that is to answer with honesty. I decide to reply as truthfully as I can without explaining my life before.

“I didn’t have anything keeping me there.” I respond simply. My voice sounds odd and distant in the bathroom and I clear my throat. He doesn’t push it and for that I am grateful.

“Why did you takeover Luke’s company?” I blurt out and he huffs behind me. “Sorry, that’s awful to ask - you don’t have to answer.” I hastily backtrack but he is quick to respond.

“Short version is that we hadn’t seen eye to eye in a long time. And this was payback.” I offer a curt nod, remembering what Luke had told me about it. How it had formed my first impression of the Guardian of the Seventh Layer of Hell. Sitting in a cold tub of water with him really takes the bite out of his bark though.

“So what did you do?” he asks, his grip around me tightening ever so slightly, “to get Luke’s attention?”

I smile a little at that. “Not something terribly legal, I’m afraid.” He laughs lightly.

“Tell me.” It is a request, not a demand.

“I wrote a script that captured personal details from a person’s computer if they visited a specific hate page popular in the U.K. Once I had enough data I could breakthrough their security and firewalls on whatever computer they accessed the site from. Everything would have been fine except someone from parliament visited, so...I essentially hacked the Queen.” I feel him press back behind me.

“That was you?” He asked bewildered.
“I didn’t intend for it to go as far as it did and I never used the information. I was just curious if I could and they seemed like the least innocent group to test the theory on.”

“I remember hearing about a parliament member’s computer being hacked into - they never caught you?” He asks and I can’t help the swell of pride in my chest at how...impressed he sounds.

“Not by the authorities. But your Uncle,” I pause, regretting my word choice, “but Luke found something in my digital footprint that implicated an IP address at my school. He flew all the way out to London and held an “investigatory” coding contest in the hopes the person responsible would sign up and that he would recognize their work. I did and he knew it was me before the end of day two.” Ren laughs at that, his hand running over his mouth.

“Then what?” He asks, his grip remaining around me but it isn’t uncomfortable.

“Then he offered me a job after graduation. A few months later New York was my new home.” It feels strange to explain it so simply and my face hurts from smiling so wide at the memories. Letting my head drop to the side against his chest I look out the giant window and sigh at the view.

“What about your family?” He asks and I feel my smile fade.

“I don’t really...have a family.” I admit, surprised at how easily I would give up something to personal and still-raw. He doesn’t speak aloud but I feel him nod and swear I can hear his thoughts reply, “Me neither.”

I watch the lights dance outside, evening falling over the skyline. I hate to admit it, but I really do feel better. My body has chilled out, literally and figuratively. Breathing in his scent and feeling his touch...is calming. For the first time today I feel like it might be okay, even if it wasn’t what I wanted.

“There’s a second bedroom here,” Ren badly transitions, reflexively holding me in place when I start at his confession, “and I want you to consider letting me stay there tonight.” He finishes in a rush and I can feel myself already shaking my head no.

How massive is this place that I didn’t even notice an entire bedroom? I go to reply when the words get caught in my throat. I don’t want him to stay but I am worried that if he leaves, it will be worse. At least my traitorous hormones are satiated being in his proximity. When I do reply, I can hear the exhaustion in my voice.

“I’m too hungry to think straight.”

“Oh. Well that’s easy enough to fix.” He lifts over the edge of the tub to grab his cell phone. “What do you want to eat?”

It feels like I could annihilate a buffet.

“Mashed potatoes and pastries.” I blurt out without thinking. He makes a noise of surprise but I don’t feel the need to explain myself. Comfort food is comfort food. When I don’t say anything further he begins dialing.

“Alright, then. Mashed potatoes and pastries it is.”

If you didn’t know him, you’d think he was just a no-nonsense and polite individual by the way he orders the food. He gets himself a ridiculously large amount of prime rib, “In case you want to share and eat something of substance,” he murmurs to me and adds an order of fruit for good measure.
My stomach rejoices and I feel a pang of loss when Ren moves behind me.

“I’m going to change, you don’t have to get out if you don’t want to.” Oh. I lean forward to let him move and the water drops significantly in the tub when he steps out. I don’t think I am ready to leave the safety of the cold water. As if sensing my thoughts, he turns the water back on, refilling the tub. I slowly move back, pressing my back against the tub and drawing my knees up to my chest when I catch his eyes.

Nothing could rob him of the perpetual glint he’s had since we got here, but his features are soft.

“I take it that means you were presumptuous enough to bring a change of clothes?” I can’t help but ask. His lips quirk.

“Presumptuous or prepared?” He shoots back and I can’t stop the slight, very slight, smile that ghosts over my lips.

“Hux brought me my overnight bag, but it was strictly a precaution.” He adds, water pooling at his feet.

“Mmmhmm.” I respond, eyes falling shut as freezing water envelops me. He turns off the tap and runs his hands through his hair.

“Give me a minute, I’ll be back.” He assures and even as he walks out the door, his scent swirls around me in the tub.

It isn’t easy for me to admit, but the difference is nearly instant - I miss the warmth of his touch and the closeness of him. I frown, forcing myself to focus on the world outside the window. No wonder omegas use words like magnetized, primal, and uncompromising when they describe heats. I thought maybe it was an exaggeration or purple prose.

The reality is that those words don’t even begin to describe the emptiness and ache I feel without him. Or the unmistakable relief and satiation I feel at his hands. It causes a pulse of worry to flood my veins.

“Food is here.” He pops into the bathroom and brings over a large fluffy towel. I unplug the tub and stand, not bothering to argue when he wraps it around me.

“Take your time, I’ll see you out there when you're ready.” His eyes are too raw and I drop my gaze, nodding lightly.

“Okay. Thanks.” He lingers for a second before closing the bedroom door behind him as he leaves.

When I emerge from the bedroom he’s seated at the dining room table, which is filled with food. He’s expression reveals nothing, but I feel him on me as I walk towards him and the food. The documents that the lawyers left behind are nowhere to be seen.

“Did you...you didn’t have to wait for me.” I sputter, noticing his untouched food. He placed the large bowl of mashed potatoes at the seat to his right and I see the kitchen took his request for “an assortment of pastries,” quite literally. There is enough for a family of six and includes danishes, muffins, mini cakes, and croissants. I can feel my eyes dance with excitement.
“How are you feeling?” He asks softly, picking up his knife and fork.

“Better now,” I proclaim happily, grabbing a danish and biting into the flaky crust, “I think the ice bath helped.” I add, shooting a glance in his direction. His eyes are alight with satisfaction - no doubt caused by the fact I’ve let him help me. I don’t let the thought bother me as I take a spoonful of the most delicious potatoes I’ve ever had in my life and chase it down with a bite of a pink and sparkling cake square. I watch his nose crinkle, a small huff of laughter escaping him.

“How do you always eat like this?”

“What is it?” I ask around a mouthful of cake and potato.

“That cannot be a good combination.” He speaks with all of the snootiness and arrogance you’d expect from someone who is used to having their food pairings selected for them. When I swallow I do my best to remain cordial.

“You don’t know what you’re missing.” I smile and pop another spoonful into my mouth. His plate looks pretty good - prime rib paired with roasted pear and yam finished off with an assortment of beets and arugula. But have you ever had a scoop of buttery mash on a croissant base? Then you haven’t lived.

He shakes his head and motions to his plate, “Are you sure I can’t convince you to have some?” I roll my eyes.

“One bite.” I agree and when he loads up a delicious looking bite he hesitates as if I would eat it off of his fork directly. Thankfully, he thinks better and passes me the utensil. I bite slowly.

“God dammit, it is good. Really good.

I purse my lips and try not to let the sheer pleasure I feel reveal itself on my face.

Swallowing, I don’t meet his eyes when I concede, “That is phenomenal,” and then more quietly, “doesn’t beat a potato topped blueberry muffin though.” He laughs outright and it is contagious enough to make me laugh too.

When we finally finish eating I lean back in my chair, utterly spent. Cracking my eye open I see him in a similar state. They don’t warn you enough about how exhausting this can be. He motions to a large glass of water in front of me.

“You can become dehydrated easily, don’t stop drinking water.” Right. I had forgotten all about that. I take a large gulp as confirmation and cover a yawn with my hand, eyes closing.

“Rey.” His voice cuts through me to the bone and my eyes fly open.

“Yes?”

“You haven’t answered me.”

“About what?” I ask as the drowsiness seeps into my voice.

“Can I stay here tonight?” His eyes are too heavy and I look away from him, sighing against the chair. I already know what my answer is and I’ve known since the first time he asked.

“Yes.” I rush the word out as if it that would make it less damning. He squares his shoulders and I swear I hear him mutter “good” under his breath so I am quick to follow up with a pointed look.
“Do not make me regret agreeing to this.” I warn but his face doesn’t shift from the satisfied smirk that has taken over. I’m too tired to push my point any further.

“I think I need to sleep.” I say, the exhaustion in my voice masks the thrill in my veins knowing he will be nearby.

He nods tightly. “My room is just to the right,” he motions behind him, “so you know where to find me.” I shake my head and push my chair out from the table before tucking it back in. I shouldn’t just leave him with the mess but it feels like my limbs are made of lead.

“Goodnight, Ren.” I mutter over my shoulder as I walk to my room. When I reach the door I pause and turn to look back, his eyes already on me.

“You won’t come into my room without permission?” I ask, but it isn’t a question.

“Not without permission.” He echoes and I nod, his confirmation enough for my tired brain as I close the door quietly behind me and fall gracelessly onto the giant king size bed. I don’t even have time to enjoy the luxury of it before I succumb to a deep and dreamless sleep.

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I wake with a sudden and alarming jolt. I must have been asleep for a few hours because it is pitch black outside.

My heart is hammering hard against my chest and I cannot seem to catch my breath. I sit up, nearly gasping at the pain inside me. It feels like a cramp, amplified by a neediness that I have never felt before. My underwear is soaked and when I go to stand the movement causes me to swear into the displaced moonlight of the room.

Leaning on the bed for support, I let my legs gain strength on the floor beneath me. I tentatively press a hand into my underwear and I whimper at the touch. I need him. I need him now. It feels like a fever and a chill all at once. I can feel my heartbeat throb through my limbs and I gasp, the desire spiraling out of my core into my fingertips. My mind stops processing and instead all I can hear, think or see is Kylo Ren.

This is the worst kind of tunnel vision. Nearly crying out, I walk towards my door. The friction it causes between my legs nearly causes me to double over. Staring at the doorknob my hands shake, eyes wide with fear at my own actions. What good can come from this? I fling the door open before I can talk myself out of it.

I stop dead in my tracks and digest the sight in front of me.

Arms braced on the other side of the door frame, face creased with desire and restraint is the Devil Himself.

Chapter End Notes

Thank you so much for all the love and support you've given this little story! I would love to hear what you think about the latest installment <3
Please come visit me on Tumblr if you have some time to kill.
Chapter 6

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

The light in the hotel is muted and his skin glows in the limited light from the city beyond the windows. For a moment all I can do is stare at him and his clenching form. His veins are engorged under his skin, face flushed and eyes darker than black. The aching emptiness inside of me shoots up into my lungs at the sight of him - I’m so desperate to reach out and touch his burning skin as I struggle to breathe. I have lost all semblance of control.

I want to tell him that I can’t stand to be without him inside of me for another second. That I’m horrified and I want to leave this hotel and bury myself into the sand for all eternity. That I’m scared and I want him to tell me I’m not alone. I feel my mouth open but no words make it past the barrier in my brain that begs for him and begs for me to run from him in equal measure.

“Please tell me what to do.” He grinds out. Chest heaving, he doesn’t release the door frame and I tentatively step towards him. His heavy eyes fall between my legs and my face burns. I hear the implicit question, “please tell me what I am allowed to do,” and I cannot stop the flood of fear in my chest because I have no idea.

“I don’t know.” I gasp, fingers twitching to touch him. My skin hisses, “why hasn’t he touched me yet?” I step closer, his overwhelming scent deeper and richer with each breath. I feel unbearably empty. Faced in front of him, it is as if my body knows that it is him and no one else that can absolve the horrible ache inside of me. I realize I have been clutching my stomach, afraid to do anything else.

“You smell horrifically good.” He says with a choked exhale.

Whatever ancient, backwards evolution that lingers in my DNA bubbles up through my veins and screams at me to kneel in front of him, beg him to let me please him in any way he’ll allow. It’s frightening, how wholly I want to submit to him. Every second that passes without his touch is torture and something clicks in my brain. I get why people talk about this like an eventuality, not a possibility. I am scared to admit that I am having trouble picturing a future in this moment that doesn’t include Kylo Ren. His gaze burns over me and I feel light headed.

“Can we,” I start, my voice unrecognizable, “please just go slow?” His eyes pin my own, a flash of relief colouring his features.

“Yes.” He breathes, very carefully removing his hands from the door frame. When he stays frozen in place I feel my muscles contract. What is he waiting for?

“You can touch me.” I clarify with more than a little apprehension and he moves instantly. His hands pull me flush against him and it is instant heat. I cannot stop the whimper that leaves my lips although I don’t get a chance to feel embarrassed because he’s snarling, a hand disappearing into my hair as his mouth hovers over my neck. His free arm circles low around my waist, holding me tight against his hips. I press into him, my arms encircling him with equal urgency.

His mouth runs a trail of biting licks over my neck and I press my body up into him, needing a closeness that clothes can’t provide. He swears, grip tightening into a painful vice and the neurons of my ape-brain ignite with yes, yes, yesyesyes. He must sense the boneless and electric mass of flesh I’ve become, because he gently moves us out of the door frame and against the wall, the weight of him keeping me upright.
It is addictive, the way his touch sets me on fire and my body doesn’t care how pathetic it is - I lean into him, pulling at the thin material of his shirt and clawing at his shoulders, unable to articulate with words how badly I need him. As I shiver against him I begin to feel a surge of frustration. His touch feels retrained and I arch into him further, needing to feel him at my core.

“Why aren’t you…” I trail off, not able to form the words. He groans into my neck, his grip tightening.

“I want to.” His voice is low and heavy as he presses me harder into the wall. “In a few days you might feel differently. Then what will you think of me?” His mouth moves against the skin of my throat and I nearly scream because he might be right but I don’t care. If he doesn’t touch me this instant I will explode. My mind flashes to the paperwork and advice he promptly ignored from his lawyers. Who needs a team of cock blockers when he’s doing the work for them?

“I just… I can’t take this distance.” I whine into the air of the room. “Can I touch you?” I ask quietly and he shudders against me. I can hear him thinking - weighing his options.

“Yes.” He says it like he’s betraying himself and I try not to immediately grab at him out of fear it will make him change his mind.

I very slowly palm him through the fabric of his pajama pants and he jerks at my touch. I can’t stop the moan that splits my throat. He’s so big. And achingly hard. The only thing my brain can compute is getting him inside of me without delay. My legs shake as I contract, anticipating the fullness that will spread through my muscles as he enters me, inch by inch. I move over him with a bit more pressure, my fingers circling around him as I drag my hand down his cock. He swears, pushing me back against the wall by my shoulders and pushing himself away from me as he does so. At arm’s length, I can see the dark heat in his eyes and it makes me shudder.

“You were right. I shouldn’t have stayed here.” He pants, eyes falling to my neck.

“Why?” I ask, uncaring at how hurt my voice sounds. The sane part of me screams, *why are you developing common sense now?*

“It’s never been so overwhelming. I thought I would have more control,” he admits, fingers digging into my shoulders, “but I don’t.” He looks up at me and the feral sureness behind his eyes nearly collapses my lungs. *Yes, please. Go with your gut, Ren.* I don’t want to appear too eager so I try to still my fluttering heart, my breathing erratic at best. Oh how the tables have turned. I nearly laugh from the irony.

“I don’t want you to control yourself.” I whisper, my chest thrumming beneath his touch. He closes his eyes.

“I have really fucked up.” He balks, his face stricken and white. It makes the dark flow of his hair contrast with even sharper definition against his skin and it makes my chest seize. Whatever the reason, the way I feel is unavoidable. Unmistakable.

“Even if I didn’t want you,” I continue, my voice catching, “I need you.” I explain, hoping he will put us both out of our misery as my eyes close in shame. I can hardly believe the words coming out of my mouth.

“And later?” He asks, as if the words cause him physical pain. “Later, when you regret it, what will I be able to do to fix it?” He is thinking ahead in a way my narrowing focus cannot relate to. His tone is almost pleading and I feel my patience snap.
“I don’t understand,” I spit, unable to stop how cross my voice sounds, “you were the one that orchestrated this entire situation. You wanted this. What changed your mind?” I feel my chest flood with ice and fear. Why won’t he fix this? Why is he rejecting me?

“You did. You changed my mind.” I lean my head back in agony against the wall with a loud thud.

“Well, I feel differently now.” I answer through gritted teeth. He laughs and I clench my legs together, the deep echoing boom of his voice making me shake. I want his voice in my ear, low and breathy as he heals this boiling ache within my body.

“Well...I feel differently now too.” He counters and my eyes snap open. I can hear my words pulsing at the back of my throat and I am horrified as they spill out, my voice harsh and primal.

“What kind of alpha would deny his omega?” The words are still on my lips when his crushing weight slams me into the wall, his hand gripping too tightly on my hips as he grinds himself against my ultra sensitive and soaked center.

“Who do you think you’re talking to?” He spits into my ear and I’m moaning at the contact, pressing back and gasping with relief at the hardness that meets my every movement.

“Make no mistake. When I take you it will feel like you’re being split in half around me. I’m going to feel every pulse of your pleasure over my cock as I knot you. You’ll crave having my come spill out of you for as long as you breathe.” I can feel the truth of his promise throb between my legs, hitching myself against him as I feel the heavy thrum of completion race towards my center.

“But to answer your question,” he continues, “I am the kind of alpha that will wait until his omega is truly ready for him.”

Oh fuck. I can’t tell if it is the pressure between my legs or his impossibly strong and unrelenting voice that does it, but he shifts his hips and I’m pushed over the edge. I feel my walls clench around his phantom cock, fluttering as I come against the fabric between us. I gasp, biting my lips as if I could stop the unmistakable sound of my release from filling the room. His mouth finds my throat and a low growl floats from his chest. His body vibrates, his cock twitching between us. He grips me tighter, his low whisper disappearing into my hair and I can’t make out what he’s saying over the rush of my blood through my skull.

As I feel myself come back to reality I’m immediately disturbed to find that getting off did nothing to abate the heat between my legs. If anything I need him even more, the emptiness more pronounced and encompassing. It is as if my body knows it is being cheated.

“Please,” I beg, foregoing any semblance of pride, “I’m ready, I promise. Please.” I move my hips against his hair, crying out at how right it feels.

“I can’t.” He breathes and I nearly scream out of frustration. “I want to give you what you need. But I don’t want you to cross a line with me that you aren’t ready to cross.” His voice soothes and I feel him take my hand, his fingers pressing between mine. The gesture is reassuring and I find myself breathing in deep, his scent washing over me. God damn it, Ren.

My body is still twitching for him and I arch my back into his hips, feeling a sick type of relief when he groans against my touch. The biological confidence I don’t deserve to feel rushes up to the surface again. Releasing his fingers, I pull his hand in between my legs.

“Can this be our compromise?” I ask quietly, trying to replicate the hopeful sureness of his question to me in the bathtub.
He hisses and pulls away enough to look me in the eyes. “You are making this hard for me.” He sighs with wounded authority and I cannot help the smile that slips over my features.

“You’re making it hard on yourself.” I correct and I’m rolling myself into his hand, trapping it between our bodies and shaking from how good it feels. He pulls my legs around his waist and I don’t care about the string of nonsensical praise that tumbles out of my pathetic mouth. He walks us in through the bedroom and I let out a guttural cry when he steps into the shower, hands pulling away from my legs as if to set them down. I grip around his hips tighter with my legs, not needing his support.

“What are you doing?” I groan and he abruptly turns on the water, a sudden sheet of ice coats my back. I yelp at the betrayal.

“Don’t worry, I’m going to take care of you,” his timbre fills the frozen shower, “but I need to come down a bit.” My chest lifts at his words and I pull back enough to look him in the eyes, his face becoming wet from the shower. He presses my back against the wall and I sigh.

“Put your legs down.” He commands and I feel myself shoot him a look of distrust.

“You want to compromise? Start compromising.” His tone sends a sharp jolt through my body and I release my hold, legs finding their footing on the floor beneath us.

“Good.” He whispers, taking me roughly by the hips and turning me so that I face the wall. A small gasp escapes me and I am just out of the water’s reach, but freezing cold mist floats over me, cooling my skin. With a sharp tug, he pulls my pants down just above my knees in a fluid movement. Any self consciousness or doubt is erased by his hand - he presses a finger gently at my entrance.

“No matter what, it’s fingers only.” It sounds like his declaration is more to remind him than to warn me. He presses his long, perfect finger past my drenched folds and my vision tunnels it feels so good. He is swearing behind me as I adjust to him. I can feel myself fluttering around him and I press back, desperate to feel him deeper.

“You...are so fucking tight.” He spits into my ear, grabbing a fistful of my hair and tilting my face so he can press a feather light kiss on my cheek.

“Please.” I choke out, finally feeling relief now that at least a part of him is inside me. He moves agonizingly slow, testing his pressure as I moan into the tiles. I can feel how wet I am, his finger sliding in and out of me and it makes my breath catch over and over-

“Please...I need more.” What I want to say is, I need you. I need you knot in me, I need your cock to fill me to the brim and never pull out. But I remember our compromise and when I feel a second finger press into me, I cry out at the sting of it.

“Do you need me to stop?” He asks, holding still.

“No, please don’t.” I whisper and he begins to move, his fingers pressing in and out of me in a maddening rhythm. His grip on me is tight and his sound of pleasure fills the bathroom as I clench around him. Fuck this feels right.

“Tell me how you like it.” He asks and my mind is so blank. How do I like it? I groan at his increasing speed and my hands clutch at the slippery surface of the tile.

“Tell me, omega.” This time it is an order and I can feel it in my toes.

“Harder.” I struggle to get the word out around my uneven drags of air. He listens, for once, and uses
his elegant digits like he should - pressing harder and faster into me with enough force that I bump into the wall with every thrust and a delicious sound gains volume between us.

I can’t explain the blooming need to touch him, only that it feels suffocating to have my face against the cool tile and not against his burning flesh. I reach back behind me, grasping blindly at his pants and tugging at them in vain.

He laughs, grasping my hand and placing it above my head, his body moving against me and flattening me against the wall.

“I’m not,” I huff with frustration, “I just wanted to feel you.” My confession sounds pathetic in my ears, but he delights in it. His fingers move deeper inside me, his face close to my own as I writhe against both him and the wall. I can feel the stubble of his chin at my temple and I shudder, the rumble in his chest is like a spell. I want to appease him, I want him to make that sound forever, I want to satisfy his every desire - my thoughts stop short as his voice fills my head.

“Are you saying you can’t feel me now?” He asks with put-on innocence. His free hand snakes around my hips and presses into my bundle of nerves without warning. My hips jerk and I see white. Oh god I can’t take it. I bite back his name on my lips - my body might agree to this vulnerability but I do not. Not yet. The deep press of his fingers begins to build a wall of pressure and I can feel myself twitching against his hand, working in a deliberate and steady pattern.

“Tell me when you come for me.” His voice feels like a puppet string and I have to fight myself to stop from agreeing immediately. I can feel him smile against my face as if he can hear me resist.

“Tell your alpha when you come for him, omega.” His dominance has a directly line to my body, which responds instantly.

I feel myself clenching around him, the pressure inside me blooming out and I gasp for a ragged breath as I barely whisper, “I’m coming,” before I lose myself around his fingers. The unparalleled explosion of satisfaction pulses through me until my fingertips burn with the pleasure of it. Light and sound are scattered around me as I let waves of relief flood my veins, my breathy moans echo as the haze clears and the burst of completion settles into my bones and all I sense is him.

I press my forehead against the tile, breathing hard as my body begins to shake. It has never felt quite like that before. His fingers leave my too-sensitive clit in favour of giving my thigh a firm squeeze, massaging the skin up towards my hip as he slides his fingers out of me slowly. I nearly fall at the loss of contact and he wraps himself around my vibrating shell.

“Is that better?” He asks into my ear and I think my legs give out. I can’t tell for sure because he is fully supporting my weight, but I am nearly positive.

All I can manage is a broken, “Yes,” as I try to catch my breath. I am so relieved that the insatiable burn has let up that I sigh, the sound of content filling the air between us. I am both relieved and scared that I’m not instantly filled with regret or shame. I still want him but not in the endlessly painful way I did when I woke up. It is only then that I take stock of how freezing I am. The water is positively ice and I turn away from it, pressing into his body which feels like a live flame.

He gently scoops me up and I feel myself being carried. I press my face into his chest and stop myself from letting out the whine of pleasure that threatens to rush past my lips. The water stops and room feels endlessly quiet.

When he places me on the bed, I reach for him before he can move away, my hand capturing his wrist.
“What about you?” I ask, feeling positively drunk or high or both.

“Don’t worry about that.” He answers, pressing my hand into the mattress and away from him. I frown.

“Well I am worried about that.” I insist, his throbbing cock tents his soaked sweat pants and I reach for it. I’m equal parts surprised and relieved when he lets me run my hand over it, the heat from him scorching me through the cold fabric.

The noise of pleasure he makes feels like water in the desert. I pull at him, urging him to join me on the bed but he resists.

“What about our compromise?” I ask quietly, kneeling up on the bed to get closer to him. I play with the waistband of his pants. “Just fingers, no matter what.” I toss his line back to him and he smirks.

“Just fingers.” He repeats, voice heavy. I tug on his pants until his cock springs free. It is every bit as dominant, commanding, and terrifying as he is. I don’t want to inflate his ego, but I know I can’t stop the look of awe on my face or the sound at the back of my throat that lets him know just how impressed I really am. He growls, back straightening and hands threading in my hair.

“You don’t have to do anything. Say the word and we stop.” He continues and I can’t understand why he sounds scared. This monster is supposed to go inside me? I am the only one who should be frightened. I still feel satiated, but the desire to please him colours my every thought, even if I am finally thinking more clearly. I may be a virgin but I still know things. I have gotten to second base before, but right now I feel I have no idea how to make him feel like he made me feel.

Tentatively, I wrap my fingers around him, pulling gently and watching him closely. He hisses, and I move over his length, breath catching when I reach the head and find it already slick. I feel a soft wave of fear - what if I don’t know how to do this after all? My pants are still around my thighs and I suddenly feel very exposed.

“Can you show me,” I ask quietly, “how to please you?” He jerks in my hand, a low groan splitting out of his chest.

“You already please me.” He answers, eyes heavy, and I feel a swell of...something I can’t distinguish. I hesitate in my movements and he tilts my face up so that I meet his eyes.

“We don’t have to rush.” He reminds. I nod but don’t pull away. My brain cannot comprehend the cognitive dissonance that embodies him. How can someone so cruel and selfish be capable of such earnest?

“Can you show me anyways?” I ask and he groans at my insistence, finally relenting. I can only hope he knows that it is me, really me, asking the question.

His large hand covers my own and he pumps our fists over himself with more pressure and force than I expect. His free hand slips down to my neck, a firm but unrestrictive grip makes me shake under his touch. His thumb moves over the sensitive patch of my throat and I relax into him lightly, meeting his eyes. I swear I see a lifetime reflected back at me. He seems too open, too raw to be the same person who terrifies people at work so much they start walking in the opposite direction when they see him. Who are you, Kylo Ren, and what have you done with Ben Solo?

His movement between us brings me back to earth and I shiver, my grip around him tightening as I try to take back the lead. He lets his hand fall away as I work over his length - impossibly hard and so so warm. Distantly I know that there will be an “after” to all of this. One with explanations and
decisions and thinking. But for now all there is us.

He moves up onto the bed, kneeling in front of me and pressing me back against the covers. His actions are slow and patient as he moves us further back on the bed, his kneeling form stopping between my legs. I don’t feel embarrassed that the most private part of me is exposed in front of him. How could I? He runs his hands up my hips and under my shirt, basking in me as I stroke him. His large form can’t help but envelop me and it pulls a blush to my cheeks.

“I know we agreed on ‘hands only’ but I still feel empty without you inside me.” He doesn’t miss a beat at my shameless honesty and I don’t stop myself from arching under his touch. He holds himself over me, hovering so we can remain face to face. I know my emotional-sharing sounds desperate and lame, but it feels so powerfully true. And it feels worse not to tell him.

“When you’re ready, there is nothing in the universe that will stop me from making sure you never feel this way again.” My mouth snaps shut at his promise, a feeling of overwhelming reassurance surges from this strange monster above me and my eyes narrow. His gaze holds an intensity and sincerity that I don’t understand. How can he say this when he doesn’t even know me? Will he change his mind when the heat passes and I go back to being no one? I’m scared my biology is setting me up for failure.

He must notice my brow furrow because his head dips down, his tongue dragging over that spot on my neck, a feeling of relief pulsing through me as his voice murmurs, “I’m afraid too.”

I let my eyes close at that because neither of us have the answers to questions of the universe or of our DNA. His cock throbs in my hand and I move faster, feeling white-hot delight at how he responds to me. His hands roam over my body and I let him, lulled and satiated by his touch. When his large hand gently circles my throat, my breath hitches. He tenses at my reaction, his body going rigid in my hand. Feeling bold, I decide to give him permission.

“I like...that. You don’t have to stop.” His hand massages the delicate skin of my neck, his calculated pressure makes me shiver as he tests himself around my flesh. When I moan into his touch he jerks into my hand. Feeling him approach release makes my legs vibrate.

His hand moves over my neck, pressing lightly over my chest and shoulders. It becomes harder to pull air into my lungs as I constantly catch my breath on his command over my skin. A deep sound of pleasure casts over my body from his lips and I add more pressure to my grip. He swears, hips meeting my unrelenting stroke. His knot begins to swell and I know he’s close. I sense his question before he has to ask.

“I want you to finish on me.” My voice disappears into his, a grunt filling the room. He circles himself at his base, squeezing over his expanding flesh.

“Don’t stop.” He begs, eyes closing. His hand braces himself by my neck, his thumb moving in soft circles at the flesh within his grasp and I sigh. In seconds his hips buck forward into my grip and warm ropes of come hit the exposed skin of my stomach, casting up over my shirt and ending near the hollow of my throat. I gasp at the sensation, his pleasure ringing in my ears.

His chest swells and deflates rapidly above me and after a beautiful beat he collapses beside me. He immediately pulls me back against his chest with a tug and I beam in the cocoon of warmth, his skin thrumming behind me. His heavy breathing begins to regulate in my ear and I smile, beyond relieved that he can’t see how absolutely content I am. My limbs feel heavy and I yawn softly.

“Can I sleep here?” He asks into my neck.
“Yes.” I answer too quickly, but his grip tightens and I don’t have time to worry before I feel the crushing weight of sleep press down on my eyelids. His scent - now honestly and truly on my body - clears my mind and replaces every doubt with a calm reminder that I am safe. Before I let myself nod off I tilt my head back in his direction, a question lingering on my lips.

“How long were you waiting outside my door?” I whisper. He lets out a slow breath.

“Since you closed it.”

Chapter End Notes

Thank you for reading! Sorry for the delay on this chapter. Real life interference - a boy I’ve been seeing casually for the past months wanted to hang a lot this past week and I got really distracted. Sadly, I think I mean less to him than literal garbage on the side of the road SO my broken heart will continue to channel it’s sorrow through writing about other people who don’t torture each other (for too long, anyways).

Please let me know your thoughts on this chapter and come follow me on Tumblr if you haven’t already! I accept any and all asks/prompts/etc. I appreciate each of you!
Chapter 7

I fight the feeling of waking up for as long as possible. Waking up means I have to deal with the fact my leggings are around my thighs and I’m covered in semen, courtesy of a man I barely know. So yeah, keeping my eyes closed is a good alternative.

His arms are tight around my center, pulling me into the bend of his body like a stuffed animal. At least with eyes closed I can pretend I am just dreaming. A very surreal dream. His scent fills my lungs and it becomes harder and harder not to sigh with every exhale. He is so warm that I don’t mind the fact that we are sleeping on top of the blankets, his breath hitting my neck just below my ear. Our skin is warm where we touch and I feel...less crazy than before. The itch between my legs awakens at the memory of his hand between my legs, but it is a less chaotic burn. As if my blood knows he’s surrounding me and it pulses through my veins with thick reassurance.

I make a move to slide off of the bed but his arms clench tight in response and I squirm a little against him. I press against his grip and I’m met with a disgruntled mumble as he pulls me closer against his chest. I try to blow the hair out of my face and continue to worm my way out of his arms.

“Stop moving.” He breathes against my neck, his hold on me unwavering.

“I need to get up.” I whisper, tugging on his arm. He mumbles something incoherent and I elbow him lightly in the ribs.

He doesn’t flinch.

“Ren.” I say, louder this time and he is stone around me.

“Ren! Let go of me.” I push on his arms and he wakes up with a jolt. His grip tightens, painfully so, until he jerks and lets go of me like I’ve seared his skin.

“Sorry.” He gasps, blinking himself awake and running his hands through his hair. I feel a flicker of regret in my chest build at waking him this way but I refuse to dwell on it. I shimmy myself away from him and off the bed, pulling my pants up while a wave of embarrassment floods my veins. The air feels cooler as I leave the bed. I grab my bag on the way to the bathroom and don’t look back at him as I close the door.

I let out a shaky breath, pulling my phone out of my bag. There are so many notifications, you’d think there was an apocalypse happening. Who knows, I think with frown, there could be and i wouldn’t know it.

Finn

Hey peanut. You never miss roommate dinner. You okay?

Paige says it looks like someone has been in your room...were you home earlier?

Okay, I am in a full panic now, should I be organizing a search party?
Have you been murdered?
Jk...I hope.
Okay Poe just called me and said you left work with your boss?
Didn’t you say he was a dick?

Poe

Hate to break it to you this way but you’re the talk of the town here in the office.
Everyone knows you left with Ren.
And why.
I am assuming you won’t be in the office for a bit, I’ll input your sick days for you.
And I expect a “World’s Best Supervisor” mug on my desk when you get back.

Hey it’s Jessika, Poe gave me your number.
I’m worried about you and I hope you’re okay.
Please tell me if you need someone to talk to, you aren’t alone in this.
And it’s okay to do whatever you feel comfortable doing.

There is no such thing as the “right way.”
I groan and ignore the other notifications, turning off my phone with shaking hands. Stripping out of my disgusting clothes, I turn on the shower as hot as I can stand it and close my eyes. This really is the worst way this could have happened. Not only is it happening with him, the Literal Worst, but I threw myself at him like a wanton harlot and I can never take that back.

I let the warmth of the shower flow over me and try to relax. I can feel the missing weight of his arms around me and the loss feels oddly devastating. This is just the heat, I am in control of how I feel . Reminding myself is harder than I thought it would be. I lather the shampoo - which smells amazing - and ignore the growing emptiness inside me. I can’t believe I let my asshole boss finger me. I can’t believe I begged for it.

With equal parts relief and disappointment, I scrub his scent off of me. I can barely stand the feeling of dissociation that clouds my senses. With a frown, I pause and place the bar of soap back on its shelf. I lean against the wall of the shower, my hand running over the tile I was pressed up against just hours ago. What am I doing?

I watch the water swirl around the drain and feel the unmistakable pull to have his scent back on me, right where it belongs.
Although I take as long as I possibly can, eventually I have to exit the bathroom. I half expect Ren to be in the room waiting and I frown when he is nowhere in sight. After dressing at lightning speed I exit the bedroom and walk towards the dining room table, which has a large breakfast spread and no Ren. I abandon my search for him and sit down with a smile rounding my lips.

I take some pineapple slices and bacon strips and make myself the world’s most delicious no-bread sandwich. I’m halfway through my creation when he emerges, freshly showered and dressed in a midnight black suit. His scent hits me like a brick wall. It’s heavy and overwhelming, far worse than before. My jaw slacks as goosebumps flood my skin and I feel a pool of warmth spread across my center.

“Are you leaving?” I ask and he looks up from his cuff links.

“Yes.” I can’t read his expression.

I wait for him to continue but when he doesn’t I nod and swallow, “Oh.”

He looks over me and pauses when he sees my breakfast choice. His lip twitches and he looks away, smoothing the front of his dark grey shirt.

“Don’t leave the room.” He commands and his voice is pure electricity down my spine. My mouth opens to agree, the strange alpha-command lulling me into submission, but I stop myself.

“Why do you get to leave?” I ask hotly, face flushed. He smells so good, so comforting and I fight the urge to go to him. I begin to feel that impossible desire for him whirl around my chest and I close my eyes to concentrate.

“I have business to deal with. And it is...inadvisable for you to be out.” He grabs a briefcase and begins to head towards the door. I jump up from my seat without thinking.

He is just leaving? How long will he be gone? Is he coming back? He can’t leave me like this. I try to file those heat-induced thoughts away and clear my throat, begging my stupid body to remain calm.

“Okay.” My voice sounds small and I shift where I stand, discomfort beginning to seize me. It is happening again already. He spares me a tight nod and opens the door. Don’t ask him if he’s coming back, don’t ask him if he’s coming back, don’t ask him if he’s coming back -

He looks back at me from the door, his eyes heavy, “I’ll be back in a few hours.” And with a heavy thud he disappears.

A small sound of displeasure leaves my lips and I roll my shoulders, hating the fact that his absence makes me physically ache. I walk numbly towards my room and nearly sway off my feet at his scent filling the air - my bed smells like him. Of course it does. Without allowing myself to dwell on how weird it is, I lay down on the bedding and breathe him in, delighting in how I can feel each atom of my body vibrate at the prospect of him.

Ugh, this isn’t helping me at all.

I know what is about to happen and even though it fills me with unease, I can’t wait a second longer. My hand presses into the soft cotton of my underwear and I hiss at the sensation. Uh, finally. My sensitive flesh causes a low whine to escape my lips as I lightly run my fingers over my folds,
imagining his large hand replacing my own.

I can’t purge the shape of him from my mind so I stop trying to. I can see him so clearly, the dark and broad outline of his body. Unwavering and solid. His mouth, his shoulders, his fingers, his…

My moan fills the room as I press a finger inside of myself, nearly pouting at how ineffective it is compared to his. I can’t help but think that this would be so much less painful if...he would just do what he is supposed to do.

I want him to act like the alpha he is. I want him to take over, to feel his inescapable control and dominance. My body shudders at the thought and I wonder if I will ever be normal again. I can almost imagine Jessika’s eyebrow hitch as she stares me down, “Anything that feels right to you is normal, Rey.” I don’t want to want it this way.

My breath catches in my throat as I picture him on top of me. His arms braced around me, his weight like an anchor as I shift beneath him.

“Is this what you want, Rey?” He moves and presses his fingers into my hair, pulling my head back with a tug. I can feel him hard between my legs and I am so desperate to have him inside me.

“To be at my mercy?” He continues in low tones that set my body on edge and I need him to make good on his offer.

“Yes.” I breathe out with a pleading sigh. I imagine him hover over me with a deft movement. He flips me onto my stomach, his hand presses my face against the sheets by my hair as he grinds himself against me.

The picture I draw in my mind sends my heartbeat racing, blood rushing through me as I begin to feel a build of pressure at my core. Just thinking about him taking control sets my veins on fire and my skin to goosebumps. His scent wraps around me as I work my fingers faster, and my fantasy becomes a delinear collage of his skin against mine, his voice in my ear and the painful fullness of him between my legs as he finally takes what’s his. I let out a soft moan as I push myself over the edge, my senses suspended in an explosion of ecstasy, his face imprinted behind my eyelids as I gasp into the empty room.

As my breathing slows I curl into the covers, letting the satisfaction roll over me. This is a new low, isn’t it? After a long beat I groan and throw my legs over the bed in search of my phone. I need to do some research. By the time I climb back onto the bed I am starting to feel an unfamiliar anxiety rise in my chest and my hand shakes as I pull up my web browser.

The empty search bar is a hostile white box and I hesitate to even type the words.

alpha/omega chemistry

I click on the first link that comes up, stomach rolling.

Most alpha and omega pairings with chemistry will see an increase in their physical response to each other and their environment.

I scroll, looking for something that might help me.
Omega response within a chemistry pair

On average, an omega will experience heightened desire during their heat, and in some cases, will experience breakthrough heats when exposed to their chemistry-pair even if on suppressants. Recent studies show that pairs with chemistry are more likely to remain in sexual contact for longer periods than their non-chemistry counterparts. There is also a statistically significant increase in fertility and successful pregnancies carried to term.

Chemistry-pair omegas will also experience an increase in response to an alpha’s commands, scents and physical touch.

Okay this isn’t helpful. I need real talk. I press the back button and look for something real, something that might actually answer the questions I have burning in my brain. After a few clicks I find what I am looking for - a blog.

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**Chemical Reactions: Life as a single omega in the big city**

*What to do if you meet your chemistry pair - but the timing sucks*

So this story starts the way so many do. I wasn’t supposed to be there. He wasn’t supposed to be there...but the fates aligned and as I picked up the dry cleaning for my boss my world was flipped on its head.

Even over the chemical bath that coated the room I knew something was up instantly. When we made eye contact, I nearly bent over the counter and offered myself up like a Christmas ham. No joke. My omega sisters will be the first to tell you the instinct can hit you strong and fast and it doesn’t make much sense to deny it.

We grab our dry cleaning, making a beeline for one another and the first words out of his mouth are, “I have a girlfriend.” Just like that I felt a huge weight drop in my stomach because...what now? Many of us will experience it at some point in our lifetime, so it begs the question. What do you do if you meet a chemistry pair but the timing blows? What if they are your boyfriend’s dad? What if you’ll never see them again? What if they are off-limits? Here are the some important things to keep in mind if your chemistry pair ends up being bad news:

- Don’t avoid it

The worst mistake you can make is trying to pretend it isn’t happening. Not only will it make the situation weirder and more complicated, it only delays the inevitable confrontation.

- Talk to them and set boundaries

Opps, you’re my best friend’s boyfriend. What now? Letting them know where you stand means you can draw clear and hard lines about what is okay and not okay depending on your situation.

- Explain to people involved what is happening

Don’t assume everyone “knows” what is happening or worse, assume that what you are
experiencing isn’t unique to you and your situation. Bring people into the loop because they need to be there.

- Be open to different outcomes

You may not like it, but sometimes you don’t always get what you want. And this goes both ways. Sometimes a chemistry pair cannot explore togetherness. And that has to be okay. Just as it is okay for you to accept that unexpected (or undesirable) pairings occur and you may change your mind about engaging with someone.

- Remember you have autonomy and support

While there is lingering disagreement in scientific communities about why alpha and omega pairings exist, we can all agree they do. But it doesn’t have to be your defining characteristic - you are still your own person. And although the definition of chemistry pairs is that the attraction is mutual, you don’t have to act on it. Yes, it is really really hard, but so is squats and if you can power through squats you can power through selective abstinence.

I sigh and let my phone fall into the sheets, covering a yawn with the back of my arm. I close my eyes and try not to acknowledge how good it feels to fall asleep surrounded by his scent.

My eyes fly open when a loud bang hits my ears. I sit up in bed with a jolt, heart racing, and I realize someone is shouting my name.

I move to the edge of the bed when his haggard form slides into the room, bringing a wind of urgency with him. His pupils are dilated, hair blown out, breath uneven and face flushed. I feel an instant tightening inside myself and my lips fall open as he approaches the bed.

“We need to talk. Now.” He says, too loud for the small space between us.

“Okay, I’m listening.” I say with a low breath.

He pulls my arm up gently so that I am kneeling on the mattress as he steps towards me, eyes dark and boring into my own. He opens his mouth to speak but instead runs his hand lightly down the side of my face, resting slightly on my neck before he brings my wrist to his mouth with his free hand. When the hot wetness of his tongue hits my skin I nearly pull away with a reflexive jerk but his grip keeps me in place. He doesn’t look away from me as I fall into a sitting position on the bed - my whole body throbbing for him.

His jaw clenches slightly. “Can we talk about this?” He asks now, voice less demanding but equally urgent.

“I don’t know how.” I answer honestly. He makes me feel like I shouldn’t talk. Not because of some weird alpha-voodoo but because I am afraid of what I might say. With a blush I remember my version of fantasy!Ren and I would absolutely die if he knew about that.

“I need to know what you’re thinking.” He continues, his hand on my neck and my hand pressed against his face. I can almost feel our heartbeats bursting against each others skin.
“I think...that this would be a mistake.” I wait for his expression to falter but it doesn’t. In fact a small smirk begins to form on his lips.

“But?” He asks and I laugh, indignant, at his constant presumption.

“But, nothing.” I try, and he ducks down to meet me at eye level.

“You’re absolutely sure?” He asks. I feel my stomach bottom out now that he is this close. It nearly steals my breath straight out of my lungs and I try to look away. It is so unfair how much I want him and even worse at how much I want to please him.

“No.” I answer with a groan.

“Then I think it’s time we give ourselves a chance to figure it out.”

Chapter End Notes

Please let me know your thoughts on this chapter and come follow me on Tumblr if you haven’t already! Thank you for all of the love you give me - I cannot tell you how much it means to me to see your comments. Please believe me when I tell you that you will NOT have to wait so long for the next installment...

Happy May the fourth!
Chapter 8

Chapter Notes

Each of you honestly give me so much joy and I cannot tell you how amazing you are. Thank you so much for the love and feedback. Hope you are still with me, because I am still with you!

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

My whole body feels inflamed and raw...so much so that when he steps away I nearly wince at the loss of contact.

“Come with me.” He speaks softly, his hand capturing my own to lead me out of the bedroom.

I breathe lightly, trying to keep the swell of pleasure inside me at bay but it is of little use. Standing, his broad form feels more enveloping although I no longer feel surprise at the endless way he causes me to react simply through existing. As I follow him into the living room I don’t stop my gaze from drifting over his shoulders and back - impossibly big and perfectly sized all at once. Thankfully, I avert my eyes before he turns back to see me staring. I think.

“So is this how it goes with all of your omega-dates?” I ask hoping to break the tension, but a sharp look as I sit across from him tells me he doesn’t think much of my jab.

“I think you overestimate the frequency in which this actually happens.” His quick reply puts me on the defensive.

“This, being...what exactly?”

“An opportunity.” He answers too fast and with far too much ease.

He leans back against the hotel sofa, limbs too big even for the oversized luxurious seating. His face is passive but his eyes are imploring. They are dark and inescapable and I find it unbearable to hold his gaze when his scent chokes out every last rational thought in my head. His limbs hang around his body like ribbons on a present. Loose but carefully crafted.

With a slow leak of recognition I realize this is Ren’s version of casual. He thinks he’s being casual right now. I don’t even try to stop the smile from softening my features.

“Opportunity’ usually implies mutual benefit.” I say from underneath a growing pool of desire to wipe the intensity off of his face with my mouth. He smiles now, lips quirked with playfulness.

“Are you suggesting you haven’t benefited already?” His eyes darken. Without a doubt he’s thinking about me coming against the shower wall at the touch of his hand. My face gets hot and I clear my throat. I’m shifting in my seat, drenched from his proximity. The urge to touch him is escalating with every second.

“I’m suggesting that I am in a far more vulnerable situation than you.” I answer honestly, my eyes dropping to my fidgeting hands. The too-hot feeling floods my limbs and I roll my shoulders against the tightness I feel.
“Well, I agree that is true. But I’m not defined by this situation and I don’t want you to feel vulnerable because of me.” His head tilts slightly, trying to catch my eyes.

Well fuck, Ren. If I didn’t know any better I’d think he could read my every worrisome thought. I feel lightheaded from his scent and I wonder if it is making me so delirious that I’m starting to lose my edge. I continue to shift on the chair, my breath coming out in puffs of frustration. Why is it so hot in here? I catch him fail to stifle a smirk.

“Would you feel more comfortable if you just came over here and joined me?” He asks, running his hands down his thighs.

“No!” I answer hotly. But also, yes.

“Rey.” He says my name like a command and a question all in one and I feel it at the back of my throat. I groan in defeat because yes, I really, really, really need to be close to him. Right now.

“Proximity doesn’t have to be dangerous.” He supplies and I squirm at the low thread of his voice weaving into my veins and I’m on my feet before I can talk myself out of it.

I sway where I stand. My breath catches as his hand slides over my wrist, a question in the light tug he gives my arm. After a beat I step forward half an inch, but he takes it as the affirmation he is looking for and pulls me squarely into his lap.

I gasp into his chest, his heat soothing and igniting me as I press my face into his neck. God he smells good. Really good.

His arms wrap around me, tighter than I expect them to, and I feel myself go limp. It just feels...right.

“Is this okay?” He asks and I don’t pull away from his neck as a soft yes leaves my lips. I can feel his body thrumming beneath me and I press my mouth against his skin, unable to stop the action before my mouth is flooded with the taste of him. I groan like I’ve taken a bite of the world’s best cherry pie and I feel him move with laughter, the sound vibrating between us.

“Rey,” his voice is soft in my ear, “we need to talk about this.” I sigh into his hair and settle my head against his chest.


“Why are you resisting this so forcefully?”

“Because it isn’t authentic. It is a caveman-era reaction and I...didn’t want to do this with someone if it wasn’t...” I trail off, realizing how idyllic I sound. The heat pooling between my legs is enough to make me wish I hadn’t started to answer him.

“If it wasn’t what?” He breathes in deep and his grip tightens.

“...Real.” I answer with a defeated huff. He is quiet around me and I close my eyes.

“...Real.” I answer with a defeated huff. He is quiet around me and I close my eyes.

“It feels pretty real to me.” His tone is light but I can feel the edge to it. I can tell I am close to hurting his alpha-pride. Something instinctual in me screams, fix it! and I feel words rushing to my lips.

“I know,” I reply with less force, “I just want to know that it is me, really me, making the decision.” I can feel him nod and I sigh into his chest. All I want in the entire world is to impale myself on him and I shift without thinking. He is impossibly hard beneath me and it is difficult to ignore.
His hands brace on my hips with a jerk.

“Okay, well this might be a good time to tell you, the real you, to ease up on grinding yourself into me.” The heat that spreads over my chest and face is a distant feeling compared to the agonizing pulse between my legs.

I need him. I need him. I need him.

“Ren.” My voice is a whisper, and I realize my hands are trembling. He doesn’t answer me as I move in his lap, straddling him with a less than graceful rearrangement of my body. I sink down against him and his hss is almost enough to pull me out of my trance.

“I am so sorry.” I groan, still pressing myself against him. He’s so massive and it curls my veins with want. I am not that sorry. His hands press down on my thighs and the pressure makes my head roll back.

“I can’t stop this.” I whisper into the ceiling, my face creasing around my features.

“Hey,” he says, tugging on my arms, “look at me.” I glance at him before my eyes fall shut. It’s too much to hold his stare.

“We can stop this,” he says quietly, “that is the point. It feels better not to. Better still if we can trust one another.” I huff, squeezing my eyes shut and pressing my face into his neck. The tender and vulnerable spot is calling to me and it takes every ounce of strength I have not to bite hard on his flesh.

“Can you trust me?” He asks, arms encircling me and pressing me tighter against him.

“No.” I breathe into his neck. He laughs and presses his hand into my hair, his grip presses me into his skin and I mouth the area, a light swipe of my tongue has his chest rumbling under my weight.

“Let’s make a deal. Give me the chance to get you through your heat and let me have three dates.”

I laugh now, “Three dates? You’ve lost your mind, Ren.”

“That’s all I’ll need.” He answers, his tone gruff and confident. I don’t bother to correct him - I am not worried about the number of dates, its the fact he expects me to date him at all.

“All you’ll need to what?”

“To prove I’m worth trusting.” I feel my mouth fill with his scent and I realize I’m scenting him. His groan fills the room and with it goes the air in my lungs. After his scent is satiated with my own, his grip in my hair tightens and he moves under me, setting me flat on my back as he hovers over me.

“My turn.” He grinds out and his mouth seals over my neck with an urgency that fills my core with butterflies, scenting me with a harsh suck of skin. His tongue runs over my goosebumped flesh and he bites high up on my jaw, just under my ear where his growl is muffled by my hair. I know he’s stopping himself from leaving a permanent bite on the sensitive skin just an inch or two below his teeth...and for that I am grateful. The bite, however, still sends a sharp jolt through my veins as his clench threatens to break skin.

“Hey,” I breathe out, voice catching, “be careful.” He releases me from his teeth with a small sound of distress. His tongue runs up the length of my neck and he holds himself over me enough to kiss the skin that is wet from his mouth.
“So do we have a deal?” He asks again, his voice is low and it sends white hot lightning through my legs.

I try to think through the haze of his smell weaving through me. Maybe I can use this as a chance to get some information on his plans for the company? I imagine Luke’s face and it causes a cold pool to form in my chest. What would Poe say? Finn? Ren is the antithesis to everything I believe in. Right? I press my hand up into his chest to push him back and off of me.

“I have a few conditions.”

“Colour me surprised.” He hits back with a lopsided grin and I feel my stomach flip.

“I choose what we do on the dates,” I begin with a shaky breath, “where we go and when. I can call it off at any time. Dates don’t equal sex. You can’t...claim me. You can’t talk about it with people at work. If it ends badly...you have to promise you won’t take it out on my job.”

Ren nods lightly and stares off for a moment.

“Counter offer,” he begins with a soft tone, “if you choose the dates you have to let me surprise you in other ways. You will let me talk to HR about it, not just because I have to, but because it is for your benefit as well. And I get to choose the fourth date.”

He works his jaw before continuing, “As far as claiming you is concerned,” he glances at the sore spot below my ear, “what should I do when you’re begging me for it?”

It is like the couch below me gives out and I feel my limbs vibrate with his authority.

“You’ll politely decline.” I stammer, my mind instantly flashing to the humiliation of begging him for those fingers…

“One more thing.” I add hastily.

“If we still want to do this after our dates...you have to tell me why you dismantled the company your mother and uncle built.” His face falters but to his credit his smirk doesn’t quite leave the corners of his lips.

“It isn’t as interesting or as valuable to know as people would have you believe.” He retorts.

“Well you’ll have to tell me it. All of it.” I huff and I know he catches the put-upon decisiveness I adopt for my demand. But I have to at least make an effort. For Luke. And everything he’s done for me.

“Fine,” he relents, “we have a deal then?” He extends his hand and the absurd formality of it makes me laugh.

“Fine. Deal.” I confirm, taking his hand as I roll my eyes. He pulls me forward and I clamber into his lap, where his mouth goes for my neck like a bee to a flower. He groans and his mouth clamps into my skin, biting hard and taking pleasure from my gasp.

“No leaving marks.” I hiss and he nuzzles into my neck in a way that makes me shiver.

“Sorry, negotiations are over.” He punctuates by taking a harder bite and I actually moan from the contact. I can barely describe the feeling of heat spreading over me but I know I’m drenched and I know he knows because his breathing turns ragged and his grip tightens.
“You sure about that?” I ask and I barely recognize my voice.

Oh my god. Not again. Fuck. It is so overwhelming, this...feeling that takes over. It makes me want to submit to him and please him and feel whole because of him - he must hear my wheels turning in conflict because he slows down on eating my neck like a steak and lifts his face up, trying to look at me.

“Tell me what you’re thinking.”

“No.” I answer, eyes shut.

“I’m trying to understand. Just help me.” There is something pleading behind his words and I sigh, loving and hating how his weight makes me feel safe.

“I...I just don’t know how to handle the way I’m feeling.” I admit. He presses his lips on my cheekbone and I melt at the warmth.

“How are you feeling?” He presses.

“Like I’m possessed,” I laugh without mirth, “like the only thing that will help me is to feel you press into my body with your own...to feel myself stretch around you and feel you fill me - “

“Fuck, you need to stop talking.” His voice booms through the hotel room and I feel him shift, his cock is like a lead pipe and I feel my body yearning for it.

“You asked.” I answer with as much attitude as I can muster but I know immediately that is comes out as a plea. He tugs hard on my pants, pulling them down to my thighs.

“Is this okay?” He asks, chest heaving.

Fuck yes, its perfect I want more - “Yes.” I answer quietly and he runs his fingers between my legs until I am arching up beneath him. All I can hear is my own blood rushing through my ears and I reach for him, grabbing at whatever my hands can reach.

“Tell me what you want.” He demands and my core is throbbing for him.

“I want to feel you.” I whisper and he shakes above me.

“Close, try again.” He presses his finger at my entrance and I see hot white stars behind my eyelids. I groan because I know what he wants to hear.

“I want to feel you... alpha.” He swears and presses a finger into me. I hear myself cry out as a loud banging on the door causes him to pause and my breath to catch.

He stands, adjusting himself and running his hand through his hair as his eyes narrow.

“Get in the bedroom and close the door.” He commands and I stand, pulling up my pants with shaking hands. Another round of banging makes me jump and I take off for the bedroom with my heart racing.

I can’t hear anything at first behind the door because my heart is pounding through my chest so loudly that I brace my hand over myself. Our hormones must be heightened because I feel the need to protect and be protected all rolled into one endless spiral. It causes a unfamiliar ache in the palm of my hands and I try to steady my breathing.

After what feels like hours, I hear the door slam and Ren’s heavy footsteps. I step back from the door
just as it flies open to reveal Ren’s creased features.

“We have a problem.” He announces and I regret that I can tell he’s still hard as diamonds. I take a step towards him and keep my hands to myself.

“What’s wrong?” I ask with a slight tremor.

“I have to fly out to San Francisco tonight.” My body blanches at the prospect. The thought of not being near him makes my skin burn with discomfort. I’m in the middle of a heat. He’s in the middle of a rut. You can’t just...leave someone in that state. I swallow and look up at him as he clears his throat.

“It is up to you. Do you want to come with me or not?”

“Go with you?” I ask, surprised at the option. My lungs are filled with him and I don’t feel like I have options at all. There is something that colours his eyes a particular shade of hopeful and I feel my body respond to it.

“Yes. I’ll go with you.” I continue, wringing my hands together to stop myself from reaching for him. *Snap out of it, girl.*

I know I don’t imagine the satisfaction he feels at my answer. His relief floods my veins.

“Good. Get your stuff, we’ve got to head to the airport.” He pauses briefly until he steps forward towards me and presses his fingers into my hair, lifting my head up with a feather-light tug.

“I’m going to take care of you.” He promises, his free hand gripping my hip with a reassuring squeeze. I feel myself falling into him and I stop myself.

To me, his words are less of a promise and more of a manifesto. A not-so-quiet voice reminds me that I don’t need to be *taken care of*. But I can tell by the way his eyes search my own that he means it as sincerely as anyone ever could. It isn’t enough to silence the scream of doubt in my chest but I believe that *he* believes it and for some reason that feels terribly intoxicating.

“Okay, let’s go.” I say with a tight nod, untangling myself from him and moving for my bag. He remains still for a second before disappearing and I let out a soft sigh. I go for my phone and text Finn with lightning speed, guilt seeping in at how bad I’ve been with communication.

I’m still okay. Everything is weird but Ren must be saving his Reign of Terror for the poor suckers at work.

He replies before I blink.

Good. I’ll take him out if he gives you a hard time.

But please be safe.

I’m here if you need me.

I look at the unread text from Jessika with a smile.
You know that boy I told you about from my vacation? Well...you inspired me. I reached out to him on Facebook. He’s coming to visit me.

I smile as I type.

Congrats! That’s exciting. Inspired you how?

Well, I just figured if you can make it work with Ren, I can make it work with anyone.

No matter how far away they are ;)

Is everything still okay?

Yeah.

I know it’s just the hormones, but he isn’t as bad as I thought.

Hormones can’t fake connection. Or personality for that matter ;)

Don’t fight it too hard, there’s no prize for martyrdom.

I roll my eyes. We’ll see about that.

Throwing the small amount of clothes I have with me in a bag, I grab my laptop and head out into the living room, steeling myself for what’s ahead.

*There’s no prize for martyrdom.* I repeat Jessika’s advice - or was it a warning? - until the words become meaningless noise in my mind and everything just sounds like *Kylo Ren.*

Getting into the limo is an ordeal. Ren insists on taking service elevators and his security treats him like he is the Pope. Only Ren would need to travel in a 12 person limo to get to the airport. It is so excessive. When I finally buckle my seat belt I allow myself to relax and that’s when I feel the heat pool between my legs.

He gets into the car slowly, barking orders at someone outside that I can’t see and I have an up close view of him from the waist down. Good lord, he’s built. I can see the outline of his cock, and it is mouthwateringly alluring. He smells so good that by the time he sits next to me I’m delirious and nearly withering in my seat.

His eyes meet mine and I can tell he knows. He unbuckles my seat belt and leans over me.

“Is there something bothering you?” He asks barely above a whisper and his mouth is so close to
mine. It is only now that I realize we haven’t actually kissed. How is that possible? Suddenly it is the most important thing to me and I catch his eyes.

“Yeah.” I answer quietly.

“Tell me.” He demands and the smile on his lips makes me mirror him without thinking.

“I think...I think I want you to touch me.” Understatement of the millennium, as my body presses into his every touch and I feel how wet I’m getting and how uneven my breath is.

His smirk is outright offensive it is so self-satisfied and smug. It makes me moan quietly into the car and he hasn’t even really touched me yet. He moves to kneel in front of me and I immediately start refusing him.

“No. Ren, get up it isn’t safe and I can’t possibly-”

“Stop talking.” He laughs, tugging my pants down and off of me faster than I can stop him. Suddenly his mouth sears the sensitive flesh between my legs and I’m crying out as the car takes off. At least his smart mouth is good for something. His tongue runs over me slowly before he focuses his attention on my clit with surgical precision. I jolt in my seat, the sensation is breathtaking and paralyzing all at once.

“Fuck I love the way you taste.” He murmurs against me and I thread my fingers through his dark hair - why is his hair so much softer than mine? - And then I feel him press a finger against me and my vision whites out. I arch into his touch with a gasp on my lips.

“Please.” I’m loud enough that I am sure the driver can hear - partition be damned.

“Please what?” He asks sweetly, running his thumb over my desperate nub of nerves and I swear. “Please don’t tease me.” Is all I can manage and he mercifully listens. Pressing his finger into my folds feels excruciating. It is too much and not enough all at once. His mouth resumes it’s assault on my skin and I can feel my heightened core twitch in anticipation, tightening around him and he groans between my legs.

“I can’t wait to bury myself into your tight cunt.” He breathes and my heart skips a bit at his language and the beautiful vision that fills my head of him doing exactly that. His pressure shifts and he’s hitting that spot - an unavoidable pressure builds inside me and his mouth laps against me in perfect time and I’m lifting off the seat to be closer to him. Yes, fuck, yes.

“Say my name when you come for me, omgea.” His dark voice fills my ears and I am pushed over the edge. With his steady rhythm in place I’m breathless as I flutter against him, ecstasy overriding every other sensation.

“Ben.” My voice hitches and everything gets lost in strangled symphony of pleasure.

My legs are shaking and my lungs are heaving when I realize what I’ve just done. My hand slaps across my mouth. It feels impossibly quiet.

“I’m sorry,” I blurt out around fingers, suddenly remembering who he is. He’s running a hand over his mouth and then his hair, all without meeting my eyes.

How can I even begin to explain myself? To Luke, he is Ben. That was how I was introduced to him - through Luke’s memories and his hopeful questions about the future. When the mysterious figure of Kylo Ren took over the company, he wasn’t Ben Solo. He was a faceless name. A caricature of a
real person. It is easy to forget they are supposed to be the same person.

I swear and turn to him. He’s staring at the roof of the limo and I shake my head.

“I promise I didn’t mean to offend -”

“You didn’t.” He cuts me off and I just stare at him, a bit slack jawed and struggling to find the words.

“I just forgot…” I trail off because I realize I was going to say, “I forgot who you are.” I forgot that you aren’t Ben Solo. I forgot the person I’ve been with for the past 48 hours is actually that dreaded caricature, a man behind smoke and mirrors and masks. A man who no one knows any more. I feel helpless. I don’t even think of him as Ben. Consciously at least. After an agonizing beat he speaks.

“Honestly, it’s fine,” he breathes, “I just haven’t heard anyone call me by that name in a very long time.”

I remain silent for a moment and he leans over, cradling my face and turning me towards him.

“I mean it.” He says with finality and it I wrap my hand around his forearm. Not to pull him away but to keep him in place. I get that it took him by surprise. It took me by surprise too.

“Okay.” I whisper.

The car stops and Ren begins pulling up my pants - thankfully I get my wits about me and I’m fully clothed by the time the driver opens the door.

Ren seems unfazed as I exit the limo - he’s thumbing his phone at lightning speeds as the driver collects his bags. I pull my backpack tighter towards me and stand awkwardly until I see Hux walking over to us. He scans me up and down like I am the most offensive thing he could have ever had the displeasure of stumbling upon.

I step further away from them and try to remain cool as I stare at them out of the corner of my eye. Hux passes over a briefcase and some folders, which Ren flips through casually. The driver brought us to an open-area in one of the hangars and there are a few private jets ahead of us. I shake my head at the realization that one of these is for us.

Sighing, I try to busy myself by looking around. It is all very industrial and blank - I walk over to an unmanned workstation and begin to read the notes scribbled into faded yellow sticky notes when I feel it.

Another alpha.

My head snaps to my left and he zones in on me instantly. His tailored suit is a midnight blue and his expression falls into a look somewhere between concern and excitement. Shit. He’s walking with some other businessmen when he steps in my direction and leaves his group with a dismissive wave of his hand. I turn to look at Ren, who hasn’t noticed yet and I feel a small push of fear.

He flicks his wrist and his watch catches the light - as well as Ren’s attention. I can smell this new alphas’s pheromones, obviously responding to me and he is making no attempt at hiding it. Ren nearly pushes Hux out of the way and steps in front of me.

“Can I help you?” He grinds out.

“Yeah, you can start by getting the fuck out of my way.” I stagger a bit at the man’s nerve. I can tell
that much like Ren, he's used to getting his own way.

“Do us both a favour and fuck off.” Ren barks, his chest rumbling. The other man appears unphased.

“Am I mistaken, or is the omega unclaimed?” He asks, glancing at me with heat behind his words.

“She may not be claimed, but she is spoken for.” Ren punctuates. This seems to rile up the stranger who shifts his attention to me directly.

“Is this who you want to take care of you, omega?” He huffs at Ren with a unimpressed glance. “I could hardly believe my nose coming around the corner, you’re in desperate need of a knot. From a real Alpha.” He adds, stepping closer. Ren braces a hand on the man’s chest.

“What the fuck did you just say?” Alpha’s have the luxury of height and bulk - this mystery man is at Ren’s eye level and they stare at each other for a moment before the man pushes Ren’s hand off of him.

“You can hardly act surprised, bringing her out here like this.” He admonishes Ren, “You didn’t even have the decency to claim her, you pathetic runt.”

I can see Ren’s hand clench, and I step forward.

“Knock it off!” I yell at them and try to bring Ren’s gaze away from the man’s face and onto me. “For crying out loud, I’m not interested, okay?!” I snap at the other alpha and he drops his shoulders.

“You have no idea how good I could make you feel.” He says, eyes pinning me where I stand. I feel a shiver run down my back but it isn’t from arousal - it’s discomfort.

“He meant what he said - I’m spoken for.” I say quietly and the man flexes his jaw.

“Fine.” He relents, taking a long look over my body.

“Next time, breed your bitch before you let her out of the house.” He spits in Ren’s direction and I grab Ren’s hand to stop him from moving.

“Don’t.” I shake my head and turn to him. He’s angry, although I can tell his ego is in full form after I said I was his. Don’t make me regret it, Ren.

“I’m sorry.” He whispers, pulling me tight against his chest. I can feel his whole body shake and it causes a cloud of concern to settle over me.

“What is the matter with you?” I ask, gripping his arm and feeling the tremor in his muscles.

“I need to get you on the plane. Alone. Now.” His voice is low and heavy and it sends a rush of heat through me.

“Is everything okay?” I ask, and he glances down at me.

“It will be.” He assures and scoops me up with a quick swoop of his arms. I see Hux roll his eyes as Ren leads us to the plane, my body cradled against his chest. I press my face into him and breathe deeply. Biology really can do a number on you.

As we board the plane, he places me on one of the sofas and quickly kneels between my legs, pinning my arms above my head and pressing himself against me. I am soundless, save a small gasp when he begins to bite the spot below my ear with renewed fervor. His mouth is hot and wet and it feels so right.
He’s fast to lick over the spot where his teeth have left deep and angry indents, and I hear myself cry out as his teeth sink into my flesh again and again, the trembling in his arms slows as I arch beneath him and pull at his shoulders to bring him closer to me.

“Do you want me to stop?” He asks, biting down the front column of my neck and running his hands up under my tank top. I don’t think I could let him stop even if I wanted to.

I move my hand up into his hair, my legs circling him. My voice sounds hoarse and needy when it breaks through my gasps, “Don’t stop. Keep going.”

Chapter End Notes

Sorry that it took so long to update - real life has been insane but I think things are leveling out now. If you haven’t already, please find me on Tumblr!

Ps. You beautiful babes leave me the most incredible feedback and it is absolutely the highlight of my day (and also life) to see a little notification of a new message in my inbox! I love hearing your thoughts, questions, suggestions and predictions. In the past I haven’t responded to each message because I wasn’t sure what the etiquette was for that sort of thing. Do you like to receive a reply?
Chapter 9

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes.

When I was 15 I was laying on my bed - a shared bunk with someone who’s name I hadn’t been able to catch yet. I felt a warm and foreign sensation between my legs and my heart skipped a beat. A beeline to the bathroom revealed what I already knew would be there - a bright red streak of blood and an anticlimactic welcome to womanhood.

I guess this is it, then, I had thought without any real fear or excitement. Katie, who had been adopted the week before, had howled when she got her period. She ran around the house as if being chased by a literal devil. She woke the whole place, hands waving and weight shifting between her legs as she bemoaned how awful this new discovery was, how her life was over.

I was much less animated. I had known this was coming. I was prepared for it, and now it was here. I was still in control of myself, my body. I had grabbed a pad, rolled my eyes at the underwear I would need to throw out and quietly padded back to bed.

It wasn’t until I stared at the yellowing wood slats above me that I felt the tense wave of fear that would never truly leave me once it had settled into my bones. Oh. This didn’t just affect me. This wasn’t my isolated experience to endure in a vacuum. I was dangerous, now - if I were to believe the cruel whispers of those around me. I am now a vessel for pleasure and child rearing, to be stalked and claimed and used to completion at will of the other.

As I come back to my senses, the plane interior fills my vision as Ren’s mouth demands the attention of all other senses. The other had been a collection of people throughout my life (mostly all discouraged by me) but no one has been as physically altering as him.

I’ve never felt so out of control of my own body in my entire life.

My limbs are pure electricity beneath him and every time he bites me I twitch with anticipation. His skin is hot to the touch and his scent is heavy, more intense than before and it seems to have a direct affect on the lower half of my body.

“Uh, Ren, the rest of us need to board -”

“Get the fuck out of here, Hux.” Ren spits and the way his voice fills the cabin makes my baser-senses slide into the driver seat. Yes, alpha, take charge. Ugh. I hate the way it makes me unbearably wet and needy for him.

“But Ren, there are three of us who need to join you on this flight -”

“I said get the fuck off of this plane.” Ren pushes off of me and the sofa to stalk towards the door of the plane, Hux moving backwards onto the stairs as Ren shouts out to the people below.

“Take the next commercial flight, this is not a suggestion.” And then, to an unseen worker, “Close up, we’re ready to go.”

As he walks back towards me I can feel the dominance that drives his movements and it flattens me back, my legs beginning to shake as he kneels above me.

My brain is going a mile a minute. Who is this man? Is he the Evil Genius I read about in the New
York Times? Is he a lost soul that fell upon the wrong path as Luke likes to believe? Is he the Class A Douchebag that I hear about in the staff room? Yesterday I would have said all of the above, but now I am not so sure. Now I think it is something more terrifying, more elusive, more intoxicating - none of the above. He’s something else entirely.

“Get on your stomach.” He commands and it doesn’t occur to me to do anything but. It sounds a million miles away, but I hear the plane door seal and Ren’s eyes have blacked out. Shaking, I roll over onto my stomach and his hands are on my thighs, over my ass and pressing into my hips with a near-painful weight and I hiss at the contact.

He pulls at my pants with a hard tug and his mouth is on me, teeth and lips dragging over the sensitive skin that he reveals for himself, his satisfied growl filling my ears and making me shudder at the touch.

I can feel it - that unmistakable rush that I have heard so much about and I can’t believe this is really what it feels like. It mutes my senses to everything but him, and I am hyper connected to his being. His breathing, his movements, his heartbeat, his scent. Like we share a vessel in this universe that nothing and no one else can be a part of. I have no way of confirming it to be true, but it feels like I took the world’s largest dose of heroin. I feel drunk, sluggish on my desire for him and unmistakably high from the adrenaline coursing through me.

As he lifts my hips up, I give him as much access as I can mustre, my back arching downwards and my hands curling into fists in front of me, grasping at air. I want to please him, I can feel it just behind my consciousness. Do what you want to, alpha. I want you to. I need you to. It is an overwhelming urgency and my breathing hitches.

“I can’t take it.” I gasp, eyes squeezed shut. I want to feel like I am being split apart by him - taken over completely until he owns every inch of my skin. I moan at the thought. Just thinking about him stretching me, his body pressing deep and fully into me -

“I need you to touch me.” I beg and his grip tightens as he presses his mouth against my folds and it is so unexpected and so...intimate in this position that I try to jerk away from him, but his grip tightens further.

I can hear the rumble in his throat as he licks, pressing his tongue over me without preamble and his fingers hold deep into my hip bones. His mouth moves over to the sensitive flesh where my ass meets thigh and he bites - hard. I squeal at the sensation and as soon as his mouth leaves my skin I’m desperate for it to return. I don’t have to wait long as he bites my other leg, the soft and fleshy skin burning between his teeth. He moves up the curve of my body, nipping at skin before he reaches my hip and bites around the bone there. I gasp and jolt in his iron grip.

“Too much?” He asks and I nearly pass out from the sound of his voice. He sounds as delirious as I feel. It’s almost inhuman the way it reverberates in my ears.

“I don’t want to go too far.” He continues and the strain in his voice makes me weak. Do your worst, alpha. But of course I know what he wants. I can feel it in the way he bites at my shoulder blade, the grunt of his pleasure and dominance not quite disappearing into my skin. He is riled up about the other alpha and wants to claim me. I can’t even begin to describe how badly I want him to in this moment. I feel like an untethered sailboat at sea. Please alpha, anchor me.

Unlike the lore of our forefathers, a “claim” bite is not infinite. That would be insane, not to mention bad for business in terms of mating. A claiming bite lasts most predominantly during a heat and fades over time. Normally no more than a couple of months and it is certainly gone by your next heat (assuming you don’t take suppressants back to back like I have and actually have heats). Suddenly
having him claim me feels like the most logical and necessary thing in the world.

As my vision blurs I can feel my heat kicking into overdrive. It feels like an emptiness - like a profound hunger - and I grit my teeth through a wave of painful tension that fills my veins.

“Ren,” I try to clear my throat, “it hurts.” The words are still on my lips when he moves up my body, licking the back of my neck and causing my body to flutter beneath him.

“What do you need, Rey?” His voice drips over me and it is absolutely shameful how I feel my body bend for him.

“I need you,” I start with apprehension, “to bite me where it counts.” I can’t even say the word. I am glad my face is against the sofa and he can’t see how utterly desperate I am. In response he nips hard at the back of my neck.

“You’ll have to be more specific than that.” I can feel my body begin to shake. I had no idea it would feel so…powerful. I can feel my heartbeat in my neck, the unmistakable warning sign that he needs to bite me and he needs to bite me now.

“I’m not joking,” I gasp, “this feels serious.” He runs a hand down the length of my back and a soothing murmur leaves his lips.

“I love the way you respond to me.” His mouth moves down my spine, his bites are less harsh and more languid. It fills my center with heat and I flex under his touch.

A frustrated grunt escapes me and I turn fast beneath him, so that I can face him and grab his arms with my shaking hands.

“You started this, Ren. You can’t leave me feeling so…” I trail off as he takes in my surely flushed face and glossy eyes.

“So what?” He presses. I nearly cry out in agony but settle for clenching my jaw and taking a deep breath. I release my hands from his arms and move slowly down his chest, palming his impossibly hard length through his pants. He hisses and grabs my hands, pinning them above my head and lowering himself onto me.

“Use your words.” He smiles and I consider throwing myself out of the airplane emergency exit.

“Ren,” I try to sound in control and calm, “don’t make this a bigger deal than it has to be. My neck is throbbing. I can’t focus on anything else. Please.” He raises an eyebrow, prompting me to continue and now I am seriously considering throwing him out the airplane exit.

“Please…bite me. Claim me, so I can think straight.” I try to still the shake within my body and hold his gaze but it is really, really hard.

“Tempting offer. But a very steadfast young woman told me that even if she was begging for it, that I should ‘politely decline’ the invitation.” I feel my blood pressure shoot through the roof as a rush of adrenalin pulses through me. My vision goes blank and I breathe out through a trembling rush of nerves.

What a world class ass hole. I feel myself press up into the weight of his hands on my wrists, desperate to touch him when I suddenly feel a flood of weightlessness and everything stops.
“Rey. Rey, please wake up.” I hear his voice through blackness and my head is spinning as if I have just woken up from a very deep, very long dream.

For a second all I can do is breathe, hard. I’m in his lap, his hand is on my face, brushing away hair and taking my pulse.

“You’re heart is racing.” He says to himself and the alarm behind the words perks me up. We are in the air, I can tell. And my pants are back on. When did that happen?

“What did you do to me?” It doesn’t sound as accusatory as I intend it to.

Without a moment’s delay the heat in my chest rises and I feel the same overwhelming need to be claimed by him. Now. My pants is positively burning and I think I might gouge myself apart trying to kill the pain.

“You passed out. I’m sorry...I shouldn’t have teased you like that I don’t know what I was thinking -” He cuts himself off as I twist my fist into the fabric of his shirt.

“So help me god, Ren,” I say, scared and trembling, “if you don’t bite me, I don’t think we are going to make it to San Francisco.”

After a beat he answers, “Okay.” And then he takes a breath while my grip on his shirt tightens further.

“I didn’t expect to be the one to break our agreement so soon.” His voice sounds disappointed. Like he really didn’t. Expect to break our agreement, that is. That annoying biological driver that makes me want to submit to his every whim rears its ugly head and I am speaking before I realize it.

“You aren’t breaking our agreement. We are amending it.” I soothe, and his head snaps to me at the use of the word we. I take the opportunity to straddle him where he sits, grinding myself into him and baring my neck for him.

“Please.” I ask as nicely as I can and his hands grip my hips with a painfully hard pull to bring me closer to him.

“You have no idea how much I want you.” He grinds out, instantly vibrating at the same obscene level as I am. I don’t want to argue with him, but I have some idea.

A hand reaches back into my hair and gently pulls me against his chest, his mouth hovering over the painful ache in my neck and I moan, dying for him to relieve me of this feverish haze. I can feel the rumble in his chest as he swipes his tongue over me. I jerk against him.

“Yes. Please, don’t stop.” His grip tightens and he mouths at me, my body twitching against him. I wrap my arms and legs around him as tightly as I can, desperate to feel the hard press of his teeth.

He kisses the spot lightly before I feel it - the agonizingly good pain of his teeth sinking into my frenzied gland. I hear myself make a choking sound as the sensation spreads through my body and pulses deep between my legs. Him, it is him that pulses through me - warm and full and rich and safe and complete. I can taste him in my mouth and feel him in my skin.

He sucks hard as he bites, his groan louder than my own but it is only because I have lost the ability to breathe. My hands have found their way into his hair and I move against him, our bodies shifting as if a single unit made of two parts.
When I pull back slightly, his mouth is red, eyes wild. I move my mouth towards his jaw, a timid nip announcing my intention.

“May I?” I ask, lazy with his scent in my brain.

“Yes.” He leans back and I suck gently on him, his taste more potent than before and all the more satisfying. I bite gently and the sensation of wholeness that connects inside me is instant. The sound of pleasure in his throat only makes me bite harder and I can feel my scent rushing through his bloodstream. Oh.

A cascade of warmth and contentment washes over me and before I realize what I’m doing I’m nuzzling into his neck, gently licking the spot I have claimed for myself. Shit.

A heavy weight settles around me and I let my head rest against his chest, unable to move. I can hear his heart and it pulls me into a state somewhere between bliss and insanity. I still want him inside me - desperately - but the pain of feeling lost has faded.

He doesn’t say anything, just wraps his arms around me and lets our bodies melt into each other. I forget about Kylo Ren, the Mastermind of Evil and Luke and Poe and Finn and the fact that this is beyond crazy and I just let myself be.

A minute passes before I feel myself drifting to sleep. I let it happen.

Chapter End Notes

Shorter offering than usual, but we need to close this particular chapter to get into the heavy lifting, if ya feel me. Please leave your feedback - I read everything you say to me about 8 billion times.

If you haven’t already, please find me on Tumblr! I am exceptionally lonely and embarrassingly responsive.

Fellow Reylo authors - do me a solid if you are leaving a comment and let me know if I will find fics on your profile - I would love to read what you're writing.
When the plane lands I can barely meet Ren’s gaze.

As we untangle ourselves from each other I repress my embarrassment and nearly wince at the loss of contact as he stands and exits the plane, shoulders squared. I stand back and watch him talk to the ground crew, his hair a bit wild and eyes bloodshot. His large hands start directing the crewmen and I can’t help the nagging voice in my head.

*Those hands should be on me. Holding me tight as he rips into me* - I snap my eyes away from him and look at the floor. The heat that blooms between my legs is a constant now. It nearly burns me from the inside out but I know there is no release to come. I cross my legs and run my fingers over his bite mark. My skin sings with delight. I sigh, letting my fingers trail over the bruise as if it is a precious artifact - delicate and irreplaceable. When I glance up his eyes are on me, dark and focused on the spot that he claimed. I pull my hand away as my eyes drop. Is there really no limit to how badly I will debase myself in front of him? I silently vow to come across less pathetic starting immediately.

I don’t want to admit that I can feel every indent of his teeth on my body. My neck, shoulders, thighs...By now I’m probably resembling a badly drawn connect the dots picture. My inner ancient omega is drunk on the knowledge that I’ve been marked by him. The sane me tries not to enjoy it and I busy myself in my phone to ease my discomfort.

**Poe**

Heard you’re in Silicon Valley. Lucky duck.

**Jessika**

Just checking in to see if you wanted to chat. I know how sensitive and vulnerable I start to feel around this time...

**Finn**

Roommate update: Paige and I are going to pick Rose up from the airport today - can she stay in your room while you’re gone?
I shoot off replies with lightning speed and go through my calendar, updating my plans for the week and moving meetings around for the sake of having something to do.

“Rey.” His voice fills my ears as he walks towards me. I look up and nod, unable to find my voice.

“The town car is here, are you ready to go?” I stand and shift on my feet while I mumble something in the affirmative. Grabbing my backpack, I move past him and off of the plane. I don’t stop and I don’t look behind me, letting my feet take me to the vehicle as fast as they can. I try to look out the window as I hold my legs tightly closed to ease the chaotic ache that flutters within me. It’s like my eyes can’t seem to focus.

He enters without a word, his seatbelt sounds deafening in the silence around us. Why isn’t he saying anything?

_I know how sensitive and vulnerable I start to feel around this time._

Jessika’s words echo in my head. Is that all this is? Me being sensitive? I pull up her number and type furiously.

Honestly things have escalated. We claimed each other last night. I feel so alone.

I stare at the words before thinking better of it and deleting the whole thing.

Yeah. The vulnerability train has left the station. How long am I going to feel this way?

_Jessika_

It is different for everyone but you’ve just gotta make it through the next couple days.

I lean my head back and close my eyes. I can do this. It is just a few days. I have endured worse for longer. It isn’t until the car takes off that Ren’s voice fills the backseat.

“Rey, I am sorry about what happened.” His voice sounds apprehensive and I finally give him my attention.

“You didn’t do anything I didn’t ask you to do.” I reply and nearly wince at the harshness of my own voice. He sucks in a breath, shifting towards me.

“You asked me not to, first.” He finishes. I shrug. What am I supposed to say? Well Ren, I needed it. I needed you to split me in half with your cock and fill me with come until it is bursting out of me so
really, what is a *nibble* in the grand scheme of things?

The truth is, I feel better with it. Tethered. Soothed. His scent flowing through me is the only thing that is making this feeling tolerable but I can’t tell him that. I don’t want to tell him that. I *definitely* don’t want to tell him how badly I want to feel his weight on me, have his hands on me, his lips against me -

“I think it was the right decision at the time.” I manage to say and I try to hold his gaze. His eyes are searching for something within my face and it makes me ache.

“I mean it, it’s okay.” I add and he softens instantly but his eyes darken.

“Then come here.” He demands, voice barely above a whisper. He unbuckles his seatbelt and runs his hands over his legs in invitation. It makes me feel lightheaded. As I go to undo my belt I feel my hands shaking, failing to put enough pressure on the release. He reaches over and unlatches it without taking his eyes off of my face.

I scoot over to him and he pulls me into his lap, his hand reaching for my gland like a magnet. He caresses it and I moan, the touch so unexpected and sensitive.

“I don’t love the way it happened, but I am *not* sorry for how good it feels smelling me on you.” He whispers into my ear, nuzzling at my neck and pressing the delicate skin against his mouth. As if accentuating his point, he shifts and I feel his rock hard length under me. My breath catches as he continues to lap at the gland, nipping at me lightly despite the rumble in his chest suggesting he would rather do much more.

The neanderthal brain inside me is positively glowing at how happy I’ve made him, and how relieved I feel that he’s not mad mad at me.

I sigh, relaxing into his warmth. I don’t know how I am going to make it. I feel so empty and he is so close to me - his cock between us makes me shift, I’m itching to feel some friction.

My phone rings, interrupting my thoughts while Ren seems completely unbothered, his tongue firm against my gland. The phone is out of my reach - slotted in a purse pocket on the other side of the car. I let it go to voicemail but it starts again a second later. I swear under my breath and he laughs against my neck.

“I’ll get it.” He reaches over and after a moment of rummaging pulls out the cellphone. His face immediately drops as he glances at the screen - handing it over to me as if he cannot wait to get it out of his hands. The ringing stops as I struggle to catch the phone, barely finding my grip when the ringtone sets off again.


I glance at Ren - he’s staring out the window, mouth pressed into a line and hands very much kept to himself as they fist at his sides.

I swipe the phone to answer, mostly just to end the incessant ringing.

“Hello?”
“Tell me it isn’t true, Rey.” He deadpans on the other end.

“Luke, I can explain -”

“Are you with him now?” He asks, unable to keep the anger out of his question.

“Yes,” I stutter, “I don’t even know how you could have known -”

“Where are you? I’ll come get you myself.” He insists, and I feel myself reeling. He won’t ever really understand why that isn’t possible.

“Luke, you can’t.” I mumble, shifting out of Ren’s lap and sliding delicately over to my seat, pulling the seat belt around me. The fact that Ren doesn’t stop me from leaving stings through my veins.

“Like hell I can’t, Rey. It’s bad enough he usurped the company from under us, he isn’t going to get his hands on you too.” I pause at his turn of phrase.

“Luke, it’s complicated.” I try to explain. I knew this would happen. Luke is the only person who has given me a chance and here I was, throwing his good will out the window.

“He’s dangerous, Rey. Forget the alpha shit. He’s just not a good man.” I suck in a deep breath and rub my temple.

“Be that as it may,” I say, measuring my words, “I can’t - I can’t do anything about it right now.” I feel my hands start to tremble and hope he can give me the benefit of the doubt. Please, let me figure this out.

“Rey, you have to get away from him as soon as possible. Do you have any idea what he’s capable of?” Luke is nearly screaming into the phone and I open my mouth to explain that yes, I do know when the phone is ripped from my hand.

Ren is nearly snarling when he spits into the phone, “Skywalker. Always a pleasure.” I can’t make out what Luke says on the other end but I watch Ren’s face carefully.

“I did no such thing. You do realize I don’t get to pick and choose, right?” He grinds out and Luke goes in on him on the other end.

“How unsurprisingly predictable of you. Once again you let a misunderstanding become the basis for your entire school of thought. She’s an adult, she isn’t here against her will.” I swallow, and watch his jaw clench, arms flexing as he shifts in his seat.

“If she changes her mind, you’ll be the first to know.” And with that he disconnects the phone call, and looks out the window as if he’d like nothing more than to whip the phone into oncoming traffic. After a moment he relaxes and passes me my phone with deliberate control.

For a moment I am too stunned to speak. I don’t even know what to say. Part of me wants to apologize. I’m sorry I made you upset, alpha. Another part of me wants to ask why on earth he thought he could take phone without asking. Neither side wins and I stare ahead, jaw a bit slack.

“He thinks he knows me. He doesn’t.” Ren’s voice is steady as he looks out the window. The lines on his face are still, but they conceal a wildfire. I know because I can feel it coming off of him as clearly as if he were screaming.

“I believe you.” I reply as the car comes to a stop. I realize after I speak that I really do believe him. I know there are two sides to the coin, and I know Luke’s side. It doesn’t look good for Ren. But that
doesn’t mean that is where the story ends.

His face falls into an expression of relief as his eyes snap towards me. His hands run through his hair as he rolls his shoulders back, flexing slightly before stepping out of the car. The driver collects the luggage and Ren comes around to open my door.

“Are we walking through the lobby?” I ask, more than a bit surprised. No ten man alpha entourage?

“Yes. Let’s go.” He doesn’t seem to be in the mood for conversation so I sling my backpack around my shoulders and step towards the entrance.

“Well, wait - wait for me.” He clarifies, pulling out cash for the doorman as he confirms the room number. My body responds to his flustered request for me to wait - a warmth spreads through my limbs and I pause, content and waiting for him to join me.

As he approaches, he slides a hand between my backpack and my back, his fingers gently gripping my hip as he presses me against his side. I try not to rejoice in the feeling too abundantly but it is hard. Really hard. He steers us to the reception desk, speaking with the woman who barely bats an eye at us. I notice a girl pop her head out from around the back, eyes blown wide and focused squarely on Ren. She’s an omega. Suddenly it is like every nerve ending in my body is lit on fire.

He’s taken. I think, partly in defense and partly in fear. I clear my throat and she finally acknowledges me. After a beat, her cheeks flood with colour and she disappears behind the wall again.

My heartbeat pounds in my ears and I struggle to regain a sense of control over my own body. This is a non-event, Rey. Just chill out. I try to calm myself but the tension in my body keeps me rigid. He isn’t mine and I’m not his. It is just hormones. Hormones and centuries of junk evolution.

Suddenly I feel him gently squeeze my hip and I turn to face him.

“Something bothering you?” He asks quietly. He exchanges some paperwork for the room keys and I press against him in response. Yes, right now everything is bothering me. I shake my head and focus on breathing.

Walking to the elevator, I feel myself crawling inside my skin - an itch emerging to do something, something drastic, to formally express the feeling of possessiveness I feel. Over a fucking look. Suddenly the lights in the hotel foyer become too bright, my heartbeat takes off and I feel myself become more and more elevated with every step.

I feel high. High and ridiculous.

Not ridiculous enough to stop myself from pushing Ren against the wall of the elevator - the door barely closing behind us - as I bite down hard on his gland, my hands fighting for purchase in his hair.

The noise of surprise that crackles through his throat makes me moan, legs weakening against his solid mass. His essence fills my mouth and I let the waves of warmth ebb and flow through my veins. His heart slams hard against his chest as he gathers himself and lifts me up around his hips, turning us fast so that my back is against the wall and his vicious teeth are sinking hard into my flesh.

“Something is bothering you.” he growls, nipping lightly before biting painfully hard into the thin skin of my neck. I yelp into the elevator, which only prompts him to clench his jaw harder around me and I worry for half a second that he’s going to take a chunk of my flesh straight off of my body. But the pulsing relief that surges through me from his teeth in my skin makes me go limp between his
shoulders and the wall behind me.

I can feel it in his limbs - the second my body relaxes, so does his. Wordlessly, he presses his forehead against mine as I sense my heartbeat steady and then slow. My shallow breaths lose their urgency as he reaches over to press the numbered button of our floor - a forgotten task - and the elevator whirs to life, ascending while I fall into what is rapidly becoming my default mode: self doubt and uncertainty.

My body forgets it was only moments ago that Luke was in my ear, his disappointment evident and his fear convincing. It is hard to take myself seriously when I’m wrapped around Ren’s torso like a koala bear, however calming it is in the moment.

When the elevator dings he puts me down gingerly, hands ghosting over my sides.

“We don’t have a lot of time before the team arrives, but I want to run an idea past you.” His voice is low as he steps off the elevator.

“What type of idea?” I ask with hesitation.

“I know we agreed to wait but -”

“I’m not sleeping with you.” I quickly cut him off and he turns sharply towards me, eyes narrowed.

“That wasn’t what I was suggesting,” he warns, “although that’s an awfully bold stance from someone who was just recently begging me to.”

“Alright, point made,” I cringe, cheeks blooming with heat, “I’m listening.”

“I was going to say that I don’t think we should wait - for our first date. Let’s do it tonight.” I watch him unlock the hotel door with suspicious eyes.

“Is this because of the call with Luke?” I ask before I can help it. He remains unfazed.

“Not everything is about something else. Sometimes it’s about exactly what it is.” He volleys back and I purse my lips. Maybe he is trying to distract me. Maybe he thinks Luke’s accusation has unnerved me and he is trying to lull me into a state of compliance.

“My only ask is that this one time, you let me pick. You can be in charge of choosing the rest like we agreed,” he pauses, “last amendment.” He finishes, holding up his hands.

“If you want to.” I reply, stepping into the space and shaking my head at the decadence of the room.

“Well what I am really interested in,” he moves in front of my field of vision, “is if you want to.” His eyes are dark as he hovers above me. Part of me wants to deny him, but another more reasonable part of myself figures if he is so eager, we might as well just get on with it.

“Okay. Yes. I want to - let’s do it.” My answer seems to animate him which makes my chest bottom out. He’s happy. And I am the one making him happy. Garbage hormones are surging through me and I don’t need to fake the smile that rests on my features. I ignore how good it feels and rub my arms as I feel the swell of cramping emptiness flutter in my core.

The doorman is quick to enter the room, bags in toe. I step into the bedroom, the only bedroom, and head towards the snow white tiles of the bathroom. My pulse thuds through my veins as I linger on the shower, memories and desire battling for my attention.
“I brought you your bag.” His voice pulls me out of my thoughts and I turn, biting down the urge to reach for him. I reach for my bag instead. Suddenly I remember what’s inside, or the lack thereof, and I swear.

“We can’t go on a date.” I shake my head, realizing how impossible this whole ideas is. His face falls a fraction.

“And why is that?” He crosses his arms over his chest and I look away as if scandalized by the curve and flex of his muscles.

“Well, for starters, we can’t go anywhere in the middle of a heat. And also...I don’t have anything to wear.” I sigh, nearly rolling my eyes at how ridiculous I sound.

“Well I’m flattered you care enough to worry about your outfit.” He says, smiling out of the corner of his mouth. I purse my lips.

“But I don’t think either of those issues will impact our time tonight.”

“How is that possible?” I ask, crossing my own arms in response.

“Because I don’t think an unconventional woman should have a conventional date.” He answers with a shrug and walks out of the room. I shake my head, an amused grin dangerously close to breaking loose on my face.

He’s a confident bugger, isn’t he? I don’t bother following him out. Instead I stay rooted in place.

“I’ll be the judge of that!” I call out and I am not the least bit surprised when his baritone returns from the other side of the suite.

“Looking forward to it.”

“Fucking hell, Ren. You cannot be serious.” A loud voice interrupts me from outside the bedroom and I creep towards the door. Abandoning the “organizing” I was doing of my modest collection of toiletries, I peek out into the common room. One of the knights of Ren are here. The tall one from the last hotel...I scrunch my nose. I couldn’t smell him at first, but now that I am aware of him, his scent wafts over to me and rub my nose to stop the uncomfortable itch that tingles there.

“Serious about what?” He replies, nonchalant from behind a laptop screen.

“You are in the middle of a rut,” he exclaims, as if maybe Ren didn’t know, “the smell alone…” He trails off and his eyes find mine from the doorway. I disappear behind the wall with inhuman speed, beyond embarrassed to be caught snooping.

In a lowered voice he continues, “I mean, we can’t very well go through with these meetings with you so….I mean, come on! You’re basically...I just don’t know what…” I hear Ren sigh as the lawyer fails to finds his words.

“Spit it out.” Ren barks.

“You can’t go into a boardroom. In mixed company. When you are in the middle of a rut. That you haven’t satiated in the slightest.” Suddenly “Mr. Stutter” seems to know exactly what he’s trying to
say. His alpha directive must bristle Ren because I hear a chair scrape back against the ceramic dining room floor.

“There are no omegas at this meeting.” He responds with a flat tone.

“That we know of,” he nearly shouts, “what if one delivers coffee? Or someone has a new assistant? Not to mention how distracting it is for other alphas.”

“Then I guess we just all have to be adults about it.” Ren responds coolly. I can't see the lawyer but I basically feel him shaking his head.

“This is simply a reckless.”

“This is simply life.” Ren’s voice raises. “Get over it.” The lawyer must concede because I don’t hear anything for nearly a minute.

“What’s gotten into you?” He sighs and then less passively continues, “I bet she hasn’t signed the papers.” His tone isn’t accusing, it’s disbelieving.

“And what of it?” Ren answers.

“You were the one who took Snoke on as an investor, despite our very clear objections,” the lawyer was nearly whispering now, “and yet you’d endanger us all for some tech admin?!”

I take a breath and nearly burst into the room to tell him just how little he knows about me when Ren’s equally quiet voice responds.

“She is a Developer. And yes, I would.”

The finality in his voice sets my heart racing. My insides bloom with warmth at his words - being defended and wanted sets my genetic predisposition on fire. I hear papers shuffling and little else until a tight knock sounds on the door as others arrive and fill the room, talking fast to one another in hushed tones.

The smell of so many alphas starts to choke the breath out of my lungs and I move towards the small patio off of the bedroom. They are reacting to me after all. It is a heavy feeling - a brief flash of nausea floods me as I open and close the patio door with me on the outside of the chaos.

Taking a large gasp of air, I sit on the wooden lounge chair and stare out at the city.

It is a deceptively peaceful moment in time where I am still, but my mind is racing. I honestly don’t know what to think anymore. A few days ago I would have bet my life I wouldn’t spend a single moment with Lucifer Incarnate, and yet here I am. Yearning for his touch...for his company.

I groan at the thought and pull out my phone to find another text from Jessika;

Hey, just thought I would share this site with you - lots of great info and support for omegas. I take for granted I’ve been using it for so many years. Bet it will help you.

I smile and click the link but minimize the browser.
Thanks, I’ll check it out.

Hey can I ask you something?

How do you know if what you’re feeling is real? And not just pheromones?

**Jessika**

To be honest…you don’t.

I stare at her answer for a long minute, not surprised by her response but deflated nonetheless.

**Jessika**

If it makes you feel any better, no one does. You don’t have to be omega to be a fool for love. Everyone’s instincts can be wrong. Everyone dates people they later regret and everyone can change their mind about someone.

So how do you know if you can trust yourself?

**Jessika**

If you can figure that out, you’d probably make a lot of money.

I laugh and stare out at the beautiful clear sky and busy streets below. It’s a small gesture, but her attitude about everything makes things seem so…manageable. I take a quick picture of the skyline and click back to my browser. The site Jessika linked to is some sort of omega support thing. I poke around its navigation and see links to blog posts, tips, news articles, legal advice…I can’t help but scroll through the headlines, intrigued by all the user-submitted articles.

It makes me think about my long forgotten app I had been working on before I came to America. The concept was probably too outdated now. I never even bothered to show it to Luke. And really, it
is the result of having too much time on my hands in between my ill advised hacking attempts.

I bite my lip and stare off at nothing. But it might be something. Something worth exploring again. I don’t want to think about what it means that being here with Ren has inspired me to rethink the things I thought I had already figured out.

I hear the patio door open and Ren steps outside interrupting my thoughts. He’s changed for the meeting - coal black suit and equally black dress shirt. The dark shadow he embodies doesn’t intimidate me the way it did just a few days ago, but I still feel the impossibly hard hit of heat at the sight of him. His demeanor relaxes as he watches my face, sitting across from me.

When he doesn’t speak I feel myself smiling, “Out of curiosity, do you own anything that isn’t black?”

His mouth quirks, “Not really.”

I don’t try to stop the laugh that escapes me, and his face softens into a smile that makes him look...young. I feel a tightness in my chest at the crinkle around his eyes and I look away, the emptiness inside me calling for his attention.

“I’ll be in meetings for a long time today - I might not be able to get back here until closer to 9 tonight.” His sombre tone pulls me back in to reality and I find myself nodding despite an overwhelming feeling of dread that begins to take over.

“Oh kay.” My voice sounds uncertain and he leans forward, his dark frame filling my vision.

“Give me your number,” he demands, sliding over his phone and catches his tone, “please.” he adds with a half smile. I sigh, entering my number and sliding his phone back to him.

“I’ll text you so you have my number.” Just call if you need me.” He sits back and looks out at the skyline for a moment, and it feels almost normal. To just sit next to him and breathe the same air and take in the same beautiful sunset.

I feel the heat blooming between my legs and I bite my lip, the desire to straddle him where he sits a growing threat. As if on cue, he stands and rounds the table to kneel in front of me.

“I called room service, they will be bringing dinner by any minute.” I push down the instinct to let him know that he doesn’t need to order my own dinner - he couldn’t possibly know what I wanted to eat - and instead I nod in appreciation. He’s trying.

“Thank you.” His body lightens at my words, and I know it is alpha nonsense but I’m happy to let him have the small victory.

He moves forward, and I feel a bolt of panic as I think maybe he is going to kiss me - a thought that both terrifies and excites me. Suddenly the fact that I haven’t felt his lips on mine feels obscene. But he pauses. And when he finally moves again, it is towards my neck, his mouth slowly mouthing down towards my bruised gland. My hands find his shoulders and I lean into the warmth of his mouth, waiting expectantly for the vicious bite of his teeth but it doesn’t come.

Instead he gingerly kisses the skin, lingering on my glad with his lips and running his tongue over the tender skin of my neck. I shiver before I can stop myself and I swear I feel him smile in my neck.

In a slow but torturous movement, he stands and takes all of the air and heat with him, leaving me leaning into the space he had just occupied with burning lungs and freezing veins.
“See you tonight.” His voice is low and I don’t know if I reply, but distantly I feel more than hear the patio door open and close and then there is nothing.

A light breeze ghosts over my skin and I am shivering fully now, my body barely adjusting to the constant high and low of my biological heat.

Also why hasn’t he kissed me yet? It is weird, isn’t it? Suddenly I feel myself second guessing everything and I groan into the city below me. When will things start making sense? My inner voice echoes back with a loud and clear; never. I sigh and make my way into the hotel room.

Ren and the knights are gone, thankfully. As I make my way into the living room I hear a small knock as the door opens.

“Room service.” A small voice announces, and my stomach growls at the smell that awaits inside the silver trays. As the woman places the items on the dining room table I check my phone to see if Ren remembered to text when I see the notification from an unknown number.

Ren

Got the combos you like and added one of my own. Let me know how it holds up.

I look up to see mashed potatoes and pastries, bacon and pineapple...and a pepperoni pizza with oreo ice cream.

A surprised laugh escapes from deep within my chest. The woman smiles and pushes the cart towards the door.

“Enjoy.”

“I will, thanks.” I feel my phone buzz and I open another text from him as I slide into a chair and start loading up my plate.

Ren

You have to dip the pizza into the ice cream as you go. You won’t be disappointed.

I wasn’t, it was fucking delicious.

God damnit, Ren.
Chapter End Notes

No, hell hasn't frozen over, I really updated and I am really grateful if you've managed to stick with me. Thank you for being so wonderful and perfect and encouraging.

If you haven't already, please find me on Tumblr!

Works inspired by this one: The Scent of Her by lawlessxrecalcitrant

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